

THE PURITAN
HYMN AND TUNE BOOK

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THE

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PURITAN

HYMN AND TUNE BOOK;

Designed for

CONGREGATIONAL SINGING, SOCIAL MEETINGS,
AND THE FAMILY.

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P R E F A C E .

THE history and claims of THE PURITAN HYMN AND TUNE BOOK can be expressed in few words. It has grown out of the necessities of the pastors and people, of those churches under whose auspices it appears, in their attempts to introduce "congregational singing." Looking for helps, they found existing collections, designed for that purpose, TOO LARGE, cumbersome, expensive, and, with so many hymns which are seldom or never read, and so many tunes which our congregations cannot sing, that they can be often used *only by the awkward arrangement of singing a hymn in one part of the book to a tune in another.*

To remedy these difficulties the idea was suggested of preparing a comparatively small manual, containing a few (38) tunes, standard, simple and familiar, such as we use at our social meetings and on anniversary occasions, when the people sing, adapted to a limited number of hymns, (337) selected by the pastors themselves, and, of course, regarded by them as the best within the range of their reading,—a task of no great difficulty, from the fact, which examination reveals, that our pastors and people read mainly the same hymns and sing the same tunes. Availing themselves of this fact, and aided by such professional assistance as they needed, they have prepared a book for their own necessities, developed in their attempts to promote singing in the "great congregation," the social meeting, and around the fireside.

To these have been added several (28) "Special Hymns and Tunes," most of which have been so long sung together that, in the popular mind, they seem wedded to each other—including a number of (so called) "Revival Melodies"—which may be sung in the regular way, or used for that *impromptu* singing, which often so well expresses the feelings of a religious meeting. Some of these are gems of music and poetry; others, with less of artistic merit, have been found, by trial, to be well calculated to kindle the feelings, move the heart, and raise the soul towards heaven. Seeing in sacred music and song the two-fold value of intrinsic merit and the hallowed associations of long continued and consecrated use, we have preferred, other things being equal, what has already become dear to the pious heart, by reason of such association and use. And yet we have not hesitated to insert some of more recent origin, because of their simple and popular character, and the promise they give of gaining a similar lodgment in the affections of the Christian church. With these exceptions, our plan is so far original, that we base our claim to the public favor upon the *fewness* and *familiarity* of the tunes and hymns selected, rather than upon their *novelty* and *varicity*. Guided by the unequivocal marks which a persistent popularity has stamped upon the *few*, of the large and increasing numbers now before the Christian public, we have culled what seemed to us the choicest specimens, to be found within the range of sacred music and hymnology.

We have, of course, omitted many which find a place in larger collections. And yet we have aimed to secure the best, and those most highly prized and generally used. As our book is not designed for the use of choirs, only as they *lead* the congregation, when the people sing, we have not attempted to make it as full as we should, had our purpose been to supersede collec-

tions now in use. Recognizing the value and importance of choirs, we would still retain, for their use, those that are now before the public; while we are simply anxious to *add* something for the closet, the fireside, the prayer meeting, and the people, when they sing congregationally.

Believing, as we do, when the Apostle urged the Christians he addressed to teach and admonish one another in psalms and hymns and spiritual songs, making melody in their heart, that he gave not merely a specific command to a particular church, but utterance to a great principle of universal application, we think that all, who can, should sing not only in social and domestic worship, but, for a part of the time, at least, during the Sabbath service. To render such singing effective and impressive, it is obvious, that a *few tunes*, OFTEN REPEATED, and, of course, sung with increasing freedom and familiarity, will be far better than a larger number, sung with greater difficulty and by fewer numbers. This was the custom of primitive and Puritan times; and it was this that gave to sacred music its prodigious power over the popular mind and heart. To aid in reviving that custom and realizing once more that great, scriptural idea, has been our aim in preparing the manual, now submitted to the churches. If it shall accomplish, in any degree, that object, we shall be amply repaid for our labors.

In its preparation we have received aid from several, to whom our acknowledgments are due, especially to Dr. Worcester for his kind permission to use "Watts and Select" for our purpose, from which a large proportion of our hymns have been taken, although we have drawn freely from other sources. Our thanks also are due to the Mason Brothers for the privilege of using the tunes, protected by their copyright, of Dr. Mason and Prof. Root,—also to Messrs. Hastings, Woodbury, Pond and Dadmun, for tunes which we have inserted. By combining the topical and alphabetical arrangements in our Index of Subjects, and the use of different kinds of type, it has been compressed into brief compass, and so presented to the eye that it will readily fall upon the subject desired.

NOTE. It is of course competent for all, who may procure this book, to use it as it shall seem to them best. And yet it may not be out of place for the compilers to state distinctly the idea they have attempted to realize in its compilation. 1. To provide a manual of hymns and tunes for social, domestic and private worship, which shall be well adapted to increase the number of those who will thus be enabled to sing the praises of God. 2. To prepare a hand-book for the "great congregation," *in addition to those employed when the choir sing*, from which the pastor shall read and the people shall sing two or three times, as they shall decide. 3. As our theory requires that the hymn shall *always* be sung to the tune to which it is adapted, it is desirable, at the outset of its introduction, that there should be several congregational rehearsals, so that a sufficient number shall be prepared to sing *all* the tunes. Till that time arrives, it may be best for the pastor to read only hymns adapted to tunes, the people are prepared to sing. As the number of tunes is so small, and they are generally so familiar and simple, it will not require any great length of time or effort to secure all that is needed.

1.

1. Be thou, O God, ex - alt - ed high, And as thy glo - ry fills the sky,
 2. O, God, my heart is fixed; 'tis bent Its thank - ful tri - bute to pre - sent;

3. Thy prais - es, Lord, I would re - sound To all the list'n - ing na - tions round;

2.

Perfections, Providence, and Grace of God.

- 1 High in the heavens, eternal God,
Thy goodness in full glory shines;
Thy truth shall break through every cloud,
That veils and darkens thy designs.
- 2 For ever firm thy justice stands,
As mountains their foundations keep;
Wise are the wonders of thine hands,
Thy judgments are a mighty deep.
- 3 Thy providence is kind and large,
Both man and beast thy bounty share;
The whole creation is thy charge,
But saints are thy peculiar care.
- 4 My God, how excellent thy grace,
Whence all our hope and comfort springs!
The sons of Adam, in distress,
Fly to the shadow of thy wings.
- 5 From the provisions of thy house
We shall be fed with sweet repast;
There merey like a river flows,
And brings salvation to our taste.

3.

The divine Glory celebrated.

- 1 Almighty Ruler of the skies,
Through all the earth thy name is spread,
And thine eternal glories rise
Above the heavens thy hands have made.
- 2 To thee the voices of the young
Their sounding notes of honor raise;
And babes, with uninstructed tongue,
Declare the wonders of thy praise.
- 3 Amidst thy temple children throng
To see their great Redeemer's face;
The Son of David is their song,
And loud hosannas fill the place.

4.

The Eternal and Sovereign God.

- 1 Jehovah reigns; he dwells in light,
Girded with majesty and might;
The world, created by his hands,
Still on its first foundation stands.
- 2 But ere this spacious world was made,
Or had its first foundations laid,
Thy throne eternal ages stood,
Thyself, the ever-living God.
- 3 Like floods, the angry nations rise,
And aim their rage against the skies:
Vain floods — that aim their rage so high!
At thy rebuke the billows die.
- 4 Forever shall thy throne endure;
Thy promise stands for ever sure:
And everlasting holiness
Becomes the dwellings of thy grace.

5.

The Majesty of Jehovah.

- 1 Kingdoms and thrones to God belong:
Crown him ye nations in your song:
His wondrous name and power rehearse;
His honors shall enrich your verse.
- 2 He rides and thunders through the sky;
His name, JEHOVAH, sounds on high:
Sing to his name, ye sons of grace,
Ye saints, rejoice before his face.
- 3 He breaks the captive's heavy chain,
And pris'ners see the light again;
But rebels, who dispute his will,
Shall dwell in chains and darkness still.
- 4 Proclaim him King, pronounce him blest;
He's your defence, your joy, your rest:
When terrors rise, and nations faint,
God is the strength of every saint.

So let it be on earth dis-play'd, 'Till thou art here as there o - bey'd.
And with my heart my voice I'll raise To thee, my God, in songs of praise.

Thy mer - cy high - est heaven transcends, Thy truth be-yond the clouds ex - tends.

6.

Creation, Providence, and Grace.

- 1 Give to our God immortal praise :
Mercy and truth are all his ways :
Wonders of grace to God belong ;
Repeat his mercies in your song.
- 2 Give to the Lord of lords renown,
The King of kings with glory crown ;
His mercies ever will endure,
When lords and kings are known no more.
- 3 He built the earth, he spread the sky,
And fix'd the starry lights on high :
Wonders of grace to God belong ;
Repeat his mercies in your song.
- 4 He fills the sun with morning light ;
He bids the moon direct the night :
His mercies ever will endure,
When suns and moons shall shine no more.

7.

Perfections of God combined in his Government.

- 1 Jehovah reigns — his throne is high,
His robes are light and majesty ;
His glory shines with beams so bright,
No mortal can sustain the sight.
- 2 His terrors keep the world in awe ;
His justice guards his holy law ;
His love reveals a smiling face,
His truth and promise seal the grace.
- 3 Through all his works his wisdom shines,
And baffles Satan's deep designs ;
His power is sovereign to fulfil
The noblest counsels of his will.
- 4 And will this glorious Lord descend
To be my father and my friend ?
Then let my songs with angels' join ;
Heaven is secure, if God be mine.

8.

Christ the Sovereign Judge.

- 1 He reigns — the Lord, the Saviour reigns :
Praise him in evangelic strains :
Let the whole earth in songs rejoice ;
And distant islands join their voice.
- 2 Deep are his counsels, and unknown :
But grace and truth support his throne :
Though gloomy clouds his ways surround,
Justice is their eternal ground.
- 3 In robes of judgment, lo, he comes !
Shakes the wide earth, and cleaves the tombs ;
Before him burns devouring fire !
The mountains melt, the seas retire !
- 4 His enemies, with sore dismay,
Fly from the sight and shun the day :
Then lift your heads, ye saints, on high,
And sing, for your redemption's night.

9.

Christ's Kingdom among the Gentiles.

- 1 Jesus shall reign where'er the sun
Does his successive journeys run ;
His kingdom stretch from shore to shore,
'Till moons shall wax and wane no more.
- 2 People and realms, of every tongue,
Dwell on his love with sweetest song ;
And infant voices shall proclaim
Their early blessings on his name.
- 3 Blessings abound where'er he reigns ;
The pris'ner leaps to loose his chains ;
The weary find eternal rest,
And all the sons of want are blest.
- 4 Let ev'ry creature rise — and bring
Peculiar honors to their King :
Angels descend with songs again,
And earth repeat the long AMEN.

10.



1. My dear Re-deem-er, and my Lord, I read my du - ty in thy word;
2. Such was thy truth, and such thy zeal, Such def'rence to thy Fa - ther's will;
3. Cold mountains, and the midnight air, Witness'd the fer - vor of thy prayer;
4. Be thou my pattern; make me bear More of thy gra - cious im - age here!

11.

The Church's Safety amidst Desolations.

- 1 God is the refuge of his saints,
When storms of sharp distress invade;
Ere we can offer our complaints,
Behold him present with his aid.
- 2 Loud may the troubled ocean roar —
In sacred peace our souls abide;
While ev'ry nation, ev'ry shore,
Trembles and dreads the swelling tide.
- 2 There is a stream, whose gentle flow
Supplies the city of our God;
Life, love, and joy still gliding through,
And wat'ring our divine abode.
- 4 That sacred stream, thy holy word,
Our grief allays, our fear controls:
Sweet peace thy promises afford,
And give new strength to fainting souls.
- 5 Zion enjoys her monarch's love,
Secure against a threat'ning hour;
Nor can her firm foundations move,
Built on his truth, and arm'd with power.

12.

Retirement and Meditation.

- 1 My God, permit me not to be
A stranger to myself and thee;
Amidst a thousand thoughts I rove,
Forgetful of my highest love.
- 2 Why should my passions mix with earth,
And thus debase my heavenly birth?
Why should I cleave to things below,
And let my God, my Saviour go?
- 3 Call me away from flesh and sense:
One sovereign word can draw me thence;
I would obey the voice divine,
And all inferior joys resign.

- 4 Be earth with all her scenes withdrawn;
Let noise and vanity be gone:
In secret silence of the mind,
My heaven — and there my God, I find.

13.

The Sinner hastened

- 1 Hasten, O sinner! to be wise,
And stay not for the morrow's sun;
The longer wisdom you despise,
The harder is it to be won.
- 2 Oh hasten, mercy to implore,
And stay not for the morrow's sun;
For fear thy season should be o'er,
Before this evening's stage be run.
- 3 Hasten, O sinner! to return,
And stay not for the morrow's sun;
For fear thy lamp should cease to burn,
Before the needful work is done.
- 4 Hasten, O sinner! to be blest,
And stay not for the morrow's sun;
For fear the curse should thee arrest,
Before the morrow is begun.

14.

Submission.

- 1 Wait, O my soul, thy Maker's will!
Tumultuous passions, all be still!
Nor let a murmuring thought arise;
His ways are just, his counsels wise.
- 2 He in the thickest darkness dwells,
Performs his work, the cause conceals;
But though his methods are unknown,
Judgment and truth support his throne.
- 3 In heaven, and earth, and air, and seas,
He executes his firm decrees;
And by its saints it stands confessed,
That what he does is ever best.

But in thy life the law ap-pears, Drawn out in liv - ing char - ac - ters.
Such love, and meek-ness so di-vine—I would transcribe and make them mine.

The des - ert thy tempt - a - tions knew, Thy con - flict, and thy vic - t'ry too.
Then God, the Judge, shall own my name, A-mongst the foll'w - ers of the Lamb.

- 4 Wait, then, my soul, submissive wait,
Prostrate before his awful seat:
And midst the terrors of his rod,
Trust in a wise and gracious God.

15.

Hope in Affliction.

- 1 My spirit sinks within me, Lord—
But I will call thy name to mind,
And times of past distress record,
When I have found my God was kind.
- 2 Huge troubles, with tumultuous noise,
Swell like a sea, and round me spread;
Thy water-spouts drown all my joys,
And rising waves roll o'er my head.
- 3 Yet will the Lord command his love,
When I address his throne by day;
Nor in the night his grace remove;
The night shall hear me sing and pray.
- 4 I'll cast myself before his feet,
And say, "My God, my heavenly Rock,
"Why doth thy love so long forget
"The soul that groans beneath thy stroke?"
- 5 Thy light and truth shall guide me still;
Thy word shall my best thoughts employ,
And lead me to thy holy hill,
My God, my most exceeding joy.

16.

- 1 Come, gracious Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With light and comfort from above;
Be thou our Guardian, thou our Guide;
O'er every thought and step preside.
- 2 The light of truth to us display,
And make us know and choose thy way:
Plant holy fear in every heart,
That we from God may not depart.

- 3 Lead us to holiness, — the road
That we must take to dwell with God;
Lead us to Christ, the living way,
Nor let us from his precepts stray.

- 4 Lead us to God, our final rest,
In his enjoyment to be blest;
Lead us to heaven, the seat of bliss,
Where pleasure in perfection is.

17.

New Year.

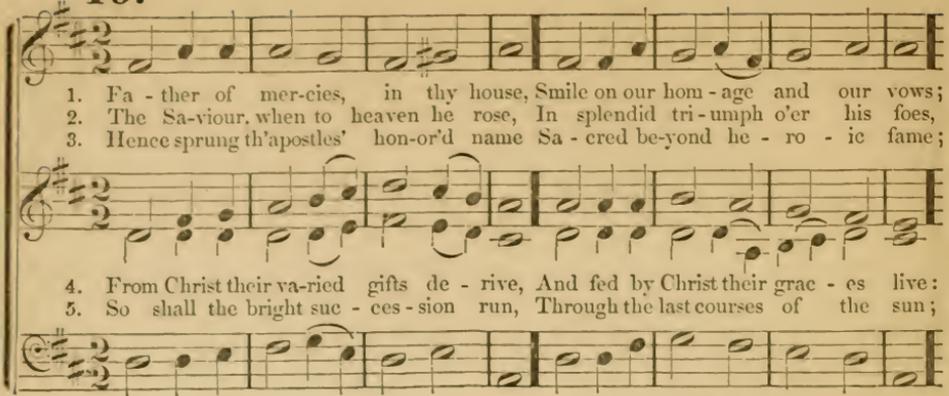
- 1 Great God, we sing that mighty hand,
By which supported still we stand!
The opening year thy mercy shows;
Let mercy crown it till it close.
- 2 By day, by night, at home, abroad,
Still we are guarded by our God;
By his incessant bounty fed,
By his unerring counsel led.
- 3 With grateful hearts the 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.

18.

Dismissions.

- 1 Dismiss us with thy blessing, Lord;
Hie us to feed upon thy word;
All that has been amiss forgive,
And let thy truth within us live.
- 2 Though we are guilty, thou art good;
Wash all our works in Jesus' blood;
Give every burdened soul release,
And bid us all depart in peace.

19.



1. Fa - ther of mer - cies, in thy house, Smile on our hom - age and our vows;
 2. The Sa - viour, when to heaven he rose, In splendid tri - umph o'er his foes,
 3. Hence sprung th'apostles' hon - or'd name Sa - cred be - yond he - ro - ic fame;
 4. From Christ their va - ried gifts de - rive, And fed by Christ their grac - es live:
 5. So shall the bright suc - ces - sion run, Through the last courses of the sun;

20.

Nature and Scripture compared.

- 1 The heavens declare thy glory, Lord,
 In every star thy wisdom shines;
 But when our eyes behold thy word,
 We read thy name in fairer lines.
- 2 The rolling sun, the changing light,
 And nights and days thy pow'r confess;
 But the blest volume thou hast writ
 Reveals thy justice and thy grace.
- 3 Sun, moon, and stars convey thy praise,
 Round the whole earth, and never stand;
 So when thy truth began its race,
 It touch'd and glanc'd on ev'ry land.
- 4 Thy noblest wonders here we view,
 In souls renew'd, and sins forgiv'n:
 Lord, cleanse our sins, our souls renew,
 And make thy word our guide to heaven.

21.

Dignity, and Happiness of the Christian.

- 1 Honor and happiness unite,
 To make the Christian's name a praise:
 How fair the scene, how clear the light,
 That fills the remnant of his days!
- 2 Adorn'd with glory from on high,
 Salvation shines upon his face;
 His robe is of th' ethereal dye,
 His steps are dignity and grace.
- 3 Inferior honors he disdains,
 Nor stoops to take applause from earth;
 The King of kings himself maintains
 Th' expenses of his heavenly birth.
- 4 The noblest creature seen below,
 Ordain'd to fill a throne above;
 God gives him all he can bestow —
 His kingdom of eternal love!

22.

Christian Warfare and Victory.

- 1 Stand up, my soul — shake off thy fears,
 And gird the gospel armor on;
 March to the gates of endless joy,
 Where Jesus, thy great Captain's gone.
- 2 Hell and thy sins resist thy course;
 But hell and sin are vanquished foes;
 Thy Jesus nailed them to the cross,
 And sung the triumph when he rose.
- 3 Then let my soul march boldly on,
 Press forward to the heavenly gate;
 There peace and joy eternal reign,
 And glittering robes for conquerors wait.
- 4 There shall I wear a starry crown,
 And triumph in Almighty grace;
 While all the armies of the skies
 Join in my glorious Leader's praise.

23.

Rising to God.

- 1 Now let our souls, on wings sublime,
 Rise from the vanities of time;
 Draw back the parting veil, and see
 The glories of eternity.
- 2 Born by a new, celestial birth,
 Why should we grovel here on earth?
 Why grasp at transitory toys,
 So near to heaven's eternal joys?
- 3 Shall aught beguile us on the road,
 When we are walking back to God?
 For strangers into life we come,
 And dying is but going home.
- 4 Welcome, sweet hour of full discharge,
 That sets our longing souls at large;
 Unbinds our chains, breaks up our cell,
 And gives us with our God to dwell.

While, with a grate-ful heart, we share These pledges of a Sa-viour's care.
Scat-ter'd his gifts on men be-low, And wide his roy-al boun-ties flow.
In low-er forms, to bless our eyes, Pas-tors from hence and teach-ers rise.

While, guarded by his po-tent hand, 'Midst all the rage of hell they stand.
While unborn churches, by their care, Shall rise and flour-ish, large and fair.

24.

Safe trusting in Christ.

- 1 Let everlasting glories crown
Thy head, my Saviour, and my Lord;
Thy hands have brought salvation down,
And writ the blessings in thy word.
- 2 In vain the trembling conscience seeks
Some solid ground to rest upon;
With deep despair—the spirit breaks,
Till we apply to Christ alone.
- 3 How well thy blessed truths agree!
How wise and holy thy commands!
Thy promises—how firm they be!
How firm our hope, our comfort stands!
- 4 Should all the forms that men devise
Assault my faith with treach'rous art,
I'd call them vanity and lies,
And bind the gospel to my heart.

25.

Active Benevolence in Imitation of Christ.

- 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 power confessed;
The dumb broke forth in grateful strains;
He gave the wearied spirit rest,
And loosed the prisoner 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.

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26.

The Truth of God the Promiser.

- 1 Praise, everlasting praise, be paid
To him who earth's foundation laid:
Praise to the God, whose strong decrees
Sway the creation as he please.
- 2 Firm are the words his prophets give,
Sweet words, on which his children live;
Each of them is the word of God,
Who spoke, and spread the skies abroad.
- 3 Oh, for a strong, a lasting faith,
To credit what the Almighty saith;—
T' embrace the message of his Son,
And call the joys of heaven our own.
- 4 Then should the earth's old pillars shake,
And all the wheels of nature break;
Our steady souls shall fear no more,
Than solid rocks when billows roar.

27.

Salvation by Christ.

- 1 Salvation is for ever nigh
The souls who fear and trust the Lord;
And grace, descending from on high,
Fresh hopes of glory shall afford.
- 2 Mercy and truth on earth are met,
Since Christ the Lord came down from heaven;
By his obedience so complete,
Justice is pleas'd, and peace is given.
- 3 Now truth and honor shall abound,
Religion dwell on earth again,
And heavenly influence bless the ground,
In our Redeemer's gentle reign.
- 4 His righteousness is gone before,
To give us free access to God;
Our wand'ring feet shall stray no more,
But mark his steps and keep the road.

28.

Moderato.

1. Now for a tune of loft-y praise To great Je-ho-vah's e-qual Son!
 2. Sing, how he left the worlds of light, And those bright robes he wore a-bove:
 3. Deep in the shades of gloomy death, Th'almighty cap-tive prisoner lay;—
 4. A-mong a thou-sand harps and songs, Je-sus, the God, ex-alt-ed reigns:

29.

A Hymn of Praise to Christ.

- 1 Now to the Lord a noble song!
 Awake, my soul—awake, my tongue;
 Hosanna to th' eternal name,
 And all his boundless love proclaim.
- 2 See where it shines in Jesus' face,
 The brightest image of his grace;
 God, in the person of his Son,
 Has all his mightiest works outdone.
- 3 Grace!—'tis a sweet, a charming theme—
 My thoughts rejoice at Jesus' name!
 Ye angels, dwell upon the sound;
 Ye heavens, reflect it to the ground!
- 4 Oh! may I reach that happy place
 Where he unveils his lovely face!
 Where all his beauties you behold,
 And sing his name to harps of gold!

30.

The Object of the Gospel.

- 1 This is the word of truth and love,
 Sent to the nations from above:
 Jehovah here resolves to show
 What his almighty grace can do.
- 2 This remedy did wisdom find,
 To heal diseases of the mind;
 This sovereign balm, whose virtues can
 Restore the ruined creature, man.
- 3 The gospel bids the dead revive;
 Sinners, obey the voice, and live:
 Dry bones are raised, and clothed afresh,
 And hearts of stone are turned to flesh.
- 4 May but this grace my soul renew,
 Let sinners gaze, and hate me too;
 The word that saves me does engage
 A sure defence from all their rage.

31.

Universal Praise to God.

- 1 Loud hallelujahs to the Lord,
 From distant worlds where creatures dwell;
 Let heaven begin the solemn word,
 And sound it dreadful—down to hell.
- 2 Wide—as his vast dominion lies—
 Make the Creator's name be known:
 Loud—as his thunder—shout his praise,
 And sound it lofty—as his throne.
- 3 JEHOVAH—'tis a glorious word—
 O may it dwell on ev'ry tongue!
 But saints, who best have known the Lord,
 Are bound to raise the noblest song.
- 4 Speak of the wonders of that love,
 Which Gabriel plays on ev'ry chord!
 From all below and all above,
 Loud hallelujahs to the Lord.

32.

The Greatness of God.

- 1 My God, my King, thy various praise
 Shall fill the remnant of my days;
 Thy grace employ my humble tongue,
 Till death and glory raise the song.
- 2 The wings of ev'ry hour shall bear
 Some thankful tribute to thine ear;
 And every setting sun shall see
 New works of duty, done for thee.
- 3 Let distant times and nations raise
 The long succession of thy praise;
 And unborn ages make my song
 The joy and labor of their tongue.
- 4 But who can speak thy wondrous deeds?
 Thy greatness all our thoughts exceeds:
 Vast—and unsearchable thy ways,
 Vast—and immortal be thy praise.

A - wake, my voice, in heavenly lays, Tell loud the won - ders he hath done.
How swift and joy - ful was his flight, On wings of ev - er - last - ing love!

Th' almighty cap - tive left the earth, And rose to ev - er - last - ing day.
His sacred name fills all their tongues, And echoes through the heaven - ly plains!

33.*The Eternal Sabbath.*

- 1 Thine earthly Sabbaths, Lord, we love;
But there's a nobler rest above;
To that our longing souls aspire,
With cheerful hope — and strong desire.
- 2 No more fatigue — no more distress,
Nor sin, nor death shall reach the place;
No groans shall mingle with the songs
Which warble from immortal tongues.
- 3 No rude alarms of raging foes,
No cares to break the long repose;
No midnight shade — no clouded sun —
But sacred, high, eternal noon.
- 4 Oh long-expected day, begin!
Dawn on this world of woe and sin:
Fain would we leave this weary road,
And sleep in death, to rest in God.

34.*A Morning Hymn.*

- 1 Awake, my soul, and with the sun,
Thy daily stage of duty run;
Shake off dull sloth, and early rise,
To pay thy morning sacrifice.
- 2 Lord, I my vows to thee renew!
Scatter my sins like morning dew;
Guard my first springs of thought and will,
And with thyself my spirit fill.
- 3 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.
- 4 Praise God, from whom all blessings flow;
Praise him, all creatures here below:
Praise him above, angelic host; —
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

35.*The Church.*

- 1 God in his earthly temple lays
Foundation for his heavenly praise;
He likes the tents of Jacob well,
But still in Zion loves to dwell.
- 2 His mercy visits every house
That pay their night and morning vows;
But makes a more delightful stay,
Where churches meet to praise and pray.
- 3 What glories were described of old!
What wonders are of Zion told!
Thou city of our God below,
Thy fame shall all the nations know.

36.*Praise to God.*

- 1 Before Jehovah's awful throne,
Ye nations, bow with sacred joy:
Know that the Lord is God alone;
He can create, and he destroy.
- 2 His sovereign power, without our aid,
Made us of clay—and formed us men;
And when, like wandering sheep, we strayed,
He brought us to his fold again.
- 3 We are his people—we his care—
Our souls, and all our mortal frame
What lasting honors shall we rear,
Almighty Maker, to thy name?
- 4 We'll crowd thy gates, with thankful songs,
High, as the heaven, our voices raise;
And earth, with all her thousand tongues,
Shall fill thy courts with sounding praise.
- 5 Wide—as the world—is thy command;
Vast—as eternity—thy love;
Firm—as a rock—thy truth shall stand,
When rolling years shall cease to move.

38.

1. Thus far the Lord hath led me on; Thus far his power prolongs my days:
 2. Much of my time has run to waste, And I, per-haps, am near my home;
 3. I lay my bo-dy down to sleep; Peace is the pil-low for my head:
 4. Thus, when the night of death shall come, My flesh shall rest beneath the ground;

39.

The Value of Christ and his Righteousness.

- 1 No more, my God — I boast no more,
Of all the duties I have done;
I quit the hopes I held before,
To trust the merits of thy Son.
- 2 Now, for the love I bear his name,
What was my gain, I count my loss;
My former pride I call my shame,
And nail my glory to his cross.
- 3 Yes, and I must and will esteem
All things but loss for Jesus' sake;
O may my soul be found in him,
And of his righteousness partake!
- 4 The best obedience of my hands
Dares not appear before thy throne;
But faith can answer thy demands,
By pleading what my Lord has done.

40.

Christ's Commission to his Ministers.

- 1 "Go preach my gospel," saith the Lord;
"Bid the whole earth my grace receive:
He shall be saved, that trusts my word,
And he condemned, who'll not believe.
- 2 I'll make your great commission known;
And ye shall prove my gospel true,
By all the works that I have done,
By all the wonders ye shall do.
- 3 Teach all the nations my commands;
I'm with you till the world shall end;
All power is trusted in my hands —
I can destroy — and I defend."
- 4 He spake — and light shone round his head;
On a bright cloud to heaven he rode:
They to the farthest nations spread
The grace of their ascended God.

41.

Christ's Invitation to Sinners.

- 1 "Come hither, all ye weary souls,
Ye heavy-laden sinners, come;
I'll give you rest from all your toils,
And raise you to my heavenly home.
- 2 They shall find rest, who learn of me;
I'm of a meek and lowly mind:
But passion rages like the sea,
And pride is restless as the wind.
- 3 Bless'd is the man whose shoulders take
My yoke, and bear it with delight;
My yoke is easy to his neck,
My grace shall make the burden light."
- 4 Jesus, we come at thy command;
With faith, and hope, and humble zeal,
Resign our spirits to thy hand,
To mould and guide us at thy will.

42.

Love to God and our Neighbour.

- 1 Thus saith the first, the great command,
"Let all thy inward powers unite,
To love thy Maker, and thy God,
With utmost vigor and delight.
- 2 Then shall thy neighbor, next in place,
Share thine affection and esteem;
And let thy kindness to thyself
Measure and rule thy love to him."
- 3 This is the sense that Moses spoke;
This did the prophets preach and prove;
For want of this the law is broke,
And the whole law's fulfill'd by love.
- 4 But oh! how base our passions are!
How cold our charity and zeal!
Lord, fill our souls with heavenly fire,
Or we shall ne'er perform thy will.

And ev'-ry ev'ning should make known Some fresh me-mo-rials of his grace.
But he forgives my fol-lies past; He gives me strength for days to come.

While well-ap-point-ed an-gels keep Their watchful sta-tions round my bed.
And wait thy voice to rouse my tomb, With sweet sal-va-tion in the sound.

43.

Crucifixion to the World by the Cross of Christ.

- 1 When I survey the wondrous cross,
On which the Prince of Glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride.
- 2 Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
Save in the death of Christ, my God;
All the vain things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them to thy 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.

44.

Delight in God and his Worship.

- 1 Great God, indulge my humble claim,
Thou art my hope, my joy, my rest;
The glories that compose thy name
Stand all engaged to make me blest.
- 2 Thou great and good — thou just and wise,
Thou art my Father, and my God;
And I am thine, by sacred ties,
Thy son — thy servant, bought with blood.
- 3 With early feet I love t' appear
Among thy saints, and seek thy face;
Oft have I seen thy glory there,
And felt the power of sovereign grace.
- 4 I'll lift my hands — I'll raise my voice,
While I have breath to pray or praise;
This work shall make my heart rejoice,
And bless the remnant of my days.

45.

The Gospel exemplified in the Conduct.

- 1 So let our lips and lives express
The holy gospel we profess;
So let our works and virtues shine,
To prove the doctrine all divine.
- 2 Thus shall we best proclaim abroad
The honors of our Saviour God;
When his salvation reigns within,
And grace subdues the power of Sin.
- 3 Our flesh and sense must be denied,
Passion and envy, lust and pride;
While justice, temperance, truth, and love,
Our inward piety approve.
- 4 Religion bears our spirits up,
While we expect that blessed hope,
The bright appearance of the Lord,
And faith stands leaning on his word.

46.

Religion vain without Love.

- 1 Had I the tongues of Greeks and Jews,
And nobler speech than angels use;
If love be absent, I am found,
Like tinkling brass, an empty sound.
- 2 Were I inspir'd to preach, and tell
All that is done in heaven and hell;
Or could my faith the world remove,
Still — I am nothing without love.
- 3 Should I distribute all my store,
To feed the bowels of the poor;
Or give my body to the flame,
To gain a martyr's glorious name; —
- 4 If love to God, and love to men,
Be absent — all my hopes are vain:
Nor tongues, nor gifts, nor fiery zeal,
The works of love can e'er fulfil.

47.

1. The day of wrath! that dreadful day, When heaven and earth shall pass a - way!
 2. When, shrivelling like a parched scroll, The flaming heavens to - geth - er roll;
 3. Oh! on that day, that wrathful day, When man to judgment wakes from clay,

48.

Pardon and Sanctification penitently implored.

- 1 Show pity, Lord — O Lord, forgive,
 Let a repenting rebel live;
 Are not thy mercies large and free?
 May not a sinner trust in thee?
- 2 Oh wash my soul from every sin,
 And make my guilty conscience clean;
 Here, on my heart, the burden lies,
 And past offences pain mine eyes.
- 3 My lips, with shame, my sins confess,
 Against thy law — against thy grace:
 Lord, should thy judgment grow severe,
 I am condemned — but thou art clear.
- 4 Should sudden vengeance seize my breath,
 I must pronounce thee just in death;
 And if my soul were sent to hell,
 Thy righteous law approves it well.
- 5 Yet, save a trembling sinner, Lord,
 Whose hope, still hovering round thy word,
 Would light on some sweet promise there,
 Some sure support against despair.

49.

Sorrow for Sin.

- 1 Oh that my load of sin were gone!
 Oh that I could at last submit!
 At Jesus' feet to lay me down —
 To lay my soul at Jesus' feet.
- 2 Rest for my soul I long to find:
 Saviour of all, if mine thou art —
 Give me thy meek, thy lowly mind,
 And stamp thine image on my heart.
- 3 Break off the yoke of inbred sin,
 And fully set my spirit free:
 I cannot rest till pure within, —
 Till I am wholly lost in thee.

50.

Few Saved; or, The almost Christian.

- 1 Broad is the road that leads to death,
 And thousands walk together there;
 But wisdom shows a narrow path,
 With here and there a traveller.
- 2 Deny thyself and take thy cross,
 Is the Redeemer's great command;
 Nature must eout her gold but dress,
 If she would gain this heavenly land.
- 3 The fearful soul, that tires and faints,
 And walks the ways of God no more,
 Is but esteem'd — almost a saint —
 And makes his own destruction sure.
- 4 Lord, let not all my hopes be vain;
 Create my heart entirely new;
 Which hypocrites could ne'er attain;
 Which false apostates never knew.

51.

The Day of Grace.

- 1 While life prolongs its precious light
 Mercy is found and peace is given;
 But soon, ah soon! approaching night
 Shall blot out every hope of heav'n.
- 2 While God invites, how blest the day!
 How sweet the gospel's charming sound —
 "Come, sinners, haste, Oh, haste away,
 While yet a pard'ning God he's found."
- 3 "Soon, borne on time's most rapid wing,
 Shall death command you to the grave,
 Before his bar your spirits bring,
 And none be found to hear, or save."
- 4 "In that lone land of deep despair,
 No sabbath's heav'nly light shall rise;
 No God regard your bitter pray'r,
 Nor Saviour call you to the skies."

What power shall be the sin-ner's stay? How shall he meet that dread-ful day —
And, loud-er yet, and yet more dread, Swells the high trump that wakes the dead?
Be thou, O Christ! the sinner's stay, Though heaven and earth shall pass a - way

52.

Vision of the Dry Bones.

- 1 Look down, O Lord, with pitying eye,
See Adam's race in ruin lie;
Sin spreads its trophies o'er the ground,
And scatters slaughter'd millions round.
- 2 And can these mould'ring corpses live,
And can these perish'd bones revive?
That, mighty God, to thee is known;
That wondrous work is all thy own.
- 3 Thy ministers are sent in vain,
To prophesy upon the slain —
In vain they call, in vain they cry,
Till thine almighty aid is nigh.
- 4 But if thy Spirit deign to breathe,
Life spreads through all the realms of death;
Dry bones obey thy powerful voice;
They move, they waken, they rejoice.

53.

Advice to Youth.

- 1 Now, in the heat of youthful blood,
Remember your Creator, God;
Behold the months come hast'ning on,
When you shall say — My joys are gone.
- 2 Behold, the aged sinner goes,
Laden with guilt and heavy woes,
Down to the regions of the dead,
With endless curses on his head.
- 3 The dust returns to dust again;
The soul, in agonies of pain,
Ascends to God; not there to dwell,—
But hears her doom, and sink to hell.
- 4 Eternal King, I fear thy name!
Teach me to know how frail I am;
And when my soul must hence remove,
Give me a mansion in thy love.

54.

The Watchful Servant.

- 1 Awake, awake, each sluggish soul!
Awake, and view the setting sun!
See how the shades of death advance,
Ere half the task of life is done.
- 2 Death! 'tis an awful solemn sound!
Oh may it wake the slumbering ear!
Apace the dreadful conqueror comes,
With all his pale companions near.
- 3 Soon will he close all drowsy eyes,
Nor shall we hear these warnings more;
Soon will the mighty Judge approach,
E'en now he stands before the door.
- 4 To-day, attend his gracious voice!
This is the summons which he sends —
"Awake! for on this passing hour,
Thy long eternity depends."

55.

The Lord's Supper instituted.

- 1 'Twas on that dark, that doleful night,
When powers of earth and hell arose
Against the Son of God's delight,
And friends betray'd him to his foes —
- 2 Before the mournful scene began,
He took the bread, and bless'd and brake;
What love through all his actions ran!
What wondrous words of grace he spake!
- 3 This is my body — broke for sin —
Receive and eat the living food:
Then took the cup and bless'd the wine:
'Tis the new covenant of my blood.
- 4 Do this, he cried, till time shall end,
In mem'ry of your dying friend;
Meet at my table, and record
The love of your departed Lord.

56.

1. Praise ye the Lord; ex - alt his name, While in his ho - ly courts ye wait,
 2. Praise ye the Lord; the Lord is good; To praise his name is sweet em - ploy;
 3. Bless him, all ye who taste his love; Peo - ple and priests, ex - alt his name:

57.

The Church's Prayer in Time of Desertion.

- 1 Great shepherd of thine Israel,
 Who didst between the cherubs dwell,
 And lead the tribes, thy chosen sheep,
 Safe through the desert and the deep.
- 2 Thy church is in the desert now —
 Shine from on high — and guide us through;
 Turn us to thee — thy love restore,
 We shall be saved — and sigh no more.
- 3 Hast thou not planted with thy hand
 A lovely vine in this our land?
 Did not thy power defend it round,
 And heavenly dew enrich the ground?
- 4 Return, almighty God, return,
 Nor let thy bleeding vineyard mourn;
 Turn us to thee — thy love restore,
 We shall be saved — and sigh no more.

58.

God, the Glory and Defence of Zion.

- 1 Happy the church, thou sacred place,
 The seat of thy Creator's grace;
 Thy holy courts are his abode,
 Thou earthly palace of our God.
- 2 Thy foes in vain designs engage;
 Against his throne in vain they rage;
 Like rising waves, with angry roar,
 That dash, and die upon the shore.
- 3 God is our shield, and God our sun;
 Swift as the fleeting moments run,
 On us he sheds new beams of grace;
 And we reflect his brightest praise.

59.

God's Goodness.

- 1 Happy the man, whose hopes rely
 On Israel's God: He made the sky,
 And earth and seas, with all their train;
 And none shall find his promise vain.
- 2 His truth for ever stands secure;
 He saves the oppress'd, he feeds the poor;
 He sends the lab'ring conscience peace,
 And grants the pris'ner sweet release.
- 3 The Lord hath eyes to give the blind;
 The Lord supports the sinking mind;
 He helps the stranger in distress,
 The widow and the fatherless.
- 4 He loves his saints; he knows them well;
 But turns the wicked down to hell:
 Thy God, O Zion, ever reigns;
 Praise him in everlasting strains.

60.

The Teaching of Jesus.

- 1 How sweetly flowed the gospel's sound
 From lips of gentleness and grace,
 When listening thousands gathered round,
 And joy and reverence filled the place.
- 2 From heaven he came—of heaven he spoke,
 To heaven he led his followers' way;
 Dark clouds of gloomy night he broke,
 Unveiling an immortal day.
- 3 "Come, wanderers, to my Father's home,
 Come, all ye weary ones, and rest!"
 Yes! sacred Teacher — we will come —
 Obey thee, — love thee, and be blest!
- 4 Decay, then, tenements of dust!
 Pillars of earthly pride, decay!
 A nobler mansion waits the just,
 And Jesus has prepared the way.

Ye saints, who to his house be-long, Or stand at-tend-ing at his gate.
Is-rael he chose of old, and still His church is his pe-cu-liar joy.

A-mongst his saints he ev-er dwells; His church is his Je-ru-sa-lem.

61.

The Blessings of the New Covenant.

- 1 God, in the gospel of his Son,
Makes his eternal counsels known :
Where love in all its glory shines,
And truth is drawn in fairest lines.
- 2 Here, sinners, of an humble frame,
May taste his grace, and learn his name ;
May read in characters of blood,
The wisdom, power, and grace of God.
- 3 The prisoner here may break his chains ;
The weary rest from all his pains ;
The captive feel his bondage cease ;
The mourner find the way of peace.
- 4 Here faith reveals to mortal eyes
A brighter world beyond the skies ;
Here shines the light which guides our way
From earth to realms of endless day.
- 5 O grant us grace, Almighty Lord !
To read and mark thy holy word ;
Its truth with meekness to receive,
And by its holy precepts live.

62.

Joy in Heaven for a Repenting Sinner.

- 1 Who can describe the joys that rise,
Through all the courts of Paradise,
To see a prodigal return, —
To see an heir of glory born ?
- 2 With joy the Father does approve
The fruit of his eternal love ;
The Son with joy looks down, and sees
The purchase of his agonies.
- 3 The Spirit takes delight to view
The holy soul he form'd anew ;
And saints and angels join to sing
The growing empire of their King.

63.

For the Influence of the Spirit on the Word.

- 1 O spirit of the living God !
In all the fulness of thy grace,
Where'er the foot of man hath trod,
Descend on our apostate race.
- 2 Give tongues of fire and hearts of love
To preach the reconciling word :
Give power and unction from above,
Whene'er the joyful sound is heard.
- 3 Be darkness, at thy coming, light,
Confusion, order, in thy path ;
Souls without strength, inspire with might ;
Bid mercy triumph over wrath !
- 4 Baptize the nations ! far and nigh,
The triumphs of the cross record ;
The name of Jesus glorify,
Till every kindred call him Lord.

64.

The Citizen of Zion.

- 1 Who shall ascend thy heavenly place,
Great God, and dwell before thy face ? —
The man who loves religion now,
And humbly walks with God below ; —
- 2 Whose hands are pure—whose heart is clean ;
Whose lips still speak the thing they mean ;
No slanders dwell upon his tongue ;
He hates to do his neighbor wrong.
- 3 He loves his enemies — and prays
For those who curse him to his face ;
And does to all men still the same
That he could hope or wish from them.
- 4 Yet, when his holiest works are done,
His soul depends on grace alone : —
This is the man thy face shall see,
And dwell forever, Lord, with thee.

65.

1. How vain is all be-neath the skies! How transient eve-ry earth-ly bliss!
 2. The evening cloud, the morning dew, The withering grass, the fad-ing flower,
 3. But, though earth's fairest blossoms die, And all be-neath the skies is vain,
 4. Then let the hope of joys to come Dis-pel our cares, and chase our fears:

66.

Gethsemane.

- 1 'Tis midnight — and on Olive's brow,
The star is dimmed that lately shone;
'Tis midnight — in the garden now,
The suffering Saviour prays alone.
- 2 'Tis midnight — and from all removed,
Immanuel wrestles lone, with fears;
E'en the disciple that he loved
Heeds not his Master's grief and tears.
- 3 'Tis midnight — and for others' guilt
The man of sorrows weeps in blood;
Yet he, that hath in anguish knelt,
Is not forsaken by his God.
- 4 'Tis midnight — and from ether plains,
Is borne the song that angels know;
Unheard by mortals are the strains,
That sweetly soothe the Saviour's wo.

67.

"Return unto me."

- 1 Return, O wanderer, return!
And seek thine injured Father's face:
Those new desires which in thee burn,
Were kindled by reclaiming grace.
- 2 Return, O wanderer, return!
He hears thy deep repentant sigh:
He sees thy softened spirit mourn,
When no intruding ear is nigh.
- 3 Return, O wanderer, return!
Thy Saviour bids thy spirit live:
Go to his feet; and grateful, learn
How freely Jesus can forgive.
- 4 Return, O wanderer, return!
And wipe away the falling tear:
Thy Father calls — "No longer mourn!"
'Tis mercy's voice invites thee near.

68.

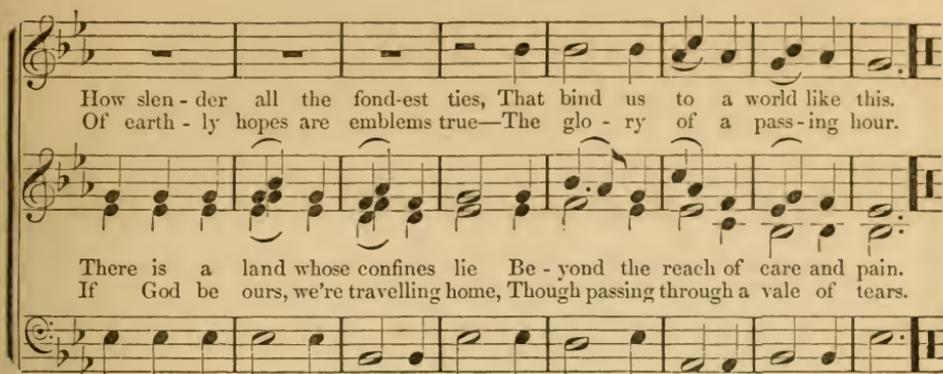
Not ashamed of Jesus.

- 1 Jesus, and shall it ever be,
A mortal man asham'd of thee!
Scorn'd be the thought, by rich and poor,
Oh may I scorn it more and more.
- 2 Asham'd of Jesus! — that dear Friend,
On whom my hopes of heaven depend!
No! when I blush, be this my shame,
That I no more revere his name.
- 3 Asham'd of Jesus! — yes I may —
When I've no sins to wash away;
No tear to wipe, no good to crave,
No fear to quell, no soul to save.
- 4 Till then, (nor is my boasting vain,)
Till then I boast a Saviour slain!
And, oh may this my glory be,
That Christ is not asham'd of me!

69.

The Penitent restored.

- 1 O Thou, who hear'st when sinners cry,
Though all my crimes before thee lie,
Behold them not with angry look,
But blot their men'ry from thy book.
- 2 Create my nature pure within,
And form my soul averse from sin;
Let thy good Spirit ne'er depart,
Nor hide thy presence from my heart.
- 3 Then will I teach the world thy ways,
Sinners shall learn thy sovereign grace;
I'll lead them to my Saviour's blood,
And they shall praise a pard'ning God.
- 4 O may thy love inspire my tongue!
Salvation shall be all my song;
And all my powers shall join to bless
The Lord, my strength and righteousness.



How slender all the fond-est ties, That bind us to a world like this.
Of earth-ly hopes are emblems true—The glo-ry of a pass-ing hour.

There is a land whose confines lie Be-yond the reach of care and pain.
If God be ours, we're travelling home, Though passing through a vale of tears.

70.

"Take not thy Holy Spirit," &c.

- 1 Stay, thou insulted Spirit, stay,
Though I have done thee such despite,
Cast not the sinner quite away,
Nor take thine everlasting flight.
- 2 Though I have most unfaithful been
Of all, whoe'er thy grace received,
Ten thousand times thy goodness seen,
Ten thousand times thy goodness grieved,—
- 3 Yet oh, the chief of sinners spare,
In honor of my great High Priest;
Nor in thy righteous anger swear,
I shall not see thy people's rest.
- 4 E'en now my weary soul release,
And raise me by thy gracious hand!
Guide me into thy perfect peace,
And bring me to the promised land.

71.

A Funeral Hymn.

- 1 Unveil thy bosom, faithful tomb,
Take this new treasure to thy trust;
And give these sacred relics 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 peaceful sleeper here,
While angels watch the soft repose.
- 3 So Jesus slept;— God's dying Son
Pass'd through the grave, and blest the bed;
Rest here, blest saint, till from his throne
The morning break, and pierce the shade.
- 4 Break from his throne, illustrious morn;
Attend, O earth! his sovereign word;
Restore thy trust—a glorious form—
Call'd to ascend and meet the Lord.

72.

Reception into Christian Fellowship.

- 1 Come in, thou blessed of the Lord,
Enter in Jesus' precious name;
We welcome thee with one accord,
And trust the Saviour does the same.
- 2 Those joys which earth cannot afford,
We'll seek in fellowship to prove,
Joined in one spirit to our Lord,
Together bound by mutual love.
- 3 And while we pass this vale of tears,
We'll make our joys and sorrows known;
We'll share each others' hopes and fears,
And count a brother's cares our own.

73.

The Death of the Righteous.

- 1 How blest the righteous when they die,
When holy souls retire to rest!
How mildly beams the closing eye!
How gently heaves th' 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 Farewell, conflicting hopes and fears,
Where lights and shades alternate dwell!
How bright th' unchanging morn appears!
Farewell, inconstant world, farewell!

74.

All glory to the wondrous name,
Father of mercy, God of love!
Thus we exalt the Lord, the Lamb,
And thus we praise the heavenly Dove.

75.

1. Oh hap-py day, that fixed my choice On thee, my Sa-viour, and my God;
 2. Oh hap-py bond, that seals my vows To him who mer-its all my love!

3. 'Tis done—the great trans-ac-tion's done; I am my Lord's, and he is mine:
 4. Now rest—my long-di-vid-ed heart— Fixed on this bliss-ful cen-tre, rest—

76.

God dwells with the Humble and Penitent.

- 1 Thus saith the high and lofty One,
 "I sit upon my holy throne;
 My name is God; I dwell on high
 Dwell in my own eternity.
- 2 But I descend to worlds below;
 On earth I have a mansion too:
 The humble spirit and contrite
 Is an abode of my delight.
- 3 The humble soul my words revive;
 I bid the mourning sinner live;
 Heal all the broken hearts I find,
 And ease the sorrows of the mind."

77.

Meeting of Friends.

- 1 O gracious God! to thee we raise
 Our grateful hearts in tuneful praise;
 For thou hast kept us by thy power,
 From day to day, and hour to hour.
- 2 Bright suns arose, bright suns have set,
 Since we as loving friends have met,
 And change hath marked the path we've trod;
 And still thou art our watchful God.
- 3 Thanks for the sacred, blessed tie,
 That brings us to each other nigh!
 Thanks for the love that true hearts feel
 'Mid changeful scenes—life's wo and weal!
- 4 When thus dear friends and kindred meet,
 Their sacred fellowship how sweet!
 Life warms to new and fresher bliss,
 Through heart-communion true as this.
- 5 If this glad meeting be the last,
 Till life-scenes mingle with the past;
 O may we meet in Christ above,
 To sing his praise, and share his love!

78.

Thanksgiving: Seasons crowned with Goodness.

- 1 Eternal source of every joy!
 Well may thy praise our lips employ,
 While in thy temple we appear,
 To hail thee Sovereign of the year.
- 2 The flowery spring, at thy command,
 Perfumes the air, and paints the land;
 The summer rays with vigor shine,
 To raise the corn, and cheer the vine.
- 3 Thy hand, in autumn, richly pours,
 Through all our coasts, redundant stores;
 And winters, soften'd by thy care,
 No more the face of horror wear.
- 4 Seasons, and months, and weeks and days,
 Demand successive songs of praise;
 And be the grateful homage paid,
 With morning light and evening shade.

79.

Family Worship.

- 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 sustain'd.
- 2 To God, most worthy to be prais'd,
 Be our domestic altars rais'd;
 Who, Lord of heav'n, 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 Oh, may each future age proclaim
 The honors of thy glorious name;
 While, pleas'd and thankful, we remove
 To join the family above.

Well may this glow-ing heart re-joice, And tell its rap-tures all a-broad.
Let cheer-ful an-thems fill the house, While to his al-tar now I move.

He drew me, and I fol-lowed on, Re-joiced to own the call di-vine.
Here have I found a no-ble part, Here heavenly plea-sures fill my breast.

80.*For Missionary Associations.*

- 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 First bow our hearts beneath thy sway;
Then give thy growing empire way,
O'er wastes of sin — o'er fields of blood —
Till all mankind shall be subdued.
- 4 Our prayers assist — accept our praise —
Our hopes revive — our courage raise —
Our counsels aid — and oh! impart
The single eye — the faithful heart.

81.*For the Blessing of Father, Son, and Spirit.*

- 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 confessed;
May nought in life or death divide
The saints in thy communion blest.

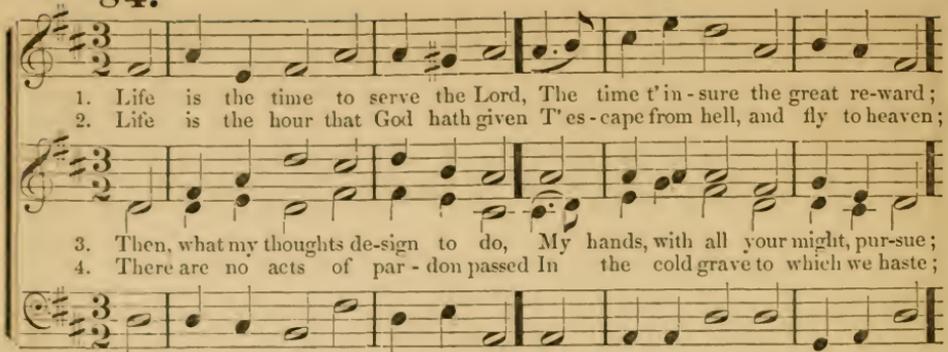
82.*Value of Prayer.*

- 1 What various hind'rances we meet,
In coming to a mercy-seat!
Yet who that knows the worth of pray'r,
But wishes to be often there.
- 2 Pray'r makes the darken'd cloud withdraw;
Pray'r climbs the ladder Jacob saw —
Gives exercise to faith and love —
Brings every blessing from above.
- 3 Restraining pray'r — we cease to fight;
Pray'r makes the Christian armor bright;
And Satan trembles when he sees
The weakest saint upon his knees.
- 4 Have you no words? — Ah, think again;
Words flow apace when you complain,
And fill your fellow-creature's ear,
With the sad tale of all your care.
- 5 Were half the breath, thus vainly spent,
To heav'n in supplication sent —
Your cheerful song would oft'ner be,
"Hear what the Lord hath done for me!"

83.*Christ our Strength.*

- 1 Let me but hear my Saviour say,
"Strength shall be equal to thy day,"
Then I rejoice in deep distress;
Leaning on all-sufficient grace.
- 2 I glory in infirmity,
That Christ's own power may rest on me;
When I am weak, then am I strong,
Grace is my shield, and Christ my song.
- 3 I can do all things, or can bear
All suff'rings, if my Lord be there;
Sweet pleasures mingle with the pains,
While his right hand my head sustains.

84.



1. Life is the time to serve the Lord, The time t' in - sure the great re - ward;
2. Life is the hour that God hath given T' es - cape from hell, and fly to heaven;
3. Then, what my thoughts de - sign to do, My hands, with all your might, pur - sue;
4. There are no acts of par - don passed In the cold grave to which we haste;

85.

Parting with Earthly Pleasures.

- 1 I send the joys of earth away;
Away, ye tempters of the mind,
False as the smooth deceitful sea,
And empty as the whistling wind.
- 2 Your streams were floating me along,
Down to the gulf of black despair;
And, whilst I listen'd to your song,
Your streams had e'en conveyed me there.
- 3 Lord, I adore thy matchless grace,
That warn'd me of that dark abyss;
That drew me from those treach'rous seas,
And bade me seek superior bliss.
- 4 Now, to the shining realms above
I stretch my hands, and glance my eyes;
Oh, for the pinions of a dove,
To bear me to the upper skies!
- 5 There, from the bosom of my God
Oceans of endless pleasure roll;
There would I fix my last abode,
And drown the sorrows of my soul.

86.

The Gathering of the Gentiles.

- 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, labor, 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.

87.

The Influence of the World Deplored.

- 1 Oh! from the world's vile slavery,
Almighty Saviour, set me free;
And as my treasure is above,
Be there my thoughts and there my love.
- 2 But oft, alas! too well I know,
My thoughts, my love, are fixed below;
In every lifeless prayer I find
The heart unmoved, the absent mind.
- 3 Oh! what that frozen heart can move,
Which melts not at a Saviour's love?
What can that sluggish spirit raise,
Which will not sing the Saviour's praise.
- 4 Lord, draw my best affections hence,
Above this world of sin and sense;
Cause them to soar beyond the skies,
And rest not, till to thee they rise.

88.

Afflictions Sanctified.

- 1 Long unafflicted, undismay'd,
In pleasure's path secure I stray'd;
Thou mad'st me feel thy chast'ning rod,
And straight I turn'd unto my God.
- 2 What though it pierc'd my fainting heart —
I bless thine hand that caus'd the smart;
It taught my tears awhile to flow,
But sav'd me from eternal wo.
- 3 Oh! hadst thou left me unchastis'd,
Thy precepts I had still despis'd:
And still the snare in secret laid,
Had my unwary feet betray'd.
- 4 I love thee, therefore, O my God,
And breathe towards thy dear abode;
Where, in thy presence, fully blest,
Thy chosen saints for ever rest.



And while the lamp holds out to burn, The vilest sinner may re - turn.
The day of grace—and mor - tals may Se - cure the bless - ings of the day.

Since no de - vice, nor work is found, Nor faith, nor hope, be - neath the ground.
But dark - ness, death, and long des - pair Reign in e - ter - nal si - lence there.

89.

Vanity of Creatures ; or, no Rest on Earth.

- 1 Man has a soul of vast desires ;
He burns within with restless fires ;
Toss'd to and fro, his passions fly
From vanity to vanity.
- 2 In vain on earth we hope to find
Some solid good to fill the mind :
We try new pleasures ; but we feel
The inward thirst and torment still.
- 3 So when a raging fever burns,
We shift from side to side, by turns ;
And 'tis a poor relief we gain,
To change the place, but keep the pain.
- 4 Great God, subdue this vicious thirst,
This love to vanity and dust ;
Cure the vile fever of the mind,
And feed our souls with joys refin'd.

90.

To let the Oppressed go Free.

- 1 Lord, when thine ancient people cried,
Oppressed and bound by Egypt's king,
Thou didst Arabia's sea divide,
And forth thy fainting Israel bring.
- 2 Lo, in these latter days, our land
Groans with the anguish of the slave !
Lord God of hosts, stretch forth thy hand,
Not shortened that it cannot save.
- 3 Roll back the swelling tide of sin,
The lust of gain, the lust of power ;
The day of freedom usher in,
How long delays the appointed hour ?
- 4 O, let thy smitten ones again
Take up the chorus of the free —
"Praise ye the Lord ! His power proclaim,
For He hath conquered gloriously !"

91.

My Spirit shall not always strive.

- 1 Say, sinner, hath a voice within,
Oft whisper'd to thy secret soul,
Urg'd thee to leave the ways of sin,
And yield thy heart to God's control ?
- 2 Hath something met thee in the path
Of worldliness and vanity,
And pointed to the coming wrath,
And warn'd thee from that wrath to flee ?
- 3 Sinner, it was a heav'nly voice,
It was the Spirit's gracious call,
It bade thee make the better choice,
And haste to seek in Christ thine all.
- 4 Spurn not the call to life and light ;
Regard in time the warning kind ;
That call thou may'st not always slight,
And yet the gate of mercy find.
- 5 Sinner — perhaps this very day,
Thy last accepted time may be ;
Oh, should'st thou grieve him now away,
Then hope may never beam on thee.

92.

It is finished.

- 1 'Tis finish'd : — so the Saviour cried ;
And meekly bow'd his head, and died !
'Tis finish'd : — yes, the race is run ; —
The battle fought, the vict'ry won.
- 2 'Tis finish'd — all that Heaven decreed,
And all that ancient prophets said,
Is now fulfill'd, as was design'd,
In me, the Saviour of mankind.
- 3 'Tis finish'd : — let the joyful sound
Be heard through all the nations round :
'Tis finish'd : — let the echo fly,
Through heaven and hell, through earth and sky.

83.

1. 'Tis by the faith of joys to come, We walk thro' deserts dark as night,
2. The want of sight she well sup - plies; She makes the pearly gates ap - pear;

3. Cheerful we tread the des - ert thro' While faith supplies a heavenly ray;
4. So Abra'am, by di - vine command, Left his own house to walk with God;

94.

Earth not our home.

- 1 "We've no abiding city here"—
This may distress the worldly mind;
But should not cost the saint a tear,
Who hopes a better rest to find.
- 2 "We've no abiding city here"—
Sad truth, were this to be our home:
But let this thought our spirits cheer,
"We seek a city yet to come."
- 3 "We've no abiding city here"—
Then let us live as pilgrims do;
Let not the world our rest appear,
But let us haste from all below.
- 4 "We've no abiding city here"—
We seek a city out of sight;
Zion its name — the Lord is there,
It shines with everlasting light.

95.

The Sight of God and Christ in Heaven.

- 1 O for a sight, a pleasant sight —
Of our Almighty Father's throne!
There sits our Saviour, crown'd with light,
Cloth'd in a body like our own.
- 2 Adoring saints around him stand,
And thrones and powers before him fall;
The God shines gracious through the man,
And sheds sweet glories on them all.
- 3 Oh, what amazing joys they feel,
While to their golden harps they sing!
And sit on ev'ry heavenly hill,
And spread the triumphs of their King!
- 4 When shall the day, dear Lord, appear,
That I shall mount to dwell above;
And stand and bow amongst them there,
And view thy face, and sing thy love?

96.

Behold, I stand at the door.

- 1 Behold a stranger at the door!
He gently knocks, has knock'd before;
Hath waited long — is waiting still;
You treat no other friend so ill.
- 2 Oh, lovely attitude, he stands
With melting heart and loaded hands!
Oh, matchless kindness! and he shows
This matchless kindness to his foes!
- 3 But will he prove a friend indeed?
He will; the very friend you need;
The friend of sinners — yes, 'tis He,
With garments dy'd on Calvary.
- 4 Rise, touch'd with gratitude divine;
Turn out his enemy and thine,
That soul-destroying monster sin,
And let the heavenly stranger in.
- 5 Admit him, ere his anger burn,
His feet departed ne'er return;
Admit him, or the hour's at hand,
You'll at his door rejected stand.

97.

"Where two or three are met in my name, there am I."

- 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.

Till we ar - rive at heaven, our home, Faith is our guide, and faith our light.
Far in - to dis - tant worlds she pries, And brings e - ter - nal glo - ries near.

Though lions roar, and tempests blow, And rocks and dan - gers fill the way
His faith be-held the promis'd land, And fired his zeal a - long the road.

98.

The Saint's Hope.

- 1 What sinners value, I resign;
Lord, 'tis enough that thou art mine:
I shall behold thy blissful face,
And stand complete in righteousness.
- 2 This life's a dream, an empty show;
But the bright world to which I go,
Hath joys substantial and sincere;
When shall I wake and find me there?
- 3 O glorious hour! O blest abode!
I shall be near, and like my God!
And flesh and sin no more control
The sacred pleasures of the soul.
- 4 My flesh will slumber in the ground,
Till the last trumpet's joyful sound;
Then burst the chains with sweet surprise,
And in my Saviour's image rise.

99.

The Mercy-seat.

- 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 beside more sweet —
It is the blood-bought mercy-seat.
- 3 There is a scene where spirits blend,
Where friend holds fellowship with friend;
Though sundered far, by faith they meet,
Around one common mercy-seat.
- 4 There, there on eagle-wings we soar,
And sense and sin becloud no more;
And heaven comes down our souls to greet,
And glory crowns the mercy-seat.

100.

Prophecy and Inspiration.

- 1 'Twas by an order from the Lord,
The ancient prophets spoke his word;
His Spirit did their tongues inspire,
And warm'd their hearts with heavenly fire.
- 2 The works and wonders which they wrought
Confirm'd the messages they brought;
The prophet's pen succeeds his breath,
To save the holy words from death.
- 3 Great God, mine eyes with pleasure look
On the dear volume of thy book;
There my Redeemer's face I see,
And read his Name who died for me.

101.

Religion.

- 1 Teach us, O Lord, the great concern,
To know thy will, thy name to love;
Our duty from thy word to learn,
And gain the wisdom from above.
- 2 Religion must be all in all,
Would we th' immortal prize obtain,
Retrieve the ruins of the fall,
And 'scape the death of endless pain.
- 3 Send thy good Spirit, Lord, we pray,
To sanctify and cleanse our heart;
May we repent, believe, obey,
And from thy service ne'er depart.

102.

To God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Spirit, Three in One,
Be honor, praise, and glory giv'n,
By all on earth, and all in heav'n.

103.

1. Now let a true am - bi - tion rise, And ar - dor fire our breast,
 2. Be - hold Je - ho - vah's roy - al hand A ra - diant crown dis - play,

3. A - way, each grovelling, anxious care, Beneath a Christian's aim ;
 4. Ye hearts, with youthful vig - or warm, The glorious prize pur - sue ;

104.

Vows.

- 1 What shall I render to my God,
 For all his kindness shown ?
 My feet shall visit thine abode,
 My songs address thy throne.
- 2 How happy all thy servants are !
 How great thy grace to me !
 My life which thou hast made thy care,
 Lord, I devote to thee.
- 3 Now I am thine — forever thine —
 Nor shall my purpose move ;
 Thy hand hath loos'd my bonds of pain,
 And bound me with thy love.
- 4 Here, in thy courts, I leave my vow,
 And thy rich grace record ;
 Witness, ye saints, who hear me now,
 If I forsake the Lord.

105.

The Way and End of the Righteous and the Wicked.

- 1 Blest is the man who shuns the place,
 Where sinners love to meet ;
 Who fears to tread their wicked ways,
 And hates the scoffer's seat :
- 2 But in the statutes of the Lord,
 Has plac'd his chief delight ;
 By day he reads or hears the word,
 And meditates by night.
- 3 Not so the impious and unjust,
 What vain designs they form !
 Their hopes are blown away like dust,
 Or chaff, before the storm.
- 4 Sinners in judgment will not stand
 Amongst the sons of grace,
 When Christ the Judge, at his right hand
 Appoints his saints a place.

106.

For Sunday Schools.

- 1 There is a glorious world of light,
 Above the starry sky ;
 Where saints departed, clothed in white,
 Adore the Lord most high.
- 2 And hark ! amid the sacred songs
 Those heavenly voices raise,
 Ten thousand, thousand infant tongues
 Unite and perfect praise.
- 3 Those are the hymns that we shall know,
 If Jesus we obey ;
 That is the place where we shall go,
 If found in wisdom's way.
- 4 Soon will our earthly race be run,
 Our mortal frame decay ;
 Children and teachers, one by one,
 Must droop, and pass away.
- 5 Great God ! impress the serious thought,
 This day, on every breast ;
 That both the teachers and the taught
 May enter to thy rest.

107.

The Bible.

- 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.

To reign in worlds a - bove the skies, In heaven - ly glo - ries dressed.
Whose gems with viv - id lus - tre shine, While stars and suns de - cay.

We spring to seize im - mor - tal joys, In our Redeem - er's name.
Nor fear the want of earth - ly good, While heaven is kept in view.

108.

Youthful Piety.

- 1 Ye hearts, with youthful vigor warm,
In smiling crowds draw near,
And turn from ev'ry mortal charm,
A Saviour's voice to hear.
- 2 He, Lord of all the worlds on high,
Stoops to converse with you;
And lays his radiant glories by,
Your friendship to pursue.
- 3 "The soul that longs to see my face
Is sure my love to gain;
And those that early seek my grace,
Shall never seek in vain."
- 4 What object, Lord, my soul should move,
If once compar'd with thee?
What beauty should command my love,
Like what in Christ I see?
- 5 Away, ye false, delusive toys,
Vain tempters of the mind!
'Tis here I fix my lasting choice,
And here true bliss I find.

109.

The Power of Faith.

- 1 Faith adds new charms to earthly bliss,
And saves us from its snares:
It yields support in all our toils,
And softens all our cares.
- 2 The wounded conscience knows its power,
The healing balm to give;
That balm the saddest heart can cheer,
And make the dying live.
- 3 Wide it unveils the heavenly world,
Where endless pleasures reign;
It bids us seek our portion there,
Nor bids us seek in vain.

110.

Assurance of Hope desired.

- 1 Why should the children of a king
Go mourning all their days?
Great Comforter, descend, and bring
Some tokens of thy grace.
- 2 Dost thou not dwell in all the saints,
And seal the heirs of heaven?
When wilt thou banish my complaints,
And show my sins forgiv'n?
- 3 Assure my conscience of her part
In the Redeemer's blood;
And bear thy witness with my heart,
That I am born of God.
- 4 Thou art the earnest of his love,—
The pledge of joys to come;
And thy soft wings, celestial Dove,
Will safe convey me home.

111.

The Morning of the Lord's Day.

- 1 Early, my God, without delay,
I haste to seek thy face;
My thirsty spirit faints away,
Without thy cheering grace.
- 2 So pilgrims, on the scorching sand,
Beneath a burning sky,
Long for a cooling stream at hand;
And they must drink or die.
- 3 I've seen thy glory and thy power
Through all thy temple shine;
My God, repeat that heavenly hour,
That vision so divine.
- 4 Thus, 'till my last expiring day,
I'll bless my God and King;
Thus will I lift my hands to pray,
And tune my lips to sing.

112.

1. Con - sid - er all my sorrows, Lord, And thy de - liv - erance send;
 2. Yet I have found 'tis good for me To bear my Fa - ther's rod;

3. Had not thy word been my de - light When earthly joys were fled,
 4. Be - fore I knew thy chastening rod, My feet were apt to stray;

113.

Love to the Creatures dangerous.

- 1 How vain are all things here below,
 How false, and yet how fair!
 Each pleasure hath its poison too,
 And ev'ry sweet a snare.
- 2 The brightest things below the sky
 Give but a flatt'ring light:
 We should suspect some danger nigh,
 Where we possess delight.
- 3 Our dearest joys, and nearest friends,
 The partners of our blood —
 How they divide our wav'ring minds,
 And leave but half for God!
- 4 The fondness of a creature's love,
 How strong it strikes the sense!
 Thither the warm affections move,
 Nor can we call them thence.
- 5 Dear Saviour, let thy beauties be
 My soul's eternal food;
 And grace command my heart away
 From all created good.

114.

Humility and Submission.

- 1 Is there ambition in my heart?
 Search, gracious God, and see;
 Or do I act a haughty part?
 Lord, I appeal to thee.
- 2 I charge my thoughts, be humble still,
 And all my carriage mild;
 Content, my Father, with thy will,
 And quiet as a child.
- 3 The patient soul, the lowly mind,
 Shall have a large reward;
 Let saints in sorrow lie resign'd,
 And trust a faithful Lord.

115.

Death of a young person.

- 1 When blooming youth is snatch'd away
 By death's resistless hand,
 Our hearts the mournful tribute pay
 Which pity must demand.
- 2 While pity prompts the rising sigh,
 Oh, may this truth, impress'd
 With awful pow'r — "I too must die" —
 Sink deep in ev'ry breast.
- 3 The voice of this alarming scene
 May ev'ry heart obey;
 Nor be the heav'nly warning vain,
 Which calls to watch, and pray.
- 4 Oh, let us fly, to Jesus fly,
 Whose pow'rful arm can save;
 Then shall our hopes ascend on high,
 And triumph o'er the grave.

116.

Trust in God.

- 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 — who gives me all
 My wealth, my friends, my ease;
 And of his bounties may recall
 Whatever part he please.
- 3 It is the Lord — my cov'nant God,
 Thrice blessed be his Name! —
 Whose gracious promise, seal'd with blood,
 Must ever be the same.
- 4 His cov'nant will my soul defend,
 Should nature's self expire;
 And the great Judge of all descend
 In awful, flaming fire.

My soul for thy sal - va - tion faints ; When will my trou - bles end ?
 Af - flic - tion made me learn thy law, And live up - on my God.

My soul, oppressed with sor - row's weight, Had sunk a - mong the dead.
 But now I learn to keep thy word, Nor wander from thy way.

117.

On the Death of Children.

- 1 Ye mourning saints, whose streaming tears
 Flow o'er your children dead,
 Say not, in transports of despair,
 That all your hopes are fled.
- 2 While, cleaving to that darling dust,
 In fond distress ye lie,
 Rise, and with joy, and reverence, view
 A heavenly Parent nigh.
- 3 "I'll give the mourner," saith the Lord,
 "In my own house a place ;
 No name of daughters and of sons
 Could yield so high a grace.
- 4 "Transient and vain is every hope
 A rising race can give ;
 In endless honor and delight,
My children all shall live.
- 5 We welcome, Lord, those rising tears,
 Through which thy face we see ; [hearts,
 And bless those wounds which, through our
 Prepare a way to thee.

118.

The Fall and its Effects.

- 1 When Adam sinned, through all his race
 The dire contagion spread ;—
 Sickness and death, and deep disgrace
 Sprang from our fallen head.
- 2 From God and happiness we fly,
 To earth and sense confined ;
 Lost in a maze of misery,
 Yet to our misery blind.
- 3 Corruption flows through all our veins,
 Our mortal beauty's gone :
 The gold is fled, the dross remains :
 O sin, what hast thou done ?

119.

The World's three chief Temptations.

- 1 When, in the light of faith divine,
 We look on things below,—
 Honor, and gold, and sensual joy,
 How vain and dangerous too !
- 2 The pleasures that allure our sense
 Are dang'rous snares to souls ;
 There's but a drop of flatt'ring sweet,
 And dash'd with bitter bowls.
- 3 God is mine all-sufficient good,
 My portion and my choice ;
 In him my vast desires are fill'd,
 And all my powers rejoice.
- 4 In vain the world accosts my ear,
 And tempts my heart anew ;
 I cannot buy your bliss so dear,
 Nor part with heaven for you.

120.

An Evening Psalm.

- 1 Lord, thou wilt hear me when I pray ;
 I am forever thine ;
 I fear before thee all the day,
 Nor would I dare to sin.
- 2 And while I rest my weary head,
 From cares and business free,
 'Tis sweet conversing, on my bed,
 With my own heart and thee.
- 3 I pay this ev'ning sacrifice :
 And when my work is done,
 Great God, my faith, my hope relies
 Upon thy grace alone.
- 4 Thus with my thoughts compos'd to peace,
 I'll give mine eyes to sleep ;
 Thy hand in safety keeps my days,
 And will my slumbers keep.

121.

1. Sweet was the time, when first I felt The Saviour's pard'ning blood,
 2. Soon as the morn the light re - vealed, His prais - es tuned my tongue;
 3. In prayer my soul drew near the Lord, And saw his glo - ry shiſe;

4. But now—when evening shade pre - vails— My soul in darkness mourns,
 5. Rise, Lord, and help me to pre - vail— Oh make my soul thy care!

122.

Divine Love making a Feast, and calling in the Guests.

- 1 How sweet and awful is the place,
 With Christ within the doors —
 While everlasting love displays
 The choicest of her stores!
- 2 While all our hearts, and all our songs,
 Join to admire the feast;
 Each of us cry, with thankful tongues,
 "Lord, why was I a guest?"
- 3 "Why was I made to hear thy voice,
 And enter while there's room —
 When thousands make a wretched choice,
 And rather starve than come?"
- 4 'Twas the same love that spread the feast,
 That sweetly forc'd us in;
 Else *we* had still refus'd to taste,
 And perish'd in our sin.

123.

Prayer for a Contrite Heart.

- 1 O for that tenderness of heart,
 Which bows before the Lord;
 Acknowledging how just thou art,
 And trembling at thy word.
- 2 O for those humble, contrite tears,
 Which from repentance flow;
 That consciousness of guilt, which fears
 The long-suspended blow.
- 3 Saviour, to me, in pity, give
 The sensible distress;
 The pledge thou wilt at last receive,
 And bid me die in peace;—
- 4 Wilt from the dreadful day remove,
 Before the evil come;
 My spirit hide with saints above,
 My body in the tomb.

124.

Safe trusting in God.

- 1 O 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 the gracious hand
 That wipes away my tears?
- 3 No—rather let me freely yield
 What most I prize to thee,
 Who never hast a good withheld,
 Or wilt withhold from me.
- 4 Wisdom and mercy guide my way;
 Shall I resist them both? —
 A poor, blind creature of a day,
 And crushed before the moth!

125.

Brotherly Love.

- 1 Lo, what an entertaining sight,
 Are brethren who agree!
 Brethren, whose cheerful hearts unite
 In bands of piety.
- 2 When streams of love, from Christ the spring,
 Descend to ev'ry soul,
 And heavenly peace, with balmy wing,
 Shades and bedews the whole:
- 3 'Tis like the oil, divinely sweet,
 On Aaron's rev'rend head;
 The trickling drops perfum'd his feet,
 And o'er his garments spread.
- 4 'Tis pleasant as the morning dews,
 That fall on Zion's hill;
 Where God his mildest glory shews,
 And makes his grace distil.

Applied to cleanse my soul from guilt, And bring me home to God.
 And when the evening shades pre - vailed, His love was all my song.
 And when I read his ho - ly word, I called each prom - ise mine.

And when the morn the light re - veals, No light to me re - turns.
 I know thy mer - cy can - not fail; Let me that mer - cy share.

126.

Pardon and Sanctification offered.

- 1 In vain we lavish out our lives
 To gather empty wind;
 The choicest blessings earth can yield
 Will starve a hungry mind.
- 2 But God can every want supply,
 And fill our hearts with peace:
 He gives by covenant, and by oath,
 The riches of his grace.
- 3 Come — and he'll cleanse our spotted souls,
 And wash away our stains
 In that dear fountain which his Son
 Poured from his dying veins.
- 4 There shall his sacred Spirit dwell,
 And deep engrave his law;
 And every motion of our souls
 To swift obedience draw.
- 5 Thus will he pour salvation down,
 And we shall render praise;
 We, the dear people of his love,
 And he, our God of grace.

127.

Christ precious.

- 1 How sweet the name of Jesus sounds
 In a believer's ear!
 It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
 And drives away his fear.
- 2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,
 And calms the troubled breast;
 'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
 And to the weary, rest.
- 3 By him, my prayers acceptance gain,
 Although with sin defiled;
 Satan accuses me in vain,
 And I am owned a child.

- 4 Weak is the effort of my heart,
 And cold my warmest thought;
 But when I see thee, as thou art,
 I'll praise thee as I ought.
- 5 Till then, I would thy love proclaim,
 With every fleeting breath:
 And may the music of thy name
 Refresh my soul in death.

128.

Instructions from Scripture.

- 1 How shall the young secure their hearts,
 And guard their lives from sin?
 Thy word the choicest rule imparts,
 To keep the conscience clean.
- 2 When once it enters to the mind,
 It spreads such light abroad,
 The meanest souls instruction find,
 And raise their thoughts to God.
- 3 'Tis like the sun, a heav'nly light,
 That guides us all the day;
 And, through the dangers of the night,
 A lamp to lead our way.
- 4 Thy precepts make me truly wise;
 I hate the sinner's road:
 I hate my own vain thoughts that rise,
 But love thy law, my God.
- 5 Thy word is everlasting truth;
 How pure is ev'ry page!
 That holy book shall guide our youth,
 And well support our age.

129.

Doxology.

- Let God, the Father, and the Son,
 And Spirit, be ador'd;
 Where there are works to make Him known,
 Or saints to love the Lord.

130.

1. Ma - jes - tic sweetness sits enthroned Up - on the Saviour's brow ; His
2. To him I owe my life and breath, And all the joys I have : He
3. To heaven, the place of his a - bode, He brings my wea - ry feet ; Shows
4. Since from his boun - ty I receive Such proofs of love di - vine, Had

131.

Self-denial.

- 1 And must I part with all I have,
My dearest Lord, for thee?
It is but right, since thou hast done
Much more than this for me.
- 2 Yes, let it go—one look from thee
Will more than make amends,
For all the losses I sustain
Of credit, riches, friends.
- 3 Ten thousand worlds, ten thousand lives,
How worthless they appear,
Compar'd with thee, supremely good,
Divinely bright and fair!
- 4 Saviour of souls, could I from thee
A single smile obtain,
Though destitute of all things else,
I'd glory in my gain.

132.

Bearing the Cross.

- 1 Didst thou, dear Jesus, suffer shame,
And bear the cross for me?
And shall I fear to own thy name,
Or thy disciple be?
- 2 Inspire my soul with life divine,
And make me truly bold;
Let knowledge, faith, and meekness shine,
Nor love, nor zeal, grow cold.
- 3 Let mockers scoff, the world defame,
And treat me with disdain;
Still may I glory in thy name,
And count reproach my gain.
- 4 To thee I cheerfully submit,
And all my powers resign;
Let Wisdom point out what is fit,
And I'll no more repine.

133.

The Christian Soldier.

- 1 Am I a soldier of the cross?
A follower of the Lamb!
And shall I fear to own his cause,
Or blush to speak his name?
- 2 Must I be carried to the skies,
On flowery beds of ease?
Whilst others fought to win the prize,
And sail'd through bloody seas?
- 3 Are there no foes for me to face?
Must I not stem the flood?
Is this vile world a friend to grace,
To help me on to God?
- 4 Sure I must fight, if I would reign;
Increase my courage, Lord;
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
Supported by thy word.
- 5 Thy saints, in all this glorious war,
Shall conquer, though they die;
They view the triumph from afar,
And seize it with their eye.
- 6 When that illustrious day shall rise,
And all thy armies shine
In robes of victory through the skies,
The glory shall be thine.

134.

Light and Glory of the Word.

- 1 The Spirit breathes upon the word,
And brings the truth to sight;
Precepts and promises afford
A sanctifying light.
- 2 A glory gilds the sacred page,
Majestic like the sun;
It gives a light to every age,
It gives—but borrows none.

head with radiant glories crown'd, His lips with grace o'erflow, His lips with grace o'erflow.
 makes me triumph over death, And saves me from the grave, And saves me from the grave.

me the glories of my God, And makes my joys complete, And makes my joys complete.
 I a thousand hearts to give, Lord, they should all be thine, Lord they should all be thine.

- 3 The hand, that gave it, still supplies
 The gracious light and heat ;
 His truths upon the nations rise,—
 Their rise, but never set.
- 4 Let everlasting thanks be thine,
 For such a bright display,
 As makes a world of darkness shine,
 With beams of heavenly day.

135.

Christian Trust.

- 1 Why should the Christian waste in sighs
 The breath that God hath giv'n ;
 Whom ev'ry passing hour that flies
 Bears onward fast to heav'n ?
- 2 Why should we wish for perfect bliss,
 In this dark world forlorn ;
 Or seek, amidst a wilderness,
 A rose without a thorn ?
- 3 Our Father God ! be ours the grief,
 Which to thy sons belongs ;
 And let us share in their relief,
 Their everlasting songs.

136.

A Song of Praise.

- 1 In God's own house pronounce his praise :
 His grace he there reveals :
 To heaven your joy and wonder raise ;
 For there his glory dwells.
- 2 Let all your sacred passions move,
 While you rehearse his deeds :
 But the great work of saving love
 Your highest praise exceeds.
- 3 All that have motion, life, and breath,
 Proclaim your Maker blest ;
 Yet when my voice expires in death,
 My soul shall praise him best.

137.

Highway to Zion.

- 1 Sing, ye redeemed of the Lord,
 Your great Deliv'rer sing,
 Pilgrims, for Zion's city bound,
 Be joyful in your King.
- 2 A hand Divine shall lead you on,
 Through all the blissful road ;
 Till to the sacred mount you rise,
 And see your smiling God.
- 3 There garlands of immortal joy
 Shall bloom on every head ;
 While sorrow, sighing, and distress,
 Like shadows all are fled.
- 4 March on in your Redeemer's strength,
 Pursue his footsteps still ;
 And let the prospect cheer your eye,
 While laboring up the hill.

138.

The Brazen Serpent.

- 1 So did the Hebrew prophet raise
 The brazen serpent high ;
 The wounded felt immediate ease,
 The camp forbore to die.
- 2 "Look upward in the dying hour,
 "And live!" the prophet cries !
 But Christ performs a nobler cure,
 When faith lifts up her eyes.
- 3 High on the cross the Saviour hung !
 High in the heavens he reigns !
 Here sinners, by th' old serpent stung,
 Look, and forget their pains.
- 4 When God's own son is lifted up,
 A dying world revives ;
 The Jew beholds the glorious hope ;
 Th' expiring Gentile lives.

139.

Moderato.

1. Behold the glories of the Lamb, Amidst his Father's throne : Prepare new honors for his name,
 2. Let elders worship at his feet, The church adore around ; With vials full of odors sweet,
 3. Those are the pray'rs of all the saints, And these the hymns they raise ; Jesus is kind to our complaints,
 4. Now to the Lamb that once was slain, Be endless blessings paid ; Salvation, glory, joy, remain,

140.

Coronation of Christ.

- 1 All hail the power of Jesus' name !
 Let angels prostrate fall ;
 Bring forth the royal diadem,
 And crown him—Lord of all.
- 2 Crown him, ye martyrs of our God,
 Who from his altar call ;
 Extol the stem of Jesse's rod,
 And crown him—Lord of all.
- 3 Hail him ye heirs of David's line,
 Whom David, Lord, did call :
 The God incarnate ! Man Divine !
 And crown him—Lord of all.
- 4 Sinners, whose love can ne'er forget
 The wormwood and the gall ;
 Go spread your trophies at his feet,
 And crown him—Lord of all.
- 5 Let every kindred, every tribe,
 On this terrestrial ball,
 To him all majesty ascribe,
 And crown him—Lord of all.

141.

The Gospel hailed.

- 1 Salvation !—oh, the joyful sound !
 'Tis pleasure to our ears ;
 A sovereign balm for ev'ry wound,
 A cordial for our fears.
- 2 Buried in sorrow and in sin,
 At hell's dark door we lay ;—
 But we arise by grace divine,
 To see a heavenly day.
- 3 Salvation !—let the echo fly
 The spacious earth around ;
 While all the armies of the sky
 Conspire to raise the sound.

142.

The Nativity.

- 1 Mortals, awake, with angels join,
 And chant the solemn lay :
 Joy, love, and gratitude, combine
 To hail th' auspicious day.
- 2 In heaven the rapt'rous song began,
 And sweet seraphic fire
 Through all the shining legions ran,
 And strung and tun'd the lyre.
- 3 Swift, through the vast expanse, it flew,
 And loud the echo roll'd ;
 The theme, the song, the joy was new,
 'Twas more than heaven could hold.
- 4 Down through the portals of the sky
 Th' impetuous torrent ran ;
 And angels flew with eager joy,
 To bear the news to man.

143.

Lord's Day ; or, Resurrection of Christ.

- 1 Bless'd morning, whose young dawning rays
 Beheld our rising God ;
 That saw him triumph o'er the dust,
 And leave his last abode.
- 2 In the cold prison of a tomb,
 The great Redeemer lay—
 Till the revolving skies had brought
 The third—th' appointed day.
- 3 Hell and the grave unite their force,
 To hold our God in vain :
 The sleeping conqueror arose,
 And burst their feeble chain.
- 4 To thy great Name, almighty Lord,
 These sacred hours we pay ;
 And loud Hosannas shall proclaim
 The triumph of the day.

And songs, before unknown, Prepare new honors for his name, And songs, before unknown.
And harps of sweeter sound, With vials full of odors sweet, And harps of sweet - er sound.

He loves to hear our praise, Jesus is kind to our complaints, He loves to hear our praise.
For ev - er, on thy head, Salvation, glory, joy, remain, For ev - er, on thy head.

144.*Hosanna for the Lord's Day.*

- 1 This is the day the Lord hath made ;
He calls the hours his own :
Let heaven rejoice, let earth be glad,
And praise surround his throne.
- 2 To-day he rose and left the dead,
And Satan's empire fell ;
To-day the saints his triumphs spread,
And all his wonders tell.
- 3 Hosanna to the Anointed King,
To David's holy Son ;
Help us, O Lord, descend, and bring
Salvation from thy throne.
- 4 Blest be the Lord, who comes to men
With messages of grace ;
Who comes, in God his Father's name,
To save our sinful race.
- 5 Hosanna in the highest strains,
The church on earth can raise :
The highest heavens, in which he reigns,
Shall give him nobler praise.

145.*Te Deum. A General Hymn of Praise.*

- 1 O God, we praise thee, and confess,
That thou the only Lord,
And everlasting Father art,
By all on earth ador'd.
- 2 To thee all angels cry aloud,
To thee the powers on high,
Both cherubim, and seraphim,
Continually do cry,—
- 3 "O holy, holy, holy Lord,
Whom heavenly hosts obey,
The world is with the glory fill'd
Of thy majestic sway."

- 4 Th' apostles' glorious company,
And prophets, crown'd with light,
With all the martyrs' noble host,
Thy constant praise recite.
- 5 The holy church, throughout the world,
O Lord, confesses thee,
That thou eternal Father art,
Of boundless majesty.

146.*God the Creator.*

- 1 Eternal Wisdom, thee we praise ;
Thee the creation sings ;
With thy lov'd name, rocks, hills, and seas,
And heaven's high palace rings.
- 2 Thy hand,—how wide it spread the sky !
How glorious to behold !
Ting'd with a blue of heavenly die,
And starr'd with sparkling gold.
- 3 Thy glories blaze, all nature round,
And strike the gazing sight,
Through skies, and seas, and solid ground,
With terror and delight.
- 4 Infinite strength, and equal skill,
Shine through the worlds abroad,
Our souls with vast amazement fill,
And speak the builder—God.

147.*The Messiah's Coming and Kingdom.*

- 1 Joy to the world—the Lord is come !
Let earth receive her King :
Let every heart prepare him room,
And heaven and nature sing.
- 2 Joy to the earth—the Saviour reigns !
Let men their songs employ ;
While fields and floods, rocks, hills and plains,
Repeat the sounding joy.

148.

1. Stoop down, my thoughts, that used to rise, Converse a - while with death ;
 2. But oh, the soul!—that never dies! At once it leaves the clay!—

3. And must my bo - dy faint and die? And must my soul re - move?
 4. Je - sus, to thine al - mighty hand My na - ked soul I trust;

149.

Faith in Christ.

- 1 How sad our state by nature is!
 Our sin—how deep it stains!
 And Satan holds our captive minds
 Fast in his slavish chains.
- 2 But hark! a voice of sovereign grace
 Sounds from the sacred word—
 "Ho! ye despairing sinners, come,
 And trust upon the Lord."
- 3 My soul obeys the gracious call,
 And runs to this relief;
 I would believe thy promise, Lord;
 Oh help my unbelief.
- 4 A guilty, weak, and helpless worm,
 On thy kind arms I fall:
 Be thou my strength and righteousness,
 My Saviour, and my all.

150.

The Judgment anticipated.

- 1 When rising from the bed of death,
 O'erwhelm'd with guilt and fear,
 I see my Maker face to face—
 Oh, how shall I appear!
- 2 If yet, while pardon may be found,
 And mercy may be sought,
 My heart with inward horror shrinks,
 And trembles at the thought:
- 3 When thou, O Lord! shalt stand disclos'd
 In Majesty severe,
 And sit in judgment on my soul,
 Oh, how shall I appear!
- 4 Prepare me, Lord, to meet that day,
 Ere yet it be too late,
 When I shall view these solemn scenes,
 And feel their awful weight.

151.

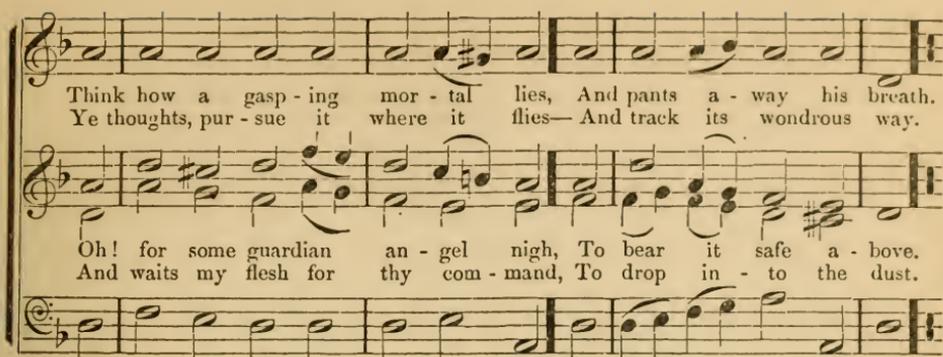
Pardon implored.

- 1 Prostrate, dear Jesus, at thy feet,
 A guilty rebel lies;
 And upwards to thy mercy-seat
 Presumes to lift his eyes.
- 2 If tears of sorrow would suffice
 To pay the debt I owe,
 Tears should from both my weeping eyes
 In ceaseless torrents flow.
- 3 But no such sacrifice I plead
 To expiate my guilt;
 No tears, but those which thou hast shed—
 No blood, but thou hast spilt.
- 4 I plead thy sorrows, dearest Lord;
 Do thou my sins forgive:
 Thy justice will approve the word
 That bids the sinner live.

152.

Close of the Year.

- 1 Remark, my soul, the narrow bound
 Of the revolving year;
 How swift the weeks complete their round!
 How short the months appear.
- 2 So fast eternity comes on—
 And that important day,
 When all that mortal life hath done,
 God's judgment shall survey.
- 3 Yet, like an idle tale, we pass
 The swift revolving year;
 And study artful ways t' increase
 The speed of its career.
- 4 Waken, O God, my careless heart,
 Its great concerns to see;
 That I may act the Christian part,
 And give the year to thee.



Think how a gasp - ing mor - tal lies, And pants a - way his breath.
Ye thoughts, pur - sue it where it flies— And track its wondrous way.

Oh! for some guardian an - gel nigh, To bear it safe a - bove.
And waits my flesh for thy com - mand, To drop in - to the dust.

153.*Watchfulness and Prayer.*

- 1 Alas, what hourly dangers rise,
What snares beset my way!
To heaven then let me lift my eyes,
And hourly watch and pray.
- 2 How oft my mournful thoughts complain,
And melt in flowing tears!
My weak resistance, ah, how vain!
How strong my foes and fears!
- 3 O gracious God, in whom I live,
My feeble efforts aid;
Help me to watch, and pray, and strive,
Though trembling and afraid.
- 4 Still keep me in thy heavenly way,
And bid the tempter flee;
And never let me go astray
From happiness and thee.

154.*A Funeral Thought.*

- 1 Hark! from the tombs a doleful sound!
Mine ears attend the cry—
“Ye living men, come view the ground,
Where you must shortly lie.
- 2 “Princes, this clay must be your bed,
In spite of all your towers;
The tall, the wise, the rev'rend head,
Must lie as low as ours.”
- 3 Great God! is this our certain doom?
And are we still secure!
Still walking downwards to our tomb,
And yet prepare no more!
- 4 Grant us the powers of quick'ning grace,
To fit our souls to fly;
Then, when we drop this dying flesh,
We'll rise above the sky.

155.*Coldness lamented.*

- 1 Long have I sat beneath the sound
Of thy salvation, Lord;
But still how weak my faith is found—
And knowledge of thy word!
- 2 Oft I frequent thy holy place,
And hear almost in vain!
How small a portion of thy grace
My mem'ry can retain!
- 3 Great God, thy sovereign power impart,
To give thy word success;
Write thy salvation in my heart,
And make me learn thy grace.

156.*Unconverted State.*

- 1 Great King of glory and of grace,
We own, with humble shame,
How vile is our degen'rate race,
And our first father's name.
- 2 From Adam flows our tainted blood,
The poison reigns within;
Makes us averse to all that's good,
And willing slaves to sin.
- 3 We live estrang'd afar from God,
And love the distance well;
With haste we run the dang'rous road,
That leads to death and hell.

157.

- Speak but the reconciling word,
Let mercy melt me down:
Oh, turn and look upon me, Lord,
And break my heart of stone.

158.

1. Thou art my por - tion, O my God; Soon as I know thy way,
 2. I choose the path of heavenly truth, And glo - ry in my choice;

3. If once I wan - der from thy path, I think up - on my ways;
 4. Now I am thine,— for - ev - er thine,— O save thy ser - vant, Lord!

159.

Sinner resolving to go to Christ.

- 1 Come, trembling sinner, in whose breast
 A thousand thoughts revolve;
 Come, with your guilt and fear oppress'd,
 And make this last resolve :—
- 2 "I'll go to Jesus, though my 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 "Perhaps he will admit my plea,—
 Perhaps will hear my prayer;
 But if I perish, I will pray,
 And perish only there.
- 5 "I can but perish if I go;
 I am resolv'd to try;
 For if I stay away, I know
 I must forever die."

160.

The Deceitfulness of Sin.

- 1 Sin has a thousand treach'rous arts
 To practice on the mind;
 With flatt'ring looks she tempts our hearts,
 And leaves a sting behind.
- 2 With names of virtue she deceives
 The aged and the young;
 And while the heedless wretch believes,
 She makes his fetters strong.
- 3 She pleads for all the joys she brings,
 And gives a fair pretence;
 But cheats the soul of heavenly things,
 And chains it down to sense.

161.

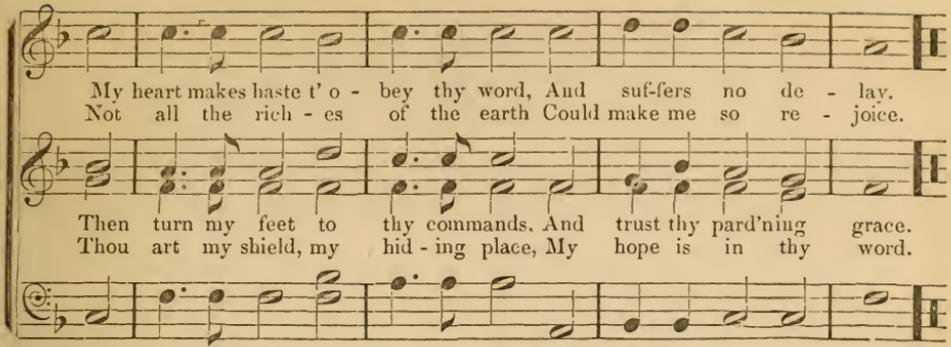
Joining the Church of Christ.

- 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.

162.

Sincerity and Hypocrisy.

- 1 God is a Spirit, just and wise;
 He sees our inmost mind:
 In vain to heaven we raise our cries,
 And leave our souls behind.
- 2 Nothing but truth, before his throne,
 With honor can appear:
 The painted hypocrites are known,
 Through the disguise they wear.
- 3 Their lifted eyes salute the skies,
 Their bending knees the ground;
 But God abhors the sacrifice,
 Where not the heart is found.
- 4 Lord, search my thoughts, and try my ways,
 And make my soul sincere;
 Then shall I stand before thy face,
 And find acceptance there.



My heart makes haste t' o - bey thy word, And suf-fers no de - lay.
Not all the rich - es of the earth Could make me so re - joice.

Then turn my feet to thy commands, And trust thy pard'ning grace.
Thou art my shield, my hid - ing place, My hope is in thy word.

163.

Religion the One Thing needful.

- 1 Religion is the chief concern
Of mortals here below ;
May I its great importance learn,
Its sovereign virtue know.
- 2 More needful this than glitt'ring wealth,
Or aught the world bestows ;
Not reputation, food, or health,
Can give us such repose.
- 3 Religion should our thoughts engage
Amidst our youthful bloom ;
'Twill fit us for declining age,
And for the awful tomb.
- 4 Oh may my heart, by grace renew'd,
Be my Redeemer's throne !
And be my stubborn will subdued,
His government to own.
- 5 Let deep repentance, faith and love,
Be join'd with godly fear ;
And all my conversation prove
My heart to be sincere.

164.

Shortness of Life.

- 1 Time ! what an empty vapor 'tis !
And days, how swift they are !
Swift as an Indian arrow flies,
Or like a shooting star.
- 2 The present moments just appear,
Then slide away in haste ;
That we can never say, they're here,
But only say, they're past.
- 3 Our life is ever on the wing,
And death is ever nigh ;
The moment when our lives begin,
We all begin to die.

165.

Christ's condescending Regard to little Children.

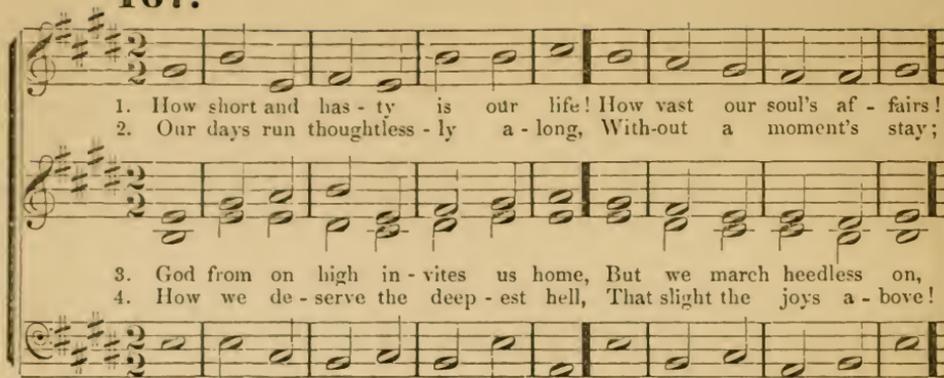
- 1 See Israel's gentle Shepherd stand,
With all engaging charms ;
Hark, how he calls the tender lambs,
And folds them in his arms.
- 2 "Permit them to approach," he cries.
"Nor scorn their humble name ;
For 'twas to bless such souls as these,
The Lord of angels came."
- 3 We bring them, Lord, in thankful hands,
And yield them up to thee ;
Joyful that we ourselves are thine,
Thine let our offspring be.
- 4 If orphans they are left behind,
Thy guardian care we trust ;
That care shall heal our bleeding heart,
If weeping o'er their dust.

166.

This Life a Pilgrimage.

- 1 Lord, what a wretched land is this,
That yields us no supply,
No cheering fruits—no wholesome trees,
No streams of living joy ?
- 2 Our journey is a thorny maze,
But we march upward still ;
Forget these troubles of the ways,
And reach at Zion's hill.
- 3 There, on a green and flowery mount,
Our weary souls shall sit—
And with transporting joy recount
The labors of our feet.
- 4 Eternal glory to the King,
Whose hand conducts us through ;
Our tongues shall never cease to sing,
And endless praise renew.

167.



1. How short and has - ty is our life! How vast our soul's af - fairs!
2. Our days run thoughtless - ly a - long, With-out a moment's stay;
3. God from on high in - vites us home, But we march heedless on,
4. How we de - serve the deep - est hell, That slight the joys a - bove!

168.

Our frail Bodies, and God our Preserver.

- 1 Let others boast how strong they be,
Nor death, nor danger fear;
But we'll confess, O Lord, to thee,
What feeble things we are.
- 2 Fresh as the grass our bodies stand,
And flourish bright and gay;
A blasting wind sweeps o'er the land,
And fades the grass away.
- 3 Our life contains a thousand springs,
And dies, if one be gone;
Strange! that a harp of thousand strings
Should keep in tune so long.
- 4 But 'tis our God supports our frame,—
The God who formed us first;
Salvation to th' Almighty Name,
That rear'd us from the dust.

169.

Native Depravity.

- 1 Fools, in their hearts, believe and say,
"That all religion's vain;
There is no God who reigns on high,
Or minds th' affairs of men."
- 2 The Lord, from his celestial throne,
Look'd down on things below,
To find the man who sought his grace,
Or did his justice know.
- 3 By nature all are gone astray,
Their practice all the same:
There's none who fears his Maker's hand;
There's none who loves his name.
- 4 Such seeds of sin, that bitter root,
In ev'ry heart are found;
Nor can they bear diviner fruit,
Till grace refine the ground.

170.

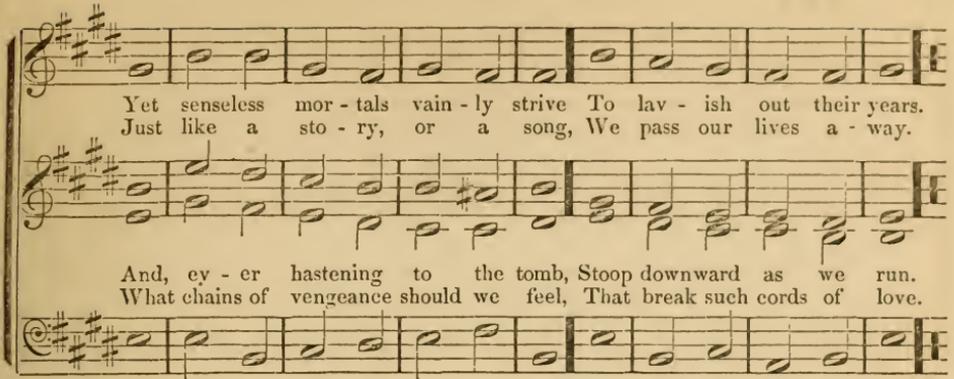
God the Author of Mercies and Afflictions.

- 1 Naked, as from the earth we came,
And rose to life at first,
We to the earth return again,
And mingle with the dust.
- 2 The dear delights we here enjoy,
And fondly call our own,
Are only favors borrowed now,
To be repaid anon.
- 3 'Tis God, who lifts our comforts high,
Or sinks them in the grave;
He gives—and blessed be his name—
He takes but what he gave.
- 4 Peace, all our angry passions, then;
Let each rebellious sigh
Be silent at his sovereign will,
And every murmur die.
- 5 If smiling merey crown our lives,
Its praises shall be spread;
And we'll adore the justice too,
That strikes our comforts dead.

171.

The Shortness and Misery of Life.

- 1 'Tis but at best a narrow bound,
That heaven allows to men,
And pains and sins run through the round
Of threescore years and ten.
- 2 Well, if ye must be sad and few,
Run on my days in haste;
Moments of sin, and months of wo,
Ye cannot fly too fast.
- 3 Let heavenly love prepare my soul,
And call her to the skies,—
Where years of long salvation roll,
And glory never dies.



Yet senseless mor-tals vain-ly strive To lav-ish out their years.
Just like a sto-ry, or a song, We pass our lives a-way.

And, ey-er hastening to the tomb, Stoop downward as we run.
What chains of vengeance should we feel, That break such cords of love.

172.*Hope of Heaven our Support on Earth.*

- 1 When I can read my title clear,
To mansions in the skies,
I bid farewell to ev'ry fear,
And wipe my weeping eyes.
- 2 Should earth against my soul engage,
And hellish darts be hurl'd;
Then I can smile at Satan's rage,
And face a frowning world.
- 3 Let cares like a wild deluge come,
And storms of sorrow fall;
May I but safely reach my home,
My God, my heaven, my all:—
- 4 There shall I bathe my weary soul
In seas of heavenly rest;
And not a wave of trouble roll
Across my peaceful breast.

173.*Prayer for the Spread of the Gospel.*

- 1 Great God, the nations of the earth
Are by creation thine;
And in thy works, by all beheld,
Thy radiant glories shine.
- 2 But, Lord, thy richer love has sent
Thy gospel to mankind,
Unveiling what rich stores of grace
Are treasur'd in thy mind.
- 3 Lord, when shall these glad tidings spread
The spacious earth around,
Till ev'ry tribe and ev'ry soul
Shall hear the joyful sound.
- 4 Smile, Lord, on each divine attempt
To spread the gospel rays;
And build, on sin's demolish'd throne,
The temples of thy praise.

174.*Death in Trespasses and Sins.*

- 1 How helpless guilty nature lies,
Unconscious of her load!
The heart unchanged can never rise
To happiness and God.
- 2 Can aught beneath a power divine
The stubborn will subdue?
'Tis thine, eternal Spirit, thine,
To form the heart anew.
- 3 'Tis thine, the passions to recall,
And upward bid them rise;
To make the scales of error fall
From reason's darkened eyes;—
- 4 To chase the shades of death away,
And bid the sinner live:
A beam of heaven—a vital ray,
'Tis thine alone to give.
- 5 Oh! change these wretched hearts of ours,
And give them life divine;
Then shall our passions and our powers,
Almighty Lord be thine.

175.*Retirement.*

- 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 pray'r and praise agree:
And seem by thy sweet bounty made,
For those who follow thee.
- 3 Then if thy Spirit touch the soul,
And grace her mean abode,
Oh, with what peace and joy and love,
She there communes with God!

176.

1. How did my heart rejoice to hear My friends de - vout - ly say,
 2. I love her gates— I love the road; The church, adorned with grace,
 3. Peace be with - in this sa - cred place, And joy a con - stant guest;
 4. My soul shall pray for Zi - on still, While life, or breath re - mains;

177.

Evening Worship in the Family.

- 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 Thy heavenly grace to each impart;
 All evils far remove;
 And shed abroad in every heart
 Thine everlasting love.

178.

Love.

- 1 Happy the heart where graces reign,
 Where love inspires the breast:
 Love is the brightest of the train,
 And strengthens all the rest.
- 2 Knowledge, alas! 'tis all in vain,
 And all in vain our fear;
 Our stubborn sins will fight and reign,
 If love be absent there.
- 3 'Tis love that makes our cheerful feet
 In swift obedience move;
 The devils know, and tremble too,—
 But Satan cannot love.
- 4 This is the grace that lives, and sings,
 When faith and hope will cease;
 'Tis this shall strike our joyful strings
 In the sweet realms of bliss.

179.

For the Lord's Day Morning.

- 1 Lord, in the morning thou shalt hear
 My voice ascending high;
 To thee will I direct my prayer,
 To thee lift up mine eye.
- 2 Up to the hills where Christ is gone,
 To plead for all his saints,
 Presenting at his Father's throne
 Our songs and our complaints.
- 3 Thou art a God, before whose sight
 The wicked shall not stand;
 Sinners shall ne'er be thy delight,
 Nor dwell at thy right hand.
- 4 But to thy house will I resort,
 To taste thy mercies there;
 I will frequent thy holy court,
 And worship in thy fear.
- 5 O may thy Spirit guide my feet,
 In ways of righteousness;
 Make ev'ry path of duty straight,
 And plain before my face.

180.

Relieving Christ in his Members.

- 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—
 When all the worlds are thine?
- 3 But thou hast brethren here below,
 The partners of thy grace,
 And wilt confess their humble names
 Before thy Father's face.



“ In Zi - on let us all ap - pear, And keep the sol - emn day !”
Stands like a pal - ace built for God, To show his mild - er face.

With ho - ly gifts, and heavenly grace, Be her at - tend - ants blest !
Here my best friends, my kindred dwell, Here God, my Sa - viour, reigns.

4 In them thou may'st be cloth'd and fed,
And visited and cheer'd,
And in their accents of distress,
My Saviour's voice is heard.

5 Thy face with rev'rence and with love,
I in the poor would see ;
Oh rather let me beg my bread,
Than hold it back from thee.

181.

Social Worship.

1 O Lord, our languid souls inspire,
For here we trust thou art !
Send down a coal of heavenly fire,
To warm each waiting heart.

2 Shew us some token of thy love,
Our fainting hope to raise ;
And pour thy blessing from above,
That we may render praise.

3 The feeling heart, the melting eye,
The humble mind bestow ;
And shine upon us from on high,
To make our graces grow.

4 May we in faith receive thy word,
In faith present our prayers ;
And in the presence of our Lord,
Unbosom all our cares.

5 And may the gospel's joyful sound,
Enforc'd by mighty grace,
Awaken many sinners round,
To come, and fill the place.

182.

The Examples of Christ and the Saints.

1 Give me the wings of faith, to rise
Within the vail, and see
The saints above, how great their joys,
How bright their glories be !

2 Once they were mourning here below,
And wet their couch with tears :
They wrestled hard, as we do now,
With sins, and doubts, and fears.

3 I ask them, whence their vict'ry came ;
They, with united breath,
Ascribe their conquest to the Lamb—
Their triumph to his death.

4 They mark'd the footsteps he had trod ;
(His zeal inspir'd their breath.)
And, foll'wing their incarnate God,
Possess'd the promis'd rest.

5 Our glorious Leader claims our praise,
For his own pattern given ;
While the long cloud of witnesses
Show the same path to heaven.

183.

Saturday night.

1 Begone, my worldly cares, away,
Nor dare to tempt my sight ;
Let me begin th' ensuing day,
Before I end this night.

2 Yes, let the work of pray'r and praise
Employ my heart and tongue ;
Begin, my soul ; thy Sabbath days
Can never be too long.

3 Let the past mercies of the week
Excite a grateful frame ;
Nor let my tongue refuse to speak
Some good of Jesus' name.

4 On wings of expectation borne,
My hopes to heav'n ascend ;
I long to welcome in the morn,
With thee the day to spend.

184.

1. Come, let us join our souls to God, In ev - er - lasting bands ;
 2. Come, let us to his tem - ple haste, And seek his fa - vour there ;

3. Come, let us seal, with - out de - lay, The cov - enant of his grace ;
 4. Thus may our ris - ing off - spring haste To seek their fathers' God ;

185.

Abraham's Blessing on the Gentiles.

- 1 How large the promise—how divine—
To Abram and his seed ;
"I'll be a God to thee and thine,
Supplying all their need !"
- 2 The words of his extensive love
From age to age endure ;
The Angel of the cov'nant proves,
And seals the blessing sure.
- 3 Jesus the ancient faith confirms,
To our great fathers given !
He takes young children in his arms,
And calls them heirs of heaven.
- 4 Our God, how faithful are his ways !
His love endures the same ;
Nor from the promise of his grace
Blots out the children's name.

186.

Regeneration.

- 1 Not all the outward forms on earth,
Nor rites that God has given,
Nor will of man, nor blood, nor birth,
Can raise a soul to heaven.
- 2 The sovereign will of God alone
Creates us heirs of grace ;—
Born in the image of his Son,
A new, peculiar race.
- 3 The Spirit, like some heavenly wind,
Blows on the sons of flesh ;
New models all the carnal mind,
And forms the man afresh.
- 4 Our quicken'd souls awake, and rise
From the long sleep of death ;
On heavenly things we fix our eyes,
And praise employs our breath.

187.

Various Success of the Gospel.

- 1 Christ and his cross is all our theme ;
The myst'ries that we speak
Are scandal in the Jews' esteem,
And folly to the Greek.
- 2 But souls, enlighten'd from above,
With joy receive the word ;
They see what wisdom, power, and love,
Shine in their dying Lord.
- 3 The vital savour of his name,
Restores their fainting breath :
But unbelief perverts the same
To guilt, despair, and death.
- 4 Till God diffuse his graces down,
Like showers of heavenly rain,
In vain Apollon sows the ground,
And Paul may plant in vain.

188.

Not ashamed of the Gospel.

- 1 I'm not asham'd to own my Lord,
Nor to defend his cause ;
Maintain the honor of his word,
The glory of his cross.
- 2 Jesus, my God, I know his name,—
His name is all my trust :
Nor will he put my soul to shame,
Nor let my hope be lost.
- 3 Firm as his throne his promise stands,
And he can well secure
What I've committed to his hands,
Till the decisive hour.
- 4 Then will he own my worthless name,
Before his father's face ;
And in the New Jerusalem
Appoint my soul a place.



And seize the bless - ings he bestows, With ea - - ger hearts and hands.
Be - fore his foot - stool hum - bly bow, And pour our fer - vent prayer.

Nor shall the years of dis - tant life Its mem - o - ry ef - face.
Nor e'er for - sake the hap - py path Their fa - - thers' feet have trod.

189.*Death of a Minister.*

- 1 Now let our mourning hearts revive,
And all our tears be dry;
Why should those eyes be drown'd in grief,
Which view a Saviour nigh.
- 2 Though earthly shepherds dwell in dust,
The aged, and the young—
The watchful eye in darkness clos'd,
And mute th' instructive tongue;—
- 3 Th' eternal Shepherd still survives,
New comfort to impart;
His eye still guides us, and his voice
Still animates our heart.
- 4 "Lo I am with you," saith the Lord,
"My church shall safe abide;
For I will ne'er forsake my own,
Whose souls in me confide."
- 5 Through every scene of life and death,
This promise is our trust;
And this shall be our children's song,
When we are cold in dust.

190.*God's Omnipresence and Omniscience.*

- 1 In all my vast concerns with thee,
In vain my soul would try
To shun thy presence, Lord, or flee
The notice of thine eye.
- 2 Thy all-surrounding sight surveys
My rising and my rest;
My public walks, my private ways,
And secrets of my breast.
- 3 My thoughts lie open to the Lord,
Before they're form'd within;
And ere my lips pronounce the word,
He knows the sense I mean.

- 4 O wondrous knowledge, deep and high!
Where can a creature hide!
Within thy circling arms I lie,
Beset on ev'ry side.
- 5 So let thy grace surround me still,
And like a bulwark prove,
To guard my soul from ev'ry ill,
Secur'd by sovereign love.

191.*Access to the Throne of Grace by a Mediator.*

- 1 Come, let us lift our joyful eyes
Up to the courts above;
And smile to see our Father there
Upon a throne of love.
- 2 Once 'twas a seat of dreadful wrath,
And shot devouring flame;
Our God appear'd consuming fire,
And Vengeance was his name.
- 3 Rich were the drops of Jesus' blood,
That calm'd his frowning face;
That sprinkled o'er his burning throne,
And turn'd the wrath to grace.
- 4 Now we may bow before his feet,
And venture near the Lord;
No fiery cherub guards his seat,
Nor double flaming sword.
- 5 The peaceful gates of heavenly bliss
Are open'd by the Son;
High let us raise our notes of praise,
And reach th' Almighty throne.

192.*Doxology.*

- Let God the Father, and the Son,
And Spirit be ador'd,
Where there are works to make him known,
Or saints to love the Lord.

193.

1. Great God! how in - fin - ite art thou! What worthless worms are we!
 2. Thy throne e - ter - nal a - ges stood, Ere seas or stars were made;

3. E - ter - ni - ty, with all its years, Stands present in thy view:
 4. Our lives thro' various scenes are drawn, And vexed with tri - fling cares;

194.

The Last Judgment.

- 1 The Lord, the Judge, before his throne
 Bids the whole earth draw nigh;
 The nations near the rising sun,
 And near the western sky.
- 2 No more shall bold blasphemers say,
 "Judgment will ne'er begin;"
 No more abuse his long delay,
 To impudence and sin.
- 3 Thron'd on a cloud, our God shall come,
 Bright flames prepare his way;
 Thunder and darkness, fire and storm,
 Lead on the dreadful day!
- 4 Heaven from above his call shall hear,
 Attending angels come;
 And earth and hell shall know, and fear
 His justice and their doom.
- 5 "But gather all my saints," he cries,
 "Who made their peace with God
 By the Redeemer's sacrifice,
 And seal'd it with his blood."

195.

Public Fast.

- 1 See, gracious Lord, before thy throne
 Thy mourning people bend!
 'Tis on thy sovereign grace alone,
 Our humble hopes depend.
- 2 How chang'd, alas! are truths divine,
 For error, guilt, and shame!
 What impious numbers, bold in sin,
 Disgrace the Christian name.
- 3 O turn us, turn us, mighty Lord,
 By thy restless grace;
 Then shall our hearts obey thy word,
 And humbly seek thy face.

- 4 Thou, should insulting foes invade,
 We shall not sink in fear;
 Secure of never-failing aid,
 When God, our God, is near.

196.

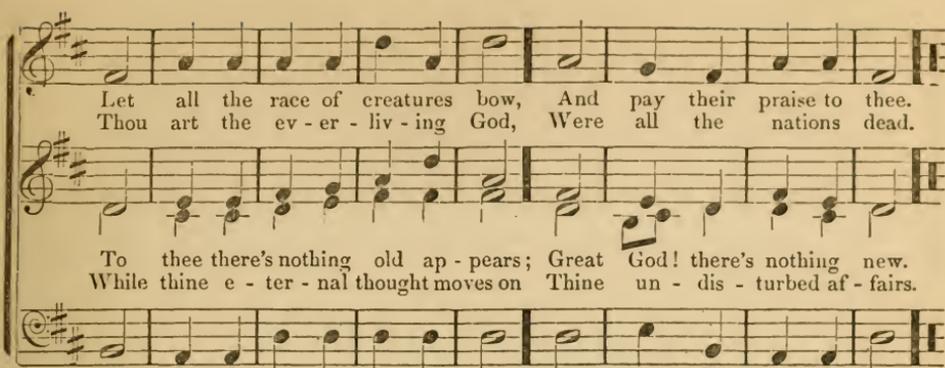
Praise to the Redeemer.

- 1 Plunged in a gulf of dark despair,
 We wretched sinners lay,
 Without one cheerful beam of hope,
 Or spark of glimmering day!
- 2 With pitying eyes the Prince of grace
 Beheld our helpless grief:
 He saw—and—oh, amazing love!—
 He ran to our relief.
- 3 Down from the shining seats above
 With joyful haste he fled,
 Entered the grave in mortal flesh,
 And dwelt among the dead.
- 4 Oh! for this love let rocks and hills
 Their lasting silence break,
 And all harmonious human tongues
 The Saviour's praises speak.
- 5 Angels! assist our mighty joys,
 Strike all your harps of gold;
 But when you raise your highest notes,
 His love can ne'er be told.

197.

Servants of God always safe.

- 1 How are thy servants bless'd, O Lord,
 How sure is their defence!
 Eternal Wisdom is their guide,
 Their help, Omnipotence.



Let all the race of creatures bow, And pay their praise to thee.
Thou art the ever-living God, Were all the nations dead.

To thee there's nothing old appears; Great God! there's nothing new.
While thine eternal thought moves on Thine undisturbed affairs.

- 2 In foreign realms, and lands remote,
Supported by thy care,
Through burning climes they pass unhurt,
And breathe in tainted air.
- 3 When by the dreadful tempest borne,
High on the broken wave,—
They know thou art not slow to hear,
Nor impotent to save.
- 4 The storm is laid—the winds retire,
Obedient to thy will :
The sea, that roars at thy command,
At thy command is still.

198.

Sovereignty and Dominion of God.

- 1 Keep silence—all created things,
And wait your Maker's nod ;
My soul stands trembling while she sings
The honors of her God.
- 2 Life, death, and hell, and worlds unknown,
Hang on his firm decree ;
He sits on no precarious throne,
Nor borrows leave—to be.
- 3 His providence unfolds the book,
And makes his counsels shine ;
Each opening leaf, and ev'ry stroke,
Fulfils some deep design.
- 4 My God, I would not long to see
My fate, with curious eyes ;
What gloomy lines are writ for me,
Or what bright scenes may rise.
- 5 In thy fair book of life and grace,
O may I find my name,
Recorded in some humble place,
Beneath my Lord—the Lamb.

199.

Time the Period to prepare for Eternity.

- 1 Thee we adore, Eternal Name !
And humbly own to thee
How feeble is our mortal frame,
What dying worms are we !
- 2 The year rolls round, and steals away
The breath that first it gave ;
Whate'er we do—where'er we be,
We're travelling to the grave.
- 3 Great God ! on what a slender thread
Hang everlasting things !
Th' eternal state of all the dead
Upon life's feeble strings !
- 4 Eternal joy—or endless wo
Attends on every breath !
And yet how unconcerned we go
Upon the brink of death !
- 5 Awake, O Lord, our drowsy sense,
To walk this dangerous road ;
And if our souls are hurried hence,
May they be found with God.

200.

Praise for divine assistance.

- 1 Forever blessed be the Lord,
My Saviour, and my shield ;
He sends his Spirit with his word,
To arm me for the field.
- 2 When sin and hell their force unite,
He makes my soul his care ;
Instructs me in the heavenly fight,
And guards me through the war.
- 3 A friend and helper so divine
My fainting hope shall raise ;
He makes the glorious victory mine,
And his shall be the praise.

201.

1. Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove, With all thy quick'ning pow'rs, Kindle a flame of
 2. Look, how we grovel here be - low, Fond of these trifling toys! Our souls can neither
 3. In vain we tune our formal songs, In vain we strive to rise; Hosannas languish

4. Dear Lord! and shall we ever live At this poor, dy - ing rate? Our love so faint, so
 5. Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove, With all thy quick'ning pow'rs, Come, shed abroad a

202.

Gratitude for divine mercies.

- 1 When all thy mercies, O my God,
My rising soul surveys,
Transported with the view, I'm lost
In wonder, love, and praise.
- 2 When in the slippery paths of youth
With heedless steps I ran,
Thine arm, unseen, conveyed me safe,
And led me up to man.
- 3 Through every period of my life,
Thy goodness I'll pursue;
And after death, in distant worlds,
The glorious theme renew.
- 4 Through all eternity, to thee
A joyful song I'll raise:
But oh! eternity's too short
To utter all thy praise!

203.

Faith of Things unseen.

- 1 Faith is the brightest evidence
Of things beyond our sight;
Breaks through the clouds of flesh and sense,
And dwells in heavenly light.
- 2 It sets times past in present view,
Brings distant prospects home—
Of things a thousand years ago,
Or thousand years to come.
- 3 By faith, we know the worlds were made,
By God's almighty word;
Abra'am, to unknown countries led,
By faith obey'd the Lord.
- 4 He sought a city fair and high,
Built by th' eternal hands;
And faith assures us, though we die,
That heavenly building stands.

204.

The joy of conversion.

- 1 When God revealed his gracious name,
And chang'd my mournful state,
My rapture seemed a pleasing dream,
The grace appeared so great.
- 2 The world beheld the glorious change,
And did thy hand confess;
My tongue broke out in unknown strains,
And sung surprising grace.
- 3 Great is the work!—my neighbors cried,
And owned thy power divine;
Great is the work!—my heart replied,
And be the glory thine.
- 4 Let those that sow in sadness wait
Till the fair harvest come;
They shall confess their sheaves are great,
And shout the blessings home.

205.

Life hid with God.

- 1 O happy soul that lives on high,
While men lie grovelling here!
His hopes are fixed above the sky,
And faith forbids his fear.
- 2 His conscience knows no secret stings,
While grace and joy combine
To form a life whose holy springs
Are hidden and divine.
- 3 He waits in secret on his God,
His God in secret sees;
Let earth be all in arms abroad,
He dwells in heavenly peace.
- 4 His pleasures rise from things unseen,
Beyond this world of time,
Where neither eyes nor ears have been,
Nor thoughts of mortals climb.

sacred love In these cold hearts of ours, In these cold hearts of ours, In these cold hearts of ours.
 fly nor go, To reach eternal joys, To reach eternal joys, To reach e - ternal joys.
 on our tongues, And our devotion dies, And our devotion dies, And our de - votion dies.

cold to thee, And thine to us so great? And thine to us so great? And thine to us so great?
 Saviour's love, And that shall kindle ours, And that shall kindle ours, And that shall kindle ours.

206.*The heavenly Canaan.*

- 1 There is a land of pure delight
 Where saints immortal reign;
 Eternal day excludes the night,
 And pleasures banish pain.
- 2 There everlasting spring abides,
 And never-fading flowers;
 Death, like a narrow sea, divides
 This heavenly land from ours.
- 3 Sweet fields, beyond the swelling flood,
 Stand dressed in living green:
 So to the Jews fair Canaan stood,
 While Jordan rolled between.
- 4 But timorous mortals start and shrink,
 To cross this narrow sea:
 And linger, trembling, on the brink,
 And fear to launch away.
- 5 Oh, could we make our doubts remove,
 Those gloomy doubts that rise,
 And see the Canaan that we love
 With unobscured eyes;—
- 6 Could we but climb where Moses stood,
 And view the landscape o'er,
 Not Jordan's stream—nor death's cold flood,
 Should fright us from the shore.

207.*The Soul.*

- 1 What is the thing of greatest price,
 The whole creation round?—
 That which was lost in Paradise,
 That which in Christ is found:

- 2 The soul of man—Jehovah's breath—
 That keeps two worlds at strife;
 Hell moves beneath to work its death,
 Heaven stoops to give it life.
- 3 God, to redeem it, did not spare
 His well beloved Son;
 Jesus, to save it, deign'd to bear
 The sins of all in one.
- 4 And is this treasure borne below,
 In earthen vessels frail?
 Can none its utmost value know,
 Till flesh and spirit fail?
- 5 Then let us gather round the cross,
 That knowledge to obtain;
 Not by the soul's eternal loss,
 But everlasting gain.

208.*Languid Devotion lamented.*

- 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 follies, 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,
 And Sabbaths never end;—
- 4 Where we shall breathe in heavenly air—
 With heavenly lustre shine—
 Before the throne of God appear,
 And feast on love divine.

209.

1. When musing sor - row weeps the past, And mourns the pres-ent pain,
 2. 'Tis not that murm'ring tho'ts a - rise, And dread a Father's will,

3. It is that heaven-born faith surveys The path that leads to light,
 4. O let me wing my hallowed flight From earth-born wo and care,

210.

Light shining out of Darkness.

- 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 sovereign will.
- 3 Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take;
 The clouds ye so much dread,
 Are big with mercy, and shall break
 With 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.

211.

Distemper, Folly, and Madness of Sin.

- 1 Sin, like a venomous disease,
 Infects our vital blood;
 The only balm is sovereign grace,
 And the physician, God.
- 2 Madness, by nature, reigns within,
 The passions burn and rage,
 Till God's own son, with skill divine,
 The inward fire assuage.

- 3 We lick the dust, we grasp the wind,
 And solid good despise:
 Such is the folly of the mind,
 Till Jesus make us wise.
- 4 We give our souls the wounds they feel,*
 We drink the pois'nous gall,
 And rush with fury down to hell—
 But heaven prevents the fall.

212.

Complaining of spiritual Sloth.

- 1 My drowsy powers, why sleep ye so!
 Awake, my sluggish soul!
 Nothing has half thy work to do,
 Yet nothing's half so dull.
- 2 The little ants for one poor grain
 Labor, and tug, and strive:
 Yet we, who have a heaven t' obtain,
 How negligent we live!
- 3 We, for whose sake all nature stands,
 And stars their courses move,—
 We, for whose guard the angel bands
 Come flying from above;—
- 4 We, for whom God the Son came down,
 And labor'd for our good:—
 How careless to secure that crown,
 He purchas'd with his blood!
- 5 Lord, shall we lie so sluggish still,
 And never act our parts!
 Come, Holy Dove, from th' heavenly hill,
 And sit and warm our hearts.
- 6 Then shall our active spirits move;
 Upward our souls shall rise:
 With hands of faith, and wings of love,
 We'll fly, and take the prize.

'Tis sweet to think of peace at last, And feel that death is gain.
'Tis not that meek sub - miss - ion flies, And would not suf - fer still.

And longs her ea - gle plumes to raise, And lose her - self in sight.
And soar a - bove these clouds of night, My Saviour's bliss to share!

213.

Longing for a closer Walk with God.

- 1 Oh! for a closer walk with God,
A calm and heavenly frame—
A light, to shine upon the road
That leads me to the Lamb.
- 2 Where is the blessedness I knew,
When first I saw the Lord?
Where is the soul-refreshing view
Of Jesus and his word?
- 3 What peaceful hours I once enjoyed!—
How sweet their memory still!—
But they have left an aching void
The world can never fill.
- 4 Return, O holy Dove! return—
Sweet messenger of rest!
I hate the sins that made thee mourn,
And drove thee from my breast.
- 5 The dearest idol I have known,
Whate'er that idol be,
Help me to tear it from thy throne,
And worship only thee.
- 6 So shall my walk be close with God;
Calm and serene my frame;
So purer light shall mark the road
That leads me to the Lamb.

214.

Gospel Comforts.

- 1 When languor and disease invade
This trembling house of clay,
'Tis sweet to look beyond our pains,
And long to fly away.
- 2 Sweet to look inward, and attend
The whispers of his love;
Sweet to look upward to the place
Where Jesus pleads above.

- 3 Sweet on his faithfulness to rest,
Whose love can never end;
Sweet on his covenant of grace,
For all things to depend.
- 4 Sweet, in the confidence of faith,
To trust his firm decrees;
Sweet to lie passive in his hands,
And know no will but his.
- 5 If such the sweetness of the streams,
What must the fountain be,
Where saints and angels draw their bliss
Immediately from thee?

215.

Christian Love.

- 1 How sweet, how heavenly is the sight,
When those who love the Lord,
In one another's peace delight,
And so fulfill his word;—
- 2 When each can feel his brother's sigh,
And with him bear a part;
When sorrows flow from eye to eye,
And joy from heart to heart;—
- 3 When, free from envy, scorn, and pride,
Our wishes all above,
Each can his brother's failings hide,
And show a brother's love.
- 4 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, who finds
His bosom glow with love.

216.

1. Why is my heart so far from thee, My God, my chief de - light?
 2. When my for - get - ful soul re - news The sa - vor of thy grace,

3. But ere one fleet - ing hour is past, The flattering world em - ploys
 4. Wretch that I am! to wan - der thus, In chase of false de - light!

217.

Godly Sorrow in View of the Sufferings of Christ.

- 1 Alas! and did my Saviour bleed,
 And did my Sovereign die?
 Would he devote that sacred head
 For such a worm as I?
- 2 Was it for crimes that I had done,
 He groaned upon the tree?
 Amazing pity!—grace unknown!
 And love beyond degree!
- 3 Well might the sun in darkness hide,
 And shut his glories in,
 When Christ, th' almighty Saviour, died
 For man, the rebel's sin.
- 4 Thus might I hide my blushing face,
 While his dear cross appears;
 Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,
 And melt my eyes to tears.
- 5 But drops of grief can ne'er repay
 The debt of love I owe:
 Here, Lord, I give myself away—
 'Tis all that I can do.

218.

The careless entreated.

- 1 Ye careless ones, oh, hear betimes
 The voice of saving love!
 Your youth is stained with numerous crimes,
 But mercy reigns above.
- 2 For you the public prayer is made;
 Oh, join the public prayer!
 For you the sacred tear is shed;
 Oh, shed yourselves a tear!
- 3 We pray that you may early prove
 The Saviour's quickening grace;
 Too young you cannot taste his love,
 Or seek his smiling face.

219.

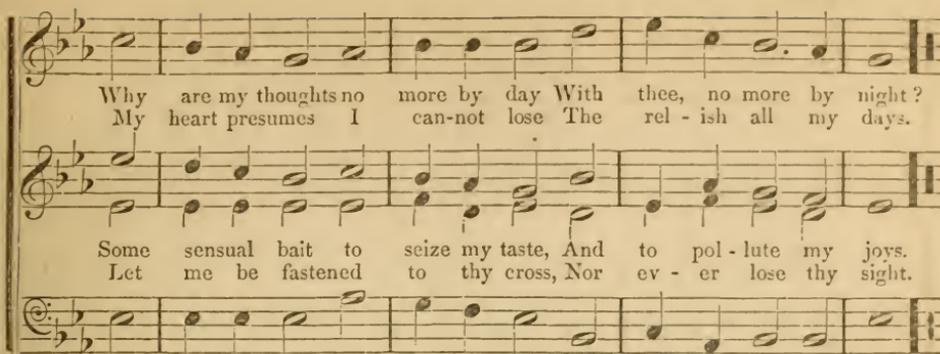
Marriage.

- 1 Since Jesus freely did appear
 To grace a marriage feast;
 O 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 favor crown,
 And bless the nuptial bands.
- 3 In purest love these souls unite,
 That they with Christian care,
 May make domestic burdens light,
 By taking mutual share.
- 4 And when that solemn hour shall come,
 And life's short space be o'er,
 May they in triumph reach that home,
 Where they shall part no more.

220.

Indwelling Sin lamented.

- 1 With tears of anguish I lament,
 Before thy feet, my God,
 My passion, pride, and discontent,
 And vile ingratitude.
- 2 Sure there was ne'er a heart so base,
 So false as mine has been;
 So faithless to its promises,
 So prone to every sin.
- 3 How long, dear Saviour, shall I feel
 These struggles in my breast?
 When wilt thou bow my stubborn will,
 And give my conscience rest?
- 4 Break, sovereign grace—oh break the charm,
 And set the captive free:
 Reveal, great God, thy mighty arm,
 And haste to rescue me.



Why are my thoughts no more by day With thee, no more by night?
My heart presumes I can-not lose The rel-ish all my days.

Some sensual bait to seize my taste, And to pol-lute my joys.
Let me be fastened to thy cross, Nor ev-er lose thy sight.

221.

The Christian's Farewell.

- 1 Ye golden lamps of heaven, farewell,
With all your feeble light;
Farewell, thou ever-changing moon,
Pale empress of the night.
- 2 And thou, refulgent orb of day,
In brighter flames array'd;
My soul that springs beyond thy sphere,
No more demands thy aid.
- 3 Ye stars are but the shining dust
Of my divine abode;
The pavement of those heavenly courts,
Where I shall see my God.
- 4 The Father of eternal light
Shall there his beams display;
Nor shall one moment's darkness mix
With that unvaried day.
- 5 No more the drops of piercing grief
Shall swell into my eyes;
Nor the meridian sun decline,
Amidst those brighter skies.
- 6 There all the millions of his saints
Shall in one song unite;
And each the bliss of all shall view,
With infinite delight.

222.

A living and a dead Faith.

- 1 Mistaken souls! that dream of heaven
And make their empty boast—
Of inward joys, and sins forgiven,
While they are slaves to lust!
- 2 Vain are our fancies' airy flights,
If faith be cold and dead;
None but a living power unites
To Christ, the living head.

- 3 'Tis faith, that changes all the heart;
'Tis faith, that works by love;
That bids all sinful joys depart,
And lifts the thoughts above.
- 4 Faith must obey her Father's will,
As well as trust his grace;
A pard'ning God is jealous still
For his own holiness.
- 5 When from the curse he sets us free,
He makes our natures clean;
Nor would he send his Son to be
The minister of sin.

223.

Temperance Hymn.

- 1 Let saints, and all who love the cause
Of virtue here below;
With truth divine, and wholesome laws,
Turn back this tide of wo.
- 2 See tens of thousands reel and fall
Before the mocking wine;
Come, lovers of the Saviour, all,
Espouse this cause as thine.
- 3 O save the thoughtless mortals e'er
Their steps take hold on hell!
Rouse ye who love the Lord, and dare
To break the Circean spell!
- 4 For ye who stay this stream of wo,
That o'er the nation rolls,
Please God, from whom all blessings flow,
And save immortal souls.
- 5 And when before the Judge ye stand,
With all your victories won,
Ye'll hear, within that blissful land,
The welcome sound, "Well done."

224

1. The Spir - it in our hearts, Is whispering, "Sin - ner, come ;"
 2. Let him that hear - eth say To all a - bout him; "Come!"

3. Yes, who - so - ev - er will, Oh let him free - ly come,
 4. Lo! Je - sus, who in - vites, De - clares; "I quick-ly come!"

225.

Christian Fellowship.

- 1 Blest be the tie that binds
Our hearts in Christian love!
The fellowship of kindred minds
Is like to that above.
- 2 Before our Father's throne
We pour our ardent prayers;
Our fears, our hopes, our aims, are one—
Our comforts and our cares.
- 3 We share our mutual woes,
Our mutual burdens bear;
And often for each other flows
The sympathizing tear.
- 4 When we are called to part,
It gives us mutual pain;
But we shall still be joined in heart,
And hope to meet again.
- 5 This glorious hope revives
Our courage by the way;
While each in expectation lives,
And longs to see the day.
- 6 From sorrow, toil, and pain,
From sin, we shall be free;
And perfect love and friendship reign
Through all eternity.

226.

Heavenly Rest.

- 1 And is there, Lord, a rest
For weary souls designed,
Where not a care shall stir the breast,
Or sorrow entrance find?
- 2 Is there a blissful home,
Where kindred friends shall meet,
And live and love, nor ever roam
From that serene retreat?

- 3 Are there bright happy fields,
Where nought that blooms shall die;
Where each new scene fresh pleasure yields,
And healthful breezes sigh?
- 4 Are there celestial streams
Where living waters glide,
With murmurs sweet as angel dreams,
And flowery banks beside?
- 5 For ever blessed they,
Whose joyful feet shall stand,
While endless ages waste away,
Amid that glorious land.
- 6 My soul would thither tend,
While toilsome years are given;
Then let me, gracious God, ascend
To sweet repose in heaven.

227.

Vital Union to Christ.

- 1 Dear Saviour, we are thine
By everlasting bonds:
Our hearts, our souls we would resign
Entirely to thy hands.
- 2 Thy Spirit shall unite
Our souls to thee, our head;
Shall form us to thy image bright,
And teach thy paths to tread.
- 3 Death may our souls divide
From these abodes of clay;
But love shall keep us near thy side,
Through all the gloomy way.
- 4 Since Christ and we are one,
Why should we doubt or fear?
If he in heaven hath fixed his throne,
He'll fix his members there.

The bride, the church of Christ, proclaims To all his chil-dren; "Come!"
Let him that thirsts for righteousness, To Christ, the foun-tain, come!

And free-ly drink the stream of life; 'Tis Je-sus bids him come.
Lord, e-ven so! we wait thy hour; O blest Re-deem-er, come!

228.*The Issues of Life and Death.*

- 1 O where shall rest be found,
Rest for the weary soul?
'Twere vain the ocean depths to sound,
Or pierce to either pole:
- 2 The world can never give
The bliss for which we sigh;
'Tis not the whole of life to live,
Nor all of death to die.
- 3 Beyond this vale of tears,
There is a life above,
Unmeasured by the flight of years,
And all that life is love:—
- 4 There is a death, whose pang
Outlasts the fleeting breath;
Oh what eternal horrors hang
Around "the second death!"
- 5 Lord God of truth and grace,
Teach us that death to shun,
Lest we be banished from thy face,
And evermore undone.

229.*The accepted time.*

- 1 Now is th' accepted time,
Now is the day of grace;
Now, sinners, come without delay,
And seek the Saviour's face.
- 2 Now is th' accepted time,
The Saviour calls to-day;
To-morrow it may be too late—
Then why should you delay?
- 3 Now is th' accepted time,
The gospel bids you come;
And every promise in his word
Declares there yet is room.

230.*God's tender Care of his People.*

- 1 The Lord my Shepherd is,
I shall be well supplied:
Since he is mine, and I am his,
What can I want beside?
- 2 He leads me to the place,
Where heavenly pasture grows,
Where living waters gently pass,
And full salvation flows.
- 3 If e'er I go astray,
He doth my soul reclaim;
And guides me in his own right way,
For his most holy name.
- 4 While he affords his aid,
I cannot yield to fear!
Tho' I should walk thro' death's dark shade,
My Shepherd's with me there.

231.*For Sunday Schools.*

- 1 Within these walls be peace,
Love through our borders found;
In all our little palaces
Prosperity abound.
- 2 God scorns not humble things;
Here, though the proud despise,
The children of the King of kings
Are training for the skies.
- 3 May none who thus are taught,
From Glory be cast down,
But all through faith and patience brought
To an immortal crown.

232.*Doxology.*

- Ye angels round the throne,
And saints that dwell below,
Worship the Father, love the Son,
And bless the Spirit too.

233.

1. Your harps, ye trembling saints, Down from the wil - lows take ;
 2. Though in a for - eign land, We are not far from home ;

3. His grace will, to the end, Strong - er and bright - er shine ;
 4. Blest is the man, O God, That stays him - self on thee !

234.

The Blessedness of Gospel Times.

- 1 How beauteous are their feet,
Who stand on Zion's hill !
Who bring salvation on their tongues,
And words of peace reveal !
- 2 How charming is their voice !
How sweet the tidings are !
"Zion behold thy Saviour—King,
He reigns and triumphs here !"
- 3 How happy are our ears,
That hear this joyful sound !—
Which kings and prophets waited for,
And sought, but never found !
- 4 How blessed are our eyes,
That see this heavenly light !
Prophets and kings desired it long,
But died without the sight !
- 5 The watchmen join their voice,
And tuneful notes employ ;
Jerusalem breaks forth in songs,
And deserts learn the joy.
- 6 The Lord makes bare his arm,
Through all the earth abroad ;
Let ev'ry nation now behold
Their Saviour and their God.

235.

The friendship of heaven and earth compared.

- 1 Friend after friend departs ;
Who hath not lost a friend ?
There is no union here of hearts
That finds not here an end.
- 2 Beyond the flight of time,
Beyond the reign of death,
There surely is some blessed clime,
Where life is not a breath.

- 3 There is a world above,
Where parting is unknown ;
A long eternity of love,
Formed for the good alone.

- 4 Thus star by star declines,
Till all are passed away,
As morning high and higher shines,
To pure and perfect day.

236.

Exhortation to Praise and Thanksgiving.

- 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 O for the living flame
From his own altar brought,
To touch our lips, our souls inspire,
And wing to heaven our thought.
- 4 There with benign regard
Our hymns he deigns to hear ;
Though unrevealed to mortal sense,
The spirit feels them 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.

Loud to the praise of love di - vine, Bid eve - ry string a - wake.
 And near - er to our house a - bove We eve - ry mo - ment come.

Nor pres - ent things, nor things to come, Shall quench this spark di - vine.
 Who waits for thy sal - va - tion, Lord, Shall thy sal - va - tion see.

237.*Christ's Mediation.*

- 1 Raise your triumphant songs
To an immortal tune;
Let the wide earth resound the deeds,
Celestial grace has done.
- 2 Sing how Eternal Love
Its chief Beloved chose;
And bid him raise our ruin'd race,
From their abyss of woes.
- 3 His hand no thunder bears,
No terror clothes his brow;
No bolts to drive our guilty souls
To fiercer flames below.
- 4 'Twas mercy fill'd the throne,
And wrath stood silent by—
When Christ was sent with pardons down,
To rebels doom'd to die.
- 5 Now, sinners, dry your tears,
Let hopeless sorrow cease;
Bow to the sceptre of his love,
And take the offer'd peace.

238.*"Forever with the Lord."*

- 1 "Forever with the Lord!"
So, Jesus, let it be:
Life from the dead is in that word;
'Tis immortality.
- 2 Here in the body pent,
Absent from thee I roam;
Yet nightly pitch my moving tent
A day's march nearer home.
- 3 "Forever with the Lord!"
Saviour, if 'tis thy will,
The promise of that faithful word
E'en here to me fulfil.

- 4 So when my latest breath
Shall rend the veil in twain,
By death I shall escape from death
And life eternal gain.
- 5 Knowing as I am known,
How shall I love that word,
And oft repeat before the throne,—
"Forever with the Lord!"

239.*Intemperance.*

- 1 Mourn for the thousands slain,
The youthful and the strong;
Mourn for the wine cup's fearful reign,
And the deluded throng.
- 2 Mourn for the tarnished gem—
For reason's light divine,
Quenched from the soul's bright diadem,
Where God had bid it shine.
- 3 Mourn for the ruined soul—
Eternal life and light
Lost by the fiery, maddening bowl,
And turned to hopeless night.
- 4 Mourn for the lost—but call,
Call to the strong, the free;
Rouse them to shun that dreadful fall,
And to the refuge flee.
- 5 Mourn for the lost—but pray,
Pray to our God above,
To break the fell destroyer's sway,
And show his saving love.

240.*Doxology.*

- Ye angels, round the throne,
And saints that dwell below,
Worship the Father, praise the Son,
And bless the Spirit too.

241.

1. Did Christ o'er sin - ners weep, And shall our cheeks be dry?
 2. The Son of God in tears— The wondering an - gels see?
 3. He wept— that we might weep— Each sin de - mands a tear;

242.

Exhortation to improve the present moment.

- 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,
Waken by thy almighty power
The aged and the young.
- 4 One thing demands our care;
Oh, be it still 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 beam should die
In sudden, endless night.

243.

Dead to Sin, by the Cross of Christ.

- 1 Shall we go on to sin,
Because free grace abounds?
Or crucify the Lord again,
And open all his wounds?
- 2 Forbid it, mighty God!
Nor let it e'er be said,
That we, whose sins are crucified,
Should raise them from the dead.
- 3 We will be slaves no more,
Since Christ has made us free;
Has nail'd our tyrants to the cross,
And bought our liberty.

244.

Ingratitude to Divine Goodness.

- 1 Is this the kind return!
Are these the thanks we owe!
Thus to abuse eternal Love,
Whence all our blessings flow!
- 2 To what a stubborn frame
Has sin reduced our mind!
What strange, rebellious wretches we,
And God as strangely kind!
- 3 Turn, turn us, mighty God,
And mould our souls afresh;
Break, sovereign grace, these hearts of stone,
And give us hearts of flesh.
- 4 Let past ingratitude
Provoke our weeping eyes;
And hourly, as new mercies fall,
Let hourly thanks arise.

245.

God all and in all.

- 1 My God, my life, my love,
To thee, to thee I call;
I cannot live, if thou remove,
For thou art all in all.
- 2 Not all the harps above
Can make a heavenly place,
If God his residence remove,
Or but conceal his face.
- 3 Nor earth, nor all the sky,
Can one delight afford;
No, not a drop of real joy,
Without thy presence, Lord.
- 4 Thou art the sea of love,
Where all my pleasures roll;
The circle where my passions move,
And centre of my soul.

Let floods of pen - i - ten - tial grief Burst forth from eve - ry eye.

Be thou as - ton - ished, O my soul! He shed those tears— for thee.
In heaven a - lone no sin is found, And there's no weep - ing there.

246.*Sick-bed reflections.*

- 1 Just e'er the grave I hung—
No pardon met my eyes,
As blessings never greet the slain,
And hope shall never rise.
- 2 Sweet mercy to my soul
Reveal'd no charming ray;
Before me rose a long—dark night,
With no succeeding day.
- 3 Then—oh, how vain appear'd
The joys beneath the sky!
Like visions past—like flow'rs that blow
When wintry storms are nigh.
- 4 How mourn'd my sinking soul
The Sabbath's hours divine,
The day of grace, that precious day,
Consumed in sense and sin.
- 5 The work—the mighty work
Of life, so long delayed—
Repentance yet to be begun
Upon a dying bed.

247.*Rest in God.*

- 1 Oh, cease! my wandering soul,
On restless wing to roam;
All this wide world, to either pole,
Has not for thee a home.
- 2 Behold the ark of God!
Behold the open door;
Oh! haste to gain that dear abode,
And rove, my soul, no more.
- 3 There, safe thou shalt abide,
There, sweet shall be thy rest,
And every longing satisfied,
With full salvation blest.

248.*Casting our Cares on God.*

- 1 How gentle God's commands!
How kind his precepts are!
Come, cast your burdens on the Lord,
And trust his constant care.
- 2 His bounty will provide;
His saints securely dwell;
That hand which bears creation up,
Shall guard his children well.
- 3 Why should this anxious load
Press down your weary mind?
Oh, seek your heavenly Father's throne,
And peace and comfort find.
- 4 His goodness stands approved,
Unchanged from day to day;
I'll drop my burden at his feet,
And bear a song away.

249.*God, the soul's refuge.*

- 1 When overwhelmed with grief,
My heart within me dies,
Helpless, and far from all relief,
To heaven I lift mine eyes.
- 2 Oh! lead me to the rock
That's high above my head,
And make the covert of thy wings
My shelter and my shade.
- 3 Within thy presence, Lord,
Forever I'll abide;
Thou art the tower of my defence,
The refuge where I hide.

250.

1. My son, know thou the Lord, Thy fa-ther's God o-bey;
 2. Call, while he may be found, And seek him while he's near;
 3. If thou wilt seek his face, His ear will hear thy cry;
 4. But if thou leave thy God, Nor choose the path to heaven;

251.

Prayer for Holy Spirit.

- 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,"
 From every 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.

252.

Heavenly Joy on Earth.

- 1 Come, we that love the Lord,
 And let our joys be known;
 Join in a song with sweet accord,
 And thus surround the throne.
- 2 Let those refuse to sing,
 Who never knew our God;
 But children of the heavenly king
 May speak their joys abroad.
- 3 The hill of Zion yields
 A thousand sacred sweets,
 Before we reach the heavenly fields,
 Or walk the golden streets.
- 4 Then let our songs abound,
 And every tear be dry;
 We're marching through Immanuel's ground,
 To fairer worlds on high.

253.

Spiritual and temporal Mercies.

- 1 O bless the Lord, my soul;
 Let all within me join,
 And aid my tongue to bless his name,
 Whose favors are divine.
- 2 O bless the Lord, my soul;
 Nor let his mercies lie,
 Forgotten in unthankfulness,
 And without praises die.
- 3 'Tis he forgives thy sins;
 'Tis he relieves thy pain;
 'Tis he who heals thy sicknesses,
 And makes thee young again.
- 4 His wondrous works and ways
 He made by Moses known;
 But sent the world his truth and grace,
 By his beloved Son.

254.

Salvation by Grace, from the first to the last.

- 1 Grace! 'tis a charming sound;
 Harmonious to the ear!
 Heaven with the echo shall resound,
 And all the earth shall hear.
- 2 Grace first contrived the way
 To save rebellious man;
 And all the steps that grace display,
 Which drew the wondrous plan.
- 3 Grace led my roving feet
 To tread the heavenly road;
 And new supplies each hour I meet,
 While pressing on to God.
- 4 Grace all the work shall crown,
 Through everlasting days;
 It lays in heaven the topmost stone,
 And well deserves the praise.

Seek his pro - tect - ing care by night, His guar - dian hand by day.
 Serve him with all thy heart and mind, And wor - ship him with fear.

Then shalt thou find his mer - cy sure, His grace for - ev - er nigh.
 Then shalt thou per - ish in thy sins, And nev - er be for - given.

255.*God's Word most excellent.*

- 1 Behold the morning sun
 Begins his glorious way ;
 His beams through all the nations run,
 And life and light convey.
- 2 But where the gospel comes,
 It spreads diviner light ;
 It calls dead sinners from their tombs,
 And gives the blind their sight.
- 3 How perfect is thy word !
 And all thy judgments just ;
 Forever sure thy promise, Lord
 And men securely trust.
- 4 My gracious God, how plain
 Are thy directions giv'n !
 O may I never read in vain,
 But find the path to heaven.

256.*Exhortation against Sectarian Spirit.*

- 1 Let party names no more
 The Christian world o'erspread :
 Gentle and Jew, and bond and free,
 Are one in Christ their Head.
- 2 Among the saints on earth
 Let mutual love be found ;
 Heirs of the same inheritance,
 With mutual blessings crowned.
- 3 Let envy and ill will
 Be banished far away ;
 And all in Christian bonds unite,
 Who the same Lord obey.
- 4 Thus will the church below
 Resemble that above ;
 Where no discordant sounds are heard,
 But all is peace and love.

257.*Love to the Church.*

- 1 I love thy kingdom, Lord,
 The house of thine abode,
 The church our blest Redeemer saved,
 With his own precious blood.
- 2 If e'er to bless thy sons,
 My voice, or hands deny,
 These hands let useful skill forsake,
 This voice in silence die.
- 3 If e'er my heart forget
 Her welfare, or her wo,
 Let every joy this heart forsake,
 And every grief o'erflow.
- 4 For her my tears shall fall ;
 For her my prayers ascend ;
 To her my cares and toils be giv'n,
 Till toils and cares shall end.

258.*Saints Rejoicing.*

- 1 Now let our voices join
 To form a sacred song ;
 Ye pilgrims, in Jehovah's ways,
 With music pass along.
- 2 How straight the path appears,
 How open and how fair !
 No lurking gins t' entrap our feet,
 No fierce destroyer there.
- 3 But flowers of paradise
 In rich profusion spring ;
 The Sun of glory gilds the path,
 And dear companions sing.
- 4 All honor to his name,
 Who marks the shining way,—
 To him who leads the wand'ers on
 To realms of endless day.

259.

1. A charge to keep I have, A God to glo - ri - fy ;
 2. To serve the pres - ent age, My call - ing to ful - fil ;

3. Arm me with jeal - ous care, As in thy sight to live ;
 4. Help me to watch and pray, And on thy - self re - ly !

260.

Man's dependence.

- 1 Beware of Peter's word,
Nor confidently say,
"I never will deny the Lord,"
But "grant I never may."
- 2 Man's wisdom is to seek
His strength in God alone ;
And e'en an angel would be weak,
Who trusted in his own.
- 3 Retreat beneath his wings,
And in his grace confide ;
This more exalts the King of kings
Than all your works beside.
- 4 In Jesus is our store ;
Grace issues from his throne ;
Whoever says, "I want no more,"
Confesses he has none.

261.

Forgiveness of Sins upon Confession.

- 1 O blessed souls are they,
Whose sins are cover'd o'er ;
Divinely blest, to whom the Lord
Imputes their guilt no more.
- 2 They mourn their follies past,
And keep their hearts with care ;
Their lips and lives, without deceit,
Shall prove their faith sincere.
- 3 While I conceal'd my guilt,
I felt the fest'ring wound ;
Till I confess'd my sins to thee,
And ready pardon found.
- 4 Let sinners learn to pray ;
Let saints keep near thy throne :
Our help in times of deep distress,
Is found in God alone.

262.

The Way of Sin not the Way to Heaven.

- 1 Can sinners hope for heaven,
Who love this world so well ?
Or dream of future happiness,
While on the road to hell ?
- 2 Can sin's deceitful way
Conduct to Zion's hill ?
Or those expect with God to reign
Who disregard his will ?
- 3 Shall they hosannas sing,
With an unhallowed tongue ?
Shall palms adorn the guilty hand
Which does its neighbor wrong ?
- 4 Thy grace, O God, alone,
Good hopes can e'er afford !
The pardoned and renewed shall see
The glory of the Lord.

263.

Adoption.

- 1 Behold ! what wondrous grace
The Father hath bestow'd
On sinners of a mortal race,—
To call them sons of God !
- 2 'Tis no surprising thing,
That we should be unknown ;
The Jewish world knew not their King,
God's everlasting Son.
- 3 Nor does it yet appear,
How great we must be made ;
But when we see our Saviour here,
We shall be like our head.
- 4 A hope, so much divine,
May trials well endure ;
May purge our souls from sense and sin,
As Christ the Lord is pure.

A nev - er - dy - ing soul to save, And fit it for the sky.
O may it all my powers en - gage, To do my Mas - ter's will.

And, oh! thy ser - vant, Lord, pre - pare, A strict ac - count to give.
Assured if I my trust be - tray, I shall for - ev - er die.

264.

Faith prevailing in Trouble.

- 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 to 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.

265.

Thanksgiving.

- 1 Thy bounties, gracious Lord,
With gratitude we own;
We praise thy providential care,
That showers its blessings down.
- 2 With joy thy people bring
Their offerings round thy throne;
With thankful souls, behold, we pay
A tribute of thine own.
- 3 Oh may this sacrifice
To thee, the Lord, ascend,
An odor of a sweet perfume,
Presented by his hand.
- 4 Well pleased our God shall view
The products of his grace;
With endless life shall he fulfil
His kindest promises.

266.

Faith in Christ our Sacrifice.

- 1 Not all the blood of beasts,
On Jewish altars slain,
Could give the guilty conscience peace,
Or wash away the stain.
- 2 But Christ, the heavenly Lamb,
Takes all our sins away;
A sacrifice of nobler name,
And richer blood than they.
- 3 My faith would lay her hand
On that dear head of thine,—
While like a penitent I stand,
And there confess my sin.
- 4 My soul looks back to see
The burdens thou didst bear,—
When hanging on the cursed tree,—
And hopes her guilt was there.
- 5 Believing, we rejoice
To see the curse remove;
We bless the Lamb with cheerful voice,
And sing his bleeding love.

267.

Holy Love.

- 1 Love is the strongest tie
That can our souls unite;
Love makes our service liberty,
Our every burden light.
- 2 We run in God's commands
When love directs the way;
With willing hearts and active hands
Our Master's will obey.
- 3 Love softens all our toil,
And makes our bondage blest;
The gloomy desert wears a smile,
When love inspires the breast.

268.

1. A - wake, and sing the song Of Mo - ses and the Lamb ;
 2. Sing of his dy - ing love, Sing of his ris - ing power,
 3. Sing on your heavenly way, Ye ran - somed sin - ners, sing ;
 4. Soon shall we hear him say ; " Ye bless - ed chil - dren, come ;"

269.

The Christian's Warfare.

- 1 Soldiers of Christ, arise,
 And put your armor on,
 Strong in the strength which God supplies
 Through his eternal Son ;
- 2 Strong in the Lord of Hosts,
 And in his mighty power ;
 Who in the strength of Jesus trusts,
 Is more than conqueror.
- 3 Stand then in his great might,
 With all his strength endued ;
 But take to arm you for the fight,
 The panoply of God :—
- 4 That, having all things done,
 And all your conflicts past,
 Ye may o'ercome through Christ alone,
 And stand entire at last.
- 5 From strength to strength go on,
 Wrestle, and fight, and pray,
 Tread all the powers of darkness down,
 And win the well-fought day.

270.

A Psalm before Sermon.

- 1 Come, sound his praise abroad,
 And hymns of glory sing ;
 Jehovah is the sovereign God,
 The universal King.
- 2 Come, worship at his throne ;
 Come, bow before the Lord :
 We are his work, and not our own,
 He form'd us by his word.
- 3 To-day attend his voice,
 Nor dare provoke his rod ;
 Come, like the people of his choice,
 And own your gracious God.

271.

The Church, the Honor and Safety of a Nation.

- 1 Great is the Lord our God,
 And let his praise be great ;
 He makes his churches his abode,
 His most delightful seat.
- 2 These temples of his grace,
 How beautiful they stand !
 The honors of our native place
 The bulwarks of our land.
- 3 Oft have our fathers told,
 Our eyes have often seen,
 How well our God secures the fold,
 Where his own sheep have been.
- 4 In ev'ry new distress
 We'll to his house repair ;
 We'll think upon his wondrous grace,
 And seek deliv'rance there.

272.

Confidence in God.

- 1 Give to the winds thy fears ;
 Hope, and be undismay'd ;
 God hears thy sighs, and counts thy tears ;
 He shall lift up thy head.
- 2 Through waves, and clouds, and storms,
 He gently clears the way ;
 Wait thou his time ; so shall this night
 Soon end in joyous day.
- 3 Still heavy is thy heart ?—
 Still sink thy spirits down ?
 Cast off this weight, let fear depart,
 And every care be gone.
- 4 What though thou rulest not !
 Yet heav'n, and earth and hell
 Proclaim, that " God is on the throne,
 And ruleth all things well."

Wake, eve-ry heart and eve-ry tongue, To praise the Saviour's name.
Sing how he in-tercedes a-bove, For those whose sins he bore.

Sing on, re-joic-ing eve-ry day In Christ, th'e-ter-nal King.
Soon will he call us hence a-way, And take his wanderers home.

273.*Prayer for the Spirit.*

- 1 Come, Holy Spirit, come,
Let thy bright beams arise;
Dispel the sorrow from our minds—
The darkness from our eyes.
- 2 Convince us of our sin;
Then lead to Jesus' blood;
And to our wond'ring view reveal
The secret love of God.
- 3 Revive our drooping faith;
Our doubts and fears remove;
And kindle in our breasts the flame
Of never-dying love.
- 4 'Tis thine to cleanse the heart—
To sanctify the soul—
To pour fresh life in ev'ry part,
And new-create the whole.
- 5 Dwell, Spirit, in our hearts;
Our minds from bondage free;
Then shall we know, and praise, and love,
The Father, Son, and Thee.

274.*Infants given to God in Baptism.*

- 1 Great God, now condescend
To bless our rising race;
Soon may their willing spirits bend
To thy victorious grace.
- 2 Oh, what a vast delight,
Their happiness to see!
Our warmest wishes all unite,
To lead their souls to thee.
- 3 Now bless, thou God of love,
This ordinance divine;
Send thy good Spirit from above,
And make these children thine.

275.*Hope of the Resurrection.*

- 1 And must this body die?
This mortal frame decay?
And must these active limbs of mine
Lie mouldering in the clay!
- 2 God, my Redeemer, lives,
And frequent from the skies,
Looks down and watches all my dust,
Till he shall bid it rise.
- 3 Arrayed in glorious grace
Shall these vile bodies shine,
And every shape, and every face,
Look heavenly and divine.
- 4 These lively hopes we owe
To Jesus' dying love—
We would adore his grace below,
And sing his power above.

276.*Preserving Grace.*

- 1 To God, the only wise,
Our Saviour and our King,
Let all the saints below the skies,
Their humble praises bring.
- 2 'Tis his almighty love,
His counsel and his care,
Preserves us safe from sin and death,
And every hurtful snare.
- 3 He will present our souls,
Unblemished and complete,
Before the glories of his face,
With joys divinely great.
- 4 To our Redeemer, God,
Wisdom, with power, belongs;
Immortal crowns of majesty,
And everlasting songs.

277.

1. Blow ye the trumpet, blow ; The gladly solemn sound Let all the nations know, To earth's remotest bound :
 2. Ex - alt the Lamb of God, The sin-atoning Lamb ; Redemption by his blood, Thro' all the world proclaim ;
 3. The gospel trumpet hear, The news of pard'ning grace ; Ye happy souls, draw near, Behold your Saviour's face :
 4. Je - sus, our great high priest, Has full atonement made ; Ye weary spirits, rest ; Ye mourning souls, be glad :

278.

The Kingdom of Christ.

- 1 Rejoice—the Lord is King !
 Your God and King adore ;
 Mortals, give thanks and sing,
 And triumph evermore :
 Lift up the heart, lift up the voice,
 Rejoice aloud, ye saints, rejoice.
- 2 Rejoice—the Saviour reigns !
 The God of truth and love ;
 When he had purg'd our stains,
 He took his seat above :
 Lift up the heart, lift up the voice,
 Rejoice aloud, ye saints, rejoice.
- 3 His kingdom cannot fail ;
 He rules air, earth, and heaven :
 The keys of death and hell
 Are to our Jesus given :
 Lift up the heart, lift up the voice,
 Rejoice aloud, ye saints, rejoice.
- 4 He all his foes will quell,
 Will all our sins destroy ;
 And every bosom swell,
 With pure seraphic joy :
 Lift up the heart, lift up the voice,
 Rejoice aloud, ye saints, rejoice.

279.

Longing for the House of God.

- 1 Lord of the worlds above,
 How pleasant and low fair
 The dwellings of thy love,
 Thine earthly temples are !
 To thine abode With warm desires,
 My heart aspires, To see my God.

- 2 O happy souls, who pray,
 Where God appoints to hear ;
 O happy men, who pay
 Their constant service there !
 They praise thee still ! Who love the way
 And happy they To Zion's hill.

- 3 They go from strength to strength,
 Through this dark vale of tears,
 Till each arrives at length,
 Till each in heaven appears :
 O glorious seat, Shall thither bring
 When God our king Our willing feet.

280.

God's Sovereignty.

- 1 The Lord Jehovah reigns,
 His throne is built on high ;
 The garments he assumes
 Are light and majesty ;
 His glories shine No mortal eye
 With beams so bright, Can bear the sight.
- 2 The thunders of his hand
 Still keep the world in awe ;
 His wrath and justice stand
 To guard his holy law ;
 And where his love His truth confirms
 Resolves to bless, And seals the grace.
- 3 Through all his ancient works
 Surprising wisdom shines,
 Confounds the powers of hell,
 And breaks their cursed designs ;
 Strong is his arm, His great decrees,
 And shall fulfil His sovereign will.

The year of ju-bi-lee is come, Return, ye ran-somed sinners, home!
 The year of ju-bi-lee is come, The year of jubilee is come, Return, ye ransomed sinners, home!
 The year of ju-bi-lee is come, Return, ye ransomed sinners, home!
 The year of ju-bi-lee is come, The year of ju-bi-lee is come, Return, ye ran-somed sinners, home!

4 And can this mighty King
 Of glory condescend?
 And will he write his name,
 "My father, and my friend?"—
 I love his name! Join all my powers,
 I love his word! And praise the Lord.

281.

Dedication.

1 Great King of glory, come,
 And with thy favor crown
 This temple as thy dome—
 This people as thy own:
 Beneath this roof, oh deign to show,
 How God can dwell with men below.

2 Here may thine ears attend
 Thy people's humble cries;
 And grateful praise ascend,
 All fragrant, to the skies:
 Here may thy word melodious sound,
 And spread celestial joys around.

3 Here may th' attentive throng
 Imbibe thy truth and love;
 And converts join the song
 Of seraphim above:
 And willing crowds surround thy board,
 With sacred joy, and sweet accord.

4 Here may our unborn sons
 And daughters sound thy praise;
 And shine like polish'd stones,
 Through long succeeding days:
 Here, Lord, display thy saving power,
 While temples stand, and men adore.

282.

Sabbath Morning.

1 Welcome, delightful morn,
 Thou day of sacred rest;
 I hail thy kind return,
 Lord, make these moments blest.
 From the low train of mortal toys,
 I soar to reach immortal joys.

2 Now may the King descend,
 And fill his throne of grace;
 Thy sceptre, Lord, extend,
 While saints address thy face:
 Let sinners feel thy quick'ning word,
 And learn to know and fear the Lord.

3 Descend, celestial Dove,
 With all thy quick'ning powers;
 Disclose a Saviour's love,
 And bless the sacred hours:
 Then shall my soul new life obtain,
 Nor Sabbaths be indulged in vain.

283.

Prayer for the Conversion of the World.

1 Sovereign of worlds above,
 And Lord of all below,
 Thy faithfulness and love,
 Thy power and mercy show:
 Fulfil thy word, Let heathens live,
 Thy Spirit give, And praise the Lord.

2 Few be the years that roll,
 Ere all shall worship thee;
 The travail of his soul
 Soon let the Saviour see:
 O God of grace! Fill earth with joy,
 Thy power employ; And heaven with praise.

284.

1. Chil - dren of the heavenly King, As ye journey, sweetly sing ;
 2. Ye are travelling home to God, In the way the fa - thers' trod :

3. Fear not, breth-ren ! joy - ful stand On the bor - ders of your land :
 4. Lord, sub - miss - ive make us go, Glad - ly leav - ing all be - low :

285.

A Blessing humbly requested.

- 1 Lord, we come before thee now ;
 At thy feet we humbly bow ;
 Oh do not our suit disdain !
 Shall we seek thee, Lord, in vain ?
- 2 Lord, on thee our souls depend ;
 In compassion, now descend ;
 Fill our hearts with thy rich grace ;
 Tune our lips to sing thy praise.
- 3 In thine own appointed way,
 Now we seek thee, here we stay ;
 Lord we know not how to go,
 Till a blessing thou bestow.
- 4 Send some message from thy word,
 That may joy and peace afford ;
 Let thy Spirit now impart
 Full salvation to each heart.

286.

The penitent pleading for mercy.

- 1 Depth of mercy !—can there be
 Mercy still reserved for me !
 Can my God his wrath forbear ?
 Me, the chief of sinners spare ?
- 2 I have long withstood his grace ;
 Long provoked him to his face ;
 Would not hear his gracious calls ;
 Grieved him by a thousand falls.
- 3 Jesus, answer from above :
 Is not all thy nature love ?
 Wilt thou not the wrong forget ?—
 Lo, I fall before thy feet.
- 4 Now incline me to repent !
 Let me now my fall lament !
 Deeply my revolt deplore !
 Weep, believe, and sin no more.

287.

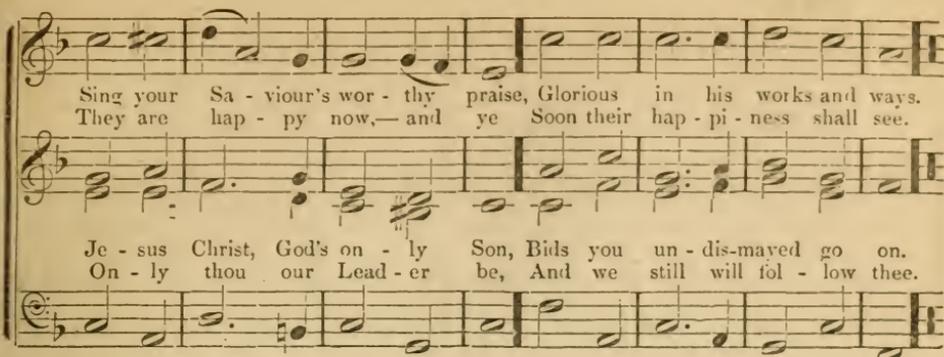
Invitation to the heavy laden.

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

288.

The sinner warned.

- 1 Sinner ! rouse thee from thy sleep,
 Wake—and o'er thy folly weep ;
 Raise thy spirit, dark and dead ;
 Jesus waits his light to shed,
- 2 Wake from sleep, arise from death,
 See the bright and living path :
 Watchful tread that path ; be wise ;—
 Leave thy folly, seek the skies.
- 3 Leave thy folly, cease from crime,
 From this hour redeem thy time ;
 Life secure without delay,
 Evil is the mortal day.
- 4 Be not blind, and foolish still,
 Called of Jesus, learn his will :
 Jesus calls from death and night,
 Jesus waits to shed his light.



Sing your Sa - viour's wor - thy praise, Glorious in his works and ways.
They are hap - py now, - and ye Soon their hap - pi - ness shall see.

Je - sus Christ, God's on - ly Son, Bids you un - dis - mayed go on.
On - ly thou our Lead - er be, And we still will fol - low thee.

289.

Sin bewailed.

- 1 Come, my soul, thy suit prepare,
Jesus loves to answer prayer;
He himself has bid thee pray,
Rise and ask without delay.
- 2 With my burden I begin;
Lord! remove this load of sin!
Let thy blood for sinners spilt,
Set my conscience free from guilt.
- 3 Lord! I come to thee for rest,
Take possession of my breast;
There thy sov'reign right maintain,
And without a rival reign.

290.

Self-Examination.

- 1 'Tis a point I long to know,
Oft it causes anxious doubt—
Do I love the Lord, or no,
Am I his, or am I not?
- 2 If I pray, or hear, or read,
Sin is mix'd with all I do;
You who love the Lord indeed,
Tell me—is it thus with you?
- 3 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!
- 4 Lord decide the doubtful case!
Thou who art thy people's Sun:
Shine upon thy work of grace,
If it be indeed begun.
- 5 Let me love thee more and more,
If I love at all, I pray;
If I have not lov'd before,
Help me to begin to-day.

291.

Choosing the Heritage of God's People.

- 1 People of the living God,
I have sought the world around,
Paths of sin and sorrow trod,
Peace and comfort nowhere found.
- 2 Now to you my spirit turns,
Turns, a fugitive unblesst;
Brethren, where your altar burns,
O receive me into rest.
- 3 Lonely I no longer roam,
Like the cloud, the wind, the wave;
Where you dwell shall be my home,
Where you die shall be my grave;
- 4 Mine the God whom you adore,
Your Redeemer shall be mine;
Earth can fill my heart no more,
Every idol I resign.

292.

Spiritual Nourishment from Christ.

- 1 Bread of heaven! on thee we feed,
For thy flesh is meat indeed:
Ever let our souls be fed
With this true and living bread!
- 2 Vine of heaven! thy blood supplies
This blest cup of sacrifice:
Lord, thy wounds our healing give;
To thy cross we look and live.

293.

The Saviour's invitation.

- 1 Come! said Jesus' sacred voice,
Come, and make my paths your choice:
I will guide you to your home—
Weary pilgrims! hither come.
- 2 Hither come—for here is found
Balm for every bleeding wound,
Peace, which ever shall endure—
Rest, eternal—sacred—sure!

294.

1. Now be - gin the heavenly theme, Sing a - loud in Je - sus' name;
 2. Wel - come, all by sin oppressed, Welcome to his sa - cred rest:
 3. He sub - dued th' in - fer - nal powers: His tremendous foes and ours,
 4. Hith - er, then, your mu - sic bring, Strike a - loud each joy - ful string;

295.

The Song of Jubilee.

- 1 Hark!—the song of jubilee,
Loud—as mighty thunders roar;
Or the fulness of the sea,
When it breaks upon the shore—
- 2 See Jehovah's banners furled!
Sheathed his sword:—he speaks—'tis done!
Now the kingdoms of this world
Are the kingdom of his Son.
- 3 He shall reign from pole to pole,
With supreme, unbounded sway:
He shall reign, when, like a scroll,
Yonder heavens have passed away!
- 4 Hallelujah! for the Lord,
God omnipotent shall reign:
Hallelujah!—let the word
Echo round the earth and main.

296.

The praises of children.

- 1 Glory to the Father give,
God, in whom we move and live;
Children's prayers he deigns to hear,
Children's songs delight his ear.
- 2 Glory to the Son we bring,
Christ our Prophet, Priest and King;
Children, raise your sweetest strain
To the Lamb, for he was slain.
- 3 Glory to the Holy Ghost;
Be this day a Pentecost;
Children's minds may he inspire,
'Touch their lips with holy fire.
- 4 Glory in the highest be
To the blessed Trinity,
For the gospel from above,
For the word, that, "God is love."

297.

A Morning Hymn.

- 1 Now the shades of night are gone;
Now the morning light is come;
Lord, may we be thine to-day,
Drive the shades of sin away.
- 2 Fill our souls with heavenly light,
Banish doubt, and cleanse our sight;
In thy service, Lord, to-day,
Help us labor, help us pray.
- 3 Keep our haughty passions bound;
Save us from our foes around;
Going out, and coming in,
Keep us safe from every sin.
- 4 When our work of life is past,
O receive us then at last!
Night of sin will be no more,
When we reach the heavenly shore.

298.

The Songs and Bliss of Heaven.

- 1 High in yonder realms of light,
Dwell the raptured saints above:
Far beyond our feeble sight,
Happy in Immanuel's love.
- 2 Pilgrims in this vale of tears,
Once they knew, like us below,
Gloomy doubts, distressing fears,
Torturing pain, and heavy woe.
- 3 Mid the chorus of the skies,
Mid th' angelic lyres above,
Hark! their songs melodious rise,
Songs of praise to Jesus' love:
- 4 Happy spirits! ye are fled
Where no grief can entrance find—
Lulled to rest the aching head,
Soothed the anguish of the mind.

Ye who Je - sus' kind - ness prove, Tri - umph in re - deem - ing love.
 Nothing brought from him a - bove, Noth - ing—but re - deem - ing love.

From their cursed em - pire drove, Migh - ty in re - deem - ing love.
 Mor - tals, join the hosts a - bove—Join to praise re - deem - ing love.

299.*Prayer for a Blessing on public Worship.*

- 1 To thy temple we repair—
 Lord, we love to worship there;
 There within the veil we meet
 Thee upon the mercy-seat.
- 2 While thy glorious name is sung,
 Tune 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,
 While we tremble at thy law,
 Let thy gospel's wondrous love
 Every doubt and fear remove.
- 5 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."

300.*Sinner, prepare to meet God.*

- 1 Sinner, art thou still secure?
 Wilt thou still refuse to pray?
 Can thy heart or hands endure
 In the Lord's avenging day?
- 2 Who his advent may abide?
 You that glory in your shame,
 Will you find a place to hide,
 When the world is wrapt in flame?
- 3 Let us now our day improve,
 Listen to the gospel voice;
 Seek the things that are above;
 Scorn the world's pretended joys.

301.*Social praise to the Trinity.*

- 1 Sweet the time—exceeding sweet!
 When the saints together meet,
 When the Saviour is the theme,
 When they join to sing of him.
- 2 Sing we then eternal love,
 Such as did the Father move:
 He beheld the world undone,
 Loved the world—and gave his Son.
- 3 Sing the Son's amazing love;
 How he left the realms above,
 Took our nature, and our place,
 Lived and died to save our race.
- 4 Sing we too the Spirit's love:
 With our wretched hearts he strove,
 Filled our minds with grief and fear,
 Brought the precious Saviour near.

302.*Freedom man's birth-right.*

- 1 God made all his creatures free:
 Life itself is liberty;
 God ordained no other bands
 Than united hearts and hands.
- 2 Sing the primal charter broke;
 Sin, itself earth's heaviest yoke;
 Tyranny with sin began,
 Man o'er brute, and man o'er man.
- 3 But a better day shall be,
 Life again be liberty,
 And the wide world's only bands
 Love-knit hearts and love-knit hands.
- 4 So shall envy, slavery cease,
 All God's children dwell in peace,
 And the new-born earth record,
 Love, and love alone, is Lord.

303.

1. { Once I thought my mountain strong, Firm-ly fixed no more to move; }
 { Then my Saviour was my song, Then my soul was filled with love; }

2. { Lit - tle then my - self I knew, Lit - tle thought of Sa - tan's power; }
 { Now I feel my sins a - new; Now I feel the stormy hour! }

3. { Saviour, shine and cheer my soul, Bid my dy - ing hopes re - vive; }
 { Make my wound-ed spir - it whole, Far a - way the tempter drive; }

304.

Child-like Trust in God.

- 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, Guard, and Guide.

305.

Adoption.

- 1 Blessed are the sons of God;
 They are bought with Jesus' blood;
 They are ransomed from the grave;
 Life eternal they shall have:
 With them numbered may we be,
 Here, and in eternity.
- 2 They are justified by grace;
 They enjoy the Saviour's peace;
 All their sins are washed away;
 They shall stand in God's great day:
 With them numbered may we be,
 Here, and in eternity.

306.

Invitation in view of the Cross.

- 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 "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!"

307.

Sabbath Morning.

- 1 Safely through another week
 God has brought us on our way;
 Let us now a blessing seek,
 Waiting in his courts to-day;
 Day of all the week the best;
 Emblem of eternal rest:
- 2 While we seek supplies of grace,
 Through the dear Redeemer's name;
 Show thy reconciling face—
 Take away our sin and shame:
 From our worldly cares set free,
 May we rest this day in thee.

Those were hap - py, gold - en days, Sweetly spent in prayer and praise.

Sin has put my joys to flight; Sin has turned my day to night.
 Speak the word and set me free, Let me live a - lone to thee.

3 Here we come thy name to praise ;
 Let us feel thy presence near :
 May thy glory meet our eyes,
 While we in thy house appear :
 Here afford us, Lord, a taste
 Of our everlasting feast.

4 May the gospel's joyful sound
 Conquer sinners, comfort saints,—
 Make the fruits of grace abound,—
 Bring relief from all complaints :
 Thus let all our Sabbaths prove.
 Till we join the church above.

308.

Repentance at the Cross.

- 1 Hearts of stone, relent, relent,
 Break, by Jesus' cross subdued ;
 See his body, mangled—rent,
 Cover'd with a gore of blood ;
 Sinful soul, what hast thou done ?
 Murdered God's eternal Son.
- 2 Yes, our sins have done the deed,
 Drove the nails that fixed him there ;
 Crown'd with thorns his sacred head,
 Pierced him with a soldier's spear ;
 Made his soul a sacrifice,
 For a sinful world he dies.
- 3 Will you let him die in vain,
 Still to death pursue your Lord ;
 Open tear his wounds again,
 Trample on his precious blood ?
 No ! with all my sins I'll part,
 Saviour, take my broken heart.

309.

Evening Hymn.

- 1 Sin and sorrow, guilt and woe,
 Wither all my earthly joys ;
 Naught can charm me here below,
 But my Saviour's melting voice :
 Lord, forgive—thy grace restore,
 Make me thine for evermore.
- 2 For the blessings of this day,
 For the mercies of this hour,
 For the gospel's cheering ray,
 For the Spirit's quickening power,—
 Grateful notes to thee I raise :
 Oh ! accept my song of praise.

310.

Christ the Rock of Ages.

- 1 Rock of ages ! cleft for me,
 Let me hide myself in thee ;
 Let the water and the blood,
 From thy side, a healing flood,
 Be of fear and sin the cure,
 Save from wrath, and make me pure.
- 2 Should my tears forever flow,
 Should my zeal no languor know,
 This for sin could not atone ;
 Thou must save, and thou alone :
 In my hand no price I bring,
 Simply to thy cross I cling.
- 3 While I draw this fleeting breath,
 When mine eye-lids close in death,
 When I rise to worlds unknown,
 And behold thee on thy throne,
 Rock of ages ! cleft for me,
 Let me hide myself in thee.

311.

Fine.

1. Sweet the moments, rich in blessing, Which be-fore the cross I spend;
 2. Tru-ly bless-ed is this station, Low be-fore his cross to lie;
 3. Love and grief my heart di-vid-ing, With my tears his feet I'll bathe;
 4. May I still en-joy this feel-ing, In all need to Je-sus go: **Fine.**

312.

Sinners warned.

- 1 Sinners, take the friendly warning—
 Soon that awful day shall break,
 And the trumpet with its dawning,
 All the slumb'ring millions wake.
- 2 Lost in ease, or carnal pleasure,
 Sporting on the burning brink;
 Now, you say, you have no leisure,
 You can find no time to think.
- 3 Ye—who now, conviction stifling,
 Waste your time—the loss deplore;
 Hear the angel—cease your trifling—
 “Time,” he cries, “shall be no more.”
- 4 Pause, and hear the voice of reason—
 Catch the moments as they fly—
 You who lose the present season,
 You must all find time to die.

313.

Bartimeus.

- 1 “Mercy, O thou son of David!”
 Thus the blind Bartim'us pray'd;
 “Others by thy word are saved,
 Now to me afford thine aid.”
- 2 “Lord, remove this grievous blindness,
 Let my eyes behold the day!”
 Straight he saw, and won by kindness,
 Follow'd Jesus in the way.
- 3 Oh! methinks, I hear him praising,
 Publishing to all around;
 “Friends, is not my case amazing?
 What a Saviour I have found!”
- 4 “Oh! that all the blind but knew him,
 And would be advised by me!
 Surely they would hasten to him,
 He would cause them all to see.”

314.

Prayer for a Revival.

- 1 Saviour, visit thy plantation;
 Grant us, Lord, a gracious rain!
 All will come to desolation,
 Unless thou return again.
- 2 Keep no longer at a distance;
 Shine upon us from on high,
 Lest, for want of thine assistance,
 Every plant should droop and die.
- 3 Let our mutual love be fervent,
 Make us prevalent in prayers;
 Let each one esteemed thy servant,
 Shun the world's bewitching snares.
- 4 Break the tempter's fatal power;
 Turn the stony heart to flesh;
 And begin from this good hour
 To revive thy work afresh.

315.

An Evening Hymn.

- 1 Saviour! breathe an evening blessing,
 Ere repose our spirits seal;
 Sin and want we come confessing;
 Thou canst save, and thou canst heal.
- 2 Though destruction walk around us,
 Though the arrows past us fly,
 Angel-guards from thee surround us;
 We are safe, if thou art nigh.
- 3 Though the night be dark and dreary,
 Darkness cannot hide from thee;
 Thou art he who, never weary,
 Watcheth where thy people be.
- 4 Should swift death this night o'ertake us,
 And our couch become our tomb,
 May the morn in heaven awake us,
 Clad in bright and deathless bloom.

Life and health, and peace pos - sess - ing, From the sin - ner's dy - ing Friend. D.C.
 While I see di - vine com - pass - ion Beam - ing in his gra - cious eye.

Con - stant still, in faith a - bid - ing, Life de - riv - ing from his death.
 Prove his wounds each day more heal - ing, And him - self more ful - ly know. D.C.

316.*Twilight Meditations.*

- 1 Silently the shades of evening
Gather round my lonely door;
Silently they bring before me
Faees I shall see no more.
- 2 Oh! the lost, the unforgotten,
Though the world be oft forgot;
Oh! the shrouded and the lonely,
In our hearts they perish not.
- 3 Living in the silent hours,
Where our spirits only blend,
They, unlinked with earthly trouble,
We still hoping for its end.
- 4 How such holy memories cluster,
Like the stars when storms are past;
Pointing up to that far heaven
We may hope to gain at last.

317.*Sinners invited to Christ.*

- 1 Come, ye weary, heavy laden,
Lost and ruin'd by the fall;
If you tarry till you're better
You will never come at all.
- 2 Agonizing in the garden,
Lo! your Maker prostrate lies!
On the bloody tree behold him;
Hear him cry before he dies.
- 3 Let not conscience make you linger,
Nor of fitness fondly dream;
All the fitness he requireth,
Is to feel your need of him.
- 4 Lo! th' incarnate God ascended,
Pleads the merit of his blood;
Venture on him, venture wholly,
Let no other trust intrude.

318.*The Good Shepherd.*

- 1 Gently, Lord, O gently lead us
Through this lowly vale of tears;
And, O Lord, in mercy give us
Thy rich grace in all our fears.
- 2 Though ten thousand ills beset us
From without and from within,
Jesus says he'll ne'er forget us,
But will save from hell and sin.
- 3 O that I could now adore him,
Like the heavenly host above—
Who forever bow before him,
And unceasing sing his love.

319.*Happiness of departed Saints.*

- 1 Think, O ye, who fondly languish
O'er the grave of those you love,
While your bosoms swell with anguish,
They are warbling hymns above.
- 2 While our silent steps are straying,
Lonely through night's deepening shade,
Glory's brightest beams are playing
Round the happy Christian's head.
- 3 Light and peace at once deriving
From the hand of God most high,
In his glorious presence living,
They shall never—never die.

320.*The Macedonian Cry.*

- 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 heathens' sad complaining,
Christians! hear their dying cry:
And, the love of Christ constraining,
Haste to help them, ere they die.

321.

1. Glo - rious things of thee are spok - en, Zi - on ci - ty of our God;
 2. On the rock of a - ges found - ed, What can shake thy sure re - pose?

3. See the streams of liv - ing wa - ters, Springing from e - ter - nal love,
 4. Who can faint while such a riv - er Ev - er flows thy thirst t' assuage?

322.

Praise for Salvation.

- 1 Hail, my ever blessed Jesus,
 Only thee I wish to sing:
 To my soul thy name is precious,
 Thou my Prophet, Priest, and King.
- 2 Oh, what mercy flows from heav'n,
 Oh, what joy and happiness!
 Love I much?—I've much forgiv'n—
 I'm a miracle of grace.
- 3 Once, with Adam's race in ruin,
 Unconcern'd in sin I lay;
 Swift destruction still pursuing,
 Till my Saviour pass'd that way.
- 4 Witness, all ye hosts of heav'n,
 My Redeemer's tenderness!
 Love I much?—I've much forgiven—
 I'm a miracle of grace.

323.

Consecration of Property.

- 1 With my substance I will honor
 My Redeemer and my Lord;
 Were ten thousand worlds my manor,
 All were nothing to his word.
- 2 While the heralds of salvation
 His abounding grace proclaim,
 Let his friends, of every station,
 Gladly join to spread his fame.
- 3 May his kingdom be promoted;
 May the world the Saviour know;
 Be my all to him devoted;
 To my Lord my all I owe.
- 4 Praise the Saviour, all ye nations;
 Praise him, all ye hosts above;
 Shout with joyful acclamations,
 His divine—victorious love.

324.

Promises to the Church in affliction.

- 1 Hear what God, the Lord, hath spoken;
 O my people, faint and few,
 Comfortless, afflicted, broken,
 Fair abodes I build for you.
- 2 Then, like streams that feed the garden,
 Pleasures, without end, shall flow;
 For the Lord, your faith rewarding,
 All his bounty shall bestow.
- 3 Still in undisturbed possession,
 Peace and righteousness shall reign;
 Never shall you feel oppression,
 Hear the voice of war again.
- 4 God shall rise, and shining o'er you,
 Change to day the gloom of night;
 He, the Lord, shall be your glory,
 God your everlasting Light.

325.

The Sailor.

- 1 Tossed upon life's raging billow,
 Sweet it is, O Lord, to know
 Thou didst press a sailor's pillow,
 And canst feel a sailor's woe.
- 2 Never slumbering, never sleeping,
 Though the night be dark and drear,
 Thou the faithful watch art keeping,
 All, all's well, Thy constant cheer.
- 3 And though loud the wind is howling,
 Fierce though flash the lightnings red,
 Darkly though the storm clouds scowling,
 O'er the sailor's anxious head;
- 4 Thou canst calm the raging ocean,
 All its noise and tumult still,
 Hush the tempest's wild commotion,
 At the bidding of thy will.

He, whose word can - not be brok-en, Form'd thee for his own a - bode ;
 With sal - vation's walls sur - rounded, Thou may'st smile at all thy foes.

Well sup - ply thy sons and daughters, And all fears of want re - move :
 Grace, which, like the Lord, the giv - er, Nev - er fails from age to age.

326.*The Suppliant.*

- 1 Jesus, full of all compassion,
Hear thy humble suppliant's cry ;
Let me know thy great salvation,
See, I languish, faint, and die.
- 2 Guilty, but with heart relenting,
Overwhelm'd with helpless grief—
Prostrate at thy feet repenting—
Send, O send me quick relief!
- 3 Whither should a wretch be flying,
But to him who comfort gives?
Whither, from the dread of dying,
But to him who ever lives?
- 4 *Saved*—the deed shall spread new glory
Through the shining realms above ;
Angels sing the pleasing story,
All enraptured with thy love.

327.*Christ dwelling in his People.*

- 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! almighty to deliver, *
Let us all thy life receive !
Suddenly return—and never,
Never more thy temples leave!
- 4 Thee we would be always blessing,
Serve thee as thy hosts above ;
Pray, and praise thee without ceasing,
Glory in thy precious love.

328.*Exhortation to effort.*

- 1 While the heralds of salvation
God's abounding grace proclaim ;
Let his friends of every station,
Gladly join to spread his name.
- 2 May his kingdom be promoted—
May the world their Saviour know ;
Be my all to him devoted—
To my Lord my all I owe.
- 3 Praise the Saviour, all ye nations—
Praise him, all ye hosts above ;
Shout, with joyful acclamations,
His divine—victorious love.

329.*The song of the Angels at Bethlehem.*

- 1 Hark! what mean those holy voices,
Sweetly sounding through the skies?
Lo! th' angelic host rejoices,
Heavenly hallelujahs rise ;
- 2 Listen to the wondrous story
Which they chant in hymns of joy ;—
"Glory, in the highest, glory!
Glory be to God most high!
- 3 "Peace on earth, good will from heaven,
Reaching far as man is found ;
Souls redeemed, and sins forgiven ;
Loud our golden harps shall sound.
- 4 "Christ is born, the great Anointed,
Heaven and earth his praises sing ;
O receive whom God appointed,
For your Prophet, Priest, and King.
- 5 "Hasten, mortals, to adore him ;
Learn his name, and taste his joy ;
Till in heaven ye sing before him,
Glory be to God most high!"

331.

1. { On the mountain's top ap - pearing, Lo! the sa - cred herald stands; }
 { Welcome news to Zi - on bearing, Zi - on long in hostile lands. } Mourning cap - tive,
 2. { God, thy God, will now re - store thee: He him - self appears thy friend: }
 { All thy foes shall flee be - fore thee: Here their boasts and triumphs end; } Great de - liverance—

3. { En - e - mies no more shall trouble, All thy wrongs shall be redressed: }
 { "For thy shame thou shalt have double," In thy Maker's favour blessed: } All thy con - flicts,

331.

The Spread of the Gospel.

- 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:
 When he chooses,
 Darkness lies 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 teach the love of God.
- 3 God of Jacob, high and glorious,
 Let thy people see thy hand;
 Let the gospel be victorious,
 Through the world in every land:
 And the idols
 Perish, Lord, at thy command.

332.

It is finished! Sacramental.

- 1 Hark! the voice of love and mercy
 Sounds aloud from Calvary;
 See, it rends the rocks asunder—
 Shakes the earth, and veils the sky!
 "It is finished!"—
 Hear the Saviour—dying—cry.
- 2 It is finished!—Oh what pleasure
 Do these precious words afford!
 Heavenly blessings, without measure,
 Flow to us from Christ the Lord.
 It is finished!
 Saints, the dying words record.

333.

The need of the Holy Spirit.

- 1 Who, but thou, almighty Spirit,
 Can the heathen world reclaim?
 Men may preach, but till thou favor,
 Heathens will be still the same:
 Mighty Spirit!
 Witness to the Saviour's name.
- 2 Thou hast promised by the prophets,
 Glorious light in latter days:
 Come, and bless bewildered nations,
 Change our pray'rs and tears to praise;
 Promised Spirit!
 Round the world diffuse thy rays.

334.

God the Pilgrim's Guide and Strength.

- 1 Guide me, O thou great Jehovah,
 Pilgrim through this barren land:
 I am weak—but thou art mighty;
 Hold me with thy powerful hand:
 Bread of heaven,
 Feed me till I want no more.
- 2 Open now the crystal fountain,
 Whence the healing streams do flow;
 Let the fiery, cloudy pillar,
 Lead me all my journey through:
 Strong deliverer,
 Be thou still my strength and shield.
- 3 When I tread the verge of Jordan,
 Bid my anxious fears subside:
 Bear me through the swelling current,
 Land me safe on Canaan's side;
 Songs of praises
 I will ever give to thee.

God him - self will loose thy bands, Mourning captive, God him - self will loose thy bands.
Zi - on's King vouchsafes to send, Great deliverance, Zi - on's King vouchsafes to send.

End in ev - er - last - ing rest, All thy conflicts, End in ev - er - last - ing rest.

335.

Sinners entreated to hear.

- 1 Sinners, will you scorn the message,
Sent in mercy from above!
Every sentence—oh how tender!
Every line is full of love:
Listen to it—
Every line is full of love.
- 2 Hear the heralds of the gospel,
News from Zion's King proclaim,
“Pardon to each rebel sinner!—
Free forgiveness in his name.”
How important!—
“Free forgiveness in his name!”
- 3 Who hath our report believed?
Who received the joyful word?
Who embraced the news of pardon,
Offered to you by the Lord?
Can you slight it?—
Offered to you by the Lord!
- 4 Oh, ye angels, hovering round us,
Waiting spirits, speed your way;
Haste ye to the court of heaven,
Tidings bear without delay:
“Rebel sinners
Glad the message will obey.”

336.

The Day of Judgment.

- 1 Day of judgment—day of wonders!
Hark!—the trumpet's awful sound,
Louder than a 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 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 forever
Shall my love and glory know.”

337.

Dismission.

- 1 Lord, dismiss us with thy blessing;
Fill our hearts with joy and peace!
Let us, each thy love possessing,
Triumph in redeeming grace:
Oh 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!

The following "Special Hymns and Tunes" have been inserted for the following reasons: 1. On account of their general familiarity and popularity, although not considered as being exactly adapted

338. MISSIONARY HYMN. 7s & 6s.

L. MASON, 1824.

Moderato.

1. From Green-land's i - cy moun - tains, From In - dia's co - ral strand,
From many an an - cient riv - er, From many a palm - y plain,

1 From Greenland's icy mountains,
From India's coral strand,
Where Africa'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 o'er Ceylon's isle,—
Though every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile?—
In vain with lavish kindness
The gifts of God are strown;
The heathen, in his blindness,
Bows down to wood and stone.

339.

GOODWIN. 7s & 6s.

GEO. JAMES WEBB.

Moderato.

1 The morning light is breaking, The darkness disappears, The sons of earth are waking
Of na-tions in com-mo-tion,

1 The morning light is breaking,
The darkness disappears,
The sons of earth are waking
To penitential tears.
Each breeze, that sweeps the ocean,
Brings tidings from afar,
Of nations in commotion,
Prepared for Zion's war.

2 Rich dews of grace come o'er us,
In many a gentle show'r,
And brighter scenes before us,
Are opening every hour;
Each cry to heaven going,
Abundant answers brings,
And heavenly winds are blowing,
With peace upon their wings.

to a place among the more standard tunes, on the previous pages. 2. Most of the tunes and hymns have been so long associated together in the public mind, that the one suggests the other. 3. Many of them are very well adapted for that *impromptu* singing which often adds so much to the interest of the social meeting.

MISSIONARY HYMN, Concluded.

Where Af - ric's sun - ny foun - tains Roll down their gold - en sand ;

They call us to de - liv - er Their land from er - ror's chain.

3 Shall we, whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high,—
Shall we to men benighted,
The lamp of life deny?
Salvation! O Salvation!—
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till earth's remotest nation,
Has learned 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 returns to reign.

GOODWIN, Concluded.

Fine.

To pen-i-ten-tial tears; Each breeze that sweeps the ocean Brings tidings from afar,
Prepared for Zion's war.

D.C. S.

3 See heathen nations bending,
Before the God of love,
And thousand hearts ascending
In gratitude above;
While sinners now confessing,
The gospel call obey,
And seek the Saviour's blessing,
A nation in a day.

4 Blest river of salvation,
Pursue thy onward way,
Flow thou to every nation,
Nor in thy riches stay;
Stay not till all the lowly
Triumphant reach their home;
Stay not till all the holy
Proclaim "The Lord is come."

340.

Awaked by Sinai's awful sound, My soul in bonds of guilt I found, And knew not where to go:

The New Birth.

1 Awaked by Sinai's awful sound,
My soul in bonds of guilt I found,
And knew not where to go:
One solemn truth increased my pain,—
The sinner "must be born again,"
Or sink to endless woe.

2 I heard the law its thunders roll,
While guilt lay heavy on my soul,—
A vast, oppressive load:
All creature-aid I saw was vain;—
The sinner "must be born again,"
Or drink the wrath of God.

341.

BALERMA. C. M.

GARDINER.

1. I love to steal a - while a - way From eve - ry cumb'ring care,

Secret Prayer at Twilight.

2 I love, in solitude, to shed
The penitential tear:
And all his promises to plead,
When none but God is near.

3 I love to think on mercies past,
And future good implore;
My cares and sorrows all to cast,
On him whom I adore.

342.

BOYDEN. Ss & Gs.

HANDEL POND.

1. O weep not for the joys that fade Like evening lights a - way, }
For hopes, that like the stars decayed, Have left thy mor - tal day; }
bliss a-waits the ho - ly heart, A - mid the bowers of heaven.

2 Oh, weep not for the friends that pass In - to the lone - ly grave, }
As breez-es sweep the with - ered grass A - long the rest - less wave; }
bliss a-waits the ho - ly heart When friends rejoice in heaven.

One solemn truth increased my pain,— The sinner “ must be born again,” Or sink to endless woe.

The musical score consists of three staves: a vocal line in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature, and two piano accompaniment staves in treble and bass clefs. The melody is simple and hymn-like, with lyrics written below the vocal line.

3 The saints I heard with rapture tell—
How Jesus conquered death and hell
To bring salvation near:
Yet still I found this truth remain,—
The sinner “ must be born again,”
Or sink in deep despair.

4 But while I thus in anguish lay,
The bleeding Saviour passed that way,
My bondage to remove :
The sinner, once by justice slain,
Now by his grace is born again,
And sings redeeming love,

BALERMA, Concluded.

And spend the hours of set - ting day, In hum - ble, grate - ful prayer.

The musical score consists of three staves: a vocal line in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature, and two piano accompaniment staves in treble and bass clefs. The melody is simple and hymn-like, with lyrics written below the vocal line.

4 I love, by faith, to take a view
Of brighter scenes in heaven ;
The prospect doth my strength renew,
While here by tempests driven.

5 And, when life's toilsome day is o'er,
May its departing ray
Be calm, as this impressive hour,
And lead to endless day.

BOYDEN, Concluded.

The clouds of sor - row will de - part, And bril - liant skies be given ; For

For though thy pleas - ures may de - part, And mournful days be given, Yet

The musical score consists of three staves: a vocal line in treble clef with a key signature of one flat (Bb) and a common time signature, and two piano accompaniment staves in treble and bass clefs. The score includes dynamic markings 'D.C.' and 'S.' at the end of each line.

343

1. Just as I am, with - out one plea, But that thy blood was shed for
 2. Just as I am, and wait - ing not To rid my soul of one dark

3 Just as I am, though tossed about
 With many a conflict, many a doubt,
 With fears within, and wars without,
 O Lamb of God, I come!

4 Just as I am, poor, wretched, blind,
 Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
 Yea, all I need, in Thee to find,
 O, Lamb of God, I come!

MARION. 6s & 4s.

344

1. My faith looks up to thee, Thou Lamb of Calvary; Sa - viour di-vine! Now

1 My faith looks up to thee,
 Thou Lamb of Calvary;
 Saviour divine!
 Now hear me while I pray;
 Take all my guilt away;
 Oh! let me from this day
 Be wholly thine.

2 May thy rich grace impart
 Strength to my fainting heart;
 My zeal inspire;
 As thou hast died for me,
 Oh! may my love to thee,
 Pure, warm, and changeless be,
 A living fire.

NAOMI. C. M.

Dr. MASON.

345.

1. Fa - ther, what-e'er of earth - ly bliss Thy sovereign will de - nies,
 2 "Give me a calm, a thank - ful heart, From every mur - mur free,
 3. "Let the sweet hope that I am thine, My life and death at - tend;

me, And that Thou bid'st me come to Thee, O Lamb of God, I come!
 blot, To Thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot, O Lamb of God, I come!

5 Just as I am—Thou wilt receive,
 Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve,
 Because Thy promise I believe
 O Lamb of God, I come!

6 Just as I am—Thy love unknown
 Has broken every barrier down;
 Now to be Thine, yea, Thine alone—
 O Lamb of God, I come!

MARION, Concluded.

hear me while I pray, 'Take all my guilt away, Oh! let me from this day Be wholly thine.

3 While life's dark maze I tread,
 And griefs around me spread,
 Be thou my guide;
 Bid darkness turn to day,
 Wipe sorrow's tears away,
 Nor let me ever stray
 From thee aside.

4 When ends life's transient dream,
 When death's cold sullen stream
 Shall o'er me roll;
 Blest Saviour, then in love,
 Fear and distrust remove:
 Oh! bear me safe above—
 A ransomed soul.

NAOMI, Concluded.

Ac - cept - ed at thy throne of grace Let this pe - ti - tion rise:
 The blessings of thy grace im - part, And let me live to thee.
 Thy presence through my jour - ney shine, And crown my journey's end."

346.

1. When marshalled on the night-ly plain, The glittering host be-stud the sky,

2. Hark, hark! to God the cho-rus breaks, From eve-ry host, from eve-ry gem ;

3 Once on the raging seas I rode—
The storm was loud, the night was dark,
The ocean yawned—and rudely b'owed
The wind that tossed my foundering bark.

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

4 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 !

6 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 !

348.

SILOAM. C. M.

I. B. WOODBURY.

1. By cool Si-lo-am's sha-dy rill, How fair the lil-y grows ;

2 Lo, such the child, whose early feet
The paths of peace have trod,
Whose secret heart, with influence sweet,
Is upward drawn to God.

3 By cool Siloam's shady rill
The lily must decay,
The rose that blooms beneath the hill
Must shortly fade away.

349.

MOUNT VERNON. 8s & 7s.

I. R. MASON.

Slow and soft.

1. Sis-ter, thou wast mild and love-ly, Gen-tle as the sum-mer breeze,
2 Peaceful be thy si-lent slum-ber, Peace-ful in the grave so low ;
3 Dear-est sis-ter, thou hast left us, Here thy loss we deep-ly feel,
4 Yet a-gain we hope to meet thee, When the day of life is fled,

Fine.

One star a-lone of all the train Can fix the siu-ner's wandering eye.
But one a-lone the Sa-viour speaks, It is the Star of Beth-le-hem.

347. TO-DAY THE SAVIOUR CALLS. 6s & 4s. DR. MASON.

1. To-day the Saviour calls! Ye wand'ers come: O ye benighted souls, Why longer roam.
2. To-day the Saviour calls! Oh! listen now: Within these sacred walls To Je-sus bow.
3 To-day the Saviour calls!
For refuge fly;
The storm of vengeance falls—
Ruin is nigh.
4. The Spirit calls to-day!
Yield to his power:
Oh! grieve him not away;
'Tis mercy's hour.

SILOAM, Concluded.

How sweet the breath be - neath the hill Of Shar - on's dew - y rose.

4 And soon, too soon, the wintry hour
Of man's maturer age
Will shake the soul with sorrow's power,
And stormy passion's rage.

5 O Thou, who givest life and breath,
We seek thy grace alone,
In childhood, manhood, age and death,
To keep us still thine own.

MOUNT VERNON, Concluded.

Pleas-ant as the air, of even-ing When it floats a - mong the trees.
Thou no more wilt join our num-ber, Thou no more our songs shall know.
But 'tis God that hath be - rest us, He can all our sor - rows heal.
Then, in heaven, with joy to greet thee, Where no fare - well tear is shed.

350.

[The first and third lines may be sung in Unison.]

1. My soul, be on thy guard, Ten thousand foes a - rise;

1 My soul, be on thy guard,
Ten thousand foes arise;
And hosts of sin are pressing hard,
To draw thee from the skies.

2 Oh! watch, and fight, and pray;—
The battle ne'er give o'er;
Renew it boldly every day,
And help divine implore.

FOUNT. 8s & 7s. (Double.)

351.

1. Come, thou Fount of eve - ry bless - ing, Tune my heart to sing thy grace: }
Streams of mer - cy, nev - er ceas - ing, Call for songs of loud - est praise. }
Praise the mount—I'm fixed up - on it; Mount of thy re-deem - ing love!

2 Here I'll raise my Ebenezer;
Hither by thy help I'm come;
And I hope, by thy good pleasure,
Safely to arrive at home.

Jesus sought me when a stranger,
Wand'ring from the fold of God;
He, to rescue me from danger,
Interposed his precious blood.

LISBON. S. M.

352.

1. Wel - come! sweet day of rest, That saw the Lord a - rise;

1 Welcome! sweet day of rest,
That saw the Lord arise;
Welcome to this reviving breast,
And these rejoicing eyes.

2 Jesus himself comes near,
And feasts his saints to-day;
Here we may sit, and see him here,
And love, and praise, and pray.

And hosts of sin are press - ing hard To draw thee from the skies.

3 Ne'er think the vict'ry won,
Nor lay thine armor down;
Thine arduous work will not be done
Till thou obtain thy crown.

4 Fight on, my soul, till death
Shall bring thee to thy God;
He'll take thee at thy parting breath,
Up to his blessed abode.

FOUNT, Concluded.

Teach me some me - lo - dious son - net, Sung by flam - ing tongues a - bove:

3 Oh! to grace how great a debtor
Daily I'm constrained to be!
Let thy goodness, like a fetter,
Bind my wand'ring heart to thee:

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

LISBON, Concluded.

Wel - come to this re - viv - ing breast, And these re - joic - ing eyes.

3 One day amid the place
Where God my Saviour's been,
Is sweeter than ten thousand days
Of pleasurable sin.

4 My willing soul would stay
In such a frame as this,
And sit and sing herself away
To everlasting bliss.

353.

Not too fast.

1. There is a foun-tain, filled with blood, Drawn from Immanuel's veins; And

2 The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day;
And there may I, though vile as he,
Wash all my sins away.

3 Dear dying Lamb! thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransomed church of God
Be saved, to sin no more.

HOMEWARD BOUND. 10 & 4s.

J. W. PADMUN.

354.

1. { Out on an o - cean all bound-less we ride, We're home-ward
Tossed on the waves of a rough, rest-less tide, We're home-ward
Prom - ise of which on us each he be - stowed; We're home-ward

2 Wildly the storm sweeps us on as it roars;
We're homeward bound, &c.
Look! yonder lie the bright heavenly shores;
We're homeward bound, &c.

Steady, O Pilot! stand firm at the wheel;
Steady! we soon shall outweather the gale;
O how we fly 'neath the loud creaking sail!
We're homeward bound, &c.

WE ARE GOING HOME. 8s.

355.

1. We go the way that leads to God, The way that saints have ev - er trod; So
To

1 We go the way that leads to God,
The way that saints have ever trod;
So let us leave this sinful shore,
For realms where we shall die no more.
Спо.—To die no more, to die no more,
We're going home to die no more.

2 The ways of God are ways of bliss,
And all his paths are happiness;
Then, weary souls, your sighs give o'er,
We're going home to die no more.
Спо.—To die no more, &c.

sinner, plunged beneath that flood, Lose all their guilty stains, Lose all their guilty stains.

4 E'er since by faith I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be, till I die.

5 And when this feeble, stammering tongue
Lies silent in the grave,
Then, in a nobler, sweeter song,
Ill sing thy power to save.

HOMEWARD BOUND. Concluded.

bound, homeward bound; } { Far from the safe, qui - et har - bor we rode, }
bound, homeward bound; } { Seek - ing our Fa - ther's ce - les - tial a - bode, }
bound, homeward bound.

3 Into the harbor of heaven now we glide;
We're home at last, home at last;
Softly we drift on its bright silver tide;
We're home at last, home at last.

Glory to God! all our dangers are o'er;
We stand secure on the glorified shore;
Glory to God! we will shout evermore,
We're home at last, home at last!

WE ARE GOING HOME, Concluded.

let us leave this sin - ful shore, For realms where we shall die no more.
die no more, to die no more, We're go - ing home to die no more.

3 There is a land beyond the sky,
Where happy spirits never sigh;
Then, erring souls, your sins deplore,
And sing of when we'll die no more.
Credo.—To die no more, &c.

4 Come, sinners, come, O come along,
And join our happy pilgrim throng;
Farewell, vain world, and all your store,
We're going home to die no more.
Credo.—To die no more, &c.

356.

1. Je - sus, I my cross have tak - en, All to leave and fol - low thee;

Per - ish eve - ry fond am - bi - tion, All I've sought, or hoped, or known,

D.C. S.

D.C. S.

357.

MARTYN. 7s. (Double.)

S. B. MARSH.

Finc.

1. Je - sus, lov - er of my soul, Let me to thy bo - som fly, }
While the bil - lows near me roll, While the tem - pest still is high. }
Safe in - to the ha - ven guide, O, re - ceive my soul at last.

Finc.

2 Other refuge have I none ;
Hangs my helpless soul on thee ;
Leave, ah ! leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me.

All my trust on thee is stayed ;
All my help from thee I bring ;
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of thy wing.

358.

CHINA. C. M.

SWAN. ABOUT 1800.

1. Why do we mourn de - part - ing friends, Or shake at death's a - larms ?
2. Are we not tend - ing up - ward too, As fast as time can move ?

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 the saints he blessed,
And softened every bed ;
Where should the dying members rest,
But with their dying Head.

Na - ked, poor, de - spised, for - sak - en, Thou from hence my all shall be ;
 Yet how rich is my con - di - tion! God and heaven are still my own.

Fin.

2 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, what Jesus did to win thee ;—
 Child of heaven ! canst thou repine ?

3 Hasten thee on from grace to glory,
 Arm'd with faith, and wing'd with prayer,
 Heaven's eternal day's before thee,
 God's own hand shall guide thee there :
 Soon shall close thine earthly mission,
 Soon shall pass thy pilgrim-days ;
 Hope shall change to glad fruition,—
 Faith to sight, and prayer to praise.

MARTYN. (Concluded.)

Hide me, O, my Sa - viour, hide, Till the storm of life is past,

D.C.

3 Thou, O Christ, art all I want :
 More than all in thee I find ;
 Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
 Heal the sick and lead the blind.

Just and holy is thy name,
 I am all unrighteousness ;
 Vile and full of sin I am,
 Thou art full of truth and grace.

CHINA, Concluded.

'Tis but the voice that Je - sus sends, To call them to his arms.
 Nor should we wish the hours more slow, To keep us from our love.

5 Thence he arose, ascended high,
 And showed our feet the way ;
 Up to the Lord his saints 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.

I'M A PILGRIM.

359.

Musical score for 'I'm a Pilgrim' in 4/4 time. The score consists of two staves: a treble clef staff for the melody and a bass clef staff for the accompaniment. The melody begins with a quarter note G4, followed by eighth notes A4, B4, and C5, then a quarter rest, and continues with a series of eighth and quarter notes. The accompaniment features a steady eighth-note bass line and chords in the right hand.

1. I'm a pil-grim, and I'm a stranger, I can tarry, I can tarry but a night ;
I'm a pil-grim, &c.

2 There the glory is ever shining,
O, my longing heart, my longing heart is thine. | I long have wandered forlorn and weary.
Here in this country, so dark and dreary, | I'm a pilgrim, &c.

EXPOSTULATION. 11s.

360.

Musical score for 'Expostulation' in 2/2 time. The score consists of two staves: a treble clef staff for the melody and a bass clef staff for the accompaniment. The melody is characterized by wide intervals and a slow, solemn pace. The accompaniment provides a steady harmonic support with chords and moving lines.

1. O turn ye, O turn ye, for why will ye die, Since God in great mercy is coming so nigh ?

2 How vain the delusion, that while you delay,
* Your hearts may grow better by staying away ;
Come wretched, come starving, come just as you be,
While streams of salvation are flowing so free.

HUNT.

HANDEL POND.

361.

Lento Piano.

Musical score for 'Hunt' in 6/8 time. The score consists of three staves: a treble clef staff for the melody, a middle treble clef staff for the accompaniment, and a bass clef staff for the accompaniment. The melody is a simple, flowing line. The accompaniment features a steady eighth-note bass line and chords in the right hand.

1. There is an hour of peaceful rest, To mourning wand'ers giv'n ; There is a joy for

1 There is an hour of peaceful rest,
To mourning wand'ers giv'n ;
There is a joy for souls distressed,
A balm for every wounded breast ;
'Tis found alone in heaven.

2 There is a home for weary souls,
By sin and sorrow driv'n ;
When tossed on life's tempestuous shoals,
Where storms arise and ocean rolls,
And all is drear but heaven.

Do not de - tain me, for I am go - ing To where the fountains are ever flowing.

D.C.

3 There's a city to which I journey:
My Redeemer, my Redeemer, is its light!
There is no sorrow, nor any sighing,

Nor any tears there, nor any dying.
I'm a pilgrim, &c.

EXPOSTULATION. Hs.

Since Jesus invites you, the Spirit says come, And angels are waiting to welcome you home.

3 The contrite in heart he will freely receive,
O, why will you not the glad message believe?
If sin be your burden, O will you not come?
'Tis you he makes welcome, he bids you come home.

HUNT, Concluded.

souls distressed, A balm for eve-ry wound-ed breast; 'Tis found alone in heaven.

3 There faith lifts up her cheerful eye,
To brighter prospects giv'n,
And views the tempest passing by,
The evening shadows quickly fly,
And all serene in heaven.

4 There fragrant flowers immortal bloom,
And joys supreme are given:
There rays divine disperse the gloom;
Beyond the confines of the tomb
Appears the dawn of heaven.

362.

1. To Je - sus, the crown of my hope, My soul is in haste to be gone,

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 ;
O, strike off this adamant chain,
And make me eternally free.

BRATTLE STREET. C. M.

PLEYEL.

363.

1. While thee I seek, pro - tect - ing Power! Be my vain wish - es stilled;

2. Thy love the power of thought bestowed; To thee my thoughts would soar;

3 In each event of life, how clear
Thy ruling hand I see!
Each blessing to my soul more dear,
Because conferred by thee.

4 In every joy that crowns my days,
In every pain I bear,
My heart shall find delight in praise,
Or seek relief in prayer.

Oh, bear me, ye cher-u-bim, up, And waft me a-way to his throne.

The musical score consists of three staves: a vocal line in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature (C), and two piano accompaniment lines in treble and bass clefs. The melody is simple and hymn-like, with lyrics written below the vocal line.

4 When that happy era begins,
When arrayed in thy glories I shine,
Nor grieve any more for my sins
The bosom on which I recline,

5 O then shall the veil be removed,
And round me thy brightness be poured,
I shall meet him whom absent I loved,
Whom not having seen I adored.

BRATTLE STREET, Continued.

And may this con-se-cra-ted hour With bet-ter hopes be filled..

The musical score consists of three staves: a vocal line in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature (C), and two piano accompaniment lines in treble and bass clefs. The melody continues from the previous page.

Thy mer-cy o'er my life has flowed,— That mer-cy I a-dore.

The musical score consists of three staves: a vocal line in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature (C), and two piano accompaniment lines in treble and bass clefs. The melody concludes with a final cadence.

5 When gladness wings my favored hour,
Thy love my thoughts shall fill;
Resigned, when storms of sorrow lower,
My soul shall meet thy will.

6 My lifted eye, without a tear,
The gathering storm shall see;
My steadfast heart shall know no fear,—
That heart shall rest on thee.

364.

Sear-Chorus.

1. Mid scenes of con - fu - sion and crea - ture complaints, How sweet to my
2. Sweet bonds that u - nite all the chil - dren of peace! And thrice precious

Base—Gently, Softly.

mer - cy there's room, And feel in the pres - ence of Je - sus at home.
sad - ness I roam, I long to be - hold thee in glo - ry, at home.

3 I sigh from this body of sin to be free,
Which hinders my joy and communion with thee;
Though now my temptation like billows may foam,
All, all will be peace, when I'm with thee at home.

4 While here in the valley of conflict I stay,
Oh! give me submission, and strength as my day;
In all my afflictions to thee would I come,
Rejoicing in hope of my glorious home.

AMSTERDAM.

365.

1. Rise, my soul! and stretch thy wings, Thy better portion trace;
Rise from transitory things, Toward heaven thy native place. } Sun, and moon, and stars decay,

2 Rivers to the ocean run,
Nor stay in all their course;
Fire ascending seeks the sun,—
Both speed them to their source;

So a soul, that's born of God,
Pants to view his glorious face;
Upward tends to his abode,
To rest in his embrace.

LOVEST THOU ME? 7s.

366.

1. Hark! my soul, it is the Lord! 'Tis thy Sa - viour! hear his
2. "I de - liv - ered thee when bound, And when bleed - ing, healed thy

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

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

soul is com - mu - nion with saints; To find at the ban - quet of
Je - sus, whose love can - not cease! Though oft from thy pres - ence in

Chorus.

Home, home, sweet, sweet home: Pre-pare me, dear Saviour, for glory, my home.

5 What'er thou deniest, oh! give me thy grace,
The Spirit's sure witness, and smiles of thy face;
Indulge me with patience to wait at thy throne,
And find, even now, a sweet foretaste of home.

6 I long, dearest Lord, in thy beauties to shine;
No more as an exile in sorrow to pine;
And in thy dear image arise from the tomb,
With glorified millions to praise thee at home.

AMSTERDAM, Concluded.

Time shall soon this earth remove, Rise, my soul, and haste away To seats prepared above.

3 Cease, ye pilgrims! cease to mourn,
Press onward to the prize;
Soon the Saviour will return,
Triumphant in the skies:

Yet a season,—and you know,
Happy entrance will be given;
All our sorrows left below,
And earth exchanged for heaven.

LOVEST THOU ME? Concluded.

word! Je - sus speaks, he speaks to thee, "Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou me!"
wound; Sought thee wandering, set thee right, Turned thy darkness in - to light.

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

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

H. M.

To God the Father's throne
Perpetual honors raise;
Glory to God the Son;
To God the Spirit praise:

With all our powers, Thy name we sing,
Eternal King, While faith adores.

7s.

Sing we to our God above
Praise eternal as his love.
Praise him, all ye heavenly host,
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

8, 7, 4.

Great Jehovah! we adore thee,
God the Father, God the Son
God the Spirit, joined in glory
On the same eternal throne:
Endless praises
To Jehovah, three in one.

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