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REVIVAL HYMNS,
DESIGNED FOR
PROTRACTED, CAMP, PRAYER,
AND
SOCIAL MEETINGS,
WITH A
SUPPLEMENT,
CONTAINING
HYMNS FOR THE USE OF SABBATH SCHOOLS.

Compiled at the request of the Book Committee,
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REVIVAL HYMNS

FOR

PROTRACTED, SALT, PRAYER

SOCIAL MEETINGS

1852

Rev.

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Sherwood & Co., Printers.

# REVIVAL HYMNS.

## WARNING AND EXPOSTULATION.

### HYMN 1. C. M.

*Ye must be born again.* John iii, 7.

- S**INNERS, this solemn truth regard!  
Hear, all ye sons of men;  
For Christ, the Saviour, hath declar'd  
“Ye must be born again.”
- 2 Whate'er might be your birth or blood,  
The sinner's boast is vain;  
Thus saith the glorious Son of God,  
“Ye must be born again.”
- 3 Our nature's totally deprav'd—  
The heart a sink of sin;  
Without a change we can't be saved  
“Ye must be born again.”
- 4 That which is born of flesh is flesh,  
And flesh it will remain;  
Then marvel not that Jesus saith,  
“Ye must be born again.”
- 5 Spirit of life, thy grace impart,  
And breathe on sinners slain;  
Bear witness, Lord, in ev'ry heart,  
That we are born again.

6 Dear Saviour, let us now begin  
 To trust and love thy word;  
 And, by forsaking every sin,  
 Prove we are born of God.

HYMN 2. L. M.

*Behold, I stand at the door.* Rev. iii, 20.

**B**EHOLD a stranger at the door!  
 He gently knocks—has knock'd before,  
 Hath waited long—is waiting still:  
 You treat no other friend so ill.

- 2 Oh, lovely attitude, he stands  
 With melting heart and loaded hands!  
 Oh, matchless kindness! and he shows,  
 This matchless kindness to his foes!
- 3 But will he prove a friend indeed?  
 He will—the very friend you need;  
 The friend of sinners—yes, 'tis he,  
 With garments dyed on Calvary.
- 4 Rise, touched with gratitude divine;  
 Turn out his enemy and thine,  
 That soul-destroying monster, sin,  
 And let the heavenly Stranger in.
- 5 Admit him, ere his anger burn,—  
 His feet departed, ne'er return;  
 Admit him, or the hour's at hand,  
 You'll at his door rejected stand.

HYMN 3. L. M.

**L**IFE is the time to serve the Lord,  
 The time t'insure the great reward;  
 And while the lamp holds out to burn,  
 The vilest sinner may return.



- 2 Life is the hour that God hath given  
To escape from hell and fly to heaven;  
The day of grace, and mortals may  
Secure the blessings of the day.
- 3 Then what my thoughts design to do,  
My hands, with all your might pursue;  
Since no device nor work is found,  
Nor faith nor hope beneath the ground.
- 4 There are no acts of pardon pass'd  
In the cold grave to which we haste;  
O may we all improve thy grace,  
And seek, in time, the Saviour's face.

## HYMN 4. L. M.

*Eternity.* Jer. x, 10.

- E**TERNITY! stupendous theme!  
Compar'd herewith our life's a dream:  
Eternity! O awful sound!  
A deep where all our thoughts are drown'd.
- 2 Yes, an eternity there is  
Of dreadful woe, or joyful bliss;  
And swift as time fulfils its round,  
We to eternity are bound.
- 3 What countless millions of mankind  
Have left this fleeting world behind!  
They're gone, but where? ah! stop and see:  
Gone to a long eternity!
- 4 And is eternity so near?  
And must we very soon be there?  
Sinner—ah! whither wilt thou flee,  
Or how avoid eternity?

- 5 Canst thou for ever bear to dwell  
 In all the fiery deeps of hell?  
 And is death nothing then to thee,  
 Death, and a dread eternity!
- 6 Ye gracious souls, with joy look up;  
 In Christ rejoice, your glorious hope;  
 This everlasting bliss secures;  
 God and eternity are yours.

## HYMN 5. 8s 7s &amp; 1 4.

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 Zion's King proclaim  
 To each rebel sinner—"Pardon,  
 Free forgiveness in his name!"  
 How important!  
 Free forgiveness in his name!
- 3 Tempted souls, they bring you succor;  
 Fearful hearts, they quell your fears;  
 And with news of consolation  
 Chase away the falling tears;  
 Tender heralds—  
 Chase away the falling tears.
- 4 Who hath our report believed?  
 Who received the joyful word?  
 Who embraced the news of pardon,  
 Offer'd to you by the Lord?  
 Can you slight it—  
 Offer'd to you by the Lord!

5 O, ye angels, hovering round us,  
 Waiting spirits, speed your way,  
 Hasten to the court of heaven,  
 Tidings bear without delay,—  
 Rebel sinners  
 Glad the message will obey.

## HYMN 6. 12s &amp; 8s.

*The harvest is past, &c. Jer. viii, 20.*

WHEN the harvest is past, and the  
 summer is gone,  
 And sermons and prayers shall be o'er ;  
 When the beams cease to break of the sweet  
 Sabbath morn,  
 And Jesus invites thee no more ;  
 When the rich gales of mercy no longer  
 shall blow,  
 The gospel no message declare ;  
 Sinner, how canst thou bear the deep wail-  
 ings of woe !  
 How suffer the night of despair !

2 When the holy have gone to the regions of  
 peace,  
 To dwell in the mansions above ;  
 When their harmony wakes in the fullness  
 of bliss  
 Their song to the Saviour they love ;  
 Say, O sinner that livest at rest and secure,  
 Who fearest no trouble to come,  
 Can thy spirit the swellings of sorrow en-  
 dure  
 Or bear the impenitent's doom !

## HYMN 7. S. M.

I SAW, beyond the tomb,  
The awful Judge appear,  
Prepared to scan with strict account  
My blessings wasted here.

2 His wrath, like flaming fire,  
Burn'd to the lowest hell,  
And in that hopeless world of woe  
He bade my spirit dwell.

3 Ye sinners, fear the Lord,  
While yet 'tis called to-day;  
Soon will the awful voice of death  
Command your souls away.

4 Soon will the harvest close,  
The summer soon be o'er;  
And soon your injured, angry God  
Will hear your prayers no more.

## HYMN 8. S. M.

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

2 The world can never give  
The bliss for which we sigh;  
'Tis not the whole of life to live,  
Nor all of death to die.

3 Beyond this vale of tears  
There is a life above,  
Unmeasur'd by the flight of years,—  
And all that life is love.

- 4 There is a death whose pang  
 Outlasts the fleeting breath :  
 Oh! what eternal horrors hang  
 Around the second death.
- 5 Lord, God of truth and grace!  
 Teach us that death to shun,  
 Lest we be driven from thy face,  
 And evermore undone.
- 6 Here would we end our quest;—  
 Alone are found in thee  
 The life of perfect love—the rest  
 Of immortality.

## HYMN 9. 7s.

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

## HYMN 10. 5 7s &amp; 3 6s.

*The alarm.*

STOP, poor sinners, stop and think,  
 Before you further go;  
 Will you sport upon the brink  
 Of everlasting woe!

On the verge of ruin stop,  
 Now the friendly warning take;  
 Stay your footsteps, ere ye drop  
 Into the burning lake.

2 Say, have you an arm like God,  
 That you his will oppose?  
 Fear ye not that iron rod  
 With which he breaks his foes?  
 Can you stand in that dread day,  
 Which his justice shall proclaim,  
 When the earth shall melt away  
 Like wax before the flame?

3 Ghastly death will quickly come,  
 And drag you to his bar;  
 Then to hear your awful doom  
 Will fill you with despair!  
 All your sins will round you crowd;  
 You shall mark their crimson dye,  
 Each for vengeance crying loud;  
 And what can you reply?

4 Though your heart were made of steel,  
 Your forehead lined with brass,  
 God at length will make you feel,  
 He will not let you pass;  
 Sinners then in vain will call,  
 Those who now despise his grace,  
 "Rocks and mountains, on us fall,  
 And hide us from his face."

## HYMN 11. 3 11s &amp; 1 5.

*The Voice of Warning.*

AH, guilty sinner, ruin'd by transgression,

What shall thy doom be when, array'd in terror,

God shall command thee, cover'd with pollution,

Up to the judgment?

2 Wilt thou escape from his omniscient notice?

Fly to the caverns, court annihilation?

Vain thy presumption, justice still shall triumph

In thy destruction.

3 Stop, thoughtless sinner, stop awhile and ponder,

Ere death arrest thee, and the Judge, in vengeance,

Hurl from his presence thine affrighted spirit,

Swift to perdition.

4 Oft has he called thee, but thou wouldst not hear him,

Mercies and judgments have alike been slighted;

Yet he is gracious, and with arms unfolded,  
Waits to embrace thee.

5 Come, then, poor sinner, come away this moment,

Just as you are, come, filthy and polluted,  
Come to the fountain open for uncleanness;

Jesus invites you.

6 But, if you trifle with his gracious message,  
 Cleave to the world and love its guilty  
 pleasures,  
 Mercy, grown weary, shall in righteous  
 judgment  
 Quit you for ever.

7 Then you shall call, but he will not regard  
 you,  
 Seek for his favor, yet shall never find it,  
 Cry to the rocks to hide you from his pres-  
 ence,  
 Deep in their caverns.

8 Where the worm dies not, and the fire  
 eternal  
 Fills the lost soul with anguish and with  
 terror,  
 There shall the sinner spend a long forever,  
 Dying unpardoned.

9 Oh! guilty sinner, hear the voice of warn-  
 ing :  
 Fly to the Saviour, and embrace his pardon;  
 So shall your spirit meet, with joy tri-  
 umphant,  
 Death and the judgment.

HYMN 12. 11s.

**W**HY sleep ye, my brethren! Come,  
 let us arise ;  
 Oh, why should we slumber in sight of the  
 prize ?  
 Salvation is nearer, our days are far spent;  
 Oh, let us be active ; awake ! and repent.



2 Oh, how can we slumber? The Master is  
 come,  
 And calling on sinners to seek them a home;  
 The Spirit and Bride now in concert unite,  
 The weary they welcome, the careless in-  
 vite.

3 Oh, how can we slumber! Our foes are  
 awake;  
 To ruin poor souls every effort they make;  
 To accomplish their object, no means are  
 untried;  
 The careless they comfort, the wakeful  
 misguide.

4 Oh, how can we slumber! when so much  
 was done  
 To purchase salvation by God's only Son?  
 Now mercy is proffered, and justice dis-  
 played;  
 Now God can be honored, and sinners be  
 saved.

## HYMN 13. 11s.

**O** TURN ye, O turn ye, for why will you  
 die,  
 When God in great mercy is coming so nigh?  
 Now Jesus invites you, the Spirit says—  
 Come,  
 And angels are waiting to welcome you  
 home.

2 How vain the delusion, that, while you  
 delay,  
 Your hearts may grow better by staying  
 away;

Come wretched, come starving, come just  
as you be,  
While streams of salvation are flowing so  
free.

3 The Saviour is ready your souls to receive,  
O how can you question, if you will believe?  
If sin is your burden, why will you not  
come?  
He gives a kind welcome, and bids you  
come home.

4 In riches, in pleasures, what can you obtain  
To soothe your affliction, or banish your  
pain?  
To bear up your spirit when summon'd to  
die,  
Or waft you to mansions of glory on high?

5 Why will you be starving and feeding on  
air?  
There's mercy in Jesus, enough and to  
spare;  
If still you are doubting, make trial and see,  
And prove that his mercy is boundless and  
free.

6 Come, give us your hand, and the Saviour  
your heart,  
And, trusting in Heaven, we never shall  
part;  
O how can we leave you? Why will you  
not come?  
We'll journey together, and soon be at  
home.

## HYMN 14. L. M.

WHERE are the dead? In heav'n or hell  
 Their disembodied spirits dwell!  
 Their perish'd forms in bonds of clay,  
 Reserv'd until the judgment day.

- 2 Who are the dead? The sons of time  
 In ev'ry age, and state, and clime;  
 Renown'd, dishonor'd, or forgot,  
 The place that knew them, knows them not.
- 3 Where are the living? On the ground  
 Where prayer is heard and mercy found;  
 Where, in the compass of a span,  
 The mortal makes th' immortal man.
- 4 Who are the living? They whose breath  
 Draws ev'ry moment nigh to death;  
 Of endless bliss or woe the heirs;  
 Oh, what a solemn state is theirs!
- 5 Then, timely warn'd, let us begin  
 To follow Christ and flee from sin,  
 Daily grow up in him our head,  
 Lord of the living and the dead.

## HYMN 15. 7s &amp; 6s.

*Striving of the Spirit.*

SINNER, hath a voice within  
 Oft whisper'd to thy soul,  
 Bade thee leave the ways of sin,  
 And yield to God's control?

- 2 Hath it met thee in the path  
 Of earthly vanity,  
 Pointed to the coming wrath,  
 And warn'd thee now to flee?

- 3 Sinner, 'twas a heavenly voice ;  
 The Spirit's gracious call  
 Bade thee make a better choice,  
 And seek in Christ thine all.
- 4 Hear the call to life and light ;  
 Regard the warning kind :  
 If that call thou always slight,  
 Thou mercy ne'er shalt find.
- 5 Soon thy season will be o'er,  
 The Spirit cease to strive ;  
 Thy slumbers he will break no more ;—  
 His love then do not grieve.
- 6 Sinner, should this very day  
 Thy last of mercy be !  
 Shouldst thou grieve him now away,  
 Hope may ne'er beam on thee.

## HYMN 16. C. M.

*God's Spirit will not always strive.*

- 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 thy only hope :  
 O let his aid be now implor'd ;  
 Let prayer 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.

## HYMN 17. 7s.

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?  
 Christ, your Saviour, asks you why?  
 He who did your souls retrieve,  
 Died himself that ye might live.  
 Will you let him die in vain?  
 Crucify your Lord again?  
 Why, ye ransom'd sinners, why  
 Will ye slight his grace, and die.

- 3 Sinners, turn, why will ye die?  
 God, the Spirit, asks you why?  
 He who all your lives hath strove,  
 Wooed you to embrace his love.  
 Will ye not his grace receive?  
 Will ye still refuse to live?  
 Why, ye long sought sinners, why  
 Will ye grieve your God and die?

## HYMN 18. L. M.

*Eternity joyful and tremendous.*

- E**TERNITY is just at hand,  
 And shall I waste my ebbing sand,  
 And careless view departing day,  
 And throw my inch of time away?
- 2 Eternity! tremendous sound!  
 To guilty souls a dreadful wound!  
 But, O! if Christ and heaven be mine,  
 How sweet the accents! how divine!
- 3 Be this my chief, my only care,  
 My high pursuit, my ardent prayer—  
 An interest in the Saviour's blood,  
 My pardon seal'd, and peace with God.
- 4 But should my brightest hopes be vain,—  
 The rising doubt, how sharp its pain!  
 My fears, O gracious God! remove;  
 Speak me an object of thy love.
- 5 Search, Lord, O search my inmost heart,  
 And light, and hope, and joy impart:  
 From guilt and error set me free,  
 And guide me safe to heaven and thee.

## HYMN 19. 7s.

**S**E EK, my soul, the narrow gate,  
 Enter, ere it be too late;  
 Many ask to enter there,  
 When too late to offer prayer.

- 2 God from mercy's seat shall rise,  
 And for ever bar the skies:  
 Then, though sinners cry without,  
 He will say, "I know you not."

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

## HYMN 20. C. M.

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

- 2 Reflect; thou hast a soul to save;  
 Thy sins, how high they mount!  
 What are thy hopes beyond the grave?  
 How stands that dark account?
- 3 Death enters, and there's no defence;  
 His time there's none can tell;  
 He'll in a moment call thee hence  
 To heaven, or down to hell.
- 4 Thy flesh, perhaps thy greatest care,  
 Shall crawling worms consume:  
 But ah! destruction stops not there;  
 Sin kills beyond the tomb.

## HYMN 21. 4 7s.

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

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

## HYMN 22.

*Poor wildered weeping heart.*

- P**OOR wildered weeping heart,  
What can relieve thee?  
Come, sinful as thou art,  
Christ will receive thee :  
Come, though with woes oppress'd,  
Soft is thy Saviour's breast,  
There may'st thou sweetly rest,  
There naught can grieve thee.
- 2 Come, trembling, timid soul,  
Why this delaying?  
Thunders that o'er thee roll,  
Fall on thee straying ;  
Turn from destruction's ways,  
Turn to the throne of grace ;  
There seek thy Father's face,  
Weeping and praying.



3 Hence, guilty fear and doubt,  
 Leave me for ever;  
 Lord, wilt thou cast me out?  
 Never—oh never;  
 From unbelief of mind,  
 From thoughts to sin inclined,  
 From flesh and hell combined,  
 Thou wilt deliver.

HYMN 23. 8s 7s & 1 4.

*Intercession.*

LORD, my ransom'd soul adores thee,  
 LTHOU my joy and portion art:  
 Day and night I plead before thee—  
 Answer, Lord—thy grace impart:  
 Send thy Spirit,  
 Pierce the stubborn sinner's heart.

2 Ah! dear Lord, they're bound for ruin,  
 Hasting down to endless woe:  
 While their danger we are viewing,  
 Streams of briny sorrow flow:  
 Lord, alarm them,  
 Or to ruin they must go.

3 See, dear Lord, our near connexions,  
 Dear companions all around,  
 Brothers, sisters, children, parents,  
 Down to desperation bound:  
 Jesus, save them!  
 Let the lost again be found.

4 Death, it may be, now is near them;  
 Soon they'll feel his cold embrace:  
 Gracious Master, shall we hear them  
 Mourn thy long rejected grace?  
 Lord, constrain them  
 Now to seek a Saviour's face.

- 6 Lord, we view the separation  
 At thy great, tremendous bar;  
 Mourning, weeping, lamentation,  
 Must be their employment there.  
 Must we see them  
 Stand their awful doom to hear?
- 7 Must we there be separated,  
 Never, never more to meet?  
 Mournful scene, long contemplated!  
 Lord, and is there mercy yet?  
 Lay them prostrate,  
 Precious Jesus, at thy feet.
- 8 Lord, display thy matchless power;  
 Pierce their stubborn hearts of stone;  
 Make them dread that awful hour—  
 Bow them, Lord, before the throne;  
 Save them, Jesus,  
 Save them—save them for thine own!

## HYMN 24. 6 7s.

*The Lord crucified for our sins.*

**H**EARTS of stone, relent, relent;  
 Break, by Jesus' cross subdued;  
 See his body, mangled—rent,  
 Cover'd with a gore of blood;  
 Sinful soul, what hast thou done!  
 Crucified God's only Son.

- 2 Yes, our sins have done the deed,  
 Drove the nails that fix'd him there,  
 Crown'd with thorns his sacred head,  
 Pierc'd him with a soldier's spear;  
 Made his soul a sacrifice,  
 For a sinful world he dies.

- 3 Will you let him die in vain,  
 Still to death pursue your Lord,  
 Open tear his wounds again,  
 Trample on his precious blood?  
 No! with all my sins I'll part;  
 Saviour, take my broken heart.

## HYMN 25. 6 6s &amp; 2 8s.

YE simple souls that stray  
 Far from the path of peace,  
 That unfrequented way  
 To life and happiness,—  
 How long will ye your folly love,  
 And throng the downward road,  
 And hate the wisdom from above,  
 And mock the sons of God!

- 2 Madness and misery,  
 Ye count our lives beneath;  
 And nothing great can see,  
 Or glorious in our death!  
 As born to suffer and to grieve,  
 Beneath your feet we lie;  
 And utterly contemn'd we live,  
 And unlamented die.
- 3 Poor pensive sojourners,  
 O'erwhelm'd with grief and woes,  
 Perplexed with needless fears,  
 And pleasure's mortal foes;  
 More irksome than a gaping tomb,  
 Our sight ye cannot bear,  
 Wrapt in the melancholy gloom  
 Of fanciful despair.

4 So wretched and obscure,  
The men whom ye despise,  
So foolish, weak and poor,  
Above your scorn we rise:  
Our conscience in the Holy Ghost  
Can witness better things:  
For He whose blood is all our boast  
Hath made us priests and kings.

5 Riches unsearchable  
In Jesus' love we know ;  
And pleasures from the well  
Of life our souls o'erflow ;  
From him the Spirit we receive  
Of wisdom, grace, and power,  
And always sorrowful, we live  
Rejoicing evermore.

6 Angels our servants are,  
And keep in all our ways,  
And in their hands they bear  
The sacred sons of grace ;  
Our guardians to that heavenly bliss,  
They all our steps attend ;  
And God himself our Father is,  
And Jesus is our friend.

7 With him we walk in white,  
We in his image shine ;  
Our robes are robes of light,  
Our righteousness divine :  
On all the grov'ling things of earth  
With pity we look down,  
And claim, in virtue of our birth,  
A never-fading crown.

## HYMN 26. 4 8s &amp; 2 6s.

**M**Y days, my weeks, my months, my years  
Fly rapid as the rolling spheres  
Around the steady pole ;  
Time, like the tide, its motion keeps,  
And I must launch thro' shoreless deeps  
Where endless ages roll.

- 2 The grave is near the cradle seen ;  
How swift the moments pass between,  
And whisper as they fly,—  
“ Unthinking man, remember this,  
Though fond of sublunary bliss,  
That you must groan and die.”
- 3 My soul, attend the solemn call ;  
Thine earthly tent must shortly fall,  
And thou must take thy flight  
Beyond the vast expansive blue,  
To sing above as angels do,  
Or sink in endless night.
- 4 How great the bliss, how great the woe,  
Hangs on this inch of time below,  
On this precarious breath !  
The Lord of nature only knows,  
Whether another year shall close,  
Ere I expire in death.
- 5 Long ere the sun shall run his round,  
I may be buried under ground,  
And there in silence lay:  
Alas ! an hour may close the scene,  
And ere twelve months shall roll between,  
My name quite pass away.

- 6 But will my soul be thus extinct,  
 And cease to live, and cease to think?  
 It cannot, cannot be;  
 No, my immortal cannot die:  
 What wilt thou do, or whither fly,  
 When death shall set thee free?
- 7 Will mercy then her arms extend,  
 Will Jesus be thy guardian friend,  
 And heaven thy dwelling place?  
 Or shall insulting fiends appear,  
 And drag thee down to dark despair,  
 Below the reach of grace?
- 8 A heav'n or hell, and these alone  
 Beyond the present life are known;  
 There is no middle state:  
 To-day attend the call divine;  
 To-morrow may be none of thine,  
 Or it may be too late.
- 9 Lord, at thy footstool I would bow,  
 Bid conscience plainly tell me now,  
 What it would tell me then;  
 Thy grace impart, my guilt forgive,  
 Nor let me ever dare to live  
 So as I dare not die.

## 2. INVITATION AND ENCOURAGEMENT.

## HYMN 27. 8s 7s &amp; 1 4.

- COME, ye sinners, poor and needy,  
 Weak and wounded, sick and sore,  
 Jesus ready stands to save you,  
 Full of pity, love, and power ;  
 He is able,  
 He is willing, doubt no more.
- 2 Now, ye needy, come and welcome,  
 God's free bounty glorify ;  
 True belief and true repentance,  
 Every grace that brings you nigh,  
 Without money,  
 Come to Jesus Christ and buy.
- 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 glimmering beam.
- 4 Come, ye weary, heavy-laden,  
 Bruised and mangled by the fall ;  
 If you tarry till you're better,  
 You will never come at all ;  
 Not the righteous,  
 Sinners, Jesus came to call.
- 5 Agonizing in the garden,  
 Lo! your Maker prostrate lies!  
 On the bloody tree behold him!  
 Hear him cry before he dies,  
 " It is finish'd !"  
 Sinners, will not this suffice?

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

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

HYMN 28. 8s & 7s.

**H**ARK! the gospel trumpet's sounding;  
 Sinners, hear the joyful call;  
 Christ, in pard'ning love abounding,  
 Offers liberty to all.

*Turn to the Lord and seek salvation,  
 Through the precious Saviour's name,  
 Pardon, peace and full redemption,  
 None that seek shall seek in vain.*

2 Tho' your crimes have reach'd to heaven,  
 And of deepest die appear;  
 Ask, and they shall be forgiven,  
 Seek, and you shall find him near.

3 Though the sinful world reject you,  
 Guardian angels hovering round,  
 Ever ready to protect you,  
 Flaming ministers are found.



- 4 Cast your load of guilt behind you,  
To the Lord for mercy flee:  
Though the strongest fetters bind you,  
His salvation makes you free,—
- 5 Free from hell's eternal prison,  
Unbelief's tormenting chain;  
Endless woe, and sad perdition;  
Free from everlasting pain.
- 6 Turn, poor sinners, turn to Jesus,  
Now while he inviting stands;  
See, the blessed, loving Saviour  
Holds to you his wounded hands.

## HYMN 29. 7s.

**P**ILGRIM, burden'd with thy sin,  
Haste to Zion's gate to-day;  
There, till mercy let thee in,  
Knock and weep and watch and pray.

- 2 Knock—for mercy lends an ear;  
Weep—she marks the sinner's sigh;  
Watch—till heavenly light appear;  
Pray—she hears the mourner's cry.
- 3 Mourning Pilgrim! what for thee  
In this world can now remain?  
Seek that world from which shall flee  
Sorrow, shame, and tears and pain.
- 4 Sorrow shall for ever fly;  
Shame shall never enter there;  
Tears be wip'd from every eye,  
Pain in endless bliss expire.

## HYMN 30. C. M.

*And yet there is room.* Luke xiv, 22.

- YE wretched, hungry, starving poor,  
Behold a royal feast!  
Where mercy spreads her bounteous store  
For ev'ry humble guest.
- 2 See, Jesus stands with open arms;  
He calls, he bids you come!  
Guilt holds you back, and fear alarms;  
But see, there yet is room!
- 3 Room in the Saviour's bleeding heart;  
There love and pity meet:  
Nor will he bid the soul depart,  
That trembles at his feet.
- 4 In him the Father, reconcil'd,  
Invites your souls to come:  
The rebel shall be call'd a child,  
And kindly welcom'd home.
- 5 O come, and with his children taste  
The blessings of his love,  
While hope attends the sweet repast  
Of nobler joys above.
- 6 There, with united heart and voice,  
Before th' eternal throne,  
Ten thousand thousand souls rejoice  
In ecstasies unknown.
- 7 And yet ten thousand thousand more  
Are welcome still to come;  
Ye longing souls, the grace adore;  
Approach, there yet is room!

## HYMN 31.

*"Woe, woe to the sinner."*

**W**OE, woe to the sinner, who lives in his  
sin;

Unrighteous without and unholy within;  
Each thought of his heart, and each look  
of his eye,

Is tainted with sin—and his doom is to die.

2 Woe, woe to the sinner; his hopes bright,  
but vain,

Will turn to despair, and his pleasures to  
pain;

To whom in the day of distress will he fly?  
Forsaken of God;—and his doom is to die.

3 Woe, woe to the sinner; his deeds of dark  
night

Shall all be revealed by eternity's light;  
Like spectres of horror, shall each meet  
his eye;

Too late then to pray, for his doom is to die.

4 Woe, woe to the sinner, who lives at his  
ease,

Expecting long years of enjoyment and  
peace;

His barns he may build, and his hopes  
may be high,

But God hath declared that his doom is  
to die.

5 Woe, woe to the sinner in gaudy array,  
Who feasts in profusion from day unto day;  
For water, alas! soon in vain will he cry,  
Tormented in flames;—for his doom is to  
die.

6 Woe, woe to the sinner, who will not repent;  
 To hell shall his sin-burdened spirit be sent;  
 For ever in that fearful prison to lie,  
 No hope for him there ;—oh ! his doom is  
 to die.

HYMN 32. 4 6s & 2 8s.

*The year of Jubilee.*

**B**LOW ye the trumpet, blow  
 The gladly solemn sound !  
 Let all the nations know

To earth's remotest bound:  
 The year of Jubilee is come ;  
 Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

2 Exalt the Lamb of God,  
 The sin-atonning Lamb ;  
 Redemption by his blood,  
 Through all the lands proclaim ;  
 The year of Jubilee is come,  
 Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

3 Ye slaves of sin and hell,  
 Your liberty receive ;  
 And safe in Jesus dwell,  
 And blest in Jesus live :  
 The year of Jubilee is come,  
 Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

4 The gospel trumpet hear,  
 The news of pardoning grace ;  
 Ye happy souls, draw near,  
 Behold your Saviour's face ;  
 The year of Jubilee is come ;  
 Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

5 Jesus, our great High Priest,  
 Has full atonement made:  
 Ye weary spirits, rest;  
 Ye mournful souls, be glad:  
 The year of Jubilee is come;  
 Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

## HYMN 33. 5 8s &amp; 1 4.

*The Gospel Trumpet.*

- H**ARK, how the gospel trumpet sounds;  
 Through all the world the echo bounds,  
 And Jesus, with redeeming blood  
 Is bringing sinners home to God,  
 And guides them safely by his word  
 To endless day.
- 2 Hail, all-victorious, conquering Lord,  
 By all the heavenly hosts adored,  
 Who undertook for sinful man,  
 And brought salvation through thy name,  
 That we with thee might live and reign  
 In endless day.
- 3 Fight on, ye conquering souls, fight on,  
 And when the conquest you have won,  
 Then palms of victory you shall bear,  
 And in his kingdom have a share,  
 And crowns of glory ever wear,  
 In endless day.
- 4 Thy blood, dear Jesus, once was spilt,  
 To save our souls from sin and guilt;  
 And sinners now may seek the Lord,  
 And find salvation through his word,  
 And march with joy and sweet accord  
 To endless day.

5 There we shall in full chorus join,  
 With saints and angels all combine,  
 To sing of his redeeming love,  
 When rolling years shall cease to move,  
 And this shall be our theme above,  
 In endless day.

HYMN 34. 7s & 9s.

- B**RETHREN, hear the martial sound,  
 The Gospel trumpet now is blowing,  
 Men in order, listing round,  
 And soldiers to the standard flowing!  
 Bounty's offered—joy and peace  
 To every soldier now is given;  
 When from toil and war they cease,  
 A mansion bright prepared in heaven.
- 2 Those who long in debt have laid,  
 And feel the hand of sore oppression,  
 Have their debts all freely paid,  
 And share at once a rich possession:  
 Lo! the sick, the blind, the dumb  
 Leave all their maladies behind them!  
 Rebel outlaws, when they come, [them.  
 Feel love's sweet bonds completely bind
- 3 Victory is not to the strong;  
 The burden's on our Captain's shoulder;  
 None so aged, none so young,  
 But may enlist and be a soldier:  
 Those who cannot fight or fly,  
 Beneath his banner find protection;  
 None who on his name rely  
 Shall be reduc'd to base subjection.

- 4 Fear ye not, the cause is good ;  
 Come—who will to the crown aspire ?  
 In this cause the martyrs stood,  
 And shouted victory in the fire.  
 In this cause we'll follow on ;  
 And soon we'll tell the wondrous story,  
 How, by faith, we gained the crown.  
 And fought our way to life and glory.
- 5 Lo, the battle is begun,—  
 Behold the armies now in motion !  
 Some the fight have almost won,  
 And grasp by faith their future portion !  
 Hark ! the victors sing aloud ;  
 Immanuel's chariot wheels are rolling ;  
 Mourners weeping through the crowd,  
 And Satan's throne like lightning falling.
- 6 Now, ye rebels, come, enlist,  
 The officers are still recruiting ;  
 Will you still in sin persist,  
 And spend your time in vain disputing ?  
 All your caviling is vain ;  
 And if you do not sue for favor,  
 Down you'll sink to endless pain,  
 To bear the wrath of God for ever.

## HYMN 35. L. M.

COME, sinners, to the gospel feast ;  
 Let every soul be Jesus' guest ;  
 Ye need not one be left behind,  
 For God hath bidden all mankind.

## CHORUS.

Oh, hallelujah ! grace is free ;  
 There's enough for each and enough for all,  
 And enough for evermore.

- 2 Sent by my Lord, on you I call ;  
The invitation is to all :  
Come, all the world ; come, sinner thou ;  
All things in Christ are ready now.
- 3 Come all ye souls by sin opprest,  
Ye restless wanderers after rest ;  
Ye poor, and maimed, and halt, and blind,  
In Christ a hearty welcome find.
- 4 My message as from God receive ;  
Ye all may come to Christ and live ;  
O let his love your hearts constrain,  
Nor suffer him to die in vain !
- 5 See him set forth before your eyes,  
That precious bleeding sacrifice !  
His offered benefits embrace,  
And freely now be saved by grace.
- 6 This is the time ; no more delay ;  
Th' accepted time—salvation's day ;  
Come in, this moment, at his call,  
And live for him who died for all.

## HYMN 36. 8s 7s &amp; 1 4.

*Invitation.*

**SINNERS!** 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! leave father, mother;  
 To your Saviour's bosom fly:  
 Leave the worthless world behind you;  
 Seek for pardon, or you die:  
 "Pardon, Saviour,"  
 Hear the sinking sinner cry.
- 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 destruction,  
 Turn not, look not back again;  
 Fly to Jesus,  
 Linger not in all the plain!

## HYMN 37. L. M.

MY Lord, my life, at last to thee,  
 The sinner's Friend, for aid I flee:  
 No other help, nor hope have I;  
 Oh, wilt thou let the sinner die?

- 2 Thy name is love—to me make known  
 The grace for which I pant and groan;

- Thou only canst that grace supply;  
Oh, wilt thou let the sinner die?
- 3 My guilt I own—'tis wholly mine,  
The power to save is only thine;  
Canst thou that saving power deny?  
Oh, wilt thou let the sinner die?
- 4 I weep, I mourn—but how can tears  
Wash out the hardened guilt of years?  
I only on thy blood rely;  
Oh, wilt thou let the sinner die?
- 5 To save my soul didst thou not bleed?  
Dost thou not live to intercede?  
My Friend, my Advocate on high,  
Oh, wilt thou let the sinner die?
- 6 Oh no, oh no—my soul shall live,  
And Christ shall all the praise receive,  
Shall live his grace to testify—  
Thou wilt not let the sinner die.

## HYMN 38. L. M.

- COME, weary souls, with sins distress'd,  
Come, and accept the promised rest;  
The Saviour's gracious call obey,  
And cast your gloomy fears away.
- 2 Oppress'd with guilt, a painful load,  
Oh, come, and spread your woes abroad;  
Divine compassion, mighty love,  
Will all the painful load remove.
- 3 Here mercy's boundless ocean flows,  
To cleanse your guilt and heal your woes;  
Pardon and life and endless peace;  
How rich the gift, how free the grace!

- 4 Lord, we accept, with thankful heart,  
The hope thy gracious words impart;  
We come with trembling, yet rejoice  
And bless the kind inviting voice.

## HYMN 39. L. M.

**T**O-DAY if you will hear his voice,  
Now is the time to make your choice;  
Say, will you be for ever blest,  
And with the glorious Jesus rest?

- 2 Will you be saved from guilt and pain?  
Will you with Christ for ever reign?  
Say, will you to Mount Zion go?  
Say, will you have this Christ or no?
- 3 Come, blooming youth, for ruin bound,  
Obey the gospel's joyful sound;  
Come, go with us, and you shall prove  
The joys of Christ's redeeming love.
- 4 Behold, he's waiting at your door!  
Make now your choice; O halt no more:  
Say, sinner, say, what will you do?  
Say, will you have this Christ or no?
- 5 Your sports, and all your glittering toys,  
Compared to our celestial joys,  
Like momentary dreams appear;  
Come, go with us--your souls are dear.
- 6 Why rush in carnal pleasures on?  
Why madly plunge in sorrow down?  
Say, without Christ, what can you do  
Say, will you have this Christ or no?

- 7 O, must we bid you all farewell,  
 We bound to heaven, and you to hell?  
 Still God may hear us while we pray,  
 And change you, ere that burning day?
- 8 Once more we ask you in his name,  
 We know his love remains the same;  
 Say, will you to Mount Zion go?  
 Say, will you have this Christ or no?

## HYMN 40. 5 7s &amp; 3 6s.

- SINNER, hear the Saviour's call,  
 He now is passing by;  
 He has seen thy grievous thrall,  
 And heard thy mournful cry;  
 He has pardon to impart,  
 Grace to save thee from thy fears;  
 See the love that fills his heart,  
 And wipe away thy tears.
- 2 Why art thou afraid to come,  
 And tell him all thy case?  
 He will not pronounce thy doom,  
 Nor frown thee from his face.  
 Wilt thou fear Immanuel?  
 Wilt thou fear the Lamb of God,  
 Who, to save thy soul from hell,  
 Has shed his precious blood?
- 3 Think how on the cross he hung,  
 Pierced with five bleeding wounds!  
 Hark! from each, as with a tongue,  
 The voice of pardon sounds!  
 See, from all his bursting veins,  
 Blood of wondrous virtue flow,  
 Shed to wash away thy stains,  
 And ransom thee from woe.

- 4 Though his majesty be great,  
 His mercy is no less;  
 Though he thy transgressions hate,  
 He feels for thy distress:  
 By himself the Lord has sworn  
 He delights not in thy death,  
 But invites thee to return,  
 That thou may'st live by faith.
- 5 Raise thy downcast eyes, and see  
 What throngs his throne surround;  
 These, though sinners once like thee,  
 Have full salvation found;  
 Yield not, then, to unbelief,  
 While he says, "There yet is room,  
 Though of sinners thou art chief,"  
 Since Jesus calls thee home.

## HYMN 41. 7s.

*Sufficiency of Christ.*

- B**LEEDING hearts, defiled by sin,  
 Jesus Christ can make you clean:  
 Contrite souls, with guilt oppress'd,  
 Jesus Christ can give you rest.
- 2 You that mourn o'er follies past,  
 Precious hours and years laid waste;  
 Turn to God, O turn and live,  
 Jesus Christ still can forgive.
- 3 You that oft have wandered far  
 From the light of Bethleh'm star,  
 Trembling, now your steps retrace,  
 Jesus Christ is full of grace.

- 4 Souls benighted and forlorn,  
Griev'd, afflicted, tempest-worn,  
Now in Israel's Rock confide,  
Jesus Christ for man has died.
- 5 Fainting souls, in peril's hour  
Yield not to the tempter's power;  
On the risen Lord rely,  
Jesus Christ now reigns on high.

## HYMN 42. P. M.

COME, ye disconsolate, where'er ye languish,  
Come, at the mercy-seat fervently kneel:  
Here bring your wounded hearts, here tell  
your anguish;  
Earth has no sorrow that heaven cannot  
heal.

- 2 Joy of the desolate, light of the straying,  
Hope, when all others die, fadeless and  
pure;  
Here speaks the Comforter, in mercy say-  
ing,  
"Earth has no sorrow that heaven can-  
not cure."

## HYMN 43. C. M.

COME, humble sinner, in whose breast  
A thousand thoughts revolve;  
Come with your guilt and fear oppress'd,  
And make this last resolve:—

- 2 "I'll go to Jesus, though my sins  
Have like a mountain rose;  
I know his courts, I'll enter in,  
Whatever may oppose.

- 3 " Prostrate I'll lie before his throne,  
 And there my guilt confess ;  
 I'll tell him I'm a wretch undone,  
 Without his sov'reign grace.
- 4 " I'll to my gracious king approach,  
 Whose sceptre pardon gives,  
 Perhaps he may command a touch,  
 And then the suppliant lives.
- 5 " Perhaps he may admit my plea,  
 Perhaps may hear my prayer ;  
 But if I perish, I will pray,  
 And perish only there.
- 6 " I can but perish if I go,  
 I am resolved to try,  
 For if I stay away, I know  
 I must for ever die."

## HYMN 44.

LOVE! love! love!  
 Love for the fallen weak!—  
 From realms of joy he fled,  
 The lost in sin to seek,  
 And to bring to life the dead;  
 He left his glorious throne,  
 And his angel hosts above,  
 And claimed us for his own,  
 It was love, unbounded love.

- 2 Love! love! love!  
 Love for the sick and faint!—  
 'Twas love his footsteps moved;  
 Where sorrow dwelt he went,  
 And the poor his friendship proved,

The haunts of grief he sought,  
 And the dungeons of despair;  
 And oh! what deeds he wrought  
 For the sick and dying there.

3 Love! love! love!

Love on the cross displayed!  
 The Prince of Life to bleed!  
 In death's damp prison laid!—  
 It was love, pure love indeed!  
 For us from death arose!—  
 He arose and went on high—  
 He triumphed o'er our foes,  
 And he lives, no more to die.

Love! love! love!

Love on the throne of heaven!  
 He changes not his name;  
 All power to him is given,  
 And his love is still the same;  
 And we shall share his throne,  
 For he died and lives for this:  
 Bright heaven shall be our own—  
 An eternity of bliss.

#### HYMN 45. C. M.

**A**TTEND, young friends, while I relate  
 The dangers you are in;  
 The evils that around you wait,  
 While subject unto sin.  
 Although you flourish like the rose,  
 While in its branches green,  
 Your sparkling eyes in death must close,  
 No more will they be seen.



- 2 In silent shades you must lie down,  
 Long in your graves to dwell ;  
 Your friends will then stand weeping round,  
 And bid a long farewell.  
 How small this world will then appear  
 At the tremendous hour  
 When you Jehovah's voice shall hear,  
 And feel his mighty power.
- 3 In vain you'll mourn, your days are past,  
 Alas ! those days are gone,  
 Your golden hours are spent at last,  
 And never will return.  
 O come this moment and begin  
 While life's sweet moments last,  
 Turn to the Lord, forsake all sin,  
 And he'll forgive the past.

## HYMN 46. P. M.

*Mourning Penitents.*

**D**ROOPING souls, no longer mourn,  
 Jesus still is precious :  
 If to him you now return,  
 Heav'n will be propitious.  
 Jesus now is passing by,  
 Calling wand'ers near him :  
 Drooping souls, you need not die :  
 Go to him and hear him.

- 2 He has pardons, full and free,  
 Drooping souls to gladden ;  
 Still he cries, " Come unto me,  
 Weary, heavy laden."

Tho' your sins like mountains high  
 Rise, and reach to heaven!  
 Soon as you on him rely,  
 All shall be forgiven.

- 3 Precious is the Saviour's name,  
 All his saints adore him;  
 He to save the dying came,—  
 Prostrate bow before him:  
 Wand'ring sinners, now return:  
 Contrite souls, believe him!  
 Jesus calls you; cease to mourn:  
 Worship him; receive him.

HYMN 47. C. M.

*"Lord, help mine unbelief."*

THERE is a voice of sov'reign grace  
 Sounds from the sacred word;  
 "Ho! ye despairing sinners, come,  
 And trust a faithful Lord."

- 2 My soul obeys the gracious call,  
 And runs to this relief;  
 I would believe thy promise, Lord,  
 Oh! help mine unbelief!
- 3 To the dear fountain of thy blood,  
 Incarnate God, I fly;  
 Here let me wash my spotted soul  
 From crimes of deepest dye.
- 4 Stretch out thine arm, victorious King,  
 My reigning sins subdue;  
 Drive the old dragon from his seat  
 With his apostate crew.

- 5 A guilty, weak, and helpless worm,  
 Into thine arms I fall ;  
 Be thou my strength and righteousness,  
 My Saviour and my all !

## HYMN 48. 4 6s &amp; 2 8s.

*Yet there is room.* Luke xiv, 22.

- Y**E dying sons of men,  
 Immersed in sin and woe,  
 The Gospel's voice attend  
 While Jesus sends to you ;  
 Ye perishing and guilty, come,—  
 In Jesus' arms there yet is room.
- 2 No longer now delay,  
 Nor vain excuses frame :  
 He bids you come to-day,  
 Though poor, and blind, and lame :  
 All things are ready, sinner, come,—  
 For every trembling soul there's room.
- 3 Believe the heav'nly word  
 His messengers proclaim ;  
 He is a gracious Lord,  
 And faithful is his name :  
 Backsliding souls, return and come,—  
 Cast off despair, there yet is room.
- 4 Compell'd by bleeding love,  
 Ye wand'ring sheep, draw near ;  
 Christ calls you from above ;  
 His charming accents hear !  
 Let whosoever will, now come,—  
 In mercy's breast there still is room.

## HYMN 49. P. M.

*Come to-day.*

CHILD of sin and sorrow,  
 Fill'd with dismay,  
 Wait not for to-morrow,  
 Yield thee to-day;  
 Heaven bids thee come,  
 While yet there's room;  
 Child of sin and sorrow,  
 Hear and obey.

2 Child of sin and sorrow,  
 Why wilt thou die?  
 Come, while thou canst borrow  
 Help from on high:  
 Grieve not that love,  
 Which from above—  
 Child of sin and sorrow—  
 Would bring thee nigh.

## HYMN 50. L. M.

RETURN, poor wanderer, return,  
 And seek an injured Father's face;  
 Those warm desires that in thee burn  
 Were kindled by reclaiming grace.

2 Return, poor wanderer, return  
 And seek a Father's melting heart;  
 His pitying eyes thy grief discern,  
 His hand shall heal thy inward smart.

3 Return, poor wanderer, return;  
 Thy Saviour bids thy spirit live;  
 Go to his bleeding feet, and learn  
 How freely Jesus can forgive.

- 4 Return, poor wanderer, return  
 And wipe away the falling tear ;  
 'Tis God who says—" No longer mourn ;"  
 'Tis mercy's voice invites thee near.

## HYMN 51. S. M.

*The accepted time.*

- N**OW is the accepted time—  
 Now is the day of grace :  
 Now, sinners, come without delay,  
 And seek the Saviour's face.
- 2 Now is the accepted time,  
 The Saviour calls to-day;—  
 Pardon and peace he freely gives ;  
 Then why should you delay ?
- 3 Now is the accepted time ;  
 The gospel bids you come :  
 And every promise in his word  
 Declares " There yet is room."
- 4 Lord, draw reluctant souls,  
 And feast them with thy love :  
 Then will the angels clap their wings,  
 And bear the news above.
- 5 Assembled round his throne,  
 They shall his face behold,  
 And sing of all his dying pains,  
 Whose love can ne'er be told.

## HYMN 52. 6 7s.

**W**EARY souls that wander wide  
 From the central point of bliss,  
 Turn to Jesus crucified,  
 Fly to those dear wounds of his :

Sink into the purple flood ;  
Rise into the life of God.

2 Find in Christ the way of peace,  
Peace unspeakable, unknown !  
By his pain he gives you ease ;  
Life by his expiring groan ;  
Rise exalted by his fall,  
Find in Christ your all in all.

3 O believe the record true,  
God to you his Son hath given !  
Ye may now be happy too,  
Find on earth the life of heaven :  
Live the life of heaven above,  
All the life of glorious love.

4 This the universal bliss,  
Bliss for every soul design'd ,  
God's orig'nal promise this,  
God's great gift to all mankind :  
Blest in Christ this moment be,  
Blest to all eternity !

**HYMN 53.** 8s & 7s.

*Christ at the door.*

**J**ESUS stands, O how amazing,  
Stands and knocks at every door :  
In his hands ten thousand blessings,  
Proffered to the wretched poor.

2 See him bleeding, dying, rising,  
To prepare you heavenly rest ;  
Listen while he kindly calls you,  
Hear—and be for ever blest.

- 3 Will you spurn his richest mercy,  
 Spurn—and sink to endless pain;  
 Or to realms of bliss and glory  
 Rise and with him ever reign?

## HYMN 54. 7s.

Matt. xi, 28.

COME, ye weary sinners, come,  
 All who feel your heavy load;  
 Jesus calls the wand'ers home;  
 Hasten to your pard'ning God,  
 Come, ye guilty souls, opprest,  
 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 Burden'd with a world of grief,  
 Burden'd with our sinful load,  
 Burden'd with this unbelief,  
 Burden'd with the wrath of God,  
 Lo, we come to thee for ease,  
 True and gracious as thou art;  
 Now our weary souls release,  
 Write forgiveness on our heart.

## HYMN 55. 7s.

*"Lovest thou me."*

**H**ARK, my soul, it is the Lord!  
 'Tis thy Saviour, hear his word;  
 Jesus speaks, he speaks to thee:  
 "Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou me?"

2 "I delivered thee when bound,  
 And when bleeding healed thy wound,  
 Sought thee wand'ring, set thee right,  
 Turned thy darkness into light.

3 "Can a mother's tender care  
 Cease toward the child she bare?  
 Yes, she may forgetful be,  
 Yet will I remember thee

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

5 "Thou shalt soon my glory see,  
 When the work of faith is done,  
 Partner of my throne shalt be:  
 Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou me?"

6 Lord, it is my chief complaint,  
 That my love is still so faint;  
 Yet I love thee and adore:—  
 O for grace to love thee more!

## HYMN 56. C. M.

**O** WHAT amazing words of grace  
 Are in the gospel found!  
 Suited to every sinner's case  
 Who knows the joyful sound.



- 2 Poor, sinful, thirsty, fainting souls  
 Are freely welcome here ;  
 Salvation, like a river, rolls  
 Abundant, free, and clear.
- 3 Come, then, with all your wants and wounds,  
 Your every burden bring ;  
 Here love, unchanging love abounds,  
 A deep celestial spring !
- 4 Whoever will, (O gracious word !)  
 Shall of this stream partake ;  
 Come, thirsty souls, and bless the Lord,  
 And drink for Jesus' sake !
- 5 Millions of sinners, vile as you,  
 Have here found life and peace :  
 Come, then, and prove its virtues too,  
 And drink, adore and bless.

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 III. PENITENCE AND SUPPLICATION.

## HYMN 57. L. M.

*And I will take away the stony heart, and I will give  
 you a heart of flesh. Ezek. xxxvi, 26.*

O FOR a glance of heavenly day  
 To take this stubborn heart away ;  
 And thaw, with beams of love divine,  
 This heart—this frozen heart of mine !

- 2 The rocks can rend, the earth can quake,  
 The seas can roar, the mountains shake ;  
 Of feeling all things show some sign,  
 But this unfeeling heart of mine.

- 3 To hear the sorrows thou hast felt,  
O Lord, e'en adamant would melt;  
But I can read each touching line,  
And nothing moves this heart of mine.
- 4 Thy judgments too unmov'd I hear,  
(Amazing thought!) which devils fear;  
Goodness and wrath in vain combine  
To stir this stupid heart of mine.
- 5 Eternal Spirit! mighty God!  
Apply to me the Saviour's blood;  
'Tis his rich blood, and his alone  
Can move and melt this heart of stone.

## HYMN 58. C. M.

**A**FFLICTIONS, tho' they seem severe,  
In mercy oft are sent;  
They stopp'd the prodigal's career,  
And caused him to repent.

- 2 Although he no relentings felt,  
Till he had spent his store,  
His stubborn heart began to melt  
When famine pinched him sore.
- 3 "What have I gained by sin," he said,  
"But hunger, shame, and fear?  
My Father's house abounds with bread,  
While I am starving here.
- 4 "I'll go and tell him all I've done,  
Fall down before his face,  
Unworthy to be call'd his son,  
I'll seek a servant's place."

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

## HYMN 59. L. M.

OH! give me, Lord, my sins to mourn;  
 My sins, which have my body torn :  
 Give me, with broken heart, to see  
 Thy last tremendous agony.

- 2 Oh! could I gain the mountain's height,  
 And gaze upon the wondrous sight:  
 Oh! that, with Salem's daughters, I  
 Could stand and see my Saviour die!
- 3 I'd hang around his feet, and cry—  
 Lord, save a soul condemn'd to die ;  
 And let a wretch come near thy throne  
 To plead the merits of thy Son.

- 4 Father of mercy, drop thy frown,  
 And give me shelter in thy Son;  
 And with my broken prayer comply—  
 O save me, Jesus, or I die.
- 5 O Lord, deny me what thou wilt,  
 If thou wilt ease me of my guilt;  
 Good Lord, in mercy, hear me cry,  
 And give me Jesus, or I die.

## HYMN 60. C. M.

- T**HIS good to wait upon the Lord,  
 When Christ himself draws near,  
 And ev'ry heart with one accord  
 Ascends in solemn prayer.
- 2 While thus we feel the Saviour's love,  
 In heavenly show'rs descend,  
 Our souls commune with saints above,  
 In bliss that knows no end.
- 3 We taste the precious streams of grace;  
 The fountain makes them sing:  
 We travel through the wilderness—  
 They sit before the King.
- 4 We pray for grace to hold out well,  
 The conflict but begun:  
 They of their past engagements tell,  
 And sing the conquests won.
- 5 We fight the battles of the Lord,  
 And are sometimes cast down;  
 They wield no more the warrior's sword,  
 But wear the conqueror's crown.

## HYMN 61. L. M.

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 My crimes are great, but don't surpass  
 The power and glory of thy grace;  
 Great God, thy nature hath no bound,  
 So let thy pard'ning love be found.
- 3 O wash my soul from every sin,  
 And make my guilty conscience clean;  
 Here on my heart the burden lies,  
 And past offences pain mine eyes.
- 4 My lips with shame my sins confess,  
 Against thy law—against thy grace;  
 Lord, should thy judgments grow severe,  
 I am condemn'd, but thou art clear.
- 5 Should sudden vengeance seize my breath,  
 I must pronounce thee just in death;  
 And if my soul were sent to hell,  
 Thy righteous law approves it well.
- 9 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.

HYMN 62 *Troubadore.*

JESUS, our song to thee joyful we raise;  
 Thou art the source of joy, thine be  
 the praise;  
 Lend us fresh courage, Lord—guide us,  
 we pray;  
 Be thou our constant aid, day unto day.

- 2 While in this vale of tears, mark out our  
 path ;  
 Save us from doubts and fears; strengthen  
 our faith ;  
 Help us to do thy will; crown us with  
 peace ;  
 Let us abide in thee, till life shall cease ;

## HYMN 63. 7s.

*Jacob's wrestling with God. Gen. xxxii, 26.*

- LORD, I cannot let thee go,  
 Till a blessing thou bestow ;  
 Do not turn away thy face;  
 Mine's an urgent, pressing case.
- 2 Dost thou ask me who I am?  
 Ah! my Lord, thou know'st my name!  
 Yet the question gives a plea  
 To support my suit with thee!
- 3 Thou didst once a wretch behold,  
 In rebellion blindly bold,  
 Scorn thy grace—thy power defy—  
 That poor rebel, Lord, was I.
- 4 Once a sinner near despair  
 Sought thy mercy-seat by prayer ;  
 Mercy heard and set him free ;  
 Lord, that mercy came to me.
- 5 Many days have pass'd since then,  
 Many changes I have seen ;  
 Yet have been upheld till now ;  
 Who could hold me up but thou?
- 6 Thou hast help'd in ev'ry need—  
 This emboldens me to plead;

After so much mercy past,  
Canst thou let me sink at last?

- 7 No—I must maintain my hold—  
'Tis thy goodness makes me bold;  
I can no denial take,  
When I plead for Jesus' sake.

HYMN 64. 7s 6s & 1 8.

**G**OD of my salvation, hear,  
And help me to believe;  
Simply do I now draw near,  
Thy blessing to receive.  
Full of guilt, alas, I am,  
But to thy wounds for refuge flee:  
Friend of sinners, spotless Lamb,  
Thy blood was shed for me.

- 2 Standing now, as newly slain,  
To thee I lift mine eye;  
Balm of all my grief and pain,  
Thy blood is always nigh.  
Now as yesterday the same  
Thou art, and wilt for ever be;  
Friend of sinners, spotless Lamb,  
Thy blood was shed for me.

- 3 Nothing have I, Lord, to pay,  
Nor can thy grace procure;  
Empty send me not away,  
For I, thou know'st, am poor;  
Dust and ashes is my name,  
My all is sin and misery:  
Friend of sinners, spotless Lamb,  
Thy blood was shed for me.

- 4 No good word, or work, or thought,  
Bring I to buy thy grace ;  
Pardon I accept, unbought,  
Thy proffer I embrace.  
Coming as at first I came,  
To take, and not bestow on thee :  
Friend of sinners, spotless Lamb,  
Thy blood was shed for me.
- 5 Saviour, from thy wounded side  
I never will depart ;  
Here will I my spirit hide,  
When I am pure in heart :  
Till my place above I claim,  
This only shall be all my plea—  
Friend of sinners, spotless Lamb,  
Thy blood was shed for me.

## HYMN 65. S. M.

*The inward conflict.*

- AND wilt thou yet be found?  
A And may I still draw near?  
Then listen to the plaintive sound  
Of a poor sinner's prayer.
- 2 Jesus, thine aid afford,  
If still the same thou art ;  
To thee I look, to thee, my Lord !  
Lift up a helpless heart.
- 3 Thou seest my troubled breast,  
The struggles of my will,  
The foes that interrupt my rest,  
The agonies I feel.
- 4 The daily death I prove,  
Saviour, to thee is known ;  
'Tis worse than death my God to love,  
And not my God alone.



- 5 O my offended Lord,  
 Restore my inward peace,  
 I know thou canst pronounce the word,  
 And bid the tempest cease.
- 6 I long to see thy face,  
 Thy spirit I implore,  
 The living water of thy grace,  
 That I may thirst no more.

## HYMN 66. C. M.

*Contrition's Sigh.*

- O THOU, whose tender mercy hears  
 Contrition's humble sigh;  
 Whose hand indulgent wipes the tears  
 From sorrow's weeping eye,—
- 2 See, low before thy throne of grace,  
 A wretched wand'rer mourn:  
 Hast thou not bid me seek thy face?  
 Hast thou not said return?
- 3 And shall my guilty fears prevail  
 To drive me from thy feet?  
 O! let not this dear refuge fail,  
 This only safe retreat.
- 4 Absent from thee, my Guide, my Light!  
 Without one cheering ray,  
 Through dangers, fears, and gloomy night,  
 How desolate my way!
- 5 O shine on this benighted heart,  
 With beams of mercy shine!  
 And let thy healing voice impart  
 A taste of joys divine.

## HYMN 67. 7s.

*Lord, remember me!*

**J**ESUS! thou art the sinner's friend,  
As such I look to thee:  
Now in the bowels of thy love,  
O Lord! remember me.

*I own I'm base, I own I'm vile,  
But mercy's all my plea;  
Remember, Lord, thy dying groans,  
And then remember me!*

2 Remember thy sure word of grace,  
Remember Calvary;  
Remember all thy dying groans,  
And then remember me.

3 Thou wondrous Advocate with God!  
I yield myself to thee;  
While thou art sitting on thy throne,  
O Lord! remember me.

4 I own I'm guilty, own I'm vile,  
Yet thy salvation's free;  
Then, in thy all-abounding grace,  
O Lord! remember me.

5 Howe'er forsaken or distress'd,  
Howe'er oppress'd I be,  
Howe'er afflicted here on earth,  
Do thou remember me.

6 And when I close my eyes in death,  
And creature helps all flee,  
Then, O my great Redeemer, God,  
I pray remember me.

## HYMN 68. 7s.

*Sin bewailed.*

COME, my soul, thy suit prepare,  
 Jesus loves to answer prayer;  
 He himself has bid thee pray,  
 Rise and ask without delay.

2 With my burden I begin;  
 Lord! remove this load of sin!  
 Let thy blood for sinners spilt  
 Set my conscience free from guilt.

3 Lord! I come to thee for rest,  
 Take possession of my breast,  
 There thy sov'reign right maintain,  
 And without a rival reign.

4 Show me what I have to do;  
 Ev'ry hour my strength renew;  
 Let me live a life of faith;  
 Let me die thy people's death.

## HYMN 69. L. M.

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

2 Rest for my soul I long to find:  
 Saviour of all, if mine thou art,  
 Give me thy meek and lowly mind,  
 And stamp thine image on my heart.

3 Break off the yoke of inbred sin,  
 And fully set my spirit free;  
 I cannot rest till pure within,  
 Till I am wholly lost in thee.

- 4 Fain would I learn of thee, my God,  
 Thy light and easy burden prove,  
 The cross, all stained with hallowed blood,  
 The labor of thy dying love.
- 5 I would, but thou must give the power;  
 My heart from ev'ry sin release  
 Bring near, bring near the joyful hour,  
 And fill me with thy perfect peace.
- 6 Come, Lord, the drooping sinner cheer,  
 Nor let thy chariot wheels delay;  
 Appear, in my poor heart appear;  
 My God, my Saviour, come away!

## HYMN 70. 8 lines 8s.

- Y**E angels who stand round the throne,  
 And view my Immanuel's face,  
 In rapturous songs make him known;  
 Tune, tune your soft hearts to his praise;  
 He form'd you the spirits you are,  
 So happy so noble, so good;  
 When others sunk down in despair,  
 Confirm'd 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 of his mercy repeat:  
 He snatch'd you from hell and the grave;  
 He ransom'd 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 fetter'd and bound up in clay;  
 I struggle and pant to be free;  
 I long to be soaring away,  
 My God and my Saviour, to thee!

4 I want to put on my attire,  
 Wash'd white in the blood of the Lamb;  
 I want to be one of yon choir,  
 And tune my sweet harp to his name.  
 I want—O, I want to be there,  
 To sorrow and sin bid adieu—  
 Your joy and your friendship to share—  
 To wonder and worship with you!

HYMN 71. 7s 6s & 1 8.

*Longing for rest.*

**W**RETCHED, helpless, and distress,  
 Ah! whither shall I fly?  
 Ever gasping after rest,  
 I cannot find it nigh:  
 Naked, sick, and poor, and blind,  
 Fast bound in sin and misery,  
 Friend of sinners, let me find  
 My help, my all in thee.

2 In the wilderness I stray,  
 My foolish heart is blind;  
 Nothing do I know; the way  
 Of peace I cannot find:  
 Jesus, Lord, restore my sight,  
 And take, O take the veil away;  
 Turn my darkness into light,  
 My midnight into day.

3 Poor, alas! thou know'st I am,  
 And would be poorer still—  
 See my wretchedness and shame,  
 And all my vileness feel.  
 No good thing in me resides,  
 My soul is all an aching void,  
 Till thy Spirit here abides,  
 And I am filled with God.

4 Jesus, full of truth and grace,  
 In thee is all I want;  
 Be the wand'rer's resting-place,  
 A cordial to the faint:  
 Make me rich, for I am poor;  
 In thee may I my Eden find;  
 To the dying, health restore,  
 And eye-sight to the blind.

HYMN 72. C. M.

*Breathings after the Spirit.*

COME, Holy Spirit, heav'nly Dove,  
 With all thy quick'ning powers;  
 Kindle a flame of sacred love  
 In these cold hearts of ours.

2 See how we grovel here below,  
 Fond of these earthly toys;  
 Our souls how heavily they go  
 To reach eternal joys.

3 In vain we tune our formal songs,  
 In vain we strive to rise;  
 Hosannas languish on our tongues,  
 And our devotion dies.

- 4 Dear Lord! and shall we ever live,  
 At this poor dying rate,  
 Our love so faint, so cold to thee,  
 And thine to us so great?
- 5 Come, Holy Spirit, heav'nly Dove,  
 With all thy quick'ning powers ;  
 Come shed abroad a Saviour's love,  
 And that shall kindle ours.

## HYMN 73. P. M.!

- COME, my soul, and let us try,  
 For a little season,  
 Ev'ry burden to lay by ;  
 Come, and let us reason.  
 What is this that casts thee down?  
 Who are these that grieve thee?  
 Speak, and let the worst be known ;  
 Speaking may relieve thee !
- 2 Christ by faith I sometimes view,  
 And he then relieves me ;  
 But my doubts return anew,  
 These are they that grieve me ;  
 Troubled like the restless sea,  
 Feeble, faint, and fearful ;  
 Plagued with fears, a sore disease,  
 How can I be cheerful?
- 3 Think on what thy Saviour bore  
 In the gloomy garden ;  
 Sweating blood from every pore  
 To procure thy pardon.  
 See him nailed upon the tree,  
 Bleeding, groaning, dying ;  
 Think, he suffered this for thee ;  
 Therefore cease thy sighing.

## HYMN 74. 7s.

*Give me Jesus!*

GRACIOUS Lord, incline thine ear,  
 G My requests vouchsafe to hear;  
 Much distressed with guilt am I,—  
 Give me Jesus, or I die.

2 Wealth and honor I disdain;  
 Earthly comforts all are vain;  
 These can never satisfy—  
 Give me Jesus, or I die.

3 Lord, deny me what thou wilt,  
 Only take away my guilt;  
 Mourning at thy feet I lie—  
 Give me Jesus, or I die.

4 All unholy and unclean,  
 I am nothing else but sin;  
 I to thee for mercy fly—  
 Give me Jesus, or I die.

6 Thou dost freely save the lost,  
 In thy mercy I would trust;  
 With my earnest suit comply—  
 Give me Jesus, or I die.

5 O my God, what shall I say?  
 Take, O take my sins away;  
 Jesus' blood to me apply—  
 Give me Jesus, or I die.

## HYMN 75. C. M.

FATHER, I stretch my hands to thee,  
 F No other help I know;  
 If thou withdraw thyself from me,  
 Ah, whither shall I go?



- 2 What did thine only Son endure,  
 Before I drew my breath?  
 What pain, what labor to secure  
 My soul from endless death?
- 3 O Jesus, could I this believe,  
 I now should feel thy power;  
 Now my poor soul thou wouldst retrieve,  
 Nor let me wait one hour.
- 4 Author of faith, to thee I lift  
 My weary, longing eyes:  
 O let me now receive that gift;  
 My soul without it dies.
- 5 Surely thou canst not let me die;  
 O speak, and I shall live;  
 And here I will unwearied lie,  
 Till thou thy spirit give.
- 6 The worst of sinners would rejoice  
 Could they but see thy face;  
 O let me hear thy quick'ning voice,  
 And taste thy pard'ning grace!

## HYMN 76.

**I**N pure and fervent devotion,  
 O Lord, I bow at thy throne:  
 Fill me with holy emotion,  
 And make me fully thine own:  
 Come, come, come, Lord,  
 And make me fully thine own.

- 2 Grant me my longing desire;  
 Conform to thy blessed will;  
 With zeal my soul set on fire;  
 With peace and purity fill:  
 Come, come, come, Lord,  
 With peace and purity fill.

3 Speak, Lord, if now thou art near me;  
 I wait the sound of thy voice:  
 From thee one whisper can cheer me,  
 And make my spirit rejoice;  
 Come, come, come, Lord,  
 And make my spirit rejoice.

4 I would be perfectly thine own;  
 Jesus, respond to my call,  
 And be thou perfectly mine own,  
 My Saviour, Friend, Brother, and all.  
 Come, come, come, Lord,  
 Be Saviour, Friend, Brother and all.

HYMN 77. 8s & 7s.

*Bartimeus.*

“MERCY, O thou son of David!”  
 Thus the blind Bartimeus prayed;  
 “Others by thy word are saved,  
 Now to me afford thine aid.”  
 Many for his crying chid him;  
 But he called the louder still,  
 Till the gracious Saviour bid him,  
 “Come, and ask me what you will.”

2 Money was not what he wanted,  
 Though by begging used to live;  
 But he ask'd, and Jesus granted  
 Alms which none but he could give.  
 “Lord, remove this grievous blindness,  
 Let my eyes behold the day!”  
 Straight he saw, and, won by kindness,  
 Follow'd Jesus in the way.

- 3 Now methinks I hear him praising,  
 Publishing to all around,—  
 “Friends, is not my case amazing?  
 What a Saviour I have found!  
 Oh! that all the blind but knew him,  
 And would be advised by me!  
 Surely they would hasten to him;  
 He would cause them all to see.”

## HYMN. 78. C. M.

*I weep, I mourn, I pray;  
 Oh Jesus, now forgive.*

OH Jesus, I have come to thee,  
 My wanderings to deplore;  
 Wilt thou not set my spirit free?  
 My fallen soul restore?

*Chorus.*

- 2 My sins are more than I can bear,  
 O speak them all forgiven:  
 My soul away from earth I tear,  
 To seek a place in heaven.

*Chorus.*

- 3 Pity, O Lord, my helpless grief,  
 My soul's deep anguish see,  
 And grant me now that sweet relief  
 Which none can give but thee.

*Chorus.*

- 4 Didst thou not die that I might live,  
 Might live thy love to know?  
 Oh let me now thy love receive,  
 And in thy favor grow.

*Chorus.*

## HYMN 79. 7s 6s &amp; 1 8.

*The heart of stone.*

SAVIOUR, Prince, enthroned above,  
 O Repentance to impart,  
 Give me, through thy dying love,  
 The humble, contrite heart;  
 Teach me by thy gracious word  
 My guilt and danger here to own;  
 Turn and look upon me, Lord,  
 And break my heart of stone.

2 See me, Saviour, from above,  
 Nor suffer me to die;  
 Life, and happiness, and love  
 Beam from thy gracious eye;  
 Speak the reconciling word,  
 And now thy melting love make known;  
 Turn and look upon me, Lord,  
 And break my heart of stone.

3 Look, as when thy languid eye  
 Was clos'd that we might live—  
 When thy supplicating cry  
 To God was heard—"forgive:"  
 Surely, with that dying word,  
 My Saviour turns and says, 'Tis done:  
 O, my bleeding, loving Lord,  
 This breaks my heart of stone.

## HYMN 80. L. M.

STAY, thou insulted Spirit, stay,  
 O Though I have done thee such despite,  
 Nor cast the sinner quite away,  
 Nor take thine everlasting flight.

- 2 Though I have most unfaithful been,  
Of all who e'er thy grace received;  
Ten thousand times thy goodness seen,  
Ten thousand times thy goodness griev'd.
- 3 Yet, O! the chief of sinners spare,  
In honor of my great High Priest:  
Nor in thy righteous anger swear  
T' exclude me from thy people's rest.
- 4 This only woe I deprecate,  
This only plague I pray remove;  
Nor leave me in my lost estate,  
Nor curse me with this want of love.
- 5 Now, Lord, my weary soul release,  
Upraise me with thy gracious hand:  
Guide me into thy perfect peace,  
And bring me to the promised land.

## HYMN 81. 7s.

DEPTH of mercy! can there be  
Mercy still reserved for me?  
Can my God his wrath forbear?  
Me, the chief of sinners, spare?

- 2 I have long withstood his grace,  
Long provoked him to his face;  
Would not hearken to his calls,  
Grieved him by a thousand falls.
- 3 Kindled his relentings are,  
Me he now delights to spare:  
Cries, "How shall I give thee up?"  
Let the lifted thunder drop.

- 4 There for me the Saviour stands,  
Shows his wounds, and spreads his hands,  
God is love! I know, I feel,  
Jesus weeps and loves me still.
- 5 Jesus, answer from above,  
Is not all thy nature love?  
Wilt thou not the wrong forget?  
Suffer me to kiss thy feet?
- 6 Now incline me to repent!  
Let me now my fall lament!  
Now my soul's revolt deplore!  
Weep, believe, and sin no more.

## HYMN 82. S. M.

*The burden of sin.*

- AH! whither should I go,  
A Burden'd, and sick, and faint?  
To whom should I my troubles show,  
And pour out my complaint?
- 2 My Saviour bids me come,  
Ah! why do I delay?  
He calls the weary sinner home,  
And yet from him I stay!
- 3 What is it keeps me back,  
From which I cannot part,  
Which will not let my Saviour take  
Possession of my heart?
- 4 Some cursed thing unknown  
Must surely lurk within;  
Some idol which I will not own,  
Some secret bosom sin.

5 Jesus the hindrance show,  
Which I have feared to see ;  
And let me now consent to know  
What keeps me back from thee.

6 Searcher of hearts, in mine  
Thy trying power display ;  
Into its darkest corners shine,  
And take the veil away.

7 I now believe in thee  
Compassion reigns alone ;  
According to my faith, to me  
O let it, Lord, be done !

8 In me is all the bar,  
Which thou wouldst fain remove ;  
Remove it, and I shall declare  
That God is only love.

## HYMN 83. 7s.

GOD of mercy ! God of grace !  
G Hear our sad repentant songs ;  
O restore thy suppliant race,  
Thou to whom our praise belongs !

2' Deep regret for follies past,  
Talents wasted, time misspent,  
Hearts debased by worldly cares,  
Thankless for the blessings lent ;

3 Foolish fears and fond desires ;  
Vain regrets for things as vain ;  
Lips too seldom taught to praise,  
Oft to murmur and complain ;

4 These, and ev'ry secret fault,  
Fill'd with grief and shame, we own ;  
Humbled at thy feet we lie,  
Seeking pardon from thy throne.

- 5 God of mercy, God of grace !  
 Hear our sad repentant songs ;  
 O restore thy suppliant race,  
 Thou to whom our praise belongs !

## HYMN 84. C. M.

*Pardoning love. Jer. iii, 22.*

- H**OW oft, alas ! this wretched heart  
 Has wander'd from the Lord :  
 How oft my roving thoughts depart,  
 Forgetful of his word !
- 2 Yet sov'reign 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 pardon'd rebel 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 pard'ning love, so free, so sweet,  
 Dear Saviour, I adore ;  
 O keep me at thy sacred feet,  
 And let me rove no more.

## HYMN 85. S. M.

*Looking to God.*

**W**HEN shall thy love constrain,  
 And force me to thy breast ?  
 When shall my soul return again  
 To her eternal rest ?



2 Ah! what avails my strife,  
My wandering to and fro?  
Thou hast the words of endless life:  
Ah! whither should I go?

3 Thy condescending grace  
To me did freely move;  
It calls me still to seek thy face,  
And stoops to ask my love.

4 Lord, at thy feet I fall,  
I groan to be set free;  
I fain would now obey the call  
And give up all for thee.

5 To rescue me from woe,  
Thou didst from all things part;  
Thou didst lead a suffering life below,  
To gain my worthless heart.

## HYMN 86. C. M.

**P**ROSTRATE, dear Jesus, at thy feet  
A guilty rebel lies,  
And upwards to the mercy-seat  
Presumes to lift his eyes.

2 Oh, let not justice frown me hence;  
Stay, stay the vengeful storm:  
Forbid it, that Omnipotence  
Should crush a feeble worm.

3 If tears of sorrow would suffice  
To pay the debt I owe,  
Tears should from both my weeping eyes  
In ceaseless currents flow.

- 4 But no such sacrifice I plead  
 To expiate my guilt;  
 No tears but those which thou hast shed,  
 No blood but thou hast spilt.

## HYMN 87. C. M.

*The Penitent.* Luke vii, 36—50.

- A**S once the Saviour took his seat,  
 Attracted by his fame,  
 And lowly bending at his feet,  
 An humble suppliant came.
- 2 Asham'd to lift her streaming eyes  
 His holy glance to meet,  
 She pour'd her costly sacrifice  
 Upon the Saviour's feet.
- 3 Oppress'd with sin and sorrow's weight,  
 And sinking in despair,  
 With tears she wash'd his sacred feet,  
 And wiped them with her hair.
- 4 "Depart in peace," the Saviour said;  
 "Thy sins are all forgiv'n!"  
 The trembling sinner rais'd her head  
 In peaceful hope of heav'n.

## HYMN 88. C. M.

*Jesus knocking at the door.*

- A**ND will the Lord thus condescend  
 To visit dying worms?  
 Thus at the door shall mercy stand  
 In all her winning forms?  
 Surprising grace!—and can my heart  
 Unmov'd and cold remain?  
 Has this hard rock no tender part?  
 Shall mercy plead in vain?

3 Shall Jesus for admission sue,  
 His soothing voice unheard?  
 And this vile heart, his rightful due,  
 Remain for ever barr'd?  
 'Tis sin, alas! with tyrant power,  
 The lodging has possess'd;  
 And crowds of traitors bar the door  
 Against the heavenly guest.

3 Lord, rise in thy all-conqu'ring grace,  
 Thy mighty power display;  
 One beam of glory from thy face  
 Can drive my foes away.  
 Ye dangerous inmates, hence depart;  
 Dear Saviour, enter in,  
 And guard the passage to my heart,  
 And keep out every sin.



## IV. CHRIST.

## HYMN 89. P. M.

**B**RIGHTEST and best of the sons of the  
 morning,  
 Dawn on our darkness and lend us thine  
 aid;  
 Star of the East, the horizon adorning,  
 Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid.

2 Cold on his cradle the dew-drops are  
 shining;  
 Low lies his bed with the beasts of the  
 stall;  
 Angels adore him in slumbers reclining,  
 Maker, and Monarch, and Saviour of all.

- 3 Say, shall we yield him, in costly devotion,  
 Odors of Edom and offerings divine,  
 Gems of the mountain, and pearls of the  
 ocean,  
 Myrrh from the forest and gold from the  
 mine?
- 4 Vainly we offer each ample oblation,  
 Vainly with gold would his favor secure;  
 Richer by far is the heart's adoration;  
 Dearer to God are the pray'rs of the poor.
- 5 Brightest and best of the sons of the  
 morning, [aid;  
 Dawn on our darkness and lend us thine  
 Star of the East, the horizon adorning,  
 Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid.

## HYMN 90. 5 8s &amp; 3 4s.

*The love of Jesus.*

**T**HERE'S a Friend above all others,  
 Oh, how he loves!  
 His is love beyond a brother's,  
 Oh, how he loves!  
 Earthly friends may fail and leave us,—  
 This day kind, the next bereave us,—  
 But this friend will ne'er deceive us,  
 Oh, how he loves!

2 Blessed Jesus! wouldst thou know him?  
 Oh, how he loves!  
 Give thyself e'en this day to him,  
 Oh, how he loves!  
 Is it sin that pains and grieves thee?  
 Unbelief and trials tease thee?  
 Jesus can from all release thee;  
 Oh, how he loves!

- 3 Love this friend who longs to save thee,  
 Oh, how he loves!  
 Dost thou love? He will not leave thee,  
 Oh, how he loves!  
 Think no more then of to-morrow,  
 Take his easy yoke and follow;  
 Jesus carries all thy sorrow,  
 Oh, how he loves!
- 4 All thy sins shall be forgiven,  
 Oh, how he loves!  
 Backward all thy foes be driven,  
 Oh, how he loves!  
 Best of blessings he'll provide thee;  
 Naught but good shall e'er betide thee;  
 Safe to glory he will guide thee;  
 Oh, how he loves!
- 5 Pause, my soul, adore and wonder,  
 Oh, how he loves!  
 Naught can cleave this love asunder,  
 Oh, how he loves!  
 Neither trial, nor temptation,  
 Doubt, nor fear, nor tribulation,  
 Can bereave us of salvation;  
 Oh, how he loves!
- 6 Let us still this love be viewing,  
 Oh, how he loves!  
 And, though faint, keep on pursuing,  
 Oh, how he loves!  
 He will strengthen each endeavor,  
 And, when pass'd o'er Jordan's river,  
 This shall be our song for ever,—  
 Oh, how he loves!

## HYMN 91. 8s &amp; 7s.

- 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.
- 2 Which of all our friends, to save us,  
 Could or would have shed his blood?  
 But this Saviour died to have us  
 Reconciled in him to God.
- 3 When he lived on earth abased,  
 Friend of sinners was his name ;  
 Now, above all glory raised,  
 He rejoices in the same.
- 4 O for grace our hearts to soften !  
 Teach us, Lord, at length to love ;  
 We, alas ! forget too often  
 What a friend we have above.

## HYMN 92. 7s.

- LOVE divine, how sweet the sound !  
 L May the theme on earth abound ;  
 May the hearts of saints below  
 With the sacred rapture glow !
- 2 Love amazing, large and free,  
 Love unknown to think on me !  
 Let that love upon me shine,  
 Saviour, with its beams divine.
- 3 Better than earth's gilded toys,  
 Or an age of carnal joys ;  
 Better far than Ophir's gold,  
 Love that never can be told.

- 4 Better than this life of mine,  
Saviour, is thy love divine :  
Drop the veil, and let me see  
Rivers of this love in thee.
- 5 While in Mesech's tents I stay,  
Love divine shall tune my lay ;  
When I sore to bliss above,  
Still I'll praise a Saviour's love.

## HYMN 93. 7s.

*Redeeming love.* Psalm cxi, 9.

**N**OW begin the heav'nly theme,  
Sing aloud in Jesus' name ;  
Ye who Jesus' kindness prove,  
Triumph in redeeming love.

- 2 Ye who see the Father's grace,  
Beaming in the Saviour's face,  
As to heav'n ye onward move,  
Triumph in 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 Ye, alas! who long have been  
Willing slaves to death and sin,  
Now from bliss no longer rove ;  
Stop and taste redeeming love.
- 5 Welcome all, by sin opprest,  
Welcome to the Saviour's breast ;  
Nothing brought him from above,—  
Nothing but redeeming love.

## HYMN 94. C. M.

**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 shepherd, husband, friend,  
 My prophet, priest, and king,  
 My Lord, my life, my way, my end,  
 Accept the praise I bring.

7 Weak is the effort of my heart,  
 And cold my warmest thought ;  
 But when I see thee as thou art,  
 I'll praise thee as I ought.

6 Till then I would thy love proclaim  
 With ev'ry fleeting breath :  
 And may the music of thy name  
 Refresh my soul in death.

## HYMN 95.

*Song of Praise to the Redeemer.*

**C**REATOR, Preserver, Redeemer of men,  
 Divine Intercessor above,  
 O where shall the song of thy praises begin,  
 Or how shall I speak of thy love !



Heaven is telling,  
 And earth is revealing  
 What wonders thy mercy can prove.

- 2 And do I not love thee, O Saviour divine,  
 The chief of ten thousands to me?  
 Yes, infinite beauty and glory are thine,  
 Whose effulgence no mortal can see;  
 Angels shall bless thee,  
 And men shall confess thee,  
 All worlds shall acknowledge thy sway.
- 3 Thine, thine is the kingdom, the wisdom  
 and power,  
 The glory and honor supreme;  
 For ever and ever my soul would adore  
 Th' unspeakable worth of thy name;  
 For ever and ever,  
 O glorious Saviour,  
 I'll dwell on the rapturous theme.

HYMN 96. C. M.

- A**LAS! and did my Saviour bleed?  
 And did my Sovereign die?  
 Would he devote that sacred head  
 For such a wretch 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 God, 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, in 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.

## HYMN 97. C. M.

*Grateful memory.*

JESUS, thy love shall we forget,  
 And never bring to mind  
 The grace that paid our hopeless debt,  
 And bade us pardon find?

*Our sorrows and our sins were laid  
 On thee—alone on thee ;  
 Thy precious blood our ransom paid—  
 Thine all the glory be.*

- 2 Shall we thy life of grief forget,  
 Thy fasting and thy prayer ?  
 Thy locks with mountain-vapors wet,  
 To save us from despair ?
- 3 Gethsemane can we forget ?  
 Thy struggling agony  
 When night lay dark on Olivet,  
 And none to watch with thee ?
- 4 Can we the platted crown forget,  
 The buffeting and shame,  
 When hell thy sinking soul beset,  
 And earth reviled thy name !

- 5 The nails—the spear—can we forget?  
 The agonizing cry—  
 “My God! my Father! wilt thou let  
 Thy Son forsaken die?”
- 6 Life’s brightest joys we may forget,  
 Our kindred cease to love;  
 But he who paid our hopeless debt,  
 Our constancy shall prove.

## HYMN 98. C. M.

*A refuge from the storm.* Deut. xxxiii, 27.

- DEAR 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.

## HYMN 99. P. M.

HOW lost was my condition,  
 Till Jesus made me whole!  
 There is but one Physician  
 Can cure a sin-sick soul!—

The worst of all diseases  
 Is light compared with sin ;  
 On ev'ry part it seizes,  
 But rages most within.

2 From men great skill professing  
 I thought a cure to gain ;  
 But this prov'd more distressing,  
 And added to my pain :  
 Some said that nothing ail'd me ;  
 Some gave me up for lost ;  
 Thus ev'ry refuge failed me,  
 And all my hopes were cross'd.

3 At length this great Physician—  
 How matchless is his grace !  
 Accepted my petition,  
 And undertook my case.  
 Next door to death he found me,  
 And snatch'd me from the grave,  
 To tell to all around me  
 His wondrous power to save.

4 A dying, risen Jesus,  
 Seen by the eye of faith,  
 At once from danger frees us,  
 And saves the soul from death.  
 Come, then, to this Physician ;  
 His help he'll freely give ;  
 He makes no hard condition,  
 'Tis only—look, and live.

**HYMN 100.** 4 6s & 2 8s.

**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 aton'd for all our race,  
And sprinkles now the throne of grace.
- 3 Five bleeding wounds he bears,  
Receiv'd on Calvary;  
They pour effectual prayers,  
They strongly speak for me;  
Forgive him, O forgive—they cry—  
Nor let the ransom'd sinner die.
- 4 The Father hears him pray,  
His dear Anointed One:  
He cannot turn away  
The presence of his Son:  
His Spirit answers to the blood,  
And tells me I am born of God.
- 5 My God is reconciled,  
His pardoning 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.

## HYMN 101. L. M.

*The Star of Bethlehem.*

WHEN, marshal'd 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 yawn'd, and rudely blow'd  
 The wind that toss'd 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 foreboding cease;  
 And, through the storm and danger's thrall,  
 It led me to the port of peace.  
 Now safely moor'd—my perils o'er,  
 I'll sing, first in night's diadem,  
 For ever and for evermore,  
 The Star—the Star of Bethlehem.

HYMN 102. S. M.

*"Jesus wept."*

**D**ID 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,  
 The wond'ring angels see!  
 Be thou astonish'd, O my soul ;  
 He shed those tears for thee.

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

## HYMN 103.

*Give me Jesus.*

WHILE wandering to and fro,  
 In this wide world of woe,  
 Where streams of sorrow flow,

## CHORUS.

*Give me Jesus—give me Jesus—  
 Give me Jesus—  
 You may have all this world—  
 Give me Jesus.*

2 When tears o'erflow mine eye,  
 When pressed by grief I sigh,  
 Still this shall be my cry,  
*Give me Jesus, &c.*

3 When to the mercy-seat  
 I go my Lord to meet,  
 My heart shall still repeat,  
*Give me Jesus, &c.*

4 And when my faith is tried,  
 In Him will I confide,  
 And all the storms outride;—  
*Give me Jesus, &c.*

5 Though strength and friends should fail,  
 And foes my soul assail,  
 Through him I shall prevail;—  
*Give me Jesus, &c.*

6 And when my toils are o'er,  
 When nearing Jordan's shore,  
 I'll shout, as up I soar,  
*Give me Jesus, &c.*

7 When at the judgment seat,  
I stand at Jesus' feet,  
When worlds on worlds shall meet,  
*Give me Jesus, &c.*

8 When heaven and earth shall flee,  
When time shall cease to be,  
Through all eternity,  
*Give me Jesus, &c.*

HYMN 104. P. M.

*Kedron.*

THOU soft-flowing Kedron, by thy silver  
stream  
Our Saviour at midnight, when Cynthia's  
pale beam  
Shone bright on the waters, would fre-  
quently stray,  
And lose in thy murmurs the toils of the  
day.

2 How damp were the vapors that fell on  
his head!  
How hard was his pillow, how humble his  
bed!  
The angels, astonish'd, grew sad at the  
sight,  
And follow'd their master with solemn  
delight.

3 O garden of Olivet, dear honor'd spot,  
The fame of thy wonders shall ne'er be  
forgot;  
The theme most transporting to seraphs  
above!  
The triumph of sorrow,—the triumph of  
love!



4 Come, saints, and adore him ; come, bow  
 at his feet,  
 O, give him the glory, the praise that is  
 meet ;  
 Let joyful hosannas unceasing arise,  
 And join the full chorus that gladdens the  
 skies.

HYMN 105. P. M.

THE voice of free grace  
 Cries, escape to the mountain ;  
 For Adam's lost race  
 Christ hath opened a fountain  
 For sin and pollution  
 And every transgression ;  
 His blood flows most freely,  
 In streams of salvation.

*Hallelujah to the Lamb*

*Who has purchas'd our pardon ;  
 We will praise him again  
 When we pass over Jordan.*

2 Ye thirsty ones hear it  
 With high exultation ;  
 Behold, says the Spirit,  
 The well of salvation :  
 Approach, cries the Bride ;  
 Lo ! the multitudes going !  
 The soul-saving tide  
 To the nations is flowing.

3 Blest Jesus, ride on ;  
 Thy kingdom is glorious ;  
 O'er sin, death and hell,  
 Thou wilt make us victorious.

Thy name shall be prais'd  
 In the great congregation,  
 And saints shall delight  
 In ascribing salvation.

- 4 When on Zion we stand,  
 Having gained the blest shore,  
 With our harps in our hands,  
 We will praise evermore ;  
 We'll range the blest fields,  
 On the banks of the river,  
 And sing hallelujahs  
 For ever and ever.

### HYMN 106. C. M.

*A look from the cross.*

I SAW one hanging on a tree,  
 In agony and blood,  
 Who fixed his languid eyes on me,  
 As near the cross I stood.

- 2 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.

- 3 Alas, I knew not what I did,  
 But all my tears were vain :  
 Where could my trembling soul be hid ?  
 For I the Lord had slain.

- 4 A second look he gave, which said,  
 " I freely all forgive ;  
 This blood is for thy ransom paid ;  
 I die, that thou may'st live.

- 5 " Thus while my death thy sin displays  
 In all its blackest hue,  
 Such is the mystery of grace,  
 It seals thy pardon too !"

## HYMN 107. C. M.

*Praise for the Fountain opened. Zech. xiii, 1.*

- T**HERE 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 thousands there, as vile as he,  
 Have washed their sins away.
- 3 Dear dying Lamb, thy precious blood  
 Shall never lose its power,  
 Till all the ransom'd church of God  
 Are saved to sin no more.
- 4 E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream  
 Thy flowing wounds supply,  
 Redeeming love has been my theme,  
 And shall be till I die.
- 5 Then in a nobler, sweeter song,  
 I'll sing thy power to save,  
 When this poor lisping, stam'ring tongue  
 Lies silent in the grave.

## HYMN 108.

*Mercy's free.*

- B**Y faith I view my Saviour dying  
 On the tree, on the tree;  
 To every nation he is crying,  
 Look to me, look to me.

He bids the guilty now draw near,  
Repent, believe, dismiss their fear—  
Hark! hark! what precious words I hear,  
Mercy's free, mercy's free.

2 Did Christ, when I was sin pursuing,  
Pity me, pity me?  
And did he snatch my soul from ruin?  
Can it be, can it be?  
Oh yes, he did salvation bring—  
He is my Prophet, Priest, and King—  
And now my happy soul can sing,  
Mercy's free, mercy's free.

3 Jesus, the mighty God, hath spoken  
Peace to me, peace to me :  
Now all my chains of sin are broken,  
I am free, I am free :  
Soon as I in his name believ'd,  
The Holy Spirit I receiv'd,  
And Christ from death my soul retriev'd;  
Mercy's free, mercy's free.

4 Jesus my weary soul refreshes,  
Mercy's free, mercy's free ;  
And every moment Christ is precious  
Unto me, unto me :  
None can describe the bliss I prove,  
While through this wilderness I rove—  
All may enjoy the Saviour's love ;  
Mercy's free, mercy's free.

5 This precious truth, ye sinners, hear it,  
Mercy's free, mercy's free—  
Ye ministers of God, declare it,  
Mercy's free, mercy's free—

Visit the heathen's dark abode,  
 Proclaim to all the love of God,  
 And spread the glorious news abroad,  
 Mercy's free, mercy's free.

6 Long as I live I'll still be crying,  
 Mercy's free, mercy's free:  
 And this shall be my theme when dying,  
 Mercy's free, mercy's free:  
 And when the vale of death I've passed,  
 When lodged above the stormy blast,  
 I'll sing while endless ages last,  
 Mercy's free, mercy's free.

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V. JUSTIFICATION BY FAITH.

HYMN 109. S. M.

The surrender.

AND can I yet delay
 My little all to give,
 To tear my soul from earth away,
 For Jesus to receive?

2 Nay, but I yield, I yield!
 I can hold out no more;
 I sink, by dying love compell'd,
 And own thee conqueror!

3 Though late, I all forsake,
 My friends, my all resign:
 Gracious Redeemer, take, O take,
 And seal me ever thine!

4 Come, and possess me whole,
 Nor hence again remove :
 Settle and fix my wavering soul
 With all thy weight of love.

5 My one desire be this,
 Thy only love to know ;
 To seek and taste no other bliss,
 No other good below.

6 My life, my portion thou,
 Thou all-sufficient art ;
 My hope, my heavenly treasure, now
 Enter and keep my heart.

HYMN 110. 8s 7s & 1 4.

WELCOME, welcome, dear Redeemer,
 Welcome to this heart of mine :
 Lord, I make a full surrender,
 Every power and thought be thine,
 Thine entirely ;
 Through eternal ages thine.

2 Known to all to be thy mansion,
 Earth and hell will disappear ;
 Or in vain attempt possession,
 When they find the Lord is near—
 Shout, O Zion !
 Shout, ye saints, the Lord is here !

HYMN 111. 6 8s.

COME, O thou Traveler unknown !
 Whom still I hold, but cannot see !
 My company before is gone
 And I am left alone with thee :

With thee all night I mean to stay,
And wrestle till the break of day.

- 2 I need not tell thee who I am ;
My misery and sin declare ;
Thyself hast called me by my name,
Look on thy hands and read it there :
But who, I ask thee, who art thou ?
Tell me thy name, and tell me now.
- 3 In vain thou strugglest to get free,
I never will unloose my hold !
Art thou the man that died for me ?
The secret of thy love unfold :
Wrestling, I will not let thee go,
'Till I thy name, thy nature know.
- 4 Wilt thou not yet to me reveal
Thy new unutterable name ?
Tell me, I still beseech thee, tell :
To know it now, resolved I am :
Wrestling, I will not let thee go,
'Till I thy name, thy nature know.
- 5 What though my shrinking flesh complain,
And murmur to contend so long ?
I rise superior to my pain :
When I am weak, then am I strong !
And when my all of strength shall fail,
I shall with the God-Man prevail.

PART II.

YIELD to me now, for I am weak,
But confident in self-despair ;
Speak to my heart, in blessings speak ;
Be conquer'd by my instant prayer :

Speak, or thou never hence shalt move,
And tell me if thy name be Love.

2 'Tis love, 'tis love! thou diedst for me:

I hear thy whisper in my heart!

The morning breaks, the shadows flee:

Pure, universal love thou art:

To me, to all, thy bowels move,

Thy nature and thy name is Love.

3 My prayer hath power with God; the grace

Unspeakable I now receive;

Through faith I see thee face to face;

I see thee face to face, and live!

In vain I have not wept and strove;

Thy nature and thy name is Love.

4 I know thee, Saviour, who thou art,

Jesus, the feeble sinner's friend:

Nor wilt thou with the night depart,

But stay and love me to the end;

Thy mercies never shall remove,

Thy nature and thy name is Love.

5 The Sun of Righteousness on me

Hath rose with healing in his wings:

Wither'd my nature's strength, from thee

My soul its life and succor brings;

My help is all laid up above;

Thy nature and thy name is Love.

6 Contented, now, upon my thigh

I halt, till life's short journey end;

All helplessness, all weakness, I

On thee alone for strength depend:

Nor have I power from thee to move;

Thy nature and thy name is Love.

7 Lamé as I am, I take the prey,
Hell, earth, and sin, with ease o'ercome;
I leap for joy, pursue my way,
And, as a bounding hart, fly home,
Through all eternity to prove
Thy nature and thy name is Love.

HYMN 112. C. M.

AS Jacob did in days of old,
So will my soul do now;
Wrestle, and on my Jesus hold,
Nor will I let thee go.

2 I come, encouraged by thy word,
That mercy thou wilt show;
Except thou bless me, blessed Lord,
I will not let thee go.

3 I come to ask forgiveness free,
Though I have been thy foe:
Except thou grant it, Lord, to me,
I will not let thee go.

4 I come to open all my wounds,
My sorrows and my woe;
Except thy healing grace abounds,
I will not let thee go.

5 I come to tell thee all my fears,
And conflicts here below;
Except thy mercy, Lord, appears,
I will not let thee go.

6 I come to ask for all thy love,
And all thou canst bestow:
Except these blessings, Lord, I prove,
I will not let thee go.

HYMN 113. L. M.

WHEN sins and fears, prevailing, rise,
 And fainting hope almost expires,
 Jesus, to thee I lift mine eyes,
 To thee I breathe my soul's desires.

- 2 Art thou not mine, my living Lord?
 And can my hope, my comfort die,
 Fixed on thy everlasting word,
 That word which built the earth and sky!
- 3 If my immortal Saviour lives,
 Then my immortal life is sure;
 His word a firm foundation gives,
 Here let me build and rest secure.
- 4 Here let my faith unshaken dwell,
 Immovable the promise stands;
 Nor all the powers of earth or hell
 Can e'er dissolve the sacred bands.
- 5 Here, O my soul, thy trust repose;
 Since Jesus is for ever mine,
 Not death itself, that last of foes,
 Shall break a union so divine.

HYMN 114. L. M.

JESUS, my all, to heaven is gone,
 He whom I fix my hopes upon:
 His track I see, and I'll pursue
 The narrow way, till him I view.

- 2 The way the holy prophets went,
 The road that leads from banishment,
 The King's highway of holiness,
 I'll go, for all his paths are peace.

- 3 This is the way I long have sought,
And mourned because I found it not;
My grief a burden long has been,
Because I was not saved from sin.
- 4 The more I strove against its power,
I felt its weight and guilt the more;
Till late, I heard my Saviour say,
"Come hither, soul, I am the way."
- 5 Lo! glad I come, and thou, blest Lamb,
Shalt take me to thee, whose I am;
Nothing but sin have I to give;
Nothing but love shall I receive.
- 6 Then will I tell to sinners round,
What a dear Saviour I have found;
I'll point to thy redeeming blood
And say, "Behold the way to God!"

HYMN 115. 4 8s & 2 6s.

The new birth.

- A** WAK'D by Sinai's awful sound,
My soul in bonds of guilt I found,
And knew not where to go;
Eternal truth did loud proclaim,
"The sinner must be born again,
Or sink to endless woe."
- 2 Amazed I stood, but could not tell
Which way to shun the gates of hell,
For death and hell drew near;
I strove indeed, but strove in vain,
"The sinner must be born again,"
Still sounded in my ear.

- 3 When to the law I trembling fled,
It poured its curses on my head,
I no relief could find ; §
This fearful truth renewed my pain,
“ The sinner must be born again,”
And whelmed my tortured mind.
- 4 Again did Sinai's thunder roll,
And guilt lie heavy on my soul,
A vast, oppressive load :
Alas ! I read, and saw it plain,
“ The sinner must be born again,”
Or feel the wrath of God.
- 5 The saints I heard with rapture tell
How Jesus conquer'd death and hell,
And broke the fowler's snare ;
But when I found this truth remain,
“ The sinner must be born again,”
I sunk in deep despair.
- 6 But while I thus in anguish lay,
Jesus of Naz'reth passed this way,
And felt his pity move :
The sinner by his justice slain,
Now by his grace is born again,
And sings redeeming love.
- 7 To heaven the joyful tidings flew,
The angels tuned their harps anew,
And loftier notes did raise ;
All hail the Lamb who once was slain ;
Unnumber'd millions, born again,
Will shout thine endless praise.

HYMN 116. C. M.

Perplexity relieved.

- UNCERTAIN how the way to find,
Which to salvation led,
I listened long, with anxious mind,
To hear what others said.
- 2 When some of joys and comforts told,
I fear'd that I was wrong;
For I was stupid, dead and cold,
Had neither joy nor song.
- 3 The Lord my laboring heart reliev'd,
And made my burden light;
Then for a moment I believ'd,
Supposing all was right.
- 4 Of fierce temptations others talk'd,
Of anguish and dismay;
Through what distresses they had walk'd,
Before they found the way.
- 5 Ah! then I thought my hopes were vain,
For I had lived at ease!
I wish'd for all my fears again,
To make me more like these.
- 6 I had my wish: the Lord disclos'd
The evils of my heart,
And left my naked soul expos'd
To Satan's fiery dart.
- 7 Again my Saviour brought me aid,
And when he set me free,
"Trust simply on my word," he said,
"And leave the rest to me."

HYMN 117. 7s.

*Let him trust in the name of the Lord, and stay upon
his God. Isaiah i. 10.*

- D**ROOPING soul, shake off thy fears;
Fearful soul, be strong, be bold;
Tarry till thy Lord appears,
Never, never quit thy hold!
Murmur not at his delay;
Dare not set thy God a time:
Calmly for his coming stay,
Leave it, leave it all to him.
- 2 Fainting soul, be bold, be strong;
Wait the coming of thy Lord;
Though it seem to tarry long,
True and faithful is his word:
On his word my soul I cast,
(He cannot himself deny,)
Surely it shall speak at last:
It shall speak, and shall not lie.
- 3 Every one that seeks shall find,
Every one that asks shall have
Christ, the Saviour of mankind,
Willing, able all to save;
I shall his salvation see;
I in faith on Jesus call;
I from sin shall be set free,
Perfectly set free from all.
- 4 Lord, my time is in thy hand,
Weak and helpless as I am:
Surely thou canst make me stand;
I believe in Jesus' name;
Saviour, in temptation thou—
Thou hast saved me heretofore;
Thou from sin dost save me now,
Thou shalt save me evermore.

HYMN 118. 8s & 7s.

Sweet the moments.

SWEET the moments, rich in blessing,
 Which before the cross I spend!
 Life and health and peace possessing
 From the sinner's dying friend.
 Here I'll sit, for ever viewing
 Mercy flowing in his blood;
 Precious drops! my soul bedewing,
 Plead and claim my peace with God.

2 Truly blessed is this station,
 Low before the cross to lie;
 While I see divine compassion
 In my Saviour's dying eye.
 Here it is I find my heaven,
 While upon the Lamb I gaze;
 Here I see my sins forgiven;
 Lost in wonder, love and praise.

3 Love and grief my heart dividing,
 With my tears his feet I'll bathe;
 Constant still in faith abiding,
 Life deriving from his death;
 May I still enjoy this feeling,
 In all needs to Jesus go;
 Prove his wounds each day more healing,
 And himself more fully know.

HYMN 119. 4 6s & 2 8s.

Jesus, the Pilot.

JESUS, at thy command,
 I launch into the deep;
 And leave my native land,
 Where sin lulls all asleep

For thee I fain would all resign,
And sail to heaven with thee and thine.

2 Thou art my Pilot wise,
My compass is thy word ;
My soul each storm defies,
While I have such a Lord !
I trust thy faithfulness and power
To save me in the trying hour.

3 Through rocks and quicksands deep,
Though all my passage lie ;
Yet thou wilt safely keep,
And guide me with thine eye :
My anchor, hope, shall firm abide,
And I each boisterous storm outride.

4 By faith I see the land,
The port of endless rest ;
My soul, thy sails expand,
And fly to Jesus' breast :
Oh, may I reach the heavenly shore,
Where winds and waves distress no more.

5 Whene'er becalmed I lie,
And storms and winds subside,
Lord, to my succor fly,
And keep me near thy side :
For more the treacherous calm I dread,
Than tempests bursting o'er my head.

6 Come, heavenly Wind, and blow
A prosperous gale of grace,
To waft me from below,
To heaven, my destined place ;
Then in full sail, my port I'll find,
And leave the world and sin behind.

HYMN 120. L. M.

GOD of life, to thee I call;
Afflicted, at thy feet I fall;
When the great water-floods prevail,
Leave not my trembling heart to fail!

2 Friend of the friendless and the faint,
Where should I lodge my deep complaint?
Where but with thee, whose open door
Invites the helpless and the poor?

3 Did ever mourner plead with thee,
And thou refuse that mourner's plea!
Does not the word still fixed remain,
That none shall seek thy face in vain?

4 That were a grief I could not bear,
Didst thou not hear and answer prayer,
But a prayer-hearing, answ'ring God
Supports me under every load.

5 Fair is the lot that's cast for me;
I have an advocate with thee;
They whom the world caresses most
Have no such privilege to boast.

6 Poor though I am, despised, forgot,
Yet God, my God, forgets me not;
And he is safe, and must succeed
For whom the Lord vouchsafes to plead.

HYMN 121. 10s & 11s.

BEGONE, unbelief, my Saviour is near!
And for my relief will surely appear:

By prayer let me wrestle, and he will
perform :

With Christ in the vessel, I smile at the
storm.

2 Though dark be my way, since he is my
guide,

'Tis mine to obey, 'tis his to provide :

Though cisterns be broken, and creatures
all fail,

The word he has spoken shall surely pre-
vail.

3 His love, in time past, forbids me to think
He'll leave me at last in trouble to sink;

Each sweet Ebenezer I have in review

Confirms his good pleasure to help me
quite through.

4 Determined to save, he watched o'er my
path

When, Satan's blind slave, I sported with
death;

And can he have taught me to trust in his
name,

And thus far have brought me, to put me
to shame?

5 Why should I complain of want or distress,
Temptation or pain? he told me no less!

The heirs of salvation, I knew from his
word,

Through much tribulation must follow
their Lord.

6 How bitter the cup, no heart can conceive,
He drank to the dregs, that sinners might
live!

His way was much rougher and darker
than mine;

Did Jesus thus suffer, and shall I repine?

7 Since all that I meet with shall work for
my good,

The bitter is sweet, the med'cine is food;
Though painful at present, 'twill cease
before long,

And then oh how pleasant the conquer-
or's song!

HYMN 122. 4 8s & 1 7.

ATTEND, ye saints, and hear me tell
The wonders of Immanuel,
Who saved me from a burning hell,
And brought my soul with him to dwell,
And gave me heavenly union.

2 When Jesus saw me from on high—
Beheld my soul in ruin lie,
He looked on me with pitying eye,
And kindly said, as he passed by,
“With God you have no union.”

3 Then I began to weep and sigh,
And looked this way and that to fly,
It grieved me so that I must die;
I strove salvation then to buy:
But still I had no union.

4 But when I hated all my sin,
My dear Redeemer took me in,

And with his blood he washed me clean;
And oh! what seasons I have seen
Since first I felt this union.

5 I praised the Lord by night and day,
I went from house to house to pray,
And if I met one on the way,
I found I'd something still to say
About this heavenly union.

6 I now with saints can join to sing,
And mount on faith's triumphant wing,
And make the heavenly arches ring,
With loud hosannas to our King,
Who brought our souls to union.

7 Come, oh backslider, come away,
And learn to do as well as say;
Come learn to watch as well as pray,
And bear your cross from day to day;
And then you'll feel this union.

8 We soon shall leave all things below;
And quit these climes of pain and woe;
We then shall all to glory go,
And ever see, and hear, and know
And feel a perfect union.

HYMN 123. C. M.

ONE evening, pensive as I lay,
In chains of darkness bound;
As I to God began to pray,
A light shone all around;

These words with power went through my
heart,

“I’ve come to set thee free;
Death, hell, or grave, shall never part
My love, my son, from thee.”

2 My dungeon shook, my chains flew off;

“Glory to God,” I cried;
My soul was filled, I cried “enough,
For me the Saviour died.”

The winter past, the rain was gone,
Sweet flowers again appear’d;

The morning brought a glorious sun—
I smiled that I had feared.

3 Ye who are groveling in your chains,

Without one spark of hope,
Though inexpressible your pains,
O still be looking up!

Though winds may blow and storms may
rise,

Though dark and drear the night,
The morning sun will clear the skies,
With sweet prevailing light!

HYMN 124. 7 6s & 1 8.

Saved by grace.

LET the world their virtue boast,
Their works of righteousness!

I, a wretch undone and lost,
Am freely saved by grace;

Other title I disclaim;

This, only this, is all my plea;

I the chief of sinners am,

But Jesus died for me.

2 Happy they whose joys abound,
Like Jordan's swelling stream;
Who their heaven in Christ have found,
And give the praise to him;
Meanest follower of the Lamb,
His steps I at a distance see;
I the chief of sinners am,
But Jesus died for me.

3 I, like Gideon's fleece, am found
Unwater'd still, and dry:
While the dew on all around
Falls plenteous from the sky;
Yet my Lord I cannot blame,
The Saviour's grace for all is free:
I the chief of sinners am,
But Jesus died for me.

4 Surely he will lift me up,
For I of him have need;
I cannot give up my hope,
Though I am cold and dead;
To bring fire on earth he came;
O that it now might kindled be!
I the chief of sinners am,
But Jesus died for me.

5 Jesus, thou for me hast died,
And thou in me wilt live;
I shall feel thy death applied,
I shall thy life receive:
Yet when melted in the flame
Of love, this shall be all my plea,—
I the chief of sinners am;
But Jesus died for me.

HYMN 125. S. M.

Our Captain.

- OUR Captain leads us on,
 He beckons from the skies,
 He reaches out a starry crown,
 And bids us take the prize.
- 2 "Be faithful unto death,
 Partake my victory,
 And thou shalt wear this glorious wreath,
 And thou shalt reign with me."
- 3 'Tis thus the righteous Lord
 To every soldier saith:
 Eternal life is the reward
 Of all-victorious faith.
- 4 Who conquer in his might,
 The victor's meed receive;
 They claim a kingdom in his right,
 Which God shall freely give.

 VI. CHRISTIAN EXPERIENCE.

I. COMMUNION WITH GOD.

HYMN 126. 4 lines 8.

HOW happy the souls that are blest,
 And sprinkled with Jesus's blood!
 That lean on Immanuel's breast,
 And live in communion with God!

- 2 This heavenly sweetness below
 Is common to all that believe :
 The joys of communion they know,
 In bonds of affection they live.
- 3 While striving to gain the blest shore,
 They mutual succor afford ;
 They look to the haven before,
 And follow their Captain and Lord.
- 4 Their joys that on earth are begun,
 Will soon be completed above :
 Their labor below will be done
 When lost in the ocean of love.
- 5 There all the ship's company meet,
 Who sail with their Saviour below :
 Their union will then be complete,
 And sorrow they never shall know.

HYMN 127. C. M.

Job xxiii, 3.

- OH that I knew the secret place
 Where I might find my God !
 I'd spread my wants before his face,
 And pour my woes abroad.
- 2 I'd tell him how my sins arise,
 What sorrows I sustain :
 How grace decays, and comfort dies,
 And leaves my heart in pain.
- 3 He knows what arguments I'd take
 To wrestle with my God ;
 I'd plead for his own mercy's sake,
 And for my Saviour's blood.

- 4 My God will pity my complaints,
 And heal my broken bones;
 He takes the meaning of his saints,
 The language of their groans.
- 5 Arise, my soul, from deep distress,
 And banish every fear;
 He calls thee to his throne of grace,
 To spread thy sorrows there.

HYMN 128. C. M.

- O**H, could I find, from day to day,
 A nearness to my God,
 Then should my hours glide sweet away,
 And lean upon his word.
- 2 Lord, I desire with thee to live
 Anew from day to day;
 In joys the world can never give,
 And never take away.
- 3 Oh Jesus, come and rule my heart,
 And make me wholly thine,
 That I may never more depart,
 Nor grieve thy love divine.
- 4 Thus till my last expiring breath
 Thy goodness I'll adore;
 And when my flesh dissolves in death,
 My soul shall love thee more.

HYMN 129. L. M.

To whom shall we go.

THOU only sovereign of my heart,
 My refuge, my almighty friend—
 And can my soul from thee depart,
 On whom alone my hopes depend?

- 2 Whither, ah! whither shall I go—
 A wretched wanderer from my Lord?
 Can this dark world of sin and woe
 One glimpse of happiness afford?
- 3 Eternal life thy words impart,
 On these my fainting spirit lives;
 Here sweeter comforts cheer my heart
 Than all the round of nature gives.
- 4 Let earth's alluring joys combine;
 While thou art near in vain they call;
 One smile, one blissful smile of thine,
 My dearest Lord, is worth them all.
- 5 Thy name my inmost powers adore,
 Thou art my life, my joy, my care;
 Depart from thee—'tis death—'tis more,
 'Tis endless ruin! deep despair!
- 6 Low at thy feet my soul would lie;
 Here safety dwells and peace divine;
 Still let me live beneath thine eye,
 For life, eternal life, is thine!

HYMN 130. C. M.

TO whom, my Saviour, shall I go,
 If I depart from thee?
 My guide through all this vale of woe,
 And more than all to me.

- 2 The world reject thy gentle reign,
 And pay thy death with scorn;
 Oh, they could plait thy crown again,
 And sharpen every thorn.

- 3 But I have felt thy dying love
 Breathe gently through my heart,
 To whisper hope of joys above—
 And can we ever part?
- 4 Ah, no, with thee I'll walk below
 My journey to the grave :
 To whom, my Saviour, shall I go,
 When only thou canst save?

HYMN 131. C. M.

Twilight musings.

- I LOVE to steal awhile away
 From every cumb'ring care,
 And spend the hours of setting day
 In humble, grateful prayer.
- 2 I love in solitude to shed
 The penitential tear,
 And all his promises to plead,
 Where none but God can hear.
- 3 I love to think on mercies past,
 And future good implore,
 And all my care and sorrows cast
 On him whom I adore.
- 4 I love by faith to take a view
 Of brighter scenes in heav'n ;
 The prospect doth my strength renew,
 While here by tempests driven.
- 5 Thus, when life's toilsome day is o'er,
 May its departing ray
 Be calm as this impressive hour,
 And lead to endless day.

HYMN 132. L. M.

"I shall be satisfied when I awake in thy likeness."

- P**OOOR sighing heart, dismiss thy fear,
E'en stricken mortals here below
 Shall find a home in that bright sphere—
 Where joy's unruffled streamlets flow.
- 2 Where all the woes that life oppress,
 And all the cares that mar our peace,
 Where all the sins that bring distress,
 And every vain regret shall cease.
- 3 With robes of righteousness divine,
 Their bodies free from earthly stain,
 Shall all the saints in glory shine,
 When Salem's peaceful courts they gain.
- 4 In Christ's own likeness shall they wake,
 With heavenly fullness be supplied;
 His triumph and his throne partake,
 And live for ever—SATISFIED!

HYMN 133.

- 'T**IS sweet to think of joys above,
 The hopes we have in heaven;
'Tis sweet to think of Jesus' love,
 While here by tempests driven;
 And sweet to gather round the cross,
 Where Christ the Lord was slain;
 And counting all things here but loss,
 To glory in our gain.
- 2 O! if so sweet the shadows are,
 What will the substance prove,
 When free from sin, and pain, and care,
 We fly to meet our love!

There, meekly sitting at his feet,
 We'll view his smiling face,
 And through eternity repeat
 The wonders of his grace.

3 The world may boast of earthly joys,
 Of pleasures, riches, fame,
 And think to charm with glittering toys
 The followers of the Lamb;
 Ah! no such glittering toys can charm
 A heart that's fixed above,
 Nor riches, fame, nor joys can harm
 A bosom filled with love.

4 A heaven on earth begun he feels,
 And lingering here below,
 He waits till God his will reveals,
 And bids the captive go!
 Then to the land where spirits are,
 Where weary souls find rest,
 He flies to seek his portion there,
 On the Redeemer's breast.

HYMN 134. 8s & 7s.

LET thy kingdom, blessed Saviour,
 Come, and bid our jarrings cease;
 Come, oh come! and reign for ever,
 God of love and Prince of peace;
 Visit now poor bleeding Zion,
 Hear thy people mourn and weep;
 Day and night thy lambs are crying,
 Come, good Shepherd, feed thy sheep.

2 Some for Paul, some for Apollos,
 Some for Cephas—none agree;
 Jesus, let us hear thee call us;
 Help us, Lord, to follow thee;

Then we'll rush through what encumbers,
 Over every hindrance leap,
 Not upheld by force or numbers;
 Come, good Shepherd, feed thy sheep.

3 Lord, in us there is no merit,
 We've been sinners from our youth;
 Guide us, Lord, by thy good Spirit,
 Which shall teach us all the truth.
 On thy gospel-word we'll venture,
 'Till in death's cold arms we sleep,
 Love our Lord, and Christ our Saviour,
 Oh! good Shepherd, feed thy sheep.

HYMN 135. 8s.

WHAT now is my object and aim?
 What now is my hope and desire?
 To follow the heavenly Lamb,
 And after his image aspire:
 My hope is all centred in thee;
 I trust to recover thy love,
 On earth thy salvation to see,
 And then to enjoy it above.

2 I thirst for a life-giving God,
 The Lamb that on Calvary died;
 The fountain of water and blood
 That gush'd from Immanuel's side!
 I gasp for the streams of thy love,
 The spirit of rapture unknown;
 And then to redrink it above,
 Eternally fresh from the throne.

HYMN 136. C. M.

Fellowship with God.

- NOT life, nor all the toys of art,
 Nor pleasure's flow'ry road,
 Can to my soul such bliss impart,
 As fellowship with God.
- 2 Not health, nor friendship here below,
 Nor wealth, that golden load,
 Can such delights and comforts show,
 As fellowship with God.
- 3 When I in love am made to bear
 Affliction's needful rod,
 Light, sweet, and kind the strokes appear,
 Through fellowship with God.
- 4 In fierce temptation's fiery blast,
 And dark distraction's road,
 I'm happy, if I can but taste
 Some fellowship with God.
- 5 And when the icy arms of death
 Shall chill thy flowing blood,
 With joy I'll yield my latest breath
 In fellowship with God.
- 6 When I at last to heav'n ascend,
 And gain that bright abode,
 A bless'd eternity I'll spend
 In fellowship with God.

HYMN 137. C. M.

God's presence is light in darkness.

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 thou appear,
 My dawning is begun ;
 Thou art my soul's bright morning star,
 And thou my rising sun.
- 3 The opening heavens around me shine
 With beams of sacred bliss,
 If Jesus shows his mercy 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 see and praise my Lord.
- 5 Fearless of hell and ghastly death,
 I'd break through every foe ;
 The wings of love and arms of faith
 Would bear me conqueror through.

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2. LOVE, JOY AND PRAISE.

HYMN 138. 8s.

*Love to Christ.*

MY Gracious Redeemer I love,  
 M His praises aloud I'll proclaim,  
 And join with the armies above  
 To shout his adorable name ;  
 To gaze on his glories divine  
 Shall be my eternal employ ;  
 To feel them incessantly mine,  
 My boundless, ineffable joy.



- 2 He freely redeemed with his blood  
 My soul from the confines of hell,  
 To live on the smiles of my God,  
 And in his sweet 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 Ye palaces, sceptres, and crowns,  
 Your pride with disdain I survey;  
 Your pomps are but shadows and sounds,  
 That pass in a moment away;  
 The crown that my Saviour bestows  
 Yon permanent sun will outshine!  
 My joy everlastingly flows,  
 My God, my Redeemer is mine.

## HYMN 139. C. M.

*Love to Christ.* John xxi, 15.

- D**O not I love thee, O my Lord?  
 Behold my heart, and see:  
 And turn each worthless idol out  
 That dares to rival thee.
- 2 Do not I love thee from my soul?  
 Then let me nothing love:  
 Dead be my heart to every joy,  
 When Jesus cannot move!
- 3 Is not thy name melodious still  
 To mine attentive ear?  
 Doth not each pulse with pleasure thrill,  
 My Saviour's voice to hear?

- 4 Hast thou a lamb in all thy flock  
I would disdain to feed?  
Hast thou a foe before whose face  
I fear thy cause to plead?
- 5 Thou know'st I love thee, dearest Lord,  
But, oh, I long to soar  
Far from the sphere of mortal joys,  
That I may love thee more.

## HYMN 140. L. M.

*Love to Christ present or absent.*

- OF all the joys we mortals know,  
Jesus, thy love exceeds the rest;  
Love, the best blessing here below,  
The highest rapture of the blest.
- 2 While we are held in thine embrace,  
There's not a thought attempts to rove;  
Each smile that's seen upon thy face  
Fixes, and charms, and fires our love.
- 3 When of thine absence we complain,  
And long, and weep, and humbly pray,  
There's a strange pleasure in the pain,—  
Those tears are sweet which mourn thy  
stay.
- 4 When round thy courts by day we rove,  
Or ask the watchmen of the night  
For some kind tidings from above,  
Thy very name creates delight.
- 5 Jesus, our God, descend and come:  
Our eyes would dwell upon thy face;  
'Tis heaven to see our Lord at home,  
And feel the presence of his grace.

## HYMN 141. 8s &amp; 7s.

**H**AIL, my ever blessed Jesus,  
 Only thee I wish to sing:  
 To my soul thy name is precious,  
 Thou my prophet, priest, and king.

2 Oh, what mercy flows from heav'n,  
 Oh, what joy and happiness!  
 Love I much? I've much forgiv'n—  
 I'm a miracle of grace.

3 Once, with Adam's race in ruin,  
 Unconcern'd in sin I lay;  
 Swift destruction still pursuing,  
 Till my Saviour pass'd that way.

4 Witness, all ye hosts of heav'n—  
 My Redeemer's tenderness!  
 Love I much?—I've much forgiv'n—  
 I'm a miracle of grace.

5 Shout, ye bright angelic choir;  
 Praise the Lamb enthron'd above;  
 While, astonish'd, I admire  
 God's free grace and boundless love.

6 That bless'd moment I receiv'd him  
 Fill'd my soul with joy and peace;  
 Love I much?—I've much forgiv'n—  
 I'm a miracle of grace.

## HYMN 142. 4 8s &amp; 2 7s.

**T**HE voice of my Beloved sounds,  
 While o'er the mountain tops he bounds;  
 He flies exulting o'er the hills,  
 And all my soul with transport fills:

Gently doth he chide my stay,  
 "Rise, my love, and come away."

- 2 The scatter'd clouds are fled at last,  
 The rain is gone, the winter's past,  
 The lovely vernal flowers appear,  
 The warbling choir enchants our ear;  
 Now, with sweetly pensive moan,  
 Coos the turtle-dove alone.

HYMN 143. C. M.

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

- 2 Yes, thou art precious to my soul,  
 My transport and my trust!  
 Jewels to thee are gaudy toys,  
 And gold is sordid dust.
- 3 All my capacious powers can wish  
 In thee most richly meet;  
 Nor to mine eyes is light so dear,  
 Nor friendship half so sweet.
- 4 Thy grace still dwells upon my heart,  
 And sheds its fragrance there;  
 The noblest balm of all its wounds,  
 The cordial of its care!
- 5 I'll speak the honors of thy name  
 With my last, lab'ring breath;  
 Then, speechless, clasp thee in my arms,  
 The antidote of death.

## HYMN 144. 7s.

**H**OLY Jesus, heavenly Lamb,  
Thine, and only thine I am;  
Take my body, spirit, soul;  
Only thou possess the whole.

- 2 Thou my dearest object be,  
Let me ever cleave to thee,  
Let me choose the better part,  
Let me give thee all my heart.
- 3 Whom have I on earth below?  
Only thee I wish to know:  
Whom have I in heaven but thee?  
Thou art all in all to me.
- 4 All my treasure is above,  
My best portion is thy love;  
Who the worth of love can tell?  
Infinite! unsearchable!
- 5 Nothing else may I require:  
Let me thee alone desire;  
Pleas'd with what thy love provides,  
Wean'd from all the world besides,

## HYMN 145. 8s 7s &amp; 1 4.

**O** THOU God of my salvation,  
My Redeemer from all sin,  
Moved by thy divine compassion,  
Who hast died my heart to win,  
I will praise thee,—  
Where shall I thy praise begin?

- 2 While the angel-choirs are crying  
 Glory to the great I AM,  
 I with them would still be vying,—  
 Glory, glory to the Lamb!  
 O how precious  
 Is the sound of Jesus' name!
- 3 Now I see, with joy and wonder,  
 Whence the healing streams arose;  
 Angel-minds are lost to ponder  
 Dying love's mysterious cause:  
 Yet the blessing  
 Down to all, to me it flows!
- 3 Though unseen, I love the Saviour;  
 He hath brought salvation near;  
 Manifests his pard'ning favor;  
 And, when Jesus doth appear,  
 Soul and body  
 Shall his glorious image bear.
- 5 Angels now are hov'ring round us,  
 Unperceiv'd the mix the throng,  
 Wond'ring at the love that crown'd us,  
 Glad to join the holy song:  
 Hallelujah,  
 Love and praise to Christ belong!

## HYMN 146.

**H**OW dreary all this world below,  
 To desolation given;  
 Its fountains gush, its streamlets flow,  
 A tide of misery and woe:  
 It is not thus in heaven.

- 2 In loneliness I wander here,  
 And more than shades of even  
 Enshroud my soul with grief and fear,  
 While tear pursues its fellow tear;  
 It is not thus in heaven.
- 3 Amid the sullen gloom of night,  
 To desperation driven,  
 With joy I hail the bursting light  
 That aids my short and feeble sight  
 To see my home in heaven.
- 4 O would my Father bid me come,  
 And let these bonds be riven;  
 My soul would rise and haste to roam  
 Where sainted spirits make their home,  
 High up in yonder heaven.

## HYMN 147. 5s 6s &amp; 9s.

*Rejoicing in Christ.*

**H**OW happy are they  
 Who their Saviour obey,  
 And have laid up their treasures above!  
 Tongue cannot express  
 The sweet comfort and peace  
 Of a soul in its earliest love.

- 2 That comfort was mine  
 When the favor divine  
 I found in the blood of the Lamb;  
 When my heart it believed,  
 What a joy I received,  
 What a heaven in Jesus's name.

- 3 'Twas a heaven below,  
 My Redeemer to know;

The angels could do nothing more  
 Than to fall at his feet,  
 And the story repeat,  
 And the lover of sinners adore.

4 Jesus, all the day long,  
 Was my joy and my song;  
 O that all his salvation might see:  
 He hath loved me, I cried,  
 He hath suffered and died  
 To redeem such a rebel as me.

5 On the wings of his love  
 I was carried above  
 All sin and temptation and pain;  
 I could not believe  
 That I ever should grieve—  
 That I ever should suffer again.

6 I rode on the sky,  
 Freely justified I,  
 Nor did envy Elijah his seat;  
 My soul mounted higher  
 In a chariot of fire,  
 And the moon it was under my feet.

7 O the rapturous height  
 Of that holy delight  
 Which I felt in the life-giving blood!  
 Of my Saviour possess,  
 I was perfectly blest,  
 As if filled with the fullness of God.

HYMN 148. L. M.

*I know that my Redeemer lives.*

“I KNOW that my Redeemer lives;”  
 What comfort this sweet sentence gives!



- He lives, he lives, who once was dead,  
He lives, my everlasting head.
- 2 He lives triumphant from the grave;  
He lives eternally to save;  
He lives, and while he lives I'll sing;  
He lives, my Prophet, Priest and King.
- 3 He lives to bless me with his love;  
He lives to plead for me above;  
He lives my hungry soul to feed;  
He lives to help in time of need.
- 4 He lives to grant me rich supply;  
He lives to guide me with his eye;  
He lives to comfort me when faint;  
He lives to hear my soul's complaint.
- 5 He lives and grants me daily breath;  
He lives and I shall conquer death;  
He lives my mansion to prepare;  
He lives to bring me safely there!
- 6 He lives—all glory to his name!—  
He lives, my Jesus, still the same;  
O the sweet joys the sentence gives—  
“I know that my Redeemer lives.”

## HYMN 149. 9s 8s &amp; 1 10.

RELIGION is a glorious treasure,  
Diffusion of the Saviour's love;  
The Spirit's comfort without measure,  
It joins our souls to those above;  
It calms our fears, it soothes our sorrows,  
It smoothes our way o'er life's rough sea:  
While endless ages are onward rolling,  
This heavenly portion ours shall be.

- 2 While journeying here through tribulations,  
 In phalanx firm we'll march along:  
 Contentions may divide the nations,  
 But Christ shall be our common song:  
 For pure religion knits together—  
 It binds in love and makes us free:  
 While endless ages are onward rolling,  
 This heavenly portion ours shall be.
- 3 How vain! how frail! how transitory!  
 This world, with all its pomp and show;  
 Its mighty names, renowned in story,  
 We'll gladly leave them all below.  
 A brighter object now enraptures—  
 In Christ alone we beauties see:  
 While endless ages are onward rolling,  
 This heavenly portion ours shall be.
- 4 Our earthly house is now dissolving,  
 And mortal life will soon be o'er;  
 The cares within us now revolving  
 Will soon afflict our hearts no more;  
 But pure religion lasts for ever;  
 In death our souls shall strengthened be,  
 While endless ages are onward rolling,  
 This heavenly portion ours shall be.

## HYMN 150. L. M.

O MAY I worthy prove to see  
 The saints in full prosperity;  
 To see the bright, the glittering bride  
 Close seated by her Saviour's side.

- 2 O may I find some humble seat  
 At my divine Redeemer's feet;

- A servant as before I've been,  
And sing salvation to my King.
- 3 I'm glad that I am born to die,  
From grief and woe my soul shall fly;  
Bright angels shall convey me home,  
Safe to the new Jerusalem.
- 4 I'll praise my Maker while I've breath;  
I hope to praise him after death;  
I hope to praise him when I die,  
And shout salvation through the sky.
- 5 Farewell, vain world, I'm going home;  
My Saviour smiles and bids me come,  
The angels beckon me away,  
To sing God's praise in endless day.
- 6 I soon shall pass the vale of death,  
And in his arms I'll lose my breath;  
And then my happy soul shall tell  
That Jesus hath done all things well.
- 7 I soon shall hear the awful sound,  
Awake, ye nations under ground;  
Arise and drop your dying shrouds,  
And meet king Jesus in the clouds.
- 8 When to that blessed world I rise,  
And join the anthem in the skies,  
This note above the rest shall swell—  
My Jesus has done all things well.
- 9 Then shall I see my blessed God,  
And praise him in his bright abode;  
My theme through all eternity  
Shall glory, glory, glory, be.

## HYMN 151. C. M.

YE saints, attend the Saviour's voice,  
 Attend his word of grace;  
 He says, and in it, oh, rejoice!  
 "In me ye shall have peace!"

2 Tho' storms and tempests round you roar,  
 And foes and fears increase,  
 He says—and what could he say more?—  
 "In me ye shall have peace."

3 What though afflictions still abound,  
 And troubles still increase?  
 He says, and, oh, how sweet the sound,  
 "In me ye shall have peace."

4 What tho' your hearts with sorrow bleed,  
 And sighs and tears increase?  
 He says, and, oh, 'tis true indeed,  
 "In me ye shall have peace."

5 Tho' you shall pass thro' death's cold flood,  
 To gain your wish'd release,  
 He says, and sure he'll make it good,  
 "In me ye shall have peace."

6 When you his face in glory view,  
 Where joy can ne'er decrease,  
 Eternity shall prove it true,  
 "In me ye shall have peace."

## HYMN 152. L. M.

*The good old way.*

LIFT up your hearts, Immanuel's friends,  
 And taste the pleasure Jesus sends;

Let nothing cause you to delay,  
But hasten on the good old way :

*And I'll sing Hallelujah,  
And glory be to God on high ;  
And I'll sing Hallelujah,  
There's glory beaming thro' the sky.*

- 2 Our conflicts here, though great they be,  
Shall not prevent our victory ;  
If we but watch, and strive and pray,  
Like soldiers in the good old way.
- 3 Though Satan may his powers employ—  
Our peace and prospects to destroy ;  
Yet never fear, we'll gain the day,  
And shout and sing the good old way.
- 4 And when on Pisgah's top we stand,  
And view by faith the promis'd land,  
Then we'll sing and shout and pray,  
And march along the good old way.
- 5 Ye valiant souls, for heaven contend,  
Soon all our grief in joy shall end ;  
Our God will wipe all tears away,  
When we have run the good old way.
- 6 Then far beyond this mortal shore,  
We'll meet with those who've gone before ;  
Through grace divine we'll gain the day,  
By marching in the good old way.
- 7 Our good old way, how sweet thou art !  
May none of us from thee depart,  
But may our actions always say  
We're marching in the good old way.

## HYMN 153. L. M.

BLESS'D Jesus, what delicious fare,  
 How sweet thine entertainments are!  
 Never did angels taste above  
 Redeeming grace and dying love.

2 The joy's too great, I must confess,  
 I feel a bliss I can't express;  
 Thy love, my Saviour, ne'er can cloy,  
 Fountain of bliss, and source of joy.

3 O let me ever share thy grace,  
 Still taste thy love, and view thy face!  
 Still let my tongue resound thy name,  
 And Jesus be my constant theme.

## HYMN 154. 11s.

O JESUS, my Saviour, to thee I submit;  
 With love and thanksgiving, fall down  
 at thy feet;  
 The sacrifice offer, my soul, flesh and blood,  
 To thee, my Redeemer, my Lord and my  
 God.

2 I love thee, I love thee, I love thee, my  
 Lord;  
 I love thee, my Saviour, I trust in thy word;  
 I love thee, I love thee, and that thou dost  
 know,  
 But how much I love thee I never can show.

3 I'm happy, I'm happy, O wondrous account,  
 My joys are immortal, I stand on the mount;  
 I gaze on my treasure and long to be there,  
 With angels my kindred and Jesus my dear!

- 4 O Jesus, my Saviour, in thee I am blest,  
 My life and my treasure, my joy and my  
 rest;  
 Thy grace be my theme and thy name be  
 my song,—  
 Thy love doth inspire both my heart and  
 my tongue.
- 5 O who is like Jesus? he's Salem's bright  
 King;  
 He smiles, and he loves me, and learns me  
 to sing;  
 I'll praise him, I'll praise him, with notes  
 loud and shrill,  
 While rivers of pleasure my spirit do fill.

## HYMN 155. C. M.

*Paradise.*

- H**OW happy every child of grace  
 Who knows his sins forgiven!  
 This earth, he cries, is not my place,  
 I seek my place in heaven:  
 A country far from mortal sight,  
 Yet oh! by faith I see;  
 The land of rest, the saints' delight,  
 The heaven prepared for me.
- 2 O what a blessed hope is ours  
 While here on earth we stay;  
 We more than taste the heavenly powers,  
 And antedate that day:  
 We feel the resurrection near,  
 Our life in Christ conceal'd,  
 And with his glorious presence here  
 Our earthen vessels filled.

- 3 O would he more of heaven bestow!  
 And when the vessels break,  
 Then shall our ransom'd spirits go  
 To grasp the God we seek;  
 In rapturous awe on him to gaze,  
 Who bought the sight for me,  
 And shout, and wonder at his grace,  
 To all eternity.

## HYMN 156. 4 8s &amp; 1 7.

- R**EJOICE, my friends, the Lord is King;  
 Let all prepare to take him in;  
 Let Jacob rise, and Zion sing,  
 And all the world with praises ring,  
 And give to Jesus glory.
- 2 I long to see the saints combine  
 In union sweet and peace divine,  
 When every church with grace shall shine,  
 And grow to Christ the living vine,  
 And give to Jesus glory.
- 3 A few more days of pain and woe,  
 A few more suffering scenes below,  
 And then to Jesus we shall go,  
 Where everlasting pleasures flow;  
 And there we'll give him glory.
- 4 The awful trumpet soon will sound,  
 And shake the vast creation round,  
 And call the nations under ground;  
 And all the saints shall then be crown'd,  
 And give to Jesus glory.
- 5 Then tears shall all be wiped away;  
 Then Christians ne'er shall go astray;



When we are freed from cumbrous clay,  
We'll praise the Lord in endless day,  
And give to Jesus glory.

## HYMN 157.

OH give me the smiles of the Saviour I  
love,  
The pledge of his favor, the joys from  
above ;

I care not how lowly my portion may be,  
If Jesus but whisper his blessing to me ;  
The world may allure, but I heed not its  
wiles :

Temptations may gather while pleasure  
beguiles ;

I'll turn from the follies that charm to  
destroy,

And seek that enjoyment which knows no  
alloy.

Oh give me the smiles of the Saviour  
I love,

The pledge of his favor, the joy from  
above ;

I care not how lowly my portion may  
be,

If Jesus but whisper his blessing to  
me.

2 When clouds of affliction my sky may de-  
form,

And trials of sorrow break in like a storm,  
With Jesus my comfort, companion and  
guide,

The storm clouds shall vanish, the tem-  
pests subside ;

His arm shall uphold me when enemies  
throng,

His mercy shall be my salvation and song;  
And when the dark waters of Jordan shall  
roll,

His spirit shall whisper sweet peace to my  
soul.

Oh give me the smiles of the Saviour  
I love,

The pledge of his favor, the joy from  
above;

I care not how lowly my portion may  
be,

If Jesus but whisper his blessing to  
me.

### HYMN 158. L. M.

*The loving-kindness of the Lord. Psalm lxxiii, 7.*

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

2 He saw me ruined by the fall,  
Yet loved me notwithstanding all;  
He saved me from my lost estate,—  
His loving-kindness, O 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, O how strong!

3 When trouble, like a gloomy cloud,  
Has gather'd thick and thunder'd loud,

He near my soul has always stood,—  
His loving-kindness, O how good!

- 5 Often I feel my sinful heart  
Prone from my Jesus to depart;  
But though I have him oft forgot,  
His loving-kindness changes not.
- 6 Soon shall I pass the gloomy vale,  
Soon all my mortal powers must fail;  
O may my last expiring breath  
His loving-kindness sing in death.
- 7 Then let me mount and soar away  
To the bright world of endless day,  
And sing, with rapture and surprise,  
His loving-kindness in the skies.

HYMN 159. 11s & 12s.

**I**N seasons of grief to my God I'll repair,  
When my heart is o'erwhelmed with  
sorrow and care;

From the ends of the earth, unto thee will  
I cry,—

Lead me to the Rock that is higher than I!  
Higher than I, higher than I,

Lead me to the Rock that is higher than I!

- 2 When Satan, the tempter, comes in like a  
flood,

To drive my poor soul from the Fountain  
of good,

I'll pray to the Lord who for sinners did  
die,—

Lead me to the Rock that is higher than I!  
Higher than I, &c.

3 And when I have finished my pilgrimage  
 here,  
 Complete in Christ's righteousness I shall  
 appear,  
 In the swellings of Jordan all dangers defy  
 And look to the Rock that is higher than I!  
 Higher than I, &c.

4 And when the last trumpet shall sound  
 through the skies,  
 And the dead from the dust of the earth  
 shall arise,  
 Transported I'll join with the ransomed on  
 high,  
 To praise the dear Rock that is higher  
 than I!  
 Higher than I, higher than I,  
 To praise the dear Rock that is higher  
 than I!

HYMN 160. C. M.

SALVATION! O the joyful sound!  
 O What pleasure to our ears!  
 A sovereign balm for every wound,  
 A cordial for our fears.

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

2 Salvation! let the echo fly  
 The spacious earth around,  
 While all the armies of the sky  
 Conspire to raise the sound.

- 3 Salvation! O thou bleeding Lamb!  
 To thee the praise belongs:  
 Salvation shall inspire our hearts,  
 And dwell upon our tongues.

## HYMN 161. C. M.

AMAZING grace! how sweet the sound,  
 That saved a wretch like me!  
 I once was lost, but now am found—  
 Was blind, but now I see.

- 2 'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear,  
 And grace my fears reliev'd;  
 How precious did that grace appear,  
 The hour I first believ'd.

- 4 Through many dangers, toils and snares  
 I have already come;  
 'Tis grace that brought me safe thus far,  
 And grace will lead me home.

- 4 And when this flesh and heart shall fail,  
 And mortal life shall cease,  
 I shall possess within the veil  
 A life of joy and peace.

## HYMN 162. 6 7s.

*Praise to our King.*

COME and let us praise our King:  
 He is worthy to be praised;  
 Should his saints refuse to sing,  
 How would angels stand amazed!  
 O exalt the sinner's friend!  
 Let his praises never end.

2 There he dwells whom angels sing :  
 Once he bore the cross below ;  
 Jesus, heaven's eternal King,  
 Lived on earth a man of woe :  
 Now he reigns, and reigns above,  
 Jesus reigns, the God of love.

3 Hail, immortal King of heaven !  
 Endless praise surround thy throne ;  
 Lamb of God, for sinners given,  
 "Thou art worthy," thou alone :  
 Thee we serve, and thee we sing ;  
 Jesus, hail, eternal King !

HYMN 163. 8s & 7s.

SAVIOUR, source of every blessing,  
 Tune my heart to sing thy grace :  
 Streams of mercy never ceasing  
 Call for ceaseless songs of praise :  
 Teach me some melodious sonnet,  
 Sung by flaming tongues above ;  
 Praise the mount—I'm fixed upon it,  
 Mount of thy redeeming love !

2 Here I'll raise my Ebenezer,  
 Hither by thy help I've come :  
 And I hope, by thy good pleasure,  
 Safely to arrive at home.  
 Jesus sought me when a stranger,  
 Wandering from the fold of God ;  
 He, to rescue me from danger,  
 Interposed his precious blood.

3 O! to grace how great a debtor  
 Daily I'm constrained to be !  
 Let thy goodness, like a fetter,  
 Bind my wandering heart to thee.

Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it,  
 Prone to leave the God I love—  
 Here's my heart, O take and seal it,—  
 Seal it for thy courts above.

## HYMN 164. 6 8s.

- I'LL praise my Maker while I've breath,  
 And, when 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 the oppress'd, he feeds the poor,  
 And none shall find his promise vain.
- 3 The Lord pours eyesight on the blind ;  
 The Lord supports the fainting mind ;  
 He sends the laboring conscience peace ;  
 He helps the stranger in distress,  
 The widow and the fatherless,  
 And grants the prisoner sweet release.
- 4 I'll praise him while he lends me breath,  
 And when 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.

## HYMN 165. 8s.

THIS, this is the God we adore,  
 Our faithful, unchangeable friend;  
 Whose love is as great 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.

## HYMN 166. 5 6s &amp; 2 4s.

“GLORY to God on high!”  
 Let heaven and earth reply—  
 “Praise ye his name!”

His love and grace adore,  
 Who all our sorrows bore;  
 Sing aloud evermore—  
 “Worthy the Lamb.”

2 Ye who surround the throne,  
 Cheerfully join in one,  
 Praising his name:  
 His love and grace adore,  
 Who all our sorrows bore;  
 Sing aloud evermore—  
 “Worthy the Lamb.”

3 Join, all ye ransom'd race,  
 Our Lord and God to bless;  
 “Praise ye his name:”  
 On him we fix our choice,  
 In him we will rejoice,  
 Shouting with heart and voice—  
 “Worthy the Lamb.”



4 Soon must we close our race,  
 Yet will we never cease  
 Praising his name:  
 But, as we upward wing,  
 Hail him our gracious King,  
 And through the heavens sing—  
 “Worthy the Lamb.”

## HYMN 167. C. M.

*Happy in death.*

JESUS, the vision of thy face  
 Hath overpowering charms!  
 Scarce shall I feel death's cold embrace,  
 If Christ be in my arms.  
 Then, while ye hear my heart-strings break,  
 How sweet my minutes roll!  
 A mortal paleness on my cheek,  
 And glory in my soul!

## 3. DOUBTS AND FEARS.

## HYMN 168. 6 7s.

*Once I thought.*

ONCE I thought my mountain strong,  
 Firmly fixed no more to move;  
 Then my Saviour was my song,  
 Then my soul was fill'd with love:  
 Those were happy, golden days,  
 Sweetly spent in prayer and praise.  
 2 Little then myself I knew,  
 Little thought of Satan's power;  
 Now I feel my sins anew:  
 Now I feel the stormy hour!

Sin has put my joys to flight;  
Sin has turned my day to night.

- 3 Saviour, shine and cheer my soul,  
Bid my dying hopes revive;  
Make my wounded spirit whole,  
Far away the tempter drive:  
Speak the word and set me free,  
Let me live alone to thee.

HYMN 169. C. M.

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

Soon as the morn the light revealed  
His praises tuned my tongue;  
And when the evening shades prevailed,  
His love was all my song:

- 2 In vain the tempter spread his wiles,  
The world no more could charm;  
I lived upon my Saviour's smiles,  
And leaned upon his arm.

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

- 3 But now, when evening shade prevails,  
My soul in darkness mourns;  
And when the morn the light reveals,  
No light to me returns.

Rise, Lord, and help me to prevail—  
O make my soul thy care;  
I know thy mercy cannot fail;  
Let me that mercy share.

## HYMN 170. 7s.

'TIS a point I long to know,  
Oft it causes anxious thought ;  
Do I love the Lord or no ?  
Am I his, or am I not ?

2 If I love, why am I thus ?  
Why this dull, this lifeless frame ?  
Hardly, sure, can they be worse  
Who have never heard his name.

3 Could my heart so hard remain,  
Prayer a task and burden prove,  
Every trifle give me pain—  
If I knew a Saviour's love ?

4 When I turn my eyes within,  
All is dark, and vain, and wild ;  
Fill'd with unbelief and sin—  
Can I deem myself a child ?

5 If I pray, or hear or read,  
Sin is mixed with all I do ;  
You who love the Lord indeed,  
Tell me is it thus with you ?

6 Yet I mourn my stubborn will,  
Find my sin a grief and thrall ;  
Should I grieve for what I feel,  
If I did not love at all ?

7 Could I joy with saints to meet,  
Choose the ways I once abhorr'd,  
Find, at times, the promise sweet,  
If I did not love the Lord ?

8 Let me love thee more and more,  
 If I love at all, I pray;  
 If I have not loved before,  
 Help me to begin to-day.

## HYMN 171. 8s.

*Faith fainting.*

**E**NCOMPASS'D with clouds of distress,  
 Just ready all hope to resign,  
 I pant for the light of thy face,  
 And fear it will never be mine.  
 Dishearten'd with waiting so long,  
 I sink at thy feet with my load;  
 All plaintive I pour out my song,  
 And stretch forth my hands unto God.

2 Shine, Lord! and my terror shall cease;  
 The blood of atonement apply;  
 And lead me to Jesus for peace,—  
 The rock that is higher than I:  
 Speak, Saviour! for sweet is thy voice,  
 Thy presence is fair to behold:  
 Attend to my sorrows and cries—  
 My groanings that cannot be told.

3 If sometimes I strive, as I mourn,  
 My hold of thy promise to keep,  
 The billows more fiercely return,  
 And plunge me again in the deep:  
 While harass'd and cast from thy sight,  
 The tempter suggests with a roar,—  
 "The Lord has forsaken thee quite;  
 Thy God will be gracious no more."

4 Yet, Lord, if thy love hath designed  
 No covenant blessing for me,  
 Ah! tell me how is it I find  
 Some pleasure in waiting for thee?  
 Almighty to rescue thou art;  
 Thy grace is my shield and my tower:  
 Come, succor and gladden my heart,—  
 Let this be the day of thy power.

## HYMN 172. 6 7s.

*Faith encouraged*

**P**ENSIVE, doubting, fearful heart,  
 Hear what Christ the Saviour says;  
 Every word should joy impart,  
 Change thy mourning into praise;  
 Fearful soul, attend and see;  
 Yes, he speaks, and speaks to thee.

2 " Fear thou not, nor be ashamed;  
 All thy sorrows soon shall end;  
 I, who heaven and earth have framed,  
 Am thy husband and thy friend:  
 I, the High and Holy One,  
 As thy Saviour will be known.

3 " For a moment I withdrew,  
 And thy heart was filled with pain;  
 But thy mercies I'll renew,  
 Thou shalt soon rejoice again:  
 Though I seem to hide my face,  
 'Tis but for a moment's space.

4 " When my peaceful bow appears,  
 Painted on the watery cloud,  
 'Tis to dissipate thy fears  
 Lest the earth should be o'erflow'd:

'Tis an emblem too of peace;  
Very soon my wrath shall cease.

- 5 " Though afflicted, tempest-toss'd,  
Comfortless awhile thou art,  
Faithful souls shall ne'er be lost;  
I have grav'd them on my heart:  
Look to me, and prove anew  
What a God of love can do."

**HYMN 173.** 8s.

*Longing for Christ.*

**H**OW 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 bless'd with a sense of his love,  
 A palace a toy would appear;  
 And prisons would palaces prove,  
 If Jesus would dwell with me there.

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

## HYMN 174. L. M.

*Return of joy.*

**W**HEN darkness long has veil'd my mind,  
 And smiling day once more appears,  
 Then, my Redeemer! then I find  
 The folly of my doubts and fears.

- 2 I chide my unbelieving heart,  
 And blush that I should ever be  
 Thus prone to act so base a part,  
 Or harbor one hard thought of thee!

- 3 O let me then, at length, be taught  
 What I am still so slow to learn—  
 That God is love, and changes not,  
 Nor knows the shadow of a turn.

- 4 Sweet truth, and easy to repeat!  
 But, when my faith is sharply tried,  
 I find myself a learner yet—  
 Unskillful, weak, and apt to slide.

- 5 But, O my Lord, one look from thee  
 Subdues the disobedient will;  
 Drives doubt and discontent away,—  
 And thy rebellious worm is still.
- 6 Thou art as ready to forgive  
 As I am ready to repine;  
 Thou, therefore, all the praise receive;  
 Be shame and self-abhorrence mine.

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4. BACKSLIDING AND RESTORATION.

HYMN 175. C. M.

The backslider.

- O WHY did I my Saviour leave,
 So soon unfaithful prove?
 How could I thy good Spirit grieve,
 And sin against thy love?
- 2 I forced thee first to disappear,
 I turn'd thy face aside;
 Ah! Lord, if thou hadst still been here,
 Thy servant had not died.
- 3 But oh, how soon thy wrath is o'er,
 And pardoning love takes place!
 Assist me, Saviour, to adore
 The riches of thy grace.
- 4 O could I lose myself in thee;
 Thy depth of mercy prove;
 Thou vast, unfathomable sea
 Of unexhausted love!

- 5 My humble soul, when thou art near,
 In dust and ashes lies :
 How shall a sinful worm appear,
 Or meet thy purer eyes ?
- 6 I loathe myself, when God I see,
 And into nothing fall ;
 Content, if thou exalted be,
 And Christ be all in all.

HYMN 176. 8s & 7s.

Prayer to the Saviour.

SAVIOUR, visit thy plantation ;
 Grant us, Lord, a gracious rain !
 All will come to desolation,
 Unless thou return again ;
 Keep no longer at a distance ;
 Shine upon us from on high ;
 Lest, for want of thy assistance,
 Every plant should droop and die.

Lord, revive us,

All our help must come from thee.

- 2 Surely once thy garden flourished,
 Every part looked gay and green ;
 Then thy word our spirits nourished ;
 Happy seasons we have seen !
 But a drought has since succeeded !
 And a sad decline we see ?
 Lord, thy help is greatly needed,—
 Help can only 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 enticing snares.

Break the tempter's fatal power ;
 Turn the stony heart to flesh ;
 And begin from this glad hour
 To revive thy work afresh.

HYMN 177. L. M.

- M**Y God, permit me not to be
 A stranger to myself and thee ;
 Amidst a thousand thoughts I rove,
 Forgetful of my highest love.
- 2 Why should my passions mix with earth,
 And thus debase my heavenly birth ?
 Why should I cleave to things below,
 And let my God, my Saviour, go ?
- 3 Call me away from flesh and sense ;
 One sovereign word can draw me thence :
 I would obey the voice divine,
 And all inferior joys resign.
- 4 Be earth, with all her scenes, withdrawn,
 Let noise and vanity begone ;
 In secret silence of the mind,
 My heaven, and there my God, I find.

HYMN 178. 8s & 7s.

Backslider's confession.

MET, O God, to ask thy presence,
 Join our souls to seek thy grace ;
 Oh, deny us not, nor spurn us,
 Guilty rebels, from thy face ;
 All is sin, we own, our Father,
 All our lives are marked with guilt ;
 Naught we plead, our sins to cover,
 Save the blood that Jesus spilt.

- 2 We have wander'd—long have wander'd,
 Much we need thy chastening rod;
 But we come to own our folly;
 Heal and pardon us, O God!
 May thy people wake from slumber,
 Ere their lamps shall fail and die:
 Bridegroom of the church, awake them!
 Rouse them by the "midnight cry."
- 3 Let conviction seize the careless,
 Through their souls thine arrows dart;
 Let thy truth, so long rejected,
 Break and melt the flinty heart.
 Oh, thou kind, forgiving Spirit,
 Comforter, on thee we call!
 Cheer the saint—alarm the sinner;
 Oh, revive—revive us all.

HYMN 179.

Walking with God.

- O FOR a closer walk with God,
 A calm and heavenly frame;
 A light to shine upon the road
 That leads me to the Lamb!
- 2 Where is the blessedness I knew
 When first I saw the Lord?
 Where is the soul-refreshing view
 Of Jesus, and his word?
- 3 What peaceful hours I then enjoyed!
 How sweet their memory still!
 But they have left an aching void
 The world can never fill.

- 4 Return, O holy Dove! return,
Sweet messenger of rest!
I hate the sins that made thee mourn
And drove thee from my breast.
- 5 The dearest idol I have known,
Whate'er that idol be,
Help me to tear it from thy throne
And worship only thee.
- 6 So shall my walk be close with God,
Calm and serene my frame:
So purer light shall mark the road
That leads me to the Lamb.

HYMN 180. C. M.

- O THAT I were as heretofore!
When, warm in my first love,
I only lived my God to adore,
And seek the things above!
- 2 Upon my head his candle shone,
And, lavish of his grace,
With cords of love he drew me on,
And half unveil'd his face.
- 3 Far, far above all earthly things
Triumphantly I rode;
I soared to heaven on eagles' wings,
And found, and talked with God.
- 4 Where am I now? from what a height
Of happiness cast down!
The glory swallowed up in night,
And faded is the crown.

5 O God, thou art my home, my rest,
 For which I sigh in pain !
 How shall I 'scape into thy breast,
 My Eden, how regain ?

HYMN 181. 11s & 8s.

O H Thou in whose presence my soul
 takes delight,

On whom in affliction I call ;
 My comfort by day, and my song in the
 night,

My hope, my salvation, my all :
 Where dost thou at noontide resort with
 thy sheep,

To feed on the pastures of love ?
 For why in the valley of death should I
 weep,

Or alone in the wilderness rove ?

2 Oh why should I wander an alien from
 thee,

And cry in the desert for bread ?
 My foes will rejoice when my sorrows
 they see,

And smile at the tears I have shed.
 Ye daughters of Zion, declare, have you
 seen

The Star that on Israel shone ?
 Say, if in your tents my Beloved has been,
 And where with his flocks he has gone ?

3 This is my Beloved, his form is divine,
 His vestments shed odors around ;
 The locks on his head are as grapes on
 the vine,

When autumn with plenty is crown'd.

The roses of Sharon, the lilies that grow
 In the vales on the banks of the streams,
 On his cheeks in the beauty of excellence
 glow,

And his eyes are as quivers of beams.

4 His voice as the sound of the dulcimer
 sweet,

Is heard through the shadows of death ;

The cedars of Lebanon bow at his feet,

The air is perfumed with his breath.

His lips as a fountain of righteousness
 flow,

That waters the garden of grace ;

From which their salvation the Gentiles
 shall know,

And bask in the smiles of his face.

HYMN 182. 7s 6s & 1 8.

LORD, and is thine anger gone,

And art thou pacified ?

After all that I have done,

Dost thou no longer chide ?

Let thy love my heart constrain,

And all my restless passions sway :

Keep me lest I turn again

Out of the narrow way.

2 If I have begun once more

Thy sweet return to feel,

If even now I find thy power

Present my soul to heal,

Still and quiet may I lie,

Nor struggle out of thine embrace,

Never more resist or fly

From thy pursuing grace.

- 3 See my utter helplessness,
 And leave me not alone;
 O preserve in perfect peace,
 And seal me for thine own.
 More and more thyself reveal;
 Thy presence let me always find:
 Comfort, and confirm, and heal
 My feeble, sin-sick mind.
- 4 As the apple of thine eye,
 Thy weakest servant keep;
 Help me at thy feet to lie,
 And there for ever weep;
 Tears of joy mine eyes o'erflow,
 That I have any hope of heaven,
 Much of love I ought to know,
 For I have much forgiven.

HYMN 183. C. M.

Will ye also go away? John vi, 67—69.

- W**HEN any turn from Zion's way,
 (As numbers often do,)
 Methinks I hear my Saviour say,
 "Wilt thou forsake me too?"
- 2 Ah, Lord! with such a heart as mine,
 Unless thou hold me fast,
 My faith will fail, I shall decline,
 And prove like them at last.
- 3 'Tis thou alone hast power and grace
 To save a wretch like me;
 To whom then shall I turn my face,
 If I depart from thee?

- 4 Beyond a doubt I rest assur'd
 Thou art the Christ of God,
 Who has eternal life secur'd
 By promise and by blood.
- 5 The help of men and angels join'd
 Could never reach my case!
 Nor can I hope relief to find,
 But in thy boundless grace.
- 6 No voice but thine can give me rest,
 And bid my fears depart;
 No love but thine can make me blest,
 And satisfy my heart.

5. PRAYER AND WATCHFULNESS.

HYMN 184. L. M.

WHAT various hindrances we meet,
 In coming to the mercy seat;
 Yet who that knows the worth of prayer
 But wishes to be often there.

- 2 Prayer makes the darkest clouds 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-creatures' ear
 With the sad tale of all your care.

5 Were half the time that's vainly spent,
 To heaven in supplication sent,
 Our cheerful songs would oftner be,—
 Hear what the Lord has done for me.

HYMN 185. L. M.

The Mercy-Seat.

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;
 Tho' sunder'd far—by faith they meet
 Around one common Mercy-Seat?

4 Ah! whither could we flee for aid
 When tempted, desolate, dismay'd—
 Or how the host of hell defeat,
 Had suffering saints no Mercy-Seat!

5 There! there, on eagle-wing 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 the Mercy-Seat.

HYMN 186. 7s 6s & 1 8.

Christ a Refuge.

TO the haven of thy breast,
 O Son of Man, I fly!
 Be my refuge and my rest,
 For O! the storm is high!
 Save me from the furious blast:
 A covert from the tempest be!
 Hide me, Jesus, till o'erpast
 The storm of sin I see.

2 Welcome as the water-spring
 To a dry, barren place,
 O descend on me, and bring
 Thy sweet refreshing grace!
 O'er a parch'd and weary land,
 As a great rock extends its shade,
 Hide me, Saviour with thy hand,
 And screen my naked head.

3 In the time of my distress
 Thou hast my succor been,
 In my utter helplessness
 Restraining me from sin;
 O how swiftly didst thou move
 To save me in the trying hour!
 Still protect me with thy love,
 And shield me with thy power.

4 First and last in me perform
 The work thou hast begun :
 Be my shelter from the storm,
 My shadow from the sun :
 Weary, parch'd with thirst, and faint,
 Till thou th' abiding Spirit breathe,
 Every moment, Lord, I want,
 The merit of thy death.

5 Never shall I want it less,
 When thou the gift hast given,
 Fill'd me with thy righteousness,
 And seal'd the heir of heaven :
 I shall hang upon my God,
 Till I thy perfect glory see;
 Till the sprinkling of thy blood
 Shall speak me up to thee.

HYMN 187. L. M.

MY hope, my all, my Saviour thou,
 To thee my soul I humbly bow ;
 I feel the bliss thy wounds impart,
 I find thee, Saviour, in my heart.

2 Be thou my strength, be thou my way ;
 Protect me through my life's short day :
 In all my acts by wisdom guide,
 And keep me, Saviour, near thy side.

3 Correct, reprove, and comfort me !
 As I have need, my Saviour be ;
 And, if I would from thee depart,
 Then clasp me, Saviour, to thy heart.

4 In fierce temptation's darkest hour,
 Save me from sin and Satan's power ;

Tear every idol from thy throne,
And reign, my Saviour, reign alone.

- 5 My suffering time shall soon be o'er,
Then shall I sigh and weep no more;
My ransom'd soul shall soar away,
To sing thy praise in endless day.

HYMN 188. 7s.

Humble request. Jer. xxix, 13.

LORD, we come before thee now,
At thy feet we humbly bow;
O do not our suit disdain;
Shall we seek thee, Lord, in vain?

- 2 In thine own appointed way,
Now we seek thee, here we stay:
Lord, we cannot let thee go
Till a blessing thou bestow.
- 3 Send some message from thy word,
That may joy and peace afford;
Let thy Spirit now impart
Full salvation to each heart.
- 4 Comfort those who weep and mourn,
Let the time of joy return;
Those who are cast down lift up:
Make them strong in faith and hope.
- 5 Grant that all may seek and find
Thee a God supremely kind;
Heal the sick, the captive free,
Let us all rejoice in thee.

HYMN 189. L. M.

Prayer for zeal.

- O THOU, who all things canst control,
 Chase this dread slumber from my soul;
 With joy and fear, with love and awe,
 Give me to keep thy perfect law.
- 2 O may one beam of thy blest light
 Pierce and dispel the shade of night;
 Touch my cold breast with heavenly fire,
 With holy, conquering zeal inspire.
- 3 With outstretched hands and streaming
 eyes,
 Oft I begin to grasp the prize;
 I groan, I strive, I watch, I pray;
 But, ah! how soon it dies away!
- 4 The deadly slumber soon I feel
 Afresh upon my spirit steal:
 Rise, Lord, stir up thy quickening power,
 And wake me that I sleep no more.

HYMN 190. 7s & 6s.

When and how to pray.

GO, when the morning shineth,
 Go, when the moon is bright,
 Go, when the eve declineth,
 Go, in the hush of night;
 Go, with pure mind and feeling,
 Fling earthly thoughts away,
 And, in thy chamber kneeling,
 Do thou in secret pray.

- 2 Remember all who love thee,
 All who are loved by thee;
 Pray too for those who hate thee,
 If any such there be;
 Then for thyself, in meekness,
 A blessing humbly claim,
 And link with each petition
 Thy great Redeemer's name.
- 3 Or, if 'tis e'er denied thee
 In solitude to pray,
 Should holy thoughts come o'er thee,
 When friends are round thy way;
 The spirit's silent breathing,
 In meekness raised above,
 Will reach his throne of glory,
 Who's Mercy, Truth, and Love.
- 4 Oh! not a joy or blessing
 With this can we compare,
 The power that he has given us—
 To pour our souls in prayer;
 Whene'er thou pin'st in sadness,
 Before his footstool fall,
 And turn thee, in thy gladness,
 To him who gave thee all.

HYMN 191. S. M.

Watchfulness.

A CHARGE to keep I have,
 A God to glorify;
 A never-dying soul to save,
 And fit it for the sky.

2 To serve the present age,
 My calling to fulfil;
 O may it all my powers engage
 To do my Master's will.

3 Arm me with jealous care,
 As in thy sight to live;
 And oh thy servant, Lord, prepare
 A strict account to give!

4 Help me to watch and pray,
 And on thyself rely,
 Assured, if I my trust betray,
 I shall for ever die.

HYMN 192. P. M.

Take heed, watch and pray. Matt. xiii, 33.

GO, watch and pray, thou canst not tell
 How near thine hour may be;
 Thou canst not know how soon the bell
 May toll its notes for thee.

Death's countless snares beset thy way;
 Frail child of dust! go watch and pray.

2 Fond youth, while free from blighting care,
 Does thy firm pulse beat high?

Do hope's glad visions, bright and fair,
 Dilate before thine eye?

Soon these must change—must pass away;
 Frail child of dust! go watch and pray.

3 Thou aged man! life's wintry storm
 Hath sear'd thy vernal bloom;

With trembling limbs and wasting form,
 Thou'rt bending o'er the tomb:

And can vain hope lead thee astray?
 Go weary pilgrim! watch and pray.

- 4 Ambition, stop thy panting breath
 Pride, sink thy lifted eye!
 Behold the caverns dark with death
 Before you open lie:
 The heav'nly warning now obey;
 Ye sons of pride, go watch and pray.

HYMN 193. C. M.

Time is short. 1 Cor. vii, 29.

- T**HE time is short! the season near
 When death will us remove,
 To leave our friends, however dear,
 And all we fondly love.
- 2 The time is short! sinners, beware,
 Nor trifle time away:
 The word of great salvation hear,
 While it is called to-day.
- 3 The time is short! ye rebels, now
 To Christ the Lord submit;
 To mercy's golden sceptre bow,
 And fall at Jesus' feet.
- 4 The time is short! ye saints, rejoice—
 The Lord will quickly come:
 Soon shall you hear the Bridegroom's voice
 Invite you to your home.
- 5 The time is short! it swiftly flies—
 The hour is just at hand,
 When we shall mount above the skies,
 And reach the wish'd-for land.
- 6 The time is short!—the moment near
 When we shall dwell above;
 And be for ever happy there,
 With Jesus, whom we love.

HYMN 194. C. M.

- M**Y drowsy powers, why sleep ye so?
Awake, my sluggish soul!
Nothing has half thy work to do,
Yet nothing's half so dull.
- 2 Go to the ants; for one poor grain
See how they toil and strive!
Yet we, who have a heaven t' obtain,
How negligent we live!
- 3 We for whose sake all nature stands,
And stars their courses move;
We for whose guard the angel-bands
Came flying from above;
- 4 We, for whom God the Son came down,
And labor'd for our good,
How careless to secure that crown
He purchas'd with his blood.
- 5 Lord, shall we live so sluggish still,
And never act our parts?
Come, holy Dove, from th' heavenly hill,
And warm our frozen hearts.
- 6 Give us with active warmth to move,
With vig'rous souls to rise;
With hands of faith and wings of love,
To fly and take the prize.

HYMN 195. 7s.

A New Year Hymn.

WHILE with ceaseless course the sun
Hasted through the former year,
Many souls their race have run,
Never more to meet us here;

Fix'd in an eternal state,
 They have done with all below;
 We a little longer wait,
 But how little none can know.

2 As the winged arrow flies
 Speedily the mark to find;
 As the lightning from the skies
 Darts, and leaves no trace behind;
 Swiftly thus our fleeting days
 Bear us down life's rapid stream;
 Upwards, Lord, our spirits raise;
 All below is but a dream.

3 Thanks for mercies past 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;
 And, when life's short tale is told,
 May we dwell with thee above.

HYMN 196. S. M.

GRACIOUS Redeemer, shake
 This slumber from my soul!
 Say to me now, "Awake, awake,
 And Christ shall make thee whole."

2 Lay to thy mighty hand,
 Alarm me in this hour,
 And make me fully understand
 The thunder of thy power!

3 Give me on thee to call,
 Always to watch and pray,
 Lest I into temptation fall,
 And cast my shield away.

4 For each assault prepared,
 And ready may I be,
 For ever standing on my guard,
 And looking up to thee.

5 O do thou always warn
 My soul of evil near!
 When to the right or left I turn,
 Thy voice still let me hear!

6 "Come back! this is the way!
 Come back! and walk therein!"
 O may I hearken and obey,
 And shun the paths of sin.

HYMN 197. 10s 5s & 11s.

COME, let us anew our journey pursue,
 Roll round with the year,
 And never stand still till the Master appear!
 His adorable will let us gladly fulfil,
 And our talents improve
 By the patience of hope and the labor of
 love.

2 Our life as 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.”

HYMN 198. 4 8s & 1 7.

O JESUS, now thy power display,
And stir us up to watch and pray,
That we at last may hear thee say,
“Come, reign with me in endless day,
And feel eternal union.”

2 Come, brethren, let us heavenward go,
Until we end our race below;
Then we shall leave this world of woe,
And everlasting pleasures know,
And feel immortal union.

3 Our race is short, 'twill soon be o'er;
Then we shall weep and sigh no more,
And join the saints on Canaan's shore,
The name of Jesus to adore,
And feel that endless union.

4 Then, when these mortal frames shall die,
And long in death's embraces lie,
Our souls to realms of bliss shall fly,
And sing and shout beyond the sky,
And feel that heavenly union.

- 5 And when to that bright world we come,
 And gain our everlasting home,
 Our souls shall there for ever bloom,
 Until our bodies leave the tomb,
 Then both shall join that union.

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6. HOPE AND CONFIDENCE.

HYMN 199. 7s.

*Joyous Hope.*

- CHILDREN of the heavenly King,  
 As we journey let us sing,  
 Sing our Saviour's worthy praise,  
 Glorious in his works and ways.
- 2 We are traveling home to God,  
 In the way our fathers trod;  
 They are happy now, and we  
 Soon their happiness shall see.
- 3 Oh, ye banished seed, be glad,  
 Christ our advocate is made;  
 Us to save, our flesh assumes,—  
 Brother to our souls becomes.
- 4 Fear not, brethren, joyful stand  
 On the borders of our land:  
 Jesus Christ, our Father's Son,  
 Bids us undismayed go on.
- 5 Lord, obediently we'll go,  
 Gladly leaving all below;  
 Only thou our leader be,  
 And we still will follow thee.

## HYMN 200. 7s &amp; 6s.

*Looking forward.*

FROM every earthly pleasure,  
 From every transient joy,  
 From every mortal treasure  
 That soon will fade and die,  
 No longer these desiring,  
 Upwards our wishes tend,  
 To nobler bliss aspiring,  
 And joys that never end.

2 From every piercing sorrow  
 That heaves our breast to-day,  
 Or threatens us to-morrow,  
 Hope turns our eyes away;  
 On wings of faith ascending,  
 We see the land of light,  
 And feel our sorrows ending  
 In infinite delight.

3 'Tis true we are but strangers  
 And sojourners below;  
 And countless snares and dangers  
 Surround the path we go.  
 Though painful and distressing,  
 Yet there's a rest above;  
 And onward still we're pressing  
 To reach that land of love.

## HYMN 201. C. M.

*Anxious hopes and fears.*

MY soul would fain indulge a hope  
 To reach the heavenly shore;  
 And, when I drop this dying flesh,  
 That I shall sin no more.

- 2 I hope to hear and join the song  
That saints and angels raise;  
And while eternal ages roll,  
To sing eternal praise.
- 3 Come, then, O blessed Jesus, come,  
To me thy spirit give;  
Shine through a dark, benighted soul,  
And bid a sinner live.

## HYMN 202. 8s 7s &amp; 1 4.

- O MY soul, what means this sadness?  
Wherefore art thou thus cast down?  
Let thy griefs be turned to gladness;  
Bid thy restless fears be gone;  
Look to Jesus,  
And rejoice in his dear name.
- 2 What though Satan's strong temptations  
Vex and grieve thee day by day;  
And thy sinful inclinations  
Often fill thee with dismay;  
Thou shalt conquer  
Through the Lamb's redeeming blood.
- 3 Though ten thousand ills beset thee,  
From without and from within;  
Jesus saith he'll ne'er forget thee,  
But will save from hell and sin:  
He is faithful  
To perform his gracious word.
- 4 Though distresses now attend thee,  
And thou tread'st the thorny road,  
His right hand shall still defend thee;  
Soon he'll bring thee home to God!  
Therefore praise him—  
Praise the great Redeemer's name.

## HYMN 203. P. M.

YE faint and weary trav'lers,  
 I Who seek that peaceful shore  
 Where never wave of trouble rolls,  
 And sin torments no more,  
 Fond eyes of love look down on you,  
 While toiling here below ;  
 As you sweep through the deep,  
 Where the stormy winds do blow ;  
 Where the fight of faith must still be fought,  
 And the stormy winds do blow.

2 The brightest saints in glory  
 Your every conflict knew ;  
 And the same right arm that rescued them  
 Is stretched to rescue you.

1 The cleansing stream in which they wash'd  
 Their garments white as snow,  
 Runs as clear and as near  
 As when it first did flow—  
 When his pierced side poured forth the tide  
 Which mercy gave to flow.

3 Your fierce and fiery trials  
 Must still terrific burn,  
 Till every part of sin is quench'd,  
 And the Star of peace return :  
 Then, then, ye weary travelers,  
 The streams of life shall flow,—  
 As they roll o'er the soul  
 The storm shall cease to blow ;  
 And you shall bathe in seas of love,  
 Where the gales of Eden blow.



## HYMN 204. 7s &amp; 6s.

SOMETIMES a light surprises  
The Christian while he sings;  
It is the Lord who rises  
With healing on 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 or fig tree neither  
Its wonted fruit shall 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 cannot but rejoice.

## HYMN 205. C. M.

*A lively hope.*

- SWEET to rejoice in lively hope  
 That, when my change shall come,  
 Angels will hover round my bed,  
 And waft my spirit home.
- 2 There shall my disembodied soul  
 View Jesus and adore;  
 Be with his likeness satisfied,  
 And grieve and sin no more.
- 3 Shall see him wear that very flesh  
 On which my guilt was lain;  
 His love intense, his merit fresh  
 As though but newly slain.
- 4 Soon, too, my slumbering dust shall hear  
 The trumpet's quickening sound,  
 And by my Saviour's power rebuilt,  
 At his right hand be found.
- 5 If such the views which grace unfolds,  
 Weak as it is below,  
 What raptures must the church above  
 In Jesus' presence know!
- 6 O may the unction of these truths  
 For ever with me stay,  
 Till, from her sinful cage dismissed,  
 My spirit flies away.

## HYMN 206. 7s &amp; 6s.

O WHEN shall I see Jesus,  
 And reign with him above,  
 And drink the flowing fountain  
 Of everlasting love?

When shall I be delivered  
From this vain world of sin,  
And with my blessed Jesus  
Drink endless pleasures in?

2 But now I am a soldier:  
My Captain's gone before,  
He's given me my orders,  
And bids me not give o'er;  
And, if I prove but faithful,  
A crown of life he'll give;  
And all his valiant soldiers  
Eternal life shall have.

3 Through grace I am determined  
To conquer, though I die;  
And then away to Jesus  
On wings of love I'll fly.  
Farewell to sin and sorrow,  
I bid you all adieu;  
Then, O my friends, prove faithful,  
And on your way pursue.

4 Whene'er you meet with troubles  
And trials on your way,  
O cast your care on Jesus,  
And don't forget to pray;  
Gird on the heavenly armor  
Of faith and hope and love;  
And when the combat's ended  
You'll reign with Him above.

5 O do not be discouraged,  
For Jesus is your friend;  
And, if you lack for knowledge,  
He'll not refuse to lend.

Neither will he upbraid you,  
 Though often you request:  
 He'll give you grace to conquer,  
 And take you home to rest.

## HYMN 207. C. M.

*Not ashamed of Christ.*

- I'M not ashamed to own my Lord,  
 Or 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.

## HYMN 208. L. M.

- 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 fear to quell, no soul to save.
- 6 Till then—nor is my boasting vain—  
 Till then I'll boast a Saviour slain!  
 And O may this my glory be,  
 That Christ is not ashamed of me!

## HYMN 209. L. M.

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

- AFFLICTED saint, to Christ draw near,  
 Thy Saviour's gracious promise hear;  
 His faithful word declares to thee  
 That "as thy day, thy strength shall be."
- 2 Thy faith is weak, thy foes are strong;  
 And if the conflict should be long,  
 The Lord will make the tempter flee,  
 For "as thy day, thy strength shall be."
- 3 Should persecution rage and flame,  
 Still trust in thy Redeemer's name:  
 In fiery trials thou shalt see  
 That "as thy day, thy strength shall be."

- 4 When called to bear the weighty cross,  
 Reproach, affliction, pain, or loss,  
 Or deep distress and poverty,  
 Still "as thy day, thy strength shall be."
- 5 When death, at length, appears in view,  
 Christ's presence shall thy fears subdue;  
 He comes to set thy spirit free,  
 And "as thy day, thy strength shall be."

## HYMN 210. L. M.

*I will in no wise cast out. John vi, 37.*

- H**ARK! 'tis the Saviour's voice I hear;  
 Come, trembling soul, dispel thy fear;  
 He saith.—and who his word can doubt?—  
 He will in no wise cast you out!
- 2 Doth Satan fill you with dismay,  
 And tell you Christ will cast away?  
 It is a truth—why will you doubt?—  
 He will in no wise cast you out!
- 3 Doth sin appear, before your view,  
 Of scarlet or of crimson hue?  
 If black as hell, why should you doubt?—  
 He will in no wise cast you out!
- 4 The publican and dying thief  
 Applied to Christ, and found relief;  
 Nor need you entertain a doubt,—  
 He will in no wise cast you out!
- 5 Approach your God, make no delay,  
 He waits to welcome you to-day;  
 His mercy try, nor longer doubt,—  
 He will in no wise cast you out!

## HYMN 211. C. M.

**M**Y God, how many are my fears!  
 How fast my foes increase!  
 Conspiring my eternal death,  
 They break my present peace.

2 The lying tempter would persuade  
 There's no relief in heaven,  
 And all my growing sins appear  
 Too great to be forgiven.

3 But thou, my glory and my strength,  
 Shalt on the tempter tread!  
 Shalt silence all my threat'ning guilt,  
 And raise my drooping head.

4 What though the hosts of death and hell,  
 All armed, against me stood?  
 Terrors no more shall shake my soul;  
 My refuge is my God.

5 Salvation to the Lord belongs;  
 His arm alone can save:  
 Blessings attend thy people here,  
 And reach beyond the grave.

## HYMN 212. C. M.

**W**HEN I can read my title clear  
 To mansions in the skies,  
 I'll bid farewell to every fear  
 And wipe my weeping eyes.

2 Should earth against my soul engage,  
 And fiery darts be hurled,  
 Then I can smile at Satan's rage,  
 And face a frowning world.

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

## HYMN 213. 8s &amp; 7s.

- D**ARK and thorny is the desert  
 Through which pilgrims make their  
 way;  
 Yet beyond this vale of sorrow  
 Lie the fields of endless day;  
 Fiends, loud howling through the desert,  
 Make them tremble as they go;  
 And the fiery darts of Satan  
 Often bring their courage low.
- 2 O, young pilgrims, are you weary  
 Of the roughness of the way?  
 Does your strength begin to fail you,  
 And your vigor to decay?  
 Jesus, Jesus will go with you:  
 He will lead you to his throne;  
 He who dyed his garments for you,  
 And the wine-press trod alone;
- 3 He whose thunders shake creation,  
 He who bids the planets roll,  
 He who rides upon the tempest,  
 And whose sceptre sways the whole!



- Round him are ten thousand angels,  
 Ready to obey command;  
 They are always hov'ring round you,  
 Till you reach the heavenly land.
- 4 There, on flowery hills of pleasure,  
 Lie the fields of endless rest;  
 Love, and joy, and peace for ever  
 Reign and triumph in your breast.  
 Who can paint the scenes of glory  
 Where the ransomed dwell on high  
 They on golden harps for ever  
 Sound redemption through the sky!
- 5 O their crowns! how bright they sparkle!  
 Such as monarchs never wore;  
 They are gone to richer pastures,  
 Jesus is their shepherd there.  
 Hail! ye happy, happy spirits,  
 Death no more shall make you fear,  
 Grief or sorrow, pain or anguish,  
 Shall no more distress you there.

## HYMN 214. 3 7s &amp; 1 6.

- S**OLDIERS of the cross, arise!  
 Lo! your leader from the skies  
 Waves before you glory's prize,  
 The prize of victory.
- 2 Seize your armor—gird it on,  
 The battle's yours, it will be won;  
 Tho' fierce the strife, 'twill soon be done;  
 Then struggle manfully.
- 3 Jesus conquered when he fell,  
 Met and vanquished earth and hell;  
 Now he leads you on, to swell  
 The triumphs of his cross.

- 4 Though all earth and hell appear,  
Who will doubt or who can fear?  
"God, our strength and shield," is near;  
We cannot lose our cause.
- 5 Onward, then, ye hosts of God!  
Jesus points the victor's rod;  
Follow where your leader trod;  
You soon shall see his face.
- 6 Soon, your enemies all slain,  
The crown of glory you shall gain,  
And walk among that glorious train  
Who shout their Saviour's praise.

## HYMN 215. C. M.

- T**HRO' all the changing scenes of life,  
In trouble and in joy,  
The praises of my God shall still  
My heart and tongue employ.
- 2 Of his deliv'rance I will boast,  
Till all who are distress'd  
From my example comfort take,  
And charm their griefs to rest.
- 3 The hosts of heav'n 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 bless'd they are, and only they,  
Who in his truth confide.

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

## HYMN 216. 8s 7s &amp; 1 4.

GENTLY, Lord, oh, gently lead us  
 Through this lowly vale of tears;  
 And, O Lord, in mercy give us  
 Thy rich grace in all our fears.

Oh! refresh us—

Oh! refresh us with thy grace.

- 2 Though ten thousand ills beset us,  
 From without and from within,  
 Jesus never will forget us,  
 But will save from every sin.  
 Therefore praise him—  
 Praise the great Redeemer's name,

- 3 Though distresses now attend us,  
 And we tread the thorny road;  
 His right hand shall still defend us;  
 Soon he'll bring us home to God!  
 Therefore praise him—  
 Praise the great Redeemer's name.

## HYMN 217. C. M.

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 see the triumph from afar,  
 The crown enchants their eye.
- 6 When that illustrious day shall rise,  
 And all thy armies shine  
 In robes of victory through the skies,  
 The glory shall be thine.

## HYMN 218. C. M.

*It shall be well with the righteous.*

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

- 2 In hope of that immortal crown,  
 I now the cross sustain,  
 And gladly wander up and down,  
 And smile at toil and pain;

I suffer on my three-score years,  
Till my Deliverer come,  
And wipe away his servant's tears,  
And take his exile home.

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

4 O what are all my sufferings here,  
If, Lord, thou count me meet  
With that enraptured host t' appear,  
And worship at thy feet!  
Give joy or grief, give ease or pain,  
Take life or friends away;  
But let me find them all again  
In that eternal day.

## HYMN 219. 8s &amp; 7s.

**D**EATH shall not destroy my comfort,  
Christ shall guide me thro' the gloom;  
Down he'll send some heavenly convoy  
To escort my spirit home.  
Jordan's stream shall not o'erflow me  
While my Saviour's by my side;  
Canaan, Canaan lies before me,  
Soon I'll cross the swelling tide.

*Miss Alice*

- 2 See the happy spirits waiting  
 On the bank beyond the stream;  
 Sweet responses still repeating,  
 Jesus, Jesus is their theme;  
 See! they whisper; hark! they call me,  
 Sister spirit, come away!  
 Lo! I come; earth can't contain me!  
 Hail! ye realms of endless day!
- 3 Worlds of light and crowns of glory,  
 Far above yon azure sky,  
 Though by faith I now explore ye,  
 I'll enjoy you soon on high:  
 Soon I'll gain a full possession,  
 Faith and hope shall henceforth cease,  
 Lost in love's exhaustless ocean,  
 Love, that sweetest, brightest grace.
- 4 Swiftly roll, ye lingering hours;  
 Seraphs, lend your glittering wings;  
 Love absorbs my ransomed powers,  
 Heavenly sound around me rings:  
 Jesus, clad in dazzling splendor,  
 Now methinks appears in view;  
 Sinners, could ye see my Jesus,  
 You would love and serve him too.

## HYMN 220. 6 8s.

**T**HOUGH waves and storms go o'er my  
 head,  
 Though strength, and health, and friends  
 be gone,  
 Though joys be withered all and dead,  
 And every comfort be withdrawn;  
 Steadfast on this my soul relies,—  
 Father, thy mercy never dies.

- 2 Fix'd on this ground will I remain,  
 When heart shall 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.

## HYMN 221. 5 6s &amp; 1 7.

*Our bondage shall end.*

OUR bondage here shall end  
 By and by—by and by;  
 Our griefs shall vanish then,  
 With our three-score years and ten,  
 And bright glory crown the day  
 By and by—by and by.

- 2 When our Deliverer comes,  
 By and by—by and by,  
 From Egypt's yoke set free,  
 We'll hail our Jubilee,  
 And to Canaan all return,  
 By and by—by and by.

- 3 Though strong our foes appear,  
 We'll go on—we'll go on;  
 Our hearts shall know no fear,  
 For Israel's God is near;  
 While the fiery pillar moves  
 We'll go on—we'll go on.

- 4 By Marah's bitter streams  
 We'll go on—we'll go on;  
 Though Baca's vale be dry,  
 The Rock shall yield supply;—  
 To a land of corn and wine  
 We'll go on—we'll go on.

5 And when to Jordan's flood  
 We are come—we are come,  
 Jehovah rules the tide,  
 And the waters will divide;  
 While the ransom'd host shall shout,  
 "We are come—we are come."

6 There friends shall meet again  
 Who have lov'd—who have lov'd;  
 Our embraces shall be sweet  
 At our dear Redeemer's feet,  
 When we meet to part no more,  
 Who have lov'd—who have lov'd.

7 There, with the happy throng,  
 We'll rejoice—we'll rejoice;  
 Shouting "Glory to our King,"  
 Till the heavenly dome shall ring,  
 And through all eternity  
 We'll rejoice—we'll rejoice.

**HYMN 222.** 10s & 11s.

*The Lord will provide.*

**T**HOUGH 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 in our  
 Head;



- 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  
toss'd  
On perilous deeps, but need not be lost;  
Though Satan enrages the wind and the  
tide,  
The promise engages—the Lord will provide.
- 4 His call we obey, like Abraham of old;  
Not knowing our way, but faith makes us  
bold:  
For, though we are strangers, we have a  
good guide,  
And trust in all dangers the Lord will  
provide.
- 5 When Satan appears to stop up the path,  
And fills us with fears, we'll triumph by  
faith;  
He cannot take from us, though oft he has  
tried,  
The heart-cheering promise—the Lord  
will provide.
- 6 No strength of our own, or goodness we  
claim;  
Yet, since we have known the Saviour's  
great name,  
In this our strong tower for safety we hide—  
The Lord is our power, the Lord will  
provide.

7 When life sinks apace, and death is in  
view,  
This word of his grace shall comfort us  
through :  
No fearing or doubting, with Christ on our  
side,  
We hope to die shouting—the Lord will  
provide.

## HYMN 223. 6s &amp; 5s.

*Consolation.*

**W**HY that look of sadness?  
Why that downcast eye?  
Can no thought of gladness  
Lift thy soul on high?  
O, thou heir of heaven,  
Think of Jesus' love,  
While to thee is given  
All his grace to prove.

2 Is thy burdened spirit  
Agoniz'd for sin?  
Think of Jesus' merit;  
He can make thee clean :  
Think of Calv'ry's mountain  
Where his blood was spilt,  
In that precious fountain  
Wash away thy guilt.

3 Is thy spirit drooping?  
Is the tempter near?  
Still in Jesus hoping,  
What hast thou to fear?  
Set the prize before thee,  
Gird thy armor on :  
Heir of grace and glory,  
Struggle for thy crown.

## HYMN 224. 6 7s &amp; 2 8s.

*Christ the Head of the Church.*

- H**HEAD of the church triumphant,  
We joyfully adore thee;  
Till thou appear, thy members here  
Shall sing like those before thee;  
We lift our hearts and voices,  
With bless'd anticipation,  
And cry aloud, and give to God  
The praise of our salvation.
- 2 While in affliction's furnace,  
And passing through the fire,  
Thy love we praise which knows no days,  
And ever brings us nigher;  
We clap our hands exulting  
In thine almighty favor;  
The love divine, which made us thine,  
Can keep us thine for ever.
- 3 Thou dost conduct thy people  
Through torrents of temptation;  
Nor will we fear, while thou art near,  
The fire of tribulation:  
The world, with sin and Satan,  
In vain our march opposes;  
By thee we shall break through them all,  
And sing the song of Moses.
- 4 By faith we see the glory  
To which thou shalt restore us,  
The cross despise for that high prize  
Which thou hast set before us:  
And if thou count us worthy,  
We each, as dying Stephen,  
Shall see thee stand at God's right hand  
To take us up to heaven.

## HYMN 225. 11s.

*Precious promises.*

- H**OW 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,  
 Who unto the Saviour for refuge hath fled?
- 2 In every condition, in sickness, in health,  
 In poverty's vale, or abounding in wealth,  
 At home or 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 dis-  
 mayed!  
 For 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 sorrow shall not overflow;  
 For I will be with thee, thy troubles to  
 bless,  
 And sanctify to thee thy deepest distress.
- 5 When through fiery trials thy pathway  
 shall lie,  
 My grace, all-sufficient, shall be thy supply;  
 The flame shall not hurt thee; I only design  
 Thy dross to consume, and thy gold to re-  
 fine.

6 The soul that on Jesus doth lean for repose,  
 I will not, I will not desert to his foes;  
 That soul, though all hell should endeavor  
 to shake,  
 I'll never—no, never—no, never forsake.

## HYMN 226. 12s &amp; 11s.

*The Martyr's Death Song.*

I HAVE fought the good fight—I have  
 finished my race;  
 And thee, O my Saviour, I soon shall  
 embrace;  
 They may torture this body—my spirit is  
 free,  
 And the billows of death shall but waft it  
 to thee.

2 Let thy strength, Lord, but gird me—thy  
 smile be but mine,  
 And my soul on thy faithfulness firmly re-  
 cline;  
 The dungeon, the sword, or the stake I can  
 dare,  
 And in transports expire, if my Jesus be  
 there.

3 Did my Lord feel the scourge? Did the  
 thorns pierce his brow?  
 In the darkness of death, on the cross did  
 he bow?  
 All this didst thou suffer, my Saviour, for  
 me?  
 Then welcome the fetters that link me to  
 thee.

- 4 United in sufferings—the promise is clear,  
I shall with my Jesus in glory appear ;  
Out of great tribulation in triumph I go,  
With my robe washed in blood, and made  
whiter than snow.
- 5 I go to my Saviour—I go to my God ;  
I tread the same path my Redeemer once  
trod :  
Unworthy, my Jesus, unworthy am I,  
E'en to fall in thy cause—for thy truth  
e'en to die.
- 6 Lo! on my clear vision the seats of the  
bless'd  
Seem calmly to shine, and invite me to rest;  
Then, unshaken, my soul on the promise  
relies,—  
“ Though I die, I shall live—though I fall,  
I shall rise.”

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7. CHRISTIAN FELLOWSHIP.

HYMN 227. 4 8s & 2 6s.

- COME on, my partners in distress,  
My comrades through the wilderness,  
Who still your bodies feel ;  
Awhile forget your griefs and fears,  
And look beyond this vale of tears  
To that celestial hill.
- 2 Beyond the bounds of time and space,  
Look forward to that heavenly place,

The saints' secure abode ;  
On faith's strong eagle-pinions rise,  
And force your passage to the skies,  
And scale the mount of God.

3 Who suffer with our Master here,  
We shall before his face appear,  
And by his side sit down ;  
To patient faith the prize is sure,  
And all that to the end endure  
The cross, shall wear the crown.

4 Thrice blessed bliss-inspiring hope !  
It lifts the fainting spirits up,  
It brings to life the dead :  
Our conflicts here shall soon be past,  
And you and I ascend at last,  
Triumphant with our Head.

5 That great mysterious Deity  
We soon with open face shall see ;  
The beatific sight  
Shall fill the heavenly courts with praise,  
And wide diffuse the golden blaze  
Of everlasting light.

HYMN 228. C. M.

*Christian union.*

OUR souls by love together knit,  
Cemented, mixed in one,  
One hope, one heart, one mind, one voice,  
'Tis heaven on earth begun.

Our hearts have burn'd while Jesus spoke,  
 And glowed with sacred fire;  
 He stoop'd, and talk'd, and fed, and bless'd,  
 And fill'd th' enlarg'd desire.

*"A Saviour!" let creation sing;  
 "A Saviour!" let all heaven ring;  
 He's God with us; we feel him ours,  
 His fullness in our souls he pours;  
 'Tis almost done, 'tis almost o'er;  
 We're joining those who've gone before,  
 When we shall meet to part no more.*

2 The little cloud increases still:  
 The heavens are big with rain:  
 We haste to catch the teeming shower,  
 And wash away our stain:  
 A rill, a stream, a torrent flows;  
 But pour the mighty flood;  
 O sweep the nations, shake the earth,  
 Till all proclaim thee God.

3 And when thou mak'st thy jewels up,  
 And sett'st thy starry crown,  
 When all thy sparkling gems shall shine,  
 Proclaim'd by thee thy own;  
 May we, a little band of love,  
 We sinners, sav'd by grace,  
 From glory into glory chang'd,  
 Behold thee face to face.

HYMN 229. C. M.

*Brotherly love.*

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



- 2 Join'd in one spirit to our Head,  
Where he appoints we'll go;  
And still in Jesus' footsteps tread,  
And show his praise below.
- 3 Partakers of the Saviour's grace,  
The same in mind and heart,  
Nor joy, nor grief, nor time, nor place,  
Nor life, nor death can part.
- 4 But let us hasten to the day  
Which shall our flesh restore;  
When death shall all be done away,  
And Christians part no more.

## HYMN 230. P. M.

*The way to Glory.*

- O TELL me, strangers, ere ye go,  
The road that leads to glory;  
For I have heard about the way  
Full many a different story.  
It is a straight and narrow road,  
O weary, wandering brother!  
'Tis but a few who choose that way,  
But many take the other.
- 2 I see a smooth and pleasant road,  
Where all is bright and glowing;  
But yonder is a darksome path,  
Where thorns and weeds are growing.  
Then take the narrow, darksome way,  
Poor weary, wandering brother,  
Though 'tis a rugged, thorny road,  
O do not choose the other!

- 3 And if I take the narrow way,  
 O will it lead to heaven,  
 Where every sorrow shall be past,  
 And every sin forgiven?  
 O yes! though darksome is the path,  
 Bright joys are set before thee:  
 But linger not, there's danger here,  
 Poor wand'rer, we implore thee!
- 4 Then, pilgrims, I will go with you,  
 Though long I've been a stranger;  
 I'll choose the straight and narrow road,  
 Nor linger here in danger.  
 Then welcome, welcome to our hearts,  
 Poor weary, wandering brother;  
 We'll tread awhile the thorny road,  
 For who would choose the other?

## HYMN 231. C. M.

*Hinder me not.*

- I**N all my Lord's appointed ways  
 My journey I'll pursue;  
 Hinder me not, ye much lov'd saints,  
 For I must go with you.
- 2 Through floods and flames, if Jesus leads,  
 I'll follow where he goes:  
 Hinder me not, shall be my cry,  
 Though earth and hell oppose.
- 3 Through duty, and through trials too,  
 I'll go at his command;  
 Hinder me not, for I am bound  
 To my Immanuel's land.

- 4 And when my Saviour calls me home,  
 Still this my cry shall be,  
 "Hinder me not; come, welcome, death,  
 I'll gladly go with thee."

## HYMN 232. L. M.

- O HAPPY day that fixed my choice  
 On thee, my Saviour and my God!  
 Well may this glowing heart rejoice,  
 And tell its raptures all abroad.
- 2 O happy bond that seals my vows  
 To him who merits all my love!  
 Let cheerful anthems fill his house,  
 While to that sacred shrine I move.
- 3 'Tis done, the great transaction's done,  
 I am the Lord's, and he is mine;  
 He drew me, and I follow'd on,  
 Charm'd to confess the voice divine.
- 4 Now rest, my long divided heart,  
 Fix'd on this blissful centre, rest;  
 Nor ever from thy heart depart,  
 With him of every good possess'd.
- 5 High heaven, that heard the solemn vow,  
 That vow, renewed, shall daily hear,  
 Till in life's latest hour I bow,  
 And bless in death a bond so dear.

## 8. DEADNESS TO THE WORLD.

## HYMN 233. P. M.

- COME, my fond, fluttering heart,  
 Come, struggle to be free!  
 Thou and the world must part,  
 However hard it be:

My trembling spirit owns it just,  
But cleaves yet closer to the dust.

2 Ye tempting sweets, forbear,  
Ye dearest idols, fall;  
My love ye must not share,  
Jesus shall have it all:

'Tis bitter pain, 'tis cruel smart,  
But, ah! thou must consent, my heart!

2 Ye fair, enchanting throng!  
Ye golden dreams, farewell!  
Earth has prevailed too long,  
And now I break the spell:  
Ye cherish'd joys, of early years—  
Jesus, forgive these parting tears.

4 O may I feel thy worth,  
And let no idol dare,  
No vanity of earth,  
With thee, my Lord, compare:  
Now bid all worldly joys depart,  
And reign supremely in my heart.

**HYMN 234.** 7s 6s & 1 8.

*Christ our all.*

**V**AIN, delusive world, adieu,  
With all of creature good;  
Only Jesus I pursue,  
Who bought me with his blood;  
All thy pleasures I forego;  
I trample on thy wealth and pride;  
Only Jesus will I know,  
And Jesus crucified!

- 2 Other knowledge I disdain;  
'Tis all but vanity;  
Christ, the Lamb of God, was slain,  
He tasted death for me;  
Me to save from endless woe  
The sin-atonng Victim died!  
Only Jesus will I know,  
And Jesus crucified!
- 3 Here will I set up my rest;  
My fluctuating heart  
From the haven of his breast  
Shall never more depart:  
Whither should a sinner go?  
His wounds for me stand open wide;  
Only Jesus will I know,  
And Jesus crucified!
- 4 Him to know is life and peace  
And pleasure without end;  
This is all my happiness,  
On Jesus to depend;  
Daily in his grace to grow,  
And ever in his love abide;  
Only Jesus will I know,  
And Jesus crucified!
- 5 O that I could all invite  
This saving truth to prove;  
Show the length, and breadth, and height,  
And depth of Jesus' love;  
Fain I would to sinners show  
This blood alone by faith applied;  
Only Jesus will I know,  
And Jesus crucified!

## HYMN 235. 10s &amp; 11s.

- O TELL me no more of this world's vain  
store;  
The time for such trifles with me now is  
o'er;  
A country I've found where true joys  
abound,  
To dwell I'm determined on that happy  
ground.
- 2 The souls that believe in paradise live,  
And me in that number will Jesus receive:  
My soul, don't delay—he calls thee away:  
Rise, follow thy Saviour, and bless the  
glad day.
- 3 No mortal doth know what he can bestow,  
What light, strength, and comfort—go  
after him, go;  
Lo! onward I move to a city above;  
None guesses how wondrous my journey  
will prove.
- 4 Great spoils I shall win from death, hell,  
and sin;  
'Midst outward afflictions shall feel Christ  
within;  
And when I'm to die, receive me, I'll cry,  
For Jesus hath lov'd me, I cannot tell why.
- 5 But this I do find, we two are so joined,  
He'll not live in glory and leave me behind;  
So this is the race I'm running through  
grace,  
Henceforth, till admitted to see my Lord's  
face.

## HYMN 236. 4 8s &amp; 2 6s.

NO foot of land do I possess ;  
 No cottage in this wilderness ;  
 A poor, way-faring man,  
 I lodge awhile in tents below,  
 Or gladly wander to and fro,  
 Till I my Canaan gain.

2 Nothing on earth I call my own ;  
 A stranger to the world unknown,  
 I all their goods despise :  
 I trample on their whole delight,  
 And seek a city out of sight,  
 A city in the skies.

3 There is my house and portion fair ;  
 My treasure and my heart are there,  
 And my abiding home ;  
 For me my elder brethren stay,  
 And angels beckon me away,  
 And Jesus bids me come !

## HYMN 237. 8s &amp; 7s.

JESUS, I my cross have taken,  
 All to leave and follow thee ;  
 Naked, poor, despised, forsaken,—  
 Thou, henceforth, 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 and leave me—  
 They have left my Saviour too ;  
 Human hearts and looks deceive me,—  
 Thou art not, like them, untrue ;

And whilst *Thou* shalt smile upon me,  
 God of wisdom, love and might,  
 Foes may hate, and friends disown me;  
 Show thy face, and all is bright.

3 Go, then, earthly fame and treasure;  
 Come, disaster, scorn and pain;  
 In thy service pain is pleasure,  
 With thy favor loss is gain.  
 I have called thee Abba, Father,  
 I have set my heart on thee;  
 Storms may howl, and clouds may gather,  
 All must work for good to me.

4 Man may trouble and distress me,  
 'Twill but drive me to thy breast;  
 Life with trials hard may press me,  
 Heaven will bring me sweeter rest.  
 Oh! 'tis not in grief to harm me,  
 While thy love is left to me;  
 Oh! 'twere not in joy to charm me,  
 Were that joy unmixed with thee.

HYMN 238. C. M.

O THOU who driest the mourner's tear,  
 How dark this world would be,  
 If, pierced by sins and sorrows here,  
 We could not fly to thee!

2 The friends who in our sunshine live,  
 When winter comes are flown;  
 And he who has but tears to give,  
 Must weep those tears alone.

3 Oh! who could bear life's stormy doom  
 Did not thy wing of love  
 Come brightly wafting through the gloom,  
 Our peace-branch from above.



- 4 Then sorrow, touch'd by thee, grows bright  
 With more than rapture's ray,—  
 As darkness shows us worlds of light  
 We never saw by day.

## HYMN 239. 7s.

*The pleasures of religion.*

- 'TIS religion that can give  
 Sweetest pleasures whilst we live ;  
 'Tis religion must supply  
 Solid comfort when we die.
- 2 After death its joys will be  
 Lasting as eternity !  
 Be the living God my friend,  
 Then my bliss shall never end.

## HYMN 240. 6 8s &amp; 1 4.

- WHEN for eternal worlds we steer,  
 And seas are calm and skies are clear,  
 And faith in lively exercies,  
 And distant hills of Canaan rise,  
 The soul for joy then claps her wings,  
 And loud her lovely sonnet sings,  
 Vain world, adieu.
- 2 With cheerful hope her eyes explore  
 Each landmark on the distant shore ;  
 The trees of life, the pastures green,  
 The golden streets, the crystal stream ;  
 Again for joy she claps her wings,  
 And loud her lovely sonnet sings,  
 Vain world, adieu.
- 3 The nearer still she draws to land,  
 More eager all her powers expand :

With steady helm and free-bent sail,  
 Her anchor drops within the vale :  
 Again for joy she claps her wings,  
 And her celestial sonnet sings,  
 Glory to God !

## HYMN 241. C. M.

*Old things passed away. 2 Cor. v, 17.*

- L**ET carnal minds the world pursue;  
 It hath no charms for me ;  
 Once I admired its trifles too,  
 But grace has set me free.
- 2 Its fading charms no longer please,  
 No more content afford ;  
 Far from my heart be joys like these,  
 Now I have known the Lord.
- 3 As by the light of op'ning day  
 The stars are all concealed,  
 So earthly pleasures fade away  
 When Jesus is revealed.
- 4 Creatures no more divide my choice—  
 I bid them all depart ;  
 His name, and love, and gracious voice  
 Have fixed my roving heart.
- 5 Now, Lord, I would be thine alone,  
 And wholly live to thee ;  
 But may I hope that thou wilt own  
 A worthless worm like me !

## HYMN 242. C. M.

**A** STRANGER in the world below,  
 I calmly sojourn here ;  
 Nor can its happiness or woe  
 Provoke my hope or fear.

- 2 Its evils in a moment end,  
 Its joys as soon are past:  
 But, O! the bliss to which I tend  
 Eternally shall last.
- 3 What is there here to court my stay,  
 To hold me back from home,  
 While angels beckon me away,  
 And Jesus bids me come?
- 4 To the Jerusalem above  
 With singing I repair,  
 While in the flesh my hope and love,  
 My heart and soul are there!
- 5 There my exalted Saviour stands,  
 My merciful High-Priest,  
 And still extends his wounded hands  
 To take me to his breast.

## HYMN 243. 11s &amp; 12s.

*I am weary.*

- I AM weary of straying—O fain would I  
 rest  
 In that far distant land of the pure and the  
 bless'd,  
 Where sin can no longer her blandishments  
 spread,  
 And tears and temptations for ever are fled.
- 2 I am weary of hoping—where hope is un-  
 true,  
 As fair, but as fleeting, as morning's bright  
 dew:  
 I long for that land whose bless'd promise  
 alone  
 Is changeless and sure as eternity's throne.

- 3 I am weary of sighing o'er sorrows of earth,  
O'er joy's glowing visions that fade at their  
birth—  
O'er the pangs of the loved which we can-  
not assuage;  
O'er the blightings of youth, and the weak-  
ness of age.
- 4 I am weary of loving what passes away—  
The sweetest, the dearest, alas! may not  
stay:  
I long for that land where those partings  
are o'er,  
And death and the tomb can divide hearts  
no more.
- 5 I am weary, my Saviour, of grieving thy  
love;  
O when shall I rest in thy presence above?  
I am weary—but, oh! never let me repine;  
While thy word, and thy love, and thy  
promise are mine.

## HYMN 244. 8s &amp; 7s.

*Great Redeemer.*

- G**REAT Redeemer, friend of sinners,  
Thou hast wondrous power to save:  
Grant me grace, and still protect me  
Over life's tempestuous wave.
- 2 May my soul, with sacred transport,  
View the dawn while yet afar;  
And until the sun arises,  
Lead me by the morning star.
- 3 Oh, what madness! oh, what folly!  
That my heart should go astray  
After vain and foolish trifles—  
Trifles only of a day.

- 4 This vain world, with all its pleasures,  
 Very soon will be no more :  
 There's no object worth admiring  
 But the God whom we adore.
- 5 See the happy spirits waiting  
 On the bank beyond the stream :  
 Sweet responses still repeating,  
 Jesus, Jesus is their theme.
- 6 Hark! they whisper: lo! they call me,  
 Sister spirit, come away :  
 Lo! I come; earth can't contain me,—  
 Hail! the realms of endless day.
- 7 Swiftly roll, ye lingering hours ;  
 Seraphs, lend your glittering wing ;  
 Love absorbs my ransomed powers,  
 Heavenly sounds around me ring.
- 8 Worlds of light and crowns of glory,  
 Far above yon azure sky,  
 Though by faith I now behold ye,  
 I'll enjoy you soon on high.

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9. RESIGNATION.

HYMN 245. C. M.

MY span of life will soon be done—
 The passing moments say,
 As lengthening shadows o'er the mead
 Proclaim the close of day.
 O that my heart might dwell aloof
 From all created things,
 And learn that wisdom from above
 Whence true contentment springs!

2 Courage, my soul, thy bitter cross,
 In every trial here,
 Shall bear thee to thy heaven above,
 But shall not enter there.
 The sighing ones that humbly walk
 In sorrowing paths below,
 Shall in eternity rejoice,
 Where endless comforts flow.

3 Soon will the toilsome strife be o'er
 Of sublunary care,
 And life's dull vanities no more
 This anxious breast ensnare.
 Courage, my soul, on God rely;
 Deliverance soon will come:
 A thousand ways has Providence
 To bring believers home.

HYMN 246. 5 8s & 4 6s.

The things which are not seen are eternal.

O WEEP not for the joys that fade
 Like evening lights away;
 For hopes that, like the stars decayed,
 Have left their mortal day:
 For clouds of sorrow will depart,
 And brilliant skies be given:
 And though on earth the tear may start,
 Yet bliss awaits the holy heart
 Amid the bowers of heaven.

2 O weep not for the joys that pass
 Into the lonely grave;
 As breezes sweep the withered grass
 Along the restless wave:

For, though thy pleasures may depart,
 And mournful days be given,
 And lonely though on earth thou art,
 Yet bliss awaits the holy heart
 When friends rejoice in heaven.

HYMN 247. C. M.

WHY should the Christian waste in sighs
 The breath that God hath given?
 Whom every passing hour that flies
 Bears onward fast to heaven!

2 Why should he wish for perfect bliss
 In this dark world forlorn,
 Or seek, amidst the wilderness,
 A rose without a thorn?

3 Our Father, God, be ours the grief
 Which to thy sons belongs;
 And let us share in their relief,
 Their everlasting songs.

HYMN 248. 6 8s & 2 6s.

The patience of hope.

A FEW more days on earth to spend,
 And all my toils and cares shall end;
 Then I shall see my God and friend,
 And praise his name on high.
 There no more sighs and no more tears,
 There no more pains and no more fears,
 But God and Christ and heaven appear
 Unto the ravished eye.

2 Then, O my soul, despond no more;
 The storms of life will soon be o'er,
 And I shall find the peaceful shore

Of everlasting rest.
 O happy day! O joyful hour,
 When, freed from earth, my soul shall tower
 Beyond the reach of Satan's power,
 To be for ever bless'd.

- 3 Though dire afflictions press me sore,
 And death's dark billows roll before,
 Yet still by faith I see the shore
 Beyond the rolling flood:
 The heavenly fields of Canaan fair
 Before my ravished eyes appear,
 And make me almost think I'm there
 In yonder bright abode.

HYMN 249. 8s.

Why disquieted.

OH why this disconsolate frame?
 Though earthly enjoyments decay,
 My Jesus is ever the same,
 A sun in the gloomiest day:
 Though molten awhile in the fire,
 'Tis only the gold to refine;
 And be it my simple desire,
 Though suffering, not to repine.

- 2 What can be the pleasures to me
 Which earth in its fullness can boast
 Delusive, its vanities flee,
 A flash of enjoyment at most;
 And if the Redeemer could part,
 For me, with his throne in the skies,
 Ah! why is so dear to my heart
 What he, in his wisdom, denies!

3 Then let the rude tempest assail,
 The blast of adversity blow;
 The haven, though distant, I hail,
 Beyond this rough ocean of woe:
 When safe on its beautiful strand,
 I'll smile on the billows that foam—
 Kind angels to hail me to land,
 And Jesus to welcome me home.

HYMN 250. 8s.

DISCONSOLATE tenant of clay,
 In solemn assurance arise;
 Thy treasure of sorrow survey,
 And look through it all to the skies:
 That heavenly house is prepared
 For all who are sufferers here,
 And wait the return of their Lord,
 And long for his day to appear.

2 There all the tempestuous blast
 Of bitter affliction is o'er;
 The spirit is landed at last,
 And sorrow and shame are no more;
 Temptation and trouble are gone,
 The trial is all at an end—
 And there I shall cease to bemoan
 The loss of my brother and friend.

HYMN 251. 11s.

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

2 Thou art gone to the grave—we no longer
 behold thee,
 Nor tread the rough path of the world
 by thy side;
 But the wide arms of mercy are spread to
 enfold thee,
 And sinners may hope, since the Saviour
 has died.

3 Thou art gone to the grave, and, its man-
 sions forsaking,
 Perhaps thy tried spirit in doubt linger'd
 long;
 But the sunshine of heaven beam'd bright
 on thy waking,
 And the song which thou heard'st was
 the seraphim's song.

4 Thou art gone to the grave—but 'twere
 wrong to deplore thee,
 When God was thy ransom, thy guar-
 dian, thy guide;
 He gave thee, and took thee, and soon will
 restore thee
 Where death hath no sting, since the
 Saviour hath died.

HYMN 252. 7s & 6s.

Driving to port.

THOUGH hard the winds are blowing,
 And loud the billows roar,
 Full swiftly we are going
 To our dear native shore.

2 The billows breaking o'er us,
 The storms that round us swell,
 Are aiding to restore us
 To all we loved so well.

3 So sorrow often presses
 Life's mariner along ;
 Affliction and distresses
 Are gales and billows strong.

4 The sharper and severer
 The storms of life we meet,
 The sooner and the nearer
 Is heaven's eternal seat.

5 Come, then, afflictions dreary,
 Sharp sickness, pierce my breast;
 You only bear the weary
 More quickly home to rest.

HYMN 253. 11s 8s & 7s.

The Rock of thy salvation.

IF life's pleasures charm thee, give them
 not thy heart,
 Lest the gift ensnare thee, from thy God
 to part ;

His favor seek, his praises speak,
 Fix here thy hope's foundation ;
 Serve him, and he will ever be
 The Rock of thy salvation.

2 If distress befall thee, painful though it be,
 Let not grief appal thee; to thy Saviour flee:
 He, ever near, thy prayer will hear,
 And calm thy perturbation:
 The waves of woe shall ne'er o'erflow
 The Rock of thy salvation.

3 When earth's prospects fail thee, let it
 not distress,
 Better comforts wait thee; Christ will
 freely bless:

To Jesus flee ; thy prop he'll be,
 Thy heavenly consolation :
 For griefs below cannot o'erthrow
 The Rock of thy salvation.

4 Dangers may approach thee ; let them not
 alarm,

Christ will ever watch thee, and protect
 from harm ;

He near thee stands with mighty hands,
 To ward off each temptation :

To Jesus fly, he's ever nigh,
 The Rock of thy salvation.

5 Let not death alarm thee, shrink not from
 his blow,

For thy God shall arm thee, and victory
 bestow ;

For death shall bring to thee no sting,
 The grave no desolation :

'Tis gain to die with Jesus nigh,
 The Rock of thy salvation.

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 10. SANCTIFICATION.

HYMN 254. C. M.

O JOYFUL sound of Gospel grace,  
 Christ shall in me appear ;  
 I, even I shall see his face ;  
 I shall be holy here.

2 The glorious crown of righteousness  
 To me reach'd out I view ;

Conquerer through him, I soon shall seize,  
 And wear it as my due.

- 3 The promis'd land, from Pisgah's top,  
I now exult to see :  
My hope is full—O glorious hope!—  
Of immortality.
- 4 He visits now the house of clay ;  
He shakes his future home ;  
O wouldst thou, Lord, on this glad day,  
Into thy temple come !
- 5 With me, I know, I feel thou art ;  
But this cannot suffice,  
Unless thou plantest in my heart  
A constant paradise.
- 6 Come, O my God, thyself reveal ;  
Fill all this mighty void !  
Thou only canst my spirit fill :  
Come, O my God, my God.

## HYMN 255. 6 8s.

*Longing for full redemption.*

- O THAT the Comforter would come,  
Nor visit as a transient guest,  
But fix in me his constant home,  
And keep possession of my breast,  
And make my soul his loved abode,  
The temple of in-dwelling God !
- 2 Come, Holy Ghost, my heart inspire !  
Attest that I am born again ;  
Come, and baptize me now with fire,  
Nor let thy former gifts be vain :  
I cannot rest in sins forgiven ;  
Where is the earnest of my heaven ?

- 3 Where the indubitable seal  
That ascertains the kingdom mine?  
The powerful stamp I long to feel,  
The signature of love divine!  
O shed it in my heart abroad,  
Fullness of love, of heaven, of God!

## HYMN 256. 8s &amp; 7s.

**K**NOW, my soul, thy full 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;  
Child of heav'n, canst thou repine?

- 2 Haste thee on from grace to glory,  
Armed by faith, and winged by pray'r;  
Heaven's eternal day before thee,  
God's own hand to guide thee there;  
Soon shall close thy earthly mission,  
Soon shall pass thy pilgrim days;  
Hope shall change to glad fruition;  
Faith to sight, and prayer to praise.

## HYMN 257. 5 6s &amp; 2 4s.

*Self-consecration.*

**M**Y faith looks up to thee,  
Thou Lamb of Calvary;  
Saviour divine!  
Now hear me while I pray;  
Take all my guilt away;  
O let me from this day  
Be wholly thine.

2 May thy rich grace impart  
Strength to my fainting heart,  
My zeal inspire ;  
As thou hast died for me,  
O may my love to thee,  
Pure, warm, and changeless be,  
A living fire.

3 While life's dark maze I tread,  
And griefs around me spread,  
Be thou my guide ;  
Bid darkness turn to day,  
Wipe sorrow's tears away,  
Nor let me ever stray  
From thee away !

4 When ends life's transient dream,  
When death's cold, sullen stream  
Shall o'er me roll,  
Blest Saviour, then in love,  
Fear and distrust remove :  
O bear me safe above—  
A ransom'd soul !

## HYMN 258. S. M.

FATHER, I dare believe  
Thee merciful and true:  
Thou wilt my guilty soul forgive,  
My fallen soul renew.

2 Come, then, for Jesus' sake,  
And bid my heart be clean ;  
An end to all my troubles make,  
An end of all my sin.

3 I cannot wash my heart,  
 But by believing thee;  
 And waiting for thy blood t' impart  
 The spotless purity.

4 While at thy cross I lie,  
 Jesus the grace bestow;  
 Now thy all-cleansing blood apply,  
 And I am white as snow.

HYMN 259. 4 8s & 2 6s.

*The unsearchable love of Christ.* Ephes. iii, 17—19.

O LOVE divine, how sweet thou art!  
 When shall I find my willing heart  
 All taken up by thee?

I thirst, and faint, and die to prove  
 The greatness of redeeming love,  
 The love of Christ to me.

2 Stronger his love than death or hell,  
 Its riches are unsearchable;  
 The first-born sons of light  
 Desire in vain its depth to see;  
 They cannot reach the mystery,  
 Its length, and breadth, and height.

HYMN 260. C. M.

MY God, I know, I feel thee mine,  
 And will not quit my claim  
 Till all I have is lost in thine,  
 And all renewed I am.

2 I hold thee with a trembling hand,  
 And will not let thee go  
 Till steadfastly by faith I stand,  
 And all thy goodness know.



- 3 Jesus, thine all-victorious love  
 Shed in my heart abroad :  
 Then shall my feet no longer rove,  
 Rooted and fixed in God.
- 4 O that in me the sacred fire  
 Might now begin to glow !  
 Burn up the dross of base desire,  
 And make the mountain flow !
- 5 O that it now from heaven might fall,  
 And all my sins consume :  
 Come, Holy Ghost, for thee I call,  
 Spirit of burning, come.
- 6 Refining fire go through my heart,  
 Illuminate my soul ;  
 Scatter thy life through every part,  
 And sanctify the whole.

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 VII. LATTER-DAY GLORY.
 

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## HYMN 261. 7s.

*Watchman.*

WATCHMAN ! tell us of the night,  
 What its signs of promise are !  
 Traveler ! o'er yon mountain's height,  
 See that glory-beaming star !  
 Watchman ! does its beauteous ray  
 Aught of hope or joy foretell ?  
 Traveler ! yes, it brings the day,  
 Promised day of Israel.

- 2 Watchman! tell us of the night,  
Higher yet that star ascends.  
Traveler! blessedness and light,  
Peace and truth its course portends.  
Watchman! will its beams alone  
Gild the spot that gave them birth?  
Traveler! 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.  
Traveler! darkness takes its flight,  
Doubt and terror are withdrawn.  
Watchman! let thy wanderings cease;  
Hie thee to thy quiet home.  
Traveler! lo! the Prince of Peace,  
Lo! the Son of God is come!

## HYMN 262. 7s &amp; 6s.

THE morning light is breaking,  
The darkness disappears;  
The sons of earth are waking  
To penitential tears:  
Each breeze that sweeps the ocean  
Brings tidings from afar,  
Of nations in commotion,  
Prepared for Zion's war.

- 2 Rich dews of grace come o'er us,  
In many a gentle shower,  
And brighter scenes before us  
Are op'ning ev'ry hour:  
Each cry to heaven going  
Abundant answer brings,  
And heav'nly gales are blowing,  
With peace upon their wings.

3 See heathen nations bending  
 Before the God we love,  
 And thousand hearts ascending  
 In gratitude above ;  
 While sinners, now confessing,  
 The gospel's call obey,  
 And seek the Saviour's blessing—  
 A nation in a day.

4 Blest river of salvation,  
 Pursue thy onward way ;  
 Flow thou to every nation,  
 Nor in thy richness stay ;  
 Stay not till all the lowly  
 Triumphant reach their home ;  
 Stay not, till all the holy  
 Proclaim the Lord has come.

## HYMN 263. 11s.

*Zion encouraged.*

**D**AUGHTER of Zion, awake from thy  
 sadness ;  
 Awake, for thy foes shall oppress thee  
 no more ;  
 Bright o'er thy hills dawns the day-star of  
 gladness,  
 Arise, for the night of thy sorrow is o'er.

2 Strong were thy foes, but the arm that  
 subdued them,  
 And scatter'd their legions, was mightier  
 far ;  
 They fled, like the chaff, from the scourge  
 that pursued them ;  
 Vain were their steeds and their chari-  
 ots of war.

- 2 Daughter of Zion, the power that hath  
 saved thee,  
 Extoll'd with the harp and the timbrel  
 should be ;  
 Shout! for the foe is destroy'd that en-  
 slav'd thee,  
 The oppressor is vanquish'd, and Zion  
 is free.

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 VIII. PARTING.
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HYMN 264. L. M.

- M**Y dearest friends in bonds of love,  
 Whose hearts the sweetest union prove,  
 Your friendship's like the strongest band ;  
 Yet we must take the parting hand.  
 Your company's sweet, your union dear,  
 Your words delightful to mine ear ;  
 And when I see that we must part,  
 You draw like cords around my heart.
- 2 How sweet the hours have passed away  
 Since we have met to sing and pray ;  
 How loth we are to leave the place  
 Where Jesus shows his smiling face ;  
 O could I stay with friends so kind,  
 How would it cheer my fainting mind ;  
 But duty makes me understand  
 That we must take the parting hand.
- 3 How oft I've seen your flowing tears,  
 And heard you tell your hopes and fears ;

Your hearts with love have seem'd to flame,  
 Which makes me think we'll meet again.  
 A few more days, or years at most,  
 And we shall reach fair Canaan's coast!  
 When in that holy, happy land  
 We'll clasp anew the immortal hand.

4 I hope you will remember me,  
 If you no more my face should see;  
 An interest in your prayers I crave,  
 That we may meet beyond the grave.  
 O blessed day! O glorious hope!  
 My soul leaps forward at the thought,  
 When in that holy, happy land,  
 We'll take no more the parting hand!

HYMN 265. L. M.

*Farewell, dear friends!*

**F**AREWELL, dear friends, I must be  
 gone,

I have no home or stay with you;  
 I'll take my staff and travel on,  
 Till I a better country view.

*I'll march to Canaan's land,  
 I'll land on Canaan's shore;  
 Where pleasures never end,  
 Where troubles come no more.*

*Farewell, farewell, farewell,  
 My loving friends, farewell.*

2 Farewell, my friends, time rolls along,  
 Nor waits for mortals' care or bliss;  
 I leave you here and travel on,  
 Till I arrive where Jesus is.

*I'll march, &c.*

- 3 Farewell, my brethren in the Lord,  
 To you I'm bound in cords of love;  
 Yet we believe his gracious word,  
 That soon we all shall meet above.  
*I'll march, &c.*
- 4 Farewell, old soldiers of the cross,  
 You've struggled long and hard for  
 heaven;  
 You've counted all things here but dross,  
 Fight on, the crown shall soon be given.  
*I'll march, &c. Fight on, &c.*
- 5 Farewell, poor careless sinners, too,  
 It grieves my heart to leave you here—  
 Eternal vengeance waits for you;  
 O turn, and find salvation near.  
*I'll march, &c. O turn, &c.*

## HYMN 266. C. M.

*In heaven are no partings.*

**B**RETHREN and sisters, we must part,  
 And to our callings go;  
 But let us still be one in heart,  
 Whilst we remain below.

*We're marching thro' Immanuel's ground!  
 We soon shall hear the trumpet's sound;  
 And then with Jesus we shall meet,  
 And never, never part again.*

*What! never part again?*

*No; never part again!*

*What! never part again?*

*No; never part again!*

*But there we shall each other greet,  
 And never, never part again!*

- 2 Below we meet a few times more;  
 We then shall meet above,  
 Where pains and partings are no more—  
 In the blest world of love!
- 3 With Christ we shall in Paradise  
 To endless ages dwell,  
 Where saints rejoice in ceaseless strains,  
 And never say, "Farewell."

## HYMN 267. 5 6s &amp; 3 5s.

- WHEN shall we meet again,  
 Meet ne'er to sever?  
 When will peace wreath her chain  
 Round us for ever?  
 Our hearts will ne'er repose  
 Safe from each blast that blows,  
 In this dark vale of woes,  
 Never—no, never.
- 2 When shall love freely flow  
 Pure as life's river?  
 When shall sweet friendship glow  
 Changeless for ever?  
 When joys celestial thrill,  
 When bliss each heart shall fill,  
 And fears of parting chill,  
 Never—no, never.
- 3 Up to that world of life  
 Take us, dear Saviour;  
 May we all there unite  
 Happy for ever.  
 Where kindred spirits dwell,  
 There may our music swell,  
 And time our joys dispel,  
 Never—no, never.

4 Soon shall we meet again,  
 Meet ne'er to sever:  
 Soon shall peace wreath her chain  
 Round us for ever.  
 Our hearts will then repose  
 Secure from worldly woes;  
 Our songs of praise shall close  
 Never—no, never.

## HYMN 268. 6 7s.

**W**HEN shall we all meet again?  
 When shall we all meet again?  
 Oft shall glowing hope aspire,  
 Oft shall wearied love retire;  
 Oft shall death and sorrow reign,  
 Ere we all shall meet again.

2 Though in distant lands we sigh,  
 Parch'd beneath the hostile sky;  
 Though the deep between us rolls,  
 Friendship shall unite our souls;  
 And, in fancy's wide domain,  
 There shall we all meet again.

3 When the dreams of life are fled,  
 When its wasted lamps are dead,  
 When in cold oblivion's shade  
 Beauty, wealth and fame are laid,  
 Where immortal spirits reign,  
 There may we all meet again.

## HYMN 269. 7 7s &amp; 1 6.

*We shall meet again.*

**W**E shall meet no more to part;  
 Cease thy sorrows, mourning heart;  
 Weary days will soon depart—  
 Then we may rest for ever!



When the work of life is done,  
 When the victor's crown is won,  
 Then, immortal life begun,  
 We no more shall sever.

*We shall meet, no more to part;  
 Cease thy sorrows, mourning heart!  
 Weary days will soon depart—  
 Then we may rest for ever!*

2 In the home of peace and bliss,  
 In the world where Jesus is,  
 When we bid adieu to this,  
 Then we may love for ever!  
 Purified from every stain,  
 Through the Lamb that once was slain,  
 Brethren, we shall meet again,  
 And be parted never!

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IX. DEATH.

HYMN 270. 5 7s & 3 6s.

*Time.*

TIME is winging us away  
 To our eternal home;  
 Life is but a winter's day—  
 A journey to the tomb:  
 Youth and vigor soon will flee,  
 Blooming beauty lose its charms;  
 All that's mortal soon shall be  
 Enclos'd in death's cold arms.

2 Time is winging us away  
 To our eternal home ;  
 Life is but a winter's day—  
 A journey to the tomb :  
 But the Christian shall enjoy  
 Health and beauty, soon above,  
 Far beyond the world's alloy,  
 Secure in Jesus' love.

## HYMN 271. 12s &amp; 11s.

*The Night of the Grave.*

WHEN the quiet of evening lulls na-  
 ture to rest,  
 And the wild, howling tempest now  
 ceases to rave,  
 Oh, this is the time, of all seasons the best,  
 To reflect on the cold, silent night of  
 the grave.

2 That mansion of silence, ah ! who can es-  
 cape ?  
 From the last, sad destroyer, who res-  
 cue or save !  
 'Tis in vain, the fell monarch at last will  
 prevail,  
 And all lie enshrin'd in the night of the  
 grave !

3 And where are those friends, to affection  
 so dear,  
 Which the Father of lights in his ten-  
 derness gave ?  
 Alas ! their sweet accents no more charm  
 our ear,  
 They all lie entombed in the night of  
 the grave.

- 4 'Twas thus while I wandered and mused  
 on the scene,  
 Methought—can the Christian to death  
 be a slave?  
 Does no hope for the future, no prospect  
 serene  
 Gild the pathway he takes through the  
 night of the grave?
- 5 Must we yield, then, to sorrow? Ah, no!  
 we'll rejoice—  
 For tho' o'er his tomb the sad willow  
 may wave,  
 From the courts of high heaven, sweet  
 whispers the voice,  
 There's a morning that dawns on the  
 night of the grave!

## HYMN 272. L. M.

- OF T as the bell, with solemn toll,  
 Speaks the departure of a soul,  
 Let each one ask himself, "Am I  
 Prepar'd, should I be call'd to die?"
- 2 Soon, leaving all I loved below,  
 To God's tribunal I must go:  
 Must hear the Judge pronounce my fate,  
 And fix my everlasting state.
- 3 But when the solemn bell I hear,  
 If sav'd from guilt, I need not fear,  
 Nor would the thought distressing be,  
 —Perhaps it next may toll for me.
- 4 Rather my spirit would rejoice,  
 Longing to hear thy gracious voice;

Glad when it bids me earth resign,  
Secure of heaven if thou art mine!

**HYMN 273.** 5 8s & 3 4s.

*Weep not for me*

**W**HEN the spark of life is waning,  
Weep not for me!  
When the languid eye is streaming,  
Weep not for me;  
When the feeble pulse is ceasing,  
Start not at its swift decreasing;  
'Tis the fettered soul's releasing,  
Weep not for me!

2 When the pangs of death assail me,  
Weep not for me!  
Christ is mine, he cannot fail me,  
Weep not for me!  
Yes, though sin and death endeavor  
From his love my soul to sever,  
Jesus is my strength for ever!  
Weep not for me.

**HYMN 274.** S. M.

*Request of the beatified Christian.*

**O**H sing to me of heav'n,  
When I am call'd to die!  
Sing songs of holy ecstasy  
To waft my soul on high.

2 When cold and sluggish drops  
Roll off my marble brow,  
Burst forth in strains of joyfulness!  
Let heaven begin below.

- 3 When the last moment comes,  
 O watch my dying face,  
 And catch the bright, seraphic gleam  
 Which o'er each feature plays.
- 4 Then to my ravish'd ears  
 Let one sweet song be given:  
 Let music charm me last on earth,  
 And greet me first in heaven.
- 5 Then close my sightless eyes,  
 And lay me down to rest;  
 And clasp my pale and icy hands  
 Upon my lifeless breast.
- 6 Then round my senseless clay  
 Assemble those I love,  
 And sing of heav'n, delightful heav'n,  
 My glorious home above.

## HYMN 275. 8s &amp; 7s.

*The female pilgrim:*

WHITHER go'st thou, pilgrim stranger,  
 Wandering through this gloomy vale?  
 Know'st thou not 'tis full of danger,  
 And will not thy courage fail?

*No! I'm bound for the kingdom:  
 Will you go to glory with me?  
 Hallelujah! Praise ye the Lord.*

- 2 Pilgrim thou dost justly call me,  
 Traveling through this lonely void;  
 But no ill shall e'er befall me  
 While I'm blessed with such a guide.  
*Oh, I'm bound for the kingdom, &c.*

- 3 Such a Guide! no guide attends thee,  
Hence for thee my fears arise;  
If some guardian power defend thee,  
'Tis unseen by mortal eyes.

*Oh, I'm bound for the kingdom, &c.*

- 4 Yes, unseen; but still believe me,  
Such a guide my steps attends;  
He'll in every strait relieve me,  
He will guide me to the end.

*For I'm bound for the kingdom, &c.*

- 5 Pilgrim, see that stream before thee,  
Darkly rolling through the vale;  
Should its boisterous waves roll o'er thee,  
Would not then thy courage fail?

*No, I'm bound for the kingdom, &c.*

- 6 No: that stream has nothing frightful,  
To its brink my steps I'll bend;  
Thence to plunge will be delightful;  
There my pilgrimage will end.

*For I'm bound for the kingdom, &c.*

- 7 While I gazed, with speed surprising  
Down the vale she plung'd from sight;  
Gazing still, I saw her rising  
Like an angel clothed in light!

*Oh, she's gone to the kingdom,  
Will you follow her to glory?  
Hallelujah! Praise ye the Lord.*

## HYMN 276. 7s.

*The dying Christian.*

“SPIRIT—leave thy house of clay!  
 Lingering dust—resign thy breath!  
 Spirit—cast thy chains away!

Dust—be thou dissolved in death!”  
 Thus th’ Almighty Saviour speaks,  
 While the faithful Christian dies!  
 Thus the bonds of life he breaks,  
 And the ransom’d captive flies!

2 “Prisoner—long detain’d below!  
 Prisoner—now with freedom blest!  
 Welcome—from a world of woe!  
 Welcome—to a land of rest!”

Thus the choir of angels sing,  
 As they bear the soul on high!  
 While with hallelujahs ring  
 All the region of the sky!

3 Grave—the guardian of our dust!  
 Grave—the treasury of the skies!  
 Every atom of thy trust  
 Rests in hope again to rise!  
 Hark! the judgment-trumpet calls,  
 “Soul, rebuild thy house of clay—  
 Immortality thy walls,  
 And Eternity thy day!”

## HYMN 277. 7s.

*Encouragement in Death.*

DEATHLESS principle, arise!  
 Soar, thou native of the skies;  
 Pearl of price, by Jesus bought,  
 To his glorious likeness wrought.

- 2 Go to shine before his throne,  
Deck his mediatorial crown;  
Go, his triumph to adorn—  
Made for God, to God return.
- 3 Lo! he beckons from on high!  
Fearless to his presence fly;  
Thine the merit of his blood,  
Thine the righteousness of God.
- 4 Burst thy shackles—drop thy clay—  
Sweetly breathe thyself away!  
Singing, to thy crown remove,  
Swift of wing and fired with love!
- 5 Shudder not to pass the stream;  
Venture all thy care on Him—  
Him whose dying love and power  
Still'd its tossing—hush'd its roar.
- 6 See the haven full in view;  
Love divine shall bear thee through:  
Trust to that propitious gale,  
Weigh thy anchor—spread thy sail.
- 7 Saints in glory, perfect made,  
Wait thy passage through the shade,  
Ardent for thy coming o'er,  
See, they throng the blissful shore;  
Swiftly to their wish be given!  
Kindle higher joy in heaven!

## HYMN 278. 2 8s &amp; 4 7s.

LET me go, the day is breaking—  
L Dear companions, let me go;  
We have spent a night of waking  
In the wilderness below:



Upward now I bend my way—  
Part we here at break of day.

- 2 Let me go—I may not tarry,  
Wrestling thus with doubts and fears;  
Angels wait my soul to carry  
Where my smiling Lord appears:  
Friends and kindred, weep not so—  
If you love me, let me go.
- 3 We have traveled long together,  
Hand in hand and heart to heart;  
Both through fair and stormy weather,  
And 't is hard—'t is hard to part:  
While I sigh "Farewell" to you,  
Answer, one and all, "Adieu."
- 4 'Tis not darkness gathering round me,  
That withdraws me from your sight;  
Walls of earth no more can bind me,  
But, translated into light,  
Like the lark on mounting wing,  
Though unseen, you hear me sing.
- 5 Heaven's broad day hath o'er me broken,  
Far beyond earth's span of sky;  
Am I dead? Nay, by this token,  
Know that I have ceased to die:  
Would you solve the mystery?  
Come up hither—come and see.

## HYMN 279. C. M.

**B**EHOLD the pilgrim as he dies,  
With glory in his view;  
To heaven he lifts his longing eyes,  
And bids the world adieu;

While friends are weeping all around,  
 And loth to let him go,  
 He shouts with his expiring breath,  
 And leaves them all below:

- 2 "Oh, Christians! are you ready now  
 To cross the swelling flood?  
 On Canaan's happy shore behold  
 Your Saviour and your God:  
 The dazzling charms of that bright world  
 Attract my soul above;  
 My tongue shall shout redeeming grace,  
 And feast on Jesus' love.
- 3 "Go on, my brethren in the Lord,  
 I'm bound to meet you there;  
 Although ye tread enchanted ground,  
 Be bold, and never fear:  
 Fight on, fight on, ye valiant souls,  
 Your Captain is in view,—  
 And when you gain fair Canaan's land,  
 I hope to meet with you."

HYMN 280. 10s 6s & 8s.

*The dying Saint.*

WHAT'S this that steals, that steals  
 upon my frame—  
 Is it death, is it death—  
 That soon will quench, will quench this  
 vital flame—  
 Is it death, is it death?  
 If this be death, I soon shall be  
 From every pain and sorrow free;  
 I shall the King of glory see,—  
 All is well, all is well!

- 2 Weep not, my friends; my friends, weep  
not for me,—  
All is well, all is well;  
My sins are pardon'd, pardon'd, I am free,  
All is well, all is well.  
There's not a cloud that doth arise  
To hide my Jesus from mine eyes:  
I soon shall mount the upper skies,—  
All is well, all is well!
- 3 Tune, tune your harps, your harps, ye  
saints in glory,—  
All is well, all is well;  
I will rehearse, rehearse the pleasing story,  
All is well, all is well.  
Bright angels are from glory come—  
They're round my bed, they're in my room;  
They wait to waft my spirit home,—  
All is well, all is well!
- 4 Hark, hark! my Lord, my Lord and Mas-  
ter calls me,—  
All is well, all is well:  
I soon shall see, shall see his face in glory,  
All is well, all is well.  
Farewell, my friends—adieu, adieu;  
I can no longer stay with you;  
My glittering crown appears in view,—  
All is well, all is well!
- 5 Hail, hail, all hail, all hail ye blood-wash'd  
throng,—  
Saved by grace, saved by grace:  
I come to join, to join your rapturous song,  
Saved by grace, saved by grace.

All, all is peace and joy divine,  
 And heaven and glory now are mine;  
 Oh! hallelujah to the Lamb,—  
 All is well, all is well!

## HYMN 281. 8s &amp; 7s.

*Consolation.*

**T**HINK, O ye who fondly languish  
 O'er the graves of those you love,  
 While your bosoms throb with anguish  
 They are singing hymns above.  
 While your silent steps are straying  
 Lonely through night's deepening shade  
 Glory's brightest beams are playing  
 Round the faithful Christian's head.

- 2 Light and peace at once deriving  
 From the hand of God most high,  
 In his glorious presence living,  
 They shall never, never die.  
 Cease then, mourners, cease to languish  
 O'er the graves of those you love;  
 Pain and death, and night and anguish,  
 Enter not the world above.

## X. RESURRECTION.

## HYMN 282. L. M.

**W**HAT 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 will slumber in the ground  
'Till the last trumpet's joyful sound,  
Then burst the chains with sweet surprise,  
And in my Saviour's image rise.

## HYMN 283. C. M.

*The Gospel Ship.*

THE gospel ship's a gallant ship,  
In river Time she lies;  
For passengers she's waiting now;  
Take passage, and be wise;  
While others strike the rocks of wrath,  
And sink to rise no more,  
She'll safely pass the straits of death,  
And reach the happy shore.

O! the gospel ship's a gallant ship,  
A ship both safe and sound:  
Who would not sail in the gospel ship?  
For glory's land she's bound.

- 2 Her keel is perfect righteousness,  
That ever shall endure,  
Salvation everlasting is  
Her mighty bulwark sure;  
Eternal love's her snow-white sail,  
And truth her noble mast;  
She's wafted by the Spirit's gale,  
Nor fears the fiercest blast.  
O! the gospel ship's, &c.

3 Infinite wisdom guides her course,  
 This is her compass true,  
 By angels manned, a skillful band,  
 A holy, happy crew:  
 Her chart the living faithful word  
 Of Him who cannot lie;  
 Her blood-stained banner waves aloft,  
 That all may it descry.  
 O! the gospel ship's, &c.

4 Her Captain is Immanuel,  
 Jehovah's royal Son,  
 With uncreated glories crowned,  
 For Calvary's victories won;  
 For wisdom, courage, skill and might,  
 There's none can Him excel;  
 He'll steer his vessel safe to port  
 In spite of earth and hell.  
 O! the gospel ship's, &c.

5 Then come into the gospel ship,  
 Whoever will, may come;  
 For thousands, thousands are on board,  
 "And even yet there's room."  
 Come without money, there's no fare;  
 No terms can easier be,  
 Your passage money, Jesus paid,  
 And you have passage free.  
 O! the gospel ship's, &c.

6 But mark! the starting time's *to-day*,  
 And soon that time will fly—  
 To-day, to-day, we launch away  
 Into eternity;

Leave Sodom World without delay,—  
 Her ruin's near at hand;  
 Sinners, obey the gospel call  
 And sail for glory's land.  
 O! the gospel ship's, &c.

## HYMN 284. C. M.

*Hope in the Resurrection.*

- THRO' sorrow's night and danger's path,  
 Amid the deep'ning gloom,  
 We soldiers of an injured King  
 Are marching to the tomb.
- 2 There, when the turmoil is no more,  
 And all our powers decay,  
 Our cold remains in solitude  
 Shall sleep the years away.
- 3 Our labors done, securely laid  
 In this our last retreat,  
 Unheeded o'er our silent dust  
 The storms of life shall beat.
- 4 Yet not thus lifeless, thus inane,  
 The vital spark shall lie,  
 For o'er life's wreck that spark shall rise  
 To seek its kindred sky.
- 5 These ashes too, this little dust,  
 Our Father's care shall keep,  
 'Till the last angel rise, and break  
 The long and dreary sleep.
- 6 Then heaven's soft light o'er every eye  
 Shall shed its mildest rays,  
 And the long silent dust shall burst  
 With shouts of endless praise.

## XI. JUDGMENT.

## HYMN 285. C. M.

THAT awful day will surely come,  
 Th' appointed hour makes haste,  
 When I must stand before my Judge,  
 And pass the solemn test.

2 Thou lovely Chief of all my joys,  
 Thou Sovereign of my heart,  
 How could I bear to hear thy voice  
 Pronounce the sound, "depart!"

3 The thunder of that awful word  
 Would so torment my ear,  
 'Twould tear my soul asunder, Lord,  
 With most tormenting fear.

4 What! to be banished from my Lord,  
 And yet forbid to die!  
 To linger in eternal pain,  
 And death for ever fly!

5 O wretched state of deep despair,  
 To see my God remove,  
 And fix my doleful station where  
 I must not taste his love!

## HYMN 286. L. M.

THOUGH in the outward church below  
 The wheat and tares together grow,  
 Jesus ere long will weed the crop,  
 And pluck the tares in anger up:

*For soon the reaping time will come,  
 And angels shout the harvest home.*



- 2 Will it relieve their horrors there,  
To recollect their stations here?  
How much they heard, how much they  
knew,  
How long among the wheat they grew?
- 3 Oh! this will aggravate their case;  
They perish'd under means of grace;  
To them the word of life and faith  
Became an instrument of death.
- 4 We seem alike when thus we meet,—  
Strangers might think we all were wheat;  
But, to the Lord's all-searching eyes,  
Each heart appears without disguise.
- 5 The tares are spar'd for various ends;  
Some for the sake of praying friends;  
Others the Lord, against their will,  
Employs his counsels to fulfil.
- 6 But, tho' they grow so tall and strong,  
His plan will not require them long;  
In harvest, when he saves his own,  
The tares shall into hell be thrown.
- 7 Most awful thought, and is it so,  
Must all mankind the harvest know?  
Is every man a wheat or tare?  
Me, for that harvest, Lord, prepare!

## HYMN 287. L. M.

*The day of wrath.*

THAT day of wrath! that dreadful day,  
When heaven and earth shall pass away,  
What power shall be the sinner's stay?  
How shall he meet that dreadful day?

- 2 When, shriveling like a parched scroll,  
The flaming heavens together roll;  
When louder yet, and yet more dread,  
Swells the high trump that wakes the dead!
- 3 Oh, on that day, that wrathful day,  
When man to judgment wakes from clay,  
Be thou, O Christ! the sinner's stay,  
Though heaven and earth shall pass away.

## HYMN 288. C. M.

- AND must I be to judgment brought,  
And answer in that day  
For every vain and idle thought,  
And every word I say?
- 2 Yes, every secret of my heart  
Shall shortly be made known,  
And I receive my just desert  
For all that I have done.
- 3 How careful then ought I to live!  
With what religious fear,  
Who such a strict account must give  
For my behaviour here!
- 4 Thou awful Judge of quick and dead,  
The watchful power bestow;  
So shall I to my ways take heed  
To all I speak or do.
- 5 If now thou standest at the door,  
O let me feel thee near,  
And make my peace with God, before  
I at thy bar appear.

## HYMN 289. S. M.

**T**HOU Judge of quick and dead,  
 Before whose bar severe,  
 With holy joy, or guilty dread,  
 We all shall soon appear;  
 Our caution'd souls prepare  
 For that tremendous day,  
 And fill us now with watchful care,  
 And stir us up to pray.

2 To pray and wait the hour,  
 That awful hour unknown,  
 When, rob'd in majesty and power,  
 Thou shalt from heaven come down,  
 The immortal Son of Man,  
 To Judge the human race,  
 With all thy Father's dazzling train,  
 With all thy glorious grace.

3 To damp our earthly joys,  
 To increase our gracious fears,  
 For ever let the archangel's voice  
 Be sounding in our ears,  
 The solemn midnight cry,  
 "Ye dead, the Judge is come!  
 Arise, and meet him in the sky,  
 And meet your instant doom!"

4 O may we thus be found  
 Obedient to thy word,  
 Attentive to the trumpet's sound,  
 And looking for our Lord!  
 O may we all insure  
 A lot among the blest;  
 And watch a moment to secure  
 An everlasting rest.

## HYMN 290. 11s &amp; 12s.

- THE chariot! the chariot! its wheels  
roll in fire,  
As the Lord cometh down in the pomp of  
his ire;  
Lo, self-moving it drives on its pathway of  
cloud,  
And the heav'ns with the burden of God-  
head are bow'd.
- 2 The glory! the glory! around him are  
pour'd  
Mighty hosts of the angels that wait on  
the Lord;  
And the glorified saints and the martyrs  
are there,  
And there all who the palm-wreaths of  
victory wear!
- 3 The trumpet! the trumpet! the dead have  
all heard;  
Lo, the depths of the stone-cover'd charnel  
are stirr'd!  
From the sea, from the earth, from the  
south, from the north,  
All the vast generations of man are come  
forth!
- 4 The judgment! the judgment! the thrones  
are all set,  
Where the Lamb and the white vested  
elders are met!  
There all flesh is at once in the sight of  
the Lord,  
And the doom of eternity hangs on his  
word.

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- 3 O mercy! O mercy! look down from above,  
Great Creator, on us, thy sad children,  
with love!  
When beneath to their darkness the wicked  
are driven,  
May our justified souls find a welcome in  
heaven!

## HYMN 291. L. M.

*Books opened. Rev. xx, 12.*

**M**ETHINKS the last great day is come;  
Methinks I hear the trumpet sound  
That shakes the earth, rends ev'ry tomb,  
And wakes the pris'ners under ground.

- 2 The mighty deep gives up her trust,  
Aw'd by the Judge's high command;  
Both small and great now quit their dust,  
And round the dread tribunal stand.
- 3 Behold the awful books display'd,  
Big with th' important fates of men!  
Each word and deed now public made,  
Written by heaven's unerring pen.
- 4 To ev'ry soul the books assign  
The joyous or the dread reward:  
Sinners in vain lament and pine;  
No pleas the Judge will here regard.
- 5 Lord, when these awful leaves unfold,  
May life's fair book my soul approve;  
There may I read my name enroll'd,  
And triumph in redeeming love.

## XII. HEAVEN.

## HYMN 292. 4 8s &amp; 1 6.

*Vanity of earth.*

**O** HOW cheating, O how fleeting  
Is our earthly being!

'Tis a mist in wintry weather,  
Gathered in an hour together,  
And as soon dispersed for ever.

2 O how cheating, O how fleeting  
Are our days departing!

Like a deep and headlong river,  
Flowing onwards, flowing ever,  
Tarrying not and stopping never.

3 O how cheating, O how fleeting  
Are the world's enjoyments!

All the hues of change they borrow,  
Bright to-day and dark to-morrow—  
Mingled lot of joy and sorrow!

4 O how cheating, O how fleeting

All, yes, all that's earthly!  
Every thing is fading, flying—  
Man is mortal, earth is dying—  
Christian! live on heaven relying!

## HYMN 293. 3 8s &amp; 2 7s.

*Heaven supremely desirable.*

**T**HIS world is poor from shore to shore,  
And like a baseless vision;  
Its lofty domes and brilliant ore,  
And gems and crowns are vain and poor—  
There's nothing rich but heaven.

- 2 Empires decay, and nations die,  
 Our hopes to winds are given;  
 The vernal blooms in ruin lie,  
 Death reigns o'er all beneath the sky—  
 There's nothing lives but heaven.
- 3 Creation's mighty fabric all  
 Shall be to atoms riven;  
 The skies consume, the planets fall,  
 Convulsions rock this earthly ball—  
 There's nothing firm but heaven.
- 4 A stranger lonely here I roam,  
 From place to place I'm driven;  
 My friends are gone, and I'm in gloom:  
 This earth is all a lonely tomb—  
 I have no home but heaven.
- 5 The clouds disperse, the light appears,  
 My sins are all forgiven;  
 Triumphant grace has quelled my fears;  
 Roll on, thou sun, fly swift my years—  
 I'm on my way to heaven.
- 6 Adieu to all below, adieu,  
 Let life's dull chain be riven;  
 The charms of Christ have caught my view,  
 The world of light I will pursue—  
 To live with him in heaven.

## HYMN 294. 11s &amp; 12s.

*I would not live alway.*

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 alway; no—welcome the  
 tomb,

Since Jesus hath lain there, I dread not its  
 gloom;

There sweet be my rest, till he bid me  
 arise,

To hail him in triumph descending the  
 skies.

4 Who, who would live alway, away from  
 his God,

Away from yon heaven, that blissful abode,  
 Where the rivers of pleasure flow o'er the  
 bright plains

And the noontide of glory eternally reigns?

5 Where the saints of all ages in harmony  
 meet,

Their Saviour and brethren, transported,  
 to greet;

While the anthems of rapture unceasingly  
 roll,

And the smile of the Lord is the feast of  
 the soul!



## HYMN 295. P. M.

*The Eden of Love.*

HOW sweet to reflect on those joys that  
await me

In yon blissful region, the haven of rest,  
Where glorified spirits with welcome shall  
greet me,

And lead me to mansions prepared for  
the blest ;

Encircled in light, and with glory en-  
shrouded,

My happiness perfect, my mind's sky un-  
clouded,

I'll bathe in the ocean of pleasure un-  
bounded,

And range with delight through the  
Eden of Love.

2 While angelic legions, with accents celes-  
tial,

Harmoniously join in the concert of  
praise,

The saints, as they flock from the regions  
terrestrial,

In loud hallelujahs their voices will raise;

Then songs to the Lamb shall re-echo  
through heaven,

My soul will respond, "To Immanuel be  
given

All glory, all honor, all might and domin-  
ion,

Who brought us through grace to the  
Eden of Love."

3 Then hail, blessed state! Hail, ye song-  
 sters of glory;  
 Ye harpers of bliss, soon I'll meet you  
 above!  
 And join your full choir in rehearsing the  
 story,  
 "Salvation from sorrow, through Je-  
 sus's love:"  
 Though prison'd in earth, yet by antici-  
 pation  
 Already my soul feels a sweet prelibation  
 Of joys that await me, when freed from  
 probation:  
 My heart's now in heaven, the Eden of  
 Love.

HYMN 296. C. M.

*No tears in heaven.*

WHAT if my bark o'er life's roughwave  
 By adverse winds be driven,  
 And howling tempests round me rave?—  
 There are no tears in heaven.

2 What though affliction be my lot,  
 My heart with anguish riven?  
 Still let it never be forgot—  
 There are no tears in heaven.

3 Our sweetest joys here vanish all,  
 And fade like hues at even;  
 Our brightest hopes like meteors fall;—  
 There are no tears in heaven.

4 Thou, God, my joy and rest shalt be,  
 And sorrows far be driven;  
 And sin and death for ever flee;  
 There are no tears in heaven.

5 There from the blooming tree of life  
 The healing fruit is given;  
 There, there shall cease the painful strife;  
 There are no tears in heaven.

HYMN 297. 4 6s & 2 8s.

*The way to glory.*

**T**HROUGH tribulation deep  
 The way to glory is;  
 This stormy course I keep,  
 On these tempestuous seas;  
 By winds and waves I'm toss'd and driven;  
 Freighted with grace and bound for heaven.

2 Sometimes temptations blow  
 A dreadful hurricane,  
 And high the waters flow,  
 And o'er my sides break in:  
 But still my little ship outbraves  
 The blustering winds and surging waves.

3 When I, in my distress,  
 My anchor, *hope*, can cast  
 Within thy promises,  
 It holds my vessel fast:  
 Safely she then at anchor rides,  
 'Midst stormy winds and swelling tides.

4 The Bible is my chart,  
 By it the seas I know;  
 I cannot with it part;  
 It rocks and sands doth show:

It is a chart and compass too,  
Whose needle points for ever true.

5 My vessel would be lost,  
In spite of all my care,  
Did not the Holy Ghost  
Himself vouchsafe to steer;  
And I through all my voy'ges will  
Depend upon my Steersman's skill.

6 When through this gulf I get,  
(Though rough, it is but short,)  
The Pilot angels meet,  
And bring me into port:  
And when I land on that bless'd shore,  
I shall be safe for evermore.

HYMN 298. 8s & 7s.

*The Gospel Ship.*

THE gospel ship has long been sailing,  
Bound for Canaan's peaceful shore;  
All who would set out for glory,  
Come, and welcome, rich and poor!

*"Glory! glory! hallelujah!"*

*All the sailors loudly cry;  
See the blissful port of glory  
Open to each faithful eye!*

2 Thousands she has safely landed  
Far beyond this earthly shore;  
Thousands now are sailing thither,  
Yet there's room for thousands more.

3 Waft along this noble vessel,  
All ye gales of gospel grace;  
Carrying every faithful trav'ler  
To his glorious landing-place!

4 Her sails well filled with heavenly breezes,  
Swiftly glides the ship along ;  
All her company rejoicing,  
“Glory !” bursts from every tongue.

5 Come, poor sinners; get converted ;  
Sail with us o'er life's rough sea,  
And with us you shall be happy—  
Happy through eternity!

HYMN 299. 5s 6s & 9s.

*The banquet above.*

COME let us ascend,  
My companion and friend,  
To a taste of the banquet above !  
If thy heart be as mine,  
If for Jesus it pine,  
Come up into the chariot of love.

2 Who in Jesus confide,  
We are bold to outride  
The storms of affliction beneath !  
With the prophet we soar  
To the heavenly shore,  
And outfly all the arrows of death.

3 By faith we are come  
To our permanent home,  
By hope we the rapture improve ;  
By love we still rise,  
And look down on the skies,  
For the heaven of heavens is love.

4 Who on earth can conceive  
How happy we live  
In the palace of God, the great king!

What a concert of praise,  
When our Jesus's grace  
The whole heavenly company sing!

5 What a rapturous song,  
When the glorified throng  
In the spirit of harmony join!  
Join all the glad choirs,  
Hearts, voices, and lyres,  
And the burden is mercy divine.

5 Hallelujah, they cry,  
To the King of the sky,  
To the great everlasting I AM;  
To the Lamb that was slain,  
And that liveth again,  
Hallelujah to God and the Lamb.

**HYMN 300.** 11s & 12s.

*Sweet home.*

**A**N alien from God, and a stranger to  
grace,  
I wandered through earth, its gay pleas-  
ures to trace,  
In the pathway of sin I continued to roam,  
Unmindful, alas! that it led me from home.

*Home, home, sweet, sweet home,  
O Saviour! direct me to heaven, my home.*

2 The pleasures of earth I have seen fade  
away;  
They bloom for a season, but soon they  
decay;  
But pleasures more lasting in Jesus are  
given,—  
Salvation on earth, and a mansion in  
heaven.

*Home, home, sweet, sweet home,  
The saints in those mansions are ever at home.*

3 Allure me no longer, ye false glowing  
charms!

The Saviour invites me, I'll go to his arms;  
At the banquet of mercy I hear there is  
room,

O there may I feast with his children at  
home!

*Home, home, sweet, sweet home,  
O Jesus, conduct me to heaven, my home.*

4 Farewell, vain amusements, my follies,  
adieu,

While Jesus, and heaven, and glory I view;  
I feast on the pleasures that flow from his  
throne,—

The foretaste of heaven, sweet heaven,  
my home.

*Home, home, sweet, sweet home,  
O when shall I share the fruition of home.*

5 The days of my exile are passing away,  
The time is approaching when Jesus will  
say,

“Well done, faithful servant, sit down on  
my throne,

And dwell in my presence for ever at  
home.”

*Home, home, sweet, sweet home,  
O there I shall rest with the Saviour at home.*

6 Affliction and sorrow and death shall be  
o'er;

The saints shall unite to be parted no more;

There loud hallelujahs fill heaven's high  
dome,  
They dwell with the Saviour for ever at  
home.

*Home, home, sweet, sweet home,  
They dwell with the Saviour for ever at home.*

**HYMN 301.** 6 7s.

*Happy in eternity.*

**H**AIL, my partners in distress,  
Pilgrims through this wilderness;  
Though in sorrow here you roam,  
Destitute and far from home,  
Yet, poor pilgrims, you shall be  
Happy in eternity.

2 Do not then your fate deplore,  
Though despised, cast out and poor;  
Soon the joyful news will come,—  
“Child, your father calls,—Come home;”  
Then, in glory, you shall be  
Happy in eternity.

3 Cruel death, with rudest hands,  
May divide the Christian bands;  
But, in brighter worlds above,  
Friends shall meet with friends beloved,  
Where, united, you shall be  
Happy in eternity.

4 Just beyond this vale of tears,  
Lo, a fruitful land appears;  
Pilgrim, lift your eyes and see—  
There's the home prepared for thee,  
Where, with Jesus, you shall be  
Happy in eternity.



## HYMN 302. S. M.

**F**ROM Egypt's bondage come,  
 Where death and darkness reign,  
 We seek a new, a better home,  
 Where we our rest shall gain.

*Hallelujah!*

*We are on our way to God.*

2 There sin and sorrow cease,  
 And every conflict sore;  
 We there shall dwell in endless peace,  
 Nor thirst nor hunger more.

3 There in celestial strains  
 Enraptured myriads sing,  
 And love in every bosom reigns;  
 For God himself is king.

4 We hope to join the throng,  
 And soon their pleasures share,  
 And sing the everlasting song,  
 With all the ransomed there.

## HYMN 303. 11s.

**'M**ID scenes of confusion and creature  
 complaints,  
 How sweet to my soul is communion with  
 saints;  
 To find at the banquet of mercy there's  
 room,  
 And feel in the presence of Jesus at home.

*Home, home, sweet, sweet home,  
 Prepare me, dear Saviour, for glory, my home.*

2 Sweet bonds that unite all the children of  
peace!

And thrice precious Jesus, whose love  
cannot cease,

Though oft from thy presence in sadness I  
roam,

I long to behold thee in glory at home.

3 I sigh from this body of sin to be free,  
Which hinders my joy and communion  
with thee;

Though now my temptations like billows  
may foam,

All, all will be peace when I'm with thee  
at home.

4 While here in the valley of conflict I stay,  
O give me submission and strength as my  
day;

In all my afflictions to thee would I come,  
Rejoicing in hope of my glorious home.

5 Whate'er thou deniest, O give me thy  
grace,

The Spirit's sure witness, and smiles of  
thy face;

Indulge me with patience to wait at thy  
throne,

And find even now a sweet foretaste of  
home.

6 I long, dearest Lord, in thy beauties to  
shine,

No more as an exile, in sorrow to pine,  
And, in thy dear image, arise from the  
tomb,

With glorified millions to praise thee at  
home.

## HYMN 304. 3 8s &amp; 2 6s.

*The heavenly rest.*

**T**HERE is an hour of peaceful rest  
 To mourning wanderers given;  
 There is a joy for souls distress'd,  
 A balm for every wounded breast—  
 'Tis found alone—in heaven.

2 There is a soft, a downy bed,  
 'Tis fair as breath of even—  
 A couch for weary mortals spread,  
 Where they may rest the aching head,  
 And find repose—in heaven.

3 There is a home for weary souls  
 By sin and sorrow driven;  
 When toss'd on life's tempestuous shoals,  
 Where storms arise and ocean rolls,  
 And all is drear but heaven.

4 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.

5 There fragrant flowers immortal bloom,  
 And joys supreme are given:  
 There beams divine disperse the gloom:—  
 Beyond the confines of the tomb,  
 Appears the dawn of heaven.

## HYMN 305. 5 7s &amp; 3 6s.

**R**ISE, my soul, and stretch thy wings,  
 Thy better portion trace;  
 Rise, from transitory things,  
 Tow'rd's heav'n, thy native place:

Sun and moon and stars decay,  
 Time shall soon this earth remove;  
 Rise, my soul, and haste away  
 To seats prepar'd above.

2 Rivers to the ocean run,  
 Nor stay in all their course;  
 Fire, ascending, seeks the sun;  
 Both speed them to their source.  
 So the soul that's born of God  
 Pants to view his glorious face,  
 Upward tends to his abode  
 To rest in his embrace.

3 Cease, my soul, O cease to mourn,  
 Press onward to the prize:  
 Soon thy Saviour will return  
 To take thee to the skies:  
 There is everlasting peace,  
 Rest, enduring rest, in heav'n:  
 There will sorrow ever cease,  
 And crowns of joy be giv'n.

**HYMN 306.** 6 7s & 2 6s.

*Longing for heaven.*

**B**URST, ye emerald gates, and bring  
 To my raptur'd vision  
 All the ecstatic joys that spring  
 Round the bright elysian:  
 Lo! we lift our longing eyes—  
 Break, ye intervening skies;  
 Sun of Righteousness, arise,  
 Ope the gates of paradise!

2 Floods of everlasting light  
 Freely flash before him ;  
 Myriads, with supreme delight,  
 Instantly adore him :  
 Angel trumps resound his fame ;  
 Lutes of lucid gold proclaim  
 All the music of his name ;  
 Heaven echoing the theme.

3 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,  
 Glory be to God alone,  
 Holy ! holy ! holy One.

4 Hark ! the thrilling symphonies  
 Seem, methinks, to seize us ;  
 Join we, too, the holy lays,  
 Jesus, Jesus, Jesus !  
 Sweetest sound in seraph's song,  
 Sweetest note on mortal's tongue,  
 Sweetest carol ever sung—  
 Jesus—Jesus, flow along.

HYMN 307. C. M.

*Celestial Prospects.*

SWEET glories rush upon my sight,  
 And charm my wond'ring eyes ;  
 The regions of immortal light,  
 The beauties of the skies !

*How long, dear Saviour, O how long  
Have I on earth to stay?  
Roll on, roll on, ye wheels of time,  
And bring the promised day.*

2 All hail! ye fair celestial shores,  
Ye lands of endless day;  
Swift on my view your prospect pours,  
And drives my griefs away.

3 There's a delightful clearness now—  
My clouds of doubt are gone;  
Fled is my former darkness too—  
My fears are all withdrawn.

4 Short is the passage—short the space  
Between my home and me;  
There! there behold the radiant place!  
How near the mansions be!

5 Immortal wonders, boundless things,  
In those dear worlds appear!  
Prepare me, Lord, to stretch my wings,  
And in those glories share.

HYMN 308. C. M.

ON Jordan's stormy banks I stand,  
And cast a wishful eye  
To Canaan's fair and happy land,  
Where my possessions lie.

*Oh, this is not my home,  
Oh, this is not my home;  
This world's a wilderness of woe,  
But heaven is my home!*

- 2 O the transporting, rapturous scene  
That rises to my sight!  
Sweet fields arrayed in living green,  
And rivers of delight!
- 3 There generous fruits that never fail  
On trees immortal grow;  
There rocks, and hills, and brooks, and  
vale,  
With milk and honey flow.
- 4 All o'er those wide extended plains  
Shines one eternal day;  
There God, the Son, for ever reigns,  
And scatters night away.
- 5 No chilling winds, nor poisonous breath  
Can reach that healthful shore;  
Sickness and sorrow, pain and death  
Are felt and feared no more.
- 6 When shall I reach that happy place,  
And be for ever blest?  
When shall I see my Father's face,  
And in his bosom rest?
- 7 Filled with delight, my raptured soul  
Would here no longer stay!  
Though Jordan's waves around me roll,  
Fearless I'd launch away.
- 8 There, on those high and flowery plains,  
Our spirits ne'er shall tire;  
But in perpetual, joyful strains  
Redeeming love admire.

## HYMN 309. C. M.

SWEET rivers of redeeming love

Lie just before mine eye,

Had I the pinions of a dove,

I'd to those rivers fly.

I'd rise superior to my pain,

With joy outstrip the wind ;

I'd cross bold Jordan's stormy main,

And leave the world behind.

2 I view the monster death, and smile,

Now he has lost his sting ;

Though Satan rages all the while,

I still in triumph sing :

I hold my Saviour in my arms,

And will not let him go ;

I'm so delighted with his charms,

No other good I'll know.

3 A few more days, or years at most,

My troubles will be o'er ;

I hope to join the heavenly host

On Canaan's happy shore.

My rapturous soul shall drink and feast

In love's unbounded sea ;

This glorious hope of endless rest

Is now transporting me.

## HYMN 310. 14s.

*The house not made with hands. 2 Cor. v, 1—5.*

THERE is a house not made with hands,  
eternal in the skies ;

And far beyond this scene of things the  
fair possession lies :



Then let this earthly tenement dissolve in  
kindred dust ;

My Saviour hath a place prepared, and he  
is all my trust.

2 For this inheritance I wait, within my  
house of clay ;

'Mid darkness and imprisonment, still lan-  
guishing for day :

Nor naked would my soul appear, before  
my Father's face,

But "cloth'd upon" in righteousness, thro'  
my Redeemer's grace.

HYMN 311. S. M.

WE know, by faith we know,  
If this vile house of clay,

This tabernacle sink below,  
In ruinous decay,

We have a house above,

Not made with mortal hands ;

And firm as our Redeemer's love,

That heavenly fabric stands.

2 It stands securely high,

Indissolubly sure ;

Our glorious mansion in the sky

Shall evermore endure :

O were we entered there,

To perfect heaven restored !

O were we all caught up to share

The triumph of our Lord !

3 For this in faith we call,

For this we weep and pray :

O might the tabernacle fall !

O might we 'scape away !

Full of immortal hope,  
 We urge the restless strife,  
 And hasten to be swallowed up  
 Of everlasting life.

## HYMN 312. L. M.

*A better country—a heavenly.*

- THERE is a heav'n above the skies,  
 A heav'n where pleasure never dies;  
 A heav'n I sometimes hope to see,  
 But fear again 'tis not for me.  
*But Jesus, Jesus is my friend! O hallelujah,  
 Hallelujah, Jesus, Jesus is my friend.*
- 2 The way is difficult and straight,  
 And narrow is the gospel gate;  
 Ten thousand dangers are therein,  
 Ten thousand snares to take me in.
- 3 I travel through a world of foes,  
 Through conflicts sore my spirit goes:  
 The tempter cries,—I ne'er shall stand  
 Nor reach fair Canaan's happy land.
- 4 Come life, come death, come then what  
 will,  
 His footsteps I will follow still;  
 'Mid thickening toils, and hell's alarms,  
 I shall be safe in his dear arms.
- 5 Then, O my soul, arise and sing,  
 Behold thy Saviour, friend and king;  
 With pleasing smiles he now looks down,  
 And cries, "Press on and take the crown."
- 6 "Prove faithful, then, a few more days,  
 Fight the good fight and win the race,  
 And then my kingdom thou shalt share;  
 Thy head a crown of glory wear."

## HYMN 313. 7s &amp; 6s.

*The Holy City.* Rev. xxi, 2.

THERE is a holy city,  
 A happy world above,  
 Beyond the starry regions,  
 Built by the God of love:  
 An everlasting temple,  
 And saints array'd in white,  
 They serve their great Redeemer,  
 They dwell with him in light.

2 That is no world of trouble,  
 The God of peace is there,  
 He wipes away their sorrows,  
 He banishes their care;  
 Their joys are still increasing,  
 Their songs are ever new,  
 They praise th' eternal Father,  
 The Son and Spirit too.

3 The meanest child of glory  
 Outshines the radiant sun;  
 But who can speak the splendor  
 Of that eternal throne  
 Where Jesus sits exalted,  
 In Godlike majesty?  
 The elders fall before him,  
 The angels bend the knee.

4 Long time I was invited  
 To gain that heavenly rest;  
 Grace made no hard condition,  
 'Twas only to be bless'd;  
 But earth's bewitching pleasures  
 Inclined me long to stay:  
 I sought her dreams and shadows,  
 And joys that pass away.

5 But now it is my purpose  
 The better way to find;  
 To serve my great Creator,  
 And leave my sins behind:  
 In guilt's seducing mazes  
 I will no longer roam;  
 I'll give my soul to Jesus,  
 Who brings the ransom'd home.

HYMN 314. 7s & 8s.

**T**HERE is a land of pleasure,  
 Where streams of joy for ever roll;  
 'Tis there I have my treasure,  
 And there I hope to rest my soul;  
 Long darkness dwelt around me,  
 With scarcely once a cheering ray;  
 But, since my Saviour found me,  
 A light has shone along my way.

2 I'm on my way to Canaan,  
 Still guided by my Saviour's hand;  
 O come along, dear sinner,  
 And see Immanuel's happy land!  
 To all that stay behind me,  
 I bid a long, a last farewell!  
 O come, or you'll repent it  
 When you approach the gates of hell.

3 The vale of tears surrounds me,  
 And Jordan's current rolls before:  
 O how I stand and tremble,  
 To hear the dismal waters roar!  
 Whose hand shall then support me,  
 And keep my soul from sinking there;  
 From sinking down to darkness,  
 The doleful regions of despair!

4 The waves shall not affright me,  
 Although they're deeper than the grave ;  
 If Jesus will stand by me,  
 I'll calmly ride on Jordan's wave.  
 His word has calm'd the ocean,  
 His lamp has cheered the gloomy vale ;  
 O may this friend be with me,  
 When through the gates of death I sail.

5 Then come, thou king of terrors,  
 And with thy weapons lay me low !  
 I soon shall reach that region  
 Where everlasting pleasures flow.  
 Now, Christians, I must leave you,  
 A few more days to suffer here :  
 Through grace I soon shall meet you ;  
 My soul exults—I'm almost there.

6 Soon the archangel's trumpet  
 Shall shake the globe from pole to pole,  
 And all the wheels of nature  
 Shall in a moment cease to roll :  
 Then I shall see my Saviour,  
 With shining ranks of angels come  
 To execute his vengeance,  
 And take his ransom'd people home.

HYMN 315. 12s & 9s.

**T**HERE is bliss, there is bliss in the re-  
 gions above,  
 They have opened the gates of the sky ;  
 A spirit has soared to those mansions of  
 love,  
 And seeks for admittance on high.

And friends long divided are hasting to  
greet,

To a land where no sorrow may come,  
And the seraphs are eager a sister to meet,  
And to welcome the child to its home.

2 There is bliss, there is bliss at the foot of  
the throne,

See the spirit all purified bend;  
And it beams with delight since it gazes  
alone

On the face of a father, a friend!  
Then it joins in the anthems for ever that  
rise,

And its frailties and follies forgiven,  
It is dead to the earth and new-born to the  
skies,—

And this is the portion of heaven!

**HYMN 316.** 7s.

*Heaven.* John xiv, 2.

**H**IGH in yonder realms of light  
Dwell the raptur'd saints above,  
Far beyond our feeble sight,  
Happy in Immanuel's love!  
Pilgrims in this vale of tears,  
Once they knew like us below,  
Gloomy doubts distressing fears,  
Tort'ring pain and heavy woe.

2 Oft the big, unbidden tear,  
Stealing down the furrow'd cheek,  
Told, in eloquence sincere,  
Tales of woe they could not speak.

- But, these days of weeping o'er,  
 Past this scene of toil and pain;  
 They shall feel distress no more,  
 Never—never weep again!
- 3 'Mid the chorus of the skies,  
 'Mid th' angelic lyres above,  
 Hark—their songs melodious rise,  
 Songs of praise to Jesus' love.  
 Happy spirits! ye are fled  
 Where no grief can entrance find;  
 Lull'd to rest the aching head,  
 Sooth'd the anguish of the mind.
- 4 All is tranquil and serene,  
 Calm and undisturbed repose—  
 There no cloud can intervene—  
 There no angry tempest blows!  
 Ev'ry tear is wip'd away,  
 Sighs no more shall heave the breast,  
 Night is lost in endless day,  
 Sorrow—in eternal rest.

## HYMN 317. 5 8s &amp; 2 6s.

*The New Song.* Rev. xiv, 3.

- TEN thousand times ten thousand sung  
 Loud anthems round the throne,  
 When lo! one solitary tongue  
 Began a song unknown,  
 A song unknown to angel ears,  
 A song that told of banished fears,  
 Of pardoned sins, and dried up tears.
- 2 Not one of all the heavenly host  
 Could these high notes attain;  
 But spirits from a distant coast  
 United in the strain;

Till he who first began the song,  
To sing alone not suffered long,  
Was mingled with a countless throng.

3 And still, as hours are fleeting by,  
The angels ever bear  
Some newly ransomed soul on high,  
To join the chorus there;  
And so the song will louder grow,  
Till all redeemed by Christ below  
To that fair world of rapture go.

4 O give me, Lord, my golden harp,  
And tune my broken voice;  
That I may sing of troubles sharp  
Exchanged for endless joys;  
The song that ne'er was heard before  
A sinner reached the heavenly shore,  
But now shall sound for evermore.

### HYMN 318. 7s.

*The Glorified Saints.*

WHO are these arrayed in white,  
Brighter than the noon-day sun?  
Foremost of the sons of light;  
Nearest the eternal throne?  
These are they that bore the cross,  
Nobly for their Master stood;  
Sufferers in his righteous cause;  
Followers of the dying God.

2 Out of great distress they came;  
Wash'd their robes by faith below  
In the blood of yonder Lamb,  
Blood that washes white as snow;



Therefore are they next the throne,  
Serve their Maker day and night;  
God resides among his own,  
God doth in his saints delight.

3 More than conquerors at last,  
Here they find their trials o'er;  
They have all their sufferings pass'd,  
Hunger now and thirst no more;  
Christ shall all their sorrows chase,  
All their wants at once remove,  
Wipe the tears from every face,  
Fill up every soul with love.

SUPPLEMENT.

SABBATH SCHOOL HYMNS.

HYMN 319. L. M.

*The Sabbath.*

THIS day belongs to God alone;  
He chooses Sunday for his own:  
And we must neither work nor play,  
Because it is God's holy day.

- 2 'Tis well to have one day in seven,  
That we may learn the way to heaven;  
Then let us spend it as we should,  
In serving God, and growing good.
- 3 We ought, to-day, to learn and seek  
What we may think of all the week;  
And be the better, every day,  
For what we've heard our teachers say.
- 4 And every Sunday should be pass'd  
As if we knew it were our last:  
What would the dying sinner give,  
To have one Sabbath more to live!

## HYMN 320. 6 7s.

*The Sabbath.*

- CHILDREN, 'tis the Sabbath day:  
 We must neither work nor play;  
 'Tis the day which God has giv'n,  
 That we may prepare for heav'n;  
 Let us then his goodness praise  
 For these blessed Sabbath days.
- 2 On this holy Sabbath day,  
 Here we come to sing and pray;  
 Here we learn God's holy word,  
 And we hear of Christ our Lord;  
 Let us then his goodness praise  
 For these precious Sabbath days.
- 3 When we've done with things below,  
 May we all to glory go;  
 Join the songs of saints above,  
 Tell of Jesus' dying love;  
 There for ever sing his praise  
 Through eternal Sabbath days.

## HYMN 321. 3 8s &amp; 2 7s.

*The Sabbath School*

- WITH joy we hail the Sabbath day,  
 In mercy kindly given;  
 We leave awhile our cheerful play,  
 And come within these courts to pray,  
 And learn the path to heav'n.
- 2 We love to meet our teachers here,  
 And talk of sins forgiv'n;  
 To feel the blessed Saviour near,  
 Who all our simple thoughts will hear,  
 And bear them up to heaven.

- 3 Here may we, Lord, for ever share  
 A peaceful, quiet haven;  
 Whene'er oppress'd by worldly care  
 We'll hasten to thy house of prayer,  
 And find the joy of heaven.
- 4 And then shall life's last feeble ray  
 Be calm as summer's even:  
 While angels, hovering round, shall say  
 "Ye weary wanderers, come away,  
 And be at rest in heaven."

## HYMN 322. L. M.

*Punctuality at School.*

- THE clock has struck, I cannot stay,  
 O let me rise and haste away;  
 I'll quit my bed, and leave my home,  
 The hour of school at length is come.
- 2 I would be there when prayer begins,  
 To seek the pardon of my sins;  
 I'd ask the favor of the Lord,  
 And pray to understand his word.
- 3 O, shall my teachers wait in vain,  
 While my neglect must give them pain?  
 No, let me rather strive to be  
 The first that in the class they see.
- 4 These Sabbath days will soon be o'er,  
 And I shall go to school no more:  
 I would not then endure the pain  
 Of having spent my time in vain.

## HYMN 323. 3 7s &amp; 1 5.

*The Sabbath School.*

WHERE do children love to go,  
 When the wintry tempests blow?

What is it attracts them so?

'Tis the Sabbath School.

2 When the Sabbath morning breaks,  
Every eye from slumber wakes—

What so happy children makes?

'Tis the Sabbath School.

2 Where are we so kindly taught  
God should rule in every thought;  
What the blood of Christ has bought?

In the Sabbath School.

4 May we ever love this day  
More than all our sports and play—  
Love to read, and sing, and pray,

In the Sabbath School.

**HYMN 324. L. M.**

*Opening School.*

**A**SSEMBLED in our school once more,  
O Lord, thy blessing we implore;  
We meet to read, and sing, and pray,  
Be with us, then, through this thy day.

2 Our fervent prayer to thee ascends,  
For parents, teachers, foes and friends,  
And when we in thy house appear,  
Help us to worship in thy fear.

3 When we on earth shall meet no more,  
May we above to glory soar;  
And praise thee in more lofty strains,  
Where one eternal Sabbath reigns.

**HYMN 325. L. M.**

*On the opening of a Sunday School.*

**G**REAT God, thy watchful care we bless,  
Which gives our feeble plans success;

Here may we oft delight to meet  
Our youthful charge at Jesus' feet.

- 2 These walls we to thine honor raise,  
Long may they echo to thy praise;  
And thou, descending, fill the place  
With choicest tokens of thy grace.
- 3 And in that great, decisive day,  
When God the nations shall survey,  
May it before the world appear  
That crowds were born for glory here.

**HYMN 326.** 7s.

*Closing School.*

**F**OR a season called to part,  
Let us now ourselves commend  
To the gracious eye and heart  
Of our ever-present Friend.

- 2 Jesus, hear our humble prayer;  
Tender Shepherd of thy sheep,  
Let thy mercy and thy care  
All our souls in safety keep.

**HYMN 327.** L. M.

*Prayer at Parting.*

**D**ISMISS us with thy blessing, Lord,  
Help us to feed upon thy word;  
All that has been amiss forgive,  
And let thy truth within us live.

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

## HYMN 328. L. M.

*Behaviour at Church.*

- I**N God's own house for me to play,  
**I** While Christians meet to sing and pray,  
 Is to profane his holy place,  
 And tempt th' Almighty to his face.
- 2 When angels bow before the Lord,  
 And devils tremble at his word,  
 Shall I, a feeble mortal, dare  
 To mock, and sport, and trifle there?
- 3 Great God, compassionate and mild,  
 Forgive the follies of a child;  
 Teach me to pray, and mind thy word,  
 That I may learn to serve the Lord.

## HYMN 329. L. M.

*What the Bible tells us.*

- T**HIS is a precious book indeed;  
**I** Happy the child who loves to read;  
 'Tis God's own word, which he hath given  
 To show our souls the way to heaven.
- 2 It tells us how the world was made,  
 And how good men the Lord obeyed;  
 And his commands are in it too,  
 To teach us what we ought to do.
- 3 It bids us all from sin to fly,  
 Because our souls can never die:  
 It points to heaven, where angels dwell,  
 And warns us to escape from hell.
- 4 But what is more than all beside,  
 The Bible tells us Jesus died:  
 This is its first, its chief intent,  
 To lead poor sinners to repent.

- 5 Let us be thankful that we may  
 Read this good Bible every day;  
 And learn the way that God hath given  
 To lead our souls to peace and heaven.

## HYMN 330. 7s.

*Use of the Bible.*

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

## HYMN 331. S. M.

*Praise to the Saviour.*

- T**O praise the Saviour's name,  
 Let little children try:  
 While saints and angels do the same  
 In the bright world on high.
- 2 His love in heaven is sung,  
 His name is there adored;  
 And children here, however young,  
 May learn to praise the Lord.



- 3 The wonders of that love  
 No earthly tongue can tell,  
 Which brought the Saviour from above,  
 To save our souls from hell.
- 4 For us he wept and bled,  
 And suffered all his pain;  
 For us was numbered with the dead,  
 And rose to life again.

## HYMN 332. S. M.

*Praise to Christ.*

- A** WAKE, and sing the song  
 Of Moses and the Lamb;  
 Wake, every heart and every tongue,  
 To praise the Saviour's name.
- 2 Sing of his dying love;  
 Sing of his rising power;  
 Sing how he intercedes above  
 For those whose sins he bore.
- 3 Sing on your heavenly way,  
 Ye ransomed sinners, sing;  
 Sing on, rejoicing every day  
 In Christ the exalted King.
- 4 Soon we shall hear him say,  
 "Ye blessed children, come;"  
 Soon will he call us hence away,  
 And take his wanderers home.
- 5 Soon shall our raptured tongue  
 His endless praise proclaim;  
 And sweeter voices tune the song  
 Of Moses and the Lamb.

## HYMN 333. C. M.

*Hosanna to Christ.*

**H**OSANNA be the children's song,  
**H**To Christ the children's King;  
 His praise to whom our souls belong  
 Let all the children sing.

2 From little ones to Jesus brought,  
 Hosanna now be heard;  
 Let infants at the breast be taught  
 To lisp that lovely word.

3 Hosanna sound from hill to hill,  
 And spread from plain to plain,  
 While louder, sweeter, clearer still,  
 Woods echo to the strain.

4 Hosanna on the wings of light  
 O'er earth and ocean fly,  
 'Till morn to eve, and noon to night,  
 And heaven to earth reply.

5 Hosanna, then, our song shall be—  
 Hosanna to our King;  
 This is the children's jubilee:  
 Let all the children sing.

## HYMN 334. 7s.

*About Jesus:—A Dialogue.*

*Teachers.* **C**HILDREN, can you tell us why  
 Jesus came from heaven to die?

*Children.* Teachers, yes; for us he came:  
 Oh, how blessed is his name!

*Tea.* Children, have you learned to know  
 What return to him you owe?

*Chil.* Teachers, we our hearts must give,  
 Love, obey him while we live.

- Tea.* Children, will he you receive  
If you in his name believe?  
*Chil.* Teachers, boundless is his grace,  
If we early seek his face.  
*Tea.* Children, ask his mercy now!  
*Chil.* Saviour, teach our hearts to bow!  
*All.* Hear! oh, hear us, Lamb divine,—  
Make us all for ever thine!

## HYMN 335. C. M.

*Early instruction.*

- H**APPY the child whose early years  
Receive instruction well;  
Who hates the sinner's path, and fears  
The road that leads to hell.
- 2 'Twill save us from a thousand snares  
To mind religion young;  
Grace will preserve our following years,  
And make our virtues strong.
- 3 To thee, Almighty God, to thee  
Our childhood we resign;  
'Twill please us to look back, and see  
That our whole lives were thine.

## HYMN 336. 7s &amp; 6s.

*Remember thy Creator.*

- R**EMEMBER thy Creator,  
While youth's fair spring is bright;  
Before thy cares are greater,  
Before comes age's night:  
While yet the sun shines o'er thee,  
While stars the darkness cheer,  
While life is all before thee,  
Thy great Creator fear!

2 Remember thy Creator,  
 Before the dust returns  
 To earth,—for 'tis its nature—  
 And life's last ember burns:  
 Before the God who gave it,  
 Thy spirit shall appear;  
 He cries, who died to save it,  
 "Thy great Creator fear!"

## HYMN 337. S. M.

*True Wisdom.*

**K**ING Solomon of old  
 A happy choice had made;  
 'Twas not for life, 'twas not for gold,  
 Nor honors, that he prayed.

2 He chose the better part;  
 He sought for purer joys;  
 A wise and understanding heart;  
 And God approved his choice.

3 Far better than his crown,  
 And all his grand array,  
 That wisdom was which God sent down  
 To guide him on his way.

## HYMN 338. C. M.

*The Golden Rule.*

**L**OVE God with all your soul and strength,  
 With all your heart and mind;  
 And love your neighbor as yourself;  
 Be faithful, just and kind.

2 Do unto others as you would  
 That they should do to you;  
 Whate'er is honest, just and good,  
 With all your might, pursue.

## HYMN 339. C. M.

*The narrow way.*

**T**HERE is a path that leads to God ;  
All others go astray ;  
Narrow, but pleasant is the road,  
And Christians love the way.

2 It leads straight through this world of sin,  
And dangers must be pass'd:  
But they who boldly walk therein  
Will come to heaven at last.

3 While the broad road where thousands go  
Lies near, and opens fair;  
And many turn aside, I know,  
To walk with sinners there.

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

## HYMN 340. L. M.

*God loves good children.*

**T**HE God of heaven is pleased to see  
A little family agree,  
And will not slight the praise they bring  
When loving children join to sing.

2 For love and kindness please him more  
Than if we give him all our store ;  
And children here who dwell in love  
Are like his happy ones above.

3 The gentle child who tries to please,  
Who hates to quarrel, fret and tease,  
And would not say an angry word,  
That child is pleasing to the Lord.

## HYMN 341. 4 6s &amp; 2 8s.

*Little Samuel.*

WHEN little Samuel woke,  
 And heard his Maker's voice,  
 At every word he spoke,  
 How much did he rejoice!  
 O blessed, happy child, to find  
 The God of heaven so near and kind.

2 If God would speak to me,  
 And say he was my friend,  
 How happy should I be,  
 O how would I attend;  
 The smallest sin I then would fear,  
 If God Almighty were so near.

3 And does he never speak?  
 O yes; for in his word  
 He bids me come and seek  
 The God that Samuel heard:  
 In almost every page I see  
 The God of Samuel calls to me.

4 And I beneath his care  
 May safely rest my head;  
 I know that God is there,  
 To guard my humble bed;  
 And every sin I well may fear,  
 Since God Almighty is so near.

5 Like Samuel, let me say,  
 Whene'er I read his word,  
 "Speak, Lord;" I would obey  
 The voice that Samuel heard:  
 And when I in thy house appear,  
 "Speak, for thy servant waits to hear."

## HYMN 342. C. M.

*God hears, sees, and knows me.*

- GOD is in heaven—can he hear  
 A feeble prayer like mine?  
 Yes, little child, thou need'st not fear;  
 He will attend to thine.
- 2 God is in heaven—can he see  
 When I am doing wrong?  
 Yes, that he can—he looks at thee  
 All day and all night long.
- 3 God is in heaven—would he know  
 If I should tell a lie?  
 Yes, if thou said'st it very low,  
 He'd hear it in the sky.
- 4 God is in heaven—can I go  
 To thank him for his care?  
 Not yet—but love him here below,  
 And thou shalt praise him there.

## HYMN 343. C. M.

*Prayer.*

- WHEN daily I kneel down to pray,  
 As I am taught to do,  
 God does not care for what I say,  
 Unless I *feel* it too.
- 2 Yet foolish thoughts my heart beguile;  
 And when I pray, or sing,  
 I'm often thinking, all the while,  
 About some other thing.
- 3 O! let me never, never dare  
 To act a trifler's part,  
 Or think that God will hear a prayer  
 That comes not from the heart.

- 4 But if I make his ways my choice,  
As holy children do,  
Then, while I seek him with my voice,  
My heart will love him too.

## HYMN 344. 8s &amp; 7s.

*Earnest Supplication.*

- J**ESUS! hear a weeping mourner—  
Hear a sinner poor and vile:  
Hear me—once a wicked scorner—  
Now implore thy pitying smile.
- 2 Friend of sinners! I have scorned thee—  
Scorned thy name, and scorned thy laws;  
Yet in mercy hast thou warned me—  
Yet in mercy plead my cause.
- 3 Plead my cause, with power prevailing,  
At the sovereign bar of God;  
Save me from eternal wailing,  
Save me from Jehovah's rod!
- 4 Lord of pity! see me languish  
At thy feet, and bid me live;  
Thou alone canst ease my anguish,  
Thou alone canst pardon give.

## HYMN 345. 7s.

*The Child's petition.*

- L**OVING Jesus, gentle Lamb,  
In thy gracious hands I am,  
Make me, Saviour, what thou art,  
Live thyself within my heart!
- 2 I shall then show forth thy praise,  
Serve thee all my happy days;  
Then the world shall always see  
Christ, the Holy Child, in me.



## HYMN 346. 7s.

*God will hear me.*

POOR and needy though I be,  
 God my Maker cares for me;  
 Gives me clothing, shelter, food,  
 Gives me all I have of good.

2 He will listen when I pray,  
 He is with me night and day;  
 When I sleep and when I wake,  
 Keeps me safe for Jesus' sake.

3 He who reigns above the sky  
 Once became as poor as I;  
 He whose blood for me was shed  
 Had not where to lay his head.

4 Though I labor here awhile,  
 He will bless me with his smile;  
 And when this short life is past,  
 I shall rest with him at last.

## HYMN 347. L. M.

*Lord, help me!*

LORD, I am young, thy help I need,  
 For various foes beset my way;  
 Be thou to me a friend indeed,  
 Nor let me from thy precepts stray.

2 My youthful heart with grace inspire,  
 To thee my every power incline;  
 And may the pure celestial fire,  
 Within my bosom ever shine.

3 O let the morning of my days  
 To thee and thee alone be given;  
 Increase my love, approve my ways,  
 And guide me safely into heaven.

## HYMN 348. 11s.

*The Lord's Prayer.*

OUR Father in heaven, we hallow thy  
name ;  
Thy kingdom, all holy, on earth be the  
same.

O give to us daily our portion of bread:  
It is from thy bounty that all must be fed.

2 Forgive our transgression, and teach us to  
know

That humble compassion that pardons each  
foe ;

Save us from temptation, from weakness  
and sin ;

And thine be the glory for ever, Amen !

## HYMN 349. 11s.

*The joint petition.*

CHILDREN.

OUR Father in heaven, tho' feeble our  
lays,  
We raise them, with grateful emotions of  
praise,  
For patrons and teachers to guide us above ;  
Reward them in heav'n for their labors of  
love !

TEACHERS.

2 Our Father in heaven, thy blessing we  
crave

On all our endeavors these children to save ;  
O make us more faithful, more prayerful,  
more wise.

To win them to Jesus, who dwells in the  
skies !

## CHORUS.

- 3 With voices united thy mercies we sing,  
Ascribing all glory to Jesus, our King:  
And when life is ended, receive us in love,  
To sing Hallelujahs with seraphs above!

## HYMN 350. L. M.

*Prayer for Children.*

- O** LORD! encouraged by thy grace,  
We bring these children to thy throne;  
Give them with thee a heavenly place,  
Let them be thine, and thine alone.
- 2 Remove from them each stain of guilt,  
And let them all be sanctified;  
Lord, thou canst cleanse them if thou wilt,  
And all their native evils hide.
- 3 We ask not for them earthly bliss,  
Or earthly honors, wealth or fame;  
The sum of our desires is this,  
That they may love and fear thy name.

## HYMN 351. 8s &amp; 7s.

*Address to a wicked child.*

- S**INNER, O why so thoughtless grown?  
Why in such fearful haste to die?  
Why speed thy flight to worlds unknown,  
Regardless of thy destiny?
- 2 Wilt thou defy the wrath of God,  
Led on by sin's delusive dreams?  
Madly despise the Saviour's blood,  
And force thy passage to the flames?
- 3 Sinner, O lift thy thoughts above,  
And hear the Lord of life unfold  
The glories of his dying love—  
For ever telling, yet untold!

## HYMN 352. C. M.

*Children Mocking*

OUR tongues were made to bless the Lord  
 And not speak ill of men;  
 When others give a railing word,  
 We must not rail again.

- 2 Should any dare be so profane,  
 To mock, and jeer and scoff  
 At holy things, and holy men,  
 The Lord shall cut them off.

## HYMN 353. 8s &amp; 7s

WHEN the infant spirit, flying,  
 Smiles, and gladly leaves its clay,  
 On a Saviour's death relying,  
 Soaring to the world of day,—

- 2 If, beside that pillow standing,  
 One there be who taught it so,  
 Led that little soul, expanding,  
 All the love of God to know,—
- 3 O how pure must be the pleasure,  
 Thus his sweet reward to see,  
 As its life fulfils its measure,  
 As it seeks eternity!

## HYMN 354. 11s &amp; 12s.

*The dying Child.*

WHAT seraph-like music steals over  
 the sea,  
 Entrancing the senses with charmed mel-  
 ody!

- 'Tis the song of the angels borne soft on  
 the air;  
 'Tis for me they are singing; my welcome  
 I hear.

- 2 At Jordan's lone river I eagerly stand,  
 And stretch forth my hands to yon beautiful land;  
 Send a convoy of angels, dear Saviour, I pray!  
 Let me join their sweet music; away, oh away!
- 3 Though cold are the billows, and dark is the wave,  
 With Jesus beside me, the surges I'll brave;  
 For the heavenly music has ravish'd me so,  
 I must join in the loud chorus; I'll go, yes, I'll go!

## HYMN 355. S. M.

*Time misspent.*

- A DREAD and solemn hour  
 To us is drawing near;  
 When we, before the throne of God,  
 All present shall appear.
- 2 What answer shall we give,  
 When God himself demands  
 The uses of such times as these,  
 In judgment at our hands?
- 3 And must we then confess  
 That all was spent in vain,  
 The seasons that were once our own,  
 But cannot be again?
- 4 This will be woe indeed:  
 To regions of despair  
 Our own neglect will sink us down,  
 To mourn for ever there.

## HYMN 356. S. M.

*Heaven.*

THERE is a land above,  
 All beautiful and bright;  
 And those who love and seek the Lord  
 Rise to that world of light.

2 There sin is known no more,  
 Nor tears, nor want, nor care;  
 There good and happy beings dwell,  
 And all are holy there.

## DOXOLOGIES.

L. M.

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

C. M.

LET God the Father and the Son,  
 And Spirit be ador'd,  
 Where there are works to make him known,  
 Or saints to love the Lord.

7s.

SING we to our God above,  
 Praise eternal as his love:  
 Praise him, all ye heavenly host,  
 Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

'S. M.

GIVE to the Father praise,  
 Give glory to the Son,  
 And to the Spirit of his grace  
 Be equal honor done.

CHORUSES.

AND I'll sing hallelujah,  
And glory be to God on high ;  
And I'll sing hallelujah,  
There's glory beaming thro' the sky.

AWAY over in the promised land,  
Away over in the promised land :  
My Saviour calls, and I must go  
Over in the promised land.

COME let us join our hearts and hands  
All in one band completely ;  
We're marching through Immanuel's lands  
Where the waters flow so sweetly.

DON'T you hear the angels singing  
Hallelujah to the Lamb ?  
Don't you hear their voices ringing,  
Glory to the great I AM !

DO you love Jesus ! Oh, glory !  
I do love Jesus, his name's so sweet !

GIVE me Jesus ! give me Jesus !  
You may have all the world—give me  
Jesus !

GLORY, glory, hallelujah !  
All the sailors loudly cry ;  
See the blissful port of glory  
Open to each faithful eye.

HALLELUJAH to the Lamb  
Who has purchased our pardon ;  
We will praise him again  
When we pass over Jordan.

**H**O every one that thirsts,  
 Come ye to the waters;  
 Freely drink and quench your thirst,  
 Zion's sons and daughters.

**H**OME to glory, home to glory,  
 Home to glory we shall go.

**H**OW long, dear Saviour, oh how long  
 Have I on earth to stay?  
 Roll on, roll on, ye wheels of time,  
 And bring the promised day.

**I** AM bound for the kingdom;  
 Will you go to glory with me?  
 Hallelujah, praise ye the Lord!

**I** AM happy here and I shall be there,  
 I am happy on my journey home.

**I** AM happy—I am happy—  
 I am happy in the Lord,  
 I don't want to stay for ever here.—  
 So freely, so freely, so freely,  
 Going home to glory.

**I**N the morning, oh, hallelujah,  
 We'll all rise together in the morning.

**I** OWN I'm base, I own I'm vile,  
 But mercy's all my plea;  
 Remember, Lord, thy dying groans,  
 And then remember me!

**I** WILL praise thee, I will praise thee—  
 Where shall I thy praise begin?  
 I will praise thee, I will praise thee—  
 Where shall I thy praises end?



**L**ORD, revive us,  
 All our help must come from thee.

**M**AY we all meet in heaven,  
**M**ay we all meet in heaven;  
 There may we meet at Jesus' feet,  
 To part no more!

**M**Y dying day is rolling round,  
**M** Prepare me to go home!—  
 Oh, this is not my Canaan,  
 My Canaan is above.

**O** HALLELUJAH! grace is free,  
 There's enough for each, and enough  
 for all,  
 And enough for evermore.

**O** HELP me to praise my loving Saviour,  
**O** for what he has done for me;  
 Glory, honor, and salvation,  
 Christ the Lord has come to reign.

**O** HOW good it is for us to be blest,  
 And dwell where loving Jesus is!

**O** LORD revive us now;  
**O** Lord revive us now;  
 And send thy Holy Spirit down  
 On every waiting heart.

**O** THAT will be joyful,  
 Joyful, joyful:  
**O** that will be joyful  
 To meet to part no more,  
 To meet to part no more,  
 On Canaan's happy shore:  
 There we shall meet, at Jesus' feet,  
 Shall meet to part no more.

**O** THE place, the happy place,  
 The place where Jesus is ;  
 The place where Christians all shall meet,  
 Shall meet to part no more.

**O** THIS is not my home,  
 O this is not my home ;  
 This world's a wilderness of woe,  
 But heaven is my home !

**O** TO die on the field of battle,  
 With glory in my soul !

**O** WHO will come and go with me  
 To the New Jerusalem !  
 My Saviour smiles and bids me come  
 To the New Jerusalem !

**O** UR sorrows and our sins were laid  
 On thee, alone on thee ;  
 Thy precious blood our ransom paid,  
 Thine all the glory be.

**P**ALMS of victory, crowns of glory,  
 Palms of victory you shall bear.

**R**EMEMBER me, remember me,  
 O Lord, remember me !

**T**URN to the Lord and seek salvation,  
 Sound the praise of his dear name :  
 Glory, honor and salvation,  
 Christ the Lord has come to reign.

**W**ELL-BELOVED Prince and Saviour,  
 Well-beloved Priest and King ;  
 Glory to the Lamb for ever,  
 Who did free salvation bring.

ADDITIONAL HYMNS.

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HYMN 1. C. M.

HOW sweet, how heavenly is the sight,  
When those that love the Lord,  
In one another's peace delight,  
And so fulfil his word.

2 When each can feel his brother's sigh,  
And with him bear a part;  
When sorrows flow from eye to eye,  
And joy from heart to heart.

3 When free from envy, scorn and pride,  
Our wishes all above,  
Each can his brother's failings hide,  
And show a brother's love.

4 When love in one delightful stream,  
Through every bosom flows;  
When union sweet, and dear esteem  
In every action glows.

5 Love is the golden chain that binds  
The happy souls above;  
And he's an heir of heaven that finds  
His bosom glow with love.

## HYMN 2.

*"For I have been a stranger in a strange land."*

I AM a pilgrim, I am a stranger;  
I can tarry, I can tarry but a night:  
Do not detain me, for I am going  
To where the streamlets are ever flowing.

*I am a pilgrim, I am a stranger;  
I can tarry, I can tarry but a night.*

2 Of that temple to which I am going,  
My Redeemer, my Redeemer is the light;  
Within a country unknown and dreary,  
I've been wandering forlorn and weary.

*I am a pilgrim, &c.*

3 There the sunbeams are ever shining—  
I am longing I am longing for the sight;  
There is no sorrow nor any sighing,  
Nor any sin there, nor any dying.

*I am a pilgrim, &c.*

4 There the wicked cease from troubling,  
And the weary and the weary are at rest;  
There is no mourning, nor any grief there,  
Nor any weeping, as when we part here.

*I am a pilgrim, &c.*

5 If we are holy, we shall meet there,  
And we never, and we never more shall  
part;

But with angels and spirits holy,  
We will join with the meek and lowly.

*Once a pilgrim, once a stranger,*

*Now an angel, and a blessed child of light.*

## HYMN 3. C. M.

*Eden is my home.*

OH, I have roamed through many lands,  
 A stranger to delight ;  
 Nor friendship's hopes nor love's sweet  
 smiles

Could make my pathway bright,  
 Till on the sky a Star arose,  
 And lit night's sable dome:  
 Oh ! steer my bark by that sweet Star,  
 For Eden is my home.

2 Oh ! Eden is my place of rest !

I long to reach its shore,  
 To shake these troubles from my breast,  
 And weep and sigh no more.  
 To that fair land my spirit flies,  
 And angels bid me come !  
 Oh ! steer my bark o'er Jordan's wave,  
 For Eden is my home !

3 Oh ! take me from this world of woe,  
 To my sweet home above,

Where tears of sorrow never flow,  
 And all the air is love.

My sister spirits wait for me,  
 And Jesus bids me come :

Oh ! steer my bark to that bright land,  
 For Eden is my home.

## HYMN 4.

*A home in Heaven.*

A HOME in heaven ! what a joyful thought,  
 As the poor man toils in his weary lot !  
 His heart oppressed, and with anguish driven,  
 From his home below to his home in heaven.

2 A home in heaven! as the sufferer lies  
On his bed of pain, and uplifts his eyes  
To that bright home, what a joy is given,  
With the blessed thought of his home in  
heaven.

3 A home in heaven! when our pleasures  
fade,  
And our wealth and fame in the dust are  
laid;  
And strength decays, and our health is  
riven,  
We are happy still with our home in  
heaven.

4 A home in heaven! when the faint heart  
bleeds,  
By the Spirit's stroke for its evil deeds;  
Oh! then what bliss in that heart forgiven,  
Does the hope inspire of a home in heaven.

5 A home in heaven! when our friends are  
fled  
To the cheerless gloom of the mouldering  
dead,  
We wait in hope on the promise given;  
We will meet up there in our home in  
heaven.

6 A home in heaven! when the wheel is  
broke,  
And the golden bowl, by the terror-stroke;  
When life's bright sun sinks in death's  
dark even,  
We will then fly up to our home in heaven.

- 7 Our home in heaven! oh, the glorious  
home,  
And the Spirit joined with the bride says  
“come!”  
Come, seek his face, and your sins forgiven,  
And rejoice in hope of your home in  
heaven.

## HYMN 5.

*“Joyfully, joyfully.”*

- JOYFULLY, joyfully, onward I move,  
Bound for the land of bright spirits  
above;  
Angelic choristers sing as I come,  
Joyfully, joyfully haste to thy home.
- 2 Soon, with my pilgrimage ended below,  
Home to that land of delight will I go;  
Pilgrim and stranger no more shall I roam;  
Joyfully, joyfully resting at home.
- 3 Friends fondly cherished have passed on  
before,  
Waiting, they watch me approaching that  
shore;  
Singing, to cheer me through death's chil-  
ling gloom,  
Joyfully, joyfully haste to thy home.
- 4 Sounds of sweet melody fall on my ear;  
Harps of the blessed, your voices I hear!  
Rings with the harmony heaven's high  
dome,  
Joyfully, joyfully, haste to thy home.

- 5 Death, with thy weapons of war lay me  
low,  
Strike, king of terrors, I fear not the blow;  
Jesus hath broken the bars of the tomb;  
Joyfully, joyfully will I go home.
- 6 Bright will the morn of eternity dawn,  
Death shall be banished, his scepter be  
gone;  
Joyfully then shall I witness his doom;  
Joyfully, joyfully, safely at home.

## HYMN 6. P. M.

- I HAVE sought round the verdant earth  
For unfading joy;  
I have tried ev'ry source of mirth,  
But all, all will cloy.  
Lord, bestow on me  
Grace to set the Spirit free;  
Thine the praise shall be;  
Mine, mine the joy.
- 2 I have wandered in mazes dark  
Of doubt and distress,  
I have had not a kindling spark  
My spirit to bless;  
Cheerless unbelief  
Fill'd my laboring soul with grief;  
What shall give relief?  
What shall give peace?
- 3 I then turned to thy gospel, Lord,  
From folly away,  
I then trusted thy holy word,  
That taught me to pray;



Here I found release,  
 Weary spirit here found rest,  
 Hope of endless bliss,  
 Eternal day.

- 4 I will praise now my heavenly King,  
 I'll praise and adore;  
 The heart's richest tribute bring  
 To thee, God of power;  
 And in heaven above,  
 Saved by thy redeeming love,  
 Loud the strains shall move,  
 For evermore.

HYMN 7. TUNE—*All is well.*

WHAT sound is this? a song through  
 heav'n resounding,  
*God is love!*

And now from earth I hear the song re-  
 bounding,  
*God is love!*

Yes, while adoring hosts proclaim  
 Love is his nature, love his name,  
 My soul in rapture cries the same;  
*God is love!*

- 2 This song repeat, repeat, ye saints in glory,  
*God is love!*

And saints on earth shout back the pleas-  
 ing story,  
*God is love!*

In this let earth and heaven agree,  
 To sound his love both full and free,  
 And let the theme for ever be,  
*God is love!*

3 Creation speaks with thousand tongues  
proclaiming,

*God is love!*

And Providence unites her voice exclaim-  
ing,

*God is love!*

But let the burdened sinner hear  
The Gospel, sounding loud and clear,  
To every soul both far and near,

*God is love!*

4 The love of God is now my greatest  
pleasure,

*God is love!*

And while I live, I'll ask no other treasure,

*God is love!*

This theme shall be my song below,

And when to glory I shall go,

This strain eternally shall flow,—

*God is love!*

#### HYMN 8. 7s & 8s.

*Rest at home.*

**T**RAVELER, faint, and sad, and weary,

Far away from sheltering dome,

Should thy path here all be dreary,

“There is rest for thee at home.”

2 Fainting one, whose sky is starless,

Clouded o'er with heavy gloom,

Struggle onward—ever fearless,—

“There is rest for thee at home.”

3 Mourner in this vale of sorrow,

All whose friends are in the tomb,

Calmly wait a joyful morrow,—

“There is rest for thee at home.”

- 4 So, amid each trial-season  
Which to all the faithful come,  
Time may not reveal the reason,  
But will bring them "rest at home."
- 5 "Rest" for every care-worn spirit:  
"Rest" above night's starry dome;  
"Rest" God's children all inherit,  
Everlasting "rest at home."

## HYMN 9.

*"There remaineth therefore a rest to the people of  
God."*—Heb. iv, 9.

- M**Y rest is in heaven, my rest is not here,  
Then why should I murmur when trials  
are near;  
Be hushed, my dark spirit, the worst that  
can come  
But shortens thy journey and hastens thee  
home.
- 2 It is not for me to be seeking my bliss,  
And building my hopes in a region like this;  
I look for a city which hands have not piled;  
I pant for a country by sin undefiled.
- 3 The thorn and the thistle around me may  
grow;  
I would not lie down upon roses below:  
I ask not a portion, I seek not my rest,  
Till I find them for ever on Jesus's breast.
- 4 Afflictions may damp me, but cannot de-  
stroy;  
One glimpse of his love turns them all into  
joy;

And the bitterest tears, if he smile but on  
 them,  
 Like dew in the sunshine, turn diamond or  
 gem.

5 Let doubt then and danger my progress  
 oppose,  
 They only make heaven more sweet at the  
 close ;  
 Come joy, or come sorrow, whate'er may  
 befall,  
 One hour with my God will make up for  
 it all.

6 A scrip on my back, and a staff in my hand,  
 I march on in haste through an enemy's  
 land ;  
 The road may be rough, but it cannot be  
 long ;  
 And I'll smooth it with hope, and I'll cheer  
 it with song.

### HYMN 10.

**W**HEN torn is thy bosom by sorrow or  
 care,  
 Be it ever so simple, there's nothing like  
 prayer ;  
 It seizes, soothes, softens, subdues, yet  
 sustains,  
 Gives vigor to hope, and puts passion in  
 chains.

*Prayer, prayer, sweet, sweet prayer,  
 Be it ever so simple, there's nothing like prayer*

2 When forced from the friend we hold  
dearest to part,  
What fond recollections yet cling to the  
heart!

Past converse, past scenes, past enjoyments  
are there—

Oh! how hurtfully pleasing till hallowed  
by prayer. *Prayer, &c.*

3 When pleasure would woo us from piety's  
arms,

The syren sings sweetly, or silently charms;  
We listen—love—loiter—are caught in the  
snare;

On looking to Jesus, we conquer by prayer.  
*Prayer, &c.*

4 While strangers to prayer, we are stran-  
gers to bliss;

Heaven pours its first streams through no  
medium but this;

And till we the joys of the seraphim share,  
Our chalice of bliss must be guarded by  
prayer. *Prayer, &c.*

### HYMN 11.

*Conversion.*

**M**Y name is now in heaven recorded,  
With God's own children numbered  
there;

A crown to me, a throne awarded—

An heir of God—a chosen heir!

Fearless upon his bosom resting,

To him through Jesus reconciled—

- All his unbounded mercy tasting—  
 A pardoned, saved, and happy child.
- 2 Praise to the Shepherd good and holy,  
 Who watched my steps while far astray,  
 With tears pursued me in my folly,  
 And led me back to wisdom's way:  
 He washed me, and my wounds anointed,  
 And laid me on my Father's breast,  
 And said, while to *his* wounds he pointed,  
 "By these, beloved, thou art blest."
- 3 Hail! time of holy recreation,  
 The day of long desired repose;  
 From Jesus' wounds a full salvation,  
 In one life-giving current flows:  
 The more my impotence perceiving,  
 The strength of grace the more I feel;  
 And though for former follies grieving,  
 Rejoice with joy unspeakable.
- 4 And daily now my strength renewing,  
 My Saviour will I follow still;  
 The upward narrow path pursuing,  
 That leads to Zion's peaceful hill:  
 There, in the Sabbath never-ending,  
 Ten thousand saints, with one accord—  
 Ten thousand angel voices blending—  
 Sing "Glory! glory to the Lord!"

## HYMN 12. 4 6s &amp; 2 8s.

WITHIN the tented grove,  
 The followers of the Lamb  
 Are met to sing his love,  
 And glorify his name:  
 Believers, let your prayers ascend  
 To him who is the sinner's friend.

2 The Lord of Hosts is here—  
 His banner floats on high,  
 He lends a listening ear  
 To catch the feeblest cry:  
 It will prevail: ye need not fear,  
 If uttered from a heart sincere.

3 Send every vain desire,  
 Each trifling thought, away;  
 And no unhallowed fire  
 Upon the altar lay;  
 Let holy zeal and humble love  
 In every Christian bosom move.

4 Oh, let the fervent prayer,  
 Like incense, sweetly rise,  
 And on its pinions bear  
 Our offering to the skies;  
 Through every bosom let it thrill,  
 And every heart with rapture fill.

5 Save, Lord! on thee we call,  
 Oh, save a guilty race—  
 We at thy footstool fall,  
 To seek thy heavenly grace;  
 Mercy to sinners freely give,  
 And bid them now repent and live.

HYMN 13. 12s & 11s.

*The Old Family Bible.*

**H**OW painfully pleasing the fond recol-  
 lection  
 Of youthful connections and innocent joy,  
 When blest with parental advice and af-  
 fection,

Surrounded with mercies and peace from  
on high!

I still view the chairs of my father and  
mother,

The seats of their offspring, as ranged on  
each hand,

And that richest of books, which excelled  
every other,

The family Bible, which lay on the stand,

*The old-fashioned Bible, the dear, blessed Bible,*

*The family Bible which lay on the stand.*

2 That Bible, the volume of God's inspira-  
tion,

At morning and evening could yield us de-  
light,

And the prayer of our sire was a sweet  
invocation

For mercy by day and for safety by night:

Our hymns of thanksgiving with harmony  
swelling,

All warm from the hearts of the family  
band,

Half raised us from earth to that raptur-  
ous dwelling

Described in the Bible that lay on the stand:

*The old-fashioned Bible, &c.*

3 Ye scenes of tranquillity, long have we  
parted,

My hopes almost gone, and my parents no  
more;

In sorrow and sadness, I live broken-  
hearted;



And wander unknown on a far distant  
 shore ;  
 Yet how can I doubt a dear Saviour's pro-  
 tection,  
 Forgetful of gifts from his bountiful hand?  
 Oh, let me with patience receive his cor-  
 rection,  
 And think of the Bible that lay on the stand.  
*The old-fashioned Bible, &c.*

## HYMN 14.

*"Shed not a tear."*

SHED not a tear o'er your friend's early  
 bier,  
 When I am gone—when I am gone;  
 Smile when the slow-tolling bell you shall  
 hear—  
 When I am gone—I am gone:  
 Weep not for me when you stand round  
 my grave ;  
 Think who has died His beloved to save ;  
 Think of the crown all the ransomed shall  
 have ;  
 When I am gone—I am gone.

2 Plant ye a tree that may wave over me,  
 When I am gone—when I am gone;  
 Sing ye a song when my grave ye shall see,  
 When I am gone—I am gone;  
 Come at the close of a bright summer's day,  
 Come when the sun sheds his last linger-  
 ing ray,  
 Come and rejoice that I thus passed away,  
 When I am gone—I am gone.

- 3 Plant ye a rose that may bloom o'er my bed,  
 When I am gone—when I am gone;  
 Breathe not a sigh for the blessed early  
 dead,  
 When I am gone—I am gone:  
 Praise ye the Lord that I'm freed from all  
 care;  
 Serve ye the Lord, that my bliss ye may  
 share;  
 Look ye on high and believe I am there;  
 When I am gone—I am gone.

## HYMN 15. 8s &amp; 7s.

SISTER, thou wast mild and lovely,  
 Gentle as the summer breeze,  
 Pleasant as the air of evening  
 When it floats among the trees.

- 2 Peaceful be thy silent slumber,  
 Peaceful in the grave so low;  
 Thou no more wilt join our number,  
 Thou no more our songs shalt know.

- 3 Dearest sister, thou hast left us,  
*Here* thy loss we deeply feel;  
 But 'tis God that hath bereft us,  
 He can all our sorrow heal.

- 4 Yet again we hope to meet thee,  
 When the day of life is fled,  
 Then, in heaven, with joy to greet thee,  
 Where no farewell tear is shed.

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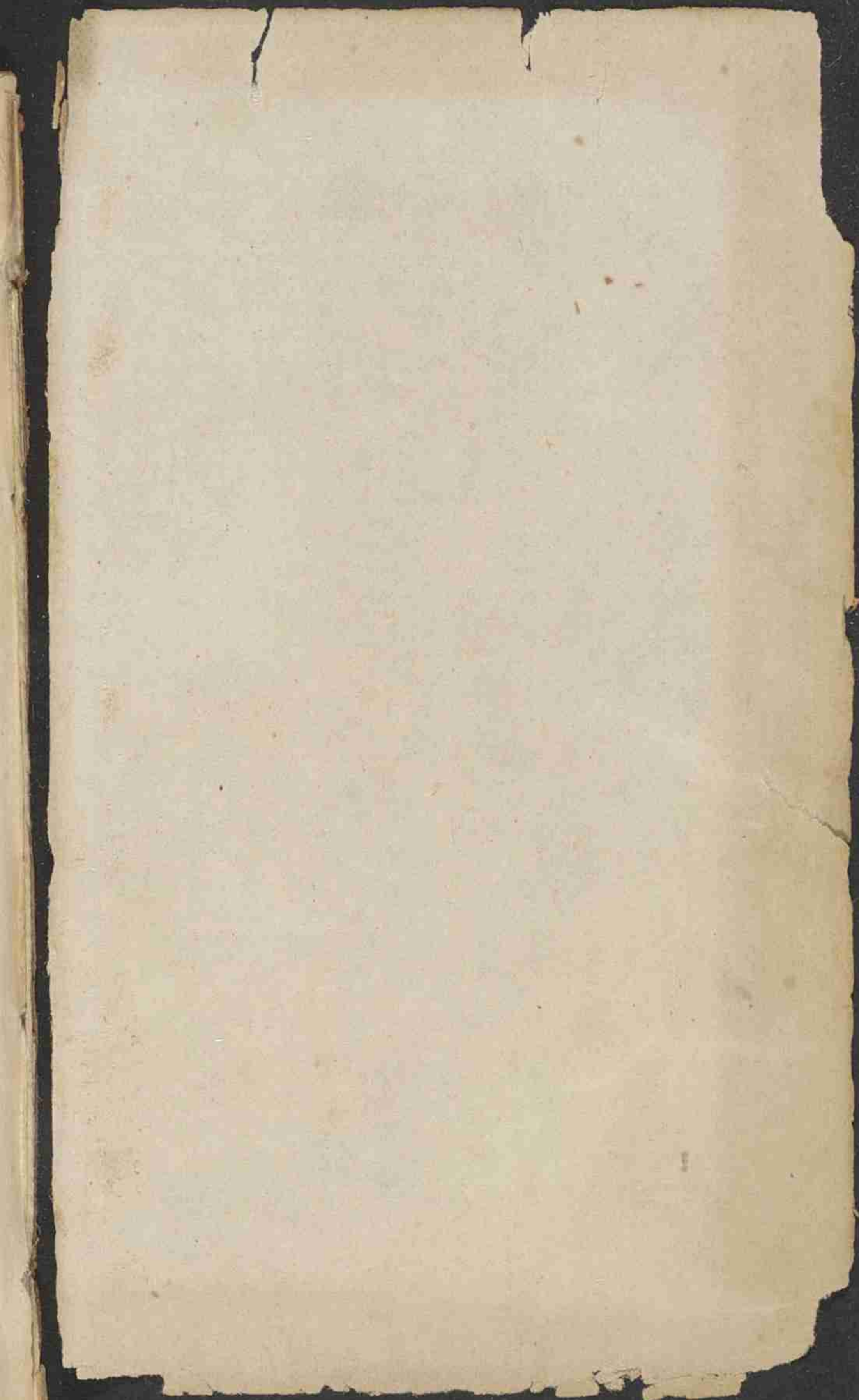
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Amston Corn

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Home in the West

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My dear Mother

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