

A *Sam: Miller*

SELECTION OF HYMNS,

ADAPTED TO THE

DEVOTIONS OF THE CLOSET,

THE FAMILY, AND THE SOCIAL CIRCLE;

AND CONTAINING

SUBJECTS APPROPRIATE

TO THE

MONTHLY CONCERTS OF PRAYER

FOR THE SUCCESS OF

MISSIONS AND SUNDAY SCHOOLS;

AND OTHER

SPECIAL OCCASIONS.

BY ARCHIBALD ALEXANDER, D. D.

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PREFACE.

THE following SELECTION OF HYMNS is intended for private, rather than public use. The object is to furnish a book, which may serve to aid the pious in conducting the devotions of the closet, the family, and the prayer-meeting. In making it, a regard has been had to the volume recently prepared for the use of the Presbyterian Church, and approved and authorized by the General Assembly of that church; to which this may be considered, in some sort, a supplement. It was found to be impracticable to include in one convenient volume all the variety of hymns, which might be needed for every purpose and occasion; that selection was therefore made with a special view to public worship; and hymns not adapted to that object, however excellent, were, for the most part, omitted. This circumstance suggested the idea of another book, which might include those subjects not comprehended in the col-

lection before mentioned, and which might be more especially suited to social meetings for worship, and to more private use.

As the object of the editor is, to aid the devotions of all true Christians, who may choose to avail themselves of his humble labours; he has not introduced into the work any hymns, which can properly be called *sectarian*; that is, such as can be sung only by one denomination of Christians. It is believed, that there is not a hymn in this whole collection, which may not be used by all persons of evangelical views and pious feelings. And it is a pleasing consideration, that persons who seem to be wide apart in regard to many speculative points, can often harmonize in their devotional exercises. This fact undoubtedly evinces, that Christians frequently differ more from each other in appearance, than in reality: for they who can sincerely and cordially unite in the same prayers, and in the same spiritual songs, must be of one heart and one mind in all that constitutes the essence of true religion. This hymn book, therefore, will be equally suited to all Evangelical denominations; and it will be seen,

PREFACE.

on examination, that all have been made to contribute, more or less, to the collection which is now presented to the public.

Creatures are incapable of a nobler employment than celebrating the praises of God. Heaven has no exercise more sublime or more delightful than this; and in proportion as the will of God is done upon earth as in heaven, this holy work will rise in the estimation of men, and will more fully occupy their faculties. Every thing, therefore, which tends to facilitate and promote this part of divine worship, deserves encouragement. Some one has remarked, that Bishop KENN has probably done more real good to mankind by composing his two celebrated hymns, for the evening and the morning, than he would have done by founding two hospitals. This may seem to many to be extravagant, but it will not appear so to those who know how much spiritual blessings should be appreciated in comparison of those which are merely temporal. The saying of an eminent statesman, "Give me the making of the ballads of a nation, and I care not who makes the laws," wears the aspect of exaggeration, but in

reality it evinces a deep insight into the springs of human conduct, and a careful observation of the causes which contribute to form the character of a people.

The singing of divine songs is urged upon us by the apostle Paul, as a means of mutual admonition and instruction. "Let the word of Christ dwell in you richly in all wisdom, teaching and admonishing one another in psalms and hymns, and spiritual songs, singing with grace in your hearts to the Lord." God, who perfectly knows the human heart, has, from the beginning of the world, authorized the use of sacred music and sacred poetry in his worship; and how much good has been lost by a neglect of these auxiliaries to devotion, cannot be calculated. Evangelical hymns are peculiarly suited to be the vehicle of gospel truth to the young and ignorant. It is a fact, that unlettered Christians retain in their minds more of the gospel, in the words of the spiritual songs which they are accustomed to sing, than in any other form; and children can, perhaps, be taught the truths of religion in this way, more effectually than in any other. It is a good maxim in

education, "that to render instruction effectual, you must make it pleasant;" and again, the understanding is reached with most certainty through the feelings of the heart. The mind must be excited and warmed before it will receive the distinct and indelible impressions of the truth; just as the wax must be softened before it becomes susceptible of the permanent impression of the seal.

In seasons of more than usual religious excitement;—in times of revival, much effect is produced by the spiritual songs which are in use. Perhaps, the character of the sentiments and feelings of young converts is as much moulded by these songs of Zion, which at such seasons are so frequently sung, as by all the discourses which are heard from the pulpit. It is then obviously of high importance, that the hymns put in circulation should be of the right kind.

It is not expected, nor wished, by this publication, to supersede other books of hymns which have received the approbation of the religious community. The compiler of this volume would speak respectfully of the labours of those who have preceded him in

this field ; and is grateful for the benefit which many are deriving from their works; but he is of opinion, that the ground is not fully occupied. The chasm which he has endeavoured to fill, is not supplied by any of the selections which are in circulation. Besides, every good hymn added to the stock already in common use, is a real benefit to the religious public. Of the character of the compositions in this volume, although he is not the author of a single one, it does not become the editor to speak: no doubt a great disparity of poetic merit will be discerned by those who possess a critical taste in such matters. The chief aim in making the selection has been, that the hymns should be sound in doctrine, and devotional in spirit; and yet, such as would not offend cultivated minds. Much the larger part of the hymns in this volume are not contained in any of the collections which have been printed, or widely circulated, in this country.

It is a thing much to be wished, that singing the praises of God should be generally introduced, as a part of family worship. I know of no reason which can be conclusively

urged to prove, that this should form a part of the public service of the sanctuary, which does not apply with all its force, to the domestic altar. The only weighty objection is, that few families are capable of conducting this part of divine worship to edification. But is not this incapacity owing, in a great measure, to the neglect of the early and assiduous culture of sacred music? It is true, many persons appear to be deficient in a musical voice and ear, but this may, in most instances, be attributed to the want of the exercise of the vocal organs, while they are flexible. Competent judges have expressed the opinion, that if proper pains were taken to teach children to sing, it would be almost as rare to find a total defect of a voice for music, as of the ability of speaking. This evil will not be remedied until sacred music, with a view to the worship of God, is made an essential part of the course of instruction, in all our common and Sunday schools; and it is gratifying to observe, that, of late, much more attention than formerly, begins to be paid to this whole subject of sacred music.

But why should not the singing the praises

of God form an essential part of secret devotion, as well as that which is social? If God has authorized and enjoined this part of divine worship, it would seem to be as proper, and as really a duty, in the closet, as in the church. Indeed, there is no situation in which the heart is likely to be more susceptible of the softening and elevating effects of sacred music, than in the solemn stillness of solitude. A large part of the book of Psalms exhibits the private exercises of David and other inspired saints. And these still serve to express most perfectly the feelings of the pious heart. Some eminently devout men, as we learn from their private diaries, have accustomed themselves to singing their private meditations, employing such tunes as were dictated by their feelings; and have found this an excellent method of fixing the attention and exciting the devout emotions of the heart; but to most Christians, a good selection of hymns, adapted to the closet, accompanied with appropriate tunes, will be preferable.

There is scarcely any thing more needed than some means of removing the reluctance

of the soul to engage in the spiritual duties of the closet, and of confining the roving thoughts, and exciting the dull feelings of the heart, when we attempt to draw near to God in secret. I need not say, how deep and frequent are the lamentations of serious persons in regard to this matter. Now, what will be more likely to render this service interesting and profitable, than the introduction of sacred music into our private devotions? Paul, who seems to have overlooked nothing which has a relation to the exercises of piety and practice of devotion, has strongly recommended singing, in his epistle to the Ephesians, as a means of exciting devotional feelings in our own minds. "Speaking to yourselves in psalms and hymns, and spiritual songs, making melody in your heart to the Lord; giving thanks unto God and the Father in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ."

Where there is no capacity for singing, the reading of hymns may be recommended to all sorts of persons, as a pleasant method of contemplating the truth, and a means of improvement in piety. In well-composed

evangelical hymns, gospel truth is often exhibited in a style so pleasing and lively, and in a form so clear and concentrated, that a fine effect is produced on the pious heart, by the mere perusal of them. And in this way, even they who are conscientiously scrupulous about singing hymns of human composition, may derive benefit from these metrical compositions. This suggests the idea, that TRACT SOCIETIES might advantageously avail themselves of the taste for poetry which exists in the human mind, and might, by this vehicle, allure some to contemplate the truth when clothed in the dress of pleasing poetry, who cannot be induced to attend to the same things in prose.

The subscriber would only add his earnest prayer, that this little work may subserve the purpose for which it was intended; and let God have all the glory.

A. ALEXANDER.

Princeton, N. J. May 26, 1831.

ADVERTISEMENT.

IN the arrangement of the hymns in this book, the alphabetical order has been adopted, as, upon the whole, the most convenient. Upon this plan an index of first lines is rendered altogether unnecessary.

The systematic method of arranging hymns, according to their subjects, now commonly pursued, is incapable of being rendered perfect, or even satisfactory; for it often happens, that in the same hymn there is such a diversity, as to the nature of the emotions and sentiments expressed, that it cannot with propriety be referred to any one head. The only conceivable advantage of this systematic arrangement is the facility which it affords, of finding a hymn on some particular subject; but

this can be as fully secured by a good index of subjects, as in this way; and as in singing, we never wish to pursue this systematic order; so in reading hymns, it is much more pleasant to have them placed promiscuously, than to have all of a kind collected into one place. The method here pursued is followed in a late London collection, though it was determined on by the editor before that book was received.

The names of the authors, instead of being placed immediately over the hymns respectively composed by them, will be found, as far as they could be ascertained, in a Table at the end of the volume.

H Y M N S.

A

1 *Absent from the Body, and present with the Lord.*
2 Cor. 5. 8. L. M.

1 ABSENT from flesh ! O blissful thought,
What unknown joys this moment brings,
Freed from the mischief sin has brought,
From pains and fears and all their springs.

2 Absent from flesh ! illustrious day,
Surprising scene ! triumphant stroke
That rends the prison of my clay,
And I can feel my fetters broke.

3 Absent from flesh ! then rise my soul
Where feet nor wings could never climb,
Beyond the heav'ns, where planets roll,
Meas'ring the cares and joys of time.

4 I go where God and glory shine,
His presence makes eternal day,
My all that's mortal I resign,
For angels wait and point my way.

2 *Assurance of Faith.* P. M.

1 A DEBTOR to mercy alone,
Of covenant mercy I sing ;
Nor fear, with thy righteousness on,
My person and offerings to bring :

The terrors of law, O my God,
 With me can have nothing to do ;
 My Saviour's obedience and blood,
 Hide all my transgressions from view.

2 The work which his goodness began,
 The arm of his strength will complete ;
 His promise is Yea, and Amen,
 And never was forfeited yet :
 Things future, nor things that are now,
 Not all things below, nor above,
 Can make him his purpose forego,
 Or sever my soul from his love.

3 My name from the palms of his hands,
 Eternity will not erase ;
 Imprest on his heart it remains,
 In marks of indelible grace ;
 Yes, I to the end shall endure,
 As sure as the earnest is given ;
 More happy, but not more secure,
 The glorified spirits in heaven.

3

Trust in God under Affliction. C. M.

1 AFFLICTION is a stormy deep
 Where wave resounds to wave ;—
 Though o'er my head the billows roll,
 I know the LORD can save.

2 The hand that now withholds my joys
 Can yet restore my peace ;
 And he who bade the tempest roar,
 Can bid the tempest cease.

- 3 In darkest watches of the night
I'll count his mercies o'er!
I'll praise him for ten thousand past,
And humbly sue for more.
- 4 When darkness and when sorrow rose,
And press'd on every side,
The LORD has still sustain'd my steps,
And still has been my guide.
- 5 Here will I rest and build my hopes,
Nor murmur at thy rod,
O, more than all the world to me,—
My SAVIOUR and my GOD!
- 4 *His Kindness and Friendship to them. C. M.*
- 1 A FRIEND there is, (your voices join,
Ye saints, to praise his name;)
Whose truth and kindness are divine,
Whose love's a constant flame.
- 2 When most we need his helping hand,
This friend is always near;
With heaven and earth at his command,
He waits to answer pray'r.
- 3 His love no end nor measure knows,
No change can turn its course;
Immutably the same it flows,
From one eternal source.
- 4 Our sorrows in the scale he weighs,
And measures out our pains:
The wildest storm his word obeys,
His word its rage restrains.

5 And if our earthly comforts fall
 Before his sov'reign will :
 He never takes away our all—
 He is our portion still.

5

Believer's Wants. L. M.
 Judges xix. 20.

- 1 AGAIN, indulgent Lord, I come,
 Again to tell my wants, presume ;
 No earthly bliss can do me good,
 I want the balm of Jesus' blood.
- 2 I want acquaintance with the Lamb,
 To know the virtue of his name ;
 I want assurance of my faith,
 I want a conquest over death.
- 3 I want Christ's robe of righteousness,
 That bright, that spotless glorious dress ;
 I want to lay my own aside,
 I want to fly from legal pride.
- 4 I want to be made free indeed,
 And trample on the serpent's head ;
 I want to triumph in thy love,
 And live and reign with thee above.
- 5 I want, dear Lord, my wants to know,
 I want in faith and hope to grow ;
 I want thyself ;—this favour grant,
 And thou hast granted all I want.

6

O that I were as in Months past !
 Job xxix. 2.

C. M.

- 1 AGAIN, indulgent Lord, return,
 With thy sweet quick'ning grace,

- To animate my sluggish soul,
And speed me in my race.
- 2 O may I feel, as once I felt,
When pain'd and griev'd at heart,
Thy kind, forgiving, melting look,
Reliev'd my ev'ry smart.
- 3 Let graces then in exercise,
Be exercised again ;
And nurtured by celestial power,
In exercise remain.
- 4 Awake my love, my faith, my hope,
My fortitude and joy :
Vain world be gone, let things above
My happy thoughts employ.
- 5 Whilst thee, my Saviour, and my God,
I would for ever own ;
Drive each rebellious, rival lust,
Each traitor, from the throne.
- 6 Instruct my mind, my will subdue,
To heav'n my passions raise ;
And let my life for ever be
Devoted to thy praise.



The Resurrection. C. M.

- 1 AGAIN the Lord of life and light
Awakes the kindling ray,
Unseals the eyelids of the morn,
And pours increasing day.
- 2 O what a night was that which wrapt
The heathen world in gloom !

- O what a sun which broke this day
Triumphant from the tomb!
- 3 The powers of darkness leagued in vain,
To bind our Lord in death;
He shook their kingdom when He fell,
By his expiring breath.
- 4 And now his conquering chariot wheels
Ascend the lofty skies;
Broken beneath his powerful cross,
Death's iron sceptre lies.
- 5 This day be grateful homage paid,
And loud hosannas sung;
Let gladness dwell on every heart,
And praise on every tongue.
- 6 Ten thousand differing lips shall join
To hail this happy morn;
Which scatters blessings from its wings.
On nations yet unborn.

S

After Divine Service. C. M.

- 1 AGAIN our ears have heard the voice,
At which the dead shall live;
O may the sound our hearts rejoice,
And strength immortal give!
- 2 And have we heard the word with joy?
And have we felt its power?
'To keep it be our bless'd employ
Till life's extremest hour.

9 *The Presence of God sought in his House. C. M.*

- 1 AGAIN our earthly cares we leave,
And to thy courts repair;
Again with joyful feet we come,
To meet our Saviour here.
- 2 Great Shepherd of thy people, hear!
Thy presence now display:
We kneel within thy house of prayer,
Oh! give us hearts to pray.
- 3 The clouds which veil Thee from our sight,
In pity, Lord, remove;
Dispose our minds to hear aright
The message of thy love.
- 4 Help us, with holy fear and joy,
To kneel before thy face;
And make us, creatures of thy power,
The children of thy grace.

10 *The Sabbath an Emblem and Type of Heaven. L. M.*

- 1 AGAIN our weekly labours end,
And we the Sabbath's call attend;
Let us improve the sacred rest,
And bless the day which God hath blest.
- 2 This day let prayers and praises rise,
'To God a grateful sacrifice!
Thy peace, O Lord, on us bestow!
Which none, but they who feel it, know.
- 3 That peace of thine within the breast
Is a rich foretaste of a Rest.

Which for thy Church, O God, remains ·
A Rest from sin, and guilt, and pains.

4 In holy duties let this day,
Heaven's type and emblem, pass away :
Each Sabbath, Lord, we thus would spend,
In hope of that which ne'er shall end.

11 *Glimpses of the invisible World.* L. M.

1 A **GLANCE** from heaven, with sweet effect,
Sometimes my pensive spirit cheers ;
But ere I can my thoughts collect,
As suddenly it disappears.

2 So lightning in the gloom of night
Affords a momentary day ;
Disclosing objects full in sight,
Which, soon as seen, are snatched away.

3 Ah ! what avail these pleasing scenes !
They do but aggravate my pain ;
While darkness quickly intervenes,
And swallows up my joys again.

4 But shall I murmur at relief ?
Though short, it was a precious view,
Sent to control my unbelief,
And prove that what I read was true.

5 The lightning's flash did not create
The opening prospect it revealed ;
But only showed the real state
Of what the darkness had concealed.

6 Just so, we by a glimpse discern
The glorious things within the veil.

That, when in darkness, we may learn
To live by faith, till light prevail.

7 The Lord's great day will soon advance,
Dispersing all the shades of night ;
Then we no more shall need a glance,
But see by an eternal light.

12

Amidst Temptation. L. M.

1 AH ! my dear Lord, whose changeless love
To me, nor earth nor hell can part ;
When shall my feet forget to rove ?
Ah, what shall fix this faithless heart ?

2 Why do these cares my soul divide,
If Thou indeed hast set me free ;
Why am I thus, if Thou hast died,
If Thou hast died to ransom me ?

3 Around me clouds of darkness roll,
In deepest night I still walk on ;
Heavily moves my fainting soul,
My comfort and my God are gone.

4 Oft with thy saints my voice I raise,
And seem to join the tasteless song :
Faintly ascends th' imperfect praise,
Or dies upon my powerless tongue.

5 Cold, weary, languid, heartless, dead,
To thy dread courts I oft repair ;
By conscience dragged, or custom led,
I come ; nor know that God is there !

6 In all I do, myself I feel,
And groan beneath the wonted load,

Still unrenewed, and carnal still,
Naked of Christ, and void of God.

7 Nor yet the earthly Adam dies,
But lives, and moves, and fights again,
Still the fierce gusts of passion rise,
And rebel nature strives to reign.

8 O Love, thy sovereign aid impart!
And guard the gifts thyself hast given:
My portion Thou, my treasure art,
And life, and happiness, and heaven.

9 Would ought with Thee my wishes share,
Though dear as life the idol be,
The idol from my breast I'll tear,
Resolved to seek my all from Thee.

10 Whate'er I fondly counted mine,
To Thee, my Lord, I here restore;
Gladly I all for Thee resign:
Give me Thyself, I ask no more.

13

Inconstant Heart lamented. L. M.

1 AH! wretched, vile, ungrateful heart,
That can from Jesus thus depart;
Thus fond of trifles vainly rove,
Forgetful of a Saviour's love.

2 In vain I charge my thoughts to stay,
And chide each vanity away;
In vain, alas! resolve to bind
This rebel heart, this wand'ring mind.

3 Thro' all resolves, how soon it flies,
And mocks the weak, the slender ties;

There's nought beneath a power divine,
That can this roving heart confine.

4 Jesus, to thee I would return,
And at thy feet repenting mourn ;
There let me view thy pard'ning love,
And never from thy sight remove.

5 O let thy love, with sweet control,
Bind all the passions of my soul ;
Bid ev'ry vanity depart,
And dwell for ever in my heart.

14 *Death of a Child.* 2 Sam. xii. 22, 23. C. M.

ALAS ! how changed that lovely flower,
Which bloomed and cheered my heart !
Fair fleeting comfort of an hour,
How soon we're called to part !

2 And shall my bleeding heart arraign
That God, whose ways are love ?
Or vainly cherish anxious pain
For *her* who rests above ?

3 No !—let me rather humbly pay
Obedience to his will,
And with my inmost spirits, say
“ The Lord is righteous still.”

4 From adverse blasts, and low'ring storms,
Her favoured soul he bore,
And with yon bright angelic forms,
She lives to die no more.

5 Why should I vex my heart, or fast ;
No more *she'll* visit me,

My soul will mount to *her* at last,
And I *her* face shall see.

6 Prepare me, blessed Lord, to share
The bliss thy people prove ;
Who round thy glorious throne appear,
And dwell in perfect love.

15

Imploring Preservation. C. M.

1 ALAS, what hourly dangers rise,
What snares beset my way !
Of these my soul be still appris'd,
And hourly watch and pray.

2 The world, the devil, and the flesh,
My feeble soul invade ;
I find my own resistance vain,
And ask my Saviour's aid.

3 Whene'er temptations would allure,
Or fill with dread my heart,
My God, to help in time of need,
Thy pow'rful grace impart.

4 May fear of thee, and hate of sin,
My watchful soul possess ;
And lively faith and joyful hope
My vigilance increase.

5 Help me to pray, and watch, and strive ;
O bid the tempter flee ;
And let me never, never stray
From happiness and thee.

16

Nativity of Christ. P. M.

1 ALL glory to God, and peace upon earth,
 Be publish'd abroad at Jesus's birth:
 The forfeited favour of' heaven we find
 Restor'd in the Saviour and Friend of man-
 kind.

2 Then let us behold Messiah the Lord,
 By prophets foretold, by angels ador'd:
 Our God's incarnation with angels proclaim,
 And publish salvation in Jesus's Name.

3 Immanuel's love let sinners confess,
 Who comes from above to bring us His
 peace;
 Let every believer His mercy adore,
 And praise Him for ever, when time is no
 more.

17

Evening. L. M.

1 ALL praise to Thee, my God, this night,
 For all the blessings of the light;
 Keep me, O keep me, King of kings,
 Under thy own Almighty wings.

2 Forgive me, Lord, for thy dear Son,
 The ill that I this day have done;
 That with the world, myself, and Thee,
 I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.

3 Teach me to live, that I may dread
 The grave as little as my bed;
 To die, that this vile body may
 Rise glorious at the awful day.

4 O may my soul on Thee repose,
And may sweet sleep mine eye-lids close ;
Sleep that may me more vigorous make,
To serve my God when I awake.

5 When in the night I sleepless lie,
My soul with heavenly thoughts supply ;
Let no ill dreams disturb my rest,
No powers of darkness me molest.

6 O may my Guardian, while I sleep,
Close to my bed his vigils keep ;
His love angelical instil,
Stop all the avenues of ill.

7 May he celestial joy rehearse,
And thought to thought with me converse ;
Or, in my stead, all the night long,
Sing to my God a grateful song.

8 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.

18 *Praise and Prayer for the Success of the
Gospel. P. M.*

1 ALL thanks be to God,
Who scatters abroad,
Throughout every place,
By the least of his servants, his savour of
grace !

2 Who the victory gave,
The praise let Him have :

HYMNS.

For the work he hath done—

All honour and glory to Jesus alone !

3 Our conquering Lord
Hath prosper'd his Word,
Hath made it prevail,

And mightily shaken the kingdom of hell.

4 His arm he hath bared
And a people prepared,
His glory to shew,

And witness the power of his passion below.

5 And shall we not sing
Our Saviour and King ?
Thy witnesses, we

With rapture ascribe all salvation to thee !

6 Oh that all men might know
Thy mercy below,

Thee, Saviour, confess, [peace.

And embrace the glad tidings of pardon and

19 *On the Departure of Missionaries.* L. M.

1 ALMIGHTY God ! to Thee we pray !
Be with us on this solemn day ;
Our brethren bless, their zeal approve,
That zeal which burns to spread thy love.

2 With cheerful steps let them proceed,
Where'er thy providence shall lead :
Let heaven and earth their work befriend,
And mercy all their paths attend.

3 Great let the bands of those be found,
Who shall attend the Gospel's sound ;

The terrors of law, O my God,
 With me can have nothing to do ;
 My Saviour's obedience and blood,
 Hide all my transgressions from view.

- 2 The work which his goodness began,
 The arm of his strength will complete ;
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 Can yet restore my peace ;
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 Immutably the same it flows,
 From one eternal source.
- 4 Our sorrows in the scale he weighs,
 And measures out our pains:
 The wildest storm his word obeys,
 His word its rage restrains.

5 And if our earthly comforts fall
 Before his sov'reign will :
 He never takes away our all—
 He is our portion still.

5

Believer's Wants. L. M.
 Judges xix. 20.

- 1 AGAIN, indulgent Lord, I come,
 Again to tell my wants, presume ;
 No earthly bliss can do me good,
 I want the balm of Jesus' blood.
- 2 I want acquaintance with the Lamb,
 To know the virtue of his name ;
 I want assurance of my faith,
 I want a conquest over death.
- 3 I want Christ's robe of righteousness,
 That bright, that spotless glorious dress ;
 I want to lay my own aside,
 I want to fly from legal pride.
- 4 I want to be made free indeed,
 And trample on the serpent's head ;
 I want to triumph in thy love,
 And live and reign with thee above.
- 5 I want, dear Lord, my wants to know,
 I want in faith and hope to grow ;
 I want thyself ;—this favour grant,
 And thou hast granted all I want.

6

O that I were as in Months past !
 Job xxix. 2.

C. M.

- 1 AGAIN, indulgent Lord, return,
 With thy sweet quick'ning grace,

- To animate my sluggish soul,
And speed me in my race.
- 2 O may I feel, as once I felt,
When pain'd and griev'd at heart,
Thy kind, forgiving, melting look,
Reliev'd my ev'ry smart.
- 3 Let graces then in exercise,
Be exercised again ;
And nurtured by celestial power,
In exercise remain.
- 4 Awake my love, my faith, my hope,
My fortitude and joy :
Vain world be gone, let things above
My happy thoughts employ.
- 5 Whilst thee, my Saviour, and my God,
I would for ever own ;
Drive each rebellious, rival lust,
Each traitor, from the throne.
- 6 Instruct my mind, my will subdue.
To heav'n my passions raise ;
And let my life for ever be
Devoted to thy praise.



The Resurrection. C. M.

- 1 AGAIN the Lord of life and light
Awakes the kindling ray,
Unseals the eyelids of the morn,
And pours increasing day.
- 2 O what a night was that which wrapt
The heathen world in gloom !

O what a sun which broke this day
Triumphant from the tomb!

3 The powers of darkness leagued in vain,
To bind our Lord in death;
He shook their kingdom when He fell,
By his expiring breath.

4 And now his conquering chariot wheels
Ascend the lofty skies;
Broken beneath his powerful cross,
Death's iron sceptre lies.

5 This day be grateful homage paid,
And loud hosannas sung;
Let gladness dwell on every heart,
And praise on every tongue.

6 Ten thousand differing lips shall join
To hail this happy morn;
Which scatters blessings from its wings.
On nations yet unborn.

S

After Divine Service. C. M.

1 AGAIN our ears have heard the voice,
At which the dead shall live;
O may the sound our hearts rejoice,
And strength immortal give!

2 And have we heard the word with joy?
And have we felt its power?
To keep it be our bless'd employ
Till life's extremest hour.

9 *The Presence of God sought in his House. C. M.*

- 1 AGAIN our earthly cares we leave,
And to thy courts repair;
Again with joyful feet we come,
To meet our Saviour here.
- 2 Great Shepherd of thy people, hear!
Thy presence now display:
We kneel within thy house of prayer,
Oh! give us hearts to pray.
- 3 The clouds which veil Thee from our sight,
In pity, Lord, remove;
Dispose our minds to hear aright
The message of thy love.
- 4 Help us, with holy fear and joy,
To kneel before thy face;
And make us, creatures of thy power,
The children of thy grace.

10 *The Sabbath an Emblem and Type of Heaven. L. M.*

- 1 AGAIN our weekly labours end,
And we the Sabbath's call attend;
Let us improve the sacred rest,
And bless the day which God hath blest.
- 2 This day let prayers and praises rise,
'To God a grateful sacrifice!
Thy peace, O Lord, on us bestow!
Which none, but they who feel it, know.
- 3 That peace of thine within the breast
Is a rich foretaste of a Rest

Which for thy Church, O God, remains ·
A Rest from sin, and guilt, and pains.

4 In holy duties let this day,
Heaven's type and emblem, pass away :
Each Sabbath, Lord, we thus would spend,
In hope of that which ne'er shall end.

11 *Glimpses of the invisible World.* L. M.

1 A GLANCE from heaven, with sweet effect,
Sometimes my pensive spirit cheers ;
But ere I can my thoughts collect,
As suddenly it disappears.

2 So lightning in the gloom of night
Affords a momentary day ;
Disclosing objects full in sight,
Which, soon as seen, are snatched away.

3 Ah ! what avail these pleasing scenes !
They do but aggravate my pain ;
While darkness quickly intervenes,
And swallows up my joys again.

4 But shall I murmur at relief ?
Though short, it was a precious view,
Sent to control my unbelief,
And prove that what I read was true.

5 The lightning's flash did not create
The opening prospect it revealed ;
But only showed the real state
Of what the darkness had concealed.

6 Just so, we by a glimpse discern
The glorious things within the veil.

That, when in darkness, we may learn
To live by faith, till light prevail.

7 The Lord's great day will soon advance,
Dispersing all the shades of night ;
Then we no more shall need a glance,
But see by an eternal light.

12

Amidst Temptation. L. M.

1 AH ! my dear Lord, whose changeless love
To me, nor earth nor hell can part ;
When shall my feet forget to rove ?
Ah, what shall fix this faithless heart ?

2 Why do these cares my soul divide,
If Thou indeed hast set me free ;
Why am I thus, if Thou hast died,
If Thou hast died to ransom me ?

3 Around me clouds of darkness roll,
In deepest night I still walk on ;
Heavily moves my fainting soul,
My comfort and my God are gone.

4 Oft with thy saints my voice I raise,
And seem to join the tasteless song :
Faintly ascends th' imperfect praise,
Or dies upon my powerless tongue.

5 Cold, weary, languid, heartless, dead,
To thy dread courts I oft repair ;
By conscience dragged, or custom led,
I come ; nor know that God is there !

6 In all I do, myself I feel,
And groan beneath the wonted load,

Still unrenewed, and carnal still,
Naked of Christ, and void of God.

7 Nor yet the earthly Adam dies,
But lives, and moves, and fights again,
Still the fierce gusts of passion rise,
And rebel nature strives to reign.

8 O Love, thy sovereign aid impart!
And guard the gifts thyself hast given:
My portion Thou, my treasure art,
And life, and happiness, and heaven.

9 Would ought with Thee my wishes share,
Though dear as life the idol be,
The idol from my breast I'll tear,
Resolved to seek my all from Thee.

10 Whate'er I fondly counted mine,
To Thee, my Lord, I here restore;
Gladly I all for Thee resign:
Give me Thyself, I ask no more.

13

Inconstant Heart lamented. L. M.

1 AH! wretched, vile, ungrateful heart,
That can from Jesus thus depart;
Thus fond of trifles vainly rove,
Forgetful of a Saviour's love.

2 In vain I charge my thoughts to stay,
And chide each vanity away;
In vain, alas! resolve to bind
This rebel heart, this wand'ring mind.

3 Thro' all resolves, how soon it flies,
And mocks the weak, the slender ties;

There's nought beneath a power divine,
That can this roving heart confine.

4 Jesus, to thee I would return,
And at thy feet repenting mourn;
There let me view thy pard'ning love,
And never from thy sight remove.

5 O let thy love, with sweet control,
Bind all the passions of my soul;
Bid ev'ry vanity depart,
And dwell for ever in my heart.

14 *Death of a Child.* 2 Sam. xii. 22, 23. C. M.

ALAS! how changed that lovely flower,
Which bloomed and cheered my heart!
Fair fleeting comfort of an hour,
How soon we're called to part!

2 And shall my bleeding heart arraign
That God, whose ways are love?
Or vainly cherish anxious pain
For *her* who rests above?

3 No!—let me rather humbly pay
Obedience to his will,
And with my inmost spirits, say
“The Lord is righteous still.”

4 From adverse blasts, and low'ring storms,
Her favoured soul he bore,
And with yon bright angelic forms,
She lives to die no more.

5 Why should I vex my heart, or fast;
No more *she'll* visit me,

My soul will mount to *her* at last,
And I *her* face shall see.

6 Prepare me, blessed Lord, to share
The bliss thy people prove ;
Who round thy glorious throne appear,
And dwell in perfect love.

15

Imploring Preservation. C. M.

1 ALAS, what hourly dangers rise,
What snares beset my way !
Of these my soul be still apprised,
And hourly watch and pray.

2 The world, the devil, and the flesh,
My feeble soul invade ;
I find my own resistance vain,
And ask my Saviour's aid.

3 Whene'er temptations would allure,
Or fill with dread my heart,
My God, to help in time of need,
Thy pow'rful grace impart.

4 May fear of thee, and hate of sin,
My watchful soul possess ;
And lively faith and joyful hope
My vigilance increase.

5 Help me to pray, and watch, and strive ;
O bid the tempter flee ;
And let me never, never stray
From happiness and thee.

16

Nativity of Christ. P. M.

1 ALL glory to God, and peace upon earth,
 Be publish'd abroad at Jesus's birth:
 The forfeited favour of heaven we find
 Restor'd in the Saviour and Friend of man-
 kind.

2 Then let us behold Messiah the Lord,
 By prophets foretold, by angels ador'd:
 Our God's incarnation with angels proclaim,
 And publish salvation in Jesus's Name.

3 Immanuel's love let sinners confess,
 Who comes from above to bring us His
 peace ;
 Let every believer His mercy adore,
 And praise Him for ever, when time is no
 more.

17

Evening. L. M.

1 ALL praise to Thee, my God, this night,
 For all the blessings of the light ;
 Keep me, O keep me, King of kings,
 Under thy own Almighty wings.

2 Forgive me, Lord, for thy dear Son,
 The ill that I this day have done ;
 That with the world, myself, and Thee,
 I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.

3 Teach me to live, that I may dread
 The grave as little as my bed ;
 To die, that this vile body may
 Rise glorious at the awful day.

4 O may my soul on Thee repose,
And may sweet sleep mine eye-lids close ;
Sleep that may me more vigorous make,
To serve my God when I awake.

5 When in the night I sleepless lie,
My soul with heavenly thoughts supply ;
Let no ill dreams disturb my rest,
No powers of darkness me molest.

6 O may my Guardian, while I sleep,
Close to my bed his vigils keep ;
His love angelical instil,
Stop all the avenues of ill.

7 May he celestial joy rehearse,
And thought to thought with me converse ;
Or, in my stead, all the night long,
Sing to my God a grateful song.

8 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.

18 *Praise and Prayer for the Success of the
Gospel. P. M.*

1 ALL thanks be to God,
Who scatters abroad,
Throughout every place,
By the least of his servants, his savour of
grace !

2 Who the victory gave,
The praise let Him have :

HYMNS.

For the work he hath done—
All honour and glory to Jesus alone !

3 Our conquering Lord
Hath prosper'd his Word,
Hath made it prevail,
And mightily shaken the kingdom of hell.

4 His arm he hath bared
And a people prepared,
His glory to shew,
And witness the power of his passion below.

5 And shall we not sing
Our Saviour and King ?
Thy witnesses, we
With rapture ascribe all salvation to thee !

6 Oh that all men might know
Thy mercy below,
Thee, Saviour, confess, [peace.
And embrace the glad tidings of pardon and

19 *On the Departure of Missionaries.* L. M.

1 ALMIGHTY God ! to Thee we pray !
Be with us on this solemn day ;
Our brethren bless, their zeal approve,
That zeal which burns to spread thy love.

2 With cheerful steps let them proceed,
Where'er thy providence shall lead :
Let heaven and earth their work befriend,
And mercy all their paths attend.

3 Great let the bands of those be found,
Who shall attend the Gospel's sound ;

And let Barbarians, bond and free,
In suppliant throngs resort to Thee.

4 Where Pagan altars now are built,
And brutal blood, or human, spilt,
There be the bleeding Cross upreared,
And God, our God, alone revered.

5 Where captives groan beneath their chain,
Let grace, and love, and concord reign ;
The aged and the infant tongue
Unite in one harmonious song.

20

Before Sermon. C. M.

1 ALMIGHTY God ! Eternal Lord !
Thy gracious power make known :
Touch, by the virtue of thy Word,
And melt the heart of stone.

2 Speak with the voice that wakes the dead,
And bid the sleeper rise ;
And let his guilty conscience dread
The death that never dies.

3 Let us receive the Word we hear,
Each in an honest heart ;
Lay up the precious treasure there,
And never with it part.

4 Now let our darkness comprehend
The light that shines so clear :
Now the revealing Spirit send,
And give us ears to hear.

21

After Sermon. C. M.

- 1 ALMIGHTY God! thy word is cast
Like seed into the ground;
Now let the dew of heaven descend,
And righteous fruits abound.
- 2 Let not the foe of Christ and man
This holy seed remove;
But give it root in every heart,
To bring forth fruits of love.
- 3 Let not the world's deceitful cares
The rising plant destroy;
But let it yield a hundred-fold,
The fruits of peace and joy.
- 4 Oft as the precious seed is sown,
Thy quick'ning grace bestow,
That all, whose souls the truth receive,
Its saving power may know.

22

Sincerity. C. M.

- 1 AM I an Israelite indeed,
Without a false disguise?
Have I renounced my sins, and left
My refuges of lies?
- 2 Say, does my heart unchanged remain,
Or is it formed anew?
What is the rule by which I walk;
The object I pursue?
- 3 Cause me, oh God of truth and grace,
My real state to know!

If I am wrong, oh set me right ;
If right, preserve me so.

23 *A Father leaving his Family to God.*
Gen. xviii. 21. C. M.

- 1 AMID the anguish and the strife,
That shrinking nature fears,
Look gently down, great Source of life,
And dry death's starting tears !
- 2 Serene, like Jacob we would die,
And "gather up our feet ;"
Would chide the ling'ring hours, and fly
Our Saviour-God to meet.
- 3 Our dearest comforts we could leave,
With glory in our eyes ;
Would wipe the tears of those that grieve,
And point them to the skies.
- 4 Our trembling lips, if Thou art nigh,
When life's sad hours are few,
With joy shall say—"Eehold we die,
But God shall be with you."

24 *The Lord's Supper.* C. M.

- 1 AND are we now brought near to God,
Who once at distance stood ?
And, to effect this blessed change,
Did Jesus shed his blood ?
- 2 Oh for a song of ardent praise,
To bear our souls above !
What should allay our lively hope,
Or damp our flaming love !

3 Then let us join the heavenly choirs,
 To praise our Glorious King!
 Oh may that love which spread this feast
 Inspire us while we sing!

25 "I go to prepare a place for you." P. M.
 John xiv. 2. Matt. x. 22.

- 1 AND art thou, gracious Master, gone,
 A mansion to prepare for me?
 Shall I behold thee on thy throne,
 And there for ever sit with thee?
 Then let the world approve or blame,
 I'll triumph in thy glorious name.
- 2 Should I to gain the world's applause,
 Or to escape it's harmless frown,
 Refuse to countenance thy cause,
 And make thy people's lot my own;
 What shame would fill me in that day,
 When thou thy glory wilt display!
- 3 And what is man, and what his smile?
 The terror of his anger what?
 Like grass he flourishes a while,
 But soon his place shall know him not.
 Through fear of such a one shall I
 The Lord of Heaven and earth deny?
- 4 No! let the world cast out my name,
 And vile account me if they will:
 If to confess the Lord be shame,
 I purpose to be viler still:
 For thee, my God, I all resign,
 Content if I can call thee mine

5 What transport then shall fill my heart,
 When thou my worthless name wilt own ;
 When I shall see thee as thou art,
 And know as I myself am known !
 From sin and fear and sorrow free,
 My soul shall find its rest in thee.

26 *But ye see me.* John xiv. 19. L. M.

1 AN absent Lord I serve and love ;
 His image I with joy survey ;
 He reigns a King ; He reigns above ;
 The hosts of heav'n confess his sway.

2 How blest are they who see his face,
 And gaze upon his glory near !
 Their nature pure, and heav'n their place.
 They feel no want, they know no fear

3 A day, I hope, will come, when I,
 E'en I, though now so base and vile,
 Shall see the Saviour's glory nigh,
 And prove that heav'n is in his smile.

4 Till then I would his image trace,
 And copy what I deem so fair ;
 In heav'n I hope to see his face ;
 His people will be like him there.

5 But still a doubt will oft arise,
 An anxious doubt, if one like me,
 Shall ever gain so rich a prize,
 Or ever with the Saviour be.

6 O thou, whose favour I prefer
 To life itself, thy Spirit send ;

Be mine the promised Comforter ;
Be mine his presence to the end.

7 An earnest to my soul be giv'n,
Of joys unspeakable above ;
An earnest of the joys of heav'n,
The joys of everlasting love.

27 *Filial Submission.* Heb. xii. 7. C. M.

1 AND can my heart aspire so high,
To say, " My Father, God ?"
Lord ! at thy feet I fain would lie,
And learn to kiss the rod.

2 I would submit to all thy will,
For thou art good and wise ;
Let ev'ry anxious thought be still,
Nor one faint murmur rise.

3 Thy love can cheer the darksome gloom,
And bid me wait serene,
Till hopes and joys immortal bloom,
And brighten all the scene.

4 " My Father,"—O permit my heart
To plead her humble claim,
And ask the bliss those words impart,
In my Redeemer's name.

28 *The Wonders of Redemption.* C. M.

1 AND did the Holy and the Just,
The Sov'reign of the skies,
Stoop down to wretchedness and dust,
That guilty worms might rise !

2 Yes, the Redeemer left his throne,
 His radiant throne on high,
 (Surprising mercy ! love unknown !)
 To suffer, bleed, and die.

3 To dwell with misery below,
 The Saviour left the skies,
 And sunk to wretchedness and wo,
 That worthless man might rise.

4 He took the dying traitor's place,
 And suffer'd in his stead ;
 For man, Oh miracle of grace !
 For man the Saviour bled !

5 O Lord, what heavenly wonders dwell
 In thine atoning blood !
 By this are sinners snatched from hell,
 And rebels brought to God.

29

The Tears and Death of Christ. L. M.

1 AND doth the Son of God complain,
 "Lo, I have spent my strength in vain,
 And stretch'd my hands whole days and
 years

To those who slight my words and tears ?

2 Oh stubborn hearts, that could withstand
 Such efforts from a Saviour's hand !

O gracious Saviour, who would'st bleed,
 When words and tears could not succeed !

3 All-glorious Lord, march forth and reign,
 And reap the fruit of all thy pain !

And, till a nobler scene appear,
Begin the happy conquest here.

30

Restoration to Health. L. M.

1 AND live I yet by power divine!
And have I still my course to run?
Again brought back, in its decline,
The shadow of my parting sun?

2 Jesus to my deliverance flew,
Where sunk in mortal pangs I lay:
Pale death his ancient conqueror knew,
And trembled, and ungrasped his prey!

3 God of my life, what just return
Can sinful dust and ashes give?
I only live my sin to mourn,
To love my God I only live!

4 Be all my added life employed
Thy image in my soul to see:
Fill with Thyself the mighty void;
Enlarge my heart to compass Thee.

5 Come then, my hope, my life, my Lord,
And fix in me Thy lasting home!
Be mindful of Thy gracious word;
Thou, with thy promised Father, come!

31

Hope reviving.

1 AND shall I sit alone,
Oppress'd with grief and fear;
To God my Father make my moan,
And He refuse to hear?

- 2, If He my Father be,
His pity he will show,
From cruel bondage set me free,
And inward peace bestow.
- 3 If still He silence keep,
'Tis but my faith to try ;
He knows and feels whene'er I weep,
And softens every sigh.
- 4 Then will I humbly wait,
Nor once indulge despair ;
My sins are great, but not so great
As his compassions are.

32

*Good Tidings of great Joy to all
People. P. M.*

- 1 ANGELS ! from the realms of glory,
Wing your flight o'er all the earth ;
Ye, who sang creation's story,
Now proclaim Messiah's birth :
Come and worship—
Worship Christ, the new-born King.
- 2 Shepherds ! in the field abiding,
Watching o'er your flocks by night ;
God with man is now residing,
Yonder shines the infant-light :
Come and worship—
Worship Christ, the new-born King.
- 3 Sages ! leave your contemplations ;
Brighter visions beam afar :
Seek the great Desire of nations,
Ye have seen his natal star :

Come and worship——

Worship Christ, the new-born King.

4 Saints! before the altar bending,

Watching long in hope and fear,

Suddenly the Lord, descending,

In his temple shall appear:

Come and worship——

Worship Christ, the new-born King.

5 Sinners! wrung with true repentance,

Doomed for guilt to endless pains,

Justice now revokes the sentence,

Mercy calls you—break your chains:

Come and worship——

Worship Christ, the new-born King.

33 *Which things the Angels desire to look into.*
1 Peter i. 12.

1 ANGELS heard with admiration

How the eternal counsel ran;

Wondered at the great salvation,

Wondered at the gracious plan,

Angels wondered

At the love of God to man.

2 Angels, with profound amazement,

Saw the eternal King come down;

In the time of his abasement,

Saw the Saviour stand alone;

Angels saw him

Then deserted by his own.

3 Angels saw the Saviour dying

On the cross, in love to men;

Angels saw his body lying
 In the tomb, among the slain:
 O how awful
 Sin appeared to angels, then!

4 Angels saw him rise victorious
 From the tomb in which he lay;
 Never sight was seen more glorious,
 Than what angels saw that day,
 When the Saviour
 Rose, and death resigned his prey.

5 Hark! what bursts of acclamation
 Through th' eternal arches ring;
 Angels now ascribe salvation
 To the everlasting King:
 Loud their praises,
 "Glory to the LAMB" they sing.

6 Praise the LAMB, ye saints adore him,
 Ye for whom he shed his blood;
 Bow with angels, bow before him,
 Make his glory known abroad:
 Saints and angels,
 Join to praise THE LAMB OF GOD.

34 *And he answering said, Lord, let it alone this year also. Luke xiii. 8.*

1 ANOTHER year has reached a close,
 And though mere cumberers of the land,
 Our Saviour deigns to interpose,
 And we're permitted yet to stand.

2 But while we humbly own our fault,
 And praise him for another year,

We've need to tremble at the thought,
The hand of justice may be near.

3 Long has the Lord been seeking fruit,
But ah! how little has he seen!

Nor blame to *Him* can we impute,
The cause with us alone has been.

4 Lord, we acknowledge all our shame,
Our privileges have been great;

The greater they, the more our blame,
That we have done so little yet.

5 The sweetest truths that angels know,
It is our privilege to hear;

And yet we seem to come and go,
As if the whole a fable were.

6 Lord, melt our hearts to mourn the past,
And let us henceforth faithful be;

And if this year should be our last,
O may our souls repose with thee!

35 *Prayer for the Jews.* Ps. lxxxv. 1—6. L. M

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

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

2 Their misery let thy mercy heal,
Their trespass hide, their pardon seal:

O God of Israel! hear our prayer,
And grant them still thy love to share.

3 How long shall Jacob's offspring prove
The sad suspension of thy love?

Say, shall thy wrath perpetual burn ?
And wilt thou ne'er, appeased, return ?

4 Thy quickening Spirit now impart,
And wake to joy each grateful heart,
While Israel's rescued tribes in Thee
Their bliss and full salvation see.

36 *Converted Thief.* Luke xxiii. 42. C. M.

1 AS on the cross the Saviour hung,
And wept, and bled, and died,
He poured salvation on a wretch
That languished at his side.

2 His crimes, with inward grief and shame,
The penitent confessed ;
Then turned his dying eyes to Christ,
And thus his prayer addressed :

3 " Jesus, thou son and heir of heaven !
" Thou spotless Lamb of God !

" I see thee bathed in sweat and tears,
" And weltering in thy blood.

4 " Yet quickly, from these scenes of wo,
" In triumph thou shalt rise ;

" Burst through the gloomy shades of death,
" And shine above the skies.

5 " Amid the glories of that world,
" Dear Saviour, think on me ;

" And in the victories of thy death,
" Let me a sharer be !"

6 His prayer the dying Jesus hears,
And instantly replies,

“To-day thy parting soul shall be
 “With me in paradise!”

37 *At a Sermon for the Propagation of the Gospel.* L. M.

- 1 ASSEMBLED at thy great command,
 Before thy face, Dread King! we stand;
 The voice that marshalled every star
 Has called thy people from afar.
- 2 We meet, through distant lands to spread
 The truth for which the martyrs bled;
 Along the Line—to either pole—
 The thunder of thy praise to roll.
- 3 Our prayers assist—accept our praise—
 Our hopes revive—our courage raise—
 Our counsels aid—to each impart
 The single eye, the faithful heart!
- 4 Forth with thy chosen heralds come,
 Recall the wandering spirits home:
 From Zion's mount send forth the sound,
 To spread the spacious earth around.

38 *Evil Heart.* Jer. xvii. 9, Mark vii. 20. S. M.

- 1 ASTONISHED and distressed,
 I turn my eyes within;
 My heart with loads of guilt oppressed,
 The seat of every sin.
- 2 What crowds of evil thoughts,
 What vile affections there!
 Distrust, presumption, artful guile,
 Pride, envy, slavish fear

- 3 Almighty King of saints!
 These tyrant-lusts subdue;
 Expel the darkness of my mind,
 And all my powers renew.
- 4 This done, my cheerful voice
 Shall loud hosannas raise;
 My soul shall glow with gratitude,
 My lips proclaim thy praise.

39

Heaven the Christian's Home.
 Heb. xi. 13—16.

L. M.

- 1 AS when the weary traveller gains
 The height of some commanding hill,
 His eye quick-glancing o'er the plains,
 Descries his home, though distant still;
 While he surveys the much loved spot,
 He slights the space that lies between;
 His past fatigues are now forgot,
 For home endears the onward scene.
- 2 So when the Christian pilgrim views
 By faith his mansion in the skies,
 The sight his fainting strength renews,
 And wings his speed to reach the prize.
 That heavenly home his spirit cheers,
 No more he grieves for troubles past,
 Nor any future trial fears,
 So he may safe arrive at last.
- 3 SAVIOUR! though rugged be our way,
 Conduct us safe to thine abode;
 Our rest in Thee will far o'erpay
 Our utmost toil upon the road:

There shall thy faithful followers dwell,
Beholding Thee in realms of day ;
There shall we bid our cares farewell,
And Thou shalt wipe our tears away.

40 *A Propitious Gale longed for.* L. M.

1 AT anchor laid, remote from home,
Toiling I cry, "Sweet Spirit, come !
"Celestial breeze, no longer stay,
"But swell my sails, and speed my way !

2 "Fain would I mount, fain would I glow,
"And loose my cable from below ;
"But I can only spread my sail ;
"Thou, thou must breathe th' auspicious
gale !"

41 *Birth of Christ.* Luke ii. 11—14. L. M.

1 AWAKE, arise, and hail the morn,
For unto us a Saviour's born ;
See, how the angels wing their way,
To usher in the glorious day.

2 Hark ! what sweet music, what a song,
Sounds from the bright celestial throng !
Sweet song—whose melting sounds impart
Joy to each raptured listening heart.

3 Come, join the angels in the sky,
"Glory to God, who reigns on high :"
Let peace and love on earth abound,
While time revolves and years roll round.

42

Morning Hymn.

L. M.

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

2 Thy precious time misspent, redeem;
Each present day thy last esteem ;
Improve thy talent with due care ;
For the Great Day thyself prepare.

3 In conversation be sincere,
Keep conscience as the noon-tide clear :
Think how th' All-seeing God thy ways,
And all thy secret thoughts, surveys.

4 Wake, and lift up thyself, my heart ;
And with the angels bear thy part,
Who all night long unwearied sing
High praise to the Eternal King.

5 Awake, awake, ye heavenly choir :
May your devotion me inspire,
That I, like you, my age may spend,
Like you, may on my God attend.

6 May I, like you, in God delight,
Have all day long my God in sight ;
Perform like you, my Maker's will—
O may I never more do ill !

7 Lord, I my vows to Thee renew ;
Scatter my sins as morning dew ;
Guard my first springs of thought and will
And with Thyself my spirit fill.

8 Direct, control, suggest this day,
 All I design, or do, or say ;
 That all my powers, with all their might,
 In Thy sole glory may unite.

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

43 *Race.* 1 Cor. ix. 24. Phil. iii. 12—14. C. M.

1 AWAKE, my soul ! stretch every nerve,
 And press with vigour on ;
 A heavenly race demands thy zeal,
 And an immortal crown.

2 A cloud of witnesses around
 Hold thee in full survey ;
 Forget the steps already trod
 And onward urge thy way

3 'Tis God's all animating voice,
 That calls thee from on high ;
 'Tis his own hand presents the prize,
 To-thine aspiring eye.

4 Bless'd Saviour ! introduced by thee,
 Have I my race begun ;
 And, crowned with victory, at thy feet
 I'll lay my honours down.

44 *Wisdom and Knowledge of God.* L. M.
 Job xii. 13.

1 AWAKE, my tongue, thy tribute bring
 To him who gave thee power to sing ;

Praise him, who is all praise above,
The source of wisdom and of love.

2 How vast his knowledge ! how profound !
A depth where all our thoughts are drowned !
The stars he numbers, and their names
He gives to all these heavenly flames.

3 Through each bright world above, behold !
Ten thousand thousand charms unfold ;
Earth, air, and mighty seas combine,
To speak his wisdom all divine.

4 But in redemption, O what grace !
'To save the sons of Adam's race ;
Here wisdom shines for ever bright ;
Praise him, my soul, with sweet delight.

45 *A door of Hope opened.* Hos. ii. 15. C. M.

1 AWAKE, our souls, and bless his name,
Whose mercies never fail ;
Who opens wide a door of hope
In Achor's gloomy vale.

2 Behold the portal wide displayed,
The building's strong and fair ;
Within are pastures fresh and green,
And living streams are there.

3 Enter, my soul, with cheerful haste,
For Jesus is the door ;
Nor fear the serpent's wily arts,
Nor fear the lion's roar.

4 O may thy grace the nations lead,
And Jews and Gentiles come,

All travelling through one beauteous gate
To one eternal home.

B.

46

Nativity of Christ. S. M.
Luke ii. 11.

- 1 BEGIN a joyful song,
To hail this happy morn :
Glad tidings from an angel's tongue,
" This day is Jesus born !"
- 2 What comforts doth his Name
To sinful men afford !
His glorious titles we proclaim—
" A Saviour—Christ—the Lord !"
- 3 Now wrapped in swaddling-bands,
Behold the Eternal Son !
A stable for his palace stands,
A manger for his throne !
- 4 Glory to God on high,
All hail the happy morn !
Come, join the anthems of the sky—
" This day is Jesus born !"

47

Truth, Lord—yet the Dogs, &c. L. M.
Matt. xv. 27.

- 1 BEHOLD a sinner, dearest Lord,
Encouraged by thy gracious word,
Would venture near to seek that bread,
By which thy children here are fed.

2 Do not the humble suit deny,
Of such a guilty wretch as I;
But let me feed on crumbs, though small,
Which from thy bounteous table fall.

3 I am a sinner, Lord, I own,
By sin and guilt I am undone;—
Yet will I wait, and plead, and pray,
Since none are empty sent away.

48 “*Conquering and to Conquer.*” P. M.

1 BEHOLD how the Lord
Has girt on his sword,
And from conquest to conquest proceeds!
How happy are they
Who live in this day,
And witness His wonderful deeds!

2 He sends His word forth,
From the south to the north;
From the east to the west it is heard:
The rebel is charmed,
The foe is disarmed;
No day like this day has appeared.

3 To Jesus alone,
Who sits on the throne,
Salvation and glory belong:
All hail the blest Name,
For ever the same,
Our boast, and the theme of our song!

49 *Promises of Jehovah to the Messiah.* C. M.
Isa. xlii. 1—13.

- 1 BEHOLD my Servant! see Him rise
Exalted in my might!
Him have I chosen, and in Him
I place supreme delight.
- 2 On Him, in rich effusion poured,
My Spirit shall descend;
My truths and judgments He shall show
To earth's remotest end.
- 3 Gentle and still shall be his voice,
No threats from Him proceed;
The smoking flax He shall not quench,
Nor break the bruised reed.
- 4 The feeble spark to flames He'll raise,
The weak will not despise;
Judgment shall He bring forth to truth,
And make the fallen rise.
- 5 The progress of His zeal and power
Shall never know decline,
Till foreign lands, and distant isles,
Receive the law divine.

50 *Signs of the approaching Victory of the Gospel.* L. M.

- 1 BEHOLD the expected time draw near,
The shades disperse, the dawn appear!
Behold the wilderness assume
The beauteous tints of Eden's bloom!
- 2 Events with prophecies conspire
To raise our faith, our zeal to fire:

The ripening fields, already white,
Present a harvest to the sight.

3 The untaught heathen waits to know
The joy the gospel will bestow ;
The exile captive, to receive
The freedom Jesus has to give.

4 Come, let us, with a grateful heart,
In the blest labour share a part ;
Our prayers and offerings gladly bring
To aid the triumphs of our King.

5 Let us improve the heavenly gale,
Spread to each breeze our hoisted sail ;
Till north and south, and east and west,
Shall with the gospel's light be blest.

6 Our hearts exult in songs of praise,
That we have seen these latter-days ;
When our Redeemer shall be known,
Where Satan long has held his throne.

7 Where'er his hand has spread the skies,
Sweet incense to his Name shall rise ;
And slave and freeman, Greek and Jew,
By sovereign grace be formed anew.

51 *" Behold the man !"* John xix. 5. L. M.

1 BEHOLD the Man! how glorious He!
Before his foes he stands unawed ;
And without wrong or blasphemy,
He claims equality with God.

2 Behold the man! by all condemn'd,
Assaulted by a host of foes ;

His person and his claims contemned,
A man of sufferings and of woes.

3 Behold the man! He stands alone,
His foes are ready to devour;
Not one of all his friends will own
Their Master in this trying hour.

4 Behold the man! He knew no sin,
Yet justice smites him with her sword:
He bears the stroke that else had been
The sinner's portion from the Lord.

5 Behold the man! so weak he seems,
His awful word inspires no fear;
But soon must he, who now blasphemes,
Before his judgment-seat appear.

6 Behold the man! though scorned below,
He bears the greatest name above;
The angels at his footstool bow,
And all his royal claims approve.

52

The Glory of the Latter-Day. C. M.

· Mic. iv. 1—5.

1 BEHOLD! the mountain of the Lord,
In latter days shall rise
Above the mountains and the hills,
And draw the wondering eyes.

2 To this the joyful nations round,
All tribes and tongues, shall flow:

“Up to the Hill of God,” they say,
“And to his House, we'll go.”

3 The beam that shines on Zion's hill
Shall lighten every land:

The King who reigns in Zion's towers,
Shall all the world command.

4 No strife shall vex Messiah's reign,
Or mar the peaceful years ;
To ploughshares men shall beat their swords,
To pruning-hooks their spears.

5 Come then, oh ! come from every land,
To worship at his shrine ;
And, walking in the light of God,
With holy beauties shine.

53 *Support in Death.* Psalm xxiii. 4. S. M.

1 BEHOLD the gloomy vale,
Which thou, my soul, must tread,
Beset with terrors fierce and pale,
That leads thee to the dead.

2 Ye pleasing scenes, adieu,
Which I so long have known ;
My friends, a long farewell to you,—
For I must pass alone.

3 And thou, beloved clay,
Long partner of my cares,
In this rough path art torn away
With agony and tears.

4 But see, a ray of light,
With splendour all divine,
Breaks thro' these doleful realms of night,
And makes its horrors shine.

5 Where death and darkness reigns,
Jehovah is my stay ;

His rod my trembling feet sustains,
His staff defends my way.

6 Dear Shepherd, lead me on,
My soul disdains to fear ;

Death's gloomy phantoms all are flown,
Now life's great Lord is near.

54 *Jesus, a Guest.* Rev. iii. 20. L. M.

1 BEHOLD the Saviour at thy door,
He gently knocks, has knocked before ;
Has waited long, is waiting still,
You treat no other friend so ill.

2 O lovely attitude !—he stands
With melting heart, and out-stretched hands !
O matchless kindness ! and he shews
This matchless kindness to his foes.

3 Admit him ;—for the human breast,
Ne'er entertained so kind a guest ;
Admit him ;—or the hour's at hand,
When at his door denied you'll stand.

4 " Open my heart, Lord, enter in,
Slay every foe, and conquer sin :
I now to thee my all resign,
My body, soul, shall all be thine."

55 *Morning Hymn.* Psalm xix. L. M.

1 BEHOLD, the sun adorns the sky,
And darts his cheering rays on high !
From east to west in glorious march,
He gilds the wide expansive arch.

2 The warbling larks, in triumph mount,
And all the scenes of morn recount ;
While sounding groves and valleys ring,
With praise, to heaven's eternal King.

3 Begin, my soul the morning song ;
Let thankfulness inspire thy tongue ;
The kindness of thy God proclaim,
And tell the wonders of his name.

4 Sing how his hand thy life defends,
And for thy guard his angel sends :
In grateful praise his name adore,
When fleeting days shall be no more.

5 Yes, O my God ! thy glorious name,
My soul shall through the day proclaim ;
I'll bear thy kindness on my heart,
While every power performs its part.

56 *The rich Provision and blessed Effects of the Gospel.* P. M. Is. xxv, 6—9. P. M.

1 BEHOLD our God, he owns his Name !
Jehovah all our songs proclaim,
With shouts of wonder and of joy :
Long have we waited for his grace,
No longer now his love delays
For Zion his own arm t' employ.

2 We charge our souls the joy to feel :
We charge our tongues his praise to tell ;
Th' Almighty Saviour ! This is He !

He pours his streams of grace abroad,
Till all the earth confess the God,
And lands remote his glory see.

3 Dainties how rich his stores afford !
How pure the wine that crowns his board,
While welcome nations flock around !
He takes the veil of grief away ;
Through thickest shades he darts the day,
And not one weeping eye is found.

4 All-conquering Death, no longer boast
O'er millions humbled in the dust ;
Our God with scorn thy triumph sees ;
Soon as he aims one shaft at thee,
Swallowed and lost in victory,
Thine empire and thy name shall cease.

57

Christ our Example. C. M.

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

2 To spread the rays of heavenly light,
To give the mourner joy,
To preach glad tidings to the poor,
Was his divine employ.

3 Lowly in heart, to all his friends
A friend and servant found,
He washed their feet, he wiped their tears,
And healed each bleeding wound.

- 4 Midst keen reproach and cruel scorn,
Patient and meek he stood ;
His foes, ungrateful, sought his life :
He laboured for their good.
- 5 To God he left his righteous cause,
And still his task pursued ;
While humble prayer and holy faith
His fainting strength renewed.
- 6 In the last hour of deep distress,
Before his Father's throne,
With soul resigned, he bowed, and said,
" Thy will, not mine, be done !"
- 7 Be Christ our pattern and our guide,
His image may we bear !
Oh may we tread his holy steps,
His joy and glory share !

58

Psalm lxxvii.

L. M.

- 1 BE merciful, O God of grace,
To us thy people. Let thy face
Beam on us, that thy church may shine
In this dark world, with light divine.
- 2 That light divine, Oh, let it spread,
Till all the darkness shall have fled ;
And the false crescent's waning ray
Be lost in the full noon of day.
- 3 Reveal, O Lord, thy saving plan
To all the families of man :
Let distant nations hear thy word ;
Let all the nations praise the Lord.

4 Let them with joy thy praises sing,
 Earth's righteous Judge and sovereign King :
 Illumined by thy holy word,
 Let all the nations praise the Lord.

5 Then shall this barren world assume
 New beauty, and the desert bloom :
 Our God shall richly bless us then,
 And all men fear his name. Amen!

59

The Pool of Bethesda.
 John v. 2—4.

1 BESIDE the gospel pool,
 Appointed for the poor ;
 From year to year, my helpless soul
 Has waited for a cure.

2 How often have I seen
 The healing waters move ;
 And others round me, stepping in,
 Their efficacy prove.

3 But my complaints remain,
 I feel the very same ;
 As full of guilt, and fear, and pain,
 As when at first I came.

4 O would the Lord appear,
 My malady to heal ;
 He knows how long I've languished here,
 And what distress I feel.

5 How often have I thought,
 Why should I longer lie ?
 Surely the mercy I have sought
 Is not for such as I.

6 But whither can I go ?

There is no other pool

Where streams of sovereign virtue flow

To make a sinner whole.

7 Here, then, from day to day,

I'll wait, and hope, and try,

Can Jesus hear a sinner pray,

Yet suffer him to die ?

8 No: he is full of grace ;

He never will permit

A soul, that fain would see his face,

To perish at his feet.

60

For a New Year. 7's.

1 BLESS, O Lord, each opening year

To the souls assembling here :

Clothe thy Word with power divine,

Make us willing to be thine.

2 Where Thou hast thy work begun,

Give new strength the race to run ;

Scatter darkness, doubts, and fears,

Wipe away the mourners' tears.

3 Bless us all, both old and young :

Call forth praise from every tongue :

Let our whole assembly prove

All thy power and all thy love !

61

Prayer to the Comforter. S. M.

1 BLEST Comforter Divine !

Let rays of heavenly love

Amidst our gloom and darkness shine,
And guide our souls above.

2 Draw, with thy "still small voice,"
Us from each sinful way ;
And bid the mourning saint rejoice,
Though earthly joys decay.

3 By thine inspiring breath
Make every cloud of care,
And e'en the gloomy vale of death,
A smile of glory wear.

4 Oh fill Thou every heart
With love to all our race !
Great Comforter ! to us impart
These blessings of thy grace.

62 *Christian Union : a Hymn at parting. C. M.*

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

2 Joined in one Spirit to our Head,
Where he appoints we go ;
And still in Jesus' footsteps tread,
And show his praise below.

3 O may we ever walk in him !
And nothing know beside,
Nothing desire, nothing esteem,
But Jesus crucified !

- 4 Closer and closer let us cleave
 To his beloved embrace ;
 Expect his fullness to receive,
 And grace to answer grace.
- 5 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 !
- 6 But let us hasten to the day,
 Which shall our flesh restore,
 When death shall all be done away,
 And Christians part no more !

63

Christian Love. C. M.

- 1 BLEST is the man whose softening heart
 Feels all another's pain ;
 To whom the supplicating eye
 Is never raised in vain—
- 2 Whose breast expands with generous
 warmth,
 A brother's woes to feel ;
 And bleeds in pity o'er the wound
 He wants the power to heal.
- 3 He spreads his kind supporting arms
 To every child of grief :
 His secret bounty largely flows,
 And brings, unasked, relief.
- 4 To gentle offices of love
 His feet are never slow :

He views, through mercy's melting eye,
A brother in a foe.

5 Mercy through Christ himself hath found,
Free mercy from above ;
That mercy moves him to fulfil
The perfect law of love.

64

Faith of the Ancients. L. M.
Heb. xi. 33, 34.

1 BLEST is the memory of the just !
And sweet their slumbers in the dust ;
Though lost, long lost to mortal eye,
Their glorious fame shall never die.

2 In life's fair book the Patriarchs live,
Prophets and saints instruction give ;
Though dead, they speak the truth divine,
And in example brightly shine.

3 By faith what wonders have they done,
They sufferings bore, they victories won ;
By faith, they promises obtained,
And kingdoms to its empire gained.

4 By faith they closed the lion's jaw,
And harmless made his dreadful paw ;
Quenched fiercest flames, escaped the sword,
And to new life the dead restored.

5 My soul, these ancient heroes view,
Their faith, their love, their zeal pursue ;
Warmed by each word and glorious deed,
In the same blessed path proceed.

6 O may I in their triumphs share
And in my Saviour's robes appear ;

And give my Captain great renown,
Who gives me an immortal crown.

65

Christ the Great Physician. S. M.

- 1 BLEST Jesus, all divine !
We hail thy sacred Name ;
And, with triumphant voices, join
To celebrate thy fame.
- 2 Lord, thine almighty breath
Sets Satan's prisoners free :
Demons, diseases, pains, and death,
Far from thy presence flee.
- 3 Oh let us feel thy power
To heal the plague within :
Thy cleansing grace alone can cure
The leprosy of sin.

66

Day of Pentecost. L. M.
Acts ii.

- 1 BLEST season, when our risen Lord !
Fulfilled his own prophetic word ;
Sent down His Spirit, to inspire
His saints, baptized with holy fire.
- 2 While by His power these signs were
wrought,
And divers tongues His wisdom taught,
His love one only subject gave—
That Jesus died the world to save !
- 3 Sure peace with God !—the joyful sound
Pours wide its sacred influence round ;

Relenting foes the grace receive,
And humbled myriads hear and live !

67

Sunday School. C. M.

1 BLEST is the man, whose heart expands,
At melting pity's call,
And the rich blessings of whose hands
Like heavenly manna fall.

2 Mercy, descending from above,
In softest accents pleads ;
O may each tender bosom move,
When mercy intercedes !

3 Be ours the bliss, in wisdom's way
To guide untutor'd youth,
And lead the mind that went astray,
To virtue and to truth.

4 Children our kind protection claim,
And God will well approve,
When infants learn to lisp his name,
And their creator love.

5 Delightful work ! young souls to win,
And turn the rising race
From the deceitful paths of sin,
To seek redeeming grace.

6 Almighty God ! thy influence shed
To aid this good design ;
The honours of thy name be spread,
And all the glory thine.

68

To the Holy Spirit. L. M.

1 BREATHE, Holy Spirit ! from above,
 Until our hearts with fervour glow ;
 Oh kindle there a Saviour's love,
 True sympathy with human wo.

2 Bid our conflicting passions cease,
 And terror from each conscience flee ;
 Oh speak to every bosom peace,
 Unknown to all who know not Thee.

3 Give us to taste of heavenly joy,
 While here we celebrate thy praise ;
 Guide us to wealth without alloy,
 Our hopes to cloudless glory raise.

4 Extend thy power to every place
 Where Christ is named, but not adored ;
 And lead each fallen Church, through grace,
 Once more to seek and serve its Lord.

5 Pour forth thy light o'er heathen lands,
 Which under Satan's thralldom groan ;
 Turn them from idols made with hands,
 To bow before Immanuel's throne.

69 *In that day there shall be a fountain opened for
 sin and for uncleanness, &c. Zech. xiii. 1. P. M.*

1 BLESSED fountain, full of grace !
 Grace for sinners, grace for me ;
 To this source alone I trace
 What I am, and hope to be.

2 What I am, as one redeemed,
 Saved and rescued by the Lord ;

Hating what I once esteemed,
Loving what I once abhorred.

3 What I hope to be, ere long,
When I take my place above ;
When I join the heavenly throng ;
When I see the God of love.

4 Then, I hope like him to be,
Who redeemed his saints from sin,
Whom I now obscurely see,
Through a veil that stands between.

5 When I see him as he is,
No corruption can remain ;
Such their portion who are his,
Such the happy state they gain.

6 Blessed fountain full of grace !
Grace for sinners, grace for me ;
To this source alone I trace
What I am, and hope to be.

70 *Lord, lift thou up the light of thy countenance
upon us. Psalm iv. 6. L. M.*

1 BLEST intercourse! when Christians meet,
And speak of Him who died for them ;
They sit at the Redeemer's feet,
And care not if the world condemn.

2 The world knows nothing of the joys
That Christian fellowship supplies ;
Enamoured of their glittering toys,
Our hope seems nothing in their eyes.

3 But we can witness what we know,
And speak aloud, nor care who hears ;

Our joys from heavenly sources flow,
And would be ill exchanged for theirs.

4 One day in wisdom's sacred ways
Is better than a thousand, spent
As thoughtless worldlings spend their days,
From pleasure far, and sweet content.

5 We envy not the great and wise ;
We count ourselves more blest than they ;
We're taught their honours to despise,
And from their joys to turn away.

6 'Twill soon appear who serve the Lord,
And, who are they who serve him not ;
Then let us hold his faithful word,
And ours shall be a glorious lot.

71 *He hath filled the hungry with good things.*
Luke i. 53. P. M.

1 BRETHREN, come, our Saviour bids us,
Bids us to a feast of love ;
Bless the Lord, whose bounty feeds us
With provision from above ;
Ye, for whom his life was given,
Come, and eat the bread of heaven.

2 Let us think of Him who bought us,
'Tis the Saviour's own command ;
When we wandered, Jesus sought us,
Now he leads us by the hand ;
Now he gives us hope, and says,
We shall sing his endless praise.

3 O how much his people owe him !
O what love our Lord has shown !

Well may we surrender to him
 All that once we called our own:
 Lord, we give ourselves to thee,
 Thou our Guide, our Master be.

72 *Endeavouring to keep the unity of the spirit
 in the bond of peace. Eph. iv. 3. P. M.*

1 BRETHREN, let us walk together
 In the bonds of love and peace;
 Can it be a question, whether
 - Brethren should from conflict cease;
 'Tis in union
 Hope and joy and love increase.

2 While we journey homeward, let us
 Help each other in the road;
 Foes on every side beset us,
 Snares through all the way are strewed;
 It behoves us
 Each to bear a brother's load.

3 When we think how much our Father
 Has forgiven, and does forgive,
 Brethren, we should learn the rather,
 Free from wrath, and strife to live,
 Far removing
 All that might offend or grieve.

4 Then let each esteem his brother
 Better than himself to be,
 And let each prefer another,
 Full of love, from envy free,
 Happy are we
 When in this we all agree.

5 Soon our Father will receive us,
 As we hope, to dwell above,
 Nothing then shall harm or grieve us,
 We shall all his goodness prove,
 Wrath and discord
 Ending in eternal love.

73

Praise to Christ. 7 & 8's.

1 BRIGHTNESS of the Father's glory!
 Shall thy praise unuttered lie?
 Dread each tongue such guilty silence,
 Praise the Lord who came to die.

2 Hosts of angels sang thy coming,
 Watchful shepherds learnt their lays;
 Shame would cover us, ungrateful,
 Should our tongues refuse their praise.

3 From the highest throne in glory,
 To the cross of deepest wo,
 All to ransom guilty captives!—
 Flow our praise, for ever flow!

4 Re-ascend, Immortal Saviour!
 Leave thy footstool, take thy throne;
 Yet return, and reign for ever,
 Be the kingdom all thine own!

74

After a Sermon for the Sick Poor. C. M.

1 BRIGHT Source of Everlasting love!
 To Thee our souls we raise:
 And to thy sovereign bounty rear
 A monument of praise.

- 2 Thy mercy gilds the paths of life,
 With every cheering ray;
 And still restrains the rising tear,
 Or wipes that tear away.
- 3 When sunk in guilt, our souls approached
 The borders of despair;
 Thy grace, through Jesus' blood, proclaimed
 A free salvation near.
- 4 What shall we render, bounteous Lord!
 For all the grace we see?
 Alas! the goodness worms can yield
 Extendeth not to Thee.
- 5 To tents of wo, to beds of pain,
 We cheerfully repair;
 And, with the gift thy hand bestows,
 Relieve the mourner's care.
- 6 The widow's heart shall sing for joy,
 The orphan shall be glad;
 And hungering souls we'll gladly point
 To Christ, the Living Bread.
- 7 Thus passing through the vale of tears,
 Our useful light shall shine;
 And others learn to glorify
 Our Father's Name divine.

75

Epiphany. 11 & 10's.

- 1 BRIGHTEST and best of the sons of the
 morning,
 Dawn on our darkness, and lend us thine
 aid;

Star of the east, the horizon adorning,
 Guide where our Infant Redeemer is laid.

2 Cold on his cradle the dew-drops are shining,
 Low lies his bed with the beasts of the
 stall :

Angels adore Him in slumber reclining,—
 Maker, and Monarch, and Saviour of all.

3 Say, shall we yield Him, in costly devotion,
 Odours of Edom, and offerings divine,
 Gems of the mountain, and pearls of the
 ocean,
 Myrrh from the forest, and gold from the
 mine ?

4 Vainly we offer each ample oblation,
 Vainly with gold would his favour secure ;
 Richer by far is the heart's adoration,
 Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.

5 Brightest and best of the sons of the morn-
 ing,
 Dawn on our darkness, and lend us thine
 aid ;

Star of the east, the horizon adorning,
 Guide where our Infant Redeemer is laid.

76

Matt. vi. 25. L. M.

1 BE still, my heart ! these anxious cares
 To thee are burdens, thorns, and snares ;
 They cast dishonour on thy Lord,
 And contradict his gracious word.

2 Brought safely by his hand thus far,
 Why wilt thou now give place to fear?
 How canst thou want, if he provide;
 Or lose thy way, with such a guide?

3 When first before his Mercy-seat
 Thou didst to him thy all commit,
 He gave thee warrant, from that hour,
 To trust his wisdom, love, and pow'r.

4 Did ever trouble yet befall,
 And he refuse to hear thy call?
 And has he not his promise past,
 That thou shalt overcome at last?

5 He who has help'd thee hitherto,
 Will help thee all thy journey through;
 And give thee daily cause to raise
 New Ebenezers to his praise.

6 Then raise thy heart, and trust the Lord;
 Receive the promise of his word:
 Though rough and thorny be thy road,
 It leads thee safely home to God.

77

Encouragement to Prayer. P. M.

1 BEHOLD the throne of grace!
 The promise calls me near;
 There Jesus shows a gracious face,
 And waits to answer prayer.

2 That rich atoning blood,
 Which sprinkled round I see,
 Provides for those who come to God,
 An all-prevailing plea.

- 3 My soul, ask what thou wilt,
 Thou canst not be too bold,
 Since his own blood for thee he spilt,
 What else can he withhold?
- 4 Beyond thy utmost wants
 His love and power can bless:
 To those who ask he always grants
 More than they can express.
- 5 Since 'tis the Lord's command,
 My mouth I open wide:
 Lord, open thou thy bounteous hand,
 That I may be supplied.
- 6 Thine image, Lord, bestow,
 Thy presence and thy love;
 I ask to serve thee here below,
 And reign with thee above.
- 7 Teach me to live by faith,
 Conform my will to thine,
 Let me victorious be in death,
 And then in glory shine.
- 8 If thou these blessings give,
 And wilt my portion be,
 Cheerful the world's poor toys I leave
 To them who known not thee.

78

By whom shall Jacob arise?

Amos vii. 2. C. M.

“BY whom shall Jacob now arise?
 For Jacob's friends are few;
 And (what should fill us with surprise)
 They seem divided too.

- 2 "By whom shall Jacob now arise?"
 For Jacob's foes are strong;
 I read their triumph in their eyes;
 They think he'll fail ere long.
- 3 "By whom shall Jacob now arise?"
 Can any tell by whom?
 Say, shall this branch that withered lies,
 Again revive and bloom?
- 4 Lord, thou canst tell—the work is thine;
 The help of man is vain;
 On Jacob now arise and shine,
 And he shall live again.

 C

79 *Prayer for the Success of the Gospel.* L. M.

- 1 CAPTAIN of thine enlisted host,
 Display thy glorious banner high!
 The summons send from coast to coast,
 And call a numerous army nigh.
- 2 A solemn jubilee proclaim,
 Proclaim the great sabbatic day:
 Assert the glories of thy Name;
 Spoil Satan of his captive prey.
- 3 Oh bid thy heralds publish loud
 The peaceful blessings of thy reign;
 And when they speak of sprinkled blood,
 The mystery to the heart explain.

80 *The People's Prayer for their Minister.*
C. M.

- 1 CHIEF Shepherd of thy chosen sheep,
From death and sin set free,
May ev'ry under shepherd keep
His eye intent on thee !
- 2 With plenteous grace their hearts prepare
To execute thy will :
Compassion, patience, love, and care,
And faithfulness, and skill.
- 3 In flame their minds with holy zeal
The flock to feed and teach,
And let them live, and let them feel,
The sacred truths they preach.
- 4 O never let the sheep complain,
That toys which fools amuse,
Ambition, pleasure, praise, or gain,
Debase the shepherd's views.

81 *Lord's Day. P. M.*

- 1 CHILDREN of God, awake,
And hail this sacred day ;
In loftiest songs of praise
Your grateful homage pay ;
Come, bless the day that God hath blest,
The type of heaven's eternal rest !
- 2 On this auspicious morn
The Lord of life arose ;
He burst the bars of death,

And vanquish'd all our foes ;
 And now he pleads our cause above,
 And reaps the fruit of all his love.

3 All hail, triumphant Lord !
 Heaven with hosannas rings ;
 And earth with humbler strains
 Thy praise responsive sings—
 " Worthy the Lamb that once was slain,
 Through endless years to live and reign !"

82

The Sun of Righteousness.

1 CHRIST, whose glory fills the skies,
 Christ, the true, the only light,
 Sun of Righteousness, arise,
 Triumph o'er the shades of night :
 Day-spring from on high, be near ;
 Day-star, in my heart appear.

2 Dark and cheerless is the morn,
 Unaccompanied by Thee ;
 Joyless is the day's return,
 Till thy mercy's beams I see ;
 Till they inward light impart,
 Glad my eyes, and warm my heart.

3 Visit, then, this soul of mine,
 Pierce the gloom of sin and grief ;
 Fill me, Radiancy Divine !
 Scatter all my unbelief :
 More and more Thyself display,
 Shining to the perfect day.

83 *Christians debtors to the Gentiles.*

1 CHRISTIANS, the glorious hope we
know,

Which soothes the heart in every wo,
While heathens helpless, hopeless lie;
No ray of glory meets their eye:
—O give to their desiring sight

The hope that Jesus brought to light!

2 Christians, ye taste the heavenly grace,
Which cheers believers in their race;
Uncheered by grace, through heathen gloom,
See millions hastening to the tomb:

—To heathen lands that grace convey,
Which trains the soul for endless day.

3 Christians, ye prize the Saviour's blood,
In which the soul is cleansed for God;
Millions of souls in darkness dwell,
Uncleansed from sin—exposed to hell:

—O strive that heathens soon may view
That precious blood which cleanseth you!

84 *Longing for Heaven.*

1 "CHRIST'S own soft hand shall wipe
the tear

"From each believing eye:

"Affliction, pain, and grief, and fear,
And death itself, shall die.

2 "How long, dear Saviour, O how long,

"Shall this bright hour delay?

"Fly swiftly round, ye wheels of time,

"And bring the welcome day."

85

My Grace is sufficient for thee. 2 Cor. xii. 9.
L. M.

1 COME all ye chosen saints of God,
Whose souls are washed in Jesus' blood ;
Hear what he says, his word is true,
"My grace sufficient is for you."

2 "I am your sure Almighty Friend,
"Who loving loves you to the end ;
"I will be near you, and will shew,
"My grace sufficient is for you.

3 "I know how numerous are your foes,
"I know the ways which they oppose ;
"I know their cunning malice too,
"My grace sufficient is for you.

4 "Tho' Satan strives your souls t'ensnare,
"You're still the objects of my care ;
"You're near my heart, I'll bring you thro',
"My grace sufficient is for you.

5 "I'll guide you safely in the way,
"Thro' life's dark night, to heaven's bright
day ;
"And there with wonder you shall view,
"My grace sufficient was for you."

86

Teachings of the Spirit.

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

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

87 *Sabbath Morning.* Rev. i. 10. L. M.

- 1 COME, dearest Lord, and bless this day,
Come, bear our thoughts from earth away;
Now, let our noblest passions rise
With ardour to their native skies.
- 3 Come, holy Spirit, all divine,
With rays of light upon us shine;
And let our waiting souls be blest,
On this sweet day of sacred rest.
- 3 Then when our sabbaths here are o'er,
And we arrive on Canaan's shore,
With all the ransomed, we shall spend
A sabbath which shall never end.

88

Desiring to praise the Redeemer.
Col. iii. 16. C. M.

- 1 COME blessed Spirit, fill my soul
With my Redeemer's praise ;
To thee, my God, my Friend, my all.
My cheerful voice I'll raise.
- 2 My heart would joy in thee, my Lord ;
My tongue thy grace declare ;
And psalms and hymns, and sacred songs,
My day and night should share.
- 3 But, ah ! my lips in vain do strive
Thy goodness to recount ;
Language can ne'er set forth thy love,
Nor to thy riches mount.
- 4 Accept then, Lord, my weak desires
To bless and praise thy Name ;
And may my life in stronger words
Set forth my ardent aim !
- 5 To thee I look, to thee I cry ;
Oh, hear my suppliant voice !
Fill me with love, with patience, hope,
And humbly I'll rejoice.

89

The successful Resolve—I will go in unto the King.
Esther iv. 16. C. M.

- 1 COME, humble sinner, in whose breast,
A thousand thoughts revolve ;
Come, with your guilt and fear opprest,
And make this last resolve.

- 2 " I'll go to Jesus, though my sin
" Hath 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 sovereign grace.
- 4 " I'll to the gracious King approach,
" Whose sceptre pardon gives ;
" Perhaps he may command my touch,
" And then the suppliant lives.
- 5 " Perhaps he will admit my plea,
" Perhaps will 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."

90 *Universal Reign of Christ. Rev. xi. 15. 7's.*

- 1 COME, Divine Immanuel, come !
Take possession of thy home :
Now thy mercy's wings expand,
Stretched throughout this happy land.
- 2 Carry on thy victory,
Spread thy rule from sea to sea :

Call in all the ransomed race,
Save us, save us, Lord by grace !

3 Take the purchase of thy blood,
Bring us to a pardoning God :
Give us eyes to see our day,
Hearts thy glorious truths t'obey :

4 Ears to hear the Gospel sound—
Grace doth more than sin abound !
God appeased, and man forgiven !
Peace on earth, and joy in heaven !

5 Now thy mercy's wings expand,
Stretched throughout this happy land :
Take possession of thy home,
Come, Divine Inmanuel, come !

91

Interest in Christ. John vi. 53, 54. C. M.

1 COME, JESUS, Saviour of my soul !
Be thou my heart's delight !
Ever to me the same remain,
My joy by day and night.

2 Athirst and hungering for thy grace,
May I be found each hour !
Abased in heart, and happy kept
By thine Almighty power.

3 Oh ! may I never once forget
What a poor worm I am !
A sinner ransomed by the blood
Of GOD'S atoning LAMB.

4 The mystery of redeeming love
Be ever dear to me!
And may the flesh and blood of CHRIST
My daily manna be!

92

Sabbath Morning. C. M.

1 COME, let us join with sweet accord
In hymns around the throne;
This is the day our rising Lord
Hath made and called his own.

2 This is the day which God hath blest,
The brightest of the seven;
Type of that everlasting rest,
The saints enjoy in heaven.

93

A New Year. P. M.

1 COME, let us anew,
Our journey pursue,
Roll round with the year,
And never stand still,
Till the Master appear.

2 His adorable will
Let us gladly fulfil,
And our talents improve
By the patience of hope,
And the labour of love.

3 Our life is a dream,
Our time as a stream
Glides swiftly away;

And the fugitive moment
Refuses to stay.

4 The arrow is flown,
The moment is gone;
The millennial year
Rushes on to our view,
And eternity's here.

5 O that each in the day
At his coming may say,
"I have fought my way through;
I have finished the work
Thou didst give me to do."

6 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!"

94

Desiring to love Christ. L. M.

1 COME, let me love! or is my mind
Hardened to stone or froze to ice?
I see the blessed fair-one bend,
And stoop t' embrace me from the skies.

2 Oh! 'tis a thought would melt a rock,
And make a heart of iron move,
That those sweet lips, that heavenly look,
Should seek and wish a mortal love!

3 I was a traitor doomed to fire,
Bound to sustain eternal pains;

He flew on wings of strong desire,
Assumed my guilt, and took my chains!

4 Infinite grace! almighty charms!—
Stand in amaze, ye rolling skies!
Jesus, the God, extends his arms—
Hangs on a cross of love, and dies!

5 Did pity ever stoop so low,
Dressed in divinity and blood?
Was ever rebel courted so,
In groans of an expiring God?

6 Again he lives! and spreads his hands,—
Hands that were nailed to torturing smart;
“By these dear wounds!” says he, and stands,
And prays to clasp me to his heart.

7 Sure I must love; or are my ears
Still deaf, nor will my passions move?
Lord! melt this flinty heart to tears!
This heart shall yield to death or love.

95

Come, behold the Works of the Lord.
Psalm xlvi. 8. P. M.

1 COME and see what God is doing,
His are works of power and grace;
Round the world his word is going,
Giving light to every place;
’Tis a day expected long,
Theme of old prophetic song.

2 While the nations are contending,
And the tumult louder grows,

Through the earth our God is sending
 News of peace, to heal our woes ;
 Sounds of mercy sweeter are,
 Heard amidst the din of war.

3 Long the nations were benighted ;
 And the darkness had been still,
 But the lamp that God has lighted
 Now is set upon a hill ;
 Many now enjoy the light,
 And with rapture hail the sight.

4 Higher still and higher place it,
 Show it to the world around ;
 Never should we cease to raise it,
 While a nation still is found,
 One to whom it is not given
 To enjoy the light of heaven.

96 *Unchangeable Friend.* Prov. xvii. 17. C. M.

1 COME, let our hearts and voices join,
 To praise the Saviour's name ;
 Whose truth and kindness are divine,
 Whose love's a constant flame.

2 When most we need his gracious hand,
 This Friend is always near ;
 With heaven and earth at his command,
 He waits to answer prayer.

3 His love no end nor measure knows,
 No change can turn its course ;
 Immutably the same it flows
 From one eternal source.

4 When frowns appear to veil his face,
 And clouds surround his throne ;
 He hides the purpose of his grace,
 To make it better known.

5 And when our dearest comforts fall
 Before his sovereign will,
 He never takes away our all,
 Himself, he gives us still !

6 Our sorrows in the scale he weighs,
 And measures out our pains ;
 The wildest storm his word obeys,
 His word its rage restrains !

97

Praise to the Saviour.
 Matt. i. 21. C. M.

1 COME, let us all unite to praise
 The Saviour of mankind ;
 Our thankful hearts in solemn lays
 Are with our voices joined.

2 But how shall dust his worth declare,
 Which angels cannot scan ?
 The highest name that's named is far
 Beneath the Son of Man.

3 Yet, Lord, we cannot silent be :
 By love we are constrained
 To offer our best thanks to Thee,
 Our Saviour and our Friend.

4 Should we through fear or shame refrain,
 The very stones would sing,

And tell the universal reign
Of our immortal King.

5 Let every tongue thy goodness show,
And spread abroad thy fame ;
Let every heart with praise o'erflow,
And bless Thy wondrous Name.

6 Worship and honour, thanks and love,
Be to our Jesus given,
By men below, by saints above,
By all in earth and heaven.

98

New Year. C. M.

1 COME, Lord, and bless the rising race !
Make this a happy hour,
According to thy richest grace,
And thine Almighty power.

2 Dear youth, we know your sinful state—
May God your hearts renew !
We would awhile ourselves forget,
To pour out prayer for you.

3 We see, though you perceive it not,
The approaching awful doom !
Oh, tremble at the solemn thought,
And flee the wrath to come !

4 Dear Saviour, let this new born year
Spread an alarm abroad ;
And cry in every careless ear,
“ Prepare to meet thy God ! ”

99

Before Prayer. 7's.

1 COME, my soul, thy suit prepare,
Jesus loves to answer prayer ;
He himself has bid thee pray,
He his help will not delay.

2 Thou art coming to a King ;
Large petitions with thee bring ;
For his grace and power are such,
None can ever ask too much.

3 With my burden I begin :—
“ Lord, remove this load of sin !
Let thy blood, for sinners spilt,
Set my conscience free from guilt.

4 “ Lord, I come to thee for rest :
Take possession of my breast :
There thy dear-bought right maintain,
And without a rival reign !

5 “ As the image in the glass
Answers the beholder's face,
Thus unto my heart appear ;
Print thine own resemblance there !

6 “ While I am a pilgrim here,
Let thy love my spirit cheer ;
As my Guide, my Guard, my Friend,
Lead me to my journey's end.

7 “ Show me what I have to do,
Every hour my strength renew ;
Let me live the life of faith,
Let me die thy people's death.”

100 *A Blessing requested. Jer. xxiii. 29. C. M.*

- 1 COME, O thou all-victorious Lord,
 Thy power to us make known ;
 Strike with the hammer of thy word,
 And break these hearts of stone.
- 2 Speak with the voice which wakes the
 dead,
 And bid the sleeper rise ;
 And let each guilty conscience dread
 The death that never dies.
- 3 To them a sense of guilt impart,
 And then remove the load ;
 Quicken, and wash the troubled heart
 In thine atoning blood.
- 4 Our desperate state through sin declare,
 And speak our sins forgiven ;
 By daily growth in grace, prepare,
 Then take us up to heaven.

101 *The Power of Christ's Resurrection.*
 Rom. v. 12. to vi. 12. L. M.

- 1 COME, see the place where Jesus lay,
 For He hath left his gloomy bed :
 What Angel rolled the stone away ?
 What Spirit brought him from the dead ?
- 2 By his omnipotence He rose,
 By his own Spirit lived again ;
 To crush for ever all his foes,
 To raise for ever ruined men.

3 Those who his image here partake,
Though worms in dust their flesh consume,
Shall sleep in Jesus, and awake
To life eternal from the tomb.

4 What shall restore a world from death,
Where Satan holds his murderous reign?
Spirit of Jesus! with thy breath
Shake the dry bones, revive the slain.

5 Dead while they live are Adam's race,
By nature, since their father's fall;
But, lo! the messengers of grace
Proclaim the Gospel Hope to all.

6 Hear it, ye dead, of every clime,
Before the second death begins;
Come forth to this new life in time—
This resurrection from your sins.

102

For Christ's Presence. C. M.

1 COME, Saviour Jesus, from above!
Assist me with thy heavenly grace;
Empty my heart of earthly love,
And for thyself prepare the place.

2 O let thy sacred presence fill,
And set my longing spirit free,
Which pants to have no other will,
But day and night to feast on Thee!

3 That path with humble speed I'll seek,
In which my Saviour's footsteps shine;

Nor will I hear, nor will I speak,
Of any other love but thine.

4 Henceforth, may no profane delight
Divide this consecrated soul ;
Possess it Thou, who hast the right,
As Lord and Master of the whole.

5 Nothing on earth do I desire,
But thy pure love within my breast ;
This, only this, will I require,
And freely give up all the rest.

103

Praise to the Lamb. P. M.

1 COME, saints, and adore him ; come bow
at his feet ;

Come, give Him the glory, the praise that
is meet ;

Let joyful hosannas unceasing arise,
And join the full chorus that gladdens the
skies.

2 To the Lamb that was slain all honour be
paid,

And crowns without number encircle his
head ;

Let blessing and glory and riches and might
Be ascribed evermore by angels of light.

3 Come, saints, and adore him ; come bow
at his feet ;

Come, give Him the glory, the praise that
is meet ;

Let joyful hosannas unceasing arise,
And join the full chorus that gladdens the
skies.

104

The Well of Life. L. M.

1 COME, sinners! view the Lamb of God,
Wounded, and dead, and bathed in blood!
Behold his side and veature near;
The well of endless life is here.

2 Here we forget our cares and pains:
We drink, yet still our thirst remains:
Only the Fountain-Head above
Can satisfy the thirst of love.

3 Oh that we thus could always feel!
Lord, to our hearts thy love reveal:
Then our glad tongues shall loud proclaim
The grace and glory of thy Name.

105

For the Divine Presence. C. M.

1 COME, thou desire of all thy saints,
Our humble strains attend,
While with our praises and complaints,
Low at thy feet we bend.

2 When we thy wondrous glories hear,
And all thy sufferings trace,
What sweetly awful scenes appear!
What rich unbounded grace!

3 How should our songs like those above,
With warm devotion rise!

How should our souls, on wings of love,
Mount upward to the skies!

4 Come, Lord, thy love alone can raise
In us the heavenly flame;
Then shall our lips resound thy praise,
Our hearts adore thy name.

5 Dear Saviour, let thy glory shine,
And fill thy dwellings here,
Till life, and love, and joy divine,
A heaven on earth appear.

106 *Ebenezer, or, Praise.* 1 Sam. vii. 12. 8's & 7's.

1 COME, thou fount of every blessing!
Tune my heart to sing thy grace!

Streams of mercy, never ceasing,
Call for songs of loudest praise;
Teach me some melodious sonnet;
Sung by flaming tongues above;
Praise the mount—Oh fix me on it,
Mount of God's unchanging love!

2 Here I raise my Eben-Ezer,
Hither by thine help I'm 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 that grace, now 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 from thy courts above!

107 *A Fountain opened for Sin and Unclean-
 ness. Zech. xiii. 1. P. M.*

- 1 COME to Calvary's holy mountain,
 Sinners! ruined by the fall:
 Here a pure and healing fountain
 Flows to you, to me, to all;
 In a full perpetual tide,
 Opened when the Saviour died.
- 2 Come, in poverty and meanness,
 Come, defiled without, within;
 From infection and uncleanness,
 From the leprosy of sin,
 Wash your robes and make them white;
 Ye shall walk with God in light.
- 3 Come, in sorrow and contrition,
 Wounded, impotent, and blind;
 Here the guilty, free remission,
 Here the troubled, peace may find:
 Health this fountain will restore;
 He that drinks shall thirst no more.
- 4 He that drinks shall live for ever:
 'Tis a soul-renewing flood;

God is faithful—God will never
 Break his covenant in blood,
 Signed when our Redeemer died,
 Sealed when He was glorified.

108

Come and Welcome to Jesus Christ.
 Isaiah lv. 1. P. M.

- 1 COME, ye sinners, poor and wretched,
 Weak and wounded, sick and sore !
 Jesus ready stands to save you,
 Full of pity, joined with power :
 He is able,
 He is willing, doubt no more !
- 2 Ho ! ye needy, come and welcome,
 God's free bounty glorify ;
 True belief, and true repentance,
 Every grace that brings us nigh ;—
 Without money,
 Come to Jesus Christ, and buy.
- 3 Let not conscience make you linger,
 Nor of fitness fondly dream ;
 All the fitness he requires,
 Is to feel your need of him :
 This he gives you ;
 'Tis the Spirit's rising 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 View him suffering in the garden ;
 Lo! your Maker prostrate lies!—
 On the bloody tree behold him ;
 Hear him cry, before he dies,
 “It is finished ;”

Sinner, will not this suffice ?

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

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 sing the same.

109 *Christ's Humiliation and Triumph.* P. M.

1 COME, ye who love the Lord,
 And feel his quick'ning power,
 Unite with one accord,
 His goodness to adore :
 To heaven and earth aloud proclaim
 Your great Redeemer's glorious Name.

2 He left his throne above,
 His glory laid aside,
 Came down on wings of love,
 And wept, and bled, and died :

The pangs He bore, what tongue can tell,
To save our souls from death and hell?

3 He burst the grave! He rose
Victorious from the dead;
And thence his vanquished foes
In glorious triumph led:

Up through the heavens the Conqueror rode,
Triumphant to the throne of God.

4 Soon He again will come,
His chariot will not stay,
To take his children home,
To realms of endless day:

There shall we see Him face to face,
And sing the triumphs of his grace.

110 *Behold the place where they laid him.*
Mark xvi. 6. P. M.

1 COME, ye saints, look here and wonder,
See the place where Jesus lay;
He has burst his bands asunder;
He has borne our sins away.
Joyful tidings!
Yes, the Lord is risen to-day.

2 Jesus triumphs! sing ye praises:
By his death he overcame:
Thus the Lord his glory raises;
Thus he fills his foes with shame:
Sing ye praises!
Praises to the victor's name.

3 Jesus triumphs! countless legions
 Come from heaven to meet their King:
 Soon in yonder blessed regions
 They shall join his praise to sing,
 Songs eternal
 Shall through heaven's high arches ring.

111 *For the Blessing of Father, Son, and Spirit.*—L. M.

1 COMMAND thy blessing from above,
 O God! on all assembled here:
 Behold us with a Father's love,
 While we look up with filial fear.

2 Command thy blessing, Jesus, Lord!
 May we thy true disciples be:
 Speak to each heart the mighty word;
 Say to the weakest, "Follow me."

3 Command thy blessing in this hour,
 Spirit of Truth! and fill this place
 With humbling and exalting power,
 With quickening and confirming grace.

4 O Thou, our Maker, Saviour, Guide!
 One true Eternal God confest;
 May nought in life or death divide
 The saints in thy communion blest!

112 *Backslider's Return.* Psalm li. 20—19.
 P. M.

1 CREATE, O God, my powers anew,
 Make my whole heart sincere and true;

O cast me not in wrath away,
Nor let thy soul enlivening ray
Still cease to shine.

2 Restore thy favour, bliss divine!
Those heavenly joys that once were mine;
Let thy good Spirit, kind and free,
Uphold and guide my steps to thee,
Thou God of love.

2 Then will I teach thy sacred ways;
With holy zeal proclaim thy praise:
Till sinners leave the dangerous road,
Forsake their sins and turn to God,
With hearts sincere.

4 O Cleanse my guilt, and heal my pain;
Remove the blood polluted stain;
Then shall my heart adoring trace,
My Saviour God, the boundless grace,
That flows from thee.

Since my dear Saviour, grace is thine,
On Zion's hill let mercy shine;
Glad offerings then prepared shall be,
And each oblation rise to thee
In flames of love.

113

To the Holy Spirit. 8's.

1 CREATOR Spirit, by whose aid
The world's foundations first were laid,
Come visit every waiting mind;
Come pour thy joys on human kind;

From sin and sorrow set us free,
And make thy temples worthy thee.

2 O source of uncreated light,
The Father's promised Paraclete!
Thrice holy fount, thrice holy fire
Our hearts with heavenly love inspire;
Come, and thy sacred unction bring,
To sanctify us while we sing.

3 Refine and purge our earthly parts;
But, oh, inflame and fire our hearts!
Our frailties help, our vice control,
Submit the senses to the soul;
And when rebellious they are grown,
Then lay thy hand, and hold them down.

4 Chase from our minds the infernal foe,
And peace, the fruit of love, bestow;
And, lest our feet should step astray,
Protect and guide us in the way;
Make us eternal truths receive,
And practise all that we believe.

D.

114 *Christ's Agony in the Garden.* C. M.

1 DARK was the night, and cold the ground
On which the Lord was laid:
His sweat like drops of blood ran down,
In agony He prayed—

- 2 "Father! remove this bitter cup,
If such thy sacred will;
If not, content to drink it up,
Thy pleasure I fulfil!"
- 3 Go to the Garden, sinner! see
Those precious drops that flow:
The heavy load he bore for thee—
For thee, he lies so low!
- 4 Then learn of Him the cross to bear,
Thy Fathers will obey;
And when temptations press thee near,
Awake to watch and pray.

115

The Day of Judgment P. M.

- 1 DAY of judgment, day of wonders!
Hark the trumpet's awful sound,
Louder than ten thousand thunders,
Shakes the vast creation round!
How the summons
Will the sinner's heart confound.
- 2 See the Judge our nature wearing,
Clothed in Majesty divine!
You who long for his appearing,
Then shall say, "This God is mine!"
Gracious Saviour,
Own me in that day for thine!
- 3 At his call the dead awaken,
Rise to life from earth and sea;
All the powers of nature, shaken

By his looks, prepare to flee :
 Careless sinner,
 What will then become of thee ?

4 Horrors past imagination,
 Will surprise your trembling heart,
 When you hear your condemnation,
 " Hence, accursed wretch, depart !
 " Thou with Satan
 " And his angels, have thy part !"

5 But to those who have confessed,
 Loved and served the Lord below ;
 He will say, " Come near, ye blessed,
 " See the kingdom I bestow ;
 " You for ever
 " Shall my love and glory know."

6 Under sorrows and reproaches,
 May this thought our courage raise !
 Swiftly God's great day approaches,
 Sighs shall then be changed to praise :
 May we triumph
 When the world is in a blaze.

116

Before Sermon. P. M.

1 DEAREST Saviour, help thy servant
 To proclaim thy wondrous love !
 O that every soul now present
 May thy grace and truth approve !
 Bless, O bless us ;
 From thy shining courts above.

2 Now thy gracious word invites us
To partake thy Gospel feast
Let thy Spirit now unite us,
Each to thee a willing guest,
O receive us,
To thy glorious promised rest.

117

Submission. C. M.

- 1 DEAR Lord! my best desires fulfil,
And help me to resign
Life, health, and comfort to thy will,
And make thy pleasure mine.
- 2 Why should I shrink at thy command,
Whose love forbids my fears?
Or tremble at thy gracious hand
That wipes away my tears?
- 3 No! let me rather freely yield
What most I prize to thee;
Who never hast a good withheld,
Nor wilt withhold from me.
- 4 Thy favour all my journey through
Thou art engaged to grant;
What else I want, or think I do,
'Tis better still to want.
- 5 Wisdom and mercy guide my way:
Shall I resist them both?
A poor blind creature of a day,
And crushed before the moth!
- 6 But ah! my inmost spirit cries,
Still bind me to thy sway;

Else the next cloud, that veils my skies,
Drives all these thoughts away.

118 *The Refreshing Word.* C. M.

- 1 DEAR Lord, thy word of truth afford.
A balm for every wound;
Hence all our hopes of bliss arise,
And here our peace is found.
- 2 The tree of life, beneath whose shade
The weary pilgrim sits;
And there regaling on its fruits,
With sweet refreshment meets.
- 3 The sure foundation of our faith,
And source of all our joy,
May it our warmest thoughts engage,
Our inmost souls employ.
- 4 But not on us alone bestow,
These records of thy love,
Let distant lands thy truth receive,
And all its blessings prove.

119 *Prayer for a Blessing on the Word.* C. M.

- 1 DEAR Saviour, remember the word
On which thou hast caused us to rest;
Thy promised kindness afford,
To make our society blest.
- 2 Though poor is the place where we meet,
This will not thy presence exclude;

- In the barn, the workshop, or street,
 Thou art pleased to communicate good
- 3 Now let thy rich grace be displayed
 To rescue some brand from the fire;
 Speak spiritual life to the dead,
 And grant the poor suppliant's desire.
- 4 O help us in hearing thy word,
 O teach us to praise, and to pray;
 All needful assistance afford,
 And send us rejoicing away.

120 *The Dying Believer to his Soul. 7's.*

- 1 DEATHLESS principle, arise;
 Soar, thou native of the skies;
 Pearl of price, by Jesus bought,
 To his glorious likeness wrought,
 Go to shine before his throne,
 Deck his mediatorial crown;
 Go his triumph to adorn,
 Born of God—to God return.
- 2 Lo, He beckons from on high,
 Fearless, to his presence fly:
 Thine the merit of his blood,
 Thine the righteousness of God.
 Angels joyful to attend,
 Hovering round thy pillow bend;
 Wait to catch the signal given,
 And escort thee quick to heaven.
- 3 Is thy earthly house distressed?
 Willing to retain her guest?

'Tis not thou, but she, must die :
Fly, celestial tenant, fly ;
Burst thy shackles, drop thy clay,
Sweetly breathe thyself away :
Singing, to thy crown remove,
Swift of wing, and fired with love.

4 Shudder not to pass the stream :
Venture all thy care on Him ;
Him, whose dying love and power
Stilled its tossing, hushed its roar.
Safe is the expanded wave ;
Gentle as a summer's eve ;
Not one object of his care
Ever suffered shipwreck there.

5 See the haven full in view !
Love divine shall bear thee through :
Trust to that propitious gale :
Weigh thy anchor, spread thy sail ;
Saints in glory perfect made,
Wait thy passage through the shade ;
Ardent for thy coming o'er,
See, they throng the blissful shore.

6 Mount their transports to improve,
Join the longing choir above ;
Swiftly to their wish be given ;
Kindle higher joy in heaven.—
Such the prospects that arise
To the dying Christian's eyes !
Such the glorious vista Faith
Opens through the shades of death,

121

"Jesus Wept." S. M.

- 1 DID Christ o'er sinners weep,
 And shall our cheeks be dry?
 Let floods of penitential grief
 Burst forth from every eye.
- 2 The Son of God in tears,
 The wondering 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.

122

Heavenly Mindedness. 7's.

- 1 DISTANT, Lord, from thine abode,
 Far from glory, far from God;
 Now, and then, we breathe a sigh,
 Upwards to our native sky.
 O for one celestial ray!
 From the shining seats of day,
 Sun of righteousness! arise,
 Warm our hearts and charm our eyes.
- 2 Melt our chains with heavenly fire,
 Love, and joy, and peace, inspire;
 Make us feel thy grace within,
 Free us from the power of sin.
 Give, O give us wings to rise,
 In affection to the skies,

Liberty, and joy divine,
Sun of righteousness, are thine.

123 *Love to Christ.* John xxi. 15. C. M.

1 DO not I love thee, O my Lord?

Behold my heart, and see:
And turn each cursed 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,
Which thou dost not approve.

3 Is not thy name melodious still
To mine attentive ear?

Doth not each pulse with pleasure beat
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 knowest I love thee, dearest Lord,
But, O! I long to soar

Far from the sphere of mortal joys,
That I may love thee more.

124 *An Evening Hymn.* C. M.

1 DREAD Sovereign, let my evening song
Like holy incense rise;

Assist the offerings of my tongue
To reach the lofty skies.

2 Through all the dangers of the day
 Thy hand was still my guard,
 And still to drive my wants away
 Thy mercy stood prepared.

3 Perpetual blessings from above
 Encompass me around ;
 But, O how few returns of love
 Hath my Creator found !

4 What have I done for him that died
 To save my wretched soul !
 How are my follies multiplied,
 Fast as my minutes roll.

5 Lord, with this guilty heart of mine
 To thy dear cross I flee,
 And to thy grace my soul resign,
 To be renewed by thee.

E

125

Faith Fainting. 8's.

1 ENCOMPASSED 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 :
 Disheartened 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 harassed 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, succour and gladden my heart,—
 Let this be the day of thy power.

126

Recovery from Sickness. C. M.

1 ENCOURAGED by thy love and care,
 I bend the suppliant knee,
 And offer in thy house of prayer,
 My vows, oh Lord, to thee.

- 2 When languor seized my feeble frame,
 And threatened speedy death,
 From thee the timely succour came,
 Which gave me back my breath.
- 3 Now by thy power and grace restored
 And rescued from the grave,
 What shall I render to the Lord,
 Who mighty is to save,
- 4 To thee, my kind delivering friend,
 I yield my sinful heart,
 My all I give, till life shall end,
 Nor from thee will depart.
- 5 Upheld by thine almighty grace,
 My love to thee I'll prove,
 With zeal will run the christian race
 Till I arrive above.

127

Beggar. Matt. vii. 7, 8. P. M.

- 1 ENCOURAGED by thy word
 Of promise to the poor,
 Behold a beggar, Lord,
 Waits at thy mercy's door!
 No hand, no heart, O Lord, but thine,
 Can help or pity wants like mine.
- 2 The beggar's usual plea,
 Relief from men to gain,
 If offered unto thee,
 I know thou wouldst disdain;
 And those which move thy gracious ear,
 Are such as men would scorn to hear.

3 'Twere folly to pretend,
 I never begged before ;
 Or, if thou now befriend,
 I'll trouble thee no more ;
 Thou often hast relieved my pain,
 And often I must come again.

4 Nor can I willing be,
 Thy bounty to conceal
 From others, who, like me
 Their wants and hunger feel :
 I'll tell them of thy mercy's store,
 And try to send a thousand more.

128 *Prayer for Spiritual Blessing. C. M.*

1 ETERNAL God! we look to Thee!
 To Thee, for help, we fly :
 Thine eye alone our wants can see,
 Thy hand alone supply.

2 Lord! let thy fear within us dwell ;
 Thy love our footsteps guide :
 That love will all vain love expel ;
 That fear, all fear beside.

3 Not what we wish, but what we want,
 Oh! let thy grace supply :
 The good, unasked, in mercy grant ;
 The ill, though asked, deny.

129 *Glory awaiting Faithful Missionaries.* Ps. cii. 21, 22. L. M.

1 ETERNAL Lord! from land to land
 Shall echo thine all-glorious Name ;

Till kingdoms bow at thy command,
And every lip thy praise proclaim.

2 Exalted high, on every shore,
The banner of the cross, unfurled,
Shall summon thousands to adore
The Saviour of a ransomed world.

3 Thousands shall join thy pilgrim band,
And, by that sacred standard led,
Press forward to Immanuel's land,
Nor fear the thorny path to tread.

4 Triumphant over every foe,
Their ransomed numbers shall move on,
To that blest world where sin or wo
Shall never mingle with their song.

130

To the Holy Spirit. C. M.

1 ETERNAL Spirit! God of Truth!
Our contrite hearts inspire:
Kindle the flame of heavenly love,
And feed the pure desire.

2 'Tis thine to soothe the sorrowing mind
With guilt and fear opprest:
'Tis thine to bid the dying live,
And give the weary rest.

3 Subdue the power of every sin,
Whate'er that sin may be;
That we, in singleness of heart,
May worship only Thee.

4 Then with our spirits witness bear,
That we are sons of God ;
Redeemed from sin, and death, and hell,
Through Christ's atoning blood.

131 *The Light of God's Countenance.* C. M.
Num. vi. 24—26.

1 ETERNAL Sun of Righteousness,
Display thy beams divine ;
And cause the glory of thy face
On all our hearts to shine !

2 Light in thy light, O may we see,
Thy grace and mercy prove !
Revived, and cheered, and blessed by Thee,
The God of pardoning love !

132 *Trust in Christ under Affliction.* L. M.
Matt. xi. 28—30.

1 ETERNAL Beam of light divine,
The Source of inexhausted love,
In whom the Father's glories shine,
Through earth beneath, and heaven above!

2 Jesus! the weary wanderer's rest!
Give me thy easy yoke to bear ;
With stedfast patience arm my breast,
With spotless love, and lowly fear.

9 Affliction's cup I take from Thee,
In deep submission to thy will ;
Though bitter to the taste it be,
My soul shall find it precious still.

4 Be Thou, my meek Instructor, nigh ;
 So shall each murmuring thought be gone ;
 And grief, and fear, and care shall fly,
 As clouds before the mid-day sun.

 F

133

The Year of Jubilee. P. M.
 Lev. xxv.

- 1 FAIR shines the morning-star!
 The silver trumpets sound,
 Their notes re-echoing far,
 While dawns the day around!
 Joy to the slave!—the slave is free!
 It is the Year of Jubilee.
- 2 Prisoners of hope! in gloom
 And silence left to die,
 With Christ's unfolding tomb
 Your portals open fly ;
 Rise with the Lord!—He sets you free :
 It is the Year of Jubilee.
- 3 Ye, who have sold for nought
 The land your fathers won,
 Behold how God hath wrought
 Redemption through his Son!
 Your heritage again is free,
 It is the Year of Jubilee.
- 4 Ye, who yourselves have sold
 For debts to justice due,
 Ransomed, but not with gold,

He gave Himself for you:
The blood of Christ hath made you free!
It is the Year of Jubilee.

5 Captives of sin and shame,
O'er earth and ocean, hear
An angel's voice proclaim
The Lord's accepted year:
Let Jacob rise, be Israel free,
It is the Year of Jubilee.

134

Jesus our Forerunner. L. M.
Heb. vi. 20.

1 FAR, far beyond these lower skies,
Up to the glories all His own,
Where we by faith lift up our eyes
Is Jesus, our Forerunner, gone!

2 High on His throne of heavenly light,
Eternal glory He sustains;
While saints and angels bless the sight:
There Jesus, our Forerunner, reigns.

3 He lives, salvation to impart,
From sin, and hell, and Satan's wiles;
With love eternal in His heart,
There Jesus, our Forerunner, smiles.

4 Before His heavenly Father's face,
For every saint He intercedes;
For mercy and abounding grace
There Jesus, our Forerunner, pleads.

5 But oh 'tis this completes the whole,
And all its bliss and glory proves,
That while eternal ages roll,
There Jesus, our Forerunner, loves.

135*Heaven. Isa. xxxiii. 17. C. M.*

- 1 FAR from these narrow scenes of night
Unbounded glories rise ;
And realms of infinite delight,
Unknown to mortal eyes.
- 2 There pain and sickness never move,
And grief no more complains :
Health triumphs in immortal bloom,
And endless pleasure reigns.
- 3 No cloud those blissful regions know,
For ever bright and fair ;
For sin, the source of mortal wo,
Can never enter there.
- 4 O may the heavenly prospect fire
Our hearts with ardent love,
Till wings of faith, and strong desire,
Bear every thought above !
- 5 Prepare us, Lord, by grace divine,
For thy bright courts on high ;
Then bid our souls rise up, and join
The chorus of the sky.

136*Delight in God. C. M.*

- 1 FAR from the world, O Lord, I flee,
From strife and tumult far ;
From scenes where Satan wages still
His most successful war.
- 2 The calm retreat, the silent shade,
With prayer and praise agree ;
And seem by thy kind bounty made
For those who follow thee.

- 3 There, if thy Spirit touch the soul,
And grace her mean abode,
Oh! with what peace, and joy, and love,
She communes with her God!
- 4 Author and guardian of my life,
Thou Source of light divine;
And, all harmonious names in one,
My Saviour thou art mine!

137

A Missionary Embarking. C. M.

- 1 FAREWELL! ye scenes of sweet delight!
Vanished as visions of the night;
Onward by duty urged, I go,
My course to finish here below.
- 2 The cloud and pillar mark the road
Which leads to glory's bright abode;
And every step on him I lean,
Whose strength is in my weakness seen.
- 3 I know my habitation's bound,
Predestined love encircles round;
The desert smiles, the darkness flies;
His presence makes it Paradise.
- 4 Glory to God in every place,
Who by us manifests his grace;
And from the earthen vessel's store
His excellence displays the more.
- 5 Oh, make me faithful unto death,
Thy witness with my latest breath,
To tell the glories of the Lamb,
Him whom I serve, and whose I am!

138

The Season of Youth the Seed-time of the Soul. L. M.

1 **FAST** falls the yellow leaf, and sear,
Emblem of the declining year :

Yet a short space, and winter's reign
Will close the sadness of the scene.

2 Thus fall the sons of earth—too soon
Fade our spring-morn and summer's noon ;
And autumn leads, with deep'ning gloom,
To the long winter of the tomb.

3 Yet, as the peasant's careful toil
Hath to the bosom of the soil
The seeds of future plenty given,
Waiting the warmer suns of heaven—

4 So, early, in the vigorous age
Of life's uncertain pilgrimage,
Let us our fleeting prime employ,
Sowing in hope to reap in joy.

5 Still at God's altar let us raise
The song of gratitude and praise ;
Still to his throne our incense bring,
Whose presence is eternal spring—

6 To Him who died for sinners here ;
And Him the promised Comforter ;
To each our voices lift, with those
Whose cherub choirs heaven's court compose,

139

Sunday School Anniversary. L. M.

1 **FATHER** ! if the untutor'd cry,
The simple prayer of infancy,

May to thy glorious mansion rise,
Accept our annual sacrifice.

2 Our blessings to thy hand we owe,
And see thy power in all below,
Earth's various fruits withheld or given,
The radiance or the storms of heaven.

3 If e'er beneath a sicklier sun
Our seasons seem their course to run,
Reward Thou still the reaper's toil
With all the treasure of the soil.

4 May our fair pastures never cease
To give the blessings of increase;
Nor mildew, canker-worm, nor rains,
Blight the fair product of our plains!

5 And Oh! for those, whose tender care
Would heaven's rich harvest here prepare,
Be theirs to see the toil bestowed
Return a hundred-fold to God!

140

Christ's Universal Reign.
Ps. ii. 8. C. M.

1 FATHER! is not thy promise pledged
To thine Exalted Son,
That through the nations of the earth
Thy Word of Life shall run?

2 "Ask, and I give the heathen lands
For thine inheritance;
And to the world's remotest shores
Thine empire shall advance."

3 From east to west, from north to south,
Then be His Name adored:

Europe, with all thy millions, shout
Hosannahs to thy Lord!

4 Asia and Africa, resound
From short to shore his fame ;
And thou, America, in songs
Redeeming love proclaim!

141

The Lord's Prayer. C. M.

1 FATHER of all! we bow to Thee,
Who dwell'st in heaven, adored ;
But present still, through all thy works,
The Universal Lord.

2 For ever hallowed be thy Name,
By all beneath the skies ;
And let thy kingdom still advance,
Till grace to glory rise.

3 A grateful homage let us yield,
With hearts resigned to Thee ;
And as in heaven thy will is done,
On earth so let it be!

4 From day to day we humbly own
The hand that feeds us still :
Give us our bread, and teach to rest
Contented in thy will.

5 Our sins before Thee we confess :
Oh may they be forgiven ;
As we to others mercy shew,
We mercy beg from heaven.

6 Still let thy grace our lives direct,
From evil guard our way ;

And in temptation's fatal path
Permit us not to stray.

7 For thine the power, the kingdom thine,
All glory's due to Thee ;
Thine from eternity they were,
And thine shall ever be.

142 *The Coming of Christ in His Kingdom.*
S. M.

1 FATHER of boundless grace !
Thou hast in part fulfilled
Thy promise made to Abram's race,
In God Incarnate sealed.

2 A few from every land
At first to Salem came,
And saw the wonders of thy hand,
And saw the tongues of flame.

3 From thence thy heralds ran
To earth's remotest bound,
And made thy glorious mercy known,
And spread the joyful sound.

4 Yet still we wait the end,
The coming of our Lord ;
The full accomplishment attend
Of thy Prophetic Word.

5 Thy promise deeper lies
In unexhausted grace ;
And new discovered worlds arise
To sing their Saviour's praise.

143

Prayer for the Jews. P. M.

- 1 FATHER of faithful Abram! hear
 Our earnest suit for Abram's seed:
 Justly they claim the fervent prayer
 From us, adopted in their stead;
 Who mercy, through their fall, obtain,
 And Christ, by their rejection, gain.
- 2 Outcasts from Thee, and scattered wide
 Through every nation under heaven,
 Blaspheming whom they crucified,
 Unsaved, unpitied, unforgiven—
 Branded, like Cain, they bear their load,
 Abhorred of men, and cursed of God.
- 3 But hast thou finally forsook,
 For ever cast thine own away?
 Wilt thou not bid the murderers look
 On Him they pierced, and weep and pray?
 Yes! gracious Lord, thy word is past—
 "All Israel shall be saved at last."
- 4 Come, then, thou great Deliverer, come!
 The veil from Jacob's heart remove:
 Receive thine ancient people home,
 That, quickened by thy dying love,
 In their recovery we may find
 Life from the dead for all mankind.

144

Praise to the Holy Trinity. C. M.

- 1 FATHER of Glory! to thy Name
 Immortal praise we give,

Who dost an act of grace proclaim,
And bid us rebels live.

2 Immortal honour to the Son,
Who makes thine anger cease ;
Our lives he ransomed with his own,
And died to make our peace.

3 To thy Almighty Spirit be
Immortal glory given ;
Whose influence brings us near to Thee,
And trains us up for heaven,

4 Let men, with their united voice,
Adore the Eternal God,
And spread his honours, and their joys,
Through nations far abroad.

5 Let faith, and love, and duty join
One general song to raise ;
Let saints, in earth and heaven, combine,
In harmony and praise.

145 *Prayer to the Holy Trinity.* I. M.

1 FATHER of Heaven! whose love pro-
found

A ransom for our souls hath found,
Before thy throne we sinners bend ;
To us thy pardoning love extend.

2 Almighty Son! Incarnate Word!
Our Prophet, Priest, Redeemer, Lord!
Before thy throne we sinners bend :
To us thy saving grace extend.

3 Eternal Spirit ! by whose breath
The soul is raised from sin and death,
Before thy throne we sinners bend ;
To us thy quickening power extend.

4 Jehovah ! Father, Spirit, Son !
Mysterious Godhead ! Three in One !
Before thy throne we sinners bend ;
Grace, pardon, life, to us extend !

146 *At a Charity Sermon for Schools. C. M.*

1 FATHER of Mercies ! God of Grace !
Each perfect gift is thine ;
Through various channels flow the streams,
The source is still divine.

2 Thy kindness called us into life,
And all the good we know,
Each present comfort, future hope,
Thy liberal hands bestow.

3 The friends whose charity provides
This refuge, where to flee
From want, from ignorance, and vice,
Were raised up by Thee.

4 To Thee we owe the full supply,
Which by their hands is given,
To make us useful here below,
And train our souls for heaven.

5 Bestow thy peace upon them here,
And heavenly joy above ;
While we improve, with grateful hearts,
The labour of their love.

147

At a Sermon for the Poor. C. M.

- 1 FATHER of Mercies ! send thy grace,
All-powerful from above ;
To form, in our obedient souls,
The image of thy love.
- 2 Oh may our sympathizing breasts
That generous pleasure know,
Freely to share in others' joy,
And weep for others' wo.
- 3 Whene'er the helpless sons of grief
In low distress are laid,
Soft be our hearts their pain to feel,
And swift our hands to aid.
- 4 So Jesus looked on dying man,
When throned above the skies ;
And, midst the glories of his state,
Felt his compassion rise.
- 5 On wings of love the Saviour flew
To raise us from the ground ;
And shed the richest of his blood,
A balm for every wound.

148

Prayer of Charity School Children. C. M.

- 1 FATHER of Mercy ! hear our prayers
For those who do us good ;
Whose love for us a place prepares,
And kindly gives us food.
- 2 Each hand and heart that lends us aid,
Thou dost inspire and guide ;

Nor is their bounty unrepaid,
Who for the poor provide.

3 Thou still shalt be our grateful theme,
Thy praise we'll ever sing;
Our friends the kind refreshing stream,
But thou the unfailing Spring.

4 For those whose goodness founded this,
A better house prepare;
Receive them to thy heavenly bliss,
And let us meet them there!

5 Let all the pleasing pains they share
Be crowned with wished success;
The present age applaud their care,
And future ages bless.

6 So shall the helpless who remain
Exposed as we before,
Increasing still our humble train,
With louder songs adore.

149 *Christians perfected by Grace through
Christ. Heb. xiii. 20, 21. C. M.*

1 FATHER of Peace! and God of Love!
We own thy power to save;
That power by which our Shepherd rose,
Victorious o'er the grave.

2 We triumph in that Shepherd's Name,
Still watchful for our good;
Who brought the eternal covenant down,
And sealed it with his blood.

- 3 So may thy Spirit seal our souls,
 And mould them to thy will;
 That our fond hearts no more may stray,
 But keep thy covenant still.
- 4 Still may we gain superior strength,
 And press with vigour on,
 Till full perfection crown our hopes,
 And fix us near thy throne.

150 *"Thou hast wrought all our Works in us."*
 Isa. xxvi. 12. C. M.

- 1 FATHER! to thee our souls we lift,
 On Thee our hope depends;
 For every good and perfect gift
 From Thee in heaven descends.
- 2 We cannot speak one useful word,
 One holy thought conceive,
 Unless, in answer to our Lord,
 Thyself the blessing give.
- 3 The poor returns which sinners make
 They first from Thee obtain;
 And 'tis of grace that Thou wilt take
 Such poor returns again.
- 4 Oh! let it then our glory be,
 (Whoe'er may boast their store,)
 In time, and to eternity,
 To owe Thee more and more.

151 *God glorious and Sinners saved.*
 Isaiah xlv. 23. C. M.

- 1 FATHER, how wide thy glory shines!
 How high thy wonders rise!

Known through the earth by thousand signs,
By thousands through the skies.

2 Part of thy name divinely stands,
On all thy creatures writ;
They show the labour of thine hands,
Or impress of thy feet.

3 But when we view thy strange design
To save rebellious worms,
Where vengeance and compassion join
In their divinest forms.

4 Here the whole deity is known;
Nor dares a creature guess
Which of the glories brightest shone,
The justice, or the grace.

5 When sinners broke the Father's laws,
The dying Son atones:
Oh, the dear mysteries of his cross!
The triumph of his groans!

6 Now the full glories of the Lamb
Adorn the heavenly plains;
Sweet cherubs learn Immanuel's name,
And try their choicest strains.

7 Oh, may I bear some humble part
In that immortal song!
Wonder and joy shall tune my heart,
And love command my tongue.

152 *Family Religion. Gen. xviii. 19. L. M.*

1 FATHER of all, thy care we bless,
Which crowns our families with peace ;
From thee they spring, and by thy hand
They have been and are still sustained.

2 To God, most worthy to be praised,
Be our domestic altars raised ;
Who, Lord of heaven, scorns not to dwell
With saints in their obscurest cell.

3 To thee may each united house,
Morning and night, present its vows ;
Our servants there, and rising race,
Be taught thy precepts, and thy grace.

4 O may each future age proclaim
The honours of thy glorious name !
While pleased and thankful we remove,
To join the family above.

153 *The doctrine and use of the Trinity. Eph. ii. 18. C. M.*

1 FATHER of glory ! to thy name
Immortal praise we give,
Who dost an act of grace proclaim,
And bid us rebels live.

2 Immortal honour to the Son,
Who makes thine anger cease ;
Our lives he ransomed with his own,
And died to make our peace.

- 3 To thy almighty Spirit be
Immortal glory given,
Whose influence brings us near to thee,
And trains us up for heaven.
- 4 Let men with their united voice,
Adore the eternal God,
And spread His honours and their joys
Through nations far abroad.
- 5 Let faith, and love, and duty join,
One general song to raise ;
Let saints in earth and heaven combine
In harmony and praise.

154

Evening Hymn. C. M.

- 1 FATHER, by saints on earth adored,
By saints beyond the skies,
Accept, through Jesus Christ our Lord,
Our evening sacrifice.
- 2 If kept to-day from wilful sin,
We magnify thy grace ;
Thou hast our kind Preserver been,
And thine be all the praise.
- 3 We live to testify the grace,
Which sure salvation brings ;
And sink to night in thine embrace,
And rest beneath thy wings.
- 4 But whether, Lord, we wake or sleep,
The charge of Love divine,
We trust thy Providence to keep
Our souls for ever thine.

155*God, the Provider.* C. M.

- 1 FATHER of love ! from age to age,
The wonders of thy grace
The heart and lips of saints engage
In cheerful songs to praise.
- 2 Creatures, in various trains, to thee
Raise the dependent eye ;
Thy stores of goodness, rich and free,
Their various wants supply.
- 3 But O ! the treasures of thy love,
To man's apostate race,
Are boundless mysteries, far above
Both man's and angel's praise.
- 4 Jesus, in whom all fulness dwells,
Through endless years the same,
To every hungering soul reveals
The glories of his name.
- 5 Thousands in this dark world below
His faithfulness attest ;
In worlds above, ten thousand know
That humble souls are blest.

156*Submission.* Luke xxii. 42.
L. M.

- 1 FATHER divine, the Saviour cried,
While horrors pressed on every side,
And prostrate on the ground he lay,
" Remove this bitter cup away.

2 "But if these pangs must still be borne,
Or helpless man be left forlorn,
I bow my soul before Thy throne,
And say, Thy will, not mine, be done."

3 Thus our submissive souls would bow,
And, taught by Jesus, lie as low ;
Our hearts, and not our lips alone,
Would say, " Thy will, not mine, be done."

4 Then, though like him in dust we lie,
We'll view the blissful moment nigh,
Which, from our portion in His pains,
Calls to the joy in which He reigns.

157

Children's Hymn. 8's.

1 FATHER of all, whose tender love,
Whose bounty, all thy creatures prove,
We feel thy goodness, own thy power ;
Thy hand sustains us every hour.

Father, receive our hymn of praise,
Nor scorn the humble strains we raise.

2 Oh, may thy grace our hearts prepare,
Thy truth, thy goodness to declare !

The kindness of our friends repay ;
Guard them through life to endless day :
For them our infant hearts we raise,
Impressed with gratitude and praise.

158

Duty of Secret Prayer. Matt. vi. 6. P. M.

1 FATHER of heaven ! Thy piercing eye,
Darts through the blackest night ;

- In deep retirement Thou art nigh,
The dark with Thee is light.
- 2 With every morning's dawning ray,
And every evening's shade,
May thine all-searching eye survey
My secret homage paid.
- 3 O let thy own celestial fire
The incense still inflame ;
While my warm vows to Thee aspire,
In my Redeemer's name.
- 4 So shall the presence of Thy love
My soul in secret bless ;
So shalt Thou deign in worlds above
Thy suppliant to confess.

159 *Paraphrase of the Lord's Prayer.* P. M.

- 1 FATHER of heaven, who lov'st to send
Of gracious gifts a constant shower !
May every breath Thy Name extend,
May every heart Thy Name adore !
- 2 Great Lord ! may all our wakened powers
To spread thy sway exulting join,
Till we shall dare to think Thee ours,
And Thou shalt deign to make us thine.
- 3 Whate'er thy will, may we display
Hearts that submit without a sigh ;
Whate'er thy law, may we obey,
Like raptured Saints, and feel it joy !

- 4 Vouchsafe us what our wants require,
 This fleeting life in peace to spend;
 But bid our wishes, Lord, aspire
 To grasp the life that cannot end.
- 5 Our countless sins with mercy view;
 For Jesus's sake their guilt remove;
 And teach us, Lord, to pardon too,
 That Thou mayst see a world of love.
- 6 In each temptation's hour be near;
 From sin and passion set us free;
 Conduct us by Thy Spirit here;
 And bring us, Lord, at length to Thee.

160 *The People's Prayer for their Minister*
 P. M.

- 1 FATHER of mercies, bow thine ear,
 Attentive to our earnest prayer;
 We plead for those who plead for Thee,
 Successful pleaders may they be!
- 2 How great their work, how vast their
 charge!
 Do Thou their anxious souls enlarge;
 Their best acquirements are our gain,
 We share the blessings they obtain.
- 3 Clothe then with energy divine
 Their words, and let those words be Thine:
 To them Thy sacred truth reveal,
 Suppress their fear, inflame their zeal.
- 4 Teach them to sow the precious seed,
 Teach them Thy chosen flocks to feed;

Teach them immortal souls to gain—
Souls that will well reward their pain.

5 Let thronging multitudes around,
Hear from their lips the joyful sound;
In humble strains Thy grace implore,
And feel Thy new-creating power.

6 Let sinners break their massy chains,
Distressed souls forget their pains;
Let light through distant realms be spread,
And Sion rear her drooping head.

161

At Parting. 7's.

1 FOR 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.

3 In thy strength may we be strong,
Sweeten every cross and pain:
Give us, if we live, ere long,
In thy peace to meet again.

4 Then if thou thy help afford,
Ebenezers shall be reared;
And our souls shall praise the Lord
Who our poor petitions heard.

162 *The glory of the Church in the latter Day.*
Isa. lxii. 1—3. C. M.

- 1 FOR Zion's sake I will not cease
In agony of prayer to cry ;
No, never will I hold my peace,
Till God proclaim salvation nigh—
- 2 Worthy in her great Saviour's worth,
Till Zion doth illustrious shine,
And as a burning lamp goes forth,
The blaze of righteousness divine.
- 3 Thy righteousness the world shall see
And Gentiles on thy beauty gaze ;
And all the kings of earth agree,
In wondering at thy glorious grace.
- 4 Thy glorious grace, what tongue can tell ?
The Lord shall a new Name impart,
The unutterable Name reveal,
And write it on his people's heart.
- 5 Zion, for thee thy God shall care,
And claim thee as his just reward ;
Thee for his crown of glory wear,
The Royal Diadem of thy Lord.

163

Self-denial. 8's.

- 1 FOUNTAIN of good, from thee alone
Our every gift and comfort flows,
Whate'er we fondly call our own
Thy freely streaming grace bestows ;
Thy blessings all through Christ descend,
Our heavenly and eternal friend.

2 O may I never, never seek
 My own delight, my own applause,
 Ready thy gifts to render back,
 To nail my Isaac to the cross ;
 My all of comfort to resign,
 And say, Thy will be done, not mine.

3 Restrain my soul, and keep it low,
 Weaned as a child from creature-good,
 Thee, only thee resolved to know,
 My Jesus, and thy sprinkled blood ;
 All other comforts I disdain,
 And more than all in thee I gain.

4 What are thy gifts compared to Thee !
 A beam from that bright shining sun,
 A drop from that unfathomed sea !
 Fountain of life ! and love unknown,
 Into thy depths, O God, I fall !
 O God, thou art mine All in All.

164

The Return of the Spirit implored.
 Eph. iv. 30. L. M.

1 FOREVER shall my fainting soul
 O God, thy just displeasure mourn ;
 Thy grieved Spirit long withdrawn,
 Will He no more to me return ?

2 Once I enjoyed, (O happy time,)
 The heart-felt visits of His grace ;
 Nor can a thousand varying scenes
 The sweet remembrance quite efface !

3 Beneath His warming, quickening beams,
 This icy rock dissolved away ;

New life diffused through all my powers,
And darkness yielded to the day.

4 When justice waved his dreadful sword,
And guilt and fear my soul opprest !
He sprinkled o'er a Saviour's blood,
And whispered pardon to my breast.

5 Great source of light and peace, return,
Nor let me mourn and sigh in vain ;
Come, repossess this longing heart,
With all the graces of thy train.

6 This temple, hallowed by thine hand,
Once more be with thy presence blest ;
Here be thy grace anew displayed,
And this thy everlasting rest.

165 *A Hymn for the Evening of the Lord's Day.*
C. M.

1 FREQUENT the day of God returns,
To shed its quickening beams ;
And yet how slow devotion burns ;
How languid are its flames !

2 Accept our faint attempts to love,
Our frailties, Lord, forgive ;
We would be like thy saints above,
And praise Thee while we live.

3 Increase, O Lord, our faith and hope,
And fit us to ascend,
Where the assembly ne'er breaks up,
The sabbath ne'er shall end ;

4 Where we shall breathe in heavenly air,
With heavenly lustre shine,

Before the throne of God appear,
And feast on love divine.

5 Where we, in high seraphic strains,
Shall all our powers employ ;
Delighted range the ethereal plains,
And take our fill of joy.

166 *By the Children at a Charity-School
Sermon. L. M.*

1 FRIENDS of the ignorant and poor,
Enrich'd by God with ampler store,
'To you our anxious hopes we raise,
Oh lead to God our infant days.

2 'Tis yours to form our early years,
To cheer our lot, to calm our fears ;
'Tis yours to teach a Saviour's love,
And bring us comfort from above.

3 Oh ! by the record of His woes,
The only source whence mercy flows,
Impart to us the means of grace,
And bid us all his goodness trace.

4 So Thou, dread Lord of high and low !
Shalt give us power Thyself to know ;
Our sins shalt hide, our dangers see,
And guide at last our souls to Thee !

167 *The Universal diffusion of the Gospel.
P. M.*

1 FROM Greenland's icy mountains,
From India's coral strand,
Where Afric's sunny fountains
Roll down their golden sand ;

From many an ancient river,
 From many a palmy plain,
 They call us to deliver
 Their land from error's chain.

2 What though the spicy breezes
 Blow soft on Ceylon's isle,
 Though every prospect pleases,
 And only man is vile ;
 In vain, with lavish kindness,
 The gifts of God are strewn,
 The Heathen, in his blindness,
 Bows down to wood and stone.

3 Shall we whose souls are lighted
 By wisdom from on high ;
 Shall we to man benighted
 The lamp of life deny ?
 Salvation ! Oh, salvation !
 The joyful sound proclaim,
 Till each remotest nation
 Has learnt Messiah's name.

4 Waft, waft, ye winds, his story ;
 And you, ye waters, roll,
 Till like a sea of glory
 It spreads from pole to pole ;
 Till o'er our ransomed nature
 The Lamb for sinners slain,
 Redeemer, King, Creator,
 In bliss return to reign.

168 *Sinners invited by Christ. 7's.*

1 FROM the cross uplifted high,
 Where the Saviour deigns to die,

What melodious sounds we hear
Bursting on the ravished ear!

“Love’s redeeming work is done;
Come and welcome, sinner, come!

2 “Sprinkled now with blood the throne,
Why beneath thy burdens groan?

On My pierced body laid,
Justice owns the ransom paid:
Bow the knee, and kiss the Son;
Come and welcome, sinner, come!

3 “Spread for thee the festal board,
See with richest dainties stored;

To thy Father’s bosom prest,
Yet again a child confest;
Never from his house to roam
Come and welcome, sinner, come!

4 “Soon the days of life shall end;
Lo, I come, your Saviour, Friend!

Safe your spirits to convey
To the realms of endless day,
Up to My eternal home;
Come and welcome, sinner, come!”

169 *By the Children at a Charity-School
Sermon. C. M.*

1 FROM the first dawn of infant life,
Thy goodness we have shared;
And still we live to sing Thy praise,
By sovereign mercy spared.

2 To seek Thy grace, to do Thy will,
O Lord, our hearts incline;

And o'er the paths of future life
 Command Thy light to shine.

3 While taught to read the Word of Truth,
 May we that Word receive ;
 And when we hear of Jesus' Name,
 In that blest Name believe !

4 Let not our feet incline to tread
 Sin's broad destructive road ;
 But trace those holy paths which lead
 To glory and to God.

170

*For a Charity or Sunday School
 Anniversary. I. M.*

1 FROM year to year in love we meet,
 From year to year in peace we part ;
 The tongues of children uttering sweet
 The bosom joy of every heart.

2 But time rolls on ; and, year by year,
 We change, grow up, or pass away :
 Not twice, the same assembly here
 Have hailed the children's festal day.

3 Death, ere another year shall strike
 Some in our number marked to fall ;
 Be young and old prepared alike,
 The warning is to each and all.

4 This sole occasion then is ours !
 This day we ne'er again shall see !
 Lord God, awaken all our powers
 To spend it for eternity !

- 5 Our times, our lives, are in thy hand :
 On Thee for all things we rely ,
 Assured, while in thy grace we stand,
 To live is Christ, and gain to die.
- 6 Meanwhile our failing ranks renew :
 Send Children, Teachers, in our place—
 More humble, docile, faithful, true—
 More like thy Son, from race to race.

171 *Praise to God.* Ps. cxlviii. 3, 12, 13. L. M.

- 1 FROM vocal air, and concave skies,
 Let wafted hallelujahs sound ;
 And let the sacred triumphs rise,
 Till vaulted heaven the notes rebound.
- 2 Thou solar orb! whose ruddy beam
 Compels the shades of night to yield;
 Thou silver moon! whose fainter gleam
 Scarce trembles o'er yon azure field!
- 3 Ye stars! who circle round the pole,
 Illumined with distinguished rays:
 Instruct your vocal spheres to roll
 Symphonious to your Maker's praise.
- 4 His name with pious praises sing,
 Who kindled first the beamy light:
 Who first commanded you to spring
 Forth from the cells of ancient night.
- 5 Ye active youths, in manly prime!
 Ye virgins decked with blooming grace!
 Ye elders pressed by creeping time!
 And you, the tender infant race!

6 Your voices raise with mixed acclaim,
 To praise the universal Lord ;
 The sole, august, majestic Name,
 O'er earth and distant heaven adored.

172 *But he shall appear to your joy, and they shall be ashamed. Isaiah lxvi. 5.*

1 FROM far I see the glorious day,
 When He who bore our sins away,
 Will all His majesty display.

2 "A man of sorrows," once He was ;
 No friend was found to plead His cause,
 For all preferred the world's applause.

3 He groaned beneath sin's awful load ;
 For in the sinner's place He stood,
 And died to bring him back to God.

4 But now He reigns with glory crowned,
 While angel-hosts His throne surround,
 And still His lofty praises sound.

5 To few on earth His name is dear ;
 And they who in His cause appear,
 The world's reproach and scorn must bear.

6 But yet there is a day to come,
 When He will seal the sinner's doom,
 And take his mourning people home.

7 Jesus, Thy name is all my boast !
 And though by waves of trouble tost,
 Thou wilt not let my soul be lost.

8 Come then, come quickly from above,
 My soul, impatient, longs to prove
 The depths of everlasting love.

173

The Mercy Seat. Heb. iv. 16. L. M.

1 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 place where spirits blend,
Where friend holds fellowship with friend ;
Though sundered far—by faith they meet
Around one common mercy-seat.

4 Ah, whither could we flee for aid,
When tempted, desolate, dismayed ?
Or when the host of hell defeat,
Had suffering saints no mercy-seat ?

5 There, there, on eagles' wings we soar,
And sin and sense seem almost o'er ;
And heaven comes down our souls to meet,
And glory crowns the mercy-seat.

6 Oh 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.

174

In deep Affliction. P. M.

FULL of trembling expectation,
Feeling much, and fearing more,

Mighty God of my salvation,
I thy timely aid implore:
Suffering Son of man, be near me,
All my sufferings to sustain,
By thy sorer griefs to cheer me,
By thy more than mortal pain.

2 Call to mind that unknown anguish
In thy days of flesh below,
When thy troubled soul did languish
Under a whole world of wo ;
When Thou didst our curse inherit,
Groan beneath our guilty load,
Burdened with a wounded spirit,
Bruised by all the wrath of God.

3 By thy most severe temptation,
In that dark, satanic hour ;
By thy last mysterious passion,
Screen me from the adverse power ;
By thy fainting in the garden,
By thy bloody sweat, I pray,
Write upon my heart the pardon,
Take my sins and fears away.

4 By the travail of thy spirit,
By thine outcry on the tree,
By thine agonizing merit,
In my pangs remember me !
By thy death I Thee conjure,
A weak, dying soul befriend ;
Make me patient to endure,
Make me faithful to the end.

G

175

Sweet Home. P. M.

1 GAY pleasures and palaces—mention
them not,

'Tis only in heaven that pain is forgot,

'Tis only in mansions prepared for the blest
That souls of believers can ever find rest.

Home, home, sweet, sweet home,

There's no place like home, there's no
place like home.

2 Poor exiles from heaven, we seek, but in
vain,

For pleasures, which only in Christ we obtain;

Temptations beset us, afflictions pursue,

And all that supports us, is heaven in view.

Home, home, sweet, sweet home,

There's no place like home, there's no
place like home.

3 O soon may this wearisome pilgrimage
cease,

O soon may we rest in the mansions of
peace,

And soon may the Saviour our welcome
proclaim

To a home in the skies, which he died
t' obtain.

Home, home, sweet, sweet home,

There's no place like home, there's no
place like home.

176 *Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil. Ps. xxiii. 4.*
P. M.

1 GENTLY Lord, O gently lead us,
Through this gloomy vale of tears,
Through the changes Thou'st decreed us,
Till our last great change appears.

O refresh us with Thy blessing,
O refresh us with Thy grace,
May Thy mercies, never ceasing,
Fit us for Thy dwelling place.

2 When temptations' darts assail us,
When in devious paths we stray,
Let Thy goodness never fail us,
Lead us in Thy perfect way.

O refresh us with Thy blessing, &c.

3 In the hour of pain and anguish,
In the hour when death draws near,
Suffer not our hearts to languish
Suffer not our souls to fear.

O refresh us with Thy blessing, &c.

4 When this mortal life is ended,
Bid us in Thine arms to rest,
Till by angel bands attended,
We awake among the blest.

O refresh us with Thy blessing, &c.

5 Then, O crown us with thy blessing,
Through the triumphs of Thy grace
Then shall praises never ceasing
Echo through Thy dwelling place.

O refresh us with thy blessing,
O refresh us with thy grace ;
May thy mercies, never ceasing,
Fit us for thy dwelling place.

177

Enlargement of the Church. 7's.

1 "GIVE us room that we may dwell,
Zion's children cry aloud :
See their numbers, how they swell,
How they gather like a cloud !

2 Oh how bright the morning seems !
Brighter from so dark a night :
Zion is like one that dreams,
Filled with wonder and delight.

3 Lo! thy sun goes down no more,
God himself will be thy light ;
All that caused thee grief before,
Buried lies in endless night.

4 Zion, now arise and shine :
Lo! thy light from heaven is come !
These that crowd from far are thine,
Give thy sons and daughters room.

178

Joy in Believing. John xx. 20. S. M.

1 GLAD, when they saw the Lord !
The sight their doubts removed !
They saw a precious friend restored !
The master whom they loved.

2 Glad, when they saw the Lord !

We ne'er beheld the sight ;

But, trusting in JEHOVAH'S word,

We share the blest delight.

3 Glad, when they saw the Lord !

Let us proclaim our joy,

Our hearts in unison accord,

And songs our lips employ.

4 Jesus the risen Lord,

Triumphant o'er the grave,

Now reigns, by highest heaven adored,

Omnipotent to save.

5 Jesus, exalted Lord,

Thy saints with thee are heirs ;

Firm is the hope thy words afford ;

Thy life's the pledge of theirs.

179

Evening Hymn. L. M.

1 GLORY to Thee, my God, this night,

For all the blessings of the light :

Keep me, Oh keep me, King of Kings!

Beneath thine own Almighty wings.

2 Forgive me, Lord, for thy dear Son,

The ill that I this day have done ;

That with the world, myself, and Thee,

I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.

3 Teach me to live, that I may dread

The grave as little as my bed :

Teach me to die, that so I may
Rise glorious at the Judgment-day.

4 Oh may my soul on Thee repose,
And with sweet sleep mine eyelids close !
Sleep, which may me more vigorous make,
To serve my God when I awake.

5 When in the night I sleepless lie,
My soul with heavenly thoughts supply :
Let no ill dreams disturb my rest,
No Powers of Darkness me molest.

6 Let my blest guardian, while I sleep,
His watchful station near me keep ;
My heart with love celestial fill,
And guard me from the approach of ill.

7 Lord, let my soul for ever share
The bliss of thy paternal care :
'Tis heaven on earth, 'tis heaven above,
To see thy face, and sing thy love !

8 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.

180 *Propagation of the Gospel through the
World. L. M.*

1 GO, Christians ! and aloud proclaim
Him whom by grace yourselves have found :
Publish His ever-precious Name
To all the wondering nations round.

2 Go tell through earth each wretched slave
Who groans beneath a tyrant's rod,

You bring—a freedom bought with blood,
The blood of an Incarnate God:

3 And tell the panting sable chief,
On Ethiopia's scorching sand,
You come—with a refreshing stream,
To cheer and bless his thirsty land.

4 Go tell through all wide Asia's shores,
From western Syria to Japan,
That to enrich the deathless Mind,
You come—the friends of God and Man.

5 Tell all the scattered heathen isles,
Which lie in darkness and the grave,
You come—a glorious Light to bring;
You come—their souls to seek and save.

181

Power and Grace of Christ.
Isaiah lxii. 10—12. L. M.

1 "GO through the gates"—'tis God commands:

Workers with God! the charge obey;
Remove whate'er his work withstands;
Prepare, prepare his people's way.

2 Lift up, for all mankind to see,
The standard of their Saviour-God;
And point them to the shameful tree,
The Cross—all stained with hallowed blood.

3 Zion! thy suffering Prince behold!
Thy Saviour and salvation too!
He comes, he comes, so long foretold,
Clothed in a vest of bloody hue.

4 Himself prepares his people's hearts,
Breaks and binds up, and wounds and heals;
A mystic death and life imparts,
Empties the full, the emptied fills.

5 He fills whom first he hath prepared:
With Him all needful grace is given;
Himself is here their great reward,
Their future and their present heaven.

182 *Christ our Example in Suffering.* P. M.

1 GO to dark Gethsemane,
Ye who feel the Tempter's power:
Your Redeemer's conflict see;

Watch with him one bitter hour:
Turn not from his griefs away;
Learn from Him to watch and pray.

2 See him at the judgment-hall,
Beaten, bound, reviled, arraigned:
See him meekly bearing all!

Love to man his soul sustained!
Shun not suffering, shame, or loss;
Learn of Christ to bear the Cross.

3 Calvary's mournful mountain view:
There the Lord of Glory see,
Made a sacrifice for you,

Dying on the accursed tree:
"It is finished," hear him cry;
Trust in Christ, and learn to die.

4 Early to the tomb repair,
Where they laid his breathless clay;

Angels kept their vigils there :

Who hath taken him away ?

“ Christ is risen ! ” he seeks the skies ;
Saviour ! teach us so to rise.

183 “ *Freely ye have received, freely give.* ”

Rev. xxii. 2. Matt. x. 8. L. M.

1 GO forth, and plant the sacred tree,
The Tree of Life—’tis God’s command ;
For health and healing it shall be,
A blessing meant for every land.

2 In every soil and clime it grows :
Beneath the sun its fruit is found :
It thrives amidst the winter snows,
When all is waste and dead around.

3 Speed then your way to every land !
Convey to all the gift of heaven :
We thus obey our Lord’s command,
We freely give what’s freely given.

184 *Departure of Missionaries. 7’s.*

1 GO ! ye messengers of God,
Like the beams of morning, fly ;
Take the wonder-working rod,
Wave the Banner-Cross on high !

2 Where the aspirant minaret
Gleams along the morning skies,
Wave it till the crescent set,
And the “ Star of Jacob ” rise.

3 Go; to many a tropic isle,
In the bosom of the deep;
Where the skies for ever smile,
And th' oppressed for ever weep!

4 O'er the negro's night of care
Pour the living light of heaven;
Chase away the fiend despair,
Bid him hope to be forgiven!

5 When the golden gates of day
Open on the palmy east,
Wide the bleeding Cross display,
Spread the Gospel's richest feast.

6 Circumnavigate the ball,
Visit every soil and sea;
Preach the Cross of Christ to all—
Jesu's love is full and free!

185

Vanity of the World. L. M.

1 GOD gives his mercies to be spent,
Your hoard will do your soul no good:
Gold is a blessing only lent,
Repaid by giving others food.

2 The world's esteem is but a bribe:
To buy their peace you sell your own:
The slave of a vain-glorious tribe,
Who hate you while they make you known.

3 The joy which vain amusements give,
Oh sad conclusion that it brings!
The honey of a crowded hive,
Defended by a thousand stings!

4 'Tis thus the world rewards the fools
 Who live upon her treacherous smiles:
 She leads them, blindfold, by her rules,
 And ruins all whom she beguiles.

5 God knows the thousands who go down
 From pleasure into endless wo;
 And, with a long despairing groan,
 Blaspheme their Maker as they go.

6 Oh fearful thought! be timely wise:
 Delight but in a Saviour's charms;
 And God shall take you to the skies,
 Embraced in everlasting arms.

186 *Light shining out of Darkness. C. M.*

1 GOD moves in a mysterious way,
 His wonders to perform;
 He plants his footsteps in the sea,
 And rides upon the storm.

2 Deep in unfathomable mines,
 Of never failing skill;
 He treasures up his bright designs,
 And works his sov'reign will.

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

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

- 5 His purposes will ripen fast,
 Unfolding every hour :
 The bud may have a bitter taste,
 But sweet will be the flower.
- 6 Blind unbelief is sure to err,
 And scan his work in vain,
 God is his own interpreter,
 And He will make it plain.

187 *Morning Hymn.* Psalm iii. 5. C. M.

- 1 GOD of my life, my morning song
 To thee I cheerful raise :
 Thy acts of love 'tis good to sing,
 And pleasant 'tis to praise.
- 2 Preserved by thy mighty arm,
 I passed the shades of night,
 Serene, and safe from ev'ry harm,
 To see the morning light.
- 3 While numbers spent the night in sighs,
 And restless pains and woes ;
 In gentle sleep I closed my eyes,
 And rose from sweet repose.
- 4 When sleep, death's image o'er me spread,
 And I unconscious lay,
 Thy watchful care was round my bed,
 To guard my feeble clay.
- 5 O let the same almighty care
 Through all this day attend :
 From every danger, every snare,
 My heedless steps defend.

6 Smile on my minutes as they roll,
 And guide my future days ;
 And let thy goodness fill my soul
 With gratitude and praise.

188 *The barren Fig Tree.* Luke xiii. 6—9. L. M.

1 GOD of my life, to Thee belong
 The thankful heart, the grateful song,
 Touched by thy love, each tuneful chord
 Resounds the goodness of the Lord.

2 Thou hast preserved my fleeting breath,
 And chased the gloomy shades of death ;
 The venom'd arrows vainly fly,
 When God our great deliverer's nigh.

3 Yet why, dear Lord, this tender care ?
 Why does thy hand so kindly rear
 A useless cumberer of the ground,
 On which no pleasant fruits are found ?

4 Still may the barren fig-tree stand !
 And, cultivated by thy hand,
 Verdure, and bloom, and fruit afford,
 Meet tribute to its bounteous Lord !

5 So shall thy praise employ my breath
 Through life, and in the arms of death,
 My soul the pleasant theme prolong,
 Then rise to aid th' angelic song.

189 *The Wisdom of redeeming Time*
 Eph. v. 15, 16. L. M.

1 GOD of eternity, from thee
 Did infant Time his being draw ;

Moments, and days, and months, and years,
Revolve by thine unvaried law.

2 Silent and slow they glide away ;
Steady and strong the current flows ;

Lost in eternity's wide sea—

The boundless gulf from whence it rose.

3 With it the thoughtless sons of men,
Before the rapid streams, are borne,

On to the everlasting home,

Whence not one soul can e'er return.

4 Yet, while the shore on either side
Presents a gaudy flatt'ring show,

We gaze in fond amazement lost,

Nor think to what a world we go.

5 Great source of wisdom ! teach my heart
To know the price of every hour ;

That time may bear me on to joys

Beyond its measure, and its power.

190 *Thou hast turned for me my mourning into
dancing, &c. Psalm xxx. 11. P. M.*

1 GOD has turned my grief to gladness,
He has made my heart rejoice ;

I who lately pined in sadness,

Now can raise my thankful voice :

Sweet it is the saints to join,

Sweet to call their Saviour mine.

2 O how short is his displeasure ?

As a moment it appears ;

But his love is without measure,

Still the same through endless years.
 Weeping may the night employ,
 But the morning beams with joy.

3 Jesus smiles, and from his favour,
 Life and joy are found to flow ;

O for faith that does not waver !

Lord, on me this faith bestow ;
 Since thy promise changes not,
 Grant that I may never doubt.

4 Help me now, ye saints, to praise him ;
 Join, ye angels, while we sing ;

Though our efforts cannot raise him,
 (What can raise our glorious King ?)

Praise should never cease to flow :
 'Tis the tribute that we owe.

191 *God is Light and Love. 8's and 7's. P. M.*

1 GOD is love ; his mercy brightens
 All the path in which we move ;
 Bliss he forms, and wo he lightens :
 God is light, and God is love.

2 Chance and change are busy ever :
 Worlds decay, and ages move ;
 But his mercy waneth never :
 God is light, and God is love.

3 E'en the hour that darkest seemeth
 Will his changeless goodness prove ;
 From the mist his brightness streameth :
 God is light, and God is love.

4 He with earthly cares entwineth
 Hope and comfort from above ;
 Every where his glory shineth :
 God is light, and God is love.

192 *Neither shall any plague come nigh thy dwelling. Psalm. xc. 10.*

1 GOD of Israel, we adore Thee !
 Thou hast kept us through the day ;
 Thus preserved, we come before Thee,
 Ours the new and living way !
 Safely keep us through the night,
 Guard us till the morning light ;
 Nor forsake us
 Till Thou take us
 Far from earth to dwell with Thee,
 Through a bright eternity.

193 *Christians meeting and separating for the work of God. C. M.*

1 GOD of all consolation take
 The glory of thy grace !
 Thy gifts to Thee we render back,
 In ceaseless songs of praise.

2 Through Thee we now together came,
 In singleness of heart ;
 We met, O Jesus, in thy name,
 And in thy name we part.

3 Present we still in spirit are,
 And intimately nigh ;
 While on the wings of faith and prayer
 We each to other fly.

- 4 Our life is hid with Christ in God:
Our life shall soon appear,
And shed its glory all abroad,
In all his members here.
- 5 The heavenly treasure now we have
In a vile house of clay;
But he shall to the utmost save,
And keep us to that day.
- 6 Then let us lawfully contend,
And fight our passage through:
Bear in our faithful minds the end,
And keep the prize in view.

194

Deliverances Acknowledged. L. M.

- 1 GOD of my life, whose gracious power,
Through varied deaths my soul hath led,
Or turned aside the fatal hour,
Or lifted up my sinking head!
- 2 In all my ways thy hand I own,
Thy ruling providence I see:
Assist me still my course to run,
And still direct my paths to Thee.
- 3 Oft hath the sea confessed thy power,
And given me back at thy command;
It could not, Lord, my life devour,
Safe in the hollow of thine hand.
- 4 Oft from the margin of the grave,
Thou, Lord, hast lifted up my head;
Sudden, I found Thee near to save;
The fever owned thy touch, and fled.

- 5 Whither, O! whither should I fly,
 But to my loving Saviour's breast,
 Secure within thine arms to lie,
 And safe beneath thy wings to rest?
- 6 I have no skill the snare to shun,
 But Thou, O Christ my wisdom art:
 I ever into ruin run;
 But thou art greater than my heart.
- 7 Foolish, and impotent, and blind,
 Lead me a way I have not known;
 Bring me where I my heaven may find,
 The heaven of loving Thee alone.

195 *Parents praying for their Offspring.* C. M.

- 1 GOD only wise, almighty, good,
 Send forth thy truth and light,
 To point us out the narrow road,
 And guide our steps aright;
 To steer our dangerous course between
 The rocks on either hand,
 And fix us in the golden mean,
 And bring our charge to land.
- 2 Made apt by thy sufficient grace
 To teach as taught by Thee,
 We come to train, in all thy ways,
 Our rising progeny:
 Their selfish will betimes subdue,
 And mortify their pride,
 And lend their youth a sacred clue
 To find the Crucified.

3 We would in every step look up,
 By thy example taught,
 T' alarm their fear, excite their hope,
 And rectify their thought.

We would persuade them to obey,
 With mildest zeal proceed,
 And never take the harsher way,
 When love will do the deed.

4 For this we ask, in faith sincere,
 The wisdom from above
 To touch their hearts with filial fear,
 And pure, ingenuous love;
 To watch their will, to sense inclined,
 Withhold the hurtful food,
 And gently bend their tender mind,
 And draw their souls to God.

196 *Hope from the Gospel only.* S. M.

1 GOD'S Holy Law, transgressed,
 Speaks nothing but despair;
 Burdened with guilt, with grief oppress
 We find no comfort there.

2 Not all our groans and tears,
 Nor works which we have done,
 Nor vows, nor promises, nor prayers,
 Can e'er for sin atone.

3 Relief alone is found
 In Jesus' precious blood:
 'Tis this that heals the mortal wound,
 And reconciles to God.

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

197 *God glorified by the Death of Christ. L. M.*

1 GOD'S Nature and his Name we read,
 When we behold the Saviour bleed ;
 And, when we hear his dying groan,
 His shame and grief explain our own !

2 The lustre of the Holy Law,
 Thus honoured, fills our minds with awe ;
 And Calvary's scenes at once reveal
 More love and wrath than heaven and hell.

3 How pure the truth which would not spare,
 Thine equal, thine eternal heir !
 How great the Love which freely gave
 Thy Son thine enemies to save !

4 Thy just Commands, by Him obeyed,
 In all their beauties stand displayed :
 Thy righteous Vengeance, falling there,
 Fills earth and heaven with holy fear.

198 *Of Faith, that it may be by Grace.
 Rom. iv. 16. S. M.*

1 GRACE is the sweetest sound
 That ever reached our ears,
 When conscience charged, and justice
 frowned,
 'Twas grace removed our fears.

- 2 Grace is a theme indeed,
 A hope-inspiring theme,
 'Tis all we can desire or need,
 'Tis more than fancy's dream.
- 3 'Tis freedom to the slave,
 'Tis light and liberty;
 It takes its terror from the grave,
 'Tis joy and victory.
- 4 Grace is a mine of wealth
 Laid open to the poor;
 Grace is the sovereign spring of health,
 'Tis life for ever more.
- 5 Of grace then let us sing,
 A joyful wondrous theme,
 The God of grace is Israel's king,
 And grace proceeds from him.
- 6 We hope to see his face,
 With all the saints above,
 And sing for ever of his grace,
 For ever of his love.

199 *Penitent seeking Christ. Can. ii. 5. 7's.*

- 1 GRACIOUS Lord, incline thine ear:
 My requests vouchsafe to hear;
 Sore distressed with guilt am I;
 Give me Christ, or else I die.
- 2 Wealth and honour I disdain,
 Earthly comforts, all are vain;
 These can never satisfy;
 Give me Christ, or else I die.

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

4 All unholy and unclean,
 I am nothing else but sin;
 On thy mercy I rely;
 Give me Christ, or else I die.

5 Thou dost freely save the lost;
 In thy grace alone I trust;
 With my earnest suit comply;
 Give me Christ, or else I die.

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

7 Father, dost thou seem to frown?
 I take shelter in thy Son;
 Jesus! to thine arms I fly;
 Come and save me, or I die.

200 *God's goodness renewed every Morning
 and Evening. C. M.*

1 GREAT God! my early vows to thee
 With gratitude I'll bring;
 And at the rosy dawn of day
 Thy lofty praises sing.

2 Thou, round the heavenly arch dost draw
 A dark and sable veil,
 And all the beauties of the world,
 From mortal eyes conceal.

3 Again the sky with golden beams
 Thy skilful hands adorn,
 And paint with cheerful splendour gay
 The fair ascending morn.

4 And as the gloomy night returns,
 Or smiling day renews,
 Thy constant goodness still my soul
 With benefits pursues.

5 For this will I my vows to thee
 With evening incense bring ;
 And at the rosy dawn of day
 Thy lofty praises sing.

201 *Praise for dry weather in Harvest. C. M.*

1 GREAT God, to Thee, with cheerful songs,
 Our humble thanks we bring ;
 Accept the praises of our lips,
 O, Thou most bounteous king.

2 Thou hast dispersed the watery clouds,
 And cleared the darkened sky ;
 To Thee we raise our grateful notes,
 Who brought salvation nigh.

3 O may the sons of Adam know,
 That God will lend an ear
 To souls, who at His footstool bow
 To Him in humble prayer

202 *Evening Hymn. Prov. iii. 24. L. M.*

- 1 GREAT God, to thee my evening song,
With humble gratitude, I raise;
O let thy mercy tune my tongue,
And fill my heart with lively praise.
- 2 Mercy, that rich unbounded store,
Does my unnumbered wants relieve;
Among thy daily craving poor,
On thy all-bounteous hand I live.
- 3 My days unclouded as they pass,
And every gentle rolling hour,
Are monuments of wondrous grace,
And witness to thy love and power.
- 4 Thy love and power, celestial guard,
Preserve me from surrounding harms:—
Can danger reach me, while the Lord
Extends his kind protecting arms?
- 5 Seal my forgiveness in the blood
Of Jesus;—his dear name alone
I plead for pardon, gracious God,
And kind acceptance at thy throne.
- 6 Let this blest hope mine eyelids close,
With sleep refresh my feeble frame;
Safe in thy care may I repose,
And wake with praises to thy name.

203 *Prayer for Grace. C. M.*

- 1 GREAT author of each perfect gift,
Thy sovereign grace display;

That our rebellious roving hearts
 May hearken and obey.

2 Inspired by Thee, our feeble souls
 Shall pass victorious on ;
 As the faint dawning light improves
 To all the blaze of noon.

204 *By the Children at a Charity School
 Sermon. P. M.*

1 GREAT God ! our voice to Thee we raise,
 Tune thou our lips and hearts with praise,
 Thy goodness to adore :
 Our life, our health, and every friend,
 From Thee arise, on Thee depend,
 Kind Father of the poor !

2 Stretch o'er our heads thy guardian wings,
 Secure the weak, O King of kings !
 Our Shield and Refuge be :
 Thy Spirit, Lord, conduct our youth,
 Through Christ, the Life, the Way, the
 Truth,
 That we may come to Thee !

3 While friends their generous aid afford,
 Accept the kind intention, Lord,
 And crown it with thy love ;
 Then joy shall tune our humble songs,
 Till we shall join immortal tongues
 In nobler praise above.

205*Sunday-School Hymn. C. M.*

- 1 GREAT God! to Thee, a youthful band,
We raise our humble prayer;
And bless thy kind and gracious hand,
For all the good we share.
- 2 Once, with a helpless, hopeless throng,
Even on thy holy day,
In sin we held our course along,
And trifled time away.
- 3 Unknown, untutored, and forlorn,
We sought the downward road;
Far on the stream of pleasure borne,
From happiness and God.
- 4 Now let the word of truth divine
Our earliest thoughts engage;
On life's unfolding prospect shine,
And crown our growing age.

206*The Last Judgment. P. M.*

- 1 GREAT God! what do I see and hear!
The end of things created!
Behold the Judge of man appear,
On clouds of glory seated!
The trumpet sounds! the graves restore
The dead, which they contained before!
Prepare, my soul! to meet Him.
- 2 The dead in Christ shall first arise,
At the last trumpet's sounding;

Caught up to meet Him in the skies
 With joy their Lord surrounding;
 No gloomy fears their souls dismay;
 His presence sheds eternal day
 On those prepared to meet Him.

3 But sinners, filled with guilty fears,
 Behold his wrath prevailing;
 For they shall rise, and find their tears
 And sighs are unavailing:
 The day of grace is past and gone!
 Trembling they stand before the throne,
 All unprepared to meet Him.

4 Great God! what do I see and hear!
 The end of things created!
 Behold the Judge of man appear,
 On clouds of glory seated!
 Low at his Cross, I view the day
 When heaven and earth shall pass away,
 And thus prepare to meet Him.

207 *Christ's peaceful Kingdom.* L. M.,

1 GREAT God! whom heaven, and earth
 and sea,
 With all their countless hosts, obey;
 Upheld by Thee the nations stand,
 And empires fall at thy command.

2 Beneath thy long expected ire
 Let every Antichrist expire:
 Thy knowledge spread from sea to sea,
 Till every nation bows to Thee.

3 Then shew thyself the Prince of Peace,
 Command the din of war to cease :
 With sacred love the world inspire,
 And burn its chariots in the fire.

4 In sunder break each warlike spear ;
 Let all the Saviour's ensigns wear :
 The Universal Sabbath prove—
 The utmost rest of Christian Love !

5 The world shall then no discord know,
 But, hand in hand, to Canaan go ;
 Jesus, the peaceful King, adore,
 And learn the art of war no more.

208

Prayer for Youth. S. M.

1 GREAT God ! with heart and tongue,
 For all our Youth we pray ;
 Oh may they learn, while they are young,
 To walk in wisdom's way !

2 Now, in their early days,
 Teach them thy will to know ;
 O God, thy sanctifying grace
 On every heart bestow !

3 Make their defenceless youth
 The object of thy care ;
 Cause them to choose the way of truth,
 And fly from every snare.

4 Their hearts, to folly prone,
 Renew by power divine ;
 Unite them to thyself alone,
 And make them wholly Thine.

5 Lord, let thy Sacred Word
 Their warmest thoughts employ ;
 There let them daily find the road
 Which leads to endless joy.

209 *Divine Goodness in moderating Affliction.*
 C. M.

1 GREAT Ruler of all nature's frame !
 We own thy power divine ;
 We hear thy breath in every storm,
 For all the winds are thine.

2 Wide as they sweep their sounding way,
 They work thy sovereign will ;
 And, awed by thy majestic voice,
 Confusion shall be still.

3 Thy mercy tempers every blast
 To them that seek thy face ;
 And mingles with the tempest's roar
 The whispers of thy grace.

210 *Thanksgiving for Peace.* L. M.

1 GREAT Ruler of the earth and skies !
 A word of thine Almighty breath
 Can sink the world, or bid it rise :
 Thy smile is life—thy frown is death !

2 When angry nations rush to arms,
 And rage, and noise, and tumult reign ;
 And war resounds its dire alarms,
 And slaughter dyes the hostile plains—

3 Thy sovereign eye looks calmly down,
 And marks their course, and bounds their
 power :

Thy word the angry nations own,
And noise and war are heard no more.

4 Thou good, and wise, and righteous Lord !
All move subservient to thy will ;
And peace and war await thy word,
And thy sublime decrees fulfil.

5 To thee we raise our grateful songs,
Thy kind protection still implore,
O may our hearts, and lives, and tongues,
Confess thy goodness, and adore !

211 *The Justice and Goodness of God.* L. M.

1 GREAT God, my Maker, and my King,
Of thee I'll speak, of thee I'll sing ;
All thou hast done, and all thou dost,
Declare thee good, proclaim thee just.

2 Thy ancient thoughts, and firm decrees,
Thy threatenings, and thy promises,
The joys of heaven, the pains of hell,
What angels taste, what devils feel :

3 Thy terrors and thine acts of grace,
Thy threatening rod and smiling face,
Thy wounding, and thy healing word,
A world undone, a world restored :

4 While these excite my fear and joy ;
While these my tuneful lips employ ;
Accept, O Lord, the humble song,
The tribute of a trembling tongue.

212

Sion's increase prayed for. Isa. lxii. 6, 7.
L. M.

1 GREAT Lord of all thy churches, hear
Thy minister's and people's prayer ;
Perfumed by thee, O may it rise
Like fragrant incense to the skies.

2 May every pastor from above
Be new inspired with zeal and love
To watch thy flock, thy flock to feed,
And sow with care the precious seed.

3 Revive thy churches with thy grace,
Heal all our breaches, grant us peace ;
Rouse us from sloth, our hearts inflame
With ardent zeal for Jesus' name.

4 May young and old thy word receive,
Dead sinners hear thy voice and live,
The wounded conscience healing find,
And joy refresh each drooping mind.

5 May aged saints, matured with grace,
Abound in fruits of holiness ;
And when transplanted to the skies,
May younger in their stead arise.

6 Thus we our suppliant voices raise,
And weeping sow the seed of praise,
In humble hope that thou wilt hear
Thy minister's and people's prayer.

213

Going to a new Habitation. C. M.

1 GREAT God where'er we pitch our tent,
Let us an altar raise :

And there, with humble frame, present
Our sacrifice of praise.

2 To thee we give our health and strength,
While health and strength shall last;
For future mercies humbly trust,
Nor e'er forget the past.

214

New-Year's Day. L. M.

1 GREAT God we sing that mighty Hand
By which supported still we stand:
The opening year thy mercy shows;
Let mercy crown it, till the close.

2 By day, by night, at home, abroad,
Still we are guarded by our God;
By his incessant bounty fed,
By his unerring counsel led.

3 With grateful hearts the past we own;
The future, all to us unknown,
We to thy guardian care commit,
And peaceful leave before thy feet.

4 In scenes exalted or depressed,
Be thou our joy, and thou our rest;
Thy goodness all our hopes shall raise,
Adored through all our changing days.

5 When death shall interrupt these songs,
And seal in silence mortal tongues;
Our helper, God, in whom we trust,
In better worlds our souls shall boast.

215 *Pardoning God.* Matt. xviii. 27. P. M.

1 GREAT God of wonders, all thy ways
Are matchless, godlike, and divine;
But the fair glories of thy grace
More godlike and unrivalled shine.

Who is a pardoning God like thee?
Or who has grace so rich and free?

2 Crimes of such horror to forgive;
Such guilty, daring worms to spare
This is thy grand prerogative,

And none shall in the honour share.
Who is a pardoning God like thee?
Or who has grace so rich and free?

3 Angels and men, resign your claim
To pity, mercy, love and grace;
These glories crown Jehovah's name
With an incomparable blaze:

Who is a pardoning God like thee?
Or who has grace so rich and free?

4 In wonder lost, with trembling joy,
We take the pardon of our God;
Pardon for crimes of deepest dye,

A pardon bought with Jesus' blood,
Who is a pardoning God like thee?
Or who has grace so rich and free?

5 Oh may this strange, this matchless grace,
This godlike miracle of love,

Fill the wide earth with grateful praise,
And all th' angelic choirs above!

Who is a pardoning God like thee?
Or who has grace so rich and free?

216 *For the Morning of the Lord's Day.*
P. M.

1 GREAT God! this sacred day of Thine,
Demands the soul's collected powers;

Gladly we now to Thee resign
These solemn, these devoted hours!

O may our souls adoring own
The Grace that calls us to thy throne!

2 Hence, ye vain cares and trifles, fly;
Where God resides appear no more:—

REDEEMER! thine all-piercing eye
Can every secret thought explore:

O may thy Grace our bosoms move,
And fix our thoughts on things above.

3 Thy SPIRIT's powerful aid impart,
And bid thy Word, with life divine,
Engage the ear, and warm the heart,
Then shall the Day indeed be thine:

Then shall our souls adoring own
The Grace that calls us to thy throne.

217 *A Prayer for Success to Missions.* L. M.

1 GREAT God of glory show thy face,
And crown our efforts with thy grace;
In heathen lands thy gospel bless,
And here secure its large increase.

2 Let Jews and Gentiles, bond and free,
Embrace salvation, Lord, by thee;
While those who now in darkness dwell,
Deliverance sing from guilt and hell.

3 Millions there are on heathen ground,
 Who never heard the gospel's sound ;
 O send it forth, and let it run,
 Swift and reviving as the sun.

4 O, look on those, who stand to tell
 Sinners the way that leads from hell :
 Guide thou their lips, their hearts unite ;
 Teach them to act as in thy sight.

5 To those who give do thou impart
 A generous, wise, and tender heart ;
 Lord, crown their zeal, reward their care,
 That in thy grace they all may share.

6 Let many stand around thy throne,
 From different climes, let many own,
 The banner of the cross unfurled
 Has saved from hell a ruined world.

H

218 *Resurrection and Ascension of Christ.*

P. M.

1 HAIL the day that sees him rise,
 Ravished from our wishful eyes :
 Christ awhile to mortals given,
 Re-ascends his native heaven,
 There the mighty conqueror waits,
 "Lift your heads eternal gates !
 Wide unfold the radiant scene,
 Take the King of glory in."

2 Circled round with angel powers,
Their triumphant Lord and ours,
Conqueror o'er death, hell, and sin,
Take the King of glory in :
Him though highest heaven receives,
Still he love the earth he leaves,
Though returned to his throne,
Still he calls mankind his own.

3 See, he lifts his hands above ;
See, he shows the prints of love ;
Hark! his gracious lips bestow
Blessings on his church below :
Still for us he intercedes,
Prevalent his death he pleads ;
Next himself prepares our place,
Saviour of the human race.

4 Master (may we ever say)
Taken from our head to-day
See thy faithful servants, see !
Ever gazing up to thee !
Grant, though parted from our sight,
High above yon azure height,
Grant our hearts may thither rise
Seeking Thee beyond the skies.

5 Ever upward may we move,
Wafted on the wings of love ;
Looking when our Lord shall come,
Longing, panting after home !
There may we with thee remain
Partners of thine endless reign ;
There thy face unclouded see,
Find our heaven of heavens in thee !

219*The Fountain of Life. P. M.*

- 1 HAIL, Everlasting Spring!
 Celestial Fountain, hail!
 Thy streams Salvation bring,
 Thy waters never fail:
 Still they endure; And still they flow,
 For all our wo A sovereign cure.
- 2 Blest be his wounded side,
 And blest his bleeding heart;
 Who all in anguish died
 Such favours to impart!
 His sacred blood Shall make us clean
 From every sin, And fit for God.
- 3 To that dear source of love
 Our souls this day would come:
 And thither, from above,
 Lord, call the nations home:
 That Jew and Greek, With rapturous songs
 On all their tongues, Thy praise may speak.

220*Christian Love. Gal. iii. 28. C. M.*

- 1 HAIL, everlasting Prince of peace!
 Hail, Governor divine!
 How gracious is thy sceptre's sway!
 What gentle laws are thine!
- 2 Thy tender heart with love o'erflowed,
 Love spoke in every breath,
 Vigorous it reigned through all thy life,
 And triumphed in thy death.

3 All these united charms how strong
Our stubborn hearts to move!

And this the proof of love to thee,
"That we each other love."

4 O be the sacred law fulfilled
In every act and thought:

Each angry passion far removed,
Each selfish view forgot.

5 Be all our hearts dilated wide
By our Redeemer's grace,

And in one grasp of fervent love,
His followers all embrace.

221 *Converting Grace.* Psalm xlv. 3—5. C. M.

1 HAIL! mighty Jesus! how divine
Is thy victorious sword!

The stoutest rebel must resign
At thy commanding word.

2 The strongest holds of satan yield
To thine all-conquering hand;

When once thy glorious arm's revealed,
No creature can withstand.

3 Deep are the wounds thy arrows give
They pierce the hardest heart;

Thy smiles of grace the slain revive,
And joy succeeds to smart.

4 Still gird thy sword upon thy thigh;
Ride with majestic sway:

Go forth, sweet Prince, triumphantly,
And make thy foes obey.

- 5 And when thy victories are complete,
And all the chosen race
Shall, round the throne of glory, meet
To sing thy conquering grace ;
- 6 O may my humble soul be found
Among that favoured band !
And I, with them, thy praise will sound
Throughout Immanuel's land.

222 *Christ Crucified and Glorified.* 8's. & 7's.

- 1 HAIL, thou once despised Jesus !
Hail, derided, injured King !
Thou didst suffer to release us :
Thou didst free salvation bring.
- 2 Hail, thou agonizing Saviour,
Bearer of our sin and shame !
By thy merits we find favour,
Life is given through thy name.
- 3 Paschal Lamb, by God appointed,
All our sins were on thee laid !
For the glorious work anointed,
Thou hast full atonement made !
- 4 All thy people are forgiven,
Through the virtue of thy blood :
Opened is the gate of heaven ;
Peace is made 'twixt man and God.
- 5 Jesus, hail, enthroned in glory,
There for ever to abide !
All the heavenly hosts adore thee,
Seated at thy Father's side.

6 There for sinners thou art pleading,
 There thou dost our place prepare ;
 Ever for us interceding,
 Till in glory we appear.

223 *Praise to the Deliverer.* 1 Cor. xv. 56, 57.
 P. M.

1 HAIL! to the sovereign power which broke,
 The strength of sins tyrannic yoke,
 And freed our captive race ;
 Did all the rage of hell confound,
 And gave to death its fatal wound :
 All hail victorious grace !

2 Hail ! to the friend of human kind,
 Who his celestial throne resigned,
 To succour man distress ;
 Who could unnumbered wrongs forgive,
 Who groaned the rebel to relieve,
 And died to make him blest !

3 To Thee our lives, our souls we owe,
 Our peace, and purest joys below,
 And brighter hopes above :
 Then let our lives and all that's ours,
 Our souls, our passions, and our powers,
 Be sacred to thy love.

4 O when shall that great day arise,
 When, in full glory, to our eyes,
 Thy beauties shall appear !
 Then, with a far more noble strain,
 We'll praise thee on the blissful plain,
 Through heaven's eternal year.

224

Happiness. P. M.

- 1 HAPPINESS, thou lovely name!
Where's thy seat, O tell me where?
Learning, pleasure, wealth, and fame,
All cry out, "It is not here:"
Not the wisdom of the wise,
Can inform me where it lies:
Not the grandeur of the great,
Can the bliss I seek create.
- 2 Object of my first desire,
Jesus, crucified for me!
All to happiness aspire,
Only to be found in thee:
Thee to praise, and thee to know,
Constitute our bliss below!
Thee to see, and thee to love,
Constitute our bliss above.
- 3 Lord, it is not life to live,
If thy presence thou deny:
Lord, if thou thy presence give,
'Tis no longer death to die:
Source and giver of repose,
Singly from thy smile it flows:
Peace and happiness are thine,
Mine they are, if thou art mine.
- 4 Whilst I feel thy love to me,
Every object teems with joy;
Here, O may I walk with thee,
Then into thy presence die!

Let me but thyself possess,
 Total sum of happiness !
 Real bliss I then shall prove ;
 Heaven below and heaven above.

225 *True Wisdom.* Prov. iii. 13—18. L. M.

1 HAPPY the man, who finds the grace—
 The blessing of God's chosen race ;
 The wisdom coming from above,
 And faith that sweetly works by love.

2 Happy beyond description he,
 Who knows the "Saviour died for me,"
 The gift unspeakable obtains,
 And heavenly understanding gains.

3 Her ways are ways of pleasantness
 And all her flowery paths are peace ;
 Wisdom to silver we prefer,
 And gold is dross compared with her.

4 He finds, who wisdom apprehends,
 A life begun that never ends ;
 The tree of life divine she is,
 Set in the midst of paradise.

5 Happy the man, who wisdom gains,
 In whose obedient heart she reigns ;
 He owns, and will for ever own,
 Wisdom, and Christ, and heaven, are one.

226 *The Happiness of the Godly.* L. M.

1 HAPPY the men, whose bliss supreme,
 Flows from a source on high,

- And flows in one perpetual stream,
When earthly springs are dry.
- 2 Contentment makes their little—more ;
And sweetens good possessed ;
While faith foretastes the joys in store,
And makes them doubly blessed.
- 3 If Providence their comforts shroud,
And dark distresses lower,
Hope paints its rainbow on the cloud,
And grace shines through the shower.
- 4 What troubles can their hearts o'erwhelm,
Who view a Saviour near ?
Whose Father sits and guides the helm ;
Whose voice forbids their fear ?
- 5 Let tempests rage, and billows rise,
And mortal firmness shrink ;
Their anchor fastens in the skies ;
Their bark no storm can sink !
- 6 God is their joy and portion still,
When earthly good retires ;
And shall their hearts sustain and fill,
When earth itself expires.

227

The Song of Angels. Luke ii. 14. 7's.

- 1 HARK! the herald angels sing—
“Glory to the New-born King!
Glory in the highest heaven,
Peace on earth, and man forgiven.”
- 2 Joyful, all ye nations, rise!
Join the triumph of the skies ;

With th' angelic host proclaim,
Christ is born in Bethlehem !

3 Christ by highest heaven adored,
Christ, the Everlasting Lord ;
Late in time behold him come,
Offspring of a virgin's womb !

4 Veiled in flesh the Godhead see,
Hail the Incarnate Deity !
Pleased as man with man to dwell,
Jesus our Immanuel.

5 Hail the heaven-born Prince of Peace !
Hail the Sun of Righteousness !
Light and life to all he brings,
Risen with healing in his wings.

6 Lo ! He lays his glory by !
Born, that man no more may die ;
Born, to raise the sons of earth ;
Born, to give them second birth.

7 Sing we then, with angels sing—
" Glory to the New-born King !
Glory in the highest heaven,
Peace on earth, and man forgiven."

228

Universal Reign of Christ. 7's.

1 HARK ! the Song of Jubilee,
Loud—as mighty thunders roar :
Or the fulness of the sea,
When it breaks upon the shore—

2 Hallelujah ! for the Lord,
God Omnipotent, shall reign :

Hallelujah ! let the word
Echo round the earth and main.

3 Hallelujah !—hark ! the sound,
From the centre to the skies,
Wake's above, beneath, around,
All creation's harmonies !

4 See Jehovah's banners furled,
Sheathed his sword ! He speaks—'tis done,
And the Kingdoms of this world
Are the Kingdom of his Son.

5 He shall reign from pole to pole
With illimitable sway :
He shall reign, when, like a scroll,
Yonder heavens have passed away !

6 Then the end—beneath his rod,
Man's last enemy shall fall :
Hallelujah ! Christ in God,
God in Christ, is All in All.

229

"Come and help us!" C. M.

1 HARK ! what mean those lamentations,
Rolling sadly through the sky ?

'Tis the cry of Heathen Nations—
"Come and help us, or we die !"

2 Hear the Heathen's sad complaining,
Christians ! hear their dying cry ;
And, the love of Christ constraining,
Haste to help them, ere they die.

230 *Lovest thou me? John xxi. 16. 7's.*

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

2 "I delivered thee when bound,
And, when wounded, healed thy wound,
Sought thee wandering, set thee right,
Turned thy darkness into light.

3 "Can a woman'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 see my glory soon,
When the work of grace is done;
Partner of my throne shall be,
Say, poor sinner, lovest thou me?"

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

231 *We have seen his star in the east, and have come to worship him. Matt. ii. 2. 7's.*

1 HARK! what sounds salute our ears,
Christ the Lord, at length appears:

“Unto us a Son is given,”
Angels bring the news from heaven.

2 Come, ye saints, arise and sing,
Glory be to God our King!

“Unto us a child is born,”
Zion is no more forlorn.

3 Who are these that come from far,
Led by Jacob’s rising star?

Lo, they gather like a cloud;
Or, as doves, their windows crowd.

4 Strangers these, to Zion come,
There to seek a peaceful home;
Zion wonders at the sight;
Zion feels a strange delight.

5 Zion now no more shall sigh;
God will raise her glory high:
He will send a large increase;
He will give her people peace.

6 Sons of Zion, sing aloud,
See her sky without a cloud:
God will make her joy complete;
Zion’s sun shall never set.

232 *Sing unto the Lord.* Isa. xii. 5. L. M.

1 HARK! how the distant nations sing,
The mountains and the valleys ring;
And while they welcome Jacob’s star,
With joy we listen from afar.

2 ’Tis Jacob’s star that sheds its light
On lands till now involved in night,

And gives the promise of a day,
Whose glories never fade away.

3 For joy of this, the people sing,
For joy of this, the mountains ring;
A cheerful and a blessed sound,
'Twill spread, ere long, the world around.

4 A day of promise such as this
The cause of joy and wonder is;
We wonder, and we praise the Lord,
We own the triumphs of his word.

5 The God of Israel glorious is,
The kingdom and the power are his;
While foes, ere long, must own his claim,
His friends shall triumph in his name:

6 Shall triumph in his name that day
When heaven and earth shall pass away,
God's chosen and appointed heirs,
The bright inheritance is theirs.

233 *Blessed are the Dead which die in the Lord.*
Rev. xiv. 13. P. M.

1 HARK! a voice, it cries from heaven,
"Happy in the Lord who die!"

Happy they to whom 'tis given
From a world of grief to fly!

They indeed are truly blest,
From their labour then they rest.

2 All their toil and conflicts over,
Lo! they dwell with Christ above;

O what glories they discover
In the Saviour whom they love!

Now they see him face to face,
Him who saved them by his grace.

3 'Tis enough, enough for ever,
'Tis his people's bright reward ;
They are blest indeed, who never
Shall be absent from the Lord ;
O that we may die like those
Who in Jesus then repose !

234 *His name is Wonderful.* Isa. ix. 6. L. M.

1 HARK! hark! what news the Angels
bring!

Glad tidings of the new-born King ;
The promised Saviour of mankind ;
Sinners! in Him Salvation find.

2 This is the day, and this the morn,
Which hailed th' Almighty Saviour born,
Born of the Holy Virgin pure,
Born without sin, from guilt secure.

3 Hail! perfect God, and perfect Man!
Thy wondrous birth what mind shall scan?
In vain the highest Seraph tries
To search thy love's deep mysteries.

4 If Angels sung at Jesus' birth,
What cause for holy joy on earth!
For us our feeble flesh he took ;
For us the realms of light forsook.

5 Stupendous Child! my God and King!
The wonders of thy love I'll sing ;

To grateful accents tune my voice,
And, while I live, in Thee rejoice.

235 *The Glory of the Latter Day.* Isa. ii. 2-4.
P. M.

1 HARK! a cry among the nations—

“Come, and let us seek the Lord!

Vain our former expectations:

Vain the idols we adored:

Zion's King is God alone,

Let us bow before his throne.”

2 See! from every quarter flowing,

Joyful crowds assemble round!

Love in every heart is glowing,

Praise is heard in every sound.

While Jehovah shows his face,

Glory fills the sacred place.

3 Weapons, meant for mutual slaughter,

Now are instruments of peace:

They who taste the living water

Learn from war and strife to cease.

Jesus reigns! the earth is still!

All the nations do his will!

236 *The Universal Reign of Christ.* Rev. xi. 15.
xiv. 3. L. M.

1 HARK! what triumphant strains are
these,

Which echo through the vault of heaven!

To Jesus, once on Calvary slain,

The kingdoms of the earth are given,

2 Hark ! the new song before the throne,
Which only the redeemed can raise !
Angels may tune their golden harps,
But cannot reach these notes of praise.

3 They worship our Exalted Lord,
And hail Him universal King ;
But saints, the purchase of his blood,
Can strike a sweeter, nobler string.

4 The wonders of his dying love
Their hallelujahs loud proclaim ;
While, with extatic joy they shout
New honours to his Sacred Name.

5 From every kindred, every tongue,
From barbarous nations long unknown,
From polished Greeks, and Scythians rude,
A countless host surround the throne—

6 In robes of spotless white arrayed,
And palms of victory in their hand,
With holy wonder and delight,
The trophies of his grace they stand.

237 *Thy Kingdom come.* Matt. vi. 10. L. M.

1 HAST thou not said, almighty God,
The humble heart is thine abode ?
Erect thy kingdom, Lord, within,
And let thy grace subdue our sin.

2 To distant lands thy gospel send,
And thus thy empire wide extend :
To Gentile, Turk, and stubborn Jew,
Great King of grace, salvation shew.

3 Where'er thy light and sun arise,
 Thy name, O God, immortalize!
 May nations yet unborn, confess
 Thy wisdom, power, and righteousness.

238

The Sinner Hastened. L. M.

- 1 HASTEN, O sinner! to be wise,
 And stay not for to-morrow's sun
 The longer Wisdom you despise
 The harder is it to be won.
- 2 O hasten, mercy to implore,
 And stay not for to-morrow's sun:
 Lest thy brief season should be o'er,
 Before this evening stage be run.
- 3 Oh hasten, sinner! to return,
 And stay not for to-morrow's sun;
 For fear thy lamp should cease to burn
 Before the needful work is done.
- 4 Oh hasten, sinner! to be blest,
 And stay not for to-morrow's sun,
 For fear the curse should thee arrest,
 Before to-morrow is begun.
- 5 O Lord! do Thou the sinner turn!
 Now rouse him from his senseless state!
 Oh let him not thy counsel spurn,
 Nor rue his fatal choice too late!

239

The Dying Saint's Adieu. P. M.

- 1 HASTE, my spirit, fly away,
 'Tis thy gracious Saviour calls;

Leave this tenement of clay,
Quit its broken shattered walls :
Through these ruins I descry
Gleams of immortality.

2 Cease, my friends, to weep for me,
I should rather mourn for you ;
Every wo and sin I flee,
Christ and heaven are in my view ;
Dare not wish my soul to stay,
Angels beckon me away.

3 God hath sent his envoy, death :
Earthly blessings I resign :
Lord, to thee I yield my breath,
Take this ransomed soul of mine :
And my song of joy shall be
Ceaseless as eternity.

240 *Intercessor.* Heb. vii. 25. L. M.

1 HE lives ! the great Redeemer lives !
(What joy the blest assurance gives !)
And now before his father God,
Pleads the full merit of his blood.

2 Repeated crimes awake our fears,
And justice arm'd with frowns appears ;
But in a Saviour's lovely face,
Sweet mercy smiles, and all is peace.

3 Hence, then, ye black despairing thoughts !
Above our fears, above our faults,
His powerful intercessions rise ;
And guilt recedes, and terror dies.

4 In every dark distressful hour,
When sin and Satan join their power,
Let this dear hope repel the dart,
That Jesus bears us in his heart.

5 Great advocate, almighty friend,—
On him our humble hopes depend :
Our cause can never, never fail,
For Jesus pleads, and must prevail.

241 *Walking in Darkness, and trusting in
God. Isa. i. 31. C. M.*

1 HEAR, gracious God, my humble moan,
To thee I breathe my sighs :
When will the mournful night be gone ?
And when my joys arise ?

2 My God—O could I make the claim—
My Father and my friend—
And call thee mine by every name,
On which thy saints depend !

3 By every name of power and love,
I would thy grace entreat :
Nor should my humble hopes remove,
Nor leave thy sacred seat.

4 Yet though my soul in darkness mourns,
Thy word is all my stay ;
Here I would rest till light returns,
Thy presence makes my day.

5 Speak, Lord, and bid celestial peace
Relieve my aching heart ;
O smile, and bid my sorrows cease,
And all the gloom depart.

6 Then shall my drooping spirit rise,
 And bless thy healing rays,
 And change these deep complaining sighs
 For songs of sacred praise.

242

Preparation for Heaven. L. M.

1 HEAVEN is a place of rest from sin,
 But all who hope to enter there,
 Must here that holy course begin,
 Which shall their souls for rest prepare.

2 Clean hearts, O God, in us create,
 Right spirits, Lord, in us renew;
 Commence we now that higher state,
 Now do thy will as angels do.

3 A life in heaven!—Oh what is this?
 The sum of all that faith believed;
 Fulness of joy, and depths of bliss,
 Unseen, unfathomed, unconceived.

4 While thrones, dominions, principedoms,
 powers,
 And saints made perfect, triumph thus,
 A goodly heritage is ours,
 There is a heaven on earth for us.

5 The Church of Christ, the school of grace
 The Spirit teaching by the word;
 In *those* our Saviour's steps we trace,—
 By *this* his living voice is heard.

6 Firm in his footsteps may we tread,
 Learn every lesson of his love

And be from grace to glory led,
From heaven below to heaven above.

243

Children Praying. C. M.

- 1 HEAR, Lord, the song of praise and
prayer,
In heaven thy dwelling-place,
From children made the public care,
And taught to seek thy face.
- 2 Thanks for thy Word, and for thy Day,
And grant us, we implore,
Never to waste in sinful play
Thy holy Sabbaths more.
- 3 Thanks that we hear—but oh ! impart
To each desires sincere,
That we may listen with the heart,
And learn as well as hear.
- 4 For if vain thoughts the mind engage
Of older far than we,
What hope, that at our childish age
Our minds should e'er be free ?
- 5 Much hope—if Thou our spirits take
Under thy gracious sway,
Who canst the wisest wiser make,
And babes as wise as they.
- 6 Wisdom and bliss thy Word bestows,
A sun that ne'er declines ;
And be thy mercy showered on those
Who placed us where it shines.

244 *Prayer and Temptation.* 1 Peter i. 5.
P. M.

1 **HELP**, Lord! to whom for help I fly!
And still my tempted soul stand by,
Throughout the evil day;
A sacred watchfulness impart,
And keep the issues of my heart,
And stir me up to pray.

2 My soul with all thine armour arm;
In each approach of sin alarm,
And show the danger near;
Surround, sustain, and strengthen me,
And fill with godly jealousy,
And sanctifying fear.

3 Whene'er my careless hands hang down,
Oh! let me see thy gathering frown,
And feel thy warning eye;
Lord, keep me far from ruin's brink;
"Save, Jesus, or I yield, I sink!
Oh! save me, or I die."

4 If near the gulph I rashly stray,
Before I wholly fall away,
The keen conviction dart;
Recall me by that pitying look,
That kind unbending glance, that broke
Unfaithful Peter's heart.

5 In me thine utmost mercy show,
And make me like thyself below,
Unblameable in grace;
Fully prepared, and fitted here

By perfect holiness to appear
Before thy glorious face.

245 *Sabbath Morning Prayer Meeting.*
Rev. i. 10. 7's

- 1 HEAVENLY Spirit! may each heart
Through these sacred hours be thine;
May we from the world depart,
Breathing after things divine.
- 2 Lead us forth with joy and peace,
To thy temple, in thy ways;
And when this sweet day shall cease,
May its sun go down with praise!
- 3 May thy ministers declare
All thy word of truth with power,
Till the sinner bend in prayer,
Conquered in that mighty hour.
- 4 So may we, who worship here,
Profit by thy word to-day;
And more love and peace and fear
Carry from thy house away.

246 *Seeking to God for the Communication of
his Spirit. Ezek. xxxvi. 37. L. M.*

- 1 HEAR, Gracious Sovereign! from thy
throne,
And send thy various blessings down:
While by thine Israel thou art sought,
Attend the prayer thy Word hath taught.
- 2 Come, Sacred Spirit! from above,
And fill the coldest hearts with love:

Soften to flesh the flinty stone,
And let thy Godlike power be known.

3 Speak thou; and from the haughtiest eyes
Shall floods of contrite sorrow rise;
While all their glowing souls are borne
To seek that grace which now they scorn.

4 Oh, let a holy flock await,
Numerous around thy temple-gate!
Each pressing on with zeal to be
A living sacrifice to Thee.

247 *Prayer for the Conversion of the World.*
L. M.

1 HEAR, Saviour! from thy glorious throne
And send thy servants to proclaim
Salvation to a world undone,
And sound through all the earth thy Name.

2 Oh bless their labours who invite
The wandering, wretched outcasts home;
And let thy sov'reign Spirit's might
Compel the heathen world to come.

3 From Afric's wide and burning sands,
From Asia's mild, resplendent sky,
Let converts, from all heathen lands,
As doves unto their windows fly.

4 With Europe let them join to bless
Thy Saving Name, thy praise prolong;
And islands of the Southern Seas
Join, with America, the song.

248 *After Sermon.* Is. lv. 10, 11. Matt. xiii. 4—7.
Ps. cxxvi. S. M.

- 1 **HELP** us, with hearts unfeigned,
To praise Thee for thy Word;
To bless Thee for the joyful news
Of our Redeeming Lord.
- 2 Like as the kindly rain
Returns not back to heaven,
But cheers and fruitful makes the earth,
The end for which 'twas given—
- 3 So let thy present voice
Accomplish thy design;
Distil on all our thirsty souls,
And consecrate us thine.
- 4 Water the sacred seed,
And give it large increase:
Let neither fowls, nor rocks, nor thorns,
Hinder the fruits of peace.
- 5 Then, though we weeping sow,
And tears our hours employ,
We know we shall return again,
And bring our sheaves with joy.

249 *Nativity of Christ.* C. M.

- 1 **HIGH** let us swell our tuneful notes,
And join the angelic throng;
The angels no such love have known
As we, to wake their song.

- 2 Good-will to sinful men is shown,
 And peace on earth is given:
 For, lo! the Incarnate Saviour comes
 With truth and love from heaven.
- 3 Justice and Grace, with sweet accord,
 His rising beams adorn:
 Let heaven and earth in concert join—
 The promised child is born.
- 4 Glory to God in highest strains,
 By highest worlds is paid;
 Be glory then by us proclaimed,
 And by our lives displayed—
- 5 Till we shall reach those blissful realms
 Where Christ exalted reigns,
 And learn of the celestial choir
 Their own exalted strains.

250

At a Charity Sermon. C. M.

- 1 HIGH on a throne of light, O Lord!
 Dost thou exalted shine!
 What can our poverty bestow,
 Since the whole world is thine?
- 2 But thou hast brethren here below,
 Partakers of thy grace,
 Whose humble names Thou wilt confess
 Before thy Father's face.
- 3 In them, Thou may'st be clothed, and fed,
 And visited, and cheered;
 And, in their accents of distress,
 Our Saviour's voice be heard.

4 Whate'er our willing hands can give,
Lord, at thy feet we lay ;
Grace will the humble gift receive,
And grace at length repay.

251

To the Holy Spirit. P. M.

1 HOLY Ghost ! dispel our sadness,
Pierce the clouds of nature's night :
Come, Thou source of joy and gladness,
Breathe thy life, and spread thy light :

2 Hear, oh ! hear our supplication,
Blessed Spirit ! God of Peace ! .

Rest upon this congregation,
With the abundance of thy grace.

3 Author of our new creation !
Bid us all thine influence prove :
Make our souls thy habitation ;
Shed abroad the Saviour's love.

252

Triumph of Christ. C. M.

1 HOSANNA to our Conquering King !
All hail, Incarnate Love !
Ten thousand songs and glories wait
To crown thy head above.

2 Thy victories and thy deathless fame,
Through the wide world shall run ;
And everlasting ages sing
The triumphs Thou hast won.

253 *The Christian Pilgrim seeking a better
Country.* Heb. xi. 13—16. xiii. 14.

1 HOW happy is the pilgrim's lot,
How free from every anxious thought,
From worldly hope and fear!
Confined to neither court nor cell!
His soul disdains on earth to dwell,
He only sojourns here.

2 Though I no foot of land possess,
Nor 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.

3 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.

4 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!

5 I come, thy servant, Lord, replies,
I come, to meet thee in the skies,
And claim my heavenly rest!

Now let the pilgrim's journey end,
 Now, O my Saviour, brother, friend,
 Receive me to thy breast!

254 *None upon earth I desire besides Thee.*
 Psalm lxxiii. 25. 8's.

1 HOW tedious and tasteless the hours,
 When Jesus no longer I see;
 Sweet prospects, sweet birds, and sweet
 flowers,
 Have lost all their sweetness with me;
 The mid-summer 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 resigned;
 No changes of season or place,
 Would make any change in my mind;
 While blest with the 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 unto thee on high,
 Where winter and clouds are no more.

255

The Lord's Day. L. M.

- 1 HOW welcome to the saints when pressed
 With six days noise, and care and toil;
 Is the returning day of rest,
 Which hides them from the world awhile?
- 2 Now from the throng withdrawn away,
 They seem to breathe a different air;
 Composed and softened by the day,
 All things another aspect wear.
- 3 How happy if their lot is cast,
 Where stately the gospel sounds!
 The word is honey to their taste,
 Renews their strength and heals their
 wounds!
- 4 Though pinched with poverty at home
 With sharp affliction daily fed;
 It makes amends, if they can come
 To God's own house for heavenly bread!
- 5 With joy they hasten to the place,
 Where they their Saviour oft have met;

And while they feast upon his grace,
 Their burdens and their griefs forget.

6 This favoured lot, my friends, is ours;
 May we the privilege improve;

And find these consecrated hours,
 Sweet earnest of the joys above!

7 We thank thee for thy day, O Lord,
 Here we thy promised presence seek;

Open thine hand, with blessings stored,
 And give us manna for the week.

256

The Traveller's Hymn. C. M.

1 HOW are thy servants blest, O Lord!
 How sure is their defence!

Eternal wisdom is their guide,
 Their help, Omnipotence!

2 In foreign realms, and lands remote,
 Supported by thy care,

Through burning climes, I passed unhurt,
 And breathed in tainted air.

3 Think, O my soul! devoutly think,
 How with affrighted eyes,

Thou sawest the wide-extended deep,
 In all its horrors rise.

4 Confusion dwelt on every face,
 And fear in every heart:

When waves on waves, and gulfs on gulfs,
 O'ercame the pilot's art.

5 Yet then from all my griefs, O Lord!
 Thy mercy set me free;

- Whilst in the confidence of prayer,
 My soul took hold on thee.
- 6 For though in dreadful whirls we hung,
 High on the broken wave,
 I knew thou wert not slow to hear,
 Nor impotent to save!
- 7 The storm was laid, the winds retired,
 Obedient to thy will:
 The sea that roared at thy command,
 At thy command was still!
- 8 In midst of dangers, fears, and death,
 Thy goodness I'll adore:
 And praise thee for thy mercies past,
 And humbly hope for more.
- 9 My life, if thou preservest my life,
 Thy sacrifice shall be;
 And death, if death must be my doom,
 Shall join my soul to thee!

257 *Time and Eternity; or, Longing after un-
 seen Pleasures. 2 Cor. iv. 18. C. M.*

- 1 HOW long shall earth's alluring toys
 Detain our hearts and eyes,
 Regardless of immortal joys,
 And strangers to the skies?
- 2 These transient scenes will soon decay:
 They fade upon the sight;
 And quickly will their brightest day
 Be lost in endless night.
- 3 Their brightest day, alas, how vain!
 With conscious sighs we own;

While clouds of sorrow, care, and pain,
O'ershade the smiling noon.

4 O, could our thoughts and wishes fly
Above these gloomy shades,
To those bright worlds beyond the sky,
Which sorrow ne'er invades !

5 Their joys, unseen by mortal eyes,
Or reason's feeble ray,
In ever-blooming prospects rise,
Unconscious of decay.

6 Lord ! send a beam of light divine,
To guide our upward aim ;
With one reviving touch of thine
Our languid hearts inflame.

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

258 *Where two or three are met in my name, there
am I. Matt. xviii. 20. L. M.*

1 HOW sweet to leave the world awhile,
And seek the presence of our Lord !
Dear Saviour, on thy people smile,
And come according to thy word.

2 From busy scenes we now retreat,
That we may here converse with thee ;
Ah Lord, behold us at thy feet !
Let this the "gate of heaven" be.

- 3 "Chief of ten thousand," now appear,
That we by faith may see thy face!
Oh speak, that we thy voice may hear,
And let thy presence fill this place!
- 4 Lord, thou hast cast a pleasant lot
For those whom thou hast called thine own;
'Tis true the world esteems them not,
But thou wilt place them on thy throne.
- 5 Then let the worldling boast his joys!
We've meat to eat he knows not of;
We count his treasures worthless toys,
While we possess a Saviour's love.
- 6 Lord, let thy people's views be clear,
And let their hearts be filled with love;
O may their light to all appear,
And prove their doctrines from above.

259 *Pardoning Love.* Jer. iii. 22. Hos. xiv. 1.
C. M.

- 1 HOW oft, alas! this wretched heart
Has wandered from the Lord!
How oft my roving thoughts depart,
Forgetful of his word!
- 2 Yet, sovereign mercy calls, "Return:"
Dear Lord, and may I come!
My vile ingratitude I mourn;
O take the wanderer home.
- 3 And canst thou, wilt thou yet forgive,
And bid my crimes remove?
And shall a pardoned 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 pardoning love, so free, so sweet,
 Dear Saviour, I adore ;
 O keep me at thy sacred feet,
 And let me rove no more.

260 *The inspired Word, a System of Knowledge
 and Joy. Psalm cxix. 105. C. M.*

1 HOW precious is the book divine,
 By inspiration given !
 Bright as a lamp its doctrines shine,
 To guide our souls to heaven.

2 It sweetly cheers our drooping hearts
 In this dark vale of tears ;
 Life, light, and joy, it still imparts,
 And quells our rising fears.

3 This lamp, through all the tedious night
 Of life, shall guide our way ;
 Till we behold the clearer light
 Of an eternal day.

261 *The good Physician. 7's. & 6's.*

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

Next door to death he found me,
And snatched me from the grave ;
To tell to all around me,
His wondrous power to save.

2 The worst of all diseases
Is light, compared with sin ;
On every part it seizes,
But rages most within :
'Tis palsy, plague, and fever,
And madness—all combined ;
And none but a believer,
The least relief can find.

3 From men great skill professing,
I thought a cure to gain :
But this proved more distressing,
And added to my pain :
Some said that nothing ailed me,
Some gave me up for lost ;
Thus every refuge failed me,
And all my hopes were crossed.

4 At length this great Physician,
How matchless is his grace !
Accepted my petition,
And undertook my case :
First gave me sight to view him,
For sin my eyes had sealed ;
Then bid me look unto him ;
I looked, and I was healed.

5 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.

262 *Christian Friendship. Ps. cxxxiii.*

1 HOW blest the sacred tie that binds,
In union sweet, according minds!
How swift the heavenly course they run,
Whose hearts, whose faith, whose hopes are
one!

2 To each, the soul of each how dear!
What jealous love, what holy fear!
How doth the generous flame within
Refine from earth, and cleanse from sin!

3 Their streaming eyes together flow
For human guilt and mortal wo;
Their ardent prayers together rise,
Like mingling flames in sacrifice.

4 Together both they seek the place
Where God reveals his awful face:
How high, how strong, their raptures swell,
There's none but kindred souls can tell.

5 Nor shall the glowing flame expire
When nature droops her sickening fire;
Then shall they meet in realms above,
A heaven of joy—because of love.

263 *Botherly Love* Ps. cxxxiii. 1. C. M.

1 HOW sweet, how heavenly is the sight,
When those who love the Lord,
In one another's peace delight,
And so fulfil his word!

2 O may we feel each brother's sigh,
And with him bear a part:
May sorrows flow from eye to eye,
And joy from heart to heart.

3 Free us from envy, scorn, and pride,
Our wishes fix above;
May each his brother's failings hide,
And shew a brother's love.

4 Let love in one delightful stream,
Through every bosom flow;
And union sweet, and dear esteem,
In every action glow.

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.

264 *Every man heard them speak in his own language.* Acts ii. 6. L. M.

1 HOW many things combine to show
The joyful day is near at hand,
When truth shall spread, and sinners know
The Saviour's name, in every land?

- 2 When did the friends of truth unite
 With so much zeal as now they do,
 To spread abroad its glorious light,
 And bring its excellence to view?
- 3 Mark how in this auspicious time,
 A time by prophets not unsung,
 The people hear, of every clime,
 The gospel in their native tongue.
- 4 It runs, it flies through every land,
 We mark its progress with delight,
 And bless his name, at whose command,
 A day has risen so fair, so bright.
- 5 Nor should his people give him rest,
 Or cease their earnest cry to raise,
 Until Jerusalem be blest,
 And through the earth become "a praise."

265

Conflict between Flesh and Spirit.
 Rom. vii. 15. L. M.

- 1 HOW sad and awful is my state!
 The very thing I do, I hate;
 When I to God draw near in prayer,
 I feel the conflict even there!
- 2 I mourn, because I cannot mourn,
 I hate my sin, yet cannot turn;
 I grieve, because I cannot grieve,
 I hear the truth but can't believe.
- 3 Where shall so great a sinner run,
 I see I'm ruined and undone;
 Dear Lord, in pity now draw near,
 And banish every rising fear.

4 Thy blood, dear Lord, which thou hast spilt
 Can make this rocky heart to melt ;
 Thy blood can make me clean within,
 Thy blood can pardon all my sin.

5 'Tis on the atonement of that blood,
 I now approach to thee, my God ;
 This is my hope, this is my claim,
 Jesus has died and washed me clean.

6 On this rich blood my faith is found,
 And on this hope I fix my ground ;
 Soon shall I reach th' eternal shore,
 Where doubts and fears prevail no more.

266 *Eutychus brought to Life. Acts xx. 9—12.*
 C. M.

1 HOW much the hearts of those revive,
 That love and fear the Lord ;
 When sinners dead, are made alive,
 By his all-quickenng word.

2 The parent views with joyful eyes
 His now returning son,
 And in extatic joy, he cries,
 "What hath the Saviour done !"

3 The ministers of Christ, rejoice
 When souls the word receive ;
 When sinners hear the Saviour's voice,
 And in the Lord believe.

4 The church of God their praises join,
 And of salvation sing ;
 They glorify the grace divine,
 Of their victorious King.

- 5 In heaven above, there's joy and praise,
 Before the Lord most high ;
 Th' angelic choirs, their voices raise,
 And with each other vie.
- 6 But greater joy must they possess,
 Who feel this glorious change ;
 Their labouring tongues can but express,
 How true, but yet how strange !
- 7 Dear Saviour, comfort us to night,
 Thy work, O Lord, revive ;
 May we enjoy this noble sight,
 Dead sinners made alive.
- 8 Then will thy saints aloud rejoice,
 And join the host above,
 To praise thy name with cheerful voice,
 And magnify thy love

267 *Precious Promises.* 2 Peter i. 4. 11's.

- 1 **HOW** firm a foundation, ye saints of the
 Lord,
 Is laid for your faith in his excellent word !
 What more can he say than to you he hath
 said ?
 You, who unto Jesus, for refuge have fled.
- 2 In every condition—in sickness, in health,
 In poverty's vale, or abounding in wealth,
 At home and abroad, on the land, on the sea,
 As thy days may demand, so thy succour
 shall be.

3 "Fear not, I am with thee, O be not dismayed!

I, I am thy God, and will still give thee aid;
I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee
to stand,

Upheld by my righteous omnipotent hand.

4 When through the deep waters I cause
thee to go,

The rivers of sorrow shall not thee o'erflow;
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 refine.

6 E'en down to old age, all my people shall
prove,

My sovereign, eternal, unchangeable love;
And when hoary hairs shall their temples
adorn,

Like lambs they shall still in my bosom be
borne.

7 The soul that on Jesus hath leaned for
repose,

I will not, I cannot desert to his foes;
That soul, though all hell should endeavour
to shake,

I'll never, no never, no never forsake!"

268*Law and Gospel. C. M.*

1 HOW long beneath the law I lay
In bondage and distress!

I toiled the precept to obey,
But toiled, without success.

2 Then, all my servile works were done,
A righteousness to raise,

Now, freely chosen in the Son,
I freely choose his ways.

3 To see the law by Christ fulfilled,
And hear his pardoning voice,

Will change a slave into a child,
And duty into choice.

269*On a year of threatening Drought or Rain.*

C. M.

1 HOW hast Thou, Lord, from year to year,
Our land with plenty crowned!

And generous fruit and golden grain
Have spread their riches round.

2 But we thy mercies have abused,
To more abounding crimes:

What heights, what daring heights in sin,
Mark and disgrace our times!

3 To Thee alone we look for help!

None else, of dew or rain,
Can give the world the smallest drop,
Or smallest drop restrain.

270 *Providence of God in the Seasons.*
Ps. lxxv. 11. Acts xiv. 17. P. M.

- 1 HOW pleasing is the voice
Of God our heavenly King,
Who bids the frosts retire,
And wakes the lovely spring !
Bright suns arise, The mild wind blows,
And beauty glows, Through earth and skies.
- 2 The morn, with glory crowned,
His hand arrays in smiles :
He bids the eve decline,
Rejoicing o'er the hills :
The evening breeze His breath perfumes,
His beauty blooms In flowers and trees.
- 3 With life he clothes the spring,
The earth with summer warms :
He spreads th' autumnal feast,
And rides on wintry storms :
His gifts divine Through all appear ;
And round the year His glories shine.

271 *Reflections on the state of our Fathers.*
Zech. i. 5. S. M.

- 1 HOW swift the torrent rolls,
Which bears us to the sea !
The tide which hurries thoughtless souls
To vast Eternity !
- 2 Our Fathers, where are they,
With all they called their own ?
Their joys and griefs, and hopes and cares,
And wealth and honour gone !

- 3 But joy or grief succeeds
Beyond our mortal thought,
While the poor remnant of their dust
Lies in the grave forgot.
- 4 There, where the Fathers lie,
Must all the children dwell ;
Nor other heritage possess,
But such a gloomy cell.
- 5 God of our Fathers, hear,
Thou everlasting Friend !
While we, as on life's utmost verge,
Our souls to Thee commend.
- 6 Of all the pious dead
May we the footsteps trace,
Till with them in the land of light,
We dwell before thy face.

272 *Change of heart.* Eph. iv. 22—24. C. M.

- 1 HOW helpless guilty nature lies,
Unconscious of her load !
The heart unchanged can never rise
To happiness and God.
- 2 The will perverse, the passions blind,
In paths of ruin stray ;
Reason debased can never find
The safe, the narrow way.
- 3 No effort but of Grace divine
Can man's proud will subdue :
'Tis thine, Almighty SAVIOUR ! thine
To form the heart anew.

- 4 'Tis thine from heaven the vital ray,
Inspiring truth, to give ;
To chase the shades of death away,
And bid the sinner live.
- 5 Oh ! change these wretched hearts of ours,
And from corruption free ;
So shall our passions, thoughts, and powers,
Be subject, LORD, to thee.

273 *Blessed is he whose iniquity is forgiven.*
Psalm xxxii. 1. P. M.

1 HOW blest is he, whom God forgives,
The man who by his favour lives,
And hopes to see his face ;
The child of God by heavenly birth,
He scorns the highest place on earth,
For yonder higher place.

2 The God he serves, is God alone,
He fills yon bright, eternal throne,
The power and kingdom his ;
He rules, he reigns with sovereign sway,
And they who will not, must obey :
His arm almighty is.

3 When he forgives, then peace is felt,
That peace that cannot dwell with guilt,
The sacred peace of God ;
And hope, that lifts the soul on high,
That points to yonder world of joy,
And lightens every load.

4 How blest is he whom God forgives;
 'The man who by his favour lives,
 In hope already blest;
 But O what joys await him there,
 Were saved from sin, from toil, from fear,
 He gains his heavenly rest!

274 *The Righteous blessed in Death.* L. M.

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

275

The Saints in Glory. C. M.

- 1 HOW bright these glorious spirits shine !
Whence all their bright array ?
How came they to the blissful seats
Of everlasting day ?
- 2 Lo ! these are they from sufferings great
Who came to realms of light,
And in the blood of Christ have washed
Those robes which shine so bright.
- 3 Now with triumphant palms they stand
Before the throne on high,
And serve the God they love amidst
The glories of the sky.
- 4 His presence fills each heart with joy,
Tunes every voice to sing ;
By day, by night, the sacred courts
With glad Hosannahs ring ;
- 5 Hunger and thirst are felt no more,
Nor suns with scorching ray ;
God is their sun ; whose cheering beams
Diffuse eternal day.
- 6 The Lamb who dwells amidst the throne !
Shall o'er them still preside,
Feed them with nourishment divine,
And all their footsteps guide.
- 7 'Mong pastures green He'll lead his flock,
Where living streams appear ;
And God the Lord from every eye
Shall wipe off every tear.

I.

276 *Prayer answered by Crosses.* L. M.

- 1 I ASKED the Lord that I might grow
In faith, and love, and every grace ;
Might more of his salvation know,
And seek more earnestly his face.
- 2 'Twas he who taught me thus to pray,
And he, I trust, has answered prayer ;
But it has been in such a way,
As almost drove me to despair.
- 3 I hoped that in some favoured hour,
At once he'd answer my request ;
And by his love's constraining power
Subdue my sins, and give me rest.
- 4 Instead of this he made me feel
The hidden evils of my heart ;
And let the angry powers of hell
Assault my soul in every part.
- 5 Yea more, with his own hand he seemed
Intent to aggravate my wo ;
Crossed all the fair designs I schemed,
Blasted my gourds, and laid me low.
- 6 Lord, why is this, I trembling cried,
Wilt thou pursue thy worm to death ?
" 'Tis in this way (the Lord replied)
I answer prayer for grace and faith.
- 7 These inward trials I employ,
From self and pride to set thee free :

And break the schemes of earthly joy,
That thou may'st seek thy all in me.

277 *The Family Vow.* Josh. xxviii. 15. P. M.

1 I AND my house will serve the Lord :
But first obedient to his word

I must myself appear :

By actions, words, and temper show
That I my heavenly Master know,
And serve with heart sincere.

2 I must the fair example set :

From those that on my pleasure wait
The stumbling block remove ;

Their duty by my life explain,
And still in all my works maintain
The dignity of love.

3 Easy to be entreated, mild,
Quickly appeased and reconciled,

A follower of my God :

A saint indeed I long to be,
And lead my faithful family
In the celestial road.

4 Lord, if thou didst the wish infuse,
A vessel fitted for thy use

Into thy hands receive ;

Work in me both to will and do,
And show them how believers true
And real Christians live.

278 *The fear of death overcome.* L. M.

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

279 *Living by Faith.* S. M.

- 1 IF through unruffled seas
 Toward heaven we calmly sail,
 With grateful hearts, O God, to Thee,
 We'll own the fostering gale.
- 2 But should the surges rise,
 And rest delay to come,

Blest be the sorrow, kind the storm,
Which drives us nearer home.

3 Soon shall our doubts and fears
All yield at thy control :

Thy tender mercies shall illumine
The midnight of the soul.

4 Teach us, in every state,
To make thy will our own ;
And when the joys of sense depart,
To live by faith alone.

280 *Unto you therefore which believe, he is precious. 1 Pet. ii. 7. P. M.*

1 IF worldly thoughts so much employ,
And worldly themes yield so much joy,
While God is yet unknown,
With what delight we now should speak
Of him who came from heaven to seek,
And claim us as his own ?

2 From us his glory long lay hid,
We loved the world as others did,
No portion else had we ;
But he who first sent forth the light,
The Lord removed our mental night,
He gave us eyes to see.

3 His love supplies a boundless theme,
Then let us think and speak of him,
Who saves his people thus ;
He came in mercy from above,
He came upon the wings of love,
And gave himself for us.

4 Dear Saviour, let us never be,
 Before the world, ashamed of thee,
 Nor shrink from duty's call :
 Our work to do Thee service here,
 Our hope in glory to appear,
 Where thou art all in all.

281 *Sorrowing not without Hope.* 1 Thess. 4. 13.
 P. M

1 IF death my friend and me divide,
 Thou dost not, Lord, my sorrow chide,
 Or frown my tears to see ;
 Restrained from passionate excess,
 Thou bidst me mourn in calm distress,
 For them that rest in Thee.

2 I feel a strong, immortal hope,
 Which bears my mournful spirit up
 Beneath its mountain-load :
 Redeemed from death, and grief, and pain,
 I soon shall find my friend again
 Within the arms of God.

3 Pass a few fleeting moments more,
 And death the blessing shall restore
 Which death hath snatched away ;
 For me Thou wilt the summons send,
 And give me back my parted friend,
 In that eternal day.

282 *The Close of a Meeting for Prayer.* 7's.

1 IF 'tis sweet to mingle where
 Christians meet for social prayer ;

If 'tis sweet with them to raise
Songs of holy joy and praise,—
Passing sweet that state must be
Where they meet eternally.

2 Saviour, may these meetings prove,
Preparations for above;
While we worship in this place,
May we go from grace to grace;
Till we, each in his degree,
Fit for endless glory be.

3 BREAD of heaven! on thee I feed,
For thy flesh is meat indeed.
Ever may my soul be fed
With this true and living bread;
Day by day with strength supplied—
Through the life of him who died.

4 Vine of heaven! thy blood supplies
This blest cup of sacrifice.
'Tis thy wounds my healing give:
To thy cross I look and live.
Thou my life! O let me be
Rooted, grafted, built on Thee.

283

Praise for Redemption. P. M.

1 I GIVE immortal praise
To God the Father's love,
For all my comforts here,
And better hopes above:
He sent his own eternal Son
To die for sins that man had done.

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

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

4 Almighty God, to Thee
 Be endless honours done;
 The undivided Three,
 And the mysterious One:
 Where reason fails, with all her powers,
 There faith prevails and love adores.

284 *I will sing of Mercy.* Psalm ci. 1. L. M.

1 I HEAR a sound that comes from far,
 It fills my soul with joy and love:
 Not seraphs' voices sweeter are,
 That echo through the courts above.

2 'Tis mercy's voice that strikes my ear,
 From Calvary it sounds abroad;
 It soothes my soul and calms my fear,
 It speaks of pardon bought with blood.

3 And is it true that many fly
 The sound that bids my soul rejoice;

- And rather choose with fools to die,
Than turn an ear to mercy's voice ?
- 4 Alas for those ! the day is near,
When mercy will be heard no more ;
Then will they ask in vain to hear
The voice they would not hear before.
- 5 With such, I own I once appeared,
But now I know how great their loss ;
For sweeter sounds were never heard,
Than mercy utters from the cross.
- 6 But let me not forget to own
That if I differ aught from those,
'Tis due to sovereign grace alone,
That oft selects its proudest foes.

285

Confidence in Christ. P. M.

- 1 I LOVE my Shepherd's voice ;
His watchful eye shall keep
My wandering soul among
The thousands of his sheep ;
He feeds the flock, he calls their names ;
His bosom bears the tender lambs.
- 2 My advocate appears
For my defence on high ;
The Father bows his ear,
And bids my soul draw nigh.
Not all the accuser dare to say
Shall turn his heart, his love away.
- 3 Be thou my Counsellor,
My Pattern, and my Guide ;

And through this desert land
 Still keep me near thy side.
 Oh let my feet ne'er run astray,
 Nor rove, nor seek the crooked way!

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

286

Ebenezer. Acts xxvi. 22. 7's.

1 I MY Ebenezer raise
 To my kind Redeemer's praise;
 With a grateful heart I own,
 Hitherto thy help I've known.

2 What may be my future lot,
 Well I know, concerns me not;
 This should set my heart at rest,
 What thy will ordains is best.

3 I my all to thee resign:
 Father, let thy will be mine;
 May but all my dealings prove
 Fruits of thy paternal love.

4 Guard me, Saviour, by thy power,
 Guard me in the trying hour;
 Let thy unremitted care
 Save me from the lurking snare.

5 Let my few remaining days
 Be devoted to thy praise;

So the last, the closing scene,
Shall be tranquil and serene.

6 To thy will I leave the rest,
Grant me but this one request—
Both in life and death to prove
Tokens of thy special love.

287 *Poor Children's Appeal.* 1 Sam. iii. 2—10.
L. M.

1 IN God's own house, by silent night,
The lamp of God was burning bright;
And there, by viewless angels kept,
Samuel, the child, securely slept.

2 A voice unknown the stillness broke:
"Samuel!" it called, and thrice it spoke:
He rose—he asked, Whence came the word?
From Eli? no—it was the Lord.

3 Thus early called to serve his God,
In paths of righteousness he trod:
Prophetic visions fired his breast,
And all the chosen tribes were blest.

4 Speak Lord! and from our earliest days,
Incline our hearts to love thy ways:
Thy wakening voice has reached our ears—
Speak, Lord, to us; thy servants hear.

5 And ye, who know the Saviour's love,
And richly all his mercies prove;
Your timely, friendly aid afford,
That we may early serve the Lord.

288 *The Presence of God in Public Worship.*
P. M.

- 1 IN loud exalted strains,
The King of Glory praise:
O'er heaven and earth he reigns,
Through everlasting days.
He with a nod the world controls,
Sustains or sinks the distant poles.
- 2 To earth he bends his throne,
His throne of grace divine:
Wide is his bounty known,
And wide his glories shine.
His temples where he loves to rest,
Are with his smiles and presence blest.
- 3 There doth his ear attend
To all his servant's cries;
While praises high ascend
All fragrant to the skies.
There doth his Word melodious sound,
And spread celestial joys around.
- 4 Then, Glorious King! draw near;
Thy love and power make known:
Thy saints assembled here
With light and favour crown:
And, as we worship, deign to show
How God can dwell with men below.

289 *For a Blessing in Public Worship.* 7's.

- 1 IN thy presence we appear
Lord, we love to worship here,

When within the veil, we meet
Thee upon thy mercy-seat!

2 While thy glorious Name is sung,
Touch our lips, unloose our tongue:
Then our joyful souls shall bless
Thee, the Lord, our righteousness.

3 While to Thee our prayers ascend,
Let thine ear in love attend;
Hear us, when thy Spirit pleads:
Hear! for Jesus intercedes.

4 While thy Word is heard with awe,
And we tremble at thy Law,
Let thy Gospel's wondrous love
Every doubt and fear remove.

5 While thy Ministers proclaim
Peace and pardon through thy Name,
In their voices let us own
Jesus speaking from his throne!

6 From thy house when we return,
Let our hearts within us burn;
That, at evening, we may say—
“We have walked with God to-day.

290 “*Speak, for thy Servant heareth.*”
1 Sam. iii. 10. P. M.

1 IN thy Name, O Lord, assembling,
We, Thy people, now draw near;
Teach us to rejoice with trembling;
Speak, and let Thy servants hear—
Hear with meekness—
Hear thy Word with godly fear.

- 2 While our days on earth are lengthened,
 Let us give them, Lord, to Thee:
 Cheered by hope, and daily strengthened,
 We would run, nor weary be;
 Till thy glory—
 Without clouds in heaven we see.
- 3 There in worship, purer, sweeter,
 All thy people shall adore;
 Tasting of enjoyment greater,
 Than they could conceive before;
 Full enjoyment—
 Full, unmixed, for evermore.

291

The Atonement of Christ. C. M.

- 1 IN vain we seek for peace with God
 By methods of our own:
 Nothing, O Saviour! but thy blood
 Can bring us near the throne.
- 2 The threatenings of thy broken Law
 Impress the soul with dread:
 If God his sword of vengeance draw,
 It strikes the spirit dead.
- 3 But thine illustrious sacrifice
 Hath answered all demands;
 And peace and pardon from the skies
 Come to us by thy hands.
- 4 'Tis by thy death we live, O Lord!
 'Tis on thy Cross we rest:
 For ever be thy love adored,
 Thy Name for ever blest.

292*The Family Altar.* S. M.

- 1 IN all my ways, O God,
I would acknowledge thee ;
And seek to keep my heart and house
From all pollution free.
- 2 Where'er I have a tent,
An altar will I raise ;
And thither my oblations bring,
Of humble prayer and praise.
- 3 Could I my wish obtain,
My household, Lord, should be
Devoted to thyself alone,
A nursery for thee.

293*Example.* C. M.

- 1 IN duties and in sufferings too,
My Lord I fain would trace ;
As Thou hast done, so would I do,
Depending on thy grace.
- 2 Inflamed with zeal, 'twas thy delight
To do thy Father's will ;
May the same zeal thy soul excite,
Thy precepts to fulfil.
- 3 Meekness, humility, and love,
Through all thy conduct shine ;
O may my whole deportment prove
A copy, Lord, of thine.

294

Evening. C. M.

- 1 IN mercy, Lord, remember me,
This instant passing night ;
And grant to me most graciously
The safe-guard of thy might.
- 2 With cheerful heart I close my eyes
Since Thou wilt not remove :
O, in the morning let me rise
Rejoicing in thy love !
- 3 Or, if this night should prove the last,
And end my transient days ;
Lord ! take me to thy promised rest,
Where I may sing thy praise.
- 4 Thus I am sure to live or die
To Thee the God of love ;
In death and life I do rely
On Thee who reignest above.

295

Morning. L. M.

- 1 IN sleep's serene oblivion laid,
I safely passed the silent night ;
Again I see the breaking shade,
I drink again the morning light.
- 2 New-born, I bless the waking hour,
Once more, with awe, rejoice to *be* ;
My conscious soul resumes her power,
And springs, my guardian God, to Thee.
- 3 O guide me through the various maze,
My doubtful feet are doomed to tread

And spread thy shield's protecting blaze
Where dangers press around my head.

4 A deeper shade shall soon impend,
A deeper sleep mine eyes oppress ;
Yet then thy strength shall still defend,
Thy goodness still delight to bless.

5 That deeper shade shall break away,
That deeper sleep shall leave mine eyes ;
Thy light shall give eternal day—
Thy love, the rapture of the skies !

296 *The Dead who die in the Lord.* C. M.

1 IN vain our fancy strives to paint
The moment after death,
The glories that surround the saint,
When he resigns his breath.

2 One gentle sigh his fetters breaks ;
We scarce can say "He's gone,"
Before the willing spirit takes
Her mansion near the throne.

3 Faith strives, but all its efforts fail,
To trace her heavenward flight ;
No eye can pierce within the veil
Which hides that world of light.

4 Thus much (and this is all) we know,
They are supremely blest ;
Have done with sin, and care, and wo,
And with their Saviour rest.

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

297 *My Saviour.* 2 Sam. xxii. 3. P. M.

1 IN form I long had bowed the knee ;
 But nought attractive then could see,
 To win my wayward heart to thee,
 My Saviour !

2 Yet oft I trembled when I thought
 How I had sold myself for nought :
 But still against thy love I fought,
 My Saviour !

3 When self-accused, I trembling stood,
 I promised fair, as any could ;
 But never valued thy dear blood,
 My Saviour !

4 Too soon the promise vain I proved,
 That sinners make, while sin is loved ;
 But still to thee this heart ne'er moved,
 My Saviour !

5 Thou, whom I had so long withstood,
 Thou didst redeem my soul with blood,
 And thou hast brought me nigh to God,
 My Saviour !

6 Through storms and waves of conflict past,
 Thy potent arm has held me fast,
 And thou wilt save me to the last,
 My Saviour !

7 And when the voyage of life is o'er,
 And I have gained the heavenly shore,
 I then shall sing for evermore,
 My Saviour !

298 *Journey to Heaven.* Gen. xxiv. 56. C. M.

- 1 IN my Lord's appointed ways,
 My journey I'll pursue ;
 "Hinder me not," ye much loved saints,
 For I must go with you.
- 2 Through floods and flames, if Jesus lead,
 I'll follow where he goes ;
 "Hinder me not," shall be my cry,
 Though earth and hell oppose.
- 3 "Stay," says the world, "and taste awhile
 My every pleasant sweet ;"
 "Hinder me not," my soul replies,
 "Because the way is great."
- 4 "Stay," Satan my old master cries,
 "Or force shall thee detain ;"
 "Hinder me not, I will be gone,
 My God has broke thy chain."
- 5 Through duty and through trials too,
 I'll go at his command ;
 "Hinder me not, for I am bound
 To my Immanuel's land."
- 6 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."

299*Looking at the Cross. C. M.*

- 1 IN evil long I took delight,
Unawed by shame or fear,
Till a new object struck my sight,
And stop'd my wild career.
- 2 I saw one hanging on a tree,
In agonies and blood,
Who fixed his languid eyes on me
As near his cross I stood.
- 3 Sure never till my latest breath
Can I forget that look ;
It seemed to charge me with his death,
Though not a word he spoke.
- 4 My conscience felt and owned the guilt,
And plunged me in despair ;
I saw my sins his blood had spilt,
And helped to nail him there.
- 5 Alas ! I knew not what I did,
But now my tears are vain ;
Where shall my trembling soul be hid ?
For I the Lord have slain.
- 6 A second look he gave, which said,
" I freely all forgive ;
This blood is for thy ransom paid,
I die, that thou mayest live."
- 7 Thus, while his death my sin displays
In all its blackest hue,
(Such is the mystery of grace,)
It seals my pardon too.

8 With pleasing grief, and mournful joy,
 My spirit now is filled,
 That I should such a life destroy,
 Yet live by him I killed.

300

The Happy Change. L. M.

1 IN sin by blinded passions led,
 In search of fancy's good we range;
 The paths of disappointment tread,
 To nothing fixed, but love of change.

2 But when the Holy Ghost imparts
 A knowledge of the Saviour's love;
 Our wandering, weary, restless hearts,
 Are then renewed no more to rove.

3 Now a new principle takes place,
 Which guides and animates the will,
 This love, another name for grace,
 Constrains to good, and bars from ill.

4 By love's pure light we soon perceive
 Our noblest bliss and proper end;
 And gladly every idol leave,
 To love and serve our Lord and friend.

301

Christ dwelling in the Heart. Eph iii. 17, 19
 L. M.

1 INCARNATE God! the soul that knows
 Thy name's mysterious power,
 May dwell in undisturbed repose,
 Nor fear the trying hour.

2 Angels unseen around the Saints
 Their guardian pinions spread,

To cheer the spirit when it faints,
And shield the sacred head.

3 Himself, the Lord of angels, keeps
The souls that love his name ;

Lo! Israel's Shepherd never sleeps ;
He always is the same.

4 Crosses and changes are their lot,
While yet they sojourn here ;

But since their Saviour changes not,
What have his saints to fear ?

392

An Evening Hymn. C. M.

1 INDULGENT Father, by whose care
I've passed another day,

Let me this night thy mercy share,
And teach me how to pray.

2 Show me my sins, and how to moan
My guilt before thy face ;

Direct me, Lord, to Christ alone,
And save me by thy grace.

3 Speak to my conscience, speak thou peace,
Through his atoning blood :

And grant me, Lord, a full release
From sin's oppressive load.

4 Show me my wants, and let me crave
Nothing but what is right ;

Help me, by faith, on thee to live,
Then change my faith to sight.

5 Open to me thy gracious ear,
Great God, my wants supply ;

- Confirm my hope, relieve my fear,
And bid my murmurings die.
- 6 Guide me through life's mysterious path,
Nor let me from thee stray ;
Preserve my fleeting, mortal breath,
Through each revolving day.
- 7 Let each returning night declare
The tokens of thy love ;
And every hour thy grace prepare
My soul for joys above.
- 8 And when on earth I close mine eyes,
To sleep in death's embrace,
Let me to heaven and glory rise,
T' enjoy thy smiling face.

303*Good Way.* Jer. vi. 16. L. M.

- 1 INQUIRING souls who long to find
Pardon of sin, and peace of mind ;
Attend the voice of God to-day,
Who bids you seek the good old way.
- 2 The righteousness, the atoning blood
Of Jesus,—is the way to God ;
O may you then no longer stray,
But walk in Christ, the good old way.
- 3 The prophets, and the apostles too,
Pursued this way, while here below ;
Then let not fear vour souls dismay,
But come to Christ, the good old way.
- 4 With cautious zeal and holy care,
In this dear way I'll persevere ;

Nor doubt to meet another day,
Where Jesus is, the good old way.

304 *Power of God. Jer. xxxii. 17—27. L. M.*

- 1 IS any thing too hard for God?
What won't he for his children do;
Dear in his sight is Jesus' blood,
And dear the purchase of it too:
- 2 Our every want he will supply,
Our every doubt he will remove;
For us he gave his Son to die,
And can he now forget to love?—
- 3 Though in ourselves defiled we are,
Loathsome, polluted, and unclean;
Our God, in Christ, beholds us fair,
Spotless and free from guilt and sin.
- 4 Believe, and ask whate'er thou wilt,
Believing ask, thou shalt obtain;
For lo! Immanuel's blood was spilt,
Because thou shouldst not ask in vain.

305 C. M.

- 1 IS there a thing that moves and breaks
A heart as hard as stone,
Or warms a heart as cold as ice?
'Tis Jesus blood alone.
- One drop of this can truly cheer
And heal the wounded soul;
What multitudes of broken hearts
This living stream makes whole!

2 Hark! O my soul: what sing the choirs
Around the glorious throne?

Hark! the slain Lamb for evermore
Sounds in the sweetest tone!

The elders there cast down their crowns,
And all, both night and day,
Sing praise to him who shed his blood,
And washed their guilt away.

3 And this, while here, we will proclaim,
Cheerful in our degree,
That through the blood of God's dear Lamb
Each soul may happy be.
But thou, O Lord, make every day
Thy grace to us more sweet,
Till we behold thy wounded side,
And worship at thy feet.

306

Sabbath Evening. L. M.

1 IS there a time when moments flow,
More peacefully than all beside?
It is of all the times below,
A Sabbath eve in summer tide.

2 O then the setting sun smiles fair,
And all below, and all above,
The different forms of nature wear
One universal garb of love.

3 And then the peace that Jesus beams,
The life of grace, the death of sin,
With nature's placid woods and streams,
Is peace without, and peace within.

- 4 Delightful scene! a world at rest,
 A God all love, no grief nor fear;
 A heavenly hope, a peaceful breast,
 A smile unsullied by a tear.
- 5 If heaven be ever felt below,
 A scene so heavenly sure as this
 May cause a heart on earth to know
 Some foretaste of celestial bliss.
- 6 Delightful hour, how soon will night
 Spread her dark mantle o'er thy reign;
 And morrow's quick returning light
 Must call us to the world again.
- 7 Yet will there dawn at last a day,
 A SUN that never sets shall rise;
 Night will not veil his ceaseless ray,
 The heavenly Sabbath never dies!

307 *The Restoration of Israel.* L. M.

- 1 ISRAEL! thy mournful night is past,
 Thy bitter cup wrung out at last!
 A day of rest to thee is given,
 The promise is laid up in heaven.
- 2 The Lord will not forget the grace
 Reserved for faithful Abra'am's race:
 His love their wanderings shall restore;
 And guide them that they stray no more.
- 3 Israel! 'tis thine accepted day:
 Thy God, Himself, prepares the way—
 Behold his ensign from afar:
 Behold the light of Jacob's star!

4 That star, which once o'er Bethlehem rose,
 A token on thy mountains glows:
 The morn of earth's blest jubilee
 Sheds its sweet early light on thee.

5 And Thou! who once on Israel's ground
 A homeless wanderer wast found—
 Redeemer! on thy heavenly throne,
 Still call that Ancient Church thine own.

6 Bid her departed light return;
 Thy holy splendour round her burn:
 From prostrate Judah's ruins raise
 A living temple to thy praise.

308 *And surely it floweth with milk and honey.*
 Numb. xiii. 27. P. M.

1 ISRAEL'S conflicts now are ended,
 All his toils have reached a close;
 Israel by his God befriended,
 Has subdued his numerous foes:
 Israel's portion
 Henceforth shall be sweet repose.

2 Vanished is the cloud that led him,
 By the way so many years;
 Gone the manna too that fed him,
 Useless now, it disappears,
 Happy Israel
 Needs no guide, no famine fears.

3 There, where Israel has his dwelling,
 Fruits of every kind are found;
 Trees all other trees excelling,
 Rise spontaneous from the ground;

- Milk and honey
 In the happy land abound.
 Israel saved looks back with pleasure
 On his conflicts now no more ;
 Israel's triumph knows no measure,
 While he stands on Canaan's shore ;
 Now possessing
 All his soul desired before.
- 5 Far removed from foes and strangers,
 Favoured Israel dwells alone ;
 Past his toils, and past his dangers,
 All his work for ever done ;
 Peace his portion,
 Peace by prosperous warfare won.
- 6 Happy people ! blest for ever !
 Israel, who like thee is found ?
 Whom the Lord was pleased to sever
 From the nations all around ;
 Happy people !
 Saved, and now with glory crowned !

309

*Then sang Moses and the Children of
 Israel. Exod. xv. 1. P. M.*

- 1 ISRAEL sing with joy and wonder,
 When the Lord displayed his power,
 When he cleaved the waves asunder,
 Israel sung in that glad hour ;
 Then the sound of praise was heard,
 Then Jehovah's name was feared.
- 2 But their joy was quickly over,
 And complaints were heard around ;

Thus did Israel soon discover
 All that in his heart was found ;
 And the wonders lately seen,
 Seemed as though they had not been.

3 Thus do we forget too often
 All the wonders God has shown ;
 Countless mercies fail to soften,
 And subdue our hearts of stone ;
 What though now we raise our song,
 Yet we may repine ere long.

4 Where is folly such as this is ?
 Where is guilt that equals ours ?
 Where is patience such as his is,
 Patience that so long endures ?
 Were he aught but what he is,
 We had been consumed ere this.

5 Teach us, Lord, to walk before thee,
 As becomes thy people here ;
 Soon, we hope, we shall adore thee,
 Free from sin, and free from fear ;
 Then shall all thy people sing,
 Glory, glory to their King.

310 *Resignation under sore trials.* C. M.

1 IT is the Lord—enthroned in light,
 Whose claims are all divine ;
 Who has an undisputed right
 To govern me and mine.

2 It is the Lord—should I distrust,
 Or contradict his will,

- Who cannot do but what is just,
And must be righteous still ?
- 3 It is the Lord—who gives me all,
My wealth, my friends, my ease ;
And of his bounties may recal
Whatever part He please.
- 4 It is the Lord—who can sustain
Beneath the heaviest load,
From whom assistance I obtain
To tread the thorny road.
- 5 It is the Lord—whose matchless skill
Can from afflictions raise
Blessings, eternity to fill
With ever-growing praise.
- 6 It is the Lord—my covenant God,
Thrice blessed be his name,
Whose gracious promise sealed with blood,
Must ever be the same.
- 7 His covenant will my soul defend,
Should nature's self expire,
And the great Judge of all descend
In awful flames of fire.
- 8 Can I, with hopes so firmly built,
Be sullen or repine ?
No, gracious God, take what Thou wilt,
To thee I ALL resign.

311*For power over Sin. P. M.*

- 1 I WANT the Spirit of power within,
Of love, and of a healthful mind ;

Of power to conquer inbred sin,
 Of love to Thee, and all mankind;
 Of health, that pain and death defies,
 Most vigorous when the body dies.

2 When shall I hear the inward voice,
 Which only faithful souls can hear?

Pardon, and peace, and heavenly joys,
 Attend the promised Comforter:

O come, and righteousness divine,
 And Christ, and all with Christ, are mine!

3 O that the Comforter would come,
 Nor visit as a transient guest,

But fix in me his constant home,
 And keep possession of my breast:

And make my soul his loved abode,
 The temple of indwelling God!

312

Watchfulness. C. M.

1 I WANT a principle within.
 Of jealous, godly fear;

A sensibility of sin,
 A pain to feel it near;

I want the first approach to feel,
 Of pride, or fond desire;

To catch the wandering of my will,
 And quench the kindling fire.

2 From Thee that I no more may part,
 No more thy goodness grieve:

The filial awe, the fleshly heart,
 The tender conscience, give.

Quick as the apple of an eye,
 O God, my conscience make !
 Awake my soul, when sin is nigh,
 And keep it still awake.

313 *Inconstancy Lamented.* Rom. vii. 19. S. M.

1 I WOULD, but cannot sing,
 I would, but cannot pray ;
 For Satan meets me when I try,
 And frights my soul away.

2 I would, but can't repent,
 Though I endeavour oft ;
 This stony heart can ne'er relent,
 Till Jesus make it soft.

3 I would, but cannot love,
 Though wooed by love divine ;
 No arguments have power to move
 A soul so base as mine.

4 I would, but cannot rest,
 In God's most holy will ;
 I know what he appoints is best,
 Yet murmur at it still.

5 O could I but believe !
 Then all would easy be ;
 I would, but cannot—(Lord relieve ;)
 My help must come from thee !

6 But if indeed I would,
 Though I can nothing do ;
 Yet the desire is something good,
 For which my praise is due.

- 7 By nature prone to ill,
Till thine appointed hour
I was as destitute of will,
As now I am of power.
- 8 Wilt thou not crown at length
The work thou hast begun?
And with a will afford me strength
In all thy ways to run?
-

J

314 *Pilot; or, the Christian's Voyage.*
Luke viii. 22. P. M.

- 1 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 What though the seas are broad?
What though the waves are strong?
What though tempestuous storms
Distress me all along?
Yet what are seas or stormy wind,
Compared to Christ, the sinner's friend?
- 3 Christ is my pilot wise,
My compass is his word,
My soul each storm defies,
While I have such a Lord:

I trust his faithfulness and power,
To save me in the trying hour.

4 Though rocks and quicksands deep,
Through all my passage lie ;

Yet Christ will safely keep,
And guide me with his eye ;

How can I sink with such a prop,
That bears the world and all things up !

5 By faith I see the land,—
The port of endless rest ;

My soul, thy sails expand,
And fly to Jesus' breast !

O may I reach the heavenly shore
Where winds and waves distress no more !

6 Whene'er becalmed I lie,
And all my storms subside ;

Then to my succour fly,
And keep me near thy side ;

For more the treacherous calm I dread,
Than tempests bursting o'er my head.

7 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 !

315 *The struggle between faith and unbelief.*
Mar. ix. 24. L. M.

1 JESUS, believing we rejoice,
And triumph in thy pardoning voice,

- But when our unbelief prevails,
 Our hope departs, our comfort fails.
- 2 Thy promise does our hearts revive,
 And keep our fainting hopes alive;
 But guilt and fears, and sorrows rise,
 When unbelief o'erclouds our eyes.
- 3 O, let not sin and Satan boast,
 While we lie mourning in the dust;
 Nor see that faith to ruin brought,
 Which thy own gracious power hath wrought.
- 4 Do thou the dying spark inflame;
 Reveal the glories of thy name;
 And put all anxious doubts to flight,
 As shades dispersed by opening light.

316

Second Advent. P. M.

- 1 JESUS comes by saints attended,
 Heaven the dazzling train supplies;
 Call the dead, the night is ended;
 Bid the sleeping dust arise:
 Let the ransomed
 Join the Saviour in the skies.
- 2 Look, ye saints; the sight is glorious;
 See "the Man of Sorrows" now!
 From his foes returned victorious,
 Every knee to him shall bow:
 Crown him, crown him;
 Crowns become the Victor's brow.
- 3 While dismay on others seizes,
 Go and share your Master's joy;

Sound the sacred name of Jesus,
Let his praise your tongues employ ;
Praise him, praise him,
For those joys which never cloy.

4 Yonder mansion, filled with pleasure,
Is the place where Jesus reigns ;
There your bliss will have no measure,
While you sing in loudest strains
Hallelujah !
Everlasting joy remains.

317 *One thing Needful.* Luke x. 42. L. M.

1 JESUS, engrave it on my heart,
That thou the one thing needful art ;
I could from all things parted be,
But never, never, Lord from thee !

2 Needful art thou to make me live ;
Needful art thou all grace to give ;
Needful to guide me lest I stray,
Needful to help me every day.

3 Needful is thy most precious blood ;
Needful is thy correcting rod ;
Needful is thy indulgent care,
Needful thy all prevailing prayer.

4 Needful thy presence, dearest Lord,
True peace and comfort to afford ;
Needful thy promise to impart
Fresh life and vigour to my heart.

5 Needful art thou to be my stay,
Through all life's dark and thorny way ;

Nor less in death thou'lt needful be,
When I yield up my soul to thee.

6 Needful art thou to raise my dust
In shining glory with the just ;
Needful, when I in heaven appear,
To crown, and to present me there.

7 Needful art thou, my Lord, my love !
To tune my golden harp above ;
Needful art thou, my God, my King !
While thro' eternity I sing.

8 Then shall my soul, with joy supreme,
Dwell on the dear delightful theme,
Glory and praise be ever his,
"The one thing needful," Jesus is !

318 *Prayer for Humility, from the Example of
Christ. Phil. ii. 5—11. C. M.*

1 JESUS ! exalted far on high,
To whom a name is given ;

A name surpassing every name,
That's known in earth or heaven !

2 Before thy throne shall every knee
Bow down with one accord :

Before thy throne shall every tongue
Confess that thou art Lord.

3 Jesus ! Thou, in the form of God,
Didst equal honour claim ;

Yet to redeem our guilty souls,
Didst stoop to death and shame !

4 Oh ! may that mind in us be formed,
Which shone so bright in thee ;

An humble, meek, and lowly mind,
From pride and envy free!

5 To others we would stoop, and learn
To emulate thy love;

So shall we bear thine image here,
And share thy throne above.

319 *Intercessor.* John xvii. 24. L. M.

1 JESUS has shed his vital blood,
To bring my wandering soul to God;
And still to manifest his love,
He lives, and pleads for me above.

2 "Father, I will," the Saviour cries,
"That this poor soul at length may rise
From all the depths of sin and wo,
The riches of my grace to know.

3 "Now let his sins be all forgiven,
And guide him in the path to heaven;
I have redeemed his soul from hell,
With me he shall for ever dwell.

4 "To save his life, thy Son was slain,
He is the purchase of my pain;
I claim my right, and urge my plea,
That he may reign in bliss with me.

5 "He shall behold me face to face,
And dwell in this celestial place;
Far from the reach of foes and fears;
My love shall wipe away his tears.

6 "His pains and toils shall have an end;
His happy soul to God ascend;

Soon shall he reach the peaceful shore,
Where sin shall wound his heart no more.

7 "Father, I will, that he should prove,
The wonders of redeeming love ;
That he may all my glories see,
And sit upon thy throne with me."

320

The Lord's Supper. L. M.

1 JESUS, how heavenly is the place,
Where thy own servants wait for Thee !
Where the rich fountain of thy grace
Stands ever open, full, and free.

2 Hungry, and poor, and lame, and blind,
Hither thy ransomed people fly ;
In thy deep wounds a balsam find,
And live, while they behold Thee die.

3 Here they forget their doubts and fears,
While thy sharp sorrows meet their eyes ;
And bless the hand which dries their tears,
And each returning want supplies.

4 How vast the mysteries of thy love !
How high, how wide, how deep it rolls !
Its fountain springs in heaven above,
Its streams revive our drooping souls.

221

Forsaking all to follow Christ. P. M.

1 JESUS, I my cross have taken,
All to leave, and follow thee ;
Naked, poor, despised, forsaken,
Thou, from hence, my all shalt be ;

Perish every fond ambition,
All I've sought, or hoped, or known ;
Yet how rich is my condition,
God and heaven are still my own !

2 Let the world despise 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 favour 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.

5 Soul, then know 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 heaven, canst thou repine ?
 6 Haste thee on from grace to glory,
 Armed by faith, and winged by prayer ;
 Heaven's eternal day's before thee,
 God's own hand shall guide thee there.
 Soon shall close thy earthly mission,
 Soon shall pass thy pilgrim days,
 Hope shall change to glad fruition,
 Faith to sight, and prayer to praise.

322

Christian Love. Gal. iii. 28. 7's.

1 JESUS, Lord, we look to thee,
 Let us in thy name agree ;
 Show thyself the Prince of Peace,
 Bid all jars for ever cease.
 2 By thy reconciling love,
 Every stumbling block remove :
 Each to each, unite, endear ;
 Come and spread thy banner here.
 3 Make us of one heart and mind,
 Courteous, pitiful, and kind ;
 Lowly, meek in thought and word,
 Altogether like our Lord.
 4 Let us each for other care,
 Each the other's burden bear ;

To thy church a pattern give,
Show how true believers live.

5 Let us then with joy remove
To thy family above,
On the wings of angels fly,
Show how true believers die.

323

Perseverance Desired. L. M

1 JESUS, my Saviour and my God,
Thou hast redeemed me with thy blood ;
By ties both natural and divine,
I am, and ever will be, thine.

2 But ah ! should my inconstant heart,
Ere I'm aware, from thee depart,
What dire reproach would fall on me,
For such ingratitude to thee !

3 The thought I dread, the crime I hate ;
The guilt, the shame, I deprecate :
And yet, so mighty are my foes,
I dare not trust my warmest vows.

4 Pity my frailty, dearest Lord !
Grace in the needful hour afford :
O steel this timorous heart of mine
With fortitude and love divine.

5 So shall I triumph o'er my fears,
And gather joys from all my tears ;
So shall I to the world proclaim
The honours of the Christian name.

324

Liberality. C. M.

- 1 JESUS, my Lord, how rich thy grace!
 Thy bounties how complete!
 How shall I count the matchless sum?
 How pay the mighty debt?
- 2 High on a throne of radiant light
 Dost thou exalted shine:
 What can my poverty bestow?
 The universe is thine.
- 3 But thou hast brethren here below,
 The partners of thy grace;
 And wilt confess their humble names
 Before thy Father's face.
- 4 In them thou may'st be clothed and fed,
 And visited and cheered;
 And in their accents of distress,
 My Saviour's voice is heard.
- 5 Thy face, with reverence and with love,
 We in thy poor would see;
 O let us rather beg our bread,
 Than keep it back from thee.

325

Christ's Exaltation and Intercession. S. M.

- 1 JESUS, the Conqueror, reigns,
 In glorious strength arrayed;
 His kingdom over all maintains,
 And bids the earth be glad.
- 2 Ye sons of men rejoice
 In Jesus' mighty love:

Lift up your heart, lift up your voice,
To him who rules above.

3 Extol his kingly power,
Kiss the exalted Son,
Who died, but lives, to die no more,
High on his Father's throne.

4 Our Advocate with God,
He undertakes our cause,
And spreads through all the earth abroad
The victory of his Cross.

326 *Lord, our Righteousness.* Jer. xxiii. 6.
L. M.

1 JESUS, thy blood and righteousness
My beauty are, my glorious dress ;
'Midst flaming worlds, in these arrayed,
With joy shall I lift up my head.

2 When, from the dust of death, I rise
To claim my mansion in the skies ;
E'en then shall this be all my plea,
"Jesus hath lived and died for me."

3 Bold shall I stand in that great day,
For who aught to my charge shall lay ?
Fully through thee, absolved I am,
From sin's tremendous curse and shame.

4 Thus Abraham, the friend of God,
Thus all the armies bought with blood,
Saviour of sinners, thee proclaim !
Sinners,—of whom the chief I am.

5 This spotless robe the same appears
When ruined nature sinks in years :

No age can change its glorious hue,
The robe of Christ is ever new.

6 O let the dead now hear thy voice !
Now bid thy banished ones rejoice !
Their beauty this, their glorious dress,
Jesus, the Lord, our Righteousness.

327 *Christ supremely Desired.* L. M.

1 JESUS, thy face I long to see,
That lovely face once marred for me ;
In which, with lustre all divine,
A thousand peerless beauties shine.

2 The transient visits of thy grace
Make earth itself a pleasant place ;
And heaven would be no heaven to me,
If I were parted, Lord, from thee.

3 To thee my fainting spirit flies,
To thee my warm affections rise ;
For thee alone I sigh and mourn,
And anxious wait thy kind return.

4 One smile of thine my heart can cheer,
Prisons delight, if thou art there ;
In thine embrace I'll yield my breath,
And triumph in the pangs of death.

328 *None excluded from Hope.* C. M.

1 JESUS ! thy blessings are not few,
Nor is thy gospel weak ;
Thy grace can melt the stubborn Jew,
And bow the aspiring Greek.

- 2 Wide as the reach of Satan's rage,
Does thy salvation flow ;
'Tis not confined to sex or age,
The lofty or the low.
- 3 While grace is offered to the prince,
The poor may take their share ;
No mortal has a just pretence,
To perish in despair.
- 4 Be wise ye men of strength and wit !
Nor boast your native powers ;
But to his sovereign grace submit,
And glory shall be yours.
- 5 Come, all ye vilest sinners ! come,
He'll form your souls anew ;
His gospel and his heart have room
For rebels such as you.
- 6 His doctrine is almighty love :
There's virtue in his Name,
To turn the raven to a dove,
The lion to a lamb.

329 *A glimpse of Jesus, precious.* L. M.

- 1 JESUS, what shall I do to show,
How much I love thy charming name ?
Let my whole heart with rapture glow,
Thy boundless goodness to proclaim !
- 2 Lord, if a distant glimpse of thee,
Can give such sweet, such vast delight ;
What must the joy, the triumph be,
To dwell for ever in thy sight !

330 *View of Christ's Sufferings. L. M.*

- 1 JESUS, when faith, with fixed eyes,
Beholds thy wondrous sacrifice,
Love rises to an ardent flame,
And we all other hope disclaim !
- 2 With cold affections who can see
The thorns, the scourge, the nails, the tree ;
Thy flowing tears and dewy sweat,
Thy bleeding hands, and head, and feet !
- 3 Look saints, by faith, and view his side,
The breach how large, how deep, how wide !
Thence issues forth a double flood,
Of cleansing water, pardoning blood.
- 4 Hence, oh my soul, a balsam flows,
To heal thy wounds, and ease thy woes ;
Immortal joys come streaming down,
Joys, like his griefs, immense, unknown.
- 5 Thus I could ever, ever sing,
The sufferings of my Lord and King ;
With growing pleasure spread abroad
The mysteries of a dying God.

331 *Prayer for a Blessing upon Public Ordinances. L. M.*

- 1 JESUS, where'er thy people meet,
There they behold thy mercy-seat ;
Where'er they seek thee thou art found,
And every place is hallowed ground.
- 2 Dear Shepherd of thy chosen few !
Thy former mercies here renew ;

Here, to our waiting hearts proclaim
The glory of thy saving name.

3 Here may we prove the power of prayer,
To strengthen faith, and sweeten care ;
To teach our faint desires to rise,
And bring all heaven before our eyes.

4 Lord, we are few, but thou art near ;
Not short thine arm, nor deaf thine ear :
Oh rend the heavens, come quickly down,
And make a thousand hearts thine own !

332

Joy. John xiv. 22. C. M.

- 1 JOY is a fruit that will not grow
In nature's barren soil :
All we can boast till Christ we know,
Is vanity and toil.
- 2 But where the Lord has planted grace,
And made his glories known,
There fruits of heavenly joy and peace
Are found, and there alone.
- 3 A bleeding Saviour seen by faith,
A sense of pardoning love,
A hope that triumphs over death,
Give joys like those above.
- 4 To take a glimpse within the veil,
To know that God is mine,
Are springs of joy that never fail,
Unspeakable ! divine !
- 5 These are the joys which satisfy,
And sanctify the mind ;

Which make the spirit mount on high,
And leave the world behind.

6 No more, believers, mourn your lot ;
But, if you are the Lord's,
Resign to them that know him not
Such joys as earth affords.

K

333 *My grace is sufficient for thee. 2 Cor. xii. 9.*
C. M.

1 KIND are the words that Jesus speaks,
To cheer the drooping saint ;
" My grace sufficient is for you,
Though nature's powers may faint.

2 " My grace its glories shall display,
And make your griefs remove ;
Your weakness shall the triumphs tell
Of boundless power and love."

3 What, though my griefs are not removed,
Yet why should I despair ?
While my kind Saviour's arms support,
I can the burden bear.

4 Jesus, my Saviour and my Lord,
'Tis good to trust thy name :
Thy power, thy faithfulness, and love,
Will ever be the same.

5 Weak as I am, yet through thy grace
I all things can perform ;
And smiling, triumph in thy name,
Amid the raging storm.

334

Adult Baptism. P. M.

1 KINDEST Saviour, we adore thee,
And thy sacred name confess ;
While we now appear before thee,
Condescend our souls to bless :
May thy Spirit and thy word,
Inward peace and joy afford.

2 Let us now with zeal and fervour,
Faithful own thy righteous cause,
Bless thee as our kind preserver,
Cheerful keep thy holy laws :
Let not words but actions show,
What to sovereign grace we owe.

3 In this rite by heaven appointed,
We may wash the body clean,
Yet may still be unacquainted
With the malady of sin :
Grant, oh Lord, that with the sign,
We may feel thy power divine.

4 Outward forms are unavailing,
To the soul estranged from God ;
They can ne'er afford him healing,
While he treads the downward road ;
But when sanctified by grace,
We in them can Jesus trace.

5 Now we follow thine example,
 Promised help do thou afford ;
 Teach us on the world to trample,
 Cleaving still to thee the Lord :
 Hence depart with cheerful voice,
 In thy ways may we rejoice.

335 *Admission of new Members.* Gen. xxiv. 31.
 L. M.

- 1 **KINDRED** in Christ, for his dear sake,
 A hearty welcome here receive ;
 May we together now partake
 The joys which only he can give.
- 2 To you and us by grace 'tis given,
 To know the Saviour's precious name ;
 And shortly we shall meet in heaven,
 Our hope, our way, our end the same.
- 3 May he by whose kind care we meet.
 Send his good Spirit from above,
 Make our communications sweet,
 And cause our hearts to burn with love.
- 4 Forgotten be each worldly theme,
 When Christians meet together thus ;
 We only wish to speak of him,
 Who lived and died, and reigns for us.
- 5 We'll talk of all he did and said,
 And suffered for us here below ;
 The path he marked for us to tread,
 And what he's doing for us now.
- 6 Thus as the moments pass away,
 We'll love, and wonder, and adore ;

And hasten on the glorious day,
When we shall meet to part no more.

336 *Melchisedec. Gen. xiv. 18, 19.*

1 KING of Salem, bless my soul !
Make a wounded sinner whole !
King of righteousness and peace,
Let not thy sweet visits cease.

2 Come! refresh this soul of mine,
With thy sacred bread and wine !
All thy love to me unfold,
Half of which cannot be told.

3 Hail, Melchisedec divine !
Thou, great high-priest, shalt be mine ;
All my powers before thee fall,—
Take not tithe, but take them all.

337 *God reigneth over the Heathen. Ps. xlvii. 8.*
8's & 7's.

1 KING of Zion, give the order,
Send thy light and truth abroad,
O let Zion stretch her border,
Zion favoured of her God.

2 Thou canst form the zealous preacher,
Thou canst light and love impart ;
Send thy word to every creature,
Send it to the sinner's heart.

3 O let many now be ready
To go forth, at thy command,
Men of faith, approved and steady,
Leaving all at thy command.

4 Send thy truth to every region,
 Let the distant people hear ;
 Let them turn from false religion,
 And to truth alone give ear.

5 Thou art God ! who would not fear thee,
 Who that knows thy glorious power ?
 Oh that all the world may hear thee,
 And be slaves of sin no more.

L.

338

Joy and Peace in believing. 7's.

1 LAMB of God, who Thee receive,
 Who in Thee desire to live,
 Day and night they cry to Thee,
 As Thou art, so let us be !

2 Fix, O fix our wavering mind,
 To thy cross us firmly bind :
 Gladly now we would be clean ;
 Cleanse our hearts from every sin.

3 Dust and ashes though we be,
 Full of guilt and misery ;
 Thine we are, thou Son of God,
 Take the purchase of thy blood.

4 Sinners who in Thee believe,
 Everlasting life receive ;
 They with joy behold thy face,
 Triumph in thy pardoning grace.

339*Recovery from Sickness.* C. M.

- 1 LET all my powers unite to bless
My Saviour and my God,
Proclaim aloud his richest grace,
And spread his fame abroad.
- 2 When sore diseases threatened death,
'Twas he restrained their power,
Did then prolong my fleeting breath,
My feeble frame restore.
- 3 I mourned and chattered like a dove,
And none could help afford,
Till God in boundless grace and love,
Pronounced the healing word.
- 4 He spake, and lo, afflicting pains
My wasted limbs forsook;
Death threw his poisoned dart in vain,
For he repelled the stroke.
- 5 What shall I render to my God,
For his distinguished love?
With joy I'll visit his abode,
And all his gifts improve.

340*The Influence of the Holy Ghost.* C. M.

- 1 LET songs of praises fill the sky!
Christ, our ascended Lord,
Sends down his Spirit from on high,
According to his Word.
- 2 The Spirit, by his heavenly breath,
New life creates within:

He quickens sinners from the death
Of trespasses and sin.

3 The things of Christ the Spirit takes,
And shows them unto men ;

The fallen soul His temple makes,
God's image stamps again.

4 Come, Holy Spirit ! from above,
With thy celestial fire ;

Come, and with flames of zeal and love
Our hearts and tongues inspire !

341

The Success of the Gospel. L. M.

1 "LET there be light!" Thus spake the Word:
The Word was God!—"and there was light!"
Still the creative voice is heard,
A day is born from every night—

2 And every night shall turn to day,
While months, and years, and ages roll—
But we have seen a brighter ray
Dawn on the chaos of the soul.

3 Nor we alone: its wakening smiles
Have broke the gloom of nature's sleep:
The Word hath reached the utmost isles,
The Spirit moves upon the deep.

4 Already from the dust of death,
Man in his Maker's image stands;
Already draws immortal breath,
And stretches forth to heaven his hands.

5 From day to day, before our eyes,
Glows and extends the work begun !

When shall the new creation rise
O'er every land beneath the sun ?

6 When, in the sabbath of his love,
Shall God from all his labours rest ;
And, bending from his throne above,
Again pronounce his creatures blest ?

7 Soon the redeemed in every clime,
Yea, all that breathe, and move, and live,
To Christ, through every age of time,
Shall kingdom, power, and glory give.

342 *Sincerity and Truth.* Phil. iv. 8. C. M.

1 LET those who bear the Christian name
Their holy vows fulfil :

The saints—the followers of the Lamb—
Are men of honour still.

2 True to the solemn oaths they take,
Though to their hurt they swear :

Constant and just to all they speak—
For God and angels hear.

3 Still with their lips their hearts agree,
Nor flattering words devise ;

They know the God of truth can see
Through every false disguise.

4 They hate the appearance of a lie,
In all the shapes it wears,

Firm to the truth : and when they die,
Eternal life is theirs.

5 Lo ! from afar the Lord descends,
And brings the judgment down ;

He bids his saints—his faithful friends—
Rise, and possess their crown.

6 While Satan trembles at the sight,
And devils wish to die,
Where will the faithless hypocrite,
And guilty liar, fly ?

313 *Living to Christ.* Phil. i. 21. L. M.

1 LET thoughtless sinners choose the road
That leads the soul away from God ;
The happiness, dear Lord, be mine,
To live and die entirely thine.

2 On Christ by faith my soul would live,
From him my life, my all receive ;
To him devote my fleeting hours,
Serve him alone with all my powers.

3 Christ is my everlasting All,
To him I look, on him I call ;
He will my every want supply,
In time, and through eternity.

4 Soon will the Lord, my life, appear,
Soon shall I end my trials here ;
Leave sin and sorrow, death and pain,
“ To live is Christ, to die is gain.”

5 Soon will the saints in glory meet,
Soon walk through every golden street ;
And sing, on every blissful plain,
“ To live is Christ, to die is gain.”

344 *The gracious Call of God to Sinners.*
C. M.

1 LET us adore the grace which seeks
To draw our hearts above :
For, lo! the great Jehovah speaks,
And every word is love.

2 Though, fill'd with awe before his throne
Each angel veils his face,
He claims a people for his own
Among our sinful race.

3 "Repent, and live! no more pursue
The paths which lead to death :
Look unto Him who died for you ;
Look, and be saved through faith

4 "My sons and daughters you shall be,
Through his atoning blood ;
And you shall claim and find in Me,
A Father and a God."

5 Lord, help us now to seek thy face,
By Christ the Living Way ;
And praise Thee for this hour of grace,
Through an eternal day !

345 *God praised for his Mercies.* Psalm cxxxvi.
7's.

1 LET us, with a gladsome mind,
Praise the Lord, for He is kind :
For his mercies shall endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

2 He, with all commanding might,
Filled the new made world with light :
For his mercies shall endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

3 All things living He doth feed:
His full hand supplies their need :
For his mercies shall endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

4 He his chosen race did bless,
In the wasteful wilderness :
For his mercies shall endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

5 He hath with a piteous eye,
Looked upon our misery :
For his mercies shall endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

6 Let us then, with gladsome mind,
Praise the Lord, for He is kind :
For his mercies shall endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

346

Love to Christ. C. M.

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

2 Its pleasures now no longer please,
No more content afford ;
Far from my heart be joys like these,
Now I have seen the Lord.

- 3 As by the light of opening 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 wandering 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?
- 6 Yes, though of sinners I'm the worst,
I cannot doubt thy will;
For if thou hadst not loved me first,
I had refused Thee still.

347

Resignation. C. M.

- 1 LIFE has a soft and silver thread,
Nor is it drawn too long;
Yet when my vaster hopes persuade,
I'm willing to be gone.
- 2 Fast as you please roll down the hill,
And haste away my years;
Or I can wait my Father's will,
And dwell beneath the spheres.
- 3 Rise glorious, every future sun,
Gild all my following days,
But make the last dear moment known
By well-distinguished rays.

348

On the Death of a Child. C. M.

- 1 LIFE is a span, a fleeting hour ;
 How soon the vapour flies !
 Man is a tender transient flower,
 That e'en in blooming dies.
- 2 Death spreads like winter's frozen arms,
 And beauty smiles no more :
 Ah ! where are now those rising charms
 Which pleased our eyes before ?
- 3 The once loved form now cold and dead,
 Each mournful thought employs ;
 And nature weeps her comforts fled,
 And withered all her joys.
- 4 But wait the interposing gloom,
 And lo !—stern winter flies ;
 And, drest in beauty's fairest bloom,
 The flowery tribes arise.
- 5 Hope looks beyond the bounds of time,
 When what we now deplore,
 Shall rise in full immortal prime,
 And bloom to fade no more.
- 6 Then cease fond nature, cease thy tears,
 Religion points on high,
 There everlasting spring appears,
 And joys which cannot die.

349

Nativity. P. M.

- 1 LIFT up your heads in joyful hope,
 Salute the happy morn ;

- Each heavenly power
Proclaims the glad hour,
Lo! Jesus the Saviour is born.
- 2 All glory be to God on high ;
To him all praise is due :
The promise is sealed,
The Saviour's revealed,
And proves that the record is true.
- 3 Let joy around like rivers flow,
Flow on and still increase ;
Spread o'er the glad earth
At Jesus's birth ;
For heaven and earth are at peace.
- 4 Now the good will of heaven is shown
Towards Adam's helpless race ;
Messiah is come
To ransom his own,
To save them by infinite grace.
- 5 Then let us join the heavens above,
Where saints and angels sing ;
Join all the glad powers,
For their Lord is ours,
Our Prophet, our Priest, and our King.

350 *Gospel Harvest.* John iv. 35. L. M.

1 LO! clad in nature's bright array,
The fields a beauteous scene display :
See how the golden ears of corn,
Wide-waving, all the hills adorn.

2 See earth with God's rich goodness
crowned,

A joyful plenty smiles around ;

But now to our admiring eyes,

Behold ! superior prospects rise.

3 Rich harvests, where salvation grows,

Their fair celestial fruits disclose ;

A paradise on earth is seen,

How pleasing, how divine the scene.

4 See sinners hastening to embrace

The tidings of forgiving grace ;

Redeemed from hell, with price divine,

In faith and holiness they shine.

5 All crowned with immortality,

These fruits of righteousness shall be ;

Then they that reap and they that sow

Shall everlasting triumphs know.

6 Together, shall their songs arise,

In the fair fields of paradise ;

And shouts of triumph, and of joy,

Their blest eternity employ.

351 *Praise for the Fulfilment of Prophecy.*

Isa. xliii. 9—12. C. M.

1 LO ! former scenes, predicted once,

Have risen before our view ;

And future scenes, expected still,

Shall be unfolded too !

2 Hail, then, the kingdom of the Lord !

Let earth his praise resound ;

And they who on the ocean dwell,
Shout from the isles around.

3 O City of the Lord ! begin
The universal song ;

And let the scattered villages
The joyful notes prolong.

4 Let Kedar's wilderness afar
Lift up the lonely voice ;
And let the tenants of the rock
With accent rude rejoice.

5 Oh from the streams of distant lands
Unto Jehovah sing !

And joyful, from the mountain's tops,
Shout to the Lord the King !

6 Let all, combined with one accord,
The Saviour's glories raise,
Till in remotest bounds of earth
The nations sound his praise.

352 *"Prepare ye the way of the Lord."*
Isa. xl. 3, 4. xxxv. 1. lv. 13. xli. 18, 19. P. M.

1 LO ! He comes ! Let all adore Him :
'Tis the God of grace and truth !
Haste ! prepare the way before Him ;
Make the rugged places smooth.

Lo ! He comes ! the mighty Lord !
Great his work, and his reward !

2 Let the valleys all be raised !
Haste ! and make the crooked straight :
Let the mountains be abased ;
Let all nature change its state !

Through the desert make a road :
 Make a highway for our God !

3 Through the desert God is going,
 Through the desert waste and wild ;
 Where no goodly plant is growing,
 Where no verdure ever smiled :
 But the desert shall be glad,
 And with verdure soon be clad.

4 Where the thorn and briar flourished,
 Trees shall there be seen to grow ;
 Planted by the Lord, and nourished,
 Stately, fair, and fruitful too :
 See ! they rise on every side !
 See ! they spread their branches wide !

5 From the hills and lofty mountains,
 Rivers shall be seen to flow ;
 There the Lord will open fountains,
 Thence supply the plains below—
 As He passes, every land
 Shall confess His powerful hand.

353 *Second Advent of Christ.* Rom. viii. 22.
 1 Thess. iv. 17. &c. P. M.

1 LO ! He comes ! with clouds descending,
 Once for favoured sinners slain ;
 Thousand thousand saints attending,
 Swell the triumph of his train :
 Hallelujah !—
 Jesus now shall ever reign.

2 Every eye shall now behold Him,
 Robed in dreadful majesty ;
 Those who set at nought and sold him,

Pierced and nailed him to the tree,
Deeply wailing—
Shall the true Messiah see.

3 Every island, sea, and mountain,
Heaven and earth shall flee away;
All who hate him must, confounded,
Hear the trump proclaim the day;
Come to judgment!
Come to judgment! come away!

4 Now Redemption, long expected,
See! in solemn pomp appear!
All his saints by man rejected,
Now shall meet him in the air!
Hallelujah?—
See the Day of God appear!

5 Answer thine own Bride and Spirit,
Hasten, Lord, the general doom:
The new heaven and earth inherit,
Take thy pining exiles home:
All creation—
Travails, groans, and bids Thee come

6 Yea, Amen! let all adore Thee,
High on thine eternal throne!
Saviour! take the power and glory;
Claim the kingdom for thine own!
O come quickly—
Hallelujah! Come, Lord, come!

354

Lo! He Cometh. P. M.

- 1 LO! he cometh! countless trumpets
Blow to raise the sleeping dead:
'Mid ten thousand saints and angels,
See their great exalted Head!
Hallelujah!
Welcome, welcome, Son of God!
- 2 Now his merit, by the harpers,
Through th' eternal deep resounds;
Now resplendent shine his nail-prints,
Every eye shall see his wounds:
They who pierced him,
Shall at his appearance wail.
- 3 Full of joyful expectation,
Saints behold the Judge appear;
Truth and justice go before him,
Now the joyful sentence hear!
Hallelujah!
Welcome, welcome, Judge Divine.
- 4 "Come, ye blessed of my Father,
Enter into life and joy!
Banish all your fears and sorrows;
Endless praise be your employ!"
Hallelujah!
Welcome, welcome, to the skies!
- 5 Now at once they rise to glory,
Jesus brings them to the King;
There, with all the hosts of heaven.

They eternal anthems sing :
 Hallelujah !
 Boundless glory to the Lamb.

355 *Prayer for Seriousness in Prospect of
 Eternity.* Psalm xxxix. 4. P. M.

- 1 LO ! on a narrow neck of land,
 'Twixt two unbounded seas I stand,
 Yet how insensible !
 A point of time, a moment's space,
 Removes me to yon heavenly place,
 Or, shuts me up in hell !
- 2 O God ! my inmost soul convert,
 And deeply on my thoughtful heart
 Eternal things impress ;
 Give me to feel their solemn weight,
 And save me ere it be too late ;—
 By free and sovereign grace.
- 3 Before me place in bright array,
 The pomp of that tremendous day,
 When thou in clouds shalt come
 To judge the nations at thy bar ;
 O tell me, Lord, shall I be there
 To meet a joyful doom ?
- 4 Be this my one great business here,
 With holy joy, and holy fear,
 To make my calling sure !
 Assist, O Lord, a feeble worm,
 Then shall I all thy will perform,
 And to the end endure !

5 Then, Saviour! then my soul receive,
 Transported from this vale, to live
 And reign with thee above;
 Where faith is sweetly lost in sight,
 And hope, in full supreme delight,
 And everlasting love.

356

The Redeemed round the Throne.
 Rev. v. 9, 10. vii. 13—17. L. M.

1 LO! round the throne at God's right hand
 The saints, in countless myriads, stand;
 Of every tongue, redeemed to God,
 Arrayed in garments washed in blood.

2 Through tribulation great they came;
 They bore the cross, despised the shame:
 From all their labours now they rest,
 In God's eternal glory blest.

3 Hunger and thirst they feel no more;
 Nor sin, nor pain, nor death, deplore:
 The tears are wiped from every eye,
 And sorrow yields to endless joy.

4 They see their Saviour face to face,
 And sing the triumphs of his grace:
 Him day and night they ceaseless praise,
 To him their loud hosannas raise—

5 "Worthy the Lamb for sinners slain,
 Through endless years to live and reign!
 Thou hast redeemed us by thy blood,
 And made us kings and priests to God!"

357

Christ coming to Judgment.
Phil. iii. 20. C. M.

- 1 LOOK up ye saints that dwell in dust ;
Your hymns of victory sing ;
And let his dying servants trust
Their ever-living King.
- 2 I see the Lord of glory come,
And heavenly guards around ;
The skies divide to make Him room,
The trumpet shakes the ground.
- 3 I hear the voice, " Ye dead, arise !"
And lo, the graves obey,
And waking saints, with joyful eyes,
Salute the happy day.
- 4 They leave the dust, and on the wing
Rise to the midway air ;
In shining garments meet their King,
And glorify Him there.
- 5 Oh, may our humble spirits stand
Among them clothed in white !
The lowest place at his right hand
Gives infinite delight.

358

" And He shall reign for ever and ever !"
P. M.

- 1 LOOK, ye saints, the sight is glorious,
See the Man of sorrows now !
From the fight returned victorious ;
Every knee to Him shall bow :
Crown Him—
Crowns become the Victor's brow !

2 Crown the Saviour! Angels crown Him!
 Rich the trophies Jesus brings:

In the seat of power enthrone Him,
 While the vault of heaven rings:

Crown Him—

Crown the Saviour “King of Kings.”

3 Sinners in derision crowned Him,
 Mocking thus the Saviour’s claim;

Saints and angels crowd around Him
 Own his title, praise his Name;

Crown Him—

Spread abroad the Victor’s fame!

359

Evening. L. M.

1 LORD, as the evening shades arise
 And chase the twilight from the skies,
 Thy wondrous bounty may we find,
 And share it with a grateful mind!

2 Oh! make our weary members blest
 With sweet refreshment in their rest;
 And in the hours of darkness spread
 Thy guardian arms around our head.

3 Upon our knees as here we bow,
 Light of the world, Redeemer, now
 Fill all our breasts, lest deadly sin
 Should cause a darker night within.

4 If thoughts on Thee our souls employ,
 E’en darkness will afford us joy,
 Till Thou shalt call, and we shall soar,
 And part with darkness evermore.

360 *A Sacramental Hymn. C. M.*

- 1 LORD, at thy table I behold
 The wonders of thy grace ;
 But most of all admire that I
 Should find a welcome place.
- 2 I that am all defiled with sin,
 A rebel to my God ;
 I that have crucified his Son,
 And trampled on his blood.
- 3 What strange surprising grace is this,
 That such a soul has room !
 My Saviour takes me by the hand,
 My Jesus bids me come.
- 4 " Eat, O my friends," the Saviour cries,
 " The feast was made for you,
 " For you I groaned, and bled, and died,
 " And rose, and triumphed too."
- 5 With trembling faith and bleeding hearts,
 Lord, we accept thy love :
 'Tis a rich banquet we have had ;
 What will it be above ?
- 6 Ye saints below, and hosts of heaven,
 Join all your praising powers ;
 No theme is like redeeming love,
 No Saviour is like ours.

361 *Seeking Pardon. Psalm xxvii. 8. L. M.*

- 1 LORD, at thy feet I prostrate fall,
 Opprest with fears, to thee I call :

Reveal thy pardoning love to me,
And set my captive spirit free.

2 Hast thou not said, "Seek ye my face;"
The invitation I embrace;
I'll seek thy face—thy Spirit give!
O let me see thy face and live.

3 I'll wait; perhaps my Lord may come,
If back I turn, hell is my doom!—
And begging, in his way I'll lie
Till the sweet hour he passeth by.

4 I'll seek his face, with cries and tears,
With secret sighs, and fervent prayers;
And, if not heard—I'll waiting sit,
And perish at my Saviour's feet.

5 But canst thou, Lord! see all my pain,
And bid me seek thy face in vain?
Thou wilt not, canst not, me deceive,—
The soul that seeks thy face shall live.

6 "Then venture, O my soul, in prayer,
For none can perish, pleading here:
The blood of Christ, that crimson sea,
Shall wash thy load of guilt away."

362 *Humble Pleading for Mercy.* C. M.

1 LORD, at thy feet we sinners lie,
And knock at mercy's door;
With heavy heart and downcast eye
Thy favour we implore.

2 On us the vast extent display
Of thy forgiving love;

Take all our heinous guilt away,
 This heavy load remove.

3 We sink—with all this weight oppressed,
 Sink down to death and hell ;

Oh give our troubled spirits rest,
 Our numerous fears dispel.

4 'Tis mercy, mercy we implore ;
 O may thy bowels move !

Thy grace is an exhaustless store,
 And thou thyself art love.

5 Oh, for thine own, for Jesus' sake,
 Our many sins forgive !

Thy grace our rocky hearts can break ;
 And breaking soon relieve.

6 Should we at last in heaven appear,
 To join thy saints above ;—

We'll shout 'twas mercy brought us there,
 And sing thy bleeding love.

363

I will instruct thee and teach thee.
 Psalm xxxii. 8. P. M.

1 LORD, behold thy people here
 Come to learn what thou wilt say ;

O in mercy now draw near !

Meet thy people when they pray ;

Thou art God, and thou alone,

Lord, we worship at thy throne.

2 Jesus, 'tis on thee we call,

Israel's Saviour, Israel's King ;

Low before thy feet we fall,

Thee whom angels love to sing ;

Saviour, lead us in the way,
Only Thee would we obey.

3 Teach us what we do not know,
Lord instruct us in thy will ;
What we learn O may we do !
To thy voice obedient still ;
Close to thee may we abide,
Thee our Saviour and our Guide.

264 *Doubting Christian.* Lam. i. 11. S. M.

1 LORD, can a soul like mine,
Unholy and unclean,
Dare venture near a throne of grace,
With such a load of sin ?

2 If I attempt to pray,
And lisp thy holy name,
My thoughts are hurried soon away,
I know not where I am.

3 If in thy word I look,
Such darkness fills my mind,
I only read a sealed book,
But no relief can find.

4 Myself can hardly bear
This wretched heart of mine ;
How hateful then must it appear
To those pure eyes of thine !

5 That blood which Jesus spilt,
That grace which is thine own,
Can cleanse the vilest sinner's guilt,
And soften hearts of stone.

6 Low at thy feet I bow,
 O pity and forgive!
 Here will I lie, and wait till thou
 Shalt bid me rise and live.

365 *Happy is that People whose God is the Lord.*
 Psalm cxliv. 15. P. M.

- 1 LORD, dismiss us hence with gladness,
 Be thy people's lot our choice;
 'Tis thy foes have cause of sadness,
 But thy people may rejoice;
 Who shall harm them,
 While they hear and know thy voice?
- 2 From thy word with food provided,
 May we feed thereon and grow;
 And by thee, our Saviour, guided,
 Through the pathless desert go;
 While the Gospel
 Charms our hearts from all below.
- 3 Saviour, keep all evil from us,
 Go before us in the way;
 Till we reach the land of promise,
 Be thy word our guide and stay:
 Joy and triumph
 Shall be ours in that bright day.
- 4 Then thy people's griefs are over;
 Then thy people cease to fight;
 In that day thou wilt discover
 All thy glory to our sight:
 God our portion,
 God our everlasting light.

366 *The love of Christ which passeth Knowledge.*
Ephes. iii. 19. C. M.

- 1 LORD, dissolve my frozen heart,
By the beams of love divine,
This alone can warmth impart,
To dissolve a heart like mine.
- 2 Should thy love produce no change,
Should my heart resist thy love,
Awful would it be and strange,
Then the case must hopeless prove.
- 3 O that love, how vast it is !
Vast it seems, though known in part,
Strange indeed if love like this
Should not melt the frozen heart.
- 4 Saviour, let thy love be felt,
Let it's power be felt by me,
Then my frozen heart shall melt,
Melt in love, O Lord, to Thee.

367 *Humble trust ; or, Despair prevented.*
L. M.

- 1 LORD, didst thou die, but not for me ?
Am I forbid to trust thy blood ?
Hast thou not pardons rich and free :
And grace, an overwhelming flood
- 2 Who, then, shall drive my trembling soul
From thee, to regions of despair ?
Who has surveyed the sacred roll,
And found my name not written there ?
- 3 Presumptuous thought ! to fix the bound—
To limit mercy's sovereign reign :

What other happy souls have found
I'll seek ; nor shall I seek in vain.

4 I own my guilt ; my sins confess :
Can men or devils make them more ?
Of crimes, already numberless,
Vain the attempt to swell the score.

5 Were the black list before my sight,
While I remember thou hast died,
'Twould only urge my speedier flight,
To seek salvation at thy side.

6 Low at thy feet I'll cast me down ;
To thee reveal my guilt and fear ;
And—if Thou spurn me from thy throne—
I'll be the *first* who perished there.

368 *Corner Stone.* 1 Pet. ii. 6. Isa. xxviii. 16, 17.
L. M.

1 LORD, dost thou show a corner-stone,
For us to build our hopes upon,
That the fair edifice may rise
Sublime in light beyond the skies !

2 We own the works of sovereign love ;
Nor death nor hell the hope shall move,
Which fixed on this foundation stand,
Laid by thine own almighty hand.

3 Thy people long this stone have tried,
And all the powers of hell defied ;
Floods of temptations beat in vain,
Well doth this Rock the house sustain.

4 When storms of wrath around prevail,
Whirlwind and thunder, fire and hail,

'Tis here our trembling souls shall hide,
And here securely they abide ;

5 While they that scorn this precious Stone,
Fond of some quicksand of their own,
Borne down by weighty vengeance, die,
And buried deep in ruin lie.

369

Old Age. Psalm lxxi. 9. C. M.

1 LORD guide me down the steep of age,
And keep my passions cool ;
Teach me to scan the sacred page,
And practise every rule.

2 My flying years, time urges on,
What's mortal must decay ;
My friends, my young companions gone,
Can I expect to stay ?

3 Can I exemption plead, when death
Projects his awful dart ?
Can medicines then prolong my breath,
Or virtue shield my heart ?

4 Ah no!—then smooth, O Lord, the hour,
On thee my hope depends :
Support me with almighty power,
While dust to dust descends.

5 Then shall my soul, O gracious God !
(While angels guard the way,)
With rapture haste to thine abode,
To dwell in endless day.

6 Through heaven howe'er remote the
bound,
Thy love I'll then proclaim ;
And join the choir of saints that sound
Their great Redeemer's name.

370 *Stony Heart Lamented.* Ezek. xxxvi. 26, 27.
L. M.

1 LORD, hear a burdened sinner mourn,
Who gladly would to thee return ;
Thy tender mercies, O impart,
And take away this stony heart.

2 'Tis this hard heart which sinks me down,
Nor asks thy smile, nor fears thy frown ;
This causes all my wo and smart,
“Lord, take away this stony heart.”

3 'Tis this hard heart, my gracious Lord,
Which scorns thy love, and slights thy word ;
Which tempts me from thee to depart,
“Lord, take away this stony heart.”

4 'Tis this hard heart, which, day by day,
Would shut my mouth, nor let me pray ;
Yea, would from every duty start,
“Lord, take away this stony heart.”

5 Sure, the blest day will shortly come,
When this hard heart shall know its doom ;
When I no more shall sin retain,
Nor of a stony heart complain.

6 Yes, friendly death, with welcome stroke,
Will loose the chain, will break the yoke ;
And when arrived on Canaan's shore,
A stony heart be felt no more.

371 *The Sabbath—In the great Congregation.*
L. M.

1 LORD, how delightful 'tis to see
A whole assembly worship Thee!
At once they sing, at once they pray;
They hear of heaven and learn the way.

2 I have been there, and still would go;
'Tis like a little heaven below:
Not all that careless sinners say,
Shall tempt me to forget this day.

3 O write upon my memory, Lord,
The texts and doctrines of thy word!
That I may break thy laws no more,
But love thee better than before.

4 With thoughts of Christ and things divine,
Fill up this foolish heart of mine;
That, finding pardon through his blood,
I may lie down and wake with God.

372 *I will not let thee go, except thou bless me.*
Gen. xxxii. 26. 7's.

1 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 knowest 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 passed since then,
Many changes I have seen ;
Yet have been upheld till now ;
Who could hold me up but thou ?

6 Thou hast helped in every 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.

373 *A glimpse of Jesus precious.* C. M.

1 LORD ! let me see thy blissful face,
While sojourning below ;
'Tis from thyself my joys arise,
And all my comforts flow.

2 A glimpse—a single glimpse of thee,
Would more delight my soul
Than this vain world, with all its joys,
Could I possess the whole.

374*After Sermon. L. M.*

1 LORD! now we part in thy blest Name,
 In which we here together came;
 Grant us our few remaining days
 To work thy will and spread thy praise.

2 Teach us in life and death to bless
 Thee, Lord! our strength and righteousness;
 And grant us all to meet above,
 Where we shall better sing thy love!

375*Prayer for dry weather in Harvest. L. M.*

1 LORD of the earth, and seas, and skies,
 Thou sovereign source of all supplies;
 Now thy preparing hand employ,
 Our hearts to fill with food and joy.

2 Let not deserved wrath destroy,
 Our high raised hopes of harvest joy;
 Thy care o'er every crop extend,
 And all the fruits of earth defend.

3 May ripening suns, and fertile dews
 Their genial influence diffuse;
 And each kind element combine,
 Our hearts to cheer with corn and wine.

4 May hill and valley join the field,
 Their life preserving stores to yield;
 And every rising ripening ear,
 Laden with finest fruits appear.

5 Thus, may the heavens, and teeming earth,
 Bring their most precious treasures forth;

While crops in vast profusion rise,
To wave their homage to the skies.

6 Lord of the harvest, thee we own ;
Pour an abundant blessing down ;
Say, as in ancient days, " I'll give
More than your garners can receive."

7 And while we plead for earthly bread,
That every creature may be fed ;
O let eternal thanks be given,
For Christ, th' immortal bread of heaven.

376 *The Presence of God in His house. 7's.*

1 LORD of hosts ! how lovely fair
E'en on earth thy temples are !
Here thy waiting servants see
Much of heaven and much of Thee

2 From thy gracious presence flows
Bliss that softens all our woes ;
While thy Spirit's holy fire
Warms our hearts with pure desire.

3 Here we supplicate thy throne :
Here thou mak'st thy glories known :
Here we learn thy righteous ways,
Taste thy love, and sing thy praise.

377 *Morning. C. M.*

1 LORD of my life, O may thy praise
Employ my noblest powers,
Whose goodness lengthens out my days,
And fills the circling hours.

- 2 Preserved by thy almighty arm,
I passed the shades of night,
Serene, and safe from every harm,
And see returning light.
- 3 While many spent the night in sighs,
And restless pains and woes ;
In gentle sleep I closed my eyes,
And undisturbed repose.
- 4 When sleep, death's semblance o'er me
spread,
And I unconscious lay,
Thy watchful care was round my bed,
To guard my feeble clay.
- 5 O let the same almighty care
My waking hours attend ;
From every danger, every snare,
My heedless steps defend.
- 6 Smile on my minutes as they roll
And guide my future days ;
And let thy goodness fill my soul
With gratitude and praise.

378 *For improvement of the means of Grace.*
P. M.

- 1 LORD! refresh us with thy blessing,
Fill our hearts with joy and peace ;
Bread of life in Thee possessing,
Let our faith and love increase :
O refresh us,
Travelling through this wilderness.

2 Thanks we give and adoration
 For thy Gospel's joyful sound ;
 May the fruits of thy salvation
 In our hearts and lives abound !

 May thy presence
 With us evermore be found !

3 So whene'er the signal given
 Calls us from the earth away,
 Borne on angel's wings to heaven,
 Glad the summons to obey

 May we ever
 Reign with CHRIST in endless day !

379 *Hardness of Heart lamented.* L. M.

1 LORD ! shed a beam of heavenly day,
 To melt this stubborn stone away !
 Now thaw, with rays of love divine,
 This heart—this frozen heart of mine.

 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,
 What but an adamant would melt ?
 Goodness and wrath in vain combine
 To move this stupid heart of mine.

4 But ONE can yet perform the deed ;
 That *One* in all his grace I need ;
 Thy Spirit can from dross refine,
 And melt this stubborn heart of mine.

5 Oh, Breath of Life, breathe on my soul!
 On me let streams of mercy roll:
 Now thaw, with rays of love divine,
 This heart, this frozen heart of mine.

380 *Eternal life in Christ alone.* John vi. 68, 69.
 C. M.

1 LORD! should we leave thy hallowed
 feet,

To whom could we repair?

Where else such holy comforts meet,
 As spring eternal there?

2 Unmingled joys 'tis thine to give,
 And undecaying peace;

For thou canst teach us so to live,
 That life shall never cease.

3 Thou only canst the cheering words
 Of endless life supply:

Anointed of the Lord of Lords,
 The son of God Most High!

380 "*The Preparation of the Heart in Man.*"
 Prov. xvi. 1. C. M.

1 LORD! teach thy servants how to pray,
 With reverence and with fear:

Though dust and ashes, yet we may,
 We must, to Thee draw near.

2 We come, then, God of grace! to Thee:
 Give broken contrite hearts;

Give what thine eye delights to see,
 Truth in the inward parts.

- 3 Give deep humility—the sense
Of godly sorrow give :
A strong desiring confidence
To see thy face and live.
- 4 Give faith in that one sacrifice
Which can for sin atone :
To cast our hopes, to fix our eyes
On Christ—on Christ alone.
- 5 Give patience still to wait and weep,
Though mercy long delay—
Courage our fainting souls to keep,
And trust Thee though Thou slay—
- 6 Give these—and then thy will be done !
Thus strengthened with all might,
We, through thy Spirit and thy Son,
Shall pray, and pray aright.

382

The Sufferings of Christ pleaded
1 John i. 7. 7's.

- 1 LORD ! thou knowest my wretched case ;
Thou the curse of sin remove ;
Save me by thy richest grace,
Save me by thy pardoning love.
- 2 Let me hear the welcome sound,
Speak, if still Thou canst forgive ;
Speak, and let the lost be found ;
Speak, and let the dying live.
- 3 By thy pangs and bloody sweat,
By thy depth of grief unknown,
Save me prostrate at thy feet,
Save O save thy ransomed one.

4 By thy mortal groans and sighs,
 By thy precious death I pray,
 Hear my humble heart-felt cries ;
 Take, O take my sins away.

383 *Cause thy face to shine, and we shall be saved.* Psalm lxxx. 19. C. M.

1 LORD, we esteem the favour great,
 And give the praise to thee,
 That we can thus together meet,
 And none to make us flee.

2 But all our meetings barren prove,
 Except thou shew thy face ;
 Come then, dear Saviour, from above,
 And consecrate this place.

3 O let the visits of thy love
 The purest joys impart !
 Let all our deadness now remove,
 And zeal fill every heart.

4 Zeal to confess thy glorious name,
 In spite of earth and hell,
 Thy loving kindness to proclaim,
 And all thy goodness tell.

5 Lord, let thy people's light so shine,
 That all the world may see,
 And own its origin divine,
 And give the praise to Thee.

384 *Early will I seek Thee.* Psa. lxiii. 1.

1 LORD, we come to seek thee early,
 Hear, O hear us when we cry !

Thou hast bought thy people dearly,
 Thou hast brought the strangers nigh
 God our Saviour !

All thy people's wants supply.

2 Lord, we bless thee, that invited
 We draw near and seek thy face ;

Once the privilege we slighted,
 Ours was then a fearful case ;

God our Saviour !

We adore thy sovereign grace.

3 Through the desert safely guide us,
 Cheer us when by toil opprest ;

Though the world around deride us,
 Thine we know, are truly blest ;

Soon thy people

Shall from all their labours rest.

4 In the midst of foes and strangers
 Keep thy people safe from harm ;

While they pass through toils and dangers,
 Hold them with thy mighty arm,

And convey them

There, where foes no more alarm.

385 *Jailor's Conversion.* Acts xvi. 30, 31.
 C. M.

1 LORD, we adore thy matchless ways
 In bringing souls to thee ;

We sing, and shout eternal praise,
 For grace so full and free.

2 Thy grace pervades the prison's gloom,
 And shines with lustre there ;

Thy power can bring a jailor home,
With trembling, hope, and fear.

3 "What must I do," the jailor cries;
"To save my sinking soul?"

"Believe in Christ," the word replies,
"Thy faith shall make thee whole."

4 Our works are all the works of sin,
Our nature quite depraved;
Jesus alone can make us clean;
By grace are sinners saved.

5 "Believe, believe," the gospel cries,
"This is the living way;"

From faith in Christ our hopes arise,
And shine to perfect day.

6 Come, sinners, then, the Saviour trust,
To wash you in his blood;
To change your hearts, subdue your lust,
And bring you home to God.

386 *At the beginning of the year.* L. M.

1 LORD! we are spared, and yet are found
In thy own house on praying ground:
Many are gone who near us stood,
Gone to thy awful bar, O God!

2 Now soon in heaven, or soon in hell,
We shall with Thee, or Satan, dwell:
Grant, Lord, that with intense desire
We may in Christ, to heaven aspire.

3 That glorious race if now begun,
 We in Jehovah's strength go on ;
 Nor life, nor death, thy servants fear,
 'Twill be to them a happy year.

387

Gratitude and Devotion. L. M.

1 LORD, what is man, that he should prove
 The object of thy boundless love !
 Say, why should he so largely share
 Thy favour and thy tender care ?

2 While now my lips draw vital breath,
 Or till I close my eyes in death,
 I'll ne'er forget thy wondrous love,
 Nor thoughtless of thy kindness prove.

3 Beneath thy shadowy wings' defence
 I'll place my only confidence :
 In every danger and distress,
 To thee will I my prayer address.

4 Should all my hopes on earth be lost,
 In thee I'll make my constant boast ;
 I'll spread the glories of thy name,
 And thy unbounded love proclaim.

388

Man, by Nature, by Grace, and in Glory.

L. M.

1 LORD, what is man ! extremes how wide
 In this mysterious nature join !
 The flesh to worms and dust allied ;
 The soul, immortal and divine !

- 2 Divine at first, a holy flame,
Kindled by God's creative breath ;
Till, stained by sin, it soon became
The seat of darkness, strife, and death.
- 3 But Christ, Oh ! what amazing grace !
Assumed our nature as his own ;
Obeyed and suffered in our place :
Then bore that nature to his throne !
- 4 Now, what is man, when grace reveals
The virtue of a Saviour's blood ?
Again, a life divine he feels,
Despises earth, and walks with God.
- 5 And what, in yonder realms above,
Is ransomed man ordained to be ?
With honour, holiness, and love,
No seraph more adorned than he.
- 6 Nearest the throne, and first in song
Man shall his hallelujahs raise ;
While wondering angels round him throng,
And swell the chorus of his praise.

389 *Confession, Prayer, and Praise.* C. M. D.

- 1 LORD ! when we bend before thy throne,
And our CONFESSIONS pour,
Teach us to feel the sins we own,
And hate what we deplore ;
Our broken spirits pitying see ;
True penitence impart :
Then let a kindling glance from Thee
Beam hope on every heart.

- 2 When we disclose our wants in PRAYER,
 Oh let our wills resign ;
 And not a thought our bosom share,
 Which is not wholly thine.
 Let faith each weak petition fill,
 And lift it to the skies ;
 And teach our hearts 'tis goodness still
 Which grants it, or denies.
- 3 When our united voices strive
 Their cheerful hymns to raise,
 Let love divine within us live,
 And lift our souls in PRAISE :
 Then on thy glories while we dwell,
 Thy mercies we'll review ;
 'Till love divine, transported tell—
 Thou God, art Father too !

390

The Gospel Jubilee. Psa. lxxxix. 15.
 Lev. xxv. Isa. lxi. 2. L. M.

- 1 LOUD let the tuneful trumpet sound,
 And spread the joyful tidings round ;
 Let every soul with transport hear,
 And hail the Lord's accepted year.
- 2 Ye debtors ! whom he gives to know
 That you ten thousand talents owe,
 When humbled at his feet ye fall
 Your gracious Lord forgives them all !
- 3 Slaves ! who have borne the heavy chain,
 Of sin, and hel's tyrannic reign,
 To liberty assert your claim,
 And urge the great Redeemer's name.

4 Salem's inhabitants no more
 Bondage nor poverty deplore;
 Nor debt, but love immensely great,
 And joy still rises with the debt!

5 Oh happy souls that know the sound!
 God's light shall all their steps surround;
 And show that Jubilee begun,
 Which through eternal years shall run.

391 *Divine Love.* 2 Cor. iii. 17, 18. 8's & 7's.

1 LOVE divine, all love excelling,
 Joy of heaven to earth come down:
 Fix in us thy humble dwelling,
 All thy faithful mercies crown:

2 Jesus, thou art all compassion,
 Pure unbounded love thou art;
 Visit us with thy salvation,
 Enter every trembling heart.

3 Come, thou Holy, loving Spirit
 Enter every troubled breast;
 Let us all in thee inherit
 Peace, and joy, and holy rest.

4 Take away the love of sinning,
 Alpha and Omega be;
 End of faith, as its beginning,
 Set our souls at liberty.

5 Carry on thy new creation,
 Happy, holy may we be!
 Let us see our whole salvation
 Perfectly secured by Thee!

6 Changed from glory into glory,
 'Till in heaven we take our place,
 'Till we cast our crowns before Thee,
 Lost in wonder, love, and praise!

M.

392

Prayer for Missionaries. L. M.

1 MARKED as the purpose of the skies,
 This promise meets our anxious eyes,
 That Heathen lands the Lord shall know,
 And, warm with faith, each bosom glow.

2 E'en now the hallowed scenes appear!
 E'en now unfolds the promised year!
 Lo! distant shores thy heralds trace,
 And bear the tidings of thy grace.

3 'Mid burning climes and frozen plains,
 Where Pagan darkness brooding reigns,
 Lord, mark their steps, their fears subdue,
 Strengthen their arm, and clear their view.

4 When, worn by toil, their spirits fail,
 Bid them the glorious future hail;
 Bid them the crown of life survey,
 And onward urge their conquering way.

393

Salutary effects of the Gospel. P. M.

1 MARK the soft-falling snow
 And the diffusive rain!

To heaven from whence it fell,

It turns not back again :

But waters earth Through every pore,

And calls forth all Its secret store.

2 Arrayed in beauteous green

The hills and valleys shine,

And man and beast are fed

By Providence Divine :

The harvest bows Its golden ears,

The copious seed Of future years.

3 "So," saith the God of Grace,

"My gospel shall descend,

Almighty to effect

The purpose I intend :

Millions of souls Shall feel its power,

And bear it down To millions more.

4 "Joy shall begin your march,

And peace protect your ways ;

While all the mountains round

Echo melodious praise ;

The vocal groves Shall sing the God,

And every tree Consenting, nod."

394 *Gethsemane.* Matt. xxvi. 36—42. 7's.

1 MANY woes had Christ endured,

Many sore temptations met,

Patient, and to pains inured ;

But the sorest trial yet

Was to be sustained in thee,
Gloomy, sad Gethsemane.

2 There my God bore all my guilt ;
This through grace can be believed ;
But the torments which he felt,
Are too vast to be conceived ;
None can penetrate through thee,
Doleful, dark Gethsemane.

395

The Sabbath—Morning. C. M.

1 MAY I throughout this day of thine
Be in the Spirit, Lord,
Spirit of humble fear divine,
That trembles at thy word.

2 Spirit of faith, my heart to raise,
And fix on things above,
Spirit of sacrifice and praise,
Of holiness and love.

396

Prayer for the Jews. P. M.

1 MAY the glorious day of promise
Come, and spread its cheerful ray,
When the scattered sheep of Israel
Shall no longer go astray ;
When Hosannas—
With united voice they cry.

2 Lord ! how long wilt thou be angry ?
Shall thy wrath for ever burn ?

Rise! redeem thine ancient people;
 Their transgressions from them turn.
 King of Israel!—
 Come, and set thy people free!

3 Oh that thou would'st soon to Jacob
 Thine enlivening Spirit send?
 Of their unbelief and misery,
 Make, O Lord, a speedy end!
 Lord! Messiah!—
 Prince of Peace! o'er Israel reign!

397 *For our Gospel came not unto you in word only, but also in power. 1 Thess. i. v. P. M.*

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

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

398 *The Apostolical Benediction—2 Cor. xiii. 14.
 C. M.*

1 MAY the grace of Christ o'erflowing,
 And the Father's boundless love,

And the Spirit life-bestowing
Rest upon us from above!

2 Thus may we abide united
With each other and the Lord,
And possess in him delighted
Joys, which earth cannot afford!

399 *Encouragement to Missionaries.* P. M.

1 MEN of God! go take your stations!
Darkness reigns throughout the earth,
Go, proclaim among the nations
Joyful news of heavenly birth:
Bear the tidings—
Of the Saviour's matchless worth!

2 Of his Gospel not ashamed,
As the power of God to save;
Go where Christ was never named,
Publish freedom to the slave!
Blessed freedom!—
Such as Zion's children have.

3 When exposed to fears and dangers,
Jesus will his own defend:
Borne afar midst foes and strangers,
Jesus will appear your Friend;
And His presence—
Shall be with you to the end.

400 *Bartimeus.* Mark x. 47, 48. P. M.

1 "MERCY, O thou Son of David!"
Thus 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 asked, 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,

Followed Jesus in the way.

3 Oh! methinks I hear him praising,

Publishing to all around ;

“ Friend, 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 would they hasten to him,

He would cause them all to see.”

401

Messiah greeted by the Creation.

Isa. lv. 12, 13. C. M.

1 MESSIAH! at thy glad approach,

The howling wilds are still :

Thy praises fill the lonely waste,

And breathe from every hill.

2 The hidden fountains at thy call,

Their sacred stores unlock ;

Loud in the desert, sudden streams
Burst living from the rock.

3 The incense of the spring ascends
Upon the morning gale :

Red o'er the hill the roses bloom,
The lilies in the vale.

4 Renewed, the earth a robe of light,
A robe of beauty wears ;

And in new heavens a brighter sun
Leads on the promised years.

5 Let Israel to the Prince of Peace
The loud hosannas sing ;

With hallelujahs, and with hymns,
O Zion! hail thy King!

402 *The excellency of the Priesthood of Christ.*
L. M.

1 'MONG all the priests of Jewish race,
Jesus the most illustrious stands ;

The radiant beauty of his face
Superior love and awe demands.

2 Not Aaron or Melchisedeck
Could claim such high descent as he ;

His nature and his name bespeak
His unexampled pedigree.

3 Descended from the eternal God,
He bears the name of his own Son ;

And, dressed in human flesh and blood,
He puts his priestly garments on.

4 The mitred crown, th' embroidered vest,
With graceful dignity he wears ;

- And, in full splendour, on his breast
The sacred oracle appears.
- 5 So he presents his sacrifice,—
An offering most divinely sweet ;
While clouds of fragrant incense rise,
And cover o'er the mercy-seat.
- 6 The Father, with approving smile,
Accepts the offering of his Son ;
New joys the wondering angels feel,
And haste to bear the tidings down
- 7 The welcome news their lips repeat
Gives sacred pleasure to my breast,
Henceforth, my soul, thy cause commit
To Christ, the Advocate and Priest.

403 *Resurrection of Christ. Matt. xxviii. 6. 7's.*

- 1 MORNING breaks upon the tomb.
Jesus scatters all its gloom :
Day of triumph through the skies,
See, the glorious Saviour rise !
- 2 Christians ! dry your flowing tears.
Chase those unbelieving fears :
Look on this deserted grave,
Doubt no more his power to save.
- 3 Ye who are of death afraid,
Triumph in the scattered shade ;
Drive your anxious cares away,
See the place where Jesus lay.

404 *A Hopeful Youth falling short of Heaven.*
Mark x. 17—22. L. M.

- 1 **MUST** all the charms of nature then
So hopeless to Salvation prove?
Can hell demand, can heaven condemn,
The man whom Jesus deigns to love?
- 2 The man who sought the ways of truth,
Paid friends and neighbours all their due,
(A modest, sober, lovely youth,)
And thought he wanted nothing new!
- 3 But mark the change! thus spake the Lord,
"Come, part with earth for heaven to day!"
The youth, astonished at the word,
In silent sadness went his way!
- 4 Poor virtues which he boasted so,
The test unable to endure!
Let Christ, and grace, and glory go,
To make his land and money sure!
- 5 Ah foolish choice of treasures here!
Ah fatal love of tempting gold!
Must this base world be bought so dear?
Are life and heaven so cheaply sold?
- 6 In vain the charms of nature shine
If my vile passions govern me!
Transform my soul, O Lord Divine!
And make me part with all for Thee.

405 *The Death of Kindred improved.* C. M.

- 1 **MUST** friends and kindred droop and die?
And helpers be withdrawn?

- While sorrow with a weeping eye
Counts up our comforts gone!
- 2 Be Thou our comfort, mighty God?
Our Helper and our Friend!
Nor leave us in this dangerous road,
Till all our trials end!
- 3 O may our feet pursue the way
Our pious fathers led!
While love and holy zeal obey
The counsels of the dead!
- 4 Let us be weaned from all below;
Let hope our grief dispel:
While death invites our souls to go
Where our best kindred dwell!

406 *The Christian Warfare.* Eph. vi. 13—17.
L. M.

- 1 MY Captain sounds the alarm of war.
“Awake! the powers of hell are near!
To arms! to arms!” I hear him cry,
“’Tis yours to conquer or to die!”
- 2 Roused by the animating sound,
I cast my eager eyes around:
Make haste to gird my armour on,
And bid each trembling fear begone.
- 3 Hope is my helmet; faith my shield;
Thy word, my God, the sword I wield;
With sacred truth my loins are girt,
And holy zeal inspires my heart.
- 4 Thus armed, I venture on the fight;
Resolved to put my foes to flight;

While Jesus kindly deigns to spread
His conquering banner o'er my head.

5 In him I hope ; in him I trust ;
His bleeding cross is all my boast ;
Through troops of foes he'll lead me on
To victory, and the victor's crown.

407 *Death of a young Person.* Psalm cii. 23.
C. M.

1 MY Father calls me to his arms,
And willingly I go :
With cheerfulness I bid farewell
To every thing below.

2 My tender parents kind and dear,
I bid farewell to you ;
Though nature feels, and I can find
'Tis hard to say, adieu !

3 Ye friends and kindred love me much,
Ye hold me near your heart ;
And still I feel that I can love,
And find it hard to part.

4 Ye brothers, sisters, me you love,
And love I also feel ;
I see your tender passions move,
Your grief you can't conceal.

5 But do not weep or grieve for me ;
You know I must go home :
I was upon a visit here,
And now I must return.

- 6 Farewell, thou world, with all thy toys!
 For thou hast been to me
 A world of transitory joys,
 Of sin and vanity.
- 7 Now I rejoice to leave this world
 Of sorrow, sin, and pain ;
 I know I'm washed in Jesus' blood,
 And shall a crown obtain.
- 8 I'm going to my heavenly friend,
 My Jesus and my all ;
 He calls to take me to his arms,
 And I'll obey the call.

408 *The Resurrection of the Body.* Job xix. 25.
 C. M. D.

- 1 MY faith shall triumph o'er the grave,
 And trample on the tombs ;
 My Jesus, my Redeemer lives,
 My God, my Saviour comes :
 Ere long I know He shall appear,
 In power and glory great ;
 And death, the last of all his foes,
 * Lie vanquished at his feet.
- 2 Then, though the worms my flesh devour,
 And make my corpse their prey,
 I know I shall arise with power,
 On the last judgment day :
 When God shall stand upon the earth,
 Him there mine eyes shall see ;
 My flesh shall feel a second birth,
 And ever with Him be.

3 Then, his own hand shall wipe the tears
 From every weeping eye ;
 And pains, and groans, and griefs, and fears,
 Shall cease eternally.
 How long, dear Saviour, O how long
 Shall this bright hour delay !
 O, hasten thy appearance, Lord,
 And bring the welcome day !

409 *The Creator praised ; or, Times and Seasons.* Psalm lxxiv. 16, 17. L. M. D.

1 MY God, all nature owns thy sway,
 Thou givest the night, and thou the day !
 When all thy loved creation wakes,
 When morning, rich in lustre, breaks,
 And bathes in dew the opening flower,
 To thee we owe her fragrant hour ;
 And when she pours her choral song,
 Her melodies to thee belong !

2 Or, when in paler tints arrayed
 'The evening slowly spreads her shade ;
 That soothing shade, that grateful gloom,
 Can more than day's enlivening bloom
 Still every fond and vain desire,
 And calmer, purer thoughts inspire ;
 From earth the pensive spirit free,
 And lead the softened heart to thee !

3 In every scene thy hands have dressed,
 In every form by thee impressed,
 Upon the mountain's awful head,
 Or where the sheltring woods are spread ;

In every note that swells the gale,
 Or tuneful stream that cheers the vale,
 The cavern's depth, or echoing grove,
 A voice is heard of praise and love.

4 As o'er thy work the seasons roll,
 And sooth, with change of bliss, the soul,
 Oh never may their smiling train
 Pass o'er the human sense in vain!
 But oft, as on the charm we gaze,
 Attune the wondering soul to praise;
 And be the joys that most we prize,
 The joys that from thy favours rise.

410

Divine Love. Rom. v. 8. P. M.

1 MY God! thy boundless love we praise:
 How bright on high its glories blaze—
 How sweetly bloom below!
 It streams from thy eternal throne;
 Through heaven its joys for ever run,
 And o'er the earth they flow.

2 'Tis love that gilds the vernal ray—
 Adorns the flowery robe of May—
 Perfumes the breathing gale;
 'Tis love that loads the plenteous plain
 With blushing fruits, and golden grain,
 And smiles o'er every vale.

3 But in thy gospel, it appears
 In sweeter, fairer characters,
 And charms the ravished breast;

There, love immortal leaves the sky,
 To wipe the drooping mourner's eye,
 And give the weary rest.

4 There smiles a kind propitious God—
 There flows a dying Saviour's blood,
 The pledge of sins forgiven ;
 There God the Spirit points the way
 To regions of eternal day,
 And opens all his heaven.

5 Then, in redeeming love rejoice
 My soul—and hear a Saviour's voice,
 That calls thee to the skies ;
 Above life's empty scenes aspire—
 Its sordid cares and mean desire—
 And seize the eternal prize.

411 *Resignation.* 2 Sam. xxiii. 5. C. M.

1 MY God, the covenant of thy love
 Abides for ever sure ;
 And in it's matchless grace I feel
 My happiness secure.

2 Since thou, the everlasting God,
 My Father art become ;
 Jesus my guardian and my friend,
 And heaven my final home ;—

3 I welcome all thy sovereign will,
 For all that will is love ;
 And when I know not what thou dost,
 I wait the light above.

4 Thy covenant, in the darkest gloom,
 Shall heavenly rays impart,
 Which, when my eye-lids close in death,
 Shall warm my chilling heart.

412 *Recovery from Sickness.* Psalm cxvi. 8.
 C. M.

- 1 MY God, thy service well demands
 The remnant of my days;
 Why was this fleeting breath renewed,
 But to renew thy praise!
- 2 Thine arms of everlasting love
 Did this weak frame sustain,
 When life was hovering o'er the grave,
 And nature sunk with pain.
- 3 Thou, when the pains of death were felt,
 Didst chase the fears of hell;
 And teach my pale and quivering lips
 Thy matchless grace to tell.
- 4 Calmly I bowed my fainting head
 On thy dear faithful breast;
 Pleased to obey my Father's call
 To his eternal rest.
- 5 Into thy hands, my Saviour God,
 Did I my soul resign;
 In firm dependence on that truth,
 Which made salvation mine.
- 6 Back from the borders of the grave,
 At thy command I come;
 Nor would I urge a speedier flight,
 To my celestial home.

7 Where thou allottest mine abode,
 There would I choose to be ;
 For in thy presence death is life,
 And earth is heaven with thee.

413 *My God shall supply all your Need.*
 Phil. iv. 19, 20. C. M.

- 1 MY God!—how cheerful is the sound !
 How pleasant to repeat !
 Well may that heart with pleasure bound,
 Where God hath fixed his seat.
- 2 What want shall not our God supply
 From his redundant stores !
 What streams of mercy from on high
 An arm almighty pours !
- 3 From Christ, the ever-living spring,
 These ample blessings flow :
 Prepare my lips his name to sing
 Whose heart has loved us so.
- 4 Now, to our Father, and our God
 Be endless glory given,
 Through all the realms of man's abode,
 And through the highest heaven.

414 *Midnight. L. M.*

- 1 MY God, I now from sleep awake,
 The sole possession of me take ;
 From midnight terrors me secure,
 And guard my heart from thoughts impure.

2 Blest angels, while we silent lie,
You Hallelujah's sing on high ;
You joyful hymn the ever-blest,
Before the throne, and never rest.

3 I with your choir celestial join,
In offering up a hymn divine ;
With you in heaven I hope to dwell,
And bid the night and world farewell.

4 My soul, when I shake off this dust.
Lord, in thy arms I will intrust :
O make me thy peculiar care,
Some mansion for my soul prepare.

5 Give me a place at thy saints' feet.
Or some fall'n angel's vacant seat ;
I'll strive to sing as loud as they,
Who sit above in brighter day.

6 O may I always ready stand,
With my lamp burning in my hand ;
May I in sight of heaven rejoice,
Whene'er I hear the Bridegroom's voice.

7 All praise to Thee, in light arrayed,
Who light thy dwelling-place hast made :
A boundless ocean of bright beams
From thy all-glorious Godhead streams.

8 Blest Jesus, Thou on heaven intent.
Whole nights hast in devotion spent :
But I, frail creature, soon am tired.
And all my zeal is soon expired.

9 Shine on me, Lord, new life impart,
Fresh ardours kindle in my heart ;

One ray of thy all-quick'ning light
Dispels the sloth and clouds of night.

10 Lord, lest the tempter me surprise,
Watch over thine own sacrifice ;
All loose, all idle thoughts cast out,
And make my very dreams devout.

11 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.

415

For the love of God. C. M.

1 MY God, I humbly call 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,
But 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 mountains 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 !

7 No longer, then, my heart shall mourn,
 While, purified by grace,

I only for his glory burn,
 And always see his face !

416

For the Sick. L. M.

1 MY God ! my grateful heart I'll raise
 A daily altar to thy praise :—

Thy friendly hand my course directs,
 Thy watchful eye my bed protects.

2 Past mercies bind my soul to Thee,
 And teach me whither I must flee ;
 The same almighty arm can aid,
 Now sickness grieves, and pains invade.

3 To all the varied helps of art,
 Thy kind, thy healing power impart ;
 Bethesda's bath refused to save,
 Unless thine angel blessed the wave.

4 All medicines act by thy decree,
 Receive commission all from Thee,
 And every plant, which spreads the plain,
 Will teem with health, if Thou ordain.

5 But grant me nobler favours still,
 Grant me to know and do thy will ;

My spirit purge from every stain,
And save me from eternal pain.

6 Can such a wretch for pardon sue ?

My sins, my sins arise to view,
Arrest my trembling tongue in prayer,
And bode the horrors of despair.

7 But oh ! regard my contrite sighs,
My wounded breast, my weeping eyes ;
To me thy pardoning love extend,
My God, my Father, and my Friend !

8 These tender names I ne'er could plead,
Had not Thy SON vouchsafed to bleed,
His death is all sufficient found
To honour Thee, and heal my wound.

9 Thou great physician of the soul !
Grant me thy SPIRIT, make me whole :
So pain and death shall both agree
To bring me, LORD, at last to Thee.

417

Resignation. C. M.

1 MY God, my Father ! blissful name !
O may I call thee mine !

May I, with sweet assurance, claim
A portion so divine !

2 This can my every fear control,
And bid my sorrows fly ;
What harm can ever reach my soul
Beneath my Father's eye.

3 Whate'er thy providence denies,
I calmly would resign ;

For thou art good, and just, and wise :
O bend my will to thine.

4 If pain and sorrow rend this frame,
And life almost depart ;

Is not thy mercy still the same,
To cheer my drooping heart ?

5 Thy sovereign ways are all unknown
To my weak, erring sight ;

Yet let my soul, adoring own
That all thy ways are right.

418 *The Creator proclaimed in his Works.* L. M.

1 MY God, I love, and I adore :
But souls that love would know thee more.

Wilt thou for ever hide, and stand
Behind the labours of thy hand ?

2 Thy hand unseen sustains the poles
On which the vast creation rolls :

The starry arch proclaims thy power,
Thy pencil glows in every flower :

3 In thousand shapes and colours rise
Thy painted windows to our eyes ;

While beasts and birds with labouring throats
Teach us a God, in thousand notes.

4 The meanest pin in nature's frame
Marks out some letter of thy name.

Where sense can reach or fancy rove,
From hill to hill, from field to grove,

5 Across the waves, around the sky,
There's not a spot, or deep, or high,

Where the Creator has not trod,
And left the footsteps of a God.

419

Praise to the Redeemer. 8's.

1 MY gracious Redeemer I love !

His praises aloud I'll proclaim,
And join with the armies above,
To shout his adorable name :

2 To gaze on his glories divine
Shall be my eternal employ,
And feel them incessantly shine,
My boundless ineffable joy.

3 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 ;

4 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.

5 Ye palaces, sceptres, and crowns,
Your pride with disdain I survey ;
Your pomps are but shadows and sounds,
And pass in a moment away.

6 The crown that my Saviour bestows,
Yon permanent sun shall outshine ;
My joy everlastingly flows,—
My God, my Redeemer, is mine.

420

The Servant of Christ. L. M.

- 1 MY gracious Lord, I own thy right
 To every service I can pay ;
 And call it my supreme delight
 To hear thy dictates and obey.
- 2 What is my being but for Thee,
 Its sure support, its noblest end ?
 Thy ever-smiling face to see,
 And serve the cause of such a friend ?
- 3 I would not breathe for worldly joy,
 Or to increase my worldly good ;
 Nor future days or powers employ,
 To spread a sounding name abroad.
- 4 'Tis to my Saviour I would live ;
 To Him who for my ransom died ;
 Nor could untainted Eden give
 Such bliss as blossoms at his side.
- 5 His work my hoary age shall bless,
 When youthful vigour is no more ;
 And my last hour of life confess
 His love hath animating power.

421

Waiting at Wisdom's gate. Prov. viii. 34, 35.
C. M.

- 1 MY heart has been too long ensnared,
 In folly's hurtful ways ;
 Oh may I be at length prepared,
 To hear what wisdom says!
- 2 'Tis Jesus from the mercy-seat,
 Invites me to his rest ;

He calls poor sinners to his feet,
To make them truly blest.

3 Approach, my soul, to wisdom's gates,
Approach without delay ;
No one who watches there and waits,
Shall e'er be turned away.

4 He will not let me seek in vain,
For all who trust his word
Shall everlasting life obtain,
And favour from the Lord.

5 Now I would break my league with death,
And live to thee alone ;
Oh, let thy Spirit's seal of faith,
Secure me for thine own.

422

Communion with God. L. M.

1 MY rising soul, with strong desires,
To perfect happiness aspires ;
With steady steps would tread the road,
That leads me to the mount of God.

2 Jesus, for thee I often sigh,
O may thy cheering grace be nigh !
Nor let me be the first to say,
Thou wilt not hear when sinners pray.

3 Fain would I drink unmingled love,
From the pure fountain-head above ;
My dearest Lord, I long to be,
Emptied of sin and full of Thee.

423

Jehovah Jesus. L. M.

- 1 MY song shall bless the Lord of all,
 My praise shall climb to his abode ;
 Thee, Saviour, by that name I call,
 The great Supreme, the mighty God.
- 2 Without beginning or decline,
 Object of faith, and not of sense ;
 Eternal ages saw him shine,
 He shines eternal ages hence.
- 3 As much when in the manger laid,
 Almighty Ruler of the sky,
 As when the six days' work he made
 Filled all the morning stars with joy.
- 4 Of all the crowns Jehovah bears,
 Salvation is his dearest claim :
 That gracious sound well-pleased He hears,
 And owns Emmanuel for his name.
- 5 A cheerful confidence I feel,
 My well placed hopes with joy I see :
 My bosom glows with heavenly zeal
 To worship Him who died for me.
- 6 As man He pities my complaint,
 His power and truth are all divine ;
 He will not fail, He cannot faint,
 Salvation's sure, and must be mine.

424

*Confession and Pardon. 1 John i. 9.
 Prov. xxviii. 13. S. M.*

- 1 MY sorrows like a flood,
 Impatient of restraint,

Into thy bosom, O my God !

Pour out a long complaint.

2 This impious heart of mine

Could once defy the Lord,

Could rush with violence on to sin,

In presence of thy sword.

3 How often have I stood

A rebel to the skies,

And yet, and yet, O matchless grace !

Thy thunder silent lies.

4 O, shall I never feel

The meltings of thy love ?

Am I of such hell-hardened steel,

That mercy cannot move ?

5 O'ercome by dying love,

Here at thy cross I lie,

And throw my flesh, my soul, my all,

And weep, and love, and die.

6 "Rise," says the Saviour, "rise !

Behold my wounded veins !

Here flows a sacred crimson flood,

To wash away thy stains."

7 See, God is reconciled !

Behold his smiling face !

Let joyful cherubs clap their wings,

And sound aloud his grace.

425

Thanksgiving and Praise. P. M.

1 MY soul, praise the Lord, speak good of
his Name !

His mercies record, his bounties proclaim :

To God their Creator, let all creatures raise
The song of thanksgiving, the chorus of
praise !

2 Though hid from man's sight, God sits on
his throne ;

Yet here by his works, their Author is known :
He rides on the whirlwind while clouds veil
his form ;

And smiles in the sunbeam, or frowns in the
storm.

3 By knowledge supreme, by wisdom divine,
God governs this earth with gracious design ;
O'er beast, bird, and insect, His providence
reigns,

Whose will first created, whose love still
sustains.

4 And man his last work, with reason endued,
Who, falling thro' sin, by grace is renewed—
To God, his Redeemer, let man ever raise,
The song of thanksgiving, the chorus of
praise.

426

Praise. Psa. ciii. 1—4. L. M.

1 MY soul, with humble fervour raise,
To God the voice of grateful praise ;
And every mental power combine,
To bless his attributes divine.

2 Deep on my heart let memory trace,
His acts of mercy and of grace ;

Who, with a father's tender care,
Saved me when sinking to despair :
3 Gave my repentant soul to prove,
The joy of his forgiving love :
Poured balm into my bleeding breast,
And led my weary feet to rest.

427

Sickness and Death. L. M.

- 1 MY soul, the minutes haste away,
Apace comes on the final day,
When, in the icy arms of death,
I must give up my vital breath,
2 When all the springs of life are low,
The spirits faint, the pulses slow ;
The eyes grow dim, and short the breath,
Presages of approaching death.
3 When all eternity's in sight,
The brightest day or blackest night ;
When death shall break the building down,
And let thee into worlds unknown.
4 O come, my soul, the matter weigh !
How wilt thou leave thy kindred clay ;
And how the unknown region try,
And launch into eternity.
5 Cleanse me, O God, with blood divine,
Renew my heart and make me thine ;
Then when th' important hour shall come,
My soul shall triumph o'er the tomb.
6 Then shall I bid the world adieu,
Nor fear what ghastly death can do ;

But calmly lean on Jesus' breast,
And sweetly close my eyes to rest.

428

Hoping for Grace. L. M.

1 MY soul before Thee prostrate lies ;
To Thee, her Source, my spirit flies ;
My wants I mourn, my chains I see ;
O let thy presence set me free !

2 Lost and undone, for aid I cry ;
In thy death, Saviour, let me die !
Grieved with thy grief, pained with thy pain,
Ne'er may I feel self-love again.

3 Jesus, vouchsafe my heart and will,
With thy meek lowliness to fill ;
No more her power let nature boast,
But in thy will, may mine be lost !

4 In life's short day, let me yet more
Of thy enlivening power implore ;
My mind must deeper sink in Thee,
My foot stand firm, from wandering free.

5 One only care my soul should know,
Father, all thy commands to do ;
Ah ! deep engrave it on my breast,
That I in Thee alone am blest.

429

Missionary Hymn. Isa. xliii. 5, 6. L. M.

1 MY soul, with sacred joy survey
The glories of the latter day ;
Its dawn already seems begun,
And promises a future sun.

2 The friends of truth assembled stand,
(A chosen, consecrated band,)
The standard of the cross display,
And cry aloud, "Behold the way."

3 "Behold the way to Zion's hill,
Where Israel's God delights to dwell;
He fixes there his lofty throne,
And calls the sacred place his own."

4 "Behold the way." Ye heralds cry;
Spare not, but lift your voices high:
Convey the sound from shore to shore;
And bid the captive sigh no more.

5 Swift on the wings of heavenly zeal
They fly, nor seem their toils to feel;
But faithful to their Master's will,
Their sacred embassy fulfil.

6 The North "gives up;" the South no
more
"Keeps back" her consecrated store;
From east to west the message runs,
And even Iceland yields her sons.

7 Auspicious dawn, thy rising ray
With joy I view, and hail the day.
Thou Sun arise, supremely bright,
And fill this land with purest light.

430 *Devotion springing from Gratitude.* C. M.

1 MY soul, triumphant in the Lord,
Proclaim thy joys abroad;

And march with holy vigour on,
Supported by thy God.

2 Through ev'ry winding maze of life
His hand has been my guide ;
And in his long experienced care
My heart shall still confide.

3 His grace through all the desert flows
An unexhausted stream ;
That grace on Sion's sacred mount,
Shall be my endless theme.

4 Beyond the choicest joys of time
Thy courts on earth I love ;
But Oh ! I burn with strong desire
To view thy house above.

5 Joining with all the shining band,
My soul would there adore ;
A pillar in thy temple fixed,
To be removed no more.

431

Sick bed reflections. C. M.

1 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 That then I shall behold the Lamb,
Who once for sin was slain,
But rose triumphing o'er the grave,
And on his throne doth reign.

- 3 I hope to hear and join the song,
That saints and angels raise,
And while eternal ages roll,
To sing eternal praise.
- 4 But oh, this dreadful heart of sin !
It may deceive me still,
And while I look for joys above,
May plunge me down to hell.
- 5 The scene must then forever close,
Probation at an end,
No gospel grace can reach me there,
No pardon there descend.
- 6 Come then, O blessed Jesus, come,
To me thy spirit give :
Shine through a dark, benighted soul,
And bid a sinner live.

432

Death and Eternity.

- 1 MY thoughts, that oft ascend the skies,
Go, search the world beneath,
Where nature all in ruin lies,
And owns her sovereign, Death !
- 2 The tyrant, how he triumphs here !
His trophies spread around !
And heaps of dust and bones appear
Through all the hollow ground !
- 3 Soon must we leave the banks of life,
And try death's doubtful sea ;
Vain are our groans, and dying strife,
To gain a moment's stay !

- 4 Soon shall some friend let fall the tear
 On our cold limbs, and say,
 "These once were strong as mine appear,
 And mine must be as they!"
- 5 Thus shall our mouldering members teach
 What now our senses learn;
 For dust and ashes loudest preach
 Man's infinite concern!
-

N.

433 *For he hath said, I will never leave thee.*
 Heb. xii. 5. P. M.

- 1 NEVER leave us, nor forsake us,
 Thou on whom our souls rely;
 Till thou shalt for ever take us
 To behold that glory nigh,
 Which, though distant,
 Fills thy people's hearts with joy.
- 2 They are blest, and none beside them,
 They who hope, O Lord, in Thee;
 They are blest, though all deride them,
 They, whom grace and truth make free;
 Joys await them,
 Where Thou art, they hope to be.
- 3 Joys await them without measure,
 Theirs, conferred by royal grant;

Rivers of eternal pleasure,
 For which now thy people pant,
 Shall supply them,
 And they then shall feel no want.

4 'Tis the hope of this that charms them
 From the love of all below ;
 Hope of this with boldness arms them
 To oppose the mighty foe ;
 Hope of glory
 Sweetens toil and lightens wo.

434 *Felicity above.* 2 Cor. v. 8. C. M.

1 NO, 'tis in vain to seek for bliss ;
 For bliss can ne'er be found
 Till we arrive where Jesus is,
 And tread on heavenly ground.

2 There's nothing round these painted skies,
 Or round this dusky clod ;
 Nothing, my soul, that's worth thy joys,
 Or lovely like thy God.

3 'Tis heaven on earth to taste his love,
 To feel his quickening grace ;
 And all the heaven I hope above,
 Is but to see his face.

4 Why move my years in slow delay ?
 O God of ages ! why ?
 Let the spheres cleave, and mark my way
 To the superior sky !

5 Dear Sovereign, break these vital strings
 That bind me to this clay !

Take me, ye angels, on your wings,
And stretch and soar away!

435 *Love constraining to Obedience.* C. M.

- 1 NO strength of nature can suffice
To serve the Lord aright;
And what she has, she misapplies,
For want of clearer light.
- 2 How long beneath the law I lay
In bondage and distress!
I toiled the precept to obey,
But toiled without success
- 3 Then to abstain from outward sin
Was more than I could do;
Now I feel its power within,
I feel I hate it too.
- 4 Then all my servile works were done
A righteousness to raise;
Now freely chosen in the Son,
I freely choose his ways.
- 5 What should I do, was then the word,
That I may worthier grow?
What shall I render to the Lord?
Is my inquiry now.
- 6 To see the law by Christ fulfilled,
And hear his pard'ning voice;
Changes a slave into a child,
And duty into choice.

436

Christians the Sons of God.
John i. 12. 1 John iii. 1. L. M.

- 1 NOT all the nobles of the earth,
Who boast the honours of their birth,
Such real dignity can claim
As those who bear the Christian name.
- 2 To them the privilege is given,
To be the sons and heirs of heaven;
Sons of the God who reigns on high,
And heirs of joys beyond the sky.
- 3 On them, a happy chosen race,
Their Father pours his richest grace;
To them his counsels he imparts,
And stamps his image on their hearts.
- 4 When, through temptation, they rebel,
His chast'ning rod he makes them feel;
Then, with a Father's tender heart,
He soothes the pain, and heals the smart.
- 5 Their daily wants his hands supply,
Their steps he guards with watchful eye,
Leads them from earth to heaven above,
And crowns them with eternal love.
- 6 If I've the honour, Lord, to be
One of this num'rous family,
On me the gracious gift bestow,
To call thee Abba, Father! too.
- 7 So may my conduct ever prove
My filial piety and love!
Whilst all my brethren clearly trace
Their Father's likeness in my face.

437

Faith and Repentance. 8's & 7's.

1 NOTHING but thy blood, O Jesus,
Can relieve us from our smart ;
Nothing else from guilt release us ;
Nothing else can melt the heart.
Law and terrors do but harden,
All the while they work alone ;
But a sense of blood-bought pardon
Soon dissolves a heart of stone.

2 Jesus, all our consolations
Flow from thee, the sovereign good :
Love, and faith, and hope, and patience,
All are purchased by thy blood :
From thy fulness we receive them ;
We have nothing of our own :
Freely thou delight'st to give them
To the needy who have none.

3 Teach us, by thy patient Spirit,
How to mourn, and not despair :
Let us, leaning on thy merit,
Wrestle hard with God in prayer :
Whatsoever afflictions seize us,
They shall profit, if not please ;
But defend, defend us, Jesus,
From security and ease.

4 Softly to thy garden lead us,
To behold thy bloody sweat :
Though thou from the curse hast freed us,
Let us not the cost forget :

Be thy cries and groans rehearsed
By thy Spirit in our ears,
Till we, viewing whom we've pierced,
Melt in sympathetic tears.

438 *By grace ye are saved.* Eph. ii. 5. P. M.

1 NOTHING but the purest grace
Could have sav'd and set us free ;
Saviour, when we see thy face,
O what thanks we'll give to thee !
How we'll tell to all around us,
What we were when mercy found us !

2 We were then the heirs of wo,
Guilty and condemn'd to die ;
Yet, not knowing it was so,
We were in a dream of joy :
Such we were when mercy found us,
So we'll tell to all around us.

3 We were foolish, we were blind,
Yet we fancied all was right ;
Darkness reigned within the mind,
Yet we thought that darkness light :
Such we were when mercy found us
So we'll tell to all around us.

4 We were foes, were foes to Him,
Who Himself to save us died ;
From the world we sought esteem,
And its favour was our pride :
Such we were when mercy found us,
So we'll tell to all around us.

439*Love and Unity. Eph. v. 2. 7's.*

- 1 NOW be that sacrifice surveyed,
That ransom which the Saviour paid ;
That sight familiar to my view,
Yet always wondrous, always new.
- 2 The Lamb of God, that groaned and bled,
When all our sins were on him laid :
What love to sinners fired his heart,
When he endured the piercing dart !
- 3 Blest Jesus, while thy grace I sing,
What grateful tribute shall I bring,
That earth, and heaven, that all may see
My love to him, who died for me ?
- 4 That tribute, Lord, thy word hath taught,
Nor be thy new command forgot,
That, if their Master's death can move,
Thy servants should each other love.
- 5 While we thy wondrous cross descry,
This makes each hurtful passion die ;
And mercy, sealed with blood divine,
Melts our cold hearts to love like thine.

440*Glory to Christ. L. M.*

- 1 NOW, far above the starry skies,
The Saviour fills his brighter throne ;
Invisible to mortal eyes,
But not to humble faith unknown.
- 2 Though in the glories he possessed,
Long ere this world or time began,

He shines the Son of God confessed,
He owns himself the Son of man!

3 Here once in agonies He died,
Now in the heavens He ever lives;
Of joy, there pours th' eternal tide—
Here, saves the sinner who believes.

4 All hail! Thou great Immanuel, hail!
Ten thousand blessings on thy Name!
While thus thy wondrous love we tell,
Kindle in all the sacred flame.

5 Come, quickly come, Immortal King!
On earth thy royal honours raise;
The full salvation promised, bring,
That every tongue may sing thy praise.

441 *Evening Hymn.* Ps. cxli. 2. C. M.

1 NOW, from the altar of our hearts,
Let flames of incense rise,
Assist us, Lord, to offer up
Our evening sacrifice.

2 Minutes and mercies multiplied,
Have made up all this day;
Minutes came quick, but mercies were
More swift and free than they.

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

442 *Christ the Christian's sufficiency.* L. M.

- 1 **NOW** in a song of grateful praise,
To my dear Lord my voice I'll raise :
With all the Saints I'll join to tell,
That Jesus hath done all things well.
- 2 I spurned his grace, I broke his laws,
And then he undertook my cause ;
To save me when I did rebel,
My Jesus hath done all things well.
- 3 And since my soul hath known his love,
What blessings hath he made me prove ?
Mercy, which doth all praise excel ;
For Jesus hath done all things well.
- 4 Whene'er my Saviour and my God,
Hath on me laid his gentle rod ;
I know in all which hath befel,
That Jesus hath done all things well
- 5 Sometimes the Lord his face doth hide,
To make me pray, and kill my pride ;
Yet on my heart it still doth dwell,
That Jesus hath done all things well.
- 6 Soon I shall pass this vale of death,
And in his arms shall lose my breath ;
And then my happy soul shall tell,
How Jesus hath done all things well.

443

Seeking Divine Guidance. S. M.

- 1 NOW, in my early days,
Teach me thy will to know;
O God! thy sanctifying grace
Betimes on me bestow.
- 2 Make an unguarded youth
The object of thy care;
Help me to choose the way of truth,
And fly from ev'ry snare.
- 3 My heart, to folly prone,
Renew by power divine;
Unite it to thyself alone,
And make me wholly thine.
- 4 O let thy word of grace
My warmest thoughts employ,
Be this, through all my future days,
My treasure and my joy.

444

A warning to flee from the wrath to come. C. M.

- 1 NOW is the time, th' accepted hour,
O sinners! come away;
The Saviour's knocking at your door,
Arise without delay.
- 2 O! don't refuse to give him room,
Lest mercy should withdraw;
He'll then in robes of vengeance come,
To execute his law.
- 3 Then where, poor mortals, will you be,
If destitute of grace,

When you your injur'd Judge shall see,
And stand before his face?

4 O! could you shun that dreadful sight,
How would you wish to fly,
To the dark shades of endless night,
From that all-searching eye?

5 The dead awaked must all appear,
And you among them stand;
Before the great impartial bar,
Arraigned at Christ's left hand.

6 Let not these warnings be in vain,
But lend a list'ning ear;
Lest you should meet them all again,
When wrapt in keen despair.

445 *For a great and effectual door is opened
unto me. 1 Cor. xvi. 9. L. M.*

1 NOW let "a great effectual door"
Be opened to our labours, Lord!
That opened shall be shut no more,
A door of entrance to thy word.

2 O touch their lips with hallowed fire,
Who to the world unfold thy plan,
Their hearts with sacred love inspire,
The love of God, the love of man.

3 O animate thy servants, Lord,
With zeal that nothing can repress,
And while they seek to spread thy word,
Their counsels and their labours bless.

4 O send thy spirit from above,
Nor let his holy influence cease,

Till hatred ends in mutual love,
And strife in universal peace.

446 *To proclaim liberty to the captives. Isa.*
lxi. 1. P. M.

- 1 NOW let the trumpet's cheerful sound
Make known the welcome news abroad,
And to the world's remotest bound
Proclaim the Jubilee of God ;
The day appears,
To dry all tears ;
The day to break the oppressor's rod.
- 2 Ye slaves throughout the world give ear,
Ye who have sold yourselves for nought,
In Zion's sacred gate appear,
And see what Zion's King has wrought ;
Behold he reigns,
He breaks your chains,
And sends you liberty unsought.
- 3 Come home, ye wand'ers, now come home,
Receive th' inheritance you sold ;
The year of jubilee is come,
The year by prophets long foretold ;
The truth believe,
The gift receive ;
'Tis yours again unbought with gold.
- 4 And now let cheerful songs arise,
From th' utmost limits of the earth ;
The jubilee a theme supplies,
A joyful theme of heav'nly birth ;

Let songs abound
 The world around,
 The season calls for sacred mirth.

447 *Seek first the kingdom of God.* Matt. vi. 33.
 C. M.

- 1 NOW let a true ambition rise,
 And ardour fire our breast,
 To reign in worlds above the skies,
 In heav'nly glories drest.
- 2 Behold Jehovah's royal hand
 A radiant crown display,
 Whose gems with vivid lustre shine,
 While stars and suns decay.
- 3 Away each grov'ling anxious care,
 Beneath a Christian's aim,
 We spring to seize immortal joys,
 In our Redeemer's name.
- 4 Ye hearts, with youthful vigour warm,
 The glorious prize pursue ;
 Nor fear the want of earthly good,
 While heav'n is kept in view.

448 *Living Waters.* Zech. xiv. 8, 9. S. M.

- 1 NOW living waters flow,
 To cheer the humble soul ;
 From sea to sea the rivers go,
 And spread from pole to pole.
- 2 Now righteousness shall spring,
 And grow on earth again ;

Jesus Jehovah be our King,
And o'er the nations reign!

3 Jesus shall rule alone,
The world shall hear his Word;
By one blest Name shall He be known,
The Universal Lord.

449

Before Sermon. L. M.

1 NOW may the Gospel's conqu'ring power,
Be felt by all assembled here!
So shall this prove a joyful hour,
And God's own arm of strength appear.

2 Lord! let thy mighty voice be heard:
Speak in the Word, and speak with power;
So shall thy glorious name be feared,
By those who never feared before.

3 O pity those who live in sin,
And save them from the sinner's doom;
Open the ark, and take them in,
And save them from the wrath to come!

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

450

"But thou art the same." Ps. cii. 27. L. M.

I NOW may the Mighty Arm awake,
Which wonders wrought in ancient days!
That Babylon's proud walls may shake,
And God his own fair temple raise,

2 Art thou not still the same, O God!
 The same to hear, the same to save,
 As when thy servant moved his rod
 At thy command, and cleft the wave?

3 Thy power still sets the pris'ner free,
 Still wipes the mourner's tears away:
 Thy power still makes the blind to see,
 And turns the darkest night to day.

4 Shine, Lord! upon the world around,
 To sinners let thy grace be given;
 So shall thy people's songs abound,
 And angels feel new joy in heaven.

451 *At the opening of Worship. Cant. iv. 16.*
Is. vi. 6—8. C. M.

1 NOW may the Spirit's holy fire,
 Descending from above,
 His waiting family inspire
 With joy, and peace, and love!

2 Thee, we the Comforter confess:
 Unless Thou'rt present here,
 Our songs of praise are vain address,
 We utter heartless prayer.

3 Wake, heavenly wind, arise and come!
 Blow on the drooping field;
 Our spices then shall breathe perfume,
 And fragrant incense yield.

4 Touch with a living coal the lip,
 That shall proclaim thy Word;
 And bid us all devoutly keep
 Attention to the Lord.

452 *A blessing requested. Heb. xiii. 20, 21. 7s.*

1 NOW may He, who from the dead
Brought the Shepherd of the sheep,
Jesus Christ, our King and Head,
All our souls in safety keep.

2 May he teach us to fulfil
What is pleasing in his sight,
Perfect us in all his will,
And preserve us day and night !

3 To that dear Redeemer's praise,
Who the covenant sealed with blood
Let our hearts and voices raise
Loud thanksgivings to our God.

453 *Reigning Grace. C. M.*

1 NOW may the Lord reveal his face,
And teach our stamm'ring tongues,
To make his sov'reign, reigning grace,
The subject of our songs.

2 Grace reigns to pardon crimson sins,
To melt the hardest hearts ;
And from the work it once begins,
It never more departs.

3 Grace tills the soil, and sows the seeds,
Provides the sun and rain ;
Till from the tender blade proceeds,
The ripen'd harvest grain.

4 'Twas grace that called our souls at first,
 By grace thus far we're come,
 And grace will help us thro' the worst,
 And lead us safely home.

454 "*Come before his presence with singing.*"
 Psal. c. 2. L. M.

1 NOW raise a solemn cheerful strain,
 The noblest, sweetest theme invites ;
 'Tis he who bore our sin and pain,
 And in our welfare now delights.

2 'Tis Jesus high upon his throne,
 The praise of all the hosts above ;
 Who rules the universe alone ;
 The God of everlasting love.

3 'Tis Jesus in the form of man,
 And lower than the angels made ;
 To execute the gracious plan,
 In God's eternal purpose laid.

4 'Tis Jesus hanging on the cross,
 Mysterious spectacle of wo ;
 For whom we count the world but loss,
 And freely part with all below.

5 'Tis Jesus risen from the dead,
 And now in heav'n "both Christ and
 Lord,"
 His people's Advocate and Head ;
 Their joy, their crown, their blest reward.

6 Ah, Lord, how feeble is our song !
 How much below thy matchless love ;
 But by thy grace we hope, ere long,
 To raise a nobler strain above.

455 *The Enlargement of the Church.* Is. xlix.
 18—23. liv. 1—3. lx. 4—12. L. M.

1 NOW, Zion ! let thy joys abound,
 See how thy sons are multiplied !
 What myriads, still increasing round,
 Wait to be nursed at thy side !

2 These from the Islands of the sea,
 And these from India's distant lands,
 These from the North, repair to thee,
 And these from Afric's burning sands.

3 Enlarge thy tents, their space extend,
 Farther and farther stretch the cord ;
 Till the whole earth her circuit lend,
 And ample room for all afford.

4 Who, who are these that flow along,
 As doves to their recesses fly,
 Of every nation, rank, and tongue,
 From every clime beneath the sky ?

5 Rulers, and men of royal race,
 Conspire to aid the glorious plan,
 To send thy saving word of grace
 In every tongue to every man.

6 Throw wide thy gates, and wider yet,
 For they shall ne'er be shut again,
 Till all thy foes fall at thy feet,
 And thou in every clime shalt reign !

456 *The blessed estate of the Righteous departed.*
Eph. ii. 13. S's.

1 O BLESSED estate of the dead,
The dead that have died in the Lord
From trouble and misery freed,
And sure of their endless reward :

2 By sorrow no longer opprest,
When joined to the spirits above,
With Jesus in glory they rest,
They rest in the arms of his love.

457 *Unknown World. L. M.*

1 O ! BY what glimmering light we view
That unknown world we're hastening to !
God hath locked up the mystic page,
And curtained darkness round the stage.

2 We talk of heaven,—we talk of hell,—
But what they mean no tongue can tell !
Heaven is the realm where angels are,
But hell the chaos of despair.

3 But what these awful words imply
None of us know before we die !
Whether we will or not,—we must
Take the succeeding world on trust.

4 This hour, perhaps our friend is well,
The next, we hear his passing bell ;
He dies, and then for ought we see,
Ceases at once, to breathe, and be.

5 Swift flies the soul,—perhaps 'tis gone
Ten thousand leagues beyond the sun ;

Or twice ten thousand more thrice told,
Ere the forsaken clay is cold!

6 But ah! no notices they give,
Nor tell us where or how they live;
Though conscious while with us below,
How much themselves desired to know.

7 As if bound up by solemn fate,
To keep this secret of their state;
To tell their joys or pains to none,
That man may live by faith alone.

8 Well!—let our Sovereign, if he please,
Lock up his marvellous decrees;
Why should we wish him to reveal,
What he thinks proper to conceal?

9 It is enough, that we believe,
Heaven's brighter far than we conceive;
And O! may God our souls prepare,
To meet, and bless, and praise him there.

458

Hating Sin. L. M.

1 O COULD I find some peaceful bower,
Where sin has neither place nor power;
This traitor vile, I fain would shun,
But cannot from his presence run.

2 When to the throne of grace I flee,
He stands between my God and me;
Where'er I rove, where'er I rest,
I feel him working in my breast.

3 When I attempt to soar above,
To view the heights of Jesus love;

This monster seems to mount the skies,
And veils his glory from mine eyes.

4 Lord, free me from this deadly foe,
Which keeps my faith and hope so low;
I long to dwell in heaven my home,
Where not one sinful thought can come.

459

Longing after unseen Pleasure.
2 Cor. iv. 18. C. M.

1 O, COULD our thoughts and wishes fly,
Above these gloomy shades,
To those bright worlds beyond the sky,
Which sorrow ne'er invades!

2 There joys unseen by mortal eyes,
Or reason's feeble ray,
In ever blooming prospects rise,
Unconscious of decay.

3 Lord, send a beam of light divine,
To guide our upward aim!
With one reviving touch of thine,
Our languid hearts inflame.

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

460

"Thy kingdom come!" Matt. vi. 10. S's.

1 O FATHER, let Thy kingdom come,
Thy kingdom built on love and grace!

In every nation give it room,
 In every heart afford it place :
 The earth is thine, set up thy throne,
 And claim the kingdoms as thine own.

2 Still nature's awful darkness reigns,
 And sinners scorn thy holy fear ;
 Still Satan holds the heart in chains,
 Where'er thy messengers appear :
 Rise, we beseech Thee, Lord, and bless
 The world with truth and righteousness.

3 More lab'ers in the vineyard send,
 And pour thine unction on them all ;
 Give them a voice to shake and bend
 The mountains high and cedars tall !
 Bid wars and wild ambition cease,
 And fill the world with heavenly peace !

461

Walking with God. Gen. v. 24. C. M.

1 O ! FOR a closer walk with God,
 A calm and heav'nly frame ;
 A light to shine upon the road
 That leads me to the Lamb !

2 Where is the blessedness I knew,
 When first I saw the Lord ?
 Where is the soul refreshing view
 Of Jesus, and his word ?

3 What peaceful hours I once enjoy'd !
 How sweet their mem'ry still !
 But they have left an aching void,
 The world can never fill.

- 4 Return, Blest Comforter, 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.

462

Funeral Hymn. L. M.

- 1 OFT as the bell, with solemn toll,
Speaks the departure of a soul,
Let each one ask himself, " Am I
Prepared, should I be called, to die !"
- 2 Lord Jesus! help me now to flee,
And seek my hope alone in thee :
Pardon my sins, thy Spirit give,
And to thy glory let me live.
- 3 Then, when the solemn bell I hear,
If saved from sin I need not fear ;
Nor would the thought distressing be,
Perhaps the next may toll for me.
- 4 Rather my spirit would rejoice,
And long and wish to hear thy voice ;
Glad, when it bids me earth resign,
And rise to heav'n by Grace Divine.

5 Prepare me, Lord, for thine abode :
My soul, prepare to meet thy God :
Him serve on earth, then soar away
To realms of everlasting day.

463

A sight of Heaven in sickness. C. M.

- 1 OFT have I sat in secret sighs,
To feel my flesh decay,
Then groan'd aloud with frightened eyes,
To view the tottering clay.
- 2 But I forbid my sorrows now,
Nor dares the flesh complain ;
Diseases bring their profits too ;
The joy o'ercomes the pain.
- 3 My cheerful soul now all the day
Sits waiting here and sings ;
Looks through the ruins of her clay,
And practises her wings.
- 4 Faith almost changes into sight,
While from afar she spies,
Her fair inheritance in light,
Above created skies.
- 5 Had but the prison walls been strong,
And firm without a flaw,
In darkness she had dwelt too long,
And less of glory saw.
- 6 But now the everlasting hills
Through every chink appear,
And something of the joy she feels,
While she's a prisoner here.

7 The beams of heaven rush sweetly in
At all the gaping flaws ;

Visions of endless bliss are seen,
And native air she draws.

8 O may these walls stand tottering still,
The breaches never close,

If I must here in darkness dwell,
And all this glory lose !

9 Or rather let this flesh decay,
The ruins wider grow,

Till, glad to see th' enlarged way,
I stretch my pinions through.

464

Pride Lamented. L. M.

1 OFT have I turn'd my eye within,
And brought to light some latent sin ;
But pride, the vice I most detest,
Still lurks securely in my breast.

2 Here with a thousand arts she tries
To dress me in a fair disguise,
To make a guilty wretched worm
Put on an angel's brightest form.

3 She hides my follies from mine eyes,
And lifts my virtues to the skies ;
And while the specious tale she tells,
Her own deformity conceals.

4 Rend, O my God, the veil away,
Bring forth the monster to the day ;
Expose her hideous form to view,
And all her restless power subdue

5 So shall humility divine
 Again possess this heart of mine ;
 And form a temple for my God,
 Which he will make his loved abode.

465

Hope in Darkness. — L. M.

1 O GOD, my Sun, thy blissful rays
 Can warm, rejoice, and guide my heart !
 How dark, how mournful are my days,
 If thy enliv'ning beams depart !

2 Scarce through the shades a glimpse of
 day,
 Appears to these desiring eyes !
 But shall my drooping spirit say,
 The cheerful morn will *never* rise ?

3 O let me not despairing mourn,
 Though gloomy darkness spreads the sky,
 My glorious sun will yet return,
 And night with all its horrors fly.

4 O, for the bright, the joyful day,
 When hope shall in fruition die !
 So tapers lose their feeble ray
 Beneath the sun's refulgent eye.

466

Charity to the Poor. — L. M.

1 O GOD, our Saviour ! let us wear
 Thy easy yoke, obey thy will,
 Each other's burdens learn to bear,
 And thus the Law of Love fulfil.

2 He that hath pity on the poor,
Lendeth his substance to the Lord:
And lo! his recompense is sure,
For more than all shall be restored.

3 Who sparingly his seed bestows,
He sparingly shall also reap;
But whoso plentifully sows,
The plenteous sheaves his hands shall reap.

4 Lord! teach us with ungrudging heart,
As thou hast blest our various store,
From our abundance to impart,
A liberal portion to the poor.

5 To Thee our all devoted be,
In whom we breathe, and move, and live!
Freely we have received from Thee,
Freely may we rejoice to give!

467

Renewal of Self-dedication. L. M.

1 O HAPPY day that fix'd 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 my Lord's, and he is mine;
He drew me, and I follow'd on,
Charmed to confess the voice divine.

4 Now rest, my long-divided heart,
Fixed on this blissful centre rest ;
With ashes who would grudge to part,
When called on angels' bread to feast ?

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.

468

At parting. Acts xviii. 21. L. M.

1 O HAPPY day ! when saints shall meet
To part no more ; the thought how sweet !
No more to feel the rending smart
Oft felt below—when Christians part.

2 O ! happy place I still must say,
Where all but love is done away ;
All cause of parting there is past,
Their social feast will ever last.

3 Such union here is sought in vain,
As there, in ev'ry heart will reign ;
There, separations ne'er compel
The saints to bid the sad farewell.

4 On earth, when friends together meet,
And find the passing moments sweet,
Time's rapid motions soon compel,
With grief to say, dear friends, farewell.

5 The shepherd feels the smarting shock,
Of parting from his weeping flock ;
His feelings for them none can tell,
When called to say—my friends, farewell.

6 The happy season soon will come,
When saints shall meet in heav'n their home,
Eternally with Christ to dwell—
No more to hear the sound—farewell.

469 *Privileges of the people of God.* C. M.

1 O HAPPY they who know the Lord,
With whom he deigns to dwell!
He feeds and cheers them by his word,
His arm supports them well.

2 To them in each distressing hour,
His throne of grace is near;
And, when they plead his love and power,
He stands engaged to hear.

3 He helped his saints in ancient days,
Who trusted in his name;
And we can witness to his praise,
His love is still the same.

4 Wand'ring in sin, our souls he found,
And bade us seek his face;
Gave us to hear the gospel sound,
And taste the gospel grace.

5 Oft in his house his glory shines,
Before our wond'ring eyes;
We wish not then for golden mines,
Or aught beneath the skies.

6 His presence sweetens all our cares,
And makes our burdens light;
A word from him dispels our fears,
And gilds the gloom of night.

7 Lord, we expect to suffer here,
Nor would we dare repine ;
But give us still to find thee near,
And own us still for thine.

8 Let us enjoy, and highly prize
These tokens of thy love,
Till thou shalt bid our spirits rise,
To worship thee above.

470

The presence of God. L. M.

1 OH thou by long experience tried,
Near whom no grief can long abide ;
My Lord, how full of sweet content,
I pass my years of banishment.

2 All scenes alike engaging prove,
To souls impressed with sacred love !
Where'er they dwell, they dwell in thee :
In heaven, in earth, or on the sea.

3 To me remains nor place nor time,
My country is in every clime :
I can be calm and free from care
On any shore, since God is there.

4 While place we seek, or place we shun,
The soul finds happiness in none ;
But with my God to guide my way
'Tis equal joy to go or stay.

5 Could I be cast where thou art not,
That were indeed a dreadful lot ;
But regions none remote I call,
Secure of finding God in all.

471 *The days of thy Mourning shall be ended.*
Isa. lx. 20. P. M.

1 OH! weep not for the joys that fade,
Like evening lights away—
For hopes that, like the stars decayed,
Have left thy 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 Oh! weep not for the friends that pass
Into the lonesome grave,
As breezes sweep the withered grass
Along the restless wave;
For though thy pleasures may depart,
And darksome days be given,—
And lonely though on earth thou art,
Yet bliss awaits the holy heart
When friends rejoin in heaven.

472

P. M.

1 O JESUS our Lord, thy name be adored
For all the rich blessings convey'd thro' thy
word;
In spirit we trace thy wonders of grace,
And cheerfully join in a concert of praise.

2 The trumpet of God is sounding abroad
The language of mercy, salvation through
blood;

Thrice happy are they who hear and obey,
And share in the blessings of this gospel day.

3 The people who know, the Saviour below,
With burning affection to worship him glow!
The people are blest who lean on his breast,
And have a rich fortaste of his promis'd rest.

4 This blessing be mine, thro' favour divine;
But, O my Redeemer, the glory be thine!
The work is of grace, thine, thine be the
praise,
And mine to adore thee, and tell of thy ways

473 *Evening Hymn for Family Worship.*
C. M.

1 O LORD, another day is flown,
And we, a lonely band,
Are met once more before thy throne,
To bless thy fostering hand.

2 And wilt thou bend a listening ear,
To praises low as ours?
Thou wilt! for thou dost love to hear
The song which meekness pours.

3 And Jesus, thou thy smiles wilt deign,
As we before thee pray;
For thou didst bless the infant train,
And we are less than they.

4 O let thy grace perform its part,
And let contention cease,
And shed abroad in every heart
Thine everlasting peace!

5 Thus chastened, cleansed, entirely thine,
 A flock by Jesus led ;
 The Sun of Righteousness shall shine,
 In glory on our head.

6 And thou wilt turn our wandering feet,
 And thou wilt bless our way ;
 'Till worlds shall fade, and faith shall greet
 The dawn of lasting day.

474 *By the Children of a Sunday School.*
 C. M.

1 O LORD our God, thy light and truth
 To us thy children send,
 That we may serve Thee in our youth,
 And love Thee to the end.

2 By nature sinful, weak, and blind,
 The downward path we trod,
 Our wand'ring heart and wayward mind
 Were enemies to God.

3 But friends and guardians now, through
 grace,
 Our heedless steps restrain :
 They teach us, Lord, to seek thy face,
 Which none shall seek in vain.

4 Hence to the hills we lift our eyes,
 From which Salvation springs :
 O Sun of Righteousness, arise,
 With healing in thy wings !

5 Arise—and o'er this vale of tears,
 Shine unto perfect day :
 Still heavenward, through our following
 years,
 Pointing thy servants' way !

475

Opening a House of Worship.
 Luke xix. 4—6. C. M.

- 1 O LORD our God, thy people hear,
 Thy presence now display ;
 May this be call'd " an house of prayer !"
 O grant us hearts to pray !
- 2 Within these walls let holy peace,
 And love and concord dwell ;
 Here give the wounded conscience ease,
 The wounded spirit heal.
- 3 Blest Saviour ! Zion's holy King,
 Enter with all thy train ;
 And here thy choicest blessings bring,
 And long may they remain.
- 4 The feeling heart, the melting eye,
 The humbled mind bestow ;
 And shine upon us from on high,
 To make our graces grow.
- 5 May we in faith receive thy word,
 In faith present our prayers,
 And in the presence of our Lord
 Unbosom all our cares.
- 6 And may the gospel's joyful sound,
 Enforced by mighty grace,
 Awaken many sinners round,
 To come and fill the place.

476

Resignation. P. M.

1 O LORD! in sorrow I resign
My soul to that dear hand of thine,
Without reserve or fear;
That hand shall wipe my streaming eyes,
Or into smiles of glad surprise
Transform the falling tear.

2 My sole possession is thy love;
In earth beneath, or heaven above,
I have no other store;
And though with fervent suit I pray,
And importune thee night and day,
I ask thee nothing more.

3 My hours, with undiminished force
And speed, pursue their destined course,
Obedient to thy will;
Nor would I murmur at my doom,
Though still a sufferer from the womb
And doomed to suffer still.

4 By thy command, where'er I stray,
Sorrow attends me all my way,
A never-failing friend;
And if my sufferings may augment
Thy praise, behold me well content—
Let sorrow still attend!

5 It costs me no regret, that she
Who followed Christ should follow me;
And though, where'er she goes,

Thorns spring spontaneous at her feet,
 I love her, and extract a sweet
 From all my bitter woes.

477

Delight in God. Eph. iii. 18, 19. P. M.

1 O LOVE Divine, how sweet thou art,
 When shall I find my willing heart
 All taken up by thee ?

I thirst, I faint, I die to prove
 The greatness of redeeming love,
 The love of Christ so free !

2 Stronger his love than death and hell ;
 Its riches are unsearchable :

The first-born sons of light
 Desire in vain its depths to see ;
 They cannot reach the mystery,
 The length, and breadth, and height.

3 God only knows the love of God :
 O that it now were shed abroad
 In this poor stony heart !

For love I sigh, for love I pine :
 'This only portion, Lord, be mine !
 Be mine this better part !

4 O that I could for ever sit
 With Mary at the Master's feet !

Be this my happy choice :
 My only care, delight, and bliss,
 My joy, my heaven on earth be this,
 To hear the Bridegroom's voice !

478

For a day of humiliation. L. M.

1 O MAY the power which melts the rock
Be felt by all assembled here !

Lest in our service we but mock
That God whom we profess to fear.

2 How long hath He bestow'd his care
On this indulged, ungrateful land !

How oft, in times of danger near,
Preserved us by his sovereign hand !

3 Here peace and liberty have dwelt ;
The glorious gospel brightly shone ;

And oft our mightiest foes have felt
That God hath made our cause his own.

4 But ah ! both heaven and earth have heard
Our vile requital of his love :

We, whom like children he has rear'd,
For all his care unthankful prove.

5 See ! He uplifts his chastening rod ;—
O ! where are now the faithful few,

Who tremble for the ark of God,
And know what Israel ought to do ?

6 Lord, hear thy people every where,
Who meet this day to weep and pray :

Our sinful land in mercy spare,
In mercy turn thy wrath away.

479

The entrance of thy word giveth light.

Psa. cxix. 130. L. M.

1 O MAY the Gospel's conqu'ring force
Be felt by all who hear its sound !

So shall it prove its heav'nly source,
And praise shall to our God redound.

2 Lord, let thy mighty voice be heard,
Speak in the word, and speak with power,
So shall thy glorious name be feared
By those who never feared before.

3 O pity those who lie in sin!
Preserve them from the sinner's doom,
Open the ark and take them in,
And save them from the wrath to come.

4 So shall thy people joyful be,
The angels too will louder sing,
And both ascribe the praise to thee,
To thee, the everlasting King.

480

Cast down, yet hoping. Psa. xlii. 5.
8. 7. 4.

1 O, MY soul, what means this sadness?
Wherefore art thou thus cast down?
Let thy griefs be turn'd to gladness,
Bid thy restless fears be gone;
Look to Jesus,
And rejoice in his dear name.

2 What tho' Satan's strong temptations
Vex and grieve thee day by day,
And thy sinful inclinations
Often fill thee with dismay;
Thou shalt conquer,
Thro' the Lamb's redeeming blood.

3 Tho' 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 Tho' 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.

5 O that I could now adore him,
Like the heav'nly host above,
Who forever bow before him,
And unceasing sing his love !
Happy songsters !
When shall I your chorus join ?

481 *Thanksgiving for a good Harvest. L. M.*

1 ONCE more our condescending God
Has sent a harvest rich and good ;
No cank'ring worm, nor hostile band,
Has spoiled the produce of the land.

2 We bless thy Name for sun and showers,
And all the good that nature pours ;
But thy enriching stores of grace
Transcend our highest notes of praise.

3 Pour out thy Holy Spirit, Lord !
To clothe with power thy quick'ning Word ;
Till saints a richer harvest rise,
And fill the garner of the skies.

482

Morning Hymn. Prov. iii. 24. 8. 8. 6.

1 ONCE more my eyes behold the day,
And to my God, my soul would pay

Its tributary lays :

O may the life preserved by thee,
With all its powers and blessings be
Devoted to thy praise.

2 Beneath the shadow of thy wings,
(Israel's great keeper, King of kings,)

My weary head found rest :

No dire alarms, or racking pains,
Devouring flames, or galling chains
Disturb my peaceful breast.

3 How many since I laid me down
Have launch'd into a world unknown,

To meet a dreadful doom ;

While some on watery billows toss'd,
Or wand'ring on an unknown coast,
Have sighed in vain for home.

4 But, I am spared to see thy face,
A monument of saving grace,

And live to praise thy name :

Still be thou near, my gracious Lord,
To keep and guide ;—and by thy word
Peace, to my soul proclaim.

5 Let me enjoy thy presence here,
In ev'ry storm my heart to cheer,

Till thou shalt bid me rise.

Where sin and sorrow never come,
Till at my blest eternal home,
I wake in sweet surprise.

483

A Morning Song. C. M.

1 ONCE more, my soul, the rising day,
Salutes thy waking eyes,
Once more, my voice, thy tribute pay
To Him that rules the skies.

2 Night unto night his name repeats,
The day renews the sound,
Wide as the heav'n on which he sits
To turn the seasons round.

3 'Tis he supports my mortal frame,
My tongue shall speak his praise ;
My sins would rouse his wrath to flame,
And yet his wrath delays.

4 A thousand wretched souls are fled
Since the last setting sun,
And yet thou length'nest out my thread,
And yet my moments run.

5 Dear Lord, let all my hours be thine
Whilst I enjoy the light,
Then shall my sun in smiles decline,
And bring a pleasant night.

484

At parting. 6's.

1 ONCE more before we part,
Bless the Redeemer's name ;

Let every tongue and heart,
Praise and adore the same.

Chorus.

Jesus, the sinner's friend,
Him, whom our souls adore,
His praises have no end ;
Praise him for evermore.

2 Lord, in thy grace we come,
That blessing still impart:
We meet in Jesus' name,
In Jesus' name we part.

Jesus, the sinner's friend, &c.

3 Still on thy holy word
We'd live, and feed, and grow,
Go on to know the Lord,
And practise what we know.

Jesus, the sinner's friend, &c.

4 Here, Lord, we came to live,
And in thy truth increase,
All that's amiss, forgive,
And send us home in peace.

Jesus, the sinner's friend, &c.

5 Now, Lord, before we part,
Help us to bless thy name ;
May every tongue and heart
Praise and adore the same.

Jesus, the sinner's friend, &c.

485

Restoration and Glory of the Church.
Is. lii. 7. P. M.

- 1 ON the mountain's top appearing,
Lo! the sacred herald stands;
Welcome news to Zion bearing,
Zion long in hostile lands.
Drooping captive!—
God himself will loose thy bands.
- 2 Has thy night been long and mournful?
Have thy friends unfaithful proved?
All thy foes been proud and scornful,
By thy sighs and tears unmoved?
Cease thy mourning—
Zion still is well-beloved.
- 3 God, thy God, will now restore thee:
He himself appears thy friend:
All thy foes shall flee before thee,
Here their boasts and triumphs end.
Great Deliv'rance—
Zion's King vouchsafes to send.
- 4 Enemies no more shall trouble,
All thy wrongs shall be redressed:
"For thy shame thou shalt have double,"
In thy Maker's favour blest;
All thy conflicts—
End in one eternal rest.

486

Mercy to the penitent. C. M.

- 1 OPPREST with fear, opprest with grief,
To God I breathed my cry:

- His mercy brought divine relief,
And wip'd my tearful eye.
- 2 His mercy chased the shades of death,
And snatched me from the grave :
O may his praise employ that breath
Which mercy deigas to save !
- 3 Come, O ye saints ! your voices raise
To God in grateful songs ;
And let the memory of his grace
Inspire your hearts and tongues.
- 4 Her deepest gloom when sorrow spreads
And light and hope depart ;
His smile celestial morning sheds
And joy revives the heart.
- 5 Then let my utmost glory be
To raise thy honours high ;
Nor let my gratitude to thee
In guilty silence die.
- 6 To thee, my gracious God, I raise
My thankful heart and tongue ;
O be thy goodness and thy praise
My everlasting song !

487 *Sufficiency of Divine Grace.* 2 Cor. xii. 9.
L. M.

- 1 OPPREST with unbelief and sin,
Fightings without, and fears within ;
While earth and hell with force combined,
Disturbed and terrified my mind :
- 2 Thus sorely prest, I sought the Lord,
To give me some sweet cheering word ;

Again I sought, and yet again,
I waited long, but not in vain.

3 Oh! 'twas a cheering word indeed!
Exactly suited to my need;
"Sufficient for thee is my grace,
Thy weakness my great power displays."

4 Now I despond and mourn no more,
I welcome all I feared before;
Though weak, I'm strong; tho' troubled,
blest;
For Christ's own pow'r shall on me rest.

488 *For the Redeemer's return to his Church.*
L. M.

1 O SAVIOUR! is thy promise fled?
Nor longer may thy grace endure,
To heal the sick, and raise the dead,
And preach thy gospel to the poor?

2 Come, Jesus! come, return again:
With brighter beams thy servants bless,
Who long to hail thy perfect reign,
And share thy kingdom's happiness.

3 A feeble race, by passion driven,
In darkness and in doubt we roam,
And lift our anxious eyes to heaven,
Our hope, our harbour, and our home.

4 Come, Jesus! come; and as of yore,
Thy prophet went to clear the way,
A harbinger thy feet before,
A dawning to thy brighter day;—

5 So, ere again we see thy face,
 Our stony hearts for truth prepare ;
 Sow in our souls the seed of grace,
 Then come and reap thy harvest there.

489

Sovereign Grace. C. M.

1 O SOV'REIGN grace, how sweet the
 sound,

That saves one lost 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 then, that fear reliev'd :

How precious did that grace appear,

The hour I first believ'd !

3 Through many dangers, cares, and toils,
 I have already come :

'Tis grace has brought me safe thus far,

And grace will lead me home.

4 Yes ; when this flesh and heart shall fail,
 And mortal life shall cease,

I shall possess within the veil

A life of joy and peace.

490

*Humble confidence in the power and grace
 of Christ. 10's & 11's.*

1 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 determin'd 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, do after
him go :
Lo onward I move, to a country above,
None guesses how wond'rous 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, to him I'm so join'd,
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.

6 And now 'tis my care, my neighbours may
share

These blessings ; to seek them will none of
you dare ?

In bondage, O why, and death will you lie,
When one here assures you free grace is so
nigh ?

491

Sins and Sorrows spread before God.

C. M.

- 1 O 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 I'd say—'How flesh and sense rebel!
What inward foes combine
With the vain world, and powers of hell,
To vex this soul of mine!'
- 4 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.
- 5 My God will pity my complaints,
And heal my broken bones:
He takes the meaning of his saints,
The language of their groans.
- 6 Arise, my soul, from deep distress,
And banish every fear;
He calls thee to his throne of grace,
To spread thy sorrows there!

492

The Holy Spirit invoked. Eph. i. 13, 14. 8's.

- 1 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 lov'd abode,
 The temple of indwelling 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,
 Fulness of love, of heaven, of God !

493

Prayer for the Holy Spirit. P. M.

1 O THOU that hearest prayer !
 Attend our humble cry ;
 And let thy servants share
 Thy blessing from on high :
 We plead the promise of thy Word,
 Grant us thy Holy Spirit, Lord !

2 If earthly parents hear
 Their children when they cry ;
 If they, with love sincere,
 Their children's wants supply ;
 Much more wilt 'Thou thy love display,
 And answer when thy children pray.

3 Our Heavenly Father ! Thou—
 We—children of thy grace—
 Oh let thy spirit now
 Descend and fill the place ;
 That ail may feel the heavenly flame,
 And all unite to praise thy Name.

4 Oh may that sacred fire,
 Descending from above,
 Our frozen hearts inspire
 With fervent zeal and love ;
 Enlighten our beclouded eyes,
 And teach our grovelling souls to rise.

5 And send thy Spirit down
 On all the Nations, Lord !
 With great success to crown
 The preaching of thy Word :
 That Heathen lands may own thy sway,
 And cast their idol-gods away.

6 Then shall thy kingdom come
 Among our fallen race,
 And the whole earth become
 The temple of thy grace ;
 Whence pure devotion shall ascend,
 And songs of praise, till time shall end.

494 *Remember me, O my God, for good. Neh.*
 xiii. 31. C. M.

1 O THOU, from whom all goodness flows !
 I lift my heart to thee ;
 In all my sorrows, conflicts, woes,
 Dear Lord ! remember me !

2 When groaning, on my burden'd heart,
My sins lie heavily,

My pardon speak, new peace impart,
In love remember me !

3 Temptations sore obstruct my way,
And ills I cannot flee ;

O give me strength, Lord ! as my day ;
For good remember me !

4 Distress'd with pain, disease, and grief,
This feeble body see ;

Grant patience, rest, and kind relief ;
Hear, and remember me !

5 If on my face, for thy dear name,
Shame and reproaches be ;

I'll hail reproach, and welcome shame,
If thou remember me !

6 The hour is near—consign'd to death,
I own the just decree ;

Saviour ! with my last, parting breath,
I'll cry—Remember me !

495 *On the dangerous sickness of a Minister.*
John xi. 3. L. M.

1 O THOU, before whose gracious throne,
We bow our suppliant spirits down,
View the sad breast, the streaming eye,
And let our sorrows pierce the sky.

2 Thou know'st the anxious cares we feel,
And all our trembling lips would tell ;
Thou only canst assuage our grief,
And yield our wo-fraught heart relief.

3 With power benign, thy servant spare,
Nor turn aside thy people's prayer ;
Avert thy swift descending stroke,
Nor smite the shepherd of the flock.

4 Restore him sinking to the grave,
Stretch out thine arm, make haste to save ;
Back to our hopes and wishes give,
And bid our friend and father live.

5 Yet if our supplication fail,
And prayers and tears can nought prevail,
Be thou his strength, be thou his stay,
And guide him safe to endless day.

496

The dying Parent. Jer. xlix. 11 P. M.

1 O THOU faithful God of love,
Gladly I thy promise plead,
Waiting for my last remove,
Hastening to the happy dead,
Lo, I cast on thee my care,
Breathe my latest breath in prayer.

2 Trusting in thy word alone,
I to thee my children leave ;
Call my little ones thine own,
Give them all thy blessings, give ;
Keep them while on earth they breathe,
Save their souls from endless death.

3 Whom I to thy grace commend
Into thine embraces take,
Be her sure immortal Friend,
Save her for my Saviour's sake ;

Free from sin, from sorrow free,
Let my widow trust in thee.

4 Father of the fatherless,
Husband of the widow prove ;
Me and mine persist to bless,
Tell me we shall meet above,
Seal the promise on my heart,
Bid me then in peace depart.

497 *For Providence and Grace. C. M.*

1 O THOU, my light, my life, my joy,
My glory, and my all ;
Unsent by thee, no good can come,
No evil can befall.

2 Such are thy schemes of providence,
And methods of thy grace,
That I may safely trust in thee,
Through all the wilderness.

3 'Tis thine outstretch'd and powerful arm
Upholds me in the way ;
And thy rich bounty well supplies
The wants of every day.

4 For such compassions, O my God !
Ten thousand thanks are due ;
For such compassions, I esteem
Ten thousand thanks too few.

498 *For Guardianship and Guidance. L. M.*

1 O THOU, to whose all-searching sight,
The darkness shineth as the light ;

Search, prove my heart, it pants for thee ;
O burst these bonds, and set it free !

2 If in this darksome wild I stray,
Be thou my Light, be thou my Way ;
No foes, nor violence I fear,
Nor fraud, while thou, my God, art near.

3 When rising floods my soul o'erflow,
When sinks my heart in waves of wo ;
Jesus, thy timely aid impart,
And raise my head, and cheer my heart.

4 Saviour, where'er thy steps I see,
Dauntless, untired, I follow thee :
O let thy hand support me still,
And lead me to thy holy hill !

5 If rough and thorny be the way,
My strength proportion to my day ;
Till toil, and grief, and pain shall cease,
Where all is calm, and joy, and peace.

499 *Surrendering to the will of the All-wise.*
C. M.

1 O THOU whose mercy guides my way,
Though now it seem severe
Forbid my unbelief to say,
There is no mercy here !

2 O grant me to desire the pain
That comes in kindness down,
More than the world's supremest gain,
Succeeded by a frown !

3 When, though thou bend my Spirit low,
 Love only shall I see ;
 The very hand that strikes the blow,
 Was wounded once for me.

500

The Lord is my light and my salvation.

Psalm xxvii. 1. P. M.

- 1 O THOU God of our salvation !
 Jesus, now enthron'd in light,
 Look from thine exalted station,
 Look from yonder glorious height ;
 Save thy people,
 Put their enemies to flight.
- 2 Thou wast once, like us, assaulted,
 Once a "man of sorrows" here ;
 Now to heav'n with joy exalted,
 Thou art first and highest there :
 Yet thy people
 Know their pray'rs will reach thine ear.
- 3 Sing, ye saints, for ye have reason,
 Jesus is your glorious chief ;
 In afflictions sharpest season,
 Think on this, 'twill bring relief ;
 Sing with gladness,
 Jesus knows, and shares your grief.
- 4 Earthly things are transitory,
 Empty all the world can yield ;
 Jesus gives us grace and glory,
 Jesus is our sun and shield :
 Fair our portion,
 Ours a cup with blessings fill'd.

5 Saviour, make thy people humble,
Full of love, and full of trust ;
Then let these "vile bodies" crumble,
And return again to dust :
Fairer mansions
Shall be ours among the just.

501

The Lord's Prayer. P. M.

- 1 OUR Father, whose eternal sway
The bright angelic hosts obey,
Oh lend a pitying ear !
When on thy awful Name we call,
And at thy feet submissive fall,
Bow down thine ear, and hear !
- 2 Far may thy glorious reign extend,
And rebels to thy sceptre bend,
Yielding to sov'reign love ;
Make it our pleasure to fulfil,
On earth, the dictates of thy will,
As angels do above !
- 3 From thy kind hand each earthly good,
Our raiment and our daily food,
In rich abundance come :
Lord, give us still a fresh supply ;
If thou withhold thy hand, we die
And fill the silent tomb.
- 4 Pardon our sins, O God ! which rise,
And call for vengeance from the skies ;
And, while we are forgiven.

Grant that revenge may never rest
 Nor malice harbour in that breast,
 Which feels the love of heaven.

5 Protect us in the dangerous hour,
 And from the wily Tempter's power,
 Oh set our spirits free !

But if temptation shall assail,
 Thy mighty grace o'er all prevail,
 And lead our hearts to Thee.

6 Thine is the power : to Thee belongs
 The constant tribute of our songs :

All glory to thy Name !
 Let every creature join our lays
 In one resounding act of praise,
 And all thy love proclaim.

502

The Lord's Prayer. S. M.

1 OUR Heavenly Father, hear
 The prayer we offer now ;
 Thy Name be hallow'd far and near,
 To Thee all nations bow !

2 Thy kingdom come ! Thy will
 On earth be done in love,
 As saints and seraphim fulfil
 Thy perfect law above !

3 Our daily bread supply,
 While by thy word we live ,
 The guilt of our iniquity
 Forgive, as we forgive :

4 From dark temptation's power,
From Satan's wiles defend;
Deliver in the evil hour,
And guide us to the end.

5 Thine then for ever be
Glory and power divine;
The sceptre, throne, and majesty
Of heaven and earth are Thine.

6 —Thus humbly taught to pray
By Thy Beloved Son,
Through Him we come to Thee, and say
All for His sake be done!

503

Church Union. Col. ii. 2. C. M.

1 OUR souls by love together knit,
Cemented, mix in one;
One hope, one heart, one mind, one voice;—
'Tis heaven on earth begun!

2 Our hearts have burn'd while Jesus spake,
And glow'd with sacred fire;
He stopp'd, and talk'd, and fed, and blest,
And fill'd th' enlarg'd desire.

Chorus. L. M.

“A Saviour!” let creation sing!
“A Saviour!” let all heaven ring!
He's God with us, we feel him our's,
His fulness in our souls he pours!
'Tis almost done—'tis almost o'er—
We're joining them who're gone before,
We then shall meet to part no more. }

- 3 The little cloud increases still,
The heav'ns are big with rain ;
We haste to catch the teeming show'r,
And all its moisture drain :
- 4 A rill, a stream, a torrent flows !
But pour a MIGHTY FLOOD :
Oh ! sweep the nations—shake the earth ;
Till all proclaim THEE GOD.
“ A Saviour ! ” &c.
- 5 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 thine own :
- 6 May we—a little band of love,
Poor sinners sav'd by grace,
From glory into glory chang'd,
Behold THEE FACE TO FACE !
“ A Saviour ! ” &c.

504

God seeth in secret. Matt. vi. 6. C. M.

- 1 OUR heavenly Father's piercing eye,
Sees through the darkest night ;
In deep retirement He is nigh,
With heart-discerning sight.
- 2 There let that piercing eye survey
Our duteous homage paid ;
With every morning's dawning ray,
And every evening's shade.
- 3 O God ! may thy own heavenly fire
The incense still inflame ;

While my warm vows to Thee aspire,
Through my Redeemer's name.

4 So shall the visits of thy love,
My soul in secret bless ;
So shalt Thou deign in worlds above,
Thy suppliant to confess.

505 *For a Female Friendly Society.* L. M.

1 OUR soul shall magnify the Lord,
In Him our spirit shall rejoice ;
Assembled here with sweet accord,
Our hearts shall praise Him with our voice.

2 Since He regards our low estate,
And hears his handmaids when they pray,
We humbly plead at mercy's gate,
Where none are ever turned away.

3 The poor are his peculiar care,
'To them his promises are sure ;
His gifts "the poor in spirit" share ;
O may we always thus be poor !

4 God of our hope, to Thee we bow,
Thou art our refuge in distress ;
The Husband of the widow Thou,
'The Father of the fatherless.

5 May we thy law of love fulfil,
'To bear each other's burdens here ;
Suffer and do thy righteous will,
And walk in all thy faith and fear.

6 Didst Thou not give thy Son to die
For our transgressions, in our stead ?

And can thy goodness aught deny
To those for whom thy Son hath bled ?

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

506

Funeral Hymn. C. M.

1 OUR dearest friends depart and die,
No more to us return ;

But to the Lord their spirits fly,
To blessed mansions borne.

2 There glory sits in ev'ry face,
Love smiles in ev'ry eye ;

There do their souls adore the grace
Which brought them safe on high.

3 Blest souls ! we leave them to enjoy
Their Saviour and their God ;

While we our season will employ
To reach their blest abode.

4 Oh, may our feet pursue the way
Our pious fathers led ;

With love and holy zeal obey
The counsels of the dead !

5 Soon then will end our mourning days,
Our tears will soon be dry ;

With them we shall our Saviour praise,
" And see him eye to eye."

507 *The Light to lighten the Gentiles.* P. M.

- 1 O'ER the realms of pagan darkness,
 Let the eye of pity gaze ;
 See the kindreds of the people,
 Lost in sin's bewildering maze :
 Darkness brooding
 On the face of all the earth.
- 2 Light of them that sit in darkness !
 Rise and shine, thy blessings bring :
 Light to lighten all the Gentiles !
 Rise with healing in thy wing :
 To thy brightness
 Let all kings and nations come.
- 3 May the heathen, now adoring
 Idol-gods of wood and stone,
 Come, and, worshipping before Him,
 Serve the living God alone ;
 Let thy glory
 Fill the earth as floods the sea.
- 4 Thou to whom all power is given,
 Speak the word ;—at thy command,
 Let the company of preachers
 Spread thy name from land to land :
 Lord, be with them,
 Always to the end of time.

508 *Whosoever will, let him come.* Rev. xxii. 17.
 C. M.

- 1 O WHAT amazing words of grace
 Are in the gospel found !

Suited to ev'ry 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 ev'ry 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 Jesu's 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.

509

Heaven free from Sin and Sorrow.

Rev. xxi. 4. S. M.

1 O WHAT a mighty change

Shall Christian sufferers know,

When o'er the heavenly plains they range,

Incapable of wo !

2 No ill-requited love

Shall there our spirits wound ;

No base ingratitude above,

No sin in heaven is found.

3 There all our griefs are spent ;
There all our trials end ;

We cannot there the loss lament
Of one departed friend.

4 No brother, dead to God,
By sin is there undone :

No father there, lamenting loud,
Cries " O my son ! my son ! "

5 No slightest touch of pain,
No sorrow's least alloy

Can violate our rest, or stain
Our purity of joy.

6 In that eternal day

No clouds, nor tempests rise :

There God shall wipe all tears away
For ever from our eyes.

510 *Longing for freedom from Sin.* C. M. D.

1 O WHEN wilt Thou my Saviour be,
O when shall I be clean,
The true, eternal Sabbath see,
A perfect rest from sin !

Jesus, the sinner's rest thou art,

From guilt, and fear, and pain :

While thou art absent from my heart

I look for rest in vain.

2 The consolations of thy word,

My soul hath long upheld,

The faithful promise of the Lord,

Shall surely be fulfill'd ;

I look to my incarnate God,
 Till he his work begin ;
 And wait till his redeeming blood
 Shall cleanse me from all sin.

3 O that I now the voice might hear,
 That speaks my sins forgiven ;
 His word is past, to give me here
 The inward pledge of heaven :
 His blood shall over all prevail,
 And sanctify th' unclean ;
 The grace that saves from future hell
 Shall save from present sin.

511

Recollections of first love. L. M.

1 O WHERE is now that glowing love,
 That marked our union with the Lord ?
 Our hearts were fixed on things above,
 Nor could the world a joy afford.

2 Where is the zeal that led us then
 To make our Saviour's glory known ;
 That freed us from the fear of men,
 And kept our eye on Him alone ?

3 Where are the happy seasons spent
 In fellowship with Him we loved ?
 The sacred joy, the sweet content,
 The blessedness that then we proved ?

4 Behold, again we turn to thee,
 O cast us not away, though vile !
 No peace we have, no joy we see,
 O Lord our God, but in thy smile.

512

The issues of Life and Death. P. M.

1 O WHERE shall rest be found,
 Rest for the weary soul?
 'Twere vain the ocean depths to sound,
 Or pierce to either pole:
 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.

2 Beyond this vale of tears,
 There is a life above,
 Unmeasured by the flight of years,
 And all that life is love;—
 There is a death, whose pang
 Outlasts the fleeting breath;
 O what eternal horrors hang
 Around “the second death.”

3 Lord God of truth and grace,
 Teach us that death to shun,
 Lest we be banished from thy face,
 For evermore undone:
 Here would we end our quest;
 Alone are found in thee,
 The life of perfect love;—the rest
 Of immortality.

513

Prayer for the Jews. L. M.

1 O WHY should Israel's sons, once blest,
 Still roam the scorning world around;

Disowned of heaven, by man opprest,
Outcasts from Zion's hallow'd ground ?

2 O God of Israel, view their race !
Back to thy fold, the wand'ers bring ;
Teach them to seek thy slighted grace ;
To hail in Christ their promised King !

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

4 Haste, glorious day, expected long !
When Jew and Greek, one prayer shall raise,
With eager feet one temple throng,
One God with grateful rapture praise.

514

P. M.

1 O WORSHIP the King,
All-glorious above !
O gratefully sing
His unchangeable love !
Our Shield and Defender,
The Ancient of days,
Pavilioned in splendour,
Surrounded with praise.

2 This earth, with its store
Of wonders untold,
Almighty, thy power
Hath founded of old ;
Hath established it fast
By a changeless decree,

And round it hath cast,
Like a girdle, the sea.

3 Thy bountiful care
What tongue can recite ?

It breathes in the air,
It shines in the light,
It streams from the hills,
It descends to the plain,
And sweetly distils
In the dew and the rain.

4 Frail children of dust,
And feeble as frail,
In Thee do we trust,
Nor find thee to fail ;
Thy mercies how tender !
How sure to the end !

Our Maker, Defender,
Redeemer, and Friend !

5 O wonderful might !
Ineffable love !

While angels delight,
To hymn Thee above,
The humbler creation,
Though feeble their lays,
With true adoration
Shall echo thy praise.

515 *Jesus seen of Angels.* 1 Tim. iii. 16. P. M.

1 O, YE immortal throng
Of angels round the throne,

Join with our feeble song,
To make the Saviour known :

On earth ye knew
His wond'rous grace :
His beauteous face
In heaven ye view.

2 Ye saw the heaven-born child

In human flesh arrayed,
Benevolent and mild,
While in the manger laid ;
And praise to God,
And peace on earth,
For such a birth,
Proclaimed aloud.

3 Ye, in the wilderness,
Beheld the tempter spoiled,
Well known in every dress,
In every combat foiled ;

And joyed to crown
The victor's head,
When Satan fled
Before his frown.

4 Around the bloody tree
Ye pressed, with strong desire,
That wond'rous sight to see—
The Lord of life expire ;

And could your eyes
Have known a tear,
Had dropped it there,
In sad surprise.

5 Around his sacred tomb
 A willing watch ye keep,
 Till the blest moment come,
 To rouse him from his sleep:
 Then rolled the stone,
 And all adored
 Your rising Lord,
 With joy unknown.

6 When all arrayed in light,
 The shining conq'ror rode,
 Ye hailed his rapturous flight
 Up to the throne of God ;
 And waved around
 Your golden wings,
 And struck your strings
 Of sweetest sound.

7 The warbling notes pursue,
 And louder anthems raise ;
 While mortals sing with you
 Their *own* Redeemer's praise :
 And thou, my heart,
 With equal flame,
 And joy the same,
 Perform thy part.

P.

516

Types of Christ ; or, the Atonement.
 Heb. ix. 12, 13. 8's & 7's.

1 PASCHAL Lamb, by God appointed,
 All our sins on thee were laid ;

By almighty love anointed,
Thou hast full atonement made :

2 All thy people are forgiven,
Thro' the virtue of thy blood !

Opened is the gate of heaven ;
Peace is made 'twixt man and God.

3 Jesus, hail ! enthroned in glory,
There for ever to abide !

All the heavenly hosts adore thee,
Seated at thy Father's side :

4 There for sinners thou art pleading ;
There thou dost our place prepare ;

Ever for us interceding,
Till in glory we appear.

5 Glory, honour, power, and blessing,
Thou art worthy to receive ;

Loudest praises, without ceasing,
Meet it is for us to give :

6 When we join th' angelic spirits !
In their sweetest, noblest lays ;

We will sing our Saviour's merits,
Gladly chant Immanuel's praise.

517

Peace. Luke xxiv. 36. 8's & 7's.

1 PEACE be to this congregation,
Peace to ev'ry soul therein ;

Peace, the earnest of salvation ;

Peace, the fruit of pardoned sin :

Peace, that speaks its heavenly Giver ;
 Peace, to sordid minds unknown ;
 Peace Divine, that lasts forever,
 Here erect thy glorious throne.

2 Prince of Peace, be present near us,
 Fix in all our hearts thy home ;
 With thy blessed presence cheer us,
 Let thy sacred kingdom come.

Raise to heaven our expectation ;
 Give our favoured souls to prove
 Glorious and complete salvation,
 In the realms of bliss above.

3 May the grace of Christ our Saviour,
 And the Father's boundless love,
 With the Holy Spirit's favour,
 Rest upon us from above.

Thus may we abide in union
 With each other and the Lord ;
 And possess, in sweet communion,
 Joys which earth cannot afford.

518

Longing for Heaven. C. M.

1 PERMIT me, Lord, to seek thy f
 Obedient to thy call ;
 To seek the presence of thy grace
 My strength, my life, my all.

2 All I can wish, is thine to give :
 My God, I ask thy love,
 That greatest bliss I can receive.
 That bliss of heaven above.

- 3 To heaven my restless heart aspires ;
 O for a quickening ray,
 To wake and warm my faint desires,
 And cheer the tiresome way!
- 4 The path to thy divine abode,
 Through a wild desert lies ;
 A thousand snares beset the road,
 A thousand terrors rise.
- 5 Satan and sin unite their art,
 To keep me from my Lord ;
 Dear Saviour, guide my trembling heart,
 And guide me by thy word.
- 6 My Guardian, my almighty Friend,
 On Thee my soul would rest ;
 On Thee alone my hopes depend,
 Be near, and I am blest.

519 *Is this thy kindness to thy friend? 1 Kings*
 xvi. 17. L. M.

- 1 POOR, weak, and worthless though I am,
 I have a rich, almighty Friend ;
 Jesus the Saviour, is his name,
 He freely loves, and without end.
- 2 He ransomed me from hell with blood,
 And by his power my foes controlled ;
 He found me, wand'ring far from God,
 And brought me to his chosen fold.
- 3 He cheers my heart, my want supplies,
 And says that I shall shortly be
 Enthroned with him above the skies ;
 Oh ! what a friend is Christ to me.

4 But ah ! my inmost spirit mourns,
And well my eyes with tears may swim,
To think of my perverse returns ;
I've been a faithless friend to him.

5 Often my gracious Friend I grieve,
Neglect, distrust, and disobey,
And often Satan's lies believe,
Sooner than all my Friend can say.

6 He bids me always freely come,
And promises whate'er I ask :
But I am straitened, cold and dumb,
And count my privilege a task.

7 Before the world that hates his cause,
My treach'rous heart has throbb'd with
shame ;

Loth to forego the world's applause,
I hardly dare avow his name.

8 Sure were not I most vile and base,
I could not thus my Friend requite !
And were not he the God of grace,
He'd frown and spurn me from his sight.

520

Social Worship. C. M.

1 POUR down thy spirit, gracious Lord !
On all assembled here :

Let us receive th' engrafted Word,
With meekness and with fear.

2 By faith in Thee, the soul receives
New life, though dead before ;

And he, who in thy Name believes,
Shall live; to die no more.

3 Preserve the power of faith alive
In those who love thy Name;

For Sin and Satan daily strive
To quench the sacred flame.

4 Thy grace and mercy first prevailed
From death to set us free;

And often since, our life had failed,
Unless renewed by Thee.

5 To Thee we look, to Thee we bow;
To Thee for help we call:

Our Life and Resurrection, Thou!
Our Hope, our Joy, our All!

521 *Ministers a sweet Savour, whether of Life
or Death. 2 Cor. ii. 15, 16. P. M.*

1 PRAISE to the Lord on high,
Who spreads his triumphs wide!

While Jesus' fragrant Name
Is breathed on every side:

Balmy and rich The odours rise,
And fill the earth And reach the skies.

2 Ten thousand dying souls
Its virtue feel, and live;

Sweeter than vital air
The incense they receive:

They breathe anew, And rise and sing,
Jesus the Lord, Their conqu'ring King.

3 But sinners scorn the grace,
Which brings salvation nigh;

They turn their face away,
 And faint, and fall, and die !
 So sad a doom, Ye saints deplore :
 They faint and fall To rise no more.

4 Yet, Great and Mighty God !
 Thy servants all shall be,
 In those, who live or die,
 A savour sweet to Thee :
 Supremely bright Thy grace shall shine,
 Guarded with flames Of wrath divine.

522

Praise for National Mercies. L. M.

1 PRAISE to the Lord, who bows his ear
 Propitious to his people's prayer ;
 And, though deliv'rance long delay,
 Yet answers still in his own day.

2 Lord ! let thy goodness lead our land,
 Still saved by thine Almighty hand,
 The tribute of its love to bring
 To Thee, our Saviour and our King—

3 Till every public temple raise
 A song of triumph to thy praise ;
 And every peaceful private home
 To Thee a temple shall become.

4 Still be it our supreme delight
 To walk as in thy glorious sight ;
 Still in thy precepts and thy fear,
 Till life's last hour, to persevere.

523 *The blind led and supported in God's way.*
Isa. xlii. 16. C. M.

- 1 PRAISE to the God of Light and Love,
Who gives the blind their sight,
And scatters round their wond'ring eyes,
A flood of sacred light.
- 2 In paths unknown he leads them on
To his divine abode ;
And shows new miracles of grace,
Through all the heavenly road.
- 3 The ways all rugged and perplexed
He renders smooth and straight ;
And strengthens every feeble knee
To march to Zion's gate.
- 4 Through all the path we'll sing his Name,
Till we the mount ascend,
Where toils and storms are known no more,
And praise shall never end.

524 *Hearing the truth. 8's & 7's.*

- 1 PRAISE we him by whose kind favour
Heavenly truth has reached our ears:
May its sweet reviving savour
Fill our hearts and calm our fears !
- 2 TRUTH—how sacred is the treasure !
Teach us, Lord, its worth to know:
Vain's the hope, and short the pleasure,
Which from other sources flow.
- 3 What of truth we've now been hearing,
Fix, O Lord, in ev'ry heart ;

In the day of thine appearing,
May we share thy people's part !

4 Till thou take us hence for ever,
Saviour, guide us with thine eye ;
This our aim, our sole endeavour,
Thine to live, and thine to die !

525 *Praise to God.* Ps. civ. Hab. iii. 17. 7's.

1 PRAISE to God, immortal praise,
For the love that crowns our days :
Bounteous Source of every joy,
Let thy praise our tongues employ.

2 For the blessings of the field ;
For the stores the gardens yield ;
For the vine's refreshing juice ;
For the generous olive's use :—

3 Flocks that whiten all the plain ;
Yellow sheaves of ripened grain ;
Clouds that drop their fattening dews ;
Suns that temperate warmth diffuse :—

4 All that Spring, with bounteous hand,
Scatters o'er the smiling land ;
All that liberal Autumn pours
From her rich, o'erflowing stores :—

5 These, to that dear source we owe
Whence our sweetest comforts flow ;
These, through all my happy days,
Claim my cheerful songs of praise.

6 Yet, should rising whirlwinds tear
From its stem the ripening ear ;

Should the fig-tree's blasted shoot
Drop her green, untimely fruit;—

7 Should the vine bud forth no more,
Nor the olive yield her store;
Though the sickening flocks should fall,
And the herds desert the stall:—

8 Lord, to thee my soul should raise
Grateful, never ending praise;
And, when every blessing's flown,
Love thee—for THYSELF alone.

526 *The Spirit of Prayer. Zech. xii. 10. C. M.*

1 PRAYER is the soul's sincere desire
Uttered or unexpressed;
The motion of a hidden fire,
That trembles in the breast.

2 Prayer is the simplest form of speech
That infant lips can try;
Prayer the sublimest strains that reach
The Majesty on high.

3 Prayer is the contrite sinner's voice,
Returning from his ways;
While angels in their songs rejoice,
And say, "Behold he prays!"

4 The saints in prayer appear as one
In word and deed and mind,
When with the FATHER and His SON
Their fellowship they find.

5 Nor prayer is made on earth alone:
 The HOLY SPIRIT pleads ;
 And JESUS on th' eternal throne,
 For sinners intercedes.

6 O Thou, by whom we come to God,
 The Life, the Truth, the Way ;
 The path of prayer thyself hast trod ;
 LORD ! teach us how to pray.

527

Prayer. John xvi. 23. L. M.

1 PRAYER was appointed to convey
 The blessings God designs to give:
 Long as they live should Christians pray :
 For only while they pray, they live.

2 The Christian's heart his prayer indites,
 He speaks as prompted from within ;
 The Spirit his petition writes,
 And Christ receives and gives it in.

3 And shall we in dead silence lie,
 When Christ stands waiting for our prayer ?
 My soul, thou hast a Friend on high ;
 Arise, and try thy int'rest there.

4 If pains afflict, or wrongs oppress,
 If cares distract, or fears dismay,
 If guilt deject, if sin distress,
 The remedy's before thee—pray.

5 Depend on Christ, thou canst not fail ;
 Make all thy wants and wishes known ;
 Fear not, his merits must prevail ;
 Ask what thou wilt, it shall be done.

Q

528

Meek Submission. P. M.

1 QUIET, Lord, my froward heart,
Make me teachable and mild,
Upright, simple, free from art,
Make me as a weaned child ;
From distrust and envy free,
Pleased with all that pleases thee.

2 What thou shalt to-day provide,
Let me as a child receive ;
What to-morrow may betide,
Calmly to thy wisdom leave :
'Tis enough that thou wilt care,
Why should I the burden bear ?

3 As a little child relies
On a care beyond his own,
Knows he's neither strong nor wise,
Fears to stir a step alone :
Let me thus with thee abide,
As my Father, God, and Guide.

4 Thus preserved from Satan's wiles,
Safe from dangers, free from fears,
May I live upon thy smiles,
Till the promised hour appears,
When the sons of God shall prove
All their Father's boundless love.

R

529 *Thankfulness for Redemption. 8's & 7's.*

1 RANSOMED sinners, sing the praises
Of your dear redeeming God ;
Hymn, with joy, the holy Jesus,
Who hath purchased you with blood :
Dwell on this delightful theme,
Shout the dear Immanuel's name.

2 He the powerful word hath spoken,
" I redeemed them, mine they are ;"
With that word the snare is broken,
Satan struck with panic fear !
This is glorious liberty !
Christ, the Son, hath made us free !

3 For this wonderful compassion,
(Far surpassing human thought,)
Let us praise with exultation,
Him, who our salvation wrought !
Jesus, full of truth and grace,
Worthy thou of all our praise.

4 O that worldlings knew our pleasure !
While we walk in Christ the way ;
We possess a heavenly treasure,
In an earthly house of clay !
But, what bliss before us lies !
Though 'tis veiled beyond the skies.

5 Hark ! while angel-choirs are sounding
Rapturous praises round the throne !

Let us come to Sion singing :
 Their, and our delights are one !
 Grateful songs, our mutual mirth,
 They in heaven—and we on earth.

530

The Sinner found wanting.

Dan. v. 27. L. M.

1 RAISE, thoughtless sinner, raise thine
 eye ;

Behold the balance lifted high ;
 There shall God's justice be displayed,
 And there thy hope and life be weighed.

2 See, in one scale, his perfect law !

Mark with what force its precepts draw ;

Wouldst thou the awful test sustain,
 Thy works how light, thy thoughts how
 vain ?

3 Behold ! the hand of God appears

To trace those dreadful characters ;

' *Tekel* ! thy soul is wanting found,

' And wrath shall smite thee to the ground !

4 Let sudden fears thy nerves unbrace ;

Confusion wild o'erspread thy face !

Through all thy thoughts let anguish roll,

And deep repentance melt thy soul.

5 One only hope may yet prevail—

Christ in the scripture turns the scale ;

Still doth the gospel publish peace,

And show a Saviour's righteousness.

6 Jesus, exert thy pow'r to save,

Deep on this heart thy truth engrave.

Great God, the load of guilt remove,
That trembling lips may sing thy love.

531

Assurance of Perseverance. C. M.

- 1 REJOICE, believer, in the Lord,
Who makes your cause his own ;
The hope that's built upon his word
Can ne'er be overthrown.
- 2 Though many foes beset your road,
And feeble is your arm,
Your life is hid with Christ in God,
Beyond the reach of harm.
- 3 Weak as you are, you shall not faint,
Or fainting shall not die ;
Jesus, the strength of ev'ry saint,
Will aid you from on high.
- 4 Though he is not perceived by sense,
Faith sees him always near,
A guide, a glory, a defence,
Then what have you to fear ?
- 5 As surely as he overcame,
And triumphed once for you ;
So surely you that love his name
Shall triumph in him too.

532

New-Year. C. M.

- 1 REMARK, with awe, the narrow bounds
Of the revolving year !

How swift the weeks complete their rounds!
How short the months appear!

2 So fast Eternity comes on,
And that important Day
When all, that mortal life has done,
God's Judgment shall survey.

3 Yet like an idle tale we pass
The swift-advancing year ;
And study artful ways t' increase
The speed of its career.

4 Waken, O God ! each trifling heart
Its great concern to see ;
That all may act the Christian part,
And give the year to Thee.

5 So shall their course more grateful roll,
If future years arise ;
Or this shall bear the willing soul
To joy which never dies.

533

God's Command to all Men to repent.
Acts xvii. 30. C. M.

1 REPENT, the voice celestial cries,
No longer dare delay :
The wretch that scorns the mandate dies,
And meets a fiery day.

2 No more the sovereign eye of God
O'erlooks the crimes of men ;
His heralds are dispatched abroad
To warn the world of sin.

- 3 The summons sounds through all the earth ;
 Let earth attend and fear :
 Listen ye men of royal birth,
 And let their vassals hear.
- 4 Together in his presence bow,
 And all your guilt confess ;
 Accept the offered Saviour now,
 Nor trifle with the grace.
- 5 Bow, ere the awful trumpet sound,
 And call you to his bar :
 For mercy knows th' appointed bound,
 And turns to vengeance there.
- 6 Amazing love, that yet will call,
 And yet prolong our days !
 Our hearts subdued by goodness fall,
 And weep, and love, and praise.

534 *He brought me up also out of a horrible pit.*
 Psalm xl. 2. P. M.

- 1 **RESCUED** from the lake infernal,
 Saved from yonder dark abyss,
 Jesus gives us life eternal,
 Now we live since we are his ;
 Now we hope with him to be
 Happy through eternity.
- 2 O how great our former danger,
 When we walked in folly's ways !
 He who lives to God a stranger,
 Far from peace and safety strays.
 Under guilt, enslaved by sin,
 All is dark and foul within.

- 3 Long, too long, our hearts were hardened,
 We despised the truth of God,
 But the Lord our sin has pardoned,
 He has washed our souls with blood,
 Blood of him who fills a throne,
 Blood of Christ, the Holy One.
- 4 Let us bow and fall before him,
 Let us bow before our King ;
 Lo! the hosts of heaven adore him,
 All above his praises sing :
 Much they owe Him, more we owe,
 Sinners saved from endless wo.

535

Increase of the Church. P. M.
 Is. lx. 5, 6.

- 1 RISE, Gracious God! and shine
 In all thy saving might;
 And prosper each design
 To spread thy glorious light :
 Let healing streams of mercy flow,
 That all the earth thy truth may know.
- 2 Oh bring the nations near,
 That they may sing thy praise :
 Let all the people hear,
 And learn thy holy ways :
 Reign, Mighty God! assert thy cause,
 And govern by thy righteous laws.
- 3 Put forth thy glorious power !
 The nations then will see,
 And earth present her store
 In converts born of Thee .

God, our own God, his Church will bless,
And earth shall yield her full increase.

536 *Departure of Missionaries. 7's & 6's.*

1 ROLL on, thou mighty ocean!
And, as thy billows flow,
Bear messengers of mercy
To every land below.
Arise, ye gales! and waft them
Safe to the destined shore;
That man may sit in darkness,
And death's black shade, no more.

2 O thou Eternal Ruler!
Who holdest in thine arm
The tempests of the ocean,
Protect them from all harm!
Thy presence e'er be with them,
Wherever they may be,
Though far from us who love them,
Still let them be with Thee!

S

537 *Sabbath-Eve. Heb. iv. 9. 7's.*

1 SAFELY through another week,
God has brought us on our way;
Let us now a blessing seek,
On the approaching Sabbath-day:

Day of all the week the best,
Emblem of eternal rest.

2 When the morn shall bid us rise,
May we feel thy presence near!
May thy glory meet our eyes
When we in thy house appear!
There afford us, Lord, a taste
Of our everlasting feast.

538 *O Lord, say unto my soul, 'I am thy Salvation.'* Psalm xxxv. C. M.

1 SALVATION!—Oh, melodious sound
To wretched dying men!

Salvation that from God proceeds,
And leads to God again.

2 Rescued from hell's eternal gloom,
From fiends, and fires, and chains;

Raised to a paradise of bliss,
Where love triumphant reigns!

3 But may a poor bewildered soul,
Sinful and weak as mine,

Presume to raise a trembling eye
To blessings so divine?

4 The lustre of so bright a bliss
My feeble heart o'erbears;

And unbelief almost perverts
The promise into tears.

5 My Saviour God, no voice but thine
These dying hopes can raise;

Speak thy salvation to my soul,
And turn my prayer to praise.

539 *Harmony of the Divine Perfections. C. M.*

- 1 SALVATION ! what a glorious plan ;
How suited to our needs !
The grace that raises fallen man,
Our highest praise exceeds.
- 2 'Twas wisdom formed the vast design,
To ransom us when lost ;
And love's unfathomable mine
Provided all the cost.
- 3 Strict justice with approving look,
The holy covenant sealed ;
And truth and power both undertook
The whole should be fulfilled.
- 4 Truth, wisdom, justice, power, and love,
In all their glory shone ;
When Jesus left the courts above,
And died to save his own.
- 5 Truth, wisdom, justice, power, and love,
Are equally displayed ;
Now Jesus reigns enthroned above
Our advocate and head.
- 6 Now sin appears deserving death,
Most hateful and abhorr'd ;
And yet the sinner lives by faith,
And dares approach the Lord.

540 *The condescending grace of Christ. Matt.
xx. 28. C. M.*

- 1 SAVIOUR of men, and Lord of love.
How sweet thy gracious name !

- With joy that errand we review,
On which thy mercy came.
- 2 While all thy own angelic bands
Stood waiting on the wing,
Charmed with the honour to obey
Their great eternal King :
- 3 For us, mean, wretched, sinful men,
Thou laid'st that glory by ;—
First, in our mortal flesh, to serve ;
Then, in that flesh, to die.
- 4 Bought with thy service and thy blood,
We doubly, Lord, are thine ;
To thee our lives we would devote,
To thee our death resign.

541 *Evening Hymn.* Psalm cxxi. 4. 8's & 7's.

- 1 SAVIOUR, breathe an evening blessing,
Ere repose our spirits seal :
Sin and want we come confessing,
Thou canst save and thou canst heal.
Though destruction walk around us,
Though the arrow past us fly,
Angel-guards from thee surround us,
We are safe, if thou art nigh.
- 2 Though the night be dark and dreary,
Darkness cannot hide from thee ;
Thou art He who, never weary,
Watchest where thy people be :

Should swift death this night o'ertake us,
 And our couch become our tomb ;
 May the morn, in heaven awake us,
 Clad in light and deathless bloom !

542

The Christian in Darkness. P. M.

1 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.

2 Once I thought my mountain strong,
 Firmly fixed no more to move ;
 Then thy grace was all my song,
 Then my soul was filled with love ;
 Those were happy golden days,
 Sweetly spent in prayer and praise.

3 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 changed my day to night.

4 Satan asks, and mocks my wo ;
 " Boaster, where is now thy God ?"
 Silence, Lord, this cruel foe,
 Let him know I'm bought with blood :
 Tell him, since I know thy name,
 Though I change, Thou art the same,

543

The Church. Cant. vi. 10. C. M.

- 1 SAY, who is she that looks abroad
Like the sweet-blushing dawn,
When with her living light she paints
The dew-drops of the lawn?
- 2 Fair as the moon, when in the skies
Serene her throne she guides,
And o'er the twinkling stars supreme,
In full-orb'd glory rides.
- 3 Clear as the sun, when from the east,
Without a cloud he springs,
And scatters boundless light and heat
From his resplendent wings;
- 4 Tremendous as a host that moves
Majestically slow,
With banners wide displayed, all armed,
All ardent for the foe!
- 5 This is the church by heaven arrayed
With strength and grace divine,
Thus shall she strike her foes with dread.
And thus her glories shine.

544

Harvest. Psalm lxxv. 13. 7's.

- 1 SEE! the corn again in ear,
How the fields and valleys smile!
Harvest now is drawing near,
To repay the sower's toil.
- 2 Let the praise be all the Lord's,
As the benefit is ours:

He, in season, still affords
Kindly heat, and gentle showers.

3 By his care the produce thrives,
Waving o'er the furrowed land ;
And when harvest time arrives,
Ready for the reaper stands.

4 Thus in barren hearts he sows
Precious seeds of heavenly joy ;
Sin and hell in vain oppose,
None this harvest can destroy.

545 *Autumn, or the harvest is the end of the world. Matt. xiii. 39. L. M.*

1 SEE how brown autumn spreads the field,
Mark how the whit'ning hills are turned ;
Behold them to the reapers yield,
The wheat is saved, the tares are burned.

2 Thus the great Judge, with glory crown'd,
Descends to reap the ripened earth ;
Angelic guards attend him down,
The same who sang his humble birth.

3 In sounds of glory hear him speak ;
"Go search around the flaming world,
Haste, call my saints to rise and take
The seat from which their foes were hurled.

4 "Go burn the chaff in endless fire,
In flames unquenched consume each tare ;
Sinners must feel my holy ire,
And sink in guilt to deep despair."

5 Thus ends the harvest of the earth,
Angels obey the awful voice :

They save the wheat, they burn the chaff,
All heaven approves the sov'reign choice.

546 *The dying Saint.* Num. xxiii. 10. L. M.

1 SEE ! while the saint expiring lies,
Upward he lifts his longing eyes :
In praise, he spends his latest breath ;
Triumphs in pain, and sings in death.

2 Oh who can tell what secret power
Supports him in the gloomy hour ;
What unseen hand is with him there,
Or whence proceeds that cheerful air ?

3 A smile upon his lips appears,
His face a heavenly aspect wears ;
Each grief removed, each sin forgiven,
On earth he feels the dawn of heaven.

4 Sinners behold, and, wondering, cry,
Thus, like the righteous, let me die !
But such an end they'll never find
Who leave not such a life behind.

547 *Jesus hastening to suffer.* C. M.
Mark x. 32, 33.

1 SEE ! what unbounded zeal and love
Inflamed the Saviour's breast,
When, stedfast, toward Jerusalem,
His urgent way he press'd.

2 Good-will to man and zeal for God
His holy soul engross :

He longs to be baptized in blood,
He thirsts to reach the Cross.

3 With all his sufferings full in view,
And woes to us unknown,
Forth to the work his spirit flew ;
'Twas love which urged him on.

4 By his obedience unto death,
See Paradise restored ;
And fallen man brought face to face
With his forgiving Lord !

5 Prepare us, Lord ! to view thy Cross,
Who all our griefs hast borne ;
To look on Thee, whom we have pierced—
To look on Thee and mourn :

6 While thus we mourn, we would rejoice,
And as thy Cross we see,
Let each exclaim, in faith and hope,
“ The Saviour died for me !”

548 *Resurrection and Reign of Christ.* P. M.

1 SEE the Redeemer rise !
Your Saviour leaves the dead !
Now Satan vanquished lies,
Beneath our conq'ring Head:
In wild dismay The guards around
Fall to the ground, And sink away.

2 Behold th' angelic bands
In full assembly meet,
To wait his high commands,
And worship at his feet !

Joyful they come, And wing their way
From realms of day, To Jesus' tomb.

3 Now back to heaven they fly,
And the glad tidings bear:
Hark! as they soar on high,
What music fills the air!

Their anthems say, "Jesus who bled
Hath left the dead— He rose to-day!"

4 Ye mortals, catch the sound,
Redeemed by him from hell;
And send the echo round
The globe on which ye dwell!
Transported cry, "Jesus who bled
Hath left the dead, No more to die!"

5 All hail, triumphant Lord,
Who sav'st us with thy blood!
Wide be thy name adored,
Thou rising, reigning God!

With Thee we rise, With Thee we reign,
And empires gain, Beyond the skies!

549 *Rapid spread of the Gospel.* Is. xlix. 6.
P. M.

1 SEE the vivid lightnings flashing,
Turning darksome night to day,
Swift the motion, great the power,
Nothing can obstruct the way;
All creation
Pay their homage and obey.

2 Thus shall spread the glorious gospel,
To the earth's remotest bound,

- Distant empires, lands and nations,
 Soon shall hear the solemn sound,
 Darkness fleeing,
 Light shall every where abound.
- 3 Grace and mercy then descending,
 Shall the stubborn heart subdue,
 Christ reveal his great salvation,
 To the Gentile and the Jew ;
 Numerous converts
 Shall appear like morning dew.
- 4 Lo, he comes in state and glory,
 Bands celestial line the way,
 Saints go forth, and meet your Saviour,
 And the deepest reverence pay ;
 Join your triumphs,
 Hail the joyful happy day.

550

An Evening Hymn. C. M.

- 1 SEE! the bright monarch of the day
 In ocean dips his beams,
 While from his brow a parting ray
 In milder glory streams.
- 2 The moon, pale empress of the night,
 In sweet succession reigns,
 And finely paints with silver light
 The mountains, vales, and plains.
- 3 The planets in progression rise,
 And shine from pole to pole :
 Their pleasing course delights our eyes.
 And charms th' attentive soul.

4 The starry arch in grandeur glows,
Through all its ample round :
Great God ! thy power no limit knows,
Thy wisdom knows no bound.

551

Winter. L. M.

1 SEE how the winter's icy hand
Has stripped the trees, and sealed the ground,
But spring shall soon his rage withstand,
And spread new beauties all around.

2 My soul a sharper winter mourns,
Barren and fruitless I remain,
When will the gentle spring return,
And bid my graces grow again ?

3 Jesus, my glorious sun, arise !
'Tis thine the frozen heart to move ;
O ! hush these storms, and clear my skies,
And let me feel thy vital love !

4 Dear Lord, regard my feeble cry,
I faint and droop till thou appear :
Wilt thou permit thy plant to die ?
Must it be winter all the year ?

5 Be still, my soul, and wait his hour,
With humble prayer and patient faith ;
Till he reveals his gracious power,
Repose on what his promise saith.

6 He, by whose all-commanding word
Seasons their changing course maintain,
In every change a pledge affords,
" That none shall seek his face in vain."

552 *By Grace ye are saved.* Eph. ii. 5. L. M.

1 SELF-RIGHTEOUS souls on works rely,
And boast their moral dignity ;—
But if I lisp a song of praise,
Grace is the note my soul shall raise.

2 'Twas grace, that quickened me when
dead,

And grace, my soul to Jesus led ;
Grace brings me pardon for my sin,
'Tis grace subdues my lusts within.

3 'Tis grace that sweetens every cross,
'Tis grace supports in every loss ;
In Jesus' grace, my soul is strong,
Grace is my hope, and Christ my song.

4 'Tis grace defends when danger's near,
By grace alone I persevere ;
'Tis grace constrains my soul to love,
Free grace is all they sing above.

5 Thus 'tis alone of grace I boast,
And 'tis in grace alone I trust ;
For all that's past, grace is my theme,
For what's to come, 'tis still the same.

6 Thro' endless years, of grace I'll sing,
Adore and bless my heavenly King ;
I'll cast my crown before his throne,
And shout FREE GRACE to him alone.

553 *A rational defence of the Gospel.* C. M.

1 SHALL atheists dare insult the cross
Of our Redeemer-God ?

- Shall infidels reproach his laws,
Or trample on his blood ?
- 2 What if he choose mysterious ways,
To cleanse us from our faults ?
- May not the works of sovereign grace
Transcend our feeble thoughts ?
- 3 What if the gospel bids us fight
With flesh, and self, and sin ?
- The prize is most divinely bright,
Which we are call'd to win.
- 4 What if the foolish, and the poor,
His glorious grace partake ?
- This but confirms his truth the more,
For so the prophets spake.
- 5 Do some that own his sacred name,
Indulge their souls in sin ?
- Jesus should never bear the blame,
His laws are pure and clean.
- 6 Then let our faith grow firm and strong,
Our lips profess his word ;
- Nor blush, nor fear to walk among
The men that love the Lord.

554 *How shall we that are dead to sin live any longer therein? Rom. vi. 1. L. M.*

- 1 SHALL the believer dare to sin
Because his sin has been forgiven ?
- Shall sov'reign grace which makes him clean
Be thus abus'd ? Forbid it, heaven !
- 2 Hard is that heart which does not melt,
And blind is that unfeeling eye

Which sees no evil in the guilt

For which the Saviour came to die.

3 If yet those sufferings were to come,
Which should a guilty world redeem;

Oh! could he bear to swell the sum
Of what must be endur'd for him?

4 Oh! could he bear to add by sin
A sharper point to ev'ry thorn,
And make each cruel stripe more keen,
By which the holy flesh was torn?

5 Yet ev'ry sin he dares commit,
If he indeed have tasted grace,
More sharply pierc'd those hands, those feet,
And marr'd with deeper lines that face.

6 Oh, blessed Jesus! ne'er may those
For whom thy precious blood was shed,
Give cause of triumph to thy foes,
But shrink from sin with holy dread.

555 *Seeking Direction in Choice of a Pastor.*
L. M.

1 SHEPHERD of Israel, bend thine ear,
Thy servants' groans indulgent hear;
Perplexed, distressed, to thee we cry,
And seek the guidance of thine eye.

2 Send forth, O Lord, thy truth and light,
To guide our doubtful footsteps right:
Our drooping hearts, O God, sustain,
Nor let us seek thy face in vain.

3 Return, in ways of peace, return,
Nor let thy flock neglected mourn;

May our bless'd eyes a shepherd see,
Dear to our souls and dear to thee !

556

Increase of Christ's Kingdom. L. M.

1 SHOUT, for the blessed Jesus reigns,
Through distant lands his triumphs spread ;
And sinners freed from endless pains,
Own him their Saviour and their Head.

2 His sons and daughters from afar,
Daily at Zion's gates arrive ;
Those who were dead in sin before,
By sovereign grace are made alive.

3 Oppressors bow beneath his feet,
O'ercome by his victorious power ;
Princes in humble posture wait,
And scorners tremble and adore,

4 Gentiles and Jews shall him obey,
Nations remote their offerings bring,
And unconstrained their homage pay
To their exalted Lord and King.

5 Oh may his conquests still increase,
And every foe his arm subdue ;
While angels celebrate his praise,
And saints his glowing glories shew.

6 Loud hallelujahs to the Lamb,
From all below and all above ;
In lofty songs exalt his name,
In songs as lasting as his love.

557*A Wedding Hymn.* John ii. 1, 2. C. M.

- 1 SINCE Jesus freely did appear
To grace a marriage feast ;
Dear Lord, we ask thy presence here
To make a wedding guest.
- 2 Upon the bridal pair look down,
Who now have plighted hands ;
Their union with thy favour crown,
And bless the nuptial bands.
- 3 With gifts of grace their hearts endow
Of all rich dowries best ;
Their substance bless ; and peace bestow,
To sweeten all the rest.
- 4 In purest love their souls unite,
That they, with Christian care,
May make domestic burdens light,
By taking mutual share.
- 5 True helpers may they prove indeed,
In prayer, and faith, and hope ;
And see with joy a godly seed
To build their household up.
- 6 As Isaac and Rebecca gave
A pattern chaste and kind ;
So may this married couple live,
And die in friendship join'd.
- 7 'O may each soul assembled here,
Be married, Lord, to thee ;
Clad in thy robes made white and fair,
To spend eternity.'

558

Universal Praise. C. M.
Is. xlii. 10—12.

- 1 SING to the Lord in joyful strains:
Let earth his praise resound,
Ye who upon the ocean dwell,
And fill the isles around.
- 2 O City of the Lord! begin
The universal song;
And let the scatter'd villages
The cheerful notes prolong.
- 3 Let Kedar's wilderness afar
Lift up his lonely voice,
And let the tenants of the rock
With accents rude rejoice—
- 4 Till, midst the strains of distant lands,
The islands sound his praise;
And, all combin'd, with one accord,
Jehovah's glories raise.

559

Spiritual Blessing in Christ. L. M.

- 1 SINNERS! draw near your dying Lord,
And find your happiness restored:
His proffered benefits embrace,
The fulness of His saving grace—
- 2 A pardon written with His blood,
The favour and the peace of God—
The seeing eye, the feeling sense,
The trembling joys of penitence—

3 The godly fear, the pleasing smart,
 The meltings of a broken heart—
 The tears which tell your sins forgiven,
 The sighs which waft your souls to heaven—

4 The guileless shame, the sweet distress,
 Th' unutterable tenderness—
 The genuine, meek humility,
 The wonder "Why such love to me!"

5 Th' o'erwhelming power of saving grace,
 The sight that veils the seraph's face,
 The speechless awe that dares not move,
 And all the silent heaven of love.

560 *For Pardon, Holiness, and Heaven.* C. M.

1 SINNERS of Adam's fallen race,
 Sinners by practice too,
 In prayer, O God! we seek thy face,
 In prayer for mercy sue.

2 No trembling penitent to Thee
 E'er turned, and was denied:
 Accept, O Lord! our only plea;
 For us thy Son hath died.

3 For Him, thy gift, thy name we bless:
 To us, for whom He died,
 Through faith impute his righteousness,
 And we are justified.

4 Nor rest we here, thou God of love!
 May we, for whom He died,
 Receive thy Spirit from above,
 And thus be sanctified.

5 At length made holy, just, forgiven,
 Through Christ who for us died,
 May we, exchanging earth for heaven,
 With Him be glorified.

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

1 SINNERS! this solemn truth regard!
 Hear, all ye sons of men;
 For Christ the Saviour hath declared,
 "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 totally depraved;
 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:
 And witness, Lord, in every 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.

562 *The Kingdoms of this World become the Kingdom of Christ. Rev. xi. 15. L. M.*

1 SOON may the last glad song arise,
Through all the millions of the skies—
That song of triumph, which records
That all the earth is now the Lord's!

2 Let thrones, and powers, and kingdoms be
Obedient, Mighty God, to Thee!
And over land, and stream, and main,
Wave Thou the sceptre of thy reign!

3 Oh that that anthem now might swell
And host to host the triumph tell—
That not one rebel heart remains,
But over all the Saviour reigns!

563 *Manifestation of Christ to the Gentiles. 7's.*

1 SONS of men, behold from far,
Hail the long-expected Star;
Jacob's Star, that gilds the night,
Guides bewildered nature right.

2 Fear not hence that there should flow
Wars or pestilence below;
Wars it bids, and tumults, cease,
Ushering in the Prince of Peace.

3 Mild he shines on all beneath,
Piercing through the shades of death;
Scattering error's wide-spread night,
Kindling darkness into light.

4 Nations all, far off and near,
Haste to see your God appear;

Haste, for him your hearts prepare,
Meet him manifested there.

5 There behold the Day-spring rise,
Pouring sight upon your eyes ;
God in his own light survey,
Shining to the perfect day. -

6 Sing, ye morning stars, again ;
God descends on earth to reign !
Deigns for man his life t' employ ;
Shout, ye sons of God, for joy !

564 *Before Sermon.* Is. vi. 6, 7. Cant. i. 2.
2 Cor. ii. 14. 7's.

1 SOURCE of light and power divine !
Deign upon thy truth to shine :
Lord ! behold thy servant stands ;
Lo ! to Thee we lift our hands :
Satisfy our souls's desire,
Touch his lips with holy fire :
Source of light and power divine !
Deign upon thy truth to shine.

2 Breathe thy Spirit ! so shall fall
Uction sweet upon us all ;
Till, by odours scattered round,
Christ himself be traced and found :
Then shall every raptured heart
Rich in peace and joy depart,
Source of light and power divine !
Deign upon thy truth to shine.

565

Song of Miriam. P. M.

1 SOUND the loud timbrel o'er Egypt's
dark sea!

Jehovah hath triumphed! his people are free!
Sing—for the pride of the tyrant is broken!

His chariots, his horsemen, all splendid
and brave,—

How vain was their boasting! the Lord hath
but spoken,

And chariots and horsemen are sunk in
the wave!

Sound the loud timbrel o'er Egypt's dark
sea!

Jehovah hath triumphed! his people are
free!

2 Praise to the Conqueror! praise to the
Lord!

His word was our arrow—his breath was
our sword!

Who shall return, to tell Egypt the story
Of those she sent forth in the hour of her
pride?

The Lord hath looked out from his pillar of
glory,

And all her brave thousands are dashed
in the tide:

Sound the loud timbrel o'er Egypt's dark
sea!

Jehovah hath triumphed! his people are
free!

566 *Prayer for the Conversion of the World.*
L. M.

1 SOVEREIGN of worlds! display thy
power,

Be this thy Zion's favoured hour :
Bid the bright Morning-Star arise,
And point the nations to the skies.

2 Set up thy throne where Satan reigns,
On Afric's shore, on India's plains,
On wilds and continents unknown ;
And make the universe thine own.

3 Speak ! and the world shall hear thy
voice :

Speak ! and the desert shall rejoice :
Scatter the gloom of Heathen Night,
And bid all nations hail the light.

4 Go, messengers of Christ, proclaim
Salvation through Immanuel's Name ;
To India's clime the tidings bear,
And plant the Rose of Sharon there.

567 *Necessity of Sanctification.*
Rom. viii. 8, 9. L. M.

1 SPIRIT of God ! on Thee we call ;
O hear us, and thy gifts impart :
Lamenting, penitent we fall ;
Descend into our inmost heart.

2 Our own best efforts all are vain ;
Spirit of Mercy ! set us free ;

Captive to sin we shall remain,
Till we are sanctified by Thee.

3 In time of wealth, protecting Power !
From pride and worldly snares defend ;
And in affliction's keenest hour,
Be Thou our Comforter and Friend.

4 Vouchsafe to lend a gracious ear,
And quickly come, Thou heavenly Guest !
Come, and abide for ever here ;—
Thy Temple is the Christian's breast.

568 *The ever-abiding Spirit.* John xiv. 16, 17.
L. M.

1 SPIRIT of Mercy, Truth, and Love !
Shed thy sweet influence from above,
And still from age to age convey
The wonders of this Sacred Day.

2 In every clime, by every tongue,
Be God's amazing glory sung ;
Through all the listening earth be taught
The deeds our risen Redeemer wrought.

3 Unfailing Comfort ! Heavenly Guide !
Still o'er thy favoured Church preside ;
Still may mankind thy blessings prove,
Spirit of Mercy, Truth, and Love !

569 *Exhortation to Praise and Thanksgiving*
S. M.

1 STAND up, and bless the Lord,
Ye people of his choice ;

Stand up, and bless the Lord your God,
With heart, and soul, and voice.

2 Though high above all praise,
Above all blessing high,
Who would not fear his holy Name,
And laud, and magnify ?

3 Oh for the living flame
From his own altar brought,
To touch our lips, our minds inspire,
And raise to heaven our thought !

4 There, with benign regard,
Our hymns He deigns to hear :
Though unrevealed to mortal sense,
The spirit feels Him near.

5 God is our Strength and Song,
And his salvation ours ;
Then be his love in Christ proclaimed,
With all our ransomed powers.

6 Stand up, and bless the Lord ;
The Lord your God adore :
Stand up, and bless his glorious Name,
Henceforth for evermore.

570

The Holy Spirit's Influences. S. M.

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

- 2 Though I have steeled my stubborn heart,
 And still shook off my guilty fears ;
 And vexed, and urged thee to depart,
 For many long rebellious years ;
- 3 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 grieved ;
- 4 Yet, O ! the chief of sinners spare,
 In honour of my great High Priest ;
 Nor in thy righteous anger swear
 T' exclude me from thy people's rest.
- 5 This only wo I deprecate,
 This only plague I pray remove ;
 Nor leave me in my lost estate,
 Nor curse me with this want of love.
- 6 Now, Lord, my weary soul release,
 Upraise me with thy gracious hand,
 And guide into thy perfect peace,
 And bring me to the promised land.

571

Winter. C. M.

- 1 STERN winter throws his icy chains
 Encircling nature round ;
 How bleak, how comfortless the plains,
 Late with gay verdure crowned !
- 2 The sun withdraws his vital beams,
 And light, and warmth depart ;
 And drooping, lifeless nature seems
 An emblem of my heart.

- 3 Return, O blissful sun, and bring
 The soul-reviving ray ;
 This mental winter shall be spring,
 This darkness cheerful day.
- 4 O happy state, divine abode,
 Where spring eternal reigns ;
 And perfect day, the smile of God,
 Fills all the heavenly plains.
- 5 Great Source of light, thy beams display,
 My drooping joys restore,
 And guide me to the seats of day,
 Where winter frowns no more.

572

Alarm. 7's & 6's.

- 1 STOP, poor sinner ! stop and think
 Before you farther go !
 Will you sport upon the brink
 Of everlasting wo ?
 Once again I charge you, stop !
 For unless you warning take,
 Ere you are aware, you drop
 Into the burning lake !
- 2 Say, have you an arm like God,
 That you his will oppose ?
 Fear you not that iron rod
 With which he breaks his foes ?
 Can you stand in that dread day,
 When his judgment shall proclaim,
 And the earth shall melt away
 Like wax before the flame ?

3 Pale-faced death will quickly come
To drag you to his bar ;
Then to hear your awful doom,
Will fill you with despair :
All your sins will round you crowd,
Sins of blood-crimson dye ;
Each for vengeance crying loud,
And what can you reply ?

4 Though your heart be 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,
(Though they now despise his grace)
“Rocks and mountains on us fall,
And hide us from his face.”

5 But as there is a hope
You may his mercy know ;
Though his arm is lifted up,
He still forbears the blow :
'Twas for sinners Jesus died,
Sinners he invites to come ;
None who come shall be denied,
He says, “There still is room.”

573

Submission. C. M.

1 SUBMISSIVE to thy will, my God,
I all to thee resign,
And bow before thy chastening rod :
I mourn, but not repine.

2 Why should my foolish heart complain,
 When wisdom, truth, and love,
 Direct the stroke, inflict the pain,
 And point to joys above.

3 How short are all my sufferings here,
 How needful every cross ;
 Away, my unbelieving fear,
 Nor call my gain, my loss.

4 Then give, dear Lord, or take away,
 I'll bless thy sacred name ;
 My Jesus, yesterday, to-day,
 For ever is the same.

574 *The Cross ; or, Sitting at Jesus' Feet.*
 8's & 7's.

1 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's streams in streams of blood :
 Precious drops, my soul bedewing,
 Plead and claim my peace with God.

2 Truly blessed is this station,
 Low before his cross to lie ;
 While I see divine compassion
 Floating in his languid eye :
 Here it is I find my heaven,
 While upon the Lamb I gaze :
 Love I much ! I've much forgiven,
 I'm a miracle of grace !

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 need to Jesus go ;
 Prove his wounds each day more healing,
 And himself more deeply know !

575 *The Spring, the Morning of Life—The Dew, the Flower of Youth. C. M.*

- 1 SWEET is the time of Spring,
 When Nature's charms appear ;
 The birds with ceaseless pleasure sing,
 And hail the opening year :
- 2 But sweeter far the spring
 Of wisdom and of grace,
 When children bless and praise their King,
 Who loves the youthful race.
- 3 Sweet is the dawn of day,
 When light just streaks the sky ;
 When shades and darkness pass away,
 And morning's beams are nigh :
- 4 But sweeter far the dawn
 Of piety in youth ;
 When doubt and darkness are withdrawn,
 Before the light of Truth.
- 5 Sweet is the early dew,
 Which gilds the mountains' tops,
 And decks each plant and flower we view,
 With pearly glittering drops :

- 6 But sweeter far the scene,
On Zion's holy hill;
When there the dew of youth is seen
Its freshness to distil.
- 7 Sweet is the opening flower
Which just begins to bloom,
Which every day and every hour
Fresh beauties will assume :
- 8 But sweeter that young heart,
Where faith, and love, and peace,
Blossom and bloom in every part,
With sweet and varied grace.
- 9 O may Life's early SPRING,
And MORNING, ere they flee,
Youth's DEW, and its fair BLOSSOMING,
Be given, my God, to thee.

T

576

Surrender of the Heart. C. M.

- 1 TAKE my poor heart just as it is,
Set up therein thy throne;
So shall I love thee above all,
And live to thee alone.
- 2 Complete thy work and crown thy grace,
That I may faithful prove!
And listen to that small still voice,
Which only whispers, love :

- 3 Which teaches me what is thy will,
 And tells me what to do;
 Which covers me with shame, when I
 Do not that will pursue.
- 4 This unction may I ever feel,
 This teaching from my Lord,
 And learn obedience to thy voice,
 Thy soft reviving word.

577 *Thankfulness.* 2 Thess. ii. 16. C. M.

- 1 THANKS to my God for every gift
 His bounteous hands bestow;
 And thanks eternal for that love
 Whence all those comforts flow.
- 2 For ever let my grateful heart
 His boundless grace adore,
 Which gives ten thousand blessings now,
 And bids me hope for more.
- 3 Transporting hope! still on my soul
 Let thy bright glories shine,
 Till thou thyself art lost in joys,
 Eternal and divine.

578 *The guidance of God's Holy Spirit.*
 Hos. xi. 3. S. M.

- 1 THAT we may walk with God,
 He forms our hearts anew;
 Takes us, like Ephraim, by the hand,
 And teaches us to go.
- 2 He by his Spirit leads,
 In paths before unknown;

The work to be performed is ours,
The strength is all his own.

3 Assisted by his grace,
We still pursue our way;
And hope at last to reach the prize,
Secure in endless day.

4 'Tis He that works to will,
'Tis He that works to do;
His is the power by which we act,
His be the glory too.

579

The Contrite Heart. Is. lvii. 15.

1 THE LORD will happiness divine
On contrite hearts bestow :
Then tell me, gracious God, is mine
A contrite heart or no ?

2 I hear, but seem to hear in vain,
Insensible as steel !

If aught is felt, 'tis only pain
To find I cannot feel.

3 I sometimes think myself inclined
To love thee, if I could ;
But often feel another mind,
Averse to all that's good.

4 My best desires are faint and few,
I fain would strive for more ;
But when I cry, " My strength renew,"
Seem weaker than before.

5 Thy saints are comforted I know,
And love thy house of pray'r :

I therefore go, where others go,
But find no comfort there.

6 O make this heart rejoice, or ache ;
Decide this doubt for me ;
And if it be not broken, break,
And heal it, if it be.

580 *Looking upwards in a Storm ; or, Faith
in Affliction. L. M.*

1 THE billows swell, the winds are high,
Clouds overcast my wintry sky ;
Out of the depths to thee I call,
My fears are great, my strength is small.

2 O Lord, the pilot's part perform,
And guide and guard me through the storm ;
Defend me from each threatening ill,
Control the waves, say "Peace, be still."

3 Amidst the roaring of the sea,
My soul still hangs her hope on Thee ,
Thy constant love, thy faithful care,
Is all that saves me from despair.

4 Dangers of every shape and name
Attend the followers of the Lamb,
Who leave the world's deceitful shore,
And leave it to return no more.

5 Though tempest-toss'd and half a wreck,
My Saviour through the floods I seek ;
Let neither winds nor stormy main,
Force back my shatter'd bark again.

581

A Winter Reflection. L. M.

- 1 THE man whose faith and hope are strong,
 And free from vexing cares his mind,
 As changing seasons pass along,
 Can in them all fresh pleasures find.
- 2 The man whose faculties are sound,
 His heart upright and conscience clean,
 With tranquil mind can pass his round
 Of life, in every shifting scene.
- 3 Not only in his youthful prime,
 And whilst his powers continue firm,
 But when he feels th' effect of time,
 And age prepares him for the worm :
- 4 Grateful for every blessing past,
 Patient in every present ill ;
 And on whatever ground he's placed,
 Hope does with pleasing prospects fill.

582

Sovereignty of the Spirit. C. M.

- 1 THE blessed Spirit, like the wind,
 Blows when and where he please ;
 How happy are the men who feel
 The soul-enlivening breeze.
- 2 He moulds the carnal mind afresh,
 Subdues the power of sin,
 Transforms the heart of stone to flesh,
 And plants his grace within.
- 3 He sheds abroad the Father's love ;
 Applies redeeming blood ;

Bids both our guilt and fear remove,
And brings us home to God.

4 Lord, fill each dead benighted soul
With light, and life, and joy ;
None can thy mighty power control,
Or shall thy work destroy.

583

Before Sermon. L. M.

1 THE God who once to Israel spoke,
From Sinai's top, in fire and smoke,
In gentler strains of love and grace
Invites us now to seek his face.

2 He wears no terrors on his brow ;
He speaks in love, from Zion, now :
It is the voice of Jesus's blood,
Calling the wand'ers back to God.

3 Hark ! how from Calvary it sounds,
From the Redeemer's bleeding wounds—
“ Pardon and grace I freely give :
Look, sinner, unto Me, and live !”

4 Spirit Divine ! Thy power be felt !
Now cause the stony heart to melt !
By Jesus' love each heart constrain,
Nor let Thy word be preach'd in vain.

584

*Christ is touched with the feelings of our
infirmities.* Heb. iii. 15. L.M.

1 THE Lord, who once on Calv'ry bled,
And rose triumphant from the dead,

Pursues in heaven his plan of grace,
The Friend of man's apostate race.

2 There, as our Advocate, he reigns,
Touch'd with the feeling of our pains ;
And still remembers, in the skies,
His tears, and groans, and agonies.

3 In every pang that rends the heart,
This Man of Sorrows bears a part :
In all our grief, that grief He shares,
And rescues us from Satan's snares.

4 Oh ! let us then, before his throne,
With boldness make our sorrows known ;
And seek, from fears distrustful freed,
His grace to help in time of need.

585 *The Christian Soldier*, Eph. vi. 10—13. L. M.

1 THE Christian warrior—see him stand
In the whole armour of his God ;
The Spirit's sword is in his hand ;
His feet are with the gospel shod :

2 In panoply of truth complete,
Salvation's helmet on his head,
With righteousness, a breastplate meet,
And faith's broad shield before him spread.

3 He wrestles not with flesh and blood,
But principalities and powers,
Rulers of darkness, like a flood,
Nigh, and assailing at all hours.

4 Nor Satan's fiery darts alone,
Quench'd on his shield, at him are hurl'd,

The traitor in his heart is known,
And the dire friendship of this world.

5 Undaunted to the field he goes,
Yet vain were skill and valour there,
Unless to foil his legion-foes,
The trustiest weapon were "all-prayer."

6 With this omnipotence he moves,
From this the alien armies flee ;
'Till more than conqueror he proves,
Through Christ who gives him victory.

7 Thus, strong in his Redeemer's strength,
Sin, death, and hell, he tramples down,
Fights the good fight, and wins at length,
Through mercy, an immortal crown.

586 *Praise for the Knowledge of the Gospel. P.M.*

1 THEE, Father, we praise
In harmonious lays,
For all thy rich grace ;
O give us the knowledge of pardon and peace :
On thee we rely,
All our wants to supply ;
O keep us each hour
From snares and temptations, by thy mighty
power.

2 O may we improve,
In knowledge and love,
Of Jesus our King ;
'Till to glory we're brought, his praises to sing :

While below, if we stray
 From the source of true joy,
 Let thy merciful hand
 Return and incline us t' obey thy command.

3 Our friends may they share
 Thy blessings while here,
 And crown them above ;
 Where joys will increase from the fountain
 of love :
 May we shortly there meet,
 Around thy blest seat ;
 Thy love to adore :
 Where pleasure and praise will abound ever
 more. Hallelujah.

587 *For a Fast Day at the Commencement of
 War. C. M.*

- 1 THE gathering clouds, with aspect dark,
 A rising storm presage ;
 O ! to be hid within the ark,
 And shelter'd from its rage !
- 2 See the commission'd angel frown !
 That vial in his hand,
 Fill'd with fierce wrath, is pouring down
 Upon our guilty land.
- 3 Ye saints unite in wrestling prayer,
 If yet there may be hope ;
 Who knows but mercy yet may spare,
 And bid the angel stop ?
- 4 Already is the plague begun,
 And fired with hostile rage.

Brethren, by blood and interest one,
With brethren now engage.

5 Peace spreads her wings, prepar'd for flight;
And war with flaming sword,
And hasty strides, draws nigh, to fight
The battles of the Lord.

6 The first alarm, alas! how few,
While distant, seem to hear!
But they will hear, and tremble too,
When God shall send it near.

7 So thunder o'er the distant hills
Gives but a murmuring sound;
But as the tempest spreads, it fills
And shakes the welkin round.

8 May we, at least, with one consent,
Fall low before the throne;
With tears the nation's sins lament,
The church's and our own.

9 The humble souls who mourn and pray,
The Lord approves and knows;
His mark secures them in the day
When vengeance strikes his foes.

588 *The Unity of the Spirit in the Bond of Peace. C. M.*

1 THE glorious universe around,
The heavens with all their train,
Sun, moon, and stars, are firmly bound
In one mysterious chain.

2 The earth, the ocean, and the sky,
To form one world agree,

Where all that walk, or swim, or fly,
Compose one family.

3 God in creation thus displays
His wisdom and his might,
While all his works with all his ways
Harmoniously unite.

4 In one fraternal bond of love,
One fellowship of mind,
The saints below and saints above
Their bliss and glory find.

5 Here, in their house of pilgrimage,
Thy statutes are their song;
There, through one bright, eternal age,
Thy praises they prolong.

6 Lord, may our union form a part
Of that thrice happy whole,
Derive its pulse from Thee the Heart,
Its life from Thee the Soul.

589

The Works of God. C. M.

1 THE God of nature and of grace
In all his works appears;
His goodness through the earth we trace,
His grandeur in the spheres.

2 Behold this fair and fertile globe;
By him in wisdom plann'd;
'Twas he who girded, like a robe,
The ocean round the land.

3 Lift to the arch of heaven your eye,
Thither his path pursue;

His glory, boundless as the sky,
O'erwhelms the wondering view.

4 He bows the heavens—the mountains stand
A highway for their God:

He walks amidst the desert land—
'Tis Eden where he trod.

5 The forests in his strength rejoice:
Hark! on the evening breeze,
As once of old, his solemn voice
Is heard among the trees.

6 Here on the hills he feeds his herds,
His flocks on yonder plains:
His praise is warbled by the birds,
Oh! could we catch their strains!—

7 Mount with the lark, and bear our song
Up to the gates of light;

Or, with the nightingale, prolong
Our numbers through the night!

8 In every stream his bounty flows,
Diffusing joy and wealth;

In every breeze his Spirit blows,
The breath of life and health.

9 His blessings fall in plenteous showers
Upon the lap of earth,

That teems with foliage, fruit, and flowers,
And rings with infant mirth.

10 If God has made this world so fair,
Where sin and death abound,

How beautiful beyond compare,
Will paradise be found!

590*Saved by Grace. Tit. iii. 5. C. M.*

- 1 **THE** Gospel comes with welcome news
To sinners lost like me :
Their various schemes let others choose ;
Saviour, I come to thee.
- 2 Of sinners sure I am the chief,
But grace is rich and free ;
This welcome truth affords relief
To sinners, e'en to me.
- 3 Of merit then let others speak ;
But merit I have none :
For merit 'tis in vain to seek ;
I'm saved by grace alone.
- 4 'Twas grace my wayward heart first won,
'Tis grace that holds me fast :
Grace will complete the work begun,
And save me to the last.
- 5 Then shall my soul with rapture trace
What God hath done for me,
And celebrate redeeming grace
Throughout eternity.

591*The Gathering of the Gentiles. L. M.*

- 1 **THE** Heathen perish ;—day by day,
Thousands on thousands pass away !
O Christians ! to their rescue fly,
Preach Jesus to them ere they die.
- 2 Wealth, labour, talents, freely give,
Yea, life itself, that they may live ;

What hath your Saviour done for *you*?
And what for *Him* will ye not do?

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

592

Christ the Judge. 8's.

1 THE last loud trumpet's wondrous sound,
Shall through the rending tombs rebound,
And wake the nations under ground.

2 Nature and death shall with surprise
Behold the pale offenders rise,
And view the Judge with conscious eyes.

3 Then shall, with universal dread,
The sacred mystic book be read,
To try the living and the dead.

4 The Judge ascends his awful throne;
He makes each secret sin be known,
And all with shame confess their own.

5 O then! what interest shall I make,
With whom shall I my refuge take,
When the most just have cause to quake?

6 Thou mighty, formidable King,
'Thou mercy's unexhausted Spring,
Some comfortable pity bring!

7 Forget not what my ransom cost,
Nor let my dear-bought soul be lost,
In storms of guilty terror tost.

593

Christ's Passion. L. M.

- 1 THE morning dawns upon the place
Where Jesus spent the night in prayer ;
Through yielding glooms behold his face,
Nor form nor comeliness is there.
- 2 Last eve, by those He call'd his own,
Betray'd, forsaken, or denied,
He met his enemies alone
In all their malice, rage, and pride.
- 3 Brought forth to judgment, now He stands
Arraign'd, condemned at Pilate's bar,
Here spurn'd by fierce Pretorian bands,
There mock'd by Herod's men of war.
- 4 He bears their buffeting and scorn,
The homage of the lip, the knee,
The purple robe, the crown of thorn,
The scourge, the nail, th' accursed tree.
- 5 No guile within his mouth is found,
He neither threatens nor complains ;
Meek as a Lamb for slaughter bound,
Dumb 'midst his murd'ers He remains.
- 6 But hark ! He prays—'tis for his foes ;
He speaks—'tis comfort to his friends ;
Answers—and Paradise bestows ;
He bows his head ; the conflict ends.
- 7 Truly this was the Son of God !
Though in a servant's mean disguise,
And bruis'd beneath the Father's rod,
Not for himself—for Man He dies.

594 *The Young cut off in their prime.* L. M.

- 1 **THE** morning flowers display their sweets
And gay their silken leaves unfold,
As careless of the noon-tide heats,
As fearless of the evening cold.
- 2 Nipt by the wind's unkindly blast,
Parched by the sun's directer ray,
The momentary glories waste,
The short-lived beauties die away.
- 3 So blooms the human face divine,
When youth its pride of beauty shows:
Fairer than spring the colours shine,
And sweeter than the virgin-rose.
- 4 Or worn by slowly-rolling years,
Or broke by sickness in a day,
The fading glory disappears,
The short-lived beauties die away.
- 5 Yet these, new rising from the tomb,
With lustre brighter far shall shine;
Revive with ever-during bloom,
Safe from diseases and decline.
- 6 Let sickness blast, let death devour,
If heaven must recompense our pains;
Perish the grass, and fade the flower,
If firm the word of God remains.

595 *Children numbering their days.* S. M.

- 1 **THE** pure and peaceful mind,
The meek and lowly heart,

The patient will to thine resign'd,
God of all power impart.

2 Young though in years we be,
In health and spirits strong,
What is the life of man to Thee?
The longest is not long.

3 A thousand years, a day,
Are equal in thy sight
Our generations pass away,
Like watches of the night.

4 Lord, make us timely wise
To know our call of grace;
And with the moment, as it flies,
Run our appointed race:—

5 Still keep the end in view,
Tarry nor turn aside,
Perils, allurements, bonds, break through,
—Most faithful when most tried!

6 Thus, till we reach the goal,
All else we count but loss;
Nor, till we gain the prize—our soul—
Grow weary of the cross.

596

The Communion of Saints. C. M.

1 THE saints on earth and those above
But one communion make,
Join'd to their Lord in bonds of love,
All of his grace partake.

2 One family we dwell in Him,
One church above, beneath,

Though now divided by the stream,
The narrow stream of death.

3 One army of the living God,
To his command we bow ;
Part of the host have cross'd the flood,
And part are crossing now.

4 Lo ! thousands to their endless home
Are swiftly borne away ;
And we are to the margin come,
And soon must launch as they.

5 Lord Jesus ! be our constant guide !
Then, when the word is given,
Bid death's cold flood its waves divide,
And land us safe in heaven.

597 *Christ a Living and Almighty Saviour.*
Rom. vi. 9. Heb. vii. 25. Rev. i. 18. L. M.

1 THE Saviour lives, no more to die :
He lives, the Lord enthron'd on high :
He lives, triumphant o'er the grave :
He lives, eternally to save !

2 He lives, to still his servants' fears :
He lives to wipe away their tears :
He lives, their mansions to prepare :
He lives, to bring them safely there !

3 Ye mourning souls, dry up your tears,
Dismiss your gloomy doubts and fears :
And let your hearts, assur'd, revive,
For Christ the Lord is yet alive !

4 His saints he loves and never leaves,
 All contrite sinners he receives:
 Abundant grace will he afford,
 Till all are present with the Lord!

598

Ascension. 8's.

1 THE Saviour to glory is gone,
 His suff'rings and sorrows are past,
 His work is completed and done;
 And shall to eternity last.
 For ever he lives to bestow
 The blessings he purchas'd so dear,
 Our bosoms with gratitude glow,
 Whilst to him by faith we draw near.

2 Expecting from him to receive
 All fulness of glory and grace,
 Rejoicing in hope, we believe,
 His promises thankful embrace.
 Our King shall protect us from harms,
 Our Advocate made our plea good,
 Our Shepherd will bear in his arms
 The sheep which he bought with his blood.

3 Our prophet will point out the way
 Which leads to the mansions above;
 Our Priest all our ransom shall pay,
 Our Friend of unchangeable love.
 But whilst to the Lamb on his throne
 Our hearts and our voices we raise,
 His glory exalted we own
 Above all our blessing and praise.

599 *Proclamation and Success of the Gospel. L.M.*

1 **THE** time of mercy now draws near !
Behold the mighty Angel fly,
With tidings of Salvation sent
To every land beneath the sky !

2 Oh see, on both the Indias' coasts
And Africa's unhappy shore,
The unlearn'd savage press to hear—
And hearing, wonder and adore !

3 See, while the joyful truth is told,
That Jesus left his throne in heaven,
And suffer'd, died, and rose again,
That guilty souls might be forgiven—

4 See what delight, unfelt before,
Beams in his fix'd attentive eye ;
And hear him ask, " For wretched me,
Did this Divine Redeemer die ?

5 " Ah ! why have ye so long forborne
To tell such welcome news as this ?
Go now, let every sinner hear,
And share in such exalted bliss."

6 The Islands, waiting for his law,
With rapture greet the sacred sound ;
And, taught the Saviour's precious Name,
Cast all their idols to the ground.

600 *Inconstancy Lamented. L.M.*

1 **THE** wandering star, and fleeting wind,
Are emblems of the fickle mind ;

The morning cloud and early dew
Bring our inconstancy to view.

2 But cloud and wind, and dew and star,
Only a faint resemblance bear ;
Nor can there ought in nature be
So changeable and frail as we.

3 Our outward walk and inward frame,
Are scarcely through an hour the same ;
We vow, and straight our vows forget,
And then those very vows repeat.

4 We sin forsake, to sin return ;
Are hot, then cold, now freeze, now burn ;
In deep distress then raptures feel,
We soar to heaven, then sink to hell.

5 With flowing tears, Lord, we confess
Our folly and unsteadfastness ;
When shall these hearts more stable be,
Fixed by thy grace alone on thee !

601

The Heavenly Rest. P. M.

1 **THERE** 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 above—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, rays divine disperse the gloom :
 Beyond the confines of the tomb,
 Appears the dawn of heaven !

602

Hope. P. M.

- 1 THERE is a thought, can lift the soul
 Above the narrow sphere that bounds it,—
 A star, that sheds its mild control
 Brightest, when grief's dark cloud surrounds
 it ;
 And pours a soft, pervading ray,
 Life's ills can never chase away.
- 2 When earthly joys have left the breast,
 And e'en the last fond hope it cherish'd
 Of mortal bliss—too like the rest—
 Beneath woe's withering touch has perish'd,
 With fadeless lustre streams that light—
 A halo on the brow of night.

3 And bitter were our sojourn here,
 In this dark wilderness of sorrow,
 Did not that rainbow beam appear,—
 The herald of a brighter morrow,—
 A friendly beacon from on high,
 To guide us to ETERNITY.

603*Heaven. L. M.*

THERE sin shall never more annoy,
 Tears shall be chased by smiles of joy,
 Prayer end in praise, hope in delight,
 And faith be changed to perfect sight.

604*On Opening a Church or Chapel. L. M.*

1 THIS House, O Lord, for Thee we raise '—
 Long may it echo to thy praise;
 And Thou, descending, fill the place
 With choicest tokens of thy grace.

2 Here let the great Redeemer reign,
 With all the glories of his train;
 While power divine his Word attends,
 To conquer foes and cheer his friends!

3 And in the great decisive Day,
 When Thou the nations shalt survey,
 May it before the world appear
 That crowds were born to glory here!

605*On laying the Foundation-Stone of a Pl.
 of Worship. L. M.*

1 THIS stone to Thee in faith we lay,
 We build the temple, Lord, to Thee!

Thine eye be open night and day
To guard this house and sanctuary.

2 Here, when thy people seek thy face,
And dying sinners pray to live ;
Hear, Thou, in heaven, thy dwelling-place,
And, when Thou hearest, oh forgive !

3 Here, when thy messengers proclaim
The blessed Gospel of thy Son,
Still, by the power of His Great Name,
Be mighty signs and wonders done.

4 Hosanna ! to their Heavenly King,
When children's voices raise that song,
Hosanna ! let their angels sing,
And heaven with earth the strain prolong.

5 But will, indeed, Jehovah deign
Here to abide, no transient guest ?
Here will the world's Redeemer reign,
And here the Holy Spirit rest ?

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

606

The World passes away. P. M.

1 **THIS** world is all a fleeting show,
For man's illusion given ;
The smiles of joy, the tears of wo,
Deceitful shine, deceitful flow ;
There's nothing true but heaven !

- 2 And false the light on glory's plume,
As fading hues of even ;
And love, and hope, and beauty's bloom,
Are blossoms gather'd for the tomb ;
There's nothing bright but heaven !
- 3 Poor wanderers of a stormy day,
From wave to wave we're driven ;
And fancy's flash, and reasons ray,
Serve but to light the troubled way :
There's nothing calm but heaven !

607

For Divine Guidance. C. M.

- 1 THOU boundless source of every good !
Our best desires fulfil :
And help us to adore thy grace,
And mark thy sov'reign will.
- 2 In all thy mercies may our souls
Thy bounteous goodness see ;
Nor let the gifts thy grace imparts
Estrange our hearts from Thee.
- 3 Teach us, in time of deep distress,
To own thy hand, O God !
And in submissive silence learn
The lessons of thy rod.
- 4 In ev'ry changing scene of life,
Whate'er that scene may be,
Give us a meek and humble mind,
A mind at peace with Thee.
- 5 Do Thou direct our steps aright,
Help us thy Name to fear ;

And give us grace to watch and pray,
And strength to persevere.

6 Then may we close our eyes in death,
Free from distracting care ;
For death is life, and labour rest,
If Thou art with us there.

608 *Jabez's Prayer.* 1 Chron. iv. 9, 10. S. M.

1 THOU God of Jabez hear,
While we entreat thy grace,
And borrow that expressive prayer,
With which he sought thy face.

2 "O that the Lord indeed
"Would me his servant bless,
"From ev'ry evil shield my head,
"And crown my paths with peace!

3 "Be his almighty hand
"My helper and my guide,
"Till with his saints in Canaan's land
"My portion he divide."

4 Thus pious Jabez prayed,
While God inclined his ear ;
And all by whom this suit is made,
Shall find the blessing near.

5 Ye youths, your vows combine,
With loud united voice ;
So shall your heads with honour shine,
And all your hearts rejoice.

609

A Prayer for Seriousness. P. M.

- 1 THOU God of glorious majesty,
To thee, against myself, to thee,
A worm of earth, I cry:
A half-awaken'd child of man,
An heir of endless bliss or pain,
A sinner born to die!
- 2 Lo! on a narrow neck of land,
'Twi'xt two unbounded seas I stand,
Secure, insensible:
A point of time, a moment's space
Removes me to that heavenly place,
Or shuts me up in hell.
- 3 O God, mine inmost soul convert!
And deeply on my thoughtful heart
Eternal things impress:
Give me to feel their solemn weight,
And tremble on the brink of fate,
And wake to righteousness.
- 4 Before me place in dread array
The pomp of that tremendous day,
When Thou with clouds shalt come,
To judge the nations at thy bar;
And tell me, Lord, shall I be there
To meet a joyful doom?
- 5 Be this my one great business here,
With serious industry and fear
Eternal bliss t' insure:
Thine utmost counsel to fulfil

And suffer all thy righteous will,
And to the end endure.

6 Then, Saviour, then my soul receive,
Transported from this vale to live,
And reign with thee above ;
Where faith is sweetly lost in sight,
And hope in full supreme delight,
And everlasting love.

610

Seeking after God. P. M.

1 THOU hidden love of God, whose height,
Whose depth unfathom'd no man knows :

I see from far thy beauteous light,
Deeply I sigh for thy repose.

My heart is pain'd ; nor can it be
At rest, till it find rest in thee.

2 Thy secret voice invites me still
The sweetness of thy yoke to prove ;
And fain I would ; but though my will
Seem fix'd, yet wide my passions rove ;
Yet hind'rances strew all the way :
I aim at thee, yet from thee stray.

3 'Tis mercy all, that thou hast brought
My mind to seek her peace in thee :
Yet, while I seek, but find thee not,
No peace my wandering soul shall see.
O when shall all my wanderings end,
And all my steps to thee-ward tend ?

4 Is there a thing beneath the sun,
That strives with thee my heart to share ?

Ah ! tear it thence, and reign alone,
 The Lord of every motion there !
 Then shall my heart from earth be free,
 When it hath found repose in thee.

5 Each moment draw from earth away
 My heart, that lowly waits thy call ;
 Speak to my inmost soul, and say,
 " I am thy Love, thy God, thy All !"—
 To feel thy power, to hear thy voice,
 To taste thy love, be all my choice !

611 " *Watch and Pray.*" Matt. xxvi. 41. S. M. D.

1 THOU Judge of quick and dead,
 Before whose bar severe,
 With holy joy or guilty dread,
 We all shall soon appear :
 Our cautioned 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 robed in majesty and power
 Thou shalt from heaven come down,
 Th' 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,
 T' increase our gracious fear,

For ever let th' 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 his Word,
 Attentive to the trumpet's sound,
 And looking for our Lord !
 Oh may we thus insure
 A lot among the blest,
 And watch a moment to secure
 An everlasting rest !

612 *To whom shall we go.* John vi. 68. L. M.

1 THOU only sov'reign 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 wand'rer from my Lord ?
 Can this dark world of sin and wo
 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, outweighs them all.

5 Thy name my inmost pow'rs 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.

613 *If we ask—He heareth us.* 1 John v. 14,
15. L. M.

1 THOU, who for sinners once wast slain,
Once dead, but now alive again,
Give me to know, to taste, and prove,
The pow'r and sweetness of thy love.

2 Give me to feel my sins forgiv'n,
And know myself an heir of heav'n;
My conscience sprinkle with thy blood,
And fill me with the love of God.

614 *Children praising Christ.* Matt. xxi. 15,
16. C. M.

1 THOUGH in the temple some are found,
Who bid us hold our peace;
Hosanna! loud our lips resound,
To Christ the God of Grace.

2 Hosanna! ever be our cry,
To David's Son and Lord:
Save! now Thou art exalted high;
Thy gracious help afford.

3 Out of the mouths of very babes
 Thou hast ordained praise :
 To sing thy power, thy grace, and love,
 We now our voices raise.

4 Hosanna ! still we'll cry aloud,
 To Christ enthroned on high ;
 May we at last surround the throne,
 And Hallelujah cry !

615

On the Death of a Parent. L. M.

1 **THOUGH** nature's voice you must obey,
 Think, while your swelling griefs o'erflow,
 That hand, which takes your joys away,
 That sovereign hand can heal your wo.

2 And while your mournful thoughts deplore
 The parent gone, removed the friend !
 With heart resigned, his truth adore,
 On whom your noblest hopes depend.

3 Does he not bid his children rise
 Through death's dark shades, to realms of
 light ?

Yet, when he calls them to the skies,
 Shall fond survivors mourn their flight ?

4 His word—here let your soul rely—
 Immortal consolation gives :
 Your heavenly Father cannot die,
 'Th' Eternal Friend for ever lives.

5 O be that dearest Friend your trust !
 On his Almighty arm recline ;
 He, when your comforts sink in dust,
 Can give you blessings more divine.

616*The Star of Hope. 8's & 7's.*

- 1 **THOUGH** travelling through a wilderness,
Where duty's call divides us,
Though many a wintry storm distress,—
The star of hope shall guide us.
- 2 And this shall cheer the lonely way,
And gild the gloom of sorrow ;
And, through the shades of parting day,
Point to a brighter morrow.
- 3 E'en should this star be clouded here,
And should we meet—ah ! never,
The transient joys of life to share,—
'Twill not be dimmed for ever.
- 4 No ! we shall meet, though parted here,
To part again—oh, never !
But, joyful, with our Saviour there
To spend a long for ever !

617*The Lord will provide.*

- 1 **THOUGH** troubles assail,
And dangers affright,
Though friends should all fail,
And foes all unite ;
Yet one thing secures us,
Whatever betide,
The Scripture assures us,
The Lord will provide.

2 The birds without barn
Or storehouse are fed ;
From them let us learn
To trust for our bread ;
His saints, what is fitting
Shall ne'er be denied,
So long as 'tis written,
The Lord will provide.

3 We may, like the ships,
By tempests be tossed
On perillous deeps,
But cannot be lost ;
Though Satan engages
The wind and the tide,
The promise engages
The Lord will provide.

4 His call we obey,
Like Abra'm 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 our path,
And fill us with fears,
We triumph by faith :
He cannot take from us,
Though oft he has tried,

This heart-cheering promise,
The Lord will provide.

6 He tells us we're weak,
Our hope is in vain,
The good that we seek
We ne'er shall obtain ;
But when such suggestions
Our spirits have plied,
This answers all questions,
The Lord will provide.

7 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.

8 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.

618 *Infant Prayer.* Prov. viii. 17. L. M.

1 **THOUGH** we are simple, poor and young,
Jesus will listen if we pray ;

For never from the infant's tongue
Did Jesus turn his ear away.

2 No—he assists the humble prayer,
Grants the importunate request,
And tells us, should we trust his care,
His care shall make us truly blest.

3 Once we were wandering on in sin,
And nothing knew of God above ;
He saw the danger we were in ;
He saw—and bade us seek his love.

4 That love impressed with kind concern
Those tender friends who brought us here ;
And now, with gratitude we learn
To read his word—his name revere.

5 O may that love renew our hearts,
And consecrate our happy days !
And when our life on earth departs,
Eternal life be spent in praise.

619 *The Goodness of God in the Vicissitudes
of Life. L. M.*

1 **THROUGH** all the various shifting scene
Of life's mistaken good-or ill,
Thy hand, O God ! conducts unseen
Each change according to thy will.

2 Thou givest with a Father's care,
Howe'er unjustly we complain,
To each his necessary share
Of joy and sorrow, health and pain.

3 When lowest sunk with grief and shame,
Fill'd with affliction's bitter cup,

Lost to relations, friends, and fame,
Thy powerful hand can raise us up.

4 All things on earth, and all in heaven,
On thy most holy will depend ;
And all for greater good were given,
And all shall to thy glory end.

620

Evening Song. P. M.

1 **THROUGH** the day thy love has spared us ;
Now we lay us down to rest :
Through the silent watches guard us,
Let no foe our peace molest :
Jesus, thou our guardian be ;
Sweet it is to trust in thee.

2 Pilgrims here on earth, and strangers,
Dwelling in the midst of foes,
Us and ours preserve from dangers ;
In thine arms may we repose ;
And, when life's short day is past,
Rest with thee in heaven at last.

621

Being in the Fear of God all the day long.
Prov. xxiii. 17. C. M.

1 **THRICE** happy souls, who born from
heaven,
While yet they sojourn here,
Humbly begin their days with God,
And spend them in his fear.

- 2 So may our eyes with holy zeal
Prevent the dawning day,
And turn the sacred pages o'er,
And praise thy name, and pray.
- 3 'Midst hourly cares, may love present
Its incense to thy throne—
And, while the world our hands employs,
Our hearts be thine alone!
- 4 As sanctified to noblest ends,
Be each refreshment sought;
And, by each various providence,
Some wise instruction brought!
- 5 When to laborious duties called,
Or by temptations tried,
We'll seek the shelter of thy wings,
And in thy strength confide.
- 6 As diff'rent scenes of life arise,
Our grateful hearts would be
With thee amidst the social band—
In solitude with thee.
- 7 At night we lean our weary heads
On thy paternal breast;
And, safely folded in thine arms,
Resign our pow'rs to rest.
- 8 In solid pure delights like these,
Let all my days be past;
Nor shall I then impatient wish,
Nor shall I fear the last.

622 *Door of the Sheepfold.* John x. 9. C. M.

- 1 **THUS** saith the Shepherd of the sheep,
 " I am the sacred door ;
 " In the fair pastures which I keep,
 " There's life for evermore.
- 2 " In me shall wand'ring sinners find,
 " The way their footsteps lost ;
 " From death I have their souls redeem'd,
 " My blood has paid the cost.
- 3 " My tender care shall keep them free
 " From dangers night and day :
 " My pow'r their strong defence shall be
 " From ev'ry beast of prey.
- 4 " I will enrich them with my grace,
 " And feed them with my love ;
 " Their souls shall find a joyful place
 " In the bright fields above.
- 5 " Come, then, my little purchased flock,
 " Dear objects of my care ;
 " And let this promise be your hope,
 " While you are feeding here."

623 *The Truth and Goodness of God.* C. M.

- 1 **THY** ceaseless, unexhausted love,
 Unmerited and free,
 Delights our evil to remove,
 And help our misery.

- 2 Thou waitest to be gracious still ;
 Thou dost with sinners bear,
 That, saved, we may thy goodness see ,
 And all thy grace declare.
- 3 Its streams the whole creation reach,
 So plenteous is the store :
 Enough for all, enough for each,
 Enough for evermore !
- 4 Faithful, O Lord, thy mercies are,
 A rock that cannot move,
 A thousand promises declare
 Thy constancy of love.
- 5 Throughout the universe it reigns
 Unalterably sure :
 And while the Truth of God remains,
 The Goodness must endure.

624 *Goodness of God.* Jer. xxxi. 12. C. M.

- 1 **THY** goodness, Lord, our souls confess,
 Thy goodness we adore ;
 A spring whose blessings never fail,
 A sea without a shore !
- 2 Sun, moon, and stars, thy love attest
 In every golden ray ;
 Love draws the curtains of the night,
 And love brings back the day.
- 3 Thy bounty ev'ry season crowns,
 With all the bliss it yields ;
 With joyful clusters loads the vines,
 With strength'ning grain the fields.

4 But chiefly thy compassion, Lord,
Is in the gospel seen :

There, like a sun, thy mercy shines,
Without a cloud between.

5 Pardon, acceptance, peace, and joy,
Through Jesu's name are giv'n ;

He on the cross was lifted high,
That we might reign in heaven.

625

Divine Mercy. Psalm lxxxix. l.

1 **THY** mercy, my God, is the theme of my
song,

The joy of my heart, and the boast of my
tongue ;

Thy free grace alone, from the first to the last,
Hath won my affections, and bound my soul
fast.

2 Without thy sweet mercy, I could not live
here,

Sin soon would reduce me to utter despair ;
But thro' thy free goodness, my spirits revive,
And he that first made me still keeps me alive.

3 Thy mercy is more than a match for my
heart, [part ;

Which wonders to feel its own hardness de-
Dissolv'd by thy goodness, I fall to the ground,
And weep to the praise of the mercy I found.

4 The door of thy mercy stands open all day,
'To the poor and the needy, who knock by the
way ;

No sinner shall ever be empty sent back,
Who comes seeking mercy for Jesus's sake.

5 Thy mercy in Jesus exempts me from hell;
Its glories I'll sing, and its wonders I'll tell:
'Twas Jesus, my friend, when he hung on the
tree,
That open'd the channel of mercy for me.

6 Great Father of mercies! thy goodness I
own,
And the cov'nant love of thy crucified son;
All praise to the Spirit, whose witness divine
Seals mercy, and pardon, and righteousness
mine.

626

A Blessing Requested. C. M.

1 **THY** promise, Lord, and thy command,
Have brought us here to-day;
And now we humbly waiting stand
To hear what thou wilt say.

2 Meet us, we pray, with words of peace,
And fill our hearts with love;
'That from our follies we may cease,
And henceforth faithful prove.

627

Sunday-School Anniversary. C. M.

1 **THY** throne, O God! in righteousness,
For ever shall endure:
We bow before it—deign to bless
—The children of the poor.

- 2 Thy wisdom fix'd our lowly birth,
Yet we thy goodness share;
Still make us, while we dwell on earth,
—The children of thy care.
- 3 Strangers to Thee, though thine by name,
We heard thy welcome voice,
And, gather'd from the world, became
—The children of thy choice.
- 4 Thou art our Shepherd, glorious God!
Thy little flock behold,
And guide us by thy staff and rod,
—The children of thy fold.
- 5 We praise thy Name that we were brought
To this delightful place,
Where we are watch'd, and warn'd, and
taught,
—The children of thy grace.
- 6 May all our friends, thy servants here,
Meet all our souls above,
And we and they in heaven appear
—The children of thy love!

628 *Providence; or God working all things after the Counsel of his own Will. L. M.*

- 1 **THY** ways, O Lord! with wise design,
Are fram'd upon thy throne above,
And ev'ry dark and bending line
Meets in the centre of thy love.
- 2 With feeble light, and half obscure,
Poor mortals thy arrangements view;

Not knowing that the least are sure,
And the mysterious just and true.

3 Thy flock, thy own peculiar care,
Though now they seem to roam uney'd,
Are led or driven only where
They best and safest may abide.

4 They neither know nor trace the way ;
But, trusting to thy piercing eye,
None of their feet to ruin stray,
Nor shall the weakest fail or die.

5 My favour'd soul shall meekly learn,
'To lay her reason at thy throne ;
'Too weak thy secrets to discern,
I'll trust thee for my guide alone.

629

Lovest thou me? John xxi. 16. S. M.

1 '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 and lifeless frame ?
Hardly, sure, can they be worse,
Who have never heard his name !

3 Could my heart so hard remain,
Pray'r a task and burden prove ;
Ev'ry 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 mix'd with all I do;
You that love the Lord indeed,
Tell me, Is it thus with you?
- 6 Yet I mourn my stubborn will,
Find my sin a grief and thrall;
Should I grieve for what I feel,
If I did not love at all?
- 7 Could I joy his saints to meet,
Choose the ways I once abhor'd,
Find, at times, the promise sweet,
If I did not love the Lord?
- 8 Lord, decide the doubtful case!
Thou who art thy people's sun;
Shine upon thy work of grace,
If it be indeed begun.
- 9 Let me love thee more and more,
If I love at all, I pray;
If I have not loved before,
Help me to begin to-day.

630 *Death of a Sister.* Rev. xiv. 13. 8's.

1 'TIS finish'd!—the conflict is past,
The heaven-born spirit is fled;
Her wish is accomplish'd at last,
And now she's entomb'd with the dead.

- 2 The month's of affliction are o'er,
The days, and the nights of distress;
We see her in anguish no more,
She has gain'd her happy release.
- 3 No sickness, or sorrow, or pain,
Shall ever disquiet her now;
For death to her spirit was gain,
Since Christ was her life when below.
- 4 Her soul has now taken its flight
To mansions of glory above;
To mingle with angels of light,
And dwell in the kingdom of love,
- 5 The victory now is obtain'd,
She's gone her dear Saviour to see;
Her wishes she fully has gain'd,
She's now where she longed to be.
- 6 The coffin, the shroud, and the grave,
To her, were no objects of dread;
On him who is mighty to save,
Her soul was with confidence stay'd.
- 7 Then let us forbear to complain,
That she is now gone from our sight;
We soon shall behold her again,
With new and redoubled delight,

631

Heb. xii. 6. 7's.

- 1 'TIS my happiness below,
Not to live without the cross;
But the Saviour's power to know,
Sanctifying every loss.

2 Trials must and will befall ;
 But with humble faith to see
 Love inscrib'd upon them all,
 This is happiness to me.

3 Trials make the promise sweet ;
 Trials give new life to prayer ;
 Trials bring me to his feet,
 Lay me low, and keep me there.

4 Did I meet no trials here,
 No chastisements by the way,
 Might I not, with reason, fear
 I should prove a cast-away ?

632 *Trusting in the Grace of Christ.* P. M.

1 'TIS the Lord thus far hath brought me
 By his watchful tender care ;
 Sure 'tis He himself hath taught me
 How to seek his face by prayer ;
 After so much mercy past,
 Will he give me up at last ?

2 True, I've been a guilty creature,
 And have sinn'd against his grace ;
 But forgiveness is his nature,
 Though he justly hides his face :
 Ere he call'd me, well he knew
 What a heart like mine would do.

3 In the Saviour's intercession,
 Therefore still I will confide ;
 Lord, accept my free confession :
 Though I've sinn'd, yet Thou hast died :
 This is all I have to plead,
 This is all the plea I need.

633

Christ all in all. P. M.

- 1 'TIS the most bless'd and needful part
 To have in Christ a share,
 And to commit our way and heart
 Unto his faithful care ;
 This done, our steps are safe and sure,
 Our hearts desires are render'd pure ;
 Nought from his gracious hand can rend,
 Which leads us to the end.
- 2 Nought in this world affords true rest,
 But Christ's atoning blood ;
 This purifies the guilty breast,
 And reconciles to God.
 Hence flows unfeigned love to him,
 Who came lost sinners to redeem ;
 And Christ our Saviour will appear
 Daily to us more near.
- 3 My only joy and comfort here
 Is Jesus' death and blood ;
 I with this passport can appear
 Before the throne of God :

Admitted to the realms of bliss,
 I then shall see him as he is,
 Where countless pardon'd sinners meet
 Adoring at his feet.

634 *Chief among Ten Thousand; or, The Excel-
 lencies of Christ. Cant. v. 10—16. C. M.*

- 1 TO Christ, the Lord, let ev'ry tongue
 Its noblest tribute bring:
 When He's the subject of the song,
 Who can refuse to sing?
- 2 Survey the beauties of his face,
 And on his glories dwell;
 Think of the wonders of his grace,
 And all his triumphs tell.
- 3 Majestic sweetness sits enthron'd
 Upon his awful brow;
 His head with radiant glories crown'd,
 His lips with grace o'erflow.
- 4 No mortal can with him compare,
 Among the sons of men;
 Fairer he is than all the fair
 That fill the heavenly train.
- 5 He saw me plung'd in deep distress;
 He flew to my relief;
 For me he bore the shameful cross,
 And carried all my grief.
- 6 His hand a thousand blessings pours
 Upon my guilty head;
 His presence gilds my darkest hours,
 And guards my sleeping bed.

7 To him I owe my life and breath,
And all the joys I have:

He makes me triumph over death,
And saves me from the grave.

8 To heaven, the place of his abode,
He brings my weary feet;

Shows me the glories of my God,
And makes my joys complete.

9 Since from his bounty I receive
Such proofs of love divine,

Had I a thousand hearts to give,
Lord, they should all be thine!

635 *The Poor praying for Bread in time of Scarcity. L. M.*

1 TO God most awful and most high,
Who form'd the earth, the sea, the sky,
To Him, on whom all worlds depend,
Our humbled hearts in sighs we send.

2 Will He who hears the ravens cry
Reject our prayers, and bid us die?
Will he refuse his help to yield,
Who clothes the lilies of the field?

3 Pale famine lifts, at his command,
Her withering arm, and blasts the land;
'The harvests perish, at her breath;
Her train are want, disease, and death.

4 But when He smiles, the desert blooms,
New life is born among the tombs;
O'er the glad plains abundance teems,
And plenty rolls in bounteous streams.

5 Father of grace, whom we adore,
 Bless thy large family, the poor ;
 The poor on Thee alone depend,
 Continue Thou the poor man's friend.

6 Content to live by toil and pain,
 May we eternal riches gain ;
 Meanwhile, by thy free goodness fed,
 Give us this day our daily bread.

636 *The Redeemer coming with Clouds.* C. M.

- 1 TO Him who loved the souls of men,
 And wash'd us in his blood,
 To royal honours rais'd our head,
 And made us priests to God—
- 2 To Him, let every tongue be praise,
 And every heart be love ;
 All grateful honours paid on earth,
 And nobler songs above.
- 3 Behold, on flying clouds he comes !
 His saints shall bless the day ;
 While they who pierc'd him mourn and wail,
 In anguish and dismay.
- 4 " I am the First, and I the Last,
 Time centres all in me :
 Th' Almighty God, who was, and is,
 And evermore shall be !"

637*Love to Parents. L. M.*

1 TO honour those who gave us birth,
To cheer their age, to feel their worth,
Is God's command to human kind,
And own'd by every grateful mind.

2 Trace then the tender scenes of old,
And all our infant days unfold ;
Yield back to sight the mother's breast,
Watchful to lull her child to rest.

3 Survey her toil, her anxious care,
To form the lisping lips to prayer ;
'To win for God the yielding soul,
And all its ardent thoughts control.

4 Nor hold from memory's glad review,
The fears which all the father knew ;
The joy that mark'd his thankful gaze
As virtue crown'd maturer days.

5 When press'd by sickness, pain, or grief,
How anxious they to give relief!
Our dearest wish they held their own ;
'Till our's return'd their peace was flown.

6 God of our life, each parent guard,
And death's sad hour, O ! long retard ;
Be their's each joy that gilds the past,
And heaven our mutual home at last.

638

Longing to be with Christ. L. M.

- 1 TO Jesus, the crown of my hope,
My soul is in haste to be gone :
O bear me, ye cherubim, up,
And waft me away to his throne.
- 2 My Saviour, whom absent, I love ;
Whom, not having seen, I adore ;
Whose name is exalted above
All glory, dominion, and power :
- 3 Dissolve thou these bonds, that detain
My soul from her portion in thee ;
Ah ! strike off this adamant chain,
And make me eternally free.
- 4 When that happy era begins,
When array'd in thy glories I shine,
Nor grieve any more, by my sins,
The bosom on which I recline :
- 5 O then shall the veil be removed,
And round me thy brightness be pour'd :
I shall meet Him whom absent I lov'd,
I shall see whom unseen I ador'd.
- 6 And then, never more shall the fears,
The trials, temptations, and woes,
Which darken this valley of tears,
Intrude on my blissful repose.
- 7 Or, if yet remember'd above,
Remembrance no sadness shall raise :
They will be but new signs of thy love,
New themes for my wonder and praise.

8 Thus the strokes which, from sin and from
 pain,
 Shall set me eternally free,
 Will but strengthen and rivet the chain
 Which binds me, my Saviour, to thee.

639 *Uncertainty of Life.* James iv. 13—15. S. M.

- 1 TO-MORROW, Lord, is thine !
 Lodg'd in thy sov'reign hand ;
 And if its sun arise and shine,
 It shines by thy command.
- 2 The present moment flies,
 And bears our life away ;
 Oh make thy servants truly wise,
 That they may live to-day.
- 3 Since on this winged hour
 Eternity is hung,
 Awaken, by thy mighty power,
 The aged and the young.
- 4 One thing demands our care—
 Be that one thing pursued ;
 Lest, slighted once, the season fair
 Should never be renew'd.
- 5 To Jesus may we fly,
 Swift as the morning light,
 Lest life's young golden beams should die
 In sudden endless night.

640

A Morning Song. C. M

- 1 TO Thee let my first off'rings rise,
Whose sun creates the day,
Swift as his gladd'ning influence flies,
And spotless as his ray.
- 2 This day thy fav'ring hand be nigh,
So oft vouchsaf'd before!
Still may it lead, protect, supply;
And I that hand adore!
- 3 If bliss thy providence impart,
Which should my thanks employ,
Give me to feel the grateful heart,
And without guilt enjoy.
- 4 Affliction, should thy love intend,
As vice or folly's cure;
Patient to gain that gracious end,
May I the means endure.
- 5 Be this, and ev'ry future day,
Still wiser than the past;
May grace still keep me in thy way,
And crown my hopes at last.

641

Praise to the Saviour. 7's & 6's.

- 1 TO thee, my God and Saviour,
My heart exulting sings,
Rejoicing in thy favour,
Almighty King of kings.

I'll celebrate thy glory
 With all thy saints above,
 And tell the joyful story
 Of thy redeeming love.

2 Soon as the morn with roses
 Bedecks the dewy east,
 And when the sun reposes
 Upon the ocean's breast:
 My voice in supplication,
 Well pleased thou shalt hear,
 O grant me thy salvation,
 And to my soul draw near.

3 By thee through life supported
 I pass the dangerous road,
 With heavenly hosts escorted
 Up to their bright abode.
 There cast my crown before thee,
 Now all my conflicts o'er,
 And day and night adore thee,
 What can an angel more?

642

Good Shepherd. John x. 11. C. M.

1 TO thee, my Shepherd and my Lord,
 A grateful song I'll raise;
 O let the meanest of thy flock
 Attempt to speak thy praise.

2 Vain the attempt! what tongue can speak
 A subject so divine!
 Do justice to so vast a theme,
 And praise a love like thine!

- 3 Love, that could bring thy willing feet
From that blest world on high!
From thy great Father's dear embrace,
To labour, bleed, and die!
- 4 My life, my joy, my hope, I owe
To this amazing love;
Ten thousand, thousand comforts here,
And nobler bliss above.
- 5 To thee my trembling spirit flies,
With sin and grief opprest;
Thy gentle voice dispels my fears,
And lulls my cares to rest.
- 6 Nay, should I walk through death's dark
vale,
With double horrors spread,
Thy rod would guide my doubtful steps,
And guard my drooping head.
- 7 Lead on, dear Shepherd! led by thee,
No evil shall I fear;
Soon shall I reach thy fold above,
And praise thee better there.

643*Christ the Sun of Righteousness.*

Mal. iv. 2. L. M.

- 1 TO Thee, O God! we homage pay,
Source of the light that rules the day!
Who, while he gilds all nature's frame,
Reflects thy rays and speaks thy Name.
- 2 In louder strains we sing that grace,
Which gives the Sun of Righteousness.

Whose noble light Salvation brings,
And scatters healing from his wings.

3 Still on our hearts may Jesus shine,
With beams of light and love divine ;
Quicken'd by Him our souls shall live,
And cheer'd by Him shall grow and thrive.

4 Oh may his glories stand confess'd
From north to south, from east to west !
Successful may His Gospel run,
Wide as the circuit of the sun !

5 Then shall that blissful scene arise,
When, fix'd on high in purer skies,
Christ all his lustre shall display
On all his saints through endless day.

644 *My God will hear me.* Mic. vii. 6. C. M.

1 TO thee, O Lord, my heav'nly King,
Now will my soul draw near ;
Thankful of this sweet truth to sing,
“ That thou, my God, wilt hear.”

2 Though I am poor and needy too,
And scarce know what to say ;
And though my words are faint and few,
“ My God will hear me pray.”

3 Through Christ I come, and mercy claim,
Who lives to intercede ;
For, in his dear, adored name,
“ My God will hear me plead.”

- 4 Though oft with sins, and doubts, and fears,
 ' My soul is much cast down ;
 And tho' o'erwhelm'd with sighs and téars,
 " My God will hear me groan."
- 5 Then whilst my life and breath remain,
 I'll humbly persevere ;
 And when to glory I attain,
 " My God will hear me there."

645 *A Day in the Courts of the Lord.* 8's.

- 1 TO thy temple I repair,
 Lord, I love to worship there,
 When within the veil I meet
 Christ before the mercy-seat.
- 2 Thou, through Him, art reconciled,
 I, through Him, became thy child ;
 Abba! Father! give me grace,
 In thy courts, to seek thy face.
- 3 While thy glorious praise is sung,
 Touch my lips, unloose my tongue,
 That my joyful soul may bless
 Thee, the Lord, my righteousness:
- 4 While the prayers of saints ascend,
 God of love, to mine attend ;
 Hear me, for thy Spirit pleads,
 Hear, for Jesus intercedes.
- 5 While I hearken to thy law,
 Fill my soul with humble awe,
 Till thy gospel bring to me
 Life and immortality.

6 While thy ministers proclaim
Peace and pardon in thy name,
Through their voice, by faith may I
Hear Thee speaking from the sky.

7 From thy house, when I return,
May my heart within me burn,
And at evening let me say,
—I have walk'd with God to-day.

646 *The Invitation of Wisdom. Prov. viii. L.M.*

1 TO us the voice of wisdom cries,
—“Hearken, ye children, and be wise;
Better than gold the fruit I bear,
Rubies with me may not compare.

2 “Happy the man who daily waits
To hear me, watching at my gates;
Wretched is he who scorns my voice,
Death and destruction are his choice.

3 “To them that love me I am kind,
And those who seek me early find;
My Son, give *me* thine heart—and learn
Wisdom from folly to discern.

4 “The Lord possess'd me, ere of old
His hand the firmament unroll'd;
Before He bade the mountains stand,
Or pour'd the ocean round the land.

5 “Rejoicing then before his throne,
From everlasting I was known;
Rejoicing still, as in his sight,
With men on earth is my delight.

6 " Mark the *beginning* of my law,
 —Fear ye the Lord with sacred awe :
 Mark the *fulfilment* of the whole,
 —Love ye the Lord with all your soul."

7 We hear, we learn ; may we obey :
 Jesus, the life, the truth, the way,
 Wisdom and righteousness, we see,
 Grace and salvation, all in Thee.

647 *Out-Door Worship.* Mark xvi. 15. L. M.

1 'TWAS Jesu's last and great command—
 " Go, preach my word in ev'ry land ;
 " To all be my salvation shown,
 " To ev'ry creature make it known.

2 " While thus employed, expect my grace
 " Attending you from place to place :
 " Where'er you meet, expect me there,
 " In church, or house, or open air."

3 Commission'd thus, we come abroad,
 To preach the gospel of our God ;
 The love of God, in Christ, to tell !
 The love, that saves from sin and hell.

4 Jesus, our Lord ! thy word fulfil,
 Thy Spirit's power be with us still :
 May all our souls thy blessing share,
 Accept our praise, and hear our prayer.

U.

648 *God speaking Peace to his People. Psalm*
lxxxv. 8. C. M.

1 UNITE, my roving thoughts ! unite
In silence soft and sweet :

And thou, my soul, sit gently down
At thy great Sov'reign's feet.

2 Jehovah's awful voice is heard,
Yet gladly I attend ;

For lo ! the everlasting God
Proclaims himself my friend.

3 Harmonious accents to my soul
The sounds of peace convey ;

'The tempest at his word subsides,
And wind and seas obey.

4 By all its joys, I charge my heart
To grieve his love no more ;

But, charm'd by melody divine,
To give its follies o'er.

649 *The Burial of a Believer. L. M.*

1 UNVEIL thy bosom, faithful tomb !
'Take this new treasure to thy trust !

And give these sacred reliques room,
To seek a slumber in the dust !

2 Nor pain, nor grief, nor anxious fear,
 Invade thy bounds—no mortal woes
 Can reach the lovely sleeper here ;
 And angels watch his soft repose !

3 So Jesus slept—God's dying son
 Pass'd thro' the grave, and bless'd the bed !
 Rest here, fair saint ! till from his throne
 The morning break, and pierce the shade !

4 Break from his throne, illustrious morn ;
 Attend, O Earth, his sovereign word !
 Restore thy trust a glorious form—
 He must ascend to meet his Lord !

650 *At a Sermon on New-Year's Day.* L. M.

1 UPHELD by thy supporting hand,
 We pass, O Lord, from year to year ;
 And still we meet at thy command,
 And seek thy gracious presence here.

2 Oft let us find a favoured hour
 To souls in Satan's bondage led :
 Clothe Thou thy Word with sovereign power,
 To break the rocks, and raise the dead !

3 Then by a Saviour's dying love,
 To every wounded heart revealed,
 Temptations, fears, and guilt remove,
 And be their Sun, and Strength, and Shield.

4 Hear, Lord, our prayer ! and give us hope,
 That when thy voice shall call us home,
 Thou still wilt raise a people up,
 To love and praise Thee in our room.

V.

651*Christ, and him Crucified.* P. M.

1 VAIN, delusive world, adieu,
With all of creature good ;
Only JESUS I pursue,
Who bought me with his blood ;
All thy pleasures I forego—
All thy wealth, and all thy pride :
Only Jesus will I know,
And Jesus crucified.

2 Turning to my rest again,
The Saviour I adore ;
He relieves my grief and pain,
And bids me weep no more :
Rivers of salvation flow
From his head, his hands, his side :
Only Jesus will I know,
And Jesus crucified.

3 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,
In his favour to abide :
Only Jesus will I know,
And Jesus crucified.

4 Him, in all my works, I seek,
 Who hung upon the tree ;
 Only of *his* love I speak
 Who freely died for me :
 While I sojourn here below
 Nothing I desire beside ;
 Only Jesus will I know,
 And Jesus crucified.

652 " *That Christ may dwell in your Hearts by Faith.*" John xiv. 27. xx. 19—22. Eph. ii. 14—22. iii. 14—19. P. M.

1 VISIT, Lord, thy habitation !
 Breathe thy peace on all therein ;
 Peace, the foretaste of salvation ;
 Peace, the seal of cancelled sin.
 Now thy love-infusing Spirit
 Shed on every heart abroad ;
 Raise, through thy redeeming merit,
 Slaves of sin, to Sons of God.

2 Prince of Peace, be ever near us
 Fix in every heart thy home :
 In this sweet communion cheer us,
 Quickly let thy kingdom come.
 Answer all our expectation ;
 Give our raptur'd souls to prove
 Strong, abiding consolation,
 Heavenly, everlasting love.

653 *The Dying Christian to his Soul.* P. M.

1 VITAL spark of heavenly flame!

Quit, O quit this mortal frame!

Trembling, hoping, lingering, flying,

Oh the pain, the bliss of dying!

Cease, fond nature! cease thy strife,

And let me languish into life!

2 Hark! they whisper—angels say,

“Sister spirit, come away!”

What is this absorbs me quite,

Steals my senses, shuts my sight,

Drowns my spirits, draws my breath?—

Tell me, my soul! can this be death?

3 The world recedes!—it disappears!—

Heaven opens on my eyes!—my ears

With sounds seraphic ring!—

Lend, lend your wings! I mount! I fly!—

O grave! where is thy victory?

O death! where is thy sting?

W.

654 “*King of kings and Lord of lords!*”
Rev. xix. 16. 7’s.

1 WAKE the song of Jubilee,

Let it echo o’er the sea!

Now is come the promised hour;

Jesus reigns with sovereign power!

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

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

655

Seeking Relief. C. M.

1 WE come, dear Jesus, to thy throne,
To open all our grief;
Now send thy promised mercy down,
And grant us quick relief.

2 Ne'er didst thou say to Jacob's seed,
"Seek ye my face in vain;"
And canst thou now deny thine aid,
When burden'd souls complain?

3 The same thy pow'r, thy love the same,
Unmoved the promise shines;
Eternal truth surrounds thy name,
And guards the precious lines.

4 Though Satan rage, and flesh rebel,
And unbelief arise,
We'll wait around his footstool still,
For Jesus hears our cries.

656

Epiphany. L. M.

1 WE sing the glorious Morning-Star,
 Jesus, the spring of light and love :
 See how His rays, diffused from far,
 Conduct us to the realms above !

2 Those cheering beams, spread wide abroad,
 Point out the troubled Christian's way ;
 Still, as he goes, he finds the road
 Enlightened with a constant day—

3 As, when the Eastern sages bring
 Their royal gifts, a star appears ;
 Directs them to their new-born King,
 And guides their steps, and calms their fears.

657 *God forbid that I should Glory, save in the
 Cross.* Gal. vi. 14. L. M.

1 WE sing the praise of Him who died,
 Of Him who died upon the cross ;
 The sinner's hope let men deride,
 For this we count the world but loss.

2 Inscribed upon the cross we see,
 In shining letters, " GOD IS LOVE ;"
 He bears our sins upon the tree,
 He brings us mercy from above.

3 THE CROSS ! it takes our guilt away
 It holds the fainting spirit up ;
 It cheers with hope the gloomy day,
 And sweetens every bitter cup.

4 It makes the coward spirit brave,
 And nerves the feeble arm for fight ;
 It takes its terror from the grave,
 And gilds the bed of death with light.

5 The balm of life, the cure of wo,
 The measure and the pledge of love ;
 The sinner's refuge here below,
 The angel's theme in heaven above.

658 *He was Lost and is Found.* Luke xv. 24.
 P. M.

1 WE were lost, but God has found us,
 God, who seeks and saves the lost ;
 Let us pray for those around us,
 Thousands by the world engrossed ;
 Though they seem from God to fly,
 God has power to bring them nigh.

2 Lord, behold the sinner wand'ring
 Far from thee, and far from peace ;
 All his precious substance squand'ring
 In pursuit of earthly bliss ;
 Show him, Lord, that none can be
 Truly blest till brought to thee !

3 Let thy word go forth with power,
 Spread abroad "the joyful sound,"
 O! our Light, our Strength, our Tower,
 Make thy glory known around ;
 Let the truth's resistless force
 Stop the sinner in his course.

4 Of their master's honour jealous,
 Let thy people plead thy cause,
 In thy service bold and zealous,
 Let them scorn the world's applause;
 Whether men approve or blame,
 Let them own thy glorious name.

659

Christ our Advocate. P. M.

- 1 WEARY of wandering from my God,
 And now made willing to return,
 I hear, and bow me to the rod,
 For him, not without hope, I mourn:
 I have an advocate above,
 A friend before the throne of love.
- 2 O Jesus, full of pardoning grace,
 More full of grace than I of sin,
 Yet once again I seek thy face,
 Open thine arms and take me in,
 And freely my backslidings heal,
 And love the faithless sinner still.
- 3 Thou know'st the way to bring me back,
 My fallen spirit to restore;
 O for thy truth and mercy's sake,
 Forgive, and bid me sin no more,
 The ruins of my soul repair,
 And make my heart a house of prayer.
- 4 The stone to flesh again convert,
 The veil of sin once more remove:
 Sprinkle thy blood upon my heart,
 And melt it with thy dying love:

This rebel heart by love subdue,
And make it soft, and make it new.

5 Give to mine eyes refreshing tears,
And kindle my relentings now,
Fill all my soul with filial fears,
To thy sweet yoke my spirit bow.
Bend by thy grace, O bend, or break
The iron sinew in my neck.

6 Ah! give me, Lord, the tender heart,
That trembles at th' approach of sin,
A godly fear of sin impart,
Implant and root it deep within,
That I may dread thy gracious power,
And never dare offend thee more.

660 *And he said, Come in thou Blessed of the
Lord. Gen. xxiv. 31. P. M.*

1 WELCOME hither, friends beloved,
Ye, to whom our Lord is dear;
They who are by him approved,
Ever shall be welcome here:
'Tis our privilege to know
Those who serve our Lord below.

2 Welcome, brethren, welcome hither,
In our Saviour's name we meet;
While we now remain together,
May our fellowship be sweet:
We will speak of things above,
All our theme a Saviour's love.

3 Thanks to Him, by whose permission,
 We can meet without alarm ;
 Free from human opposition,
 Saved from ev'ry hostile arm :
 Though our foes are all around,
 Jesus makes our peace abound.

4 'Tis to Him we owe our treasure,
 All we have, and hope to have ;
 Come, ye saints, unite with pleasure,
 Sing of Jesus, strong to save :
 Join the happy hosts above,
 Celebrate the God of love.

661 *Not to me only, but to all them also that Love
 his Appearing. 2 Tim. iv. 8. P. M.*

1 WELCOME sight ! the Lord descending !
 Jesus in the clouds appears ;
 Lo ! the Saviour comes, intending
 Now to dry his people's tears.
 Lo ! the Saviour come to reign ;
 Welcome to his waiting train.

2 Long they mourned their absent Master ;
 Long they felt like men forlorn ;
 Bid the seasons fly still faster,
 While they sighed for his return :
 Lo ! the period comes at last ;
 All their sorrows now are past.

3 Now from home no longer banished,
 They are going to their rest ;
 Though the heavens and earth have vanish'd,
 With their Lord they shall be blest :

Blest with him his saints shall be ;
 Blest throughout eternity !

4 Happy people ! grace unbounded,
 Grace alone exalts you thus ;
 Be ashamed, and be confounded ;
 Sing for ever—" Not to us,
 " Not to us be glory given ;
 " Glory to the God of heaven !"

662

And the Truth shall make you Free.
 John viii. 32. 7's.

1 WELCOME news the Gospel brings,
 Welcome news from heaven above,
 Tidings from the King of kings,
 Tidings full of grace and love !

2 O, ye sons of men, give ear !
 Listen to " the joyful sound,"
 Better news ye cannot hear :
 In the Gospel truth is found.

3 Truth, that makes the simple wise,
 Truth, on which the hungry feed.
 Truth, the minister of joys,
 Truth, that makes us free indeed.

4 Welcome news the Gospel brings,
 Welcome to the poor and vile,
 Gladdened by these glorious things,
 Guilt and poverty may smile.

663

On Spring. 7's.

1 **WHAT** a change has taken place !
 Emblem of the spring of Grace !
 How the soul in winter mourns,
 Till the **LORD**, her sun, returns ;
 Till the **SPIRIT**'s gentle rain
 Bids the heart revive again !
 Then the stone is turned to flesh,
 Then each Grace buds forth afresh,

2 **LORD**, afford a spring to me !
 Let me feel like what I see ;
 Oh ! beloved **SAVIOUR**, haste,
 Tell me all the storms are past :—
 On thy garden deign to smile,
 Raise the plants, enrich the soil :
 Soon thy presence will restore
 Life to what seemed dead before.

3 Then conduct me to that home,
 Whither changes never come ;
 Where thy saints no winter fear,
 Where 'tis spring throughout the year ;
 Where the flowers unfading blow,
 And the living waters flow ;
 Where no chilling blasts annoy,
 All is love, and bloom, and joy.

664

Saints in Heaven. 7's.

1 **WHAT** are these in bright array ?
 This innumerable throng,

Round the altar, night and day,
 Tuning their triumphant song?
 —“ Worthy is the Lamb once slain,
 Blessing, honour, glory, power,
 Wisdom, riches to obtain,
 New dominion, every hour.”

2 These through fiery trials trod;
 These from great affliction came:
 Now before the throne of God,
 Sealed with his eternal name,
 Clad in raiment pure and white,
 Victor-palms in every hand,
 Through their great Redeemer's might,
 More than conquerors they stand.

3 Hunger, thirst, disease, unknown,
 On immortal fruits they feed;
 Them, the Lamb, amidst the throne,
 Shall to living fountains lead:
 Joy and gladness banish sighs,
 Perfect love dispels their fears,
 And for ever, from their eyes,
 God shall wipe away all tears.

665 “ *Hosanna to the Son of David.*” Matt.
 xxi. 9—11. 15, 16. L. M.

1 **WHAT** are those soul-reviving strains,
 Which echo thus from Salem's plains?
 What anthems loud, and louder still,
 Sweetly resound from Zion's hill?

2 Lo! 'tis an infant chorus sings,
Hosanna to the King of kings:
The Saviour comes! and babes proclaim
Salvation, sent in Jesu's Name.

3 Nor these alone their voice shall raise
For we will join this song of praise;
Still Israel's children forward press
To hail the Lord their Righteousness.

4 Messiah's Name shall joy impart
Alike to Jew and Gentile heart:
He bled for us, he bled for you,
And we will sing Hosanna too.

5 Proclaim Hosannas loud and clear;
See David's Son and Lord appear!
Glory and praise on earth be given;
Hosanna in the highest heaven!

666 *Behold what manner of Love the Father hath
bestowed upon us, &c. 1 John iii. 1. L. M.*

1 WHAT love is this the Father shows
To us who once appeared his foes;
That spared so long, and now forgiven,
We should become the heirs of heaven?

2 Our Father is not known on earth,
And any who derive their birth
From him, are like himself unknown:
The world will know and love its own.

3 We ask not for the world's applause,
The world that hates our Master's cause;
As he was, so we wish to be,
Not more esteemed and loved than he.

4 The sons of God, our title here ;
 It does not, cannot yet appear
 What God our Father will bestow
 On those whom he adopts below.

5 But this we know, nor more is given,
 That when the Saviour comes from heav'n,
 They shall be like him, who are his,
 For they shall see him as he is.

6 They who from God derive their birth
 Cannot like others cleave to earth ;
 Their hope an influence imparts,
 That warms and purifies their hearts.

667

Heaven Glorious. L. M.

1 WHAT love, what pleasure, what surprise
 Shall fill th' enraptured heirs of heaven,
 The day the Saviour meets their eyes,
 'The day the promised rest is given !

2 Their love is kindled here below,
 The author of their hope they love ;
 A purer, brighter flame will glow
 In yonder glorious world above.

3 Of pleasure too they taste below,
 But pleasure not unmixed with pain ;
 In yonder world 'twill not be so,
 For there no sorrow will remain.

4 And if obscure and transient views
 Of heavenly things yield such surprise,
 What wonder must the sight produce,
 When God appears before their eyes !

5 O joyful sight! O glorious day!
 When God the Saviour shall be seen,
 When earthly things shall pass away,
 And heaven's unchanging state begin!

668 *Despair Sinful.* Job xxxiii. 24. L. M.

- 1 WHAT mean these jealousies and fears?
 As if the Lord was loth to save;
 Or loved to see us drenched in tears,
 Or sink with sorrow to the grave.
- 2 Does he want slaves to grace his throne?
 Or rules he with an iron rod?
 Loves he the deep despairing groan?
 Is he a tyrant, or a God?
- 3 Not all the sins which we have wrought,
 So much his tender bowels grieve,
 As this unkind, injurious thought,
 That he's unwilling to forgive.
- 4 What though our crimes are black as night,
 Or glowing like the crimson morn?
 Immanuel's blood will make them white
 As snow, through the pure ether borne.
- 5 Lord, 'tis amazing grace we own,
 And well may rebel-worms surprise;—
 But, was not thy incarnate Son
 A most amazing sacrifice?
- 6 "I've found a ransom," saith the Lord.
 "No humble penitent shall die;"
 Lord, we would now believe thy word.
 And thy unbounded mercies try.

669 *The Gospel is the Power of God to Salvation.* Rom. i. 16. L. M.

1 **WHAT** shall the dying sinner do,
That seeks relief for all his wo ?
Where shall the guilty conscience find
Ease for the torment of the mind ?

2 How shall we get our crimes forgiven,
Or form our nature fit for heaven ?
Can souls, all o'er defiled with sin,
Make their own pow'rs and passions clean ?

3 In vain we search, in vain we try,
Till Jesus brings his gospel nigh ;
'Tis there that pow'r and glory dwell,
Which save rebellious souls from hell.

4 This is the pillar of our hope,
That bears our fainting spirits up ;
We read the grace, we trust the word,
And find salvation in the Lord.

5 Let men or angels dig the mines,
Where nature's golden treasure shines ;
Brought near the doctrine of the cross,
All nature's gold appears but dross.

6 Should vile blasphemers, with disdain,
Pronounce the truth of Jesus vain,
We'll meet the scandal and the shame,
And sing and triumph in his name.

670 *Self-Examination.* Gal. iv. 19, 20. L. M.

1 **WHAT** strange perplexities arise ;
What anxious fear and jealousies !
What crowds in doubtful light appear ;
How few, alas ! approved and clear !

2 And what am I ?—My soul, awake,
And an impartial survey take :
Does no dark sign, no ground of fear,
In practice or in heart appear ?

3 What image does my spirit bear ?
Is Jesus form'd and living there ?
Say, do his lineaments divine
In thought, and word, and action, shine ?

4 Searcher of hearts, O search me still ;
The secrets of my soul reveal ;
My fears remove : let me appear
To God, and my own conscience, clear.

5 Scatter the clouds, which o'er my head
Thick glooms of dubious terror spread ;
Lead me into celestial day,
And, to myself, myself display.

6 May I at that blest world arrive,
Where Christ through all my soul shall live,
And give full proof that he is there,
Without one gloomy doubt or fear.

671

Exhortation to Prayer. L. M.

- 1 WHAT various hind'rances we meet,
 In coming to a mercy seat!
 Yet who that knows the worth of prayer
 But wishes to be often there.
- 2 Prayer makes the darkened cloud with-
 draw,
 Prayer climbs the ladder Jacob saw;
 Gives exercise to faith and love,
 Brings ev'ry blessing from above.
- 3 Restraining prayer we cease to fight;
 Prayer makes the Christian armour bright;
 And Satan trembles, when he sees
 'The weakest saint upon his knees.
- 4 While Moses stood with arms spread wide,
 Success was found on Israel's side;*
 But when through weariness they failed,
 That moment Amalek prevailed.
- 5 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.
- 6 Were half the breath thus vainly spent,
 To heaven in supplication sent;
 Your cheerful song would oft'ner be,
 "Hear what the Lord has done for me."

* Exod. xvii. 11.

672 *Behold, the Lord cometh.* Jude 14. P. M.

- 1 **WHAT** were Sinai's awful wonders,
 To the wonders of that day,
 When a voice, like many thunders,
 Shall be heard from heaven to say,
 Come to judgment!
 Lo! the Judge is on his way.
- 2 Lo! he comes, the Lord from heaven,
 He who bore the cross below;
 All the pow'r to him is given,
 He appears in glory now;
 Great his glory!
 Ev'ry knee to him shall bow.
- 3 See! the nations all assembling,
 Stand before the Saviour's throne;
 Thousands at his presence trembling;
 Hope extinguished, pleasures gone
 Calling, seeking
 For relief, and finding none.
- 4 But his people, they who knew him,
 And on earth his name confessed,
 These the Saviour welcomes to him,
 These he makes supremely blest:
 Sweet their portion!
 Theirs an everlasting rest.

673 *The Glorious Gospel.* 1 Tim. i. 11. C. M.

- 1 **WHAT** wisdom, majesty, and grace,
 Through all the gospel shine!

- 'Tis God that speaks, and we confess
The doctrine most divine.
- 2 Down from his starry throne on high
Th' almighty Saviour comes ;
Lays his bright robes of glory by,
And feeble flesh assumes.
- 3 The mighty debt that sinners owed,
Upon the cross he pays :
Then through the clouds ascends to God,
Midst shouts of loftiest praise.
- 4 There he, our great High Priest, appears,
Before his Father's throne ;
Mingles his merit with our tears,
And pours salvation down.
- 5 Great God, with rev'rence we adore
Thy justice and thy grace :
And on thy faithfulness and power,
Our firm dependance place.

674*The Fall, and its Effects.* C. M.

- 1 **WHEN** Adam sinned, through all his race
The dire contagion spread :
Sickness and death, and deep disgrace,
Sprang from our fallen head.
- 2 Satan, in strong and heavy chains,
Binds the deluded soul ;
And every furious passion reigns,
Without the least control.
- 3 From God and happiness we fly,
To earth and sense confined .

Lost in a maze of misery,
Yet to our misery blind.

4 Whene'er the man begins his race,
The criminal appears ;
And evil habits keep their pace
With our increasing years.

5 Corruption flows through all our veins,
Our moral beauty's gone ;
The gold is fled, the dross remains,
O sin, what hast thou done ?

6 Jesus, reveal thy pard'ning grace,
And draw our souls to Thee ;
Thou art the only hiding place,
Where ruined souls can flee.

675

Support in Death. C. M.

1 WHEN bending o'er the brink of life,
My trembling soul shall stand ;
Waiting to pass death's awful flood,
Great God, at thy command ;

2 When weeping friends surround my bed,
And close my sightless eyes ;
When laden with the weight of years,
This broken body lies :

3 When every long-loved scene of life,
Stands ready to depart ;
When the last sigh that shakes the frame,
Shall rend this bursting heart :

- 4 O thou great Source of joy supreme,
 Whose arm alone can save,
 Dispel the darkness that surrounds
 The entrance to the grave!
- 5 Lay thy supporting, gentle hand,
 Beneath my sinking head;
 And let a beam of love divine,
 Illume my dying bed.
- 6 Leaning on thy dear faithful breast,
 May I resign my breath;
 And in thy soft embraces lose
 "The bitterness of death!"

676

Faith in the Promise of God. C. M.

- 1 WHEN floods of grief assault the mind,
 And o'er the conscience roll,
 Where shall the mourner comfort find,
 To sooth his troubled soul?
- 2 Lord, Thou hast said, "Seek ye my face
 And shall we seek in vain?
 And will the ear of sovereign grace
 Be deaf, when we complain?"
- 3 Ah! no: the ear of sovereign grace
 Attends the mourner's prayer;
 The mourner always finds a place
 To breathe his sorrows there.
- 4 Thy Spirit heals the troubled soul,
 With guilty fears oppress'd;
 Thy Spirit makes the wounded whole,
 And gives the weary rest.

- 5 The saints who now behold thy face,
Were sinners once, as we ;
Then why should we distrust thy grace,
Since grace has made them free ?
- 6 O for a heart to trust the Lord,
Who bids our sorrows cease !
For faith, to claim that gracious word,
“ Sinner ! depart in peace !”

677

Imitation of Christ. L. M.

- 1 WHEN from the glorious realms of day,
On wings of love, the Saviour flew,
He walked through mercy's heavenly way,
And bade the world his steps pursue.
- 2 The blind, the lame, his pow'r confessed ;
The dumb broke forth in grateful strains ;
He gave the wearied spirit rest,
And loosed the pris'ner from his chains.
- 3 And shall not they whose lips resound
The matchless deeds the Saviour wrought,
Like him in charity abound,
And practice what his goodness taught ?
- 4 Ye who his grace so freely share,
Your willing aid as freely give ;
Your lively faith and love declare,
And in his sacred precepts live.
- 5 Honour your Saviour, speak his praise ;
By acts of love his grace proclaim ;
Sweet anthems to his glory raise,
And in hosannas sound his name.

678 *Law and Gospel.* Phil. iii. 7—10. C. M.

1 WHEN from the precepts to the cross
The humble sinner turns ;
His brightest deeds he counts but dross,
And o'er his vileness mourns.

2 God, on the table of his heart,
Inscribes his love and fear ;
He loves the law in ev'ry part,
But takes no refuge there.

3 Thus gospel, law, and justice too,
Conspire to set him free :
Reflect, my soul, admire and view,
What God hath done for thee,

679 *Christ a Refuge from Trouble.* Heb. iv. 15. 8's.

1 WHEN gathering clouds around I view,
And days are dark, and friends are few,
On Him I lean, who not in vain
Experienced every human pain ;
He sees my wants, allays my fears,
And counts and treasures up my tears.

2 If aught should tempt my soul to stray
From heavenly virtue's narrow way,
To fly the good I would pursue,
Or do the sin I would not do ;
Still he who felt temptation's power
Shall guard me in that dangerous hour.

3 If wounded love my bosom swell,
Deceived by those I prized too well
He shall his pitying aid bestow,
Who felt on earth severer wo ;
At once betrayed, denied, or fled,
By all that shared his daily bread.

4 When vexing thoughts within me rise,
And sore dismayed my spirit dies ;
Yet He who once vouchsafed to bear
The sickening anguish of despair,
Shall sweetly soothe, shall gently dry,
The throbbing heart, the streaming eye.

5 When sorrowing o'er some stone I bend,
Which covers all that was a friend,
And from his voice, his hand, his smile,
Divides me for a little while ;
Thou, Saviour, seest the tears I shed,
For thou didst weep o'er Lazarus dead.

6 And O, when I have safely past
Through every conflict but the last,
Still, still unchanging watch beside
My painful bed—for thou hast died ;
Then point to realms of cloudless day,
And wipe the latest tear away.

680 *The Throne of Grace.* 1 Sam.1.10. 6's & 8's.

1 WHEN Hannah, pressed with grief,
Poured forth her soul in prayer ;
She quickly found relief,
And left her burden there :

Like her, in ev'ry trying case,
Let us approach the throne of grace.

2 Though men and devils rage,
And threaten to devour ;
The saints, from age to age,
Are safe from all their power ;
Fresh strength they gain to run their race,
By waiting at the throne of grace !

3 Numbers before have tried,
And found the promise true ;
Nor one been yet denied,
Then why should I or you ?
Let us by faith their footsteps trace,
And hasten to the throne of grace.

681 *Confidence in Jews.* Psalm lxxiii. 26, &c.
L. M.

1 WHEN in the hours of lonely wo,
I give my sorrows leave to flow,
And anxious fear, and dark distrust,
Weigh down my spirit to the dust :

2 When not e'en friendship's gentle aid
Can heal the wounds the world has made,
O this shall check each rising sigh,
That Jesus is for ever nigh.

3 His counsels and upholding care
My safety and my comfort are ;
And he shall guide me all my days,
Till glory crown the work of grace.

4 Jesus ! in whom but thee above
Can I repose my trust, my love ?

And shall an earthly object be
Lov'd in comparison with Thee ?

5 My flesh is hastening to decay,
Soon shall the world have past away ;
And what can mortal friends avail,
When heart, and strength, and life shall fail ?

6 But Oh ! be thou, my Saviour, nigh,
And I will triumph while I die ;
My strength, my portion is divine,
And Jesus is *for ever* mine.

682 *Crucifixion to the World.* Gal. vi. 14. L. M.

1 WHEN I survey the wond'rous cross,
On which the Prince of glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And, mourning, weep o'er all my pride.

2 Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
Save in the death of Christ, my God ;
All the vain things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them to his blood.

3 See, from his head, his hands, his feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down !
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet ;
Or thorns compose so rich a crown ?

4 Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small ;
Love, so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

683

Light Shining in Darkness. L. M.

1 WHEN Israel through the desert passed,
A fiery pillar went before ;
Their guide by night through all the waste,
From Egypt quite to Canaan's shore.

2 Such is thy glorious word, O God,
'Tis for our light and guidance given ;
It sheds a lustre all abroad,
And points the path to bliss and heaven.

3 It fills the soul with sweet delight,
And quickens its inactive powers ;
Sets all our wandering footsteps right,
Displays thy love, and kindles ours.

4 Its promises rejoice our hearts,
Its doctrines are divinely true ;
Knowledge and pleasure it imparts
Yields comfort and instruction too.

5 Ye Christian lands who have this word,
Ye saints who feel its saving power,
Your efforts join with one accord,
To send it forth to every shore.

684

Christ's Resurrection a pledge of ours.

1 Cor. xv. 20. L. M.

1 WHEN I the empty grave survey,
Where once my Saviour deigned to lie,
I see fulfilled what prophets say,
And all the power of death defy :

2 This empty tomb shall now proclaim
 How weak the bands of conquered death :
 Sweet pledge that all who trust his name,
 Shall rise, and draw immortal breath.

3 Our SURETY freed, declares *us* free,
 For whose offences he was seiz'd :
 In his release, *our own* we see,
 And shout to view Jehovah pleased.

4 Jesus, once numbered with the dead,
 Unseals his eyes to sleep no more ;
 And ever lives their cause to plead,
 For whom the pains of death he bore.

5 Then, though in dust we lay our head,
 Yet, gracious God, thou wilt not leave
 Our flesh for ever with the dead,
 Nor lose thy children in the grave.

685

To live is Christ, to die is gain.
 Phil. i. 21. 7's.

1 WHEN I tread the mortal vale,
 Where the shades of death prevail,
 Saviour, guide my trembling feet,
 Through this last, this still retreat ;
 Let thy glory chase it's gloom,
 Light the feeble traveller home,
 Never leave me till I stand
 Safe in yonder heavenly land

2 When I bow my sinking head,
 Seeking rest among the dead ;
 When my pulses throbbing slow
 Tell the tide of life runs low :

Hear me, my Almighty Friend,
 Watch, sustain me, to the end,
 Smiling through my dying tears,
 I will then dismiss my fears.

3 Thee, Redeemer, I pursue,
 All life's weary journey through,
 Other interests I resign,
 Only tell me Thou art mine ;
 And when mortal agonies
 Break my heartstrings, glaze mine eyes.
 Let me but this prize obtain
 I shall prove—"to die is gain."

686 *Poor Children recalling Christ's Example
 and his Love. C. M.*

- 1 WHEN Jesus left his Father's throne,
 He chose an humble birth ;
 Like us, unhonoured and unknown,
 He came to dwell on earth.
- 2 Like Him, may we be found below
 In wisdom's paths of peace ;
 Like Him, in grace and knowledge grow,
 As years and strength increase.
- 3 Jesus passed by the rich and great,
 For men of low degree ;
 He sanctified our parents' state,
 For poor like them was He.
- 4 Sweet were his words, and kind his look,
 When mothers round Him pressed ;
 Their infants in his arms He took,
 And on his bosom blessed.

- 5 Safe from the world's alluring harms,
 Beneath his watchful eye,
 Thus in the circle of his arms.
 May we for ever lie !
- 6 When Jesus into Salem rode,
 The children sang aloud ;
 For joy they pluck'd the palms, and strowed
 Their garments on the ground.
- 7 Hosanna, our glad voices raise,
 Hosanna to our King ;
 Should we forget our Saviour's praise,
 The stones themselves would sing.
- 8 Help us, O Lord ! to love thy Name !
 That Name divinely sweet,
 Let every pulse through life proclaim,
 And our last breath repeat !

687 *Praise out of the mouth of Babes.* Matt.
 xxi. 15, 16. C. M.

- 1 WHEN Jesus to the temple came,
 The voice of praise was heard ;
 The very children owned his claim,
 And in his train appeared.
- 2 Hosannas made the temple ring
 For many tongues agreed ;
 Hosanna to the heavenly King !
 To David's promised seed !
- 3 When some would have rebuked their zeal,
 Thou, Lord, the thought didst check :
 " If they were hardened, stones would feel ;
 ' If silent, stones would speak."

- 4 O let those scenes be now renewed,
 Let children lisp thy praise !
 Thou art as powerful and as good,
 As in the former days.
- 5 Work, Lord, on all our children's hearts,
 For this will loose their tongues ;
 The love which heavenly truth imparts,
 Will animate their songs.

688 *Star of Bethlehem.* Matt. ii. 10. L. M. D.

- 1 WHEN marshalled on the nightly plain
 The glitt'ring host bestud the sky ;
 One star alone, of all the train,
 Can fix the sinner's wand'ring eye.
 Hark ! hark ! to God the chorus breaks
 From ev'ry host, from ev'ry gem ;
 But one alone the Saviour speaks ;—
 It is the star of Bethlehem !
- 2 Once on the raging seas I rode,
 The storm was loud—the night was dark—
 The ocean yawned—and rudely blowed
 The wind that tossed my found'ring bark :
 Deep horror then my vitals froze,
 Death-struck, I ceased the tide to stem,
 When suddenly a star arose—
 It was the star of Bethlehem !
- 3 It was my guide, my light, my all—
 It bade my dark forebodings cease ;
 And through the storm and dangers' thrall,
 It led me to the port of peace.

Now safely moored—my perils o'er,
 I'll sing, first in night's diadem:
 For ever, and for evermore,
 'The star!—the star of Bethlehem!

689

Christian Peace. C. M.

- 1 WHEN musing sorrow weeps the past,
 And mourns the present pain,
 How sweet to think of peace at last,
 And feel that death is gain!
- 2 'Tis not that murmuring thoughts arise,
 And dread a Father's will;
 'Tis not that meek submission flies,
 And would not suffer still.
- 3 It is that heaven-taught faith surveys,
 The path to realms of light;
 And longs her eagle plumes to raise,
 And lose herself in sight.
- 4 It is that hope with ardour glows,
 To see Him face to face,
 Whose dying love no language knows
 Sufficient art to trace.
- 5 It is that harassed conscience feels
 The pangs of struggling sin;
 Sees, though afar, the hand that heals,
 And ends her war within.
- 6 Oh! let me wing my hallowed flight
 From earth-born wo and care;
 And soar beyond these realms of night,
 My Saviour's bliss to share

690

Sickness. Ps. xli. 3. 8's.

- 1 WHEN pining sickness wastes the frame,
 Acute disease and weakening pain;
 When life fast spends her feeble flame,
 And all the help of man is vain:
 Joyless and dark all things appear,
 Languid the spirits, weak the flesh:
 Med'cines can't ease, nor cordials cheer,
 Nor food support, nor sleep refresh.
- 2 O! then to have recourse to God,
 To pray to him in time of need;
 To feel the balm of Jesus' blood,
 This is to find a friend indeed.
 O Christian! this thy happy lot,
 Who cleavest to the Lord by faith;
 He'll never leave thee, doubt it not,
 In pain, in sickness, or in death.
- 3 When flesh and heart decays and fails,
 He will thy strength and portion be,
 Support thy weakness, bear thy ails,
 And softly whisper, "Trust in me."
 Himself shall be thy tender friend,
 Thy kind physician and thy stay,
 To make thy bed will condescend,
 And chase thy falling tears away.

691

Daily Prayer. 8's.

- 1 WHEN quiet in my house I sit,
 Thy Book be my companion still;

My joy, thy sayings to repeat,
Talk o'er the records of thy will,
And search the oracles divine,
Till every heart-felt word be mine.

2 O may the gracious words divine,
Subject of all my converse be:
So will the Lord his follower join,
And walk and talk himself with me:
So shall my heart his presence prove,
And burn with everlasting love.

3 Oft as I lay me down to rest,
O may the reconciling word
Sweetly compose my weary breast!
While on the bosom of my Lord,
I sink in blissful dreams away,
And visions of eternal day.

4 Rising to sing my Saviour's praise,
Thee may I publish all day long;
And let thy precious word of grace
Flow from my heart, and fill my tongue;
Fill all my life with purest love,
And join me to the church above.

692

Night. L. M.

1 **WHEN** restless on my bed I lie,
Still courting sleep, which still will fly,
Then shall reflection's brighter power
Illumine the lone and midnight hour.

2 If hush'd the breeze and calm the tide,
Soft will the stream of memory glide,

And all the past, a gentle train,
Waked by remembrance, live again.

3 Perhaps that anxious friend I trace,
Beloved till life's last throb shall cease,
Whose voice first taught a Saviour's worth,
A future bliss unknown on earth.

4 His faithful counsel, tender care,
Unwearied love, and humble prayer;
O these still claim the grateful tear,
And all my drooping courage cheer!

5 If loud the wind, the tempest high,
And darkness wraps the sullen sky,
I muse on life's tempestuous sea,
And sigh, O Lord, to come to Thee.

6 Toss'd on the deep and swelling wave,
O mark my trembling soul and save;
Give to my view that harbour near,
Where Thou wilt chase each grief and fear!

693 *Who may abide his Coming. Mal. iii. 2. C. M.*

1 WHEN rising from the bed of death,
O'erwhelmed with guilt and fear,
I see my MAKER face to face,
Oh! how shall I appear?

2 E'en now, while pardon may be found,
And mercy may be sought,
My frame with inward horror shrinks,
And trembles at the thought.

- 3 When Thou, O LORD, shalt stand disclosed
 In majesty severe,
 And sit in judgment on my soul—
 Oh! how shall I appear?
- 4 But Thou hast told the contrite heart
 To cease her loud lament,
 Since CHRIST hath suffered unto death,
 Her sufferings to prevent.
- 5 LORD, mark the sorrows of my breast,
 Ere yet it be too late;
 And hear my SAVIOUR'S dying groans,
 To give those sorrows weight.
- 6 For never shall my soul despair
 Her pardon to procure,
 Who knows Thine only SON hath died
 To make that pardon sure.

694 *Rainbow of the Covenant. Gen. ix. 12—17.*
 L. M.

- 1 WHEN in the cloud, with colours fair,
 I see the cov'nant bow appear;
 Its beauteous form and lovely rays,
 Awake my soul to love and praise.
- 2 It shows to me how firm the base,
 The oath, the promise, and the grace,
 Which God of old, ere time began,
 To Zion sware in Christ his Son.
- 3 Dejected saint, dismiss thy fears,
 Still round the throne this bow appears,
 Proclaiming peace and mercy free,
 And full salvation now to thee.

4 It points thy soul to Jesus now ;
Vindictive wrath once smote his brow,
That on thy guilty soul and mine,
No storms should beat of wrath divine.

5 Here, when thy fears begin to rise,
And hope in disappointment dies ;
'This cov'nant bow, thy fears shall quell,
'Twas made for thee, in all things well.

6 Should sin prevail, and sorrows rise,
And guilt and darkness veil the skies ;
Still round the throne the bow shall be,
No sign of wrath, but love to thee.

695 * *A prayer to the Son of David.* Matt. xx.
31. 7's.

1 WHEN the heart is sad within,
Burden'd with the weight of sin ;
When the spirit sinks with fear,
" Jesus, Son of David," hear !

2 Thou the shame, the grief, hast known ;
Though the sins were not thine own,
Thou wert pleased their load to bear :
" Jesus, Son of David," hear !

3 When our heads are bowed with wo ;
When our bitter tears o'erflow ;
When we mourn a brother dear,
" Jesus, Son of David," hear !

4 Thou our throbbing flesh hast worn ;
Thou our mortal griefs hast borne ;
Thou hast shed the friendly tear :
" Jesus, Son of David," hear !

5 When our dying hour shall come,
And the Lord shall call us home ;
When our final doom is near,
“ Jesus, Son of David,” hear !

6 Thou hast passed through death’s dark
shade ;
Thou hast full atonement made ;
Thou to God’s right hand art near :
“ Jesus, Son of David,” hear !

696

Hope in Mortality. C. M.

1 WHEN this poor heart and flesh shall fail,
O may my spirit rise,
And soar beyond this gloomy vale,
To Jesus and the skies.

2 There likened to my gracious Lord
In pure and perfect joy,
The sweetest harmonies of praise
Shall all my powers employ.

3 O then shall this delightful change
Exalt a worm of earth,
From a low, foul, and creeping state,
To a celestial birth.

4 God’s word of promise is most sure,
In this is all my trust ;
And I shall be a spirit pure,
Who now am loathsome dust.

697 " *Save, Lord! or we Perish.*" Matt. viii. 25.
P. M.

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

2 O Jesus! once rocked on the breast of the
billow,
Aroused by the shriek of despair from thy
pillow,
Now seated in glory, the mariner cherish,
Who cries, in his anguish, " Save, Lord! or
we perish."

3 And, O! when the whirlwind of passion is
raging,
When sin in our hearts his wild warfare is
waging,
Then send down thy grace, thy redeemed to
cherish,
Rebuke the destroyer; " Save, Lord! or we
perish."

698 *The Widow and the Fatherless.*
Deut. xxiv. 10—21. P. M.

1 " **WHEN** thy harvest yields thee pleasure,
Thou the golden sheaf shalt bind ·

To the poor belongs the treasure
 Of the scatter'd ears behind—
 This thy God ordains to bless
 The widow and the fatherless.

2 “ When thine olive-plants increasing,
 Pour their plenty o'er the plain ;
 Grateful thou shalt take the blessing,
 But not search the boughs again—
 This thy God ordains to bless
 The widow and the fatherless.

3 “ When thy favoured vintage flowing,
 Gladdens thine autumnal scene ;
 Own the bounteous hand's bestowing,
 But the vines the poor shall glean—
 So thy God ordains to bless
 The widow and the fatherless.”

699 *Help in time of Need.* Ezek. xvi. 6. P. M.

1 WHEN we lay in sin polluted,
 Wretched and undone we were :
 All we saw and heard was suited
 Only to produce despair.

Ours appeared a hopeless case :
 Such it had been, but for grace.

2 As we lay exposed and friendless,
 Needing what no hand could give,
 Then the Lord (whose praise be endless)
 Passed by, and bid us live.
 This was help in time of need ;
 This was grace, 'twas grace indeed.

3 Yes, 'twas grace beyond all measure,
 When he bid such sinners live,
 Laid aside his just displeasure,
 And determined to forgive.
 But he chose our helpless case,
 With a view to show his grace.

4 And shall we be found forgetful
 Of the Lord, who thus forgave?
 Lord, our hearts are most deceitful;
 'Tis in thee our strength we have.
 Hold thy helpless people fast:
 Save us, Lord, from first to last.

700 *For the Egyptians whom ye have seen to-day, ye shall see them again no more for ever. Exod. xiv. 13. P. M.*

1 **WHEN** we pass through yonder river,
 When we reach the farther shore,
 There's an end of war for ever,
 We shall see our foes no more;
 All our conflicts then shall cease,
 Followed by eternal peace.

2 After warfare, rest is pleasant;
 O how sweet the prospect is!
 Though we toil and strive at present,
 Let us not repine at this;
 Toil and pain, and conflict past,
 All endear repose at last.

3 When we enter yonder regions,
 When we touch the sacred shore,
 Blessed thought! no hostile legions
 Can alarm or trouble more;

Far beyond the reach of foes,
We shall dwell in sweet repose.

4 O that hope, how bright ! how glorious !
'Tis his people's blest reward ;
In the Saviour's strength victorious,
They at length behold their Lord ;
In his kingdom they shall rest ;
In his love be fully blest.

5 When the sight of war alarms us,
Let us call to mind our friend ;
He who for the conflict arms us,
Will be with us to the end :
'Tis enough, the war is his ;
God our King and Leader is.

701 *Social Worship.* Matt. xviii. 20. 8. 8. 6.

1 " WHERE two or three together meet,
" My love and mercy to repeat,
" And tell what I have done,
" There will I be," saith God, " to bless,
" And ev'ry burdened soul redress,
" Who worships at my throne."

2 Make one in this assembly, Lord,
Speak to each heart some cheering word,
To set the spirit free ;
Impart a kind celestial shower,
And grant that we may spend an hour
In fellowship with thee.

702*Christ present in Social Worship.*
Matt. xviii. 20. L. M.

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

703*Human righteousness insufficient to justify.* Mic. vi. 65. L. M.

- 1 WHEREWITH, O Lord, shall I draw near,
 Or bow myself before thy face?
 How, in thy purer eyes, appear?
 What shall I bring to gain thy grace?
- 2 Will gifts delight the Lord most high?
 Will multiplied oblations please?
 Thousands of rams his favour buy?
 Or slaughter'd millions e'er appease?
- 3 Can these assuage the wrath of God?
 Can these wash out my guilty stain?

Rivers of oil, or seas of blood—
Alas ! they all must flow in vain.

4 What have I, then, wherein to trust ?
I nothing have, I nothing am ;
Excluded is my ev'ry boast,
My glory swallowed up in shame.

5 Guilty, I stand before thy face ;
My sole desert is hell and wrath :
'Twere just the sentence should take place ;
But O, I plead my Saviour's death !

6 I plead the merits of thy Son,
Who died for sinners on the tree ;
I plead his righteousness alone :
O put the spotless robe on me.

704

Seek Peace. Psalm xxxiv. 14. L. M.

1 WHILE contests rend the Christian church,
O may I live the friend of peace !
The sacred mine of Scripture search,
And learn from man, vain man, to cease.

2 O teach me, Lord, *thy truth* to know !
And separate from all beside ;
This I would guard from ev'ry foe,
Nor fear the issue to abide.

3 But keep me, Lord, from party zeal,
That seeks its own, and not thy praise ;
This temper I would never feel,
Or, when I do, would own it base.

4 Be mine to recommend thy grace,
That sinners may believe and live ;

That they who live may run the race,
And then a crown of life receive.

5 Lord, search thy servant, search
through,
Detect, destroy what's not thine own ;
Whene'er I speak, whate'er I do,
O may I seek thy praise alone !

705

Remember thy Creator in thy Youth.
EccI. xii. 1. L. M.

1 WHILE health, and strength, and youth
remain,

And pleasure flows uncheck'd by pain,
LORD ! for Thyself my soul prepare,
By Faith, by Penitence, and Prayer.

2 So when the snares of sin are spread
Around my unsuspecting head,
Thy Grace shall Satan's power control,
And from temptation guard my soul.

3 So when the cares of life molest,
And sorrows whelm my troubled breast,
Thy Word shall bid the tempest cease,
And Faith reveal the PRINCE of PEACE.

4 And when my health, and youth decay,
When life's gay vision melts away,
Eternal bliss my soul shall prove
In realms of everlasting Love.

706

Shepherd. Psalm xxiii. 1—3. S. M.

- 1 WHILE my Redeemer's near,
My Shepherd and my Guide,
I bid farewell to anxious fear,
My wants are all supplied.
- 2 To ever-fragrant meads,
Where rich abundance grows,
His gracious hand indulgent leads,
And guards my sweet repose.
- 3 Along the lovely scene
Cool waters gently roll,
Transparent, sweet, and all serene,
'To cheer my fainting soul.
- 4 Here let my Spirit rest ;
How sweet a lot is mine !
With pleasure, food, and safety, blest ;
Beneficence divine !
- 5 Dear Shepherd, if I stray,
My wand'ring feet restore ;
To thy fair pastures guide my way,
And let me rove no more.
- 6 Unworthy as I am
Of thy protecting care,
Jesus, I plead thy gracious name,
For all my hopes are there.

707*Brotherly Love. Rom. xii. 10. P. M.*

1 WHO can tell how good and pleasant
'Tis when brethren all agree ?

Then it is the Lord is present ;

Then he meets his family.

When his children walk in love,

Then their origin they prove.

2 Let the world dispute and cavil,

Brethren should abide in peace :

While to Zion's hill they travel,

Let them learn from strife to cease.

Pilgrims in the heavenly road,

Let them seek each other's good.

3 Christ has said it, " Love each other ;

" Thus the world my people know :

" He that loveth not his brother

" Is a child of wrath and wo."

Brethren, let us think on this ;

Let us prove that we are his.

4 Love is more than mere appearance ;

Let us learn to love indeed :

Mutual patience and forbearance

Well become our state and need.

When we stand around the Throne,

We shall know as we are known.

708*The Character of a Religious Man. 7's.*

1 WHO shall to thy chosen seat

'Turn with glad approach his feet ?

Who, great God, a welcome guest,
On thy hallow'd mountain rest ?

2 He, whose heart thy love hath warmed ;
He, whose will to thine conformed,
Bids his life unsullied run ;
He, whose thought, and word are one ;

3 He, who ne'er with cruel aim,
Seeks to wound a brother's fame ;
Nor with gloomy joy possest,
Dares a brother's peace molest ;

4 Who, from servile terror free,
Turns from those, who turn from Thee ;
And to each, who Thee obeys,
Self-abased due reverence pays :

5 He, who rests on Grace alone,
When his goodness most hath shone ;—
He, Great God, shall be thy care,
And thy constant presence share.

709

Blessed are they that Mourn.
Matt. v. 4. L. M.

1 **WHY**, mourning soul, why flow these
tears ?

Why thus indulge thy doubts and fears ?
Look to thy Saviour, on the tree,
Who bore the load of guilt for thee.

2 Then cease thy sorrow, banish grief,
Though thou of sinners art the chief !
The wounds that make poor sinners grieve
Are healed when they in Christ believe.

3 Whom Jesus wounds, he wounds to heal—
O! 'tis a mercy thus to feel ;
There's none can mourn, while dead in sin,
Thine are the marks of life within.

4 Be of good cheer, on Christ rely,
He'll pass thy great transgressions by ;
And guide thee safely by his hand,
Till thou shalt reach fair Canaan's land.

5 There shalt thou sing his dying love,
With all the ransomed throng above ;
And in exalted, joyful lays,
The Father, Son, and Spirit, praise.

710 *Why art thou cast down.* Psalm xliii. 5.
L. M.

1 WHY, O my soul, these anxious cares ?
Why thus cast down with doubts and fears ?
How canst thou want if God provide,
Or lose thy way with such a Guide ?

2 When first before his mercy-seat,
Thou didst to Him thy all commit,
He gave thee warrant from that hour
To trust his wisdom, love, and power.

3 Did ever trouble yet befall,
And He refuse to hear thy call ?
And has he not his promise past,
That thou shalt overcome at last ?

4 He who has helped me hitherto,
Will help me all my journey through,
And give me daily cause to raise
New Ebenezers to his praise.

711.

Pleading with God under Affliction.

Lam. iii. 39. C. M.

- 1 WHY should a living man complain
Of deep distress within,
Since ev'ry sigh and ev'ry pain
Is but the fruit of sin ?
- 2 Lord, to thy dealings I'll submit,
Nor would I dare rebel ;
Yet sure I may, here at thy feet,
My painful feelings tell.
- 3 Thou seest what floods of sorrow rise,
And beat upon my soul ;
Deep calls to deep ; O hear my cry,
While stormy billows roll.
- 4 From fear to hope, and hope to fear,
My shipwrecked soul is tost ;
Till I am tempted in despair
To give up all for lost.
- 5 Yet through the stormy clouds I look
Once more to thee, my God ;
O fix my feet on Christ, the rock,
Who bought me with his blood.
- 6 One look of mercy from thy face,
Will set my heart at ease ;
One all-commanding word of grace,
Will make the tempest cease.

712

Trust in Christ. P. M.

- 1 WHY should I fear the darkest hour,
Or tremble at the tempter's power?
Jesus vouchsafes to be my tower.
- 2 Though hot the fight, why quit the field?
Why must I either flee or yield,
Since Jesus is my mighty shield?
- 3 When creature comforts fade and die,
Worldlings may weep; but why should I?
Jesus still lives, and still is nigh.
- 4 Though all the flocks and herds were dead,
My soul a famine need not dread,
For Jesus is my living bread.
- 5 I know not what may soon betide,
Or how my wants shall be supplied;
But Jesus knows, and will provide.
- 6 Though sin would fill me with distress,
The throne of grace I dare address,
For Jesus is my righteousness.
- 7 Though faint my prayers, and cold my love,
My steadfast hope shall not remove,
While Jesus intercedes above.
- 8 Against me earth and hell combine;
But on my side is power divine:
Jesus is all, and He is mine.

713 *Encouragement against present Fears.*
Judges xiii. 23. L. M.

- 1 **WHY** should I yield to slavish fears ?
God is the same to endless years ;
Though clouds and darkness hide his face,
He's boundless both in truth and grace.
- 2 Would e'er the God of truth make known
The worth and glory of his Son ;
His love and righteousness display,
And cast my soul at last away ?—
- 3 Would he reveal my sin and wo,
'Teach me my num'rous wants to know ?
And help me in my darkest frame,
'To build my hopes on Jesus' name ?
- 4 Would God preserve my soul from hell,
And make his love at times prevail ;
Would he bestow such mercies past,
And yet reject my soul at last ?
- 5 No—He's my Father and my Friend,
On whose sure promise I depend ;
'Though now from me his face he hides,
Immutable his love abides.
- 6 Satan shall ne'er o'er Jesus boast,
Nor the rich grace be ever lost ;
The Spirit ne'er his dwelling lose,
Nor Christ the humble soul refuse.
- 7 Though unbelief may long molest,
And sin and Satan break my rest ;
Grace shall at last the vict'ry get,
And make my conquest quite complete.

714 *On the Death of Ministers or Missionaries. 1 Thess. iv. 13. C. M.*

- 1 **WHY** should our tears in sorrow flow,
When God recalls his own ;
And bids them leave a world of wo
For an immortal crown ?
- 2 Is not e'en death a gain to those
Whose life to God was given ?
Gladly to earth their eyes they close,
To open them in heaven.
- 3 Their toils are past ; their work is done ;
And they are fully blest :
They fought the fight, the victory won,
And entered into rest.
- 4 The flock must feel the shepherd's loss,
And miss his tender care ;
But they who bear with joy the cross,
The crown shall soonest wear.
- 5 And is not He who called them home,
Still to his Church most nigh ;
To bid yet other labourers come,
And all her need supply ?
- 6 Then let our sorrows cease to flow !
God has recalled his own ;
But let our hearts, in every wo,
Still say, " Thy will be done !"

715 *The Death and Burial of a Saint.* C. M.

- 1 **WHY** do we mourn departed friends,
Or shake at death's alarms?
'Tis but the voice that Jesus sends
To call them to his arms.
- 2 Are we not tending upward too,
As fast as time can move?
Nor should we wish the hours more slow,
To keep us from our love.
- 3 Why should we tremble to convey
Their bodies to the tomb?
There the dear flesh of Jesus lay,
And left a long perfume.
- 4 The graves of all his saints he blessed,
And softened ev'ry bed:
Where should the dying members rest,
But with their dying Head?
- 5 Thence he arose, ascending high,
And showed our feet the way:
Up to the Lord our flesh shall fly,
At the great rising day.
- 6 Then let the last loud trumpet sound,
And bid our kindred rise:
Awake, ye nations under ground;
Ye saints, ascend the skies.

716 *Hope encouraged by a View of the Divine Perfections.* 1 Sam. xxx. 6. L. M.

- 1 **WHY** sinks my weak desponding mind?
Why heaves my heart th' anxious sigh?

Can sovereign goodness be unkind ?
Am I not safe, if God is nigh ?

2 He holds all nature in his hand—
That gracious hand on which I live,
Doth life, and time, and death command,
And has immortal joys to give.

3 'Tis he supports this fainting frame ;
On him alone my hopes recline ;
The wond'rous glories of his name, [shine.
How wide they spread ! how bright they

4 Infinite wisdom ! boundless power !
Unchanging faithfulness and love !
Here let me trust, while I adore—
Nor from my refuge e'er remove.

5 My God, if thou art mine indeed,
'Then have I all my heart can crave ;
A present help in time of need ;
Still kind to hear, and strong to save.

6 Forgive my doubts, O gracious Lord !
And ease the sorrows of my breast ;
Speak to my heart the healing word,
That thou art mine—and I am blest.

717

Fear of Death removed. P. M.

1 WHY those fears ?—behold, 'tis Jesus
Holds the helm, and guides the ship :
Spread the sails, and catch the breezes
Sent to waft us through the deep
To the regions
Where the mourners cease to weep.

- 2 Could we stay where death was hov'ring?
Could we rest on such a shore?
No, the awful truth discov'ring,
We could linger there no more:
We forsake it,
Leaving all we loved before.
- 3 Though the shore we hope to land on,
Only by report is known;
Yet we freely all abandon,
Led by that report alone;
And with Jesus,
Through the trackless deep move on.
- 4 Led by that, we brave the ocean;
Led by that, the storms defy;
Calm amidst tumultuous motion,
Knowing that our Lord is nigh.
Waves obey him,
And the storms before him fly.
- 5 Rendered safe by his protection,
We shall pass the wat'ry waste:
Trusting to his wise direction,
We shall gain the port at last;
And with wonder
Think on toils and dangers past.
- 6 Oh! what pleasures there await us!
There the tempests cease to roar;
There it is that those who hate us
Can molest our peace no more.
Trouble ceases
On that tranquil, happy shore.

718 "Why will ye Die?" Ex. xxxiii. 10. L. M.

- 1 WHY, thoughtless sinner! wilt thou die?
 Can the infernal regions charm?
 Or wilt thou yet believe the lie,
 That sin can do thy soul no harm?
- 2 God has pronounced the sinner's doom;
 In ruin soon his course must end:
 Wilt thou on peace in sin presume,
 Or on what confidence depend?
- 3 Hast thou an arm like God Most High,
 In equal war with him to meet?
 Canst thou his thunder bolts defy,
 Or quench his flames beneath thy feet?
- 4 Peace is proclaimed! Oh bless the sound
 Of pardon bought with love divine!
 God has Himself the ransom found,
 Which could atone for sins like thine.

719 One thing is Needful. Luke x. 42. L. M.

- 1 WHY will ye waste on trifling cares
 The lives which God's compassion spares;
 While, in the various range of thought,
 The "one thing needful" is forgot?
- 2 Shall God invite you from above,
 Shall Jesus urge his dying love,
 Shall troubled conscience give you pain,
 And all these pleas unite in vain?

3 Not so your eyes will always view
The objects which you now pursue :
Not so will heaven and hell appear,
When death's decisive hour is near.

4 Almighty God ! thy grace impart,
And fix conviction on each heart :
Thy power can clear the darkest eyes,
And make the proudest scorner wise.

720

Wisdom. Prov. viii. 18, 19. L. M.

1 WISDOM divine, lifts up her voice ;
Sinners, attend ! ye saints, rejoice !
Thus saith our condescending Lord ;
(O ! may we hear his gracious word :)

2 “ Riches and honour, both are mine ,
“ I am the tree of life divine !

“ My excellence can ne'er be told,
“ My fruits are better far than gold !

3 “ The finest gold cannot compare
“ With riches that my children share ;
“ All blessings do in me abound,
“ For those, who have true wisdom found.

4 “ Here peace and pardon richly flow,
“ Here fruits immortal ever grow ;
“ Abundant mercy, plenteous grace,
“ For sinners of the fallen race.

5 “ Here's blood to wash away your sin,
“ And make the most polluted clean ;
“ Here is a robe by Jesus wrought,
“ And as a gift to sinners brought.

6 " Come, sinners, then, to Christ apply,
 " Come, without money, come and buy ;
 " Fair wisdom's dictates now receive,
 " And in the Son of God believe."

7 Dear Lord, do thou our hearts incline,
 To seek for riches so divine ;
 Nor let us e'er contented be,
 Till we possess our all in thee.

721 *The People's Prayer for their Minister.*
 L. M.

1 WITH heavenly power, O Lord, defend
 Him whom we now to thee commend ;
 His person bless, his soul secure,
 And make him to the end endure.

2 Gird him with all-sufficient grace,
 Direct his feet in paths of peace ;
 Thy truth and faithfulness fulfil,
 And help him to obey thy will.

3 Before him thy protection send ;
 O love him, save him to the end !
 Nor let him, as thy pilgrim, rove
 Without the convoy of thy love.

4 Enlarge, inflame, and fill his heart,
 In him thy mighty power exert :
 That thousands yet unborn may praise
 The wonders of redeeming grace.

722 *How shall a Young Man cleanse his Way?*
 Psalm cxix. 9. S. M.

1 WITH humble heart and tongue,
 My God, to thee I pray ;

- O make me learn whilst I am young,
How I may cleanse my way.
- 2 Now in my early days,
Teach me thy will to know ;
- O God, thy sanctifying grace
Betimes on me bestow.
- 3 Make an unguarded youth
The object of thy care ;
Help me to choose the way of truth,
And fly from ev'ry snare.
- 4 My heart to folly prone,
Renew by power divine ;
Unite it to thyself alone ;
And make me wholly thine.
- 5 O let the word of grace
My warmest thoughts employ ;
Be this, through all my foll'wing days,
My treasure and my joy.
- 6 To what thy laws impart,
Be my whole soul inclined ;
O let them dwell within my heart,
And sanctify my mind.
- 7 May thy young servant learn
By these to cleanse his way ;
And may I here the path discern,
That leads to endless day.

722

The Soul in Sorrow. L. M.

- 1 WITH kind compassion hear my cry,
O Father, Lord of life on high !

And on thy servant's drooping head
Thy dews of blessing gently shed.

2 Whene'er I breathe the mournful sigh,
Look down with mercy's gracious eye:
My sense of sorrow for my sin,
To springing comfort, change within.

3 To my faint soul refreshment give,
And raise my mind, and bid me live;
Nor let a tear mine eyes employ,
But such as owe their birth to joy.

723 *The Christian awakened—"What must I
do to be Saved?"* Acts ix. 6. L. M.

1 WITH melting heart and weeping eyes,
My guilty soul for mercy cries;
What shall I do, or whither flee,
T' escape that vengeance due to me?

2 Till now, I saw no danger nigh;
I lived at ease, nor feared to die;
Wrapt up in self-deceit and pride,
"I shall have peace at last," I cry'd.

3 But when, great God! thy light divine
Had shone on this dark soul of mine,
Then I beheld, with trembling awe,
The terrors of thy holy law.

4 How dreadful now my guilt appears,
In childhood, youth, and growing years:
Before thy pure discerning eye,
Lord, what a filthy wretch am I!

5 Should vengeance still my soul pursue,
 Death and destruction are my due ;
 Yet mercy can my guilt forgive,
 And bid a dying sinner live.

6 Does not thy sacred word proclaim
 Salvation free in Jesus' name ?
 To him I look, and humbly cry,
 " O save a wretch condemned to die !"

724

Latter Day. Isaiah xl. 5. L. M.

1 WITH sacred joy our souls survey
 The glories of the latter day :
 Its dawn already seems begun,
 Sure earnest of the rising Sun.

2 The men of God assembled stand,
 A chosen, consecrated band ;
 The standard of the Cross display,
 And cry aloud " Behold the way :"

3 Behold the way to Zion's hill,
 Where Israel's God delights to dwell ;
 He fixes there his lofty throne,
 And calls the sacred place his own.

4 " Behold the way," the heralds cry ;
 With strength they raise their voices high ;
 And, faithful to their Master's will,
 Their sacred embassy fulfil.

5 The North gives up, the South no more
 Keeps back her long-neglected store ;
 From East to West the message runs,
 And either India yields her sons.

6 Auspicious dawn! thy rising ray
 With joy we view, and hail the day:
 O Lord, arise, supremely bright,
 And fill the world with purest light!

725

All nations bowing to Christ. P. M.

1 WITH songs of grateful praise
 Surround Jehovah's seat;
 The goodness of his ways
 Through all the earth repeat:
 His mercy rose Ere time was known,
 And from his throne Eternal flows.

2 He bids his light arise,
 And sends his Gospel forth;
 From east to west it flies,
 And fills the south and north:
 His mighty grace Its power imparts,
 And willing hearts His truth embrace.

3 Then far as isles extend,
 To the vast ocean's bound,
 Let kings to Jesus bend,
 And pour their off'rings round;
 Arabia raise The song divine,
 And Afric join T' exalt his praise.

4 Let India's fertile shore
 Its gifts and honours bring,
 To hail the Saviour's power,
 To crown Immanuel King:
 Remotest lands Their homage pay,
 Till all obey His high commands.

726 *Balaam's Wish.* Numb. xxiii. 10. C. M.

- 1 WITH what a fixed and peaceful mind,
The righteous man expires!
Behold him breathing out his soul,
In hopes and blest desires!
- 2 Eternal glory now begins,
To dawn upon his eyes,
And Jesus animates his song,
While languishing he lies.
- 3 No sins, or fears, disturb his soul,
Nor terror from below;
No worldly glory stops his flight,
Or makes him loth to go.
- 4 Bright hosts of angels round his bed,
With holy ardour stand;
Ready to bear aloft his soul,
At Jesu's high command.
- 5 No wonder Balaam wished to share
In such a happy death;
For such are truly blest indeed,
When they resign their breath.
- 6 O how this bright, this blessed hope,
My longing spirit warms!
O let me live and die like him,
Enclosed in Jesu's arms.

727 *Joining the Church of Christ.* C. M.

- 1 WITNESS ye men and angels now
Before the Lord we speak;

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

Y.

728 " *Yet there is Room!*" Luke xiv. 22. P. M.

- 1 YE dying sons of men,
Deep sunk in sin and wo !
Mercy now calls again,
Its message is to you !
Ye perishing and guilty, come !
In Mercy's arms there yet is room.
- 2 No longer now delay,
Nor vain excuses frame ;
Christ bids you come to-day,
Though poor, and blind, and lame :
All things are ready, sinners, come !
For every trembling soul there's room'

3 Believe the heavenly Word
 His messengers proclaim ;
 He is a gracious Lord,
 And faithful is his Name :
 Backsliding souls, return and come !
 Despair not ! for there yet is room.

4 Drawn by His dying love,
 Ye wand'ring sheep, draw near !
 He calls you from above,
 The Shepherd's voice now hear :
 To Him whoever will may come,
 In Jesu's breast there still is room.

729 *The Love of God.* Nahum i. 7. C. M.

1 YE humble souls, approach your God
 With songs of sacred praise,
 For he is good, immensely good,
 And kind are all his ways.

2 All nature owns his guardian care,
 In him we live and move ;
 But nobler benefits declare
 The wonders of his love.

3 He gave his Son, his only Son,
 To ransom rebel worms ;
 'Tis here he makes his goodness known
 In its diviner forms.

4 To this dear refuge, Lord, we come,
 'Tis here our hope relies :
 A safe defence, a peaceful home,
 When storms of trouble rise.

- 5 Thine eye beholds, with kind regard,
The souls who trust in thee ;
Their humble hope thou wilt reward
With bliss divinely free.
- 6 Great God, to thy almighty love,
What honours shall we raise ?
Not all the raptured songs above,
Can render equal praise.

730 *On the Dismission of Missionaries.* S. M.

- 1 YE messengers of Christ,
His sovereign voice obey ;
Arise, and follow where he leads,
And peace attend your way !
- 2 The Master whom you serve
Will needful strength bestow ;
Depending on his promised aid
With sacred courage go.
- 3 Mountains shall sink to plains,
And hell in vain oppose ;
The cause is God's, and will prevail,
In spite of all his foes.
- 4 Go, spread a Saviour's fame ;
And tell his matchless grace
To the most guilty and depraved
Of Adam's numerous race.
- 5 We wish you in His Name
The most divine success ;
Assured that He who sends you forth
Will all your labours bless.

731

Isaiah lviii. 1. P. M.

1 YE servants of God, your Master proclaim,
And publish abroad his wonderful name ;
The name all-victorious of Jesus extol,
His kingdom is glorious, and rules over all.

2 God ruleth on high, Almighty to save,
And still he is nigh, his presence we have ;
The great congregation his triumph shall
sing,

Ascribing salvation to Jesus our King.

3 Salvation to God, who sits on the throne,
Let all cry aloud, and honour the Son ;
Our Jesus's praises the angels proclaim,
Fall down on their faces and worship the
Lamb.

4 Then let us adore and give him his right,
All glory and power, all wisdom and might,
All honour and blessing, with angels above,
And thanks never-ceasing, and infinite love.

732*Watchfulness.* Luke xii. 35—38. S. M.

1 YE servants of the Lord,
Each in his office wait,
Observant of his heavenly word,
And watchful at his gate.

2 Let all your lamps be bright,
And trim the golden flame ;
Gird up your loins, as in his sight,
For awful is his name.

3 Watch, 'tis your Lord's command;
 And while we speak, he's near:
 Mark the first signal of his hand,
 And ready all appear.

4 O happy servant he
 In such a posture found!
 He shall his Lord with rapture see,
 And be with honour crowned.

5 Christ shall the banquet spread
 With his own bounteous hand,
 And raise that favoured servant's head
 Amidst th' angelic band.

733

The Crucifixion. L. M.

1 YE that pass by, behold the Man!
 The Man of Grief, condemned for you!
 The Lamb of God, for sinners slain—
 Weeping, to Calvary pursue.

2 Behold his temples crowned with thorn!
 His bleeding hands extended wide!
 His streaming feet transfixed and torn!
 The fountain gushing from his side!

3 O Thou dear suffering Son of God,
 How doth thy heart to sinners move!
 Sprinkle on us thy precious blood,
 And melt us with thy dying love.

4 The earth could to her centre quake,
 Convulsed when her Creator died;
 Oh let our inmost nature shake,
 And bow to Thee, Thou Crucified!

734

The Midnight Cry. Matt. xxv. 1—13.
P. M.

1 YE virgin souls, arise,
 With all the dead awake,
 Unto salvation wise,
 Oil in your vessels take:
 Up-starting at the midnight cry,
 Behold the heavenly Bridegroom nigh

2 He comes, he comes, to call
 The nations to his bar,
 And raise to glory all
 Who fit for glory are;
 Make ready for your full reward,
 Go forth with joy to meet your Lord.

3 Go meet him in the sky,
 Your everlasting Friend;
 Your head to glorify,
 With all his saints ascend;
 Ye pure in heart, obtain the grace
 To see, without a veil, his face.

4 Ye that have here received
 The unction from above,
 And in his Spirit lived
 Obedient to his love;
 Jesus shall claim you for his bride;
 Rejoice with all the sanctified.

5 Rejoice in glorious hope
 Of that great day unknown,
 When you shall be caught up
 To meet him in the air,
 And with him evermore,

Call'd to partake the marriage feast,
And lean on our Immanuel's breast.

6 Then let us wait to hear
The trumpet's welcome sound ;
To see our Lord appear,
May we be watching found ;
Enrobed in righteousness divine,
In which the bride shall ever shine !

735 *Humiliation and Exaltation of Christ,*
Phil. ii. 5—11. C. M.

- 1 YE who the name of Jesus bear,
His sacred steps pursue ;
And let that mind which was in Him
Be also found in you.
- 2 Who, though the form of God he bore,
His nature though the same,
Nor deemed it robb'ry in himself
To equal God Supreme—
- 3 For us his greatness he abased,
For us his glory veiled ;
In human form he dwelt on earth,
His majesty concealed.
- 4 Nor only as a man appears—
He stoops a Servant low ;
Submits to death, nay, bears the Cross
In all its shame and wo.
- 5 But God, this wondrous love to man
With honours just hath crowned,
And raised the Name of Jesus far
Above all names renowned.

6 That, at this Name, with sacred awe,
 Each humbled knee should bow,
 Of hosts immortal in the skies,
 And nations spread below.

736

"The Bright and Morning Star."
 Rev. xxii. 16. L. M.

1 YE worlds of light, that roll so near
 The Saviour's throne of shining bliss,
 Oh tell how mean your glories are,
 How faint and few, compared with His!

2 We sing the bright and Morning Star,
 Jesus, the spring of light and love:
 See how its rays, diffused from far,
 Conduct us to the realms above!

3 Its cheering beams spread wide abroad,
 Point through the wilderness our way;
 Still, as we go, we find the road
 Enlightened with a constant day.

4 When shall we reach the heavenly place
 Where the bright Star shall brightest shine;
 Leave far behind these scenes of night,
 And view a lustre so divine!

737

Approach of the Kingdom of God. Isaiah
 lii. 10. P. M.

1 YES, we trust the day is breaking,
 Joyful times are near at hand;
 God, the Mighty God, is speaking
 By his Word, in every land:
 Mark his progress——
 Darkness flies at his command.

2 While the foe becomes more daring,
 While he enters like a flood,
 God, the Saviour, is preparing
 Means to spread his truth abroad:
 Every language——
 Soon shall tell the love of God.

3 God of Jacob, high and glorious!
 Let thy people see thy hand:
 Make the Gospel soon victorious,
 Through the world, in every land:
 Perish idols——
 Perish, Lord, at thy command!

Z.

738

True and false Zeal. C. M.

1 ZEAL is that pure and heavenly flame,
 The fire of love supplies:
 While that which often bears the name,
 Is self in a disguise.

2 True zeal is merciful and mild,
 Can pity and forbear:
 The false is headstrong, fierce, and wild,
 And breathes revenge and war.

3 While zeal for truth the Christian warms,
 He knows the worth of peace;
 But self contends for names and forms,
 Its party to increase.

4 Zeal has attained its highest aim,
Its end is satisfied :

If sinners love the Saviour's name,
Nor seeks it ought beside.

5 But self, however well employ'd,
Has its own ends in view ;

And says, as boasting Jehu cried,*
" Come see what I can do."

6 Self may its poor reward obtain,
And be applauded here ;

But zeal the best applause will gain,
When Jesus shall appear.

7 Dear Lord, the idol self dethrone,
And from our hearts remove ;

And let no zeal by us be shown,
But that which springs from love.

739 *Glory of the Church.* Isa. lii. 1. Psa. xlv. 9.
Isa. lx. 1—3, 8. L. M.

1 ZION, awake ! thy strength renew,
Put on thy robes of beauteous hue ;
And let th' admiring world behold
The King's fair daughter clothed in gold.

2 Church of our God, arise and shine,
Bright with the beams of truth divine !
Then shall thy radiance stream afar,
Wide as the heathen nations are.

* 2 Kings x. 16.

3 Gentiles and kings thy light shall view :
All shall admire and love thee too ;
Shall come like clouds across the sky,
Or doves that to their windows fly.

740

Hearing the Word. C. M.

- 1 ZION'S fair courts are my abode,
In which my God appears ;
There he his promises fulfils,
Each saint his favour shares.
- 2 My God, I greatly love thy word,
The record of thy will ;
My heart dilates with holy joy,
When I its influence feel.
- 3 Its precepts guide, its threatenings awe,
Its promises delight ;
It is my counsellor by day,
My comfort in the night.
- 4 My spirit for the Sabbath pants,
That day of sacred rest,
To be divinely taught of thee,
And with thy presence blessed.
- 5 Come, then, O condescend to come !
And as it was of old,
Let me approach the mercy seat,
The covering cloud behold.

741

Promulgation of the Gospel. L. M.

- 1 ZION, from thee is sounded forth,
The word of an almighty God,
To tell the riches of his grace,
And spread his glories all abroad.
- 2 In terms expressive to unfold
The sinner's doom, and sin's desert,
The cross of Jesus to reveal,
And send conviction to the heart.
- 3 Unhappy they, estranged from God,
Whom neither wrath nor grace can move,
Who on the gospel cast contempt,
And still despise a Saviour's love.
- 4 But to the sceptre they must yield,
Or bow beneath resistless power ;
Oh may they tremble at thy word,
And saints with grateful hearts adore.

742

Triumph of the Church. P. M.

- 1 ZION'S King shall reign victorious,
All the earth shall own his sway ;
He will make his kingdom glorious,
He shall reign through endless day.
- 2 Nations, now from God estranged,
Then shall see a glorious light ;
Night to day shall then be changed,
Heaven shall triumph in the sight.

- 3 See the ancient idols falling,
Worshipped once, but now abhorred;
Men on Zion's King are calling,
Zion's King by all adored.
- 4 Then shall Israel long dispersed,
Mourning seek their Lord and God,
Look on Him whom once they pierced,
Own and kiss the chast'ning rod.
- 5 Then shall Israel all be saved,
War and tumult then shall cease,
While the greater Son of David
Rules a conquered world in peace.
- 6 Mighty King! thine arm revealing,
Now thy glorious cause maintain;
Bring the nations help and healing,
Make them subject to thy reign!
- 7 Angels in their lofty station,
Praise thy Name, Thou only wise;
Oh let earth, with emulation,
Join the triumph of the skies!

DOXOLOGIES.

S. M.

GIVE to the Father praise,
Give glory to the Son,
And to the Spirit of his grace
Be equal honour done!

C. M.

LET God, the Father, and the Son,
And Spirit be adored;
Where there are works to make him known,
Or saints to love the Lord.

TO praise the Father and the Son,
And Spirit, all divine,
The One in Three, and Three in One,
Let saints and angels join.

SEVENS.

SING we to our God above
Praise eternal as His love!
Praise Him, all ye heavenly host,
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

L. M.

TO God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Spirit, Three in One,
Be honour, praise, and glory given,
By all on earth, and all in heaven.

DOXOLOGIES.

P. M. 8's.

NOW to the Great and Sacred Three,
The Father, Son, and Spirit, be
Eternal praise and glory given,
Through all the worlds where God is known,
By all the angels near the throne,
And all the saints in earth and heaven.

P. M. 7's.

FATHER, Son, and Holy Ghost,
One in Three, and Three in One,
As by the celestial host
Let thy will on earth be done.
Praise by all to Thee be given,
Glorious Lord of earth and heaven.

P. M.

I GIVE immortal praise
To God the Father's love,
For all my comforts here,
And better hopes above :
He sent his own Eternal Son
To die for sins that man had done.

... of the ...

INDEX.

- Absence* from the body desired, 1.
Absent Saviour loved, 26.
Adieu of the dying saint, 239.
Adoption, 27.
Advocate, 639.
Affliction, trust in, 3, 132. Deep, 174. Moderated, 209.
Agony in the garden, 114.
Alarm, to the sinner, 572.
Altar, family, 292.
Ancients, faith of, 64.
Angels, their song, 227.
wonder of, at redemption, 33.
guardianship of, 301.
Anniversary of a Sunday School Union, 139, 627.
Anxious doubts repressed, 710.
Apostolical benediction, 398.
Ascension of Christ, 598.
Atonement of Christ, 291.

B.

- Backslider's* return, 112.
Backsliding deplored, 6.
Balaam's Wish, 726.
Baptism, adult,
Barren fig-tree, 34, 188.
Bartimeus, 400.
"Behold the man," 51.
Believer, his wants, 5.
dying, to his soul, 120.
dead to sin, 554.
Bethesda, pool of, 59.
Better country sought, 253.
Bible precious, 260.
Blessedness of those whose sins are forgiven, 273.
Blessings implored, 246, 452, 626.
spiritual, 559.
Blood of Jesus, a balm for the broken heart, 305.
Boldness in the cause of Christ, 25.
Brotherly love, 62, 63, 70, 72, 263.

C.

Call of God to sinners, 344.

Charity to the poor, 250.

Children, their song, 204.

at a Charity School, 166, 169.

hymn of, 157.

their prayer, 146, 148.

appeal of, 287.

numbering their days, 595.

praising Christ, 614, 687.

Christ the almighty Saviour coming to judgment, 592, 672.

all nations bowing to, 725.

sufferings of, 330.

intercession of, 240, 325.

glory to, 440.

advent of, 353, 354, 592, 672.

ascension of, 598.

coming to bless his saints, 661.

his exaltation, 735.

tears, 29.

invitation, 318, 677.

dwelling in the heart, 301.

example of, 57, 182, 293.

atonement of, 291.

confidence in, 285, 632.

precious to believers, 280, 254.

triumph of, 252.

his kingdom's approach, 237.

universal reign, 228, 236.

name, wonderful, 234.

crucified and glorified, 222, 651.

sun of righteousness, 82, 131, 643.

resurrection and ascension of, 218.

power and grace of, 181.

his submission in suffering, 156.

love to, 123.

agony of, 114.

humiliation and triumph of, 109.

love of, desired, 102.

gone to prepare a place for us, 25.

"all in all," 633.

"chief among ten thousand," 634.

Christian, doubting, 364.

in darkness, 542.

dying, to his soul, 653.

- Christian*, conflict, 265, 315.
Church of Christ, 503.
 government of, 728.
 unity of, 503. Glory of, in the latter day, 162.
 glory of, 739. Admission of members to, 335.
 triumph of, 742. Its prosperity, prayer for, 58.
 increase of, 455, 535.
 enlargement, 177.
Comforter invoked, 61, 68, 113, 130, 492.
Communion of saints, 596.
 with God, 422.
Complaint, 12.
Concert, monthly, for missions, 18, 32, 37, 49, 50, 68, 90,
 95, 129, 143, 183, 212, 217, 228, 232, 235, 236,
 237, 247, 392, 399, 566.
 for Sunday Schools, 67, 146, 148, 157, 166, 169,
 170, 204, 205, 208, 243, 474, 595, 614.
Confession, 389, 424.
Conflict, Christian, 265, 315.
Confidence in Christ, 285.
Contrite heart, 579.
Converted thief, 36.
Courts of the Lord, 645.
Cross taken up, 321.
 looking to, 299.
 God glorified by, 181, 197.
 glorying in, 657.
 crucifixion to the world by, 682.
 voice of mercy from, 284.
 blessings of the, 574.
Crosses, in answer to prayer, 676.
Crucifixion of Christ, 733.

D.

- Death* of saints, blessed, 233, 274, 296.
 of a friend, 281.
 of a parent, 615.
 of ministers, 714.
 of a child, 14, 348.
 of a saint, 715.
 of kindred, 405.
 support in, 53, 675.
 fear of, overcome, 273, 717.
 of a sister, 630.
 and eternity, 432.

- Delight* in God, 136, 477.
Deliverer praised, 223.
Departure of missionaries, 19, 137, 184, 536.
Dependence on God, 150.
Desiring to love Christ, 94.
Despair checked, 668.
Devotion from gratitude, 387, 430.
Dismission, 8, 62, 161, 365, 374.
Divine instruction, 363.
 presence, prayed for, 102, 105.
 guidance, 443, 607.
 mercy, 625.
Door Jesus knocking at, 54.
 of hope, 45.
 great and effectual, 445.
Doubting Christian, 364.
Drought, 269.

E.

- Early* seeking, 384.
Earnest supplication, 241, 372.
Earth and heaven, 257.
Earthly joys tasteless without Christ, 254.
Ebenezer, 106.
Epiphany, 75, 656.
Eternity prospect of, 355.
 serious consideration of, 609.
Evening hymns, 17, 124, 154, 179, 294, 302, 441, 541.
Example of Christ, 57, 293.
 in suffering, 182.
Exercises of past months recalled, 6.
Exhortation to praise, 569.

F.

- Face* of God caused to shine upon us, 383.
Faith, living by, 279.
 in affliction, 125.
 in the promises, 676,
 and repentance, 437.
Fall and its effects, 674.
Family altar, 292. Vow, 277. Religion, 152, 473.
Famine deprecated, 635.
Farewell of a missionary, 137.
 to the world, 490.
 of the dying saint, 239.

- Fast day*, 587.
Fathers, our, 271.
Fear of God all the day, 621.
 of death overcome, 278.
 repressed, 713.
Fellowship, 62, 70, 596.
Female Friendly Society, 505.
Filial submission, 27, 117, 156.
First love, 511.
 "Flee from the wrath to come," 444.
Forgiveness of sin, 273. Through Christ, 222.
Forerunner, 134.
Forsaking all for Christ, 651.
Fountain of life and good, 69, 104, 106, 107, 163, 219.
Freedom by the truth, 662.
Friend, unchangeable, 96.
 a kind, 4.
 kindness to, 519.
 death of, 281.
Friendship, Christian, 262.
Funeral hymns, 462, 506.

G.

- Gentiles*, concern for, 83.
 dying, 653.
 their gathering, 591.
Gethsemane, 394.
Glad tidings, 32.
Glimpse of Heaven, 11.
 of Jesus, 373.
Glory to Christ, 440.
 of the latter day, 52, 235, 485.
God, glorious in the salvation of sinners, 151.
 presence of, 470.
 his wisdom and knowledge, 44.
 seeth in secret, 504.
 his power, 304.
 his works, 589.
 his goodness renewed morning and evening, 200.
 his goodness in moderating afflictions, 209.
 his goodness, 619, 624.
 his truth and goodness, 623.
 glorified by the death of Christ, 197.
 seeking after, 610.
 will hear, 613, 644.

- God*, is light and love, 191.
 all in all, 163.
 his kindness, 4.
 his providence, 155.
 speaks peace to his people, 648.
 love of, 729.
- Godly*, their happiness, 226.
- Gospel*, its success, 37, 18, 79, 95, 167, 180, 183, 264, 341,
 549, 599, 741.
 rational defence of, 553.
 rich provisions of, 56.
 glorious, 673.
 power of God to salvation, 669.
 salutary effects of, 393.
- Grace* sufficient, 85, 333.
 converting, 221.
 prayer for, 203.
 means of, improved, 378.
 sovereign, 453.
 source of every blessing, 198.
 salvation by, 552, 590.
- Gratitude* and devotion, 387.

H.

- Hannah's* prayer, 680.
- Happiness* of the godly above, 226, 434.
 in Christ, 224.
- Happy change*, 300.
- Harmony* of the divine attributes, 539.
- Harvest*, dry weather in, implored, 375, 545.
 thanksgiving for seasonable weather in, 201.
 thanks for an abundant, 481, 544.
- Health*, restoration of, 30, 126, 339, 412, 416.
- Hearing* the word, 8, 290, 740.
 preparation for, 381.
- Heart*, surrender of, 576.
 contrite, 579.
 hard, melted, 379.
 change of, 272.
- Heathens'* cry for help, 229.
- Heaven*, 135, 242, 603, 667.
 longed for, 84, 518.
 free from sin, 509.
 the Christian's home, 39.
- Heavenly* rest, 601.

- Heavenly* mindedness, 122.
Help, implored, 244.
 " *Hinder me not*," 298.
Holy Spirit, His influences, 246, 340, 451, 570.
 address to, 251.
 teachings of, 86.
 return implored, 164, 493.
 ever abiding, 568.
 guidance of, 578.
 sovereignty of, 582.
Home, sweet, 39.
Hope, from the gospel only, 196.
 door of, 45.
 star of, 616.
 reviving, 31
 in mortality, 696.
 encouraged, 716.
 in sorrow, 480, 602.
 in darkness, 465.
Hosannah to the Son of David, 665.
House of God, 9, 376.
 opened, 604.
Human righteousness insufficient, 703.
Humble resolve, 89.
Humiliation and triumph of Christ, 109, 735.
 day of, 478.
Humility, prayed for, 318.

I.

- Infant* prayer, 618.
Importunate wrestling, 372.
Inconstancy lamented, 600.
Intercession of Christ, 240, 319.
Invitation to sinners, 107, 108.
 " *I will never leave thee*," 433.

J.

- Jabez'* prayer, 608.
Jacob, "by whom shall he arise?" 78.
 star of, 231, 232.
Jailor's conversion, 385.
Jehovah Jesus, 423.
Jesus, his second coming, 172.
 our Forerunner, 134.
 "wept," 121.

- Jesus*, confidence in, 681.
 at the door, 54.
 a glimpse of, 329.
 the intercession of, 319.
 grace of, free to all, 328.
 a sight of, desired, 327.
 the one thing needful, 317.
 the conqueror, 228.
- Jews*, prayer for the, 35, 396, 503.
- Journey* to heaven, 298.
- Joy* at the conversion of sinners, 266.
 grief turned into, 190.
 in believing, 178.
- Jubilee*, year of, 133, 228, 390, 654.
- Judgment*, day of, 115, 206.

K.

- Kindred*, death of, 405.
- Kingdom of Christ*, its extension prayed for, 237, 502.
 preached, 207.
 its coming prayed for, 460.
 increase of, 556.
- Kingdom of God*, 237, 337, 737.
- King of kings*, 684.

L.

- Lamb*, prayer to the, 338.
 praise to the, 103.
- Latter-day*, glory, 52, 235, 724.
- Liberality*, 324.
- Liberty*, to captives, 446.
- Life* and death, 512.
 its uncertainty, 639.
 eternal, in Christ alone, 380.
- Light*, out of darkness, 186, 683.
 to the gentiles, 507.
 the Lord is my, 500.
- Living*, to Christ, 343.
 waters, 448.
- Longing* to be with Christ, 638.
- Lord*, our righteousness, 326.
- Lord's* supper, 24, 71, 320, 360.
 day, 81, 216.
 prayer, 159, 502.

- Love* and unity, 439.
 to Christ, 123, 230, 346.
 Christian, 692.
 constraining to obedience, 435.
 Divine, 410, 321.
 of God to us, 666.
 of Christ, passing knowledge, 366.
 shed abroad in the heart, 415.
 brotherly, 63, 220, 262, 263, 707.

M.

- Man*, his different states, 388.
Mansion in heaven, prepared for believers, 2.
Means of grace, 378.
Melchisedec, 336.
Mercies of God, 345.
 national, 522.
Mercy, 384.
 humble pleading for, 362.
 Divine, 625.
Mercy-seat, 173.
Messiah, promises to, 49.
 greeted by creation, 401.
Midnight meditation, 414.
 cry, 734.
Ministers, a savour of life, 521.
Miriam, song of, 565.
Missionary Hymns, 18, 19, 32, 37, 49, 50, 52, 68, 90, 129,
 137, 142, 143, 167, 177, 180, 181, 183,
 184, 212, 217, 228, 229, 252, 235, 236,
 237, 247, 337, 341, 390, 392, 396, 399,
 429, 562, 563, 566, 725, 731, 738.
Months past regretted, 6.
Morning Hymns, 42, 55, 187, 200, 295, 377, 433, 482.
 Lord's day, 216
Moses' song, 309.
Mourners blessed, 709.
Mourning turned to joy, 190.
 days of, ended, 471.
 "My God shall supply all your need," 413.

N.

- Name* of Christ wonderful, 234.
National mercies, 522.
New-Year, 34, 60, 93, 98, 214, 386, 532, 650.

New habitation, 213.
Night thought, 692.

O.

Offspring prayed for, 195.
Old age, 369.
One thing needful, 317, 719.
 " *Our fathers, where are they,*" 271.
Out-door worship, 647.

P.

Pardon sought, 361.
Pardoning God, 215.
Parents, prayer for offspring, 195.
 love to, 637.
 dying, 496, 615.
Pastor, seeking direction in the choice of, 555.
Peace, thanksgiving for, 210.
 universal, prayed for, 207.
 " *seek,*" 704.
 God speaking, 648.
 prayed for, 658.
 Christian, 517, 689.
Penitent, mercy to the, 486.
Pentecost, 66.
People's prayer for their minister, 80, 160, 721.
Perfections of God displayed in the cross, 197.
Perseverance, assurance of, 531.
 desired, 323.
Physician, the good, 261.
 the great, 65.
Pilgrim, the Christian, 253.
Pilgrimage ended, 303.
Pilot, 314.
Poor, sympathy with the, 147.
 the sick, 74.
Praise, for the spread of the gospel, 232.
 to the deliverer, 223.
 Universal, 558.
 to God for justice and mercy, 211.
 from all creatures, 171, 525.
 to the Saviour, 97, 641.
 to Christ, 73, 569.
 for grace, 586.
 to the Redeemer, 419.

- Preciousness* of Christ, 280.
Preparation of the heart, 381.
Prayer, for the conversion of sinners, 658.
 hindrances to, 671.
 preparation for, 99.
 daily, 691.
 secret, 158.
 for a minister, 80, 160, 721.
 for spiritual blessings, 128.
 of the beggar, 127.
 infant, 618.
 in temptation, 244.
 of the soul in darkness, 241.
 to the God of peace, 149.
 spirit of, 526.
 for grace, 428.
 for pardon, 560.
 for the Spirit, 493.
Prayer meetings, 253, 282.
 Sabbath morning, 193, 245.
Pride lamented, 464.
Priesthood of Christ, 402.
Privileges of the people of God, 489.
Promises precious, 267.
Providence, 155, 186, 497, 628.
Propitious gale longed for, 40.
Protection, 15.

R.

- Race*, Christian, 43.
Rain, threatening, 269.
Rainbow of the covenant, 694.
Recovery from sickness, 126, 339, 412, 416, 690.
Redeemer, praise to, 419, 472.
 rejoicing in, 88.
 prayer to, 488.
Redemption, praise for, 283, 529.
 wonders of, 28.
Refuge, 679.
Regeneration, 561.
Reign of Christ, universal, 90, 228, 236.
Relief sought, 655.
Religious man, his character, 708.
 "Remember me for good," 494.
Repentance, 437, 533.

- Resignation*, 310, 347, 411, 476.
Rest after trouble, 601, 700.
Resurrection of Christ, 110, 218, 403.
 the power of, 7, 101, 548.
 a pledge of ours, 684.
 of the body, 408.
Reward of faithful missionaries, 129.
Righteous, blessed in death, 274.
- S.
- Sabbath*, 245, 306, 371.
 emblem of heaven, 10.
 evening of, 165, 306, 537.
 welcome to, 255, 256.
 morning of, 87, 92, 216, 395.
Saints in glory, 275, 664.
 dying adieu of, 239.
 supported in death, 546.
 security of, 192, 301.
Salvation by grace, 438, 489.
 sound of, melodious, 538.
 of sinners, brings glory to God, 151.
Samuel called, 287.
Sanctification, 69, 107, 567.
Saviour, praise to, 97.
 absent loved, 26.
 Living and Almighty, 597.
Seasons, providence of God in, 270.
Secret prayer, 158.
 " *Seek first the kingdom of God,*" 447.
Self-denial, 163.
Self-dedication, 467.
Self-examination, 670.
Servant of Christ, 420.
Seeking relief, 655.
 early, 384.
 after God, 610.
Sermon, hymns before, 449, 583.
Shame, sinful, renounced, 25.
Shepherd, good, 642, 706.
 "brought again from the dead," 149.
Sick bed reflections, 431.
Sickness, recovery from, 126, 339, 412, 416, 690.
 a sight of heaven in, 463.
 of a minister, 495.

- Sin*, victory over desired, 311.
 hatred of, 458.
 deliverance from, longed for, 510.
- Sincerity* in religion, 22, 342.
- Sinner*, hastened, 238.
 invited, 107, 108, 168.
 found wanting, 530.
 alarmed, 572.
- Sins* and sorrows spread before God, 491.
- Social worship*, 520, 701, 702.
 a blessing on it asked, 131.
- Soldier*, Christian, 585.
- Song* of Miriam, 565.
 of Moses, 309.
- Sons* of God, 436.
- Sorrow*, 723.
- Sorrowing*, not without hope, 281, 480.
- Sovereign grace*, 489.
- Spiritual blessings*, 559.
- Spring*, 575, 663.
- Star* of Bethlehem, 688.
 morning, 736.
 of hope, 616.
 of Jacob, 231, 232.
- Stone*, corner, 368, 606.
- Stony-heart* humbled, 370.
- Storm* at sea, 697.
 looking up in, 580.
- Submission*, 499, 528, 573.
- Success* of the gospel, 18, 79, 264, 341, 549, 599.
- Sufficiency* of grace, 487.
- Sun of righteousness*, 82, 131, 643.
- Sunday School* hymns, 67, 146, 148, 157, 166, 169, 170,
 205, 208, 243, 474, 595, 614.
 anniversary of, 139, 627.
- Surrender* of the heart, 576.
- Sympathy* of Christ with the sorrows of his disciples, 584.

T.

- Teaching*, of the Spirit, 86.
- Temptation*, 244.
- Thanksgiving*, 210, 425, 577.
- "*The Lord will provide*," 617.
- "*Thou art the same*," 450.
- Throne* of grace, 680.

- Time* and eternity, 257.
"To live is Christ," 685.
"To whom shall I go?" 612.
Travellers' Hymn, 256.
Tree of Life, 183.
Trials, 631.
Trinity, 153.
 prayer to, 111, 145.
 praise to, 144.
Trust in Christ, 285, 632, 712.
 humble, 367.
 in affliction, 3.
Truth, freedom by, 662.
w hearing the, 524.
Types of Christ, 516.

U.

- Unbelief* reproved, 76.
Unity and love, 439.
 of the Spirit, 72, 588.
Unknown world, 457.

V.

- Valley* of the shadow of death, 176.
Vanity of the world, 185.
Vicissitudes of life, 619.
Victor crowned, 358.
Voyage, Christians, 314.

W.

- Walking* with God, 461.
Wants of believers, 5.
 of the soul, 99.
War, fast-day in time of, 587.
Warfare, Christian, 265, 315, 406.
Watchfulness, 312, 732.
"Watch and pray," 611.
Waters, living, 448.
Weakness acknowledged, 15.
Wedding hymn, 557.
Welcome to Christian friends, 660.
Well of life, 104.
"What must I do to be saved?" 724.
"Who may abide his coming?" 693.
"Whosoever will let him come," 508.

- "Why will ye die?" 718.
Winter, 551, 571.
 reflexions on, 581.
Widow and fatherless, 698.
Wisdom of God, 44.
 invitation of, 646, 720.
 true, 225.
Wise and foolish virgins, 734.
Wonders of redemption, 28.
Word, a blessing on it implored, 248.
 refreshing, 118.
 gives light, 479.
 a guide and comfort, 683.
 blessing of, 741.
Works of God, 589.
World its conversion prayed for, 217, 547, 566.
 passing, 606.
 unknown, 457.
Worship, house of, opened, 151, 604.
 blessings on, desired, 289.
 God's presence in, 288.
 public, 371.
 social, 520, 701, 702.
 foundation of a house of, laid, 605.
 "Wrath to come," 444.

Y.

- "Ye must be born again," 561.
 "Yet there is room," 729.
Young man's prayer, 722.
Young person, death of, 407.
Youth, prayer for, 208.
 remembering their Creator, 705.
 the seed time of the soul, 138.
 cut down, 594.
 a hopeful one, falling short of heaven, 404.

Z.

- Zeal*, true and false, 739.
Zion, her prosperity, 742, 743
 her increase prayed for, 162, 212.

INDEX OF AUTHORS.

THE following table contains a list of the authors of the hymns in this volume, as far as they could be ascertained: but with regard to the larger number in the selection, it is unknown to the compiler by whom they were composed; and they must therefore stand anonymous. The *numbers* refer to the hymns composed by the authors to whose names they are respectively annexed.

- Addison*, 256, 693.
Barbauld, Mrs., 262, 263.
Barnard, 469.
Beddome, 22, 31, 118, 121, 126, 292, 293, 339, 549, 556, 578, 600, 674, 683, 741, 742.
Berridge, 557.
B—, 165.
Braithwaite, 516.
Brown, 278, 362, 427.
Byrom, 102.
Cawood, 83, 229.
Cennick, 265, 361.
Collyer, 675, 685.
Conder, 58.
Cotterill, 507.
Cotton, 3
Cowper, 117, 185, 186, 223, 331, 423, 435, 461, 579, 671.
C—, 681.
Davies, 670.
De Courcy, 92, 314.
De Fleury, 103.
Doddridge, 43, 53, 123, 152, 189, 368, 393, 411, 412, 413, 420, 417, 467, 515, 533, 555, 619, 648.
Dryden, 113.
Edmeston, 245, 499, 541.
Elliot, 304.
Fawcett, 319, 480, 724.
Francis, 419.
Grant, 679.
Green, 310.
Grigg, 54.
Madam Guion, 470.

- Hammond*, 199.
Harrison, 458.
Hart, 108, 437, 527.
Haweis, 137, 573.
Hawksworth, 295.
Heber, 167, 488, 697.
Heginbothom, 577.
Hoskins, 266, 343, 385.
Jones, 89.
Kelly, 25, 33, 34, 69, 70, 71, 72, 78, 95, 110, 172, 177, 190,
 198, 231, 232, 233, 258, 264, 280, 284, 297, 308, 309,
 337, 358, 363, 365, 366, 383, 384, 399, 429, 433, 438,
 445, 446, 479, 485, 500, 511, 524, 534, 657, 658, 660,
 662, 666, 667, 672, 699, 700, 704, 707, 738, 743.
Kenn, 17, 42, 179.
Kent, 678.
Kessell, 529.
Kingsbury, 212.
Kirkwhite, 473, 683.
Knight, 14.
Logan, 52.
Luther, 206.
Madan, 218.
Mason, 441.
Medley, 317, 370, 442.
Miller, 503.
Milton, 345.
Montgomery, 8, 32, 101, 170, 242, 474, 512, 526, 585, 588,
 589, 594, 646.
More, 410.
Needham, 44, 237, 333.
Newton, 11, 59, 99, 115, 127, 230, 254, 255, 261, 276, 296,
 313, 335, 364, 400, 462, 478, 519, 537, 551, 572,
 587, 617, 629, 710, 739.
Nicholson, 100.
Noel, 689, 692.
Pearce, 727.
Phippard, 586.
Pope, 653.
Robinson, 73, 106, 574.
Roscommon, 592.
Mrs. Rowe, 200, 387.
Ryland, 298.
R—, 552.
Scott, 164, 188.

Stennett, 36, 223, 436, 711.

J. Stennett, 366.

Mrs. Steele, 13, 15, 27, 112, 122, 187, 202, 240, 241, 257,
259, 329, 377, 518, 538, 521, 612, 706, 716.

Stogdon, 668.

Stowell, 173.

Straphan, 67.

Swain, 96.

S—, 119, 457.

Mrs. Tollet, 171.

Toplady, 2, 38, 40, 82, 84, 120, 125.

Turner, 376.

Unwin, 55.

Wallin, 221.

Watts, 1, 94, 124, 136, 144, 151, 283, 285, 342, 347, 371,
404, 405, 408, 418, 424, 432, 434, 483, 491, 553, 649,
669, 682, 715.

C. Wesley, 30, 62, 95, 154, 175, 193, 195, 277, 477, 492, 496,
517, 609, 610, 734.

J. Wesley, 253.

Westtake, c. 373.

Whitfield, c. 625.

Williams, 369, 409.