



All the Hymns were translated by Cyrus Dickman
the Ormsdean, after his trial at different
times as he found them previous to his
Toul

John D. D. Carter

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GOSPEL HYMNS.



COMPILED BY

JAMES H. BROOKES.

“Speaking to yourselves in psalms and hymns and spiritual songs, singing and making melody in your heart to the Lord.”—Eph. v. 19.

ST. LOUIS:

PUBLISHED BY THE OLD SCHOOL PRESBYTERIAN,
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P R E F A C E .

It has been the aim of the compiler to prepare a book of Hymns in harmony with what he believes to be the teachings of God's Word. It would be no less presumptuous than unjust to pronounce a censorious judgment upon collections used by various bodies of Christians, but they do not meet the wants of many who have repeatedly expressed their desire for a compilation more generally and more fully in accordance with their convictions of the truth as it is in Jesus.

The psalms and hymns most common to these collections, if found to be unobjectionable in their doctrinal statements, have been retained, even to the exclusion of others that were sometimes thought to be superior. Many very beautiful and valuable hymns have been rejected for

want of space. A few have been restored to the form in which they were originally written; in a few others a word here and there has been changed to bring them into nearer correspondence with the testimony of the Gospel; and when several variations of the same hymn have been at hand, the one which was regarded as most perfectly agreeing with that testimony has been selected.

Three important truths have been kept constantly in view in the preparation of the work. The first is, the certain salvation of the believer as now standing in union with his risen Lord beyond the executed sentence of condemnation against sin; as complete in Him; and hence as entitled to rejoice evermore in the happy position where grace has already placed him. It is not denied that many true Christians, through lack of knowledge, are filled with doubts and fears, but it should be the object of a hymn book, as it is the design of the Gospel, to lead them into full assurance of faith. The

second truth is, the abiding presence of the Comforter with those who are born again, and who should, therefore, so walk that they grieve not the Holy Spirit of God whereby they are sealed unto the day of redemption. The third truth is, the personal coming of the Lord, as the proper hope of the Church, and as possible any moment.

The principle on which much of our modern hymnology has been constructed excludes instruction and exhortation as appropriately belonging to the catechism, the Sunday School and the pulpit. This principle, which is both false and dangerous, has no place in the collection now presented to the public, but rather the principle recognized by the inspired apostle when he says, "teaching and admonishing one another in psalms and hymns and spiritual songs, singing with grace in your hearts to the Lord."

It will greatly further the end sought to be secured by the book if the texts of Scripture are always read, publicly and

privately, in connection with the hymns over which they are placed. The name of a suitable tune is found at the beginning of each hymn as merely suggestive, or, perhaps, helpful to those who lead the singing.

Public acknowledgment would be made to two or three friends for most valuable assistance rendered in preparing the collection if their own wishes in this regard did not forbid.

The work, marred by many imperfections, which might have been avoided if it had been placed in more skilful hands, was undertaken solely for the glory of the once crucified, but now living and coming Christ; and to His blessing and favor it is earnestly commended.

ST. LOUIS, April, 1871.

HYMNS OF PRAISE.

1 *Tune*—CORONATION. C. M.

“King of Kings and Lord of Lords.”

Rev. xix. 16.

- A**LL hail, the power of Jesus' name!
Let angels prostrate fall:
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown him Lord of all!
- 2 Crown him, ye martyrs of our God,
Who from his altar call;
Extol the stem of Jesse's rod,
And crown him Lord of all!
- 3 Ye chosen seed of Israel's race,
A remnant weak and small,
Hail him who saves you by his grace,
And crown him Lord of all!
- 4 Ye Gentile sinners, ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall;
Go, spread your trophies at his feet,
And crown him Lord of all!

- 5 Let every kindred, every tribe,
 On this terrestrial ball
 To him all majesty ascribe,
 And crown him Lord of all!
- 6 Oh, that with yonder sacred throng
 We at his feet may fall!
 We'll join the everlasting song,
 And crown him Lord of all!

2 *Tune*—OLD HUNDRED. L. M.

“Know ye that the Lord He is God.”

Ps. c. 3.

BEFORE Jehovah's awful throne
 Ye nations bow with sacred joy:
 Know that the Lord is God alone;
 He can create, and he destroy.

- 2 His sovereign power, without our aid,
 Made us of clay, and formed us
 men;
 And when, like wandering sheep, we
 strayed,
 He brought us to his fold again.
- 3 We are his people, we his care,
 Our souls and all our mortal frame:
 What lasting honors shall we rear,
 Almighty Maker, to thy name!

- 4 We'll crowd thy gates with thankful
songs,
High as the heavens our voices raise:
And earth, with her ten thousand tongues,
Shall fill thy courts with sounding
praise.
- 5 Wide as the world is thy command,
Vast as eternity thy love:
Firm as a rock thy truth must stand,
When rolling years shall cease to
move.

3 *Tune*—GREENVILLE. 8s & 7s.

“Ye have Received the Spirit of Adoption
whereby we Cry, ‘Abba, Father.’”

Rom. viii. 15.

- “**A**BBA, Father,” we approach thee,
In our Saviour’s precious name;
We, thy children, here assembling,
Now thy promised blessing claim.
From our sins his blood hath washed us,
’Tis through him our souls draw nigh;
And thy Spirit, too, has taught us,
“Abba, Father,” thus to cry.
- 2 Once, as prodigals, we wandered,
In our folly, far from thee;
But thy Grace, o’er sin abounding,
Rescued us from misery.

Cloth'd in garments of salvation,
 At thy table is our place;
 We rejoice, and thou rejoicest,
 In the riches of thy grace.

- 3 "Abba, Father," all adore thee,
 All rejoice in heaven above;
 While in us they learn the wonders
 Of thy wisdom, grace and love.
 Soon, before thy throne assembled,
 All thy children shall proclaim,
 "Glory, everlasting glory,
 Be to God, and to the Lamb!"

4 *Tune*—FOUNT. 8s & 7s.

"God hath Sent forth the Spirit of His Son into
 your Hearts, crying, 'Abba, Father.'"

Gal. iv. 6.

- “**A**BBA, Father,” Lord! we call thee,
 Hallow'd name! from day to day:
 'Tis thy children's right to know thee;
 None but children "Father" say.
 This high glory we inherit,
 Thy free gift, through Jesus' blood;
 God the Spirit, with our spirit,
 Witnesseth we're sons of God.

- 2 Though our nature's fall in Adam /
 Seem'd to shut us out from God,

Thus it was his counsel brought us
 Nearer still through Jesus' blood;
 For in him we found redemption,
 Grace and glory in the Son;
 Oh, the height and depth of mercy!
 Christ and we, through grace, are one.

- 3 Hence, thro' all the changing seasons,
 Trouble, sickness, sorrow, wo,
 Nothing changeth God's affections,
 Love divine shall bring us through;
 Soon shall all thy blood-bought children
 Round the throne their anthems raise,
 And, in songs of rich salvation,
 Shout to God's eternal praise.

5 *Tune*—AUTUMN. 8s & 7s.

“Behold, what manner of love the Father hath
 bestowed upon us, that we should be called
 the Sons of God.”

1 John iii. 1.

FATHER, we, thy children, bless thee
 For thy love on us bestow'd;
 As our Father we address thee,
 Call'd to be the sons of God.
 Wondrous was thy love in giving
 Jesus for our sins to die!
 Wondrous was his grace in leaving,
 For our sakes, his home on high!

- 2 Now the sprinkled blood has freed us,
 On we go toward our rest;
 Through the desert thou dost lead us,
 With thy constant favor blest:
 By thy Truth and Spirit guiding—
 Earnest he of what's to come—
 And, with daily food providing,
 Thou dost lead thy children home.
- 3 Though our pilgrimage be dreary,
 This is not our resting place;
 Shall we of the way be weary,
 When we see our Master's face?
 No! by faith anticipating,
 In this hope our souls rejoice,
 And his promised advent waiting,
 Soon shall hear his welcome voice.

6 *Tune*—KITTO. 8s & 5s.

“By Him, therefore, let us offer the
 Sacrifice of Praise.”

Heb. xiii. 15.

PRAISE the Saviour, ye who know him:
 Who can tell how much we owe him?
 Gladly let us render to him
 All we have and are.

- 2 Jesus is the name that charms us,
 He for conflict fits and arms us:
 Nothing moves and nothing harms us
 When we trust in him.

- 3 Trust in him, ye saints, forever ;
 He is faithful, changing never ;
 Neither force nor guile can sever
 Those he loves from him.
- 4 Keep us, Lord, oh ! keep us cleaving
 To thyself, and still believing,
 Till the hour of our receiving
 Promised joys in heaven.
- 5 Then we shall be where we would be,
 Then we shall be what we should be,
 Things which are not now, nor could be,
 Then shall be our own.

7 *Tune*—GERAR. S. M.

“Like as a Father pitieth his children, so the
 Lord pitieth them that fear Him.”

Ps. ciii. 13.

- MY soul, repeat his praise,
 Whose mercies are so great ;
 Whose anger is so slow to rise,
 So ready to abate.
- 2 God will not always chide ;
 And, when his strokes are felt,
 His strokes are fewer than our crimes,
 And lighter than our guilt.
- 3 High as the heavens are raised
 Above the ground we tread,
 So far the riches of his grace
 Our highest thoughts exceed.

4 His power subdues our sins;
 And his forgiving love,
 Far as the east is from the west,
 Doth all our guilt remove.

5 The pity of the Lord
 To those that fear his name
 Is such as tender parents feel;
 He knows our feeble frame.

8 *Tune*—SILVER STREET. S. M.

“Bless the Lord, oh my Soul!”

Ps. ciii. 1.

0 BLESS the Lord, my soul!
 Let all within me join,
 And aid my tongue to bless his name,
 Whose favors are divine.

2 Oh, bless the Lord, my soul,
 Nor let his mercies lie
 Forgotten in unthankfulness,
 And, without praises, die.

3 'Tis he forgives thy sins;
 'Tis he relieves thy pain;
 'Tis he that heals thy sicknesses,
 And makes thee young again.

4 He crowns thy life with love,
 When ransom'd from the grave;
 He that redeemed my soul from hell
 Hath sovereign power to save.

- 5 He fills the poor with good,
 He gives the sufferers rest;
 The Lord hath judgments for the proud
 And justice for the oppress'd.
- 6 His wondrous works and ways
 He made by Moses known:
 But sent the world his truth and grace
 By his beloved Son.

9 *Tune*—DEVIZES. C. M.

"I will Bless the Lord at all times."

Ps. xxxiv. 1.

- T**HROUGH all the changing scenes of
 life,
 In trouble and in joy,
 The praises of my God shall still
 My heart and tongue employ.
- 2 My soul shall make her boast in him,
 And celebrate his fame;
 Come, magnify the Lord with me,
 With me exalt his name.
- 3 The hosts of God encamp around
 The dwellings of the just;
 Deliverance he affords to all
 Who on his succor trust.
- 4 O! make but trial of his love;
 Experience will decide

How blest they are, and only they,
Who in his truth confide.

- 5 Fear him, ye saints; and you will then
Have nothing else to fear;
Come, make his service your delight;
He'll make your wants his care.

10 *Tune*—EAST HARTFORD. L. M.

"It is a good thing to give Thanks unto the Lord."

Ps. xcii. 1.

 SWEET is the work, my God, my King,
To praise thy name, give thanks and
sing;

To show thy love by morning light,
And talk of all thy truth at night.

- 2 Sweet is the day of sacred rest;
No mortal care shall seize my breast;
O! may my heart in tune be found,
Like David's harp of solemn sound!
- 3 My heart shall triumph in my Lord,
And bless his works and bless his word;
Thy works of grace, how bright they
shine!
How deep thy counsels! how divine!
- 4 Fools never raise their thoughts so
high;
Like brutes they live, like brutes they
die:

Like grass they flourish, till thy breath
Blast them in everlasting death.

5. But I shall share a glorious part,
For grace hath well prepared my heart,
And fresh supplies of joy are shed,
Like holy oil, to cheer my head.

11

Tune—ZEBULON.

H. M.

“I will Lift up Mine Eyes to the Hills.”

Ps. cxxi. 1.

UPWARD I lift my eyes,
From God is all my aid ;
The God that built the skies,
And earth and nature made ;
God is the tower
To which I fly ; his grace is nigh
In every hour.

- 2 My feet shall never slide,
And fall in fatal snares,
Since God, my guard and guide,
Defends me from my fears.
Those wakeful eyes
That never sleep, shall Israel keep
When dangers rise.
- 3 No burning heats by day,
Nor blasts of evening air,
Shall take my health away,
If God be with me there ;

Thou art my sun,
 And thou my shade, to guard my
 head
 By night or noon.

- 4 Hast thou not given thy word
 To save my soul from death?
 And I can trust my Lord
 To keep my mortal breath:
 I'll go and come,
 Nor fear to die, till from on high
 Thou call me home.

12

Tune—PRAISE. L. P. M.

“While I Live I will Praise the Lord”

Ps. cxlvi. 2.

I'LL praise my Maker with my breath;
 And if my voice is lost in death,
 Praise shall employ my nobler powers:
 My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
 While life, and thought, and being last,
 Or immortality endures.

- 2 Happy the man whose hopes rely
 On Israel's God: He made the sky,
 And earth, and seas, with all their
 train:
 His truth for ever stands secure;
 He saves th' oppressed, He feeds the
 poor,
 And none shall find his promise vain.

- 3 The Lord hath eyes to give the blind ;
 The Lord supports the sinking mind ;
 He sends the laboring conscience
 peace :
 He helps the stranger in distress,
 The widow and the fatherless,
 And grants the prisoner sweet re-
 lease.
- 4 He loves his saints, He knows them
 well,
 But turns the wicked down to hell ;
 Thy God, O Zion, ever reigns :
 Let every tongue, let every age,
 In this exalted work engage ;
 Praise Him in everlasting strains.

13 *Tune*—HADDAM. H. M.

“Let such as Love Thy Salvation say continu-
 ally, The Lord be Magnified.”

Ps. xl. 16.

- O H, for a shout of joy,
 High as the theme we sing !
 To this divine employ
 Your hearts and voices bring :
 Sound, sound, through all the earth
 abroad,
 The love, th' eternal love of God.
- 2 Unnumbered myriads stand,
 Of seraphs bright and fair ;

Or bow at his right hand,
 And pay their homage there ;
 But strive in vain, with loudest chord,
 To sound the wondrous love of God.

3 Though earth and hell assail,
 And doubts and fears arise,
 The weakest shall prevail,
 And grasp the heavenly prize ;
 And through an endless age record
 The love, th' unchanging love, of God.

14

Tune—HADDAM.

H. M.

“He is Clothed with Majesty.”

Ps. xciii. 1.

THE Lord Jehovah reigns ;
 His throne is built on high ;
 The garments he assumes
 Are light and majesty :
 His glories shine with beams so bright
 No mortal eye can bear the sight.

2 The thunders of his hand
 Keep the wide world in awe ;
 His wrath and justice stand
 To guard his holy law ;
 And where his love resolves to bless,
 His truth confirms and seals the grace.

- 3 Through all his ancient works
 Surprising wisdom shines,
 Confounds the powers of hell,
 And breaks their curs'd designs :
 Strong is his arm, and shall fulfill
 His great decrees, his sovereign will.
- 4 And can this mighty King
 Of glory condescend ?
 And will he write his name,
 "My Father, and my Friend" ?
 I love his name; I love his word :
 Join, all my powers, and praise the Lord !

15 *Tune*—PETERS. S. P. M.

"The Lord is Clothed with Strength."

Ps. xciii. 1.

THE Lord Jehovah reigns,
 And royal state maintains,
 His head with awful glories crowned ;
 Arrayed in robes of light,
 Begirt with sovereign might,
 And rays of majesty around.

- 2 Let floods and nations rage,
 And all their powers engage ;
 Let swelling tides assault the sky ;
 The terrors of thy frown
 Shall beat their madness down ;
 Thy throne for ever stands on high.

- 3 Thy promises are true,
 Thy grace is ever new,
 There fixed, thy church shall ne'er re-
 move ;
 Thy saints with holy fear
 Shall in thy courts appear,
 And sing thine everlasting love.

16 *Tune*—BREMEN. C. P. M.

“Praise ye Him all His Hosts.”

Ps. cxlviii. 2.

- B**EGIN, my soul, th' exalted lay ;
 Let each enraptured thought obey,
 And praise th' Almighty's name :
 Lo ! heaven and earth, and seas and skies,
 In one melodious concert rise,
 To swell th' inspiring theme.
- 2 Ye angels, catch the thrilling sound,
 While all th' adoring throngs around
 His boundless mercy sing :
 Let every listening saint above
 Wake all the tuneful soul of love,
 And touch the sweetest string.
- 3 Let every element rejoice ;
 Ye thunders, burst with awful voice
 To him who bids you roll :
 His praise in softer notes declare,
 Each whispering breeze of yielding air,
 And breathe it to the soul.

- 4 Wake, all ye soaring throngs, and sing;
 Ye feathered warblers of the spring,
 Harmonious anthems raise
 To him who shaped your finer mold,
 Who tipped your glittering wings with
 gold,
 And tuned your voice to praise.

17 *Tune*—LENOX. H. M.

“Oh, Give Thanks unto the Lord, for He is Good.”

Ps. cxxxvi. 1.

- GIVE thanks to God most high,
 The universal Lord,
 The sovereign King of kings,
 And be his name adored.
 Thy mercy, Lord, shall still endure,
 Thy word abides for ever sure.
- 2 How mighty is His hand!
 What wonders He hath done!
 He formed the earth and seas,
 And spread the heavens alone.
 Thy pow'r and grace are still the same;
 Let endless praise exalt Thy name.
- 3 He sent His only Son
 To save us from our woe,—
 From Satan, sin and hell,
 And ev'ry hurtful foe.
 Thy mercy, Lord, shall still endure,
 Thy word abides for ever sure.

- 4 Give thanks aloud to God,
 To God the heav'nly King;
 With all around His throne
 His works and glories sing.
 Thy pow'r and grace are still the same;
 Let endless praise exalt Thy name.

18 *Tune*—STERLING. L. M.

“How Excellent is Thy Loving Kindness, O
 God.”

Ps. xxxvi. 7.

- H**IGH in the heavens, eternal God!
 Thy goodness in full glory shines!
 Thy truth shall break through every
 cloud
 That veils and darkens thy designs.
- 2 Forever firm thy justice stands,
 As mountains their foundations keep:
 Wise are the wonders of thy hands;
 Thy judgments are a mighty deep.
- 3 My God, how excellent thy grace!
 Whence all our hope and comfort
 springs;
 The sons of Adam, in distress,
 Fly to the shadow of thy wings.
- 4 From the provisions of thy house
 We shall be fed with sweet repast;

There, mercy like a river flows,
And brings salvation to our taste.

- 5 Life, like a fountain rich and free,
Springs from the presence of my Lord;
And in thy light our souls shall see
The glories promised in thy word.

19 *Tune*—OLIVET. 6s & 4s.

“Glory to God in the Highest.”

Luke ii. 14.

GLORY to God on high!
Peace upon earth and joy!
Good will to man!
We who His blessing prove,
Join with the host above,
Shouting His wondrous love,
Too vast to scan.

- 2 Mercy and truth unite,
This is a joyful sight,
All sights above!
Jesus the curse sustains,
Bitter the cup He drains,
Nothing for us remains,
Nothing but love!
- 3 Love that no tongue can teach,
Love that no thought can reach,
No love like this!

God is its blessed source,
 Death could not stop its course,
 Nothing can stay its force,
 Matchless it is!

- 4 Blest in this love we sing,
 To God our praise we bring;
 All sin forgiven!
 Jesus, our Lord, to Thee,
 Honor and majesty,
 Now and for ever be,
 Here and in Heaven!

20

Tune—ROLLAND.

L. M.

“The Lord Reigneth, let the People Tremble.”

Ps. xcix. 1.

JEHOVAH reigns; his throne is
 high;

His robes are light and majesty;
 His glory shines with beams so bright
 No mortal can sustain the sight.

- 2 His terrors keep the world in awe;
 His justice guards his holy law;
 Yet love reveals a smiling face;
 And truth and promise seal the grace.
- 3 Through all his works his wisdom
 shines,
 And baffles Satan's deep designs;
 His power is sovereign to fulfil
 The noblest counsels of his will.

- 4 And will this glorious Lord descend
To be my Father and my Friend?
Then let my songs with angels join;
Heaven is secure, since God is mine.

21 *Tune*—MIGDOL. L. M.

“The Lord God Omnipotent Reigneth.”

Rev. xix. 6.

THE Lord is King! lift up thy voice,
O earth, and all ye heavens, rejoice!
From world to world the joy shall ring:
“The Lord omnipotent is King!”

- 2 The Lord is King! who then shall dare
Resist his will, distrust his care?
Holy and true are all his ways:
Let every creature speak his praise.

- 3 The Lord is King! exalt your strains;
Ye saints, your God, your Father
 reigns;
One Lord one Empire all secures:
He reigns, and life and death are
 yours.

- 4 Oh, when his wisdom can mistake,
His might decay, his love forsake,
Then may his children cease to sing,
“The Lord omnipotent is King!”

22

Tune—DUNDEE.

C. M.

"Thy Throne is Established of Old."

Ps. xciii. 2.

GREAT God! how infinite art thou!
 What worthless worms are we!
 Let the whole race of creatures bow,
 And pay their praise to thee.

2 Thy throne eternal ages stood,
 Ere seas or stars were made;
 Thou art the ever living God,
 Were all the nations dead.

3 Eternity, with all its years,
 Stands present in thy view;
 To thee, there's nothing old appears;
 Great God! there's nothing new.

4 Our lives through various scenes are
 drawn
 And vexed with trifling cares,
 While thine eternal thought moves on
 Thine undisturbed affairs.

5 Great God! how infinite are thou!
 What worthless worms are we!
 Let the whole race of creatures bow,
 And pay their praise to thee.

23

Tune—EVAN.

C. M.

“From Everlasting to Everlasting Thou art
God.”

Ps. xc. 2.

- 0 GOD, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Our shelter from the stormy blast,
And our eternal home.
- 2 Under the shadow of Thy throne
Thy saints have dwelt secure;
Sufficient is Thine arm alone,
And our defense is sure.
- 3 Before the hills in order stood,
Or earth received her frame,
From everlasting Thou art God,
To endless years the same.
- 4 A thousand ages in Thy sight
Are like an evening gone,
Short as the watch that ends the night,
Before the rising sun.
- 5 O God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Be thou our guard while life shall last,
And our eternal home.

24

Tune—CHRISTMAS.

C. M.

"Thy Righteousness, Even Thine Only."

Ps. lxxi. 16.

- M**Y Saviour! my almighty Friend!
 When I begin thy praise,
 Where will the growing numbers end,
 The numbers of thy grace?
- 2 Thou art my everlasting trust;
 Thy goodness I adore:
 And since I knew Thy graces first
 I speak Thy glories more.
- 3 My feet shall travel all the length
 Of the celestial road;
 And march, with courage in Thy
 strength,
 To see my Father, God.
- 4 When I am filled with sore distress
 For some surprising sin,
 I'll plead Thy perfect righteousness,
 And mention none but thine.
- 5 How will my lips rejoice to tell
 The vict'ries of my King!
 My soul, redeemed from sin and hell,
 Shall thy salvation sing.
- 6 Awake, awake, my tuneful powers!
 With this delightful song
 I'll entertain the darkest hours,
 Nor think the season long.

25

Tune—ROCHESTER.

C. M.

"Unto God, my exceeding Joy."

Ps. xliii. 4.


 MY God, the spring of all my joys,
 The life of my delights,
 The glory of my brightest days,
 And comfort of my nights.

- 2 In darkest shades if he appear,
 My dawning is begun;
 He is my soul's sweet morning star,
 And He's my rising sun.
- 3 The op'ning heavens around me shine
 With beams of sacred bliss,
 While Jesus shows His heart is mine,
 And whispers, I am His.
- 4 My soul would leave this heavy clay
 At that transporting word,
 Run up with joy the shining way
 To embrace my blessed Lord.
- 5 Fearless of hell and ghastly death,
 I'd break through every foe;
 The wings of love and arms of faith
 Should bear me conqu'ror through.

26

Tune—GERAR.

S. M.

“My Soul shall be Joyful in the Lord.”

Ps. xxxv. 9.

- COME ye that know the Lord,
 And let your joys be known;
 Join in a song of sweet accord,
 And thus approach the throne!
- 2 Let those refuse to sing
 Who never knew our God;
 But children of the heavenly King
 Should speak their joys abroad.
- 3 The God who rules on high,
 And all the earth surveys,
 Who rides upon the stormy sky
 And calms the roaring seas,
- 4 This glorious God is ours—
 A God of boundless love,
 And soon He'll send the heavenly
 powers
 To carry us above.
- 5 Then we shall see His face,
 And never, never sin;
 There, from the fountain of His grace,
 Drink endless pleasures in.
- 6 And now, until we rise
 To that immortal state,
 The thoughts of such amazing bliss
 Shall constant joy create.

27 *Tune*—LANESBORO. C. M.

“O God, Thou art my God: Early will I Seek
Thee.”

Ps. lxiii. 1.

EARLY, my God, without delay,
I haste to seek thy face;
My thirsty spirit faints away
Without thy cheering grace.

2 I've seen thy glory and thy power
Through all thy temple shine;
My God, repeat that heavenly hour,
That vision so divine.

3 Not all the blessings of a feast
Can please my soul so well,
As when thy richer grace I taste,
And in thy presence dwell.

4 Not life itself, with all its joys,
Can my best passions move,
Or raise so high my cheerful voice,
As thy forgiving love.

5 Thus till my last expiring day,
I'll bless my God and King;
Thus will I lift my hands to pray,
And tune my lips to sing.

28

Tune—AZMON.

C. M.

“The Lord is my Light and my Salvation.”

Ps. xxvii. 1.

THE Lord of Glory is my light,
And my salvation, too;
God is my strength; nor will I fear
What all my foes can do.

- 2 One privilege my heart desires;
O! grant me mine abode
Among the churches of thy saints,
The temples of my God.
- 3 There shall I offer my requests,
And see thy beauty still,—
Shall hear thy messages of love,
And there inquire thy will.
- 4 When troubles rise and storms appear,
There may his children hide;
God is a strong pavilion, where
He makes my soul abide.
- 5 Now shall my head be lifted high
Above my foes around,
And songs of joy and victory
Within thy temple sound.

29

Tune—MELODY.

C. M.

"Blessed be the Lord, my Strength."

Ps. cxliv. 1.

FOREVER blessed be the Lord,
 My Saviour and my Shield;
 He sends his Spirit with his word,
 To arm me for the field.

- 2 When sin and hell their force unite,
 He makes my soul his care;
 Instructs me in the heavenly fight,
 And guards me through the war.
- 3 A Friend and Helper so divine
 My fainting hope shall raise;
 He makes the glorious victory mine,
 And his shall be the praise.

30

Tune—OLD HUNDRED.

L. M.

"Praise ye the Lord.."

Ps. cxvii. 2.

FROM all that dwell below the skies
 Let the Creator's praise arise:
 Let the Redeemer's name be sung
 Through every land, by every tongue.

- 2 Eternal are thy mercies, Lord;
 Eternal truth attends thy word;
 Thy praise shall sound from shore to
 shore,
 Till suns shall set and rise no more.

HYMNS ON THE TRINITY.

31

Tune—ACTON.

7S.

“Holy, Holy, Holy, is the Lord of Hosts”

Is. vi. 3.

HOLY, Holy, Holy Lord,
 God of Hosts! when heaven and
 earth,
 Out of darkness at thy word,
 Issued into glorious birth,
 All thy works before thee stood,
 And thine eye beheld them good,
 While they sang with sweet accord,
 Holy, Holy, Holy Lord!

2 Holy, Holy, Holy! Thee,
 One Jehovah evermore,
 Father, Son and Spirit! we,
 Dust and ashes, would adore;
 Lightly by the world esteemed,
 From that world by thee redeemed,
 Sing we here with glad accord,
 Holy, Holy, Holy Lord!

- 3 Holy, Holy, Holy! All
 Heaven's triumphant choirs shall sing,
 When the ransomed nations fall
 At the footstool of their King:
 Then shall saints and seraphim,
 Hearts and voices swell one hymn,
 Round the throne with full accord,
 Holy, Holy, Holy Lord!

32 *Tune*—AMERICA. 6s. & 4s.

“It is Good to Sing Praises unto our God.”

Ps. cxlvii. 1.

- O thou almighty King,
 Help us thy name to sing,
 Help us to praise.
 Father, all glorious,
 O'er all victorious,
 Thou dost reign over us,
 Ancient of days.
- 2 Jesus, our Lord, arise,
 Scatter our enemies,
 And make them fall.
 Let thine almighty aid,
 Our sure defense be made;
 Our souls on thee be staid;
 Lord, hear our call.
- 3 Oh, Holy Comforter,
 Thy sacred witness bear,
 In this glad hour.

Thou, who almighty art,
 Now rule in every heart,
 Thou'lt ne'er from us depart,
 Spirit of power.

33

Tune—CLAREMONT. H. M.

“He that is our God is the God of salvation.”

Ps. lxviii. 20.

TO Him that chose us first,
 Before the world began;
 To Him that bore the curse,
 To save rebellious man:
 To Him that formed our hearts anew,
 Are endless praise and glory due.

2 The Father's love shall run
 Through our immortal songs;
 We bring to God the Son
 Hosannas on our tongues:
 Our lips address the Spirit's name
 With equal praise and zeal the same.

3 Let every saint above,
 And angel round the throne,
 For ever bless and love
 The sacred Three in One:
 Thus heaven shall raise his honors high
 When earth and time grow old and die.

34 *Tune*—LISCHER. H. M.

“Praise Thy name for Thy loving kindness.”

Ps. cxxxviii. 2.

WE give immortal praise
 To God the Father's love,
 For all our comforts here,
 And all our hopes above;
 He sent his own eternal Son
 To die for sins that man had done.

2 To God the Son belongs
 Immortal glory, too,
 Who saved us by his blood
 From everlasting wo:
 And now He lives, and now He reigns,
 And sees the fruit of all his pains.

3 To God the Spirit, praise
 And endless worship give,
 Whose new-creating power
 Makes the dead sinner live:
 His work completes the great design,
 And fills the soul with joy divine.

35 *Tune*—ITALIAN HYMN. 6s & 4s.

“God said, Let there be Light.”

Gen. i. 3.

THOU, whose almighty word
 Chaos and darkness heard,
 And took their flight,

Hear us, we humbly pray,
And where the gospel's day
Sheds not its glorious ray,
Let there be light.

2 Thou, who didst come to bring,
On Thy protecting wing,
Healing and sight,—
Sight to the inly blind,
Health to the sick in mind,
Oh! now, to all mankind,
Let there be light.

3 Spirit of truth and love,
Life-giving, holy Dove,
Speed forth Thy flight;
Move o'er the water's face
By Thine almighty grace,
And, in earth's darkest place,
Let there be light.

4 Blessed and holy Three,
Glorious Trinity!
Wisdom, Love, Might,
Boundless as ocean's tide,
Rolling in fullest pride,
O'er the world, far and wide,
Let there be light.

36 *Tune*—SICILIAN HYMN. 8s & 7s.

“He hath Put a new Song in my Mouth, even
Praise unto our God.”

Ps. xl. 3.

CEASELESS praise be to the Father,
By whose power and grace we
live;

Who, our wayward souls to gather
Did his well-beloved give.

2 To the Son be praise unending,
Who, our ruined souls to save,
From his heavenly throne descending,
Hasted to the cross and grave.

3 To the Holy Spirit render
Grateful, everlasting praise;
Who, long-striving, patient, tender,
Waits our souls from death to raise.

4 Father, Son and Holy Spirit,
One Jehovah, we adore!
May we all thy peace inherit,
Saved by thee forevermore.

37 *Tune*—ROLLAND. L. M.

“I will rejoice in thy Salvation.”

Ps. ix. 14.

PRAISES to him whose love has given,
In Christ his Son, the life of heaven;
Who for our darkness gives us light,
And turns to day our deepest night.

- 2 Praises to him in grace who came
To bear our woe and sin and shame ;
Who lived to die, who died to rise,
The God-accepted sacrifice.
- 3 Praises to him the chain who broke,
Opened the prison, burst the yoke,
Sent forth the captives glad and free,
Heirs of an endless liberty.
- 4 Praises to him who sheds abroad
Within our hearts the love of God—
The Spirit of all truth and peace,
The source of joy and holiness.
- 5 To Father, Son and Spirit, now
The hands we lift, the knee we bow ;
To God Jehovah thus we raise
The ransomed sinner's song of praise ;

38

Tune—BARBY.

C. M.

“Let us make a joyful noise to the Rock of our
Salvation.”

Ps. xciv. 1.

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

- 2 We raise our shouts, O God, to thee
And send them to thy throne :

All glory to th' united Three,
The undivided One!

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

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

39 *Tune*—ST. THOMAS. S. M.

“Let them give Glory unto the Lord.”

Isa. xlii. 12.

TO God, the only wise,
Who keeps us by His word,
Be glory now and evermore,
Through Jesus Christ our Lord.

2 Hosanna to the Word,
Who from the Father came;
Ascribe salvation to the Lord,
And ever bless His name.

3 The grace of Christ our Lord,
The Father's boundless love,
The Spirit's blest communion, too,
Be with us from above.

40 *Tune*—UXBRIDGE. L. M.

“I will praise the name of God with a song.”

Ps. lxxix. 30.

GREAT One in Three, great Three
in One!

Thy wondrous name we sound
abroad;

Prostrate we fall before thy throne,
O holy, holy, holy Lord!

2 Thee, Holy Father, we confess;
Thee, Holy Saviour, we adore;
And thee, O Holy Ghost, we bless
And praise and worship evermore.

3 Thou art by heaven and earth adored;
Thy universe is full of thee,
O holy, holy, holy Lord!
Great Three in One, great One in
Three!

41 *Tune*—SAXONY. 8s & 7s.

“Let thy glory be above all the earth.”

Ps. lvii. 5.

GLORY to the Almighty Father,
Fountain of eternal love,
Who, His wandering sheep to gather,
Sent a Saviour from above.

- 2 To the Son all praise be given,
 Who with love unknown before,
 Left the bright abode of heaven,
 And our sins and sorrows bore.
- 3 Equal strains of warm devotion
 Let the Spirit's praise employ,
 Author of each holy motion,
 Source of wisdom, peace and joy.
- 4 Thus while our glad hearts ascending,
 Glorify Jehovah's name,
 Heavenly songs with ours are blending,
 There the theme is still the same.

42 *Tune*—ALFORD. 8, 7, 7.

“Exalt ye the Lord our God, and worship at His
 footstool; for He is holy.”

Ps. xcix. 5.

HOLY Father, we address Thee,
 Lov'd in thy beloved Son;
 Holy Son of God, we bless thee;
 Boundless grace hath made us one.
 May the Spirit aid our songs;
 This glad work to Him belongs.

- 2 Wondrous was thy love, our Father!
 Wondrous thine, O Son of God!
 Vast the love that bruised and wounded;
 Vast the love that bore the rod.
 May thy Spirit still reveal
 How those stripes alone could heal!

- 3 Gracious Father, thy good pleasure
 Is to love us as thy Son,
 Meting out the self-same measure,
 Since thou seest us as one.
 By Thee, Jesus, lov'd are we,
 As the Father loveth Thee.

43 *Tune*—AMSTERDAM. 7s & 6s.

“I will sing of the mercies of the Lord forever.”

Ps. lxxxix. i.

- M**EET and right it is to sing,
 In every time and place,
 Glory to our heavenly King,
 The God of truth and grace.
 Join we then with sweet accord,
 All in one thanksgiving join!
 Holy, holy, holy Lord,
 Eternal praise be Thine.
- 2 Father, God, Thy love we praise,
 Which gave Thy Son to die;
 Jesus, full of truth and grace,
 Alike we glorify:
 Spirit, Comforter divine,
 Praise by all to Thee be given,
 Till we in full chorus join,
 And earth is turn'd to heaven.

DIVINITY OF CHRIST.

44

Tune—LENOX.

H. M.

“Christ Jesus, who being in the form of God,
thought it not robbery to be equal with God.”

Phil. ii. 6.

COME, every joyful heart
That loves the Saviour's name,
Your noblest powers exert
To celebrate his fame:
Tell all above, and all below,
The debt of love to him you owe.

- 2 He left his starry crown,
And laid his robes aside;
On wings of love came down,
And wept, and bled, and died!
What he endured, oh, who can tell?
To save our souls from death and hell!
- 3 From the dark grave he rose,
The mansion of the dead;
And thence his mighty foes
In glorious triumph led:

Up through the sky the Conqu'ror
 rode,
 And reigns on high, the Saviour-God.

- 4 From thence he'll quickly come—
 His chariot will not stay—
 And bear our spirits home
 To realms of endless day:
 There shall we see his lovely face,
 And ever be in his embrace.

45

Tune—PARK STREET. L. M.

“The Word was God.”

John 1. 4.

ERE the blue heavens were stretched
 abroad,
 From everlasting was the Word:
 With God he was; the Word was God,
 And must divinely be adored.

- 2 By his own power were all things made;
 By him supported, all things stand:
 He is the whole creation's head,
 And angels fly at his command.
- 3 But lo! he leaves those heavenly forms:
 The Word descends and dwells in
 clay,
 That he may converse hold with worms,
 Dressed in such feeble flesh as they.

- 4 Mortals with joy behold his face,
 Th' eternal Father's only Son;
 How full of truth, how full of grace,
 When thro' his eyes the Godhead
 shone!
- 5 Archangels leave their high abode
 To learn new mysteries here, and tell
 The love of our descending God,
 The glories of Immanuel.

46 *Tune*—OVIO. 8s & 7s.

“Being the Brightness of His Glory and the
 Express Image of His Person.”

Heb. i. 3.

- LORD of every land and nation,
 Ancient of eternal days,
 Sounded through the wide creation
 Be thy just and lawful praise.
- 2 But thy rich, thy free redemption,
 Dark through brightness all along;
 Thought is poor, and poor expression:
 Who can sing that wondrous song?
- 3 Brightness of the Father's glory,
 Shall thy praise unuttered lie?
 Fly, my tongue, such guilty silence;
 Sing the Lord, who came to die.
- 4 Did the angels sing thy coming?
 Did the shepherds learn their lays?

Shame would cover me ungrateful,
Should my tongue refuse to praise.

- 5 From the highest throne in glory!
To the cross of deepest woe!
All to ransom guilty captives!
Flow, my praise, for ever flow.
- 6 Go, return, immortal Saviour,
Leave thy footstool, take thy throne:
Thence return, and reign for ever;
Be the kingdom all thy own.

47 *Tune*—WILMOT. 8s & 7s.

“They shall call His name Immanuel, which,
being interpreted, is, God with us.”

Matt. i. 23.

GOD with us! O glorious name!
Let it shine in endless fame:
God and man in Christ unite;
O mysterious depth and height!

- 2 God with us! the eternal Son
Took our soul, our flesh and bone;
Now, ye saints, His grace admire,
Swell the song with holy fire.
- 3 God with us! but tainted not
With the first transgressor's blot;
Yet did He our sins sustain,
Bear the guilt, the curse, the pain.

4 God with us! O wondrous grace!
 Let us see Him face to face;
 That we may Immanuel sing,
 As we ought, our God and King.

48 *Tune*—SABBATH. 7s.

“At the Name of Jesus every Knee should Bow.”

Phil. ii. 10.

JESUS, hail! thou great I Am!
 High and holy is thy name:
 Angel-harps resound thy praise;
 Saints adore thy saving grace;
 Every creature bows the knee,
 Worshiping thy majesty.

2 Hail, thou everlasting Lord!
 “God with us!” Incarnate Word!
 Glory of thy Church thou art,
 Life and light of every heart:
 Angels, saints, below, above,
 Join to praise thy boundless love.

49 *Tune*—SHIRLAND. S. M.

“The only Begotten Son which is in the Bosom
 of the Father.”

John i. 18.

JESUS, the Christ of God,
 The Father's blessed Son!
 The Father's bosom thine abode,
 The Father's love thine own.

- 2 Jesus, the Lamb of God,
 Who, us from hell to raise,
 Hast shed thy reconciling blood,
 We give thee endless praise.
- 3 God, and yet man, thou art ;
 True God, true man art thou ;
 Of man and of man's earth a part,
 One with us thou art now.
- 4 Great Sacrifice for sin,
 Giver of life for life ;
 Bestower of the peace within,
 True Ender of the strife.
- 5 To thee, the Christ of God,
 Thy saints exulting sing—
 The bearer of our heavy load,
 Our own anointed King.

50

Tune—AMERICA.

6s & 4s.

“Worthy is the Lamb that was Slain.”

Rev. v. 12.

GLORY to God on high !
 Let earth and skies reply,
 Praise ye His name :
 His love and grace adore,
 Who all our sorrows bore,
 Sing, sing forevermore,
 Worthy the Lamb !

- 2 Jesus, our Lord and God,
 Bore sin's tremendous load,
 Praise ye His name :
 Tell what His arm hath done,
 What spoils from death He won :
 Sing His great name alone :
 Worthy the Lamb !
- 3 While they around the throne
 Cheerfully join in one,
 Praising His name :
 Those who have felt His blood
 Sealing their peace with God,
 Sound His dear fame abroad :
 Worthy the Lamb !

51 *Tune*—SAXONY. 8s & 7s.

“Blessing, and Honor, and Glory, and Power,
 be unto Him that sitteth upon the throne,
 and unto the Lamb forever and ever.”

Rev. v. 13.

CROWN his head with endless blessing,

Who, in God the Father's name,
 With compassions never ceasing,
 Comes salvation to proclaim.

- 2 Lo! Jehovah, we adore Thee ;
 Thee, our Saviour ; Thee, our God !
 From His throne His beams of glory
 Shine through all the world abroad.

- 3 Jesus, Thee our Saviour hailing,
Thee, our God, in praise we own;
Highest honors, never failing,
Rise eternal round Thy throne.
- 4 Now, ye saints, his power confessing,
In your grateful strains adore;
For his mercy, never ceasing,
Flows, and flows for evermore.

52

Tune—CLIFFORD.

C. M.

“Thou art worthy—For Thou wast Slain, and
hast Redeemed us to God by Thy blood.”

Rev. v. 9.

- OH, for a thousand tongues to sing
My dear Redeemer's praise,
The glories of my God and King,
The triumphs of His grace.
- 2 My gracious Master and my God,
Assist me to proclaim,
To spread through all the earth abroad
The honors of thy name.
- 3 Jesus! the name that calms our fears,
That bids our sorrows cease—
'Tis music to my ravished ears,
'Tis life, and health, and peace.

- 4 He breaks the power of reigning sin,
 He sets the prisoner free ;
 His blood can make the foulest clean :
 His blood availed for me.

53 *Tune*—SOLID ROCK. L. M.

“Thou shalt call His name Jesus ; for he shall
 save His people from their sins.”

Matt. i. 21.

- OH, speak of Jesus ! of his power,
 As perfect God and perfect man,
 Which day by day, and hour by hour,
 As he wrought out the wondrous
 plan,
 Led him, as God, to save and heal—
 As man to sympathize and feel.
- 2 Yes, speak of Jesus ! of His grace,
 Receiving, pardoning, blessing all !
 His holy, spotless life retrace—
 His words, his miracles recall ;
 The words he spoke, the truths he
 taught,
 With life—eternal life, are fraught.
- 3 Oh, speak of Jesus ! of his death ;
 For sinners such as me he died :
 “ ’Tis finished,” with his latest breath,
 The Lord, Jehovah, Jesus, cried ;
 That death of shame and agony,
 Open’d the way of life to me.

54

Tune—ARIEL.

L. C. M.

“Unto Him that loveth us and washed us
from our sins in His own Blood.”

Rev. i. 5.

0 JESUS! everlasting God!
Who didst for sinners shed Thy
blood

Upon th' accursed tree;
And finishing redemption's toil,
Didst win for us the happy spoil—
All praise we give to Thee.

2 Fain would we think upon Thy pain,
Would find in Thee our life and gain,
And firmly have the heart
Fix'd on Thy grief and dying love,
Nor evermore from Thee remove,
Though from all else we part.

3 The more through grace ourselves we
know,
The more rejoiced we are to bow
And glory in Thy cross;
To trust in Thine atoning blood
And look to Thee for every good,
And count all else but dross.

Incarnation of Christ.

55 *Tune*—MARWELL. 8s & 7s.

“Glory to God in the Highest and on Earth
Peace, Good will toward Men.”

Luke ii. 14.

HARK! what mean those holy voices,
Sweetly sounding through the
skies!

Lo! the angelic host rejoices,
Heavenly hallelujahs rise.

2 Listen to the wondrous story
Which they chant in hymns of joy;
Glory in the highest, glory!
Glory be to God most high!

3 Peace on earth, good will from Heaven,
Reaching far as man is found;
Souls redeemed and sins forgiven,
Loud our golden harps shall sound.

4 Hasten mortals to adore Him,
Learn his name and taste his joy;
Till in heaven ye sing before Him,
Glory be to God most high!

56

Tune—HEMANS.

7S.

“A Virgin shall Conceive, and bear a Son, and shall call His name Immanuel.”

Isa. vii. 14.

GLORIOUS name, aforesaid given,
Borne on earth and borne in Heav-
en;

Name of names, that binds in one
All the names of Christ the Son!
Hail the Saviour's natal morn—
Shiloh comes—the Christ is born!
Sound the organ, peal the bell!
Earth rejoice, whilst angels tell,
“Christ is born—EMMANUEL!”

2 Born to break sin's cruel chain,
Slain by sin, He death hath slain;
Now “with us,” in darkest hour,
Speaks He peace, with words of power.
“God with us,” in times of woe
He reveals the covenant bow;
Lift the voice, the anthem swell,
Let the ransomed gladly tell,
“Christ is *our* EMMANUEL!”

3 “God with us” life's journey through,
Giving grace to will and do;
With us as a trusty guide
Through the death-stream's surging
tide;

With us in the courts above—
 Changeless friend of matchless love—
 Where the saints forever tell
 How they vanquished death and hell
 Through their king—EMMANUEL.

57 *Tune*—WORTHING. 8s & 7s.

“A Saviour which is Christ the Lord.”

Luke ii. 11.

- S**HEPHERDS! hail the wondrous
 stranger,
 Now to Bethle'm speed your way;
 Lo! in yonder humble manger
 Christ, the Lord, is born to-day:
- 2** Christ, by prophets long-predicted,
 Joy of Israel's chosen race;
 Light to Gentiles long-afflicted,
 Lost in error's darkest maze.
- 3** Bright the star of your salvation,
 Pointing to His rude abode!
 Rapturous news for every nation:
 Mortals! now behold your God!
- 4** Glad, we trace th' amazing story,
 Angels leave their bliss to tell;
 Theme sublime, replete with glory:
 Sinners saved from death and hell!

- 5 Love eternal moved the Saviour,
 Thus to lay His radiance by ;
 Blessings on the Lamb forever ;
 Glory to be God on high !

58

Tune—IONIA.

7s.

“ My Spirit hath Rejoiced in God my Saviour.”

Luke 1. 47.

- SWEETER sounds than music knows,
 Charm me in Emmanuel's name ;
 All her hopes my spirit owes
 To his birth, and cross, and shame.
- 2 When He came this song was sung :
 “ Glory be to God on high ! ”
 Lord, unloose my stammering tongue,
 Who should louder sing than I ?
- 3 Did the Lord a man become,
 That He might the law fulfill !
 Bleed and suffer in my room,
 And canst thou, my tongue, be still ?
- 4 No ! I must my praises bring,
 Though they worthless are and weak,
 For should I refuse to sing,
 Sure the very stones might speak.
- 5 O, my Saviour, shield and sun,
 Shepherd, Husband, Brother, Friend,
 Every precious name in one,
 I will praise Thee without end.

59 *Tune*—SWEET HOUR OF PRAYER. L. M.

“And when they saw the Star they rejoiced
with exceeding great joy.”

Matt. ii. 10.

WHEN, marshaled on the nightly plain,
The glittering host bestud the sky,
One star alone of all the train
Can fix the sinner's wandering eye.
Hark! hark!—to God the chorus
breaks,
From every host, from every gem;
But one alone the Saviour speaks—
It is the Star of Bethlehem.

2 Once on the raging seas I rode,
The storm was loud, the night was
dark—
The ocean yawned—and rudely blow'd
The wind that tossed my foundering
bark.
Deep horror then my vitals froze,
Death-struck, I ceased the tide to
stem;
When suddenly a star arose—
It was the Star of Bethlehem.

3 It was my guide, my light, my all;
It bade my dark forebodings cease;
And, through the storm and danger's
thrall,
It led me to the port of peace.

Now safely moored—my perils o'er,
 I'll sing, first in night's diadem,
 Forever and forevermore,
 The Star—the Star of Bethlehem !

60

Tune—AZMON.

C. M.

“Unto us a Child is born.

Isa. ix. 6.

TO us a Child of Hope is born,
 To us a Son is given ;
 Him shall the tribes of earth obey,
 Him all the hosts of heaven.

- 2 His name shall be the Prince of Peace,
 For evermore adored ;
 The Wonderful, the Counsellor,
 The great and mighty Lord !
- 3 His power, increasing, still shall spread ;
 His reign no end shall know ;
 Justice shall guard his throne above,
 And peace abound below.

61

Tune—HENDON.

7s.

“Unto us a Son is given.”

Isa. ix. 6.

HE has come ! The Christ of God
 Left for us His glad abode ;
 Stooping from His throne of bliss
 To this darksome wilderness.

- 2 He has come! the Prince of Peace!
 Come to bid our sorrows cease;
 Come to scatter with His light
 All the shadows of our night.
- 3 He, the mighty King, has come,
 Making this poor earth His home!
 Come to bear our sin's sad load!
 Son of David, Son of God!
- 4 He has come, whose name of grace
 Speaks deliverance to our race;
 Left for us His glad abode;
 Son of Mary, Son of God!
- 5 "Unto us a child is born!"
 Ne'er has earth beheld a morn,
 Among all the morns of time,
 Half so glorious in its prime.
- 6 "Unto us a Son is given!"
 He has come from God's own heaven,
 Bringing with him from above
 Holy peace and holy love.

62

Tune—IONIA.

7S.

"I bring you tidings of great joy, which
 shall be to all people."

Luke ii. 10.

HAIL the night, all hail the morn,
 When the Prince of Peace was
 born!

When, amid the wakeful fold,
 Tidings good the angel told.

64 INCARNATION OF CHRIST.

2 Now our solemn chant we raise
Duly to the Saviour's praise;
Now with cheerful hymns we bless
Christ the Lord, our Righteousness.

3 While resounds the joyful cry,
"Glory be to God on high,
Peace on earth, good will to men!"
Gladly we respond, "Amen!"

63 *Tune*—HADDAM. H. M.

"The Word was made Flesh and dwelt
among us."

John i. 14.

LO, God, our God has come!
To us a child is born,
To us a Son is given;
Bless, bless the glorious morn!
O happy, lowly, lofty birth,
Now God, our God, has come to earth!

2 Rejoice! our God has come!
In love and lowliness;
The Son of God has come,
The sons of men to bless;
God with us now descends to dwell,
God in our flesh, Emmanuel.

- 3 Praise ye the Word made flesh !
 True God, true man is He;
 Praise ye the Christ of God !
 To Him all glory be.
 Praise ye the Lamb that once was slain,
 Praise ye the King who comes to reign !

64

Tune—ACTON.

7S.

“Jesus was born in Bethlehem of Judea.”

Matt. ii. 1.

HARK ! the herald angels sing,
 “Glory to the new-born King !
 Peace on earth, and mercy mild ;
 God and sinners reconciled.”

- 2 Joyful, all ye nations rise ;
 Join the triumphs of the skies ;
 With th’ angelic hosts proclaim,
 “Christ is born in Bethlehem.”
- 3 Mild he lays his glory by ;
 Born that man no more may die ;
 Born to raise the sons of earth ;
 Born to give them second birth.
- 4 Let us, then, with angels sing,
 “Glory to the new-born King !
 Peace on earth, and mercy mild ;
 God and sinners reconciled !”

“And suddenly there was with the Angel
a multitude of heavenly Host.”

Luke ii. 13.

HARK! what celestial sounds,
What music fills the air!

Soft warbling to the morn,

It strikes the ravished ear:

Now all is still;

Now wild it floats

In tuneful notes,

Loud, sweet, and
shrill.

2 Th' angelic hosts descend,

With harmony divine;

See how from heaven they bend,

And in full chorus join:

‘Fear not,’ say they, | Jesus, your King,

‘Great joy we bring, | Is born to-day.

3 “He comes your souls to save

From death’s eternal gloom;

To realms of bliss and light

He lifts you from the tomb:

Your voices raise,

With songs of light;

Your songs unite

Of endless praise.

4 “Glory to God on high!

Ye mortals, spread the sound,

And let your raptures fly

To earth’s remotest bound:

For peace on earth,

From God in heav-

en.

To man is given,

At Jesus birth.

66 *Tune*—MISSIONARY CHANT. L. M.

“The Son of God who loved me, and gave
Himself for me.”

Gal. ii. 20.

THE Son of God, in mighty love,
Came down to Bethlehem for me;
Forsook his throne of light above,
An infant upon earth to be.

- 2 In love, the Father's sinless child
Sojourn'd at Nazareth for me;
With sinners dwelt the Undeiled,
The holy One in Galilee.
- 3 Jesus, whom angel hosts adore,
Became a man of griefs for me;
In love, though rich, becoming poor,
That I through him enrich'd might
be.
- 4 Though Lord of all, above, below,
He went to Olivet for me;
He drank my cup of wrath and woe,
And bled in dark Gethsemane.
- 5 The ever-blessed Son of God
Went up to Calvary for me,
There paid my debt, there bore my
load,
In his own body on the tree.
- 6 Jesus, whose dwelling is the skies,
Went down into the grave for me;
There overcame my enemies,
There won the glorious victory.

REDEMPTION BY CHRIST

67 *Tune*—ARIEL. L. C. M.

“Unto Him that loved us, and washed us from
our sins in His own blood.”

Rev. i. 5.

COME, let us sing the matchless worth,
And sweetly sound the glories forth
Which in the Saviour shine:
To God and Christ our praises bring;
The song with which high heaven will
ring,
“Praises for grace divine.”

- 2 How rich the precious blood he spilt,
Our ransom from the dreadful guilt
Of sin against our God;
How perfect is His righteousness,
In which unspotted, beauteous dress
His saints have ever stood!
- 3 How rich the character he bears,
And all the forms of love He wears,
Exalted on the throne;

In songs of sweet untiring praise
 We e'er would sing His blessed ways,
 And make His glories known.

- 4 And soon the happy day shall come
 When we shall reach our promised home
 And see Him face to face;
 Then with our Saviour, Lord and Friend,
 The one unbroken day we'll spend
 In singing still His grace.

68 *Tune*—CLIFFORD. C. M.

“Worthy is the Lamb that was slain.”

Rev. v. 12.

COME, let us join our cheerful songs
 With angels round the throne;
 Ten thousand thousand are their
 tongues,
 But all their joys are one.

- 2 “Worthy the Lamb that died,” they
 cry,
 “To be exalted thus!”
 “Worthy the Lamb!” our lips reply,
 “For he was slain for us.”

- 3 Jesus is worthy to receive
 Honor and power divine;
 And blessings, more than we can give,
 Be, Lord, forever thine!

- 4 Let all that dwell above the sky,
 And air, and earth, and seas,
 Conspire to lift thy glories high,
 And speak thine endless praise.
- 5 The whole creation join in one,
 To bless the sacred name
 Of Him who sits upon the throne,
 And to adore the Lamb!

69 *Tune*—HEAD OF THE CHURCH. P.M.

“Wherefore God also hath highly exalted Him,
 and given Him a name which is above every
 name.”

Phil. ii. 9.

- T**HY name we bless, Lord Jesus!
 That name all names excelling:
 How great thy love,
 All praise above,
 Should every tongue be telling:
 Thy Father's loving-kindness,
 In giving thee was shown us:
 Now by thy blood
 Redeem'd to God,
 As children he doth own us.
- 2 From that eternal glory
 Thou hadst with God the Father,
 He sent his Son,
 That he in one
 His children all might gather:

- Our sins were all laid on thee,
God's wrath thou hast endured :
 It was for us
 Thou suffer'dst thus,
And hast our peace secured.
- 3 Thou from the dead wast raised,
And from all condemnation
 Thy Church is free,
 As risen in thee,
Head of the new creation !
On high thou hast ascended,
To God's right hand in heaven ;
 The Lamb once slain,
 Alive again :
To thee all power is given.
- 4 Thou hast bestow'd the earnest
Of that we shall inherit ;
 Till thou shalt come
 To take us home
We're seal'd by God the Spirit :
We wait for thine appearing,
When we shall know more fully
 The Priest and King,
 Whose praise we sing,
Thou Lamb of God most holy !

70

Tune—LISCHER.

H. M.

“That at the name of Jesus every knee should
bow.”

Phil. ii. 10.

- J**OIN all the glorious names
Of wisdom, love and power
That ever mortals knew,
That angels ever bore :
All are too mean to speak his worth,
Too mean to set my Saviour forth.
- 2 Great Prophet of our God !
My tongue would bless thy name ;
By thee the joyful news
Of our salvation came :
The joyful news of sins forgiven,
Of hell subdued and peace with heaven.
- 3 Jesus, our great High Priest,
Offered his blood and died ;
My guilty conscience seeks
No sacrifice beside :
His powerful blood did once atone,
And now it pleads before the throne.

71

Tune—SILOAM.

C. M.

“Grace and Truth came by Jesus Christ.”

John i. 17.

DEAREST of all the names above,
My Jesus and my God !
Who can resist thy heavenly love,
Or trifle with thy blood ?

- 2 'Tis by the merits of thy death
 Thy Father smiles again ;
 'Tis by thine interceding breath
 The Spirit dwells with men.
- 3 Till God in human flesh I see
 My thoughts no comfort find :
 The holy, just and sacred Three
 Are terror to my mind.
- 4 But if Immanuel's face appear,
 My hope, my joy, begin :
 His name forbids my slavish fear ;
 His grace removes my sin.
- 5 While Jews on their own law rely,
 And Greeks of wisdom boast,
 I love th' incarnate Mystery,
 And there I fix my trust.

72

Tune—DENNIS.

S. M.

"My Beloved is mine, and I am His."

Song of Sol. ii. 16.

- I BLESS the Christ of God ;
 I rest on love divine ;
 And with unfaltering lip and heart
 I call this Saviour mine.
- 2 His cross dispels each doubt ;
 I bury in His tomb
 Each thought of unbelief and fear,
 Each lingering shade of gloom.

- 3 I praise the God of grace;
I trust His truth and might;
He calls me His, I call Him mine,
My God, my joy, my light.
- 4 In Him is only good,
In me is only ill;
My ill but draws His goodness forth,
And me He loveth still.
- 5 'Tis He who saveth me,
And freely pardon gives;
I love because He loveth me,
I live because He lives.
- 6 My life with Him is hid,
My death has pass'd away,
My clouds have melted into light,
My midnight into day.

“Thy name is as ointment poured forth.”

Song of Sol. i. 3.

- THERE is a name I love to hear,
I love to sing its worth;
It sounds like music in mine ear,
The sweetest name on earth.
- 2 It tells me of a Saviour's love,
Who died to set me free;
It tells me of His precious blood,
The sinner's perfect plea.

- 3 It tells me of a Father's smile
 Beaming upon His child:
 It cheers me through this "little while,"
 Through desert, waste and wild.
- 4 It tells me what my Father hath
 In store for every day,
 And though I tread a darksome path,
 Yields sunshine all the way.
- 5 It tells of One whose loving heart
 Can feel my smallest woe,
 Who in each sorrow bears a part
 That none can bear below.
- 6 It bids my trembling soul rejoice,
 And dries each rising tear;
 It tells me, in a "still small voice,"
 To trust and never fear.

74 *Tune*—CROSS AND CROWN. C. M.

"Blessed be His glorious name forever."

Ps. lxxii. 19.

JESUS! I love thy charming name;
 'Tis music to mine ear:
 Fain would I sound it out so loud
 That earth and heaven should hear.

- 2 All that my loftiest powers can wish
 In thee doth richly meet;
 Not to mine eyes is light so dear,
 Nor friendship half so sweet.

- 3 Thy grace still dwells upon my heart,
 And sheds its fragrance there—
 The noblest balm of all my wounds,
 The cordial of my care.
- 4 I'll speak the honors of thy name
 With my last laboring breath;
 Then, speechless, clasp thee in my arms,
 The Conqueror of death.

75

Tune—ARLINGTON.

C. M.

"The name of the Lord is a strong tower; the
 righteous runneth into it and is safe."

Prov. xviii. 10.

- JESUS! the name that charms our
 fears,
 That bids our sorrows cease;
 'Tis music in the sinner's ears,
 'Tis life, and health, and peace.
- 2 He breaks the power of cancel'd sin,
 He sets the prisoner free;
 His blood can make the foulest clean,
 His blood availed for me.
- 3 He speaks, and, listening to His voice,
 New life the dead receive;
 The mournful broken hearts rejoice,
 The humble poor believe.

- 4 Hear Him, ye deaf; His praise, ye
dumb,
Your loosened tongues employ;
Ye blind, behold your Saviour come,
And leap, ye lame, for joy.

76

Tune—NAOMI.

C. M.

“A Book of remembrance was written before
Him for them that feared the Lord, and that
thought upon His name.”

Mal. iii. 16.

- JESUS, the very thought of thee,
With gladness fills my breast;
But dearer far thy face to see,
And in thy presence rest.
- 2 Nor voice can sing, nor heart can frame,
Nor can the memory find
A sweeter sound than thy blest name,
O Saviour of mankind!
- 3 O Hope of every contrite heart,
O Joy of all the meek!
To those who fall, how kind thou art,
How good to those who seek!
- 4 And those who find thee, find a bliss
Nor tongue nor pen can show:
The love of Jesus—what it is,
None but his loved ones know.

- 5 Jesus, our only joy be thou!
 As thou our prize wilt be;
 Jesus, be thou our glory now,
 And through eternity!

77 *Tune*—I DO BELIEVE. C. M.

“Unto you, therefore, which believe He is
 precious.”

1 Peter ii. 7.



- H**OW sweet the name of Jesus sounds
 In a believer's ear!
 It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
 And drives away his fear.
- 2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,
 And calms the troubled breast;
 'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
 And to the weary, rest.
- 3 Dear Name! the Rock on which I build,
 My Shield and Hiding place;
 My never-failing Treasury, fill'd
 With boundless stores of grace.
- 4 Jesus! my Saviour, Shepherd, Friend,
 My Prophet, Priest and King;
 My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End,
 Accept the praise I bring.
- 5 Weak is the effort of my heart,
 And cold my warmest thought;
 But when I see Thee as Thou art
 I'll praise Thee as I ought.

6 Till then I would Thy love proclaim
 With every fleeting breath;
 And glory in that blessed name
 That quells the power of death.

78 *Tune*—MARTYRDOM. C. M.

“He that spared not His own Son.”

Rom. viii. 32.

TO us our God his love commends,
 When by our sins undone;
 That he might spare his enemies,
 He would not spare his Son—

2 His only Son, on whom he placed
 His whole delight and love,
 Before he form'd the earth below,
 Or spread the heavens above.

3 Our sorrows and our sins to bear—
 Our heavy cross sustain,
 Upon the tree he came to die,
 That we might life obtain.

4 This life is hid in God with him
 Who fell a sacrifice,
 And dying, conquer'd death for us,
 That we, like him, might rise.

5 Quickly he triumph'd o'er the grave,
 And went to heaven again;
 There intercedes, and thence will come
 With all his saints to reign.

- 6 His word assures he'll quickly come—
 For this his brethren pray ;
 The whole creation for it groans ;
 Come, Lord, without delay.

79 *Tune*—CHRISTMAS. C. M.

“Thine eyes shall behold the King in His glory.”

Isa. xxxiii. 17.

- L**ORD Jesus! when I think of Thee,
 Of all Thy love and grace,
 My spirit longs and fain would see
 Thy beauty, face to face.
- 2 And though the wilderness I tread,
 A barren, thirsty ground,
 With thorns and briars overspread,
 Where foes and snares abound ;
- 3 Yet in Thy love such depths I see,
 My soul o'erflows with praise—
 Contents itself, while, Lord, to Thee
 A joyful song I raise.
- 4 My Lord, my Life, my Rest, my Shield,
 My Rock, my Food, my Light ;
 Each thought of Thee doth constant
 yield
 Unchanging, fresh delight.
- 5 My Saviour, keep my spirit stay'd,
 Hard following after Thee ;
 Till I, in robes of white array'd,
 Thy face in glory see.

80

Tune—NUREMBURGH.

7s.

“The redemption of their soul is precious.”

Ps. xlix. 8.

NOW begin the heavenly theme,
Sing aloud in Jesus' name:
Ye, who his salvation prove,
Triumph in redeeming love.

- 2 Ye, who see the Father's grace
Beaming in the Saviour's face,
As to glory on ye move,
Praise and bless redeeming love.
- 3 Mourning souls, dry up your tears,
Banish all your guilty fears;
See your guilt and curse remove,
Cancel'd by redeeming love.
- 4 Welcome, all by sin opprest—
Welcome to his sacred rest;
Nothing brought him from above—
Nothing but redeeming love.

81

Tune—MOUNT VERNON. 8s & 7s.

“Made nigh by the blood of Christ.”

Eph. ii. 13.

SWEET the moments, rich in blessing,
Which before the cross we spend;
Life and health, and peace possessing,
From the sinner's dying Friend!

- 2 Here we rest, in wonder viewing
 All our sins on Jesus laid ;
 Here we see redemption flowing
 From the sacrifice He made.
- 3 Truly blessed is the station
 Low before the cross to lie ;
 And behold the great salvation
 To rebellious man brought nigh.
- 4 Here we find the dawn of heaven,
 While upon the cross we gaze ;
 See our trespasses forgiven,
 And our songs of triumph raise.
- 5 Oh! that near the cross abiding,
 We may to the Saviour cleave!
 Nought with him our hearts dividing,
 All for him content to leave.
- 6 May we still, the cross discerning,
 There alone for comfort go ;
 And new wonders daily learning,
 More of Jesus' fulness know.

82

Tune—LAUDA. 6s, 8s & 4s.

"With the precious blood of Christ."

1 Pet. i. 19.

WE are by Christ redeemed :
 The cost—His precious blood ;
 Be nothing by our souls esteem'd
 Like this great good.

Were the vast world our own,
With all its varied store,
And thou, Lord Jesus, wert unknown,
We still were poor.

2 Our earthen vessels break ;
The world itself grows old ;
But Christ our precious dust will take
And freshly mould :
He'll give these bodies vile
A fashion like His own ;
He'll bid the whole creation smile,
And hush its groan.

3 Thus far, by grace preserved,
Each moment speeds us on ;
The crown and kingdom are reserved
Where Christ is gone.
When cloudless morning shines,
We shall His glory share ;
In pleasant places are the lines ;
The home how fair !

4 To God our weakness clings
Through tribulation sore,
And seeks the covert of His wings
Till all be o'er.
And when we've run the race,
And fought the faithful fight,
We'll see him face to face,
With saints in light.

83 *Tune*—LOVING KINDNESS. L. M.

“Yea, I have loved Thee with an everlasting love: therefore, with loving-kindness have I drawn Thee.”

Jer. xxxi. 3.

AWAKE, my soul, in joyful lays,
And sing thy great Redeemer's
praise;
He justly claims a song from me;
His loving kindness—oh, how free!

- 2 He saw me ruined in the fall,
Yet loved me notwithstanding all;
He saved me from my lost estate;
His loving kindness—oh, how great!
- 3 Though num'rous hosts of mighty foes,
Though earth and hell my way oppose,
He safely leads my soul along;
His loving kindness—oh, how strong!
- 4 Often I feel my sinful heart
Prone from my Saviour to depart,
But though I oft have Him forgot
His loving kindness changes not.
- 5 Soon shall I mount and soar away
To the bright realms of endless day,
And sing, with rapture and surprise,
His loving kindness in the skies!

84

Tune—HORTON.

7s.

“Yea, Lord, thou knowest that I love Thee.”

John xxi. 15.

HARK, my soul! it is the Lord;
 'Tis thy Saviour; hear his word;
 Jesus speaks, and speaks to thee:
 “Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou me?”

2 “Mine is an unchanging love,
 Higher than the heights above,
 Deeper than the depths beneath,
 Free and faithful, strong as death.

3 “Thou shalt see my glory soon,
 When the work of grace is done;
 Partner of my throne shalt be:
 Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou me?”

4 Lord! it is my chief complaint
 That my love is cold and faint;
 Yet I love thee, and adore:
 Oh for grace to love thee more!

85

Tune—HEBRON.

L. M.

“A man shall be a hiding place from the wind.”

Isa. xxxii. 2.

REJOICE, ye saints, rejoice and praise
 The blessings of redeeming grace;
 Jesus our everlasting tower
 Mocks at the angry tempest's roar.

- 2 His love's a refuge ever nigh,
 His watchfulness a mountain high;
 His name's a rock, which winds above
 Nor waves below can ever move.
- 3 His faithfulness for ever sure,
 For endless ages will endure;
 His perfect work will ever prove
 The depths of His unchanging love.
- 4 While all things change, He changes
 not,
 Nor e'er forgets, though oft forgot;
 His love's unchangeably the same
 And as enduring as His name.

86

Tune—TOPLADY.

7s.

“Show forth the praises of Him who hath called
 you out of darkness into His marvelous light.”

I Pet. ii. 9.

- WHO can praise the blessed God
 Like a sinner saved by grace?
 Angels can not sing so loud,
 Though they see Him face to face;
 Sinless angels ne'er can know
 What a debt saved sinners owe.
- 2 Where iniquity's forgiven,
 There the grateful strains arise;
 He who knows the love of heaven
 Sings the song which grace supplies:
 Precious song of sins forgiven,
 Sweetest melody of heaven!

87

Tune—EVAN.

C. M.

“If thou knewest the gift of God.”

John iv. 10.

OF all the gifts Thy love bestows,
 Thou giver of all good!
 Not heaven itself a richer knows
 Than the Redeemer's blood.

2 Faith, too, that trusts the blood through
 grace,
 From that same love we gain;
 Else, sweetly as it suits our case,
 The gift had been in vain.

3 We praise Thee, and would praise Thee
 more,
 To Thee our all we owe;
 The precious Saviour, and the power
 That makes Him precious, too.

88

Tune—DEVIZES.

C. M.

“I will make mention of Thy righteousness,
 even of Thine only.”

Ps. lxxi. 16.

SAVIOUR divine, whose name we
 know,
 In whom alone we trust,
 Thou art the Lord our Righteousness,
 Thou art Thy people's boast.

2 The soul, by sin howe'er defiled,
 By guilt howe'er opprest,
 In Thee believing, stands approved
 And finds abiding rest.

3 To Thee, our great redeeming Lord,
 What lasting thanks we owe,
 For raising sinners to such joys,
 From depths of endless woe.

89

Tune—OVIO.

8s & 7s.

"I will praise thee, O Lord, with my whole
 heart."

Ps. ix. 1.

COME, thou fount of every blessing!
 Tune my heart to sing Thy grace,
 Streams of mercy never ceasing,
 Call for ceaseless songs of praise.

2 Teach me, Lord, the rapturous measures
 Sung by heavenly hosts above,
 While I sing the countless treasures
 Of my God's unchanging love.

3 Jesus sought me when a stranger,
 Wandering from the fold of God;
 He, to rescue me from danger,
 Interposed His precious blood.

- 4 Rescued thus from sin and danger,
 Purchased by my Saviour's blood,
 May I walk on earth a stranger—
 As a son and heir of God.

90 *Tune*—ZION. 8s, 7s & 4s.

“They sung a new song.”

Rev. v. 9.

GLORY, glory, everlasting,
 Be to Him who bore the cross!
 Who redeem'd our souls by tasting
 Death—the death deserved by us:
 Spread His glory,
 Who redeem'd His people thus!

- 2 His is love! 'tis love unbounded,
 Without measure, without end:
 Human thought is here confounded:
 'Tis too vast to comprehend.
 Praise the Saviour!
 Magnify the Sinner's Friend.

- 3 While we hear the wondrous story,
 Of the Saviour's cross and shame,
 Sing we, “Everlasting glory
 Be to God and to the Lamb!”
 Hallelujah!
 Give ye glory to His name!

91

Tune—TOPLADY.

7S.

“To him that worketh not, but believeth on Him that justifieth the ungodly, his faith is counted for righteousness.”

Rom. iv. 5.

ROCK of ages! cleft for me,
 Grace hath hid me safe in Thee!
 Where the water and the blood
 From Thy wounded side which flowed,
 Are of sin the double cure,
 Cleansing from its guilt and power.

- 2 Not the labor of my hands
 Could fulfill the law's demands.
 Could my zeal no respite know,
 Could my tears forever flow—
 All for sin could not atone:
 But Thy blood, and Thine alone.
- 3 Nothing in my hand I brought,
 But to Thee for mercy sought:
 Naked, came to Thee for dress:
 Helpless, looked to Thee for grace:
 Yet though lost, undone, I came—
 Washed and justified I am.
- 4 While I draw this fleeting breath,
 Should my eyelids close in death,
 When I rise to worlds above,
 Still I'll triumph in Thy love;
 Rock of ages, cleft for me,
 All my boast and joy's in Thee.

92 *Tune*—HARWELL. 8s, 7s & 7s.

“We have redemption through His blood.”

Eph. i. 7.

IN the Lord we have redemption,
 Full remission in His blood;
 From the curse entire exemption,
 From the curse pronounced by God:
 What a Saviour Jesus is!
 O what grace, what love is His!

2 Sweet His name, that name transcend-
 ing

Every name on earth, in heaven;
 Praise through ages never ending,
 To the Son of God be given!
 He alone the Saviour is,
 Everlasting praise be His.

93 *Tune*—ALFORD. 8s, 7s & 7s.

“A friend that sticketh closer than a brother.”

Prov. xviii. 24.

ONE there is, above all others,
 Well deserves the name of Friend!
 His is love beyond a brother's,
 Costly, free and knows no end:
 They who once His kindness prove,
 Find it everlasting love!

2 Which of all our friends to save us
 Could or would have shed his blood?

But our Jesus died to have us
 Reconciled in Him to God:
 This was boundless love indeed!
 Jesus is a Friend in need!

- 3 When He lived on earth abased,
 "Friend of sinners" was His name;
 Now above all glory raised,
 He rejoices in the same:
 Still he calls us brethren, friends,
 And to all our wants attends.

- 4 Oh for grace our hearts to soften!
 Teach us, Saviour, love for love;
 We, alas! forget too often
 What a Friend we have above;
 But when to our home we're brought,
 We shall love Thee as we ought.

94 *Tune*—SOLID ROCK. L. M.

"While we were yet sinners Christ died for us."

Rom. v. 18.

THE Lamb was slain! let us adore,
 And all His gracious mercy own:
 And prostrate now and evermore
 Before His pierced feet fall down;
 Serve without dread, with reverence
 love
 The Lord whose boundless grace we
 prove.

- 2 Through Him alone we live, for He
 Hath drowned our transgressions all
 In love's unfathomable sea :
 O love, unknown, unsearchable!
 The holy Lamb for sin was slain
 That sinners endless life might gain.
- 3 As ground, when parch'd with sum-
 mer's heat,
 Gladly drinks in the welcome shower,
 So would we, listening at His feet,
 Receive His words and feel His
 power ;
 Have nothing in our hearts remain
 Like this great truth, "The Lamb was
 slain!"

95 *Tune*—RONO. 8s & 6s.

"This my Son was dead, and is alive again; he
 was lost, and is found."

Luke xv. 24.

THE wanderer no more will roam ;
 The lost one to the fold hath come,
 The prodigal is welcomed home,
 O Lamb of God, in Thee!

- 2 Though clad in rags, by sin defiled,
 The Father hath embraced his child,
 And we are pardoned, reconciled,
 O Lamb of God, in Thee!

- 3 It is the Father's joy to bless,
His love provides for us a dress,
A robe of spotless righteousness,
O Lamb of God, in Thee!
- 4 Now shall our famished souls be fed;
A feast of love for us is spread,
We feed upon the children's bread,
O Lamb of God, in Thee!
- 5 Yea, in the fullness of His grace
He puts us in the children's place,
There we may gaze upon His face,
O Lamb of God, in Thee!
- 6 And when we in Thy likeness shine,
The glory and the praise be Thine,
That ours is endless joy divine,
O Lamb of God, in Thee!

96

Tune—BEECHLAND.

H. M.

“Not by works of righteousness which we have
done.”

Tit. iii. 5.

THEY works, not mine, O Christ!
Speak gladness to this heart;
They tell me all is done;
They bid my fear depart:
To whom, save thee | For sin atone,
Who canst alone | Lord! shall I
flee?

- 2 Thy tears, not mine, O Christ,
 Have wept my grief away;
 And turned this night of mine
 Into a blessed day:
 To whom, save thee | For sin atone,
 Who canst alone | Lord! shall I
 flee?
- 3 Thy wounds, not mine, O Christ,
 Can heal my bruised soul;
 Thy stripes, not mine, contain
 The balm that makes me whole:
 To whom, save thee | For sin atone,
 Who canst alone | Lord! shall I
 flee?
- 4 Thy cross, not mine, O Christ,
 Has borne the awful load
 Of sins that none could bear
 But the incarnate God:
 To whom, save thee | For sin atone,
 Who canst alone | Lord! shall I
 flee?
- 5 Thy death, not mine, O Christ,
 Has paid the ransom due;
 Ten thousand deaths like mine
 Would have been all too few:
 To whom, save thee | For sin atone,
 Who canst alone | Lord! shall I
 flee?

97 *Tune*—SOLID ROCK. L. M.

“The love of Christ constraineth us; because we thus judge, that if one died for all, then were all dead.”

2 Cor. v. 14.

O LORD, Thy boundless love to me
No thought can reach, no tongue
declare;

Then bend my wayward heart to Thee,
And reign without a rival there.

From Thee, my Lord, I all receive—
Thine, wholly Thine, alone I'd live.

2 O Lord, how cheering is Thy way!
How blest, how gracious in mine eyes!
Care, anguish, sorrow pass away,
And fear before Thy presence flies!
Lord Jesus, nothing would I see,
Nothing desire, apart from Thee.

3 'Mid conflict be Thy love my peace,
In weakness be Thy love my strength;
And when the storms of life shall cease,
And Thou from heaven shalt come at
length,
O Jesus, then this heart shall be
For ever satisfied with Thee.

98

Tune—LATOUR.

C. M.

“He saw that there was no man, and wondered
that there was no intercessor; therefore His
arm brought salvation.”

Isa. lix. 16.

PLUNGED in a gulf of dark despair
We wretched sinners lay,
Without one cheerful beam of hope,
Or spark of glimmering day.

- 2 With pitying eyes, the Prince of Grace
Beheld our helpless grief;
He saw, and (oh amazing love!)
He ran to our relief.
- 3 Down from the shining seats above
With joyful haste He fled,
Enter'd the grave in mortal flesh,
And dwelt among the dead.
- 4 He spoil'd the powers of darkness thus,
And brake our iron chains;
Jesus hath freed our captive souls
From everlasting pains.
- 5 Oh, for this love let rocks and hills
Their lasting silence break,
And all harmonious human tongues
The Saviour's praises speak.

SUFFERINGS OF CHRIST

99 *Tune*—WALNUT STREET. C.L.M.

“His sweat was as it were great drops of blood
falling down to the ground.”

Luke xxii. 44.

HE knelt, the Saviour knelt and prayed,
When but his Father's eye
Looked thro' the lonely garden's shade
On that dread agony ;
The Lord of all above, beneath,
Was bowed with sorrow unto death.

2 The sun set in a fearful hour,
The skies might well grow dim,
When this mortality had power
So to o'ershadow him !
That he who gave man's breath might
know
The very depths of human woe.

3 He knew them all—the doubt, the strife,
The faint, perplexing dread,
The mists that hang o'er parting life,
All darkened round his head ;
And the Deliverer knelt to pray—
Yet passed it not, that cup, away.

- 4 It passed not, though the stormy wave
 Had sunk beneath his tread;
 It passed not, tho' to him the grave
 Had yielded up its dead:
 But there was sent him from on high
 A gift of strength for man to die.
- 5 And was his mortal hour beset
 With anguish and dismay?
 How may we meet our conflict yet
 In the dark, narrow way?
 How but thro' him, that path who trod,
 As Son of man and Son of God!

100

Tune—ALBION.

C. M.

“With strong crying and tears unto Him that
 was able to save Him from death.”

Heb. v. 7.

- D**ARK was the night, and cold the
 ground,
 On which the Lord was laid;
 His sweat as drops of blood ran down,
 In agony He prayed.
- 2 “Father, remove this bitter cup,
 If such thy sacred will;
 If not, content to drink it up,
 Thy pleasure I fulfil.”
- 3 Go to the garden, sinner, see
 Those precious drops that flow:
 The heavy load he bore for thee—
 For thee He lies so low.

- 4 Then learn of Him the cross to bear,
 Thy Father's will obey;
 And when temptations press thee near,
 Awake to watch and pray.

101

Tune—MELODY.

C. M.

"Why persecutest thou Me?"

Acts ix. 4.

- I SEE the crowd in Pilate's hall,
 I mark their wrathful mien;
 Their shouts of "crucify" appall,
 With blasphemy between.
- 2 And of that shouting multitude
 I feel that I am one;
 And in that din of voices rude
 I recognize my own.
- 3 I see the scourges tear his back,
 I see the piercing crown,
 And of that crowd who smite and mock,
 I feel that I am one.
- 4 Around yon cross, the throng I see,
 Mocking the sufferer's groan;
 Yet still my voice it seems to be,
 As if I mocked alone.
- 5 'Twas I that shed the sacred blood;
 I nailed him to the tree;
 I crucified the Christ of God,
 I joined the mockery!

6 Yet not the less that blood avails
 To cleanse away my sin!
 And not the less that cross prevails
 To give me peace within!

102 *Tune*—OLIVE'S BROW. L. M.

"Being in an agony He prayed more earnestly."

Luke xxii. 44.

'TIS midnight, and, on Olive's brow,
 The star is dimmed that lately shone;
 'Tis midnight; in the garden now
 The suffering Saviour prays alone.

2 'Tis midnight; and, from all removed,
 The Saviour wrestles lone with fears;
 Ev'n that disciple whom he loved
 Heeds not his Master's grief and tears.

3 'Tis midnight; and, for others' guilt,
 The Man of sorrows weeps in blood;
 Yet he, who hath in anguish knelt,
 Is not forsaken by his God.

103 *Tune*—DENNIS. S. M.

"He beheld the city, and wept over it."

Luke xix. 41.

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

2 The Son of God in tears
 Angels with wonder see ;
 Be thou astonished, O my soul,
 He shed those tears for thee.

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

104 *Tune*—FISKE. 7s & 6s.

“His visage was so marred more than any man,
 and His form than the sons of men.”

Isa. lii. 14.

O SACRED Head, once wounded,
 With grief and pain weigh'd down !
 How scornfully surrounded
 With thorns, thy only crown !
 O sacred Head, what glory,
 What bliss, till now was thine !
 Yet, though despis'd and gory,
 I joy to call thee mine.

2 How art thou pale with anguish,
 With sore abuse and scorn !
 How does that visage languish,
 Which once was bright as morn !
 Thy grief and thy compassion
 Were all for sinners' gain ;
 Mine, mine was the transgression,
 But thine the deadly pain.

3 What language shall I borrow
 To praise thee, dearest Friend,
 For this thy dying sorrow—
 Thy pity without end!
 Lord, make me thine forever,
 Nor let me faithless prove;
 Oh, let me never, never
 Abuse such dying love!

105 *Tune*—LYONS. 5s & 11s.

“Is it nothing to you, all ye that pass by? Behold, and see if there be any sorrow like unto my sorrow.”

Lam. i. 12.

ALL ye who pass by,
 To Jesus draw nigh;
 To you is it nothing that Jesus should
 die?
 Our ransom and peace,
 Our surety He is:
 Come, see if there ever was sorrow like
 His.

2 The Lord in the day
 Of His anger did lay
 Our sins on the Lamb, and He bore
 them away:
 He died to atone
 For guilt not His own;
 The Father afflicted for you His dear
 Son.

- 3 For sinners like me
 He died on the tree ;
 His death is accepted ; the sinner goes
 free ;
 My pardon I claim ;
 A sinner I am,
 A sinner believing in Jesus' dear name.
- 4 He purchased the grace
 That now I embrace ;
 O Father ! Thou knowest He died in
 my place :
 His death is my plea,
 My Advocate see,
 And hear the blood speak that has
 answered for me.

106 *Tune*—CALVARY. 8s, 7s & 4s.

“He said, it is finished; and He bowed His
 head and gave up the ghost.”

John xix. 30.

- H**ARK! the voice of love and mercy
 Sounds aloud from Calvary ;
 See, it rends the rock asunder,
 Shakes the earth and veils the sky.
 “It is finished!”
 Hear the dying Saviour cry.
- 2 It is finished—O! what pleasure
 Do these precious words afford!

Heavenly blessings, without measure,
 Flow to us from Christ the Lord :
 It is finished !
 Saints, the dying words record.

- 3 Finished—all the types and shadows
 Of the ceremonial law ;
 Finished—all that God had promised ;
 Death and hell no more shall awe :
 It is finished !
 Saints, from hence your comfort draw.

- 4 Tune your harps anew, ye seraphs ;
 Join to sing the pleasing theme ;
 All on earth and all in heaven,
 Join to praise Immanuel's name :
 Hallelujah !
 Glory to the bleeding Lamb !

107 *Tune*—ZEBULON. H. M.

“The chief priests mocking said among themselves with the scribes, He saved others ;
 Himself He can not save.”

Mark xv. 31.

HIMSELF He could not save,
 He on the cross must die,
 Or mercy can not come
 To ruined sinners nigh ;
 Yes, Christ, the Son of God, must bleed,
 That sinners might from sin be freed.

- 2 Himself He could not save,
 For justice must be done;
 And sin's full weight must fall
 Upon a sinless one;
 For nothing else can God accept;
 In payment for the fearful debt.
- 3 Himself He could not save,
 For He the surety stood
 For all who now rely
 Upon His precious blood:
 He bore the penalty of guilt,
 When on the cross His blood was spilt.
- 4 Himself He could not save,
 Yet now a Saviour He;
 Come, sinner, to Him come,
 He waits to welcome thee;
 Believe in Him, and thou shalt prove
 His saving power, his deathless love.

108

Tune—OTTO.

8s & 7s.

“He hath made Him to be sin for us, who knew no sin; that we might be made the righteousness of God in Him.”

2 Cor. v. 21

“STRICKEN, smitten and afflicted,”
 See Him dying on the tree!
 'Tis the Christ by man rejected,
 Yes, my soul, 'tis He! 'tis He!

Many hands were raised to wound Him,
 None would interpose to save ;
 But the awful stroke that found Him
 Was the stroke that justice gave.

2 Ye who think of sin but lightly,
 Nor suppose the evil great,
 Here may view its nature rightly,
 Here its guilt may estimate.
 Mark the sacrifice appointed !
 See who bears the awful load !
 'Tis the Word, the Lord's Anointed,
 Son of man and Son of God.

3 Here we have a firm foundation ;
 Here's the refuge of the lost :
 Christ's the Rock of our salvation ;
 His the name of which we boast.
 Lamb of God, for sinners wounded !
 Sacrifice to cancel guilt !
 None shall ever be confounded
 Who on Him their hopes have built.

109

Tune—EVAN.

C. M.

“Behold, the Lamb of God, which taketh away
 the sin of the world.”

John i. 29

BEHOLD! a spotless Victim dies,
 My Surety on the tree ;
 The Lamb of God, the sacrifice,
 He gave Himself for me !

- 2 Whatever curse was mine He bore;
 The wormwood and the gall,
 There, in that lone mysterious hour,
 My cup—he drained it all!
- 3 Lord Jesus! Thou, and none beside,
 Its bitterness could know;
 Nor other tell the joy's full tide,
 That from that cup shall flow.
- 4 Thine is the joy, but yet 'tis mine,
 'Tis ours, as one with Thee;
 My joy flows from that grief of Thine,
 Thy death brings life to me!

110 *Tune*—CALVARY. 8s, 7s & 4s.

“To make an end of sins; and to make reconciliation for iniquity, and to bring in everlasting righteousness.”

Dan. ix. 24.

- “IT is finished!” sinners, hear it,
 'Tis the dying victor's cry;
 “It is finished!” angels, bear it,
 Bear the joyful truth on high:
 “It is finished!”
 Tell it through the earth and sky!
- 2 Justice, from her awful station,
 Bars the sinner's peace no more;
 Justice views with approbation
 What the Saviour did and bore.
 Grace and mercy
 Now display their boundless store.

- 3 Hear the Lord Himself declaring
 All performed He came to do ;
 Sinners, in yourselves despairing,
 This is joyful news to you ;
 Jesus speaks it,
 His are faithful words and true.
- 4 "It is finished!" all is over,
 Yes, the cup of wrath is drained,
 Such the truth these words discover,
 Thus the victory was obtained—
 'Tis a victory
 None but Jesus could have gained.

III *Tune*—OLIVE'S BROW. L. M.

"Christ also hath once suffered for sins, the just for the unjust, that He might bring us to God."

1 Pet. iii. 18.

STRETCHED on the cross, the Sa-
 viour dies,
 Hark! His expiring groans arise ;
 See, how the sacred crimson tide
 Flows from His hands His feet, His side.

- 2 To suffer in the traitor's place,
 To die for man—surprising grace!
 Yet pass rebellious angels by—
 O why for man, dear Saviour, why?

- 3 And didst Thou bleed? for sinners
bleed?
And could the sun behold the deed?
No! he withdrew his sickening ray,
And darkness veiled the mourning day.
- 4 Can I survey this scene of woe,
Where mingling grief and wonder flow,
And yet my heart unmoved remain,
Insensible to love or pain?
- 5 Come, dearest Lord, Thy grace impart,
To warm this cold, this stupid heart:
Till all its powers and passions move,
In melting grief and ardent love.

112 *Tune*—WELTON. L. M.

“God forbid that I should glory save in the cross
of our Lord Jesus Christ.”

Gal. vi. 14.

- WHEN I survey the wondrous cross,
On which the Prince of glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride.
- 2 Forbid it, Lord! that I should boast,
Save in the death of Christ, my God;
All the vain things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them to His blood.
- 3 See, from His head, His hands, His feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down;

Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

- 4 His dying crimson, like a robe,
Spreads o'er his body on the tree;
Then I am dead to all the globe,
And all the globe is dead to me.
- 5 Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a tribute far too small;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

113 *Tune*—CAPARIA. 8s,7s&7s.

“Without shedding of blood there is no remission.”

Heb. ix. 22.

WITHOUT blood is no remission;
Thus the Lord proclaims from
heaven;

Blood must flow—on this condition,
This alone, is sin forgiven:
Yes, a victim must be slain,
Else all hope of life is vain.

- 2 But the victim, who shall find it,
Such a one as sinners need?
To the altar who shall bind it?
Who shall make the victim bleed?
Such a victim as must die
All the world could not supply.

- 3 God Himself provides the Victim;
 Jesus is the Lamb of God;
 Heaven, and earth, and hell afflict Him,
 While He bears the sinner's load.
 Jesus' blood—His blood alone,
 Can for human guilt atone.
- 4 Joyful truth! He bore transgression
 In His body, on the cross!
 Through His blood there's full remission
 For the vilest, e'en for us:
 Jesus for the sinner bleeds;
 Nothing more the sinner needs.

114 *Tune*—MISSIONARY CHANT. L.M.

“Ye know the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ,
 that, though He was rich, yet for your sakes
 He became poor, that ye through His poverty
 might be rich.”

2 Cor. viii 9.

- JESUS, whom angel hosts adore,
 Became a man of griefs for me;
 In love, though rich, becoming poor,
 That I through Him enriched might be.
- 2 Though Lord of all, above, below,
 He went to Olivet for me;
 There drank my cup of wrath and woe,
 When bleeding in Gethsemane.

- 3 The ever-blessed Son of God
Went up to Calvary for me;
There paid my debt, there bore my load,
In his own body on the tree.
- 4 Jesus, whose dwelling is the skies,
Went down into the grave for me;
There overcame my enemies,
There won the glorious victory.
- 5 'Tis finished all: the veil is rent,
The welcome sure, the access free—
Now then, we leave our banishment,
O Father, to return to thee!

115

Tune—LACONIA.

8s & 3s.

“Eli, Eli, lama sabacthani? that is to say, My
God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?”

Matt. xxvii. 46.

BEHOLD, behold the Lamb of God,
On the cross!

For us He shed His precious blood
On the cross.

Oh! hear that strange expiring cry—
“Eli, lama sabacthani?”

Draw near and see the Saviour die
On the cross.

- 2 Come, sinners, see Him lifted up
On the cross.
He drinks for us the bitter cup
On the cross.

The rocks do rend, the mountains quake,
 The earth doth to its centre shake,
 While Jesus doth atonement make
 On the cross.

3 And now the mighty deed is done
 On the cross.

The battle's fought, the victory won
 On the cross.

To heaven He turns His languid eyes,
 "'Tis finished," now the Conqueror
 cries,

Then bows His sacred Head and dies
 On the cross.

116

Tune—WATCHMAN.

S. M.

"All we like sheep have gone astray; we have
 turned every one to his own way; and the
 Lord hath laid on Him the iniquity of us all."

Isa. liii. 6.

LIKE sheep we went astray,
 Far from the fold of God;
 Each wandering in a different way,
 But all the downward road.

2 How dreadful was the hour
 When God our wanderings laid,
 And did at once His vengeance pour
 Upon the Shepherd's head!

3 How glorious was the grace
 When Christ sustained the stroke;
 His life and blood the Shepherd pays,
 A ransom for the flock!

- 4 He bowed His willing head,
 He drank the bitter gall ;
 But God hath raised Him from the dead,
 And set Him over all.

117

Tune—MARX.

P. M.

“Now from the sixth hour there was darkness
 over all the land unto the ninth hour.”

Matt. xxvii. 45.

’TWAS the day when God’s Anointed
 Died for us the death appointed,
 Bleeding on the dreadful cross ;
 Day of darkness, day of terror,
 Deadly fruit of ancient error,
 Nature’s fall, and Eden’s loss !

- 2 Haste, prepare the bitter chalice !
 Gentile hate and Jewish malice
 Lift the royal Victim high ;
 Like the serpent, wonder-gifted,
 Which the prophet once uplifted,
 For a sinful world to die.
- 3 Conscious of the deed unholy,
 Nature’s pulses beat more slowly,
 And the sun his light denied ;
 Darkness wrapped the sacred city,
 And the earth, with fear and pity,
 Trembled when the Just One died.

118

Tune—WAREHAM.

C. M.

“But He was wounded for our transgressions;
 He was bruised for our iniquities; the chastisement of our peace was upon Him, and with His stripes we are healed.”

Isa. liii. 5.

O CHRIST, what burdens bowed thy
 head!

Our load was laid on Thee;
 Thou stoodest in the sinner's stead—
 Bear'st all my ills for me:
 A victim led, Thy blood was shed;
 Now there's no load for me.

2 The Father lifted up his rod—
 O Christ, it fell on Thee!
 Thou wast sore stricken of thy God—
 There's not one stroke for me.
 Thy tears, thy blood, beneath it flow'd;
 Thy bruising healeth me.

3 The tempest's awful voice was heard—
 O Christ, it broke on Thee!
 Thy open bosom was my ward,
 It braved the storm for me.
 Thy form was scarr'd, thy visage marr'd,
 Now cloudless peace for me.

4 The Holy One did hide his face—
 O Christ, 'twas hid from Thee;
 Dumb darkness wrapt thy soul a space—
 The darkness due to me.
 But now that face of radiant grace
 Shines forth in light on me.

The Cross and Atonement.

119

Tune—FOUNTAIN. C. M.

“The blood of Jesus Christ, His Son, cleanseth
us from all sin.”

I John i. 7.

THERE is a fountain filled with blood,
Drawn from Immanuel's veins;
And sinners plunged beneath that flood
Lose all their guilty stains.

- 2 The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day;
And there have I, though vile as he,
Washed all my sins away.
- 3 Dear dying Lamb, Thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransomed Church of God
Be saved, to sin no more.
- 4 Since first by faith I saw the stream
Thy wounds supplied for me,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall forever be.

- 5 Soon in a nobler, sweeter song,
 I'll sing Thy power to save;
 And with the heavenly, blood-bought
 throug
 My palm of victory wave.

120 *Tune*—WATCHER. 7s & 6s

“Having made peace through the blood of His
 cross.”

Col. i. 20.

- I SAW the cross of Jesus,
 When burdened with my sin;
 I sought the cross of Jesus,
 To give me peace within:
 I brought my soul to Jesus,
 He cleansed it in His blood;
 And in the cross of Jesus
 I found my peace with God.
- 2 I love the cross of Jesus,
 It tells me what I am—
 A vile and guilty creature,
 Saved only through the Lamb:
 No righteousness, no merit,
 No beauty can I plead;
 Yet in the cross I glory,
 My title there I read.
- 3 Sweet is the cross of Jesus,
 There let my weary heart
 Still rest in peace unshaken,
 Till with Him—ne'er to part;

And then in strains of glory
 I'll sing His wondrous power,
 Where sin can never enter,
 And death is known no more.

121 *Tune*—CALVARY. 8s, 7s & 4s.

“Before whose eyes Jesus Christ hath been evidently set forth, crucified among you.”

Gal. iii. 1.

JESUS, I am never weary
 Looking on Thy cross and shame;
 Gazing there I seem so near Thee,
 Dear to me each throb of pain.
 Ever near Thee,
 Ling'ring here I would remain.

2 Little cared I for the anguish
 Of Thy bitter, bitter cry;
 Left alone, dear Lord, to languish,
 None to share Thy parting sigh.
 All forsaken:
 Left alone, dear Lord, to die.

3 Precious Jesus! I have found Thee,
 All my utmost need required:
 In Thyself, dear Lord, Thou'st found me,
 All Thy loving heart desired.
 I would praise Thee,
 From my soul, by love inspired!

122 *Tune*—WILMOT. 8s & 7s.

“The preaching of the cross is to them that perish foolishness; but unto us which are saved, it is the power of God.”

I Cor. i. 18.

- I**N the cross of Christ I glory,
 Towering o'er the wrecks of time;
 All the light of sacred story
 Gathers round its head sublime.
- 2 When the woes of life o'ertake me,
 Hopes deceive, and fears annoy,
 Never shall the cross forsake me:
 Lo! it glows with peace and joy.
- 3 When the sun of bliss is beaming
 Light and love upon my way,
 From the cross the radiance streaming,
 Adds new luster to the day.
- 4 Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure,
 By the cross are sanctified;
 Peace is there, that knows no measure,
 Joys that through all time abide.

123 *Tune*—DEPARTURE. P. M.

“It is the blood that maketh an atonement for the soul.”

Lev. xvii. 11.

UNTIL I saw the blood,
 'Twas hell my soul was fearing,
 And dark and dreary in my eyes
 The future was appearing;

While conscience told its tale of sin,
And caused a weight of woe within.

- 2 Until I saw the blood,
For mercy I was crying,
As if to move the heart of God,
Or win His favor trying;
But all the seeking seem'd in vain,
The wish'd-for peace I could not gain.
- 3 But when I saw the blood,
And look'd at Him who shed it,
My right to peace was seen at once,
And I with transport read it;
I found myself to God brought nigh,
And "Victory!" became my cry.

124

Tune—SHAWMUT.

S. M.

"How much more shall the blood of Christ, who through the eternal Spirit offered Himself without spot to God, purge your conscience from dead works to serve the living God?"

Heb. ix. 14.

NOT all the blood of beasts,
On Jewish altars slain,
Could give the guilty conscience peace
Or wash away the stain.

- 2 But Christ, the heavenly Lamb,
Takes all our sins away—
A sacrifice of nobler name,
And richer blood than they.

- 3 My faith would lay her hand
 On that dear head of thine,
 While like a penitent I stand,
 And there confess my sin.
- 4 My soul looks back to see
 The burdens thou didst bear,
 When hanging on the cursed tree,
 And knows her guilt was there.
- 5 Believing, we rejoice
 To see the curse remove;
 We bless the Lamb with cheerful voice,
 And sing His bleeding love.

125 *Tune*—SHIRLAND. S. M.

“For Christ is the end of the law for righteousness to every one that believeth.”

Rom. x. 4.

- G**OD'S holy law, transgressed,
 Speaks nothing but despair;
 Burdened with guilt, with grief oppressed,
 We find'no comfort there.
- 2 Not all our groans and tears,
 Nor works which we have done,
 Nor vows, nor promises, nor prayers,
 Can e'er for sin atone.
- 3 Relief alone is found
 In Jesus' precious blood:
 'Tis this that heals the mortal wound,
 And reconciles to God.

- 4 High lifted on the cross,
 The spotless victim dies:
 This is salvation's only source,
 Hence all our hopes arise.

126 *Tune*—THERE IS A CALM. 8s & 4s.

“Having, therefore, boldness to enter into the holiest by the blood of Jesus.”

Heb. x. 19.

WHAT was it washed my sins away,
 And turned my darkness into day,
 Despoiling Satan of his prey?
 The blood of Christ.

- 2 What is it makes my conscience clean,
 Through all this sin defiling scene,
 And keeps me tranquil and serene?
 The cleansing blood.
- 3 What makes my coward conscience bold
 Communion with my God to hold,
 To taste of joys can ne'er be told?
 The precious blood.
- 4 When Satan, with o'erwhelming flood,
 Accuses me before my God,
 Can aught protect me? Yes, the blood
 Of God's dear Son.
- 5 When, in the solemn judgment day,
 The wicked shall be cast away,
 With God my Saviour I shall stay,
 Secured by blood.

6 Oh! what shall keep me in that height,
 And soften, to my soul's delight,
 Th' unclouded blaze of holy light?
 The Saviour's blood.

127 *Tune*—SUNSET. 7s & 6s.

“The blood of sprinkling that speaketh better
 things than that of Abel.”

Heb. xii. 24.

- THE sprinkled blood is speaking
 Before the Father's throne,
 The Spirit's power is seeking
 To make its virtues known.
- 2 The sprinkled blood is telling
 Jehovah's love to man,
 While heavenly harps are swelling
 Sweet notes to mercy's plan.
- 3 The sprinkled blood is speaking
 Forgiveness full and free,
 Its wondrous power is breaking
 Each bond of guilt for me.
- 4 The sprinkled blood's revealing
 A Father's smiling face,
 While Jesus' love is sealing
 Each monument of grace.
- 5 The sprinkled blood is pleading
 Its virtue as my own,
 And there my soul is reading,
 Her title to Thy throne.

128

Tune—VARINA.

C. M.

“By His own blood He entered in once into the holy place, having obtained eternal redemption for us.”

Heb. ix. 12.

- I SEE a man at God's right hand,
 Upon the throne of God,
 And there in sevenfold light I see
 The sevenfold sprinkled blood,
 I look upon that glorious Man,
 On that blood-sprinkled throne;
 I know that He sits there for me,
 That glory is my own.
- 2 The heart of God flows forth in love,
 A deep eternal stream;
 Through that beloved Son it flows
 To me as unto Him.
 And, looking on His face, I know—
 Weak, worthless, though I be—
 How deep, how measureless, how sweet,
 That love of God to me.
- 3 The Lord who sits upon the throne
 With them His joy will share,
 And there the sprinkled blood appears
 That He may set them there.
 From drear dark places of the earth,
 From depths of sin and shame,
 He takes the vessels for His grace,
 A people for His name.

129 *Tune*—SOLID ROCK. L. M.

“Not having spot, or wrinkle, or any such thing.”

Eph. v. 27.

- 0 LOVE, thou bottomless abyss!
 My sins are swallowed up in thee;
 Covered is my unrighteousness,
 Nor spot of guilt remains on me,
 While Jesus' blood through earth and
 skies,
 Mercy, free boundless mercy, cries!
- 2 With faith I plunge me in this sea,
 Here is my hope, my joy, my rest;
 Hither, when hell assails, I flee,
 I lean upon my Saviour's breast;
 Away, sad doubt and anxious fear,
 Mercy is all that's written there.
- 3 Though waves and storms go o'er my
 head, [be gone,
 Though strength and health and friends
 Though joys be withered all and dead,
 Though every comfort be withdrawn,
 On this my steadfast soul relies;
 Father, thy mercy never dies!
- 4 Fixed on this ground will I remain,
 Though my heart fail, and flesh decay,
 This anchor shall my soul sustain,
 When earth's foundations melt away;
 Mercy's full power I then shall prove,
 Loved with an everlasting love.

Resurrection of Christ.

130 *Tune*—MARTYN. 7s.

“Jesus saith unto her, woman, why weepest
thou?”

John xx. 15.

MARY to the Saviour's tomb,
Hasten'd at the early dawn,
Spice she brought, and sweet perfume,
But the Lord she loved had gone.
For awhile she lingering stood,
Filled with sorrow and surprise,
Trembling, while a crystal flood
Issued from her weeping eyes.

2 But her sorrows quickly fled
When she heard His welcome voice :
Christ had risen from the dead,
Now He bids her heart rejoice ;
What a change His word can make,
Turning darkness into day !
Ye who weep for Jesus' sake,
He will wipe your tears away.

131 *Tune*—HENDON. 7s.

“Our Saviour Jesus Christ who hath abolished death.”

2 Tim. i. 10.

- L**O! the stone is rolled away,
 Death yields up his mighty prey;
 Jesus, rising from the tomb,
 Scatters all its fearful gloom.
- 2 Praise Him, ye celestial choirs,
 Praise and sweep your golden lyres;
 Praise Him in the noblest songs,
 From ten thousand thousand tongues.
- 3 Every note with rapture swell,
 And the Saviour's triumph tell;
 Where, O death, is now thy sting?
 Where thy terrors, vanquished king?
- 4 Let Immanuel be adored,
 Ransom, Mediator, Lord!
 To creation's utmost bound
 Let the eternal praise resound.

132 *Tune*—CLAREMONT. H. M.

“Whom God hath raised up, having loosed the pains of death; because it was not possible that He should be holden of it.”

Acts. ii. 24.

YES, the Redeemer rose,
 The Saviour left the dead;
 And o'er our hellish foes
 High raised His conquering head;

In wild dismay the guards around
Fall to the ground and sink away.

- 2 Lo! the angelic bands
In full assembly meet,
To wait His high commands
And worship at His feet;
Joyful they come, and wing their way,
From realms of day to Jesus' tomb.
- 3 Then back to heaven they fly,
The joyful news to bear:
Hark! as they soar on high,
What music fills the air!
Their anthems say, "Jesus, who bled,
Has left the dead; He rose to-day."

133 *Tune*—HASTINGS. C. L. M.

"He is not here: for He is risen, as He said."

Matt. xxviii. 6.

HOW calm and beautiful the morn
That gilds the sacred tomb,
Where once the Crucified was borne,
And veiled in midnight gloom!
O! weep no more the Saviour slain;
The Lord is risen—He lives again.

- 2 Ye mourning saints, dry every tear
For your departed Lord.
"Behold the place—He is not here,"
The tomb is all unbarred;
The gates of death were closed in vain;
The Lord is risen—He lives again.

- 3 How tranquil now the rising day!
 'Tis Jesus still appears,
 A risen Lord, to chase away
 Your unbelieving fears:
 O! weep no more your comforts slain;
 The Lord is risen—He lives again.

134 *Tune*—MELODY. C. M.

“The Lord is risen indeed, and hath appeared
 to Simon.”

Luke xxiv. 34.

- “THE Lord is risen”—oh! what joy
 These blessed tidings give!
 He died, our enemies to destroy;
 He lives; we therefore live.
- 2 “The Lord is risen”—death and sin,
 And hell all conquer'd are;
 He's gone the holiest within
 Our mansion to prepare.
- 3 “The Lord is risen”—see Him sit
 Upon the Father's throne;
 All worship at His pierced feet,
 And Lord our Jesus own.
- 4 “The Lord is risen”—risen, too,
 With Him from sin and death,
 Let us the heavenly things pursue,
 And die to all beneath.

- 5 Our place is with Him on the throne,
 There, with the Lord we love;
 As strangers here ourselves we own,
 Our hearts, our home above.

135 *Tune*—HORTON. 75.

“This Jesus hath God raised up, whereof we all
 are witnesses.”

Acts ii. 32.

CHRIST, the Lord, is risen to-day!
 Sons of men and angels say:
 Raise your joys and triumphs high;
 Sing, ye heavens! and earth, reply!

- 2 Love's redeeming work is done,
 Fought the fight, the battle won:
 Lo! our sun's eclipse is o'er;
 Lo! he sets in blood no more.
- 3 Vain the stone, the watch, the seal—
 Christ hath burst the gates of hell:
 Death in vain forbids his rise,
 Christ hath opened paradise.
- 4 Lives again our glorious King!
 Where, O Death, is now thy sting?
 Once he died, our souls to save:
 Where's thy vict'ry, boasting Grave?
- 5 Soar we now where Christ hath led,
 Foll'wing our exalted head:
 Made like Him, like Him we rise,
 Ours the cross, the grave, the skies!

136 *Tune*—MERIBAH. L. C. M.

“He is the Head of the body, the Church: who is the beginning, the first born from the dead.”

Col. i. 18.

- O JOYFUL day! O glorious hour!
 When Jesus, by Almighty power,
 Revived and left the grave;
 In all His works behold Him great,
 Before, Almighty to create,
 Almighty now to save.
- 2 The first begotten from the dead,
 He's risen now, His people's Head,
 And thus their life's secure;
 And if like Him they yield their breath,
 Like Him they'll burst the bonds of
 death,
 Their resurrection sure.
- 3 Why should His people then be sad,
 None have such reason to be glad
 As those redeem'd to God:
 Jesus, the Mighty Saviour lives,
 To them eternal life He gives,
 The purchase of His blood.
- 4 Then let our gladsome praise resound,
 And let us in His work abound,
 Whose blessed name is Love;
 We're sure our labor's not in vain,
 For we with Him ere long shall reign,
 With Jesus dwell above.

137 *Tune*—FEDERAL STREET. L. M.

“Who was delivered for our offenses, and was raised again for our justification.”

Rom. iv. 25.

- ’TIS finished all: our souls to win,
 His life the blessed Jesus gave;
 Then, rising, left His people’s sin
 Behind Him in His op’ning grave.
- 2 Past suff’ring now, the tender heart
 Of Jesus on His Father’s throne
 Still in our sorrow bears a part,
 And feels it as He felt His own.
- 3 Sweet thought! we have a friend above,
 Our weary, falt’ring steps to guide;
 Who follows with the eye of love
 The little flock for whom He died.
- 4 O Jesus! teach us more and more
 On Thee alone to cast our care;
 And, gazing on Thy cross, adore
 The wondrous grace that brought
 Thee there.

138 *Tune*—SILVER STREET. S. M.

“Who is he that condemneth? It is Christ that died, yea, rather that is risen again.”

Rom. viii. 24.

- “THE Lord is risen indeed:”
 Now is His work performed;
 Now is the mighty Captive freed,
 And death our foe disarmed.

- 2 "The Lord is risen indeed :"
 The Grave has lost his prey ;
 With Him is risen the ransomed seed
 To reign in endless day.
- 3 "The Lord is risen indeed :"
 He lives, to die no more ;
 He lives, the sinner's cause to plead,
 Whose curse and shame He bore.
- 4 "The Lord is risen indeed :"
 Attending angels, hear ;
 Up to the courts of heaven, with speed,
 The joyful tidings bear.
- 5 Then take your golden lyres,
 And strike each cheerful chord ;
 Join all the bright celestial choirs,
 To sing our risen Lord !

139 *Tune*—WOODLAND. C. M.

"I am He that liveth, and was dead ; and, behold, I am alive forevermore. Amen."

Rev. i. 18.

- T**HE Prince of Life once slain for us
 Ascended up on high ;
 Captivity was captive led,
 And Christ no more can die.
- 2 With Jesus we are crucified,
 With Christ our Head we live ;
 The glory, first by Him obtain'd,
 To us the Lord shall give.

- 3 His word is faithfulness and truth—
 “ Behold, I quickly come ;”
 And faith, that counts the promise sure,
 Can pierce the midnight gloom.
- 4 Far spent already is the night,
 In hope we hail the day
 Of our beloved Lord’s return
 To wipe all tears away.
- 5 Jesus at His appointed hour
 In glory shall appear ;
 Then, fashion’d by His mighty hand,
 We shall His image bear.
- 6 Thou Son of God ! the heavenly Man !
 Head of thy ransom’d seed !
 We treasure up the precious word—
 “ The Lord is risen indeed.”

140 *Tune*—ANVERN. L. M.

“ Christ died for our sins according to the Scriptures ; and that He was buried, and that He rose again the third day according to the Scriptures.”

1 Cor. xv. 34.

HE dies ! the Friend of sinners dies !
 Lo ! Salem’s daughters weep around :
 A solemn darkness veils the skies ;
 A sudden trembling shakes the
 ground.

- 2 Here's love and grief beyond degree:
 The Lord of glory dies for men!
 But, lo! what sudden joys we see—
 Jesus, the dead, revives again!
- 3 The rising God forsakes the tomb;
 Up to His Father's court He flies:
 Angelic legions guard Him home,
 And shout Him welcome to the skies.
- 4 Cease from your tears, ye saints, and tell
 How high our great Deliverer reigns;
 Sing how He spoiled the hosts of hell,
 And led the tyrant Death in chains.
- 5 Say, "Live forever, glorious King,
 Born to redeem, and strong to save!
 Where now, O Death, where is thy
 sting?
 And where thy vict'ry, boasting
 Grave?"

141 *Tune*—LENOX. H. M.

"Thou hast ascended on high, Thou hast led
 captivity captive; Thou hast received gifts
 for men."

Ps. lxxviii. 18

THE happy morn is come;
 Triumphant o'er the grave,
 The Saviour leaves the tomb,
 Almighty now to save:
 Captivity is captive led,
 For Jesus liveth, who was dead.

- 2 Who now accuseth them,
 For whom the Surety died?
 Or who shall those condemn,
 Whom God hath justified?
Captivity is captive led,
For Jesus liveth, who was dead.
- 3 The ransom Christ hath paid—
 The glorious work is done ;
 On Him our help is laid,
 By Him our victory won :
Captivity is captive led,
For Jesus liveth, who was dead.
- 4 All hail, triumphant Lord !
 The resurrection, thou ;
 All hail, incarnate Word !
 Before thy throne we bow :
Captivity is captive led,
For Jesus liveth, who was dead.

ASCENSION OF CHRIST.

142 *Tune*—TAMWORTH. 8s, 7s & 4s.

“And on His head were many crowns.”

Rev. xix. 12.

LOOK, ye saints! the sight is glorious,
 See “the Man of sorrows” now;
 From the fight returned victorious,
 Ev’ry knee to Him shall bow.
 Crown Him! crown Him!
 Crowns become the victor’s brow.

2 Crown the Saviour, angels crown Him
 Rich the trophies Jesus brings;
 In the seat of power enthrone Him,
 While the vault of heaven rings.
 Crown Him! crown Him!
 Crown the Saviour “King of kings”

3 Sinners in derision crown’d Him,
 Mocking thus the Saviour’s claim;
 Saints and angels crowd around Him,
 Own His title, praise His name.
 Crown Him! crown Him!
 Spread abroad the Victor’s fame.

- 4 Hark! those bursts of acclamation!
 Hark! those loud triumphant chords!
 Jesus takes the highest station:
 Oh what joy the sight affords!
 Crown Him! crown Him!
 "King of kings, and Lord of lords."

143 *Tune*—ARIEL. L. C. M.

"Blessing, and honor, and glory, and power be
 unto Him."

Rev. v. 13.

- O BLESSED Jesus! Lamb of God!
 Who hast redeemed us with Thy
 blood
 From sin, and death, and shame;
 With joy and praise, Thy people see
 The crown of glory worn by Thee,
 And worthy Thee proclaim.
- 2 Exalted by the Father's love,
 All thrones, and powers, and names
 above,
 On earth below, or heaven;
 Wisdom and riches, power divine,
 Blessing and honor, Lord are Thine—
 All things to Thee are given.
- 3 Head of the Church, Thou sittest there,
 Thy bride shall all Thy glory share,
 Thy fulness, Lord, is ours.

Our life Thou art ; Thy grace sustains ;
 Thy strength in us the victory gains
 O'er sin and Satan's powers.

- 4 Soon shall the day of glory come,
 Thy bride shall reach the Father's home,
 And all Thy beauty see ;
 And oh ! what joy to see Thee shine,
 To hear Thee own us, Lord, as Thine,
 And ever dwell with Thee.

144 *Tune*—HARWELL. 8s & 7s.

“ And He shall reign forever and ever.”

Rev. xi. 15.

HARK ! ten thousand harps and voices
 Sound the notes of praise above ;
 Jesus reigns, and heaven rejoices ;
 Jesus reigns, the God of love :
 See, he sits on yonder throne ;
 Jesus rules the world alone.

- 2 Jesus, hail ! whose glory brightens
 All above, and gives it worth ;
 Lord of life, thy smile enlightens,
 Cheers and charms thy saints on
 earth :
 When we think of love like thine,
 Lord, we own it love divine.
- 3 King of glory, reign for ever ;
 Thine an everlasting crown :

Nothing from thy love shall sever
 Those whom thou hast made thine
 own ;
 Happy objects of thy grace,
 Destined to behold thy face.

145 *Tune*—TAMWORTH. 8s, 7s & 4s.

“ And they sung a new song, saying, Thou art
 worthy.”

Rev. v. 9.

HOLY Saviour! we adore Thee,
 Seated on the throne of God ;
 While the heav'nly hosts before Thee,
 Gladly sing Thy praise aloud.
 “ Thou art worthy !
 We are ransom'd by Thy blood.”

2 Saviour! though the world despis'd Thee,
 Though Thou here wast crucified,
 Yet the Father's glory rais'd Thee,
 Lord of all creation wide ;
 “ Thou art worthy !
 We shall live, for Thou hast died.”

3 And though here on earth rejected,
 'Tis but fellowship with Thee,
 What besides could be expected
 Than like Thee our Lord to be ?
 “ Thou art worthy !
 Thou from earth hast set us free.”

- 4 Haste the day of Thy returning
 With Thy ransom'd Church to reign:
 Then shall end our days of mourning,
 We shall sing with rapture then,
 "Thou art worthy!
 Come, Lord Jesus, come! Amen."

146 *Tune*—BREMEN. L. C. M.

"Endured the cross, despising the shame, and is set down at the right hand of the throne of God."

Heb. xii. 2.

- O JESUS, Lord! 'tis joy to know
 Thy path is o'er of shame and woe,
 For us so meekly trod:
 All finish'd is Thy work of toil,
 Thou reapest now the fruit and spoil,
 Exalted by our God.
- 2 Thy holy head, once bound with thorns,
 The crown of glory now adorns;
 Thy seat, the Father's throne;
 O Lord! e'en now we sing Thy praise,
 Ours the eternal song to raise—
 Worthy the Lord alone!
- 3 As Head for us Thou sittest there,
 Thy members here the blessing share,
 Of all Thou dost receive:
 Thy wisdom, riches, honors, powers,
 Thy boundless love has all made ours,
 Who in Thy name believe.

- 4 We triumph in Thy triumphs, Lord,
 Thy joys our deepest joys afford ;
 Thy taste of love divine.
 While sorrowing, suffering, toiling here,
 How does the thought our spirits cheer ;
 The throne of glory's Thine.

147 *Tune*—LATOUR. C. M.

“I go to prepare a place for you.”

John xiv, 2.

- THOU art gone in, before us, Lord,
 Thou hast prepared a place,
 That we may be where now thou art,
 And look upon thy face.
- 2 And ever on thine earthly path
 A gleam of glory lies ;
 A light still breaks behind the cloud
 That veils thee from our eyes.
- 3 Lift up our thoughts, lift up our songs,
 And let thy grace be given,
 That, while we linger yet below,
 Our hearts may be in heaven—
- 4 That where thou art, at God's right
 hand,
 Our hope, our love may be :
 Dwell in us now, that we may dwell
 For evermore in thee.

148 *Tune*—WOODLAND. C. M.

“Before the Lamb, having every one of them
harps and golden vials full of odors.”

Rev. v. 8.

BEHOLD the glories of the Lamb
Upon the Father's throne!
Prepare new honors for his name,
And songs before unknown.

- 2 Let elders worship at his feet,
The church adore around;
With vials full of odors sweet,
And harps of sweeter sound.
- 3 Now to the Lamb that once was slain
Be endless blessings paid:
Salvation, glory, joy, remain
For ever on his head!
- 4 Thou hast redeem'd our souls with
blood,
Hast set the prisoners free;
Hast made us kings and priests to God,
And we shall reign with thee.

149 *Tune*—ALBION. C. M.

“Having spoiled principalities and powers, He
made a show of them openly, triumphing over
them in it.”

Col. ii. 15.

TRIUMPHANT, Christ ascends on
high,
The glorious work complete;

Sin, death and hell low vanquished lie,
Beneath the victor's feet.

- 2 There, with eternal glory crowned,
The Lord, the Conqu'ror, reigns ;
His praise the heavenly choirs resound
In their immortal strains.
- 3 Amid the splendors of his throne,
Unchanging love appears ;
The names he purchased for his own,
Still on his heart he bears.
- 4 Oh, the rich depths of love divine !
Of bliss, a boundless store !
Dear Saviour, now I call thee mine ;
I can not wish for more.
- 5 On thee alone my hope relies ;
Beneath thy cross I fall—
My Lord, my life, my sacrifice,
My Saviour and my all !

150

Tune—WARE.

L. M.

“Because I live, ye shall live also.”

John xiv. 19.

THE Saviour lives, no more to die ;
He lives, our Head, enthroned on
high ;
He lives, triumphant o'er the grave ;
He lives eternally to save.

- 2 He lives to still his people's fears ;
 He lives to wipe away their tears ;
 He lives their mansions to prepare ;
 He lives to bring them safely there.
- 3 Then let our souls in him rejoice,
 And sing his praise with cheerful voice !
 Our doubts, our fears for ever gone,
 For Christ is on the Father's throne.
- 4 The chief of sinners he receives ;
 His saints he loves and never leaves ;
 He'll guard us safe from every ill,
 And all his promises fulfil.
- 5 Abundant grace will he afford,
 Till we are present with the Lord,
 And prove, what we have sung before,
 That Jesus lives for evermore.

151

Tune—WATCHMAN.

S. M.

“By His own blood He entered in once into the holy place, having obtained eternal redemption for us.”

Heb. ix. 12.

THE great Redeemer's gone,
 To appear before our God,
 To sprinkle o'er the flaming throne
 With His atoning blood.

- 2 No fiery vengeance now,
 No burning wrath comes down :
 If justice calls for sinners' blood,
 The Saviour shows His own.
- 3 Before His Father's eye
 Our humble suit He moves :
 The Father lays His thunder by,
 And looks, and smiles, and loves.
- 4 Now may our joyful tongues
 Our Maker's honor sing ;
 Jesus, the Priest, receives our songs,
 And bears them to the King.
- 5 On earth, Thy mercy reigns,
 And triumphs all above :
 But, Lord, how weak are mortal strains
 To speak immortal love !
- 6 How jarring and how low
 Are all the notes we sing !
 Blest Saviour, tune our songs anew,
 And they shall please the King.

152 *Tune*—CHRISTMAS. C. M.

"I know that my Redeemer liveth."

Job xix. 25.

I KNOW that my Redeemer lives ;
 He lives who once was dead :
 To me in grief he comfort gives ;
 With peace he crowns my head.

- 2 He lives, triumphant o'er the grave,
 At God's right hand on high,
 My ransomed soul to keep and save,
 To bless and glorify.
- 3 He lives to fill my breast with love,
 With joy my heart to feed;
 He lives to plead for me above,
 To succor me in need.
- 4 He lives that I may also live,
 And now his grace proclaim;
 He lives that I may honor give
 To his most holy name.
- 5 I find him lifting up my head;
 He brings salvation near:
 His presence makes me free, indeed,
 And he will soon appear.

153 *Tune*—MISSIONARY HYMN. 7s & 6s.

"We have a great High Priest that is passed
 into the heavens."

Heb. iv. 14.

O LORD! who now art seated
 Above the heavens on high—
 The gracious work completed,
 For which thou cam'st to die—
 To thee our hearts are lifted,
 While pilgrims wand'ring here,
 For thou alone art gifted,
 Our every weight to bear.

- 2 We know that thou has bought us,
And wash'd us in thy blood :
We know thy grace has brought us,
As kings and priests to God :
We know that soon the morning,
Long look'd for, hasteth near,
When we, at thy returning,
In glory shall appear.

Intercession of Christ.

154

Tune—WARE.

L. M.

“He is able also to save them to the uttermost that come unto God by Him, seeing He ever liveth to make intercession for them.”

Heb. vii. 25.

- B**EFORE the throne of God above
 I have a strong, a perfect plea ;
 A great High Priest, whose name is
 Love,
 Who ever lives and pleads for me.
- 2 My name is graven on His hands,
 My name is written on His heart ;
 I know that, while in heaven He stands,
 No tongue can bid me thence depart.
- 3 When Satan tempts me to despair,
 And tells me of the guilt within,
 Upward I look and see Him there
 Who made an end of all my sin.
- 4 Because the sinless Saviour died,
 My sinful soul is counted free ;
 For God, the Just, is satisfied
 To look on Him and pardon me.

- 5 Behold Him there! the bleeding Lamb!
 My perfect, spotless Righteousness,
 The great unchangeable, "I Am,"
 The King of glory and of grace.
- 6 One with Himself, I can not die,
 My soul is purchased by His blood;
 My life is hid with Christ on high,
 With Christ, my Saviour and my God.

155 *Tune*—DORRNANCE. 8s & 7s.

"And let all the angels of God worship Him."

Heb. i. 6.

JESUS hailed, enthroned in glory,
 There for ever to abide;
 All the heavenly hosts adore thee,
 Seated at thy Father's side.

- 2 There for sinners thou art pleading,
 There thou dost our place prepare
 Ever for us interceding,
 Till in glory we appear.
- 3 Worship, honor, power and blessing,
 Thou art worthy to receive:
 Loudest praises, without ceasing,
 Meet it is for us to give.

156

Tune—PISGAH.

P. M.

“A new and living way which He hath consecrated for us through the veil, that is to say, His flesh.”

Heb. x. 20.

THY love we own, Lord Jesus:
 In service unremitting,
 Within the veil Thou dost prevail,
 Each soul for worship fitting:
 Encompass'd here with failure,
 Each earthly refuge fails us ;
 Without, within, beset with sin—
 Thy name alone avails us.

2 Thy love we own Lord Jesus:
 For though Thy toils are ended,
 Thy tender heart doth take its part
 With those Thy grace befriended.
 Thy sympathy, how precious!
 Thou succorest in sorrow,
 And bid'st us cheer, while pilgrims here,
 And haste the hopeful morrow.

3 Thy love we own, Lord Jesus:
 Thy way is traced before Thee:
 Thou wilt descend, and we ascend,
 To meet in heavenly glory:
 Soon shall the blissful morning
 Call forth Thy saints to meet Thee;
 Our only Lord, alone adored,
 With gladness then we'll greet Thee.

- 4 Thy love we own, Lord Jesus:
 And wait to see Thy glory,
 To know as known, and fully own
 Thy perfect grace before Thee:
 We plead Thy parting promise,
 Come, Saviour, to release us;
 Then endless praise our lips shall raise,
 For love like Thine, Lord Jesus.

157 *Tune*—AUTUMN. 8s & 7s.

“Who is even at the right hand of God, who
 also maketh intercession for us.”

Rom. viii. 34.

- SON of God! 'twas love that made
 Thee
 Die, our guilty souls to save;
 'Twas our sin's vast load that laid Thee,
 Lord of life, within the grave.
 But Thy glorious resurrection
 Showed Thee Conqueror o'er the
 tomb;
 Thus the heirs, by God's election,
 Through Thy work have overcome.
- 2 Thou to heaven hast now ascended,
 Entering there with Thine own
 blood;
 All Thy work of suffering ended,
 Fully wrought the will of God.

For Thy Church Thou still art caring,
 For them pleading in Thy love,
 And their place of rest preparing,
 In the Father's house above.

- 3 As in love Thou didst receive us,
 Ere creation, as "Thine own,"
 So that love will never leave us
 Short of sharing in Thy throne:
 Thou wilt come, and we shall meet
 Thee;
 Then the saints whom Thou wilt
 raise
 Will, with those remaining, greet Thee,
 Joining in one song of praise.

158

Tune—SILOAM.

C. M.

"Boldness to enter into the holiest by the blood."

Heb. x. 19.

THE vail is rent—our souls draw near
 Unto a throne of grace;
 The merits of the Lord appear,
 They fill the holy place.

- 2 His precious blood has spoken there,
 Before and on the throne:
 And His own wounds in heaven declare,
 The atoning work is done.
- 3 "'Tis finish'd!" on the cross He said,
 In agonies and blood;
 'Tis finish'd! now He lives to plead
 Before the face of God.

- 4 'Tis finish'd! here our souls have rest,
 His work can never fail:
 By Him, our Sacrifice and Priest,
 We pass within the veil.
- 5 Within the holiest of all,
 Cleansed by His precious blood,
 Before the throne we prostrate fall,
 And worship Thee, O God!

159 *Tune*—ZEBULON. H. M.

“Now to appear in the presence of God for us.”

Heb. ix. 24.

- A**RISE, my soul, arise;
 Shake off thy guilty fears;
 The bleeding sacrifice
 In my behalf appears:
 Before the throne my Surety stands,
 My name is written on His hands.
- 2 He ever lives above
 For me to intercede
 His all-redeeming love,
 His precious blood, to plead;
 His blood atoned for all our race,
 And sprinkles now the throne of grace.
- 3 His Father hears Him pray,
 His dear anointed One:
 He can not turn away
 The presence of His Son:
 His spirit answers to the blood,
 And tells me I am born of God.

- 4 My God is reconciled ;
 His pard'ning voice I hear :
 He owns me for his child ;
 I can no longer fear :
 With confidence I now draw nigh,
 And Father, Abba, Father, cry.

160 *Tune*—LENOX. H. M.

“A minister of the sanctuary and of the true
 tabernacle.”

Heb. viii. 2.

- THE atoning work is done,
 The Victim's blood is shed,
 And Jesus now is gone
 His people's cause to plead :
 He stands in heaven their great High
 Priest,
 And bears their names upon His breast.
- 2 He sprinkled with His blood
 The mercy-seat above ;
 For justice had withstood
 The purposes of love ;
 But justice now withstands no more,
 And mercy yields her boundless store.
- 3 No temple made with hands,
 His place of service is ;
 In heaven itself He stands,
 A heavenly priesthood His :
 In Him the shadows of the law
 Are all fulfilled, and now withdraw.

- 4 And though awhile He be
 Hid from the eyes of men,
 His people look to see
 Their great High Priest again :
 In brightest glory He will come,
 And take His waiting people home.

161 *Tune*—HADDAM. H. M.

“By one offering He hath perfected forever them
 that are sanctified.”

Heb. x. 14.

- J**ESUS, my great High Priest,
 Offered His blood and died ;
 My guilty conscience seeks
 No sacrifice beside.
 His precious blood did once atone ;
 And now it pleads before the throne.
- 2 To this dear Surety's hand
 Will I commit my cause ;
 He answers and fulfills
 His Father's broken laws.
 Behold my soul at freedom set ;
 My Surety paid the dreadful debt.
- 3 My Advocate appears
 For my defense on high ;
 The Father bows His ears,
 And lays His thunder by.
 Not all that hell or sin can say,
 Shall turn His heart, His love away.

- 4 My great and glorious Lord,
 My Conqueror and my King,
 Thy sceptre and Thy sword,
 Thy reigning grace I sing.
 Thine is the power; behold I sit
 In willing bonds beneath Thy feet.

162 *Tune*—PARK STREET. L. M.

“It behoved Him to be made like unto His brethren, that He might be a merciful and faithful High Priest.”

Heb. xi. 17.

- W**HERE high the heav'nly temple
 stands,
 The house of God not made with
 hands,
 A great High Priest our nature wears,
 And there before our God appears.
- 2 He who for us as surety stood,
 And pour'd on earth His precious blood,
 Pursues in heav'n His gracious plan,
 The Saviour and the Friend of man.
- 3 Though now ascended up on high,
 He bends on earth a brother's eye;
 Partaker of the human name,
 He knows the frailty of our frame.
- 4 Our fellow-sufferer still retains
 A fellow-feeling for our pains;
 And still remembers in the skies,
 His tears, and grief, and agonies.

- 5 With boldness, therefore, at the throne,
 Let us make all our sorrows known ;
 And seek the aid of heav'nly pow'r
 To help us in each trying hour.

163 *Tune*—TAPPAN. C. M.

“In that He himself hath suffered being
 tempted, He is able to succor them that are
 tempted.”

Heb. ii. 18.

- WITH joy we meditate the grace
 Of our High Priest above ;
 His heart o'erflows with tenderness,
 His very name is Love.
- 2 Touched with a sympathy within,
 He knows our feeble frame ;
 He knows what sore temptations are,
 For He endured the same.
- 3 But spotless, innocent and pure
 Our great Redeemer stood ;
 No stain of sin did e'er defile
 The Holy Lamb of God.
- 4 He, when He sojourned here below,
 Poured forth His cries and tears,
 And, though exalted, feels afresh
 What every member bears.
- 5 Then boldly let our faith address
 His mercy and His power ;
 We shall obtain delivering grace
 In each distressing hour.

164 *Tune*—HARWELL. 8s & 7s.

“I saw a Lamb as it had been slain.”

Rev. v. 6.

LAMB of God! thou now art seated
 High upon thy Father's throne;
 All thy gracious work completed,
 All thy mighty vict'ry won:
 Every knee in heaven is bending
 To the Lamb for sinners slain;
 Every voice and harp is swelling,
 “Worthy is the Lamb to reign!”

- 2 Lord! in all thy pow'r and glory,
 Still thy thoughts and eyes are here,
 Watching o'er thy ransom'd people,
 To thy gracious heart so dear:
 Thou for us art interceding;
 (Everlasting is thy love!)
 And a blessed rest preparing,
 In our Father's house above.

165 *Tune*—AZMON. C. M.

“We have not a high priest which can not be touched with the feeling of our infirmities; but was in all points tempted like as we are, yet without sin.”

Heb. iv. 15.

NOW let our cheerful eyes survey
 Our great High Priest above;
 And celebrate his constant care
 And sympathetic love.

- 2 Though raised to a superior throne,
Where angels bow around,
And high o'er all the shining train,
With matchless honors crowned ;
- 3 The names of all his saints He bears,
Deep graven on his heart ;
Nor shall the meanest Christian say
That he hath lost his part.
- 4 Those characters shall fair abide,
Our everlasting trust,
When gems, and monuments, and
crowns,
Are mouldered down to dust.
- 5 So, gracious Saviour, on my breast
May thy dear name be worn :
A sacred ornament and guard,
To endless ages borne.

Second Coming of Christ.

166 *Tune*—CHRISTMAS. C. M.

“He that hath the bride is the Bridegroom.”

John iii. 29.

BRIDE of the Lamb, awake! awake!
Why sleep for sorrow now?
The hope of glory, Christ, is thine,
An heir of glory thou.

- 2 Thy spirit, through the lonely night,
From earthly joy apart,
Hath sigh'd for one that's far away—
The Bridegroom of thy heart.
- 3 But see, the night is waning fast,
The breaking morn is near;
And Jesus comes, with voice of love,
Thy drooping heart to cheer.
- 4 He comes—for, oh! His yearning heart
No more can bear delay—
To scenes of full unmingled joy
To call His Bride away.

5 Thou, too, shalt reign—He will not
wear

His crown of joy alone!
And earth His royal Bride shall see
Beside Him on the throne.

6 Then weep no more—'tis all thine
own—

His crown, His joy divine,
And, sweeter far than all beside,
He, He himself is thine.

167 *Tune*—RHINE. C. M.

“He shall send Jesus Christ: whom the heaven
must receive until the times of restitution of
all things.”

Acts iii. 20, 21.

LIGHT of the lonely pilgrim's heart!
Star of the coming day!
Arise, and with thy morning beams
Chase all our griefs away.

2 Come, blessed Lord! bid every shore
And answering island sing
The praises of thy royal name,
And own thee as their king.

3 Bid the whole earth, responsive now
To the bright world above,
Break forth in rapt'rous strains of joy,
In mem'ry of thy love.

- 4 Lord, Lord, thy fair creation groans—
 The air, the earth, the sea,
 In unison with all our hearts,
 And calls aloud for thee.
- 5 Come, then, with all thy quickening
 power,
 With one awak'ning smile,
 And bid the serpent's trail no more
 Thy beauteous realms defile.
- 6 Thine was the cross, with all its fruits
 Of grace and peace divine;
 Be thine the crown of glory now,
 The palm of vict'ry thine.

168 *Tune*—WANDERER. S. M.

“Ye turned to God from idols, to serve the living
 and true God; and to wait for His Son from
 heaven.”

I Thess. i. 9, 10.

- THE Church has waited long,
 Her absent Lord to see;
 And still in loneliness she waits,
 A friendless stranger she
- 2 How long, O Lord our God,
 Holy and true and good,
 Wilt thou not judge Thy suffering
 church,
 Her sighs and tears and blood?

- 3 Saint after saint on earth
 Has lived, and loved and died ;
 And as they left us one by one,
 We laid them side by side.
- 4 We laid them down to sleep,
 But not in hope forlorn ;
 We laid them but to ripen there,
 Till the last glorious morn.
- 5 We long to hear Thy voice,
 To see Thee face to face,
 To share Thy crown and glory then,
 As now we share Thy grace.
- 6 Come, Lord! and wipe away
 The curse, the sin, the stain,
 And make this blighted world of ours
 Thine own fair world again.

169 *Tune*—LEADER. 8s, 7s & 4s.

“I am my Beloved’s, and His desire is toward
 me—come, my Beloved.”

Solomon’s Song vii. 10, 11.

SAVIOUR, come, thy saints are wait-
 ing—

Waiting for the nuptial day,
 Thence their promised glory dating ;
 Come, and bear thy saints away.

Come, Lord Jesus,
 Thus thy waiting people pray.

- 2 Base the wish, and vain th' endeavor,
 While on earth to find our rest :
 Till we see thy face we never
 Shall or can be fully blest :
 In thy presence
 Nothing shall our peace molest.
- 3 Lord, we wait for thine appearing ;
 "Tarry not," thy people say ;
 Bright the prospect is, and cheering,
 Of beholding thee that day ;
 When our sorrow
 Shall for ever pass away.

170 *Tune*—OLMUTZ. S. M.

"Be patient, therefore, brethren, unto the
 coming of the Lord."

James v. 7.

- COME, Lord, and tarry not ;
 Bring the long-looked-for day ;
 O why these years of waiting here,
 These ages of delay ?
- 2 Come, for love waxes cold,
 Its steps are faint and slow ;
 Faith now is lost in unbelief,
 Hope's lamp burns dim and low.
- 3 Come, for the corn is ripe,
 Put in Thy sickle now,
 Reap the great harvest of the earth ;
 Sower and Reaper Thou !

- 4 Come, for Creation groans,
 Impatient of Thy stay,
 Worn out with these long years of ills,
 These ages of delay.
- 5 Come and begin Thy reign
 Of everlasting peace,
 Come, take the kingdom to Thyself,
 Great King of Righteousness.

171 *Tune*—SICILIAN HYMN. 8s & 7s.

“At midnight there was a cry made, behold, the
 Bridegroom cometh: go ye out to meet Him.”

Matt. xxv. 6.

HARK! the cry, “Behold He cometh!”
 Hark! the cry, “The Bridegroom’s
 near!”

These are accents falling sweetly
 On the ransomed sinner’s ear.

- 2 Man may disbelieve the tidings,
 Or in anger turn away;
 ’Tis foretold there shall be scoffers,
 Rising in the latter day:
- 3 But He’ll come, the Lord from heaven,
 Not to suffer or to die;
 But to take His waiting people
 To their glorious rest on high.

- 4 Happy they who stand expecting
Christ, the Saviour, to appear:
Sad for those who do not love Him—
Those who do not wish Him here.
- 5 But in mercy still He lingers,
Lengthening out the day of grace—
Till He comes, inviting sinners,
To His welcome fond embrace.

172 *Tune*—KINGSTON. H. M.

“The night is far spent, the day is at hand.”

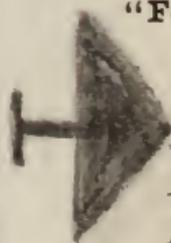
Rom. xiii. 12.

- THE night is now far spent,
The day is drawing nigh,
Soon will the morning break,
In radiance through the sky:
O let the thought our spirits cheer,
The Lord himself will soon appear!
- 2 Though men our hope deride,
Nor will the truth believe,
We in His word confide,
And it will ne'er deceive;
Soon all that grieves shall pass away,
And saints shall see a glorious day.
- 3 For us the Lord intends
A bright abode on high,
The place where sorrow ends,
And nought is known but joy:
With such a hope, let us rejoice,
We soon shall hear th' archangel's voice.

173 *Tune*—RETIREMENT. C. M.

“For yet a little while, and He that shall come,
will come, and will not tarry.”

Heb. x. 38.



A LITTLE while of suffering,
Of pain and weakness here ;
A little while of patience yet,
And Jesus will appear :

- 2 A little while, and we no more
A feeble few shall meet ;
But there a mighty army stand
Before his throne complete.
- 3 Sweet is the song of victory
That ends the battle's roar ;
And sweet the weary warrior's rest
When all his toil is o'er.
- 4 Sweeter, beyond the “ little while,”
The dawn of morn to view,
The morning of a brighter day
Than ever Eden knew.
- 5 We praise Him for the promise now,
Nor fear that he'll forsake ;
And heaven's ten thousand echoes ne'er
To sweeter notes shall wake.

174 *Tune*—SAXONY. 8s & 7s.

“Not willing that any should perish, but that all should come to repentance; but the day of the Lord will come.”

2 Pet. iii. 9, 10.

- L**ORD, we see the day approaching
 When Thou wilt again appear;
 Sinners, still Thy garments touching,
 Stay Thee in Thy coming here.
- 2 Day by day Thy hand is dealing
 Full salvation where Thou wilt;
 By delay, Thy blood is healing
 Souls oppressed with fear and guilt.
- 3 Lord, we wait Thy gracious pleasure,
 Patience well becomes Thy saints;
 Hid in heav'n is all our treasure;
 Faith shall silence all complaints.
- 4 Make each waiting child obedient,
 Stay our anxious hearts on this;
 If Thy going were expedient,
 Surely Thy return is bliss.

175 *Tune*—SHINING SHORE. 8s & 7s.

“Unto them that look for Him shall He appear the second time without sin unto salvation.”

Heb. ix. 28.

THE night is wearing fast away,
 The glorious day is dawning,
 When Christ shall all His grace display—
 The fair millennial morning.

Gloomy and dark the night hath been,
 And long the way and dreary ;
 And sad the weeping saints are seen,
 And faint, and worn, and weary.

- 2 Ye mourning pilgrims, dry your tears,
 And hush each sigh of sorrow ;
 The light of that bright morn appears,
 The long Sabbathic morrow.
 Lift up your heads—behold from far
 A flood of splendor streaming ;
 It is the bright and morning star
 In living lustre beaming.

- 3 And see that star-like host around
 Of angel bands attending ;
 Hark ! hark ! the trumpet's gladd'ning
 sound
 'Mid shouts triumphant blending.
 He comes ! the Bridegroom promised
 long :
 Go forth with joy to meet Him,
 And raise the new and nuptial song,
 In cheerful strains to greet Him.

176

Tune—AVON.

C. M.

“When Christ, who is our life, shall appear,
 then shall ye also appear with Him in glory.”

Col. iii. 4.

LONG hath the night of sorrow reign'd,
 The dawn shall bring us light :
 Christ shall appear ; and we shall rise
 With gladness in his sight.

- 2 Then shall we see our absent Lord—
 Shall know him and rejoice :
 His coming like the morn shall be,
 Like morning songs his voice.
- 3 As dew upon the tender herb,
 Diffusing fragrance round ;
 As showers that usher in the spring,
 And cheer the thirsty ground ;
- 4 So shall His presence bless our souls,
 And shed a joyful light :
 That hallow'd morn shall chase away
 The sorrows of the night.

177 *Tune*—VESPER. 8s & 7s.

“ But ye, brethren, are not in darkness that that day should overtake you as a thief.”

1 Thess. v. 4.

NOTHING know we of the season
 When the world shall pass away ;
 But we know the saints have reason
 To expect a glorious day ;
 When the Saviour will return,
 And his people cease to mourn.

- 2 Oh, what sacred joys await them !
 They shall see the Saviour then ;
 Those who now oppose and hate them,
 Never can oppose again !
 Brethren, let us think on this—
 All is ours, since we are his.

- 3 Waiting for the Lord's returning,
 Be it ours his word to keep;
 Let our lamps be always burning—
 Let us watch while others sleep:
 We're no longer of the night—
 We are children of the light.
- 4 Being of the happy number,
 Whom the Saviour calls his own,
 'Tis not meet that we should slumber,
 Nothing should be left undone:
 This should be his people's aim—
 Still to glorify his namê.

178 *Tune*—ZION. 8s, 7s & 4s.

"Then we which are alive and remain shall be caught up together with them in the clouds, to meet the Lord in the air."

I Thess. iv. 17.

- M**ID the splendors of the glory
 Which we hope ere long to share,
 Christ our Head, and we, His members,
 Shall appear divinely fair;
 O how glorious!
 When we meet Him in the air!
- 2 From the dateless, timeless periods,
 He has loved us without cause;
 And for all His blood-bought myriads
 His is love that knows no pause.
 Matchless Lover!
 Changeless as the eternal laws!

- 3 Oh! what gifts shall we be granted,
 Palms, and crowns, and robes of
 white,
 When the hope for which we panted
 Bursts upon our gladden'd sight,
 And our Saviour
 Makes us glorious through His might.
- 4 Bright the prospect soon that greets us
 Of that long'd-for nuptial day,
 When our heavenly Bridegroom meets us
 On His kingly, conquering way;
 In the glory,
 Bride and Bridegroom reign for aye.

179 *Tune*—NAOMI. C. M.

“Looking for that blessed hope, and the glorious
 appearing of the great God and our Saviour
 Jesus Christ.”

Tit. ii. 13.

- H**OPE of our hearts, O Lord, appear,
 Thou glorious Star of day!
 Shine forth and chase the dreary night,
 With all our tears, away!
- 2 No resting place we seek on earth,
 No loveliness we see;
 Our eye is on the royal crown
 Prepared for us and Thee.
- 3 But, dearest Lord! however bright
 That crown of joy above,

- What is it to the brighter hope
Of dwelling in Thy love?
- 4 What to the joy, the deeper joy,
Unmingled, pure and free,
Of union with our living Head,
Of fellowship with Thee?
- 5 This joy e'en now on earth is ours:
But only, Lord above,
Our hearts without a pang shall know
The fulness of Thy love.

180 *Tune*—MERTON. C. M.

"This same Jesus which is taken up from you
into heaven, shall so come in like manner as ye
have seen Him go into heaven."

Acts i. 11.

- UNTIL He come! like music tones
Are these most precious words,
'Mid all the noise and din of earth,
To those who are the Lord's.
- 2 They mark the time when life's dark
sea,
Whose storms so fiercely roar,
Shall toss upon its troubled waves,
The Christian bark no more.
- 3 When, from the upper realms of bliss,
With clouds His train to bear,

The Lord shall come, and call His
Bride

To meet Him in the air.

- 4 O glorious hour! what rapturous strains
Shall ring with grand accord,
When from the ransomed throng shall
burst—

“Forever with the Lord!”

- 5 The woes of earth forever past;
Faith sweetly lost in sight—
Rage on, O sea! this dawning hour,
Can cheer life's darkest night.

- 6 Until He come! in faith repose:
The time may not be long,
When those who watch for His return
Shall raise the victor's song.

181 *Tune*—ALFORD. 8s, 7s & 7s.

“Hereafter shall ye see the Son of Man sitting
on the right hand of power, and coming in
the clouds of heaven.”

Matt. xxvi. 24.

WELCOME sight, the Lord de-
scending,

Jesus in the clouds appears;

Lo! the Saviour comes intending

Now to dry His people's tears.

Lo! the Saviour comes to reign,

Welcome to His waiting train.

- 2 Long they mourn'd their absent Mas-
ter ;
 Long they felt like men forlorn ;
 Bid the seasons fly still faster,
 While they sigh'd for His return :
 Lo ! the period comes at last ;
 All their sorrows now are past.
- 3 Now from home no longer banish'd,
 They are going to their rest ;
 Tho' the heaven and earth are vanish'd,
 With their Lord they shall be blest ;
 Blest with Him his saints shall be,
 Blest through all eternity.

182

Tune—AZMON.

C. M.

“Behold, I come quickly.”

Rev. xxii. 7.

HIS word is faithfulness and truth—
 “Behold, I quickly come ;”
And faith, that counts the promise sure,
 Can pierce the midnight gloom.

- 2 Far spent already is the night,
 In hope we hail the day
 Of the beloved Lord's return,
 To wipe all tears away.
- 3 Jesus, at the appointed hour,
 In glory shall appear ;
 Then, fashion'd by His mighty hand,
 We shall His image bear.

183 *Tune*—ZION. 8s, 7s & 4s.

“Looking for and hasting unto the coming of the day of God.”

2 Pet. iii. 12.

FLY, ye seasons; fly still faster!
 Let the glorious day come on,
 When we shall behold our Master
 Seated on his heavenly throne—
 When the Saviour
 Shall descend to claim his own.

2 What is earth, with all its treasures,
 To the joy this promise brings?
 Well may we resign its pleasures;
 Jesus brings us better things:
 All his people
 Draw from heaven's eternal springs.

3 Fly, ye seasons; fly still faster!
 Swiftly bring the glorious day;
 Jesus, come, our Lord, our Master,
 Come from heaven without delay:
 Take thy people,
 Take, oh, take them hence away!

184 *Tune*—ENLOCK. L. M.

“A little while, and ye shall not see me; and again, a little while, and ye shall see Me, because I go to the Father.”

John xvi. 16.

“A LITTLE while,” our Lord shall
 come,
 And we shall wander here no more;

He'll take us to our Father's home,
 Where He for us has gone before,
 To dwell with Him, to see His face,
 And sing the glories of His grace.

- 2 "A little while," He'll come again!
 Let us the precious hours redeem;
 Our only grief to give Him pain,
 Our joy to serve and follow Him;
 Watching and ready may we be,
 As those that long their Lord to see.
- 3 "A little while"—'t will soon be past,
 Why should we shun the shame and
 cross?
 O let us in His footsteps haste,
 Counting for Him all else but loss:
 O how will recompense His smile
 The sufferings of this little while!

185 *Tune*—DELIVERANCE. 8s, 7s & 4s.

"The Lord direct your hearts into the love of
 God, and into the patient waiting for Christ."

2 Thess. iii. 5.

SAVIOUR! hasten thine appearing;
 Take thy waiting people home!
 'Tis this hope, our spirits cheering,
 While we in the desert roam,
 Makes thy people
 Strangers here till thou shalt come.

- 2 Lord! how long shall the creation
 Groan and travail sore in pain;
 Waiting for its sure salvation,
 When thou shalt in glory reign,
 And like Eden,
 This sad earth shall bloom again?
- 3 Gather, too, thy chosen nation—
 Israel's long afflicted race;
 Let them find thy free salvation,
 Own and trust thy wondrous grace;
 And, adoring,
 Look on thy once marred face.
- 4 Reign, oh reign! Almighty Saviour!
 Heaven and earth in one unite;
 Make it known, that in thy favor
 There alone is life and light.
 When we see thee,
 We shall have unmix'd delight.

186 *Tune*—LEADER. 8s, 7s & 4s.

“The Lord himself shall descend from heaven
 with a shout, with the voice of the archangel
 and with the trump of God.”

I Thess. iv. 16.

BLESSED Lord, our souls are longing
 Thee, our risen Head, to see;
 And the cloudless morn is dawning,
 When Thy saints shall gather'd be:
 Grace and glory,
 All our fresh springs are in Thee.

- 2 All the joy we now are tasting
 Is but as the dream of night :
 To the day of God we're hasting,
 Looking for it with delight :
 Thou art coming,
 And wilt satisfy our sight.
- 3 True, the silent grave is keeping
 Many a seed in weakness sown ;
 But the saints in Thee now sleeping,
 Rais'd in pow'r, shall share Thy
 throne.
 Resurrection !
 Lord of glory ! 'tis Thine own.
- 4 As we sing, our hearts grow lighter ;
 We are children of the day ;
 Sorrow makes our hope the brighter ;
 Faith regards not the delay :
 Sure the promise,
 We shall meet Thee on Thy way.

187 *Tune*—HENRY. C. M.

“ Then look up, and lift up your heads ; for your
 redemption draweth nigh.”

Luke xxi. 28.

ARISE, the kingdom is at hand,
 The King is drawing nigh ;
 Arise with joy, thou faithful band,
 To meet the Lord Most High.

- 2 Look up, ye drooping hearts, to-day!
 The King is very near,
 O, cast your griefs and fears away,
 For, lo, your help is here.
- 3 Look up, ye souls, weighed down with
 care,
 The sovereign is not far,
 Look up, faint hearts, from your de-
 spair,
 Behold the Morning Star.

188 *Tune*—MINNESOTA. 8s, 7s & 4s.

“The whole creation groaneth, and travaileth
 in pain together, until now—waiting for the
 adoption, to-wit, the redemption of our body.”

Rom. viii. 22, 23.

CHRIST is coming! Let creation
 Bid her groans and travail cease;
 Let the glorious proclamation
 Hope restore, and faith increase.
 Come, Lord Jesus!
 Come, thou blessed Prince of Peace!

- 2 Though once cradled in a manger,
 Oft no pillow but the sod;
 Here an alien and a stranger,
 Mock'd of men, though Son of God,
 All creation
 Yet shall own thy kingly rod.

- 3 Long thine exiles have been pining,
 Far from rest, and home, and thee;
 But, in heavenly vestures shining,
 They shall soon thy glory see.
 Come, Lord Jesus!
 Haste the joyous Jubilee!
- 4 With that "blessed hope" before us,
 Let no harp remain unstrung;
 Let the mighty Advent-chorus
 Onward roll from tongue to tongue—
 Hallelujah!
 Come, Lord Jesus, quickly come.

189 *Tune*—WATCHMAN. 7s.

"Watchman, what of the night?"

Isa. xxi. 11.

- WATCHMAN, tell us of the night,
 What its signs of promise are.
 Trav'ler, o'er yon mountain's height
 See the glory-beaming star.
 Watchman, does its beauteous ray
 Aught of hope or joy foretell?
 Trav'ler, yes, it brings the day—
 Promised day of Israel.
- 2 Watchman, tell us of the night;
 Higher yet that star ascends.
 Trav'ler, blessedness and light,
 Peace and truth, its course portends;

Watchman, will its beams, alone,
 Gild the spot that gave them birth?
 Trav'ler, ages are its own:
 See, it bursts o'er all the earth.

- 3 Watchman, tell us of the night,
 For the morning seems to dawn.
 Trav'ler, darkness takes its flight;
 Doubt and terror are withdrawn.
 Watchman, let thy wand'rings cease;
 Hie thee to thy quiet home.
 Trav'ler, lo! the Prince of Peace,
 Lo! the Son of God is come.

190 *Tune*—MUSCATINE. 6s, 8s & 4s.

“The morning cometh, and also the night.”

Isa. xxi. 12.

ENQUIRE, my soul, enquire!
 What doth the watchman say?
 Is the One object of desire
 Upon the way?

- 2 What doth the watchman say,
 Whose cry the slumberer wakes?
 “The night hath nearly passed away:
 The morning breaks.
- 3 “The night is coming, too!
 A night of speechless woe:
 But there shall be no night to you
 Who Jesus know.

- 4 "God speaks—shall we be dumb?
 Watch that your lamps may burn:
 Come, all ye weary wanderers, come!
 Return, return."
- 5 Take up the watchman's word;
 Repeat the midnight cry:
 "Prepare to meet your coming Lord;
 The time draws nigh."
- 6 Make ready, O my soul!
 Make ready, Christians dear,
 Yield up the heart's affections whole:
 Our Lord is near.

191 *Tune*—PETERBORO'. C. M.

"While the Bridegroom tarried, they all slumbered and slept."

Matt. xxv. 5.

- C**HILDREN of light, awake! awake!
 Ye slumbering virgins rise;
 Go meet the royal Bridegroom now,
 And show that ye are wise.
- 2 Like foolish virgins, ye have fail'd
 Your holy watch to keep;
 And lo, he comes, and almost finds
 Your languid souls asleep!
- 3 Through love, the Man of Sorrows oft
 Hath watch'd and wept for you;
 Then gave away his life to prove
 That all that love was true.

- 4 Then wake, for, lo, the midnight cry
 Of warning in the air,
 Bids all his church, to greet him now,
 Their dying lamps prepare.

192 *Tune*—ADVENT. 8s,4s&8s,

“When the Son of man shall come in His glory,
 and all the holy angels with Him, then shall
 He sit upon the throne of His glory.”

Matt. xxv. 31.

HE came; no pomp nor royal crown
 Waited his step or decked his brow,
 But grief and shame oppress him now,
 While friends disown,
 And death the injured King laid low.

- 2 He comes again; earth's diadems
 And thrones of power to him belong,
 While round him angels chant in song,
 And bright as gems
 His saints shall join the mighty throng.
- 3 He comes, he comes; but not alone,
 For myriads now are in his train;
 And earth, and sky, and sounding
 main,
 Shall cease their groan,
 And shout him welcome back again.

- 4 He comes: O hearts that wait that
 morn,
 Be clean, stand firm, watch now, and
 pray,
 And sweetly then the King will say,
 Beloved, well done ;
 Enter the everlasting day.

193 *Tune*—MILLENNIUM. 7s & 6s.

“Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give
 thee a crown of life.”

Rev. ii. 10.

MAN'S day is fast receding,
 The day of God will come,
 And lingering feet are needing
 Oft to be speeded home ;
 We need to stir affection,
 Dull conscience to awake ;
 Faith's shield for our protection
 With firmer grasp to take.

- 2 The world hath many a wonder,
 And many a witching snare :
 But see the glory yonder,
 What can with that compare ?
 The Lord a crown is keeping
 For all who faithful stand,
 Who, midst a world that's sleeping,
 Watch for the day at hand.

- 3 Our labor and our pleasure,
 Be this, to do His will ;
 To use our little measure,
 In loving service still.
 The cup of water given
 For Him, will find reward
 Both now, and soon in heaven,
 Remembered by the Lord.
- 4 Lord, may Thy love constrain us,
 Through all the "little while ;"
 Nor fear of man restrain us,
 Nor love of praise beguile :
 Thus, till Thy glorious coming,
 Enough, O Lord, if we
 Then hear Thy voice approving
 Aught we have done for Thee.

194 *Tune*—ANGEL'S SONG. S. M.

"And so shall we ever be with the Lord."

I Thess. iv. 17.

THE Lord himself shall come
 And shout a quickening word ;
 Thousands shall answer from the tomb :
 "For ever with the Lord."

- 2 Then as we upward fly,
 That resurrection-word
 Shall be our shout of victory :
 "For ever with the Lord."

- 3 How shall I meet those eyes!
 Mine on Himself I cast,
 And own myself the Saviour's prize:
 Mercy from first to last.
- 4 "Knowing as I am known!"
 How shall I love that word!
 How oft repeat before the throne:
 "For ever with the Lord."
- 5 That resurrection-word,
 That shout of victory—
 Once more: "For ever with the Lord!"
 Amen, so let it be!

195 *Tune*—LYONS. 108 & 118.

"And I will give him the morning-star."

Rev. ii. 28.

THE night is far spent, and the day is
 at hand:

No sign to be look'd for; the Star's
 in the sky;

Rejoice then, ye saints, 'tis your Lord's
 own command;

Rejoice, for the coming of Jesus
 draws nigh.

- 2 What a day will that be when the
 Saviour appears!
 How welcome to those who have
 shared in His cross!

- A crown incorruptible then will be
 theirs,
 A rich compensation for suffering and
 loss.
- 3 What is loss in this world, when com-
 pared to that day,
 To the glory that then will from
 heaven be reveal'd?
 "The Saviour is coming," His people
 may say;
 "The Lord whom we look for, our
 Sun and our Shield."
- 4 O pardon us, Lord! that our love to
 Thy name
 Is so faint, with so much our affec-
 tions to move!
 Our coldness might fill us with grief and
 with shame,
 So much to be loved, and so little to
 love.
- 5 O kindle within us a holy desire,
 Like that which was found in Thy
 people of old,
 Who tasted Thy love, and whose hearts
 were on fire,
 While they waited, in patience, Thy
 face to behold.

196 *Tune*—VESPER. 8s, 7s & 4s.

“Our conversation (citizenship) is in heaven; from whence also we look for the Saviour, the Lord Jesus Christ.”

Phil. iii. 20.

LORD, our longing hearts grow weary,
 Waiting for our souls' loved choice;
 Every hour seems sad and dreary,
 Till we hear Thy welcome voice:
 Come, Lord Jesus!
 Come, and bid our hearts rejoice!

2 Lo! Thy members, Lord, oft languish
 Midst the world's cold heartless
 throng;
 Some there are in very anguish,
 Crying, Lord, “How long? how
 long?”
 Come, Lord Jesus!
 Quickly raise the joyful song!

3 Thou hast promised Thou wouldst
 take us
 To Thy everlasting home;
 Greater still, that Thou wouldst make us
 Sit with Thee upon thy throne.
 Come, Lord Jesus!
 Come and claim us as Thine own.

4 Blessed Lord, behold Thy promise,
 See, we hang upon Thy word;

Thou hast spoken, "I come quickly;"
 Thou hast spoken, we have heard.
 Come, Lord Jesus!
 Come, our own, our faithful Lord.

197 *Tune*—HAPPY LAND. 6s & 4s.

"Watch, therefore; for ye know not what hour
 your Lord doth come."

Matt. xxiv. 42.

HARK! 'tis the watchman's cry!
 Wake, brethren, wake!
 Jesus, our Lord, is nigh! Wake, &c.
 Sleep is for sons of night,
 Ye are children of the light,
 Yours is the glory bright! Wake, &c.

2 Call to each waking band,
 Watch, brethren, watch! [*&c.*
 Clear is our Lord's command! Watch,
 Be ye as men that wait
 Always at the Master's gate,
 E'en tho' He tarry late! Watch, &c.

3 Hear we the Shepherd's voice,
 Pray, brethren, pray!
 Would ye His heart rejoice! Pray, &c.
 Sin calls for constant fear,
 Weakness needs the strong One near;
 Long as ye struggle here! Pray, &c.

- 4 Now sound the final chord,
 Praise, brethren, praise!
 Thrice holy is our Lord. Praise, &c.
 What more befits the tongues
 Soon to lead the angels' songs,
 While heaven the note prolongs—
 Praise, brethren, praise.

198 *Tune*—THE CONVERT. P. M.

“If I go and prepare a place for you, I will
 come again and receive you unto myself.”

John xiv. 3.

- H**OW happy are we, who in Jesus
 agree,
 To expect His return from above;
 We sit 'neath His vine, and delightfully
 join
 In the praise of His excellent love.
- 2 United to Him we drink of the stream,
 Ever flowing in bliss from the throne,
 Who in Jesus believe, we the Spirit
 receive
 That proceeds from the Father and
 Son.
- 3 We remember the word of our crucified
 Lord,
 When He went to prepare us a
 place—

I will come in that day and transport
 you away,
 And admit to a sight of my face.

- 4 Come, Lord, from the skies, and com-
 mand us to rise,
 To the mansions of glory above;
 With our Head to ascend, and eternity
 spend
 In a rapture of heavenly love.

199

Tune—MELODY.

C. M.

“Even so, come, Lord Jesus.”

Rev. xxii. 20.

MY soul, amid this stormy world,
 Is like some fluttered dove,
 And fain would be as swift of wing
 To flee to Him I love.

- 2 My heart is with Him on his throne,
 And ill can brook delay;
 Each moment listening for the voice,
 Rise up and come away.
- 3 With hope deferred, oft sick and faint,
 Why tarries He? I cry,
 And should my brethren chide my
 haste,
 Sure I could make reply—

- 4 May not an exile lone desire
 His own sweet land to see?
 May not a captive seek release?
 A prisoner to be free?
- 5 A child, when far away, may long
 For home and kindred dear;
 And she that waits her absent Lord
 May sigh till He appear.
- 6 I would, my Lord and Saviour, know
 That which no measure knows;
 Would search the mystery of Thy love,
 The depth of all Thy woes.
- 7 "Ah! leave me not in this dark world,
 A stranger still to roam,
 Come, Lord, and take me to thyself,
 Come, Jesus, quickly come!"

THE MILLENNIUM.

200

Tune—MIGDOL.

L. M.

“They shall not hurt nor destroy in all my holy mountain: for the earth shall be full of the knowledge of the Lord, as the waters cover the sea.”

Isa. xi. 9.

- O H, what a bright and blessed world
 This groaning earth of ours shall be,
 When from His throne the tempter
 hurled,
 Shall leave it all, O Lord, to Thee.
- 2 Come, Saviour, then, o'er all below
 Shine brightly from Thy throne
 above ;
 Bid heaven and earth Thy glory know,
 And all creation feel Thy love.
- 3 But brighter far that world above,
 Where we as we are known shall
 know ;
 And, to the sweet embrace of love,
 Reign o'er this ransomed earth
 below.

- 4 O blessed Lord, with longing eyes
 That blissful hour we long to see;
 While every worm and leaf supplies
 Proof of the curse and calls for Thee.

201 *Tune*—ANTIOCH. C. M.

“He shall have dominion also from sea to sea,
 and from the river unto the ends of the
 earth.”

Ps. lxxii. 8.

JOY to the world! the Lord is come!
 Let earth receive her King;
 Let every heart prepare him room,
 And heaven and nature sing.

- 2 Joy to the world! the Saviour reigns!
 Let men their songs employ;
 While fields and floods, rocks, hills and
 plains
 Repeat the sounding joy.

- 3 No more let sin and sorrow grow,
 Nor thorns infest the ground:
 He comes to make his blessings flow
 Far as the curse is found.

- 4 He rules the world with truth and grace,
 And makes the nations prove
 The glories of his righteousness,
 And wonders of his love.

202

Tune—WEBB. 7s & 6s.

“The mountains and the hills shall break forth
before you into singing, and all the trees of
the field shall clap their hands.”

Isa. lv. 12.

WHEN shall the voice of singing
Flow joyfully along?
When hill and valley, ringing
With one triumphant song,
Proclaim the contest ended,
And Him who once was slain,
Again to earth descended,
In righteousness to reign?

- 2 Then from the craggy mountains
The sacred shout shall fly;
And shady vales and fountains
Shall echo the reply:
High tower and lowly dwelling
Shall send the chorus round,
All hallelujah swelling
In one eternal sound.

203 *Tune*—HARVEY'S CHANT. C. M.

“The mountain of the Lord's house shall be
established in the top of the mountains, and
shall be exalted above the hills; and all
nations shall flow unto it.”

Isa. ii. 2.

BEHOLD! the mountain of the Lord
In latter days shall rise
On mountain-tops, above the hills,
And draw the wondering eyes.

- 2 To this the joyful nations round,
 All tribes and tongues shall bow;
 Up to the hill of God, they'll say,
 And to His house we'll go.
- 3 The beam that shines from Zion's hill
 Shall lighten every land;
 The King that reigns in Salem's towers
 Shall all the world command.
- 4 Among the nations He shall judge;
 His judgments truth shall guide;
 His sceptre shall protect the just,
 And quell the sinner's pride.
- 5 No strife shall vex Messiah's reign,
 Or mar those peaceful years;
 To ploughshares men shall beat their
 swords,
 To pruning-hooks their spears.
- 6 No longer hosts encountering hosts,
 Their millions slain deplore;
 They hang the trumpet in the hall,
 And study war no more.

204 *Verse*—HOWELL. 3s. 7s & 4s.

"And on His head were many crowns."

Rev. xix. 12.

BRIGHT with all His crowns of glory,
 See the royal Victor's brow;

Once for sinners marr'd and gory,
See the Lamb exalted now :
While before Him
All His ransom'd brethren bow.

2 Blessed morning ! long expected,
Lo ! they fill the peopled air,
Mourners once by man rejected,
They with Him, exalted there,
Sing His praises,
And His throne of glory share.

3 Judah ! lo thy royal Lion
Reigns on earth, a conquering King :
Come, ye ransom'd tribes of Zion,
Love's abundant offerings bring ;
There behold Him,
And His ceaseless praises sing.

4 King of kings ! Let earth adore Him,
High on His exalted throne ;
Fall, ye nations, fall before Him,
And His righteous sceptre own :
All the glory
Be to Him, and Him alone !

205

Tune—ACTON.

7S.

“The kingdoms of this world are become the kingdoms of our Lord, and of His Christ; and He shall reign for ever and ever.”

Rev. xi 15.

HARK! the sound of Jubilee,
 Loud as mighty thunders roar,
 Or the fulness of the sea
 When it breaks upon the shore!
 Hallelujah! for the Lord
 God omnipotent shall reign:
 Hallelujah! let the word
 Echo round the earth and main!

- 2 Hallelujah! hark! the sound
 From the depth unto the skies,
 Wakes, above, beneath, around,
 All creation's harmonies!
 See, Jehovah's banner furl'd,
 Sheath'd His sword: He speaks—'tis
 done;
 And the kingdoms of the world
 Are the kingdoms of the Son!
- 3 He shall reign from pole to pole
 With illimitable sway!
 He shall reign, when like a scroll
 Yonder heavens shall pass away:
 Then the end—beneath His rod,
 Man's last enemy shall fall;
 Hallelujah! Praise to God!
 God, our God, is all in all.

206

Tune—HENRY.

C. M.

“He shall not fail nor be discouraged, till He have set judgment in the earth: and the Isles shall wait for His law.”

Isa. xlii. 4.

ISLES of the deep, rejoice! rejoice
Ye ransom'd nations, sing
The praises of your Lord and God,
The triumphs of your King.

2 He comes, and at His mighty word
The clouds are fleeting past,
And o'er the land of promise see,
The glory breaks at last.

3 There He, upon his ancient throne,
His power and grace displays,
While Salem, with its echoing hills,
Sends forth the voice of praise.

4 Oh, let His praises fill the earth
While all the blest above,
In strains of loftier triumph still,
Speak only of His love.

5 Sing, ye redeem'd! Before the throne,
Ye white-robed myriads fall;
Sing—for the Lord of glory reigns,
The Christ—the heir of all.

207 *Tune*—NUREMBURGH. 7s.

“All nations whom Thou hast made shall come
and worship before Thee, O Lord; and shall
glorify Thy name.”

Ps. lxxxvi. 9.

WAKE the song of jubilee!
Let it echo o'er the sea:
Now is come the promised hour;
Jesus reigns with sovereign power.

2 All ye nations! join and sing,
“Christ, of lords and kings, is King!”
Let it sound from shore to shore,
“Jesus reigns for evermore!”

3 Now the desert lands rejoice,
And the islands join their voice;
Joy! the whole creation sings,
“Jesus is the King of kings!”

208 *Tune*—HOREB. 7s & 6s.

“In His days shall the righteous flourish; and
abundance of peace so long as the moon en-
dureth.”

Ps. lxxii. 7.

HAIL to the Lord's Anointed,
Great David's greater Son!
Hail, in the time appointed,
His reign on earth begun!
He comes to break oppression,
To set the captive free;
To take away transgression,
And rule in equity.

2 He shall come down like showers
 Upon the fruitful earth ;
And love, joy, hope, like flowers,
 Spring in his path to birth ;
Before him, on the mountains,
 Shall Peace, the herald, go ;
And Righteousness, in fountains,
 From hill to valley flow.

3 Kings shall fall down before him,
 And gold and incense bring ;
All nations shall adore him,
 His praise all people sing :
For he shall have dominion
 O'er river, sea and shore,
Far as the eagle's pinion
 Or dove's light wing can soar.

4 For him shall prayer unceasing
 And daily vows ascend ;
His kingdom still increasing—
 A kingdom without end :
O'er every foe victorious,
 He on his throne shall rest ;
From age to age more glorious,
 All blessing and all blest !

209

Tune—ROLLAND.

L. M.

“His name shall endure forever; His name shall be continued as long as the sun: and men shall be blessed in Him; all nations shall call Him blessed.”

Ps. lxxii. 17.

JESUS shall reign where'er the sun
Does his successive journeys run;
His kingdom stretch from shore to
shore,
Till moons shall wax and wane no
more.

- 2 People and realms of every tongue
Dwell on his love with sweetest song;
And infant voices shall proclaim
Their early blessings on his name.
- 3 Blessings abound where'er he reigns;
The prisoner leaps to loose his chains;
The weary find eternal rest,
And all the sons of want are blest.
- 4 Let every creature rise and bring
Peculiar honors to our King:
Angels descend with songs again,
And earth repeat the loud Amen!

210

Tune—SENTINEL.

8s & 7s.

“Thy watchman shall lift up the voice; with the voice together shall they sing: for they shall see eye to eye, when the Lord shall bring again Zion.”

Isa. lii. 8.

WATCHMAN, tell me, does the
morning

Of fair Zion's glory dawn?

Have the signs that mark its coming

Yet upon thy pathway shone?

Pilgrim, yes, arise, look round thee,

Light is breaking in the skies;

Gird thy bridal robes around thee,

Morning dawns, arise, arise!

- 2 Watchman, see, the light is beaming,
Brighter still upon the way;
Signs through all the earth are gleaming,
Omens of the coming day
When the Jubal trumpet sounding,
Shall awake from earth and sea,
And the saints of God now sleeping,
Clad in immortality.
- 3 Watchman, hail, the light ascending,
Of the grand Sabbatic year;
All with voices loud proclaiming
That the kingdom's very near:

Pilgrim, yes, I see just yonder,
 Canaan's glorious heights arise,
 Salem, too, appears in grandeur,
 Towering 'neath its sun-lit skies.

211

Tune—MENDON.

L. M.

“The Lord liveth, that brought up the children
 of Israel from the land of the North, and from
 all the lands whither He had driven them:
 and I will bring them again into their land
 that I gave unto their Fathers.”

Jer. xvi. 15.

ARISE, great God, and let thy grace
 Shed its glad beams on Jacob's
 race;

Restore the long-lost scattered band,
 And call them to their native land.

- 2 Their misery let thy mercy heal,
 Their trespass hide, their pardon seal;
 O God of Israel, hear our prayer,
 And grant them still thy love to share.
- 3 How long shall Jacob's offspring prove
 The sad suspension of thy love?
 Say, shall thy wrath for ever burn?
 And shall thy mercy ne'er return?
- 4 Thy quickening Spirit now impart,
 And wake to joy each grateful heart,
 While Israel's rescued tribes in thee
 Their bliss and full salvation see.

212

Tune—MERDIN. 7s, 6s & 7s.

“Blessed and holy is he that hath part in the first resurrection: on such the second death hath no power, but they shall be priests of God and of Christ, and shall reign with Him a thousand years.”

Rev. xx. 6.

BEAR me on Thy rapid wing,
 Everlasting Spirit!
 Where bright choirs of angels sing,
 And the saints inherit;
 Waiting round th' eternal throne,
 Joys immortal are their own;
 This the cry of every one—
 “Glory to th' Incarnate Son!”

2 Four-and-twenty elders rise
 From their princely station,
 Shout His glorious victories,
 Sing His great salvation;
 Cast their crowns before His throne,
 Cry, in reverential tone,
 “Holy! holy! holy One!
 Glory be to God above.”

3 Hark! the thrilling symphonies
 Seem within to seize us;
 Add we to their holy lays—
 “Jesus! Jesus! Jesus!”
 Sweetest name on mortal's tongue,
 Sweetest note in angel's song,
 Sweetest anthem ever known;
 Jesus, Jesus, reign alone.

THE HOLY SPIRIT.

213 *Tune*—ELIZABETHTOWN. C. M.

“I will pray the Father, and He shall give you another Comforter that He may abide with you for ever.”

John xiv. 16.

OUR Holy Father and our God!
 We come before Thy face,
 To bless Thee for that gift divine,
 The Spirit of Thy grace.

2 Precious the promise, now fulfilled
 Through Jesus set on high;
 The spirit of adoption ours,
 We, “Abba, Father,” cry.

3 By Him our faith, and hope, and love
 Are kept alive and grow;
 Through Jesus’ blood He gives the
 heart
 A perfect peace to know.

- 4 The souls, in His communion blest,
Pant for the things above ;
As seeks the hart for water-brooks,
So we the springs of love.
- 5 Blest Comforter of all Thy saints,
Who love the heavenly way,
We, by His might, would run the race,
Till we have won the day.
- 6 Our Holy Father and our God !
Praise be for ever Thine
For this rich gift, through Thy dear
Son,
The Holy Ghost divine.

214

Tune—MELODY.

C. M.

“Even the Spirit of truth ; whom the world can not receive, because it seeth Him not, neither knoweth Him ; but ye know Him ; for He dwelleth with you, and shall be in you.”

John xiv. 17.

HOW precious are those parting words
Of our Almighty Friend ;
Who loved His own while in the world,
And loved them to the end.

- 2 “ I leave you not as orphans here ;
The Comforter shall come,
And fill your hearts with joy and peace,
Till I shall take you home.”

- 3 And then, as poured on Aaron's head,
The ointment downward flowed,
So was the Spirit's grace and joy
From Christ, our Head, bestowed.
- 4 As when of old Rebecca trod
The desert long and drear,
While Abraham's wealth and Isaac's
love,
Rung in her gladdened ear:
- 5 So traverse we this desert now,
While our blest Guide makes known
The Father's house, the Son's rich love,
And all He has—our own.
- 6 Blest truth! our hearts are with Him
there,
We see our glorious home
Made ready for the Bride to share—
Lord Jesus, quickly come!

215

Tune—GERAR.

S. M.

“Know ye not that your body is the temple of
the Holy Ghost which is in you, which ye have
of God, and ye are not your own?”

I Cor. vi 19.

THE Holy Ghost is here,
Where saints in prayer agree,
As Jesus' parting gift He's near
Each pleading company.

- 2 Not far away is He,
To be by prayer brought nigh,
But here in present majesty,
As in His courts on high.
- 3 He dwells within our soul,
An ever welcome Guest;
He reigns with absolute control,
As Monarch in the breast.
- 4 Our bodies are His shrine,
And He th' indwelling Lord;
All hail, Thou Comforter divine,
Be evermore adored!
- 5 Obedient to Thy will,
We wait to feel Thy power;
O Lord of life, our hopes fulfil,
And bless this hallow'd hour.

216

Tune—SAUNDERS.

L. M.

“The love of God is shed abroad in our hearts
by the Holy Ghost which is given unto us.”

Rom. v. 5.

OUR Father, by whose Spirit's pow'r
Thy Son was of a woman made,
And in His life and dying hour
The broken law for us obey'd;
Thy Spirit in Thy children dwells,
And to our hearts Thy love reveals.

- 2 Jesus, enthroned at Thy right hand,
 Sent forth from Thee the Comforter,
 By whom Thy saints anointed stand
 Within the holiest; and there,
 In Christ unblemish'd and complete,
 Adore Thee at Thy mercy-seat.
- 3 O let Thy children's concord be
 An image bright of things above;
 A glass to show the unity
 Of Father, Son and Spirit's love;
 A living picture to display
 The love that we can ne'er repay!
- 4 This everlasting love redeems
 The needy from their guilt and woe;
 These fountains yield the living streams,
 Which through eternity shall flow;
 Stronger than death this three-fold cord,
 Thou holy, holy, holy Lord!

217 *Tune*—CALLENDER. C. M. D.

"But ye are not in the flesh, but in the Spirit,
 if so be that the Spirit of God dwell in you."

Rom. viii. 9.

O GOD, whose Spirit did of old
 Brood, in creation's day,
 And quicken into living mould
 The earth, unformed which lay;
 Thy new creating work is still
 By that same Spirit wrought;
 And, of Thy grace and sovereign will,
 Life to the dead is brought.

- 2 We praise Thee, wheresoe'er Thy hand
Its wondrous power displays ;
The dead in sin, in life now stand,
To walk in holy ways ;
Thy Spirit from on high descends,
The heart His impulse feels,
By Him constrained, the stubborn
bends,
When He thy love reveals.
- 3 He brings the knowledge of the Son,
In whom Thy glories shine ;
And quickened souls by this are won,
And own the work divine ;
We praise Thee for His wondrous power,
Whose help the feeblest share ;
And by whose grace, like freshening
shower,
Some fruit the heart shall bear.
- 4 We praise Thee for His patient grace,
Who Jesus still reveals,
Who makes our heart His dwelling
place,
And thus for glory seals ;
Led by His presence, all our way
Is light, with hope divine ;
And He, our Comforter, will stay
Till in Thy light we shine.

218

Tune—UXBRIDGE.

L. M.

“Now we have received, not the Spirit of the world, but the Spirit which is of God: that we might know the things that are freely given to us of God.”

I Cor. ii. 12.

ETERNAL Spirit, we confess
 And sing the wonders of thy grace ;
 Thy power conveys our blessings down
 From God the Father and the Son.

- 2 Enlightened by thy heavenly ray,
 Our shades and darkness turn to day ;
 Thine inward teachings make us know
 Our danger and our refuge, too.
- 3 Thy power and glory work within,
 And break the chains of reigning sin ;
 All our imperious lusts subdue,
 And form our wretched hearts anew.
- 4 The troubled conscience knows thy
 voice,
 Thy cheering words awake our joys ;
 Thy words allay the stormy wind,
 And calm the surges of the mind.

219 *Tune*—ORTONVILLE. C. M.

“Know ye not that ye are the temple of God
and that the Spirit of God dwelleth in you?”

I Cor. iii. 16.

FOREVER blessed be the Lord,
My Saviour and my shield!
He sends his Spirit with his word,
To arm me for the field.

2 When sin and hell their force unite,
He makes my soul his care;
Instructs me in the heav'nly fight,
And guards me through the war.

3 A friend and helper so divine
My fainting hope shall raise;
He makes the glorious vict'ry mine,
And his shall be the praise.

220 *Tune*—PAOLI. S. P. M.

“In whom also, after that ye believed, ye were
sealed with the Holy Spirit of promise.”

Eph i. 13.

LORD Jesus, glorified,
At God the Father's side,
From Thee the Holy Ghost hath come;
Seal of Thy sacrifice,
Accepted in the skies,
Seal of our peace, guide to our home.

- 2 Blest Comforter! we know
 His presence, as we go,
 With wary feet, earth's snares among;
 The stranger's voice refuse,
 And still the old paths choose,
 Led by His light our way along.
- 3 He by His might within
 Gives victory over sin,
 And Satan's wiles to see and shun;
 He draws from founts above
 Such earnest sweets of love,
 'Tis heaven's own fellowship begun.
- 4 He makes the weak His care,
 Inclines the strong to bear,
 The members fitly joins in one;
 Knit in one bond of love,
 Knit to the Head above,
 Flesh of His flesh, bone of His bone.

221 *Tune*—CARMELHILL. L. C. M.

"Now He which stablisheth us with you in Christ, and hath anointed us, is God; who hath also sealed us, and given the earnest of the Spirit in our hearts."

2 Cor. i. 21, 22.

OUR Father! we adore and praise
 Thy name, for all thy wondrous
 grace
 To us in Jesus shown;

For all the gifts and blessings shed
From Christ, our Saviour, Lord and
Head,
Exalted to thy throne.

2 The promised Comforter bestowed,
Now dwells in all the sons of God,
And seals them thus Thine own;
Through Him we "Abba, Father," cry,
With filial love to Thee draw nigh,
And worship at Thy throne.

3 Oh! grant renewings of His grace,
That all Thy glory in the face
Of Jesus we may see;
And, as with unveiled face we view
That glory, to His image true
We may conformed be.

4 Now may He take of Christ's, and
show,
Till love, and joy, and praise o'erflow,
In each renewed heart;
There may He shed abroad Thy love,
And there, ungrieved, Thy Holy Dove
His heavenly peace impart.

222 *Tune*—HEBER. C. M.

“Grieve not the Holy Spirit of God, whereby ye
are sealed unto the day of redemption.”

Eph. iv. 30.

THE Dove that once on Jesus sat
Can now with us abide,
Revealing God the Father’s face
In Jesus glorified.

2 Take heed, my soul, and watch and
pray,
Lest thou the Spirit grieve,
Who makes thee know the Father’s
love,
And in the Son believe.

3 Hail Father, Son and Holy Ghost,
In love and council one;
This threefold cord, this rock is ours,
How shall we be undone?

223 *Tune*—DUNDEE. C. M.

“And hereby we know that He abideth in us,
by the Spirit which he hath given us.”

I John iii. 24.

THE Holy Spirit of our God,
Descending from above,
Now fills the heart, through Jesus’
blood,
With faith and hope and love.

- 2 He comforteth the heavy heart,
 By sin and grief oppressed ;
 He to the dead doth life impart,
 And to the weary rest.
- 3 His sweet communion charms the soul,
 And gives true peace and joy ;
 Which Satan's power can ne'er control,
 Nor all his wiles destroy.

224*Tune*—NUNDA. L. M. D.

"The Comforter, which is the Holy Ghost, whom the Father will send in my name, He shall teach you all things, and bring all things to your remembrance, whatsoever I have said unto you."

John xiv. 26.

WE are not left to walk alone,
 The Spirit of our God hath come,
 Forever with us to abide,
 Our Teacher, Comforter and Guide.
 Thus, with His gracious presence blest,
 We press toward our heavenly rest ;
 Hasting the dreary desert through,
 With our eternal home in view.

- 2 Jesus, the Father's only Son,
 Jesus, His own beloved One,
 Jesus, now seated at His side,
 Hath claimed us for His own, His
 bride.

Of Him and His the Spirit tells,
 Upon His love He sweetly dwells;
 And, while we listen to His voice,
 We wonder, worship and rejoice.

- 3 He teaches us the Father's grace,
 Reveals to us the Saviour's face,
 And doth to all our hearts declare
 The glory it is ours to share.
 Our every sorrow be forgot,
 The joys of earth be heeded not;
 The Comforter is come, and we
 Shall soon with our Beloved be.

225 *Tune*—WESLEY. S. M. D.

“When the Comforter is come, whom I will send
 unto you from the Father, even the Spirit of
 truth, which proceedeth from the Father, He
 shall testify of me.”

John xv. 26.

OUR Father and our God!
 We bless Thy sacred name;
 The promises to us fulfilled,
 Thy faithfulness proclaim;
 Through Jesus glorified,
 The Holy Ghost hath come,
 To raise, within Thy children's breast,
 The earnest of their home.

- 2 The treasures, that are found
 In Jesus, He displays:
 He wins our hearts by Jesus' love,
 To love of Jesus' ways;

And by His power constrained,
 The witness round we give
 Of Jesus and His sacrifice,
 Through whom the dead may live.

- 3 He by Thy faithful word,
 Sheds on our pathway light ;
 And He upon Thy people's hearts
 That holy word doth write.
 The promises to us become
 To us a portion sure ;
 And, in the hope of things to come,
 We by His might endure.

226

Tune—EVAN.

C. M.

"The Spirit itself beareth witness with our
 spirit, that we are the children of God."

Rom. viii. 16.

O LORD, we lean upon Thy breast,
 The sure repose of faith,
 Finding our soul's enduring rest
 In what Thy Spirit saith.

- 2 He witnessed to the constant guilt
 That marked the path we trod ;
 He witnessed that Thy blood was spilt
 To bring us near to God.
- 3 He turned our eyes to Thee above,
 He showed us our release ;
 He brought the message from the
 throne
 Of mercy, grace and peace.

- 4 In songs of praise we will record
 These mercies, while we live ;
 And, in Thy presence, gracious Lord,
 To Thee all glory give.

227 *Tune*—MARX. 8s, 8s & 7s.

“All these worketh that one and the self-same Spirit, dividing to every man severally as He will.”

I Cor. xii. 2.

WHAT a precious boon from heaven
 In the Comforter is given,
 As the Guardian of the soul!
 Through His influence, believing,
 Light and love and joy receiving,
 Now we feel His blest control!

- 2 Yes, 'tis He that safely leads us ;
 With the Bread of Heaven he feeds us ;
 Chases darkness from the mind ;
 Makes the things of Jesus clearer,
 Brings the scenes of heaven nearer,
 With an influence ever kind.
- 3 O how tenderly He loves us !
 O how gently He reproves us !
 Ever watchful, ever true.
 Of infirmities He heals us,
 By His witnessing He seals us—
 Bears us on life's journey through.

- 4 He is near in hours of gladness,
 He is near in times of sadness,
 As a sympathizing Friend.
 When the heart with grief is breaking,
 He is calmly, kindly speaking,
 Till heaven's joys their solace send.

228 *Tune*—BALERMA. C. M.

“Ye have received the Spirit of adoption.”

Rom. viii. 15.

THE Holy Comforter has come—
 We know his presence here—
 Our hearts would now no longer roam,
 But bow in filial fear.

- 2 This breathing tenderness of love,
 This hush of solemn power ;
 'Tis heaven descending from above,
 To fill this favor'd hour.
- 3 How excellent the truth appears,
 How sweet the song we raise !
 E'en grief sits smiling in her tears,
 And lifts her soul in praise.
- 4 No more let sin our hearts deceive,
 Nor earthly cares betray,
 Lest we the Comforter should grieve
 Who deigns with us to stay.

229

Tune—WINDHAM.

L. M.

“Except a man be born of water and of the Spirit, He can not enter into the kingdom of God.”

John iii. 5.

LOOK down, O Lord, with pitying
eye,
See Adam's race in ruin lie ;
Sin spreads its trophies o'er the ground,
And scatters slaughtered heaps around.

2 And can these mouldering corpses live ?
And can these perished bones revive ?
That mighty God, to Thee is known :
That wondrous work is all Thine own.

3 Thy ministers are sent in vain
To prophesy upon the slain ;
In vain they call, in vain they cry,
Till Thine almighty aid is nigh.

4 But if Thy Spirit deign to breathe,
Life spreads through all the realms of
death,
Dry bones obey Thy powerful voice ;
They move, they waken, they rejoice.

230 *Tune*—ST. MARTIN'S C. M.

“When He the Spirit of truth is come, He will
guide you into all truth.”

John xvi. 13.

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

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

231

Tune—NAOMI.

C. M.

"Quench not the Spirit."

I Thess. v. 19.

Q UENCH not the Spirit of the
 Lord,
 The Holy One from heav'n;
 The Comforter, belov'd, ador'd,
 To man in mercy giv'n.

- 2 Quench not the Spirit of the Lord:
 He will not always strive:
 O tremble at that awful word;
 Sinner! awake and live.
- 3 Quench not the Spirit of the Lord,
 It is thine only hope:
 O let his aid be now implor'd;
 Let pray'r be lifted up.
- 4 Grieve not the Spirit of the Lord,
 Heirs of redeeming grace;
 With grateful hearts his love record,
 Whose presence fills the place.

232

Tune—ROCHESTER.

C. M.

"Now the God of hope fill you with all joy and
 peace in believing, that ye may abound in
 hope, through the power of the Holy Ghost."

Rom. xv. 13.

O H, Holy Spirit, Heavenly Dove,
 With all thy quickening powers,
 Revive a flame of sacred love
 In these cold hearts of ours.

- 2 Look, how we grovel here below,
Fond of these trifling toys!
Our souls can neither fly nor go
To reach eternal joys.
- 3 In vain we tune our formal songs;
In vain we strive to rise:
Hosannas languish on our tongues,
And our devotion dies.
- 4 Dear Lord! and shall we ever live
At this poor dying rate?
Our love so faint, so cold to thee,
And thine to us so great?
- 5 Work Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With all thy quickening powers!
Now shed abroad a Saviour's love,
And that shall kindle ours.

The Believer's Standing.

233 *Tune*—ATHENS. C. M. D.

“By whom also we have access by faith into this grace wherein we stand, and rejoice in hope of the glory of God.”

Rom. v. 2.

1 I STAND ; but not as once I did,
 Beneath my load of guilt ;
 The blessed Jesus bore it all—
 For me His blood was spilt.
 Oh ! bless the Lord ! Exalt his name !
 He gave himself for me ;
 He died upon Mount Calvary's cross,
 To set poor sinners free.

2 I stand ; but not on Calvary's Mount,
 With arms around the cross ;
 I have been there, and left behind
 Earth's pleasures, joys and dross.
 Oh ! bless the Lord ! I do believe
 That Jesus died for sin ;
 That on the cross He shed his blood,
 To make poor sinners clean.

- 3 I stand; but not beside the grave
 Where once my Lord did lie;
 The cross and grave are left behind,
 And Christ is gone on high.
 Oh! bless the Lord! He buried sin!
 He left it in the grave;
 And He has proved himself The Strong,
 Who died and rose to save.
- 4 I stand; e'en now where He appears,
 In union with my Lord;
 In Him I'm saved. O wondrous
 thought!
 I read it in His word.
 Oh! bless the Lord! with Him I'm one,
 In Him we are complete;
 We live by faith! but soon in sight
 Our coming Christ we'll greet.

234 *Tune*—NEAH. S. M. D.

“Now in Christ Jesus, ye who sometime were
 far off, are made nigh by the blood of Christ;
 for He is our peace.”

Eph. ii. 13.

I HEAR the words of love;
 I gaze upon the blood;
 I see the mighty sacrifice,
 And I have peace with God.
 'Tis everlasting peace,
 Sure as Jehovah's name;
 'Tis stable as His steadfast throne—
 For evermore the same.

2 My love is oftentimes low ;
 My joy still ebbs and flows ;
 But peace with Him remains the same :
 No change Jehovah knows.
 I change—He changes not ;
 Our Christ can never die ;
 His truth—not mine—the resting place ;
 His love—not mine—the tie.

3 And yonder is my peace—
 The grave of all my woes ;
 I know the Son of God has come—
 I know He died and rose.
 I know He liveth now
 In yonder heaven of love ;
 And He will quickly come again
 To carry me above.

235 *Tune*—BEALOTH. S. M. D.

“Their sins and their iniquities will I remember
 no more.”

Heb. viii. 12.

I HEAR the accuser roar
 Of ills that I have done :
 I know them well and thousands more :
 Jehovah findeth none.
 Sin, Satan, death, press near
 To harass and appall :
 Let but my bleeding Lord appear,
 Backward they go and fall.

- 2 Before, behind, around,
 They set their fierce array,
 To fight and force me from my ground
 Along Immanuel's way.
 I meet them face to face,
 'Through Jesus' conquest blest,
 March in the triumph of His grace,
 Right onward to my rest.
- 3 There, in His book, I bear
 More than a conqueror's name,
 A soldier, son and fellow-heir
 Who fought and overcame.
 His be the victor's name
 Who fought the fight alone:
 Triumphant saints no honor claim,
 His conquest was their own.

236 *Tune*—ARLINGTON. C. M.

“There is, therefore, now no condemnation to
 them which are in Christ Jesus.”

ROM. viii. 1.

- “NO condemnation!”—O my soul,
 'Tis God that speaks the word;
 Perfect in comeliness art thou
 In Christ thy risen Lord.
- 2 In heaven His blood for ever speaks
 In God the Father's ear;
 His church the jewels on His heart
 Jesus will ever bear.

- 3 "No condemnation!" precious word!
 Consider it, my soul;
 Thy sins were all on Jesus laid,
 His stripes have made thee whole.
- 4 Teach us, O God, to fix our eyes
 On Christ the spotless Lamb;
 So shall we love Thy gracious will
 And glorify Thy name.

237 *Tune*—LATOUR. C. M.

"Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace, whose
 mind is stayed on thee."

Isa. xxvi. 3.

A MIND at "perfect peace" with
 God—

- Oh, what a word is this!
 A sinner reconciled through blood—
 This, this, indeed, is peace!
- 2 By nature and by practice far—
 How very far from God!
 Yet now by grace brought nigh to him,
 Through faith in Jesus' blood.
- 3 So nigh, so very nigh to God,
 I can not nearer be;
 For in the person of His Son,
 I am as near as he.
- 4 So dear, so very dear to God,
 More dear I can not be;
 The love wherewith he loves the Son—
 Such is his love to me!

- 5 Why should I ever careful be,
 Since such a God is mine?
 He watches o'er me night and day,
 And tells me "mine is thine."

238 *Tune*—REST. L. M.

"Thou art all fair, my love; there is no spot in
 thee"

Song of Sol. iv. 7.

- J**UST as Thou art—how wondrous
 fair,
 Lord Jesus, all Thy members are!
 A life divine to them is given—
 A long inheritance in heaven.
- 2 Just as I was I came to Thee,
 An heir of wrath and misery;
 Just as Thou art before the Throne,
 I stand in righteousness Thine own.
- 3 Just as Thou art—how wondrous free:
 Loosed by the sorrows of the tree:
 Jesus! the curse, the wrath were Thine,
 To give Thy saints this life divine.
- 4 Just as Thou art—nor doubt, nor fear,
 Can with Thy spotlessness appear;
 O timeless love! as Thee, I'm seen
 The "righteousness of God in Him."
- 5 Just as Thou art—Thou Lamb divine!
 Life, light and holiness are Thine:
 Thyself their endless source I see,
 And they the life of God in me.

6 Just as Thou art—O blissful ray
That turned my darkness into day!
That woke me from my death of sin,
To know my perfectness in Him.

239 *Tune*—HEBER. C. M.

“Both He that sanctifieth and they who are
sanctified are all of one: for which cause He
is not ashamed to call them brethren.”

Heb. ii. 11.

LORD Jesus, are we one with Thee?
O height, O depth of love!
With Thee we died upon the tree
In Thee we live above.

2 Such was Thy grace that for our sake
Thou didst from Heav'n come down,
Our mortal flesh and blood partake,
In all our misery one.

3 Our sins, our guilt, in love divine
Confessed and borne by Thee;
The gall, the curse, the wrath were
Thine,
To set Thy members free.

4 Ascended now, in glory bright,
Still one with us Thou art;
Nor life, nor death, nor depth, nor
height
Thy saints and Thee can part.

- 5 O teach us, Lord, to know and own
 This wondrous mystery :
 That Thou art truly one with us,
 And we are one with Thee.
- 5 Soon, soon shall come that glorious day
 When, seated on Thy throne,
 Thou shalt to wondering worlds display
 That Thou with us art one.

240 *Tune*—SOLID ROCK. L. M.

“Thou wilt cast all their sins into the depths of
 the sea.”

Mic. vii. 19.

- O H, glorious grace ! nor spot, nor stain,
 Is seen on God's adopted child ;
 Jesus, who died and rose again,
 The holy, harmless, undefiled,
 For us, within the holiest gone,
 Now stands before the Father's throne.
- 2 My Saviour died upon the tree,
 And sank for me beneath the flood !
 My sins are cast into the sea
 Of love, of sorrow and of blood ;
 Perfect in Jesus' sacrifice,
 My sins against me ne'er shall rise.
- 3 My God, I give Thee of Thine own,
 A heart by Jesus' cross subdued ;
 Polluted once, a heart of stone,
 By Thy good Spirit now renewed ;
 Oh ! may it, by that Spirit, be
 Kept as a temple pure for Thee.

241 *Tune*—WATCHER. 7s & 6s.

“Who His own self bare our sins in His own
body on the tree.”

I Pet. ii. 24.

I LAY my sins on Jesus,
The spotless Lamb of God;
He bears them all, and frees us
From the accursed load:
I bring my guilt to Jesus,
To wash my crimson stains
White in His blood most precious,
Till not a spot remains.

2 I lay my wants on Jesus—
All fullness dwells in Him;
He healeth my diseases,
He doth my soul redeem:
I lay my griefs on Jesus,
My burdens and my cares;
He from them all releases,
He all my sorrow shares.

3 I long to be like Jesus,
Meek, loving, lowly, mild;
I long to be like Jesus,
The Father's holy Child:
I long to be with Jesus
Amid the heavenly throng,
To sing with saints His praises,
And learn the angel's song.

242 *Tune*—WALES. 8s & 4s.

“Having therefore, brethren, boldness to enter into the holiest by the blood of Jesus—Wherefore Jesus also, that He might sanctify the people with His own blood, suffered without the gate.”

Heb. x. 19; xiii. 12.

THROUGH Thy precious body
broken

Inside the Vail.

Oh, what words to sinners spoken—

Inside the Vail.

Precious, as the blood that bought us ;

Perfect, as the love that sought us ;

Holy, as the Lamb that brought us,

Inside the Vail.

2 When we see Thy love unshaken,

Outside the Camp.

Scorn'd by man, by God forsaken,

Outside the Camp.

Thy lov'd cross alone can charm us ;

Shame doth now no more alarm us ;

Glad we follow, nought can harm us,

Outside the Camp.

3 Lamb of God, through Thee we enter

Inside the Vail.

Cleansed by Thee, we boldly venture

Inside the Vail.

Not a stain ; a new creation ;
 Ours is such a full salvation ;
 Low we bow in adoration,
 Inside the Vail.

4 Unto Thee, the homeless stranger,
 Outside the Camp,
 Forth we hasten, fear no danger,
 Outside the Camp.
 Thy reproach, far richer treasure
 Than all Egypt's boasted pleasure ;
 Drawn by love that knows no measure,
 Outside the Camp.

5 Soon Thy saints shall all be gather'd
 Inside the Vail.
 All at home—no more be scatter'd—
 Inside the Vail.
 Nought from Thee our hearts shall
 sever ;
 We shall see Thee, grieve Thee never ;
 " Praise the Lamb ! " shall sound for
 ever,
 Inside the Vail.

243 *Tune*—DEPARTURE. P. M.

" Rest in the Lord, and wait patiently for Him."

Ps. xxxvii. 7.

JESUS, I rest in thee,
 In thee myself I hide ;
 Laden with guilt and misery,

Where can I rest beside?
 'Tis on thy meek and lowly breast
 My weary soul alone I rest.

2 Thou Holy One of God,
 The Father rests in thee:
 And in the savor of that blood,
 Which speaks to him for me,
 The curse is gone—through thee I'm
 blest;
 God rests in thee—in thee I rest.

3 The slave of sin and fear,
 The truth my bondage broke;
 My happy spirit loves to wear
 Thy light and easy yoke;
 Thy love which fills my grateful breast,
 Makes duty joy, and labor rest.

4 Soon the bright glorious day,
 The rest of God shall come,
 Sorrow and sin shall pass away,
 And I shall reach my home;
 There of the promised land possess'd,
 My soul shall know eternal rest.

244 *Tune*—SWITZER. 8s & 7s.

“Thou wast slain, and hast redeemed us to God
by Thy blood out of every kindred, and tongue,
and people, and nation; and hast made us
unto our God kings and priests: and we shall
reign on the earth.”

Rev. v. 9, 10.

MANY sons to glory bringing,
God shows forth his heavenly name:
On we march, in chorus singing,
“Worthy the ascended Lamb!”

- 2 God who gave his Son to save us—
God looks down in perfect love;
Clouds may seem to pass between us—
There's no change in Him above.
- 3 Though the restless foe accuses,
Sins recounting like a flood,
Every charge our God refuses:
Christ hath answer'd with his blood.
- 4 In the refuge God provided
(Though the world's destruction
lowers)
We are safe: to Christ confided,
Everlasting life is ours.
- 5 And, ere long, when come to glory,
We shall sing a well known strain,
This—the never-ending story,
“Worthy is the Lamb once slain!”

245 *Tune*—ANVERN. L. M.

“Ye are complete in Him.”

Col. ii. 10.

COMPLETE in thee, no work of
mine

May take, dear Lord, the place of
thine;

Thy blood has pardon bought for me,
And I am now complete in thee.

2 Complete in thee—no more shall sin,
Thy grace has conquered, reign within;
Thy voice will bid the tempter flee,
And I shall stand complete in thee.

3 Complete in thee—each want supplied,
And no good thing to me denied,
Since thou my portion, Lord, wilt be,
I ask no more—complete in thee.

4 Complete in thee, forever blest,
Of all thy fulness, Lord, possessed,
Thy praise throughout eternity—
Thy love I'll sing, complete in thee.

246 *Tune*—WAREHAM. C. M.

“He was wounded for our transgressions; He
was bruised for our iniquities: the chastise-
ment of our peace was upon Him; and with
His stripes we are healed.”

Isa. liii. 5.

JESUS, what burdens bowed thy head,
Our load was laid on thee;
Thou stoodest in the sinner's stead,

- To bear all ill for me ;
 A victim led, thy blood was shed,
 Now there's no load for me.
- 2 Death and the curse were in our cup—
 Jesus! 'twas full for thee ;
 But thou hast drained the last dark drop,
 'Tis empty now for me.
 That bitter cup, love drank it up,
 Now, life and peace for me.
- 3 Jehovah lifted up his rod,
 Jesus! it fell on thee!
 Thou wast sore stricken of thy God—
 There's not one stroke for me ;
 Thy tears, thy blood, beneath it flowed—
 Thy bruising healeth me.
- 4 The tempest's awful voice was heard—
 Jesus! it broke on thee!
 Thy open bosom was my ward,
 It braved the storm for me ;
 Thy form was scarr'd, thy visage marr'd,
 Now cloudless peace for me.

247 *Tune*—DETROIT. S. M.

“He that is joined unto the Lord is one Spirit.”

I Cor. vi. 17.

“ONE spirit with the Lord ;”
 O blessed, wondrous word!
 What heavenly light, what power
 divine,
 Doth that sweet word afford!

- 2 "One spirit with the Lord ;"
The Father's smile of love
Rests ever on the members here,
As on the Head above.
- 3 "One spirit with the Lord ;"
Jesus, the glorified,
Esteems the church for which He bled,
His body and His bride.
- 4 And though by storms assail'd,
And though by trials press'd,
Jesus, our Lord, will bear us up
Right onward to the rest.
- 5 There we shall drink the stream
Of endless bliss above ;
There we shall know, without a cloud,
His full unbounded love.

248 *Tune*—MILLENNIUM SONG. 7s & 6s.

"He hath made with me an everlasting covenant, ordered in all things and sure: for this is all my salvation and all my desire."

2 Sam. xxiii. 5.

OUR God is our salvation,
Our refuge in distress,
What earthly tribulation
Can shake our steadfast peace ?
The ground of our profession
Is Jesus and His blood ;
He gives us the possession
Of everlasting good.

- 2 We know no condemnation,
 No law that speaks despair!
 And Satan's accusation,
 With Christ, we need not fear.
 For us there is provided
 A city fair and new,
 To it we shall be guided—
 Jerusalem's in view!
- 3 Our portion there is lying,
 A destined heavenly lot;
 And though we're daily dying,
 Our portion withers not.
 The heart within us leapeth,
 And can not down be cast,
 Since with our God it keepeth
 Its never-ending feast.

249 *Tune*—LEADER. 8s, 7s & 4s.

“Having forgiven you all trespasses; blotting out the hand-writing of ordinances that was against us, which was contrary to us, and took it out of the way, nailing it to His cross.”

Col. ii. 14.

O H! what life and benediction
 All around the cross I see!
 Death and sin in crucifixion—
 Hell impaled upon the tree.
 Heir of glory!
 Wondrous work for thee, for me!

- 2 From the grave I see a glory,
 Oft it lights my anxious eye,
 There I read the blissful story
 Of a life no more to die :
 And believing,
 See my portion in the sky.
- 3 Within the vail I see a splendor
 Resting on the Lord divine,
 Telling me that every member
 Ransom'd from the ills of time,
 Will for ever
 In His glorious likeness shine.
- 4 Heir of glory ! incorruption
 Never can be lost to thee,
 Since He made a full destruction
 Of thy sins upon the tree.
 Heir of glory !
 What a hope for thee and me !

250 *Tune*—SILVER STREET. S. M.

“That by two immutable things, in which it was impossible for God to lie, we might have a strong consolation, who have fled for refuge to lay hold upon the hope before us.”

Heb. vi. 18.

WHY should I sorrow more !
 I trust a Saviour slain,
 And safe beneath His sheltering cross,
 Unmoved I shall remain.

- 2 Let Satan and the world
Now rage or now allure;
The promises in Christ are made
Immutable and sure.
- 3 The oath infallible
Is now my spirit's trust;
I know that He who spake the word,
Is faithful, true and just.
- 4 He'll bring me on my way
Unto my journey's end;
He'll be my Father and my God,
My Saviour and my Friend.
- 5 So all my doubts and fears
Shall wholly flee away,
And every mournful night of tears
Be turn'd to joyous day.
- 6 All that remains for me
Is but to love and sing,
And wait until the angels come
To bear me to the King.

251 *Tune*—VARINA. C. M.

“Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.”

Matt. xi. 28.

I HEARD the voice of Jesus say,
Come unto me and rest;
Lay down, thou weary one, lay down
Thy head upon my breast.

I came to Jesus as I was,
 Weary, and worn, and sad,
 I found in Him a resting place,
 And He has made me glad.

- 2 I heard the voice of Jesus say,
 Behold, I freely give
 The living water : thirsty one,
 Stoop down, and drink, and live.
 I came to Jesus and I drank
 Of that life-giving stream ;
 My thirst was quenched, my soul re-
 vived,
 And now I live in Him.

- 3 I heard the voice of Jesus say,
 I am this dark world's light—
 Look unto me, thy morn shall rise,
 And all thy day be bright :
 I looked to Jesus and I found
 In Him my Star, my Sun ;
 And in that light of life I'll walk,
 Till traveling days are done.

- 4 I heard the voice of Jesus say,
 My Father's house above
 Has many mansions : I've a place
 Prepared for you in love.
 I trust in Jesus—in that house,
 According to His word,
 Redeemed by grace, my soul shall live
 For ever with the Lord.

252

Tune—BEALOTH.

S. M.

“All we like sheep have gone astray; we have turned every one to his own way; and the Lord hath laid on Him the iniquity of us all.”

Isa. liii. 6.

I WAS a wandering sheep,
 I did not love the fold;
 I did not love my Shepherd's voice,
 I would not be controlled;
 I was a wayward child,
 I did not love my home,
 I did not love my Father's voice,
 I loved afar to roam.

2 The Shepherd sought his sheep,
 The Father sought his child;
 They followed me o'er vale and hill,
 O'er deserts waste and wild;
 They found me nigh to death,
 Famished, and faint, and lone;
 They bound me with the bands of love,
 They saved the wandering one.

3 Jesus my Shepherd is,
 'Twas he that loved my soul,
 'Twas he that washed me in his blood,
 'Twas he that made me whole;
 'Twas he that sought the lost,
 That found the wandering sheep,
 'Twas he that brought me to the fold,
 'Tis he that still doth keep.

- 4 No more a wandering sheep,
 I love to be controlled,
 I love my tender Shepherd's voice,
 I love the peaceful fold ;
 No more a wayward child,
 I seek no more to roam,
 I love my heavenly Father's voice,
 I love, I love his home.

253 *Tune*—DELIVERANCE. 8s, 7s & 4s.

“Fear not little flock; for it is your Father's
 good pleasure to give you the kingdom.”

Luke xii. 32.

- H**APPY they who trust in Jesus,
 Sweet their portion is and sure ;
 When the foe on others seizes,
 He will keep His own secure ;
 Happy people !
 Happy, though despised and poor.
- 2 Since His love and mercy found you,
 Ye are precious in His sight ;
 Thousands now may fall around you,
 Thousands more be put to flight ;
 But His presence
 Keeps you safe by day and night.
- 3 Lo ! your Saviour never slumbers,
 Ever watchful is His care ;
 Though ye can not boast of numbers,
 In His strength secure ye are ;
 Sweet their portion,
 Who our Saviour's kindness share.

254 *Tune*—SHIRLAND. S. M.

“We are in Him that is true, even in His Son
Jesus Christ.”

I John v. 20.

SINCE Christ and we are one,
What room for doubt or fear?
He sits upon the Father's throne,
And we are in Him there.

2 The Spirit doth unite
Our souls to Him our Head,
And form us to His image bright
While in His steps we tread.

3 And grace it is—free grace—
Which keeps us on the road,
Till we behold the Saviour's face,
And city of our God.

255 *Tune*—MISSIONARY CHANT. L. M.

“To whom coming as unto a living stone, disal-
lowed indeed of men, but chosen of God, and
precious, ye also, as lively stones, are built
up a spiritual house, a holy priesthood.”

I Pet. ii. 4, 5.

ON Christ, salvation rests secure;
The Rock of Ages must endure;
Nor can that faith be overthrown
Which rests upon the “Living Stone.”

- 2 No other hope shall intervene :
 To Him we look, on Him we lean :
 Other foundations we disown,
 And build on Christ, the "Living
 Stone."
- 3 In Him, it is ordain'd to raise
 A temple to Jehovah's praise,
 Composed of all the saints, who own
 No Saviour but the "Living Stone."
- 4 View the vast building, see it rise ;
 The work how great ! the plan how
 wise !
 O wondrous fabric ! power unknown !
 That rears it on the "Living Stone."
- 5 But most adore His precious name ;
 His glory and His grace proclaim :
 For us, condemn'd, despised, undone,
 He gave Himself, the "Living Stone."

256 *Tune*—UXBRIDGE L. M.

"I will greatly rejoice in the Lord, my soul shall be joyful in my God; for He hath clothed me with the garments of salvation, He hath covered me with the robe of righteousness."

Isa. lxi. 10.

JESUS, thy blood and righteousness
 My beauty are, my glorious dress ;
 'Midst flaming worlds, in these array'd,
 With joy shall I lift up my head.

- 2 Bold shall I stand in that great day,
 For who aught to my charge shall lay,
 While by thy blood absolved I am
 From sin's tremendous curse and shame?
- 3 This spotless robe the same appears,
 When ruin'd nature sinks in years;
 No age can change its glorious hue,
 The robe of Christ is ever new.
- 4 Lord, let the dead now hear thy voice,
 And bid thy chosen ones rejoice,
 Their beauty this, their glorious dress,
 Jesus, "the Lord our Righteousness."

257 *Tune*—GENEVA. C. M.

"For ye died and your life is hid with Christ in
 God."

Col. iii. 3.

- L**ET us rejoice in Christ the Lord,
 Who claims us for his own;
 The hope that's built upon his word
 Can ne'er be overthrown.
- 2 Though many foes beset us round,
 And feeble is our arm,
 Our life is hid with Christ in God,
 Beyond the reach of harm.
- 3 Weak as we are, we shall not faint,
 Or, fainting, can not fail;
 Jesus, the strength of every saint,
 Must in the end prevail.

4 Though now he's unperceived by sense,
 Faith sees him always near :
 A guide, a glory, a defense,
 To save from every fear.

5 As surely as he overcame,
 And conquer'd death and sin ;
 So surely those who trust his name,
 Will all his triumph win.

258 *Tune*—MERIBAH. L. C. M.

“For verily He taketh not hold of angels, but
 of the seed of Abraham He taketh hold.”

Heb. ii. 16.

A SINNER saved through Jesus'
 blood—

How very near he is to God !
 To him give angels place :
 He has a right they have not known—
 He is an heir with Christ the Son,
 Through His redeeming grace.

2 Oh, 'tis not Gabriel's place I gain !
 Far nobler heights do I attain,
 Through my atoning Priest :
 Had I an angel's holiness,
 I'd throw away that beauteous dress,
 And wrap me up in Christ.

3 I glory in the sinner's name ;
 Since Christ has put away its shame,
 Its honor is His own :

Nor would I change my blissful state,
 With radiant seraphs, as they wait
 Before the burning throne.

259 *Tune*—SILOAM. C. M.

“Go out into highways and hedges, and compel
 them to come in, that my house may be filled.”

Luke xiv. 23.

HOW sweet and sacred is the place
 With Christ, within those doors
 Where everlasting Love displays
 The choicest of her stores.

- 2 There every heart in happy song
 Is drawn to praise the feast,
 While each would cry with thankful
 tongue,
 “Lord, why am I a guest?”
- 3 “Why was I made to hear thy voice,
 “To enter while there’s room,
 “While thousands make the wretched
 choice,
 “And rather starve than come?”
- 4 ’Twas the same love that spread the
 feast,
 That sweetly forced me in;
 Else I had still refused to taste,
 And perish’d in my sin.

260 *Tune*—HAPPY DAY. L. M.

“Giving thanks unto the Father, which hath made us meet to be partakers of the inheritance of the saints in light.”

Col. i. 12.

- O** HAPPY soul, whose every sin
 Is put away by Jesus' blood ;
 All spotless, clean and pure within,
 Made fit to meet a holy God.
- 2 O happy soul, to whom the Lord
 Will not impute a guilty stain,
 Who sees by faith his sins transferred
 To Christ, the Lamb who once was
 slain.
- 3 He knows himself a wretch undone,
 Unworthy of a Saviour's love,
 Yet rests on Jesus Christ alone,
 And hopes to reign with Him above.
- 4 Though tempests may around him rise,
 He sees, with calm untroubled face,
 The wildest storm, the darkest skies,
 For Jesus is his hiding-place,
- 5 His Guide, his Guard, his All in all,
 His joy in health and sickness, too ;
 Who raised him from the lowest fall,
 And will in safety bring him through.

261

Tune—DARLEY.

L. M.

“I am persuaded that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate us from the love of God which is in Christ Jesus our Lord.”

Rom. viii. 38, 39.

WHO, then, shall God's elect condemn,

Since Jesus for their ransom died?
Rising, he intercedes for them,
And they in him are justified.

- 2 Not tribulation, nakedness,
The famine, peril or the sword,
Nor persecution, nor distress,
Shall separate from Christ the Lord.
- 3 Nor life, nor death, nor depth, nor height,
Nor powers below, nor powers above,
Nor present things, nor things to come,
Can change his purposes of love.
- 4 His sovereign mercy knows no bounds,
His faithfulness shall still endure;
And those who on his word rely,
Shall find this truth for ever sure.

262

Tune—Joy.

C. M. D.

“Blessed be the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, which according to His abundant mercy hath begotten us again unto a lively hope by the resurrection of Jesus Christ from the dead, to an inheritance incorruptible and undefiled, and that fadeth not away, reserved in heaven for you.”

I Pet. i. 3, 4.

HOW happy every child of grace!
 His sins are all forgiven;
 This earth, he cries, is not my place,
 My happy home 's in heaven—
 A country far from mortal sight:
 Yet, oh! by faith, I see
 The place of rest, the saint's delight
 The heaven prepared for me.

2 A pilgrim in the world below,
 Stranger, I sojourn here;
 Nor need its happiness or woe
 Provoke a hope or fear:
 Its evils in a moment end—
 Its joys as soon are past:
 But all the bliss to which I tend
 Eternally shall last.

3 To that eternal rest above
 With songs I now repair;
 Though in the flesh—my hope, my love,
 My Lord, my Life, are there!

What is there here to court my stay,
 Or hold me back from home ?
 The Saviour beckons me away,
 Himself, He bids me come.

- 4 O what a blessed hope is ours,
 While here on earth we stay !
 We more than taste the heavenly
 powers,
 And antedate that day.
 Soon we in Jesus' praise shall join,
 His boundless love proclaim ;
 And solemnize in songs divine
 The marriage of the Lamb.

263 *Tune*—ANTIOCH. C. M.

“He that is washed needeth not save to wash
 his feet, but is clean every whit.”

John xiii. 10.

“PRAISE ye the Lord,” again, again,
 The Spirit strikes the chord ;
 Nor toucheth He our hearts in vain ;
 We praise, we praise the Lord.

- 2 “ Rejoice in Him,” again, again,
 The Spirit speaks the word ;
 And faith takes up the happy strain ;
 Our joy is in the Lord.

3 "Stand fast in Christ," ah! yet again,
 He teaches all the band;
 If human effort's all in vain,
 In Christ it is we stand.

4 "Clean every whit;" thou saidst it,
 Lord:
 Shall one suspicion lurk?
 Thine, surely, is a faithful word,
 And thine a finish'd work.

5 For ever be the glory given
 To thee, O Lamb of God!
 Our every joy on earth, in heaven,
 We owe it to thy blood.

264

Tune—MELODY.

C. M.

"By grace ye are saved."

Eph. ii. 5.

 **A**MAZING grace! how sweet the
 sound,

That saved a wretch like me!
 I once was lost, but now am found,
 Was blind, but now I see.

2 'Twas grace that taught my heart to
 fear,
 And grace my fears relieved;
 How precious did that grace appear,
 The hour I first believed!

- 3 Through many dangers, toils and snares,
I have already come;
'Tis grace has brought me safe thus far,
And grace will lead me home.
- 4 The Lord has promised good to me,
His word my hope secures;
He will my shield and portion be
As long as life endures.
- 5 And when this flesh and heart shall
fail,
And mortal life shall cease;
I shall possess, within the vail,
A life of joy and peace.
- 6 The earth shall soon dissolve like snow,
The sun forbear to shine;
But God who called me here below
Will be for ever mine.

265 *Tune*—SILVER STREET. S. M.

“Being justified freely by His grace through
the redemption that is in Christ Jesus.”
Rom. iii. 24.

- G**RACE! 'tis a charming sound!
Harmonious to the ear!
Heaven with the echo shall resound,
And all the earth shall hear.
- 2 Grace first contrived a way
To save rebellious man;
And all the steps that grace display,
Which drew the wondrous plan.

- 3 Grace led my roving feet
 To tread the heavenly road ;
 And new supplies each hour I meet
 While pressing on to God.
- 4 Grace all the work shall crown,
 Through everlasting days ;
 It lays in heaven the topmost stone,
 And well deserves the praise.

266 *Tune*—LABAN. S. M.

“The grace of God that bringeth salvation hath
 appeared to all men.”

Titus ii. 11.

- G**RACE is the sweetest sound
 That ever reach'd our ears ;
 When conscience charged, and justice
 frown'd,
 'Twas grace removed our fears.
- 2 'Tis freedom to the slave,
 'Tis light and liberty ;
 It takes its terror from the grave,
 'Tis joy and victory.
- 3 Grace is a mine of wealth
 Laid open to the poor ;
 Grace is the sovereign spring of health,
 'Tis life for evermore.

- 4 This grace, then, let us sing!
 (Oh, joyful, wondrous theme!)
 Who grace has brought, shall glory
 bring,
 And we shall reign with Him.
- 5 Then shall we see His face
 With all the saints above,
 And sing for ever of His grace,
 For ever of His love.

267 *Tune*—AZMON. C. M

“By the grace of God I am what I am.”

I Cor. xv. 10.

- A**LL that I was, my sin, my guilt,
 My death, was all mine own;
 All that I am, I owe to thee,
 My gracious God, alone.
- 2 The evil of my former state
 Was mine, and only mine;
 The good in which I now rejoice
 Is thine, and only thine.
- 3 The darkness of my former state,
 The bondage—all was mine;
 The light of life in which I walk,
 The liberty—is thine.
- 4 Thy grace that made me feel my sin,
 It taught me to believe;
 Then, in believing, peace I found,
 And now I live, I live.

- 5 All that I am, e'en here on earth,
 All that I hope to be,
 When Jesus comes and glory dawns,
 I owe it, Lord, to thee.

268 *Tune*—HARTEL. L. M.

“I am not ashamed of the Gospel of Christ, for it is the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth.”

Rom. i. 16.

JESUS, and shall it ever be,
 A mortal man ashamed of thee?
 Ashamed of thee, whom angels praise,
 Whose glories shine through endless
 days!

- 2 Ashamed of Jesus! sooner far
 Let evening blush to own a star;
 He sheds the beams of light divine,
 O'er this benighted soul of mine.
- 3 Ashamed of Jesus! just as soon
 Let midnight be ashamed of noon;
 'Tis midnight with my soul, till He,
 Bright Morning Star, bid darkness flee.
- 4 Ashamed of Jesus! that dear friend
 On whom my hopes of heaven depend!
 No, when I blush, be this my shame,
 That I no more revere his name.

- 5 Ashamed of Jesus ! yes, I may,
 When I've no guilt to wash away,
 No tear to wipe, no good to crave,
 No fears to quell, no soul to save.
- 6 Till then—nor is my boasting vain—
 Till then, I boast a Saviour slain :
 And O ! may this my glory be,
 That Christ is not ashamed of me.

269 *Tune*—NEW CAMBRIDGE. C. M.

“I am not ashamed, for I know whom I have believed, and am persuaded that He is able to keep that which I have committed unto Him against that day.”

2 Tim. i. 12.

- I'M not ashamed to own my Lord,
 Nor to defend his cause ;
 Maintain the honor of His word,
 The glory of His cross.
- 2 Jesus, my God ! I know His name—
 His name is all my trust ;
 Nor will He put my soul to shame,
 Nor let my hope be lost.
- 3 Firm as His throne His promise stands,
 And He can well secure
 What I've committed to His hands,
 Till the decisive hour.

- 4 Then will He own my worthless name
 Before His Father's face,
 And in the New Jerusalem
 Appoint my soul a place.

270 *Tune*—WOODSTOCK. C. M.

“Not by works of righteousness which we have
 done, but according to His mercy He saved us.”

Tit. iii. 5.

- N**OT for the works which we have
 done,
 Or shall hereafter do,
 Hath God decreed on sinful worms
 Salvation to bestow.
- 2 The glory, Lord, from first to last,
 Is due to thee alone :
 Aught to ourselves we dare not take,
 Or rob thee of thy crown.
- 3 Our glorious Surety undertook
 To satisfy for man,
 And grace was given us in Him
 Before the world began.
- 4 This is thy will, that in thy love
 We ever should abide ;
 And we may earth and hell defy
 To make thy counsel void.
- 5 Not one of all the chosen race
 But shall to heaven attain ;
 Partake on earth the purposed grace,
 And then with Jesus reign.

6 Of Father, Son and Spirit we
 Extol the threefold care ;
 Whose love, whose merit and whose
 power
 Unite to lift us there.

271 *Tune*—PERINE. I IS & IOS.

“Now the Lord my God hath given me rest on
 every side, so that there is neither adversary
 nor evil occurrent.”

I Kings v. 4.

“HOW bright, there above, is the
 mercy of God!”

“And void of all guilt, and clear of
 all sin,

Is my conscience and heart through my
 Saviour's blood.”

“Not a cloud above”—“not a spot
 within.”

2 Christ died! then I am clean:

“Not a spot within.”

God's mercy and love!

“Not a cloud above.”

'Tis the Spirit, thro' faith, thus triumphs
 o'er sin:

“Not a cloud above”—“not a spot
 within.”

272

Tune—SULLIVAN.

7s.

“Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man the things which God hath prepared for them that love Him.”

I Cor. ii. 9.

- WHEN this passing world is done,
 When has sunk yon shining sun,
 When we stand with Christ above,
 Heirs of glory and of love,
 Then, Lord, shall I fully know—
 Not till then—how much I owe.
- 2 When I stand before the throne,
 Dressed in beauty not my own;
 When I see thee as thou art,
 Love thee with unsinning heart,
 Then, Lord, shall I fully know—
 Not till then—how much I owe.
- 3 While on earth, as through a glass,
 Saviour, let thy glory pass,
 Make forgiveness feel so sweet,
 Make thy Spirit's help so meet;
 E'en on earth, Lord, make me know
 Something of how much I owe.
- 4 Chosen, not for good in me,
 Waken'd up from wrath to flee,
 Hidden in the Saviour's side,
 By the Spirit sanctified;
 Teach me, Lord, on earth to show,
 By my love, how much I owe.

273 *Tune*—HENDON. 7s.

“Yea, they shall sing in the ways of the Lord :
for great is the glory of the Lord.”

Ps. cxxxviii. 5.

CHILDREN of the heav'nly King,
As ye journey, sweetly sing ;
Sing your Saviour's worthy praise,
Glorious in His works and ways.

- 2 Glory be to Jesus' name,
Glory be to Christ, the Lamb ;
Through His blood ye are redeemed,
Ye who justly were condemned.
- 3 Shout, ye little flock, and bless'd,
You on Jesus' throne shall rest ;
There your seat is now prepar'd,
There your kingdom and reward.
- 4 Lift your eyes, ye sons of light,
Heaven's city is in sight ;
There your endless home shall be,
There your Lord ye soon shall see.
- 5 Fear not, though a feeble band,
'Mid the conflict boldly stand ;
Christ, your Lord, the day who won,
Bids you undismay'd go on.
- 6 Lord, submissive may we go,
Gladly leaving all below ;
Only thou our leader be,
And we still will follow thee.

274 *Tune*—NINETY-FIFTH. C. M.

“In my Father's house are many mansions; if it were not so I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you.”

John xiv. 2.

NOW that I read my title clear
To mansions in the skies,
I bid farewell to every fear,
And wipe my weeping eyes.

- 2 Should earth against my soul engage,
And hellish darts be hurl'd,
Still I can smile at Satan's rage,
And face a frowning world.
- 3 Let cares, like a wild deluge, come,
And storms of sorrow fall;
Safely at last I'll reach my home,
My God, my heaven, my all.
- 4 There shall I bathe my weary soul
In seas of heavenly rest,
And not a wave of trouble roll
Across my peaceful rest.

275 *Tune*—GLADSOME STRAIN. C. M.

“God, who is rich in mercy, for His great love wherewith He loved us, even when we were dead in sins, hath quickened us together with Christ (by grace ye are saved), and hath raised us up together, and made us sit together in heavenly places in Christ Jesus.”

Eph. ii. 4-6.

WITHIN the veil! my blood-bought
home!

Jesus is seated there:

With Him I sit; His work is done;

By faith His rest I share.

In Him I died, in Him I rose,

In Him ascended, too,

I sit within the heavenlies,

In God the Father's view.

2 My sins and guilt are, in God's thought,

Buried in Jesus' grave;

A worship once purged, by faith

A conscience free I have.

And should defilement by the way

Hinder my access free,

'Twould cast dishonor on the blood

Within the veil for me.

3 Within the veil He's hidden now,

And now from human view

My “life is hid with Christ in God,”

My risen life and true.

That life is His creation new :
 "Christ in me" saith the word,
 Eternal life! It can not sin,
 Because 'tis born of God.

276 *Tune*—MAZZINGHI. L. M.

"Christ is all, and in all."

Col. iii. 11.

THOU hidden Source of calm repose!
 Thou all-sufficient Love divine!
 My help and refuge from my foes,
 Secure I am, for I am thine ;
 Thou art my fortress, strength and
 tower,
 My trust and portion evermore.

2 Thy mighty name salvation is :
 It keeps my happy soul above ;
 Comfort it brings, and power, and
 peace,
 And joy, and everlasting love :
 To me, with thy dear name, are given
 Pardon, and holiness, and heaven.

3 Jesus! my All-in-all thou art ;
 My rest in toil, my ease in pain ;
 The healer of my broken heart ;
 'Mid storms my peace ; in loss my
 gain ;
 My fortress 'neath the tyrant's frown ;
 In shame, my glory and my crown.

- 4 In want, my plentiful supply ;
 In weakness, my almighty power ;
 In bonds, my perfect liberty ;
 My refuge in temptation's hour ;
 My comfort 'midst all grief and thrall,
 My life in death, my All-in-all.

277 *Tune*—CARMEL HILL. L. C. M.

“Of Him are ye in Christ Jesus, who of God is made unto us wisdom, and righteousness, and sanctification, and redemption.”

I Cor. i. 30.

HAD I ten thousand gifts beside,
 I'd cleave to Jesus crucified,
 And build on Him alone.

For no foundation is there given,
 On which to place a hope of heaven,
 But Christ, the corner-stone.

- 2 Bold in His name, I have drawn nigh,
 Before the Ruler of the sky ;
 His justice all is met.
 Possessing Christ, I all possess,
 Wisdom, and strength, and righteous-
 ness,
 And sanctity complete.

278 *Tune*—WELLS. L. M.

“It is God that justifieth. Who is he that condemneth?”

Rom. viii. 33, 34.

WHO shall the Lord's elect condemn?
 'Tis God who justifies their souls;
 And mercy, like a mighty stream,
 O'er all their sins divinely rolls.

2 Who shall adjudge the saints to hell?
 'Tis Christ who suffered in their
 stead;
 And, the salvation to fulfill,
 Behold Him rising from the dead!

3 He lives! He lives! and sits above,
 Forever interceding there:
 Who shall divide us from His love,
 Or what should tempt us to despair?

4 Shall persecution, or distress,
 Famine, or sword, or nakedness?
 He who hath loved us bears us through,
 And makes us more than conquer-
 ors, too.

5 Not all that men on earth can do,
 Nor powers on high, nor powers
 below,
 Shall cause His mercy to remove,
 Or wean our hearts from Christ, our
 love.

279 *Tune*—MELVIN. S. M. D.

“Thanks be unto God for His unspeakable gift.”

2 Cor. ix. 15.

WITH Christ we died to sin,
 Lay buried in His tomb;
 But, quicken'd now with Him, “our
 life,”

 We stand beyond our doom!
 Our God, in wondrous love,
 Hath raised us who were dead;
 And, “in the heavenlies, made us sit
 In Christ,” our living “Head.”

2 For us He now appears
 “Within the veil” above;
 “Accepted” and “complete in Him,”
 We triumph in His love.
 In Christ we now are made
 “The righteousness of God;”
 As heaven-born men, and heirs with
 Him,
 We follow where He trod.

3 Rejected and despised,
 He bore the “open shame;”
 As fellow-sufferers, journeying home,
 We glory in His name.
 Soon will the Bridegroom come,
 His Bride from earth to call;
 We, glorified with Him, shall reign,
 Till God be all in all.

280 *Tune*—MARLOW. C. M.

“God who commanded the light to shine out of darkness, hath shined in our hearts, to give the light of the knowledge of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ.”

2 Cor iv. 6.

THERE was no angel 'midst the throng
Which stood around the throne,
Who could God's justice satisfy,
Or for man's sin atone.

- 2 Nay, God himself, th' incarnate One
Brought grace and truth to light,
And in the face of Jesus Christ
We read His love aright.
- 3 And we can trust the mighty work
Which has been done for us,
To those dear hands of love and power
Once fastened to the cross.
- 4 If Christ were less than one divine,
Our souls would be dismayed ;
But through His human lips God speaks
“ 'Tis I, be not afraid.”
- 5 All bruised and bleeding on the cross,
Jesus, we bow to thee ;
For on thy brow, though bound with
thorns,
A crown divine we see.

281 *Tune*—MOZART. 7s.

“It is done. I am Alpha and Omega, the beginning and the end. I will give unto him that is athirst of the fountain of the water of life freely.”

Rev. xxi. 6.

CHRIST has done the mighty work ;
 Nothing left for us to do,
 But to enter on His toil,
 Enter on His triumph, too.

- 2 He has sow'd the precious seed,
 Nothing left for us unsown :
 Ours it is to reap the fields,
 Make the harvest joy our own.
- 3 His the pardon, ours the sin—
 Great the sin, the pardon great ;
 His the good and ours the ill,
 His the love and ours the hate.
- 4 Ours the darkness and the gloom,
 His the shade-dispelling light :
 Ours the cloud and His the sun,
 His the day-spring, ours the night.
- 5 His the labor, ours the rest,
 His the death and ours the life :
 Ours the fruit of victory,
 His the agony and strife.

282 *Tune*—ANGELIC HOST. 8s & 7s.

“He said it is finished: and He bowed His
head and gave up the Ghost.”

John xix. 30.

WHEN the Saviour said “’Tis
finish’d,”
Every thing was fully done ;
Done as God himself would have it—
Christ the victory fully won.
Vain and futile the endeavor
To improve or add thereto ;
God’s free grace is thus commended—
To “believe,” and not “to do.”

- 2 All the doing is completed,
Now ’tis “look, believe and live :”
None can purchase His salvation,
Life’s a gift that God must give ;
Grace, through righteousness, is reign-
ing,
Not of works, lest man should boast:
Man must take the mercy freely,
Or eternally be lost.

283 *Tune*—LOUVILLE. 108.

“This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners; of whom I am chief.”

I Tim. i. 15.

- I THOUGHT upon my sins, and I
 was sad;
 My soul was troubled sore, and filled
 with pain;
 But, then, I thought on Jesus, and was
 glad—
 My heavy grief was turned to joy
 again.
- 2 I thought upon the law, the fiery law,
 Holy, and just, and good in its
 decree:
 I looked to Jesus, and in Him I saw
 That law fulfilled, its curse endured
 for me.
- 4 I saw my sad estate—condemned to
 die:
 Then terror seized my heart, and
 dark despair;
 But when to Calvary I turned my eye,
 I saw the cross, and read forgiveness
 there.
- 4 I saw that I was lost, far gone astray;
 No hope of safe return there seemed
 to be:

But, then, I heard that Jesus was the
 way,
 A new and living way prepared for
 me.

- 5 Then in the way, so free, so safe, so
 sure,
 All sprinkled o'er with reconciling
 blood,
 Will I abide, and never wander more,
 But walk secure in fellowship with
 God.

284 *Tune*—CHRISTMAS. C. M.

"I spread my skirt over thee, and covered thy
 nakedness; yea, I swore unto thee and en-
 tered into covenant with thee, saith the Lord
 God, and thou becamest mine."

Ezek. vi. 8.

A WAKE, my heart, arise, my tongue,
 Prepare a tuneful voice;
 In God, the life of all my joys,
 Aloud will I rejoice.

- 2 'Tis He adorned my naked soul,
 And made salvation mine;
 Upon a poor, polluted worm,
 He makes His graces shine.
- 3 And lest the shadow of a spot
 Should on my soul be found,
 He took the robe the Saviour wrought,
 And cast it all around.

- 4 How far the heavenly robe excels
 What earthly princes wear!
 These ornaments, how bright they shine!
 How white the garments are!

285 *Tune*—LEADER. 8s, 7s & 4s.

“My sheep hear my voice, and I know them,
 and they follow me: and I give unto them
 eternal life; and they shall never perish,
 neither shall any pluck them out of my hand.”

John x. 27, 28.

SOVEREIGN grace! o'er sin abound-
 ing,

- Ransomed souls the tidings swell;
 'Tis a deep that knows no sounding,
 Who its length or breadth can tell?
 On its glories
 Let my soul for ever dwell!
- 2 What from Christ His saints can sever,
 Bound by everlasting bands?
 Once in Him, in Him for ever,
 Thus the eternal covenant stands,
 None shall pluck them
 From the strength of Jesus' hands.
- 3 Heirs of God, joint heirs with Jesus,
 Long ere time its course begun;
 To His name eternal praises,
 Oh, what wonders love hath done!
 One with Jesus;
 By eternal union one.

- 4 On such love, my soul, still ponder,
 Love so great, so rich, so free ;
 Say, while lost in holy wonder,
 Why, O Lord, such love to me ?
 Hallelujah !
 Grace shall reign eternally.

286 *Tune*—THE CONVERT. 6s & 9s.

“ Whom having not seen, ye love; in whom
 though now ye see Him not, yet believing, ye
 rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of glory.”

I Pet. i. 8.

- H**OW happy are they
 Who the Saviour obey,
 And have laid up their treasures above!
 O what tongue can express
 The sweet comfort and peace
 Of a soul in its earliest love ?
- 2 'Twas heaven below
 My Redeemer to know,
 And the angels could do nothing more,
 Than to fall at His feet,
 And the story repeat,
 And the Lover of sinners adore.
- 3 O the rapturous height
 Of that holy delight,
 Which I felt in the life-giving blood !
 Of my Saviour possessed,
 I was perfectly blest,
 As if filled with the fulness of God.

- 4 Then, all the day long,
 Was my Jesus my song,
 And redemption through faith in His
 name;
 O that all might believe,
 And salvation receive,
 And their song and their joy be the
 same.

287 *Tune*—HAPPY DAY. L. M.

“Whoso trusteth in the Lord, happy is he.”

Prov. xvi. 20.

- O HAPPY day! when first we felt
 Our souls with sweet contrition melt,
 And saw our sins, of crimson guilt,
 All cleansed by blood on Calvary spilt.
- 2 O happy day! when first thy love
 Began our grateful hearts to move,
 And, gazing on thy wondrous cross,
 We saw all else as worthless dross.
- 3 O happy day! when we no more
 Shall grieve thee whom our souls adore;
 When sorrows, conflicts, fears shall
 cease,
 And all our trials end in peace.
- 4 O happy day! when we shall see
 And fix our longing eyes on thee—
 On thee, our Light, our Life, our Love,
 Our all below, our Heaven above!

5 O happy day of cloudless light!
 Eternal day without a night!
 Lord, when shall we its dawning see,
 And spend it all in praising thee?

288 *Tune*—HAPPY DAY. L. M.

“Blessed are they whose iniquities are forgiven,
 and whose sins are covered.”

Rom. iv. 7.

O HAPPY day! that fixed my choice
 On thee, my Saviour and my God;
 Well may my ransomed soul rejoice,
 And tell its raptures all abroad.

2 O happy bond! that binds me now
 To Him, who merits all my love;
 To whom with willing heart I bow,
 Seeking His perfect will to prove.

3 Through grace I'm now with Jesus one,
 I am my Lord's, and He is mine;
 He drew me, and I followed on,
 Constrained to own His voice divine.

4 Now rest, my long divided heart,
 Fixed on this blissful centre, rest;
 Nor ever from thy Lord depart,
 In Him of every good possessed.

289 *Tune*—CAMBRIDGE. C. M.

“God hath not appointed us to wrath, but to obtain salvation by our Lord Jesus Christ.”

I Thess. v. 9.

SALVATION! oh, the joyful sound!
’Tis pleasure to our ears!
A sovereign balm for every wound,
A cordial for our fears.

2 Buried in sorrow and in sin,
In death’s deep gloom we lay;
But we arise by grace divine,
To see a heavenly day.

3 Salvation! let the echo fly
The spacious earth around;
While all the armies of the sky
Conspire to raise the sound.

4 Salvation! O thou bleeding Lamb,
To thee the praise belongs;
Salvation shall inspire our hearts,
And dwell upon our tongues.

290 *Tune*—HEBRON. L. M.

"Unto Him that loved us, and washed us from our sins in His own blood, and hath made us kings and priests unto God and His Father; to Him be glory and dominion for ever and ever. Amen. Behold He cometh with clouds."

Rev. i. 5-7.

- NOW to the Lord, who makes us know
 The wonders of His dying love,
 Be humble honors paid below,
 And strains of nobler praise above.
- 2 'Twas He that cleansed us from our
 sins,
 And washed us in His precious
 blood;
 'Tis He that makes us priests and kings,
 And brings us sinners near to God.
- 3 To Jesus, our atoning Priest—
 To Jesus, our Eternal King—
 Be everlasting Power confessed,
 Let every tongue His glory sing.
- 4 Behold! on flying clouds He comes,
 And every eye shall see Him move,
 Though with our sins we pierced Him
 once,
 Now He displays His pardoning
 love.
- 5 The unbelieving world shall wail,
 While we rejoice to see the day;
 Come, Lord—nor let thy promise fail,
 Nor let thy chariot long delay.

Songs for Christian Pilgrims.

291 *Tune*—SHINING SHORE. 8s & 7s.

“Let your loins be girded about, and your lights burning, and ye yourselves like unto men that wait for their Lord.”

Luke xii. 35, 36.

MY days are gliding swiftly by,
And I, a pilgrim stranger,
Would not detain them as they fly,
Those hours of toil and danger.

- 2 We'll gird our loins, my brethren dear,
Our heavenly home discerning ;
Our absent Lord has left us word,
Let every lamp be burning.
- 3 Should coming days be cold and dark,
We need not cease our singing ;
That perfect rest naught can molest,
Where golden harps are ringing.
- 4 Let sorrow's rudest tempest blow,
Each chord on earth to sever ;
Our King says come, and there's our
home,
Forever, O forever !

CHORUS.

For O! we stand on Jordan's strand,
 Our friends are passing over,
 And just before, the shining shore
 We may almost discover.

292 *Tune*—PILGRIM. P. M,

“Dearly beloved, I beseech you as strangers and pilgrims, abstain from fleshly lusts, which war against the soul.”

I Pet. ii. 11.

I'M a pilgrim, and I'm a stranger ;
 I can tarry but a night ;
 Do not detain me, for I am going
 To where the rivers are ever flowing.

2 There the sunbeams are ever shining,
 I am longing for the sight ;
 Within a country unknown and dreary,
 I have been wandering, forlorn and
 weary.

3 Of the country to which I'm going,
 My Redeemer is the light ;
 There is no sorrow, nor any sighing,
 Nor any sinning, nor any dying.
 I'm a pilgrim, and I'm a stranger,
 I can tarry but a night.

293 *Tune*—OLIPHANT. 8s, 7s & 4s.

“I will guide thee with mine eye.”

Ps. xxxii. 8.

GUIDE us, O thou great Jehovah!
 Pilgrims through this barren land;
 We are weak, but Thou art mighty;
 Hold us by Thy gracious hand:
 Bread of heaven!
 Feed us now and evermore.

- 2 Open wide the living fountain
 Whence the healing waters flow;
 Be Thyself our cloudy pillar
 All the dreary desert through:
 Strong Deliverer!
 Be Thou still our strength and shield.
- 3 Saviour! come, we long to see Thee,
 Long to dwell with Thee above,
 And to know, in full communion,
 All the sweetness of Thy love.
 Come, Lord Jesus!
 Take Thy waiting people home.

294 *Tune*—LUCAS. 5s & 11s.

“What is your life? It is even a vapor, that appeareth for a little time, and then vanisheth away.”

James iv. 14.

COME, let us anew
 Our journey pursue,
 Roll round with the year, [appear.
 And never stand still till the Master

His adorable will
Let us gladly fulfil,
And our talents improve
By the patience of hope and the labor
of love.

- 2 Our life is a dream ;
Our time, as a stream,
Glides swiftly away,
And the fugitive moment refuses to
stay :
The arrow is flown,
The moment is gone,
The millennial year
Rushes on to our view, and eternity's
here.

- 3 O that each in the day
Of his coming may say,
"I have fought my way through,
I have finished the work thou didst
give me to do!"
O that each from his Lord
May receive the glad word,
"Well and faithfully done ;
Enter into my joy, and sit down on my
throne !"

295 *Tune*—BAVARIA. 8s & 7s.

“Thou art my rock and my fortress; therefore
for thy name's sake lead me and guide me.”

Ps. xxxi. 3.

JESUS! lead us, by Thy power,
Safe into the promised rest;
Hide our souls within thine arms,
Let us lean upon thy breast;
Be our guide in every peril;
Watch and guard us night and day,
Else our foolish hearts will wander
From thy presence far away.

2 Nothing can preserve our going,
But salvation full and free;
Nothing can our souls dishearten,
But our absence, Lord, from thee.
Nothing can delay our progress,
Nothing can disturb our rest,
If we can, whate'er the danger,
Lean, O Saviour! on thy breast.

3 In thy presence we are happy,
In thy presence we're secure;
In thy presence all afflictions
We can easily endure:
In thy presence we can conquer,
We can suffer, we can die;
Far from thee, we faint and languish:
Oh! our Saviour, keep us nigh.

296 *Tune*—DORRNANCE. 8s & 7s.

“So He led them through the depths, as through
the wilderness.”

Ps. cvi. 9.

RISE, my soul, thy God directs thee,
Stranger hands no more impede ;
Pass thou on, His hand protects thee,
Strength that has the captive freed.

- 2 Is the wilderness before thee,
Desert lands where drought abides ?
Heavenly springs shall there restore
thee,
Fresh from God's exhaustless tides.
- 3 Light divine surrounds thy going,
God himself shall mark thy way ;
Secret blessings, richly flowing,
Lead to everlasting day.
- 4 God, thine everlasting portion,
Feeds thee with the mighty's meat ;
Price of Egypt's hard extortion,
Egypt's food no more to eat.
- 5 Art thou wean'd from Egypt's pleasures ?
God in secret thee shall keep,
There unfold His hidden treasures,
There His love's exhaustless deep.

297 *Tune*—GOING HOME. L. M.

“Stand ye in the ways, and see, and ask for the old paths, where is the good way, and walk therein, and ye shall find rest for your souls.”

Jer. vi. 16.

WE go the way that leads to God—
The way that saints have ever
trod;
So let us leave this fleeting shore,
For realms where we shall die no more.

CHORUS.

We're going home, we're going home;
We're going home to die no more;
To die no more, to die no more;
We're going home to die no more.

- 2 The ways of God are ways of peace,
And all His paths are pleasantness:
Then, weary souls, your sighs give o'er,
We're going home to die no more.
- 3 There is a land beyond the sky,
Where happy spirits never die;
Then earth and time no more deplore,
But sing of where we'll die no more.
- 4 Come, sinners, come! oh, come along,
And join our happy pilgrim throng:
Farewell, vain world, and all thy store,
We're going home to die no more.

298 *Tune*—MIDDLETON. 8s & 7s.

“God forbid, that I should glory, save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ, by whom the world is crucified unto me, and I unto the world.”

Gal. vi. 14.

JESUS, I my cross have taken,
 All to leave and follow Thee ;
 Naked, poor, despised, forsaken,
 Thou, from hence, my all shalt be.
 Perish every fond ambition,
 All I've sought, or hoped, or known :
 Yet how rich is my condition !
 God and heaven are still my own.

2 Let the world despise or leave me :
 They have left my Saviour, too.
 Human hearts and looks deceive me—
 'Thou art not, like them, untrue.
 O 'tis not in grief to harm me,
 While Thy love is left to me ;
 O 'twere not in joy to charm me,
 Were that joy unmixed with Thee.

3 Haste, my soul, from grace to glory,
 Armed by faith and wing'd by prayer :
 Heaven's eternal day's before thee ;
 God's own hand shall guide thee there.
 Soon shall close thy earthly mission ;
 Soon shall pass thy pilgrim days ;
 Hope shall change to full fruition,
 Faith to sight, and prayer to praise.

299 *Tune*—BOYLSTON. S. M.

“Now is our salvation nearer than when we
believed.”

Rom. xiii. 11.

THOUGH in a foreign land,
We are not far from home ;
And nearer to our rest above,
We every moment come.

- 2 Secure within the veil,
Christ is our anchor strong ;
While power supreme, and love divine,
Still guide us safe along.
- 3 And should the surges rise—
Should sore afflictions come—
Blest is the sorrow, kind the storm,
That drives us nearer home.
- 4 God's grace will to the end
Clearer and brighter shine ;
Nor present things, nor things to come,
Can change His love divine.
- 5 Soon shall our pains and fears
For ever pass away ;
For we shall soon the Saviour see
In everlasting day.

300 *Tune*—LUCERNE. C. M.

“There remaineth, therefore, a rest to the
people of God.”

Heb. iv. 9.

OH! what a lonely path were ours,
 Could we, O Father, see
No home or rest beyond it all,
 No guide or help in Thee!

- 2 But Thou art near and with us still,
 To keep us on the way
That leads along the vale of tears,
 To the bright world of day.
- 3 There shall Thy glory, O our God!
 Break fully on our view;
And we, Thy saints, rejoice to know
 That all Thy word was true.
- 4 There Jesus, on His heav'nly throne,
 Our wond'ring eyes shall see;
While we, the blest associates there
 Of all His joy shall be.
- 5 Sweet hope! we leave without a sigh
 A blighted world like this;
To bear the cross, despise the shame,
 For all that weight of bliss.

301 *Tune*—AMSTERDAM. 7s & 6s.

“Arise ye, and depart, for this is not your rest.”

Mic. ii. 10.

RISE, my soul! and stretch thy wings,
 Thy better portion trace;
 Rise, from transitory things,
 Toward heaven, thy native place:
 Sun, and moon, and stars decay,
 Time shall soon this earth remove;
 Rise, my soul, and haste away
 To seats prepared above!

- 2 Rivers to the ocean run,
 Nor stay in all their course;
 Fire ascending seeks the sun—
 Both speed them to their source:
 So a soul that's born of God,
 Pants to view his glorious face,
 Upward tends to his abode,
 To rest in his embrace.
- 3 Cease, ye pilgrims! cease to mourn—
 Press onward to the prize;
 Soon your Saviour will return
 Triumphant in the skies:
 Yet a season, and you know
 Happy entrance will be given,
 All your sorrows left below,
 And earth exchanged for heaven.

302 *Tune*—MANSION 6s, 10s & 4s.

“In my Father’s house are many mansions: if it were not so, I would have told you.”

John xiv. 2.

A WHILE on earth we roam,
In these frail houses which are
not our home,
Journeying toward a refuge that is
sure—
A rest secure.

2 Only a little while
We dread the frown of life, and shun
its smile;
A dwelling then we have, not made
with hands,
In other lands.

3 Therefore we need not mourn,
That sudden clouds across our skies
are borne!
That winter chills us, and the storm
makes rents
In our frail tents.

4 Therefore we need not fear,
Though moth and rust corrupt our
treasure here;
Though midnight thieves creep in with
silent stealth
To steal our wealth.

- 5 For, in our Father's house,
A mansion fair He has prepared for us;
And only till His voice shall call us
hence,
We dwell in tents.

303 *Tune*—REMEMBER ME. C. M.

“We which have believed do enter into rest.”

Heb. iv. 3.

- O P PRESSED with noon-day's scorch-
ing heat,
To yonder cross I flee;
Beneath its shelter take my seat:
No shade like this for me!
- 2 Beneath that cross clear waters burst—
A fountain sparkling free;
And there I quench my desert thirst:
No spring like this for me!
- 3 A stranger here, I pitch my tent
Beneath this spreading tree;
Here shall my pilgrim life be spent:
No home like this for me!
- 4 For burdened ones a resting place,
Beside that cross I see;
I here cast off my weariness:
No rest like this for me!

304 *Tune*—ELLINGTON. 6s & 4s.

“And confessed that they were strangers and pilgrims on the earth.”

Heb. xi. 13.

I AM a stranger here ;
 No home, no rest I see ;
Not all earth counts most dear
 Can win a sigh from me—
 I'm going home !

2 Jesus ! thy home is mine,
 And I, thy Father's child :
With hopes and joys divine,
 The world's a weary wild—
 I'm going home !

3 Home ! oh, how soft and sweet,
 It thrills upon the heart !
Home ! where the brethren meet,
 And never, never part—
 I'm going home !

4 Home ! where the Bridegroom takes
 The purchase of his love ;
Home ! where the Father waits
 To welcome her above—
 I'm going home !

305

Tune—GORTON.

S. M.

“When a few years are come, then I shall go
the way whence I shall not return.”

Job. xvi. 22.

- A FEW more years may roll,
A few more seasons come,
And we shall be with Christ above,
In our eternal home.
- 2 A few more suns may set
O'er these dark hills of time,
And we shall be where suns are not—
A far serener clime.
- 3 A few more storms may beat
On this wild rocky shore,
And we shall be where tempests cease,
And surges swell no more.
- 4 A few more struggles here,
A few more partings o'er,
A few more toils, a few more tears,
And we shall weep no more.
- 5 A few more meetings here
May cheer us on our way,
And we shall reach the endless rest,
Th' eternal Sabbath day.
- 6 'Tis but “a little while,”
And He shall come again,
Who died that we might live; who lives
That we with Him may reign.

306

Tune—GRANBY.

S. M.

"Now is our salvation nearer than we believed."

Rom. xiii. 11.

HOW full of joy the hope
That lights the pilgrim's breast,
I'm nearer every passing hour
The undefiled rest.

- 2 Nearer my Father's house,
Its hallowed joys to share;
Nearer my Saviour's advent hour,
Who comes to take me there.
- 3 Nearer that city fair,
Jerusalem above;
The palace of the glorious King,
The banquet of His love.
- 4 Nearer its pearly gates,
Which ever wide unfold;
Nearer the ransomed hosts that throng
Its streets of purest gold.
- 5 Nearer the nightless day,
That needs no sun to shine;
God and the Lamb the glory there,
The light is all divine.
- 6 Oh! may I nearer be,
In spirit day by day,
And haste, with undefiled feet,
Along my pilgrim way.

307 *Tune*—ANGEL'S SONG. S. M.

“So shall we ever be with the Lord.”

I Thess. iv. 17.

“FOR ever with the Lord!”
Amen! so let it be:

- Life from the dead is in that word,
'Tis immortality.
- 2 Here in the body pent,
 Absent from Him I roam,
Yet nightly pitch my moving tent
 A day's march nearer home.
- 3 My Father's house on high,
 Home of my soul, how near
At times, to faith's transpiercing eye,
 Thy golden gates appear.
- 4 My thirsting spirit faints
 To reach the home I love,
The bright inheritance of saints,
 Jerusalem above.
- 5 And though there intervene
 Rough roads and stormy skies,
Faith will not suffer aught to screen
 Thy glory from mine eyes.
- 6 There shall all clouds depart,
 The wilderness shall cease;
And sweetly shall each gladden'd heart
 Enjoy eternal peace.

308

Tune—HALLE.

7s.

“The foxes have holes, and the birds of the air have nests; but the Son of man hath not where to lay His head.”

Matt. viii. 20.

LORD of heaven! lone and sad,
 I would lift my heart to Thee;
 Pilgrim in a foreign land,
 Gracious Father, look on me.
 I shall neither faint nor die
 While I walk beneath Thine eye.

- 2 I will stay my faith on Thee,
 And will never fear to tread
 Where the Saviour Master leads;
 He will give me daily bread.
 Christ was hungry, Christ was poor—
 He will feed me from His store.
- 3 Foxes to their holes have gone,
 Every bird unto its nest;
 But I wander all alone,
 And for me there is no rest.
 Yet I neither faint nor fear,
 For the Saviour Christ is here.
- 4 If I live, He'll be with me;
 If I die, to Him I go.
 He'll not leave me, I will trust Him,
 And my heart no fear shall know.
 Sin and sorrow I defy,
 For on Jesus I rely.

309

Tune—OAK.

6s & 4s.

“Rather rejoice, because your names are written
in heaven.”

Luke x. 20.

WE are but strangers here ;
Heaven is our home !
Earth is a desert drear ;
Heaven is our home !
Dangers and sorrows stand
Round us on every hand ;
Heaven is our father-land,
Heaven is our home !

2 What though the tempest rage ;
Heaven is our home !
Short is our pilgrimage ;
Heaven is our home !
This life's wild wintry blast
Soon will be overpast :
We shall reach home at last ;
Heaven is our home !

3 There at our Saviour's side,
In heaven our home !
We shall be glorified ;
Heaven is our home !
There with the good and blest,
Those we love most and best,
We shall for ever rest ;
In heaven our home !

- 4 Therefore we'll murmur not,
 Heaven is our home!
 Whate'er our earthly lot;
 Heaven is our home!
 We shall yet surely stand,
 There at our Lord's right hand;
 Heaven is our father-land,
 Heaven is our home!

310 *Tune*—FRIENDSHIP. P. M.

"My God shall supply all your need according
 to His riches in glory by Christ Jesus."

Phil. iv. 19.

- I WANT that adorning divine,
 Thou only, my God, canst bestow;
 I want in those beautiful garments to
 shine,
 Which distinguish Thy household
 below.
- 2 I want every moment to feel
 That Thy Spirit resides in my heart—
 That His power is present, to cleanse
 and to heal,
 And newness of life to impart.
- 3 I want so in Thee to abide
 As to bring forth some fruit to Thy
 praise;
 The branch which Thou prunest, though
 feeble and dried,
 May languish, but never decays.

- 4 I want, by my aspect serene,
 My actions and words, to declare
 That my treasure is placed in a country
 unseen—
 That my heart's best affections are
 there.
- 5 I want, as a traveler, to haste
 Straight onward, nor pause on my
 way;
 Nor forethought, nor anxious contri-
 vance to waste
 On the tent only pitched for a day.

311 *Tune*—CONSECRATION. 4s, 6s & 8s.

“God forbid that I should glory, save in the
 cross of our Lord Jesus Christ, by whom the
 world is crucified unto me, and I unto the
 world.”

Gal. vi. 14.

- T**HINE, Jesus, Thine,
 No more this heart of mine
 Shall seek its joy apart from Thee;
 The world is crucified to me,
 And I am Thine.
- 2 Thine, ever Thine,
 For ever to recline
 On love eternal, fixed and sure—
 Yes, I am Thine for evermore,
 Lord Jesus, Thine.

3 Then let me live,
Continual praise to give
To Thy dear name, my precious Lord,
Henceforth alone, beloved, adored,
So let me live—

4 Till Thou shalt come,
And bear me to Thy home,
Forever freed from earthly care,
Eternally Thy love to share—
Lord Jesus, come.

312 *Tune*—VICTORY. 108.

“We are the circumcision, which worship God in the spirit, and rejoice in Christ Jesus, and have no confidence in the flesh.”

Phil. iii. 3.

JOYFULLY, joyfully, onward we
move,
Bound for the land of bright spirits
above;
Jesus, the Saviour, invites us to come;
Joyfully, joyfully, hasten we home.
Soon will our pilgrimage end here
below;
Soon to the presence of Christ we
shall go;
And since our hearts have to Jesus been
given,
Joyfully, joyfully, rest we in heaven.

- 2 Voice of archangel, and trumpet of
 God,
 Joyfully summon the quick and the
 dead ;
 Bright in His glory shall Jesus appear,
 Upward in clouds shall we meet Him
 in air.
 Partings all over, and sorrows all gone,
 Blest in His presence eternally one ;
 Like Him, and with Him forever to be,
 Joyfully, joyfully, welcome the day.
- 3 Crowns may encircle our radiant brow,
 Joyful we'll cast them before Him and
 bow ;
 Harps of the harpers shall gladden the
 throne,
 Joyful to tell He is worthy alone :
 Angels in chorus their anthem shall
 raise,
 Only to give Him all honor and praise ;
 And every creature around and above,
 Joyfully, joyfully, rests in His love.

313

—HOREB.

7s & 6s.

“And thy renown went forth among the heathen
for thy beauty : for it was perfect through my
comeliness, which I had put upon thee, saith
the Lord God.”

Ezek xvi. 14.

BEHOLD! a Royal Bridegroom
Hath called me for His bride!
I joyfully make ready
And hasten to His side.
He is a Royal Bridegroom,
But I am very poor!
Of low estate He chose me
To show His love the more.

2 First in my tears I washed me—
They could not make me clean:
A fountain then He showed me,
Strange until then unseen!
Oh! love, oh, grace, that showed it!
Revealed its cleansing power!
How could I choose but hasten
To meet Him from that hour.

3 And still with feeble footsteps,
And turning oft astray,
I go to meet the Bridegroom,
Though stumbling by the way.
I soil my royal garments
With earth where'er I fall;
I break and mar my ornaments,
But He will know them all.

- 4 Close, close, dear Guide, and lead me,
 I can not go aright !
 Through all that doth beset me,
 Keep, keep me close in sight !
 'Tis but a little longer ;
 Methinks the end I see ;
 Oh ! matchless love and mercy,
 The Bridegroom waits for me.

314 *Tune*—HEMANS. 7s.

“Blessed is the man that endureth temptation :
 for when He is tried, He shall receive the
 crown of life.”

James i. 12.

- WHEN, along life's thorny road,
 Faints the soul beneath its load,
 By its cares and sins oppress'd,
 Finds on earth no peace nor rest ;
 When the wily tempter's near,
 Filling us with doubt and fear,
 Jesus, to Thy feet we flee ;
 Jesus, we will look to Thee.
- 2 Thou, our Saviour, from the throne,
 List'nest to Thy people's groan ;
 Thou, the living Head, dost share
 Ev'ry pang Thy members bear ;
 Full of tenderness Thou art,
 Thou wilt heal the broken heart ;
 Full of power, Thine arm shall quell
 All the rage and might of hell.

- 3 Mighty to redeem and save,
 Thou hast overcome the grave ;
 Thou the bars of death hast riv'n,
 Open'd wide the gates of heav'n ;
 Soon in glory Thou wilt come,
 Taking Thy poor pilgrims home ;
 Jesus, then we all shall be
 Ever, ever, Lord, with Thee.

315 *Tune*—ELTHAM. 7s.

"Thou, therefore, endure hardness, as a good
 soldier of Jesus Christ."

² Tim. ii. 3.

BRETHREN, while we sojourn here,
 Fight we must, but should not fear ;
 Foes we have, but we've a friend,
 One that loves us to the end :
 Forward, then, with courage go,
 Long we shall not dwell below ;
 Soon the joyful news will come—
 "Child, your Father calls—Come
 home !"

- 2 In the way a thousand snares
 Lie, to take us unawares ;
 Satan, with malicious art,
 Watches each unguarded part :
 But from Satan's malice free,
 Saints shall soon victorious be ;
 Soon the joyful news will come—
 "Child, your Father calls—Come
 home !"

- 3 But, of all the foes we meet,
 None so oft betray our feet—
 None betray us into sin,
 Like the foes that dwell within.
 Yet let nothing spoil your peace,
 Christ will also conquer these ;
 And the joyful news will come—
 “Child, your Father calls—Come
 home !”

316 *Tune*—SHINING SHORE. 8s & 7s.

“Yet a little while, and He that shall come will
 come, and will not tarry.”

Heb. x. 37.

- AND is it so? “A little while,”
 And then the life undying,
 The light of God’s unclouded smile,
 The singing for the sighing?
 “A little while!” Oh! glorious word,
 Sweet solace of our sorrow:
 And then “for ever with the Lord,”
 The everlasting morrow.
- 2 Then be it ours to journey on
 In paths that He decrees us,
 Where His own feet before have gone,
 Our strength, our hope, our Jesus;
 In lowly fellowship with Him
 The cross appointed bearing;
 For oh! a crown no grief can dim
 One day we shall be wearing.

314 SONGS FOR CHRISTIAN PILGRIMS.

- 3 Oh! 'twill be passing sweet to gaze
On Him in all His glory;
And lost in love and glad amaze
To shout redemption's story;
Till angels bend to catch the strain
Our human lips are welling,
And "worthy is the Lamb once slain,"
Resounds through heaven's high
dwelling.

317 *Tune*—HARVEY'S CHANT. C. M.

"Nevertheless, not my will, but Thine, be
done."

Luke xxii. 42.

- I AM not sent a pilgrim here,
My heart with earth to fill;
But I am here God's grace to learn,
And serve God's sovereign will.
- 2 He leads me on through smiles and
tears,
Grief follows gladness still;
But let me welcome both alike,
Since both work out His will.
- 3 The strong man's strength to toil for
Christ,
The fervent preacher's skill,
I sometimes wish—but better far
To be just what God will.

- 4 I know not how this languid life
 May life's vast ends fulfil ;
 He knows ; and that life is not lost
 That answers well His will.
- 5 No service in itself is small,
 None great, though earth it fill ;
 But that is small that seeks its own,
 And great that seeks God's will.
- 6 Then hold my hand, most gracious
 Lord!
 Guide all my goings still ;
 And let this be my life's one aim,
 To do or bear Thy will.

318 *Tune*—WATCHER. 7s & 6s.

“But one thing is needful: and Mary hath chosen that good part, which shall not be taken away from her.”

Luke x. 42.

I NEED Thee, precious Jesus,
 For I am very poor ;
 A stranger and a pilgrim,
 I have no earthly store ;
 I need the love of Jesus
 To cheer me on my way,
 To guide my doubting footsteps,
 To be my strength and stay.

316 SONGS FOR CHRISTIAN PILGRIMS.

- 2 I need Thee, precious Jesus,
I need a friend like Thee;
A friend to soothe and pity,
A friend to care for me.
I need the heart of Jesus
To feel each anxious care,
To tell my every want to,
And all my sorrows share.
- 3 I need Thee, precious Jesus,
I need Thee day by day,
To fill me from Thy fulness,
To lead me on my way:
I need Thy Holy Spirit
To teach me what I am,
To show me more of Jesus,
To point me to the Lamb.
- 4 I need Thee, precious Jesus,
And hope to see Thee soon,
Encircled with the rainbow,
And seated on Thy throne:
There, with the blood-bought children,
My joy shall ever be,
To sing Thy praise, Lord Jesus—
To gaze, my Lord, on Thee.

CHRISTIAN FAITH.

319

Tune—CHIMES.

C. M.

“To him that worketh not, but believeth on Him that justifieth the ungodly, his faith is counted for righteousness.”

Rom. iv. 5.

FAITH is a very simple thing,
 Though little understood;
 It frees the soul from death's dread
 sting,
 By resting in the blood.

- 2 Faith is not what we feel or see,
 It is a simple trust
 In what the God of love has said
 Of Jesus as “the Just.”
- 3 What Jesus is, and that alone,
 Is faith's delightful plea;
 It never deals with sinful self,
 Nor righteous self, in me.
- 4 It tells me I am counted “dead”
 By God, in His own word;
 It tells me I am “born again”
 In Christ, my risen Lord.

- 5 If He is free, then I am free
 From all unrighteousness ;
 If He is just, then I am just,
 He is my righteousness.

320

Tune—RHINE.

C. M.

“To them that have obtained like precious faith
 with us through the righteousness of God and
 our Saviour Jesus Christ.”

2 Pet. i. 1.

- H**OW precious is the faith that gives
 A precious Christ to me,
 And precious makes the blood He shed
 On the accursed tree !
- 2 And precious and exceeding great
 Are all the promises ;
 “ Yea and amen in Him ” inscribed
 On what each promise says.
- 3 Precious, beyond conception, faith !
 It with the promise deals,
 And, for the soul, appropriates
 The blessing each reveals.
- 4 Not only preciousness He stamps
 Upon the faith thus tried ;
 But preciousness upon the means
 Whereby 'tis purified.

- 5 Discerning this, each trial will
 Courageous hope inspire ;
 While faith reminds—the trial is
 But “ the Refiner’s fire.”

321 *Tune*—AMITY. S. H. M.

“ In Jesus Christ neither circumcision availeth
 any thing, nor uncircumcision, but faith which
 worketh by love.”

Gal. v. 6.

FAITH is the polar star
 That guides the Christian’s way,
 Directs his wanderings from afar
 To realms of endless day :
 It points the course, where’er he roam,
 And safely leads the pilgrim home.

- 2 Faith is the rainbow’s form
 Hung on the brow of heaven,
 The glory of the passing storm,
 The pledge of mercy given :
 It is the bright triumphal arch
 Through which the saints to glory
 march.

- 3 The faith that works by love,
 And purifies the heart,
 A foretaste of the joys above
 To mortals can impart :
 It bears us through this earthly strife,
 And triumphs in immortal life.

322 *Tune*—ORTONVILLE. C. M.

“By grace are ye saved through faith.”

Eph. ii. 8.

- O** GIFT of gifts! O grace of faith!
 My God, how can it be
 That thou, who hast discerning love,
 Shouldst give that gift to me!
- 2** Ah, Grace! into unlikeliest hearts
 It is thy boast to come;
 The glory of thy light to find
 In darkest spots a home.
- 3** Thy choice, O God of goodness! then
 I lovingly adore;
 Oh, give me grace to keep thy grace,
 And grace to long for more!

323 *Tune*—ADNAL. 8s.

“Being justified by faith we have peace with
 God through our Lord Jesus Christ.”

Rom. v. 1.

- T**HE moment a sinner believes,
 And trusts in his crucified God,
 His pardon at once he receives,
 Redemption in full through His
 blood.
- 2** The faith, that unites to the Lamb,
 And brings such salvation as this,
 Is more than mere fancy or name,
 The work of God's Spirit it is.

- 3 It says to the mountains, "depart,"
That stand betwixt God and the
soul:
It binds up the broken in heart,
The wounded in conscience makes
whole:
- 4 Bids sins of a crimson-like dye,
Be spotless as snow and as white;
And raises the sinner on high,
To dwell with the angels of light.

324 *Tune*—MARTYRDOM. C. M.

"This is the victory that overcometh the world,
even our faith."

I John v. 4.

- F**AITH adds new charms to earthly
bliss
And saves me from its snares;
Its aid in ev'ry duty brings,
And softens all my cares;
- 2 Extinguishes the thirst of sin,
And lights the sacred fire
Of love to God and heav'nly things,
And feeds the pure desire.
- 3 The wounded conscience knows its
pow'r
The healing balm to give; M
That balm the saddest heart can cheer,
And make the dying live.

- 4 Wide it unvails celestial worlds,
Where deathless pleasure reigns ;
And bids me seek my portion there,
Nor bids me seek in vain ;
- 5 Shows me the precious promise
 seal'd
With my Redeemer's blood ;
And helps my feeble hope to rest
Upon a faithful God.

325 *Tune*—SWANWICK. C. M.

“Faith is the substance of things hoped for, the
evidence of things not seen.”

Heb. xi. i.

FAITH is the brightest evidence
Of things beyond our sight,
Breaks through the clouds of flesh and
 sense
And dwells in heavenly light.

- 2 It sets times past in present view,
Brings distant prospects home,
Of things a thousands years ago,
Or thousand years to come.
- 3 By faith we know the worlds were made
By God's almighty word ;
Abra'm, to unknown countries led,
By faith obeyed the Lord.

- 4 He sought a city fair and high,
 Built by the eternal hands;
 And faith assures us, though we die,
 That heavenly building stands.

326 *Tune*—INQUIRY. · C. M.

“Lord, increase our faith.”

Luke xvii. 5.

- O**H for a faith that will not shrink,
 Though press'd by ev'ry foe,
 That will not tremble on the brink
 Of any earthly woe!
- 2 That will not murmur nor complain
 Beneath the chast'ning rod,
 But, in the hour of grief or pain,
 Will lean upon its God;
- 3 A faith that shines more bright and
 clear
 When tempests rage without;
 That when in danger knows no fear,
 In darkness feels no doubt;
- 4 That bears, unmov'd, the world's dread
 frown,
 Nor heeds its scornful smile;
 That seas of trouble can not drown,
 Nor Satan's arts beguile;

- 5 A faith that keeps the narrow way
 Till life's last hour is fled,
 And with a pure and heav'nly ray
 Lights up a dying bed.
- 6 Lord, give us such a faith as this,
 And then, whate'er may come,
 We'll taste, e'en here, the hallow'd bliss
 Of an eternal home.

327 *Tune*—DUKE STREET. L. M.

“Above all, taking the shield of faith.”

Eph. vi. 16.

- T**IS by the faith of joys to come
 We walk through deserts dark as
 night ;
 Till we arrive at heaven, our home,
 Faith is our guide, and faith our light.
- 2 The want of sight she well supplies ;
 She makes the pearly gates appear ;
 Far into distant worlds she pries,
 And brings eternal glories near.
- 3 Cheerful we tread the desert through,
 While faith inspires a heavenly ray ;
 Though lions roar, and tempests blow,
 And rocks and dangers fill the way.

328

Tune—WOOLWICH.

C. M.

“By faith he sojourned in the land of promise,
as in a strange country—for he looked for a
city which hath foundations, whose builder
and maker is God.”

Heb. xi. 9, 10.

O H, if the Christian's faith would soar
To realms of fadeless light,
What soul-inspiring scenes of bliss
Would greet the raptured sight!
From those bright heights to faith
revealed,
Where joy for ever beams,
How vain the earth, how poor its joy,
How pitiful it seems!

2 Its dazzling scenes, its empty sounds,
Its pageants of an hour,
When viewed from faith's transcendent
heights,

Must lose their boasted power.
O sweet, my soul, the voice that bids
Thee leave a world like this,
And in a world more beauteous far,
Secure substantial bliss!

3 Nor mocks the voice, that bids thee go,
For faith, the gift divine,
On pinions bright will bear thee on,
Till heavenly glories shine;

Till earth assumes its proper place,
 In the believer's breast ;
 Till he shall fully, sweetly know
 That here is not his rest.

329 *Tune*—HEBER, BETHA. C. M.

“Have faith in God.”

Mark xi. 22.

- ’TIS faith supports my feeble soul,
 In times of deep distress ;
 When storms arise and billows roll,
 Great God, I trust Thy grace.
- 2 Thy powerful arm still bears me up,
 Whatever griefs befall ;
 Thou art my life, my joy, my hope,
 And Thou my all in all.
- 3 Bereft of friends, beset with foes,
 With dangers all around,
 To Thee I all my fears disclose,
 In Thee my help is found.
- 4 In every want, in every strait,
 To Thee alone I fly ;
 When other comforters depart,
 Thou art for ever nigh.

CHRISTIAN HOPE.

330

Tune—CANAAN.

C. M.

“That being justified by His grace, we should be made heirs according to the hope of eternal life.”

Tit. iii. 7.

HOW blessed is the tie that binds
 Believers' hearts in one!
 How sweet the hope that tunes our
 minds
 In harmony divine!
 It is the hope, the blissful hope,
 Which Jesus' grace hath given—
 The hope, when days and years are
 past,
 That we shall meet in heaven.

- 2 We all shall meet in heaven at last—
 With Jesus meet in heaven;
 With him, when days and years are
 past,
 We all shall meet in heaven.
 It is the hope, the blissful hope, &c.

- 3 What tho' our lot in trial here
 And poverty be cast!
 What tho' around our sorrowing heart
 May howl the wintry blast!
 Yet still we share the blissful hope, &c.
- 4 From Burmah's shores, from Afric's
 strand,
 From India's burning plain,
 From Europe and Columbia's land,
 We hope to meet again.
 It is the hope, the blissful hope, &c.

331 *Tune*—SOLID ROCK. L. M.

“Which hope we have as an anchor of the soul,
 both sure and steadfast, and which entereth
 into that within the veil.”

Heb. vi. 19.

MY hope is built on nothing less
 Than Jesus' blood and righteous-
 ness;

I dare not trust the sweetest frame,
 But wholly lean on Jesus' name.
 On Christ, the solid rock, I stand;
 All other ground is sinking sand.

- 2 When darkness seems to veil his face,
 I rest on his unchanging grace;
 In every high and stormy gale,
 My anchor holds within the veil:
 On Christ, the solid rock, I stand;
 All other ground is sinking sand.

- 3 His oath, his covenant and blood
 Support me in the whelming flood ;
 When all around my soul gives way,
 He then is all my hope and stay :
 On Christ, the solid rock, I stand ;
 All other ground is sinking sand.

332 *Tune*—ELIZABETHTOWN. C. M.

“God our Saviour, and Lord Jesus Christ, our
 hope.”

I Tim. i. 1.

HOPE of our hearts, O Lord, appear !
 Thou glorious star of day !
 Shine forth and chase the dreary night
 With all our fears away.

- 2 Strangers on earth, in all below
 No loveliness we see ;
 Our eye is on the royal crown
 Prepared for us in Thee.
- 3 But, dearest Lord ! however bright
 That crown of joy above,
 What is it to the brighter hope
 Of dwelling in Thy love !
- 4 There, near Thy heart, upon Thy throne,
 The ransomed Bride shall see
 What grace was in the bleeding Lamb,
 Who died to make her free.

333 *Tune*—MILLENNIUM. 7s & 6s.

“By whom also we have access by faith into this grace wherein we stand, and rejoice in hope of the glory of God.”

Rom. v. 2.

O LORD! we happy children,
 Whilst yet on earth we roam,
 Find in our Father's bosom
 Our spirit's present home;
 For where Thou art reclining
 By faith we, too, repose,
 And we were raised to Heaven
 When Thou, our Head, arose.

2 In spirit there already
 We soon shall really be—
 In soul and body perfect,
 And glorified with Thee.
 Our Father's smiles are cheering
 The brief, but thorny way;
 Our Father's house—the dwelling,
 Made ready for that day.

3 The Comforter, now present,
 Assures us of Thy love;
 He is the glorious earnest
 Of joy secured above.
 The river of Thy pleasures
 Is what we wait for now,
 With Thy new name imprinted
 On every sinless brow.

- 4 Lord! we await Thy glory ;
 We have no home but where
 Th' unbroken heavenly family
 The joy with us shall share.
 No place can ever please us
 Where Thou, O Lord, art not ;
 In Thee, with Thee for ever
 By grace our blessed lot.

334

Tune—KING.

S. M.

“Hope maketh not ashamed; because the love
 of God is shed abroad in our hearts by the
 Holy Ghost which is given unto us.

Rom v. 5.

- GIVE to the winds thy fears ;
 Hope, and be undismayed ;
 God hears thy sighs, and counts thy
 tears,
 God shall lift up thy head.
- 2 Through waves, through clouds and
 storms,
 He gently clears thy way ;
 Wait thou His time ; so shall this night
 Soon end in joyous day.
- 3 Still heavy is thy heart !
 Still sink thy spirits down !
 Cast off the weight, let fear depart,
 Bid every care be gone.

- 4 Far, far above thy thought
 His counsel shall appear,
 When fully He the work hath wrought
 That caused thy needless fear.
- 5 What, though thou rulest not!
 Yet heaven, and earth, and hell
 Proclaim, God sitteth on the throne,
 And ruleth all things well!

335

Tune—HENRY.

C. M.

“Every man that hath this hope in Him purifieth himself, even as He is pure.”

I John iii. 3.

- O HAPPY soul, that lives on high,
 While men lie groveling here!
 His hopes are fixed above the sky,
 And faith forbids his fear.
- 2 He waits in secret on his God,
 His God in secret sees;
 Let earth be all in arms abroad,
 He dwells in heavenly peace.
- 3 His pleasures rise from things unseen,
 Beyond this world and time,
 Where neither eyes nor ears have been,
 Nor thoughts of sinners climb.
- 4 He wants no pomp, nor royal throne
 To raise his figure here;
 Content and pleased to live unknown,
 Till Christ, his life, appear.

- 5 He looks to Heaven's eternal hill,
 To meet that glorious day ;
 And patient waits his Saviour's will
 To fetch his soul away.

336 *Tune*—MENDON. L. M.

“Blesseth is the man that trusteth in the Lord,
 and whose hope the Lord is.”

Jer. xvii. 7.

THE God of my salvation lives ;
 My nobler life He will sustain ;
 His word immortal vigor gives,
 Nor shall my glorious hopes be vain.

- 2 Thy presence, Lord, can cheer my
 heart,
 Though every earthly comfort die ;
 Thy smile can bid my pains depart,
 And raise my sacred pleasures high.
- 3 O let me hear Thy blissful voice,
 Inspiring life and joy divine ;
 The barren desert shall rejoice ;
 'Tis paradise, if Thou art mine.

337

Tune—WARE.

L. M.

“We give thanks to God and the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ—for the hope which is laid up for you in heaven.”

Col. i. 3-5.

- T**HY Father's house! Thine own
 bright home!
 And Thou hast there a place for me!
 Though yet an exile here I roam,
 That distant home by faith I see.
- 2 I see its dome's replendent glow,
 Where beams of God's own glory
 fall,
 And trees of life immortal grow,
 Whose fruits o'erhang the sapphire
 wall.
- 3 I know that Thou, who on the tree
 Didst deign our mortal guilt to bear,
 Wilt bring Thine own to dwell with
 Thee,
 And waitest to receive them there.
- 4 Thy love will there array my soul
 In Thine own robe of spotless hue;
 And I shall gaze, while ages roll,
 On Thee, with raptures ever new.
- 5 O welcome day, when Thou my feet
 Shalt bring the shining threshold o'er,
 A Father's warm embrace to meet,
 And dwell at home for evermore.

CHRISTIAN LOVE.

338 *Tune*—CALLENDER. C. M.

“We love Him, because He first loved us.”

I John iv. 19.

I LOVE Thee, O my God! but not
 For what I hope thereby,
 Nor yet because who love Thee not
 Must die eternally.

I love Thee, O my God! and still
 I ever will love Thee,
 Solely because, my God, Thou art
 Who first hast loved me!

2 For me, to lowest depths of woe
 Thou didst Thyself abase,
 For me didst bear the cross, the shame,
 And manifold disgrace;
 For me didst suffer pains unknown,
 Blood-sweat and agony.
 Yea, death itself—all, all for me!
 For me, Thine enemy!

3 Then shall I not, O Saviour mine!
 Shall I not love Thee well?
 Not with the hope of winning heaven,
 Nor of escaping hell;

Not with the hope of earning aught
 Nor seeking a reward ;
 But freely, fully as Thyself
 Hast loved me, O Lord !

339

Tune—VARINA.

C. M.

“Herein is love, not that we loved God, but that
 He loved us, and sent His Son to be the propi-
 tiation for our sins.”

I John iv. 9.

WE love thee, Lord, because when we
 Had erred and gone astray,
 Thou didst recall our wandering souls
 Into the homeward way ;
 When helpless, homeless, we were lost
 In sin and sorrow's night,
 Thou didst send forth a guiding ray
 Of thy benignant light ;

- 2 Because, when we forsook thy ways,
 Nor kept thy holy will,
 Thou wert not an avenging Judge,
 But a gracious Father still ;
 Because, though we've forgot thee,
 Lord,
 Thou hast not us forgot—
 Though we have oft forsaken thee,
 Yet thou forsakest not ;
- 3 Because, O Lord, thou lovedst us
 With everlasting love ;
 Because thou gav'st thy Son to die,
 That we might live above ;

Because, when we were heirs of wrath,
 Thou gav'st the hopes of heaven :
 We love because we much have sinned,
 And much have been forgiven.

340 *Tune*—PRAIRIE. 7s & 6s.

“I have loved thee with an everlasting love:
 therefore with loving kindness have I drawn
 thee.”

Jer. xxxi. 3.

O LORD, thy love's unbounded—
 So sweet, so full, so free—
 My soul is all transported,
 Whene'er I think on thee !

2 Yet, Lord, alas ! what weakness
 Within myself I find,
 No infant's changing pleasure
 Is like my wandering mind.

3 And yet thy love's unchanging,
 And doth recall my heart
 To joy in all its brightness,
 The peace its beams impart.

4 Yet sure, if in thy presence,
 My soul still constant were,
 Mine eye would, more familiar,
 Its brighter glories bear.

- 5 And thus, thy deep perfections
 Much better should I know,
 And with adoring fervor
 In this thy nature grow.
- 6 Still sweet 'tis to discover,
 If clouds have dimm'd my sight,
 When pass'd, Eternal Lover,
 Toward me, as e'er, Thou'rt bright.

341 *Tune*—BREMEN. L. C. M.

“The love of Christ constraineth us.”

2 Cor. v. 14.

- O** LOVE divine, how sweet thou art!
 When shall I find my longing heart
 All taken up by thee?
 Oh, may I pant and thirst to prove
 The greatness of redeeming love—
 The love of Christ to me!
- 2** God only knows the love of God:
 Oh, that it more were shed abroad
 In this poor longing heart!
 For love I'd sigh—for love I'd pine:
 This only portion, Lord, be mine:
 Be mine the better part.
- 3** Oh, that I may for ever sit,
 Like Mary, at the Master's feet!
 Be this my happy choice;
 My only care, my only bliss,
 My joy, my heaven on earth be this—
 To hear the Bridegroom's voice.

- 4 Oh, that I may, like favor'd John,
 Recline my wearied head upon
 The dear Redeemer's breast!
 From care, and sin, and sorrow free,
 Give me, O Lord, to find in thee
 My everlasting rest.

342 *Tune*—CHESTER. C. M.

"He brought me to the banqueting house, and
 His banner over me was love.

Song of Sol. ii. 4.

MY tongue shall spread the Saviour's
 fame,
 Whose grace I daily prove;
 For since my soul has known His name,
 His banner has been—Love.

- 2 When walking in the paths of sin,
 I far from Him would rove,
 By sweet constraint He drew me in,
 And waved His banner—Love.
- 3 He spread the banquet, made me eat,
 Bid all my fears remove;
 Yea, o'er my guilty rebel head
 He placed His banner—Love.
- 4 When, weary of His rich repast,
 I've sought, alas! to rove,
 He has recalled His faithless guest,
 And showed His banner—Love.

- 5 In every conflict I sustain,
 My enemies shall prove
 Through Him the vict'ry I obtain,
 Beneath His banner—Love.
- 6 And when He calls me home ere long,
 To feast with Him above,
 Through all eternity my song
 Shall be—His changeless Love.

343 *Tune*—YARMOUTH. 7s & 6s.

“Surely His salvation is nigh them that fear
 Him; that glory may dwell in our land.”

Ps. lxxxv. 9.

- O**H, Christ, He is the fountain,
 The deep, sweet well of love!
 The streams on earth I've tasted,
 More deep I'll drink above:
 There, to an ocean fulness,
 His mercy doth expand,
 And glory, glory dwelleth
 In Immanuel's land.
- 2 Oh! I am my Beloved's,
 And my Beloved's mine!
 He brings a poor vile sinner
 Into His “house of wine!”
 I stand upon His merit,
 I know no other stand,
 Not e'en where glory dwelleth
 In Immanuel's land.

- 3 The bride eyes not her garment,
 But her dear Bridegroom's face ;
 I will not gaze at glory,
 But on my King of Grace—
 Not at the crown He giveth,
 But on His pierced hand—
 The Lamb is all the glory
 Of Immanuel's land.

344 *Tune*—DEFLEURY. 8s.

"To know the love of Christ, which passeth knowledge, that ye might be filled with all the fulness of God."

Eph. iii. 19.

- M**Y gracious Redeemer I love,
 His praises aloud I'll proclaim,
 And join with the ransom'd above,
 To sound His adorable name :
 To gaze on His glories divine,
 Shall be my eternal employ ;
 To feel them incessantly shine,
 My boundless, ineffable joy.
- 2 He freely redeem'd with His blood
 My soul from the confines of hell,
 To live on the smiles of my God,
 And in His blest presence to dwell ;
 To shine with the angels of light ;
 With saints and with seraphs to
 sing ;
 To view, with eternal delight,
 My Jesus, my Saviour, my King.

- 3 My glorious Redeemer! I long
 To see thee descend on the cloud,
 Amidst the bright, numberless throng,
 And mix with the triumphing crowd.
 Oh! when wilt thou bid me ascend,
 To join in thy praises above—
 To gaze on thee, world without end,
 And feast on thy heavenly love?

345 *Tune*—MIDDLETON. 8s & 7s.

“The God of love and peace shall be with you.”

2 Cor. xiii. 11.

LOVE divine, all praise excelling,
 Joy of heaven, to earth come down!
 Bless us with thy rich indwelling,
 All thy faithful mercies crown;
 Saviour, thee we'd still be blessing,
 Serve thee here, as soon above—
 Praise thee, Saviour, without ceasing,
 Glory in thy dying love.

- 2 Carry on thy new creation—
 Faithful, holy, may we be;
 Joyful in thy full salvation,
 More and more conform'd to thee!
 Changed from glory into glory,
 'Till in heaven we take our place,
 Then to worship and adore thee,
 Lost in wonder, love and praise!

346 *Tune*—GERAR. S. M.

“Fulfill ye my joy, that ye be like-minded,
having the same love, being of one accord, of
one mind.”

Phil. ii. 2.

BLEST be the tie that binds
Our hearts in Christian love ;
The fellowship of kindred minds
Is like to that above.

- 2 Before our Father's throne
We pour our ardent prayers :
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one,
Our comforts and our cares.
- 3 We share our mutual woes,
Our mutual burdens bear,
And often for each other flows,
The sympathizing tear.
- 4 When we asunder part
It gives us inward pain ;
But we shall still be joined in heart,
And hope to meet again.
- 5 This glorious hope revives
Our courage by the way ;
While each in expectation lives,
And longs to see the day.
- 6 From sorrow, toil and pain,
And sin we shall be free ;
And perfect love and friendship reign
Through all eternity.

347 *Tune*—CHIMES. C. M.

“Beloved, let us love one another; for love is of God: and every one that loveth is born of God, and knoweth God.”

I John iv. 7.

COME, let us join our friends above
That have obtained the prize,
And on the eagle wings of love
To joy celestial rise.

- 2 Let saints below his praises sing,
With those to glory gone;
For all the servants of our King
In heaven and earth are one.
- 3 One family, we dwell in Him,
One church above, beneath;
Though now divided by the stream—
The narrow stream of death.
- 4 One army of the living God,
To his commands we bow;
Part of the host have crossed the flood,
And part are crossing now.

348 *Tune*—MONTPELIER. L. M.

“Hereby perceive we the love of God, because He laid down His life for us.”

I John iii. 16.

NO, not the love without the blood—
That were no love to me at all;
It could not reach my sinful soul,

Nor hush the fears which me appall.
I need the love, I need the blood,
I need the grace, the cross, the grave,
I need the resurrection power,
A soul like mine to purge and save.

2 The love I need is righteous love,
Inscribed upon the blood-stained
tree—

Love that exacts the sinner's debt,
Yet in exacting sets him free.

Love that condemns the sinner's sin,
Yet in condemning pardon seals ;
That saves from righteous wrath, and
yet
In saving righteousness reveals.

3 Love boundless as Jehovah's self,
Love holy as His righteous law,
Love unsolicited, unbought—
The love proclaimed on Golgotha.
This is the love that calms my heart,
That soothes each conscience-pang
within,
That pacifies my guilty dread,
And frees me from the power of sin.

PRAYER.

349

Tune—FURTH.

S. M. D.

“Let us, therefore, come boldly unto the throne
of grace.”

Heb. iv. 16.

COME to the Throne of Grace,
Children of God draw near;
It is the holy meeting place,
Where Jesus will appear
Unto each waiting saint,
Unto each troubled soul,
To hear the burdened heart's complaint,
And make the wounded whole.

2 Come to the Throne of Grace,
The door is open wide;
It is the blessed meeting place
Of Jesus and His bride:
He whispers from above
To each beloved child,
And says to each, “thou art my love,
My dove, my undefiled.”

3 Come to the Throne of Grace,
 There daily strength obtain,
 To run with joy the heavenly race,
 The victory to gain;
 The conflict may be great,
 The battle may be strong,
 Still here in faith and patience wait,
 Ye shall o'ercome ere long.

4 Come to the Throne of Grace,
 Now in your utmost need,
 Spread all before your Father's face,
 His word of promise plead;
 He will not with us chide,
 Nor turn His ear away,
 He gave His Son, who for us died,
 And will not say us nay.

350

Tune—ADVENT.

8s & 4s.

“The Lord will command His loving kindness in
 the day time, and in the night His song shall
 be with me, and my prayer unto the God of my
 life.”

Ps. xlii. 8.

MY God, is any hour so sweet,
 From blush of morn to evening
 star,
 As that which calls me to thy feet;
 The hour of prayer?

- 2 Blest is the tranquil hour of morn,
 And blest that hour of solemn eve,
 When, on the wings of prayer up-borne,
 The world I leave.
- 3 No words can tell what sweet relief
 There for my every want I find ;
 What strength for warfare, balm for
 grief,
 What peace of mind.
- 4 Hushed is each doubt, gone every fear ;
 My spirit seems in heaven to stay ;
 And e'en the penitential tear
 Is wiped away.
- 5 Lord, till I reach that blissful shore,
 No privilege so dear shall be
 As this, my inmost soul to pour
 In prayer to thee.

351

Tune—BELIEF.

C. M.

“Whatsoever ye shall ask in my name, that
 will I do, that the Father may be glorified in
 the Son.”

John xiv. 13.

THERE is a name—one only name,
 On which the soul can rest ;
 The pardon'd sinner owns its claim,
 And is for ever blest.

- 2 A hist'ry full of wondrous love
That sacred name unfolds,
And still that sacrifice of blood
The Father's eye beholds.
- 3 There is a name, the sweetest name ;
Let us in this draw nigh !
The veil is rent, the way is made
To God beyond the sky.
- 4 There is a name—it is our plea
Before the Father's throne ;
Of all His treasures 'tis the key,
Which makes them all our own.
- 5 No burning mount, no thunder's roar,
Shall fright one soul away ;
No foe can shut that open door,
Since Jesus is the way.
- 6 Oh, plead His name—His precious
name,
With boldness at the throne ;
For all He has, and all we need,
Himself hath made our own.

352 *Tune*—SWEET HOUR OF PRAYER.

L. M. D.

"In every thing by prayer and supplication
with thanksgiving let your requests be made
known unto God."

Phil. iv. 6.

SWEET hour of prayer! sweet hour
of prayer!
That calls me from a world of care,

And bids me at my Father's throne,
 Make all my wants and wishes known;
 In seasons of distress and grief
 My soul has often found relief,
 And oft escaped the tempter's snare,
 By thy return, sweet hour of prayer;
 And oft escaped the tempter's snare,
 By thy return, sweet hour of prayer.

2 Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of
 prayer!

Thy wings shall my petition bear,
 To him whose truth and faithfulness
 Engage the waiting soul to bless;
 And since he bids me seek his face,
 Believe his word, and trust his grace,
 I'll cast on him my every care,
 And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer.

3 Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of
 prayer!

May I thy consolation share,
 Till, from Mount Pisgah's lofty height,
 I view my home, and take my flight;
 This robe of flesh I'll drop, and rise
 To seize the everlasting prize:
 And shout, while passing through the
 air,
 Farewell, farewell, sweet hour of
 prayer.

353 *Tune*—OLIVE'S BROW. L. M.

"If any man sin, we have an advocate with the
Father, Jesus Christ the righteous."

I John ii. 1.

CHILDREN of God! in all your need,
Remember Him who died for you;
Ye suppliants! think, whene'er ye plead,
The Lord of love is pleading, too:

- 2 Nor pleads in vain—the Father hears
The voice of His beloved Son.
'Tis music in Jehovah's ears;
He pleads, and lo, the suit is won.
- 3 "Father, forgive them!" Jesus cried,
When bleeding on the cursed tree—
"Bless, bless them, Lord, for this I
died!"
Is now His all-prevailing plea.
- 4 Come, brethren, then, our feeblest
prayer,
Perfumed with Jesus' blessed name,
Is heard on high, is treasured there,
And all that heaven can give may
claim.
- 5 From everlasting we are His,
In love's eternal counsel given;
And He himself our portion is,
The glory of our promised heaven.

354 *Tune*—SHAWMUT. S. M.

“Having, therefore, brethren, boldness to enter into the holiest by the blood of Jesus—let us draw near with a true heart in full assurance of faith, having our hearts sprinkled from an evil conscience.”

Heb. x. 19-22.

- B**EHOLD the throne of grace!
 The promise calls me near;
 There Jesus shows a smiling face,
 And waits to answer prayer.
- 2 That rich atoning blood,
 Which sprinkled round I see,
 Provides for those who come to God
 An all-prevailing plea.
- 3 My soul, ask what thou wilt —
 Thou canst not be too bold;
 Since His own blood for thee He spilt,
 What else can He withhold?
- 4 Beyond thy utmost wants
 His love and power can bless;
 To praying souls He always grants
 More than they can express.
- 5 Thine image, Lord, bestow,
 Thy presence and thy love;
 I ask to serve thee here below,
 And reign with thee above.

- 6 Teach me to live by faith,
 Conform my will to thine ;
 Let me victorious be o'er death,
 And then in glory shine.

355 *Tune*—MOUNT VERNON. 8s & 7s.

“All things, whatsoever ye shall ask in prayer,
 believing, ye shall receive.”

Matt. xxi. 22.

LET us pray ! the Lord is willing,
 Ever waiting, prayer to hear ;
 Ready, His kind words fulfilling,
 Loving hearts to help and cheer.

- 2 Let us pray ! our God with blessing
 Satisfies the praying soul ;
 Bends to hear the heart's confessing,
 Moulding it to His control.
- 3 Let us pray ! though foes surrounding,
 Vex, and trouble, and dismay ;
 Precious grace, through Christ abound-
 ing,
 Still shall cheer us on our way.
- 4 Let us pray ! our life is praying ;
 Prayer with time alone may cease ;
 Then in heaven, God's will obeying,
 Life is praise and perfect peace.

356 *Tune*—DETROIT. S. M.

“Truly our fellowship is with the Father, and
with His Son Jesus Christ.”

I John i. 3.

NOW from the world withdrawn,
For intercourse with thee,
May each, O Lord, before thy throne,
From earthly cares be free.

2 Possess our every thought,
And teach our minds to pray ;
Help us to worship as we ought,
And thus conclude the day.

3 Our strength may we renew,
And lift our hearts above,
That, while life's journey we pursue,
We still may walk in love.

4 Then, in our latter end,
If death shall close our eyes,
Thy mercy will our souls attend,
And bear them to the skies.

357 *Tune*—WANDERER. S. M. D.

“He spake a parable unto them to this end, that
men ought always to pray, and not to faint.”

Luke xviii. 1.

JESUS, my strength, my hope,
On thee I cast my care ;
With humble confidence look up,
And know thou hear'st my prayer.

Give me on thee to wait,
 Till I can all things do ;
 On thee—almighty to create,
 Almighty to renew.

2 I want a sober mind,
 A self-renouncing will,
 That tramples down, and casts behind,
 The baits of pleasing ill :
 A soul inured to pain,
 To hardship, grief and loss ;
 Bold to take up, firm to sustain,
 The consecrated cross.

3 I want a godly fear,
 A quick discerning eye,
 That looks to thee when sin is near,
 And sees the tempter fly :
 A spirit still prepared,
 And arm'd with jealous care ;
 Forever standing on its guard,
 And watching unto prayer.

358 *Tune*—WANDERER. S. M. D.

“Pray without ceasing.”

I Thess. v. 17.

I WANT a heart to pray—
 To pray, and never cease ;
 Never to murmur at thy stay,
 Or wish my sufferings less.

This blessing, above all—
 Always to pray—I want ;
 Out of the deep on thee to call,
 And never, never faint.

2 I want a true regard,
 A single, steady aim—
 Unmoved by threat'ning or reward,
 To thee and thy great name :
 A jealous, just concern,
 For thine immortal praise ;
 A pure desire that all may learn
 And glorify thy grace.

3 I rest upon thy word—
 The promise is for me ;
 My succor and salvation, Lord,
 Shall surely come from thee :
 But let me still abide,
 Nor from my hope remove,
 Till thou my patient spirit guide
 Into thy perfect love.

359

Tune—BETHANY.

6s & 4s.

“Continue in prayer, and watch in the same
 with thanksgiving.”

Col. iv. 2.

HASTE, my dull soul, arise,
 Cast off thy care,
 Press to the opened skies,
 Mighty in prayer.

Jesus has gone before,
 Count all thy troubles o'er,
 He who thy burden bore,
 Jesus, is there.

- 2 Soul, for the marriage feast
 Robe and prepare,
 Purenness becomes each guest—
 Jesus is there.
 Saints, wave your victory palms,
 Chant your celestial psalms ;
 Bride of the Lamb, thy charms
 Oh, let us wear !

- 3 Heaven's bliss is perfect, pure,
 Glory is there ;
 Heaven's bliss is ever sure,
 Thou art its heir.
 What makes its joy complete ?
 What makes its hymns so sweet ?
 There our best Friend we meet—
 Jesus is there.

360 *Tune*—MONTPELIER. L. M. D.

“Casting all your care upon Him; for He careth
 for you.”
 I Pet. v. 7.

PRAYER is the unburd'ning of the
 soul,
 The simple act whereby I roll
 Each trial, trouble, cross and care
 On shoulders able all to bear.

The aching head—the heart oppress'd
 Prayer places on a Father's breast;
 However heavy be the load,
 In prayer I roll it all on God!

2 In prayer, with God I converse hold,
 Nought in my heart from Him with-
 hold;

Be 't joy or woe, or hope or fear,
 All is unbosom'd in His ear;
 And sought for blessing coming down,
 Tells that my voice has reach'd His
 throne;

That beats and acts for me, each hour,
 His heart of love and arm of pow'r!

3 And though the answer which I sought
 Come (not as I had wish'd or thought)
 Envelop'd, to the eye of sense,
 In some dark, frowning providence;
 Yet Faith's anointed eye can trace
 That answer to the throne of grace,
 And see the Answerer of prayer,
 Through darkest dispensations, there!

361

Tune—DUNDEE.

C. M.

"Behold, he prayeth."

Acts ix. 11.

PRAYER is the soul's sincere desire,
 Unuttered or expressed;
 The motion of a hidden fire
 That trembles in the breast.

- 2 Prayer is the burden of a sigh,
The falling of a tear ;
The upward glancing of an eye,
When none but God is near.
- 3 Prayer is the simplest form of speech
That infant lips can try ;
Prayer the sublimest strains that reach
The Majesty on high.
- 4 Prayer is the contrite sinner's voice
Returning from his ways,
While angels in their songs rejoice,
And say, " Behold, he prays."
- 5 Prayer is the Christian's vital breath,
The Christian's native air,
His watchword at the gate of death :
He enters heaven with prayer.

362 *Tune*—GORTON. S. M.

" I have called upon thee, for thou wilt hear me,
O God."

Ps. xvii. 6.

JESUS, who knows full well
The heart of every saint ;
Invites us all our griefs to tell,
To pray and never faint.

- 2 He bows His gracious ear,
We never plead in vain ;
Yet we must wait till He appear,
And pray, and pray again.

- 3 Jesus, the Lord, will hear
 His chosen when they cry,
 Yes, though He may a while forbear,
 He'll help them from on high.
- 4 His nature, truth and love,
 Engage Him on their side ;
 When they are grieved, his mercies
 move,
 And can they be denied ?
- 5 Then let us earnest be,
 And never faint in prayer ;
 He loves our importunity,
 And makes our cause His care.

363*Tune*—ZEPHYR.

L. M.

“Praying always with all prayer and supplication in the Spirit.”

Eph. vi. 18.

PRAYER was appointed to convey
 The blessings God designs to give ;
 Long as they live, should Christians
 pray,
 For only while they pray they live.

- 2 The Christian's heart his prayer indites,
 He speaks as prompted from within :
 The Spirit his petition writes,
 And Christ receives and gives it in.

- 3 If pains afflict, or wrongs oppress,
 If cares distract, or fears dismay;
 If guilt deject, if sin distress,
 The remedy's before thee—pray.
- 4 'Tis prayer supports the soul that's
 weak,
 Though thought be broken, language
 lame;
 Pray, if thou canst, or canst not speak,
 But pray with faith in Jesus' name.

364 *Tune*—RETREAT. L. M.

“The Spirit also helpeth our infirmities; for we know not what we should pray for as we ought: but the Spirit itself maketh intercession for us with groanings that can not be uttered.”

Rom. viii. 26.

WHAT various hindrances we meet
 In coming to a mercy-seat!
 Yet who that knows the worth of
 prayer
 But wishes to be often there?

- 2 Prayer makes the darkened cloud
 withdraw,
 Prayer climbs the ladder Jacob saw,
 Gives exercise to faith and love,
 Brings every blessing from above.

- 3 Restraining prayer, we cease to fight ;
Prayer makes the Christian's armor
 bright ;
And Satan trembles when he sees
The weakest saint upon his knees.
- 4 Have you no words? Ah! think again;
Words flow apace when you complain,
And fill your fellow-creature's ear
With the sad tale of all your care.
- 5 Were half the breath thus vainly spent
To heaven in supplication sent,
Your cheerful song would oftener be,
"Hear what the Lord has done for
 me."

365 *Tune*—SWEET HOUR OF PRAYER.

L. M.

"There I will meet with thee, and I will com-
mune with thee from above the mercy seat."

Ex. xxv. 22.

FROM every stormy wind that blows,
From every swelling tide of woes,
There is a calm, a sure retreat—
'Tis found beneath the mercy seat.

- 2 There is a place, where Jesus sheds
The oil of gladness on our heads,
A place than all besides more sweet—
It is the blood-bought mercy seat.

- 3 There is a scene, where spirits blend,
 Where friend holds fellowship with
 friend ;
 Though sundered far, by faith they
 meet
 Around one common mercy seat.
- 4 Ah! whither could we flee for aid,
 When tempted, desolate, dismayed,
 Or how the hosts of hell defeat,
 Had suffering saints no mercy seat ?
- 5 There, there on eagle's wings we soar,
 And sin and sense seem all no more ;
 And heaven comes down our souls to
 greet,
 And glory crowns the mercy seat.
- 6 O! let my hand forget her skill,
 My tongue be silent, cold and still,
 This bounding heart forget to beat,
 If I forget thy mercy seat.

366*Tune*—HORTON.

7s.

“What things soever ye desire, when ye pray,
 believe that ye receive them, and ye shall
 have them.”

Mark xi. 24.

COME, my soul, thy suit prepare,
 Jesus loves to answer prayer ;
 He himself has bid thee pray,
 Therefore will not say thee nay.

- 2 Thou art coming to a King,
Large petitions with thee bring ;
For His grace and power are such
None can ever ask too much.
- 3 Lord, I come to thee for rest,
Take possession of my breast ;
There thy blood-bought right maintain,
And without a rival reign.
- 4 While I am a pilgrim here,
Let thy love my spirit cheer ;
As my Guide, my Guard, my Friend,
Lead me to my journey's end.

367

Tune—ALBION.

7s & 6s.

“Ask and ye shall receive, that your joy may
be full.”

John xvi. 24.

UNWORTHY is thanksgiving,
A service stain'd with sin,
Except as thou art living,
Our Priest, to bear it in.
In every act of worship,
In every loving deed,
Our thoughts around thee centre,
As meeting all our need.

- 2 A bond that nought can sever
Has fix'd us on the rock—
Sin put away for ever,
For all the Shepherd's flock ;

And, Lord, thy perfect fitness
 To do a Saviour's part,
 The Holy Ghost doth witness
 To each believer's heart.

- 3 As dews that fall on Hermon,
 Refreshing all below,
 The Spirit's holy unction
 Doth all thy beauty show.
 Ah, then, how good and pleasant
 To worship, serve and love—
 To rise o'er all things present,
 And taste the joys above.

368 *Tune*—LYONS. 6s & 5s.

“How much more shall your Father which is in
 heaven give good things to them that ask
 Him.”

Matt. vii. 11.

IN weakness and trial,
 With God we may plead;
 No fear of denial,
 We're sure to succeed:
 For, though we oft grieve Him,
 His promise is clear,
 And love will believe Him:
 Our Father will hear.

- 2 'Gainst the giant-like might
 Of our foes, we can bring,
 As our weapons of fight,
 But a stone and a sling.

Should this have dismay'd us,
 Our souls it may cheer
 That, called on to aid us,
 Our Father will hear.

- 3 Our calls may be weak
 As the voice of a child,
 And all that we speak
 Must by sin be defiled ;
 Yet Christ for us pleading,
 We may persevere ;
 Through Him interceding,
 Our Father will hear.

369 *Tune*—FEDERAL STREET. L. M.

“Where two or three are gathered together in
 my name, there am I in the midst of them.”

Matt. xviii. 20.

JESUS, where'er thy people meet,
 There they behold thy mercy seat ;
 Where'er they seek thee thou art found,
 And every place is hallowed ground.

- 2 Dear Shepherd of thy chosen few,
 Thy former mercies here renew :
 And to our waiting hearts proclaim
 The sweetness of thy saving name.
- 3 Now may we prove the power of
 prayer,
 To strengthen faith and banish care ;
 To teach our faint desires to rise,
 And bring all heaven before our eyes.

370 *Tune*—SILOAM. C. M.

“In every thing by prayer and supplication with thanksgiving let your requests be made known unto God.”

Phil. iv. 6.

THERE is no sorrow, Lord, too light
 To bring in prayer to thee;
 There is no anxious care too slight
 To wake thy sympathy.

2 Thou who hast trod the thorny road
 Wilt share each small distress:
 The love which bore the greater load
 Will not refuse the less.

3 There is no secret sigh we breathe
 But meets thine ear divine;
 And every cross grows light beneath
 The shadow, Lord, of thine.

4 Life's ills without, sin's strife within,
 The heart would overflow,
 But for that love which died for sin,
 That love which wept with woe.

371 *Tune*—JOY. C. M. D.

“A holy priesthood, to offer up spiritual sacrifices, acceptable to God, by Jesus Christ.”

I Pet. ii. 5.

WITHIN the vail! A royal priest—
 Through Christ my lips may raise
 Continually, as incense sweet,
 Their sacrifice of praise.

A worshiper in spirit there,
 My soul delighteth much
 With God to rest, and feast on Christ :
 "The Father seeketh such."

2 My place of prayer! No more afar
 From earth to heaven I cry,
 But whisper in the Father's ear
 Through Him who brought me nigh.
 God hears the Spirit's pleading voice,
 He knows the Spirit's mind,
 And I in it the earnest have
 Of what I seek and find.

3 And, coming from my secret place
 Beneath Jehovah's wings,
 My happy spirit longs to tell
 Of all these precious things
 To those who know no light of life,
 No home with Christ in God,
 And of the way within the veil
 Opened by Jesus' blood.

372 *Tune*—BALERMA. C. M.

"He that goeth forth and weepeth, bearing precious seed, shall doubtless come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him."

Ps. cxxvi. 6.

PRAY on, thou weeping, wrestling
 saint,
 Thy God, though silent, hears ;
 He registers each sad complaint,
 He bottles all thy tears.

- 2 Though instant answer be not given,
 Thy cry he doth not spurn;
 Each prayer sent weeping up to
 heaven
 With laughter shall return.
- 3 Who gave His Son, shall give thee all
 Thy utmost need can want;
 Oh, wert thou half as prompt to call
 As He is prompt to grant!
- 4 Then be not like the faithless king,
 Who smote but thrice, and stayed;
 Smite on, until the smiting bring
 The answer which it prayed.
- 5 Trust to thine Advocate on high,
 Whose pleadings never fail;
 His word, which backs the feeblest cry,
 Shall make that cry prevail.

373 *Tune*—HARTEL. L. M.

“Enter into thy closet, and when thou hast shut thy door, pray to thy Father which is in secret; and thy Father which seeth in secret shall reward thee openly.”

Matt. vi. 6.

I NEED not leave the jostling world,
 Or wait till daily tasks are o'er,
 To fold my palms in secret prayer,
 Within the close shut closet door.

- 2 There is a viewless cloistered room,
As high as Heaven, as fair as day ;
Where, though my feet may join the
throng,
My soul can enter in and pray.
- 3 When I have banished wayward
thoughts
Of sinful works the fruitful seed—
When folly wins my ear no more,
The closet door is shut, indeed !
- 4 No human steps approaching breaks
The blissful stillness of the place ;
No shadow steals across the light
That falls from my Redeemer's face !
- 5 And never through those crystal walls
The clash of life can pierce its way ;
Nor ever can a human ear
Drink in the words of prayer I say.
- 6 One hearkening even can not know
When I have crossed the threshold
o'er,
For He alone who hears my prayer
Has heard the shutting of the door.

374 *Tune*—CALLENDER. C. M.

“Blessed be God, which hath not turned away
my prayer, nor His mercy from me.”

Ps. xlv. 20.

- I CAN not pray; yet Lord thou
know'st
The pain it is to me
To have my vainly struggling thoughts
Thus torn away from thee.
- 2 Had I, dear Lord, no pleasure found
But in the thoughts of thee,
Prayer would have come unsought,
A truer liberty. [and been
- 3 Yet thou art oft most present, Lord,
In weak distracted prayer;
A sinner out of heart with self
Most often finds thee there.
- 4 And prayer that humbles sets the soul
From all illusions free,
And teaches it how utterly,
Dear Lord, it hangs on thee.
- 5 Ah, Jesus! why should I complain?
And why fear aught but sin?
Distractions are but outward things;
Thy peace dwells far within!
- 6 These surface troubles come and go,
Like ruffings of the sea;
The deeper depth is out of reach
To all, my God, but thee!

Trials and Discipline.

375

Tune—AMORA.

I IS.

“Looking unto Jesus the author and finisher of
our faith.”

Heb. xii. 2.

O EYES that are weary, and hearts
that are sore!

Look off unto Jesus; now sorrow no
more!

The light of his countenance shineth
so bright,

That here, as in heaven, there need be
no night.

2 While looking to Jesus my heart can
not fear;

I tremble no more when I see Jesus
near;

I know that His presence my safeguard
will be,

For, “Why are ye troubled?” he saith
unto me.

- 3 Still looking to Jesus, oh, may I be
 found,
 When Jordan's dark waters encompass
 me round :
 They bear me away in His presence
 to be :
 I see him still nearer whom always I
 see.
- 4 Then, then shall I know the full beauty
 and grace
 Of Jesus, my Lord, when I stand face
 to face ;
 Shall know how his love went before
 me each day,
 And wonder that ever my eyes turned
 away.

376*Tune*—FISKE.

7s & 6s.

**“My grace is sufficient for thee ; for my strength
 is made perfect in weakness.”**

2 Cor. xii. 9.

O JESUS! gracious Saviour,
 Upon the Father's throne!
 Whose wondrous love and favor
 Have made our cause thine own ;
 Thy people to thee ever
 For grace and help repair,
 For thou, they know, wilt never
 Refuse their griefs to share.

- 2 O Lord, through tribulation
Our weary journey lies;
Through scorn and sore temptation,
And watchful enemies;
'Midst never-ceasing dangers
We through the desert roam;
As pilgrims here and strangers,
We see the rest to come.
- 3 O Lord, thou, too, once hasted
This weary desert through,
Once fully tried and tasted
Its bitterness and woe;
And hence thy heart is tender,
In truest sympathy,
Though now the heavens render
All praise to thee on high.
- 4 Oh! by the Holy Spirit,
Reveal to us thy love,
The joy we shall inherit
With thee, our Head, above:
May all this consolation
Our trembling hearts sustain,
Sure, though through tribulation,
The promised rest to gain!

377

Tune—UNWIN.

8s & 4s.

"Thy will be done."

Matt. xxvi. 42.

MY God, my Father, while I stray
 Far from my home, on life's rough
 way,
 Oh! teach me from my heart to say,
 Thy will be done.

- 2 Though dark my path, or sad my lot,
 Let me be still and murmur not;
 But breathe the prayer divinely taught—
 Thy will be done.
- 3 If thou should'st call me to resign
 What most I prize—it ne'er was mine—
 I only yield thee what was Thine—
 Thy will be done.
- 4 Control my will from day to day,
 Blend it with thine, and take away
 All that now makes it hard to say—
 Thy will be done.
- 5 And when on earth I breathe no more
 The pray'r oft mixed with tears before,
 I'll sing upon a happier shore—
 Thy will be done.

378

Tune—LUCERNE.

C. M.

"I will be with him in trouble."

Ps. xci. 15.

IN trouble and in grief, O God,
 Thy smile hath cheer'd my way,
 And joy hath budded from each thorn
 That round my footsteps lay.

- 2 The hours of pain have yielded good,
 Which prosperous days refused,
 As herbs, tho' scentless when entire,
 Perfume the air when bruised.
- 3 The oak strikes deeper as its boughs
 By furious blasts are driven,
 So life's vicissitudes the more
 Have fix'd my heart in heaven.
- 4 All-gracious Lord! whate'er my lot
 At other times may be,
 I'll welcome still the heaviest grief
 That brings me near to thee.

379

Tune—PATIENCE.

6s & 5s

"In the world ye shall have tribulation: but be
 of good cheer; I have overcome the world."

John vi. 33.

THROUGH the dark path of sorrow,
 Which Jesus has trod,
 Thy feeble ones wander,
 Our Father, our God;

And the thick cloud that gathers
But turn us away
From the waste howling desert,
Where He could not stay.

2 From the cold world that knoweth
And loveth its own,
Where Jesus was hated,
Rejected, unknown,
We will cheerfully hasten,
Rejoicing to be
Counted worthy to suffer,
Lord Jesus, for thee.

3 In the fierce hour that trieth
The children of men—
In the hour of temptation,
Oh! succor us then;
Let the weak and the feeble
Find under thine arm,
In the blast of the terrible,
Shelter from storm.

4 Oh! hasten thy coming,
We long for the day—
Bright star of the morning,
No longer delay;
Let the groaning creation
From sorrow be free,
And the purchased possession
Be gather'd to thee.

380

Tune—ARCADIA.

C. M.

“Wherefore in all things it behooved Him to be made like unto His brethren, that He might be a merciful and faithful high priest.”

Heb. ii. 17.

JESUS! thou name of power divine
 To all of heavenly birth!
 Jesus! the never-failing mine
 Of richest, sweetest worth!

- 2 Each bitter grief, each anxious care,
 O Lord! thy goodness knows;
 My wounded spirit only there,
 'Mid conflict, finds repose.
- 3 Here love may meet a kindred heart,
 But not a heart like thine;
 Lord, from thy love I can not part,
 Nor canst thou part with mine.
- 4 With thee I can not feel alone—
 I can not be forgot;
 Though friends are changing one by
 one,
 Thou, Saviour, changest not.
- 5 And is it not, O Lord, enough
 Thy perfect love to share,
 Till thou shalt call thy Bride above,
 To meet thee in the air?

6 It is enough : thy tender smile,
 Till I behold thee there,
 Shall cheer me through the "little
 while"
 I'm waiting for thee here.

381 *Tune*—WELTON. L. M.

"In the time of trouble He shall hide me in His
 pavilion ; in the secret of His tabernacle shall
 He hide me ; He shall set me up upon a rock."

Ps. xxvii. 5.

ROCK where the tossed and tempted
 hide, [pressed ;
 Trust of the souls by storms op-
 In thee my heart secure shall bide,
 Serene and joyful, saved and blessed.

2 Into thy clefts, oh, smitten Rock,
 The bruised and broken-hearted
 flee ;

Under thy shade the scattered flock
 Find refuge and repose in thee.

3 Brought from the pit of miry clay,
 My feet on thee securely rest ;
 And songs shall celebrate the day
 When I with grace and peace was
 blest.

4 When overwhelmed, my sinking soul
 Lifts from afar her struggling cry ;
 "Lead me to where no surges roll,
 The Rock that's higher far than I !"

382

Tune—NAOMI.

C. M.

“Thou tellest my wanderings: put thou my tears into thy bottle: are they not in thy book?”

Ps. lvi. 8.

- JESUS, my sorrow lies too deep
 For human ministry ;
 It knows not how to tell itself
 To any but to thee.
- 2 Thou dost remember still, amid
 The glories of God's throne,
 The sorrows of mortality,
 For they were once thine own.
- 3 Jesus! my fainting spirit brings
 Its fearfulness to thee ;
 Thine eye, at least, can penetrate
 The clouded mystery.
- 4 It is enough, my precious Lord,
 Thy tender sympathy !
 My every sin and sorrow can
 Devolve itself on thee.
- 5 Jesus! thou hast availed to search
 My deepest malady ;
 It freely flows—more freely finds
 The gracious remedy.

383 *Tune*—HAMBURG. L. M.

“I will instruct thee and teach thee in the way
which thou shalt go; I will guide thee with
mine eye.”

Ps. xxxii. 8.

JESUS, while this rough desert soil
I tread, be thou my guide and stay:
Nerve me for conflict and for toil;
Uphold me on my stranger-way!

2 Jesus, in heaviness and fear,
'Mid cloud, and shade, and gloom, I
stray,
For earth's last night is drawing near;
Oh, cheer me on my stranger-way!

3 Jesus, in solitude and grief,
When sun and stars withhold their
ray,
Make haste, make haste to my relief!
Oh, light me on my stranger-way!

4 Jesus, in weakness of this flesh,
When Satan grasps me for his prey,
Oh, give me victory afresh,
And speed me on my stranger-way!

384

Tune—MERDIN.

7s.

“Deliver me, O Lord, from mine enemies: I flee
unto thee to hide me.”

Ps. cxliii. 9.

JESUS, lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly,
While the billows near me roll,
While the tempest still is high:
Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
Till the storm of life is past;
Safe into the haven guide,
Oh, receive my soul at last.

2 Other refuge have I none,
Hangs my helpless soul on thee;
Leave, O leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me:
All my trust on thee is stayed,
All my help from thee I bring;
Cover my defenseless head
With the shadow of thy wing.

3 Thou, O Christ, art all I want,
Boundless love in thee I find;
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick, and lead the blind.
Just and holy is thy name,
I am all unrighteousness;
Vile and full of sin I am,
Thou art full of truth and grace.

- 4 Plenteous grace with thee is found,
 Grace to pardon all my sin ;
 Let the healing streams abound,
 Make and keep me pure within.
 Thou of life the fountain art,
 Freely let me take of thee ;
 Spring thou up within my heart,
 Rise to all eternity.

385

Tune—ARVAH.

7s.

“And not only so, but we glory in tribulations
 also.”

Rom. v. 3.

- ’TIS my happiness below,
 Not to live without the cross ;
 But the Saviour’s power to know,
 Sanctifying every loss.
 Trials must and will betall ;
 But with humble faith to see
 Love inscribed upon them all,
 This is happiness to me.
- 2 God, in mercy, sows the seeds
 Of affliction, pain and toil ;
 These spring up, and choke the weeds
 Which would else o’erspread the soil.
 Trials make the promise sweet,
 Trials give new life to prayer ;
 Trials bring me to his feet,
 Lay me low, and keep me there.

- 3 Did I meet no trials here,
 — No chastisement by the way ;
 Might I not, with reason, fear
 I should prove a cast-away ?
 Aliens may escape the rod,
 Sunk in earthly, vain delight ;
 But the true born child of God,
 Must not, would not, if he might.

386 *Tune*—HEBER. C. M.

“For with thee is the fountain of life: in thy
 light shall we see light.”

Ps. xxxvi. 9.

- O LORD, I would delight in thee,
 And on thy care depend ;
 To thee in every trouble flee,
 My best, my only friend.
- 2 When all created streams are dried,
 Thy fulness is the same ;
 May I with this be satisfied,
 And glory in thy name.
- 3 Why should the soul a drop bemoan,
 Who has a fountain near—
 A fountain which shall ever run,
 With waters sweet and clear ?
- 4 No good in creatures can be found,
 But may be found in thee :
 I must have all things, and abound,
 While God is God to me.

- 5 He who has made my heaven secure,
Will here all good provide :
While Christ is rich can I be poor ?
What can I want beside ?
- 6 O Lord, I cast my care on thee,
I triumph and adore ;
Henceforth my great concern shall be,
To love and praise thee more.

387

Tune—ENLOCK.

L. M.

“I can do all things through Christ which
strengtheneth me.”

Phil. iv. 13.

- WHY should I fear the darkest hour,
Or tremble at the tempest's power ?
Jesus vouchsafes to be my tower.
Though hot the fight, why quit the
field ?
Why should I either flee or yield,
Since Jesus is my mighty Shield ?
- 2 Though all the flocks and herds were
dead,
My soul a famine need not dread,
For Jesus is my living bread.
I know not what may soon betide,
Or how my wants shall be supplied ;
But Jesus knows and will provide.

- 3 Though sin would fill me with distress,
 The throne of grace I dare address,
 For Jesus is my righteousness.
 Against me earth and hell combine,
 But on my side is power divine :
 Jesus is all, and he is mine.

388

Tune—WARD.

L. M.

“God is our refuge and strength, a very present
 help in trouble.”

Ps. xlv. 1.

GOD is the refuge of his saints,
 When storms of deep distress in-
 vade ;
 Ere we can offer our complaints,
 Behold him present with his aid.

- 2 Let mountains from their seats be
 hurl'd
 Down to the deep, and buried there ;
 Convulsions shake the solid world :
 Our faith shall never yield to fear.
- 3 Loud may the troubled ocean roar,
 In sacred peace our souls abide ;
 While ev'ry nation, ev'ry shore
 Trembles and dreads the swelling
 tide.

- 4 'Mid storms and tempests, Lord, thy
word
Does ev'ry rising fear control;
Sweet peace thy promises afford,
And well sustain the fainting soul.

389 *Tune*—ST. MARTIN'S. C. M.

"Thou art my hiding place; thou shalt preserve
me from trouble; thou shalt compass me about
with songs of deliverance."

Ps. xxxii. 7.

THOU art my hiding place, O Lord!
In thee I put my trust,
Encouraged by thy holy word—
A feeble child of dust.

- 2 I have no argument beside,
I urge no other plea;
And 'tis enough the Saviour died—
The Saviour died for me!
- 3 When storms of fierce temptation beat,
And furious foes assail,
My refuge is the mercy seat,
My hope within the vail.
- 4 From strife of tongues, and bitter
words,
My spirit flies to thee;
Joy to my heart the thought affords,
My Saviour died for me!

390

Tune—STERLING.

L. M.

“A man’s heart deviseth his way: but the Lord
directeth his steps.”

Prov. xvi. 9.

THROUGH all the various shifting
scene
Of life’s mistaken ill or good,
Thy hand, O God, conducts unseen
The beautiful vicissitude.

- 2 Thou givest with paternal care,
Howe’er unjustly we complain,
To each their necessary share
Of joy and sorrow, health and pain.
- 3 When lowest sunk with grief and shame,
Filled with affliction’s bitter cup,
Lost to relations, friends and fame,
Thy powerful hand can raise us up.
- 4 Thy powerful consolations cheer,
Thy smiles suppress the deep-fetched
sigh;
Thy hand can dry the trickling tear,
That secret wets the orphan’s eye.
- 5 Thus far sustained, and clothed, and fed,
Through life’s tumultuous scenes
we’ve come;
Give us this day our daily bread,
And lead, and bring us safely home.

391

Tune—LABAN.

S. M.

"The secret of the Lord is with that fear Him."

Ps. xxv. 14.



THROUGH waves, through clouds
and storms,
God gently clears the way ;
We wait His time ; so shall the night
Soon end in blissful day.

- 2 He every where hath sway,
And all things serve His might ;
His every act pure blessing is,
His path unsullied light.
- 3 When He makes bare His arm,
Who shall His work withstand ?
When He his people's cause defends,
Who then shall stay His hand ?
- 4 We leave it to Himself,
To choose and to command,
With wonder fill'd, we soon shall see
How wise, how strong His hand.
- 5 We comprehend Him not,
Yet earth and heaven tell ;
God sits as sov'reign on the throne,
And ruleth all things well.

392 *Tune*—SOLID ROCK. L. M.

“Rest in the Lord, and wait patiently for Him.”

Ps. xxxvii. 7.

DO not I trust in thee, O Lord?
 Do I not rest in thee alone?
 Is not the comfort of thy word
 The sweetest cordial I have known?
 When vexed with care, bowed down
 with grief,
 Where else could I obtain relief?

- 2 And is it not my chief desire
 To feel as if a stranger here?
 Do not my hopes and thoughts aspire
 Beyond this transitory sphere?
 And art thou not, while here I roam,
 My hope, my hiding-place, my home?
- 3 Oh, yes! these things are ever true;
 Thy promise is forever sure;
 And all I now am passing through,
 And all that I may still endure,
 Will but endear thy word to me,
 And draw me nearer, Lord, to thee.
- 4 And now on thee I cast my soul,
 Come life or death, come ease or
 pain;
 Thy presence can each fear control,
 Thy grace can to the end sustain:
 Those whom thou lovest, heavenly
 Friend,
 Thou lovest even to the end!

393

Tune—TRUST.

6s & 4s.

“We have known and believed the love that
God hath to us. God is love.”

I John iv. 16.

CLING to the Mighty One,
Cling in thy grief;
Cling to the Holy One,
He gives relief;
Cling to the Gracious One,
Cling in thy pain,
Cling to the Faithful One,
He will sustain.

2 Cling to the Living One,
Cling in thy woe,
Cling to the Loving One,
Through all below;
Cling to the Pardoning One,
He speaketh peace;
Cling to the Healing One,
Anguish shall cease.

3 Cling to the Bleeding One,
Cling to His side;
Cling to the Risen One,
In Him abide;
Cling to the Coming One,
Hope shall arise;
Cling to the Reigning One,
Joy lights thine eyes.

394

Tune—DENNIS.

S. M.

“Hope thou in God; for I shall yet praise Him
for the help of His countenance.”

Ps. xlii. 5.

GIVE to the winds thy fears;
Hope on, be not dismayed:
God hears thy sighs and counts thy
tears;
God shall lift up thy head.

2 Through waves, and clouds, and storms,
He gently clears thy way;
Wait thou His time: the darkest night
Shall end in brightest day.

3 Far, far above thy thought
His counsel shall appear,
When fully He the work hath wrought,
That caused thy needless fear.

4 What though thou rulest not!
Yet heaven, and earth, and hell
Proclaim—God sitteth on the throne,
And ruleth all things well.

395 *Tune*—WATCHER. 7s & 6s.

“We all with open face beholding as in a glass
the glory of the Lord, are changed into the
same image.”

2 Cor. iii. 18.

I WANT to live near Jesus,
And never go astray,
To feel that I am growing
More like Him every day ;
That I am always laying
My treasure up above,
And gaining more the spirit
Of His gentleness and love.

2 Oh ! that in His humility
My spirit may be clad !
That I may have the patience
My suffering Saviour had.
A heart more disengaged
From earth and earthly things,
Which through life's varied trials
To Jesus simply clings.

3 Oh ! I shall live near Jesus,
And never go astray,
And every sin defiling stain
Shall soon be washed away ;
And I'll bear my Master's image
When I see Him face to face,
Then earth shall lose the power
Its brightness to deface.

396

Tune—SULLIVAN.

7s.

“Casting all your care upon Him, for He careth
for you.”

I Pet. v. 7.

QUIET, Lord, my froward heart,
Make me teachable and mild,
Upright, simple, free from art,
Make me as a weaned child ;
From distrust and envy free,
Pleased with all that pleases thee.

- 2 What thou shalt to-day provide,
Let me as a child receive ;
What to-morrow may betide,
Calmly to thy wisdom leave ;
'Tis enough that thou wilt care ;
Why should I the burden bear ?
- 3 As a little child relies
On a care beyond his own,
Knows he's neither strong nor wise,
Fears to stir a step alone ;
Let me thus with thee abide,
As my Father, Guard and Guide.
- 4 Thus preserved from Satan's wiles,
Safe from dangers, free from fears,
May I live upon thy smiles,
Till the promised hour appears,
When the sons of God shall prove
All their Father's boundless love.

397 *Tune*—DETROIT. S. M.

“Let not your heart be troubled: ye believe in
God, believe also in me.”

John xiv. 1.

- 0 LET thy faith repose
In Jesus' love divine;
The heart that all our sorrows knows,
Is feeling now for thine.
- 2 Tell to His listening ear
The anxious thoughts that rise;
He's moved by every falling tear—
He echoes all thy sighs.
- 3 Purer than aught below
The heart that bled for thee;
Not like the mingled love we show
His perfect sympathy.
- 4 Well may'st thou then confide
Each interest to His care,
Since He has power and skill to guide
His loved ones every where.
- 5 If slow to understand,
When clouds thy pathway dim,
Thy way is still in Jesus' hand,
The end is safe with Him.

398

Tune—BAVARIA. 8s & 7s.

“Ye now, therefore, have sorrow: but I will see
you again, and your heart shall rejoice.”

John xvi. 22.

THUNDERS loud are passing o'er us,
Clouds of evil round us fly;
Had we now no light before us,
We must lay us down to die.
Since a dying world surrounds us,
Under Satan's evil sway,
We should be as those around us,
Had we no more hope than they.

- 2 But the Saviour, Lord of glory,
Is our wealth, and life, and sun;
Let us sound abroad the story
Of the victory He has won.
Yet, had we not known the blessing
Of a union close with Him,
All things good on earth possessing,
We had perished in our sin.
- 3 What to us the evil looming
In such darkness from the sky?
There's a light above the glooming,
Plain to faith's far-seeing eye.
And although the path be dreary,
Home is nearer every day;
For our Saviour helps the weary,
On their narrow, heavenward way.

- 4 What is all the poor world's glory,
And its gaudy, fleeting toys,
To the soul-bestirring story
Of our home and all its joys ?
But the best of all our blessing
Is that we shall Jesus see—
Life, and love, and peace possessing,
Reign with Him eternally.

Comfort in Affliction.

399

Tune—FISKE.

7s & 6s.

“There is a friend that sticketh closer than a brother.”

Prov. xviii. 24.

- O JESUS! Friend unfailing,
 How dear art thou to me!
 Are cares or fears assailing?
 I find my strength in thee!
 Why should my feet grow weary
 Of this my pilgrim way?
 Rough though the path and dreary,
 It ends in perfect day!
- 2 Why should I droop in sorrow?
 Thou’rt ever by my side!
 Why, trembling, dread the morrow?
 What ill can e’er betide?
 If I my cross have taken,
 ’Tis but to follow thee;
 If scorned, despised, forsaken,
 Naught severs thee from me!
- 3 O worldly pomp and glory!
 Your charms are spread in vain!
 I’ve heard a sweeter story,
 I’ve found a truer gain!

Where Christ a place prepareth,
 There is my loved abode ;
 There shall I gaze on Jesus !
 There shall I dwell with God !

- 4 For every tribulation,
 For every sore distress,
 In Christ I've full salvation,
 Sure help and quiet rest.
 No fear of foes prevailing !
 I triumph, Lord, in thee !
 O Jesus ! Friend unfailing,
 How dear art thou to me !

400 *Tune*—PORTUGUESE HYMN. 115.

“The foundation of God standeth sure, having
 this seal, the Lord knoweth them that are
 His.”

2 Tim. 11. 19.

HOW firm a foundation, ye saints of
 the Lord,
 Is laid for your faith in his excellent
 word !

What more can He say than to you He
 hath said,
 You who unto Jesus for refuge have
 fled ?

- 2 In every condition—in sickness, in
 health,
 In poverty's vale, or abounding in
 wealth,

At home and abroad, on the land, on
the sea,

“As thy days may demand, shall thy
strength ever be.

- 3 “Fear not, I am with thee, O! be not
dismayed,
I, I am thy God, and will still give
thee aid;
I’ll strengthen thee, help thee, and
cause thee to stand,
Upheld by my righteous, omnipotent
hand.

- 4 “When through the deep waters I call
thee to go,
The rivers of woe shall not thee over-
flow;
For I will be with thee, thy troubles to
bless;
And sanctify to thee thy deepest dis-
tress.

- 5 “When through fiery trials thy path-
way shall lie,
My grace all-sufficient shall be thy sup-
ply;
The flame shall not hurt thee; I only
design
Thy dross to consume, and thy gold to
refine.

- 6 "E'en down to old age, all my people
shall prove
My sovereign, eternal, unchangeable
love;
And when hoary hairs shall their
temples adorn,
Like lambs they shall still in my bosom
be borne.
- 7 "The soul that on Jesus hath leaned for
repose,
I will not, I cannot desert to his foes;
That soul, though all hell should en-
deavor to shake,
I'll never, no never, no never forsake!"

401 *Tune*—LEXINGTON. 7s & 6s.

"Take, therefore, no thought for the morrow;
for the morrow shall take thought for the
things of itself."

Matt. vi. 34.

SOMETIMES a light surprises
The Christian while he sings;
It is the Lord who rises,
With healing in his wings
When comforts are declining,
He grants the soul again
A season of clear shining,
To cheer it after rain.

- 2 In holy contemplation,
We sweetly then pursue
The theme of God's salvation,
And find it ever new :
Set free from present sorrow,
We cheerfully can say,
Let the unknown to-morrow
Bring with it what it may.
- 3 It can bring with it nothing,
But He will bear us through ;
Who gives the lilies clothing,
Will clothe his people, too :
Beneath the spreading heavens
No creature but is fed ;
And He who feeds the ravens
Will give his children bread.
- 4 Though vine nor fig-tree neither,
Their wonted fruit should bear,
Though all the fields should wither,
Nor flocks nor herds be there ;
Yet God the same abiding,
His praise shall tune my voice ;
For while in Him confiding
I can not but rejoice.

402 *Tune*—LYONS. 5s & 6s.

“Abraham called the name of that place Jeho-
vah-jireh (the Lord will provide).”

Gen. xxii. 14.

THOUGH troubles assail,
 And dangers affright,
Though friends should all fail,
 And foes all unite:
Yet one thing secures us
 Whatever betide,
The Scripture assures us,
 The Lord will provide.

2 The birds, without barn
 Or storehouse, are fed;
From them let us learn
 To trust for our bread:
His saints, what is fitting,
 Shall ne'er be denied,
So long as 'tis written,
 The Lord will provide.

3 We may, like the ships,
 By tempests be tossed
On perilous deeps,
 But cannot be lost;
Though Satan enrages
 The wind and the tide,
The promise engages
 The Lord will provide.

- 4 His call we obey,
 Like Abram of old,
 Not knowing our way,
 But faith makes us bold ;
 For though we are strangers,
 We have a sure guide,
 And trust in all dangers
 The Lord will provide.

403 *Tune*—ARCADIA. C. M.

“Thy way is in the sea, and thy path in the
 great waters, and thy footsteps are not
 known.”

Ps. lxxvii. 19.

- G**OD moves in a mysterious way
 His wonders to perform ;
 He plants his footsteps in the sea,
 And rides upon the storm.
- 2 Deep in unfathomable mines
 Of never-failing skill,
 He treasures up his bright designs,
 And works his sovereign will.
- 3 Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take :
 The clouds ye so much dread
 Are big with mercy, and shall break
 In blessings on your head.
- 4 Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
 But trust him for his grace :
 Behind a frowning providence
 He hides a smiling face.

- 5 His purposes will ripen fast,
 Unfolding every hour ;
 The bud may have a bitter taste,
 But sweet will be the flower.
- 6 Blind unbelief is sure to err,
 And scan his work in vain ;
 God is his own interpreter,
 And he will make it plain.

404

Tune—LISBON.

S. M.

“He hath said, I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee. So that we may boldly say, the Lord is my helper, and I will not fear what man shall do unto me.”

Heb. xiii. 5, 6.

- AWAY, my needless fears,
 And doubts, no longer mine ;
 A ray of heavenly light appears,—
 A messenger divine.
- 2 Thrice comfortable hope,
 That calms my troubled breast ;
 My Father's hand prepares the cup,
 And what he wills is best.
- 3 If what I wish is good,
 And suits the will divine—
 By earth and hell in vain withstood,
 I know it shall be mine.

- 4 Still let them counsel take
 To frustrate his decree,
 They cannot keep a blessing back,
 By heaven design'd for me.
- 5 Here then I doubt no more,
 But in his pleasure rest ;
 Whose wisdom, love, and truth, and
 power,
 Engage to make me blest.

405 *Tune*—CHINA. C. M.

“The God of all grace, who hath called us unto
 His eternal glory, by Christ Jesus, after that
 ye have suffered awhile, make you perfect,
 stablish, strengthen, settle you.”

I Pet. v. 10.

- THE habitations of the earth,
 O God, are full of woe ;
 And all this cruelty and pain
 Thy heart of love doth know.
- 2 Thy saints are straitened all their days,
 Compassed about with sin ;
 Fierce foes assail them from without,
 And fiercer foes within.
- 3 The whole earth travaileth in pain,
 Bound in her misery ;
 Awaiting with thy saints the day
 When thou wilt set her free.

4 And oft thy people are perplexed
By this dark mystery;
Satan doth seem to reign on earth
And triumph over thee.

5 Thy ways we cannot understand—
Thy love alone we know;
Assured hereafter clearer light
On us thou wilt bestow.

406 *Tune*—GERMANY. S. M.

“Say ye to the righteous, that it shall be well
with him.”

Isa. iii. 10.

WHAT cheering words are these!
Their sweetness who can tell?
In time, and to eternal days,
“’Tis with the righteous well.”

2 In every state secure—
Kept as Jehovah’s eye,
’Tis well with them while life endures,
And well when called to die.

3 ’Tis well when joys arise,
’Tis well when sorrows flow;
As well when darkness veils the skies
As in the sunlight glow.

4 A Father’s hand, it fills
Our cup of weal or woe;
That hand of love, whate’er he wills,
Can nought but good bestow.

- 5 To this we set our seal,
Till Jesus brings the day,
And His own lips of love reveal
The mysteries of the way.

407 *Tune*—MARLOW. C. M.

“Now we see through a glass darkly; but then
face to face.”

I Cor. xiii. 12.

- THY way, O God, is in the sea,
Thy paths I cannot trace,
Nor comprehend the mystery
Of thine unbounded grace.
- 2 Here the dark veils of flesh and sense
My captive soul surround; ·
Mysterious deeps of providence
My wond’ring thoughts confound.
- 3 As through a glass, I dimly see
The wonders of thy love,
How little do I know of thee,
Or of the joys above!
- 4 ’Tis but in part I know thy will:
I bless thee for the sight;
When will thy love the rest reveal,
In glory’s clearer light?
- 5 With raptures shall I then survey
Thy providence and grace;
And spend an everlasting day
In wonder, love, and praise.

408 *Tune*—WESLEY. S. M. D.

“Commit thy way unto the Lord; trust also in Him; and He shall bring it to pass.”

Ps. xxxvii. 5.

COMMIT thou all thy griefs
 And ways into His hands—
 To his sure trust and tender care
 Who earth and heaven commands;
 Who points the clouds their course,
 Whom winds and seas obey;
 He shall direct thy wand’ring feet,
 He shall prepare thy way.

2 Thou on the Lord rely,
 So, safe, shalt thou go on;
 Fix on his work thy steadfast eye,
 So shall thy work be done.
 No profit canst thou gain
 By self-consuming care;
 To him commend thy cause—his ear
 Attends the softest prayer.

409 *Tune*—MIRA. 8s & 7s.

“It pleased the Father that in Him should all fulness dwell.”

Col. i. 19.

CHRISTIAN pilgrim on life’s jour-
 ney,
 Sore beset, without, within,
 Would’st thou know a “full salvation,”
 Victory o’er indwelling sin?

There's a fulness in thy Jesus!
 He to save His people came;
 Came to cleanse, as well as pardon—
 Thus His holy word proclaims.

2 Why then all thy life go mourning,
 Sin-sick pilgrim? 'tis in vain;
 All thy sighs and tears and groaning
 Can not blot a single stain.
 The sweet graces that thou lackest
 Are the gift of God to man;
 And the gift is just proportioned
 To the asking!—such God's plan.

3 Cast thine own poor self behind thee,
 No more o'er thy weakness grieve;
 "He is faithful that hath promised;"
 Look to Jesus, and believe.
 In His Word are precious treasures,
 Which the eye of Faith discerns;
 And to those who trust Him wholly
 Maketh he most blest returns.

410 *Tune*—MONTPELIER. L. M. D.

"Trust in Him at all times; ye people, pour out
 your heart before Him: God is a refuge for
 us."

Ps. lxii 8.

OH! Faith is not a mere belief
 That thou canst aid in bitter grief;
 Oh! no; far greater blessings, Lord,
 Are promised in thy gracious word.

'Tis calm assurance, "All is well!"
 Though how or where I cannot tell;
 'Tis hearkening, when no voice I hear;
 'Tis smiling, though I weep and fear.

2 'Tis grasping thee when all are gone;
 'Tis viewing thee when quite alone;
 'Tis pillowing on thine unseen arm,
 Supported there, and free from harm.
 'Tis telling thee my every thought;
 'Tis finding all I've ever sought;
 'Tis treading on through life's lone walk,
 In sweet companionship and talk.

3 'Tis hurrying to a glorious end;
 'Tis pressing toward my bosom friend;
 'Tis meeting Him—Come, Jesus, come!
 'Tis folding tent, and reaching home.
 My Father, I must wait on thee,
 For Faith like this—'twas bought for
 me!

Beneath the Cross I seek, I claim,
 Such living Faith in Jesus' name!

411 *Tune*—WALES. 8s & 4s.

"He hath done all things well."

Mark vii. 37.

THRO' the love of God our Saviour,
 All will be well;
 Free and changeless is His favor—
 All, all is well.
 Precious is the blood that heal'd us,

Perfect is the grace that seal'd us,
 Strong the hand stretch'd out to shield
 us—
 All must be well.

2 Though we pass through tribulation,
 All will be well;
 Ours is such a FULL salvation—
 All, all is well.
 Happy, while in God confiding,
 Fruitful, if in Christ abiding,
 Holy, through the Spirit's guiding—
 All must be well.

3 We expect a bright to-morrow,
 All will be well;
 Faith can sing through days of sorrow,
 All, all is well.
 On our Father's love relying,
 Jesus every need supplying,
 Or in living—or in dying—
 ALL MUST be well.

412 *Tune*—ALVAH. 8s, 6s & 4s.

“Why art thou cast down, O my Soul, and why
 art thou disquieted within me? Hope
 thou in God.”

Ps. xlii. 11.

WHY art thou cast down, O my soul?
 Uplift thee, and be strong;
 Thy care upon thy Maker roll,

Thy sadness doth him wrong.
 Beneath his eye
 Thy goings lie :
 Thy God who rules above
 His child doth know and love.

- 2 Thy Helper is the Lord of all,
 He marks thy lightest sigh ;
 A thousand means. at his high call,
 For thy defense are nigh :
 Safe in his care,
 No storm shall bear
 One hair from off thy head,
 Though nature quails in dread.
- 3 Then with thy care, my soul, have done,
 Thy grief beclouds thy view :
 How shall not He who gave His Son
 Give food and raiment, too ?
 The life is more
 Than roof and store :
 No fear lest thou His child
 Be from His care exiled.

413 *Tune*—ELLIOT. 8s & 6s.

“Be of good cheer; it is I; be not afraid.”

Matt. xiv. 27.

TOSSED with rough winds; and faint
 with fear,
 Above the tempest, soft and clear,
 What still, small accents greet mine ear?
 'Tis I; be not afraid!

- 2 'Tis I, who washed thy spirit white ;
 'Tis I, who gave thy blind eyes sight ;
 'Tis I, thy Lord, thy life, thy light :
 'Tis I ; be not afraid !
- 3 Those raging winds, this surging sea,
 Bear not a breath of wrath to thee ;
 That storm has all been spent on me :
 'Tis I ; be not afraid !
- 4 This bitter cup, I drank it first ;
 To thee, it is no draught accurs'd ;
 The hand that gives it thee is pierced :
 'Tis I ; be not afraid !
- 5 Mine eyes are watching by thy bed,
 Mine arms are underneath thy head,
 My blessing is around thee shed :
 'Tis I ; be not afraid !

414 *Tune*—BETHANY. 6s & 4s.

“It is good for me to draw near to God.”

Ps. lxxiii 28.

NEARER, my God, to thee,
 Nearer to thee :
 Ev'n though it be a cross
 That raiseth me,
 Still all my song shall be,
 Nearer, my God, to thee,
 Nearer to thee.

- 2 Though like a wanderer,
 Daylight all gone,
 Darkness be over me,
 My rest a stone;
 Yet, in my dreams, I'd be
 Nearer, my God, to thee,
 Nearer to thee.
- 3 There let the way appear
 Steps up to heaven;
 All that thou sendest me
 In mercy given,
 Angels to beckon me
 Nearer, my God, to thee,
 Nearer to thee.
- 4 Then with my waking thoughts,
 Bright with thy praise,
 Out of my stony griefs,
 Bethel I'll raise;
 So by my woes to be
 Nearer, my God, to thee,
 Nearer to thee.
- 5 Or if on joyful wing,
 Cleaving the sky,
 Sun, moon, and stars forgot,
 Upward I fly;
 Still all my song shall be,
 Nearer, my God, to thee,
 Nearer to thee.

415 *Tune*—OAK. 6s & 4s.

“When He putteth forth His own sheep, He
goeth before them, and the sheep
follow Him.”

Johⁿ x. 4.

SAVIOUR! I follow on,
S Guided by thee,
Seeing not yet the hand
That leadeth me;
Hushed be my heart and still,
Fear I no further ill,
Only to meet thy will
My will shall be.

2 Riven the rock for me,
Thirst to relieve,
Manna from heaven falls
Fresh every eve;
Never a want severe
Caused my eye a tear,
But thou art whispering near,
“Only believe!”

3 Often to Marah’s brink
Have I been brought;
Shrinking the cup to drink,
Help have I sought;
And with the prayer’s ascent,
Jesus the branch has rent;
Quickly relief he sent,
Sweetening the draught.

- 4 Saviour! I long to walk
 Closer with thee;
 Led by thy guiding hand,
 Ever to be;
 Constantly near thy side,
 Quickened and purified,
 Living for Him who died
 Freely for me!

416 *Tune*—RONO. 8s & 6s.

“Teach me to do Thy will; for Thou art
 my God.”

Ps. cxliii. 10.

- J**UST as thou wilt—no more I pray
 That thou would'st take this cross
 away;
 I only ask for grace to say,
 Thy will, not mine, be done.
- 2 Just as thou wilt—I cannot see
 The path thy love marks out for me;
 Resigned, I leave the choice to thee;
 Thy will, not mine, be done.
- 3 Just as thou wilt—full well I know
 Thy hand in mercy deals the blow;
 Then, though my cherished hopes lie
 low,
 Thy will, not mine, be done.

- 4 Just as thou wilt—though called to part
 With dearest friends, until my heart
 Quivers beneath thy piercing dart ;
 Thy will, not mine, be done.
- 5 Just as thou wilt—O Lamb divine,
 What grief can be compared to thine ?
 Then let thy prayer henceforth be mine,
 Thy will, not mine, be done.

417 *Tune*—GORTON, S. M.

“My times are in Thy hand.”

Ps. xxxi. 15.

- OUR times are in thy hand,
 Father, we wish them there ;
 Our life, our soul, our all, we leave
 Entirely to thy care.
- 2 Our times are in thy hand,
 Whatever they may be,
 Pleasing or painful, dark or bright,
 As best may seem to thee.
- 3 Our times are in thy hand,
 Why should we doubt or fear ?
 A Father's hand will never cause
 His child a needless tear.
- 4 Our times are in thy hand,
 Jesus the crucified !
 The hand our many sins had pierced
 Is now our guard and guide.

- 5 Our times are in thy hand,
 Jesus, the advocate!
 Nor can that hand be stretch'd in vain
 For us to supplicate.
- 6 Our times are in thy hand;
 We'd always trust in thee,
 Till we have left this weary land,
 And all thy glory see.

418

Tune—KAMBIA.

S. M.

“Whom the Lord loveth He chasteneth, and
 scourgeth every son whom He receiveth.”

Heb. xii. 6.

- I**T is thy hand, my God!
 My sorrow comes from thee—
 I bow beneath thy chast'ning rod;
 'Tis love that bruises me.
- 2 I would not murmur, Lord;
 Before thee I am dumb:
 Lest I should breathe one murmuring
 word,
 To thee for help I come.
- 3 My God! thy name is love;
 A Father's hand is thine;
 With tearful eyes I look above,
 And cry, “Thy will be mine!”

- 4 I know thy will is right,
 Though it may seem severe;
 Thy path is still unsullied light,
 Though dark it oft appear.
- 5 Jesus for me hath died—
 Thy Son thou didst not spare;
 His pierced hands, his bleeding side,
 Thy love for me declare.
- 6 Here my poor heart can rest:
 My God! it cleaves to thee;
 Thy will is love, thine end is blest;
 All work for good to me.

419 *Tune*—SHAWMUT. S. M.

“Now, therefore, I pray thee, if I have found
 grace in thy sight, show me now thy way.”

Ex. xxxiii. 13.

- THY way, not mine, O Lord,
 However dark it be!
 Lead me, O God, by thine own hand,
 Choose out the path for me.
- 2 I dare not choose my lot,
 I would not, if I might;
 Choose thou for me, O Lord, my God,
 So shall I walk aright.
- 3 The kingdom that I seek
 Is thine; so let the way
 That leads to it, O Lord, be thine,
 Else I must surely stray.

- 4 Take thou my cup and it
 With joy or sorrow fill,
 As best to thee, O Lord, may seem ;
 Choose thou my good and ill.
- 5 Not mine, not mine the choice,
 In things or great or small ;
 Be thou, O Lord, my guide, my strength,
 My wisdom and my all.

420

Tune—ZONG.

6s.

“My Son, despise not thou the chastening of the Lord, nor faint when thou art rebuked of Him.”

Heb. xii. 5.

- I DID thee wrong, my God ;
 I wronged thy truth and love ;
 I fretted at the rod—
 Against thy power I strove.
 Come nearer, nearer still ;
 Let not thy light depart ;
 Bend, break this stubborn will ;
 Dissolve this iron heart !
- 2 Less wayward let me be,
 More pliable and mild ;
 In glad simplicity
 More like a trustful child.
 Less, less of self each day,
 And more, my God, of thee ;
 Oh, keep me in the way,
 However rough it be.

- 3 Less of the flesh each day,
 Less of the world and sin :
 More of thy Son, I pray,
 More of thyself within.
 More molded to thy will,
 Lord, let thy servant be ;
 Higher and higher still,
 More, and still more, like thee !

421 *Tune*—NAOMI. C. M.

“Giving thanks always for all things unto God
 and the Father in the name of our Lord Jesus
 Christ.”

Eph. v. 20.

FATHER, whate'er of earthly bliss
 Thy sovereign will denies,
 Accepted at thy throne of grace,
 Let this petition rise :

- 2 Give me a calm, a thankful heart,
 From every murmur free ;
 The blessings of thy grace impart,
 And make me live to thee.
- 3 Let the sweet hope that thou art mine,
 My life and death attend ;
 Thy presence through my journey shine,
 And crown my journey's end.

422 *Tune*—SILOAM. C. M.

“He maketh the storm a calm, so that the waves
thereof are still.”

Ps. cvii. 29.

CALM me, my God, and keep me
calm :

Let thy outstretched wing
Be like the shade of Elim's palm
Beside her desert spring.

2 Yes, keep me calm, though loud and
rude

The sounds my ear that greet ;
Calm in the closet's solitude,
Calm in the busy street.

3 Calm in the hour of buoyant health,
And in the hour of pain ;
Calm in my poverty or wealth,
And in my loss or gain.

4 Calm in the sufferance of wrong,
Like Him who bore my shame ;
Calm 'mid the threatening, taunting
throng,
Who hate thy holy name.

5 Calm me, my God, and keep me calm,
Soft resting on thy breast ;
Soothe me with holy hymn and psalm,
And bid my spirit rest.

423 *Tune*—RETIREMENT. C. M.

“My meditation of Him shall be sweet: I will
be glad in the Lord.”

Ps. civ. 34.

- W**HEN languor and disease invade
This trembling house of clay,
'Tis sweet to look beyond my pains,
And long to fly away.
- 2** Sweet to look back and see my name
In life's fair book set down;
Sweet to look forward, and behold
Eternal joys my own.
- 3** Sweet to reflect how grace divine
My sins on Jesus laid;
Sweet to remember that His blood
My debt of suffering paid.
- 4** Sweet on His faithfulness to rest,
Whose love can never end;
Sweet on His covenant of grace
For all things to depend.
- 5** Sweet in the confidence of faith
To trust His firm decrees;
Sweet to lie passive in His hands
And know no will but His.
- 6** If such the sweetness of the streams,
What must the fountain be;
Where saints and angels draw their
bliss
Immediately from thee!

424 *Tune*—CHESTER. C. M.

"Be careful for nothing."

Phil. iv. 6.

- LORD, it belongs not to my care
 Whether I die or live;
 To love and serve thee is my share,
 And this thy grace must give.
- 2 If life be long, I will be glad
 That I may long obey;
 If short, yet why should I be sad
 To soar to endless day?
- 3 Christ leads me through no darker
 rooms
 Than He went through before;
 No one into His kingdom comes,
 But through His opened door.
- 4 Come, Lord, for grace has made me
 meet
 Thy blessed face to see;
 And if thy work on earth be sweet,
 What will thy glory be!
- 5 Then shall I end my sad complaints,
 And weary, sinful days,
 And join with all triumphant saints
 Who sing Jehovah's praise.

425 *Tune*—SWANWICK. C. M.

“I wait for the Lord, my soul doth wait, and in
His word do I hope.”

Ps. cxxx. 5.

MY cheerful soul now all the day
Sits waiting here and sings,
Looks through the ruins of her clay,
And practices her wings.

- 2 Faith almost changes into sight,
While from afar she spies
Her fair inheritance in light,
Above created skies.
- 3 Had but the prison walls been strong,
And firm without a flaw,
In darkness she had dwelt too long,
And less of glory saw.
- 4 But now the everlasting hills
Through every chink appear;
And something of their joy she feels
While she's a prisoner here.
- 5 Some rays of light break sweetly in
At all the opening flaws;
Visions of endless bliss are seen,
And heavenly air she draws.

426 *Tune*—ROTHWELL. L. M.

“Thou hast dealt well with thy servant, O Lord,
according unto thy word.”

Ps. cxix. 65.

NOW, in a song of grateful praise,
To my dear Lord my voice I'll
raise;

With all his saints I'll join to tell
That Jesus hath done all things well.

2 Wisdom, and power, and love divine,
In all his works, unrivaled, shine,
And force the wondering world to tell
That he alone did all things well.

3 Howe'er mysterious are his ways,
Or dark and sorrowful my days;
And though my spirit oft rebel,
I know he still doth all things well.

4 And when I stand before his throne,
And all his ways are fully known,
This note in sweetest strains shall swell,
That Jesus hath done all things well.

427 *Tune*—EAST HARTFORD. L. M.

“Having loved His own which were in the world,
He loved them unto the end.”

John xiii. 1.

LORD, from the depths to thee I cry;
To thee I lift my tear-filled eye;
My Saviour! let me feel thee nigh;
Lord Jesus! I belong to thee.

- 2 No home have I in this wild waste,
O'er which with trembling steps I haste,
The joys at thy right hand to taste;
Lord Jesus! I belong to thee.
- 3 Yes, wholly thine! for thou hast paid
The claims which justice on me made;
To buy my life, thine low was laid.
Lord Jesus! I belong to thee.
- 4 Oh! then, be thou each hour my guide!
Ne'er let my faithless footsteps slide:
But keep me by thy wounded side;
Lord Jesus! I belong to thee.
- 5 In dark temptation's trial-hour,
When Satan bends his utmost power,
My Saviour! be my refuge-tower;
Lord Jesus! I belong to thee.
- 6 And if in grief tears fast should fall,
And gathering woes the soul appall,
May this sweet thought full peace recall,
Lord Jesus! I belong to thee.

428 *Tune*—SHEPHERD. I IS.

"In the world ye shall have tribulation: but be
of good cheer; I have overcome the world."

John xvi. 33.

THROUGH the pathway of sorrow
which Jesus has trod
Thy feeble ones wander, Our Father,
our God;

And the thick clouds that gather, but
 turn us away
 From the waste howling desert, where
 He could not stay.

2 From the cold world that knoweth and
 loveth its own,
 Where Jesus was hated, rejected, un-
 known,
 We will cheerfully hasten, rejoicing to be
 Counted worthy to suffer, Lord Jesus,
 for thee.

3 In the fierce hour that trieth the
 children of men,
 In the hour of temptation, oh ! succor
 us then ;
 Let the weak and the feeble find under
 thine arm,
 In the blast of the terrible, shelter from
 storm.

4 When the proud are exalted and seated
 on high ;
 When the billows of trouble and sorrow
 roll nigh ;
 When the hearts of all others are failing
 for fear,
 Then we lift up our heads, for the glory
 is near.

5 Oh! hasten thy coming, we long for
 the day,
 Bright star of the morning no longer
 delay ;
 Let the groaning creation from sorrow
 be free,
 And thy purchased possession be gather'd
 to thee.

429 *Tune*—NASSAU. I IS.

“Keep yourselves in the love of God, looking for
 the mercy of our Lord Jesus Christ unto
 eternal life.”

Jude 21.

LOOKING off unto Jesus, our spirits
 are blest ;
 In the world we have turmoil, in Him
 we have rest ;
 The sea of our life all around us may
 roar,
 When we look unto Jesus we hear it
 no more.

2 Looking off unto Jesus, we go not
 astray ;
 Our eyes are on Him, and He shows
 us the way :
 The path may seem dark as He leads us
 along,
 But, following Jesus, we can not go
 wrong.

- 3 Looking off unto Jesus, oh! may we
 be found,
 If the waters of Jordan encompass
 us round;
 If He call us away in His presence
 to be,
 'Tis but seeing Him nearer whom
 always we see.
- 4 And soon, at His coming, the beauty
 and grace
 Of Jesus our Lord, we shall see face
 to face;
 And His love, which now leadeth the
 desert along,
 Shall be in that glory our rest and our
 song.

430

Tune—ABIDE.

108.

“Abide with us; for it is toward evening, and
 the day is far spent.”

Luke xxiv. 29.

ABIDE with me. Fast falls the
 eventide;
 The darkness thickens; Lord, with me
 abide.
 When other helpers fail, and comforts
 flee,
 Help of the helpless, oh! abide with
 me.

- 2 Not a brief glance I beg, a passing
word,
But as thou dwell'dst with thy disciples,
Lord—
Familiar, condescending, patient, free,
Come not to sojourn, but abide with me.
- 3 Come not in terrors, as the King of kings,
But in thy grace, with healing in thy
wings ;
Tears for all woes, a heart for every
plea ;
Come, Friend of sinners, thus abide
with me !
- 4 I need thy presence every passing
hour ;
What but thy grace can foil the tempter's
power ?
Who like thyself my guide and stay
can be ?
Through cloud and sunshine, oh ! abide
with me.
- 5 I fear no woe, with thee at hand to
bless—
Ills have no weight, and tears no bitter-
ness ;
Where is Death's sting ? where, grave,
thy victory ?
I triumph still, if thou abide with me !

Spiritual Declension.

431 *Tune*—ARLINGTON. C. M.

“Where is, then, the blessedness ye spake of?”

Gal. iv. 15.

- O!** FOR a closer walk with God,
 A calm and heavenly frame;
 A light to shine upon the road,
 That leads me to the Lamb.
- 2** Where is the blessedness I knew,
 When first I saw the Lord?
 Where is the soul refreshing view
 Of Jesus and His word?
- 3** What peaceful hours I once enjoyed,
 How sweet their memory still!
 But they have left an aching void,
 The world can never fill.
- 4** The dearest idol I have known,
 Whate'er that idol be,
 Help me to tear it from thy throne,
 And worship only thee.
- 5** So shall my walk be close with God,
 Calm and serene my frame;
 So purer light shall mark the road,
 That leads me to the Lamb.

432

Tune—DEFLEURY.

8s.

“Saw ye Him whom my soul loveth?”

Song of Sol. iii. 3.

HOW tedious and tasteless the hours
 When Jesus no longer I see!
 Sweet prospects, sweet birds and sweet
 flowers,

Have all lost their sweetness to me.
 The midsummer sun shines but dim,
 The fields strive in vain to look gay;
 But when I am happy in Him,
 December's as pleasant as May.

- 2 His Name yields the richest perfume,
 And sweeter than music his voice;
 His presence disperses my gloom,
 And makes all within me rejoice.
 I should, were he always thus nigh,
 Have nothing to wish or to fear;
 No mortal so happy as I—
 My summer would last all the year.
- 3 Content with beholding his face,
 My all to his pleasure resign'd,
 No changes of season or place
 Would make any change in my
 mind:
 While blest with a sense of His love,
 A palace a toy would appear;
 And prisons would palaces prove,
 If Jesus would dwell with me there.

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

433 *Tune*—SUFFERING SAVIOUR. C. M.

“Return unto me; for I have redeemed thee.”

Isa. xliv. 22.

- H**OW oft, alas! this wretched heart
 Has wandered from the Lord!
 How oft my roving thoughts depart,
 Forgetful of His word!
- 2 Yet sovereign mercy calls, “Return!”
 Dear Lord, and may I come?
 My vile ingratitude I mourn;
 O! take the wanderer home.
- 3 And canst thou, wilt thou, yet forgive,
 And bid my crimes remove?
 And shall a pardoned sinner live
 To speak thy wondrous love?
- 4 Almighty grace, thy healing power,
 How glorious, how divine!
 That can to life and bliss restore
 So vile a heart as mine.

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

434 *Tune*—BALERMA. C. M.

“My soul cleaveth unto the dust: quicken thou
 me according to thy word.”

Ps. cxix. 25.

- D**EAR Refuge of my weary soul,
 On thee, when sorrows rise,
 On thee, when waves of trouble roll,
 My fainting hope relies.
- 2** To thee I tell each rising grief,
 For thou alone canst heal ;
 Thy word can bring a sweet relief,
 For every pain I feel.
- 3** But O ! when gloomy doubts prevail,
 I fear to call thee mine ;
 The springs of comfort seem to fail,
 And all my hopes decline.
- 4** Yet, gracious God, where shall I flee ?
 Thou art my only trust ;
 And still my soul would cleave to thee,
 Though prostrate in the dust.
- 5** Hast thou not bid me seek thy face ?
 And shall I seek in vain ?
 And can the ear of sovereign grace
 Be deaf when I complain ?

- 6 No ; still the ear of sovereign grace
 Attends the mourner's prayer :
 And still I ever find access,
 To breathe my sorrows there.

435 *Tune*—PHILLIPS. C. M.

“Draw me, we will run after thee.”

Song of Sol. i. 4.

- W**HY is my heart so far from thee,
 My God, my chief delight ?
 Why are my thoughts no more by day
 With thee—no more by night.
- 2 Why should my foolish passions rove ?
 Where can such sweetness be,
 As I have tasted in thy love,
 As I have found in thee ?
- 3 When my forgetful soul renews
 The savour of thy grace,
 My heart presumes I cannot lose
 The relish all my days.
- 4 But ere one fleeting hour is past,
 The flattering world employs
 Some sensual bait to seize my taste,
 And to pollute my joys.
- 5 Wretch that I am, to wander thus
 In chase of false delight !
 Let me be fastened to thy cross,
 Rather than lose thy sight.

436

Tune—MEAR.

C. M.

“Come, and let us return unto the Lord.”

Hos. vi. 1.

- COME, let us to the Lord our God,
 With contrite hearts return;
 Our God is gracious, nor will leave
 The desolate to mourn.
- 2 His voice commands the tempest forth,
 And stills the stormy wave;
 And though His arm be strong to smite,
 'Tis also strong to save.
- 3 Long hath the night of sorrow reigned;
 The dawn shall bring us light:
 God shall appear, and we shall rise
 With gladness in His sight.
- 4 Our hearts, if God we seek to know,
 Shall know Him, and rejoice;
 His coming like the morn shall be,
 Like morning songs His voice.
- 5 As dew upon the tender herb,
 Diffusing fragrance round;
 As showers that usher in the spring,
 And cheer the thirsty ground,
- 6 So shall His presence bless our souls,
 And shed a joyful light;
 That hallowed morn shall chase away
 The sorrows of the night.

437 *Tune*—HERMON. C. M.

“Lord, I believe; help thou my unbelief.”

Mark ix. 24.

LORD, I believe; thy power I own,
Thy word I would obey;
I wander comfortless and lone,
When from thy truth I stray.

2 Lord, I believe; but gloomy fears
Sometimes bedim my sight;
I look to thee with prayers and tears,
And cry for strength and light.

3 Lord, I believe; but oft, I know,
My faith is cold and weak:
My weakness strengthen, and bestow
The confidence I seek!

4 Yes! I believe; and only thou
Canst give my soul relief:
Lord! to thy truth my spirit bow;
“Help thou mine unbelief!”

438 *Tune*—SAUNDERS. L. M.

“Take with you words, and turn to the Lord:
and say unto Him, take away all iniquity,
and receive us graciously.”

Hos. xiv. 2.

O JESUS, full of truth and grace—
More full of grace than I of sin—
Yet once again I seek thy face;

Open thine arms and take me in!
 And freely my backslidings heal,
 And love the faithless sinner still.

2 Thou know'st the way to bring me
 back—

My fallen spirit to restore;
 O! for thy truth and mercy sake,
 Forgive, and bid me sin no more:
 The ruins of my soul repair,
 And make my heart a house of prayer.

3 Ah, give me, Lord, the tender heart
 That trembles at the approach of sin;
 A godly fear of sin impart;
 Implant and root it deep within,
 That I may own thy gracious power,
 And never, never grieve thee more.

439 *Tune*—SUBMISSION. S. M.

“I will heal their backsliding; I will love
 them freely.”

Hos. xiv. 4.

OPPRESSED with sin and woe,
 A burdened heart I bear;
 Oppressed by many a mighty foe—
 Yet will I not despair.

2 With this polluted heart
 Still I do come to thee,
 Holy and mighty as thou art—
 For thou wilt pardon me.

- 3 I feel that I am weak,
 And prone to every sin ;
 But thou, who giv'st to those who seek,
 Wilt give me strength within.
- 4 I need not fear my foes,
 I need not yield to care,
 I need not sink beneath my woes—
 For thou wilt answer prayer.
- 5 In my Redeemer's name,
 I give myself to thee ;
 Through Him, unworthy as I am,
 My God will cherish me.

440 *Tune*—CAPPADOCIA. C. P. M.

“Take heed, therefore, brethren, lest there be in any of you an evil heart of unbelief.”

Heb. iii. 12.

FROM whence this fear and unbelief,
 Since God, my Father, put to grief
 His spotless Son for me ?
 Can He, the righteous Judge of men,
 Condemn me for that debt of sin
 Which, Lord, was charged on thee ?

- 2 Complete atonement thou hast made,
 And to the utmost farthing paid
 Whate'er thy people owed ;
 How, then, can wrath on me take place,
 Now standing in God's righteousness,
 And sprinkled by thy blood ?

- 3 If thou hast my discharge procured,
 And freely in my place endured
 The whole of wrath divine,
 Payment God will not twice demand—
 First at my bleeding Surety's hand,
 And then again at mine.
- 4 Turn, then, my soul, unto thy rest ;
 The merits of thy great High-priest
 Speak peace and liberty ;
 Trust in His efficacious blood,
 Nor fear thy banishment from God,
 Since Jesus died for thee.

441 *Tune*—EAST HARTFORD. L. M.

“O thou of little faith, wherefore didst thou
 doubt.”

Matt. xiv. 31.

- “CAN it be right for me to go
 On in this dark, uncertain way?
 Say ‘I believe,’ and yet not know
 Whether my sins are put away? D
- 2 “Is this the way to treat the God
 Who bids me love and trust Him
 now?
 Is this the way to use the word
 Given to guide me here below?
- 3 “How can I forth to sinners go,
 And tell of grace so rich and free,
 If all the while I do not know
 Whether that grace has smiled on me?”

- 4 "How can it be my joy to dwell
 On the rich power of Jesus' blood,
 If all the while I can not tell
 That it has sealed my peace with
 God?"
- 5 "How can I be like Christ below—
 How like my Lord, in witness shine,
 Unless with conscious joy I know
 His Father and his God as mine?"
- 6 "Oh, crush this cruel unbelief;
 These needless, shameful doubts re-
 move;
 And suffer me no more to grieve
 The God whom I do really love."

442 *Tune*—ALVAR. 108 & 128.

"We also are weak in Him, but we shall live
 with Him by the power of God."

II Cor. xiii. 4.

I DO not doubt my safety—that thy
 hand
 Will still uphold me, even to the last,
 And that my feet on Canaan's hill shall
 stand,
 When the long wilderness is over-
 past;
 But often faith is weak, and hope is low;
 Forward, indeed, but faint and wearily
 I go.

- 2 I do not doubt thy love, my Lord, my
 God,
 The love which suffer'd and which
 died for me,
The love which sought me on the
 downward road,
 Unclasp'd the fetters, set the captive
 free!
But mine seems now so languid, dull,
 and cold—
Oh ! for the blissful hours which I have
 known of old.
- 3 I do not doubt, unworthy though I be,
 Thy worthiness, my Saviour, is my
 own !
One of thy many mansions is for me
 In the good land where sorrow is
 unknown ;
But often clouds obscure the distant
 scene,
And from the flood I shrink which
 darkly rolls between.

CHRISTIAN SERVICE.

443 *Tune*—MT. PISGAH. C. M.

“Thou, therefore, endure hardness, as a good
soldier of Jesus Christ.”

II Tim. ii. 3.

AM I a soldier of the cross,
A follower of the Lamb?
And shall I fear to own his cause,
Or blush to speak His name?

2 Must I be carried to the skies
On flowery beds of ease,
While others fought to win the prize,
And sailed through bloody seas?

3 Are there no foes for me to face?
Must I not stem the flood?
Is this vile world a friend to grace,
To help me on to God?

4 Sure I must fight, if I would reign:
Increase my courage, Lord!
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
Supported by thy word.

- 5 Thy saints in all this glorious war,
 Shall conquer, though they die;
 They view the triumph from afar,
 With faith's illumined eye.
- 6 When that illustrious day shall rise,
 And all thine armies shine
 In robes of vict'ry through the skies,
 The glory shall be thine.

444 *Tune*—CROSS AND CROWN. C. M.

“Whosoever will come after me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross and follow me.”

Mark viii. 34.

- M**UST Jesus bear the cross alone,
 And all the world go free?
 No: there's a cross for every one,
 And there's a cross for me.
- 2 How happy are the saints above,
 Who once went sorrowing here;
 But now they taste unmingled love,
 And joy without a tear.
- 3 The consecrated cross I'll bear,
 Till death shall set me free,
 And then go home my crown to wear,
 For there's a crown for me!

445

Tune—LABAN.

S. M.

'We wrestle not against flesh and blood, but against principalities, against powers, against the rulers of the darkness of this world, against spiritual wickedness in high places.'

Eph. vi. 12.

MY soul! be on thy guard;
 Ten thousand foes arise;
 The hosts of sin are pressing hard
 To draw thee from the skies.

- 2 Oh, watch, and fight, and pray;
 The battle ne'er give o'er;
 Renew it boldly every day
 And help divine implore.
- 3 Ne'er think the victory won,
 Nor once at ease sit down;
 Thy arduous work will not be done
 Till thou obtain thy crown.
- 4 Fight on, my soul, till death
 Shall bring thee to thy God!
 He'll take thee at thy parting breath,
 Up to his blest abode.

446

Tune—WARFARE.

L. M.

“Wherefore take unto you the whole armour of God, that ye may be able to withstand in the evil day.”

Eph. vi. 13.

STAND up, my soul! shake off thy
fears,
And gird the gospel armor on;
March to the gates of endless joy,
Where Jesus, thy great Captain's
gone.

- 2 Hell and thy sins resist thy course ;
But hell and sin are vanquished foes:
Thy Jesus nailed them to the cross,
And sung the triumph when he rose.
- 3 Then let my soul march boldly on—
Press forward to the heavenly gate :
There peace and joy eternal reign,
And glittering robes for conquerors
wait.
- 4 There shall I wear a starry crown,
And triumph in almighty grace,
While all the armies of the skies
Join in my glorious Leader's praise.

447

Tune—ZUAR.

7s & 6s.

“Stand, therefore, having your loins girt about.”

Eph. vi. 14.

STAND up!—stand up for Jesus!
 Ye soldiers of the cross;
 Lift high His royal banner,
 It must not suffer loss:
 From vict'ry unto vict'ry
 His army shall he lead,
 Till every foe is vanquished,
 And Christ is Lord indeed.

2 Stand up!—stand up for Jesus!
 The trumpet call obey;
 Forth to the mighty conflict,
 In this His glorious day:
 “Ye that are men now serve Him,”
 Against unnumbered foes;
 Your courage rise with danger,
 And strength to strength oppose.

3 Stand up!—stand up for Jesus!
 Stand in His strength alone;
 The arm of flesh will fail you—
 Ye dare not trust your own:
 Put on the gospel armor,
 And, watching unto prayer,
 Where duty calls or danger,
 Be never wanting there!

- 4 Stand up!—stand up for Jesus!
 The strife will not be long;
 This day the noise of battle,
 The next the victor's song:
 To him that overcometh
 A crown of life shall be;
 He with the King of Glory
 Shall reign eternally!

448 *Tune*—NEAH. S. M. D.

“Put on the whole armor of God, that ye may be able to stand against the wiles of the devil.”

Eph. vi. 11.

- SOLDIERS of Christ, arise,
 And put your armor on;
 Strong in the strength which God supplies,
 Through His eternal Son.
 Strong in the Lord of Hosts,
 And in His mighty power;
 Who in the strength of Jesus trusts,
 Is more than conqueror.
- 2 Stand, then, in His great might,
 With all His strength endued;
 But take, to arm you for the fight,
 The panoply of God
 Your foes, not flesh and blood,
 But powers of hell and night;
 Nought but the weapons of your God
 Can put these foes to flight.

- 3 With truth well girded be,
 Your breastplate—righteousness ;
 And on that Rock—salvation free,
 Stand fast, as shod with peace.
 Each fiery dart repel
 By faith's uplifted shield ;
 In patient hope and prayer excel,
 The Spirit's sword well wield.

449 *Tune*—HENDON. 7s.

“Fight the good fight of faith.”

I Tim vi. 12.

- OF T in sorrow, oft in woe,
 Onward, Christian, onward go!
 Fight the fight, maintain the strife,
 Strengthened with the bread of life.
- 2 Onward, Christian, onward go!
 Join the war and face the foe:
 Will you flee in danger's hour?
 Know you not your Captain's power?
- 3 Let your drooping heart be glad;
 March, in heavenly armor clad;
 Fight! nor think the battle long;
 Soon shall vict'ry tune your song.
- 4 Let not sorrow dim your eye;
 Soon shall every tear be dry:
 Let not fears your course impede;
 Great your strength, if great your need.

- 5 Onward then to battle move !
 More than conqu'ror you shall prove ;
 Though opposed by many a foe,
 Christian soldier, onward go !

450 *Tune*—WAREHAM. C. M.

“No man that warreth entangleth himself with
 the affairs of this life ; that he may please
 Him who hath chosen him to be a soldier.”

II Tim. ii. 4.

- F**ATHER, I know that all my life
 Is portioned out for me ;
 The changes that will surely come
 I do not fear to see :
 I ask thee for a present mind,
 Intent on pleasing thee.
- 2 I ask thee for a thoughtful love,
 Through constant watching wise,
 To meet the glad with joyful smiles,
 And wipe the weeping eyes ;
 A heart at leisure from itself,
 To soothe and sympathize.
- 3 I would not have the restless will
 That hurries to and fro,
 That seeks for some great thing to do,
 Or secret thing to know :
 I would be treated as a child,
 And guided where I go.

- 5 I ask thee for the daily strength,
 To none that ask denied,
 A mind to blend with outward life,
 While keeping at thy side ;
 Content to fill a little space,
 If thou be glorified.

451 *Tune*—MERTON. C. M.

“If I yet pleased men, I should not be the ser-
 vant of Christ.”

Gal. i. 10.

- GOD'S glory is a wondrous thing,
 Most strange in all its ways,
 And, of all things on earth, least like
 What men agree to praise.
- 2 Oh, blest is he to whom is given
 The instinct that can tell
 That God is on the field, when he
 Is most invisible !
- 3 Workman of God ! oh, lose not heart,
 But learn what God is like ;
 And in the darkest battle-field
 Thou shalt know where to strike.
- 4 And blest is he who can divine
 Where real right doth lie,
 And dares to take the side that seems
 Wrong to man's blindfold eye !

- 5 Oh, learn to scorn the praise of men!
 Oh, learn to lose with God!
 For Jesus won the world through shame,
 And beckons thee his road.

452 *Tune*—MISSIONARY CHANT. L. M.

“Watch ye, stand fast in the faith, quit you
 like men, be strong.”

I Cor. xvi. 13.

- G**O, labor on, while yet 'tis day;
 The world's dark night is hasten-
 ing on;
 Speed, speed thy work, cast sloth away:
 It is not thus that souls are won.
- 2 Men die in darkness at your side,
 Without a hope to cheer the tomb;
 Take up the torch and wave it wide—
 The torch that lights time's thickest
 gloom.
- 3 Toil on, faint not, keep watch and
 pray;
 Be wise the erring soul to win;
 Go forth into the world's highway,
 Compel the wanderer to come in.
- 4 Toil on, and in thy toil rejoice;
 For toil comes rest, for exile home;
 Soon shalt thou hear the Bridegroom's
 voice,
 The midnight peal, behold, I come.

453 *Tune*—MARTYRDOM. C. M.

“Whosoever shall give to drink unto one of these little ones a cup of cold water in the name of a disciple, verily I say unto you, he shall in no wise lose his reward.”

Matt. x. 42.

HIGH on a throne of light, O Lord,
Dost thou exalted shine:
What can our poverty bestow,
Since all the world is thine?

- 2 But thou hast brethren here below,
Partakers of thy grace,
Whose humble names thou wilt confess
Before thy Father's face.
- 3 In them may'st thou be clothed and fed,
And visited and cheer'd;
And, in their accents of distress,
The Saviour's voice be heard.
- 4 Whate'er our willing hands can give,
Lord, at thy feet we lay;
Grace will the humble gift receive,
And grace at length repay.

454

Tune—ORANUS.

C. M. D.

“The race is not to the swift, nor the battle to
the strong.”

Eccles. ix. 11.

THE swift not always win the race,
Nor doth the victory fall
To strength alone, but often times
To feeble ones and small.
Fold not thy hands in weariness,
Nor droop them in despair;
’Tis step by step, both sure and slow,
We climb the highest stair.

2 And day by day some little things
Will wait for thee to do;
So day by day thy failing strength
Shall constantly renew.
Some lowly service out of sight
May be thy destined lot;
Thy garden may be small, but see
That weeds deface it not.

3 Thou hast not long to labor thus,
And songs may well beguile
The weariest hour of one who works
Beneath his Master’s smile.
And when the service of thy love
Is ended and complete,
’Twill be for thee to take the rest
To weary ones so sweet.

455 *Tune*—FOUNTAIN. C. M.

“He that saith he abideth in Him ought himself
also to walk, even as He walked.”

I John ii. 6.

LORD, I desire to live as one
Who bears a blood-bought name;
As one who fears but grieving thee,
And knows no other shame.

2 As one by whom thy walk below
Should never be forgot;
As one who fain would keep apart
From all thou lovest not.

3 I want to live as one who knows
Thy fellowship of love;
As one whose eyes can pierce beyond
The pearl-built gates above.

4 As one who daily speaks to thee,
And hears thy voice divine
With depths of tenderness declare,
“Beloved! thou art mine.”

456 *Tune*—ANVERN. L. M.

“I know thy works, and thy labor, and thy
patience.”

Rev. ii. 2.

GO, labor on! spend and be spent,
Thy joy to do thy Father's will;
It is the way the Master went;
Should not the servant tread it still?

- 2 Go, labor on! 'tis not for nought;
 All earthly loss is heavenly gain:
 Men heed thee not, men praise thee
 not;
 The Master praises; what are men?
- 3 Go, labor on! enough, enough
 If Jesus praise thee, if He deign
 To notice e'en thy willing mind—
 No toil for Him shall be in vain.
- 4 Go, labor on! thy hands are weak,
 Thy knees are faint, thy soul cast
 down;
 Yet falter not—the prize is near—
 The throne, the kingdom and the
 crown!

457

Tune—GERMANY.

S. M.

“In the morning sow thy seed, and in the evening withhold not thy hand; for thou knowest not whether shall prosper, either this or that, or whether they both shall be alike good.”

Eccles. xi. 6.

- SOW in the morn thy seed;
 At eve hold not thy hand;
 To doubt and fear give thou no heed—
 Broad-cast it o'er the land.
- 2 Thou know'st not which shall thrive—
 The late or early sown;
 Grace keeps the precious germ alive,
 When and wherever strown:

- 3 And duly shall appear,
 In verdure, beauty, strength,
 The tender blade, the stalk, the ear,
 And the full corn at length.
- 4 Thou canst not toil in vain :
 Cold, heat, and moist, and dry,
 Shall foster and mature the grain
 For garnerers in the sky.

458 *Tune*—PRAIRIE. 7s & 6s.

“We can not but speak the things which we
 have seen and heard.”

Acts iv. 20.

- WE all should speak for Jesus,
 Who hath redemption wrought,
 Who gave us peace and pardon,
 Which by His blood He bought.
- 2 We all should speak for Jesus,
 And tell how much we owe
 To Him who died to save us
 From everlasting woe.
- 3 We all should speak for Jesus,
 The aged and the young,
 With manhood’s fearless accents,
 With childhood’s lisping tongue.
- 4 We all should speak for Jesus,
 The world in darkness lies ;
 With Him against the mighty
 Together let us rise.

- 5 We all should speak for Jesus,
 Though it may try us sore;
 For grace to guide and help us
 Into our hearts He'll pour.
- 6 We all should speak for Jesus,
 Till He shall come again,
 Proclaim His glorious gospel,
 His crown and endless reign.

459

Tune—MELVIN. S. M. D.

“Whether, therefore, ye eat, or drink, or whatsoever ye do, do all to the glory of God.”

I Cor. x. 31.

- GOD of almighty love,
 By whose sufficient grace
 I lift my heart to things above,
 And humbly seek thy face:
 Through Jesus Christ the Just
 My faint desires receive,
 And let me in thy goodness trust,
 And to thy glory live.
- 2 Whate'er I say or do,
 Thy glory be my aim;
 My off'rings all be offer'd through
 The ever-blessed Name.
 Jesus, my single eye
 Be fix'd on thee alone:
 Thy name be praised on earth, on high;
 Thy will by all be done.

460 *Tune*—CALLENDER. C. M.

“Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?”

Acts ix. 6.

NO strength of nature can suffice
To serve the Lord aright,
And what she has she misapplies,
For want of clearer light.

2 How long beneath the law I lay
In bondage and distress!
I toil'd the precept to obey,
But toil'd without success.

3 Then, to abstain from outward sin
Was more than I could do;
Now, if I feel its power within,
I feel I hate it, too.

4 Then all my servile works were done
A righteousness to raise;
Now, freely chosen in the Son,
I freely choose His ways.

5 What shall I do, was then the word,
That I may worthier grow?
What shall I render to the Lord?
Is my inquiry now.

6 To see the law by Christ fulfill'd,
And hear His pardoning voice,
Changes a slave into a child,
And duty into choice.

461 *Tune*—GLEANER. 9s, 8s & 10s.

“Lift up your eyes, and look on the fields; for they are white already to harvest.”

John iv. 35.

THE Master hath need of the reapers,
 And, mourner, He calleth to thee;
 Come out from the valley of sorrow,
 Look up to the hill-tops and see
 How the fields with the harvest are
 whitening,
 How golden and full is the grain;
 O, what are thy wants to the summons!
 And what are thy griefs and thy pain!

2 The Master hath need of the reapers,
 And, idler, He calleth to thee;
 Come out from the mansions of pleasure,
 From the halls where the careless
 may be.
 Soon the shadows of eve will be falling,
 With the mists, and the dews, and
 the rain;
 O, what is the world and its follies,
 To the mould and the rust of the
 grain!

3 The Master hath need of the reapers,
 And He calleth for thee and for me;
 O haste, while the winds of the morning
 Are blowing so freshly and free;

Let the sound of the scythe and the
sickle

Re-echo o'er hill-top and plain,
And gather the sheaves in the garner,
For golden and ripe is the grain.

462 *Tune*—HOMERVILLE. P. M.

“Blessed are ye that sow beside all waters.”

Isa. xxxii. 20.

SOW ye beside all waters,
S Where the dew of heaven may fall;
Ye shall reap if ye be not weary,
For the Spirit breathes o'er all.
Sow, though the thorn may wound thee,
One wore the thorns for thee;
And, though the cold world scorn thee,
Patient and hopeful be.

2 Work while the daylight lasteth,
Ere the shades of night come on;
Ere the Lord of the vineyard cometh,
And the laborer's toil is done.
Watch not the clouds above thee,
Let the wild winds round thee sweep;
God may the seed time give thee,
But another's hand may reap.

3 Have faith, though ne'er beholding,
The seed burst from its tomb;
Thou know'st not which may perish,
Or what be spared to bloom.

Room on the narrowest ridges,
 The ripened grain will find ;
 That the Lord of the harvest coming,
 In the harvest—sheaves may bind.

463

Tune—RIPPLE.

6s.

“The love of Christ constraineth us ; because we thus judge, that if one died for all, then were all dead : and that He died for all, that they which live should not henceforth live unto themselves, but unto Him which died for them, and rose again.”

2 Cor. v. 14, 15.

I GAVE my life for thee,
 My precious blood I shed,
 That thou might'st ransomed be,
 And quickened from the dead.
 I gave my life for thee :
 What hast thou given for me ?

2 I spent long years for thee
 In weariness and woe,
 That an eternity
 Of joy thou mightest know.
 I spent long years for thee :
 Hast thou spent one for me ?

3 I suffered much for thee,
 More than thy tongue may tell,
 Of bitterest agony,
 To rescue thee from hell.
 I suffered much for thee :
 What canst thou bear for me ?

- 4 And I have brought to thee,
 Down from my home above,
 Salvation full and free,
 My pardon and my love.
 Great gifts I brought to thee:
 What hast thou brought to me?
- 5 Oh, let thy life be given,
 Thy years for Him be spent,
 World fetters all be riven,
 And joy with suffering blent!
 Bring thou thy worthless all:
 Follow thy Saviour's call!

464 *Tune*—NORTHWOOD. 8s & 7s.

“Go out quickly into the streets and lanes of the city, and bring in hither the poor, and the maimed, and the halt, and the blind.”

Luke xiv. 21.

- “CALL them in”—the poor, the wretched,
 Sin-stained wanderers from the fold;
 Peace and pardon freely offer;
 Can you weigh their worth with gold?
 “Call them in”—the weak, the weary,
 Laden with the doom of sin;
 Bid them come and rest in Jesus;
 He is waiting—“call them in.”
- 2 “Call them in”—the Jew, the Gentile;
 Bid the stranger to the feast:
 “Call them in”—the rich, the noble,
 From the highest to the least.

Forth the Father runs to meet them,
 He hath all their sorrows seen ;
 Robe, and ring, and royal sandals
 Wait the lost ones—" call them in."

- 3 " Call them in "—the broken hearted,
 Cowering 'neath the brand of shame ;
 Speak love's message low and tender,
 'Twas for sinners Jesus came.
 See, the shadows lengthen round us,
 Soon the day-dawn will begin ;
 Can you leave them lost and lonely ?
 Christ is coming—" call them in."

465

Tune—VARINA.

C. M.

"I must work the works of Him that sent me,
 while it is day: the night cometh, when no
 man can work."

John ix. 4.

- H**OW blessed, from the bonds of sin
 And earthly fetters free,
 In singleness of heart and aim,
 Thy servant, Lord, to be !
 The hardest toil to undertake
 With joy at thy command,
 The meanest office to receive
 With meekness at thy hand !
- 2 With willing heart and longing eyes
 To watch before thy gate,
 Ready to run the weary race,
 To bear the heavy weight ;

No voice of thunder to expect,
 But follow calm and still,
 For love can easily divine
 The One Beloved's will.

- 3 How happily the working days
 In this dear service fly:
 How rapidly the closing hour,
 The time of rest draws nigh!
 When all the faithful gather home,
 A joyful company,
 And ever where the Master is
 Shall his blest servants be.

466

Tune—HALLE.

7s.

“Abide in me, and I in you. As the branch can
 not bear fruit of itself, except it abide in the
 vine; no more can ye, except ye abide in me.”

John xv. 4.

CHRISTIAN, wouldst thou fruitful
 be?

Jesus says, “abide in me;”
 From Him all thy fruit is found;
 May it to His praise abound!

- 2 Christian, wouldst thou holy be?
 Jesus says, “abide in me;”
 Sanctified in Him thou art;
 Sanctify Him in thy heart.
- 3 Christian, wouldst thou happy be?
 Jesus says, “abide in me;”
 He is thine exceeding joy—
 Bliss divine! without alloy.

- 4 Christian, this thy motto be—
 Jesus says, “ abide in me ;”
 Grace and strength from Him receive ;
 As a branch in Jesus live.

467 *Tune*—MT. VERNON. 8s & 7s.

‘ Eat, O friends ; drink, yea, drink abundantly,
 O beloved.’

Song of Sol. v. 1.

- B**E not satisfied with gleaning
 Scanty measures for thy soul,
 When His pastures smile with blossoms,
 And thou mayst enjoy the whole.
- 2 Rest not satisfied with sipping
 From the wayside rills of love ;
 O drink freely from the fountain !
 This thy happiness will prove.
- 3 As His child, thou art a pilgrim,
 And thy Lord doth give thee here
 Bread of heaven thy heart to strengthen,
 And His wine of love to cheer.
- 4 Be not satisfied with leaning
 Lightly on the Saviour’s breast ;
 Little trust brings fears and faintings,
 And will rob thy soul of rest.

468

Tune—BEECHLAND.

H. M.

“A new commandment I give unto you, That ye love one another; as I have loved you, that ye also love one another.”

John xiii. 34.

MUST I my brother keep,
And share his pains and toil,
And weep with those that weep,
And smile with those that smile;
And act to each a brother's part,
And feel his sorrows in my heart?

2 Must I his burden bear,
As though it were my own,
And do as I would care
Should to myself be done;
And faithful to his interests prove,
And as myself my neighbor love?

3 Then, Jesus, at thy feet
A student let me be,
And learn, as it is meet,
My duty, Lord, of thee;
For thou did'st come on mercy's plan,
And all thy life was love to man.

469

Tune—FAITHFUL.

P. M.

“Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me.”

Matt. xxv. 40.

HAVE ye looked for sheep in the desert,

For those who have missed their way?
Have ye been in the wild waste places,
Where the lost and the wandering
stray?

Have ye trodden the lonely highway,
The foul and darksome street?

It may be ye'd see in the gloaming
The print of Christ's wounded feet.

2 Have you folded home to your bosom
The trembling, neglected lamb,
And taught to the little lost one
The sound of the Shepherd's name?
Have ye searched for the poor and
needy,

With no clothing, no home, no bread?
The Son of man was among them;
He had not where to lay His head!

3 Have ye stood by the sad and weary,
To smooth the pillow of death;
To comfort the sorrow-stricken,
And strengthen the feeble faith?

And have ye felt, when the glory
 Has streamed through the open door,
 And flitted across the shadows,
 That I had been there before ?

- 4 Have you wept with the broken-hearted
 In their agony of woe ?
 Ye might hear me whispering beside
 you,
 'Tis a pathway I often go !
 My disciples, my brethren, my friends,
 Can ye dare to follow me ?
 Then, wherever the Master dwelleth,
 There shall the servant be !

470 *Tune*—LANETON. 108 & 68.

“I am the voice of one crying in the wilder-
 ness.”

John i. 23.

OH! that I were a voice—a voice
 whose cry
 The troubled heart might calm :
 A faithful echo of the voice of old,
 That cried, “ Behold the Lamb !”

- 2 Oh! to be nothing, of all self bereft,
 One theme alone be mine ;
 I would be but a sound to bear abroad,
 No name, dear Lord, but thine.

- 3 I'd stand and gaze on thee, lost in the
 path
 That thy dear feet have trod;
 And then I'd follow with the joyous
 shout—
 “Behold the Lamb of God!”

471 *Tune*—HENLY. IIS & IOS.

“Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in
 peace, according to thy word: for mine eyes
 have seen thy salvation.”

Luke ii. 29, 30.

NOT now my child—a little more
 rough tossing—

A little longer on the billow's foam—
 A few more journeyings in the desert
 darkness,
 And then the sunshine of thy Father's
 home!

- 2 Not now—for I have wand'ers in the
 distance,
 And thou must call them in with
 patient love:
 Not now—for I have sheep upon the
 mountains,
 And thou must follow them where'er
 they rove.
- 3 Not now—for I have loved ones, sad
 and weary;
 Wilt thou not cheer them with a
 kindly smile?

- Sick ones, who need thee in their
lonely sorrow;
Wilt thou not tend them yet a little
while?
- 4 Not now—for wounded hearts are
sorely bleeding,
And thou must teach those widow'd
hearts to sing;
Not now—for orphan's tears are thickly
falling;
They must be gathered 'neath some
sheltering wing.
- 5 Go with the name of Jesus to the dying,
And speak that Name in all its living
power;
Why should thy fainting heart grow
chill and weary?
Canst thou not watch with me one
little hour?
- 6 One little hour! and then the glorious
crowning—
The golden harp-strings and the
victor's palm,
One little hour! and then the Halle-
lujah!
Eternity's long, deep, thanksgiving
psalm!

472 *Tune*—LEAVES. 8s, 6s & 4s.

“He found nothing but leaves.”

Mark xi. 13.

NOTHING but leaves; the spirit
grieves

Over a wasted life;
Sin committed while conscience slept,
Promises made, but never kept,
Hatred, battle and strife;
Nothing but leaves!

2 Nothing but leaves; no garnered sheaves
Of life's fair, ripened grain;
Words, idle words, for earnest deeds;
We sow our seeds—lo! tares and weeds;
We reap, with toil and pain,
Nothing but leaves.

3 Nothing but leaves; memory weaves
No veil to screen the past:
As we retrace our weary way,
Counting each lost and misspent day,
We find sadly at last,
Nothing but leaves.

4 And shall we meet the Master so,
Bearing our withered leaves?
The Saviour looks for perfect fruit—
We stand before Him humble, mute,
Waiting the word He breathes—
“Nothing but leaves.”

MARRIAGE.

473 *Tune*—HELPER. L. M.

“And the Lord God said, It is not good that man should be alone; I will make him a help meet for him.”

Gen. ii. 18.

O GOD, who did'st a helper meet
 For Adam of himself create,
 Flesh of his flesh, bone of his bone,
 That both might feel and love as one;
 Make these thy servants one-in heart:
 Whom thou hast join'd let no man part.

- 2 Lord of the Church, whose bleeding
 side
 Gave life to thy redeemed bride;
 Whose grace, through every member
 shed,
 Joins the whole body to the Head;
 Oh! let thy love the model be
 Of this their marriage unity.
- 3 O thou, who once, a Guest divine,
 Didst turn the water into wine,
 Thy presence, which we seek, afford;

Fill thou their cup, and bless their
board;
Their hearts be one in thy blest ways,
And all their life show forth thy praise.

474 *Tune*—CHIMES. C. M.

“Husbands, love your wives, even as Christ also
loved the Church, and gave Himself for it.”

Eph. v. 25.

LORD Jesus, who did'st once appear,
To grace a marriage feast;
We now beseech thy presence here,
To make this wedding blest.

- 2 With grace, the Bride and Bridegroom
speed;
Thy love their pattern be;
May heart with heart be true indeed,
As knit, O Lord, in thee.
- 3 With gifts of grace their hearts endow—
Of all rich dowries best;
Their substance bless, and peace
bestow,
To sweeten all the rest.
- 4 In purest love their souls unite,
That they, with Christian care,
May make each other's burden light,
By taking mutual share.

- 5 And, looking to their heavenly home,
 Oh! may they dwell each day
 As heirs of life, until thou come
 To take thy Bride away.

475

Tune—IONIA.

7s.

“They two shall be one flesh.”

Eph. v. 31.

HEAVENLY Bridegroom, in thy love,
 Sanction from thy throne above
 What on earth hath now been done;
 Let these twain be truly one:

- 2 One in sickness, one in health,
 One in poverty or wealth;
 And, as year rolls after year,
 Each to other still more dear:
- 3 One in purpose, one in heart,
 Until call'd by thee to part;
 Then, around thy throne to be
 One for ever, Lord, in thee!

476

Tune—SABBATH.

7s.

“Let every one of you in particular so love his wife even as himself; and the wife see that she reverence her husband.”

Eph. v. 33.

DEIGN this union to approve,
 And confirm it, God of love,
 Bless thy servants; on their head
 Now the oil of gladness shed:
 In this nuptial bond to thee
 Let them consecrated be.

2 In prosperity, be near,
 To preserve them in thy fear;
 In affliction, let thy smile
 All the woes of life beguile:
 And when every change is past,
 Take them to thyself at last.

CHILDREN.

477 *Tune*—RETREAT. L. M.

“Those things which are revealed belong unto us and to our children forever.”

Deut. xxix. 29.

JESUS, thy power and love we know,
And bring to thee our children
now;

Now to thine arms of mercy press'd,
O let thy blessing on them rest.

- 2 Display in them thy saving power,
And lead them in th' accepted hour
To trust in thee, to praise and bless
Thee as the Lord their righteousness.
- 3 Reveal to them thy dying love,
That they its sweet constraint may
prove,
And now their hearts to thee resign,
By thee redeemed, and wholly thine.
- 4 May they thy true disciples be,
Resolved in heart to follow thee;
Their one desire, thyself to know,
And daily in thy likeness grow.

- 5 May they continual grace receive,
That they may to thy glory live,
Until in heaven they sweetly rest,
For ever in thy presence blest.

478 *Tune*—HOLLEY. 7s.

“The promise is unto you, and to your children.”

Acts ii. 39.

GOD of mercy, hear our pray'r
For the children thou hast giv'n ;
Let them all thy blessings share,
Grace on earth and bliss in heav'n.

- 2 Cleanse their souls from ev'ry stain,
Through the Saviour's precious
blood ;
Let them all be born again,
And be reconcil'd to God.

- 3 For this mercy, Lord, we cry ;
Bend thine ever-gracious ear :
While on thee our souls rely,
Hear our pray'r, in mercy hear.

479 *Tune*—KIND WORDS. 6s & 4s.

“The child was cured from that very hour.”

Matt. xvii. 18.

LEAD them, my God, to thee,
Lead them to thee ;
E'en these dear babes of mine
Thou givest me :

- O, by thy love divine,
Lead them, my God, to thee!
Safely to thee!
- 2 What though my faith is dim,
Wavering and weak?
Yet still I come to thee,
Thy grace to seek:
Daily to plead with thee!
Lead them, my God, to thee!
Safely to thee!
- 3 When earth looks bright and fair,
Festive and gay,
Let no delusive snare
Lure them astray:
But from temptation's power
Lead them, my God, to thee!
Safely to thee!
- 4 Lead them, my God, to thee,
Lead them to thee!
Though 'twere my dying breath,
I'd cry to thee,
With yearning agony,
Lead them, my God, to thee,
Lead them to thee!

480

Tune—ZEPHYR.

L. M.

“All thy children shall be taught of the Lord;
and great shall be the peace of thy children.”

Isa. liv. 13.

O UR God and Father, bend thine ear,
In Jesus' precious name we bow,
And offer here united prayer,
For blessing on our children now.

2 'Tis not for wealth or joys of earth,
Or life prolonged, we seek thy face;
'Tis for a new and heavenly birth,
'Tis for the treasures of thy grace.

3 'Tis for their souls' eternal rest
In Jesus, from the wrath to come;
Oh! may they now in Him be blest,
And dwell for ever in thy home.

481

Tune—WARD.

L. M.

“If ye, then, being evil, know how to give good
gifts unto your children: how much more shall
your heavenly Father give the Holy Spirit to
them that ask Him.”

Luke xi. 13.

O LORD, encouraged by thy grace,
We bring this infant to thy throne:
Give it within thy house a place,
Let it be thine, and thine alone!

- 2 We ask not for it earthly bliss,
Nor earthly honors, wealth nor fame ;
The sum of our request is this—
That it may love and fear thy name.
- 3 This infant we by faith commit
To thy kind love and guardian care ;
We lay it at our Saviour's feet,
He will not let it perish there.

482 *Tune*—DUNLAP'S CREEK. C. M.

"I will establish my covenant between me and thee and thy seed after thee in their generations, for an everlasting covenant, to be a God unto thee and to thy seed after thee."

Gen. xvii. 7.

HOW large the promise, how divine,
To Abraham and his seed !
"I'll be a God to thee and thine,
Supplying all their need."

- 2 The words of his extensive love,
From age to age endure ;
The Angel of the covenant proves
And seals the blessings sure.
- 3 Jesus the ancient faith confirms
To our great Father given ;
He takes young children to his arms,
And calls them heirs of heaven.

- 4 Our God! how faithful are his ways!
 His love endures the same;
 Nor from the promise of his grace,
 Blots out the children's name.

483

Tune—EDMESTON. C. M.

“Suffer the little children to come unto me, and forbid them not; for of such is the kingdom of God.”

Mark x. 14.

BEHOLD, what matchless, tender
 love

Doth Christ to babes display;
 He bids each parent bring them near,
 Nor turns the least away.

- 2 See how he takes them in his arms,
 With smiles upon his face,
 And says his kingdom is of such,
 By free and sovereign grace.
- 3 “Forbid them not,” whom Jesus calls,
 Nor dare the claim resist,
 Since his own lips to us declare,
 Heaven will of such consist.
- 4 With flowing tears, and thankful hearts,
 We give them up to thee;
 Receive them, Lord, into thine arms,
 Thine may they ever be.

484 *Tune*—HERMON. C. M.

“He took them up in His arms, put His hands upon them, and blessed them.”

Mark x. 16.

BEHOLD, what condescending love
Jesus on earth displays;
To babes and sucklings he extends
The riches of his grace.

- 2 He still the ancient promise keeps,
To our forefathers given;
Young children in his arms he takes,
And calls them heirs of heaven.
- 3 “Permit them to approach,” he cries,
“Nor scorn their humble name;
For ’twas to bless such souls as these,
The Lord of angels came.”
- 4 We bring them, Lord, with thankful
hearts,
And yield them up to thee;
Joyful that we ourselves are thine,
Thine let our offspring be.

485 *Tune*—KING. S. M.

“The children of thy servants shall continue,
and their seed shall be established before
thee.”

Ps. cii. 28.

OUR children thou dost claim,
O Lord, our God, as thine:
Ten thousand blessings to thy Name,
For goodness so divine.

- 2 Thee, let the fathers own,
Thee, let the sons adore ;
Join'd to the Lord in precious faith,
To be forgot no more.
- 3 How great thy mercies, Lord !
How plenteous is thy grace,
Which, in the promise of thy love,
Includes our rising race.
- 4 Our offspring, still thy care,
Shall own their fathers' God ;
To latest times thy blessings share,
And sound thy praise abroad.

486 *Tune*—CAPPADOCIA. C. P. M.

“And were by nature children of wrath, even
as others.”

Eph. ii. 3.

- A** HELPLESS child of Adam's race,
Saviour, we bring before thy face,
For thou hast life to give ;
Oh ! that within the grace divine,
Which made our souls for ever thine,
This little one might live !
- 2 Oh ! that this soul, by nature lost,
Ere yet on life's dark ocean toss'd,
Might reach thy shelt'ring breast ;
And, by thy gentle Spirit led,
With us the narrow pathway tread
That leads to endless rest !

- 3 O Saviour, who like thee can give,
 Who gav'st thyself, that we might live,
 Whose grace still floweth free?
 Then, to be folded on thy breast,
 To find in thee eternal rest,
 We bring this babe to thee.

487 *Tune*—PLEYEL'S HYMN. 7s.

“Come thou and all thy house into the ark.”

Gen. vii. 1.

- FATHER, speed a blessing forth,
 Let the heavenly breezes come;
 Let them quicken into birth
 Hearts now dead within our home.
- 2 Thou canst make the desert bloom,
 Thou canst turn the night to day,
 Life canst bring from out the tomb;
 None thy spirit, Lord, can stay.
- 3 Oh! display thy saving might,
 Arm of God! awake! awake!
 Put thy foes and ours to flight,
 Satan's bonds in mercy break.
- 4 Bid our dead in life to stand,
 Loose the grave clothes, set them
 free;
 Lord, it needs but thy command;
 At thy word is liberty.

488 *Tune*—SWEETEST NAME. C. M.

“This is His commandment, That we should believe on the name of His Son Jesus Christ.”

I John iii. 23.

THERE is no name so sweet on earth,
 No name so sweet in heaven,
 The name, before his wondrous birth,
 To Christ, the Saviour given.

REFRAIN.

- We love to sing around our King,
 And hail him blessed Jesus:
 For there's no word ear ever heard
 So dear, so sweet as Jesus.
- 2 His human name they did proclaim,
 When Abram's son they sealed him,
 The name that still, by God's good
 will,
 Deliverer revealed him.
- 3 And when he hung upon the tree,
 They wrote this name above him,
 That all might see the reason we
 For evermore must love him.
- 4 So now upon his Father's throne,
 Almighty to release us
 From sin and pains, he gladly reigns,
 The Prince and Saviour Jesus.

489 *Tune*—JESUS LOVES ME. 7S.

“Jesus called a little child unto Him, and set him in the midst of them.”

Matt. xviii. 2.

JESUS loves me! this I know,
For the Bible tells me so:
Little ones to him belong;
They are weak, but he is strong.

CHORUS.

Yes, Jesus loves me;
Yes, Jesus loves me;
Yes, Jesus loves me,
The Bible tells me so.

- 2 Jesus loves me! he who died
Heaven's gate to open wide,
He will wash away my sin;
Let his little child come in.
- 3 Jesus loves me! loves me still,
Though I'm very weak and ill;
From his shining throne on high,
Comes to watch me where I lie.
- 4 Jesus loves me! he will stay
Close beside me all the way;
If I love him when I die,
He will take me home on high.

490 *Tune*—JESUS LOVES ME. 7S.

“Christ also hath loved us, and hath given
Himself for us.”

Eph. v. 2.

JESUS from his throne on high
Came into this world to die—
That I might from sin be free,
Bled and died upon the tree.

CHORUS.

Yes, Jesus loves me ;
Yes, Jesus loves me ;
Yes, Jesus loves me,
The Bible tells me so.

2 I can see him even now,
With his pierced, thorn-clad brow,
Agonizing on the tree ;
O, what love ! and all for me !

3 Now I feel this heart of stone
Drawn to love God's holy Son,
“Lifted up” on Calvary,
Suffering shame and death for me.

4 Jesus; take this heart of mine,
Make it pure and wholly thine ;
Thou hast bled and died for me,
I will henceforth live for thee.

491 *Tune*—COME TO JESUS. 8s & 6s.

“Behold, now is the accepted time; behold, now is the day of salvation.”

2 Cor. vi. 2.

“COME unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.”
—Matt. xi. 28.

1 Come to Jesus, just now, &c.

“Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved.”—Acts xvi. 31.

2 He will save you, just now, &c.

“God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life.”—John iii. 16.

3 O, believe him, just now, &c.

“He is able to save them to the uttermost that come unto God by him, seeing he ever liveth to make intercession for us.”—Heb. vii. 25.

4 He is able, just now, &c.

“The Lord is long-suffering to us-ward, not willing that any should perish, but that all should come to repentance.”—2 Pet. iii. 9.

5 He is willing, just now, &c.

“Him that cometh to me, I will in no wise cast out.”—John vi. 37.

6 He'll receive you, just now, &c.

“God commendeth his love toward us, in that, while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us.”—Rom. v. 8.

7 Jesus loves you, just now, &c.

492

Tune—WINSLOW. C. P. M.

“It is not the will of your Father which is in heaven, that one of these little ones should perish.”

Matt. xviii. 14.

X

AND is it true, as I am told,
That there are lambs within the
fold
Of God's beloved Son?
That Jesus Christ, with tender care,
Will in his arms most gently bear
The helpless little one?

- 2 And I, a little straying lamb,
May come to Jesus as I am,
Though goodness I have none;
May now be folded in his breast,
As birds within the parent nest,
And be his little one.
- 3 And he can do all this for me,
Because in sorrow on the tree
He once for sinners hung;
And having put their sins away,
He now rejoices, day by day,
To cleanse the little one.

493 *Tune*—NEVER BE AFRAID. 108 & 78.

“To me to live is Christ, and to die is gain.”

Phil. i. 21.

NEVER be afraid to speak for Jesus,
 Think how much a word can do;
 Never be afraid to own your Saviour,
 He who loves and cares for you.

CHORUS.

Never be afraid, never be afraid,
 Never, never, never;
 Jesus is your loving Saviour,
 Therefore never be afraid.

- 2 Never be afraid to work for Jesus,
 In his vineyard day by day;
 Labor with a kind and willing spirit,
 He will all your toil repay.
- 3 Never be afraid to bear for Jesus
 Keen reproaches when they fall;
 Patiently endure your every trial,
 Jesus meekly bore them all.
- 4 Never be afraid to live for Jesus;
 Since you on his care depend,
 Safely shall you pass through every trial;
 He will bring you to the end.
- 5 Never be afraid to die for Jesus;
 He the life, the truth, the way,
 Gently in his arms of love will bear you
 To the realms of endless day.

494 *Tune*—WATCHER. 7s & 6s.

“In thy presence is fulness of joy; at thy right
hand are pleasures forevermore.”

Ps. xvi. 11.

- I WANT to be with Jesus,
And with the angels stand,
A crown upon my forehead,
A harp within my hand;
There, right before my Saviour,
So glorious and so bright,
I'd wake the sweetest music,
And praise Him day and night.
- 2 I never would be weary,
Nor ever shed a tear,
Nor ever know a sorrow,
Nor ever feel a fear;
But blessed, pure and holy,
I'd dwell in Jesus' sight,
And with ten thousand thousands
Praise Him both day and night.
- 3 I know I'm weak and sinful,
But Jesus will forgive;
For many little children
Have gone to heav'n to live:
Dear Saviour, if I languish,
And lay me down to die,
Oh, send a shining angel,
And bear me to the sky.

- 4 Oh, there I'll be with Jesus,
 Among the angels stand,
 A crown upon my forehead,
 A harp within my hand ;
 And there, before thee, Saviour,
 So glorious and so bright,
 I'll join the heavenly music,
 And praise thee day and night.

495 *Tune*—AROUND THE THRONE. C.M.

“Lo, a great multitude, which no man could number, stood before the throne, and before the Lamb, clothed with white robes, and palms in their hands.”

Rev. vii. 9.

AROUND the throne of God in
 heav'n,
 Thousands of children stand,
 Children whose sins are all forgiv'n,
 A holy, happy band,
 Singing glory, glory, glory be to
 God on high.

- 2 In flowing robes of spotless white
 See every one arrayed ;
 Dwelling in everlasting light,
 And joys that never fade,
 Singing, &c.

3 What brought them to that world
above—

That heav'n so bright and fair,
Where all is peace, and joy, and love—
How came those children there?
Singing, &c.

4 Because the Saviour shed his blood,
To wash away their sin;
Bathed in that pure and precious flood,
Behold them white and clean!

Singing, &c.

496

Tune—DENNIS.

S. M.

“Narrow is the way which leadeth unto life,
and few there be that find it.”

Matt. vii. 14.

THERE is a narrow path
Which leads to joys untold,
And children who are walking there
Shall Jesus' face behold.

2 The way of peace it is
And happiness, to those
Who know the Saviour Jesus Christ,
And in His love repose.

3 His presence by the way
Makes their poor hearts rejoice;
And much they long for that bright
morn

When they shall hear His voice.

- 4 With patient hope they wait
 His blessed face to see,
 When they will sing, in sweetest songs,
 His praise who set them free.
- 5 This joy may all be yours,
 If you by faith now look
 Upon the bleeding Lamb of God,
 Who our transgressions took.

497 *Tune*—HAPPY LAND. 6s & 4s.

“God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes;
 and there shall be no more death, neither sor-
 row, nor crying, neither shall there be any
 more pain.”

Rev. xxi. 4.

THERE is a happy land,
 Far, far away,
 Where saints in glory stand,
 Bright, bright as day;
 Oh, how they sweetly sing,
 Worthy is our Saviour King,
 Loud let His praises ring,
 Praise, praise for aye.

- 2 Come to that happy land,
 Come, come away;
 Why will ye doubting stand,
 Why still delay?
 Oh, we shall happy be,
 When from sin and sorrow free,
 Lord, we shall live with thee,
 Blest, blest for aye.

- 3 Bright, in that happy land,
- Beams every eye;
Kept by a Father's hand,
Love can not die.
Oh, then to glory run,
Be a crown and kingdom won;
And bright above the sun,
We reign for aye.

BAPTISM.

498 *Tune*—EDMESTON. C. M.

“Go ye, therefore, and teach all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost.”

Matt. xxviii. 19.

- O LORD, whilst we confess the worth
 Of this, the outward seal,
 Teach us the truths herein set forth,
 Our very own to feel.
- 2 Death to the world we here avow,
 Death to each fleshly lust;
 Newness of life our portion now,
 A risen Lord our trust.
- 3 And we, O Lord, who now partake
 Of thine eternal life,
 With every sin, for thy dear sake,
 Would be at constant strife.
- 4 Baptized into the Father's name,
 We'd walk as sons of God;
 Baptized in thine, with joy we claim,
 The merits of thy blood.
- 5 Baptized into the Holy Ghost,
 We'd prove His mighty power;
 And making thee our only boast,
 Obey thee hour by hour.

499 *Tune*—HEBER, BETHA. C. M.

“Know ye not that so many of us as were baptized into Jesus Christ were baptized into His death.”

Rom. vi. 3.

BAPTIZED into our Saviour's death,
Our souls to sin must die;
With Christ our Lord we live anew,
With Christ ascend on high.

2 There by His Father's side He sits,
Enthroned divinely fair,
Yet owns Himself our Brother still,
And our Forerunner there.

3 Rise from these earthly trifles, rise
On wings of faith and love;
Above our choicest treasure lies—
And be our hearts above.

4 But earth and sin will draw us down
When we attempt to fly;
Lord, send thy strong, attractive powers
To raise our souls on high.

500 *Tune*—ALBION. 7s & 6s.

“As many of you as have been baptized into Christ have put on Christ.”

Gal. iii. 27.

AROUND thy grave, Lord Jesus,
Thine empty grave, we stand,
With hearts all full of praises,
To keep thy blest command;

By faith, our souls rejoicing
To trace thy path of love,
Through death's dark angry billows,
Up to the throne above.

- 2 O Lord! thou now art risen,
Thy travail all is o'er;
For sin thou once hast suffered,
Thou liv'st to die no more.
Sin, death and hell are vanquished
By thee, the Church's Head;
And lo! we share thy triumph,
Thou first-born from the dead.

- 3 Into thy death baptized,
We own with thee we died;
With thee to life are risen,
And in thee glorified.
From sin, the world and Satan
We're ransomed by thy blood;
And now would walk as strangers
Alive, with thee, to God.

LORD'S SUPPER.

501 *Tune*—CALLENDER. C. M.

“Christ also hath loved us, and hath given himself for us an offering and a sacrifice to God for a sweet-smelling savour.”

Eph. v. 2.

HOW condescending and how kind
Was God's eternal Son!
Our misery reached His heavenly mind,
And pity brought Him down.

2 When justice by our sins provoked,
Drew forth its dreadful sword,
He gave His soul up to the stroke,
Without a murmuring word.

3 He sunk beneath our heavy woes,
To raise us to His throne:
There's ne'er a gift His hand bestows
But cost His heart a groan.

4 This was compassion like a God,
That though the Saviour knew
The price of pardon was His blood,
His pity ne'er withdrew.

- 5 Now, though He reigns exalted high,
 His love is still as great:
 Well He remembers Calvary,
 Nor lets His saints forget.
- 6 Here let our hearts begin to melt,
 While we His death record,
 And, with our joy for pardoned guilt,
 Mourn that we pierced the Lord.

502 *Tune*—HAMBURG. L. M.

“And the disciples did as Jesus had appointed them.”

Matt. xxvi. 19.

- A**T thy command, our dearest Lord,
 Here we attend thy dying feast;
 Thy love has spread the sacred board,
 To feed the faith of every guest.
- 2 Our faith adores thy bleeding love,
 And trusts for life in One that died;
 We hope for heavenly crowns above,
 From a Redeemer crucified.
- 3 Let the vain world pronounce it shame,
 And cast contempt upon thy cause;
 We glory in our Saviour's name,
 And make our triumphs in His cross.
- 4 With joy we tell the scoffing age,
 He that was dead has left His tomb;
 He lives above their utmost rage,
 And we are waiting till He come.

503 *Tune*—ROCKBRIDGE. L. M.

“Jesus took bread, and blessed it, and brake it,
and gave it to the disciples, and said, Take,
eat; this is my body.”

Matt. xxvi. 26.

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

504 *Tune*—ZEPHYR. L. M.

“And He took the cup, and gave thanks, and gave it to them, saying, Drink ye all of it.”

Matt. xxvi. 27.

THY broken body, gracious Lord,
Is shadowed by this broken bread;
The wine, which in the cup is poured,
Points to the blood which thou hast
shed.

2 And while we meet together thus,
We show that we are one in thee;
Thy precious blood was shed for us,
Thy death, O Lord, hath set us free.

3 Brethren in thee, in union sweet,
For ever be thy grace adored!
’Tis in thy name that now we meet
And know thee with us, gracious
Lord!

4 We have one hope, that thou wilt
come;
Thee in the air we wait to see,
When thou wilt take thy people home,
And we shall ever reign with thee.

505 *Tune*—REMEMBER ME. C. M.

“This do in remembrance of me.”

Luke xxii. 19.

ACCORDING to thy parting word,
That speaks in love to me;
This will I do, my dying Lord!
I will remember thee.

- 2 Thy body broken for my sake,
 My bread from heaven shall be ;
 Thy testamental cup I take,
 And thus remember thee.
- 3 Gethsemane can I forget ?
 Or there thy conflict see,
 Thine agony and bloody sweat,
 And not remember thee ?
- 4 When to the cross I turn mine eyes,
 And rest on Calvary,
 O Lamb of God ! my sacrifice,
 I must remember thee.
- 5 Remember thee, and all thy pains,
 And all thy love to me—
 Yes, while a breath, a pulse remains,
 Will I remember thee !

506 *Tune*—SOLID ROCK. L. M.

“Jesus the mediator of the new covenant, and to the blood of sprinkling, that speaketh better things than that of Abel.”

Heb. xii. 24.

LORD Jesus, in thy name alone
 Thy saints shall meet before thy
 throne ;

And only thus would we be found
 Thy table ever to surround ;
 We nothing plead before our God,
 Except thy righteousness and blood.

- 2 O precious Saviour! there's indeed
 Enough in thee to meet our need;
 Enough in thee to make us glad;
 Oh! why should pardon'd souls be sad!
 Wide open is the door to God,
 We enter boldly through thy blood.
- 3 Our present joy is knowing thee,
 Our future joy thy face to see;
 And when our bliss is all complete,
 And we shall worship at thy feet,
 Yet still our song before our God
 Shall be thy righteousness and blood.

507

Tune—TOPLADY.

7s.

“Upon the first day of the week, when the disciples came together to break bread.”

Acts xx. 7.

MEETING in the Saviour's name,
 “Breaking bread” by His command,

To the world we thus proclaim
 On what ground we hope to stand,
 When the Lord shall come with clouds,
 Join'd by heav'ns exulting crowds.

- 2 From the cross our hope we draw,
 'Tis the sinner's bless'd resource;
 Jesus magnified the law,
 Jesus bore its awful curse;
 This the joyful truth we own,
 This our ground of hope alone.

- 3 Jesus died, and then arose ;
 Yes, He rose, He lives, He reigns ;
 Jesus vanquish'd all His foes,
 Jesus led them all in chains ;
 His the triumph and the crown,
 His the glory and renown.

508 *Tune*—KENTUCKY. S. M.

“That they all may be one, as thou, Father, art
 in me, and I in thee, that they also may be
 one in us.”

John xvii. 21.

- WITH Jesus in our midst
 We gather round the board ;
 Though many, we are one in Christ,
 One body in the Lord.
- 2 Our sins were laid on Him
 When bruised on Calvary ;
 For us He died and rose again,
 A pledge of victory.
- 3 Faith eats the bread of life,
 And drinks the living wine ;
 Thus we, in love together knit,
 On Jesus' breast recline.
- 4 Soon shall the night be gone,
 And we with Jesus reign ;
 The marriage supper of the Lamb
 Shall banish every pain.

509 *Tune*—GREENVILLE. 8s & 7s.

“He was known of them in breaking of bread.”

Luke xxiv. 35.

WHILE in sweet communion feeding
 On this earthly bread and wine,
 Saviour, may we see thee bleeding
 On the cross to make us thine!
 Let our eyes be ever closing
 To this fleeting world below;
 And upon thyself reposing,
 Teach us, Lord, thy grace to know.

- 2 Though unseen, be ever near us,
 With the still small voice of love,
 Whisp'ring words of peace to cheer us,
 Ev'ry doubt and fear remove:
 Bring before us all the story
 Of thy life and death of woe;
 And with hopes of endless glory,
 Wean our hearts from all below.

510 *Tune*—LOUVAN. L. M.

“The Church of God which He hath purchased
 with His own blood.”

Acts xx. 28.

OH! let us ne'er forget the love
 Of Him who bought us with His
 blood;
 And now, as our High Priest above,
 Stands as our Advocate with God.

- 2 Oh! let us ne'er forget that here,
 Strangers we are and far from home;
 That, waiting till our Lord appear,
 Our hearts should cry, "Come, Sa-
 viour, come!"
- 3 Oh! let us ne'er forget we're one
 With every saint that loves His name;
 United to Him on the Throne—
 Our life, our hope, our Lord the
 same.
- 4 Here, in the broken bread and wine,
 We hear Him say, "Remember me!
 "I gave my life to ransom thine,
 "I bore thy curse to set thee free."
- 5 Lord, we are thine—we praise thy
 love—
 One with thy saints, all one in thee;
 We would, until we meet above,
 In all our ways remember thee.

511 *Tune*—DUKE STREET. L. M.

"If when we were enemies, we were reconciled to God by the death of His Son; much more, being reconciled, we shall be saved through His life."

Rom. v. 10.

OURS is a rich and royal feast,
 Provided by the King of heaven;
 How privileged are they, and bless'd,
 To whom the bread of life is given!

- 2 In sacred fellowship we meet,
 To celebrate our Saviour's death ;
 The cup we drink, the bread we eat—
 His people feed on Him by faith.
- 3 We worship Him who bore the cross :
 We glory in His death alone ;
 The world itself appears but loss,
 To those to whom His name is
 known.
- 4 The blood he shed supplies a stream
 That washes all our guilt away ;
 How precious, then, the Lord should
 seem,
 Whose death we celebrate to-day !
- 5 On earth His dying love shall be
 Our spring of hope, our theme of
 joy ;
 And when in heaven our Lord we see,
 His praise shall all our powers
 employ.

512 *Tune*—ORTONVILLE. C. M.

“Having made peace through the blood of
 His cross.”

Col. 1. 20.

I REST in Christ, the Son of God,
 Who took the servant's form ;
 By faith I flee to Jesus' cross,
 My covert from the storm.

- 2 At peace with God, no ills I dread,
 The cup of blessing mine ;
 The Lamb was slain, His precious
 blood
 Is new and living wine.
- 3 Jesus put all my sins away,
 When bruised to make me whole ;
 Who shall accuse, or who condemn,
 My blameless, ransomed soul ?
- 4 Nor principalities, nor powers,
 Nor death shall me divide
 From my sure rest—the love of God—
 In Jesus crucified.

513 *Tune*—HARVEY'S CHANT. C. M.

“The cup of blessing which we bless, is it not the communion of the blood of Christ? The bread which we break, is it not the communion of the body of Christ?”

1 Cor. x. 16.

- I**N fellowship we meet around
 The table of our Lord ;
 Let joy and thankfulness abound,
 For faithful is His word.
- 2 The people whom the Lord appoints,
 The heirs of glory here,
 He saves, and by His grace anoints,
 And bids them nothing fear.

- 3 The food they eat is meat indeed—
 The richest heaven affords;
 The bread of God is living bread,
 His words are living words.
- 4 Then let our thankful songs abound;
 Our privilege is great;
 Our Father's table we surround,
 And eat of children's meat.

514 *Tune*—BEALOTH. S. M.

“Jesus said unto them, I am the bread of life.”

John vi. 35.

- SWEET feast of love divine!
 'Tis grace that makes us free,
 To feed upon this bread and wine,
 In memory, Lord, of thee.
- 2 Here every welcome guest
 Waits, Lord, from thee to learn
 The secrets of thy Father's breast,
 And all thy grace discern.
- 3 Here conscience ends its strife,
 And faith delights to prove
 The sweetness of the bread of life,
 The fulness of thy love.
- 4 That blood that flow'd for sin,
 In symbol here we see,
 And feel the blessed pledge within,
 That we are loved of thee.

- 5 Oh! if this glimpse of love
 Is so divinely sweet,
 What will it be, dear Lord, above
 Thy gladd'ning smile to meet!
- 6 To see thee face to face,
 Thy perfect likeness wear,
 And all thy ways of wondrous grace
 Through endless years declare!

515 *Tune*—GERAR. S. M.

"Take, eat; this is my body, which is broken
 for you: this do in remembrance of Me."

I Cor. xi. 24.

- W**E bless our Saviour's name,
 Our sins are all forgiven;
 To suffer once to earth He came:
 He now is crown'd in heaven.
- 2 His precious blood was shed,
 His body bruised for sin;
 Remembering this, we break the bread,
 And, thankful, drink the wine.
- 3 Lord, let us ne'er forget
 Thy rich, thy precious love;
 Our theme of joy and wonder here,
 Our endless song above.
- 4 O let thy love constrain
 Our souls to cleave to thee!
 And ever in our hearts remain
 That word, Remember Me.

516

Tune—ZIPPOR.

108.

“The bread of God is He which cometh down from heaven, and giveth life unto the world.”

John vi. 33.

HERE, O my Lord, I see thee face
to face;

Here would I touch and handle
things unseen;

Here grasp with firmer hand th' eternal
grace,

And all my weariness upon thee
lean.

2 Here would I feed upon the bread of
God;

Here drink with thee the royal wine
of heaven;

Here would I lay aside each earthly
load,

Here taste afresh the calm of sin
forgiven.

3 Mine is the sin, but thine the righteous-
ness;

Mine is the guilt, but thine the
cleansing blood.

This is my robe, my refuge, and my
peace—

Thy blood, thy righteousness, O Lord
my God.

- 4 Feast after feast thus comes and passes
 by;
 Yet passing, points to the great feast
 above,
 Giving sweet foretastes of the festal joy,
 The Lamb's great bridal feast of bliss
 and love.

517

Tune—HARTEL.

L. M.

"I am the living bread which came down from
 heaven: if any man eat of this bread, he
 shall live forever."

John vi. 41.

AMIDST us our Beloved stands,
 And bids us view His pierced
 hands;
 Points to His wounded feet and side,
 Blest emblems of the Crucified.

- 2 What food luxurious loads the board,
 When at His table sits the Lord!
 The wine how rich, the bread how
 sweet,
 When Jesus deigns the guests to meet!
- 3 If now, with eyes defiled and dim,
 We see the signs but see not Him,
 Oh, may His love the scales displace,
 And bid us see Him face to face!

- 4 Our former transports we recount,
When with Him in the holy mount ;
These cause our souls to thirst anew,
His marr'd but lovely face to view.
- 5 Thou glorious bridegroom of our hearts,
Thy present smile a heaven imparts :
Oh, lift the veil, if veil there be,
Let every saint thy beauties see.

518

Tune—KING.

S. M.

“Blotting out the handwriting of ordinances
that was against us, which was contrary to
us, and took it out of the way, nailing it to
His cross.”

Col. ii. 14.

HE gave me back the bond,
It was a heavy debt ;
And as he gave, he smiled and said,
“Thou wilt not me forget.”

- 2 He gave me back the bond,
The seal was torn away ;
And as he gave, he smiled and said,
“Think thou of me alway.”
- 3 That bond I still will keep,
Although it canceled be ;
It tells me what I owe to Him
Who paid the debt for me.

4 I look on it and smile,
 I look again and weep;
 This record of His love to me
 Forever will I keep.

5 A bond it is no more,
 But it shall ever tell,
 That all I owed was fully paid
 By my Emmanuel.

519

Tune—EDMESTON.

C. M.

“As often as ye eat this bread, and drink this
 cup, ye do shew the Lord's death till He
 come.”

I Cor. xi. 26.

TO Calv'ry, Lord, in spirit, now
 Our weary souls repair,
 To dwell upon thy dying love,
 And taste its sweetness there.

2 Sweet resting-place of every heart
 That feels the plague of sin,
 Yet knows the deep, mysterious joy
 Of peace with God within.

3 Dear, suffering Lamb! thy bleeding
 wounds,
 With cords of love divine,
 Have drawn our willing hearts to thee,
 And linked our life with thine.

- 4 Thy sympathies and hopes are ours:
Dear Lord! we wait to see
Creation, all below, above
Redeemed and blest by thee.
- 5 Our longing eyes would fain behold
That bright and blessed brow,
Once wrung with bitt' rest anguish, wear
Its crown of glory now.
- 6 Why linger, then? Come, Saviour,
come,
Responsive to our call!
Come, claim thine ancient power,
and reign
The heir and Lord of all.

F U N E R A L S .

520

Tune—NAOMI.

C. M.

“I would not have you to be ignorant, brethren, concerning them which are asleep, that ye sorrow not, even as others which have no hope.”

I Thess. iv. 13.

- ’TIS sweet to think of those at rest,
 Who sleep in Christ the Lord;
 Whose spirits now with Him are bless’d
 According to His word.
- 2 They once were pilgrims here with us,
 In Jesus now they sleep:
 And we for them, while resting thus
 As hopeless can not weep.
- 3 How bright the resurrection morn
 On all the saints will break!
 The Lord himself will then return,
 His ransom’d Church to take.
- 4 Or raised or changed His saints will
 meet,
 All grief and care removed:
 What joy ’twill be to us to greet
 Each saint whom here we loved.

- 5 Our Lord himself we then shall see,
 Whose blood for us was shed ;
 With Him for ever we shall be,
 Made like our glorious Head.
- 6 We can not linger o'er the tomb :
 The resurrection day
 To faith shines bright beyond its gloom,
 Christ's glory to display.

521 *Tune*—CHINA. C. M.

"Having a desire to depart, and to be with
 Christ; which is far better."

Phil. i. 23.

- WHY do we mourn departing friends,
 Or shake at death's alarms ?
 'Tis but the voice that Jesus sends
 To call them to His arms.
- 2 Are we not tending upward, too,
 As fast as time can move ?
 Nor should we wish our hours more
 slow
 To keep us from our love.
- 3 The graves of all the saints He bless'd,
 And softened every bed ;
 Where should the dying members rest
 But with their dying Head ?
- 4 Thence He arose, ascending high,
 And showed our feet the way ;
 Up to the Lord our flesh shall fly
 At the great rising day.

522 *Tune*—REST. L. M.

“If we believe that Jesus died and rose again,
even so them also which sleep in Jesus will
God bring with Him.”

I Thess. iv. 14.

ASLEEP in Jesus! blessed sleep!
From which none ever wakes to
weep!

A calm and undisturbed repose,
Unbroken by the last of foes!

2 Asleep in Jesus! oh! how sweet
To be for such a slumber meet:
With holy confidence to sing
That death hath lost its venom'd sting!

3 Asleep in Jesus! peaceful rest!
Whose waking is supremely bless'd:
No fear—no woe, shall dim that hour
That manifests the Saviour's power.

4 Asleep in Jesus! oh, for me
May such a blissful refuge be:
Securely shall my ashes lie,
Waiting the summons from on high.

523 *Tune*—SHAWMUT. S. M.

“There remaineth, therefore, a rest to the
people of God.”

Heb. iv. 9.

REST for the toiling hand,
Rest for the anxious brow,
Rest for the weary, way-worn feet,
Rest from all labor now;

- 2 Rest for the fevered brain,
 Rest for the throbbing eye ;
 Through these parched lips of thine
 no more
 Shall pass the moan or sigh.
- 3 Soon shall the trump of God
 Give out the welcome sound
 That shakes thy silent chamber-walls
 And breaks the turf-sealed ground.
- 4 Ye dwellers in the dust,
 Awake ! come forth and sing ;
 Sharp has your frost of winter been,
 But bright shall be your spring.
- 5 'Twas sown in weakness here ;
 'Twill then be raised in power :
 That which was sown an earthly seed
 Shall rise a heavenly flower !

524

Tune—OLMUTZ.

S. M.

"I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith: henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous Judge, shall give me at that day; and not to me only, but unto all them also that love His appearing."

2 Tim. iv. 7, 8.

SERVANT of God, well done !

Rest from thy loved employ :
 The battle fought, the victory won,
 Enter the Master's joy.

- 2 The voice at midnight came ;
 He started up to hear :
 A mortal arrow pierced His frame ;
 He fell, but felt no fear.
- 3 At midnight came the cry,
 "To meet thy God prepare!"
 He woke, and caught his Captain's
 eye ;
 Then, strong in faith and prayer,
- 4 His spirit with a bound
 Left its encumbering clay :
 His tent, at sunrise, on the ground
 A darkened ruin lay.
- 5 The pains of death are past ;
 Labor and sorrow cease ;
 And life's long warfare closed at last,
 His soul is found in peace.

525

Tune—WINDHAM.

L. M.

"O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where
 is thy victory?"

I Cor. xv. 55.

UNVEIL thy bosom, faithful tomb,
 Take this new treasure to thy
 trust,
 And give these sacred relics room
 To slumber in the silent dust.

- 2 Nor pain, nor grief, nor anxious fear
 Invade thy bounds: no mortal woes
 Can reach the peaceful sleeper here,
 While angels watch his soft repose.
- 3 So Jesus slept, God's dying Son
 Passed through the grave and blessed
 the bed;
 Rest here, blest saint, till from His
 throne
 The morning break and pierce the
 shade.
- 4 Break from His throne, illustrious
 morn,
 Attend, O earth, His sovereign word;
 Restore thy trust: a glorious form
 Shall then arise to meet the Lord.

526

Tune—DUNDEE.

C. M.

"We which live are always delivered unto death for Jesus' sake, that the life also of Jesus might be made manifest in our mortal flesh."

2 Cor. iv. 11.

THRO' sorrow's night and danger's
 path,
 Amid the deepening gloom,
 We, followers of our suffering Lord,
 Are marching to the tomb.

- 2 There, when the turmoil is no more,
 And all our powers decay,
 Our cold remains in solitude
 May sleep the years away.
- 3 Our labors done, securely laid
 In this our last retreat,
 Unheeded o'er our silent dust
 The storms of earth shall beat.
- 4 Yet not thus buried or extinct,
 The vital spark shall lie;
 For o'er life's wreck that spark shall
 rise
 To seek its kindred sky.

527

Tune—LISBON.

S. M.

“Death is swallowed up in victory.”

I Cor. xv. 54.

IT is not death to die,
 To leave this weary road,
 And, 'midst the brotherhood on high,
 To be at home with God.

- 2 It is not death to close
 The eye long dimm'd by tears,
 And wake in glorious repose
 To spend eternal years.
- 3 It is not death to bear
 The wretch that sets us free
 From dungeon chain, to breathe the air
 Of boundless liberty.

- 4 It is not death to fling
 Aside this mortal dust,
 And rise, on strong exulting wing,
 To live among the just.
- 5 Jesus, thou Prince of life!
 Thy chosen can not die;
 Like thee, they conquer in the strife,
 To reign with thee on high.

528 *Tune*—CAPARIA. 8s, 7s, 7s.

“Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth: yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labors; and their works do follow them.”

Rev. xiv. 13.

HARK! a voice—it cries from heaven,
 “Happy in the Lord who die!”
 Happy they to whom 'tis given
 From a world of grief to fly!
 They, indeed, are truly bless'd,
 From their labor then they rest.

- 2 All their toils and conflicts over,
 Lo! they dwell with Christ above;
 Oh! what glories they discover
 In the Saviour whom they love!
 Now they see Him face to face—
 Him who saved them by His grace.

- 3 'Tis enough—enough for ever,
 'Tis His people's bright reward,
 They are bless'd, indeed, who never
 Shall be absent from the Lord:
 Oh! that we may die like those
 Who in Jesus thus repose!

529 *Tune*—ANGEL'S SONG. S. M.

“Now is our salvation nearer than when we
 believed.”

Rom. xiii. 11.

- ONE sweetly solemn thought
 Comes to me o'er and o'er,
 Nearer my parting hour am I
 Than e'er I was before.
- 2 Nearer my Father's house,
 Where many mansions be;
 Nearer the throne where Jesus reigns—
 Nearer the crystal sea;
- 3 Nearer my going home,
 Laying my burden down,
 Leaving my cross of heavy grief,
 Wearing my starry crown;
- 4 Nearer that hidden stream,
 Winding through shades of night,
 Rolling its cold, dark waves between
 Me and the world of light.

- 5 Jesus! to thee I cling:
 Strengthen my arm of faith;
 Stay near me while my way-worn feet
 Press through the stream of death.

530 *Tune*—FISKE. 7s & 6s.

“Jesus said unto her, I am the resurrection and the life: he that believeth in Me, though he were dead, yet shall he live.”

John xi. 25.

- T**HOU hast stood here, Lord Jesus!
 Beside the still cold grave;
 And proved thy deep compassion,
 And mighty power to save.
 Thy tears of tender pity,
 Thine agonizing groan,
 Teach how for us thou feelest,
 Now seated on the throne.
- 2** Thou hast lain here, Lord Jesus!
 Thyself the victim then;
 The Lord of life and glory,
 Once slain for guilty men.
 From sin and condemnation,
 When none but thou couldst save;
 Thy love than death was stronger,
 And deeper than the grave.
- 3** Thou hast been here, Lord Jesus!
 But thou art here no more;
 The terror and the darkness,
 The night of death are o'er.

Great Captain of Salvation !
 Thy triumphs now we sing ;
 O Grave, where is thy victory ?
 O Death, where is thy sting ?

- 4 We wait for thine appearing ;
 We weep, but we rejoice ;
 In all our depths of sorrow,
 We still can hear thy voice—
 “ I am the resurrection ;
 I live, who once was slain ;
 Fear not, thy friend and brother (or
 sister),
 Shall rise, with me to reign.”

531

Tune—FREDERICK.

I IS.

“ I would not live alway.”

Job. vii. 16.

I WOULD not live alway : I ask not
 to stay
 Where storm after storm rises dark
 o'er the way ;
 The few lurid mornings that dawn on
 us here
 Are enough for life's woes, full enough
 for its cheer.

- 2 I would not live alway, thus fettered
 by sin ;
 Temptation without and corruption
 within :

E'en the rapture of pardon is mingled
with fears,
And the cup of thanksgiving with
penitent tears.

- 3 I would not live away ; no—welcome
the tomb,
Since Jesus hath lain there I dread not
its gloom ;
There, sweet be my rest, till He bid
me arise,
To hail Him in triumph descending
the skies.
- 4 Who, who would live away, away
from his God ;
Away from yon heaven, that blissful
abode,
Where the rivers of pleasure flow o'er
the bright plains,
And the noontide of glory eternally
reigns :
- 5 Where the saints of all ages in harmony
meet,
Their Saviour and brethren, transported
to greet ;
While the anthems of rapture un-
ceasingly roll,
And the smile of the Lord is the feast
of the soul.

532

Tune—COLESHILL.

C. M.

"We all do fade as a leaf."

Isa. lxiv. 6.

- THEE we adore, eternal Name,
And humbly own to thee,
How feeble is our mortal frame ;
What dying worms are we !
- 2 The year rolls round and steals away
The breath that first it gave ;
Whate'er we do, where'er we be,
We're traveling to the grave.
- 3 Great God, on what a slender thread
Hang everlasting things !
The eternal states of all the dead
Upon life's feeble strings.
- 4 Infinite joy or endless woe
Attends on every breath ;
And yet how unconcerned we go
Upon the brink of death !
- 5 Waken, O Lord, our drowsy sense,
To walk this dangerous road ;
And if our souls are hurried hence,
May they be found with God.

533

Tune—GORTON.

S. M.

“Boast not thyself of to-morrow; for thou knowest not what a day may bring forth.”

Prov. xxvii. 1.

TO-MORROW, Lord, is thine,
Lodged in thy sovereign hand,
And if its sun arise and shine,
It shines by thy command.

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

534

Tune—MEAR.

C. M.

“For what is your life? It is even a vapor,
that appeareth for a little time, and then
vanisheth away.”

James iv. 14.

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

- 2 Their names are graven on the stone,
Their bones are in the clay;
And ere another day is gone,
Ourselves may be as they.
- 3 Death rides on every passing breeze,
And lurks in every flower;
Each season has its own disease,
Its peril every hour.
- 4 Turn, mortal, turn, thy danger know:
Where'er thy foot can tread,
The earth rings hollow from below,
And warns thee of her dead.
- 5 Turn, Christian, turn, thy soul apply
To truths divinely given:
The bodies which beneath thee lie
Shall live for hell or heaven.

535

Tune—AYLESBURY.

S. M.

“Lord, make me to know mine end, and the measure of my days. what it is; that I may know how frail I am.”

Ps. xxxix. 4.

ALAS! the brittle clay,
That built our body first!
And, every month, and every day,
’Tis mouldering back to dust.

- 2 Our moments fly apace,
Nor will our minutes stay;
Just like a flood, our hasty days
Are sweeping us away.
- 3 Well, if our days must fly,
We’ll keep their end in sight;
We’ll spend them all in wisdom’s way,
And let them speed their flight.
- 4 They’ll waft us sooner o’er
This life’s tempestuous sea:
Soon we shall reach the peaceful shore
Of bless’d eternity.

DEATH OF CHILDREN.

536

Tune—COMFORT.

7s & 6s.

“He shall gather the lambs with His arm, and
carry them in His bosom.”

Isaiah xl. 11.

REST, for the little sleeper;
Joy, for the ransomed soul;
Peace, for the lonely weeper—
Dark though the waters roll.

- 2 Weep for the little sleeper,
Weep, it will ease the heart;
Though the dull pain be deeper
Than with the world to part.
- 3 Hath the dear Saviour found him,
Laid him upon His breast,
Folded His arms around him,
Hushed him to endless rest?
- 5 Grieve not with hopeless sorrow;
Jesus has felt your pain.
He did thy lamb but borrow;
He'll bring him back again.

537 *Tune*—SILOAM. C. M.

“A name better than of sons and daughters.”

Isaiah lvi. 5.

YE mourning saints, whose streaming
tears

Flow o'er your children dead,
Say not, in transports of despair,
That all your hopes are fled.

2 While, cleaving to that darling dust,
In deep distress ye lie,
Rise, and with joy and reverence view
A heavenly Parent nigh!

3 “Transient and vain is every hope
A rising race can give;
In endless honor and delight
My children all shall live.”

4 We welcome, Lord, those rising tears
Through which thy face we see;
And bless those wounds which through
our hearts
Prepare a way for thee.

538 *Tune*—MT. VERNON. 8s & 7s.

“The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away;
blessed be the name of the Lord.”

Job ii. 21.

JESUS, while our hearts are bleeding
O'er the spoils that death has won,
We would, at this solemn meeting,
Calmly say—thy will be done.

- 2 Though cast down, we're not forsaken;
 Though afflicted, not alone:
 Thou didst give, and thou hast taken;
 Blessed Lord, thy will be done.
- 3 Though to-day we're filled with mourn-
 ing,
 Mercy still is on the throne,
 With thy smiles of love returning,
 We can sing—thy will be done.
- 4 By thy hands the boon was given;
 Thou hast taken but thine own;
 Lord of earth, and God of heaven,
 Evermore—thy will be done.

539

Tune—PHILLIPS.

C. M.

“Now he is dead, wherefore should I fast? Can I bring him back again? I shall go to him, but he shall not return to me.”

II Sam. xii. 23.

LIFE is a span, a fleeting hour;
 How soon the vapor flies!
 Man is a tender, transient flower,
 That ev'n in blooming dies.

- 2 The once-loved form, now cold and
 dead,
 Each mournful thought employs;
 And Nature weeps her comforts fled,
 And withered all her joys.

- 3 Hope looks beyond the bounds of time,
 When what we now deplore
 Shall rise in full immortal prime,
 And bloom to fade no more.
- 4 Then cease, fond nature, cease thy tears,
 Our Saviour points on high ;
 There everlasting spring appears,
 And joys that cannot die.

540 *Tune*—OLIVE'S BROW. L. M.

"Is it well with the child? And she answered,
 it is well."

II Kings iv. 26.

- SO fades the lovely, blooming flow'r,
 Frail, smiling solace of an hour ;
 So soon our transient comforts fly,
 And pleasure only blooms to die.
- 2 Is there no kind, no healing art
 To soothe the anguish of the heart ?
 Spirit of grace, thou still art nigh :
 Thy comforts are not made to die.
- 3 Let gentle patience smile on pain,
 Till dying hope revives again ;
 Hope wipes the tear from sorrow's eye,
 And faith points upward to the sky.

541 *Tune*—HERMON. C. M.

“Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth.”

Eccles. xii. 1.

WHEN blooming youth is snatched
away

By death's resistless hand,
Our hearts the mournful tribute pay
Which pity must demand.

2 While pity prompts the rising sigh,
O, may this truth, impressed
With awful power, “I, too, may die,”
Sink deep in every breast.

3 The voice of this alarming scene
May every heart obey ;
Nor be the heavenly warning vain
Which calls to watch and pray.

4 O, let us fly, to Jesus fly,
Whose powerful arm can save ;
Then shall our hopes ascend on high,
And triumph o'er the grave.

542 *Tune*—SILOAM. C. M.

“Submit yourselves therefore to God.”

James iv. 7.

SUBMISSIVE to thy will, O God,
We all to thee resign ;
Bowing beneath thy chastening rod,
We mourn, but ne'er repine.

- 2 Why should our foolish hearts complain,
When wisdom, truth, and love
Direct the stroke, inflict the pain,
And point to joys above.
- 3 Then give, dear Lord, or take away,
We bless thy sacred name ;
Our Saviour, yesterday, to-day,
Forever is the same.

RESURRECTION.

543

Tune—SULLIVAN.

7s.

“Christ the first fruits; afterward they that are
Christ's at His coming.”

I Cor. xv. 23.

IN the chambers of the grave,
Low beneath the heavy clod,
Deep below the ocean-wave,
Where man's foot hath never trod;
Safe—though long forgotten—lie
Seeds of immortality.

- 2 They must live, like precious grain
Starting into life and bloom;
They must rise, for He must reign—
Jesus, who despoil'd the tomb;
He—the Resurrection—lives;
He the promised harvest gives.
- 3 See the mighty angel stand:
Hark! the resurrection blast:
Lo! the sickle in his hand
Reaps the harvest in at last;
Heaven is fill'd with glorious store
Gather'd to its golden floor.

- 4 Oh, my soul! is Jesus thine—
 Thine His resurrection power?
 'Tis enough—thy dust resign,
 Till thy Lord's triumphant hour;
 Vile and worthless as it is,
 It shall share thy spirit's bliss.
- 5 Or should that expected day
 Come before thou reach the tomb,
 Thou shalt rise and soar away,
 Changed with an immortal bloom;
 And in bridal glory shine,
 Thou the Lord's, and Jesus thine!

544

Tune—ARCADIA.

C. M.

"In my flesh shall I see God."

Job xix. 26.

- M**Y faith shall triumph o'er the grave,
 And trample on the tomb;
 I know that my Redeemer lives,
 And on the clouds shall come.
- 2 I know that He shall soon appear
 In power and glory meet;
 And death, the last of all His foes,
 Lie vanquished at His feet.
- 3 I, in my flesh, shall see my God,
 When He on earth shall stand;
 I shall with all His saints ascend
 To dwell at His right hand.

- 4 Then shall He wipe all tears away,
 And hush the rising groan;
 And pains and sighs and griefs and
 fears
 Shall ever be unknown.

545 *Tune*—ROTHWELL. L. M.

“As for me, I will behold thy face in righteousness: I shall be satisfied, when I awake with thy likeness.

Ps. xvii. 15.

- WHAT sinners value, I resign;
 Lord, 'tis enough that thou art
 mine;
 I shall behold thy blissful face,
 And stand complete in righteousness.
- 2 This life's a dream, an empty show;
 But the bright world to which I go,
 Hath joys substantial and sincere;
 When shall I wake and find me there?
- 3 O glorious hour! O blest abode!
 I shall be near and like my God;
 And flesh and sin no more control
 The sacred pleasures of the soul.
- 4 My flesh may slumber in the ground,
 Till the last trumpet's joyful sound;
 Then burst the chains with sweet sur-
 prise,
 And in my Saviour's image rise.

546

Tune—PRAGUE.

L. M.

“The trumpet shall sound, and the dead shall be raised incorruptible, and we shall be changed.”

I Cor. xv. 52.

WE sing His love who once was slain,
 Who soon o'er death revived
 again,
 That all His saints through Him might
 have
 Eternal conquests o'er the grave.
 Soon shall the trumpet sound, and we
 Shall rise to immortality.

- 2 The saints who now in Jesus sleep
 His own almighty power shall keep,
 Till dawns the bright, illustrious day,
 When death itself shall die away.
 Soon shall, &c.
- 3 How loud shall our glad voices sing,
 When Christ His risen saints shall bring
 From beds of dust, and silent clay,
 To realms of everlasting day!
 Soon shall, &c.
- 4 When Jesus we in glory meet
 Our utmost joys shall be complete:
 When landed on that heavenly shore,
 Death and the curse will be no more!
 Soon shall, &c.

- 5 Hasten, dear Lord, the glorious day,
 And this delightful scene display:
 When all thy saints from death shall
 rise,
 Raptured in bliss beyond the skies.
 Soon shall, &c.

547 *Tune*—ROCKINGHAM. L. M.

I know that my Redeemer liveth, and that He
 shall stand at the latter day upon the earth."

Job xix. 25.

- I KNOW that my Redeemer lives:
 This thought transporting pleasure
 gives;
 And standing, at the latter day,
 On earth, His glories will display.
- 2 And though this feeble mortal frame
 Sink to the dust, from whence it came;
 Though buried in the silent tomb,
 Worms may my skin and flesh con-
 sume:
- 3 Yet, on that happy rising morn,
 New life this body shall adorn:
 These active powers refined shall be,
 And God, my Saviour, I shall see.
- 4 Though perish'd all my cold remains,
 Though all consumed my heart and
 reins;
 Yet for myself, my wondering eyes
 God shall behold, with glad surprise.

548

Tune—KINGSTON.

H. M.

“Whom I shall see for myself, and mine eyes
shall behold, and not another; though my
reins be consumed within me.”

Job xix. 27.

MY life's a shade, my days
Apace to death decline:
My Lord is Life, He'll raise
My dust again, ev'n mine.
Sweet truth to me!
I shall arise,
And with these eyes
My Saviour see.

2 The peaceful grave may keep
My bones till that sweet day,
I wake from my long sleep,
And leave my bed of clay.
Sweet truth to me!
I shall arise,
And with these eyes,
My Saviour see.

3 My Saviour's angels shall
Their golden trumpets sound,
At whose most welcome call
My grave shall be unbound.
Sweet truth to me!
I shall arise,
And with these eyes
My Saviour see.

HEAVEN.

549

Tune—RHINE.

C. M.

“I John saw the holy city, new Jerusalem, coming down from God out of heaven prepared as a bride adorned for her husband.”

Rev. xxi. 2.

- O MOTHER, dear Jerusalem,
 When shall I come to thee?
 When shall my sorrows have an end?
 Thy joys when shall I see?
- 2 O happy harbor of God's saints!
 O sweet and pleasant soil!
 In thee no sorrows can be found
 No grief, no care, no toil.
- 3 In thee no sickness is at all,
 Nor hurt nor any sore;
 There is no death nor ugly sight,
 But life for evermore.
- 4 No dimming cloud o'ershadows thee,
 No cloud nor darksome night:
 But every soul shines as the sun,
 For God Himself gives light.

- 5 Jerusalem! Jerusalem!
 Would God I were in thee!
 O that my sorrows had an end,
 Thy joys that I might see.
- 6 When we've been there ten thousand
 years,
 Bright shining as the sun,
 We've no less days to sing God's praise,
 Than when we first begun.

550

Tune—RHINE.

C. M.

"In the midst of the street of it, and on either
 side of the river, was there the tree of life."

Rev. xxii. 2.

- O MY sweet home, Jerusalem!
 Thy joys when shall I see?—
 The King that sitteth on thy throne
 In His felicity?
- 2 Thy gardens and thy goodly walks
 Continually are green,
 Where grow such sweet and pleasant
 flowers
 As nowhere else are seen.
- 3 Right thro' thy streets with pleasing
 sound
 The flood of life doth flow;
 And on the banks, on either side,
 The trees of life do grow.

- 4 Those trees each month yield ripened
fruit ;
Forevermore they spring,
And all the nations of the earth
To thee their honors bring.
- 5 O mother dear, Jerusalem !
When shall I come to thee ?
When shall my sorrows have an end ?
Thy joys when shall I see ?

551

Tune—BROWN.

C. M.

“There shall be no more curse; but the throne
of God and of the Lamb shall be in it; and
His servants shall serve Him.”

Rev. xxii. 3.

- JERUSALEM, my happy home,
Name ever dear to me !
When shall my labors have an end,
In joy and peace and thee ?
- 2 When shall these eyes thy heaven-built
walls
And pearly gates behold ?
Thy bulwarks, with salvation strong,
And streets of shining gold ?
- 3 O ! when, thou city of my God,
Shall I thy courts ascend,
Where congregations ne'er break up,
And Sabbaths have no end ?

- 4 There happier bowers than Eden's
 bloom,
 Nor sin nor sorrow know :
 Blest seats, through rude and stormy
 scenes,
 I onward press to you.
- 5 Why should I shrink at pain and woe,
 Or feel at death dismay ?
 I've Canaan's goodly land in view,
 And realms of endless day.
- 6 Apostles, martyrs, prophets there
 Around my Saviour stand ;
 And soon my friends in Christ below
 Will join the glorious band.

552

Tune—YARMOUTH. 7s & 6s.

“Having the glory of God: and her light was
 like unto a stone most precious, even like a
 Jasper stone, clear as crystal.”

Rev. xxi. 11.

JERUSALEM, the glorious !
 The glory of the elect ;
 O dear and future vision,
 That eager hearts expect !
 Ev'n now by faith I see thee,
 Ev'n here thy walls discern ;
 To thee my thoughts are kindled,
 And strive, and pant, and yearn !

- 2 The Cross is all thy splendor,
 The Crucified thy praise ;
 His laud and benediction
 Thy ransomed people raise ;
 Jerusalem ! exulting
 On that securest shore,
 I hope thee, wish thee, sing thee,
 And love thee evermore !
- 3 O sweet and blessed country !
 When shall I see thy face ?
 O sweet and blessed country !
 When shall I wear thy grace ?
 Exult, O dust and ashes !
 The Lord shall be thy part ;
 His only, His forever,
 Thou shalt be, and thou art !

553

Tune—NEAH

S. M. D.

“In my Father’s house are many mansions: if it were not so, I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you.”

John xiv. 2.

- I HAVE a home above,
 From sin and sorrow free ;
 A mansion which eternal love
 Designed and form’d for me.
- 2 The Father’s gracious hand
 Has built this blest abode ;
 From everlasting it was plann’d,
 The dwelling-place of God.

- 3 The Saviour's precious blood
 Has made my title sure;
 He pass'd through death's dark raging
 flood
 To make my rest secure.
- 4 The Comforter is come,
 The earnest has been given;
 He leads me onward to the home
 Reserved for me in heaven.
- 5 Thy love, most gracious Lord,
 My joy and strength shall be;
 Till thou shalt speak the gladdening
 word
 That bids me rise to thee.
- 6 And then, through endless days,
 Where all thy glories shine,
 In happier, holier strains I'll praise
 The grace that made me thine.

554 *Tune*—ANGEL'S SONG. S. M.

"If I go and prepare a place for you, I will
 come again, and receive you unto myself;
 that where I am, there ye may be also."

John xiv. 3.

MY Father's house on high!
 Home of my soul! how near,
 At times, to faith's foreseeing eye,
 Thy golden gates appear!

- 2 Ah! then my spirit faints
 To reach the land I love,
The bright inheritance of saints,
 Jerusalem above.
- 3 Yet clouds will intervene,
 And all my prospects fly;
Like Noah's dove, I fit between
 Rough seas and stormy sky.
- 4 Anon the clouds depart,
 The winds and waters cease;
While sweetly o'er my gladdened heart
 Expands the bow of peace.
- 5 I hear at morn and even,
 At noon and midnight hour,
The choral harmonies of heaven
 Earth's Babel-tongues o'erpower.
- 6 Then, then I feel that He—
 Remembered or forgot—
The Lord is never far from me,
 Though I perceive Him not.

555 *Tune*—HEBER, BETHA. C. M.

“We know that if our earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved, we have a building of God, a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens.”

II Cor. v. 1.

THERE is a house not made with
 hands,
 Eternal and on high;
 And here my spirit, waiting, stands,
 Till God shall bid it fly.

- 2 Shortly this prison of my clay
 May be dissolved and fall;
 Then, O my soul, with joy obey
 Thy heavenly Father's call.
- 3 'Tis He, by His almighty grace,
 That forms thee fit for heaven;
 And, as an earnest of the place,
 Has His own Spirit given.
- 4 We walk by faith of joys to come—
 Faith lives upon His word;
 But while the body is our home
 We're absent from the Lord.
- 5 'Tis pleasant to believe thy grace,
 But we had rather see;
 We would be absent from the flesh,
 And present, Lord, with thee.

556 *Tune*—REST FOR THE WEARY.

7s. & 8s.

“There shall be no more death, neither sorrow,
nor crying; neither shall there be any more
pain.”

Rev. xxi. 4.

IN the Christian's home in glory
There remains a land of rest,
Where the Saviour's gone before me,
To fulfil my soul's request.

CHORUS.

On the other side of Jordan,
In the sweet fields of Eden,
Where the tree of life is blooming,
There is rest for you;
There is rest for the weary,
There is rest for the weary,
There is rest for the weary,
There is rest for you.

- 2 He is fitting up my mansion,
Which eternally shall stand;
For my stay will not be transient
In that holy, happy land.
- 3 Pain nor sickness ne'er can enter;
Grief nor woe my lot shall share;
But in that celestial centre
I a crown of life shall wear.

- 4 Death itself has now been vanquished,
 And its sting has been withdrawn ;
 Shout with gladness, O ye ransom'd !
 Hail with joy the happy morn.
- 5 Sing, O sing, ye heirs of glory,
 Shout your triumphs as you go !
 Heaven's gates will open to you,
 You shall find an entrance through.

557

Tune—CHIMES.

C. M.

“And the city had no need of the sun, neither of the moon, to shine in it: for the glory of God did lighten it, and the Lamb is the light thereof.”

Rev. xxi. 23.

- THERE is a fold where none can
 stray,
 And pastures ever green ;
 Where sultry sun, or stormy day,
 Or night are never seen.
- 2 There is a Shepherd living there,
 The first-born from the dead,
 Who tends, with sweet, unwearied care,
 The flock for which He bled.
- 3 There congregate the sons of light,
 Fair as the morning sky ;
 And taste of infinite delight,
 Beneath their Saviour's eye.

- 4 Their joy bursts forth in strains of love,
 In one harmonious song;
 And through the heavenly courts above
 The echoes roll along.
- 5 O may our faith take up that sound,
 Though toiling here below!
 'Midst trials may our joys abound,
 And songs amidst our woe!
- 6 Until we reach that happy shore,
 And join to swell their strain;
 And from our God go out no more,
 And never weep again.

558

Tune—ZONG.

7s & 6s.

“There shall be no night there, and they need no candle, neither light of the sun; for the Lord God giveth them light: and they shall reign forever and ever.”

Rev. xxii. 5.

- O H! for the robes of whiteness;
 Oh! for the tearless eyes;
 Oh! for the glorious brightness
 Of the unclouded skies.
- 2 Oh! for the “no more weeping”
 Within the land of love—
 The endless joy of keeping
 The bridal feast above.

- 3 Oh! for the bliss of rising,
 My risen Lord to meet;
 Oh! for the rest of lying
 For ever at His feet.
- 4 Oh! for the hour of seeing
 My Saviour face to face—
 The hope of ever being
 In that sweet meeting-place.
- 5 Jesus! thou King of glory,
 I soon shall dwell with thee!
 I soon shall sing the story
 Of thy great love to me!
- 6 Meanwhile my soul would enter,
 E'en now before thy throne,
 That all my love might centre
 On thee, and thee alone!

559 *Tune*—CORONATION. C. M.

“When the chief Shepherd shall appear, ye shall receive a crown of glory that fadeth not away.”

I Pet. v. 4.

THESE are the crowns that we shall wear,
 When all thy saints are crowned;
 These are the palms that we shall bear
 On yonder holy ground.

- 2 These are the robes, unsoiled and white,
Which we shall then put on,
When, foremost 'mong the sons of light,
We sit on yonder throne.
- 3 That is the city of the saints,
Where we so soon shall stand,
When we shall strike these desert-tents,
And quit this desert-land.
- 4 Then welcome toil and care and pain!
And welcome sorrow, too!
All toil is rest, all grief is gain,
With such a prize in view.
- 5 Come, crown and throne; come, robe
and palm;
Burst forth, glad stream of peace!
Come, holy city of the Lamb!
Rise, Sun of righteousness!

560

Tune—ATHENS.

C. M.

“We give thanks to God and the Father of our
Lord Jesus Christ—for the hope which is laid
up for you in heaven.”

Col. i. 3-5.

FAR from these narrow scenes of night
Unbounded glories rise,
And realms of infinite delight,
Unseen by mortal eyes.

- 2 There pain and sickness never come,
 And griefs no more complain,
 And all who reach that peaceful home
 With Jesus ever reign.
- 3 No cloud those happy regions know,
 Forever bright and fair,
 For sin, the source of mortal woe,
 Can never enter there.
- 4 There no alternate night is known,
 Nor sun's imperfect ray,
 But glory, from the sacred throne,
 Spreads everlasting day.
- 5 Fair, distant land, could now our eyes
 But half its charms explore,
 How would our spirits long to rise,
 And dwell on earth no more!
- 6 Oh! may the heavenly vision fire
 Our hearts with ardent love,
 Till wings of faith and strong desire
 Bear every thought above.

561

Tune—PHILIPS.

C. M.

“In thy presence is fulness of joy; at thy right
 hand there are pleasures forevermore.”

Ps. xvi. 11.

HEAVEN is the land where troubles
 cease,
 Where toils and tears are o'er;
 The sunny clime of rest and peace,
 Where cares distract no more.

- 2 Heaven is the home where spirits dwell,
 Who wandered here awhile,
 And, "seeing things invisible,"
 Departed with a smile.
- 3 Heaven is the place where Jesus lives
 To plead His dying blood,
 While to His prayers the Father gives
 An unknown multitude.
- 4 Heaven is the dwelling place of joy,
 The home of light and love,
 Where faith and hope in rapture die;
 There's perfect bliss above.

562 *Tune*—HEBER, BETHA. C. M.

"Knowing in yourselves that ye have in heaven
 a better and an enduring substance."

Heb. x. 34.

THERE is an hour of peaceful rest,
 To mourning wanderers given;
 There is a hope for souls distressed,
 A balm for every wounded breast;
 'Tis found above—in heaven.

- 2 There is a home for weary souls,
 By sin and sorrow driven—
 When tossed on life's tempestuous
 shoals,
 Where storms arise, and ocean rolls,
 And all is drear—but heaven.

- 3 There faith lifts up her cheerful eye
 To brighter prospects given;
 And views the tempest passing by,
 The evening shadows quickly fly,
 And all serene—in heaven.
- 4 There fragrant flowers immortal bloom,
 And joys supreme are given;
 There rays divine disperse the gloom;
 Beyond the confines of the tomb
 Appears the dawn of heaven!

563

Tune—BELVILLE.

L. M.

“Now they desire a better country, that is, a heavenly; wherefore God is not ashamed to be called their God: for He hath prepared for them a city.”

Heb. xi. 16.

- H**AIL, blessed scene of endless joy!
 Where Jesus shall for ever reign;
 Where nothing hurtful shall annoy,
 But gladness fill the happy plain.
 Free from all sin, and free from fear,
 None shall e'er sigh or shed a tear.
- 2 Ten thousand thousands then shall
 raise
 Their joyful notes and sing this
 strain,
 Awake the song of grateful praise,
 Unto the Lamb who once was slain;
 Hosannas, loud hosannas, sing,
 Hosannas to th' Eternal King!

- 3 Forever they, with Jesus bless'd,
 Shall fear no death, and feel no pain;
 But they shall be in endless rest,
 Where fear shall ne'er disturb again.
 There Christ shall reign, and they shall
 share
 With Him his fullest glory there.

564 *Tune*—HENRY. C. M.

“We, according to His promise, look for new heavens, and a new earth, wherein dwelleth righteousness.”

2 Pet. iii. 13.

- L**O! what a glorious sight appears
 To our believing eyes!
 The earth and seas are passed away,
 And the old rolling skies.
- 2 From the third heaven where God
 resides,
 That holy, happy place,
 The new Jerusalem comes down,
 Adorned with shining grace.
- 3 Attending angels shout for joy,
 And the bright armies sing;
 “Mortals, behold the sacred seat
 Of your descending King.
- 4 “The God of glory down to men
 Removes His blessed abode;
 Men, the dear objects of His grace,
 And He the loving God.

5 " His own soft hand shall wipe the tears
 From every weeping eye ;
 And pains, and groans, and griefs, and
 fears,
 And death itself shall die."

6 How long, dear Saviour, O ! how long
 Shall this bright hour delay ?
 Fly swifter round, ye wheels of time,
 And bring the welcome day.

565

Tune—ATHENS.

C. M.

" And the gates of it shall not be shut at all by
 day : for there shall be no night there."

Rev. xxi. 25.

ON Jordan's stormy banks I stand,
 And cast a wishful eye
 To Canaan's fair and happy land,
 Where my possessions lie.

2 Oh ! the transporting, rapturous scene,
 That rises to my sight !
 Sweet fields arrayed in living green,
 And rivers of delight !

3 O'er all those wide extended plains
 Shines one eternal day ;
 There God, the Son, forever reigns,
 And scatters night away.

- 4 No chilling winds, no poisonous breath,
 Can reach that healthful shore ;
 Sickness and sorrow, pain and death
 Are felt and feared no more.
- 5 When shall I reach that happy place,
 And be forever blest ?
 When shall I see my Father's face,
 And in His bosom rest ?
- 6 Filled with delight, my raptured soul
 Can here no longer stay ;
 Though Jordan's waves around me roll,
 Fearless I'd launch away.

566

Tune—VARINA.

C. M.

“Blessed are they that do His commandments
 [or wash their robes], that they may have
 right to the tree of life, and may enter in
 through the gates into the city.”

Rev. xxii. 14.

THERE is a land of pure delight,
 Where saints immortal reign ;
 Infinite day excludes the night,
 And pleasures banish pain.

- 2 There everlasting spring abides,
 And never-withering flowers ;
 Death, like a narrow sea, divides
 This heavenly land from ours.

- 3 Sweet fields, beyond the swelling flood,
Stand dressed in living green ;
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
While Jordan rolled between.
- 4 But timorous mortals start and shrink,
To cross this narrow sea ;
And linger, shivering on the brink,
And fear to launch away.
- 5 O ! could we make our doubts remove,
Those gloomy doubts that rise,
And see the Canaan that we love
With unbeckoned eyes ;
- 6 Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er,
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold
flood,
Should fright us from the shore.

567 *Tune*—I'M GOING HOME. L. M.

“God shall wipe away all tears from their
eyes.”

Rev. xxi. 4.

AS when the weary traveler gains
The height of some o'erlooking
hill,
His heart revives, if o'er the plains
He sees his home, though distant
still ;

- 2 So when the Christian pilgrim views,
 By faith, his mansion in the skies,
 The sight his fainting heart renews,
 And wings his speed to reach the
 prize.
- 3 "'Tis there," he says, "I am to dwell,
 With Jesus in the realms of day;
 Then shall I bid my cares farewell,
 And he will wipe my tears away."

568

Tune—DEVIZES.

C. M.

"Wherefore, seeing we also are compassed
 about with so great a cloud of witnesses, let
 us lay aside every weight, and the sin which
 doth so easily beset us."

Heb. xii. 1.

- G**IVE me the wings of faith, to rise
 Within the vail, and see
 The saints above—how great their joys,
 How bright their glories be!
- 2 Once they were mourning here below,
 And wet their couch with tears;
 They wrestled hard, as we do now,
 With sins and doubts and fears.
- 5 I ask them whence their victory came;
 They, with united breath,
 Ascribe their conquest to the Lamb,
 Their triumph to His death.

- 4 They marked the footsteps that he trod;
 His zeal inspired their breast;
 And, following their incarnate God,
 Possess the promised rest.
- 5 Our glorious Leader claims our praise
 For His own pattern given,
 While the long cloud of witnesses
 Show the same path to heaven.

569 *Tune*—CROSS AND CROWN. C. M.

“God hath revealed them to us by His Spirit;
 for the Spirit searcheth all things, yea, the
 deep things of God.”

I Cor. ii. 10.

- N**OR eye hath seen, nor ear hath
 heard,
 Nor sense, nor reason known,
 What joys the Father has prepared
 For those who love the Son.
- 2 But the good Spirit of the Lord
 Reveals a heaven to come;
 The beams of glory in His word
 Allure and guide us home.
- 3 Pure are the joys above the sky,
 And all the region peace;
 No wanton lip nor envious eye
 Can see or taste the bliss.

- 4 Those holy gates forever bar
 Pollution, sin, and shame;
 None shall obtain admittance there
 But followers of the Lamb.
- 5 He keeps the Father's book of life;
 There all their names are found;
 The hypocrite in vain shall strive
 To tread the heavenly ground.

570

Tune—DE FLEURY.

8s.

“And cast their crowns before the throne.”

Rev. iv. 10.

YE angels who stand round the throne,
 And view my Immanuel's face,
 In rapturous songs make Him known;
 Tune, tune your soft harps to His
 praise.

He formed you the spirits you are,
 So happy, so noble, so good;
 While others sunk down in despair,
 Confirmed by His power, ye stood.

- 2 Ye saints who stand nearer than they,
 And cast your bright crowns at His
 feet,
 His grace and His glory display,
 And all His rich mercy repeat:

He snatched you from hell and the
grave,
He ransomed from death and despair;
For you He was mighty to save,
Almighty to bring you safe there.

3 O! when will the period appear,
When I shall unite in your song?
I'm weary of lingering here,
And I to your Saviour belong.
I'm fettered and chained up in clay;
I struggle and pant to be free;
I long to be soaring away,
My God and my Saviour to see.

4 I want to put on my attire,
Washed white in the blood of the
Lamb,
I want to be one of your choir,
And tune my sweet harp to His
name.
I want—O! I want to be there,
Where sorrow and sin bid adieu,
Your joy and your friendship to share,
To wonder and worship with you.

571

Tune—HORTON.

7S.

“A great multitude—stood before the throne,
and before the Lamb, clothed with white
robes, and palms in their hands.”

Rev. vii. 9.

PALMS of glory, raiment bright,
Crowns that never fade away,
Gird and deck the saints in light;
Priests, and kings, and conquerors,
they.

- 2 Yet the conquerors bring their palms
To the Lamb amid the throne;
And proclaim, in joyful psalms,
Victory through His cross alone.
- 3 Kings for harps their crowns resign,
Crying, as they strike the chords—
“Take the kingdom; it is thine,
King of kings and Lord of lords.”
- 4 Round the altar priests confess,
If their robes are white as snow,
’Twas the Saviour’s righteousness,
And His blood that made them so.

572

Tune—WHITE ROBES.

7s.

“These are they which came out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb.”

Rev. vii. 14.

WHO are these in bright array,
 This exulting, happy throng,
 Round the altar night and day,
 Singing one triumphant song?

CHORUS.

They have clean robes, white robes,
 White robes are waiting for me!
 Yes, clean robes, white robes,
 Washed in the blood of the Lamb.

- 2 These through fiery trials trod,
 These from great affliction came,
 Now before the throne of God,
 Sealed with His almighty name.
- 3 Clad in raiment pure and white,
 Victor palms in every hand,
 Through their great Redeemer's might,
 More than conquerors they stand.
- 4 Joy and gladness banish sighs;
 Perfect love dispels all fears;
 And forever from their eyes
 God shall wipe away their tears.

THE CHURCH.

573

Tune—BEALOTH.

S. M.

“If I do not remember thee, let my tongue
cleave to the roof of my mouth.”

Ps. cxxxvii. 6.

- I LOVE thy kingdom, Lord,
The house of thine abode;
The church our blest Redeemer saved
With His own precious blood.
- 2 I love thy church, O God!
Her walls before thee stand,
Dear as the apple of thine eye,
And graven on thy hand.
- 3 If e'er to bless thy sons
My voice or hands deny,
These hands let useful skill forsake,
This voice in silence die.
- 4 If e'er my heart forget
Her welfare, or her woe,
Let every joy this heart forsake,
And every grief o'erflow.

- 5 For her my tears shall fall ;
 For her my prayers ascend ;
 To her my cares and toils be given,
 Till toils and cares shall end.
- 6 Beyond my highest joy
 I prize her heavenly ways ;
 Her sweet communion, solemn vows,
 Her hymns of love and praise.

574 *Tune*—BOYLSTON. S. M.

“Beloved, think it not strange concerning the fiery trial which is to try you, as though some strange thing happened unto you.”

I Pet. iv. 13.

- F**AR down the ages now,
 Much of her journey done,
 The pilgrim church pursues her way,
 Until her crown be won.
- 2 The story of the past
 Comes up before her view ;
 How well it seems to suit her still—
 Old, and yet ever new !
- 3 It is the oft-told tale
 Of sin and weariness,
 Of grace and love yet flowing down
 To pardon and to bless.

4 No wider is the gate,
 No broader is the way,
 No smoother is the ancient path,
 That leads to life and day.

5 No sweeter is the cup,
 Nor less our lot of ill :
 'Twas tribulation ages since,
 'Tis tribulation still.

575 *Tune*—RETIREMENT C. M.

“Fear not, little flock; for it is your Father’s
 good pleasure to give you the kingdom.”

Luke xii. 32.

CHURCH of the ever-living God,
 The Father’s gracious choice,
 Amid the voices of this earth
 How feeble is thy voice!

2 A little flock!—so calls He thee
 Who bought thee with His blood;
 A little flock, disowned of men,
 But owned and loved of God.

3 Not many rich or noble called,
 Nor many great or wise;
 They whom God makes His kings and
 priests
 Are poor in human eyes.

- 4 But the chief Shepherd comes at length,
 Their feeble days are o'er ;
 No more a handful in the earth,
 A little flock no more.
- 5 No more a lily among thorns,
 Weary and faint and few ;
 But countless as the stars of heaven,
 Or as the early dew.

576

Tune—COMFORT. 7s & 6s.

“I reckon that the sufferings of this present time are not worthy to be compared with the glory which shall be revealed in us.”

Rom. viii. 18.

- THE Church, a weary pilgrim,
 Hath not her glory now,
 But griefs surround her pathway,
 And mar her lovely brow.
- 2 Her Lord's return will crown her,
 And all her griefs assuage,
 Well should His glorious coming,
 Her fondest thoughts engage!
- 3 To those who wait the promise—
 Who feel its precious worth :
 The Bride must strain her vision,
 Ere comes the Bridegroom forth.

- 4 Her waiting must be watching,
 If void of fear and doubt ;
 And mid her lonely vigils,
 Shall sound the glorious shout.
- 5 How long, O blessed Jesus ?—
 Upraise, ye saints, your songs !
 Till hills and plains re-echo
 The Lord ! He comes ! He comes !

577 *Tune*—HEAD OF THE CHURCH.

7s & 8s.

“Unto you it is given in the behalf of Christ,
 not only to believe on Him, but also to suffer
 for His sake.”

Phil. i. 29.

HHEAD of the Church triumphant,
 We joyfully adore thee ;
 Till thou appear, thy members here
 Shall sing like those in glory :
 We lift our hearts and voices
 With blest anticipation ;
 And cry aloud, and give to God
 The praise of our salvation.

- 2 While in affliction's furnace
 And passing through the fire ;
 The love we praise which tries our
 ways,
 And ever brings us nigher ;

We clap our hands, exulting
 In thine almighty favor:
 The love divine which made us thine
 Shall keep us thine forever.

3 Thou dost conduct thy people
 Through torrents of temptation;
 Nor will we fear, since thou art near,
 The fire of tribulation:
 The world, with sin and Satan,
 Display their strength before us;
 By thee we shall break through them all,
 And join the heavenly chorus.

4 By faith we see the glory
 Of which thou dost assure us;
 The world despise for that high prize
 Which thou hast set before us;
 And may we, counted worthy
 To meet the Son from heaven,
 There see our Lord, by all adored,
 To us in glory given.

578 *Tune*—HARVEY'S CHANT. C. M.

"We being many are one bread, and one body:
 for we are all partakers of that one bread."

I Cor. x. 17.

LORD! to thy grace the glory be,
 That not in guilty fear,
 But with the love that yearns to see,
 We know that thou art near.

- 2 Yea, Lord, for God with us thou art,
 In Jesus Christ thy Son,
 And by the Spirit in our heart
 With thee thy Church is one.
- 3 And thou art near us in our bliss,
 And near in all our woe;
 Our strength for toil and conflict this,
 Our shield from every foe.
- 4 And thou art near to come, O Lord:
 Draws on the glorious day;
 The scoffer's scoff confirms thy word:
 Thou wilt not long delay.
- 5 Lord Jesus! speed the promised hour;
 The veil which hides thee, rend;
 And in the triumph of thy power
 With trump and shout descend!

579 *Tune*—HEAD OF THE CHURCH.

7s & 4s.

“All power is given unto Me in heaven and in earth.”

Matt. xxviii. 18.

HHEAD of the church, thy body,
 O Christ, the great salvation!
 Sweet to the saints
 It is to think
 Of all thine exaltation!

All power's to thee committed,
All power on earth, in heaven ;
 To thee a name
 Of widest fame
Above all glory's given.

2 With thee believers raised,
In thee on high are seated ;
 All guilty once,
 But clear'd by thee :
Redemption-toil's completed.
And when thou, Lord and Saviour,
Shalt come again in glory,
 There by thy side,
 Thy spotless bride
Shall crown the wondrous story.

3 At length—the final kingdom,
No bound, no end possessing :
 When heaven and earth—
 God all in all
Shall fill with largest blessing.
All root of evil banish'd,
No breath of sin to wither,
 In earth—on high—
 Nought else but joy,
And blissful peace for ever !

580 *Tune*—ANGELIC HOST. 8s & 7s.

“If ye then be risen with Christ, seek those things which are above, where Christ sitteth on the right hand of God.”

Col. iii. 1.

CHURCH of God! by Christ's salvation,

Rise o'er sin, and fear, and care,
Joy to find in every station

Something still to do or bear.

Think what Spirit dwells within thee,

Think what Father's smiles are thine,

Think that Jesus died to win thee,

Bride of Christ! wilt thou repine?

2 Hasten on from grace to glory,

Armed by faith and urged by prayer,
Heaven's eternal day's before thee,

God's right hand shall guide thee
there.

Soon shall cease thine earthly mission,

Soon shall pass thy pilgrim days,

Hope shall change to glad fruition,

Faith to sight, and prayer to praise.

581 *Tune*—MARLOW. C. M.

“Ye are all one in Christ Jesus.”

Gal. iii. 28.

SING we the song of those who stand

Around the eternal throne,

Of every kindred, clime and land,

A multitude unknown.

- 2 Life's poor distinctions vanish here;
 To-day the young, the old,
 Our Saviour and his flock appear
 One Shepherd and one fold.
- 3 Toil, trial, suffering, still await
 On earth the pilgrim's throng,
 Yet learn we in our low estate
 The Church Triumphant's song.
- 4 Worthy the Lamb for sinners slain,
 Cry the redeemed above,
 Blessing and honor to obtain,
 And everlasting love!
- 5 Worthy the Lamb, on earth we sing,
 Who died our souls to save!
 Henceforth, O Death! where is thy
 sting!
 And were thy vict'ry, Grave!

582 *Tune*—CARMELHILL. C. P. M.

"Say to them that are of a fearful heart, Be strong, fear not."

Isa. xxxv. 4.

FEAR not, O little flock, the foe
 Who madly seeks your overthrow;
 Dread not his rage and power:
 What though your courage sometimes
 faints!
 This seeming triumph o'er God's saints
 Lasts but a little hour.

- 2 Fear not! be strong! your cause belongs
To Him who can avenge your wrongs;
Leave all to Him, your Lord:
Though hidden yet from mortal eyes,
Salvation shall for you arise:
He girdeth on his sword!
- 3 As sure as God's own promise stands,
Not earth, nor hell, with all their bands,
Against us shall prevail:
The Lord shall mock them from his
throne;
God is with us, we are his own;
Our vict'ry can not fail!
- 4 Amen! Lord Jesus, grant our prayer;
Great Captain! now thine arm make
bare;
Thy church with strength defend:
So shall all saints and martyrs raise
A joyful chorus to thy praise,
Through ages without end!

REVIVAL.

583 *Tune*—NETTLETON. 8s, 7s & 4s.

“Wilt thou not revive us again: that thy people
may rejoice in thee?”

Ps. lxxxv. 6.

SAVIOUR, visit thy plantation,
 Grant us, Lord, a gracious rain;
 All will come to desolation,
 Unless thou return again:
 Lord, revive us;
 All our help must come from thee.

2 Keep no longer at a distance,
 Shine upon us from on high,
 Lest, for want of thine assistance,
 Every plant should droop and die:
 Lord, revive us;
 All our help must come from thee.

3 Let our mutual love be fervent,
 Make us prevalent in prayers;
 Let each one esteemed thy servant
 Shun the world's bewitching snares.
 Lord, revive us;
 All our help must come from thee.

- 4 Break the tempter's fatal power ;
 Turn the stony heart to flesh ;
 And begin, from this good hour,
 'To revive thy work afresh :
 Lord, revive us ;
 All our help must come from thee.

584 *Tune*—EVEN ME. 8s & 7s.

“Do thou for me, O God the Lord, for thy name's sake.”

Ps. cix. 21.

- L**ORD, I hear of showers of blessing
 Thou art scattering full and free ;
 Showers the thirsty land refreshing—
 Let some droppings fall on me,
 Even me.
- 2 Pass me not, O God our Father !
 Sinful though my heart may be ;
 Thou might'st leave me, but the rather
 Let thy mercy light on me,
 Even me.
- 3 Pass me not, O gracious Saviour !
 Let me live and cling to thee ;
 Oh ! I'm longing for thy favor—
 While thou'rt calling, oh, call me !
 Even me.
- 4 Pass me not, O mighty Spirit,
 Thou canst make the blind to see ;
 Witnesser of Jesus' merit,
 Speak some word of power to me,
 Even me.

5 Pass me not! thy lost one bringing,
 Bind, O bind my heart to thee;
 While the streams of life are springing,
 Blessing others—O bless me!
 Even me.

585 *Tune*—KENTUCKY. S. M.

“O Lord, revive thy work in the midst of the
 years.”

Hab. iii. 2.

O LORD, thy work revive,
 In this our gloomy hour;
 And make our dying graces live
 By thy restoring power.

2 Awake thy chosen few
 To fervent, earnest prayer;
 Again their active faith renew;
 Thy blessed presence share.

3 Thy Spirit then will speak
 Through lips of feeble clay,
 And hearts of adamant will break,
 And sinners will obey.

4 Lord! lend thy gracious ear;
 Oh, listen to our cry!
 Oh, come and bring salvation here!
 Our hopes on thee rely.

586 *Tune*—GORTON. S. M.

“Awake, awake; put on strength, O arm of the
Lord.”

Isa. li. 9.

“REVIVE thy work, O Lord!”

Thy mighty arm make bare;
Speak with the voice which wakes the
dead,
And make thy people hear.

2 “Revive thy work, O Lord!”
Disturb this sleep of death,
Quicken the smouldering embers, Lord,
By thine almighty breath!

3 “Revive thy work, O Lord!”
Create soul thirst for thee,
And hung’ring for the bread of life,
O may our spirits be.

4 “Revive thy work, O Lord!”
Exalt the Saviour’s name;
And, by the Holy Ghost, our love
For thee and thine inflame.

5 “Revive thy work, O Lord!”
Give power unto thy word;
Grant that thy blessed Gospel may
In living faith be heard.

6 “Revive thy work, O Lord!”
Give pentecostal showers;
The glory shall be all thy own,
The blessing, Lord, be ours!

587

Tune—WELTON.

L. M.

“Awake, O north wind; and come, thou south;
blow upon my garden, that the spices thereof
may flow out.”

Song of Sol. iv.⁷ 16.

WE are a garden walled around,
Chosen and made peculiar ground;
A little spot inclosed by grace,
Out of the world's wide wilderness.

- 2 Awake, O heavenly wind, and now
Blow on this garden of perfume;
Spirit divine, be pleased to breathe
A gracious gale on plants beneath.
- 3 Make our best spices flow abroad,
To entertain our Saviour God:
And faith, and love, and joy appear,
And every grace be active here.
- 4 Our Lord into his garden comes,
Well pleased to smell our poor per-
fumes;
And calls us to a feast divine,
Sweeter than honey, milk or wine.
- 5 Jesus, we will frequent thy board,
And sing the bounties of our Lord:
But the rich food on which we live,
Demands more praise than tongue can
give.

588 *Tune*—REVIVAL. 7s & 3s.

“He saw them toiling in rowing; for the wind was contrary unto them; and about the fourth watch of the night He cometh unto them, walking upon the sea, and would have passed by them.”

Mark vi. 48.

JESUS, Saviour! pass not by—
Pass not by!

Lo! we join, as one, to cry,
“ Bless us also, pass not by!”
Lord, fulfil thy promise now,
Pour thy blessing while we bow;
Turn to us, as one we cry,
“ Pass not by!”

2 Prostrate in thy path we lie,
Pass not by!
Lest our very faith should die—
Lord, we need thee, pass not by!
To thy garments we will cling,
All our need before thee bring;
Son of David, hear our cry—
Pass not by!

3 Lord, we can not let thee go,
Pass not by!
In our midst thy presence show,
Till thou bless us we will cry;
Breathe, O breathe on us, we pray!
Here renew thy work to-day,
While we wait, and watch, and cry,
Pass not by!

THE LORD'S DAY.

589

Tune—SABBATH.

7s.

“For a day in thy courts is better than a
thousand.

Ps. lxxxiv. 10.

SAFELY through another week
 God has brought us on our way ;
 Let us now a blessing seek,
 Waiting in His courts to-day :
 Day of all the week the best,
 Emblem of eternal rest.

- 2 While we pray for cheering grace,
 Through the dear Redeemer's name,
 Show thy reconciling face ;
 Take away our fear and shame ;
 From our wordly cares set free,
 May we rest this day in thee.
- 3 Here we come, thy name to praise ;
 Let us feel thy presence near ;
 May thy glories meet our eyes,
 While we in thy house appear :
 Here afford us, Lord, a taste
 Of our everlasting feast.

- 4 May the Gospel's joyful sound
 Conquer sinners, comfort saints;
 Make the fruits of grace abound;
 Bring relief for all complaints:
 Thus let every Lord's day prove,
 Till we rest in thee above.

590

Tune—LISCHER.

H. M.

“He is not here: for He is risen, as He said.”

Matt. xxvii. 6.

- A** WAKE, ye saints, awake!
 And hail this sacred day;
 In loftiest songs of praise
 Your joyful homage pay:
 Come, bless the day that God has blest,
 The type of heaven's eternal rest.
- 2 On this auspicious morn
 The Lord of life arose;
 He burst the bars of death,
 And vanquished all our foes;
 And now He pleads our cause above,
 And reaps the fruit of all His love.
- 3 All hail, triumphant Lord!
 Heaven with hosannas rings,
 And earth in humbler strains,
 Thy praise responsive sings:
 Worthy the Lamb, that once was slain,
 Through endless years to live and reign!

591 *Tune*—DARLEY. L. M.

“There remaineth therefore a rest to the people
of God.”

Heb. iv. 9.

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

2 Come, bless the Lord, whose love as-
signs

So sweet a rest to wearied minds ;
Provides an antepast of heaven,
And gives this day the food of seven.

3 Oh, that our thoughts and thanks may
rise,

As grateful incense to the skies :
And draw from heaven that sweet
repose

Which none but he that feels it knows.

4 This heavenly calm within the breast,
Is the dear pledge of glorious rest,
Which for the church of God remains ;
The end of cares, the end of pains.

592 *Tune*—SILVER STREET. S. M.

“I had rather be a door-keeper in the house of my God, than to dwell in the tents of wickedness.”

Ps. lxxxiv. 10.

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

2 The King himself comes near,
And feasts His saints to-day;
Here may we sit, and see Him here,
And love, and praise, and pray.

3 One day, amid the place
Where my dear Lord hath been,
Is sweeter than ten thousand days
Within the tents of sin.

4 My willing soul would stay
In such a frame as this,
And sit and sing herself away
To everlasting bliss.

593 *Tune*—ANTIOCH. C. M.

“This is the day which the Lord hath made; we will rejoice and be glad in it.”

Ps. cxviii. 24.

THIS is the day the Lord hath made;
He calls the hours His own:
Let heaven rejoice, let earth be glad,
And praise surround the throne.

- 2 To-day He rose, and left the dead,
And Satan's empire fell ;
To-day the saints His triumph spread,
And all His wonders tell.
- 3 Hosanna to th' annointed King,
To David's holy Son :
Help us, O Lord! descend, and bring
Salvation from thy throne.
- 4 Blest be the Lord who comes to men
With messages of grace ;
Who comes, in God his Father's name,
To save our sinful race.
- 5 Hosanna in the highest strains
The church on earth can raise ;
The highest heavens, in which he reigns,
Shall give Him nobler praise.

The Sacred Scriptures.

594

Tune—CALLENDER.

C. M.

“The word of the Lord endureth forever.”

I Pet. i. 25.

- J**ESUS, our Saviour, and our Lord,
How precious is thy word;
To humble and believing hearts,
What joy it doth afford.
- 2 Thy word of pure, eternal truth,
Which shall unshaken stay,
When all that man has thought, or
planned,
For ever's passed away.
- 3 Thy word, which speaks to us of thee,
And thine exceeding grace;
Wherein thy thoughts and ways of love
With wondering joy we trace.
- 4 Thy word, which o'er our daily path
Such light divine doth shed;
By which our feet through all its snares,
In safety now are led.

- 5 Oh! may it richly dwell within,
 And mould our every thought;
 And be our hearts to thy blest sway
 In full subjection brought.
- 6 Lord, by thy Spirit teach and lead,
 And seat us at thy feet,
 Until we each in all thy will,
 Stand perfect and complete.

595 *Tune*—LUCERNE. C. M.

“How sweet are thy words unto my taste! yea,
 sweeter than honey to my mouth.”

Ps. cxix. 103.

FATHER of mercies, in thy word
 What endless glory shines!
 Forever be thy name adored
 For these celestial lines.

- 2 Here my Redeemer's welcome voice
 Spreads heavenly peace around;
 And life and everlasting joys
 Attend the blissful sound.
- 3 Oh! may these heavenly pages be
 My ever dear delight;
 And still new beauties may I see,
 And still increasing light!
- 4 Divine Instructor, gracious Lord,
 Thou art forever near;
 Teach me to love thy sacred word,
 And view my Saviour there.

596 *Tune*—BALERMA. C. M.

“Thy word is a lamp unto my feet, and a light
unto my path.”

Ps. cxix. 105.

HOW precious is the book divine,
By inspiration given!
Bright as a lamp its doctrines shine,
To guide our souls to heaven.

- 2 It sweetly cheers our drooping hearts,
In this dark vale of tears;
Life, light, and joy it still imparts,
And quells our rising fears.
- 3 This lamp, through all the tedious night
Of life, shall guide our way;
Till we behold the clearer light
Of an eternal day.

597 *Tune*—MOZART. 7s.

“Search the Scriptures.”

John v 39

“**S**EARCH the Scriptures,” Jesus
said,

“Where eternal life ye see;
These your study should be made,
For they testify of me.”

- 2 Search the Scriptures, day and night;
Mines of knowledge they contain.
All who search therein aright,
Stores of heavenly wisdom gain.

- 3 Search the Scriptures evermore,
 With a docile, humble mind ;
 Light and aid from heaven implore,
 All their hidden wealth to find.
- 4 Search the Scriptures : here alone
 Truth is found, from error free.
 They will make salvation known,
 They your guide to heaven shall be.
- 5 Search the Scriptures, young and old ;
 Hide their precepts in your heart.
 Half their worth can ne'er be told ;
 Endless blessings they impart.

598 *Tune*—LAIGHT STREET. C. M.

“Let the word of Christ dwell in you richly in
 all wisdom.”

Col. iii. 16.

- A** GLORY gilds the sacred page,
 Majestic, like the sun :
 It gives a light to every age ;
 It gives, but borrows none.
- 2 The hand that gave it still supplies
 The gracious light and heat :
 Its truths upon the nations rise ;
 They rise, but never set.
- 3 Let everlasting thanks be thine
 For such a bright display,
 As makes a world of darkness shine
 With beams of heavenly day.

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

599 *Tune*—ST. THOMAS. S. M.

“I am not ashamed of the Gospel of Christ: for it is the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth.”

Rom. i. 16.

- BEHOLD! the morning sun
 Begins his glorious way;
 His beams through all the nations run,
 And life and light convey.
- 2 But where the Gospel comes,
 It spreads diviner light;
 It calls dead sinners from their tombs,
 And gives the blind their sight.
- 3 Thy laws are just and pure,
 Thy truth without deceit;
 Thy promises for ever sure,
 And thy rewards are great.
- 4 My gracious God, how plain
 Are thy directions given!
 Oh, may I never read in vain,
 But walk the path to heaven!

THE NEW YEAR.

600

Tune—BENEVENTO.

7s.

“We spend our years as a tale that is told.”

Ps. xc. 9.

WHILE with ceaseless course the sun
 Hasted through the former year,
 Many souls their race have run,
 Never more to meet us here :
 Fixed in an eternal state,
 They have done with all below ;
 We a little longer wait,
 But how little, none can know.

- 2 As the winged arrow flies
 Speedily the mark to find—
 As the lightning from the skies
 Darts and leaves no trace behind—
 Swiftly thus our fleeting days
 Bear us down life's rapid stream :
 Upward, Lord, our spirits raise !
 All below is but a dream.
- 3 Thanks for mercies past received,
 Pardon of our sins renew ;
 Teach us henceforth how to live,
 With eternity in view ;

Bless thy word to young and old ;
 Fill us with a Saviour's love ;
 When our life's short tale is told,
 We shall dwell with thee above.

601

Tune—MIRA.

8s & 7s.

“Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all
 the days of my life: and I will dwell in the
 house of the Lord forever.”

Ps. xxiii. 6.

AT thy feet, our God and Father,
 Who has blessed us all our days,
 We with grateful hearts would gather,
 To begin the year with praise ;
 Praise for light so brightly shining
 On our steps from heaven above ;
 Praise for mercies daily twining
 Round us golden cords of love.

2 Jesus, for thy love most tender
 On the cross for sinners shown,
 We would praise thee, and surrender
 All our hearts to be thine own.
 With so bless'd a Friend provided,
 We upon our way would go,
 Sure of being safely guided,
 Guarded well from every foe.

3 Every day will be the brighter,
 When thy gracious face we see ;
 Every burden will be lighter
 When we know it comes from thee.

Spread thy love's broad banner o'er us,
 Give us strength to serve and wait,
 Till thy glory break before us,
 Through the city's open gate.

602 *Tune*—MONTPELIER. L. M.

"Thou crownest the year with thy goodness."

Ps. lxxv. 11.

GOD of our lives! thy constant care
 With blessings crowns each
 op'ning year;

These lives, so frail, dost thou prolong,
 And wake anew our annual song.

- 2 How many precious souls are fled
 To the dark regions of the dead,
 Since, from this day, the changing sun
 Through his last yearly course has run!
- 3 We yet survive: but who can say,
 Or through the year, or month, or day,
 I shall retain my vital breath,
 Thus far at least in league with death?
- 4 That breath is thine, eternal God!
 'Tis thine to fix the soul's abode:
 We hold our lives from thee alone,
 On earth, or in the world unknown.
- 5 To thee we all our pow'rs resign;
 Treat us and own us still as thine:
 Then shall we smile, secure from fear,
 Though death should blast the rising
 year.

6 Thy children, willing to be gone,
 Bid time's impetuous tide roll on,
 And land them on that blooming shore
 Where years and death are known no
 more.

603 *Tune*—ANOTHER YEAR. 4s & 6s.

“Lord, let it alone this year also.”

Luke xiii. 8.

ANOTHER year
 Has told its fourfold tale,
 And still I'm here,
 A traveler in this vale.

2 Ah! not a few
 Who seemed life's toil to brave,
 Are hid from view,
 Within the silent grave.

3 Why am I spared
 To see another year?
 Why have I shared
 So many mercies here?

4 From God alone
 My mercies I receive;
 To Him alone
 I would for ever live.

HARVEST HYMNS.

604 *Tune*—PLEYEL'S HYMN. 7s.

“Thou visitest the earth and waterest it.”

Ps. lxxv. 9.

PRAISE to God, immortal praise,
For the love that crowns our days!
Bounteous source of every joy,
Let thy praise our tongues employ!

- 2 For the blessings of the field,
For the stores the gardens yield,
For the joy which harvests bring,
Grateful praises now we sing.
- 3 Clouds that drop refreshing dews;
Suns that genial heat diffuse;
Flocks that whiten all the plain;
Yellow sheaves of ripened grain;
- 4 All that Spring, with bounteous hand,
Scatters o'er the smiling land;
All that liberal Autumn pours
From her overflowing stores;
- 5 These, great God, to thee we owe,
Source whence all our blessings flow;
And, for these, our souls shall raise
Grateful vows, and solemn praise.

605

Tune—AMERICA. 6s & 4s.

“While the earth remaineth, seed time and harvest, and cold and heat, and summer and winter, and day and night shall not cease.”

Gen. viii. 22.

THE God of harvest praise;
 In loud thanksgiving raise
 Hand, heart and voice!
 The valleys laugh and sing;
 Forests and mountains ring;
 The plains their tribute bring;
 The streams rejoice.

- 2 Yea, bless His holy name,
 And joyous thanks proclaim
 Through all the earth;
 Happiness in your lot
 Is comely; but be not
 God's benefits forgot
 Amid your mirth.
- 3 The God of harvest praise;
 Hands, hearts and voices raise,
 With sweet accord;
 From field to garner throng,
 Bearing your sheaves along,
 And in your harvest song
 Bless ye the Lord.

606 *Tune*—CLAREMONT. H. M.

“Sing unto the Lord with thanksgiving, sing praise upon the harp unto our God: who covereth the heaven with clouds, who prepareth rain for the earth, who maketh grass to grow upon the mountains.”

Ps. cxlvii. 7, 8.

LET all the people join,
 To swell the solemn chord;
 Your grateful notes combine
 To magnify the Lord.
 In lofty songs your voices raise,
 The God of harvest claims your praise.

2 In rich luxuriance dressed,
 Behold the spacious plain;
 Its bounty stands confessed
 In fields of yellow grain.
 In lofty songs your voices raise,
 The God of harvest claims your praise.

3 The precious fruits He gives,
 O! may we ne'er abuse;
 But through our future lives,
 To his own glory use.
 Then rise to heaven and sing his praise,
 In sweeter strains and nobler lays.

607 *Tune*—WINDHAM. L. M.

“He prayed again, and the heaven gave rain;
and the earth brought forth her fruit.”

James v. 18.

GREAT God, we view thy chastening
hand,
That turns to brass our fertile land ;
Thy clouds withhold their rich supplies,
And parched nature faints and dies.

- 2 Revive our withering fields with rain,
Let fruitful showers descend again ;
On thee alone our hopes rely ;
Lord, hear our humble, earnest cry.
- 3 Then shall the withering corn arise,
And wave its homage to the skies ;
And with loud praises we will own,
Our hopes depend on thee alone.

GRACE OF GIVING.

608 *Tune*—DORRNANCE. 8s & 7s.

“See that ye abound in this grace also.”

2 Cor. viii. 6.

WITH my substance I will honor
 My Redeemer and my Lord;
 Were ten thousand worlds my manor,
 All were nothing to His word.

- 2 While the heralds of salvation
 His abounding grace proclaim,
 Let His friends of every station,
 Gladly join to spread His fame.
- 3 Be His kingdom now promoted,
 Let the earth her Monarch know;
 Be my all to Him devoted;
 To my Lord my all I owe.
- 4 Praise the Saviour, all ye nations!
 Praise Him, all ye hosts above!
 Shout, with joyful acclamations,
 His divine, victorious love!

609

Tune—BAVARIA. 8s & 7s.

“Bring ye all the tithes into the storehouse,
that there may be meat in mine house, and
prove me now herewith.”

Mal. iii. 10.

BRING the tithes into the storehouse ;
Let there be a bounteous store ;
Then I'll pour you out a blessing
Till ye have no room for more.
Prove me now, ye doubting children,
Let your faith attest my word ;
Trust your welfare to the Saviour,
Seek to glorify your Lord.

- 2 Stand no longer idly waiting ;
Prayer unproved hath little power ;
Vain your longing, without effort,
To advance the promised hour.
Bring your offerings to the altar ;
Tithes of money, work and prayer ;
Yea, with earnest consecration,
Give yourselves to service there.
- 3 Then will I, the Lord Jehovah,
Surely make my promise good,
Open wide the heavenly windows,
Pour you out a gracious flood.
Lord, how can we ever doubt thee,
With such wondrous promises ?
Help us now by faith and labor,
Prove thy readiness to bless.

610 *Tune*—ARCADIA. C. M.

“God is not unrighteous to forget your work and labor of love, which ye have showed toward His name, in that ye have ministered to the saints, and do minister.”

Heb. vi. 10.

RICH are the joys that can not die,
 With God laid up in store ;
 Treasures beyond the changing sky,
 Brighter than golden ore.

2 The seeds which Christian faith and love
 Have scattered here below,
 In the fair, fertile fields above,
 To ample harvest grow.

3 The mite my willing hands can give,
 At Jesus' feet I lay ;
 Grace shall the humble gift receive,
 Abounding grace repay.

611 *Tune*—ALBION. 7s & 6s.

“Ye have the poor always with you, but Me ye have not always.”

Matt. xxvi. 11.

WHERE shall we find the Master ?
 Our yearning hearts entreat ;
 What service shall we render ?
 How wash the sacred feet ?
 A voice speaks out from heaven,
 With power our souls to thrill,
 “Ye have the poor and needy ;
 In them ye have me still !”

- 2 Our feet spring up to duty ;
Our hands to tender care :
The highways and the hedges
Reveal the Master there ;
The Master in His children,
Disguised by grief and shame :
O Christ, 'tis sweet to succor,
Because they bear thy name !
- 3 We gather from thy bounty,
And in thy name dispense ;
We lean our human weakness
On thy omnipotence ;
And when, discrowned and stricken,
Thy royal form appears,
We deem it highest worship
To wash thy feet with tears.

Places of Worship.

612 *Tune*—CHESTER. C. M.

“Grace to you, and peace, from God our Father
and the Lord Jesus Christ.”

Rom. i. 7.

DEAR Shepherd of thy people, hear;
Thy presence now display;
As thou hast given a place for prayer,
So give us hearts to pray.

2 Show us some token of thy love,
Our fainting hope to raise;
And pour thy blessings from above,
That we may render praise.

3 Within these walls let holy peace,
And love and concord dwell;
Here give the troubled conscience ease,
The wounded spirit heal.

4 And may the gospel's joyful sound,
Enforced by mighty grace,
Awaken many sinners round,
To come and fill the place.

613 *Tune*—DUKE STREET. L. M.

“Whose house are we, if we hold fast the confidence and the rejoicing of the hope firm unto the end.”

Heb. iii. 6.

HERE, in thy name, eternal God,
We build this earthly house for thee;
Oh, choose it for thy fix'd abode,
And guard it from all error free.

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

3 Here, when thy messengers proclaim
The blessed gospel of thy Son,
Still by the pow'r of His great name
Be mighty signs and wonders done.

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

5 Thy glory never hence depart;
Yet choose not, Lord, this house
alone;
Thy kingdom come to ev'ry heart;
In ev'ry bosom fix thy throne.

614 *Tune*—OLD HUNDRED. L. M.

“Behold, the heaven and heaven of heavens can not contain Thee; how much less this house that I have builded.”

I Kings viii. 27.

AND will the great eternal God
On earth establish his abode?
And will he from his radiant throne
Regard our buildings as his own?

- 2 We bring the tribute of our praise;
And sing that condescending grace,
Which to our notes will lend an ear,
And call us sinful mortals near.
- 3 Our Father's watchful care we bless,
Which guards our house of pray'r in
peace,
That no tumultuous foes invade,
To fill the worshipers with dread.
- 4 These walls we to thy honor raise;
Long may they echo with thy praise:
And thou descending, fill the place
With choicest tokens of thy grace.
- 5 And in the great decisive day,
When God the nations shall survey,
May it before the world appear
That crowds were born to glory here!

615

Tune—ZEBULON.

H. M.

“Thou hast received gifts for men; yea, for the rebellious also, that the Lord God might dwell among them.”

Ps. lxxviii. 18.

GREAT King of glory, come,
 And with thy favor crown
 This building as thy home—
 This people as thine own:
 Beneath this roof, O deign to show
 How God can dwell with men below.

- 2 Here may thine ears attend
 Our interceding cries,
 And grateful praise ascend,
 Like incense, to the skies:
 Here may thy soul-converting word
 With faith be preach'd, in faith be
 heard.
- 3 Here may the list'ning throng
 Receive thy truth in love:
 Here Christians join the song
 Of the redeem'd above;
 Till all, who humbly seek thy face,
 Rejoice in thy abounding grace.

PASTORS.

616 *Tune*—DUNLAP'S CREEK. C. M.

“Obey them that have the rule over you, and submit yourselves; for they watch for your souls, as they that must give account.”

Heb. xiii. 17.

'TIS not a cause of small import
The pastor's care demands;
But what might fill an angel's heart,
And filled a Saviour's hands.

2 They watch for souls, for which the
Lord
Did heavenly bliss forego;
For souls, which must for ever live
In raptures or in woe.

3 All to the great tribunal haste,
The account to render there;
And shouldst thou strictly mark our
faults,
Lord, how should we appear?

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

617

Tune—LABAN.

S. M.

“Watch thou in all things, endure afflictions,
do the work of an Evangelist, make full proof
of thy ministry.”

2 Tim. iv. 5.

YE servants of the Lord,
Each in his office wait,
Observant of his heavenly word,
And watchful at his gate.

- 2 Let all your lamps be bright,
And trim the golden flame ;
Gird up your loins as in his sight,
For holy is his name.
- 3 Watch ! 'tis your Lord's command ;
And while we speak, he's near :
Mark the first signal of his hand,
And ready all appear.
- 4 Oh, happy servant he
In such a posture found !
He shall his Lord with rapture see,
And be with honor crowned.

ELDERS OR DEACONS.

618 *Tune*—WILMOT. 8s & 7s.

“When He ascended up on high, He led captivity captive, and gave gifts unto men.”

Eph. iv. 8.

RISEN Lord, thou hast received
Gifts to bless the sons of men,
That with souls who have believed
God might dwell on earth again.

2 Now these gifts be pleased to send us,
Elders, deacons, still supply,
Men whom thou art pleased to lend us,
All the saints to edify.

3 Guide us while we here select them,
Let the Holy Ghost be nigh,
Do thou, Lord, thyself elect them,
And ordain them from on high.

619

Tune—WILMOT.

8s & 7s.

"All these worketh that one and the self-same Spirit, dividing to every man severally as He will."

I Cor. xii. 11.

LORD, thy church invokes thy blessing
 On her chosen servants' head,
 Here we stand, our need confessing,
 Waiting till thy grace be shed.

- 2 Pour on them thy rich anointing,
 Arm them now with thy great power;
 Prove them of thine own appointing,
 Bless them from this very hour.

FOR INQUIRERS.

620 *TUNE—FAITH.* 78 & 53.

"What must I do to be saved?"

ACTS vii. 30.

NOTHING, either great or small,
 Nothing, sinner, no;
 Jesus did it, did it all,
 Long, long ago.

- 2 When He from his lofty throne
 Stoop'd to do and die,
 Every thing was fully done;
 Hearken to His cry—
- 3 "It is finished!" Yes, indeed,
 Finish'd every jot;
 Sinner, this is all you need,
 Tell me, is it not?
- 4 Weary, working, plodding one,
 Wherefore toil you so?
 Cease your doing; all was done
 Long, long ago.
- 5 Till to Jesus' work you cling
 By a simple faith,
 "Doing" is a deadly thing;
 "Doing" ends in death.

- 6 Cast your deadly "doing" down,
 Down at Jesus' feet ;
 Stand in Him, in Him alone,
 Gloriously complete !

621 *Tune*—JESUS PAID IT ALL.

7s & 5s.

"Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou
 shalt be saved."

Acts xvi. 31.

I'VE cast my deadly doing down,
 Down at Jesus' feet ;
 I stand in him, in him alone,
 Glorious and complete.

CHORUS.

Jesus paid it all,
 All the debt I owe,
 And something either great or small,
 From love to him I'll do.

- 2 Now to Jesus' work I'll cling,
 By a simple faith ;
 Doing was a "deadly" thing,
 It would have been my death.
 Jesus paid it all, &c.

- 3 Legal works I've given o'er,
 Jesus is my all ;
 Sins that tasted sweet before
 Upon my senses pall.
 Jesus paid it all, &c.

622 *Tune*—SHAWMUT. S. M.

“Christ is the end of the law for righteousness
to every one that believeth.”

Rom. x. 4.

WHAT can the sinner do?
Where can the sinner fly?
Eternal wrath hangs o'er his head,
And judgment lingers nigh.

- 2 For God must visit sin
With His displeasure sore;
For He is holy, just and true,
And righteous evermore.
- 3 Yet Jesus died for sin—
Upon the cross He died;
God's righteousness was there dis-
played,
And justice satisfied.
- 4 This only can he do—
Believe in Christ, and live;
Fly to the shelter of His blood,
Who only life can give.

623 *Tune*—LAMB. 6s, 8s & 4s.

“Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away
the sin of the world.”

John i. 29.

“**B**EHOLD the Lamb of God!”
Behold, believe and live;
Behold His all-atoning blood,
And life receive.

- 2 Look from thyself to Him ;
Behold Him on the tree ;
What though the eye of faith be dim—
He looks on thee.
- 3 That meek, that languid eye,
Turns from Himself away,
Invites the trembling sinner nigh,
And bids him stay.
- 4 Stay with Him near the tree ;
Stay with Him at the tomb ;
Stay till the risen Lord you see ;
Stay "till He come."

624

Tune—SHERWIN.

7s.

"Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

Matt. xi. 28.

COME, ye weary sinners, come,
All who feel your heavy load :
Jesus calls the wanderers home ;
Hasten to your pardoning God :
Come, ye guilty souls oppressed,
Answer to the Saviour's call :
"Come, and I will give you rest ;
Come, and I will save you all."

- 2 Jesus, full of truth and love,
We thy kindest call obey,
Faithful let thy mercies prove,
Take our load of guilt away :

Weary of this war within,
 Weary of this endless strife,
 Weary of ourselves and sin,
 Weary of a wretched life.

- 3 Burdened with a world of grief,
 Burdened with our sinful load,
 Burdened with this unbelief,
 Burdened with the wrath of God,
 Lo, we come to thee for ease,
 True and gracious as thou art;
 Now our weary souls release,
 Write forgiveness on our heart.

625 *Tune*—BELMONT. 8s, 7s & 4s.

“Take my yoke upon you, and learn of me; for I am meek and lowly in heart: and ye shall find rest unto your souls.”

Matt. xi. 29.

COME, ye souls, by sins afflicted,
 Bowed with fruitless sorrow down,
 By the broken law convicted;
 Through the cross see pardon won:
 Look to Jesus!
 Mercy flows through him alone.

- 2 Take his easy yoke and wear it;
 Love will make obedience sweet;
 Christ will give you strength to bear it;
 While his wisdom guides your feet
 Safe to glory,
 Where his ransomed captives meet.

- 3 Sweet as home to pilgrims weary,
 Light to newly-opened eyes,
 Or full springs in deserts dreary,
 Is the rest the cross supplies :
 All who taste it
 Shall to life immortal rise.
- 4 But to sing the rest of glory,
 Mortal tongues far short must fall ;
 Tongues celestial strive to reach it ;
 But it soars beyond them all :
 Faith believes it—hope expects it—
 Love desires it—
 But it overwhelms them all.

626 *Tune*—HOWELL. 8s, 7s & 4s.

“Therefore we conclude that a man is justified
 by faith without the deeds of the law.”

Rom. iii 28.

WHY those fears, poor trembling
 sinner ?

Why those anxious, gloomy fears ?
 Doubts and fears can never save thee,
 Life is never won by tears :

’Tis believing
 Which the soul to Christ endears.

- 2 Tears, though flowing like a river,
 Never can one sin efface ;
 Jesus’ tears would not avail thee—
 Blood alone can meet thy case :
 Fly to Jesus !
 Life is found in his embrace.

- 3 Songs of triumph then resounding,
 From thy happy lips shall flow ;
 In the knowledge of salvation,
 Thou true happiness shalt know.
 Look to Jesus !
 He alone can life bestow.

627 *Tune*—DENNIS. S. M.

“Whosoever will, let him take the water of life
 freely.”

Rev. xxii. 17.

- H**OW vast, how full, how free,
 The mercy of our God !
 Proclaim the blessed news around,
 And spread it all abroad.
- 2 How vast ! “ whoever will ”
 May drink at mercy’s stream,
 And know that faith in Jesus brings
 Salvation now to him.
- 3 How full ! it doth remove
 The stain of every sin ;
 And makes the soul as white and pure,
 As though no sin had been.
- 4 How free ! it asks no price ;
 For God delights to give ;
 It only says, “ Be not afraid,”
 “ Believe in Christ and live.”

- 5 Poor trembling sinner, come,
 God waits to comfort thee ;
 Come, cast thyself upon his love,
 So vast, so full, so free.

628

Tune—IONIA.

7s.

“Knowing that a man is not justified by the works of the law, but by the faith of Jesus Christ, even we have believed in Jesus Christ.”

Gal. ii. 16.

- R**EST, my soul, the work is done,
 Done by God's almighty Son ;
 This, to faith, is now so clear,
 There's no place for doubt or fear.
- 2 Not through works of weary toil
 Comes the sunshine of God's smile ;
 One with Christ, and found in Him,
 Brightly falls the glorious beam.
- 3 Now with faith in Jesus bless'd,
 We are entering into rest ;
 He, who full salvation brought,
 In us all our works hath wrought.
- 4 Come, my soul, take up the cross,
 Count the gain, despise the loss ;
 Labor, for and with the Lord,
 Brings exceeding great reward.

- 5 Free from every fear of wrath,
Choose the laborer's happy path;
Tread the way which Christ hath trod,
Till the Sabbath of thy God.

629 *Tune*—OVIO. 8s & 7s.

“I am not come to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance.”

Matt. ix. 13.

- J**ESUS lived—He lived for sinners,
Outcast in the world he made;
Lived, that in his blessed person
God's full grace might be displayed.
- 2 Jesus died—he died for sinners,
On the cross he cried, “Forgive!”
Died, that lost and ruined rebels
Through his precious blood might
live.
- 3 Jesus rose—he rose for sinners,
Proving that the work was done;
Sweet assurance that the Father
Was well pleased with his Son.
- 4 Jesus lives—he lives for sinners,
High upon the Father's throne;
Liveth, evermore to succor
Those who make his love their own.
- 5 Jesus loves—he loveth sinners,
Loveth more than tongue can say;
Prove him now, accept his mercy,
Turn not from such love away.

630

Tune—RONO.

8s & 6s.

“The Son of man is come to seek and to save
that which was lost.”

Luke xix. 10.

JUST as thou art, without one trace
Of love, or joy, or inward grace,
Or meetness for the heav'nly place,
O guilty sinner, come!

2 Burden'd with guilt, wouldst thou be
bless'd?

Trust not the world; it gives no rest:
Christ brings relief to hearts oppress'd:
O weary sinner, come!

3 Come, leave thy burden at the cross;
Count all thy gains but worthless dross;
His grace o'er pays all earthly loss:
O needy sinner, come!

4 Come hither, bring thy boding fears,
Thy aching heart, thy bursting tears;
'Tis mercy's voice salutes thine ears:
O trembling sinner, come!

5 The Spirit and the Bride say, “Come!”
Let all who hear re-echo, “Come!”
Who faints, who thirsts, who will, may
come:

The Saviour bids thee come!

631 *Tune*—ELLIOT. 8s & 6s.

“This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners; of whom I am chief.”

I Tim. i. 15.

- J**UST as I am—without one plea,
But that thy blood was shed for me,
And that thou bidst me come to thee,
O Lamb of God, I come!
- 2 Just as I am—and waiting not
To rid my soul of one dark blot,
To thee whose blood can cleanse each
spot,
O Lamb of God, I come!
- 3 Just as I am—though toss'd about,
With many a conflict, many a doubt,
“Fightings within, and fears without,”
O Lamb of God, I come!
- 4 Just as I am—poor, wretched, blind,
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
Yea, all I need in thee to find,
O Lamb of God, I come!
- 5 Just as I am—thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve,
And now thy promise I believe,
O Lamb of God, I come!
- 6 Just as I am—thy love unknown,
Has broken every barrier down:
Now to be thine, yea, thine alone,
O Lamb of God, I come!

632 *Tune*—EVEN ME. 8s & 7s.

“If any man thirst, let him come unto me and
 drink.”

John vii. 37.

HARK! the Saviour's voice from
 heaven

Speaks a pardon full and free;
 Come, and thou shalt be forgiven;
 Boundless mercy flows for thee—
 Even thee!

2 See the healing fountain springing
 From the Saviour on the tree;
 Pardon, peace and cleansing bringing,
 Lost one, loved one, 'tis for thee—
 Even thee!

3 Hear his love and mercy speaking,
 “Come and lay thy soul on Me;
 Though thy heart for sin be breaking,
 I have rest and peace for thee—
 Even thee!”

4 Come, then, now—to Jesus flying,
 From thy sin and woe be free;
 Burdened, guilty, wounded, dying,
 Gladly will he welcome thee—
 Even thee!

5 Every sin shall be forgiven,
 Thou, through grace, a child shalt be;
 Child of God, and heir of heaven,
 Yes, a mansion waits for thee—
 Even thee!

633

Tune—RONO.

8s & 6s.

“There is none other name under heaven given
among men, whereby we must be saved.”

Acts. iv. 12.

WH Y should I wait? I can not flee
To other refuge than to thee,
And vile and helpless though I be,
Jesus, I come to thee.

2 Why should I wait? I look within,
And nothing there I see but sin;
And thou alone canst make me clean.
Jesus, I come to thee.

3 Why should I wait? while now to-day,
I hear thy voice, in mercy, say,
Sinner! I'll wash thy sins away.
Jesus, I come to thee.

4 Why should I wait? I must not wait;
To-morrow's sun may be too late;
And death may seal my hapless state.
Jesus, I come to thee.

5 Why should I wait? O Lord, I plead
Thy mercy in this time of need,
And as my hiding-place, indeed,
Jesus, I come to thee.

634 *Tune*—MENDELSSOHN. 115 & 95.

“Look unto me, and be ye saved, all the ends
of the earth.”

Isa. xlv. 22.

- THERE is life for a look at the Cru-
cified One ;
There is life at this moment for thee ;
Then look, sinner—look unto Him,
and be saved—
Unto Him who was nail'd to the
tree.
- 2 Oh! why was He there as the bearer
of sin,
If on Jesus thy sins were not laid?
Oh! why from His side flow'd the sin-
cleansing blood,
If His dying thy debt has not paid?
- 3 It is not thy tears of repentance or
prayers,
But the blood that atones for the
soul:
On Him, then, who shed it thou mayest
at once
Thy weight of iniquities roll.
- 4 We are heal'd by His stripes—would'st
thou add to the word?
And He is our righteousness made:
The bless'd robe of heaven He bids
thee put on:
Oh! could'st thou be better array'd?

- 5 Then doubt not thy welcome, since
 God has declared,
 There remaineth no more to be done;
 That once in the end of the world He
 appear'd,
 And completed the work he begun.

635 *Tune*—SHINING SHORE. 8s & 7s.

“Greater love hath no man than this, that a
 man lay down his life for his friends.”

John xv. 13.

I'VE found a Friend; oh, such a
 Friend!

He loved me ere I knew Him;
 He drew me with the cords of love,
 And thus He bound me to Him.
 And round my heart still closely twine
 Those ties which nought can sever,
 For I am His, and He is mine,
 For ever and for ever.

- 2 I've found a Friend; oh, such a Friend!
 He bled, He died to save me;
 And not alone the gift of life,
 But His own self He gave me.
 Nought that I have my own I call,
 I hold it for the Giver:
 My heart, my strength, my life, my all,
 Are His, and His for ever.

- 3 I've found a Friend; oh, such a Friend!
 All power to Him is given,
 To guard me on my onward course,
 And bring me safe to heaven.
 Th' eternal glories gleam afar,
 To nerve my faint endeavor:
 So now to watch, to work, to war,
 And then to rest for ever!

636 *Tune*—MERIBAH. L. C. M.

"I am the door: by me if any man enter in, he shall be saved."

John x. 9.

- T**HE door of mercy's open still,
 And Jesus cries—"Whoever will,
 By Me may enter in:
 I am the Door, and I have died,
 Salvation's door to open wide,
 For sinners dead in sin."
- 2 Then if the door is opened wide,
 And none were ever yet denied
 Who sought to enter in,
 Oh! could the very weakest say,
 "I'm trying hard to find the way,
 But can not get within?"
- 3 Oh, no; for through this open door
 Are countless numbers seen to pour,
 Of sinners great and small;
 And what Christ opens none can close,
 Or send away the one that goes
 Obedient to the call.

- 4 Come, saying, "Lord, I'm very weak,
And could not now thy blessing seek,
Unless thou soughtest me ;
But, drawn by that inviting word,
Which I have often read and heard,
I cast myself on thee."

637 *Tune*—CAPPADOCIA. C. P. M.

"God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life."

John iii. 16.

- L**ORD, thou hast won, at length I
yield :
My heart, by mighty grace compell'd,
Surrenders all to thee ;
Against thy terrors long I strove,
But who can stand against thy love ?
Love conquers even me.
- 2 If thou hadst bid thy thunders roll,
And lightnings flash, to blast my soul,
I still had stubborn been ;
But mercy has my heart subdued,
A bleeding Saviour I have view'd,
And now I hate my sin.
- 3 Now, Lord, I would be thine alone,
Come, take possession of thine own,
For thou hast set me free ;

Released from Satan's hard command,
 See all my members waiting stand
 To be employ'd by thee.

638

Tune—HAMBURG.

L. M.

"A friend of publicans and sinners."

Matt. xi. 19.

JESUS, the sinner's Friend, to thee,
 Lost and undone, for aid I flee;
 Weary of earth, myself, and sin,
 Open thine arms and take me in.

- 2 Pity and save my ruined soul;
 'Tis thou alone canst make me whole;
 Dark, till in me thine image shine,
 And lost I am, till thou art mine.
- 3 At last I own it can not be
 That I should fit myself for thee:
 Here, then, to thee I all resign;
 Thine is the work, and only thine.
- 4 What can I say thy grace to move?
 Lord, I am sin—but thou art love:
 I give up every plea beside,
 Lord, I am lost—but thou hast died!

639

Tune—TOPLADY.

7s.

“Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters, and he that hath no money; come ye, buy, and eat; yea, come, buy wine and milk without money and without price.”

Isa. lv. 1.

- F**ROM the cross uplifted high,
 Where the Saviour deigns to die,
 What melodious sounds I hear,
 Bursting on my ravish'd ear!
 Love's redeeming work is done;
 Come and welcome, sinner, come.
- 2 Sprinkled now with blood the throne,
 Why beneath thy burdens groan?
 On my pierced body laid,
 Justice owns the ransom paid.
 Bow the knee, and kiss the Son;
 Come and welcome, sinner, come.
- 3 Spread for thee the festal board,
 See with richest dainties stored;
 To thy Father's bosom press'd,
 Yet again a child confess'd,
 Never from His house to roam,
 Come and welcome, sinner, come.
- 4 Soon the days of life shall end;
 Lo, I come, your Saviour, Friend,
 Safe your spirit to convey
 To the realms of endless day.
 Up to My eternal home,
 Come and welcome, sinner, come.

640

Tune—HARTEL.

L. M.

“Behold, I stand at the door and knock.”

Rev. iii. 20.

BEHOLD a Stranger at the door!
 He gently knocks, has knocked
 before;
 Has waited long, is waiting still:
 You treat no other friend so ill.

- 2 But will He prove a friend indeed?
 He will—the very friend you need:
 The Friend of sinners, yes, 'tis He,
 With garments dyed at Calvary.
- 3 O lovely attitude! He stands
 With melting heart and open hands:
 O matchless kindness! and He shows
 This matchless kindness to His foes!
- 4 Admit Him! ere His anger burn,
 Lest He depart, and ne'er return:
 Admit Him! or the hour's at hand
 When at His door denied you'll stand:
- 5 Admit Him! for the human breast
 Ne'er entertained so kind a guest:
 No mortal tongue their joys can tell,
 With whom He condescends to dwell.

641

Tune—HEMANS.

7s.

“Entreat me not to leave thee, or to return from following after thee.”

Ruth i. 16.

PEOPLE of the living God,
 I have sought the world around,
 Paths of sin and sorrow trod,
 Peace and comfort no where found:
 Now to you my spirit turns,
 Turns a fugitive unbles'd;
 Brethren, where your altar burns,
 O! receive me into rest.

2 Lonely, I no longer roam,
 Like the cloud, the wind, the wave;
 Where you dwell shall be my home,
 Where you die shall be my grave;
 Mine the God whom you adore,
 Your Redeemer shall be mine;
 Earth can fill my soul no more,
 Every idol I resign.

3 Tell me not of gain or loss,
 Ease, enjoyment, pomp or power;
 Welcome poverty and cross,
 Shame, reproach, affliction's hour:
 “Follow me;” I know thy voice;
 Jesus, Lord, thy steps I see;
 Now I take thy yoke, by choice;
 Light thy burden now to me.

“In whom we have redemption through His blood, the forgiveness of sins, according to the riches of His grace.”

Eph. i. 7.

THE voice of free grace cries, Escape
to the mountain,
For Adam's lost race Christ hath opened
a fountain :
For sin, and transgression, and every
pollution,
His blood flows most freely in streams
of salvation.

Hallelujah to the Lamb, who has
purchased our pardon :

We will praise Him again when we
pass over Jordan.

2 Now glory to God in the highest is
given,
Now glory to God is re-echoed in
heaven :
Around the whole earth let us tell the
glad story,
And sing of his love, his salvation and
glory.

Hallelujah to the Lamb, &c.

3 O Jesus, ride on, thy kingdom is glo-
rious,
O'er sin, death and hell, thou wilt make
us victorious :

Thy name shall be praised in the great
 congregation,
 And saints shall delight in ascribing
 salvation.

Hallelujah to the Lamb, &c.

- 4 When on Sion we stand, having gained
 the bless'd shore,
 With our harps in our hands, we will
 praise evermore ;
 We'll range the bless'd fields on the
 banks of the river,
 And sing Hallelujah for ever and ever.
 Hallelujah to the Lamb, &c.

643 *Tune*—RECEPTION. 7s, 6s & 8s.

“**This Man receiveth sinners.**”

Luke xv. 2.

“**THIS** Man receiveth sinners :”
 “This Man—and who was He ?
 Beneath a servant's humble form,
 “God manifest” we see.

- 2 “This Man receiveth sinners :”
 My soul, put in thy claim ;
 For surely thou must own that this
 Alone can be thy name.
- 3 “This Man receiveth sinners :”
 Sweet thought for such as me !
 For then He will not cast me out,
 All filthy though I be.

- 4 "This Man receiveth sinners;"
 Yea, bids them freely come;
 He meets the guilty prodigal,
 And safely guides him home.
- 5 "This Man receiveth sinners:"
 The saints in heaven above
 Shall own that they are sinners saved
 By free, forgiving love.

644 *Tune*—ANGELIC HOST. 8s & 7s.

"We love Him because He first loved us."

I John iv. 19.

NOW, oh, joy! my sins are pardon'd,
 Now I can, and do believe;
 All I have, and am, and shall be,
 To my precious Lord I give;
 He disturbed my deathly slumbers,
 He dispersed my soul's dark night;
 Whisper'd peace, and drew me to
 Him—
 Made Himself my chief delight.

- 2 Let the babe forget its mother,
 Let the bridegroom slight his bride;
 True to Him, I'll love none other,
 Cleaving closely to His side.
 Jesus, hear my soul's confession,
 Weak am I, but strength is thine,
 On thine arms for strength and succor
 Calmly may my soul recline.

645

Tune—ANDREWS.

8s.

“Lord, I believe; help thou mine unbelief.”

Mark ix. 24.

WE speak of the mercy of God,
So boundless, so rich, and so free!
But what will it profit my soul,
Unless 'tis relied on by me?

- 2 We speak of salvation and love,
By the Father in Jesus made known;
But if I would live unto God,
By faith I must make it my own.
- 3 We speak of the Saviour's dear name,
By which God can sinners receive;
Yet still I am lost and undone,
Unless in that name I believe.
- 4 We speak of the blood of the Lamb,
Which frees from pollution and sin;
But its virtues by me must be proved,
Or I shall be ever unclean.
- 5 We speak of the glory to come,
Of the heaven so bright and so fair;
But unless I in Jesus believe,
I shall not, I can not be there.

646

Tune—ARLINGTON.

C. M.

“Jesus, thou Son of David, have mercy on me.”

Mark x. 47.

- A**PPROACH, my soul, the mercy-seat
 Were Jesus answers prayer;
 There humbly fall before His feet,
 For none can perish there.
- 2 Thy promise is my only plea,
 With this I venture nigh:
 Thou callest burden'd souls to thee,
 And such, O Lord, am I.
- 3 Bow'd down beneath a load of sin,
 By Satan sorely press'd:
 By war without, and fears within,
 I come to thee for rest.
- 4 Be thou my shield and hiding-place!
 That, shelter'd near thy side,
 I may my fierce accuser face,
 And tell him thou hast died.
- 5 Oh, wondrous love! to bleed and die,
 To bear the cross and shame,
 That guilty sinners, such as I,
 Might plead thy gracious name.
- 6 “Poor tempest-beaten soul, be still,
 My promised grace receive:”
 'Tis Jesus speaks—I must, I will,
 I can, I do believe.

647

Tune—PENITENT.

L. M.



“Have mercy upon me, O God, according to thy loving kindness; according unto the multitude of thy tender mercies blot out my transgressions.”

Ps. li. 1.

- SHOW pity, Lord! O Lord, forgive!
 Let a repenting rebel live;
 Are not thy mercies large and free?
 May not a sinner trust in thee?
- 2 O, wash my soul from every sin,
 And make my guilty conscience clean;
 Here on my heart the burden lies,
 And past offenses pain mine eyes.
- 3 My lips with shame my sins confess,
 Against thy law, against thy grace;
 Lord, should thy judgments grow severe,
 I am condemned, but thou art clear.
- 4 Should sudden vengeance seize my
 breath,
 I must pronounce thee just in death;
 And if my soul were sent to hell,
 Thy righteous law approves it well.
- 5 Yet save a trembling sinner, Lord,
 Whose hope, still hovering round thy
 word,
 Would light on some sweet promise
 there,
 Some sure support against despair.

“The Master is come and calleth for thee.”

John xi. 28.

A M I called? and can it be!
 Has my Saviour chosen me?
 Guilty, wretched as I am,
 Has he named my worthless name?
 Vilest of the vile am I,
 Dare I raise my hopes so high?

2 Am I called? I dare not stay,
 May not, must not disobey;
 Here, I lay me at thy feet,
 Clinging to the mercy-seat;
 Thine I am, and thine alone,
 Lord, with me thy will be done.

3 Am I called? what shall I bring,
 As an offering to my King?
 Poor and blind, and naked, I,
 Trembling at thy footstool, lie;
 Nought but sin I call my own,
 Nor for sin can sin atone.

4 Am I called? an heir of God!
 Washed, redeemed by precious blood!
 Father, lead me in thy hand,
 Guide me to that better land,
 Where my soul shall be at rest,
 Pillowed on my Saviour's breast.

649 *Tune*—EDMESTON. C. M.

“Father, forgive them; for they know not what
they do.”

Luke xxiii. 34.

- I N evil long I took delight,
Unawed by shame or fear;
Till a new object struck my sight,
And stopped my wild career.
- 2 I saw one hanging on a tree,
In agonies and blood;
Who fixed his languid eyes on me,
As near his cross I stood.
- 3 Sure, never to my latest breath,
Can I forget that look;
It seemed to charge me with his death,
Though not a word He spoke.
- 4 My conscience felt, and owned the
guilt,
And plunged me in despair;
I saw my sins his blood had spilt,
And helped to nail Him there.
- 5 Alas! I knew not what I did,
But now my tears are vain;
Where shall my trembling soul be hid?
For I the Lord have slain.
- 6 A second look He gave, which said,
“I freely all forgive;
This blood is for thy ransom paid;
I die, that thou mayst live.”

650 *Tune*—SUFFERING SAVIOUR. C. M.

“I live by the faith of the Son of God, who loved
me, and gave Himself for me.”

Gal. ii. 20.

P ALAS! and did my Saviour bleed?
And did my Sov'reign die?
Would he devote that sacred head
For such a worm as I?

- 2 Was it for crimes that I have done
He groaned upon the tree?
Amazing pity! grace unknown!
And love beyond degree!
- 3 Well might the sun in darkness hide,
And shut his glories in,
When Christ, the mighty Maker, died,
For man, the creature's sin.
- 4 Thus might I hide my blushing face
While his dear cross appears;
Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,
And melt mine eyes to tears.
- 5 But drops of grief can ne'er repay
The debt of love I owe:
Here, Lord, I give myself away—
'Tis all that I can do.

651 *Tune*—SALVATION. C. M.

“And so will I go in unto the King.”

Esther iv. 1

COME, humble sinner, in whose
breast

A thousand thoughts revolve;
Come, with your guilt and fear op-
pressed,

And make this last resolve :

2 I'll go to Jesus, though my sin

High as a mountain rose ;

His blessed courts I'll enter in

Whatever may oppose.

3 I will the gracious King approach,

Whose sceptre pardon gives ;

The sinner's faith commands a touch,

He simply looking lives.

4 No boasted works, nor tears, nor
prayers,

Will I before Him bring ;

His righteousness my suit insures,

To this alone I'll cling.

5 And clinging thus, I have a plea

Which can not be denied ;

This Kingly One, to set me free,

Himself was crucified.

6 I can not perish if I go,

I am resolved to try ;

For, if I stay away, I know

I must forever die.

For the Impenitent.

652 *Tune*—BELMONT. 8s, 7s & 4s.

“While we were yet sinners Christ died for us.”

Rom. v. 8.

COME, ye sinners, poor and wretched,
 Weak and wounded, sick and sore;
 Jesus ready stands to save you,
 Full of mercy, joined with power.
 He is able,
 He is willing; doubt no more.

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

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

- 4 Come, ye weary, heavy laden,
 Lost and ruined by the fall;
 If you tarry till you're better,
 You will never come at all.
 Not the righteous,
 Sinners Jesus came to call.
- 5 Lo, the incarnate God, ascended,
 Pleads the merit of His blood:
 Venture on Him, venture wholly,
 Let no other trust intrude;
 None but Jesus
 Can do helpless sinners good.

653

Tune—GERAR.

S. M.

“Come, for all things are now ready.”

Luke xiv. 17.

- “ALL things are ready”—come,
 Come to the supper spread;
 Come, rich and poor, come, old and
 young,
 Come, and be richly fed.
- 2 “All things are ready”—come;
 The invitation's given
 Through Him who now in glory sits
 At God's right hand in heaven.
- 3 “All things are ready”—come;
 The door is open wide;
 Oh, feast upon the love of God,
 For Christ, His Son, has died!

- 4 "All things are ready"—come,
 All hindrance is removed;
 And God, in Christ, His precious love
 To fallen man has proved.
- 5 "All things are ready"—come,
 To-morrow may not be;
 O sinner, come, the Saviour waits
 This hour to welcome thee.

654 *Tune*—CAPARIA. 8s, 7s & 7s.

"The Son of man is come to save that which
 was lost."

Matt. xviii. 11.

- SEE the Saviour! sinners slew Him,
 Yet for sinners He was slain;
 Sinners now are welcome to Him;
 Such compose the Saviour's train:
 Sinners, ransomed by His blood,
 Sinners, reconciled to God!
- 2 See the holy Victim suffering,
 Sinners, here's a sight for you!
 Here's an all-sufficient offering;
 O believe the record true!
 See the Lamb for sinners slain;
 Every other hope is vain.
- 3 'Tis a true and joyful saying,
 Jesus came to save the lost;
 Grace and truth at once displaying,
 God the Saviour, true and just:
 Sinners, hear His gracious voice,
 In His saving work rejoice.

655

Tune—RINDGE.

C. M.

“As Jesus sat at meat in the house, behold,
many publicans and sinners came and sat
down with Him and His disciples.”

Matt. ix. 10.

- LET every mortal ear attend,
And every heart rejoice;
The trumpet of the gospel sounds
With an inviting voice.
- 2 Ho! all ye hungry, starving souls,
That feed upon the wind,
And vainly strive with earthly toys
To fill an empty mind!
- 3 Eternal Wisdom has prepared
A soul-reviving feast,
And bids your longing appetites
The rich provision taste.
- 4 Ho! ye that pant for living streams,
And pine away and die!
Here you may quench your raging
thirst
With springs that never dry.
- 5 Rivers of love and mercy, here,
In a rich ocean join;
Salvation in abundance flows,
Like floods of milk and wine.
- 6 The happy gates of gospel-grace
Stand open night and day:
Lord! we are come to seek supplies,
And drive our wants away.

656

Tune—MELODY.

C. M.

“Whosoever drinketh of the water that I shall
give him shall never thirst.”

John iv. 14.

- THE Saviour calls; let every ear
Attend the heavenly sound;
Ye doubting souls, dismiss your fear;
Hope smiles reviving round.
- 2 For every thirsty, longing heart,
Here streams of bounty flow,
And life, and health, and bliss impart,
To banish mortal woe.
- 3 Ye sinners, come; 'tis mercy's voice;
That gracious voice obey;
'Tis Jesus calls to heavenly joys;
And can you yet delay?
- 4 Dear Saviour, draw reluctant hearts;
To thee let sinners fly,
And take the bliss thy love imparts,
And drink, and never die.

657

Tune—HARWICH.

H. M.

“And yet there is room.”

Luke xiv. 22.

“YE dying sons of men,
Immersed in sin and woe,
The Gospel calls again,
Its message is to you:
Ye perishing and guilty, come,
In mercy's arms there yet is room.

- 2 "No longer now delay,
 Nor vain excuses frame.
 Christ bids you come to-day,
 The poor, and blind, and lame:
 All things are ready, sinners, come,
 In mercy's arms there yet is room.
- 3 "Compelled by bleeding love,
 Ye wandering souls draw near,
 He calls you from above,
 His melting accents hear:
 Oh! whosoever will, may come,
 In mercy's arms there yet is room."

658

Tune—HOREB. 7s & 6s.

"How shall escape if we neglect so great sal-
 vation."

Heb. ii. 2.

SALVATION! oh, salvation!
 Endearing, precious sound!
 Shout, shout the word "Salvation"
 To earth's remotest bound.
 Salvation for the guilty,
 Salvation for the lost,
 Salvation for the wretched,
 The sad and sorrow-toss'd.

- 2 Salvation for the aged,
 Salvation for the young,
 Salvation e'en for children,
 Proclaim with joyful tongue;

Salvation for the wealthy,
 Salvation for the poor,
 Salvation for the lowly,
 E'en life for evermore.

- 3 Salvation without money,
 Salvation without price,
 Salvation without labor,
 Believing doth suffice;
 Salvation now—this moment!
 Then why, oh! why delay?
 You may not see to-morrow;
 Now is salvation's day!

659

Tune—GERAR.

S. M.

"And they all with one consent began to make
 excuse."

Luke xiv. 18.

"ALL things are ready"—come,
 O make no vain excuse;
 No yoke of oxen, wife, or field,
 Instead of Jesus choose.

- 2 "All things are ready"—now,
 'Tis God who bids you come;
 Bring in the poor, the maimed, the
 blind—
 'Tis done—and yet there's room.
- 3 "All things are ready"—come,
 Come all, both bad and good;
 The best and worst both need alike
 The Saviour's cleansing blood.

- 4 "All things are ready"—come,
 And taste God's love so free;
 See, mercy's door stands open wide
 For all who needy be.
- 5 "All things are ready"—come,
 Nor pass that open door;
 Too late you may an entrance seek,
 Too late your loss deplore.
- 6 "All things are ready"—come,
 God calls you by His grace!
 O turn not from his offered love,
 But seek e'en now His face.

660

Tune—ALETTA.

7s.

"I will take away the stony heart out of your
 flesh, and I will give you a heart of flesh."

Ezek. xxxvi. 26.

- H** EART of stone, relent, relent!
 Break, by Jesus' cross subdued;
 See his body mangled, rent,
 Covered with his flowing blood:
 Sinful soul, what hast thou done!
 Crucified th' incarnate Son!
- 2 Yes: thy sins have done the deed,
 Driv'n the nails that fixed him there,
 Crowned with thorns his sacred head,
 Pierced him with the cruel spear,
 Made his soul a sacrifice,
 While for sinful man he dies.

- 3 Wilt thou let him bleed in vain ?
 Still to death thy Lord pursue ?
 Open all his wounds again,
 And the shameful cross renew ?
 No : with all my sins I'll part :
 Break, oh, break, my bleeding heart !

661 *Tune*—ROCKBRIDGE. L. M.

“Turn you to the stronghold, ye prisoners of
 hope.”

Zech. ix. 12.

PRISONERS of sin and Satan, too,
 The Saviour calls—He calls for
 you—

Ye who have sold yourselves for nought,
 Jesus your liberty has bought.

- 2 The great Redeemer lived and died,
 The Prince of Life was crucified ;
 He shed his own most precious blood,
 To ransom guilty souls for God.
- 3 He came to set the captive free ;
 He came to publish liberty ;
 To bind the broken-hearted up,
 And give despairing sinners hope.
- 4 Prisoners of hope, why will you die ?
 Why from the only refuge fly ?
 Jesus, our hiding-place and tower,
 Invites the guilty and the poor.

- 5 He came to comfort those that mourn,
 He sweetly says to sinners, Turn!
 Prisoners of hope, his voice attend,
 Nor slight the calls of such a friend.

662 *Tune*—CALVARY. 8s, 7s & 4s.

“Who hath believed our report? and to whom is
 the arm of the Lord revealed?”

Isa. liii. 1.

SINNERS, will ye scorn the message
 Sent in mercy from above?
 Every sentence, O how tender!
 Every line is full of love;
 Listen to it—
 Every line is full of love.

- 2 Hear the heralds of the gospel,
 News from Sion's King proclaim
 To each rebel sinner—“pardon,
 Free forgiveness in His name:”
 How important!
 Free forgiveness in His name.

- 3 Who hath our report believed?
 Who received the joyful word?
 Who embraced the news of pardon
 Offered to you by the Lord?
 Can you slight it,
 Offered to you by the Lord?

663 *Tune*—MINNESOTA. 8s, 7s & 4s.

“Come, now, and let us reason together, saith the Lord; though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool.”

Isa. i. 18.

- S**INNERS, we are sent to bid you
 To the gospel-feast to-day;
 Will you slight the invitation?
 Will you, can you, yet delay?
 Jesus calls you;
 Come, poor sinners, come away.
- 2 Come, O! come, all things are ready,
 Bread to strengthen, wine to cheer:
 If you spurn this blood-bought banquet,
 Sinners, can your souls appear
 Guests in heaven,
 Scorning heaven's rich bounty here?
- 3 Even now the Holy Spirit
 Moves upon some melting heart,
 Pleads a bleeding Saviour's merit;
 Sinner, will you say "depart?"
 Wretched sinner,
 Can you bid your God depart?
- 4 What are all earth's dearest pleasures,
 Were they more than tongue could
 tell?
 What are all its boasted treasures,

To a soul once sunk in hell?
 Treasure! pleasure!
 No such sounds are heard in hell.

5 Fly, O! fly ye to the mountain,
 Linger not in all the plain;
 Leave this Sodom of corruption,
 Turn not, look not back again;
 Fly to Jesus,
 Linger not in all the plain.

664 *Tune*—BREST. 8s, 7s & 4s.

“Whosoever was not found written in the book
 of life was cast into the lake of fire.”

Rev. xx. 15.

SEE the eternal Judge descending,
 View him seated on his throne:
 Now, poor sinner, now lamenting,
 Stand and hear thy awful doom;
 Trumpets call thee,
 Stand and hear thy awful doom.

2 “Yonder sits the slighted Saviour,
 With the marks of dying love;
 O that I had sought his favor
 When I felt his Spirit move;
 Golden moments,
 When I felt his Spirit move.”

- 3 Now, despisers, look and wonder ;
 Hope and sinners here must part :
 Louder than a peal of thunder,
 Hear the dreadful sound, "depart!"
 Lost for ever,
 Hear the dreadful sound, "depart!"

665 *Tune*—PLEYEL'S HYMN. 7s.

"I saw a great white throne, and Him that sat
 on it, from whose face the earth and the
 heaven fled away."

Rev. xx. 11.

- SINNER, art thou still secure ?
 Wilt thou still refuse to pray ?
 Can thy heart or hand endure
 In the Lord's avenging day ?
- 2 See, his mighty arm is bared,
 Awful terrors clothe his brow ;
 For his judgments stand prepared ;
 Thou must either break or bow.
- 3 At his presence nature shakes,
 Earth, affrighted, hastes to flee ;
 Solid mountains melt like wax,
 What will then become of thee ?

666 *Tune*—OLIVE'S BROW. L. M.

"My Spirit shall not always strive with man."

Gen. vi. 3.

SAY, sinner, hath a voice within
 Oft whispered to thy secret soul,
 Urged thee to leave the ways of sin,
 And yield thy heart to God's control?

2 Hath something met thee in the path
 Of worldliness and vanity,
 And pointed to the coming wrath,
 And warned thee from that wrath to
 flee?

3 Sinner, it was a heavenly voice;
 It was the Spirit's gracious call;
 It bade thee make the better choice,
 And haste to seek in Christ thine all.

4 Spurn not the call to life and light;
 Regard in time the warning kind;
 That call thou mayst not always slight,
 And yet the gate of mercy find.

667 *Tune*—PHILIPS. C. M.

"I will arise and go to my Father."

Luke xv. 18.

RETURN, O wand'rer, to thy home,
 Thy Father calls for thee;
 No longer now an exile roam,
 In guilt and misery.

- 2 Return, O wand'rer, to thy home,
 'Tis Jesus calls for thee;
 The Spirit and the Bride say—come;
 Oh! now for refuge flee.
- 3 Return, O wand'rer, to thy home,
 'Tis madness to delay;
 There are no pardons in the tomb,
 And brief is mercy's day.

668

Tune—BENEVENTO.

7s.

“I have no pleasure in the death of him that dieth, saith the Lord God: wherefore turn yourselves, and live ye.”

Ezek. xviii. 32.

- SINNERS, turn, why will ye die?
 God your Maker asks you why;
 God who did your being give,
 Made you with himself to live,
 He the fatal cause demands,
 Asks the work of his own hands;
 Why, ye thankless creatures, why
 Will ye cross his love and die?
- 2 Sinners, turn, why will ye die?
 God your Saviour asks you why;
 He who did your soul retrieve,
 Died himself that ye might live,
 Will ye let Him die in vain,
 Crucify your Lord again?
 Why, ye rebel sinners, why
 Will ye slight his grace and die?

- 3 Sinners, turn, why will ye die?
 God the Spirit asks you why;
 Many a time with you He strove,
 Wooed you to embrace his love;
 Will ye not his grace receive?
 Will ye still refuse to live?
 Why will ye for ever die,
 O ye guilty sinners, why?

669 *Tune*—PATIENCE. 6s & 5s.

“Turn ye, turn ye from your evil ways; for
 why will ye die?”

Ezek. xxxiii. 11.

O H, turn ye! oh, turn ye!
 For why will you die,
 When God, in great mercy,
 Is coming so nigh?
 Now Jesus invites you;
 The Spirit says, come;
 The Father is waiting
 To welcome you home.

- 2 How vain the delusion,
 That while you delay
 Your heart may grow better
 By staying away.
 Come, wretched, come, starving,
 Come, happy to be,
 While streams of salvation
 Are flowing so free.

- 3 Oh, how can we leave you ;
 Why will you not come ?
 'Tis Jesus entreats you,
 He bids you come home ;
 Oh, turn ye ! oh, turn ye !
 For why will ye die,
 When God, in great mercy,
 Is coming so nigh ?

670 *Tune*—WINSLOW. C. P. M.

“What is a man profited, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul.”

Matt. xvi 26.

- N**O room for mirth or trifling here,
 For worldly hope, or worldly fear,
 If life so soon is gone ;
 If now the Judge is at the door,
 And sinful man must stand before
 The inexorable throne !
- 2 Nothing is worth a thought beneath,
 But how I may escape the death
 That never, never dies !
 How make mine own election sure ;
 And when I fail on earth, secure
 A mansion in the skies.
- 3 Jesus, vouchsafe a pitying ray ;
 Be thou my Guide, be thou my Way
 To glorious happiness !
 Ah ! write thy pardon on my heart ;
 And whensoe'er I hence depart,
 Let me depart in peace.

671

Tune—DETROIT.

S. M.

“Marvel not that I said unto thee, ye must be
born again.”

John iii. 7.

HOW solemn are the words,
And yet to faith how plain,
Which Jesus uttered while on earth—
“Ye must be born again.”

- 2 “Ye must be born again!”
For so hath God decreed:
No reformation will suffice—
'Tis life poor sinners need.
- 3 “Ye must be born again!”
And life in Christ must have:
In vain the soul elsewhere may go—
'Tis He alone can save.
- 4 “Ye must be born again!”
Or never enter heaven;
'Tis only blood-washed ones are there—
The ransomed and forgiven.
- 5 “Ye must be born again!”
Then look to Christ and live:
He is “the life,” and waits in heaven
Eternal life to give.

672

Tune—GOSHEN.

I IS.

“Of how much sorer punishment suppose ye, shall he be thought worthy, who hath trodden under foot the Son of God, and hath counted the blood of the covenant, wherewith he was sanctified, an unholy thing, and hath done despite unto the Spirit of Grace.”

Heb. x. 29.

DE^LAY not, delay not, O sinner,
draw near;

The waters of life are now flowing
for thee;

No price is demanded, the Saviour is
here,

Redemption is purchased, salvation
is free.

2 Delay not, delay not, why longer abuse
The love and compassion of Jesus
thy God?

A fountain is opened, how canst thou
refuse

To wash and be cleansed in His
pardoning blood?

3 Delay not, delay not, O sinner to come,
For mercy still lingers, and calls thee
to-day:

Her voice is not heard in the vale of
the tomb;

Her message unheeded will soon
pass away.

- 4 Delay not, delay not, the Spirit of
Grace,
Long grieved and resisted, may take
his sad flight ;
And leave thee in darkness to finish
thy race,
To sink in the gloom of eternity's
night.

673 *Tune*—ZEPHYR. L. M.

“Be of good comfort, rise; He calleth thee.”

Mark x. 49.

GOD calling yet! shall I not hear?
Earth's pleasures shall I still hold
dear?

Shall life's swift passing years all fly,
And still my soul in slumbers lie?

- 2 God calling yet! shall I not rise?
Can I his loving voice despise,
And basely his kind care repay?
He calls me still: can I delay?

- 3 God calling yet! and shall he knock,
And I my heart the closer lock?
He is still waiting to receive,
And shall I dare his Spirit grieve?

- 4 God calling yet! and shall I give
No heed, but still in bondage live?
I wait, but he does not forsake;
He calls me still! my heart, awake!

674

Tune—WELTON.

L. M.

“To-day if ye will hear his voice, harden not
your hearts.”

Heb. iv. 7.

TO-DAY, if ye will hear His voice,
Now is the time to make your
choice;

Say, will you to the Saviour go?

Say, will you have this Christ, or no?

- 2 Ye wand'ring souls, who find no rest
Say, will you be for ever bless'd?
Will you be saved from sin and hell?
Will you with Christ in glory dwell?
- 3 Come now, dear youth, for ruin bound,
Obey the gospel's cheerful sound;
Come, go with us, and you shall prove
The joy of Christ's redeeming love.
- 4 Once more we ask you in His name—
For yet His love remains the same—
Say, will you to the Saviour go?
Say, will you have this Christ, or no?

675 *Tune*—HARTEL. L. M.

“Behold, now is the accepted time; behold, now
is the day of salvation.”

2 Cor vi. 2.

OH! do not let the word depart,
And close thine eyes against the
light.

Poor sinner, harden not thy heart;
Thou would'st be saved—why not
to-night?

2 To-morrow's sun may never rise
To bless thy long-deluded sight;
This is the time. Oh, then, be wise!
Thou would'st be saved—why not
to-night?

3 Our God in pity lingers still,
And wilt thou thus his love requite?
Renounce, at length, thy stubborn will.
Thou would'st be saved—why not
to-night?

4 The world has nothing left to give—
It has no new, no pure delight;
Oh! try the life which Christians live.
Thou would'st be saved—why not
to-night?

5 Our blessed Lord refuses none
Who would to him their souls unite;
Then be the work of grace begun!
Thou would'st be saved—why not
to-night?

DOXOLOGIES.

1 L. M.

PRAISE God, from whom all blessings flow!

Praise him, all creatures here below!

Praise him above, ye heavenly host!

Praise Father, Son and Holy Ghost!

2 L. M.

TO God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Spirit, Three in One,
Be honor, praise and glory given,
By all on earth, and all in heaven.

3 L. M., 6 LINES.

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

4 L. M., 8 LINES.

ETERNAL Father! throned above,
 Thou fountain of redeeming love!
 Eternal Word! who left thy throne
 For man's rebellion to atone;
 Eternal Spirit, who dost give
 That grace whereby our spirits live:
 Thou God of our salvation, be
 Eternal praises paid to thee!

5 C. M.

LET God the Father, and the Son,
 And Spirit, be adored,
 Where there are works to make him
 known,
 Or saints to love the Lord!

6 C. M.

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

7 C. M. D.

THE God of mercy be adored,
 Who calls our souls from death:
 Who saves by His redeeming word,
 And new-creating breath.

- 2 To praise the Father, and the Son,
 And Spirit, all Divine,
 The One in Three, and Three in One,
 Let saints and angels join.

8 S. M.

THE Father, and the Son,
 And Spirit, we adore ;
 We praise, we bless, we worship thee,
 Both now and evermore!

9 S. M. D.

WE bless the Father's name,
 Who chose us in His love ;
 To God the Son, we give the same,
 Our Advocate above.

- 2 The Spirit, too, we bless,
 And raise His honors high ;
 Who conquers by His sovereign grace,
 And brings us strangers nigh.

10 H. M.

TO God, the Father, Son
 And Spirit ever bless'd,
 Eternal Three in One,
 All worship be addressed :

As heretofore		And shall be so
It was, is now,		For evermore!

11

H. M.

TO God the Father's throne
 Your highest honors raise ;
 Glory to God the Son,
 To God the Spirit praise :
 With all our powers, | Thy name we sing,
 Eternal King! | While faith adores:

12

L. P. M.

NOW to the great and sacred Three,
 The Father, Son and Spirit, be
 Eternal power and glory given,
 Through all the worlds where God
 is known,
 By all the angels near the throne,
 And all the saints in earth and
 heaven.

13

L. C. M. or C. P. M.

TO Father, Son and Holy Ghost,
 Be praise amid the heavenly host,
 And in the church below :
 From whom all creatures draw their
 breath,
 By whom redemption bless'd the
 earth.
 From whom all comforts flow.

14

S. P. M.

TO God, the Father, Son,
 And Spirit, Three in One,
 From whom all blessings ever flow,
 Be thro' eternal days
 All honor, glory, praise
 From all in heav'n and all below.

15

5s & 6s, or 10s & 11s.

BY angels in heaven
 Of every degree,
 And saints upon earth,
 All praise be addressed
 To God in Three Persons,
 One God ever blessed :
 As it has been, now is,
 And always shall be.

16

5s & 11s.

TO the Father above,
 The fountain of love,
 Be honor and praise,
 And to Jesus, the Son, our anthems we
 raise ;
 The Spirit adore
 Both now, evermore,
 Let His praises arise
 From all in the earth, and from all in
 the skies.

17

6s, 6 LINES.

TO God, supreme above,
 To Christ, His only Son,
 And Spirit, sacred Dove,
 Eternal Three in One,
 Let endless praise be given
 By all on earth, in heav'n.

18

6s, 8 LINES.

ETERNAL praise be given,
 And songs of highest worth,
 By all the hosts of heaven,
 And all the saints on earth,
 To God, supreme confess'd,
 To Christ, His only Son,
 And to the Spirit bless'd,
 Eternal Three in One.

19

6s & 4s.

TO God, supreme confess'd,
 To Christ, His only Son,
 And to the Spirit bless'd,
 Eternal Three in One,
 Be honor given.

20 6s & 4s.

TO God, the Father, Son,
 And Spirit, Three in One,
 All praise be given!
 Crown him in every song;
 To him your hearts belong;
 Let all his praise prolong
 On earth, in heaven!

21 7s.

SING we to our God above,
 Praise eternal as his love;
 Praise him all ye heavenly host—
 Father, Son and Holy Ghost!

22 7s, 6 LINES.

PRAISE the name of God most high,
 Praise him, all below the sky;
 Praise him, all ye heavenly host—
 Father, Son and Holy Ghost!
 As through countless ages past,
 Evermore his praise shall last.

23 7s, 8 LINES.

BLESSING, honor, glory, might,
 And dominion infinite,
 To the Father of our Lord,
 To the Spirit and the Word:
 As it was all worlds before,
 Is, and shall be evermore.
 As it was all worlds before,
 Is, and shall be evermore.

24

7s & 6s.

TO thee be praise forever,
Thou glorious King of kings!
Thy wondrous love and favor,
Each ransomed spirit sings:
We'll celebrate thy glory
With all thy saints above,
And shout the joyful story
Of thy redeeming love.

25

7s & 6s.

FATHER, Son and Holy Ghost,
One God whom we adore,
Join we with the heavenly host
To praise thee evermore:
Live, by heaven and earth adored,
Three in One, and One in Three,
Holy, holy, holy Lord,
All glory be to thee!

26

8s.

ALL praise to the Father, the Son,
And Spirit thrice holy and bless'd,
Th' eternal, supreme Three in One,
Was, is, and shall still be address'd.

27

8s & 6s.

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

28

8s & 7s.

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

29

8s & 7s., D.

PRAISE the God of our salvation,
 Praise the Father's boundless love;
 Praise the Lamb, our expiation;
 Praise the Spirit from above,
 Praise the Fountain of salvation,
 Him by whom our spirits live;
 Undivided adoration
 To the one Jehovah give !

30

8s, 7s & 4s.

GREAT Jehovah, we adore thee,
 God the Father, God the Son,
 God the Spirit, joined in glory
 On the same eternal throne;
 Endless praises
 To Jehovah, Three in One !

31

8s, D.

THIS God is the God we adore,
 Our faithful, unchangeable Friend;
 Whose love is as large as His power,
 And neither knows measure nor end:
 'Tis Jesus, the First and the Last,
 Whose Spirit shall guide us safe
 home:
 We'll praise Him for all that is past,
 And trust Him for all that's to come!

32

10s.

TO Father, Son and Spirit, ever bless'd,
 Eternal praise and worship be ad-
 dressed;
 From age to age, ye saints, His name
 adore,
 And spread His fame, till time shall be
 no more!

33

11s.

O FATHER Almighty, to thee be ad-
 dressed,
 With Christ and the Spirit, one God
 ever bless'd,
 All glory and worship, from earth and
 from heaven,
 As was, and is now, and shall ever be
 given!

34

12S.

ALL glory and praise to the Father
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The Son and the Spirit, from earth and
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