Danal. B. Gowler's

Hymn. Book

this the 17 day

of January in

the Year of

Our Lord one

Thousand Eight

Hundred And forty

Nine

HYMN BOOK

OF THE

METHODIST

Hymn Book of the Methodist Protestant Church. 6th ed.
Baltimore: Book Committee of the Meth Prot. Church, 1847.

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HYMN BOOK

OF THE

METHODIST

PROTESTANT CHURCH.

COMPILED BY AUTHORITY

OF

THE GENERAL CONFERENCE.

SIXTH EDITION.

BALTIMORE:
PUBLISHED BY THE BOOK COMMITTEE
OF THE METH. PROT. CHURCH.
1847.

Entered, according to act of Congress, in the year one thousand eight hundred and thirty-seven, by James R. Williams, Samuel K. Jennings, Francis Waters, John Chappell, Philp S. Chappell, Luther J. Cox, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of Maryland.

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BALTIMORE, FEBRUARY 27TH, 1837.

To the Committee appointed by the General Conference of 1834,—*to compile a new Hymn Book for the Methodist Protestant Church.*

DEAR BRETHREN:

Last autumn, in order to obviate some causes of delay which previously existed, the Committee entrusted entirely to me the compilation of the Hymn Book. To this duty was added the superintendence of the press. I now have the pleasure of reporting the completion of the work.

The volume consists of six hundred and forty-eight pages. As it respects the character of its contents:—the importance, variety and arrangement of its subjects; the manner in which they are treated; and the adaptation of the collection to the purposes of public, social, family and private devotion;—the Committee and the Church will form and express their own judgment. Let it suffice for me to remark here, that I have never labored more arduously in the fulfilment of any engagement, than I have done while employed in the accomplishment of this.

Humbly praying that the Head of the Church may honor the use of the book with his blessing,

I remain,

Your brother in the Lord,

THOMAS H. STOCKTON.

JAMES R. WILLIAMS,
SAMUEL K. JENNINGS,
FRANCIS WATERS,
JOHN CHAPPELL,
PHILIP S. CHAPPELL,
LUTHER J. COX,
DAVID KEENER,
JOHN J. HARROD,

Committee.

The Committee appointed by the General Conference to prepare and publish a new Hymn Book for the Methodist Protestant Church, take occasion, on the presentation of this most valuable collection of Hymns, to tender their acknowledgements to the compiler for his untiring exertions in the prosecution of his task to its completion; and commend the work to the attention and use of all the churches, as a body of Hymns embracing every subject within the entire compass of divinity, systematically and perspicuously arranged, and admirably adapted to public, social, family, and private worship.

It is presumed, that a more comprehensive and spiritual collection of Hymns, better calculated to instruct the understanding in the truths of religion, to improve the heart in pious sentiment, and elevate the affections, has never yet appeared in the English language. And we sincerely believe, that under the sanctifying and saving influences of the Holy Spirit, the right use of this book will promote and increase the knowledge and piety of all who employ it in the worship of Almighty God, through the mediation of the divine Redeemer.

JAMES R. WILLIAMS,
SAMUEL K. JENNINGS,
FRANCIS WATERS,
JOHN CHAPPELL,
PHILIP S. CHAPPELL,
LUTHER J. COX,
DAVID KEENER,
JOHN J. HARROD,
} *Committee.*

Baltimore, March 1st, 1837.

The following resolution in reference to this compliation of Hymns, was passed by the General Conference of the Methodist Protestant Church, in May, 1838:

"RESOLVED, *That the Hymn Book compiled by the authority of the General Conference of* 1834, *shall be the Hymn Book of the Methodist Protestant Church.*"

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HYMNS.

I. EXISTENCE OF GOD.

HYMN 1. C. M.

1 WE need not soar above the skies,
Leave suns and stars below;
And seek Thee, with unclouded eyes,
In all that angels know;—
The very breath we now inhale,
The pulse in every heart,
Attest with force that cannot fail,
Thou art—O God! Thou art!

2 If, 'midst the ever-during songs
Of universal joy,—
The chime of worlds and chant of tongues—
The praise that we employ
May breathe its music in thine ear,
Its meaning in thy heart;
Our glad confession deign to hear,
Thou art—O God! Thou art!

HYMN 2. L. M.

1 THERE is a God—all nature speaks,
Through earth, and air, and sea, and skies;
See, from the clouds his glory breaks,
When earliest beams of morning rise.

2 The rising sun, serenely bright,
Throughout the world's extended frame,
Inscribes in characters of light
His mighty Maker's glorious name.

3 Ye curious minds, who roam abroad,
And trace creation's wonders o'er,
Confess the footsteps of your God;—
Bow down before him—and adore.

HYMN 3. 6 8s.

1 THY glory, Lord, the heavens declare,
The firmament displays thy skill;
The changing clouds, the viewless air,
Tempest and calm, thy word fulfil;
Day unto day doth utter speech,
And night to night thy knowledge teach.

2 Though voice nor sound inform the ear,
Well known the language of their song,
When one by one the stars appear,
Led by the silent moon along,
Till round the earth, from all the sky,
Thy beauty beams on every eye.

3 Walked by thy touch, the morning sun
Comes like a bridegroom from his bower,
And, like a giant, glad to run
His bright career with speed and power;
Thy flaming messenger, to dart
Life through the depth of nature's heart.

4 While these transporting visions shine
Along the path of Providence,
Grace eternal, thy divine,
Thy word reveals, transcending sense;
My soul thy goodness longs to see,
Thy love to man, thy love to me.

II. CHARACTER OF GOD.

UNITY OF GOD.

HYMN 4. L. M.

1 WHEN God—neglected or denied—
From ancient tribes withdrew his grace,
How soon the erring myriads strove
With phantom forms to fill his place!

2 On every hill, by every stream,
All homes within, all waysides near,
The hallowed idols senseless stood,—
The helpless suppliants bowed with fear.

3 With gods for every foot of land,
And every pause of passing time,
In life, no soothing peace they found,
In death, no heavenly hope sublime.

4 O Thou, the true and living God!
Maker of all above—below,
Eternal—self-existent One!
How blest are we thy name to know!

5 One God—enlightened faith adores;
One God—harmonious nature cries;
One God—our common Sire and Lord,
The brotherhood of mind replies.

6 To Thee—Supreme!—to Thee alone,
Be hymns of highest glory sung;
The source of joy to every heart,
The theme of praise to every tongue.

HYMN 5. L. M.

1 ETERNAL God! almighty cause
Of earth, and seas, and worlds unknown!
All things are subject to thy laws;
All things depend on thee alone.

2 Thy glorious being singly stands,
Of all within itself possest;
By none controlled in thy commands,
And in thyself completely blest.

3 To thee alone ourselves we owe;
Let heaven and earth due homage pay;
All other gods we disavow,
Deny their claims, renounce their sway.

4 In thee, O Lord, our hope shall rest,
Fountain of peace and joy and love!
Thy favor only makes us blest;
Without thee all would nothing prove.

5 Worship to thee alone belongs;
Worship to thee alone we give;
Thine be our hearts and thine our songs,
And to thy glory let us live.

6 Spread thy great name through heathen lands;
Their idol deities dethrone;
Subdue the world to thy commands,
And reign, as thou art, God alone.

GENERAL ATTRIBUTES.

HYMN 6. 7 & 6.

1 GLORIOUS God, accept a heart
That pants to sing thy praise;
Thou without beginning art,
And without end of days:
Thou, a Spirit invisible,
Dost to none thy fulness show;
None thy majesty can tell,
Or all thy Godhead know.

2 All thine attributes we own,
All wisdom, power, and might.
Happy in thyself alone,
In goodness infinite.

Thou thy goodness hast displayed,
On thine every work imprest;
Lov'st whate'er thy hands have made,
But man thou lov'st the best.

3 Willing thou that all should know
Thy saving truth and live;
Dost to each, or bliss or wo,
With strictest justice give:
Thou with perfect righteousness
Renderest every man his due;
Faithful in thy promises,
And in thy threat'nings too.

4 Thou art merciful to all
Who truly turn to thee!
Hear me then for pardon call,
And show thy grace to me!
Me, through mercy reconciled,
Me, for Jesus' sake forgiven;
Me receive, thy favored child,
To sing thy praise in heaven.

HYMN 7. 7 6 7 6 7 8 7 6.

1 THOU, the great, eternal God,
Art high above our thought!
Worthy to be feared, adored,
By all thy hands have wrought;
None can with thyself compare,
Thy glory fills both earth and sky:
We, and all thy creatures, are
As nothing in thine eye.

2 Of thy great unbounded power,
To thee the praise we give;
Infinitely great, and more
Than heart can e'er conceive;
When thou wilt to work proceed,
Thy purpose firm can none withstand,
Frustrate thy determined deed,
Or stay the Almighty Hand.

3 Thou, O God, art wise alone;
Thy counsel doth excel;
Wonderful thy work we own,
Thy ways unsearchable;
Who can sound the mystery,
Thy judgments' deep abyss explain,
Thine, whose eyes in darkness see,
And search the heart of man?

HYMN 8. C. M.

1 I SING th' almighty power of God,
That made the mountains rise,
That spread the flowing seas abroad,
And built the lofty skies.

2 I sing the wisdom that ordained
The sun to rule the day;
The moon shines full at his command,
And all the stars obey.

3 I sing the goodness of the Lord,
That filled the earth with food;
He formed the creatures with his word,
And then pronounced them good.

4 Lord, how thy wonders are displayed,
Where'er I turn mine eye—
If I survey the ground I tread,
Or gaze upon the sky!

5 There's not a plant or flower below,
But makes thy glories known;
And clouds arise, and tempests blow,
By order from thy throne.

6 Creatures (as numerous as they be)
Are subject to thy care;
There's not a place where we can flee
But God is present there.

HYMN 9. C. M.

1 FATHER, how wide thy glory shines!
How high thy wonders rise!
Known through the earth by thousand signs,
By thousands through the skies.

2 Those mighty orbs proclaim thy power;
Their motions speak thy skill;
And on the wings of every hour
We read thy patience still.

3 Part of thy name divinely stands
On all thy creatures writ,
They show the labor of thy hands,
Or impress of thy feet.

2 By thee the victory is given :
The majesty divine,
And strength and might, and earth and heaven,
And all therein is thine.

3 The kingdom, Lord, is thine alone,
Who dost thy right maintain ;
And high on thy eternal throne
O'er men and angels reign.

4 Riches, as seemeth good to thee,
Thou dost, and honor, give ;
And kings their power and dignity
Out of thy hand receive.

5 Thou hast on us the grace bestowed
Thy greatness to proclaim ;
And therefore now we thank our God,
And praise thy glorious name.

6 Thy glorious name, and nature's powers,
Thou dost to us make known ;
And all the Deity is ours,
Through thy incarnate Son.

HYMN 11. L. M.

1 HIGH in the heavens, eternal God,
Thy goodness in full glory shines ;
Thy truth shall break through every cloud
That veils thy just and wise designs.

2 For ever firm thy justice stands,
As mountains their foundations keep ;
Wise are the wonders of thy hands,
Thy judgments are a mighty deep.

3 O God, how excellent thy grace !
Whence all our hope, our comfort springs ;
The sons of Adam, in distress,
Fly to the shadow of thy wings.

4 From the provisions of thy house
We shall be fed with sweet repast;
There mercy, like a river, flows,
And brings salvation to our taste.

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

HYMN 12. L. M.

FIRST PART.

1 O GOD, thou bottomless abyss!
Thee to perfection who can know?
O height immense! what words suffice
Thy countless attributes to show?

2 Unfathomable depths thou art!
O plunge me in thy mercy's sea!
Void of true wisdom is my heart;
With love embrace and cover me!

3 While thee, All Infinite, I set
By faith before my ravished eye,
My weakness bends beneath the weight;
O'erpowered, I sink, I faint, I die.

4 Eternity thy fountain was,
Which, like thee, no beginning knew;
Thou wast ere time began its race,
Ere glowed with stars the ethereal blue.

5 Greatness unspeakable is thine,
Greatness, whose undiminished ray,
When short-lived worlds are lost, shall shine,
When earth and heaven are fled away.

6 Unchangeable, all-perfect Lord,
Essential life's unbounded sea,
What lives and moves, lives by thy word;
It lives, and moves, and is from thee!

SECOND PART.

1 THY parent hand, thy forming skill,
Firm fixed this universal chain;
Else empty, barren darkness still
Had held his unmolested reign.

2 Whate'er in earth, or sea, or sky,
Or shuns or meets the wand'ring thought,
Escapes or strikes the searching eye,
By thee was to perfection brought!

3 High is thy power above all height;
Whate'er thy will decrees is done;
Thy wisdom, equal to thy might,
Only to thee, O God, is known!

4 Heaven's glory is thy awful throne,
Yet earth partakes thy gracious sway;
Vain man! thy wisdom folly own;
Lost is thy reason's feeble ray.

5 What our dim eye could never see,
Is plain and naked to thy sight;
What thickest darkness veils, to thee
Shines clearly as the morning light.

6 In light thou dwell'st; light that no shade,
No variation ever knew;
Heaven, earth, and hell, stand all displayed,
And open to thy piercing view.

THIRD PART.

1 THOU, true and only God, lead'st forth
Th' immortal armies of the sky;
Thou laugh'st to scorn the gods of earth,
Thou thunderest, and amazed they fly.

2 With downcast eye the angelic choir
Appear before thy awful face;
Trembling, they strike the golden lyre,
And thro' heaven's vault resound thy praise.

3 In earth, in heaven, in all thou art:
The conscious creature feels thy nod;
Thy forming hand on every part
Impressed the image of its God.

4 Thine, Lord, is wisdom, thine alone!
Justice and truth before thee stand;
Yet nearer to thy sacred throne
Mercy withholds thy lifted hand.

5 Each evening shows thy tender love,
Each rising morn thy plenteous grace;
Thy wakened wrath does slowly move,
Thy willing mercy flies apace!

6 To thy benign, indulgent care,
Father, this light, this breath we owe,
And all we have, and all we are,
From thee, great Source of being, flow.

FOURTH PART.

1 PARENT of good! thy bounteous hand
Incessant blessings now distils;
And all in air, or sea, or land,
With plenteous food and gladness fills.

2 All things in thee live, move and are;
Thy power infused, doth all sustain;
E'en those thy daily favors share,
Who thankless spurn thy easy reign.

3 Thy sun thou didst his genial ray
Alike on all impartial pour;
On all who hate or bless thy sway,
Thou bidst descend the fruitful shower.

4 Yet, while at length, who scorned thy might,
Shall feel thee a consuming fire;
How sweet the joys, the crown how bright,
Of those who to thy love aspire.

5 All creatures praise the eternal Name!
Ye hosts that to his court belong,
Cherubic choirs, seraphic flames,
Awake the everlasting song!

6 Thrice holy! thine the kingdom is,
The power omnipotent is thine;
And when created nature dies,
Thy never-ceasing glories shine.

SPECIAL ATTRIBUTES.

ETERNITY.

HYMN 13. C. M.

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

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

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

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

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

HYMN 14. C. M.

1 O GOD! our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Our shelter from the stormy blast,
And our eternal home:

2 Under the shadow of thy throne
Still may we dwell secure;
Sufficient is thine arm alone,
And our defence is sure.

3 Before the hills in order stood,
Or earth received her frame,
From everlasting thou art God,
To endless years the same.

4 A thousand ages in thy sight
Are like an evening gone;
Short as the watch that ends the night,
Before the rising sun.

5 The busy tribes of flesh and blood,
With all their cares and fears,
Are carried downward by the flood,
And lost in following years.

6 Time, like an ever-rolling stream,
Bears all its sons away;
They fly, forgotten, as a dream
Dies at the opening day.

7 O God! our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Be thou our guide while life shall last,
And our eternal home.

HYMN 15. C. M.

1 THOU didst, O mighty God, exist
Ere time began its race—
Before the ample elements
Filled up the void of space,

2 Before the pond'rous earthly globe
In fluid air was stayed,
Before the ocean's mighty springs
Their liquid stores displayed,—

3 Ere through the gloom of ancient night
The streaks of light appeared,
Before the high celestial arch
Or starry poles were reared,—

4 Ere man adored, or angels knew
Or praised thy wondrous name,
Thy bliss, O sacred spring of life,
And glory, were the same.

5 And when the pillars of the world
With sudden ruin break,
And all this vast and goodly frame
Sinks in the mighty wreck,—

6 When from her orb the moon shall start,
The astonished sun roll back,
While all the trembling starry lamps
Their ancient course forsake,—

7 For ever permanent and fixed,
From agitation free,
Unchanged in everlasting years
Shall thy existence be.

INDEPENDENCY.

HYMN 16. L. M.

1 WHAT is our God, or what his name,
Nor men can learn, nor angels teach;
He dwells concealed in radiant flame,
Where neither eyes nor thoughts can reach.

2 The spacious worlds of heavenly light,
Compared with him, how short they fall!
They are too dark, and he too bright,
Nothing are they, and God is all.

3 He spoke the wondrous word, and lo,
Creation rose at his command:
Whirlwinds and seas their limits know,
Bound in the hollow of his hand.

4 There rests the earth, there roll the spheres,
There nature leans and feels her prop;
But his own self-sufficience bears
The weight of his own glories up.

5 The tide of creatures ebbs and flows,
Meas'ring their changes by the moon:
No ebb his sea of glory knows,
His age is one eternal noon.

6 Then fly, my song, an endless round—
The lofty tune let angels raise—
All nature dwell upon the sound—
But we can ne'er fulfil the praise.

HYMN 17. L. M.

1 GOD is a name my soul adores,
Th' Almighty Three, th' Eternal One;
Nature and grace, with all their powers,
Confess the Infinite Unknown.

2 Thy voice produced the seas and spheres,
Bade the waves roar and planets shine:
But nothing like thyself appears
Through all these spacious works of thine.

3 Still restless nature dies and grows—
From change to change the creatures run:
Thy being no succession knows,
And all thy vast designs are one.

4 A glance of thine runs through the globe,
Rules the bright worlds and moves their frame:
Of light thou form'st thy dazzling robe,
Thy ministers are flying flame.

5 How shall polluted mortals dare
To sing thy glory or thy grace?
Beneath thy feet we lie afar,
And see but shadows of thy face.

6 Who can behold the blazing light?
Who can approach consuming flame?
None but thy wisdom knows thy might,
None but thy word can speak thy name

IMMUTABILITY.

HYMN 18 C. M.

1 THROUGH endless years thou art the same,
O thou eternal God;
Ages to come shall know thy name,
And tell thy works abroad.

2 The strong foundations of the earth
Of old by thee were laid;
By thee the beauteous arch of heaven
With matchless skill was made.

3 Soon shall this goodly frame of things,
Formed by thy powerful hand,
Be, like a vesture, laid aside,
And changed at thy command.

4 But thy perfections all divine,
Eternal as thy days,
Through everlasting ages shine,
With undiminished rays.

HYMN 19. L. M.

1 ALL-POWERFUL, self-existent God,
Who all creation dost sustain,
Thou wast, and art, and art to come,
And everlasting is thy reign.

2 Fixed, and eternal as thy days,
Each glorious attribute divine,
Through ages infinite, shall still
With undiminished lustre shine.

3 Fountain of being, source of good,
Immutable dost thou remain;
Nor can the shadow of a change
Obscure the glories of thy reign.

4 Nature her order shall reverse,
Revolving seasons cease their round;
Nor spring appear with blooming pride,
Nor autumn be with plenty crowned:

5 Yon shining orbs forget their course,
The sun his destined path forsake,
And burning desolation mark
Amid the world his wand'ring track:

6 Earth may with all her powers dissolve,
If such the great Creator's will:
But thou for ever art the same—
"I AM" is thy memorial still.

HYMN 20. L. M.

1 GREAT Former of this various frame,
Our souls adore thine awful name,
And bow and tremble while they praise
The Ancient of eternal days.

2 Thou, Lord, with unsurprised survey,
Saw'st nature rising yesterday;
And as to-morrow, shall thine eye
See earth and stars in ruin lie.

3 Beyond an angel's vision bright,
Thou dwell'st in self-existent light,
Which shines, with undiminished ray,
While suns and worlds in smoke decay

4 Our days a transient period run,
And change with every circling sun;
And in the firmest state we boast,
A moth can crush us into dust.

5 But let the creatures fall around,
Let death consign us to the ground—
Let the last general flame arise,
And melt the arches of the skies:

6 Calm as the summer's ocean, we
Can all the wreck of nature see,
While grace secures us an abode,
Unshaken as the throne of God.

SPIRITUALITY.

HYMN 21. C. M.

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 bended 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.

HYMN 22. L. M.

1 THOU art, O God! a Spirit pure,
Invisible to mortal eyes;
Th' immortal, and th' eternal King,
The great, the good, the only wise.

2 Whilst nature changes, and her works
Corrupt, decay, dissolve, and die,
Thy Essence, pure, no change shall see,
Secure of immortality.

3 Thou great Invisible! what hand
Can draw thy image spotless fair?
To what in heaven, to what on earth,
Can men th' immortal King compare?

4 Let stupid heathens frame their gods
Of gold and silver, wood and stone:
Ours is the God that made the heaven;
Jehovah he, and God alone;

5 My soul, thy purest homage pay,
In truth and spirit him adore;
More shall this please than sacrifice,
Than outward forms delight him more.

OMNIPRESENCE.

HYMN 23. C. M.

1 GREAT God, thy penetrating eye
Pervades my inmost powers;
With awe profound my wondering soul
Falls prostrate and adores.

2 To be encompassed round with God,
The holy and the just;
Armed with omnipotence to save,
Or crumble me to dust—

3 Oh, how tremendous is the thought!
Deep may it be impressed!
And may thy Spirit firmly grave
This truth within my breast!

4 Begirt with thee, my fearless soul
The gloomy vale shall tread;
And thou wilt bind th' immortal crown
Of glory on my head.

HYMN 24. C. M.

1 THE Lord our God is Lord of all,
His station who can find?
I hear him in the waterfall!
I hear him in the wind!

2 If in the gloom of night I shroud,
His face I cannot fly;
I see him in the evening cloud,
And in the morning sky.

3 He lives, he reigns, in every land,
From winter's polar snows,
To where across the burning sand
The blasting meteor glows.

4 He smiles, we live,—he frowns, we die—
We hang upon his word:
He rears his red right arm on high,
And ruin bears his sword.

5 He bids his blast the fields deform—
Then, when his thunders cease,
Sits as the Ruler of the storm,
And smiles the winds to peace.

HYMN 25. L. M.

1 COULD I so false, so faithless prove,
To quit thy service and thy love,
Where, Lord, could I thy presence shun,
Or from thy dreadful glory run?

2 If up to heaven I take my flight,
'Tis there thou dwell'st enthroned in light;
Or plunge to hell, there justice reigns,
And Satan groans beneath thy chains.

3 If, speedy as the morning ray,
I fly beyond the western sea,
Thy swifter hand would first arrive
And there arrest thy fugitive.

4 Or should I try to shun thy sight
Beneath the spreading veil of night,
One glance of thine, one piercing ray,
Would kindle darkness into day.

5 The veil of night is no disguise,
No screen from thy all-searching eyes;
Thy hand can seize thy foes as soon
Through midnight shades as blazing noon.

6 O may these thoughts possess my breast
Where'er I rove, where'er I rest,
Nor let my weaker passions dare
Consent to sin, for God is there.

OMNISCIENCE.

HYMN 26. C. M.

1 LORD, all I am is known to thee;
In vain my soul would try
To shun thy presence, or to flee
The notice of thine eye.

2 Thy all-surrounding sight surveys
My rising and my rest,
My public walks, my private ways,
The secrets of my breast.

3 My thoughts lie open to thee, Lord,
Before they're formed within;
And ere my lips pronounce the word,
Thou know'st the sense I mean,

4 O wondrous knowledge! deep and high!
Where can a creature hide?
Within thy circling arms I lie,
Beset on every side

So let thy grace surround me still,
And like a bulwark prove,
To guard my soul from every ill,
Secured by sov'reign love.

HYMN 27. C. M.

1 THE eye of God is every where,
To watch the sinner's ways;
He sees who join in humble prayer,
And who in solemn praise.

2 One glance of thine, eternal Lord,
Can pierce and search us through;
Nor heaven, nor earth, nor hell afford
A shelter from thy view!

3 The universe, in every part,
At once before thee lies;
And every thought of every heart
Is open to thine eyes.

4 Prepare us, Lord, to pray and praise
With fervent, holy love,
And fit us by thy word of grace
To worship thee above.

HYMN 28. L. M.

1 LORD, thou hast searched and seen me thro';
Thine eye commands with piercing view,
My rising and my resting hours,
My heart and flesh, with all their powers.

2 My thoughts, before they are my own,
Are to my God distinctly known:
He knows the words I mean to speak,
Ere from my opening lips they break.

3 Within thy circling power I stand,
On every side I find thy hand;
Awake, asleep, at home, abroad,
I am surrounded still with God.

4 Amazing knowledge! vast and great!
What large extent! what lofty height!
My soul, with all the powers I boast,
Is in the boundless prospect lost.

5 O may these thoughts possess my breast
Where'er I rove, where'er I rest;
Nor let my weaker passions dare
Consent to sin, for God is there.

OMNIPOTENCE.

HYMN 29. C. M.

1 THE Lord our God is clothed with might,
The winds obey his will;
He speaks, and in his heavenly height
The rolling sun stands still.

2 Rebel, ye waves, and o'er the land
With threatening aspect roar;
The Lord uplifts his awful hand,
And chains you to the shore.

3 Howl, winds of night! your force combine!
Without his high behest,
Ye shall not, in the mountain pine,
Disturb the sparrow's nest.

4 His voice sublime is heard afar—
In distant peals it dies;
He yokes the whirlwinds to his car,
And sweeps the howling skies.

5 Ye nations, bend—in reverence bend—
Ye monarchs, wait his nod,
And bid the choral song ascend
To celebrate our God.

HYMN 30. C. M.

1 'TWAS God who hurled the rolling spheres,
And stretched the boundless skies—
Who formed the plan of endless years,
And bade the ages rise.

2 From everlasting, in his might,
Immense and unconfined,
He pierces through the realms of light,
And rides upon the wind.

3 He darts along the burning skies—
Loud thunders round him roar;
All heaven attends him, as he flies—
All hell proclaims his power.

4 He scatters nations with his breath—
The scattered nations fly;
Blue pestilence and wasting death
Confess the Godhead nigh.

5 Ye worlds, with every living thing,
Fulfil his high command;
Mortals, pay homage to your King,
And own his ruling hand.

HYMN 31. L. M.

1 GIVE to the Lord, ye sons of fame,
Give to the Lord renown and power;
Ascribe due honors to his name,
And his eternal might adore.

2 The Lord proclaims his power aloud,
O'er the vast ocean and the land;
His voice divides the watery cloud,
And lightnings blaze at his command.

3 He speaks, and howling tempests rise,
And lay the forests bare around;
The fiercest beasts, with piteous cries,
Confess the terror of the sound.

4 His thunders rend the vaulted skies,
And palaces and temples shake;
The mountains tremble at the noise,
The valleys roar, the deserts quake.

5 The Lord sits sovereign o'er the flood;
The Thunderer reigns for ever King;
But makes his church his blest abode,
Where we his awful glories sing.

6 We see no terrors in his name,
But in our God a Father find;
The voice, that shakes all nature's frame,
Speaks comfort to the pious mind.

WISDOM.

HYMN 32. C. M.

1 ETERNAL Wisdom! Thee we praise,
Thee the creation sings:
With thy loved name, rocks, hills, and seas,
And heaven's high palace rings.

2 Thy hand, how wide it spreads the sky,
How glorious to behold!
Tinged with a blue of heavenly dye,
And starred with sparkling gold.

3 There thou hast bid the globes of light
Their endless circuits run;
There the pale planet rules the night;
The day obeys the sun.

4 If down I turn my wandering eyes
On clouds and storms below,
Those under regions of the skies
Thy numerous glories show.

5 The noisy winds stand ready there
Thy orders to obey;
With sounding wings they sweep the air,
To make thy chariot way.

6 There, like a trumpet loud and strong,
Thy thunder shakes our coast;
While the red lightnings wave along,
The banners of thy host.

7 On the thin air, without a prop,
Hang fruitful showers around;
At thy command they sink, and drop
Their fatness on the ground.

8 Lo! here thy wondrous skill arrays
The earth in cheerful green;
A thousand herbs thy art displays,
A thousand flowers between.

9 There the rough mountains of the deep
Obey thy strong command:
Thy breath can raise the billows steep,
Or sink them to the sand.

10 Thy glories blaze all nature round,
And strike the wondering sight,
Through skies, and seas, and solid ground,
With terror and delight.

11 Infinite strength and equal skill
Shine through thy works abroad:
Our souls with vast amazement fill,
And speak the builder, God!

12 But the mild glories of thy grace
Our softer passions move:
Pity divine in Jesus' face
We see, adore, and love.

HYMN 33. L. M.

1 AWAKE, my tongue, thy tribute bring
To him who gave thee power to sing;
Praise him, who is all praise above,
The source of wisdom and of love.

2 How vast his knowledge! how profound!
A depth where all our thoughts are drowned!

The stars he numbers—and their names
He gives to all those heavenly flames.

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

4 But in redemption—O what grace!
Its wonders—O what thought can trace!
Here wisdom shines for ever bright—
Praise him, my soul, with sweet delight.

HYMN 34. L. M.

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 his saints, it stands confest
That what he does is ever best.

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

HOLINESS.

HYMN 35. C. M.

1 HOLY and reverend is the name
Of our eternal King;
"Thrice holy Lord," the angels cry—
"Thrice holy" let us sing!

2 The deepest reverence of the mind,
Pay, O my soul, to God;
Lift, with thy hands, a holy heart
To his sublime abode.

3 With sacred awe pronounce his name,
Whom words nor thoughts can reach;
A contrite heart shall please him more
Than noblest forms of speech.

4 Thou holy God! preserve my soul
From all pollution free;
The pure in heart are thy delight,
And they thy face shall see.

HYMN 36. L. M.

1 HOLY as thou, O Lord, is none!
Thy holiness is all thy own;
A drop of that unbounded sea
Is ours, a drop derived from thee.

2 And when thy purity we share,
Thy only glory we declare;
And humbled into nothing own,
Holy and pure is God alone.

3 Sole, self-existing God and Lord,
By all thy heavenly hosts adored;
Let all on earth bow down to thee,
And own thy peerless majesty.

4 Thy power unparalleled confess,
Established on the Rock of peace;
The Rock that never shall remove,
The Rock of pure, almighty love.

JUSTICE.

HYMN 37. C. M.

1 WITH eye impartial, heaven's high King
Surveys each human tribe;
No earthly pomp his eyes can charm,
Nor wealth his favor bribe.

2 The rich and poor, of equal clay,
His powerful hand did frame;
All souls are his, and him alike
Their common Parent claim.

3 Ye sons of men of high degree,
Your great Superior own;
Praise him for all his gifts, and pay
Your homage at his throne.

4 Trust in the Lord, ye humble poor,
And banish every fear;
The God you serve will ne'er forsake
The man of heart sincere.

HYMN 38. L. M.

1 GREAT God, my Maker and my King,
Of thee I'll speak, of thee I'll sing;
All thou hast done, and all thou dost,
Declare thee good, proclaim thee just:

2 Thy ancient thoughts and firm decrees,
Thy threatenings and thy promises—
The joys of heaven, the pains of hell,
What angels taste, what devils feel:

3 Thy terrors and thine acts of grace,
Thy threatening rod and smiling face—
Thy wounding and thy healing word,
A world undone, a world restored:

4 While these excite my fear and joy,
While these my tuneful lips employ,
Accept, O Lord, the humble song,
The tribute of a trembling tongue.

GOODNESS.

HYMN 39. C. M.

1 YE humble souls, approach your God
With songs of sacred praise;
For he is good, immensely good,
And kind are all his ways.

2 All nature owns his guardian care—
In him we live and move;
But nobler benefits declare
The wonders of his love.

3 He gave his Son, his only Son,
To ransom rebel worms;
'Tis here he makes his goodness known
In its diviner forms.

4 To this dear refuge, Lord, we come—
'Tis here our hope relies:
A safe defence, a peaceful home,
When storms of trouble rise.

5 Thine eye beholds, with kind regard,
The souls who trust in thee;
Their humble hope thou wilt reward
With bliss divinely free.

6 Great God, to thy almighty love
What honors shall we raise?
Not all the raptured songs above
Can render equal praise.

HYMN 40. L. M.

1 INDULGENT Lord, thy goodness reigns
Through all the wide celestial plains;
And thence its streams redundant flow,
And cheer the abodes of men below.

2 Through nature's works its glories shine;
The cares of providence are thine;
And grace erects our ruined frame,
A fairer temple to thy name.

3 Oh! give to every human heart
To taste and feel how good thou art!
With grateful love and holy fear,
To know how blest thy children are.

4 Let nature burst into a song;
Ye echoing hills, the notes prolong;
Earth, seas, and stars, your anthems raise,
All vocal with your Maker's praise.

HYMN 41. L. M.

1 YE sons of men, with joy record
The various wonders of the Lord;
And let his power and goodness sound
Through all your tribes, the earth around.

2 Let the high heavens your songs invite,
Those spacious fields of brilliant light;
Where sun, and moon, and planets roll,
And stars that shine from pole to pole.

3 Sing earth, in verdant robes arrayed,
Its herbs and flowers, its fruit and shade;
Peopled with life of various forms,
Fishes and fowls, and beasts and worms.

4 View the broad sea's majestic plains,
And think how wide its Maker reigns:
That band remotest nations joins,
And on each wave his goodness shines.

5 But oh! that brighter world above,
Where lives and reigns incarnate love!
God's only Son in flesh arrayed,
For man a bleeding victim made.

5 Thither, my soul, with rapture soar;
There in the world of praise adore:
This theme demands an angel's lay,
Demands an everlasting day.

HYMN 42. 6 8s.

1 O GOD, of good the unfathomed sea!
Who would not give his heart to thee?
Who would not love thee with his might?
O Jesus, lover of mankind!
Who would not his whole soul and mind
With all its strength to thee unite?

2 Thou shinest with everlasting rays;
Before the insufferable blaze,
Angels with both wings veil their eyes;
Yet free as air thy bounty streams
On all thy works, thy mercy's beams,
Diffusive as thy sun's, arise.

3 Astonished at thy frowning brow,
Earth, hell, and heaven's strong pillars bow;
Terrible majesty is thine!
Who then can that vast love express
Which bows thee down to me, who less
Than nothing am, till thou art mine!

4 High throned on heaven's eternal hill,
In number, weight, and measure still
Thou sweetly order'st all that is:
And yet thou deign'st to come to me,
And guide my steps, that I with thee,
Enthroned, may reign in endless bliss.

5 Fountain of good! all blessing flows
From thee; no want thy fulness knows:
What but thyself canst thou desire?
Yet, self-sufficient as thou art,
Thou dost desire my worthless heart,
This, only this, dost thou require.

6 Primeval beauty in thy sight,
The first-born fairest sons of light
See all their brightest glories fade:
What then to me thine eyes could turn?
In sin conceived, of woman born,
A worm, a leaf, a blast, a shade!

7 Hell's armies tremble at thy nod,
And, trembling, own the Almighty God!
Sovereign of earth, hell, air, and sky!
But who is this that comes from far,
Whose garments rolled in blood appear?
'Tis God made man, for man to die!

8 O God, of good the unfathomed sea!
Who would not give his heart to thee?
Who would not love thee with his might?
O Jesus, lover of mankind,
Who would not his whole soul and mind,
With all his strength to thee unite?

TRUTH.

HYMN 43. L. M.

1 CAN truth divine fulfilment fail?
Sooner shall star-crowned nature die!
Truth is the very breath of God—
Part of his own eternity.

2 Earth's every pulse may cease to flow,
And every voice be heard no more;
The forest crumble on the mount—
The sea corrupt upon the shore;

3 The moon's supply of light expire,
The sun itself grow dense with gloom,
And fairer systems, sphered afar,
Dissolving, own the common doom;

4 But long as stands Jehovah's throne,
Long as his being shall endure,
So long the truth his lips proclaim
Remains inviolably sure.

HYMN 44. L. M.

1 YE humble saints, prolong abroad
The honors of a faithful God:
How just and true are all his ways!
How much above your highest praise!

2 The words his sacred lips declare
Of his own mind the image bear:
What should him tempt, from frailty free,
Blest in his self-sufficiency?

3 He will not his great self deny:
A God all truth can never lie;
As well might he his being quit
As break his oath or word forget.

4 Let frightened rivers change their course,
Or backward hasten to their source;
Swift through the air let rocks be hurled,
And mountains like the chaff be whirled:

5 Let suns and stars forget to rise,
Or quit their stations in the skies;
Let heaven and earth both pass away,
Eternal truth shall ne'er decay.

6 True to his word, God gave his Son,
To die for crimes which man had done;
Blest pledge! he never will revoke
A single promise he has spoke.

FAITHFULNESS.

HYMN 45. C. M.

1 BEGIN, my soul, some heavenly theme,
Awake, my voice, and sing
The mighty works, or mightier name,
Of our eternal King.

2 Tell of his wondrous faithfulness,
And sound his power abroad,
Sing the sweet promise of his grace,
And the performing God.

3 Proclaim salvation from the Lord,
For wretched, dying men:
His hand hath writ the sacred word
With an immortal pen.

4 Engraved, as in eternal brass,
The mighty promise shines;
Nor can the powers of darkness 'rase
Those everlasting lines.

5 His every word of grace is strong,
As that which built the skies;
The voice that rolls the stars along
Speaks all the promises.

6 Now shall my fainting heart rejoice,
To know thy favor sure:
I trust the all-creating voice,
And faith desires no more.

HYMN 46. C. M.

1 MY never-ceasing song shall show
The mercies of the Lord,
And make succeeding ages know
How faithful is his word.

2 The sacred truths his lips pronounce
Shall firm as heaven endure;
And if he speaks a promise once,
The eternal grace is sure.

3 How long the race of David held
The promised Jewish throne!
But there's a nobler cov'nant sealed
To David's greater Son.

4 His seed for ever shall possess
A throne above the skies;
The meanest subject of his grace
Shall to that glory rise.

5 Lord God of hosts, thy wondrous ways
Are sung by saints above;
And saints on earth their honors raise
To thy unchanging love.

HYMN 47. L. M.

1 NOW let the feeble all be strong,
And make Jehovah's arm their song;
His shield is spread o'er every saint;
And, thus supported, who shall faint?

2 What though the hosts of hell engage,
With mingled cruelty and rage!
A faithful God restrains their hands,
And chains them down in iron bands.

3 Bound by his word, he will display
A strength proportioned to our day,
And, when united trials meet,
Will show a path of safe retreat.

4 Thus far we prove that promise good,
Which Jesus ratified with blood:
Still is he gracious, wise, and just;
And still in him let Israel trust.

MERCY.

HYMN 48. S. M.

1 MY soul, repeat his praise
Whose mercies are so great;
Whose anger is so slow to rise,
So ready to abate.

2 God will not always chide;
And when his strokes are felt,
His strokes are fewer than our crimes,
And lighter than our guilt.

3 High as the heavens are raised
Above the ground we tread,
So far the riches of his grace
Our highest thoughts exceed.

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

5 Our days are like the grass,
Or like the morning flower;
If one sharp blast sweeps o'er the field,
It withers in an hour.

6 But thy compassions, Lord,
To endless years endure;
And children's children ever find
Thy words of promise sure.

HYMN 49. C. M.

1 COME, O ye saints, your voices raise
To God, in grateful songs;
And let the memory of his grace
Inspire your hearts and tongues.

2 Her deepest gloom when sorrow spreads,
And light and hope depart,
His face celestial morning sheds,
And joy revives the heart.

3 To thee, my God, oppressed with grief
I breathe my humble cry;
Thy mercy brought divine relief,
And wiped my weeping eye.

4 Thy mercy chased the shades of death,
And snatched me from the grave;
O may thy praise employ that breath
Which mercy deigns to save.

HYMN 50. L. M.

1 O RENDER thanks to God above,
The fountain of eternal love,
Whose mercy firm through ages past
Hath stood, and shall for ever last.

2 Who can his mighty deeds express,
Not only vast but numberless?
What mortal eloquence can raise
His tribute of immortal praise?

3 Extend to me that favor, Lord,
Thou to thy chosen dost afford;
When thou return'st to set them free,
Let thy salvation visit me.

4 O may I worthy prove to see
Thy saints in full prosperity;
That I the joyful choir may join,
And count thy people's triumph mine.

5 Let Israel's God be ever blessed,
His name eternally confessed;
Let all his saints with full accord
In solemn hymns proclaim their Lord.

LOVE.

HYMN 51. C. M.

1 COME, ye that know and fear the Lord,
And lift your souls above;
Let every heart and voice accord,
To sing that God is love.

2 This precious truth his word declares,
And all his mercies prove;
Jesus, the gift of gifts, appears,
To show that God is love.

3 Sinai, in clouds and smoke and fire,
Thunders his dreadful name;
But Zion sings, in melting notes,
The honors of the Lamb.

4 In all his doctrines and commands,
His counsels and designs—
In every work his hands have framed,
His love supremely shines.

5 Angels and men, the news proclaim
Through earth and heaven above,
The joyful and transporting news,
That God, the Lord, is love.

HYMN 52. L. M.

1 LORD, what is man, that he should prove
The object of thy boundless love?
Say, why should he so largely share
Thy favor and thy tender care?

2 While these my lips draw vital breath,
Or till I close my eyes in death,
I'll ne'er forget thy wondrous love,
Nor thoughtless of thy kindness prove.

3 Beneath thy shadowing wings' defence
I'll place my only confidence:
In every danger and distress,
To thee will I my prayer address.

4 Should all my hopes on earth be lost,
In thee I'll make my constant boast;
I'll spread the glories of thy name,
And thy unbounded love proclaim.

HYMN 53. L. M.

1 THE Lord, how wondrous are his ways,
How firm his word, how large his grace;
Mercy and truth surround his throne,
And thence he makes his glories known.

2 High as his mighty arm hath spread
The starry heavens above our head,
His bounteous love exceeds our praise—
Surmounts the highest hopes we raise.

3 Nor yet so far hath nature placed
The rising morning from the west,
As his forgiving grace removes
The daily guilt of those he loves.

4 How slowly doth his wrath arise!
On swiftest wing salvation flies;
And if he bid his anger burn,
Soon shall his frowns to pity turn.

5 The mighty God, the wise and just,
Knows that our frame is feeble dust,
And will no load of grief impose
Beyond the strength that he bestows.

6 For his eternal love is sure
To all the saints, and shall endure:
From age to age his truth shall reign,
Nor children's children hope in vain.

TRINITY

HYMN 54. 6 & 4.

1 COME, thou Almighty King,
Help us thy name to sing,
Help us to praise!
Father all glorious,
O'er all victorious,
Come and reign over us,
Ancient of days.

2 Jesus, our Lord, arise,
Scatter our enemies,
Now make them fall!
Let thine almighty aid
Our sure defence be made,
Our souls on thee be stayed,—
Lord, hear our call!

3 Come, thou Incarnate Word,
Gird on thy mighty sword,
Our prayer attend!
Come, and thy people bless,
Come, give thy word success;
Spirit of holiness,
On us descend!

4 Come, holy Comforter,
Thy sacred witness bear
In this glad hour!
Thou, who almighty art,
Now rule in every heart,
And ne'er from us depart,
Spirit of power.

5 To thee, great ONE IN THREE,
The highest praises be,
Hence evermore!
Thy sovereign majesty
May we in glory see,
And to eternity
Love and adore!

HYMN 55. S. M.

1 FATHER! in whom we live,
In whom we are and move,
The glory, power, and praise receive
Of thy creating love!

2 Let all the angel throng
Give thanks to God on high;
While earth repeats the joyful song,
And echoes through the sky!

3 Incarnate Deity!
Let all the ransomed race
Render in thanks their lives to thee,
For thy redeeming grace!

4 The grace to sinners showed,
Ye heavenly choirs, proclaim,
And cry, "salvation to our God,
Salvation to the Lamb!"

5 Spirit of holiness!
Let all thy saints adore
Thy sacred energy, and bless
Thy heart-renewing power!

6 Not angel-tongues can tell
Thy love's ecstatic height,—
The glorious joy unspeakable,
The beatific sight!

7 Eternal, Triune Lord!
Let all the hosts above,
Let all the sons of men record
And dwell upon thy love!

8 When heaven and earth are fled
Before thy glorious face,—
Sing all the saints thy love hath made,
Thine everlasting praise!

HYMN 56. 4 6s & 2 8s.

1 YOUNG men and maidens, raise
Your tuneful voices high;
Old men and children, praise
The Lord of earth and sky;
Him, Three in One and One in Three,
Extol to all eternity.

2 The universal King
Let all the world proclaim;
Let every creature sing
His attributes and name;
Him, Three in One and One in Three,
Extol to all eternity.

3 In his great name alone
All excellencies meet,
Who sits upon the throne,
And shall for ever sit;
Him, Three in One and One in Three,
Extol to all eternity.

4 Glory to God belongs,
Glory to God be given,
Above the noblest songs
Of all in earth or heaven;
Him, Three in One and One in Three,
Extol to all eternity.

HYMN 57. 8 7 & 6.

1 MEET and right it is to sing,
In every time and place,
Glory to our heavenly King,
The God of truth and grace:
Join we then with sweet accord,
All in one thanksgiving join:
Holy, holy, holy Lord,
Eternal praise be thine.

2 Thee the first-born sons of light,
In choral symphonies,
Praise by day, day without night,
And never, never cease:
Angels and archangels all
Praise the mystic Three in One—
Sing, and stop, and gaze, and fall
O'erwhelmed before thy throne.

3 Vying with that happy choir,
Who chant thy praise above,
We on eagles' wings aspire,
The wings of faith and love:
Thee they sing with glory crowned—
We extol the slaughtered Lamb;
Lower if our voices sound,
Our subject is the same.

4 Father, God, thy love we praise,
Which gave thy Son to die;
Jesus, full of truth and grace,
Alike we glorify;
Spirit, Comforter divine,
Praise by all to thee be given,
Till we in full chorus join,
And earth is turned to heaven.

HYMN 58. 7s.

1 FATHER, live, by all things feared—
Live the Son, alike revered;
Equally be thou adored,
Holy Ghost, eternal Lord.

2 Three in person, one in power,
Thee we worship evermore:
Praise by all to thee be given,
Endless theme of earth and heaven.

HYMN 59. 8 7s.

1 HOLY, holy, holy Lord,
God the Father, and the Word,
God the Comforter, receive
Blessings more than we can give!
Mixed with those beyond the sky,
Chanters to the Lord most high,
We our hearts and voices raise,
Echoing thy eternal praise.

2 One, inexplicably Three,
One, in simplest Unity,
God, incline thy gracious ear,
Us thy lisping creatures hear!
Thee, while man the earth-born sings,
Angels shrink within their wings;
Prostrate seraphim above
Breathe unutterable love.

3 Happy they who ever rest,
With thy heavenly presence blest;
They the heights of glory see,
Sound the depths of Deity!
Fain with them our souls would vie;
Sink as low and mount as high;
Fall o'erwhelmed with love, or soar;
Shout, or silently adore!

HYMN 60. C. M.

1 FATHER of glory! to thy name
Immortal praise we give,
Who dost an act of grace proclaim
And bid us rebels live.

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

3 To thy almighty Spirit be
Immortal glory given,
Whose influence brings us near to thee,
And trains us up for heaven.

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

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

HYMN 61. C. M.

1 JEHOVAH, God the Father, bless,
And thy own work defend!
With mercy's outstretched arms embrace,
And keep us to the end.

2 Preserve the creatures of thy love
By providential care;
Conduct them to the realms above,
To sing thy goodness there!

3 Jehovah, God the Son, reveal
The brightness of thy face,
And all thy pardoned people fill
With plenitude of grace!

4 Shine forth with all the Deity,
Which dwells in thee alone;
And lift us up, thy face to see
On thy eternal throne.

5 Jehovah, God the Spirit, shine,
Father and Son, to show;
With bliss ineffable, divine,
Our ravished hearts o'erflow!

6 Sure earnest of that happiness
Which human hope transcends,
Be thou our everlasting peace,
When grace in glory ends.

HYMN 62. L. M.

1 O HOLY, holy, holy Lord,
Bright in thy deeds and in thy name,
For ever be thy name adored,
Thy glories let the world proclaim.

2 O Jesus, Lamb once crucified,
To take our load of sins away,
Thine be the hymn that rolls its tide
Along the realms of upper day.

3 O Holy Spirit, from above
In streams of light and glory given,
Thou Source of ecstacy and love,
Thy praises ring through earth and heaven.

4 O God triune, to thee we owe
Our every thought, our every song;
And ever may thy praises flow
From saint and seraph's burning tongue.

HYMN 63. L. M.

1 FATHER of heaven, whose love profound
A ransom for our souls hath found,
Before thy throne we sinners bend—
To us thy pard'ning love extend.

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

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

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

HYMN 64. 6 8s.

1 INFINITE God, to thee we raise
Our hearts in solemn songs of praise:
By all thy works on earth adored,
We worship thee, the common Lord,
The everlasting Father own,
And bow ourselves before thy throne.

2 Thee all the choir of angels sings,
The Lord of hosts, the King of kings;
Cherubs proclaim thy praise aloud,
And seraphs shout the Triune God,
And, "Holy, holy, holy!" cry,
"Thy glory fills both earth and sky."

3 God of the patriarchal race,
The ancient seers record thy praise;
The godly apostolic band
In highest joy and glory stand;
And all the saints and prophets join
To extol thy majesty divine.

4 Head of the martyrs' noble host,
Of thee they justly make their boast;
The church to earth's remotest bounds
Her heavenly Founder's praise resounds,
And strives with those around the throne,
To hymn the mystic Three in One.

5 Father of endless majesty,
All might and love they render thee—
Thy true and only Son adore,
The same in dignity and power—
And God the Holy Ghost declare
The saints' eternal Comforter.

III. RELATIONS OF GOD.

MAKER.

HYMN 65. S. M.

1 ALMIGHTY Maker, God,
How wondrous is thy name;
Thy glories how diffused abroad,
Through the creation's frame.

2 Nature in every dress
Her humble homage pays,
And finds a thousand ways t' express
Thine undissembled praise.

3 My soul would rise and sing
To her Creator too;
Fain would my tongue adore my King,
And pay the worship due.

4 Create my soul anew,
Else all my worship's vain;
This wretched heart will ne'er be true
Until 'tis formed again.

5 Descend, celestial fire,
And seize me from above,
Melt me in flames of pure desire,
A sacrifice to love.

6 Let joy and worship spend
The remnant of my days,
And to my God, my soul, ascend
In sweet perfumes of praise.

HYMN 66. S. M.

1 MY Maker and my King,
To thee my all I owe;
Thy sovereign bounty is the spring
Whence all my blessings flow.

2 Thou ever good and kind!
A thousand reasons move,
A thousand obligations bind
My heart to grateful love.

3 The creature of thy hand,
On thee alone I live;
My God, thy benefits demand
More praise than I can give.

4 Lord, what can I impart,
When all is thine before;
Thy love demands a thankful heart;
The gift, alas! how poor!

5 Shall I withhold thy due?
And shall my passions rove?
Lord, form this wretched heart anew,
And fill it with thy love.

6 O let thy grace inspire
My soul with strength divine;
Let all my powers to thee aspire,
And all my days be thine.

HYMN 67. L. M.

1 THE glories of my Maker, God,
My joyful voice shall sing,
And call the nations to adore
Their Former and their King.

2 'Twas his right hand that shaped our clay
And wrought this human frame;
But from his own immediate breath
Our nobler spirits came.

3 We bring our mortal powers to God,
And worship with our tongues;
We claim some kindred with the skies,
And join the angelic songs.

4 Let grovelling beasts of every shape,
And fowls of every wing,
And rocks, and trees, and fires, and seas,
Their various tribute bring.

5 Ye planets, to his honor shine,
And wheels of nature, roll;
Praise him in your unwearied course
Around the steady pole.

6 The brightness of our Maker's name
The wide creation fiills,
And his unbounded grandeur flies
Beyond the heavenly hills.

HYMN 68. C. M.

1 HAIL, great Creator, wise and good!
To thee our songs we raise;
Nature, through all her various scenes,
Invites us to thy praise.

2 At morning, noon, and evening mild,
Fresh wonders strike our view,
And while we gaze our hearts exult
With transports ever new.

3 Thy glory beams in every star
Which gilds the gloom of night,
And decks the smiling face of morn
With rays of cheerful light.

4 The lofty hill, the humble lawn,
With countless beauties shine;
The silent grove, the awful shade,
Proclaim thy power divine.

5 Great nature's God! still may these scenes
Our serious hours engage;
Still may our grateful hearts consult
Thy works' instructive page.

6 And while in all thy wondrous works
Thy varied love we see,
Still may the contemplation lead
Our hearts, O God, to thee!

HYMN 69. L. M.

1 FAIREST of all the lights above,
Thou sun, whose beams adorn the spheres,
And with unwearied swiftness move,
To form the circle of our years;

2 Praise the Creator of the skies,
That dressed thine orb in golden rays;
Or may the sun forget to rise,
If he forgot his Maker's praise!

3 Thou reigning beauty of the night,
Fair queen of silence, silver moon,
Whose gentle beams, and borrowed light,
Are softer rivals of the noon,

4 Arise, and to that Sovereign Power
Waxing and waning honors pay,
Who bade thee rule the dusky hour,
And half supply the absent day!

5 Ye twinkling stars, who gild the skies
When darkness has its curtain drawn,
Who keep your watch with wakeful eyes,
When business, cares, and day are gone,

6 Proclaim the glories of your Lord,
Dispersed through all the heavenly street,
Whose boundless treasures can afford
So rich a pavement for his feet!

7 Thou heaven of heavens, supremely bright,
Fair palace of the court divine,
Where, with inimitable light,
The Godhead condescends to shine.

8 Praise thou thy great Inhabitant,
Who scatters lovely beams of grace
On every angel, every saint,
Nor veils the lustre of his face.

9 O God of glory, God of love,
Thou art the Sun that makes our days;
With all thy shining works above,
Let man attempt to speak thy praise.

HYMN 70. L. M.

1 THE spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue ethereal sky,
And spangled heavens, a shining frame,
Their great Original proclaim.

2 The unwearied sun, from day to day,
Doth his Creator's power display,
And publishes to every land
The work of an almighty hand.

3 Soon as the evening shades prevail,
The moon takes up the wondrous tale,
And nightly to the listening earth
Repeats the story of her birth:

4 While all the stars that round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.

5 What though, in solemn silence, all
Move round the dark terrestrial ball?
What though no real voice nor sound
Amid the radiant orbs be found?

6 In reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice—
For ever singing, as they shine,
The hand that made us is divine.

PRESERVER.

HYMN 71. C. M.

1 TO heaven I lift my waiting eyes,
There all my hopes are laid:
The Lord that built the earth and skies
Is my perpetual aid.

2 Their steadfast feet shall never fall,
Whom he designs to keep;
His ear attends the softest call;
His eyes can never sleep.

3 He will sustain our weakest powers
With his almighty arm,
And watch our most unguarded hours
Against surprising harm.

4 Israel, rejoice and rest secure,
Thy keeper is the Lord;
His wakeful eyes employ his power
For thine eternal guard.

5 Nor scorching sun, nor sickly moon,
Shall have its leave to smite;
He shields thy head from burning noon,
From blasting damps at night.

6 He guards thy soul, he keeps thy breath,
Where thickest dangers come;
Go and return, secure from death,
Till God commands thee home.

HYMN 72. C. M.

1 HOW are thy servants blessed, O Lord!
How sure is their defence!
Eternal Wisdom is their guide—
Their help, Omnipotence.

2 In foreign realms and lands remote,
Supported by thy care,
Through burning climes 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.

5 In midst of dangers, fears, and deaths,
Thy goodness we'll adore;
We'll praise thee for thy mercies past,
And humbly hope for more.

6 Our life, while thou preserv'st that life,
Thy sacrifice shall be;
And death, when death shall be our lot,
Shall join our souls to thee.

HYMN 73. C. M.

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 that built us first;
Salvation to the Almighty name
That reared us from the dust.

5 While we have breath, or use our tongues,
Our Maker we'll adore;
His Spirit moves our heaving lungs,
Or they would breathe no more.

HYMN 74. L. M.

1 UP to the hills I lift mine eyes,
The eternal hills beyond the skies;
Thence all her help my soul derives,
There my Almighty Refuge lives.

2 He lives; the everlasting God,
That built the world, that spread the flood,
The heavens, with all their host he made,
And the dark regions of the dead.

3 He guides our feet, he guards our way;
His morning smiles adorn the day:
He spreads the evening veil, and keeps
The silent hours while Israel sleeps.

4 Israel, a name divinely blest,
May rise secure, securely rest;
Thy holy Guardian's wakeful eyes
Admit no slumber nor surprise.

5 No sun shall smite thy head by day,
Nor the pale moon, with sickly ray,
Shall blast thy couch; no baleful star
Dart his malignant fire so far.

6 Should earth and hell with malice burn,
Still thou shalt go, and still return,
Safe in the Lord; his heavenly care
Defends thy life from every snare.

7 On thee foul spirits have no power,
And in thy last departing hour,
Angels, that trace the airy road,
Shall bear thee homeward to thy God.

HYMN 75. L. M.

1 HE that has made his refuge God,
Shall find a most secure abode—
Shall walk all day beneath his shade,
And there at night shall rest his head.

2 Thrice happy man! thy Maker's care
Shall keep thee from the fowler's snare—
Satan, the tempter, who betrays
Unguarded souls a thousand ways.

3 Just as a hen protects her brood
From birds of prey, that seek their blood,
Under her feathers—so the Lord
Makes his own arm his people's guard.

4 If burning beams of noon conspire
To dart a pestilential fire,
God is their life, his wings are spread,
To shield them with a healthful shade.

5 If vapors with malignant breath
Rise thick, and scatter midnight death,
Israel is safe—the poisoned air
Grows pure, if Israel's God be there.

6 What though a thousand at thy side,
At thy right hand ten thousand died,
Thy God his chosen people saves,
Among the dead, amid the graves.

7 But if the fire, or plague, or sword,
Receive commission from the Lord
To strike his saints among the rest,
Their very pains and deaths are blest.

8 The sword, the pestilence, or fire,
Shall but fulfil their best desire—
From sins and sorrows set them free,
And bring thy children, Lord, to thee,

SOVEREIGN.

HYMN 76. 4 6s & 2 8s.

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

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

3 Through all his mighty works
Amazing wisdom shines,
Confounds the powers of hell,
And breaks their dark designs;
Strong is his arm, and shall fulfil
His great decrees and sovereign will.

4 And will this sovereign King
Of glory condescend?
And will he write his name
My Father and my Friend?
I love his name, I love his word:
Join, all my powers, to praise the Lord.

HYMN 77. C. M.

1 THE Lord, how fearful is his name!
How wide is his command;
Nature, with all her moving frame,
Rests on his mighty hand.

2 Immortal glory forms his throne,
And light his awful robe;
Whilst with a smile, or with a frown,
He manages the globe.

3 A word of his Almighty breath
Can swell or sink the seas,
Build the vast empires of the earth,
Or break them as he please.

4 Adoring angels round him fall,
In all their shining forms;
His sovereign eye looks through them all,
And pities mortal worms.

5 His bowels to our worthless race
In sweet compassion move;
He clothes his looks with softest grace,
And takes his title, Love!

HYMN 78. C. M.

1 EXTOL the Lord, the Lord most high,
King over all the earth;
Exalt his triumphs to the sky
In songs of sacred mirth.

2 Where'er the sea-ward rivers run,
His banner shall advance,
And every realm beneath the sun
Be his inheritance.

3 God is gone up with loud acclaim,
And trumpets' tuneful voice:
Sing praise, sing praises to his name;
Sing praises and rejoice.

4 Sing praises to our God; sing praise
To every creature's King;
His wondrous works, his glorious ways,
All tongues, all kindred sing.

5 God sits upon his holy throne,
God o'er the heathen reigns;
His truth through all the world is known,
That truth his throne sustains.

6 Princes around his footstool throng,
Kings in the dust adore;
Earth and her hosts to God belong;
Sing praises evermore.

HYMN 79. L. M.

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 wand'ring sheep we strayed,
He brought us to his fold again.

3 We are his people—we his care—
Our souls and all our mortal frame:
What lasting honors shall we rear,
Almighty Maker, to thy name?

4 We'll crowd thy gates with thankful songs,
High as the heavens our voices raise;
And earth, with her ten thousand tongues,
Shall fill thy courts with sounding praise.

5 Wide as the world is thy command;
Vast as eternity thy love;
Firm as a rock thy truth shall stand,
When rolling years shall cease to move.

HYMN 80. L. M.

1 THE Lord, the God of glory reigns,
In robes of majesty arrayed;
His rule Omnipotence sustains,
And guides the worlds his hands have made.

2 Ere rolling worlds began to move,
Or ere the heavens were spread abroad,
Thy awful throne was fixed above;
From everlasting thou art God.

3 The swelling floods tumultuous rise,
Aloud the angry tempests roar;
Lift their proud billows to the skies;
And foam, and lash the trembling shore.

4 The Lord, the mighty God on high,
Controls the fiercely raging seas;
He speaks—and noise and tempest fly,
The waves sink down in gentle peace.

5 Thy sovereign laws are ever sure,
Eternal holiness is thine;
And, Lord, thy people shall be pure,
And in thy blest resemblance shine.

HYMN 81. L. M.

1 THE righteous Lord, supremely great,
Maintains his universal state;
O'er all the earth his power extends;
All heaven before his footstool bends.

2 Yet justice still with power presides,
And mercy all his empire guides:
Mercy and truth are his delight,
And saints are lovely in his sight.

3 No more, ye wise! your wisdom boast;
No more, ye strong! your valor trust;
No more, ye rich! survey your store,—
Elate with heaps of shining ore.

4 Glory, ye saints, in this alone,—
That God, your God, to you is known;
That you have owned his sovereign sway,—
That you have felt his cheering ray.

5 Our wisdom, wealth, and power, we find
In our Jehovah all combined:
On him we fix our roving eyes,
And all our souls in raptures rise.

6 All else, which we our treasure call,
May in one fatal moment fall;
But what their happiness can move,
Whom God, the blessed, deigns to love?

HYMN 82. L. M.

1 TO God, the universal King,
Let all mankind their tribute bring;
All that have breath your voices raise,
In songs of never-ceasing praise.

2 The spacious earth on which we tread,
And wider heavens stretched o'er our head
A large and solemn temple frame
To celebrate its Builder's fame.

3 Here the bright sun that rules the day,
As through the sky he makes his way,
To all the world proclaims aloud
The boundless sovereignty of God.

4 When from his courts the sun retires,
And with the day his voice expires,
The moon and stars adopt the song,
And through the night the praise prolong.

5 The list'ning earth with rapture hears
The harmonious music of the spheres;
And all her tribes the notes repeat,
That God is wise, and good, and great.

6 But man, endowed with nobler powers,
His God in nobler strains adores;
His is the gift to know the song,
As well as sing with tuneful tongue.

HYMN 83. 6 8s.

1 YE subjects of the Lord, proclaim
The royal honors of his name:
Jehovah reigns! be all our song—
'Tis he, thy God, O Zion, reigns,
Prepare thy most harmonious strains,
Glad hallelujahs to prolong

2 Ye princes, boast no more your crowns
But lay the glittering trifles down
onor at his feet;
narrow empire bounds,
ond created rounds,
cient glory great.

pageants of a day,
your slaves, of brittle clay—
e dust your sceptres bend:
years he reigns,
shed pomp maintains,
and suns and time shall end.

vored Zion live—
'rate nations strive
Her sacred turrets to destroy;
Her Sovereign sits enthroned above,
And endless power and endless love
Insure her safety and her joy.

MT. PLEASANT CHURCH HYMNS

HYMN 84. 8 8s.

1 O COME, let us sing to the Lord—
In God, our salvation, rejoice,
In psalms of thanksgiving record
His praise, with one spirit, one voice;
For Jehovah is King, and he reigns,
The God of all gods, on his throne—
The strength of the hills he maintains,
The ends of the earth are his own.

HYMN 83. 6 8s.

1 YE subjects of the Lord, proclaim
The royal honors of his name:
Jehovah reigns! be all our song—
'Tis he, thy God, O Zion, reigns,
Prepare thy most harmonious strains,
Glad hallelujahs to prolong

2 Ye princes, boast no more your crowns
But lay the glittering trifles down
In lowly honor at his feet;
A span your narrow empire bounds,
He reigns beyond created rounds,
In self-sufficient glory great.

3 Tremble, ye pageants of a day,
Formed, like your slaves, of brittle clay—
Down to the dust your sceptres bend:
To everlasting years he reigns,
And undiminished pomp maintains,
When kings and suns and time shall end.

4 So shall his favored Zion live—
In vain confed'rate nations strive
Her sacred turrets to destroy;
Her Sovereign sits enthroned above,
And endless power and endless love
Insure her safety and her joy.

HYMN 84. 8 8s.

1 O COME, let us sing to the Lord—
In God, our salvation, rejoice,
In psalms of thanksgiving record
His praise, with one spirit, one voice;
For Jehovah is King, and he reigns,
The God of all gods, on his throne—
The strength of the hills he maintains,
The ends of the earth are his own.

2 The sea is Jehovah's—he made
The tide its dominion to know;
The land is Jehovah's—he laid
Its solid foundations below:
O come, let us worship, and kneel
Before our Creator, our God,
The people who serve him with zeal,
The flock whom he guides with his rod.

3 As Moses the fathers of old
Through the sea and the wilderness led,
His wonderful works to behold,
With manna from heaven are fed,
To-day let us hearken, to-day,
To the voice that yet speaks from above,
And all his commandments obey,
For all his commandments are love.

4 His wrath let us fear to provoke—
To dwell in his favor unite;
His service is freedom, his yoke
Is easy, his burden is light:
But, oh, of rebellion beware,
Rebellion, that hardens the breast,
Lest God in his anger should swear
That we shall not enter his rest.

IV. THE WORKS OF GOD.

CREATION.

HYMN 85. C. M.

1 NOW let a spacious world arise,
Said the Creator-Lord:
At once the obedient earth and skies
Rose at his sovereign word.

2 Dark was the deep; the waters lay
Confused; and drowned the land:
He called the light; the new-born day
Attends on his command.

3 He bade the clouds ascend on high:
The clouds ascend, and bear
A watery treasure to the sky,
And float on softer air.

4 The liquid element below
Was gathered by his hand;
The rolling seas together flow,
And leave the solid land.

5 With herbs and plants, a flowery birth,
The naked globe he crowned,
Ere there was rain to bless the earth,
Or sun to warm the ground.

6 Then he adorned the upper skies;
Behold, the sun appears,
The moon and stars in order rise,
To make our months and years.

7 Out of the deep the Almighty King
Did vital beings frame,
The painted fowls of every wing,
And fish of every name.

8 He gave the lion and the worm
At once their wondrous birth,
And grazing beasts, of various form,
Rose from the teeming earth.

9 Adam was framed of equal clay,
Though sovereign of the rest;
Designed for nobler ends than they
With God's own image blessed.

10 Thus glorious in the Maker's eye,
The young creation stood:
He saw the building from on high,
His word pronounced it good.

11 Lord, while the frame of nature stands,
Thy praise shall fill my tongue;
But the new world of grace demands
A more exalted song.

HYMN 86. C. M.

1 GREAT First of beings! mighty Lord
Of all this wondrous frame!
Produced by thy creating word,
The world from nothing came.

2 Thy voice sent forth the high command,
'Twas instantly obeyed;
And through thy goodness all things stand,
Which by thy power were made.

3 Lord! for thy glory—shine the whole;
They all reflect thy light:
For this—in course the planets roll
And day succeeds the night.

4 For this—the sun disperses heat
And beams of cheering day;
And distant stars, in order set,
By night thy power display.

5 For this—the earth its produce yields,
For this—the waters flow;
And blooming plants adorn the fields,
And trees aspiring grow.

6 Inspired with praise, our minds pursue
This wise and noble end—
That all we think, and all we do,
Shall to thine honor tend.

HYMN 87. C. M.

1 THE God of nature and of grace,
In all his works appears;
His goodness through the earth we trace,
His grandeur in the spheres.

2 Behold this fair and fertile globe,
By him in wisdom planned;
'Twas he who girded, like a robe
The ocean round the land.

3 Lift to the arch of heaven your eye—
Thither his path pursue;
His glory, boundless as the sky,
O'erwhelms the wondering view.

4 How excellent, O Lord, thy name,
In all creation's lines;
Spread through eternity, thy fame
With rising lustre shines.

5 These lower works that swell thy praise,
High as man's thought can tower,
Are but a portion of thy ways,
The hiding of thy power.

6 Oh, shouldst thou rend aside the veil,
And show thy dwelling-place,
The souls which thou hast made would fail—
'Twere death to see thy face.

7 Can none behold that face and live?
Yea, sinners may draw near;
The Lord is kind, and will forgive,
His love shall cast out fear.

8 Millions amidst his presence stand,
Who feel, while they adore,
Fulness of joy at his right hand,
And pleasures evermore.

HYMN 88. C. M.

1 REJOICE, ye righteous, in the Lord
This work belongs to you;
Sing of his name, his ways, his word,
How holy, just, and true.

2 His mercy and his righteousness
Let heaven and earth proclaim;
His works of nature, and of grace,
Reveal his wondrous name.

3 His word, with energy divine,
Those heavenly arches spread,
Bade starry hosts around them shine,
And light the heavens pervade.

4 He taught the swelling waves to flow
To their appointed deep—
Bade raging seas their limits know,
And still their station keep.

5 Ye tenants of the spacious earth,
With fear before him stand;
He spake, and nature took its birth,
And rests on his command.

6 He scorns the angry nations' rage,
And breaks their vain designs;
His counsel stands through every age,
And in full glory shines.

HYMN 89. L. M.

1 LOOK up, ye saints—direct your eyes
To him who dwells above the skies;
With your glad notes his praise rehearse
Who formed the mighty universe.

2 He spoke, and from the gloom of night,
At once sprang up the cheering light;
Him discord heard, and, at his nod,
Beauty awoke, and spoke the God.

3 The word he gave, the obedient sun
Began his glorious race to run;
Nor silver moon, nor stars, delay
To glide along th' ethereal way.

4 Teeming with life—air, earth, and sea
Obey the Almighty's high decree:
To every tribe he gives their food,
Then speaks the whole divinely good.

5 But to complete the wondrous plan,
From earth and dust he fashions man;
In man the last, in him the best,
The Maker's image stands confest.

6 Lord, while thy glorious works I view,
Form thou my heart and soul anew;
Here bid thy purest light to shine,
And beauty glow with charms divine!

PROVIDENCE.

HYMN 90. S. M.

1 AWAY, my needless fears,
And doubts no longer mine;
A ray of heavenly light appears,
A messenger divine.

2 Thrice comfortable hope,
That calms my troubled breast,
My Father's hand prepares the cup,
And what he wills is best.

3 If what I wish is good,
And suits the will divine;
By earth and hell in vain withstood,
I know it shall be mine.

4 Still let them counsel take,
To frustrate his decree,
They cannot keep a blessing back,
By heaven designed for me.

5 Here then I doubt no more,
But in his pleasure rest,
Whose wisdom, love, and truth, and power
Engage to make me blest.

6 To accomplish his design
The creatures all agree,
And all the attributes divine
Are now at work for me.

HYMN 91. 8 7s.

1 HAPPY man whom God doth aid!
God our souls and bodies made;
God on us in gracious showers
Blessings every moment pours;
Compasses with angel bands,
Bids them bear us in their hands;
Parents, friends 'twas God bestowed—
Life and all descend from God.

2 He this flow'ry carpet spread,
Made the earth on which we tread;
God refreshes in the air,
Covers with the clothes we wear,
Feeds us with the food we eat,
Cheers us by his light and heat,
Makes his sun on us to shine—
All our blessings are divine.

3 Give him, then, and ever give,
Thanks for all that we receive;
Man we for his kindness love—
How much more our God above!
Worthy thou, our heavenly Lord,
To be honored and adored:
God of all-creating grace,
Take the everlasting praise

HYMN 92. C. M.

1 O THOU, my light, my life, my joy,
My glory and my all!
Unsent by thee no good can come,
No evil can befall.

2 Such are thy schemes of providence,
And methods of thy grace,
That I may safely trust in thee,
Through all this wilderness.

3 'Tis thine outstretched and powerful arm
Upholds me in the way,
And thy rich bounty well supplies
The wants of every day.

4 For such compassions, O my God,
Ten thousand thanks are due;
For such compassions, I esteem
Ten thousand thanks too few.

HYMN 93. C. M.

1 GOD moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform;
He plants his footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.

2 Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never-failing skill,
He treasures up his bright designs,
And works his sovereign will.

3 Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take—
The clouds ye so much dread
Are big with mercy, and will break
In blessings on your head.

4 Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust him for his grace;
Behind a frowning providence
He hides a smiling face.

5 His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding every hour;
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flower.

6 Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan his work in vain;
God is his own interpreter,
And he will make it plain.

HYMN 94. C. M.

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 O how shall words, with equal warmth,
The gratitude declare
That glows within my ravished heart!
But thou canst read it there.

3 Thy providence my life sustained,
And all my wants redressed,
When in the silent womb I lay,
And hung upon the breast.

4 To all my weak complaints and cries
Thy mercy lent an ear,
Ere yet my feeble thoughts had learned
To form themselves in prayer.

5 Unnumbered comforts to my soul
Thy tender care bestowed,
Before my infant heart conceived
From whom those comforts flowed.

6 When in the slippery paths of youth
With heedless steps I ran,
Thine arm, unseen, conveyed me safe
And led me up to man.

7 Through hidden dangers, toils and deaths,
It gently cleared my way;
And through the pleasing snares of vice,
More to be feared than they.

8 When worn with sickness, oft hast thou
With health renewed my face;
And when in sins and sorrows sunk,
Revived my soul with grace.

9 Thy bounteous hand with worldly bliss
Has made my cup run o'er;
And in a kind and faithful friend
Has doubled all my store.

10 Ten thousand thousand precious gifts
My daily thanks employ;
Nor is the least a cheerful heart,
That tastes those gifts with joy.

11 Through every period of my life
Thy goodness I'll pursue;
And after death, in distant worlds,
The glorious theme renew.

12 When nature fails, and day and night
Divide thy works no more,
My ever grateful heart, O Lord,
Thy mercy shall adore.

13 Through all eternity, to thee
A joyful song I'll raise;
But oh! eternity's too short
To utter all thy praise.

HYMN 95. L. M.

1 'TIS wisdom, mercy, love divine,
Which mingles blessings with our c
And shall our thankless hearts repine
That we obtain not all our prayers?

2 From diffidence our sorrows flow;
Short-sighted mortals, weak and blind,
Bend down their eyes to earth and wo,
And doubt if Providence be kind.

3 Should heaven with every wish comply,
Say, would the grant relieve the care?
Perhaps the good for which we sigh
Might change its name and prove a snare.

4 Were once our vain desires subdued,
The will resigned, the heart at rest,
In every scene we should conclude
The will of heaven is right, is best.

HYMN 96. L. M.

1 GREATEST of beings, Source of life,
Sovereign of air, and earth and sea!
All nature feels thy power; but man
A grateful tribute pays to thee.

2 Subject to wants, to thee he looks,
And from thy goodness seeks supplies;
And when, oppressed with guilt, he mourns,
Thy mercy lifts him to the skies.

3 Children, whose little minds, unformed,
Ne'er raised a tender thought to heaven,
And men, whom reason lifts to God,
Though oft by passion downward driven:

4 Those, too, who bend with age and care,
And faint and tremble near the tomb,
Who, sickening at the present scenes,
Sigh for that better state to come:

5 All, great Creator, all are thine;
All feel thy providential care;
And through each varying scene of life
Alike thy constant pity share.

6 And whether grief oppress the heart,
Or whether joy elate the breast,
Or life still keep its little course,
Or death invite the heart to rest,—

7 All are thy messengers, and all
Thy sacred pleasure, Lord, obey:
And all are training man to dwell
Nearer to bliss, and nearer thee.

HYMN 97. L. M.

1 PEACE, troubled soul, thou need'st not fear!
Thy great Provider still is near;
Who fed thee last, will feed thee still;
Be calm, and sink into his will.

2 The Lord who built the earth and sky,
In mercy stoops to hear thy cry;
His promise all may freely claim,
"Ask and receive in Jesus' name."

3 His stores are open all, and free
To such as truly upright be;
Water and bread he'll give for food,
With all things else which he sees good.

4 Your sacred hairs, which are so small,
By God himself are numbered all;
This truth he's published all abroad,
That men may learn to trust the Lord.

5 The ravens daily he doth feed,
And sends them food as they have need;
Although they nothing have in store,
Yet as they lack he gives them more.

6 Then do not seek, with anxious care,
What ye shall eat, or drink, or wear;
Your heavenly Father will you feed,
He knows that all these things you need.

HYMN 98. L. M.

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 Wide as the wheels of nature roll,
Thy hand supports and guides the whole:
The sun is taught by thee to rise,
And darkness when to veil the skies.

3 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.

4 Thy hand in autumn richly pours
Through all our coasts redundant stores;
And winters, softened by thy care,
No more the face of horror wear.

5 Seasons, and months, and weeks, and days,
Demand successive songs of praise;
And be the grateful homage paid,
With morning light and evening shade.

6 Here in thy house let incense rise,
And circling Sabbaths bless our eyes,
Till to those lofty heights we soar,
Where days and years revolve no more.

HYMN 99. 6 8s.

1 THE Lord my pasture shall prepare,
And feed me with a shepherd's care;
His presence shall my wants supply,
And guard me with a watchful eye:
My noon-day walks he shall attend,
And all my midnight hours defend.

2 When in the sultry glebe I faint,
Or on the thirsty mountain pant,
To fertile vales and dewy meads
My weary wandering steps he leads,
Where peaceful rivers, soft and slow,
Amid the verdant landscape flow.

3 Though in the paths of death I tread,
With gloomy horrors overspread,
My steadfast heart shall fear no ill,
For thou, O Lord, art with me still:
Thy friendly crook shall give me aid,
And guide me through the dreadful shade.

4 Though in a bare and rugged way,
Through devious, lonely wilds I stray,
Thy bounty shall my pains beguile,
The barren wilderness shall smile,
With sudden greens and herbage crowned,
And streams shall murmur all around.

REDEMPTION.

THE LOVE OF THE FATHER.

HYMN 100. S. M.

1 RAISE your triumphant songs
To an immortal tune;
Let all the earth resound the deeds
Celestial grace has done.

2 Sing how eternal love
Its chief beloved chose,
And bade him raise our ruined 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 filled the throne,
And wrath stood silent by,
When Christ was sent with pardons down
To rebels doomed to die.

5 Now, sinners, dry your tears—
Let hopeless sorrows cease;
Bow to the sceptre of his love,
And take the offered peace.

6 Lord, we obey thy call—
We lay an humble claim
To the salvation thou hast brought,
And love and praise thy name.

HYMN 101. 7s.

1 SING, my soul, his wondrous love
Who from yon bright throne above,
Ever watchful o'er our race,
Still to man extends his grace.

2 Heaven and earth by him were made,
All is by his sceptre swayed;
What are we that he should show
So much love to us below?

3 God, the merciful and good,
Bought us with the Saviour's blood,
And, to make our safety sure,
Guides us by his Spirit pure.

4 Sing, my soul—adore his name,
Let his glory be thy theme;
Praise him till he calls thee home,
Trust his love for all to come.

HYMN 102. C. M.

1 MY grateful soul, for ever praise,
For ever love his name
Who turned thee from the fatal paths
Of folly, sin, and shame.

2 Vain and presumptuous is the trust
Which in our works we place:
Salvation from a higher source
Flows to our fallen race.

3 'Tis from the love of God, through Christ,
That all our hopes begin;
His mercy saved our souls from death,
And washed us from our sin.

4 His Spirit, through the Saviour shed,
His sacred fire imparts,
Removes our dross, and love divine
Enkindles in our hearts.

5 Thus raised from death, we live anew;
And, justified by grace,
We hope in glory to appear,
And see our Father's face.

HYMN 103. C. M.

1 INDULGENT Father, how divine,
How bright thy beauties are!
Through nature's ample round they shine,
Thy goodness to declare.

2 But in thy nobler work of grace,
What brighter mercy smiles,
In our benign Redeemer's face,
And every fear beguiles!

3 Such wonders, Lord, while we survey,
To thee our thanks shall rise,
When morning ushers in the day,
Or evening veils the skies.

4 When glimmering life resigns its flame,
Thy praise shall tune our breath;
The dear memorials of thy name
Shall gild the shades of death

5 But, oh, how sweet our song shall rise,
When freed from feeble clay,
And all thy glories meet our eyes
In one eternal day!

HYMN 104. L. M.

1 FATHER, whose everlasting love
Thy only Son for sinners gave,
Whose grace to all did freely move,
And sent him down the world to save,

2 Help us thy mercy to extol,
Immense, unfathomed, unconfined;
To praise the Lamb who died for all,
The general Saviour of mankind.

3 Thy undistinguishing regard
Was cast on Adam's fallen race:
For all thou hast in Christ prepared
Sufficient, sovereign, saving grace.

4 The world he suffered to redeem:
For all he hath the atonement made:
For those that will not come to him,
The ransom of his life was paid.

5 Why then, thou universal Love,
Should any of thy grace despair?
To all, to all thy bowels move;
But straitened in our own we are.

6 Arise, O God! maintain thy cause!
The fulness of the gentiles call:
Lift up the standard of the cross,
And all shall own Christ died for all.

HYMN 105. L. M.

1 ETERNAL depth of love divine,
In Jesus, God with us, displayed!
How bright thy beaming glories shine!
How wide thy healing streams are spread!

2 With whom dost thou delight to dwell?
Sinners—a vile and thankless race;
O God, what tongue aright can tell
How vast thy love, how great thy grace.

3 The dictates of thy sovereign will
With joy our grateful hearts receive:
All thy delight in us fulfil;
Lo! all we are to thee we give.

4 To thy sure love, thy tender care,
Our flesh, soul, spirit, we resign;
O fix thy sacred presence there,
And seal the abode for ever thine.

5 O King of glory, thy rich grace
Our feeble thought surpasses far;
Yea, e'en our crimes, though numberless,
Less numerous than thy mercies are.

6 Still, Lord, thy saving health display,
And arm our souls with heavenly zeal;
So fearless shall we urge our way
Through all the powers of earth and hell.

HYMN 106. L. M.

1 BLESS, O my soul, the living God,
Call home thy thoughts that rove abroad;
Let all the powers within me join
In work and worship so divine.

2 Bless, O my soul, the God of grace;
His favors claim thy highest praise;
Let not the wonders he hath wrought
Be lost in silence, and forgot.

3 'Tis he, my soul, that sent his Son
To die for crimes which thou hast done;
He owns the ransom—and forgives
The hourly follies of our lives.

4 Let every hand his power confess,
Let all the earth adore his grace:
My heart and tongue with rapture join
In work and worship so divine.

THE MEDIATION OF CHRIST.

CHARACTER OF CHRIST.

HYMN 107 C. M.

1 AWAKE, awake the sacred song
To our incarnate Lord;
Let every heart and every tongue
Adore the eternal Word.

2 That awful Word, that sovereign Power
By whom the worlds were made,
(O happy morn! illustrious hour!)
Was once in flesh arrayed!

3 Then shone almighty power and love,
In all their glorious forms,
When Jesus left his throne above
To dwell with sinful worms.

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

5 Adoring angels tuned their songs
To hail the joyful day;
With rapture, then, let mortal tongues
Their grateful worship pay.

6 What glory, Lord, to thee is due!
With wonder we adore;
But could we sing as angels do,
Our highest praise were poor.

HYMN 108. 8s & 7s.

1 LORD of every land and nation,
Ancient of eternal days,
Sounded through the wide creation
Be thy just and lawful praise.

2 For the grandeur of thy nature,
Grand beyond a seraph's thought,—
For created works of power,
Works with skill and kindness wrought;

3 For thy providence, that governs
Through thine empire's wide domain,
Wings an angel, guides a sparrow—
Blessed be thy gentle reign.

4 But thy rich, thy free redemption,
Dark through brightness all along—
Thought is poor, and poor expression—
Who dare sing that awful song?

5 Brightness of the Father's glory,
Shall thy praise unuttered lie?
Fly, my tongue, such guilty silence—
Sing the Lord, who came to die.

6 Did the angels sing thy coming,
Did the shepherds learn their lays?
Shame would cover me ungrateful
Should my tongue refuse to praise.

7 From the highest throne in glory
To the cross of deepest wo!
All to ransom guilty captives!
Flow, my praise, for ever flow.

8 Go, return, immortal Saviour!
Leave thy footstool, take thy throne;
Thence return, and reign for ever—
Be the kingdom all thy own.

HYMN 109. L. M.

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

2 By his own power were all things made—
By him supported all things stand;
He is the whole creation's Head,
And angels fly at his command.

3 But, lo, he leaves those heavenly forms—
The Word descends and dwells in clay,
That he may converse hold with worms,
Dressed in such feeble flesh as they.

4 The angels leave their high abode
To learn new mysteries here, and tell
The love of our descending God,
The glories of Immanuel.

HYMN 110. L. M.

1 BRIGHT King of glory, dreadful God,
Our spirits bow before thy seat—
To thee we lift an humble thought,
And worship at thine awful feet.

2 A thousand seraphs, strong and bright,
Stand round the glorious Deity;
But who amongst the sons of light
Pretends comparison with thee!

3 Yet there is one of human frame—
Jesus, arrayed in flesh and blood,
Thinks it no robbery to claim
A full equality with God.

4 Their glory shines with equal beams,
Their essence is for ever one,
Though they are known by different names,
The Father God, and God the Son.

5 Then let the name of Christ, our King,
With equal honors be adored;
His praise let every angel sing,
And all the nations own their Lord.

HYMN 111. L. M.

1 MY song shall bless the Lord of all,
My praise shall climb to his abode;
Thee, Saviour, by that name I call,
The great Supreme, the mighty God.

2 Without beginning or decline,
Object of faith and not of sense;
Eternal ages saw him shine,
He shines eternal ages hence.

3 As much, when in the manger laid,
Almighty Ruler of the sky,
As when the six days' work he made
Filled all the morning stars with joy.

4 Of all the crowns Jehovah bears,
Salvation is his dearest claim;
That gracious sound well pleased he hears,
And owns Immanuel for his name.

5 A cheerful confidence I feel,
My well-placed hopes with joy I see;
My bosom glows with heavenly zeal
To worship him who died for me.

6 As man, he pities my complaint,
His power and truth are all divine;
He will not fail, he cannot faint,
Salvation's sure, and must be mine.

PROMISE OF CHRIST.

HYMN 112. C. M.

1 HARK, the glad sound, the Saviour comes,
The Saviour promised long;
Let every heart prepare a throne,
And every voice a song.

2 On him the Spirit, largely poured,
Exerts his sacred fire;
Wisdom, and might, and zeal, and love,
His holy breast inspire.

3 He comes, the prisoners to release,
In Satan's bondage held:
The gates of brass before him burst,
The iron fetters yield.

4 He comes, from thickest films of vice
To clear the mental ray,
And on the eyes, oppressed with night,
To pour celestial day.

5 He comes, the broken heart to bind,
The wounded soul to cure,
And with the treasures of his grace,
To enrich the humble poor.

6 The sacred year has now revolved,
Accepted of the Lord,
When heaven's high promise is fulfilled,
And Israel is restored.

7 Our glad hosannas, Prince of peace!
Thy welcome shall proclaim;
And heaven's eternal arches ring
With thy beloved name.

HYMN 113. L. M.

1 TO those who fear and trust the Lord,
His mercy stands for ever sure;
From age to age his promise lives,
And the performance is secure.

2 He spake to Abraham of his seed,
"In thee shall all the earth be blessed:"
The memory of that ancient word
Lay long in his eternal breast.

3 But now no more shall Israel wait,
No more the gentiles lie forlorn;
Lo, the Desire of nations comes,
Behold! the promised Seed is born!

TYPES OF CHRIST.

HYMN 114. S. M.

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

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

3 Believing, we rejoice
To feel the curse remove;
We bless the Lamb, with cheerful voice,
And trust his bleeding love.

HYMN 115. S. M.

1 THOU, very Paschal Lamb,
Whose blood for us was shed,
Through whom we out of Egypt came,
Thy ransomed people lead.

2 Angel of gospel grace,
Fulfil thy character;
To guard and feed the chosen race,
In Israel's camp appear.

3 Throughout the desert way,
Conduct us by thy light;
Be thou a cooling cloud by day,
A cheering fire by night.

4 Our fainting souls sustain
With blessings from above;
And ever on thy people rain
The manna of thy love.

HYMN 116. C. M.

1 WHEN poison spreading through their veins,
Made Israel mourn their sin,
Eternal mercy eased their pains,
And healed the grief within.

2 A brazen serpent high was raised,
Salvation to procure;
The wounded looked, the living praised,
The dying found a cure.

3 Sinners who feel the deadly sting,
And mourn their follies past,
May now their sins and sorrows bring,
And free salvation taste.

4 See Jesus crucified and slain,
Behold him raised on high,
One look will save from endless pain,—
O look! and never die!

HYMN 117. C. M.

1 THE true Messiah now appears,
The types are all withdrawn;
So fly the shadows and the stars
Before the rising dawn.

2 No smoking sweets, nor bleeding lambs,
Nor kid, nor bullock slain;
Incense and spice of costly names,
Would all be burnt in vain.

3 He took our mortal flesh to show
The wonders of his love;
For us he paid his life below,
And prays for us above.

4 "Father," he cries, "forgive their sins,
For I myself have died;"
And then he shows his opened veins,
And pleads his wounded side.

HYMN 118. L. M.

1 O THOU, whose offering on the tree
The legal offerings all foreshowed,
Borrowed their whole effect from thee,
And drew their virtue from thy blood;

2 The blood of goats and bullocks slain
Could never for one sin atone;
To purge the guilty offerer's stain,
Thine was the work and thine alone.

3 Vain in themselves their duties were,
Their services could never please,
Till joined with thine and made to share
The merits of thy righteousness.

4 Forward they cast a faithful look
On thy approaching sacrifice;
And thence a pleasing savor took,
And rose accepted in the skies.

5 Those feeble types, and shadows old,
Are all in thee, the truth, fulfilled;
We in thy sacrifice behold
The substance of those rites revealed.

6 Thy meritorious sufferings past,
We see by faith to us brought back,
And on thy grand oblation cast,
Its saving benefits partake.

BIRTH OF CHRIST.

HYMN 119. S. M.

1 WE come with joyful song,
To hail this happy morn:
Glad tidings from an angel's tongue,
"This day is Jesus born!"

2 What transports doth his name
To sinful men afford!
His glorious titles we proclaim—
A Saviour—Christ—the Lord!

3 Glory to God on high,
All hail the happy morn:
We join the anthems of the sky,
And sing—"The Saviour's born!"

HYMN 120. 7s.

1 BRIGHT and joyful is the morn,
For to us a child is born;
From the highest realms of heaven
Unto us a Son is given.

2 On his shoulder he shall bear
Power and majesty—and wear,
On his vesture and his thigh,
Names most awful—names most high

3 Wonderful in counsel he,
Christ, the incarnate Deity,
Sire of ages, ne'er to cease,
King of kings, and Prince of peace.

4 Come and worship at his feet—
Yield to him the homage meet,
From his manger to his throne,
Homage due to God alone.

HYMN 121. 7s.

1 HARK! the herald angels sing,
"Glory to the new-born King!
Peace on earth, and mercy mild—
God and sinners reconciled!"

2 Joyful, all ye nations, rise—
Join the triumph of the skies;
With the angelic host proclaim,
"Christ is born in Bethlehem."

3 Mild, he lays his glory by,
Born, that man no more may die,
Born, to raise the sons of earth,
Born, to give them second birth

4 Veiled in flesh, the Godhead see—
Hail the incarnate Deity;
Pleased as man with men to appear,
See the great Immanuel here.

5 Hail the heaven-born Prince of peace!
Hail the Sun of righteousness!
Light and life to all he brings,
Risen with healing in his wings.

HYMN 122. C. M.

1 WHILE shepherds watched their flocks by night,
All seated on the ground,
The angel of the Lord came down,
And glory shone around.

2 "Fear not," said he, for mighty dread
Had seized their troubled mind;
"Glad tidings of great joy I bring
To you and all mankind.

3 "To you in David's town, this day,
Is born, of David's line,
The Saviour, who is Christ the Lord,
And this shall be the sign:

4 "The heavenly babe you there shall find
To human view displayed,
All meanly wrapped in swathing bands,
And in a manger laid."

5 Thus spoke the seraph, and forthwith
Appeared a shining throng
Of angels praising God on high,
And thus addressed their song:

6 "All glory be to God on high,
And to the earth be peace:
Good will, henceforth, from heaven to men,
Begin, and never cease."

HYMN 123. C. M.

1 MORTALS, awake—with angels join,
And chant the solemn lay;
Joy, love and gratitude combine
To hail the auspicious day.

2 In heaven the rapturous song began,
And sweet seraphic fire
Through all the shining legions ran,
And strung and tuned the lyre.

3 Swift through the vast expanse it flew,
And loud the echo rolled;
The theme, the song, the joy was new,
'Twas more than heaven could hold.

4 Down through the portals of the sky
The impetuous torrent ran,
And angels flew with eager joy
To bear the news to man.

5 Hark! the cherubic armies shout,
And glory leads the song;
Good will and peace are heard throughout
The harmonious heavenly throng.

6 With joy the chorus we'll repeat—
"Glory to God on high;
Good will and peace are now complete—
Jesus was born to die."

7 Hail, Prince of life! for ever hail,
Redeemer, Brother, Friend!
Though earth, and time, and life shall fail,
Thy praise shall never end.

HYMN 124. C. M.

1 THE race that long in darkness pined
Have seen a glorious light;
The people now behold the dawn
Who dwelt in death and night.

2 To hail thy rising, Sun of life,
The gathering nations come,
Joyous as when the reapers bear
Their harvest treasures home.

3 For thou our burden hast removed—
The oppressor's reign is broke;
Thy fiery conflict with the foe
Has burst his cruel yoke.

4 To us the promised child is born,
To us the Son is given;
Him shall the tribes of earth obey,
And all the hosts of heaven.

5 His name shall be the Prince of peace,
For evermore adored—
The Wonderful, the Counsellor,
The mighty God and Lord.

6 His power increasing still shall spread,
His reign no end shall know;
Justice shall guard his throne above,
And peace abound below.

HYMN 125. C. M.

1 "SHEPHERDS, rejoice—lift up your eyes,
And send your fears away;
News from the regions of the skies—
A Saviour's born to-day.

2 "Jesus, the God whom angels fear,
Comes down to dwell with you;
To-day he makes his entrance here,
But not as monarchs do.

3 "No gold, nor purple swaddling bands,
Nor royal shining things;
A manger for his cradle stands,
And holds the King of kings.

4 "Go, shepherds, where the infant lies,
And see his humble throne;
With tears of joy in all your eyes,
Go, shepherds, kiss the Son."

5 Thus Gabriel sang, and straight around
The heavenly armies throng;
They tune their harps to lofty sound,
And thus conclude the song:

6 "Glory to God, that reigns above—
Let peace surround the earth;
Mortals shall know their Maker's love,
At their Redeemer's birth."

7 Lord! and shall angels have their songs,
And men no tunes to raise?
O may we lose these useless tongues
When we forget to praise!

HYMN 126. 8s & 7s.

1 HAIL, thou long expected Jesus,
Born to set thy people free!
From our sins and fears release us,
Let us find our rest in thee.

2 Israel's strength and consolation,
Hope of all the saints thou art;
Long desired of every nation,
Joy of every waiting heart.

3 Born thy people to deliver,
Born a child—yet God our King,
Born to reign in us for ever,—
Now thy gracious kingdom bring.

4 By thine own eternal Spirit,
Rule in all our hearts alone;
By thine all-sufficient merit,
Raise us to thy glorious throne.

HYMN 127. 8s 7s & 4.

1 ANGELS! from the realms of glory,
Wing your flight o'er all the earth;
Ye, who sang creation's story,
Now proclaim Messiah's birth:
Come and worship—
Worship Christ, the new-born King.

2 Shepherds! in the field abiding,
Watching o'er your flocks by night,
God with man is now residing,
Yonder shines the heavenly light:
Come and worship—
Worship Christ, the new-born King.

3 Sages! leave your contemplations,
Brighter visions beam afar;
Seek the great Desire of nations:
Ye have seen his natal star:
Come and worship—
Worship Christ, the new-born King.

4 Saints! before the altar bending,
Watching long in hope and fear,
Suddenly the Lord, descending,
In his temple shall appear:
Come and worship—
Worship Christ, the new-born King.

5 Sinners! wrung with true repentance,
Doomed for guilt to endless pains,
Justice now revokes the sentence,
Mercy calls you—break your chains;
Come and worship—
Worship Christ, the new-born King.

HYMN 128. 11s & 10s.

1 BRIGHTEST and best of the sons of the morning,
Dawn on our darkness and lend us thine aid!
Star of the east, the horizon adorning,
Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid!

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

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

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

5 Brightest and best of the sons of the morning,
Dawn on our darkness and lend us thine aid;
Star of the east, the horizon adorning,
Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid.

LIFE OF CHRIST.

HYMN 129. 8 7s.

1 HOLY Lamb, who thee confess,
Followers of thy holiness,
Thee they ever keep in view,
Ever ask, "What shall we do?"
Governed by thy only will,
All thy words we would fulfil—
Would in all thy footsteps go,
Walk as Jesus walked below.

2 While thou didst on earth appear,
Servant to thy servants here,
Mindful of thy place above,
All thy life was prayer and love:
Such our whole employment be,
Works of faith and charity—
Works of love on man bestowed,
Secret intercourse with God.

3 Early in the temple met,
Let us still our Saviour greet—
Nightly to the mount repair,
Join our praying Pattern there—
There by wrestling faith obtain
Power to work for God again,
Power his image to retrieve,
Power like thee, our Lord, to live.

4 Vessels, instruments of grace,
Pass we thus our happy days
'Twixt the mount and multitude,
Doing or receiving good—
Glad to pray and labor on,
Till our earthly course is run,
Till we on the sacred tree
Bow the head and die like thee.

HYMN 130. C. M.

1 ABASHED be all the boast of age—
Be hoary learning dumb;
Expounder of the mystic page,
Behold an infant come!

2 Oh, Wisdom, whose unfading power
Beside the Eternal stood,
To frame in nature's earliest hour
The land, the sky, the flood,—

3 Yet didst not thou disdain awhile
An infant form to wear—
To bless thy mother with a smile,
And lisp thy faltered prayer.

4 But in thy Father's own abode,
With Israel's elders 'round,
Conversing high with Israel's God,
Thy chiefest joy was found.

5 So may our youth adore thy name—
And, Saviour, deign to bless
With fostering grace the timid flame
Of early holiness.

HYMN 131. C. M.

1 IN duties and in sufferings too,
Thy path, my Lord, I'd trace;
As thou hast done, so would I do,
Depending on thy grace.

2 Inflamed with zeal, 'twas thy delight
To do thy Father's will;
O may that zeal my soul excite,
Thy precepts to fulfil.

3 Meekness, humility, and love
Through all thy conduct shine;
O may my whole deportment prove
A copy, Lord, of thine.

HYMN 132. C. M.

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

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

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

4 'Midst keen reproach and cruel scorn,
Patient and meek he stood:
His foes, ungrateful, sought his life—
He labored for their good.

5 To God he left his righteous cause,
And still his task pursued,
While humble prayer and holy faith
His fainting strength renewed.

6 In the last hours of deep distress,
Before his Father's throne,
With soul resigned he bowed and said,
"Thy will, not mine, be done."

7 Be Christ our pattern and our guide;
His image may we bear:
O may we tread his holy steps,
His joy and glory share!

HYMN 133. C. M.

1 JESUS, and didst thou condescend,
When veiled in human clay,
To heal the sick, the lame, the blind,
And drive disease away?

2 Didst thou regard the beggar's cry,
And give the blind to see?
Jesus, thou Son of David, hear—
Have mercy too on me!

3 And didst thou pity mortal wo,
And sight and health restore?
O pity, Lord, and save my soul,
Which needs thy mercy more?

4 Didst thou thy trembling servant raise,
When sinking in the wave?
I perish, Lord!—oh, save my soul!
For thou alone canst save.

HYMN 134. L. M.

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.

HYMN 135 L. M.

1 AND is the gospel peace and love?
So let our conversation be;
The serpent blended with the dove,
Wisdom and meek simplicity.

2 Whene'er the angry passions rise,
And tempt our thoughts or tongues to strife,
On Jesus let us fix our eyes,
Bright Pattern of the Christian life!

3 O how benevolent and kind!
How mild! how ready to forgive!
Be his the temper of our mind,
And his the rule by which we live.

4 To do his heavenly Father's will,
Was his employment and delight;
Humility and holy zeal
Shone through his life divinely bright

5 Dispensing good where'er he came,
The labors of his life were love;
If then we love our Saviour's name,
By his example let us move.

HYMN 136. L. M.

1 MY dear Redeemer, and my Lord,
I read my duty in thy word;
But in thy life the law appears
Drawn out in living characters.

2 Such was thy truth, and such thy zeal,
Such deference to thy Father's will,
Such love—and meekness so divine,
I would transcribe, and make them mine.

3 Cold mountains and the midnight air
Witnessed the fervor of thy prayer;
The deserts thy temptations knew,
Thy conflict, and thy victory too.

4 Be thou my pattern—make me bear
More of thy gracious image here;
Then God, the Judge, shall own my name
Among the followers of the Lamb.

HYMN 137. L. M.

1 WHEN at a distance, Lord, we trace
The various glories of thy face,
What transport pours o'er all our breast,
And charms our cares and woes to rest!

2 With thee, in the obscurest cell,
On some bleak mountain would I dwell,
Rather than pompous courts behold,
And share their grandeur and their gold.

3 Away, ye dreams of mortal joy;
Raptures divine my thoughts employ;
I see the King of glory shine,
And feel his love, and call him mine.

4 On Tabor thus his servants viewed
His lustre, when transformed he stood;
And, bidding earthly scenes farewell,
Cried, "Lord, 'tis pleasant here to dwell."

5 Yet still our elevated eyes
To nobler visions long to rise;
That grand assembly would we join,
Where all thy saints around thee shine.

6 That mount, how bright! those forms, how fair!
'Tis good to dwell for ever there!
Come, death, dear envoy of my God,
And bear me to that blest abode.

HYMN 138. L. M.

1 "FATHER divine," the Saviour cried,
While horrors pressed on every side,
And prostrate on the ground he lay,
"Remove this bitter cup away.

2 "But if these pangs must still be borne,
And stripes and wounds and cruel scorn,
I bow my soul before thy throne,
And say, thy will, not mine, be done."

3 Thus our submissive souls would bow,
And, taught by Jesus, lie as low;
Our hearts, and not our lips alone,
Would say, "Thy will, not ours, be done."

4 Then, though like him in dust we lie,
We'll view the blissful moment nigh
Which, from our portion in his pains,
Calls to the joy in which he reigns.

DEATH OF CHRIST.

HYMN 139. C. M.

1 BEHOLD the Saviour of mankind
Nailed to the shameful tree;
How vast the love that him inclined
To bleed and die for thee.

2 Hark how he groans, while nature shakes,
And earth's strong pillars bend;
The temple's veil in sunder breaks,
The solid marbles rend.

3 'Tis done! the precious ransom's paid!
"Receive my soul," he cries:
See where he bows his sacred head—
He bows his head, and dies.

4 But soon he'll break death's envious chain,
And in full glory shine:
O Lamb of God, was ever pain,
Was ever love like thine!

HYMN 140. C. M.

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 have done
He groaned upon the tree?
Amazing pity! grace unknown!
And love beyond degree!

3 Well might the sun in darkness hide,
And shut his glories in,
When Christ, the great Redeemer, died
For man the creature's sin.

4 Thus might I hide my blushing face,
When his dear cross appears—
Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,
And melt mine eyes to tears.

5 But drops of grief can ne'er repay
The debt of love I owe:
Here, Lord, I give myself away—
'Tis all that I can do.

HYMN 141. C. M.

1 PLUNGED in a gulf of dark despair
We wretched sinners lay,
Without one cheering 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 O for this love let rocks and hills
Their lasting silence break!
And all harmonious human tongues
Their 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!

HYMN 142. C. M.

1 IN vain we seek for peace with God
By methods of our own:
Blest Saviour, nothing but thy blood
Can bring us near the throne.

2 The threat'nings of thy broken law
Impress the soul with dread:
If God his sword of vengeance draw,
It strikes the spirit dead.

3 But thy atoning sacrifice
Hath answered all demands;
And peace and pardon from the skies
Come to us by thy hands.

4 'Tis by thy death we live, O Lord!
'Tis on thy cross we rest;
For ever be thy love adored,
Thy name for ever blest.

HYMN 143. 8 7s & 1 4

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!—O, what pleasure
Do these precious words afford!
Heavenly blessings, without measure,
Flow to us from Christ, the Lord:
It is finished!—
Saints, the dying words record!

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

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

HYMN 144. L. M.

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 cross of Christ, my God:
All the vain things that charm me most
I sacrifice them to his blood.

3 See from his head, his hands, his feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down!
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet?
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

4 Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a tribute far too small;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my life, my soul, my all.

HYMN 145. L. M.

1 YE that pass by, behold the man!
The man of grief, condemned for you,
The Lamb of God, for sinners slain!
Weeping, to Calvary pursue.

2 His sacred limbs they stretch, they tear,
With nails they fasten to the wood—
His sacred limbs—exposed and bare,
Or only covered with his blood.

3 See there! his temples crowned with thorn,
His bleeding hands extended wide,
His streaming feet transfixed and torn,
The fountain gushing from his side.

4 Thou dear, thou suffering Son of God,
How doth thy heart to sinners move!
Sprinkle on us thy precious blood,
And melt us with thy dying love!

5 At thy last gasp, the graves displayed
Their horrors to the upper skies;
O that our souls might burst the shade,
And, quickened by thy death, arise!

6 The rocks could feel thy powerful death,
And tremble, and asunder part;
O rend, with thy expiring breath,
The harder marble of our heart!

HYMN 146. L. M.

1 STRETCHED on the cross, the Saviour dies;
Hark! his expiring groans arise:
See from his hands, his feet, his side,
Runs down the sacred crimson tide.

2 But life attends the deathful sound,
And flows from every bleeding wound;
The vital stream—how free it flows,
To save and cleanse his rebel foes!

3 Can I survey this scene of wo,
Where mingling grief and wonder flow,
And yet my heart unmoved remain,
Insensible to love, or pain?

4 Come, blessed Lord, thy grace impart,
To warm this cold, this stupid heart!
Till all its powers and passions move
In melting grief, and ardent love.

HYMN 147. L. M.

1 OF him who did salvation bring
I could for ever think and sing;
Arise, ye needy, he'll relieve;
Arise, ye guilty, he'll forgive.

2 Ask but his grace, and, lo, 'tis given!
Ask, and he turns your hell to heaven:
Though sin and sorrow wound my soul,
Jesus, thy balm will make it whole.

3 To shame our sins, he blushed in blood,
He closed his eyes to show us God;
Let all the world fall down and know
That none but God such love can show.

4 'Tis thee I love, for thee alone
I shed my tears and make my moan:
Where'er I am, where'er I move,
I meet the object of my love.

5 Insatiate to this Spring I fly;
I drink, and yet am ever dry;
Ah! who against thy charms is proof?
Ah! who that loves can love enough?

HYMN 148. L. M.

1 'TIS finished! so the Saviour cried,
And meekly bowed his head and died;
'Tis finished—yes, the work is done,
The battle fought, the victory won.

2 'Tis finished!—all that heaven decreed,
And all the ancient prophets said,
Is now fulfilled, as long designed,
In me, the Saviour of mankind.

3 'Tis finished!—Aaron now no more
Must stain his robes with purple gore;
The sacred veil is rent in twain,
And Jewish rites no more remain.

4 'Tis finished!—this, my dying groan,
Shall sins of every kind atone;
Millions shall be redeemed from death
By this, my last expiring breath.

5 'Tis finished!—heaven is reconciled,
And all the powers of darkness spoiled:
Peace, love, and happiness again
Return and dwell with sinful men.

6 'Tis finished!—let the joyful sound
Be heard through all the nations 'round;
'Tis finished!—let the echo fly
Thro' heaven and hell, thro' earth and sky.

RESURRECTION OF CHRIST.

HYMN 149. P. M.

1 YES, the Redeemer rose,
The Saviour left the dead,
And o'er our hellish foes
High raised his conquering head;
In wild dismay
The guards around
Fall to the ground
And sink away.

2 Lo, the angelic bands
In full assembly meet,
To wait his high commands,
And worship at his feet:

Joyful they come
And wing their way
From realms of day
To Jesus' tomb.

3 Now back to heaven they fly,
The joyful news to bear;
Hark! as they soar on high,
What music fills the air.
Their anthems say,
"Jesus, who bled,
Hath left the dead—
He rose to-day."

4 Ye mortals, catch the sound—
Redeemed by him from hell,
And send the echo round
The globe on which you dwell;
Transported cry,
"Jesus, who bled,
Hath left the dead,
No more to die."

5 All hail, triumphant Lord,
Who sav'st us with thy blood!
Wide be thy name adored,
Thou rising, reigning God!
With thee we rise,
With thee we reign,
And empires gain
Beyond the skies.

HYMN 150. S. M.

1 "THE Lord is risen indeed:"
And are the tidings true?
Yes, we beheld the Saviour bleed,
And saw him living too.

2 "The Lord is risen indeed:"
Then justice asks no more;
Mercy and truth are now agreed,
Who stood opposed before.

3 "The Lord is risen indeed:"
Then is his work performed;
The captive surety now is freed,
And death, our foe, disarmed.

4 "The Lord is risen indeed:"
Then hell has lost his prey;
With him is risen the ransomed seed,
To reign in endless day.

5 "The Lord is risen indeed:"
Attending angels hear,
Up to the courts of heaven, with speed,
The joyful tidings bear.

6 Then take your golden lyres,
And strike each cheerful chord;
Join all the bright celestial choirs,
To sing our risen Lord.

HYMN 151. 7s.

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

2 Love's redeeming work is done;
Fought the fight, the battle won;
Lo! the sun's eclipse is o'er;
Lo! he sets in blood no more!

3 Vain the stone, the watch, the seal,—
Christ hath burst the gates of hell:
Death in vain forbids his rise;
Christ hath opened Paradise.

4 Lives again our glorious King!
Where, O death, is now thy sting?
Once he died our souls to save;
Where's thy victory, boasting grave?

5 Soar we now where Christ hath led,
Following our exalted Head;
Made like him, like him we rise,
Ours the cross, the grave, the skies.

6 King of glory! Soul of bliss!
Everlasting life is this—
Thee to know, thy power to prove,
Thus to sing, and thus to love.

HYMN 152. 7s.

1 LO, the stone is rolled away!
Death yields up his mighty prey;
Jesus, rising from the tomb,
Scatters all its fearful gloom.

2 Praise him, ye celestial choirs,
Praise, and sweep your golden lyres!
Praise him in the noblest songs,
From ten thousand thousand tongues.

3 Every note with rapture swell,
And the Saviour's triumph tell;
Where, O death! is now thy sting?
Where thy terrors, vanquished king?

4 Let Immanuel be adored,
Ransom, Mediator, Lord!
To creation's utmost bound
Let the eternal praise resound.

HYMN 153. C. M.

1 YE humble souls that seek the Lord,
Cast all your fears away;
And bow with rapture down to see
The place where Jesus lay.

2 Thus low the Lord of life was brought—
Such wonders love can do:
Thus cold in death that bosom lay
Which throbbed and bled for you.

3 But raise your eyes, and tune your songs,—
The Saviour lives again;
Not all the bolts and bars of death
The Conqueror could detain.

4 High o'er the angelic bands he rears
His once-dishonored head;
And through unnumbered years he reigns
Who dwelt among the dead.

5 With joy like his shall every saint
His vacant tomb survey—
Then rise with his ascending Lord
To realms of endless day.

HYMN 154. C. M.

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 triumph 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.

HYMN 155. C. M.

1 THE Lord of Sabbath let us praise,
In concert with the blest,
Who joyful in harmonious lays
Employ an endless rest.

2 Thus, Lord, while we remember thee,
We blest and pious grow:
By hymns of praise we learn to be
Triumphant here below.

3 On this glad day a brighter scene
Of glory was displayed
By God, the eternal Word, than when
This universe was made.

4 He rises, who mankind has bought
With grief and pain extreme:
'Twas great to speak the world from naught,
'Twas greater to redeem.

5 Alone the dreadful race he ran,
Alone the wine-press trod;
He dies and suffers as a man—
He rises as a God.

6 The Sun of righteousness appears,
To set in blood no more;
Adore the scatterer of your fears—
Your rising Sun adore.

HYMN 156. L. M.

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

2 Come, saints, and drop a tear or two
For him who groaned beneath your load;
He shed a thousand drops for you,
A thousand drops of richer blood!

3 Here's love and grief beyond degree:
The Lord of glory dies for men!
But lo! what sudden joys we see!
Jesus, the dead, revives again.

4 The rising God forsakes the tomb:
In vain the tomb forbids his rise:
Cherubic legions guard him home,
And shout him welcome to the skies.

5 Break off your tears, ye saints, and tell
How high our great Deliverer reigns,
Sing, how he spoiled the hosts of hell,
And led the monster death in chains.

6 Say: "Live for ever, wondrous King!
Born to redeem, and strong to save!"
Then ask the monster: "Where's thy sting?
And where's thy victory, boasting grave?"

HYMN 157. L. M.

1 WHEN I the lonely grave survey,
Where once my Saviour deigned to lie,
I see fulfilled what prophets say,
And all the power of death defy.

2 This empty tomb shall now proclaim
How weak the bands of conquered death;
Sweet pledge!—that all who trust his name
Shall rise, and draw immortal breath!

3 Jesus, once numbered with the dead,
Unseals his eyes to sleep no more;
And ever lives their cause to plead,
For whom the pains of death he bore.

4 Thy risen Lord, my soul, behold!
See the rich diadem he wears!
Thou too shalt bear a harp of gold,
To crown thy joy when he appears.

5 Though in the dust I lay my head,
Yet, gracious God, thou wilt not leave
My flesh for ever with the dead,
Nor lose thy children in the grave.

HYMN 158. L. M.

1 COME, see the place where Jesus lay,
For he hath left his gloomy bed!
What angel rolled the stone away?
What spirit brought him from the dead?

2 By his Omnipotence he rose,
By his own Spirit lived again,
To crush for ever all his foes,
To raise for ever ruined men.

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

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

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

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

ASCENSION OF CHRIST.

HYMN 159. 5 7s & 3 6s.

1 FATHER, God, we glorify
Thy love to Adam's seed;
Love that gave thy Son to die,
And raised him from the dead;
Him for our offences slain,
That we all might pardon find,
Thou hast brought to life again,
The Saviour of mankind.

2 By thy own right hand of power
Thou hast exalted him,
Sent the mighty Conqueror
The people to redeem:
King of saints, and Prince of peace,
Him thou hast for sinners given,
Sinners from their sins to bless,
And lift them up to heaven.

3 Father, God, to us impart
The gift unspeakable;
Now in every waiting heart
Thy glorious Son reveal:
Quickened with our living Lord,
Let us in thy Spirit rise,
Rise to all thy life restored,
And bless thee in the skies.

HYMN 160. 7s.

1 HAIL the day that sees him rise,
Ravished from our wishful eyes!
Christ, awhile to mortals given,
Re-ascends his native heaven.

2 There the pompous triumph waits:
"Lift your heads, eternal gates;
Wide unfold the radiant scene;
Take the King of glory in!"

3 Circled round with angel powers,
Their triumphant Lord, and ours,
Conqueror over death and sin;
Take the King of glory in!

4 Him though highest heaven receives,
Still he loves the earth he leaves;
Though returning to his throne,
Still he calls mankind his own.

5 See, he lifts his hands above!
See, he shows the prints of love!
Hark! his gracious lips bestow
Blessings on his church below.

6 Still for us his death he pleads;
Prevalent he intercedes;
Near himself prepares our place,
Harbinger of human race.

7 Master,—will we ever say,—
Taken from our Head to-day,
See thy faithful servants, see,
Ever gazing up to thee.

8 Grant, though parted from our sight,
High above yon azure height,
Grant our hearts may thither rise,
Following thee beyond the skies.

9 Ever upward let us move,
Wafted on the wings of love;
Looking when our Lord shall come,
Longing, gasping after home.

10 There we shall with thee remain;
Partners of thy endless reign:
There thy face, unclouded see,
Find our heaven of heavens in thee.

HYMN 161. 8 7s.

1 "WIDE, ye heavenly gates, unfold,
Closed no more by death and sin;
Lo, the conquering Lord behold—
Let the King of glory in."
Hark, the angelic host inquire,
"Who is he, the almighty King?"
Hark, again, the answering choir
Thus in strains of triumph sing:

2 "He whose powerful arm alone
On his foes destruction hurled—
He who hath the victory won—
He who saved a ruined world—
He who God's pure law fulfilled—
Jesus, the incarnate Word—
He whose truth with blood was sealed—
He is heaven's all-glorious Lord."

3 "Who shall to this blest abode
Follow in the Saviour's train?"
"They who in his cleansing blood
Wash away each guilty stain—
They whose daily actions prove
Steadfast faith and holy fear,
Fervent zeal, and grateful love—
They shall dwell for ever here."

HYMN 162. L. M.

1 OUR Lord is risen from the dead—
Our Jesus is gone up on high;
The powers of hell are captive led,
Dragged to the portals of the sky;
There his triumphant chariot waits,
And angels chant the solemn lay:
"Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates!
Ye everlasting doors, give way!

2 "Loose all your bars of massy light,
And wide unfold the ethereal scene;
He claims these mansions as his right,
Receive the King of glory in!"
"Who is the King of glory?"—"Who?
The Lord that all our foes o'ercame;
The world, sin, death, and hell o'erthrew;
And Jesus is the Conqueror's name."

3 Lo! his triumphal chariot waits,
And angels chant the solemn lay;
"Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates!
Ye everlasting doors, give way!"
"Who is the King of glory?"—"Who?
The Lord of glorious power possessed;
The King of saints, and angels too;
God over all, for ever blessed!"

HYMN 163. L. M.

1 LORD, when thou didst ascend on high,
Ten thousand angels filled the sky;
Those heavenly guards around thee wait,
Like chariots that attend thy state.

2 Not Sinai's mountain could appear
More glorious when the Lord was there,
While he pronounced his holy law,
And struck the chosen tribes with awe.

3 How bright the triumph none can tell,
When the rebellious powers of hell,
That thousand souls had captive made,
Were all in chains like captives led.

4 Raised by his Father to the throne,
He sent his promised Spirit down,
With gifts and grace for rebel men,
That God might dwell on earth again.

INTERCESSION OF CHRIST.

HYMN 164. 4 6s & 2 8s.

1 ARISE, my soul, arise,
Shake off thy guilty fears;
The bleeding Sacrifice
In my behalf appears;
Before the throne my Surety stands,
My name is written on his hands.

2 He ever lives above,
For me to intercede,
His all-redeeming love,
His precious blood to plead;
His blood atoned for all our race,
And sprinkles now the throne of grace.

3 Five bleeding wounds he bears,
Received on Calvary;
They pour effectual prayers,
They strongly speak for me;
Forgive him, O forgive! they cry,
Nor let the ransomed sinner die.

4 The Father hears him pray,
His dear anointed One;
He cannot turn away
The presence of his Son;
His Spirit answers to the blood,
And tells me I am born of God.

5 My God is reconciled,
His pardoning voice I hear;
He owns me for his child,
I can no longer fear;
With confidence I now draw nigh,
And Father, Abba, Father, cry.

HYMN 165. 7s 6s & 18.

1 COMING through our great High-Priest,
We find a pardoning God:
Jesus' Spirit in our breast
Bears witness with his blood,
Speaks our Father pacified
T'ward every soul that Christ receives;
Tells us, once our Surety died,
And now for ever lives.

2 Christ for ever lives to pray
For all that trust in him;
I my soul on Jesus stay,
Almighty to redeem:
He shall purify my heart,
Who in his blood forgiveness have,
All his hallowing power exert,
And to the utmost save.

3 Basis of our steadfast hope,
Saviour, thy ceaseless prayer
Sanctifies and lifts us up
To meet thee in the air;
Yes, thine interceding grace
Preserves us every moment thine,
Till we rise to see thy face,
And share the throne divine.

HYMN 166. C. M.

1 JESUS, by his own precious blood,
Ascends above the skies,
And in the presence of our God
Shows his own sacrifice.

2 He ever lives to intercede,
By virtue of his blood,
And ceases not for all to plead,
Who come by him to God.

HYMN 167. C. M.

1 OFT hast thou, Lord, in tender love,
Prevented my request,
And sent thy Spirit from above,
An unexpected guest:

2 Oft when my prayer was scarce begun,
Thou didst thy grace impart,
And make thy pardoning mercy known,
And seal it on my heart.

3 Why this profusion of thy grace
On such a worm as me?
Father, I ask in fixed amaze,
Explain the mystery.

4 How canst thou to a sinner's cry
Incline thy pitying ear?
Thou hear'st mine Advocate on high,
And will for ever hear.

HYMN 168. 8s & 7s.

1 HAIL, thou once despised Jesus!
Hail, thou everlasting King!
Thou didst suffer to release us;
Thou didst free salvation bring.
Hail, thou agonizing Saviour,
Bearer of our sin and shame!
By thy merits we find favor;
Life is given through thy name.

2 Paschal Lamb, by God appointed,
All our sins on thee were laid;
By almighty love anointed,
Thou hast full atonement made:
All thy people are forgiven,
Through the virtue of thy blood;
Opened is the gate of heaven:
Peace is made 'twixt man and God.

3 Jesus, hail! enthroned in glory,
There for ever to abide;
All the heavenly host adore thee,
Seated at thy Father's side:
There for sinners thou art pleading,
There thou dost our place prepare;
Ever for us interceding
Till in glory we appear.

4 Worship, honor, power, and blessing,
Thou art worthy to receive:
Loudest praises, without ceasing,
Meet it is for us to give:
Help, ye bright angelic spirits!
Bring your sweetest, noblest lays;
Help to sing our Saviour's merits,
Help to chant Immanuel's praise.

HYMN 169. L. M.

1 HE lives—the great Redeemer lives!
What joy the blest assurance gives!
And now, before his Father God,
He pleads the merit of his blood.

2 Repeated crimes awake our fears,
And justice armed with frowns appears;
But in the Saviour's lovely face
Sweet mercy smiles—and all is peace.

3 Hence, then, ye black, despairing thoughts
Above our fears, above our faults,
His powerful intercessions rise,
And guilt recedes—and terror dies.

4 In every dark, distressful hour,
When sin and Satan join their power,
Let this dear hope repel the dart—
That Jesus bears us on his heart.

3 Great Advocate, Almighty Friend!
On thee our humble hopes depend;
Our cause can never, never fail,
For thou dost plead, and must prevail.

REIGN OF CHRIST.

HYMN 170. 4 6s & 2 8s.

1 REJOICE, the Lord is King:
Your Lord and King adore;
Mortals, give thanks and sing,
And triumph evermore;
Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice,
Rejoice, again I say, rejoice.

2 Jesus, the Saviour, reigns,
The God of truth and love,
When he had purged our stains,
He took his seat above;—&c.

3 His kindness cannot fail;
He rules o'er earth and heaven;
The keys of death and hell
Are to our Jesus given;—&c.

4 He sits at God's right hand
Till all his foes submit
And bow to his command,
And fall beneath his feet;—&c.

5 He all his foes shall quell,
Shall all our sins destroy,
And every bosom swell
With pure seraphic joy;—&c.

6 Rejoice in glorious hope,
Jesus the judge shall come
And take his servants up
To their eternal home;
We soon shall hear the archangel's voice,
The trump of God shall sound, Rejoice!

HYMN 171. 4 6s & 2 8s.

1 GOD is gone up on high,
With a triumphant noise;
The clarions of the sky
Proclaim the angelic joys!
Join all on earth, rejoice and sing,
Glory ascribe to glory's King.

2 God in the flesh below,
For us he reigns above;
Let all the nations know
Our Jesus' conquering love!
Join all on earth, rejoice and sing;
Glory ascribe to glory's King.

3 All power to our great Lord
Is by the Father given:
By angel hosts adored,
He reigns supreme in heaven!
Join all on earth, rejoice and sing;
Glory ascribe to glory's King.

4 High on his holy seat,
He bears the righteous sway;
His foes beneath his feet
Shall sink and die away:
Join all on earth, rejoice and sing;
Glory ascribe to glory's King.

5 His foes and ours are one,
Satan, the world, and sin;
But he shall tread them down,
And bring his kingdom in:
Join all on earth, rejoice and sing;
Glory ascribe to glory's King.

6 Till all the earth, renewed
In righteousness divine,
With all the hosts of God
In one great chorus join,
Join all on earth, rejoice and sing;
Glory ascribe to glory's King.

HYMN 172. P. M.

1 MY heart and voice I raise,
To spread Messiah's praise;
Messiah's praise let all repeat;
The universal Lord,
By whose Almighty word
Creation rose in form complete.

2 A servant's form he wore,
And in his body bore
Our dreadful curse on Calvary:
He like a victim stood,
And poured his sacred blood,
To set the guilty captives free.

3 But soon the Victor rose
Triumphant o'er his foes,
And led the vanquished host in chains:
He threw their empire down,
His foes compelled to own,
O'er all the great Messiah reigns.

4 With mercy's mildest grace,
He governs all our race
In wisdom, righteousness, and love:
Who to Messiah fly
Shall find redemption nigh,
And all his great salvation prove.

5 Hail, Saviour, Prince of peace!
Thy kingdom shall increase,
Till all the world thy glory see,
And righteousness abound,
As the great deep profound,
And fill the earth with purity.

HYMN 173. P. M.

1 JERUSALEM divine,
When shall I call thee mine?

And to thy holy hill attain,
Where weary pilgrims rest,
And in thy glories blest,
With God Messiah ever reign?

2 There saints and angels join
In fellowship divine,
And rapture swells the solemn lay,
While all with one accord
Adore their glorious Lord,
And shout his praise in endless day.

3 May I but find the grace
To fill an humble place
In that inheritance above;
My tuneful voice I'll raise
In songs of loudest praise,
To spread thy fame, redeeming Love.

4 Reign, true Messiah, reign!
Thy kingdom shall remain
When stars and sun no more shall shine:
Mysterious Deity,
Who ne'er began to be,
To sound thy endless praise be mine.

HYMN 174. 7s.

1 EARTH, rejoice, our Lord is King!
Sons of men, his praises sing;
Sing ye in triumphant strains,
Jesus, our Messiah, reigns!

2 Power is all to Jesus given,
Lord of hell, and earth and heaven;
Every knee to him shall bow;
Satan, hear, and tremble now!

3 Angels and archangels join,
All triumphantly combine;
All in Jesus' praise agree,
Carrying on his victory.

4 Though the sons of night blaspheme,
More there are with us than them:
God with us, we cannot fear;
Fear, ye fiends, for Christ is here!

5 Lo! to faith's enlightened sight
All the mountain flames with light;
Hell is nigh, but God is nigher,
Circling us with hosts of fire.

6 Our Messias is come down,
Claims the nations for his own,
Bids them stand before his face,
Triumph in his saving grace.

HYMN 175. C. M.

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

2 "Worthy the Lamb that died," they cry,
"To be exalted thus!"
"Worthy the Lamb!" our hearts reply,
"For he was slain for us."

3 Jesus is worthy to receive
Honor and power divine;
And blessings more than we can give,
Be, Lord, for ever thine.

4 The whole creation join in one,
To bless the sacred name
Of Him that sits upon the throne,
And to adore the Lamb.

HYMN 176. C. M.

1 O THE delights, the heavenly joys,
The glories of the place
Where Jesus sheds the brightest beams
Of his o'erflowing grace!

2 Princes to his imperial name
Bend their bright sceptres down;
Dominions, thrones, and powers rejoice
To see him wear the crown.

3 Archangels sound his lofty praise
Through every heavenly street,
And lay their highest honors down,
Submissive at his feet.

4 While angels shout and praise their King,
Let mortals learn their strains:
Let all the earth his honors sing,—
O'er all the earth he reigns.

5 Now to the Lamb that once was slain
Be endless blessings paid;
Salvation, glory, joy remain
For ever on thy head!

6 Thou hast redeemed our souls with blood,
Hast set the prisoners free,
Hast made us kings and priests to God,
And we shall reign with thee.

HYMN 177 C. M.

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;
Praise him who shed for you his blood,
And crown him Lord of all.

3 Ye chosen seed of Israel's race,
A remnant weak and small,
Hail him who saves you by his grace,
And crown him Lord of all.

4 Ye gentile sinners, ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall;
Go spread your trophies at his feet,
And crown him Lord of all.

5 Let every kindred, every tribe
On this terrestrial ball,
To him all majesty ascribe,
And crown him Lord of all.

6 O that with yonder sacred throng
We at his feet may fall—
There join the everlasting song,
And crown him Lord of all.

HYMN 178. L. M.

1 NOW let us raise our cheerful strains,
And join the blissful choir above;
There our exalted Saviour reigns,
And there they sing his wondrous love.

2 While seraphs tune the immortal song,
O may we feel the sacred flame,
And every heart and every tongue
Adore the Saviour's glorious name.

3 Jesus, who once upon the tree
In agonizing pains expired—
Who died for rebels—yes, 'tis he!
How bright! how lovely! how admired!

4 Jesus, who died that we might live—
Died in the wretched traitor's place!
Oh, what returns can mortals give
For such immeasurable grace!

5 Were universal nature ours,
And art with all her boasted store,
Nature and art, with all their powers,
Would still confess the offering poor.

6 Yet, though for bounty so divine
We ne'er can equal honors raise,
Jesus, may all our hearts be thine,
And all our tongues proclaim thy praise.

HYMN 179. L. M.

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

2 From north to south the princes meet
To pay their homage at his feet,
While western empires own their Lord,
And savage tribes attend his word.

3 To him shall endless prayer be made,
And endless praises crown his head;
His name like sweet perfume shall rise
With every morning sacrifice.

4 People and realms of every tongue,
Dwell on his love with sweetest song;
And infant voices shall proclaim
Their early blessings on his name.

HYMN 180. 6 8s.

1 MY heart is full of Christ, and longs
Its glorious matter to declare;
Of him I make my loftier songs—
I cannot from his praise forbear;
My ready tongue makes haste to sing
The glories of my heavenly King.

2 Fairer than all the earth-born race,
Perfect in comeliness thou art;
Replenished are thy lips with grace,
And full of love thy tender heart:
God ever blest, we bow the knee,
And own all fulness dwells in thee.

3 Gird on thy thigh the Spirit's sword,
And take to thee thy power divine;
Stir up thy strength, Almighty Lord,
All power and majesty are thine:
Assert thy worship and renown;
O all-redeeming God, come down!

4 Come, and maintain thy righteous cause,
And let thy glorious toil succeed;
Dispread the victory of thy cross,
Ride on, and prosper in thy deed;
Through earth triumphantly ride on,
And reign in every heart alone.

SECOND COMING OF CHRIST.

HYMN 181. 4 6s & 2 8s.

1 YE virgin souls, arise,
With all the dead awake!
Unto salvation wise,
Oil in your vessels take;
Upstarting at the midnight cry,
"Behold the heavenly Bridegroom nigh."

2 He comes, he comes, to call
The nations to his bar,
And raise to glory all
Who fit for glory are:
Make ready for your full reward,
Go forth with joy to meet your Lord.

3 Go, meet him in the sky,
Your everlasting Friend:
Your Head to glorify,
With all his saints ascend:
Ye pure in heart, obtain the grace
To see, without a veil, his face!

4 Ye that have here received
The unction from above,
And in his Spirit lived,
Obedient to his love,
Jesus shall claim you for his bride:
Rejoice with all the sanctified!

5 The everlasting doors
Shall soon the saints receive,
Above yon angel powers
In glorious joy to live,
Far from a world of grief and sin,
With God eternally shut in.

6 Then let us wait to hear
The trumpet's welcome sound;
To see our Lord appear,
Watching let us be found;
When Jesus doth the heavens bow,
Be found—as, Lord, thou find'st us now!

HYMN 182. 7s.

1 COME, Desire of nations, come!
Hasten, Lord, the general doom!
Hear the Spirit and the bride:
Come, and take us to thy side!

2 Thou, who hast our place prepared,
Make us meet for our reward!
Then with all thy saints descend!
Then our earthly trials end.

3 Mindful of thy chosen race,
Shorten these vindictive days!
Who for full redemption groan,
Hear us now, and save thine own!

4 Now destroy the man of sin;
Now thine ancient flock bring in!
Filled with righteousness divine,
Claim a ransomed world for thine!

5 Plant thy heavenly kingdom here—
Glorious in thy saints appear;
Speak the sacred number sealed—
Speak the mystery revealed.

6 Take to thee thy royal power—
Reign, when sin shall be no more;
Reign, when death no more shall be—
Reign to all eternity.

HYMN 183. C. M.

1 BY faith we find the place above,
The rock that rent in twain—
Beneath the shade of dying love
And in the clefts remain.

2 Jesus, to thy dear wounds we flee,
We sink into thy side—
Assured that all who trust in thee
Shall evermore abide.

3 Then let the thundering trumpet sound,
The latest lightning glare,
The mountains melt, the solid ground
Dissolve as liquid air—

4 The huge celestial bodies roll,
Amidst that general fire,
And shrivel as a parchment scroll,
And all in smoke expire.

5 Yet still the Lord, the Saviour reigns,
When nature is destroyed,
And no created thing remains
Throughout the flaming void.

6 Sublime upon his azure throne,
He speaks the almighty word;
His fiat is obeyed—'tis done,
And Paradise restored.

7 So be it—let this system end,
This ruinous earth and skies—
The New Jerusalem descend,
The new creation rise.

8 Thy power omnipotent assume—
Thy brightest majesty;
And when thou dost in glory come,
My Lord, remember me.

HYMN 184. 8s 7s & 1 4.

1 LO, he comes, with clouds descending,
Once for favored sinners slain;
Thousand thousand saints attending
Swell the triumph of his train:
Hallelujah!
God appears on earth to reign.

2 Every eye shall now behold him,
Robed in dreadful majesty;
Those who set at naught and sold him,
Pierced and nailed him to the tree,
Deeply wailing,
Shall the true Messiah see.

3 The dear tokens of his passion
Still his dazzling body bears—
Cause of endless exultation
To his ransomed worshippers:
With what rapture
Gaze we on those glorious scars!

4 Yea, amen—let all adore thee,
High on thy eternal throne;
Saviour, take the power and glory,
Claim the kingdom for thine own:
Jah! Jehovah!
Everlasting God, come down!

HYMN 185. L. M.

1 THE Lord shall come! the earth shall quake,
The mountains to their centre shake;
And, withering from the vault of night,
The stars shall pale their feeble light.

2 The Lord shall come! but not the same
As once in loneliness he came;
A silent Lamb before his foes,
A weary man, and full of woes.

3 The Lord shall come! a dreadful form,
With rain-bow wreath and robes of storm;
On cherub wings, and wings of wind,
Appointed Judge of all mankind.

4 Can this be he, who wont to stray
A pilgrim on the world's highway,
Oppressed by power, and mocked by pride,
The Nazarene—the crucified?

5 While sinners in despair shall call,
"Rocks, hide us; mountains, on us fall!"
The saints, ascending from the tomb,
Shall joyful sing, "The Lord is come!"

HYMN 186. L. M.

1 HE comes! he comes! the Judge severe!
The seventh trumpet speaks him near;
His lightnings flash, his thunders roll;
How welcome to the faithful soul!

2 From heaven angelic voices sound;
See the Almighty Jesus crowned!
Girt with omnipotence and grace,
And glory decks the Saviour's face.

3 Descending on his azure throne,
He claims the kingdoms for his own;
The kingdoms all obey his word,
And hail him their triumphant Lord!

4 Shout, all the people of the sky,
And all the saints of the Most High;
Our Lord, who now his right obtains,
For ever and for ever reigns.

HYMN 187. 4 8s & 2 6s.

1 HOW happy are the little flock
Who, safe beneath their guardian rock,
In all commotions rest:
When war's and tumult's waves run high,
Unmoved above the storm they lie—
They lodge in Jesus' breast.

2 Such happiness, O Lord, have we,
By mercy gathered into thee,
Before the floods descend;
And while the bursting cloud comes down,
We mark the vengeful day begun,
And calmly wait the end.

3 The plague, the dearth, and din of war,
Our Saviour's swift approach declare,
And bid our hearts arise:
Earth's basis shook confirms our hope,
Its cities' fall but lifts us up,
To meet thee in the skies.

4 Thy tokens we with joy confess—
The war proclaims thee Prince of peace,
The earthquake speaks thy power,
The famine all thy fulness brings,
The plague presents thy healing wings,
And nature's final hour.

5 Whatever ills the world befall,
A pledge of endless good we call,
A sign of Jesus near:
His chariot will not long delay;
We hear the rumbling wheels, and pray,
Triumphant Lord, appear!

6 Appear with clouds on Sion's hill,
The word and myst'ry to fulfil,
Confessors to approve,
Thy members on thy throne to place,
And stamp thy name on every face,
In glorious, heavenly love!

OFFICES OF CHRIST.

HYMN 188. 4 6s & 2 8s.

1 JOIN all the glorious names
Of wisdom, love, and power,
That ever mortals knew,
That angels ever bore:
All are too mean to speak his worth,
Too mean to set my Saviour forth.

2 Great Prophet of my God,
My tongue shall bless thy name;
By thee the joyful news
Of our salvation came:
The joyful news of sins forgiven,
Of hell subdued, and peace with heaven.

3 Jesus, my great High Priest,
Offered his blood and died;
My guilty conscience seeks
No sacrifice beside:
His powerful blood did once atone,
And now it pleads before the throne.

4 O thou Almighty Lord,
My Conqueror and my King,
Thy sceptre and thy sword,
Thy reign of grace, I sing:
Thine is the power: behold, I sit
In willing bonds before thy feet.

5 Now let my soul arise,
And tread the tempter down:
My Captain leads me forth
To conquest and a crown:
A feeble saint shall win the day,
Though death and hell obstruct the way.

6 Should all the hosts of death,
And powers of hell unknown,
Put their most dreadful forms
Of rage and malice on,
I shall be safe; for Christ displays
Superior power and guardian grace.

HYMN 189. 8 7s.

1 CHRIST, the true anointed Seer,
Messenger from the Most High,
Thy prophetic character
To my conscience signify:
Signify thy Father's will;
By that unction from above,
Mysteries of grace reveal,
Teach my heart that God is love.

2 Thou who didst for all atone,
Dost for all incessant pray,
Make thy priestly office known,
Take my cancelled sin away;
Let me peace with God regain,
Righteousness from thee receive;
Through thy meritorious pain,
Through thy intercession, live.

3 Sovereign, universal King,
Every faithful soul's desire,
Into me thy kingdom bring,
Into me thy Spirit inspire:
From mine inbred foes release;
Here erect thy gracious throne;
King of righteousness and peace,
Reign in every heart alone.

4 O that all were taught of God,
All anointed by thy grace;
Kings and priests redeemed with blood,
Born again to sound thy praise,
An elect, peculiar seed,
Offspring of the Deity;
Christians both in name and deed,
One, entirely one with thee!

HYMN 190. C. M.

1 WHOM Jesus' blood doth sanctify,
Need neither sin nor fear;
Hid in our Saviour's hand we lie,
And laugh at danger near;
His guardian hand doth hold, protect,
And save by ways unknown,
The little flock, the saints elect,
Who trust in him alone.

2 Our Prophet, Priest and King, to thee
We joyfully submit,
And learn, in meek humility,
Our lesson at thy feet:
Spirit and life thy words impart,
And blessings from above,
And drop, in every list'ning heart,
The manna of thy love.

HYMN 191. C. M.

1 WITH joy we meditate the grace
Of our High Priest above,
His heart is made of tenderness,
His bowels yearn with love.

2 Touched with a sympathy within,
He knows our feeble frame;
He knows what sore temptations mean,
For he hath felt the same.

3 He in the days of feeble flesh
Poured out his cries and tears;
And, though exalted, feels afresh
What every member bears.

4 He'll never quench the smoking flax,
But raise it to a flame;
The bruised reed he never breaks,
Nor scorns the meanest name.

5 Then let our humble faith address
His mercy and his power:
We shall obtain delivering grace
In the distressing hour.

HYMN 192. C. M.

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

2 Though raised to a superior throne,
Where angels bow around,
And high o'er all the shining train,
With matchless honors crowned;

3 The names of all his saints he bears,
Deep graven on his heart;
Nor shall the meanest Christian say
That he hath lost his part.

4 Those characters shall fair abide,
Our everlasting trust,
When gems, and monuments, and crowns,
Are mouldered down to dust.

5 So, gracious Saviour, on my breast
May thy dear name be worn:
A sacred ornament and guard,
To endless ages borne.

HYMN 193. L. M.

1 WHERE high the heavenly temple stands,
The house of God not made with hands,
A great High Priest our nature wears,
The patron of mankind appears.

2 He who for men in mercy stood,
And poured on earth his precious blood,
Pursues in heaven his plan of grace,
The guardian of the human race.

3 Though now ascended up on high,
He bends on earth a brother's eye;
Partaker of the human name,
He knows the frailty of our frame

4 Our fellow-sufferer yet retains
A fellow-feeling of our pains,
And still remembers in the skies,
His tears, and agonies, and cries.

5 In every pang that rends the heart,
The Man of sorrows had a part;
He sympathizes in our grief,
And to the sufferer sends relief.

6 With boldness, therefore, at the throne,
Let us make all our sorrows known,
And ask the aids of heavenly power,
To help us in the evil hour!

HYMN 194. 6 8s.

1 ENTERED the holy place above,
Covered with meritorious scars,
The tokens of his dying love
Our great High Priest in glory bears;
He pleads his passion on the tree,
He shows himself to God for me.

2 Before the throne my Saviour stands,
My Friend and Advocate appears;
My name is graven on his hands,
And him the Father always hears;
While low at Jesus' cross I bow,
He hears the blood of sprinkling now.

3 This instant now I may receive
The answer of his powerful prayer:
This instant now by him I live,
His prevalence with God declare;
And soon my spirit in his hands
Shall stand where my Forerunner stands.

TITLES OF CHRIST.

HYMN 195. 7s.

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

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

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

HYMN 196. 6 7s.

1 ROCK of ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee;
Let the water and the blood
From thy wounded side which flowed,
Be of sin the double cure—
Save from wrath, and make me pure.

2 Could my tears for ever flow,
Could 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 my eyes shall 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.

HYMN 197. C. M.

1 JESUS, thou Man of sorrows—born
To suffering here below,
To toil through poverty and scorn,
Through weakness and through wo,—

2 Immanuel, who, by every grief,
By each temptation tried,
Hast lived to yield our wants relief,
And to redeem us, died,—

3 If, gaily clothed and proudly fed,
In careless ease we dwell,
Remind us of thy manger bed,
And lowly cottage cell.

4 If, pressed by penury severe,
In envious want we pine,
May conscience whisper in our ear,
A poorer lot was thine.

5 From all the viewless snares of sin
Preserve us firm and free;
As thou like us hast tempted been,
May we rejoice with thee.

HYMN 198. C. M.

1 BEHOLD the sure Foundation Stone
Which God in Zion lays,
To build our heavenly hopes upon,
And his eternal praise.

2 Chosen of God, to sinners dear,
We now adore thy name;
We trust our whole salvation here,
Nor can we suffer shame.

3 The foolish builders, scribe and priest,
Reject it with disdain;
Yet on this Rock the church shall rest,
And envy rage in vain.

4 What though the gates of hell withstood?
Yet must this building rise:
'Tis thine own work, Almighty God,
And wondrous in our eyes.

HYMN 199. C. M.

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

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

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

4 O may thy grace the nations lead,
And Jews and gentiles come,
All travelling through one beauteous gate,
To one eternal home!

HYMN 200. C. M.

1 THE Saviour! O what endless charms
Dwell in the blissful sound!
Its influence every fear disarms,
And spreads sweet peace around,

2 Here pardon, life and joy divine,
In rich effusion flow,
For guilty rebels lost in sin,
And doomed to endless wo.

3 O the rich depths of love divine,
Of bliss, a boundless store!
Dear Saviour, let me call thee mine;
I cannot wish for more.

4 On thee alone my hope relies,
Beneath thy cross I fall;
My Lord, my life, my sacrifice,
My Saviour, and my all.

HYMN 201. C. M.

1 THOU art the way—to thee alone
From sin and death we flee;
And he who would the Father seek,
Must seek him, Lord, by thee.

2 Thou art the truth—thy word alone
True wisdom can impart;
Thou only canst inform the mind
And purify the heart.

3 Thou art the life—the rending tomb
Proclaims thy conquering arm,
And those who put their trust in thee,
Nor death, nor hell shall harm.

4 Thou art the way—the truth—the life;
Grant us that way to know—
That truth to keep—that life to win,
Whose joys eternal flow.

HYMN 202. C. M.

1 COMPARED with Christ, in all beside
No comeliness I see;
The one thing needful, dearest Lord,
Is to be one with thee.

2 The sense of thy expiring love
Into my soul convey:
Thyself bestow! for thee alone,
My All-in-all, I pray.

3 Less than thyself will not suffice
My comfort to restore:
More than thyself I cannot crave;
And thou canst give no more.

4 Whate'er consists not with thy love,
O teach me to resign:
I'm rich to all th' intents of bliss,
If thou, O God, art mine.

HYMN 203. C. M.

1 INFINITE excellence is thine,
Thou glorious Prince of grace!
Thy uncreated beauties shine
With never-fading rays.

2 Sinners, from earth's remotest end,
Come bending at thy feet;
To thee their prayers and songs ascend,
In thee their wishes meet.

3 Millions of happy spirits live
On thy exhaustless store:
From thee they all their bliss receive,
And still thou givest more.

4 Thou art their triumph and their joy,
They find their all in thee;
Thy glories will their tongues employ
Through all eternity.

HYMN 204. 8s & 7s.

1 LIGHT of those whose dreary dwelling
Borders on the shades of death,
Come, and bright thy love revealing,
Dissipate the clouds beneath:
The new heaven and earth's Creator
In our deepest darkness rise,
Scattering all the night of nature,
Pouring day upon our eyes.

2 Still we wait for thine appearing;
Life and joy thy beams impart,
Chasing all our fears, and cheering
Every poor benighted heart:
Come, and manifest the favor
God hath for our ransomed race;
Come, thou universal Saviour,
Come and bring the gospel grace.

3 Save us in thy great compassion,
O thou mild, pacific Prince;
Give the knowledge of salvation,
Give the pardon of our sins:
By thy all-restoring merit,
Every burdened soul release;
Every weary, wandering spirit
Guide into thy perfect peace.

THE DISPENSATION OF THE SPIRIT.

PROMISE OF THE SPIRIT.

HYMN 205. C. M.

1 YOU now must hear my voice no more,
My Father calls me home;
But soon from heaven the Holy Ghost,
Your Comforter, shall come.

2 That heavenly Teacher, sent from God,
Shall your whole soul inspire;
Your minds shall fill with sacred truth,
Your hearts with sacred fire.

3 Peace is the gift I leave with you,
My peace to you bequeath;
Peace that shall comfort you through life,
And cheer your souls in death.

4 I give not as the world bestows,
With promise false and vain;
Nor cares nor fears shall wound the heart
In which my words remain.

HYMN 206. L. M.

1 JESUS, we on the words depend,
Spoken by thee while present here,—
"The Father in my name shall send
The Holy Ghost, the Comforter."

2 That promise made to Adam's race,
Now, Lord, in us, e'en us, fulfil;
And give the Spirit of thy grace,
To teach us all thy perfect will.

3 That heavenly Teacher of mankind,
That Guide infallible impart,
To bring thy sayings to our mind,
And write them on our faithful heart.

4 He only can the words apply
Through which we endless life possess,
And deal to each his legacy,
Our Lord's unutterable peace.

5 That peace of God, that peace of thine,
O might he now to us bring in,
And fill our souls with power divine,
And make an end of fear and sin.

6 The length and breadth of love reveal,
The height and depth of Deity;
And all the sons of glory seal,
And change and make us all like thee.

DESCENT OF THE SPIRIT.

HYMN 207. S. M.

1 LORD God, the Holy Ghost,
In this accepted hour,
As on the day of Pentecost,
Descend in all thy power:
We meet with one accord
In our appointed place,
And wait the promise of our Lord—
The Spirit of all grace.

2 Like mighty rushing wind
Upon the waves beneath,
Move with one impulse every mind—
One soul, one feeling breathe:
The young, the old inspire
With wisdom from above,
And give us hearts and tongues of fire,
To pray, and praise, and love.

3 Spirit of light, explore
And chase our gloom away,
With lustre shining more and more
Unto the perfect day.

4 Spirit of truth, be thou
In life and death our guide;
O Spirit of adoption, now
May we be sanctified.

HYMN 208. C. M.

1 HE'S come—let every knee be bent,
All hearts new joy resume;
Sing, ye redeemed, with one consent,
"The Comforter is come."

2 What greater gift, what greater love,
Could God on man bestow?
Angels for this rejoice above,
Let man rejoice below!

3 Hail, blessed Spirit! may each soul
Thy sacred influence feel;
Do thou each sinful thought control,
And fix our wavering zeal!

4 Thou to the conscience dost convey
Those checks which we should know;
Thy motions point to us the way;
Thou giv'st us strength to go.

HYMN 209. 8s & 6s.

1 LET songs of praises fill the sky!
Christ, our ascended Lord,
Sends down his Spirit from on high,
According to his word:
All hail the day of Pentecost,
The coming of the Holy Ghost.

2 The Spirit, by his heavenly breath,
New life creates within;
He quickens sinners from the death
Of trespasses and sin;
All hail the day of Pentecost,
The coming of the Holy Ghost!

3 The things of Christ the Spirit takes,
And shows them unto men;
The fallen soul his temple makes,
God's image stamps again:
All hail the day of Pentecost,
The coming of the Holy Ghost!

4 Come, Holy Spirit, from above,
With thy celestial fire;
Come, and with flames of zeal and love
Our hearts and tongues inspire:
Be this our day of Pentecost,
The coming of the Holy Ghost!

HYMN 210. L. M.

1 COME, Holy Spirit, raise our songs,
To reach the wonders of the day,
When with thy fiery cloven tongues
Thou didst those glorious scenes display.

2 O 'twas a most auspicious hour,
Season of grace and sweet delight,
When thou didst come with mighty power,
And light of truth divinely bright.

3 By this the blest disciples knew
Their risen Head had entered heaven;
Had now obtained the promise due,
Fully by God the Father given.

4 Lord, we believe to us and ours
The apostolic promise given;
We wait the Pentecostal powers,
The Holy Ghost sent down from heaven.

5 Ah! leave us not to mourn below,
Or long for thy return to pine;
Now, Lord, the Comforter bestow,
And fix in us the Guest divine.

6 Assembled here with one accord,
Calmly we wait the promised grace,
The purchase of our dying Lord,—
Come, Holy Ghost, and fill the place.

7 If every one that asks may find,
If still thou dost on sinners fall,
Come as a mighty rushing wind;
Great grace be now upon us all.

8 Behold, to thee our souls aspire,
And languish thy descent to meet:
Kindle in each the living fire,
And fix in every heart thy seat.

OPERATIONS OF THE SPIRIT.

HYMN 211. S. M.

'TIS God the Spirit leads
In paths before unknown;
The work to be performed is ours,
The strength is all his own.

2 Supported by his grace,
We still pursue our way,
And hope at last to reach the prize,
Secure in endless day.

3 'Tis he that works to will,
'Tis he that works to do;
His is the power by which we act,
His be the glory too.

HYMN 212. C. M.

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

2 When all my foes 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.

HYMN 213. C. M.

1 GOD of my life and all my powers,
The everlasting Friend,
Shall life, so favored in its dawn,
Be fruitless in its end?

2 To thee, O Lord, my tender years
A trembling duty paid,
With glimpses of the mighty God,
Delighted and afraid

3 From parents' eye and paths of men,
Thy touch I ran to meet;
It swelled the hymn, and sealed the prayer—
'Twas calm, and strange, and sweet.

4 Oft when beneath the work of sin
Trembling and dark I stood,
And felt the edge of eager thought,
And felt the kindling blood,—

5 Thy dew came down—my heart was thine,
It knew not doubt or strife—
Cool now, and peaceful as the grave,
And strong to second life.

6 Full of myself, I oft forsook
The way, the truth, and thee,
For sanguine hope, or sensual gust,
Or earth-born sophistry

7 The folly thrived, and came in sight
Too gross for life to bear;
I smote the breast for man too base—
I smote—and God was there!

8 Still will I hope for voice and strength
To glorify thy name,
Though I must die to all that's mine,
And suffer all my shame.

HYMN 214. L. M.

1 SURE the blest Comforter is nigh—
'Tis he sustains my fainting heart;
Else would my hope for ever die,
And every cheering ray depart.

2 When some kind promise glads my soul,
Do I not find his healing voice
The tempest of my fears control,
And bid my drooping powers rejoice?

3 What less than thine almighty word
Can raise my heart from earth and dust,
And bid me cleave to thee, my Lord,
My life, my treasure, and my trust?

4 And when my cheerful soul can say,
"I love my God, and taste his grace,"
Lord, is it not thy blissful ray
Which brings this dawn of sacred peace?

5 Let thy kind Spirit in my heart
For ever dwell, O God of love;
And light and heavenly peace impart,
Sweet earnest of the joys above.

HYMN 215. L. M.

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

2 Enlightened by thy heavenly ray,
Our shades and darkness turn to day;
Thine inward teachings make us know
Our danger and our refuge too.

3 Thy power and glory work within,
And break the chains of reigning sin;
Our wild, imperious lusts subdue,
And form our wretched hearts anew.

4 The troubled conscience knows thy voice;
Thy cheering words awake our joys;
Thy words allay the stormy wind,
And calm the surges of the mind.

PRAYER FOR THE SPIRIT.

HYMN 216. 4 6s & 2 8s.

1 O THOU that hearest prayer!
Attend our humble cry,
And let thy servants share
Thy blessing from on high:
We plead the promise of thy word,
Grant us thy Holy Spirit, Lord!

2 If earthly parents hear
Their children when they cry;
If they, with love sincere,
Their children's wants supply,
Much more wilt thou thy love display,
And answer when thy children pray.

3 Our heavenly Father thou—
We, children of thy grace—
O let thy Spirit now
Descend and fill the place;
So shall we feel the heavenly flame,
And all unite to praise thy name.

HYMN 217. 5 7s & 3 6s.

1 SAVIOUR, I thy word believe;
My unbelief remove;
Now thy quickening Spirit give,
The unction from above;
Show me, Lord, how good thou art;
Now thy gracious word fulfil:
Send the witness to my heart,
The Holy Ghost reveal.

2 Blessed Comforter, come down,
And live and move in me,
Make my every deed thine own,
In all things led by thee:
Bid my sin and fear depart,
And within, oh! deign to dwell;
Faithful Witness, in my heart
Thy perfect light reveal.

3 Whom the world cannot receive,
O Lord, reveal in me;
Son of God, I cease to live,
Unless I live to thee:
Make me choose the better part;
O do thou my pardon seal;
Send the witness to my heart,
The Holy Ghost reveal.

HYMN 218. 7s.

1 FATHER, glorify thy Son;
Answering his all-powerful prayer,
Send that Intercessor down,
Send that other Comforter,
Whom believingly we claim,
Whom we ask in Jesus' name.

2 Then by faith we know and feel
Him the Spir't of truth and grace:
With us he vouchsafes to dwell,
With us while unseen he stays:
All our help and good, we own,
Freely flow from him alone.

3 Wilt thou not the promise seal,
Good and faithful as thou art,
Send the Comforter to dwell
Every moment in our heart?
Yes, thou must the grace bestow;
Truth hath said it shall be so.

HYMN 219. C. M.

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

2 Him from the dead thou brought'st again,
When, by his sacred blood,
Confirmed and sealed for evermore,
The eternal covenant stood.

3 O may the Spirit seal our souls,
And mould them to thy will,
That our weak hearts no more may stray,
But keep thy precepts still;

4 That to perfection's sacred height
We nearer still may rise,
And all we think and all we do
Be pleasing in thine eyes!

HYMN 220. L. M.

1 FATHER, if justly still we claim
To us and ours the promise made,
To us be graciously the same,
And crown with living fire our head!

2 Our claim admit, and from above
Of holiness the Spirit shower,
Of wise discernment, humble love,
And zeal, and unity, and power!

3 The Spirit of convincing speech,
Of power demonstrative, impart;
Such as may every conscience reach,
And sound the unbelieving heart:

4 The Spirit of refining fire,
Searching the inmost of the mind,
To purge all fierce and foul desire,
And kindle life more pure and kind:

5 The Spirit of faith in this thy day,
To break the power of cancelled sin,
Tread down its strength, o'erturn its sway,
And still the conquest more than win!

6 The Spirit breathe of inward life,
Which in our hearts thy laws may write!
Then grief expires, and pain, and strife:
'Tis nature all, and all delight.

HYMN 221. L. M.

1 ON all the earth thy Spirit shower!
The earth in righteousness renew!
Thy kingdom come, and hell's o'erpower,
And to thy sceptre all subdue!

2 Like mighty winds, or torrents fierce,
Let it opposers all o'errun;
And every law of sin reverse,
That faith and love may make all one!

3 Yea, let thy Spirit in every place
Its richer energy declare;
While lovely tempers, fruits of grace,
The kingdom of thy Christ prepare!

5 Grant this, O holy God and true!
The ancient seers thou didst inspire:
To us perform the promise due;
Descend, and crown us now with fire!

HYMN 222. L. M.

1 POWER from on high, O God, impart,
Power in thy gospel to believe,
Power to surrender our whole heart,
Power all thy mercy to receive.

2 The word to us in vain were given,
We hear, we read, we learn in vain;
In vain thy Son came down from heaven,
If thou 'the Spirit's might' restrain.

3 Here be his sacred influence felt
With searching, cleansing, quickening force,
Till souls of mill-stone hardness melt,
And flow like waters from their source.

4 Convinced and humbled in the dust
Beneath the burden of our guilt,
We own thy law's dread sentence just,
But plead the blood of pardon spilt.

5 Thy Spirit witness with that blood,
And Christ, our Saviour, glorify;
While we, as children born of God,
With rapture, 'Abba! Father!' cry.

ADDRESSES TO THE SPIRIT.

HYMN 223. S. M.

1 COME, Holy Spirit, come,
Let thy bright beams arise;
Dispel the sorrow from our minds,
The darkness from our eyes.

2 Convince us all of sin;
Then lead to Jesus' blood;
And to our wandering view reveal
The mercies of our God.

3 'Tis thine to cleanse the heart—
To sanctify the soul—
To pour fresh life in every part,
And new-create the whole.

4 Revive our drooping faith;
Our doubts and fears remove;
And kindle in our breasts the flame
Of never-dying love.

HYMN 224. S. M.

1 COME, Holy Spirit, come,
With energy divine,
And on this poor benighted soul
With beams of mercy shine.

2 From the celestial hills,
Life, light, and joy dispense;
And may I daily, hourly feel
Thy quickening influence.

3 Melt, melt, this frozen heart,
This stubborn will subdue;
Each evil passion overcome,
And form me all anew.

4 Mine will the profit be,
But thine shall be the praise;
And unto thee will I devote
The remnant of my days.

HYMN 225. S. M.

1 SPIRIT of truth, come down,
Reveal the things of God,
Make thou to us Christ's Godhead known,
Apply his precious blood:

His merits glorify,
That each may clearly see
Jesus, who did for sinners die,
Hath surely died for me.

2 No man can truly say,
That Jesus is the Lord,
Unless thou take the veil away
And breathe the living word:
Then, only then, we feel
Our interest in his blood,
And cry with joy unspeakable,
'Thou art my Lord, my God.'

HYMN 226. S. M.

1 BLEST Comforter divine!
Let rays of heavenly love
Amid our gloom and darkness shine,
And guide our souls above.

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

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

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

HYMN 227. 7s.

1 HOLY Ghost, with light divine,
Shine upon this heart of mine!
Chase the shades of night away,
Turn the darkness into day.

2 Holy Ghost, with power divine,
Cleanse this guilty heart of mine;
Long has sin, without control,
Held dominion o'er my soul.

3 Holy Ghost, with joy divine,
Cheer this saddened heart of mine,
Bid my many woes depart,
Heal my wounded, bleeding heart.

4 Holy Spirit, all divine,
Dwell within this heart of mine;
Cast down every idol throne,
Reign supreme—and reign alone.

HYMN 228. 7s.

1 GRACIOUS Spirit—Love divine!
Let thy light within me shine;
All my guilty fears remove,
Fill me with thy heavenly love.

2 Speak thy pardoning grace to me,
Set the burdened sinner free;
Lead me to the Lamb of God,
Wash me in his precious blood.

3 Life and peace to me impart;
Seal salvation on my heart:
Breathe thyself into my breast,
Earnest of immortal rest.

4 Let me never from thee stray,
Keep me in the narrow way;
Fill my soul with joy divine;
Keep me, Lord, forever thine.

HYMN 229. C. M.

1 COME, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With all thy quickening powers,
Kindle a flame of sacred love
In these cold hearts of ours.

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

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

4 Father, and shall we ever live,
At this poor dying rate?
Our love so faint, so cold to thee,
And thine to us so great?

5 Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With all thy quickening powers:
Come, shed abroad a Saviour's love,
And that shall kindle ours.

HYMN 230. C. M.

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

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

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

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

HYMN 231. C. M.

1 WHY should the children of a King
Go mourning all their days?
Great Comforter! descend and bring
The tokens of thy grace.

2 Dost thou not dwell in all thy saints,
And seal them heirs of heaven?
When wilt thou banish my complaints,
And show my sins forgiven?

3 Assure my conscience of her part
In my 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;
May thy blest wings, celestial Dove,
Safely convey me home.

HYMN 232. P. M.

1 HOLY Ghost, dispel our sadness,
Pierce the clouds of sinful night:
Come thou Source of sweetest gladness,
Breathe thy life and spread thy light;
Loving Spirit, God of peace,
Great Distributer of grace,
Rest upon this congregation;
Hear, oh! hear our supplication.

2 From that height which knows no measure,
As a gracious shower descend:
Bringing down the richest treasure
Man can wish, or God can send.
O thou Glory, shining down
From the Father and the Son,
Grant us thy illumination;
Rest on all this congregation.

3 Come thou best of all donations
God can give; or we implore:
Having thy sweet consolations,
We need wish for nothing more;
Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
Now descending from above,
Rest on all this congregation;
Make our hearts thy habitation.

HYMN 233. L. M.

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

2 Though I have steeled my stubborn heart,
And still shook off my guilty fears
And vexed and urged thee to depart,
For many long rebellious years:

3 Though I have most unfaithful been,
Of all who e'er thy grace received,—
Ten thousand times thy goodness seen,
Ten thousand times thy goodness grieved.

4 Yet oh! the chief of sinners spare,
In honor of my great High Priest;
Nor in thy righteous anger swear
T' exclude me from thy people's rest.

5 This only wo I deprecate,
This only plague I pray remove;
Nor leave me in my lost estate,
Nor curse me with this want of love.

6 Now, Lord, my weary soul release,
Upraise me with thy gracious hand;
And guide into thy perfect peace,
And bring me to the promsied land.

HYMN 234. L. M.

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

2 To mine illumin'd eyes display
The glorious truth thy words reveal;
Cause me to run the heavenly way,
Make me delight to do thy will.

3 Thine inward teachings make me know
The mysteries of redeeming love,
The vanity of things below,
And excellence of things above.

4 While through this dubious maze I stray,
Spread, like the sun, thy beams abroad,
To show the dangers of the way,
And guide my feeble steps to God.

HYMN 235. L. M.

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 To us the light of truth display,
And make us know and choose thy way:
Plant holy fear in every heart,
That we from God may ne'er depart.

3 Lead us to holiness—the road
Which we must take to dwell with God:
Lead us to Christ—the living way:
Nor let us from his pastures stray.

4 Lead us to God—our final rest,
To be with him forever blest;
Lead us to heaven, its bliss to share—
Fulness of joy forever there!

HYMN 236. 6 8s.

1 ETERNAL Spirit, Source of light,
Enlivening, consecrating fire,
Descend, and with celestial heat,
Our dull, our frozen hearts inspire;
Our souls refine, our dross consume;
Come, condescending Spirit, come!

2 In our cold breasts, O strike a spark
Of that pure flame which seraphs feel;
Nor let us wander in the dark,
Or lie benumbed and stupid still:
Come, vivifying Spirit, come!
And make our hearts thy constant home.

3 Let pure devotion's fervor rise!
Let every pious passion glow!
O let the raptures of the skies
Kindle in our cold hearts below:
Come, purifying Spirit, come!
And make our souls thy constant home.

HYMN 237. 6 8s.

1 I WANT the Spir't of power within,
Of love, and of a healthful mind,—
Of power, to conquer inbred sin;
Of love to thee and all mankind;
Of health, that pain and death defies,
Most vigorous when the body dies.

2 When shall I hear the inward voice,
Which only faithful souls can hear?
Pardon, and peace, and heavenly joys,
Attend the promised Comforter:
O come, and righteousness divine,
And Christ, and all with Christ, are mine!

3 O that the Comforter would come!
Nor visit as a transient guest,
But fix in me his constant home,
And take possession of my breast,
And fix in me his loved abode,
The temple of indwelling God!

4 Come, Holy Ghost, my heart inspire;
Attest that I am born again:
Come, and baptize me now with fire,
Nor let thy former gifts be vain!
I cannot rest in sins forgiven:
Where is the earnest of my heaven?

5 Where the indubitable zeal,
That ascertains the kingdom mine?
The powerful stamp I long to feel,
The signature of love divine;
O shed it in my heart abroad,
Fulness of love, of heaven, of God!

HYMN 238. 6 8s.

1 COME, Holy Ghost, all-quickening fire,
Come, and in me delight to rest;
Drawn by the lure of strong desire,
O come and consecrate my breast!
The temple of my soul prepare,
And fix thy sacred presence there!

2 If now thy influence I feel,
If now in thee begin to live,
Still to my heart thyself reveal;
Give me thyself, forever give!
A point my good, a drop my store,
Eager I ask, I pant for more.

3 Eager for thee I ask and pant;
So strong the principle divine,
Carries me out with sweet constraint,
Till all my hallowed soul is thine;

Plunged in the Godhead's deepest sea,
And lost in thine immensity.

4 My peace, my life, my comfort thou,
My treasure, and my all thou art!
True witness of my sonship, now
Engraving pardon on my heart,
Seal of my sins in Christ forgiven,
Earnest of love and pledge of heaven.

5 Come, then, my God, mark out thine heir;
Of heaven a larger earnest give;
With clearer light thy witness bear;
More sensibly within me live;
Let all my powers thine entrance feel,
And deeper stamp thyself the seal!

HYMN 339. 8 8s.

1 COME, holy, celestial Dove,
To visit a sorrowful breast,
My burden of guilt to remove,
And bring me assurance and rest!
Thou only hast pow'r to relieve
A sinner o'erwhelmed with his load;
The sense of acceptance to give,
And sprinkle his heart with the blood.

2 With me if of old thou has strove,
And strangely withheld from my sin,
And tried, by the lure of thy love,
My worthless affections to win,—
The work of thy mercy revive;
Thy uttermost mercy exert;
And kindly continue to strive,
And hold, till I yield thee my heart.

3 Thy call if I ever have known,
And sighed from myself to get free,
And groaned the unspeakable groan,
And longed to be happy in thee,—

Fulfil the imperfect desire;
Thy peace to my conscience reveal;
The sense of thy favor inspire,
And give me my pardon to feel!

4 If, when I had put thee to grief,
And madly to folly returned,
Thy pity hath been my relief,
And lifted me up as I mourned,—
Most pitying Spirit of grace,
Relieve me again and restore;
My spirit in holiness raise,
To fall and to suffer no more!

THE CHURCH.

THE INSTITUTION OF THE CHURCH.

HYMN 240. S. M.

1 I LOVE thy kingdom, Lord,
The house of thine abode,
The Church our blest Redeemer bought
With his own precious blood.

2 I love thy Church, O God!
Her walls before thee stand,
Dear as the apple of thine eye,
And graven on thy hand.

3 If e'er to bless her sons
My voice or hands deny,
These hands let useful skill forsake,
This voice in silence die.

4 If e'er my heart forget
Her welfare or her wo,
Let every joy this heart forsake,
And every grief o'erflow.

5 For her my tears shall fall,
For her my prayers ascend;
To her my cares and toils be given,
Till toils and cares shall end.

6 Beyond my highest joy
I prize her heavenly ways,
Her sweet communion, solemn vows,
Her hymns of love and praise.

7 Jesus, thou Friend divine,
Our Saviour and our King,
Thy hand from every snare and foe
Shall great deliverance bring.

8 Sure as thy truth shall last,
To Zion shall be given
The brightest glories earth can yield,
And brighter bliss of heaven.

HYMN 241. S. M.

1 LIKE Noah's weary dove,
That soared the earth around,
But not a resting place above
The cheerless waters found:

2 O cease, my wandering soul,
On restless wing to roam!
All the wide world, to either pole,
Has not for thee a home.

3 Behold the Ark of God,
Behold the open door;
Hasten to gain that dear abode,
And rove, my soul, no more.

4 There, safe thou shalt abide,
There, sweet shall be thy rest,
And every longing satisfied,
With full salvation blest.

5 And when the waves of ire
Again the earth shall fill,
The Ark shall ride the sea of fire—
Then rest on Zion's hill.

HYMN 242. S. M.

1 GREAT is the Lord, our God,
And let his praise be great;
He makes the churches his abode,
His most delightful seat.

2 In Zion God is known,
A refuge in distress;
How bright has his salvation shone!
How fair his heavenly grace!

3 When kings against her joined,
And saw the Lord was there;
In wild confusion of the mind,
They fled with hasty fear.

4 Oft have our fathers told,
Our eyes have often seen,
How well our God has kept the fold
Where his own flock has been.

5 In every new distress,
We'll to his house repair;
Recall to mind his wondrous grace,
And seek deliverance there.

HYMN 243. S. M.

1 FAR as thy name is known,
The world declares thy praise;
Thy saints, O Lord, before thy throne,
Their songs of honor raise.

2 With joy thy people stand
On Zion's chosen hill,
Proclaim the wonders of thy hand,
And counsels of thy will.

3 Let strangers walk around
The city where we dwell,
Compass and view thine holy ground,
And mark the building well;—

4 The order of thy house,
The worship of thy court,
The cheerful songs—the solemn vows—
And make a fair report.

5 How decent, and how wise!
How glorious to behold!
Beyond the pomp that charms the eyes,
And rites adorned with gold.

6 The God we worship now
Will guide us till we die;
Will be our God, while here below,
And ours above the sky.

HYMN 244. S. M.

1 HOW honored is the place,
Where we adoring stand,
Zion, the glory of the earth,
And beauty of the land!

2 Bulwarks of grace defend
The city where we dwell;
While walls, of strong salvation made,
Defy th' assaults of hell.

3 Lift up the eternal gates,
The doors wide open fling—
Enter ye nations that obey
The statutes of your King.

4 Here taste unmingled joys,
And live in perfect peace;
You that have known Jehovah's name,
And ventured on his grace.

5 Trust in the Lord, ye saints,
And banish all your fears;
Strength in the Lord Jehovah dwells,
Eternal as his years.

HYMN 245. 5 7s & 3 6s.

1 GREAT is our redeeming Lord,
In power, and truth, and grace;
Him, by highest heaven adored,
His Church on earth doth praise:
In the city of our God,
In his holy mount below,
Publish, spread his name abroad,
And all his greatness show.

2 For thy loving kindness, Lord,
We in thy temple stay;
Here thy faithful love record,
Thy saving power display:
With thy name thy praise is known,
Glorious thy perfections shine;
Earth's remotest bounds shall own
Thy works are all divine.

3 See the gospel Church secure,
And founded on a rock;
All her promises are sure;
Her bulwarks who can shock?
Count her every precious shrine;
Tell, to after ages tell,
Fortified by power divine,
The Church can never fail.

4 Zion's God is all our own,
Who on his love rely;
We his pardoning love have known,
And live to Christ and die:
To the New Jerusalem
He our faithful guide shall be;
Him we claim, and rest in him,
Through all eternity.

HYMN 246. C. M.

1 HOW did my heart rejoice to hear,
My friends devoutly say,
'In Zion let us all appear,
And keep the solemn day!'

2 I love her gates—I love the road;
The Church adorned with grace,
Stands like a palace built for God,
To show his milder face.

3 Up to her courts, with joy unknown,
The holy tribes repair:
The Son of David holds his throne,
And sits in judgment there.

4. He hears our praises and complaints,
And while his awful voice
Divides the sinners from the saints,
We tremble and rejoice.

5 Peace be within this sacred place,
And joy a constant guest;
With holy gifts and heavenly grace
Be her attendants blest.

6 My soul shall pray for Zion still,
While life, or breath remains;
Here my best friends, my kindred dwell,
Here God, my Saviour, reigns.

HYMN 247. C. M.

1 MY soul, how lovely is the place
To which thy God resorts!
'Tis heaven to see his smiling face,
Though in his earthly courts.

2 Here the great Monarch of the skies
His saving power displays;
And light breaks in upon our eyes,
With kind and quickening rays.

3 With his rich gifts, the heavenly Dove
Descends and fills the place;
While Christ reveals his wondrous love,
And sheds abroad his grace.

4 Here, mighty God, thy works declare
The secrets of thy will:
And still we seek thy mercies here,
And sing thy praises still.

HYMN 248. 8s & 7s.

1 GLORIOUS things of thee are spoken,
Zion, city of our God;
He, whose word can ne'er be broken,
Chose thee for his own abode.

2 Lord, thy Church is still thy dwelling,
Still is precious in thy sight:
Judah's temple far excelling,
Beaming with the gospel's light.

3 On the Rock of Ages founded,
What can shake her sure repose?
With salvation's wall surrounded,
She can smile at all her foes.

4 Glorious things of thee are spoken,
Zion, city of our God;
He, whose word can ne'er be broken,
Chose thee for his own abode.

HYMN 249. L. M.

1 WHERE shall we go to seek and find
A habitation for our God?
A dwelling for the Eternal Mind,
Among the sons of flesh and blood?

2 The God of Jacob chose the hill
Of Zion for his ancient rest;
And Zion is his dwelling still;
His Church is with his presence blest.

3 Here will he meet the hungry poor,
And fill their souls with living bread;
Sinners, that wait before his door,
With sweet provision shall be fed.

4 Here will I fix my gracious throne,
And reign forever—saith the Lord;
Here shall my power and love be known,
And blessings shall attend my word.

HYMN 250. L. M.

1 HOW pleasant—how divinely fair
O Lord of hosts, thy dwellings are;
With long desire my spirit faints,
To meet th' assemblies of thy saints.

2 My flesh would rest in thine abode:
My panting heart cries out for God:
My God! my King! why should I be
So far from all my joys and thee?

3 Blest are the saints, who sit on high,
Around thy throne of majesty;
Thy brightest glories shine above,
And all their work is praise and love.

4 Blest are the souls who find a place
Within the temple of thy grace;
Here they behold thy gentler rays,
And seek thy face and learn thy praise.

5 Blest are the men, whose hearts are set
To find the way to Zion's gate;
God is their strength—and through the road
They lean upon their helper, God.

6 Cheerful they walk with growing strength,
Till all shall meet in heaven at length:
Till all before thy face appear,
And join in nobler worship there.

HYMN 251. L. M.

1 GREAT God, attend, while Zion sings
The joy that from thy presence springs;
To spend one day with thee on earth
Exceeds a thousand days of mirth.

2 Might I enjoy the meanest place
Within thine house, O God of grace;
Not tents of ease nor thrones of pow'r,
Should tempt my feet to leave thy door.

3 God is our sun, he makes our day:
God is our shield, he guards our way,
From all th' assaults of hell and sin;
From foes without, and foes within.

4 All needful grace will God bestow,
And crown that grace with glory too;
He gives us all things, and withholds
No real good from upright souls.

5 O God, our King, whose sovereign sway
The glorious hosts of heaven obey,
And devils at thy presence flee,
Blest is the man that trusts in thee.

HYMN 252. L. M.

1 THE King of saints, how fair his face,
Adorned with majesty and grace!
He comes with blessings from above,
And wins the nations to his love.

2 At his right hand our eyes behold
The Church, arrayed in purest gold;
The world admires her heavenly dress,
Her robes of joy and righteousness.

3 He forms her beauties like his own,
He calls and seats her near his throne;
Fair stranger, let thine heart forget
The idols of thy native state.

4 So shall the King the more rejoice
In thee the favorite of his choice;
Let him be loved, and yet adored,
For he's thy Maker and thy Lord.

5 O happy hour, when thou shalt rise
To his fair palace in the skies!
And all thy sons, a numerous train,
Each like a prince in glory reign.

6 Let endless honors crown his head,
Let every age his praises spread;
While we with cheerful songs approve
The condescension of his love.

HYMN 253. 6 8s.

1 HOW lovely are thy tents, O Lord!
Where'er thou choosest to record
Thy name, or place thy house of prayer,
My soul outflies the angel-choir,
And faints, o'erpowered with strong desire,
To meet thy special presence there.

2 Happy the men to whom 'tis given,
To dwell within that gate of heaven,
And in thy house record thy praise;
Whose strength and confidence thou art!
Who feel thee, Saviour, in their heart,
The Way, the Truth, the Life of grace;

3 Who, passing through the mournful vale,
Drink comfort from the living well,
That flows replenished from above;
From strength to strength advancing here,
Till all before their God appear,
And each receive the crown of love.

4 Better a day thy courts within,
Than thousands in the tents of sin;
How base the noblest pleasures there!
How great the weakest child of thine!
His meanest task is all divine,
And kings and priests thy servants are.

5 The Lord protects and cheers his own,
Their light and strength, their shield and sun:
He shall both grace and glory give:
Unlimited his bounteous grant;
No real good they e'er shall want;
All, all is theirs, who righteous live.

6 O Lord of hosts, how blest is he
Who steadfastly believes in thee!
He all thy promises shall gain:
The soul that on thy love is cast,
Thy perfect love on earth shall taste,
And soon with thee in glory reign.

THE BIBLE.

HYMN 254. C. M.

1 FATHER of mercies, in thy word,
What endless glory shines!
Forever be thy name adored
For these celestial lines.

2 Here may the wretched sons of want,
Exhaustless riches find,
Riches above what earth can grant,
And lasting as the mind.

3 Here the fair tree of knowledge grows,
And yields a free repast;
Sublimer sweets than nature knows,
Invite the longing taste.

4 Here the Redeemer's welcome voice
Spreads heavenly peace around;
And life, and everlasting joys,
Attend the blissful sound.

5 O may these heavenly pages be
My ever dear delight;
And still new beauties may I see,
And still increasing light.

6 Divine Instructor, gracious Lord,
Be thou forever near;
Teach me to love thy sacred word,
And view my Saviour there.

HYMN 255. C. M.

1 THE counsels of redeeming grace
The sacred leaves unfold:
And here the Saviour's lovely face,
Our raptured eyes behold.

2 Here light descending from above,
Directs our doubtful feet;
Here promises of heavenly love,
Our ardent wishes meet.

3 Our numerous griefs are here redrest,
And all our wants supplied:
Nought we can ask to make us blest,
Is in this book denied.

4 For these inestimable gains,
That so enrich the mind,
O may we search with eager pains,
Assured that we shall find.

HYMN 256. C. M.

1 HOW precious is the book divine,
By inspiration given!
Bright as a lamp its doctrines shine,
To guide our souls to heaven.

2 It sweetly cheers our drooping hearts
In this dark vale of tears;
Life, light and joy it still imparts,
And quells our rising fears.

3 This lamp through all the tedious night
Of life shall guide our way,
Till we behold the clearer light
Of an eternal day.

HYMN 257. C. M.

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.

3 Let everlasting thanks be thine,
For such a bright display,
As makes a world of darkness shine
With beams of heavenly day.

4 My soul rejoices to pursue
The steps of him I love,
Till glory breaks upon my view,
In brighter worlds above.

HYMN 258. C. M.

1 COME, Holy Ghost, our hearts inspire,
Let us thine influence prove;
Source of the old prophetic fire,
Fountain of light and love.

2 Come, Holy Ghost, (for moved by thee
The prophets wrote and spoke,)
Unlock the truth, thyself the key,
Unseal the sacred book.

3 Expand thy wings, celestial Dove,
Brood o'er our nature's night:
On our disordered spirits move,
And let there now be light.

4 God, through himself, we then shall know,
If thou within us shine;
And sound with all thy saints below,
The depths of love divine.

HYMN 259. C. M.

1 FATHER of all, in whom alone
We live, and move, and breathe,
One bright celestial ray dart down,
And cheer thy sons beneath.

2 While in thy word we search for thee,—
We search with trembling awe!—
Open our eyes and let us see
The wonders of thy law.

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

4 Before us make thy goodness pass,
Which here by faith we know;
Let us in Jesus see thy face,
And die to all below.

HYMN 260. L. M.

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 night and day thy power confess;
But the blest volume thou hast writ
Reveals thy justice and thy grace.

3 Sun, moon and stars, convey thy praise
Round all the earth—and never stand;
So when thy truth began its race,
It touched and glanced on every land.

4 Nor shall thy spreading gospel rest,
Till through the world thy truth has run;
Till Christ has all the nations blest,
That see the light—or feel the sun.

5 Great Sun of Righteousness, arise!
Bless the dark world with heavenly light;
Thy gospel makes the simple wise:
Thy laws are pure—thy judgments right.

6. Thy noblest wonders here we view,
In souls renewed and sins forgiven:—
Lord, cleanse my sins—my soul renew,
And make thy word my guide to heaven.

HYMN 261. L. M.

1 GOD, in the gospel of his Son,
Makes his eternal counsels known;
'Tis here his richest mercy shines,
And truth is drawn in fairest lines.

2 Here sinners of an humble frame
May taste his grace and learn his name;
'Tis shown in characters of blood,
Severely just, immensely good.

3 Here Jesus, in ten thousand ways,
His soul-attracting charms displays;
Recounts his poverty and pains,
And tells his love in melting strains.

4 Wisdom its dictates here imparts,
To form our minds, to cheer our hearts;
Its influence makes the sinner live,
It bids the drooping saint revive.

5 Our raging passions it controls,
And comfort yields to contrite souls;
It brings a better world in view,
And guides us all our journey through.

6 May this blest volume ever lie
Close to my heart, and near mine eye;
Till life's last hour my soul engage,
And be my chosen heritage.

HYMN 262. 4 8s & 2 6s.

1 WHAT is the world? a wildering maze,
Where sin hath tracked ten thousand ways,
Her victims to ensnare;
All broad, and winding, and aslope,
All tempting with perfidious hope,
All ending in despair.

2 Millions of pilgrims throng these roads,
Bearing their baubles or their loads
Down to eternal night:
One only path that never bends,
Narrow, and rough, and steep, ascends
From darkness into light.

3 Is there no guide to show that path?
The Bible!—He alone who hath
The Bible need not stray;
But he who hath, and will not give
That light of life to all that live,
Himself shall lose the way.

HYMN 263. 6 8s.

1 INSPIRER of the ancient seers,
Who wrote from thee the sacred page,
The same through all succeeding years,
To us, in our degenerate age,
The spirit of thy word impart,
And breathe the life into our heart.

2 While now thine oracles we read,
With earnest prayer, and strong desire,
O let thy Spir't from thee proceed,
Our souls t' awaken and inspire;
Our weakness help, our darkness chase,
And guide us by the light of grace!

3 Whene'er in error's paths we rove,
The living God through sin forsake,
Our conscience by thy word reprove,
Convince and bring the wanderers back,
Deep-wounded by thy Spirit's sword,
And then by Gilead's balm restored.

4 The sacred lessons of thy grace,
Transmitted through thy word, repeat
And train us up in all thy ways,
To make us in thy will complete;
Fulfil thy love's redeeming plan,
And bring us to a perfect man.

5 Furnished out of thy treasury,
O may we always ready stand,
To help the souls redeemed by thee,
In what their various states demand;
To teach, convince, correct, reprove,
And build them up in holiest love.

HYMN 264. P. M.

1 I LOVE the volumes of thy word;
What light and joy these leaves afford

To souls benighted and distrest!
Thy precepts guide my doubtful way,
Thy fear forbids my feet to stray,
Thy promise leads my heart to rest.

2 From the discoveries of thy law
The perfect rules of life I draw;
These are my study and delight:
Not honey so invites the taste,
Nor gold that hath the furnace passed,
Appears so pleasing to the sight.

3 Thy threatenings wake my slumbering eyes,
And warn me where my danger lies;
But 'tis thy blessed gospel, Lord,
That makes my guilty conscience clean,
Converts my soul, subdues my sin,
And gives a free, but large reward!

4 Who knows the errors of his thoughts?
My God, forgive my secret faults,
And from presumptuous sins restrain;
Accept my poor attempts at praise,
That I have read thy book of grace
And book of nature not in vain.

HYMN 265. 6 8s.

1 COME, all ye servants of the Lord,
And praise him for his sacred word—
That word, like manna, sent from heaven,
To all who seek it freely given;
Its promises our fears remove,
And fill our hearts with joy and love.

2 It tells us, though oppressed with cares,
The God of mercy hears our prayers;
Though steep and rough th' appointed way,
His mighty arm shall be our stay;
Though deadly foes assail our peace,
His power shall bid their malice cease.

3 It tells who first inspired our breath,
And who redeemed our souls from death;
It tells of grace so freely given.
And shows the path to God and heaven:
O bless we, then, our gracious Lord
For all the treasures of his word!

THE MINISTRY.

HYMN 266. S. M.

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 their 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 every nation now behold
Their Saviour and their God.

HYMN 267. S. M.

1 LORD of the harvest, hear
Thy needy servants cry;
Answer our faith's effectual prayer,
And all our wants supply.

2 On thee we humbly wait,
Our wants are in thy view;
The harvest, truly, Lord, is great;
The laborers are few.

3 Convert, and send forth more
Into thy Church abroad;
And let them speak thy word of pow'r,
As workers with their God.

4 Give the pure gospel word,
The word of general grace;
Thee let them preach, the common Lord,
The Saviour of our race.

5 O let them spread thy name;
Their mission fully prove;
Thy universal grace proclaim,
Thy all-redeeming love.

6 On all mankind, forgiven,
Empower them still to call;
And tell each creature under heaven,
That thou hast died for all.

HYMN 268. S. M.

1 HARK, how the watchmen cry,
Attend the trumpet's sound!
Stand to your arms, the foe is nigh,
The powers of hell surround:
Who bow to Christ's command,
Your arms and hearts prepare;
The day of battle is at hand:
Go forth to glorious war!

2 See on the mountain top,
The standard of your God!
In Jesus' name I lift it up,
All stained with hallowed blood.
His standard-bearer, I
To all the nations call:
Let all to Jesus' cross draw nigh!
He bore the cross for all.

3 Go up with Christ, your head,
Your Captain's footsteps see;
Follow your Captain, and be led
To certain victory.
All power to him is given;
He ever reigns the same;
Salvation, happiness, and heaven
Are all in Jesus' name.

HYMN 269. C. M.

1 LET Zion's watchmen all awake,
And take th' alarm they give;
Now let them from the mouth of God,
Their solemn charge receive.

2 'Tis not a cause of small import
The pastor's care demands;
But what might fill an angel's heart,
And filled the Saviour's hands.

3 They watch for souls, for which the Lord
Did heavenly bliss forego;
For souls, which must forever live
In raptures, or in wo.

4 All to the great tribunal haste,
Th' account to render there;
And shouldst thou strictly mark our faults,
Lord, how should we appear?

5 May they that Jesus, whom they preach,
Their own Redeemer see;
And watch thou daily o'er their souls,
That they may watch for thee.

HYMN 270. C. M.

1 JESUS, the name high over all,
In hell, or earth, or sky!
Angels and men before it fall,
And devils fear and fly.

2 Jesus, the name to sinners dear,
The name to sinners given,
It scatters all their guilty fear,
It turns their hell to heaven.

3 Jesus the prisoner's fetters breaks,
And bruises Satan's head;
Power into strengthless souls he speaks,
And life into the dead.

4 O that the world might taste and see
The riches of his grace!
The arms of love that compass me
Would all mankind embrace.

5 His only righteousness I show,
His saving truth proclaim:
'Tis all my business here below
To cry, "Behold the Lamb!"

6 Happy if with my latest breath
I may but gasp his name;
Preach him to all, and cry in death,
"Behold, behold the Lamb!"

HYMN 271. L. M.

1 JESUS, thy wandering sheep behold!
See, Lord, with yearning bowels see
The souls that cannot find the fold,
Till sought and gathered in by thee.

2 Lost are they now, and scattered wide,
In pain, and weariness and want;
With no kind shepherd near, to guide
The sick, and spiritless and faint.

3 Thou, only thou, the kind and good
And sheep-redeeming Shepherd art:
Collect thy flock and give them food,
And pastors after thine own heart.

4 Give the pure word of general grace,
And great shall be the preachers' crowd;
Preachers who all the sinful race
Point to the all-atoning blood.

5 Open their mouth, and utterance give;
Give them a trumpet-voice, to call
On all mankind to turn and live,
Through faith in him who died for all.

6 Thy only glory let them seek;
O let their hearts with love o'erflow;
Let them believe, and therefore speak,
And spread thy mercy's praise below.

HYMN 272. L. M.

1 DRAW near, O Son of God, draw near,
Us with thy flaming eye behold;
Still in thy church vouchsafe t' appear
And let our candlestick be gold.

2 Still hold the stars in thy right hand,
And let them in thy lustre glow,
The lights of a benighted land,
The angels of thy church below.

3 Make good their apostolic boast,
Their high commission let them prove,
Be temples of the Holy Ghost,
And filled with faith, and hope, and love.

4 Their hearts from things of earth remove,
Sprinkle them, Lord, from sin and fear;
Fix their affections all above,
And lay up all their treasures there.

5 Give them an ear to hear thy word,
Thou speakest to the churches now,
And let all tongues confess their Lord,
Let every knee to Jesus bow.

HYMN 273. L. M.

1 COMFORT, ye ministers of grace,
Comfort the people of your Lord;
O lift ye up the fallen race,
And cheer them by the gospel word

2 Go, into every nation go,
Speak to their trembling hearts, and cry,
Glad tidings unto all we show;
Jerusalem, thy God is nigh.

3 Hark, in the wilderness a cry,
A voice that loudly calls, Prepare,
Prepare your hearts, for God is nigh,
And means to make his entrance there.

4 The Lord your God shall quickly come,
Sinners repent, the call obey;
Open your hearts to make him room,
Ye desert souls, prepare his way.

5 The Lord shall clear his way through all,
What'er obstructs, obstructs in vain;
The vale shall rise, the mountain fall,
Crooked be straight, and rugged plain.

6 The glory of the Lord displayed,
Shall all mankind together view;
And what his mouth in truth hath said,
His own almighty hand shall do.

HYMN 274. L. M.

1 GREAT Lord of angels, we adore
The grace that builds thy courts below,
And 'midst ten thousand sons of light
Stoops to regard what mortals do.

2 Amidst the wastes of time and death,
Successive pastors thou dost raise,
Thy kingdom and thy truth to spread,
And form a people for thy praise.

3 At length, dismissed from feeble clay,
Thy servants join th' angelic band;
With them through distant worlds they fly,
With them before thy presence stand.

4 O blest enjoyment, glorious hope,
Sweet lenitive of grief and care,
When shall we reach those radiant courts,
And all their joys and honors share?

5 Yet while these labors we pursue,
Though distant from thy heavenly throne,
Give us a zeal and love like theirs,
And half their heaven shall here be known.

HYMN 275. L. M.

1 GO preach my gospel, saith the Lord,
Bid the whole world my grace receive;
He shall be saved that trusts my word,
He shall be damned that won't 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.

HYMN 276. L. M.

1 THUS spake the Saviour, when he sent
His ministers to preach his word;
They through the world obedient went,
And spread the gospel of their Lord.

2 "Go forth, ye heralds, in my name,
Bid the whole earth my grace receive;
The gospel jubilee proclaim,
And call them to repent and live.

3 "The joyful news to all impart,
And teach them where salvation lies;
Bind up the broken, bleeding heart,
And wipe the tear from weeping eyes.

4 "Be wise as serpents where you go,
But harmless as the peaceful dove;
And let your heaven-taught conduct show
That you're commissioned from above.

5 "Freely from me ye have received;
Freely in love to others give;
Thus shall your doctrines be believed,
And by your labor sinners live."

6 Happy those servants of the Lord
Who thus their Master's will obey;
How rich, how full is their reward,
Reserved until the final day.

HYMN 277. L. M.

1 THE Saviour, when to heaven he rose
In splendid triumph o'er his foes,
Scattered his gifts on men below,
And wide his royal bounties flow.

2 Hence sprung th' apostles' honored name,
Sacred beyond heroic fame;
In lowlier form to bless our eyes,
Pastors from hence, and teachers, rise

3 From Christ they varied gifts derive,
And fed by Christ their graces live;
While, guarded by his potent hand,
'Midst all the rage of hell they stand.

4 So shall the bright succession run
Through the last courses of the sun:
While unborn churches, by their care,
Shall rise and flourish large and fair.

5 Jesus, our Lord, their hearts shall know,
The spring whence all these blessings flow;
Pastors and people shout his praise
Through the long round of endless days.

HYMN 278. L. M.

1 FATHER of mercies! bow thine ear,
Attentive to our earnest prayer;
We plead for those who plead for thee,
Successful pleaders may they be.

2 How great their work, how vast their charge;
Do thou their anxious souls enlarge;
Their best acquirements are our gain,
We share the blessings they obtain.

3 Clothe, then, with energy divine
Their words, and let those words be thine;
To them thy sacred truth reveal,
Suppress their fear, inflame their zeal.

4 Teach them to sow the precious seed,
Teach them thy chosen flock to feed;
Teach them immortal souls to gain—
Souls that will well reward their pain.

5 Let thronging multitudes around
Hear from their lips the joyful sound;
In humble strains thy grace implore,
And feel thy new-creating power.

6 Let sinners break their massy chains,
Distressed souls forget their pains;
Let light through distant realms be spread,
And Zion rear her drooping head.

HYMN 279. L. M.

1 SHALL I, for fear of feeble man,
The Spirit's course in me restrain?
Or, undismayed in deed and word,
Be a true witness for my Lord?

2 Awed by a mortal frown, shall I
Conceal the word of God most high?
How then before thee shall I dare
To stand, or how thine anger bear?

3 Shall I, to soothe th' unholy throng,
Soften thy truths, and smooth my tongue,
To gain earth's gilded toys, or flee
The cross, endured, my Lord, by thee?

4 What then is he whose scorn I dread,
Whose wrath or hate makes me afraid?
A man, an heir of death, a slave
To sin, a bubble on the wave!

5 Yea, let men rage, since thou wilt spread
Thy shadowing wings around my head,
Since in all pain thy tender love
Will still my sure refreshment prove.

SECOND PART.

1 SAVIOUR of men, thy searching eye
Doth all my inmost thoughts descry!
Doth aught on earth my wishes raise,
Or the world's pleasure, or its praise?

2 The love of Christ doth me constrain
To seek the wandering souls of men,
With cries, entreaties, tears, to save,
To snatch them from the gaping grave.

3 For this, let men revile my name;
No cross I shun, I fear no shame;
All hail, reproach! and welcome, pain!
Only thy terrors, Lord, restrain.

4 My life, my blood I here present,
If for thy truth they may be spent;
Fulfil thy sovereign counsel, Lord;
Thy will be done, thy name adored.

5 Give me thy strength, O God of power;
Then let winds blow, and thunders roar;
Thy faithful witness will I be;
'Tis fixed, I can do all through thee.

HYMN 280. 4 8s & 2 6s.

1 EXCEPT the Lord conduct the plan,
The best concerted schemes are vain,
And never can succeed;
We spend our wretched strength for naught;
But if our works in thee be wrought,
They shall be blest indeed.

2 Lord, if thou didst thyself inspire
Our souls with this intense desire
Thy goodness to proclaim—
Thy glory if we now intend—
O let our deed begin and end
Complete in Jesus' name.

3 In Jesus' name, behold, we meet,
Far from an evil world retreat,
And all its frantic ways;
One only thing resolved to know,
And square our useful lives below
By reason and by grace.

4 Not in the tombs we pine to dwell,
Not in the dark monastic cell,
By vows and gates confined;

Freely to all ourselves we give,
Constrained by Jesus' love to live
The servants of mankind.

5 Now, Jesus, now thy love impart,
To govern each devoted heart,
And fit us for thy will:
Deep founded in the truth of grace,
Build up thy rising church, and place
The city on the hill.

6 O let our faith and love abound,
O let our lives to all around
With purest lustre shine;
That all around our works may see,
And give the glory, Lord, to thee,
The heavenly Light divine.

HYMN 281. 6 8s.

1 COMFORT, ye ministers of grace,
Comfort my people, saith your God;
Ye soon shall see his smiling face,
His golden sceptre, not his rod,
And own, when now the cloud's removed,
He only chastened whom he loved.

2 Who sow in tears, in joy shall reap;
The Lord shall comfort all that mourn;
Who now go on their way and weep,
With joy they doubtless shall return,
And bring their sheaves with vast increase,
And have their fruit to holiness.

HYMN 282. 6 8s.

1 WHERE shall my wondering soul begin?
How shall I all to heaven aspire?
A slave, redeemed from death and sin,
A brand, plucked from eternal fire,—

How shall I equal triumphs raise,
Or sing my great Deliverer's praise?

2 O how shall I the goodness tell,
Father, which thou to me hast showed?
That I, a child of wrath and hell,
I should be called a child of God—
Should know, should feel, my sins forgiven,
Blest with this antepast of heaven!

3 And shall I slight my Father's love,
Or basely fear his gifts to own,
Unmindful of his favors prove?
Shall I, the hallowed cross to shun,
Refuse his righteousness t' impart,
By hiding it within my heart?

4 No—though the ancient dragon rage,
And call forth all his hosts to war,
Though earth's self-righteous sons engage,
Them and their god alike I dare;
Jesus, the sinner's Friend, proclaim,
Jesus, to sinners still the same.

5 Come, O my guilty brethren, come,
Groaning beneath your load of sin;
His bleeding heart shall make you room,
His open side shall take you in:
He calls you now, invites you home;
Come, O my guilty brethren, come.

HYMN 283. 6 8s.

1 GIVE me the faith which can remove
And sink the mountain to a plain;
Give me the childlike, praying love
Which longs to build thy house again;
Thy love, let it my heart o'erpower,
And all my simple soul devour.

2 I want an even strong desire,
I want a calmly fervent zeal,
To save poor sinners from the fire,
To snatch them from the verge of hell,
And turn them to a pardoning God,
And quench the brands in Jesus' blood.

3 I would the precious time redeem,
And longer live for this alone,
To spend, and to be spent, for them
Who have not yet my Saviour known;
Fully on these my mission prove,
And only breathe to breathe thy love.

4 My talents, gifts, and graces, Lord,
Into thy blessed hands receive;
And let me live to preach thy word,
And let me to thy glory live;
My every sacred moment spend
In publishing the sinner's Friend.

5 Enlarge, inflame, and fill my heart
With boundless charity divine;
So shall I all my strength exert,
And love them with a zeal like thine,
And lead them to thy open side,
The sheep for whom their Shepherd died.

HYMN 284. P. M.

1 THOU, Jesus, thou my breast inspire,
And touch my lips with hallowed fire,
And loose a stammering infant's tongue;
Prepare the vessel of thy grace,
Adorn me with the robes of praise,
And mercy shall be all my song

2 Mercy for all who know not God,
Mercy for all in Jesus' blood,
Mercy that earth and heaven transcends—
Love that o'erwhelms the saints in light—
The length, and breadth, and depth, and height
Of love divine, which never ends.

3 A faithful witness of thy grace,
Well may I fill th' allotted space,
And answer all thy great design;
Walk in the works by thee prepared,
And find annexed the vast reward,
The crown of righteousness divine.

4 When I have lived to thee alone,
Pronounce the welcome words, "Well done!"
And let me take my place above;
Enter into my Master's joy,
And all eternity employ
In praise, and ecstacy, and love.

HYMN 285. P. M.

1 THY power and saving truth to show,
A warfare at thy charge I go,
Strong in the Lord, and thy great might—
Gladly take up the hallowed cross,
And, suffering all things for thy cause,
Beneath thy bloody banner fight.

2 A spectacle to fiends and men,
To all their fierce or cold disdain,
With calmest pity I submit:
Determined naught to know beside
My Jesus and him crucified,
I tread the world beneath my feet.

3 Superior to their smile or frown,
On all their goods my soul looks down—
Their pleasures, wealth, and power, and state:
The man that dares their god despise,
The Christian, he alone is wise,
The Christian, he alone is great.

4 O God, let all my life declare
How appy all thy servants are,
How far above these earthly things;

How pure, when washed in Jesus' blood,
How intimately one with God—
A heaven-born race of priests and kings.

5 For this alone I live below,
The power of godliness to show,
The wonders wrought by Jesus' name;
O that I might but faithful prove,
Witness to all thy pardoning love,
And point them to th' atoning Lamb.

6 Let me to every creature cry,
The poor and rich, the low and high,
"Believe, and feel thy sins forgiven!
Lost, till by Jesus saved, thou art;
Till Jesus' blood hath washed thy heart,
Thou canst not find the gate of heaven."

THE SABBATH.

HYMN 286. S. M.

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

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

3 One day amidst the place
Which Jesus dwells within,
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.

HYMN 287. 6 7s.

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.

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.

HYMN 288. C. M.

1 MAY I, throughout this day of thine,
Be in thy spirit, Lord:
Spirit of humble fear divine,
That trembles at thy word,—

2 Spirit of faith, my heart to raise,
And fix on things above:
Spirit of sacrifice and praise,
Of holiness and love.

HYMN 289. C. M.

1 FREQUENT the day of God returns
To shed its quickening beams;
And yet how slow devotion burns,
How languid are its flames!

2 Accept our faint attempts to love,
Our frailties, Lord, forgive;
We would be like thy saints above,
And praise thee while we live.

3 Increase, O Lord, our faith and hope,
And fit us to ascend
Where the assembly ne'er breaks up,
The Sabbath ne'er shall end.

4 There we shall breath in heavenly air,
With heavenly lustre shine;
Before the throne of God appear,
And feast on love divine.

HYMN 290. L. M.

1 MY opening eyes with rapture see
The dawn of thy returning day;
My thoughts, O God, ascend to thee,
While thus my early vows I pay.

2 I yield my heart to thee alone,
Nor would receive another guest;
Eternal King! erect thy throne,
And reign sole monarch in my breast.

3 O bid this trifling world retire,
And drive each carnal thought away;
Nor let me feel one vain desire,
One sinful thought, through all the day.

4 Then, to thy courts when I repair,
My soul shall rise on joyful wing,
The wonders of thy love declare,
And join the strains which angels sing.

HYMN 291. L. M.

1 AGAIN our weekly labors end,
And we the Sabbath's call attend;
Improve, our souls, the sacred rest,
And seek to be for ever blest.

2 This day let our devotions rise,
As grateful incense to the skies;
And God that peace divine bestow
Which none but they who feel it know.

3 This holy calm within the breast
Prepares for that eternal rest
Which for the sons of God remains,
The end of cares, the end of pains.

4 In holy duties, let the day
In holy pleasures pass away:
How sweet the Sabbath thus to spend,
In hope of that which ne'er shall end.

HYMN 292. L. M.

1 LORD of the Sabbath, hear our vows,
On this thy day, in this thy house,
And own, as grateful sacrifice,
The songs which from thy servants rise.

2 Thine earthly Sabbaths, Lord, we love,
But there's a nobler rest above;
To that our laboring souls aspire,
With ardent pangs of strong desire.

3 No more fatigue, no more distress,
Nor sin, nor hell shall reach the place;
Nor sighs shall mingle with the songs
Which warble from immortal tongues.

4 No rude alarms of raging foes,
No cares to break the long repose;
No midnight shade, no clouded sun,
But sacred, high, eternal noon.

5 O long-expected day, begin;
Dawn on these realms of wo and sin;
Fain would we leave this weary road,
And sleep in death, to rest with God.

HYMN 293. L. M.

1 SWEET is the work, my God, my King,
To praise thy name, give thanks, and sing;
To show thy love by morning light,
And talk of all thy truth at night.

2 Sweet is the day of sacred rest,
No mortal cares disturb my breast;
O may my heart in tune be found,
Like David's harp of solemn sound.

3 My heart shall triumph in the Lord,
And bless his works and bless his word:
Thy works of grace, how bright they shine!
How deep thy counsels, how divine!

4 Some never raise their thoughts so high;
Like brutes they live, like brutes they die;
Like grass they flourish, till thy breath
Dooms them to everlasting death.

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

6 Then shall I see and hear and know
All I desired and wished below,
And every power find sweet employ
In that eternal world of joy.

HYMN 294. L. M.

1 LORD, how delightful 'tis to see
A whole assembly worship thee!
At once they sing, at once they pray;
They hear of heaven, and learn the way.

2 I have been there, and still would go,
'Tis like the dawn of heaven below;
Not all that careless sinners say
Shall tempt me to forget this day.

3 O write upon my memory, Lord,
The truths and precepts of thy word,
That I may break thy laws no more,
But love thee better than before.

4 With thoughts of Christ and things divine,
Fill up this foolish heart of mine,
That finding pardon through his blood,
I may lie down and wake with God.

HYMN 295. 6 8s.

1 GREAT God, this hallowed day of thine
Demands our souls' collected powers;
May we employ in works divine
These solemn and devoted hours:
O may our souls, adoring, own
The grace which calls us to thy throne.

2 Hence, ye vain cares and trifles, fly;
Where God resides, appear no more;
Omniscient Lord, thy piercing eye
Doth every secret thought explore;
O may thy grace our thoughts refine,
And fix our hearts on things divine.

PUBLIC WORSHIP.

ASSEMBLING.

HYMN 296. 7s.

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."

HYMN 297. C. M.

1 IN thy great name, O Lord, we come,
To worship at thy feet;
O pour thy Holy Spirit down
On all who now shall meet.

2 We come to hear Jehovah speak,
To hear the Saviour's voice;
Thy face and favor, Lord, we seek,
Now make our hearts rejoice.

3 Teach us to pray, and praise, and hear,
And understand thy word,
To feel thy blissful presence near,
And trust our living Lord.

4 Here let thy power and grace be felt,
Thy love and mercy known;
Our icy hearts, O Jesus, melt,
And break this flinty stone.

5 Let sinners, Lord, thy goodness prove,
And saints rejoice in thee;
Let rebels be subdued by love,
And to the Saviour flee.

6 This house with grace and glory fill,
This congregation bless;
Thy great salvation now reveal,
Thy glorious righteousness.

HYMN 298. 8s, 7s & 1 4.

1 IN thy name, O Lord, assembling,
We, thy people, now draw near;
Teach us to rejoice with trembling,
Speak and let thy servants hear—
Hear with meekness—
Hear thy word with godly fear.

2 While our days on earth are lengthened,
Let us give them, Lord, to thee;
Cheered by hope, and daily strengthened,
We would run, nor weary be,
Till thy glory
Without clouds in heaven we see.

3 There in worship, purer, sweeter,
All thy people shall adore,
Tasting of enjoyment greater
Than they could conceive before—
Full enjoyment—
Holy bliss, for evermore.

HYMN 299. L. M.

1 GOD in his temple let us meet,
Low on our knees before him bend;
Here hath he fixed his mercy-seat,
Here on his Sabbath we attend.

2 Arise into thy resting place,
Thou and thine ark of strength, O Lord;
Shine through the veil, we seek thy face;
Speak, for we hearken to thy word.

3 With righteousness thy priests array;
Joyful thy chosen people be;
Let those who teach and those who pray,
Let all, be holiness to thee.

HYMN 300. L. M.

1 JESUS where'er thy people meet,
There they behold thy mercy-seat;
Where'er they seek thee, thou art found,
And every place is hallowed ground.

2 For thou, within no walls confined,
Inhabitest the humble mind;
Such ever bring thee where they come,
And, going, take thee to their home.

3 Great Shepherd of thy chosen few,
Thy former mercies here renew;
Here to our waiting hearts proclaim
The sweetness of thy saving name.

BEFORE SERMON.

HYMN 301. S. M.

1 LORD, if at thy command
The word of life we sow,
Watered by thy almighty hand,
The seed shall surely grow:
The virtue of thy grace
A large increase shall give,
And multiply the faithful race
Who to thy glory live.

2 Now, then, the fruitful shower
Of gospel blessings send,
And let the soul-converting power
Thy ministers attend:
On multitudes confer
The heart-renewing love,
And by the joy of grace prepare
For fuller joys above.

HYMN 302. S. M.

1 JESUS, thy servants bless,
Who, sent by thee, proclaim
The peace, and joy, and righteousness
Experienced in thy name;
The kingdom of our God,
Which thy great Spir't imparts,
The power of thy victorious blood,
Which reigns in faithful hearts.

2 Their souls with faith supply,
With life and liberty;
And then they preach and testify
The things concerning thee,
And live for this alone,
Thy grace to minister,
And all thou hast for sinners done,
In life and death declare.

HYMN 303. C. M.

1 JESUS, thou dear redeeming Lord,
Thy blessing we implore;
Open the door to preach thy word,
The great effectual door.

2 Gather the outcasts in, and save
From sin and Satan's power,
And let them now acceptance have,
And know their gracious hour.

3 Lover of souls, thou know'st to prize
What thou hast bought so dear;
Come, then, and in thy people's eyes
With all thy wounds appear.

4 Appear as when of old confest
The suffering Son of God,
And let us see thee in thy vest
But newly dipt in blood.

5 The hardness of our hearts remove,
Thou who for sin hast died;
Show us the tokens of thy love,
Thy feet, thy hands, thy side.

HYMN 304. C. M.

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

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

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

4 Now let our darkness comprehend
The light that shines so clear;
The Spirit, Lord, in mercy send,
And give us ears to hear.

HYMN 305. L. M.

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

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

3 Command thy blessing in this hour,
Spirit of truth, and fill the place
With humbling and with healing power,
With killing and with quickening grace.

4 O thou, our Maker, Saviour, Guide,
One true eternal God confessed,
Whom thou hast joined may none divide,
None dare to curse whom thou hast blessed.

5 With thee and these for ever found,
May all the souls who here unite,
With harps and songs thy throne surround,
Rest in thy throne, and reign in light.

HYMN 306. L. M.

1 THY presence, gracious God, afford,
Prepare us to receive thy word;
Now let thy voice engage our ear,
And faith be mixt with what we hear.

2 Distracting thoughts and cares remove,
And fix our hearts and hopes above;
With food divine may we be fed,
And satisfied with living bread.

3 To us the sacred word apply
With sovereign power and energy,
And may we, in thy faith and fear,
Reduce to practice what we hear.

4 Father, in us thy Son reveal,
Teach us to know and do thy will;
Thy saving power and love display,
And guide us to the realms of day.

PRAISE.

HYMN 307. S. M.

1 STAND up, and bless the Lord,
Ye people of his choice;
Stand up and bless the Lord your God,
With heart, and soul, and voice.

2 Though high above all praise,
Above all blessing high,
Who would not fear his holy name,
And laud, and magnify?

3 O for the living flame,
From his own altar brought,
To touch our lips, our minds 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 him near.

5 God is our strength and song,
And his salvation ours;
Then be his love in Christ proclaimed
With all our ransomed powers.

6 Stand up and bless the Lord,
The Lord your God adore;
Stand up and bless his glorious name,
Henceforth for evermore.

HYMN 308. S. M.

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 glory of his face,
With joys divinely great.

4 Then all the chosen seed
Shall meet around the throne,
Shall bless the conduct of his grace,
And make his wonders known.

5 To our Redeemer, God,
Wisdom with power belongs,
Immortal crowns of majesty,
And everlasting songs.

HYMN 309. S. M.

1 AWAKE, and sing the song
Of Moses and the Lamb;
Wake every heart and every tongue,
To praise the Saviour's name.

2 Sing of his dying love,
Sing of his rising power;
Sing how he intercedes above,
For those whose sins he bore.

3 Sing till we feel our heart
Ascending with our tongue;
Sing till the love of sin depart,
And grace inspire our song.

4 Sing on your heavenly way,
Ye ransomed sinners, sing;
Sing on, rejoicing every day
In Christ, th' eternal King.

5 Soon shall we hear him say,
"Ye blessed children, come;"
Soon will he call us hence away,
And take his wanderers home

6 Soon shall our raptured tongue
His endless praise proclaim,
And sweeter voices tune the song
Of Moses and the Lamb.

HYMN 310. S. M.

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 See Salem's golden spires
In beauteous prospect rise;
And brighter crowns than mortals wear,
Which sparkle through the skies.

5 All honor to his name
Who marks the shining way!
To him who leads the wanderers on
To realms of endless day.

HYMN 311. 4 6s & 2 8s.

1 LET earth and heaven agree,
Angels and men be joined,
To celebrate with me
The Saviour of mankind:
T' adore the all-atoning Lamb,
And bless the sound of Jesus' name.

2 Jesus! transporting sound!
The joy of earth and heaven:
No other help is found,
No other name is given,

By which we can salvation have;
But Jesus came the world to save.

3 Jesus! harmonious name!
It charms the hosts above;
They evermore proclaim
And wonder at his love;
'Tis all their happiness to gaze,
'Tis heaven to see our Jesus' face.

4 His name the sinner hears,
And is from sin set free;
'Tis music in his ears,
'Tis life and victory:
New songs do now his lips employ,
And dances his glad heart for joy.

5 O unexampled love!
O all-redeeming grace!
How swiftly didst thou move
To save a fallen race!
What shall I do to make it known,
What thou for all mankind hast done?

6 O for a trumpet voice,
On all the world to call,
To bid their hearts rejoice
In him who died for all!
For all my Lord was crucified;
For all, for all my Saviour died.

HYMN 312. 7s.

1 LET the elders praise the Lord,
Him let all the people praise,
When they meet with one accord
In his courts, on holy days.

2 God for sin will vengeance take,
Smite the earth with sore distress,
And a fruitful region make
As the howling wilderness.

3 But when mercy stays his hand
Famine, plague and death depart;
Yea, the rock at his command
Pours a river from its heart.

4 There the hungry dwell in peace,
Cities build, and plough the ground,
While their flocks and herds increase,
And their corn and wine abound.

5 Should they yet rebel, his arm
Lays their pride again in dust;
But the poor he shields from harm,
And in him the righteous trust.

6 Who so wisely marks his will,
Thus evolving bliss from wo,
Shall, redeemed from every ill,
All his loving kindness know.

HYMN 313. 7s.

1 HERALDS of creation cry,
Praise the Lord, the Lord most high;
Heaven and earth, obey the call,
Praise the Lord, the Lord of all.

2 For he spake, and forth from night
Sprang the universe to light;
He commanded—nature heard,
And stood fast upon his word.

3 Praise him, all ye hosts above,
Spirits perfected in love;
Sun and moon, your voices raise,
Sing, ye stars, your Maker's praise.

4 Earth, from all thy depths below,
Ocean's hallelujahs flow;
Lightning, vapor, wind and storm,
Hail and snow, his will perform.

5 Vales and mountains, burst in song;
Rivers, roll with praise along;
Clap your hands, ye trees, and hail
God, who comes in every gale.

6 Birds, on wings of rapture soar,
Warble at his temple door;
Joyful sounds, from herds and flocks,
Echo back, ye caves and rocks.

7 Kings, your Sovereign serve with awe;
Judges, own his righteous law;
Princes, worship him with fear;
Bow the knee, all people here.

8 Let his truth by babes be told,
And his wonders by the old;
Youths and maidens, in your prime,
Learn the lays of heaven betime.

9 High above all height his throne,
Excellent his name alone;
Him let all his works confess,
Him let every being bless.

HYMN 314. 7s.

1 PRAISE to God, immortal praise,
For the love that crowns our days;
Bounteous Source of every joy,
Let thy praise our tongues employ.

2 For the blessings of the field,
For the stores the gardens yield,
For the vine's exalted juice,
For the generous olive's use;

3 Flocks that whiten all the plain,
Yellow sheaves of ripened grain,
Clouds that drop their fattening dews,
Suns that temperate warmth diffuse;

4 All that spring, with bounteous hand,
Scatters o'er the smiling land;

All that liberal autumn pours
From her rich o'erflowing stores:

5 These to thee, my God, we owe,
Source from whence all blessings flow;
And for these my soul shall raise
Grateful vows and solemn praise.

6 Yet should rising whirlwinds tear
From its stem the ripening ear;
Should the fig tree's blasted shoot
Drop her green, untimely fruit;

7 Should the vine put forth no more,
Nor the olive yield her store;
Though the sickening flocks should fall,
And the herds desert the stall;

8 Should thy altered hand restrain
The early and the latter rain;
Blast each opening bud of joy,
And the rising year destroy;

9 Yet to thee my soul should raise
Grateful vows and solemn praise;
And when every blessing 's flown,
Love thee for thyself alone.

HYMN 315. 7s.

1 LET us, with a gladsome mind,
Praise the Lord, for he is kind,
For his mercies shall endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

2 He, with all-commanding might,
Filled the new-made world with light;
For his mercies shall endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

3 All things living he doth feed,
His full hand supplies their need;
For his mercies shall endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

4 He his chosen race did bless,
In the wasteful wilderness;
For his mercies shall endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

5 He hath with a piteous eye
Looked upon our misery;
For his mercies shall endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

6 Let us then, with gladsome mind,
Praise the Lord, for he is kind,
For his mercies shall endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

HYMN 316. 7s.

1 LORD and God of heavenly powers,
Theirs, yet O benignly ours,
Glorious King—let earth proclaim,
Worms attempt to chant thy name.

2 Thee to laud in songs divine,
Angels and archangels join;
We with them our voices raise,
Echoing thine eternal praise.

3 Holy, holy, holy Lord,
Live by heaven and earth adored;
Full of thee, they ever cry,
"Glory be to God most high."

HYMN 317. 7s.

1 SONGS of praise the angels sang,
Heaven with hallelujahs rang,
When Jehovah's work begun,
When he spake and it was done.

2 Songs of praise awoke the morn
When the Prince of peace was born;
Songs of praise arose when he
Captive led captivity.

3 Heaven and earth must pass away,
Songs of praise shall crown that day;
God will make new heavens and earth,
Songs of praise shall hail their birth.

4 And will man alone be dumb,
Till that glorious kingdom come?
No—the church delights to raise
Psalms and hymns and songs of praise.

5 Saints below, with heart and voice,
Still in songs of praise rejoice,
Learning here, by faith and love,
Songs of praise to sing above.

6 Borne upon the latest breath,
Songs of praise shall conquer death;
Then, amidst eternal joy,
Songs of praise their powers employ.

HYMN 318. 8 7s.

1 MEET and right it is to praise
God, the giver of all grace,
God, whose mercies are bestowed
On the evil and the good;
He prevents his creatures' call,
Kind and merciful to all;
Makes his sun on sinners rise,
Showers his blessings from the skies.

2 Least of all thy creatures, we
Daily thy salvation see,
As by heavenly manna fed,
Through a world of dangers led,
Through a wilderness of cares,
Through ten thousand thousand snares,
More than now our hearts conceive,
More than we could know, and live!

3 By our bosom foe beset,
Taken in the fowler's net,

Passion's unresisting prey,
Oft within the toils we lay;
Sleeping on the brink of sin,
Tophet gaped to take us in;
Mercy to our rescue flew,
Broke the snare, and brought us through.

4 Here, as in the lion's den,
Undevoured we still remain,
Pass secure the watery flood,
Hanging on the arm of God;
Here we raise our voices higher,
Shout in the refiner's fire,
Clap our hands amidst the flame,
Glory give to Jesus' name.

HYMN 319. C. M.

1 HAPPY the souls to Jesus joined,
And saved by grace alone;
Walking in all his ways, they find
Their heaven on earth begun.

2 The church triumphant in thy love,
Their mighty joys we know;
They sing the Lamb in hymns above,
And we in hymns below.

3 Thee in thy glorious realm they praise,
And bow before thy throne;
We in the kingdom of thy grace—
The kingdoms are but one.

4 The holy to the holiest leads,
From thence our spirits rise,
And he that in thy statutes treads
Shall meet thee in the skies.

HYMN 320. C. M.

1 SWEET is the memory of thy grace,
My God, my heavenly King;
Let age to age thy righteousness
In sounds of glory ring.

2 God reigns on high, but not confines
His bounty to the skies;
Through the whole earth his goodness shines,
And every want supplies.

3 With longing eyes, the creatures wait
On thee for daily food;
Thy liberal hand provides them meat,
And fills their mouth with good.

4 How kind are thy compassions, Lord,
How slow thine anger moves;
But soon he sends his pardoning word,
To cheer the souls he loves.

5 Creatures, with all their endless race,
Thy power and praise proclaim;
But we, who taste thy richer grace,
Delight to bless thy name.

HYMN 321. C. M.

1 COME, let us who in Christ believe,
Our common Saviour praise,
To him with joyful voices give
The glory of his grace.

2 He now stands knocking at the door
Of every sinner's heart;
The worst need keep him out no more,
Or force him to depart.

3 Through grace we hearken to thy voice,
Yield to be saved from sin,
In sure and certain hope rejoice
That thou wilt enter in.

4 Come quickly in, thou heavenly guest,
Nor ever hence remove,
But sup with us, and let the feast
Be everlasting love.

HYMN 322. C. M.

1 SING we the song of those who stand
Around th' eternal throne,
Of every kindred, clime, and land,
A multitude unknown.

2 Life's poor distinctions vanish here;
To-day the young, the old,
Our Saviour and his flock appear,
One Shepherd and one fold.

3 Toil, trial, suffering still await
On earth the pilgrim throng;
Yet learn we in our low estate
The church triumphant's song.

4 Worthy the Lamb, for sinners slain!—
Cry the redeemed above—
Blessing and honor to obtain,
And everlasting love.

5 Worthy the Lamb!—on earth we sing—
Who died our souls to save;
Henceforth, O death, where is thy sting?
Thy victory, O grave?

6 Then hallelujah! power and praise
To God in Christ be given;
May all who now this anthem raise,
Renew the strain in heaven.

HYMN 323. C. M.

1 O FOR a thousand tongues to sing
My great Redeemer's praise—
The glories of my God and King,
The triumphs of his grace!

2 My gracious Master and my God,
Assist me to proclaim,
To spread through all the earth abroad,
The honors of thy name.

3 Jesus! the name that charms our fears,
That bids our sorrows cease;
'Tis music in the sinner's ears,
'Tis life, and health, and peace.

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

5 He speaks, and, listening to his voice,
New life the dead receive;
The mournful, broken hearts rejoice,
The humble poor believe.

6 Hear him, ye deaf—his praise, ye dumb,
Your loosened tongues employ;
Ye blind, behold your Saviour come,
And leap, ye lame, for joy.

7 Look unto him, ye nations—own
Your God, ye fallen race;
Look, and be saved through faith alone—
Be justified by grace.

8 See all your sins on Jesus laid—
The Lamb of God was slain;
His soul was once an offering made
For every soul of man.

9 Awake from guilty nature's sleep,
And Christ shall give you light;
Cast all your sins into the deep,
And wash the Æthiop white.

10 With me, your chief, ye then shall know,
Shall feel your sins forgiven,
Anticipate your heaven below,
And own that love is heaven.

HYMN 324. C. M.

1 IN God's own house pronounce his praise
His grace he here 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.

HYMN 325. C. M.

1 LET every tongue thy goodness speak,
Thou sovereign Lord of all;
Thy strengthening hands uphold the weak,
And raise the poor that fall.

2 When sorrows bow the spirit down,
When virtue lies distressed,
Beneath the proud oppressor's frown
Thou giv'st the mourner rest.

3 Thou know'st the pains thy servants feel,
Thou hear'st thy children's cry,
And their best wishes to fulfil,
Thy grace is ever nigh.

4 Thy mercy never shall remove
From men of hearts sincere;
Thou sav'st the souls whose humble love
Is joined with holy fear.

5 My lips shall dwell upon thy praise,
And spread thy fame abroad;
Let all the sons of Adam raise
The honors of their God.

HYMN 326. 8s & 7s.

1 PRAISE the Lord! ye heavens, adore him;
Praise him, angels in the height;
Sun and moon, rejoice before him;
Praise him, all ye stars of night.

2 Praise the Lord, for he hath spoken;
Worlds his mighty voice obeyed;
Laws which never can be broken,
For their guidance he hath made.

3 Praise the Lord, for he is glorious,
Never shall his promise fail;
God hath made his saints victorious,
Sin and death shall not prevail.

4 Praise the Lord of our salvation,
Hosts on high his power proclaim;
Heaven, and earth, and all creation,
Praise and magnify his name.

HYMN 327. 8s & 7s.

1 PRAISE to thee, thou great Creator,
Praise to thee from every tongue;
Join, my soul, with every creature,
Join the universal song.

2 Father, source of all compassion,
Pure, unbounded grace is thine;
Hail the God of our salvation,
Praise him for his love divine.

3 For ten thousand blessings given,
For the hope of future joy,
Sound his praise through earth and heaven,
Sound Jehovah's praise on high.

4 Joyfully on earth adore him,
Till in heaven our song we raise;
There, enraptured, fall before him,
Lost in wonder, love and praise.

HYMN 328. L. M.

1 LET everlasting glories crown
Thy head, my Saviour and my Lord;
Thy hands have brought salvation down,
And writ the blessing in thy word.

2 In vain our trembling conscience seeks
Some solid ground to rest upon;
With long despair our spirit breaks,
Till we apply to thee alone.

3 How well thy blessed truths agree!
How wise and holy thy commands!
Thy promises, how firm they be!
How firm our hope and comfort stands!

4 Should all the forms that men devise
Assault my faith with treacherous art,
I'd call them vanity and lies,
And bind thy gospel to my heart.

HYMN 329. L. M.

1 GREAT God of nations, now to thee
Our hymn of gratitude we raise;
With humble heart, and bending knee,
We offer thee our song of praise.

2 Thy name we bless, Almighty God,
For all the kindness thou hast shown
To this fair land the pilgrims trod,
This land we fondly call our own.

3 Here freedom spreads her banner wide,
And casts her soft and hallowed ray;
Here thou our fathers' steps didst guide
In safety through their dangerous way.

4 We praise thee that the gospel's light
Through all our land its radiance sheds,
Dispels the shades of error's night,
And heavenly blessings round us spreads.

5 Great God, preserve us in thy fear;
In dangers still our guardian be;
O spread thy truth's bright precepts here,
Let all the people worship thee.

HYMN 330. L. M

1 SERVANTS of God, in joyful lays
Sing ye the Lord Jehovah's praise;
His glorious name let all adore,
From age to age, for evermore.

2 Blest be that name, supremely blest,
From the sun's rising to its rest;
Above the heavens his power is known,
Through all the earth his goodness shown.

3 Who is like God? so great, so high,
He bows himself to view the sky;
And yet, with condescending grace,
Looks down upon the human race.

4 He hears the uncomplaining moan
Of those who sit and weep alone;
He lifts the mourner from the dust,
And saves the poor in him that trust.

5 Servants of God, in joyful lays
Sing ye the Lord Jehovah's praise;
His saving name let all adore,
From age to age, for evermore.

HYMN 331. L. M.

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

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

3 Your lofty themes, ye mortals, bring;
In songs of praise divinely sing;
The great salvation loud proclaim,
And shout for joy the Saviour's name.

4 In every land begin the song;
To every land the strains belong;
In cheerful sounds all voices raise,
And fill the world with loudest praise.

HYMN 332. L. M.

1 PRAISE ye the Lord—'tis good to raise
Your hearts and voices in his praise;
His nature and his works invite
To make this duty our delight.

2 He formed the stars, those heavenly flames,
He counts their number, calls their names;
His wisdom 's vast and knows no bound,
A deep where all our thoughts are drowned.

3 Sing to the Lord—exalt him high,
Who spreads his clouds around the sky;
There he prepares the fruitful rain,
Nor lets the drops descend in vain.

4 He makes the grass the hills adorn,
He clothes the smiling fields with corn;
The beasts with food his hands supply,
And the young ravens when they cry.

5 His saints are lovely in his sight,
He views his children with delight;
He sees their hope, he knows their fear,
He looks, and loves his image there.

HYMN 333. L. M.

1 JESUS, thou everlasting King,
Accept the tribute which we bring;
Accept thy well-deserved renown,
And wear our praises as thy crown.

2 Let every act of worship be
Like our espousals, Lord, to thee,
Like the blest hour when from above
We first received the pledge of love.

3 The gladness of that happy day,
O may it ever, ever stay!
Nor let our faith forsake its hold,
Nor hope decline, nor love grow cold.

4 Each following minute as it flies,
Increase thy praise, improve our joys,
Till we are raised to sing thy name
At the great supper of the Lamb.

HYMN 334. L. M.

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 shall endure,
When lords and kings are known no more.

3 He built the earth, he spread the sky,
And fixed 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 shall endure,
When suns and moons shall shine no more.

5 He sent his Son with power to save
From guilt and darkness and the grave;
Wonders of grace to God belong;
Repeat his mercies in your song.

6 Through this vain world he guides our feet,
And leads us to his heavenly seat;
His mercies ever shall endure,
When this vain world shall be no more.

HYMN 335. L. M.

1 ALMIGHTY Sovereign of the skies,
To thee let songs of gladness rise;
Each grateful heart its tribute bring,
And every voice thy goodness sing.

2 From thee our choicest blessings flow,
Life, health and strength thy hands bestow;
The daily good thy creatures share
Springs from thy providential care.

3 The rich profusion nature yields,
The harvest waving o'er the fields,
The cheering light, refreshing shower,
Are gifts from thy exhaustless store.

4 At thy command the vernal bloom
Revives the world from winter's gloom;
The summer's heat the fruit matures,
And autumn all her treasures pours.

5 From thee proceed domestic ties,
Connubial bliss, parental joys;
On thy support the nations stand,
Obedient to thy high command.

6 Let every power of heart and tongue
Unite to swell the grateful song,
While age and youth in chorus join,
And praise the Majesty divine.

HYMN 336. L. M.

1 ETERNAL Power, whose high abode
Becomes the grandeur of a God,
Infinite lengths beyond the bounds
Where stars revolve their little rounds;

2 Thee while the first archangel sings,
He hides his face behind his wings;
And ranks of shining thrones around
Fall worshipping, and spread the ground.

3 Lord, what shall earth and ashes do?
We would adore our Maker too;
From sin and dust to thee we cry,
The great, the holy, and the high.

4 Earth from afar hath heard thy fame
And worms have learned to lisp thy name;
But, oh, the glories of thy mind
Leave all our soaring thoughts behind.

5 God is in heaven, and men below;
Be short our tunes, our words be few;
A solemn reverence checks our songs,
And praise sits silent on our tongues.

HYMN 337. 4 8s & 2 6s.

1 HOW happy, gracious Lord, are we,
Divinely drawn to follow thee;
Whose hours divided are
Betwixt the mount and multitude;
Our day is spent in doing good,
Our night in praise and prayer.

2 With us no melancholy void,
No moment lingers unemployed
Or unimproved below;
Our weariness of life is gone,
Who live to serve our God alone,
And only thee to know.

3 The winter's night and summer's day
Glide imperceptibly away,
Too short to sing thy praise;

Too few we find the happy hours,
And haste to join those heavenly powers,
In everlasting lays.

4 With all who chant thy name on high,
And Holy, holy, holy! cry,
A bright harmonious throng,
We long thy praises to repeat,
And ceaseless sing, around thy seat,
The new eternal song.

HYMN 338. 4 8s & 2 6s.

1 BEGIN, my soul, th' exalted lay,
Let each enraptured thought obey,
And praise th' Almighty's name:
Lo, heaven and earth, and sea and skies,
In one melodious concert rise,
To swell th' inspiring theme.

2 Ye fields of light, celestial plains,
Where gay transporting beauty reigns,
Ye scenes divinely fair,
Your Maker's wondrous power proclaim,
Tell how he formed your shining frame,
And breathed the fluid air.

3 Ye angels, catch the thrilling sound,
While all th' adoring thrones around
His boundless mercy sing:
Let every listening saint above
Wake all the tuneful soul of love,
And touch the sweetest string.

4 Join, ye loud spheres, the vocal choir·
Thou dazzling orb of liquid fire,
The mighty chorus aid:
Soon as grey evening gilds the plain,
Thou, moon, protract the melting strain,
And praise him in the shade.

5 Let every element rejoice;
Ye thunders, burst with awful voice
To him who bids you roll:
His praise in softer notes declare,
Each whispering breeze of yielding air,
And breathe it to the soul.

6 Let man, for nobler service made,
The feeling heart, the judging head,
In heavenly praise employ:
Spread his tremendous name around,
Till heaven's broad arch rings back the sound,
The general burst of joy.

7 Ye whom the charms of grandeur please,
Nursed on the downy lap of ease,
Fall prostrate at his throne:
Ye princes, rulers, all adore;
Praise him, ye kings, who makes your power
An image of his own.

8 Let youth its ardent passions move,
To praise th' eternal Source of love,
With all its hallowed fire:
Let age take up the tuneful lay,
Sing his blest name, then soar away,
And ask an angel's lyre.

9 Let saints, redeemed from death and hell,
In louder, loftier numbers tell
The wonders of his grace:
Beyond creation's utmost bounds,
Above her noblest, sweetest sounds,
Declare Jehovah's praise.

HYMN 339. 6 8s.

1 LO, God is here! let us adore,
And own how dreadful is this place:
Let all within us feel his power,
And silent bow before his face;
Who know his power, his grace who prove,
Serve him with awe, with reverence love.

2 Lo, God is here! him day and night
Th' united choirs of angels sing:
To him, enthroned above all height,
Heaven's host their noblest praises bring:
Disdain not, Lord, our meanest song,
Who praise thee with a stammering tongue.

3 Gladly the toys of earth we leave,
Wealth, pleasure, fame, for thee alone;
To thee our will, soul, flesh we give;
O take, O seal them for thine own;
Thou art the God, thou art the Lord:
Be thou by all thy works adored.

4 Being of beings! may our praise
Thy courts with grateful fragrance fill:
Still may we stand before thy face,
Still hear and do thy sovereign will:
To thee may all our thoughts arise,
Ceaseless, accepted sacrifice.

5 As flowers their opening leaves display,
And glad drink in the solar fire,
So may we catch thy every ray,
So may thy influence us inspire,
Thou beam of the eternal beam,
Thou purging fire, thou quickening flame.

HYMN 340. 6 8s.

1 FAR as creation's bounds extend,
Thy mercies, heavenly Lord, descend;
One chorus of perpetual praise
To thee thy various works shall raise;
Thy saints to thee in hymns impart
The transports of a grateful heart.

2 They chant the splendors of thy name,
Delighted with the wondrous theme,
And bid the world's wide realms admire
The glories of th' almighty Sire,

Whose throne all nature's wreck survives,
Whose power through endless ages lives.

3 From thee, great God, while every eye
Expectant waits the wished supply,
Their bread proportioned to the day
Thy opening hands to each convey;
In every sorrow of the heart,
Eternal mercy bears a part.

4 Who ask thine aid with heart sincere,
Shall find thy succor ever near;
To thee their prayer in each distress
Thy suffering servants, Lord, address,
And prove thee, verging on the grave,
Nor slow to hear, nor weak to save.

HYMN 341. 6 8s.

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

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

3 The Lord pours eyesight on the blind,
The Lord supports the fainting mind,
He sends the laboring conscience peace;
He helps the stranger in distress,
The widow and the fatherless,
And grants the prisoner sweet release.

4 I'll praise him while he lends me breath,
And when my voice is lost in death,
Praise shall employ my nobler powers;
My days of praise shall ne'er be past
While life, and thought, and being last,
Or immortality endures.

HYMN 342. 8. 8s.

THIS, this is the God we adore,
Our faithful, unchangeable friend,
Whose love is as great as his power,
And neither knows measure nor end:
'Tis Jesus, the first and the last,
Whose Spirit shall guide us safe home;
We'll praise him for all that is past,
And trust him for all that's to come.

HYMN 343. L. M. 8s.

1 FATHER of all, whose powerful voice
Called forth this universal frame,
Whose mercies over all rejoice,
Through endless ages still the same,
Thou by thy word upholdest all,
Thy bounteous love to all is showed;
Thou hear'st thy every creature's call,
And fillest every mouth with good.

2 In heaven thou reign'st, enthroned in light,
Nature's expanse beneath thee spread;
Earth, air, and sea, before thy sight,
And hell's deep gloom are open laid;
Wisdom, and might, and love are thine;
Prostrate before thy face we fall,
Confess thine attributes divine,
And hail thee sovereign Lord of all.

3 Thee, sovereign Lord, let all confess
That moves in earth, or air, or sky,
Revere thy power, thy goodness bless,
Tremble before thy piercing eye:
All ye who owe to him your birth,
In praise your every hour employ:
Jehovah reigns! be glad, O earth,
And shout, ye morning stars, for joy.

HYMN 344. 11s & 8s.

1 BE joyful in God, all ye lands of the earth,
O serve him with gladness and fear;
Exult in his presence with music and mirth,
With love and devotion draw near.

2 The Lord, he is God, and Jehovah alone,
Creator, and Ruler o'er all;
And we are his people, his sceptre we own;
His sheep, and we follow his call.

3 O enter his gates with thanksgiving and song,
Your vows in his temple proclaim;
His praise with melodious accordance prolong,
And bless his adorable name.

4 For good is the Lord, inexpressibly good,
And we are the work of his hand;
His mercy and truth from eternity stood,
And shall to eternity stand.

PRAYER.

HYMN 345. S. M.

1 OUR heavenly Father, hear
The prayer we offer now;
Thy name be hallowed far and near,
To thee all nations bow.

2 Thy kingdom come, thy will
On earth be done in love,
As saints and seraphim fulfil
Thy perfect law above.

3 Our daily bread supply,
While by thy word we live;
The guilt of our iniquity
Forgive, as we forgive.

4 From dark temptation's power,
From Satan's wiles, defend:
Deliver in the evil hour,
And guide us to the end.

5 Thine shall for ever be
Glory and power divine;
The sceptre, throne, and majesty
Of heaven and earth are thine.

6 Thus humbly taught to pray
By thy beloved Son,
Through him we come to thee, and say,
"All for his sake be done."

HYMN 346. 7 6s & 1 8.

1 US, who climb thy holy hill,
A general blessing make;
Let the world our influence feel,
Our gospel grace partake:
Grace, to help in time of need,
Pour out on sinners from above;
All thy Spirit's fulness shed
In showers of heavenly love.

2 Make our earthly souls a field
Which God delights to bless;
Let us in due season yield
The fruits of righteousness;

Make us trees of Paradise,
  Which more and more thy praise may show,
Deeper sink, and higher rise,
  And to perfection grow.

HYMN 347. 7s.

1 GOD of love, that hear'st the prayer,
  Kindly for thy people care:
Who on thee alone depend,
Love us, save us to the end.

2 Save us in the prosperous hour,
From the flattering tempter's power,
From his unsuspected wiles,
From the world's pernicious smiles.

3 Cut off our dependence vain
On the help of feeble man;
Every arm of flesh remove,
Stay us on thy only love.

4 Men of worldly, low design,
Let not these thy people join,
Poison our simplicity,
Drag us from our trust in thee.

5 Save us from the great and wise,
Till they sink in their own eyes,
Tamely to thy yoke submit,
Lay their honor at thy feet.

6 Never let the world break in,
Fix a mighty gulf between:
Keep us little and unknown,
Prized and loved by God alone.

7 Let us still to thee look up,
Thee, thy Israel's strength and hope;
Nothing know or seek beside
Jesus, and him crucified.

8 Far above all earthly things,
Look we down on earthly kings,
Taste our glorious liberty,
Find our happiness in thee.

HYMN 348. 7s.

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 Comfort those who weep and mourn,
Let the time of joy return;
Those that are cast down, lift up,
Make them strong in faith and hope.

5 Grant that all may seek and find
Thee, a gracious God and kind;
Heal the sick, the captive free,
Let us all rejoice in thee.

HYMN 349. C. M.

1 PRAYER is the soul's sincere desire,
Uttered or unexpressed;
The motion of a hidden fire
That trembles in the breast.

2 Prayer is the burden of a sigh,
The falling of a tear;
The upward glancing of an eye,
When none but God is near.

3 Prayer is the simplest form of speech
That infant lips can try;
Prayer, the sublimest strains that reach
The Majesty on high.

4 Prayer is the Christian's vital breath,
The Christian's native air;
His watchword at the gates of death,
He enters heaven with prayer.

5 Prayer is the contrite sinner's voice,
Returning from his ways,
While angels in their songs rejoice,
And cry, "Behold, he prays!"

6 The saints in prayer appear as one,
In word, and deed, and mind,
While with the Father, and the Son,
Sweet fellowship they find.

7 Nor prayer is made on earth alone,
The Holy Spirit pleads,
And Jesus on th' eternal throne,
For mourners intercedes.

8 O thou by whom we come to God,
The life, the truth, the way,
The path of prayer thyself hast trod;
Lord, teach us how to pray.

HYMN 350. C. M.

1 AUTHOR of good, to thee we turn;
Thine ever-wakeful eye
Alone can all our wants discern,
Thy hand alone supply.

2 O let thy love within us dwell,
Thy fear our footsteps guide;
That love shall vainer loves expel,
That fear all fears beside.

3 And, oh, by error's force subdued,
Since oft, with stubborn will,
We blindly shun the latent good,
And grasp the specious ill,—

4 Not what we wish, but what we want,
Let mercy still supply;
The good we ask not, Father, grant—
The ill we ask, deny.

HYMN 351. C. M.

1 JESUS, the word of mercy give,
And let it swiftly run;
And let the priests themselves believe,
And put salvation on.

2 Clothed with the spirit of holiness,
May all thy people prove
The plenitude of gospel grace,
The joy of perfect love.

3 Jesus, let all thy lovers shine
Illustrious as the sun,
And, bright with borrowed rays divine,
Their glorious circuit run;

4 Beyond the reach of mortals, spread
Their light where'er they go,
And heavenly influences shed
On all the world below.

5 As giants may they run their race,
Exulting in their might;
As burning luminaries, chase
The gloom of hellish night.

6 As the bright Sun of righteousness,
Their healing wings display,
And let the lustre still increase,
Unto the perfect day.

HYMN 352. C. M.

1 COME, O thou all-victorious Lord,
Thy power to us make known;
Strike with the hammer of thy word,
And break these hearts of stone.

2 O that we all might now begin
Our foolishness to mourn,
And turn at once from every sin,
And to our Saviour turn.

3 Give us ourselves and thee to know,
In this our gracious day;
Repentance unto life bestow,
And take our sins away.

4 Conclude us first in unbelief,
And freely then release;
Fill every soul with sacred grief,
And then with sacred peace.

5 Impoverish, Lord, and then relieve,
And then enrich the poor;
The knowledge of our sickness give,
The knowledge of our cure.

6 That blessed sense of guilt impart,
And then remove the load;
Trouble, and wash the troubled heart
In the atoning blood.

7 Our desperate state through sin declare,
And speak our sins forgiven;
By perfect holiness prepare,
And take us up to heaven.

HYMN 353. C. M.

1 THOU Son of God, whose flaming eyes
Our inmost thoughts perceive,
Accept the evening sacrifice
Which now to thee we give.

2 We bow before thy gracious throne,
And think ourselves sincere;
But show us, Lord, is every one
Thy real worshipper?

3 Is here a soul that knows thee not,
Nor feels his want of thee?
A stranger to the blood which bought
His pardon on the tree?

4 Convince him now of unbelief,
His desperate state explain;
And fill his heart with sacred grief,
And penitential pain.

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

6 Extort the cry, "What must be done
To save a wretch like me?
How shall a trembling sinner shun
That endless misery?

7 "I must this instant now begin
Out of my sleep to wake,
And turn to God, and every sin
Continually forsake.

8 "I must for faith incessant cry,
And wrestle, Lord, with thee;
I must be born again, or die
To all eternity."

HYMN 354. C. M.

1 BEHOLD us, Lord, with humble fear
Approach thy temple gate,
Though most unworthy to draw near,
Or in thy courts to wait.

2 But trusting in thy boundless grace,
To all so freely given,
We worship in thy holy place,
And lift our souls to heaven.

3 Lead us in all thy righteous ways,
Nor let our footsteps slide;
Make straight thy path before our face,
Our guardian still, and guide.

4 No more to sin, Lord, let us yield,
Defended from above,
And kept, and covered with the shield
Of thy almighty love.

HYMN 355. C. M.

1 COME, O thou King of all thy saints,
Our humble tribute own,
While with our praises and complaints
We bow before thy throne.

2 How should our songs, like those above,
With warm devotion rise!
How should our souls, on wings of love,
Mount upward to the skies!

3 But, ah, the song, how faint it flows!
How languid our desire!
How cold the sacred passion glows,
Till thou the heart inspire!

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

5 Then shall our hearts, enraptured, say,
Come, great Redeemer, come,
And bring the bright, the glorious day
That calls thy children home.

HYMN 356. C. M.

1 O GOD of Abram, by whose hand
Thy people still are fed,
Who, through this weary pilgrimage,
Hast all our fathers led,—

2 Our vows, our prayers, we now present
Before thy throne of grace;
God of our fathers, be the God
Of their succeeding race.

3 Through each perplexing path of life
Our wandering footsteps guide;
Give us each day our daily bread,
And raiment fit provide.

4 O spread thy covering wings around,
Till all our wanderings cease,
And at our Father's loved abode
Our feet arrive in peace.

5 Now, with the humble voice of prayer,
Thy mercy we'll implore;
Then, with the grateful voice of praise,
Thy goodness we'll adore.

HYMN 357. C. M.

1 LORD, teach us how to pray aright,
With reverence and with fear;
Though dust and ashes in thy sight,
We may, we must draw near.

2 We perish if we cease from prayer;
O grant us power to pray;
And when to meet thee we prepare,
Lord, meet us by the way.

3 Burdened with guilt, convinced of sin,
In weakness, want, and wo,
Fightings without, and fears within,
Lord, whither shall we go?

4 God of all grace, we come to thee
With broken, contrite hearts;
Give what thine eye delights to see—
Truth in the inward parts.

5 Give deep humility, the sense
Of godly sorrow give;
A strong, desiring confidence
To hear thy voice and live;

6 Faith in the only sacrifice
That can for sin atone,
To cast our hopes, to fix our eyes
On Christ, on Christ alone;

7 Patience, to watch, and wait, and weep,
Though mercy long delay;
Courage, our fainting souls to keep,
And trust thee though thou slay.

8 Give these—and then thy will be done:
Thus strengthened with all might,
We, by thy Spirit and thy Son,
Shall pray, and pray aright.

HYMN 358. C. M.

1 WHAT shall we ask of God in prayer?
Whatever good we want,
Whatever man may seek to share
Or God in wisdom grant.

2 Father of all our mercies, thou
In whom we move and live,
Hear us in heaven, thy dwelling, now,
And answer and forgive.

3 When bound with sin and trespasses,
From wrath wefain would flee,
Lord, cancel our unrighteousness,
And set the captives free.

4 When harrassed by ten thousand foes,
Our helplessness we feel,
O give the weary soul repose,
The wounded spirit heal.

5 When dire temptations gather round,
And threaten or allure,
By storm or calm, in thee be found
A refuge strong and sure.

6 When age advances, may we grow
In faith, and hope, and love,
And walk in holiness below
To holiness above.

7 When earthly joys and cares depart,
Desire and envy cease,
Be thou the portion of our heart,
In thee may we have peace.

8 When flames these elements destroy,
And worlds in judgment stand,
May we lift up our heads with joy,
And meet at thy right hand.

HYMN 359. C. M.

1 ALMIGHTY God, in humble pray
To thee our souls we lift;
Do thou our waiting minds prepare
For thy most needful gift.

2 We ask not golden streams of wealth
Along our path to flow;
We ask not undecaying health,
Nor length of years below.

3 We ask not honors, which an hour
May bring and take away;
We ask not pleasure, pomp, and power,
Lest we should go astray.

4 We ask for wisdom—Lord, impart
The knowledge how to live;
A wise and understanding heart
To all before thee give.

5 For we, like children, born in sin,
Know not, till thou hast taught,
How to go out, or how come in,
By word, or deed, or thought.

6 The young remember thee in youth,
Before the evil days;
The old be guided by thy truth
In wisdom's pleasant ways.

HYMN 360. C. M.

1 ON the first Christian Sabbath-eve,
When his disciples met,
O'er his lost fellowship to grieve,
Nor knew the Scriptures yet,

2 Lo, in their midst his form was seen,
The form in which he died,
Their Master's marred and wounded mien,
His hands, his feet, his side.

3 Then were they glad their Lord to know,
And worshipped, yet with fear:
Jesus, again thy presence show,
Meet thy disciples here;

4 Be in our midst—let faith rejoice,
Our risen Lord to view;
And make our spirits hear thy voice
Say, "Peace be unto you."

5 Then, while we hearken, O unfold
The Scriptures to our mind;
Their mysteries let us now behold,
Their hidden treasures find.

6 Thee it behooved to suffer thus,
And to thy glory rise;
Instruct, confirm, and strengthen us,
And make thy servants wise.

7 Wise to win souls, may we reveal
Thy love to all around,
And in ourselves its influence feel
Yet more and more abound.

8 And while with thee in social hours
We commune through thy word,
May our hearts burn, and all our powers
Confess, "It is the Lord."

HYMN 361. C. M.

1 THOU, God, art a consuming fire,
Yet mortals may find grace,
From toil and tumult to retire,
And meet thee face to face.

2 Though "Holy, holy, holy Lord!"
Seraph to seraph sings,
And angel-choirs, with one accord,
Worship with veiling wings;

3 Though earth thy footstool, heaven thy throne,
Thy way amidst the sea,
Thy path deep floods, thy steps unknown,
Thy counsels mystery;

4 Yet wilt thou look on him who lies
A suppliant at thy feet,
And hearken to the feeblest cries
That reach the mercy-seat.

5 Between the cherubim of old
Thy glory was expressed;
But God, through Christ, we now behold
In flesh made manifest.

6 Through him who all our sickness felt,
Who all our sorrows bears,
Through him in whom thy fulness dwelt,
We offer up our prayers.

7 Touched with a feeling of our woes,
Jesus our High Priest stands;
All our infirmities he knows,
Our souls are in his hands.

8 He bears them up with strength divine,
When at thy feet we fall:
Lord, cause thy face on us to shine;
Hear us—on thee we call.

HYMN 362. L. M.

1 PRAYER is appointed to convey
The blessings God designs to give:
Long as they live should Christians pray,
They learn to pray when first they live.

2 If pain afflict, or wrongs oppress,
If cares distract, or fears dismay,
If guilt deject, if sin distress,
In every case still watch and pray.

3 'Tis prayer supports the soul that's weak;
Though thought be broken, language lame,
Pray if thou canst, or canst not speak;
But pray with faith in Jesus' name.

4 Depend on him—thou canst not fail,
Make all thy wants and wishes known;
Fear not, his merits must prevail,
Ask but in faith, it shall be done.

HYMN 363. L. M.

1 O SAVIOUR! is thy promise fled,
Nor longer may thy grace endure,
To heal the sick, and raise the dead,
And preach thy gospel to the poor?

2 Come, Jesus, come—return again;
With brighter beams thy servants bless,
Who long to hail thy perfect reign,
And share thy kingdom's happiness.

3 A feeble race, by passion driven,
In darkness and in doubt we roam,
And lift our anxious eyes to heaven,
Our hope, our harbor, and our home.

4 Come, Jesus, come, and as of yore
Thy prophet went to clear the way,
A harbinger thy feet before,
A dawning to thy brighter day;

5 So, ere again we see thy face,
Our stony hearts for truth prepare;
Sow in our souls the seed of grace,
Then come and reap thy harvest there.

HYMN 364. L. M.

1 SHEPHERD of souls, with pitying eye,
Ten thousands of our Israel see;
To thee in their behalf we cry,
Ourselves but newly found in thee.

2 See where o'er desert wastes they err,
And neither food nor feeder have,
Nor fold nor place of refuge near;
For no man cares their souls to save.

3 Wild as the untaught Indian's brood,
The Christian savages remain;
Strangers, yea, enemies to God,
They make thee spill thy blood in vain.

4 Thy people, Lord, are sold for naught,
Nor know they their Redeemer nigh;
They perish whom thyself hast bought,
Their souls for lack of knowledge die

5 The pit its mouth hath opened wide,
To swallow up its careless prey;
Why should they die, when thou hast died,
Hast died to bear their sins away?

6 Why should the foe thy purchase seize?
Remember, Lord, thy dying groans:
The meed of all thy sufferings these;
O claim them for thy ransomed ones.

7 Extend to these thy pardoning grace,
To these be thy salvation showed;
O add them to thy chosen race!
O sprinkle all their hearts with blood!

8 Still let the publicans draw near;
Open the door of faith and heaven,
And grant their hearts thy word to hear,
And witness all their sins forgiven.

HYMN 365. L. M.

1 O THOU, whom all thy saints adore,
We now with all thy saints agree,
And bow our inmost souls before
Thy glorious, awful Majesty.

2 The King of nations we proclaim;
Who would not our great Sovereign fear?
We long t' experience all thy name,
And now we come to meet thee here.

3 We come, great God, to seek thy face,
And for thy loving kindness wait;
And, oh, how dreadful is this place!
'Tis God's own house, 'tis heaven's gate.

4 Tremble our hearts to find thee nigh;
To thee our trembling hearts aspire;
And, lo, we see descend from high
The pillar and the flame of fire.

5 Still let it on th' assembly stay,
And all the house with glory fill,
To Canaan's bounds point out the way,
And lead us to thy holy hill.

6 There let us all with Jesus stand,
And join the general church above,
And take our seats at thy right hand,
And sing thine everlasting love.

7 Come, Lord—our souls are on the wing,
Now on thy great white throne appear,
And let mine eyes behold my King,
And let me see my Saviour there.

HYMN 366. L. M.

1 O THOU, our Husband, Brother, Friend,
Behold a cloud of incense rise:
The prayers of saints to heaven ascend,
Grateful, accepted sacrifice.

2 Regard our prayers for Zion's peace,
Shed in our hearts thy love abroad,
Thy gifts abundantly increase,
Enlarge and fill us all with God.

3 Before thy sheep, great Shepherd, go,
And guide into thy perfect will;
Cause us thy hallowed name to know,
The work of faith in us fulfil.

4 Help us to make our calling sure;
O let us all be saints indeed,
And pure as thou thyself art pure,
Conformed in all things to our Head.

5 Take the dear purchase of thy blood—
Thy blood shall wash us white as snow;
Present us sanctified to God,
And perfected in love below.

6 That blood which cleanses from all sin,
That efficacious blood apply,
And wash and make us wholly clean,
And change and th'roughly sanctify.

7 From all iniquity redeem,
Cleanse by the water and the word,
And free from every spot of blame,
And make the servant as his Lord.

HYMN 367. L. M.

1 ARM of the Lord, awake, awake,
Thine own immortal strength put on;
With terror clothed, hell's kingom shake,
And cast thy foes with fury down.

2 As in the ancient days, appear;
The sacred annals speak thy fame:
Be now omnipotently near,
To endless ages still the same.

3 Thy arm, Lord, is not shortened now,
It wants not now the power to save;
Still present with thy people, thou
Bear'st them through life's disparted wave.

4 By death and hell pursued in vain,
To thee the ransomed seed shall come;
Shouting, their heavenly Zion gain,
And pass through death, triumphant, home.

5 The pain of life shall there be o'er,
The anguish and distracting care;
There sighing grief shall weep no more,
And sin shall never enter there.

6 Where pure, essential joy is found,
The Lord's redeemed their heads shall raise,
With everlasting gladness crowned,
And filled with love, and lost in praise.

HYMN 368. L. M.

1 AWAY from every mortal care,
Away from earth, our souls retreat;
We leave this worthless world afar,
And wait and worship near thy seat.

2 Lord, in the temple of thy grace,
We bow before thee and adore;
We view the glories of thy face,
And learn the wonders of thy power.

3 Whilst here our various wants we mourn,
United prayers ascend on high,
And faith expects a sure return
Of blessings in variety.

4 Father, my soul would here abide,
Or, if my feet must hence depart,
Still keep me, Father, near thy side,
Still keep thy dwelling in my heart.

HYMN 369. 4 8s & 2 6s.

1 JESUS, thou soul of all our joys,
For whom we now lift up our voice,
And all our strength exert,
Vouchsafe the grace we humbly claim,
Compose into a thankful frame,
And tune thy people's heart.

2 While in the heavenly work we join,
Thy glory be our whole design,
Thy glory, not our own;
Still let us keep our end in view,
And still the pleasing task pursue,
To please our God alone.

3 The secret pride, the subtle sin,
O let it never more steal in,
T' offend thy glorious eyes,

To desecrate our hallowed strain,
And make our solemn service vain,
And mar our sacrifice.

4 To magnify thy awful name,
To spread the honors of the Lamb,
Let us our voices raise;
Our souls' and bodies' powers unite,
Regardless of our own delight,
And dead to human praise.

5 Still let us on our guard be found,
And watch against the power of sound
With sacred jealousy,
Lest, haply, sense should damp our zeal,
And music's charms bewitch and steal
Our hearts away from thee.

6 That hurrying strife far off remove,
That noisy burst of selfish love,
Which swells the formal song;
The joy from out our hearts arise,
And speak and sparkle in our eyes,
And vibrate on our tongue.

7 Thee let us praise, our common Lord,
And sweetly join, with one accord,
Thy goodness to proclaim:
Jesus, thyself in us reveal,
And all our faculties shall feel
Thy harmonizing name.

8 With calmly reverential joy,
O let us all our lives employ
In setting forth thy love;
And raise in death our triumph higher,
And sing, with all the heavenly choir,
That endless song above.

HYMN 370. 6 8s.

1 O GOD of our forefathers, hear
And make thy faithful mercies known;
To thee, through Jesus, we draw near,
Thy suffering, well-beloved Son,
In whom thy smiling face we see,
In whom thou art well pleased with me.

2 With solemn faith we offer up,
And spread before thy glorious eyes,
That only ground of all our hope,
That precious, bleeding Sacrifice,
Which brings thy grace on sinners down,
And perfects all our souls in one.

3 Acceptance through his holy name,
Forgiveness in his blood, we have;
But more abundant life we claim
Through him who died our souls to save,
To sanctify us by his blood,
And fill us with the life of God.

4 Father, behold thy dying Son,
And hear the blood that speaks above!
On us let all thy grace be shown:
Peace, righteousness, and joy and love—
Thy kingdom—come to every heart,
And all thou hast, and all thou art.

HYMN 371. 8 8s.

1 SON of thy Sire's eternal love,
Take to thyself thy mighty power;
Let all earth's sons thy mercy prove,
Let all thy bleeding grace adore;
The triumphs of thy love display,
In every heart reign thou alone,
Till all thy foes confess thy sway,
And glory ends what grace begun.

2 Spirit of grace, and health, and power,
Fountain of light and love below,
Abroad thy healing influence shower,
O'er all the nations let it flow;
Inflame our hearts with perfect love,
In us the work of faith fulfil,
So not heaven's host shall swifter move
Than we on earth, to do thy will.

3 Father, 'tis thine each day to yield
Thy children's wants a fresh supply;
Thou cloth'st the lilies of the field,
And hearest the young raven's cry:
On thee we cast our care—we live
Through thee, who know'st our every need;
O feed us with thy grace, and give
Our souls this day the living bread.

HYMN 372. 6 8s.

1 JESUS, thou sovereign Lord of all,
The same through one eternal day,
Attend thy feeblest followers' call,
And O instruct us how to pray;
Pour out the supplicating grace,
And stir us up to seek thy face.

2 We cannot think a gracious thought,
We cannot feel a good desire,
Till thou, who call'dst a world from naught,
The power into our hearts inspire;
And then we in thy Spirit groan,
And then we give thee back thine own.

3 Jesus, regard the joint complaint
Of all thy tempted followers here,
And now supply the common want
And send us down the Comforter;
The spir't of ceaseless prayer impart,
And fix thy Agent in our heart.

4 To help our souls' infirmity,
To heal thy sin-sick people's care,
To urge our God-commanding plea,
And make our heart a house of prayer,
The promised Intercessor give,
And let us now thyself receive.

5 Come, in thy pleading Spirit, down
To us, who for thy coming stay:
Of all thy gifts we ask but one—
We ask the constant power to pray;
Indulge us, Lord, in this request—
Thou canst not then deny the rest.

HYMN 373. 6 8s.

1 LEADER of faithful souls, and Guide
Of all that travel to the sky,
Come, and with us, e'en us abide,
Who would on thee alone rely,
On thee alone our spirits stay
While held in life's uneven way.

2 Strangers and pilgrims here below,
This earth, we know, is not our place,
But hasten through this vale of wo,
And, restless to behold thy face,
Swift to our heavenly country move,
Our everlasting home above.

3 We've no abiding city here,
But seek a city out of sight;
Thither our steady course we steer,
Aspiring to the plains of light,
Jerusalem, the saints' abode,
Whose Founder is the living God.

4 Patient th' appointed race to run,
This weary world we cast behind;
From strength to strength we travel on,
The New Jerusalem to find:
Our labor this, our only aim,
To find the New Jerusalem.

5 Through thee, who all our sins hast borne,
Freely and graciously forgiven,
With songs to Zion we return,
Contending for our native heaven,
That palace of our glorious King—
We find it nearer while we sing.

6 Raised by the breath of love divine,
We urge our way with strength renewed;
The church of the first born to join,
We travel to the mount of God;
With joy upon our heads, arise,
And meet our Captain in the skies.

HYMN 374. 6 8s.

1 SAVIOUR, we now rejoice in hope
That thou at last wilt take us up;
With daily triumph we proclaim
And bless and magnify thy name,
And wait thy greatness to adore
When time and death shall be no more.

2 Till then with us vouchsafe to stay,
And keep us pure from sin to-day;
Thy great confirming grace bestow,
And guard us all our days below,
And ever mightily defend
And save thy servants to the end.

3 Still let us, Lord, by thee be blest,
Who in thy guardian mercy rest;
Extend thy mercy's arms to me,
The weakest soul that trusts in thee,
And never let me lose thy love,
Till I, e'en I, am crowned above.

HYMN 375. 6 8s.

1 CREATOR, Spirit, by whose aid
The world's foundations first were laid,

Come, visit every waiting mind;
Come, pour thy joys on human kind;
From sin and sorrow set us free,
And make thy temples worthy thee.

2 O Source of uncreated heat,
Thy Father's promised Paraclete,
Thrice holy Fount, immortal Fire,
Our hearts with heavenly love inspire:
Come, and thy sacred unction bring,
To sanctify us while we sing.

3 Plenteous of grace, descend from high,
Rich in thy seven-fold energy;
Thou strength of his almighty hand
Whose power does heaven and earth command,
Refine and purge our earthly parts,
And stamp thine image on our hearts.

4 Create all new, our wills control,
Subdue the rebel in our soul,
Chase from our minds th' infernal foe,
And peace, the fruit of faith, bestow;
And, lest again we go astray,
Protect and guide us in the way.

5 Immortal honors, endless fame,
Attend th' almighty Father's name;
The Saviour, Son, be glorified,
Who for lost man's redemption died;
An equal adoration be,
Eternal Comforter, to thee.

HYMN 376. 6 8s.

1 THUS far on life's perplexing path,
Thus far thou, Lord, our steps hast led,
Snatched from the world's pursuing wrath,
Unharmed, though floods hung o'er our head;
Like ransomed Israel on the shore,
Here then we pause, look back, adore.

2 Strangers and pilgrims here below,
Like all our fathers in their day,
We to the land of promise go,
Lord, by thine own appointed way;
Still guide, illumine, cheer our flight,
In cloud by day, in fire by night.

3 Safety thy presence is, and rest,
While—as the eagle o'er her brood
Flutters her pinions, stirs the nest,
Covers, defends, provides them food,
Bears on her wings, instructs to fly—
Thy love prepares us for the sky.

4 Protect us through the wilderness,
From fiery serpent, plague, and foe;
With bread from heaven thy people bless,
And living streams where'er we go;
Nor let our rebel hearts repine,
Or follow any voice but thine.

5 Thy holy law to us proclaim,
But not from Sinai's top alone;
Hid in the rock-cleft be thy name,
Thy power, and all thy goodness shown;
And may we never bow the knee,
Or worship any God but thee.

6 When we have numbered all our years,
And stand at length on Jordan's brink,
Though the flesh fail with mortal fears,
O let not then the spirit sink,
But strong in faith, and hope, and love,
Plunge through the stream to rise above.

AFTER SERMON.

HYMN 377. S. M.

1 THY word, almighty Lord,
Where'er it enters in,
Is sharper than a two-edged sword
To slay the man of sin.

2 Thy word is power and life,
It bids confusion cease,
And changes envy, hatred, strife,
To love, and joy, and peace.

3 Then let our hearts obey
The gospel's glorious sound,
And all its fruits, from day to day,
Be in us and abound.

HYMN 378. C. M.

1 LORD of the harvest, God of grace,
Send down thy heavenly rain;
In vain we plant without thine aid,
And water too in vain.

2 May no vain thoughts, those birds of prey,
Defraud us of our gain,
Nor anxious cares, those baleful thorns,
Choke up the precious grain.

3 Ne'er may our hearts be like the rock,
Where but the blade can spring,
Which, scorched with heat, becomes by noon
A dead, a useless thing.

4 Let not the joys thy gospel gives,
A transient rapture prove;
Nor may the world, by smiles and frowns,
Our faith and hope remove.

5 But may our hearts, like fertile soil,
Receive the heavenly word;
So shall our fair and ripened fruits
Their hundred-fold afford.

HYMN 379. C. M.

1 ALMIGHTY God, thy word is cast,
Like seed, into the ground;
Now let the dew of heaven descend,
And righteous fruits abound.

2 Let not the foe of Christ and man
This holy seed remove;
But give it root in every heart,
To bring forth fruits of love.

3 Let not the world's deceitful cares
The rising plant destroy;
But let it yield a hundred-fold
The fruits of peace and joy.

4 Nor let thy word, so kindly sent
To raise us to thy throne,
Return to thee and sadly tell
That we reject thy Son.

5 Oft as the precious seed is sown,
Thy quick'ning grace bestow,
That all whose souls the truth receive,
Its saving power may know.

HYMN 380. C. M.

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

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

DISMISSION.

HYMN 381. 8s 7s & 1 4.

1 GOD of our salvation, hear us,
Bless, O bless us, ere we go;
When we join the world be near us,
Lest we cold and careless grow;
Saviour, keep us,
Keep us safe from every foe.

2 As our steps are drawing nearer
To the place we call our home,
May our view of heaven grow clearer,
Hope more bright of joys to come;
And when dying
May thy presence cheer the gloom.

HYMN 382. 8s 7s & 1 4.

1 LORD, dismiss us with thy blessing,
Fill our hearts with joy and peace;
Let us each, thy love possessing,
Triumph in redeeming grace;
O refresh us,
Travelling through this wilderness.

2 Thanks we give and adoration,
For thy gospel's joyful sound;
May the fruits of thy salvation
In our hearts and lives abound;
May thy presence
With us evermore be found.

3 So, whene'er the signal 's given,
Us from earth to call away,
Borne on angels' wings to heaven,
Glad to leave our cumbrous clay,
May we, ready,
Rise and reign in endless day.

HYMN 383. 8s 7s & 1 4.

LORD, dismiss us with thy blessing,
Bid us now depart in peace;
Still on heavenly manna feeding,
Let our faith and love increase;
Fill each breast with consolation,
Up to thee our hearts we raise:
When we reach yon blissful station,
Then we'll give thee nobler praise:
Hallelujah!

SOCIAL WORSHIP.

PRAYER MEETING.

HYMN 384. S. M.

1 COME, ye that love the Lord,
And let your 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 servants of the heavenly King
May speak their joys abroad.

3 The God that rules on high,
And all the earth surveys,
That rides upon the stormy sky,
And calms the roaring seas,—

4 This awful God is ours,
Our Father and our Love;
He will send down his heavenly powers
To carry us above.

5 There we shall see his face,
And never, never sin;
There, from the rivers of his grace,
Drink endless pleasures in.

6 Yea, and before we rise
To that immortal state,
The thoughts of such amazing bliss
Should constant joys create.

7 The men of grace have found
Glory begun below;
Celestial fruit on earthly ground
From faith and hope may grow.

8 The hill of Zion yields
A thousand sacred sweets
Before we reach the heavenly fields,
Or walk the golden streets.

9 Then let our songs abound,
And every tear be dry;
We're marching through Immanuel's ground
To fairer worlds on high.

HYMN 385. S. M.

1 JESUS, we look to thee,
Thy promised presence claim;
Thou in the midst of us shalt be,
Assembled in thy name:
Thy name salvation is,
Which here we come to prove;
Thy name is life, and health, and peace,
And everlasting love.

2 Not in the name of pride
Or selfishness we meet;
From nature's paths we turn aside,
And worldly thoughts forget:
We meet, the grace to take
Which thou hast freely given;
We meet on earth for thy dear sake,
That we may meet in heaven.

3 Present we know thou art,
But, oh, thyself reveal;
Now, Lord, let every bounding heart
The mighty comfort feel:
O may thy quickening voice
The death of sin remove,
And bid our inmost souls rejoice
In hope of perfect love.

HYMN 386. S. M.

1 AH, when shall I awake
From sin's soft, soothing power,
The slumber from my spirit shake,
And rise to fall no more?
Awake, no more to sleep,
But stand with constant care,
Looking for God my soul to keep,
And watching unto prayer?

2 O could I always pray,
And never, never faint,
But simply to my God display
My every care and want!
I know that thou wouldst give
More than I can request;
Thou still art ready to receive
My soul to perfect rest.

3 I feel thee willing, Lord,
A sinful world to save;
All may obey thy gracious word,
May peace and pardon have;
Not one of all the race
But may return to thee,
But at the throne of sovereign grace
May fall and weep like me.

4 Here will I ever lie,
And tell thee all my care,
And "Father, Abba, Father!" cry,
And pour a ceaseless prayer,
Till thou my sins subdue,
Till thou my sins destroy,
My spirit after God renew,
And fill with peace and joy.

5 Messiah, Prince of Peace,
Into my soul bring in
The everlasting righteousness,
And make an end of sin:

Into all those that seek
Redemption through thy blood,
The sanctifying Spirit speak,
The plenitude of God.

6 Let us in patience wait,
Till faith shall make us whole,
Till thou shalt all things new create
In each believing soul:
Who can resist thy will?
Speak, and it shall be done;
Thou shalt the work of faith fulfil,
And perfect us in one.

HYMN 387. 4 6s & 2 8s.

1 THOU God of truth and love,
We seek thy perfect way,
Ready thy choice t' approve,
Thy providence t' obey,
Enter into thy wise design,
And sweetly lose our will in thine.

2 Why hast thou cast our lot
In the same age and place,
And why together brought
To see each other's face,
To join with softest sympathy,
And mix our friendly souls in thee?

3 Didst thou not make us one
That we might one remain,
Together travel on,
And bear each other's pain,
Till all thy utmost goodness prove,
And rise renewed in perfect love?

4 Surely thou didst unite
Our kindred spirits here
That all hereafter might
Before thy throne appear,

Meet at the marriage of the Lamb,
And all thy gracious love proclaim.

5 Then let us ever bear
The blessed end in view,
And join with mutual care,
To fight our passage through,
And kindly help each other on,
Till all receive the starry crown.

6 O may thy Spirit seal
Our souls unto that day;
With all thy fulness fill,
And then transport away,
Away to our eternal rest,
Away to our Redeemer's breast.

HYMN 388. 5 7s & 3 6s.

1 FATHER of our dying Lord,
Remember us for good;
O fulfil his faithful word,
And hear his speaking blood:
Give us that for which he prays;
Father, glorify thy Son;
Show his truth, and power, and grace,
And send the promise down.

2 True and faithful witness, thou,
O Christ, thy Spirit give;
Hast thou not received him now,
That we might now receive?
Art thou not our living Head?
Life to all thy limbs impart;
Shed thy love, thy Spirit shed,
In every waiting heart.

3 Holy Ghost, the Comforter,
The gift of Jesus, come;
Glows our heart to find thee near,
And swells to make thee room:

Present with us, thee we feel;
Come, O come, and in us be;
With us, in us, live and dwell
To all eternity.

HYMN 389. 7s 6s & 1 8.

1 COME, ye followers of the Lord,
In Jesus' service join;
Jesus gives the sacred word,
The ordinance divine:
Let us his command obey,
And ask and have whate'er we want;
Pray we, every moment pray,
And never, never faint.

2 Place no longer let us give
To the old tempter's will,
Never more our duty leave,
While Satan cries, "Be still:"
Stand we in the ancient way,
And here with God ourselves acquaint;
Pray we, every moment pray,
And never, never faint.

3 Be it weariness and pain
To slothful flesh and blood,
Yet we will the cross sustain,
And bless the welcome load,
All our griefs to God display,
And humbly pour out our complaint;
Pray we, every moment pray,
And never, never faint.

4 Let us patiently endure,
And still our wants declare;
All the promises are sure
To persevering prayer:

Till we see the perfect day,
And each wakes up a sinless saint,
Pray we, every moment pray,
And never, never faint.

5 Pray we on, when all renewed
And perfected in love,
Till we see the Saviour, God,
Descending from above,
All his heavenly charms survey,
Beyond what angel-minds can paint;
Pray we, every moment pray,
And never, never faint.

HYMN 390. 7s.

1 CHILDREN of the heavenly King,
As we journey let us sing,
Sing our Saviour's worthy praise,
Glorious in his works and ways.

2 We are travelling home to God,
In the way our fathers trod;
They are happy now, and we
Soon their happiness shall see.

3 O ye banished seed, be glad,
Christ our advocate is made,
Us to save, our flesh assumes,
Brother to our souls becomes.

4 Fear not, brethren—joyful stand
On the borders of our land;
Jesus Christ, our Father's Son,
Bids us undismayed go on.

5 Lord, obediently we'll go,
Gladly leaving all below;
Only thou our leader be,
And we still will follow thee.

HYMN 391. 8 7s.

1 JESUS! soft, harmonious name,
Every faithful heart's desire;
See, thy followers, O Lamb,
All at once to thee aspire:
Drawn by thy uniting grace,
After thee we swiftly run;
Hand in hand we seek thy face;
Come, and perfect us in one.

2 Mollify our harsher will,
Each to each our tempers suit,
By thy modulating skill,
Heart to heart, as lute to lute;
Sweetly on our spirits move,
Gently touch the trembling strings;
Make the harmony of love—
Music for the King of kings.

3 See the souls that hang on thee;
Severed though in flesh we are,
Joined in spirit, all agree,
All thy only love declare,
Spread thy love to all around;
Hark, we now our voices raise—
Joyful consentaneous sound,
Sweetest symphony of praise.

4 Jesus' praise be all our song;
While we Jesus' praise repeat,
Glide our happy hours along,
Glide with down upon their feet:
Far from sorrow, sin, and fear,
Till we take our seats above,
Live we all as angels here,
Only sing, and praise, and love.

HYMN 392. 8 7s.

1 CHRIST, from whom all blessings flow,
Perfecting the saints below,
Hear us, who thy nature share,
Who thy mystic body are;
Join us, in one spirit join;
Let us still receive of thine;
Still for more on thee we call,
Thou who fillest all in all.

2 Move and actuate and guide,
Divers gifts to each divide;
Placed according to thy will,
Let us all our work fulfil,
Never from our office move,
Needful to each other prove;
Let us daily growth receive,
More and more in Jesus live.

3 Sweetly may we all agree,
Touched with softest sympathy;
Kindly for each other care,
Every member feel its share;
Many are we now and one,
We who Jesus have put on;
Names, and sects, and parties fall—
Thou, O Christ, art all in all.

HYMN 393. C. M.

1 SEE, Jesus, thy disciples see,
The promised blessing give;
Met in thy name, we look to thee,
Expecting to receive.

2 Thee we expect, our faithful Lord,
Who in thy name are joined;
We wait, according to thy word,
Thee in the midst to find.

3 With us thou art assembled here,
But, oh, thyself reveal;
Son of the living God, appear,
Let us thy presence feel.

4 Breathe on us, Lord, in this our day,
And these dry bones shall live;
Speak peace into our hearts, and say,
"The Holy Ghost receive."

5 Whom now we seek, O may we meet—
Jesus, the crucified;
Show us thy bleeding hands and feet,
Thou who for us hast died.

6 Cause us the record to receive,
Speak and the tokens show:
"O be not faithless, but believe
In me, who died for you."

HYMN 394. C. M.

1 COME, let us join our friends above
That have obtained the prize,
And on the eagle wings of love
To joys celestial rise.

2 Let saints below his praises sing
With those to glory gone,
For all the servants of our King
In heaven and earth are one.

3 One family we dwell in him,
One church above, beneath,
Though now divided by the stream,
The narrow stream of death

4 One army of the living God,
To his commands we bow;
Part of the host have crossed the flood,
And part are crossing now

5 Ten thousand to their endless home
This solemn moment fly;
And we are to the margin come,
And soon expect to die.

6 Dear Saviour, be our constant guide;
Then, when the word is given,
Bid the cold waves of death divide,
And land us safe in heaven.

HYMN 395. C. M.

1 A SOLDIER'S course, from battles won
To new-commencing strife,
A pilgrim's, restless as the sun,—
Behold the Christian's life.

2 The hosts of Satan pant for spoil—
How can our warfare close?
Lonely we tread a foreign soil—
How can we hope repose?

3 Oh, let us seek our heavenly home,
Revealed in sacred lore,
The land whence pilgrims never roam,
Where soldiers war no more;

4 Where grief shall never wound, nor death,
Beneath the Saviour's reign,
Nor sin, with pestilential breath,
His holy realm profane;

5 The land where—suns and moons unknown,
And night's alternate sway—
Jehovah's ever-burning throne
Upholds unbroken day;

6 Where they who meet shall never part,
Where grace achieves its plan,
And God, uniting every heart,
Dwells face to face with man.

HYMN 396. C. M.

1 LIFT up your hearts to things above,
Ye followers of the Lamb,
And join with us to praise his love,
And glorify his name.

2 To Jesus' name give thanks and sing,
Whose mercies never end;
Rejoice, rejoice! the Lord is King,
The King is now our friend.

3 We for his sake count all things loss,
On earthly good look down,
And joyfully sustain the cross,
Till we receive the crown.

4 O let us stir each other up,
Our faith by works t' approve,
By holy, vivifying hope,
And the sweet task of love.

5 Let all who for the promise wait,
The Holy Ghost receive,
And, raised to our unsinning state,
With God in Eden live,—

6 Live till the Lord in glory come,
And wait his heaven to share;
He now is fitting up your home—
Go on, we'll meet you there.

HYMN 397. C. M.

1 JESUS, great Shepherd of the sheep,
To thee for help we fly;
Thy little flock in safety keep,
For, oh, the wolf is nigh.

2 He comes, of hellish malice full,
To scatter, tear, and slay;
He seizes every straggling soul
As his own lawful prey.

3 Us into thy protection take,
And gather with thy arm;
Unless the fold we first forsake,
The wolf can never harm.

4 We laugh to scorn his cruel power,
While by our Shepherd's side;
The sheep he never can devour,
Unless he first divide.

5 O do not suffer him to part
The souls that here agree,
But make us of one mind and heart,
And keep us one in thee.

6 Together let us sweetly live,
Together let us die,
And each a starry crown receive,
And reign above the sky.

HYMN 398. C. M.

1 COME, Lord, and warm each languid heart,
Inspire each lifeless tongue,
And let the joys of heaven impart
Their influence to our song.

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

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

HYMN 399. P. M.

1 OUR friendship sanctify and guide:
Unmixed with selfishness and pride,
Thy glory be our single aim:

In all our intercourse below,
Still let us in thy footsteps go,
And never meet but in thy name.

2 Fix on thyself our single eye;
Still let us on thyself rely;
For all the help that each conveys,
The help as from thy hand receive,
And still to thee all glory give,
All thanks, all might, all love, all praise.

3 Whate'er thou dost on one bestow,
Let each the double blessing know;
Let each the common burden bear,
In comforts and in griefs agree,
And wrestle for his friends with thee,
In all th' omnipotence of prayer.

4 Our mutual prayer accept and seal;
In all thy glorious self reveal,
All with the fire of love baptize;
Thy kingdom in our souls restore,
And keep till we can sin no more,
Till all in thy whole image rise.

5 Witnesses of th' all-cleansing blood,
Long may we work the works of God,
And do thy will like those above;
Together spread the gospel sound,
And scatter peace on all around,
And joy, and happiness, and love.

6 True yoke-fellows, by love compelled
To labor in the gospel field,
Our all let us delight to spend
In gathering in thy lambs and sheep,
Assured that thou our souls wilt keep,
Wilt keep us faithful to the end.

HYMN 400. 6 8s.

1 FATHER of omnipresent grace,
We seem agreed to seek thy face;
But every soul assembled here
Doth naked in thy sight appear;
Thou know'st who only bow the knee,
And who in heart approaches thee.

2 Thy Spirit hath the difference made
Betwixt the living and the dead;
Thou now dost into some inspire
The pure, benevolent desire:
O that e'en now thy powerful call
May quicken and convert us all.

3 The sinners suddenly convince,
O'erwhelmed beneath their load of sins;
To-day, while it is called to-day,
Awake and stir them up to pray,
Their dire captivity to own,
And from the iron furnace groan.

4 Then, then acknowledge and set free
The people bought, O Lord, by thee,
The sheep for whom their Shepherd bled,
For whom we in the Spirit plead:
Let all in thee redemption find,
And not a soul be left behind.

HYMN 401. 10s.

1 IN boundless mercy, gracious Lord, appear,
Darkness dispel, the humble mourner cheer;
Vain thoughts remove, melt down this flinty heart,
Cause every soul to choose the better part.

2 Thy presence fills the universal space,
Thy grace appears to all the fallen race;
O visit us with light and life divine,
Fill every soul, for every soul is thine

3 The blessed Jesus is my Lord, my Love,
He is my King, from him I would not move;
Away then, all ye objects that divert,
Nor seek to draw from my dear Lord my heart.

4 That uncreated beauty which hath gained
My ravished heart, hath all your glory stained;
His loveliness my soul hath prepossessed,
And left no room for any other guest.

HYMN 402. 10s & 11s.

1 APPOINTED by thee, we meet in thy name,
And meekly agree to follow the Lamb,
To trace thy example, the world to disdain,
And constantly trample on pleasure and pain.

2 Rejoicing in hope, we humbly go on,
And daily take up the pledge of our crown;
In doing and bearing the will of our Lord,
We still are preparing to meet our reward.

3 O Jesus, appear—no longer delay
To sanctify here, and bear us away;
The end of our meeting on earth let us see,
Triumphantly sitting in glory with thee.

HYMN 403. P. M.

1 COME, let us anew our journey pursue,
With vigor arise,
And press to our permanent place in the skies;
Of heavenly birth, though wandering on earth,
This is not our place,
But strangers and pilgrims ourselves we confess.

2 At Jesus's call we gave up our all,
And still we forego,
For Jesus's sake, our enjoyments below;
No longing we find for the country behind,
But onward we move,
And still we are seeking a country above.

3 A country of joy, without any alloy,
We thither repair;
Our hearts and our treasure already are there:
We march hand in hand to Immanuel's land,
No matter what cheer
We meet with on earth, for eternity's near.

4 The rougher our way, the shorter our stay;
The tempests that rise
Shall gloriously hurry our souls to the skies;
The fiercer the blast, the sooner 'tis past;
The troubles that come,
Shall come to our rescue, and hasten us home.

CLASS MEETING.

HYMN 404. S. M.

1 BLEST are the sons of peace,
Whose hearts and hopes are one,
Whose kind designs to serve and please,
Through all their actions run.

2 Blest is the pious house
Where zeal and friendship meet;
Their songs of praise, their mingled vows,
Make their communion sweet.

3 Thus on the heavenly hills
The saints are blest above,
Where joy like morning dew distills,
And all the air is love.

HYMN 405. S. M.

1 AND are we yet alive,
And see each other's face?
Glory and praise to Jesus give
For his redeeming grace:

Preserved by power divine
To full salvation, here
Again in Jesus' praise we join,
And in his sight appear.

2 What troubles have we seen,
What conflicts have we past,
Fightings without and fears within,
Since we assembled last!
But out of all the Lord
Has brought us by his love,
And still he doth his help afford,
And hides our life above

3 Then let us make our boast
Of his redeeming power,
Which saves us to the uttermost,
Till we can sin no more;
Let us take up the cross,
Till we the crown obtain,
And gladly reckon all things loss,
So we may Jesus gain.

HYMN 406. S. M.

1 SAVIOUR of sinful men,
Thy goodness we proclaim,
Which brings us here to meet again
And triumph in thy name:
Thy mighty name hath been
Our safeguard and our tower,
Hath saved us from the world and sin,
And all th' accuser's power.

2 Jesus, take all the praise,
That still on earth we live,
Unspotted in so foul a place,
And innocently grieve:
We shall from Sodom flee,
When perfected in love,
And haste to better company,
Who wait for us above.

3 Awhile in flesh disjoined,
Our friends that went before
We soon in Paradise shall find,
And meet to part no more;
In yon thrice-happy seat,
Waiting for us they are;
And thou shalt there a husband meet,
And I a parent there.

PART SECOND.

1 O WHAT a mighty change
Shall Jesus' sufferers know,
While o'er the happy plains they range,
Incapable of wo!
No ill-requited love
Shall there our spirits wound;
No base ingratitude above,
No sin in heaven is found

2 There all our griefs are spent,
There all our sorrows end;
We cannot there the fall lament
Of a departed friend,
A brother dead to God,
By sin, alas, undone;
No father there, in passion loud,
Cries, "O my son, my son!"

3 No slightest touch of pain,
Nor sorrow's least alloy,
Can violate our rest, or stain
Our purity of joy;
In that eternal day
No clouds or tempests rise;
There gushing tears are wiped away
For ever from our eyes.

HYMN 407. S. M.

1 BLEST be the tie that binds
Our hearts in Christian love;
The fellowship of kindred minds
Is like to that above:
Before our Father's throne
We pour our ardent prayers;
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one,
Our comforts and our cares.

2 We share our mutual woes,
Our mutual burdens bear,
And often for each other flows
The sympathizing tear:
When we asunder part,
It gives us inward pain,
But we shall still be joined in heart,
And hope to meet again.

3 This glorious hope revives
Our courage by the way,
While each in expectation lives,
And longs to see the day:
From sorrow, toil, and pain,
And sin, we shall be free,
And perfect love and friendship reign
Through all eternity.

HYMN 408. 7s.

1 LAMB of God, who thee receive,
Who in thee desire to live,
Day and night they cry to thee,
As thou art, so let us be!

2 Fix, O fix our wavering mind,
To thy cross our spirits bind;
Gladly now we would be clean,
Cleanse our hearts from every sin.

3 Dust and ashes though we be,
Full of guilt and misery,
Thine we are, thou Son of God—
Take the purchase of thy blood.

4 Sinners who in thee believe,
Everlasting life receive;
They with joy behold thy face,
Triumph in thy pardoning grace.

HYMN 409. 8 7s.

1 GLORY be to God above,
God, from whom all blessings flow;
Make we mention of his love,
Publish we his praise below:
Called together by his grace,
We are met in Jesus' name,
See with joy each other's face,
Followers of the bleeding Lamb.

2 Let us then sweet counsel take
How to make our calling sure,
Our election how to make,
Past the reach of hell, secure;
Build we each the other up,
Pray we for our faith's increase,
Solid comforts, settled hope,
Constant joy, and lasting peace.

3 More and more let love abound,
Let us never, never rest
Till we are in Jesus found,
Of our Paradise possessed;
He removes the flaming sword,
Calls us back, from Eden driven;
To his image here restored,
Soon he takes us up to heaven.

HYMN 410. C. M.

1 JESUS, united by thy grace,
And each to each endeared,
With confidence we seek thy face,
And know our prayer is heard.

2 Still let us own our common Lord,
And bear thine easy yoke,
A band of love, a three-fold cord,
Which never can be broke.

3 Make us into one spirit drink,
Baptize into thy name,
And let us always kindly think,
And sweetly speak the same.

4 Touched by the loadstone of thy love,
Let all our hearts agree,
And ever towards each other move,
And ever move towards thee.

5 To thee inseparably joined,
Let all our spirits cleave;
O may we all the loving mind
That was in thee receive.

6 This is the bond of perfectness,
The spotless charity;
O let us, still we pray, possess
The mind that was in thee.

7 Grant this, and then from all below
Insensibly remove;
Our souls their change shall scarcely know,
Made perfect first in love.

HYMN 411. C. M.

1 TRY us, O God, and search the ground
Of every sinful heart;
Whate'er of sin in us is found,
O bid it all depart.

2 When to the right or left we stray,
Leave us not comfortless,
But guide our feet into the way
Of everlasting peace.

3 Help us to help each other, Lord,
Each other's cross to bear;
Let each his friendly aid afford,
And feel his brother's care.

4 Help us to build each other up,
Our little stock improve;
Increase our faith, confirm our hope,
And perfect us in love.

5 Up into thee, our living Head,
Let us in all things grow,
Till thou hast made us free indeed,
And spotless here below.

6 Then, when the mighty work is wrought,
Receive thy ready bride,
Give us in heaven a happy lot
With all the sanctified.

HYMN 412. C. M.

1 ALL praise to our redeeming Lord,
Who joins us by his grace,
And bids us, each to each restored,
Together seek his face.

2 He bids us build each other up,
And, gathered into one,
To our high calling's glorious hope
We hand in hand go on.

3 The gift which he on one bestows
We all delight to prove;
The grace through every vessel flows,
In purest streams of love.

4 E'en now we think and speak the same,
And cordially agree,
United all through Jesus' name
In perfect harmony.

5 And if our fellowship below
In Jesus be so sweet,
What height of rapture shall we know
When round his throne we meet!

HYMN 413. C. M.

1 BEING of beings, God of love,
To thee our hearts we raise,
Thy all-sustaining power we prove,
And gladly sing thy praise.

2 Thine, wholly thine, we pant to be,
Our sacrifice receive;
Made, and preserved, and saved by thee,
To thee ourselves we give.

3 Heavenward our every wish aspires
For all thy mercy's store;
The sole return thy love requires,
Is that we ask for more.

4 For more we ask—we open then
Our hearts t' embrace thy will;
Turn, and beget us, Lord, again,
With all thy fulness fill.

5 Come, Holy Ghost, the Saviour's love
Shed in our hearts abroad;
So shall we ever live and move,
And be with Christ in God.

HYMN 414. C. M.

1 OUR country is Immanuel's ground,
We seek that promised soil;
The songs of Zion cheer our hearts,
While strangers here we toil.

2 Oft do our eyes with joy o'erflow,
And oft are bathed in tears;
Yet naught but heaven our hopes can raise,
And naught but sin our fears.

3 Our powers are oft dissolved away
In ecstacies of love,
And while our bodies wander here,
Our souls are fixed above.

4 We purge our mortal dross away,
Refining as we run,
But while we die to earth and sense,
Our heaven is here begun.

HYMN 415. C. M.

1 TALK with us, Lord—thyself reveal,
While here o'er earth we rove;
Speak to our hearts, and let us feel
The kindling of thy love.

2 With thee conversing, we forget
All time, and toil, and care;
Labor is rest, and pain is sweet,
If thou, my God, art here.

3 Here, then, my God, vouchsafe to stay,
And bid my heart rejoice;
My bounding heart shall own thy sway,
And echo to thy voice.

4 Thou callest me to seek thy face—
'Tis all I wish to seek,
T' attend the whispers of thy grace,
And hear thee inly speak.

5 Let this my every hour employ,
Till I thy glory see,
Enter into my Master's joy,
And find my heaven in thee.

HYMN 416. C. M.

1 HOW sweet, how heavenly is the sight,
When those who love the Lord
In one another's peace delight,
And so fulfil his word!

2 O may we feel each brother's sigh,
And with him bear a part;
May sorrows flow from eye to eye,
And joy from heart to heart.

3 Free us from envy, scorn, and pride,
Our wishes fix above;
May each his brother's failing hide,
And show a brother's love.

4 Let love, in one delightful stream,
Through every bosom flow,
And union sweet, and fond 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.

HYMN 417. L. M.

1 JESUS, our best beloved Friend,
Draw out our souls in pure desire;
Jesus, in love to us descend,
Baptize us with thy Spirit's fire.

2 On thy redeeming name we call,
Poor and unworthy though we be;
Pardon and sanctify us all,
Let each thy full salvation see.

3 Our souls and bodies we resign,
To fear and follow thy commands;
O take our hearts, our hearts are thine,—
Accept the service of our hands.

4 Firm, faithful, watching unto prayer,
May we thy blessed will obey,
Toil in thy vineyard here, and bear
The heat and burden of the day.

5 Yet, Lord, for us a resting-place
In heaven, at thy right hand, prepare;
And till we see thee face to face,
Be all our conversation there.

HYMN 418. L. M.

1 WHEN those who feared the Lord of old,
Met oft, and spake with one accord,
A book was written, and enrolled
Their faithful names before the Lord.

2 They shall be mine, Jehovah said,
And as a signet on my hand,
A crown of glory for my head,
Among my chosen jewels stand.

3 And I will spare them in that day,
E'en as a father spares his son,
When all the proud are swept away,
The wicked, root and branch, undone

4 Then shall my righteousness be shown,
Then, by their good or evil lot,
The sinner and the saint be known,
Who served the Lord, who served him not.

5 Lord, we are taught thy name to fear—
O may we tremble to offend;
Lord, we are taught to serve thee here—
May we be faithful to the end.

6 Our names are on thy church's rolls,
But in thy book our pardon write:
Rich was the ransom of our souls,
May they be precious in thy sight.

HYMN 419. L. M.

1 WHERE two or three, with sweet accord,
Obedient to their sovereign Lord,
Meet to recount his acts of grace,
And offer solemn prayer and praise,—

2 "There," says the Saviour, "will I be,
Amid that little company;
To them unveil my smiling face,
And shed my glory round the place."

3 We meet at thy command, dear Lord,
Relying on thy faithful word;
O send thy Spirit from above,
And fill our hearts with heavenly love.

HYMN 420. 4 8s & 2 6s.

1 COME, wisdom, power, and grace divine,
Come, Jesus, in thy name to join
A happy chosen band,
Who fain would prove thine utmost will,
And all thy righteous laws fulfil
In love's benign command.

2 If pure, essential love thou art,
Thy nature into every heart,
Thy loving self, inspire;
Bid all our simple souls be one,
United in a bond unknown,
Baptized with heavenly fire.

3 Still may we to our centre tend,
To spread thy praise, our common end,
To help each other on,
Companions through the wilderness,
To share a moment's pain, and seize
An everlasting crown.

4 Jesus, our tendered souls prepare,
Infuse the softest social care,
The warmest charity,
The bowels of our bleeding Lamb,
The virtues of thy wondrous name,
The heart that was in thee.

5 Supply what every member wants;
To found the fellowship of saints,
Thy Spirit, Lord, supply;
So shall we all thy love receive,
Together to thy glory live,
And to thy glory die.

HYMN 421. 4 8s & 2 6s.

1 O SAVIOUR, cast a gracious smile;
Our gloomy guilt, and selfish guile,
And shy distrust remove;
The true simplicity impart,
To fashion every passive heart,
And mould it into love.

2 Our naked hearts to thee we raise;
Whate'er obstructs the work of grace,
For ever drive it hence;
Exert thy all-subduing power,
And each regenerate soul restore
To child-like innocence.

3 Soon as in thee we gain a part,
Our spirit purged from nature's art
Appears, by grace forgiven;
We then pursue our sole design,
To lose our melting will in thine,
And want no other heaven.

4 O that we now the power might feel,
To do on earth thy blessed will,
As angels do above,—

In thee, the life, the truth, the way,
To walk, and perfectly obey
Thy sweet constraining love.

5 Jesus, fulfil our one desire,
And spread the spark of living fire
Through every hallowed breast;
Bless with divine conformity,
And give us now to find in thee
Our everlasting rest.

HYMN 422. 4 8s & 2 6s.

1 COME on, my partners in distress,
My comrades through the wilderness,
Who still your bodies feel;
Awhile forget your griefs and fears,
And look beyond this vale of tears
To that celestial hill.

2 Beyond the bounds of time and space,
Look forward to that heavenly place,
The saint's secure abode;
On faith's strong eagle-pinions rise,
And force your passage to the skies,
And scale the mount of God.

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

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

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

HYMN 423. 6 8s.

1 WATCHED by the world's malignant eye,
Who load us with reproach and shame,
As servants of the Lord most high,
As zealous for his glorious name,
We ought in all his paths to move
With holy fear and humble love.

2 That wisdom, Lord, on us bestow
From every evil to depart,
To stop the mouth of every foe,
While, upright both in life and heart,
The proofs of godly fear we give,
And show them how the Christians live.

LOVE FEAST.

HYMN 424. 4 6s & 2 8s.

1 BEHOLD, how good a thing
It is to dwell in peace!
How pleasing to our King
This fruit of righteousness—
When brethren all in one agree,
Who know the joys of unity!

2 When all are sweetly joined,
(True followers of the Lamb,)
The same in heart and mind,
And think and speak the same,
And all in love together dwell,
The comfort is unspeakable.

3 Where unity takes place,
The joys of heaven we prove;
This is the gospel grace,
The unction from above,
The Spir't, on all believers shed,
Descending swift from Christ, our Head.

4 Where unity is found,
The sweet anointing grace
Extends to all around,
And consecrates the place;
To every waiting soul he comes,
And fills it with divine perfumes.

5 Grace every morning new,
And every night we feel,
The soft refreshing dew
That falls on Hermon's hill;
On Zion it doth sweetly fall,
The grace of one descends on all.

6 E'en now our Lord doth pour
The blessing from above,
A kindly gracious shower
Of heart-reviving love—
The former and the latter rain,
The love of God and love of man.

7 In him when brethren join,
And follow after peace,
The fellowship divine
He promises to bless,
His choicest graces to bestow,
When two or three are met below.

8 The riches of his grace
In fellowship are given
To Zion's chosen race,
The citizens of heaven;
He fills them with the choicest store,
He gives them life for evermore.

HYMN 425. 7s.

1 FATHER, at thy footstool see
Those who now are one in thee;
Draw us by thy grace alone,
Give, O give us to thy Son.

2 Jesus, friend of human kind,
Let us in thy name be joined;
Each to each unite and bless,
Keep us still in perfect peace.

3 Heavenly, all-alluring Dove,
Shed thy overshadowing love,
Love, the sealing grace, impart;
Dwell within our single heart.

4 Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Be to us what Adam lost;
Let us in thine image rise,
Give us back our Paradise.

HYMN 426. 7s.

1 JESUS, Lord, we look to thee,
Let us in thy name agree;
Show thyself the Prince of peace,
Bid our jars for ever cease.

2 By thy reconciling love
Every stumbling-block remove,
Each to each unite, endear;
Come, and spread thy banner here.

3 Make us of one heart and mind,
Courteous, pitiful, and kind,
Lowly, meek, in thought and word,
Altogether like our Lord.

4 Let us for each other care,
Each the other's burden bear;
To thy church the pattern give,
Show how true believers live,

5 Free from anger and from pride,
Let us thus in God abide;
All the depth of love express,
All the heights of holiness.

6 Let us then, with joy, remove
To the family above;
On the wings of angels fly,
Show how true believers die.

HYMN 427. 8 7s.

1 FATHER, Son, and Spirit, hear
Faith's effectual, fervent prayer;
Hear, and our petitions seal,
Let us now the answer feel:
Still our fellowship increase,
Knit us in the bonds of peace;
Join our new-born spirits, join
Each to each, and all to thine.

2 Build us in one body up,
Called in one high calling's hope:
One the Spirit, whom we claim,
One the pure baptismal flame,
One the faith, and common Lord,
One the Father lives adored,
Over, through, and in us all,
God incomprehensible.

3 One with God, the Source of bliss,
Ground of our communion this:
Life of all that live below,
Let thine emanations flow;
Rise eternal in our heart,
Thou our long-sought Eden art;
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Be to us what Adam lost.

HYMN 428. 8 7s.

1 OTHER ground can no man lay—
Jesus takes our sins away,
Jesus the foundation is—
This shall stand, and only this:
Fitly framed in him we are,
All the building rises fair;
Let it to a temple rise,
Worthy him who fills the skies.

2 Husband of thy church below,
Christ, if thee our Lord we know,
Unto thee, betrothed in love,
Always let us faithful prove,
Never rob thee of our heart,
Never give the creature part;
Only thou possess the whole—
Take our body, spirit, soul.

3 Steadfast let us cleave to thee,
Love the mystic union be,—
Union to the world unknown,—
Joined to God, in spirit one:
Wait we till the Spouse shall come,
Till the Lamb shall take us home,
For his heaven the bride prepare,
Solemnize our nuptials there.

HYMN 429. 8 7s.

1 CHRIST, our Head, gone up on high,
Be thou in thy Spirit nigh;
Advocate with God, give ear
To thine own effectual prayer;
One the Father is with thee,
Knit us in like unity;
Make us, O uniting Son,
One, as thou and he are one.

2 Still, O Lord, (for thine we are,)
Still to us his name declare;
Thy revealing Spirit give,
Whom the world cannot receive;
Fill us with the Father's love,
Never from our souls remove;
Dwell in us, and we shall be
Thine through all eternity.

HYMN 430. 8 7s.

1 COME, and let us sweetly join,
Christ to praise in hymns divine;
Give we all, with one accord,
Glory to our common Lord;
Hands, and hearts, and voices raise,
Sing as in the ancient days;
Antedate the joys above,
Celebrate the feast of love.

2 Strive we, in affection strive,
Let the purer flame revive,
Such as in the martyrs glowed,
Dying champions for their God;
We, like them, may live and love,
Called we are their joys to prove,
Saved with them from future wrath,
Partners of like precious faith.

3 Sing we then in Jesus' name,
Now as yesterday the same,
One in every time and place,
Full for all, of truth and grace:
We for Christ, our Master, stand
Lights in a benighted land;
We our dying Lord confess,
We are Jesus' witnesses.

4 Witnesses that Christ hath died,
We with him are crucified;

Christ hath burst the bands of death,
We his quickening Spirit breathe;
Christ is now gone up on high,
Thither all our wishes fly;
Sits at God's right hand above,
There with him we reign in love.

HYMN 431. 8 7s.

1 COME, thou high and lofty Lord,
Lowly, meek, incarnate Word,
Humbly stoop to earth again,
Come, and visit abject man;
Jesus, dear expected guest,
Thou art bidden to the feast,—
For thyself our hearts prepare,—
Come, and sit, and banquet there.

2 Jesus, we thy promise claim,
We are met in thy great name;
In the midst do thou appear,
Manifest thy presence here:
Sanctify us, Lord, and bless,
Breathe thy Spirit, give thy peace;
Thou thyself within us move,
Make our feast a feast of love.

3 Let the fruits of grace abound,
Let an Eden rise around;
Faith, and love, and joy increase,
Temperance and gentleness;
Plant in us thy humble mind,
Patient, pitiful, and kind;
Meek and lowly let us be,
Full of goodness, full of thee.

4 Make us all in thee complete,
Make us all for glory meet,
Meet t' appear before thy sight,
Partners with the saints in light:

Call, O call us each, by name,
To the marriage of the Lamb;
Let us lean upon thy breast,
Love be there our endless feast.

HYMN 432. 8 7s.

1 LET us join, ('tis God commands,)
Let us join our hearts and hands,
Help to gain our calling's hope,
Build we each the other up;
God his blessings shall dispense,
God shall crown his ordinance,
Meet in his appointed ways,
Nourish us with social grace.

2 Let us then as brethren love,
Faithfully his gifts improve,
Carry on the earnest strife,
Walk in holiness of life,
Still forget the things behind,
Follow Christ in heart and mind,
Toward the mark unwearied press,
Seize the crown of righteousness.

3 Plead we thus for faith alone,
Faith which by our works is shown;
God it is who justifies,
Only faith the grace applies,—
Active faith, that lives within,
Conquers earth, and hell, and sin,
Sanctifies, and makes us whole,
Forms the Saviour in the soul.

4 Let us for this faith contend,
Sure salvation is its end;
Heaven already is begun,
Everlasting life is won:
Only let us persevere
Till we see our Lord appear,
Never from the Rock remove,
Saved by faith, which works by love.

HYMN 433. 8 7s.

1 PARTNERS of a glorious hope,
Lift your hearts and voices up;
Jointly let us rise and sing
Christ, our Prophet, Priest and King:
Monuments of Jesus' grace,
Speak we by our lives his praise,
Walk in him we have received,
Show we not in vain believed.

2 While we walk with God in light,
God our hearts doth still unite;
Dearest fellowship we prove,
Fellowship in Jesus' love:
Sweetly each, with each combined,
In the bonds of duty joined,
Feels the cleansing blood applied,
Daily feels that Christ hath died.

3 Still, O Lord, our faith increase,
Cleanse from all unrighteousness;
Thee th' unholy cannot see—
Make, O make us meet for thee:
Every vile affection kill,
Root out every seed of ill;
Utterly abolish sin,
Write thy law of love within.

4 Hence may all our actions flow—
Love the proof that Christ we know,
Mutual love the token be,
Lord, that we belong to thee:
Love, thine image, love impart,
Stamp it on our face and heart;
Only love to us be given,
Lord, we ask no other heaven.

HYMN 434. C. M

1 COME, let us use the grace divine,
And all, with one accord,
In a perpetual cov'nant join
Ourselves to Christ, the Lord,—

2 Give up ourselves through Jesus' power,
His name to glorify,
And promise, in this sacred hour,
For God to live and die.

3 The cov'nant we this moment make
Be ever kept in mind;
We will no more our God forsake,
Or cast his words behind.

4 We never will throw off his fear
Who hears our solemn vow;
And if thou art well pleased to hear,
Come down and meet us now.

5 Thee, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Let all our hearts receive;
Present with the celestial host,
The peaceful answer give.

6 To each the cov'nant blood apply
Which takes our sins away,
And register our names on high,
And keep us to that day.

HYMN 435. C. M.

1 THE glorious universe around,
The heavens, with their train,
Sun, moon, and stars, are firmly bound
In one mysterious chain.

2 The earth, the ocean, and the sky,
To form one world agree,
Where all that walk, or swim, or fly,
Compose one family.

3 God in creation thus displays
His wisdom and his might,
While all his works, with all his ways,
Harmoniously unite.

4 In one fraternal bond of love,
One fellowship of mind,
The saints below and saints above,
Their bliss and glory find.

5 Here, in their house of pilgrimage,
Thy statutes are their song;
There, through one bright, eternal age,
Thy praises they prolong.

6 Lord, may our union form a part
Of that thrice-happy whole,
Derive its pulse from thee, the Heart,
Its life from thee, the Soul.

HYMN 436. C. M.

1 GIVER of concord, Prince of peace,
Meek, lamb-like Son of God,
Bid our unruly passions cease,
By thy atoning blood.

2 Rebuke our rage, our passions chide,
Our stubborn wills control;
Beat down our wrath, root out our pride,
And calm our troubled soul.

3 Subdue in us the carnal mind,
Its enmity destroy;
With cords of love our spirits bind,
And melt us into joy.

4 Us into closest union draw,
And, in our inward parts,
Let kindness sweetly write her law,
And love command our hearts.

5 Saviour, look down with pitying eyes,
Our jarring wills control;
Let cordial, kind affections rise,
And harmonize the soul.

6 O let us find the ancient way
Our wondering foes to move,
And force the heathen world to say,
"See how these Christians love!"

HYMN 437. L. M.

1 UNCHANGEABLE, almighty Lord,
Our souls upon thy truth we stay;
Accomplish now thy faithful word,
And give, O give us all one way.

2 O let us all join hand in hand
Who seek redemption in thy blood,
Fast in one mind and spirit stand,
And build the temple of our God.

3 Thou only canst our wills control,
Our wild unruly passions bind,
Tame the old Adam in our soul,
And make us of one heart and mind.

4 Speak but the reconciling word,
The winds shall cease, the waves subside;
We all shall praise our common Lord,
Our Jesus, and him crucified.

5 Giver of peace and unity,
Send down thy mild, pacific Dove;
We all shall then in one agree,
And breathe the spirit of thy love.

6 We all shall think and speak the same
Delightful lesson of thy grace,
One undivided Christ proclaim,
And jointly glory in thy praise.

7 O let us take a softer mould,
Blended and gathered into thee,
Under one Shepherd make one fold,
Where all is love and harmony.

8 Regard thine own eternal prayer,
And send a peaceful answer down;
To us thy Father's name declare,
Unite and perfect us in one.

9 So shall the world believe and know
That God hath sent thee from above,
When thou art seen in us below,
And every soul displays thy love.

HYMN 438. L. M.

1 KINDRED in Christ, for his dear sake,
A hearty welcome here receive;
May we together now partake
The joys which he alone can give.

2 May he by whose kind care we meet
Send his good Spirit from above,
Make our communications sweet,
And cause our hearts to burn with love.

3 Forgotten be each worldly theme
When Christians meet together thus;
We only wish to speak of him
Who lived, and died, and reigns, for us.

4 We'll talk of all he did and said
And suffered for us here below,
The path he marked for us to tread,
And what he's doing for us now.

5 Thus, as the moments pass away,
We'll love, and wonder, and adore;
Then hasten on the glorious day
When we shall meet to part no more.

HYMN 439. L. M.

1 HAPPY the souls that first believed,
To Jesus and each other cleaved,
Joined, by the unction from above,
In mystic fellowship of love.

2 Meek, simple followers of the Lamb,
They lived, and spake, and thought the same;
They joyfully conspired to raise
Their ceaseless sacrifice of praise

3 With grace abundantly endued,
A pure, believing multitude,
They all were of one heart and soul,
And only love inspired the whole.

4 O what an age of golden days!
O what a choice, peculiar race!
Washed in the Lamb's all-cleansing blood,
Anointed kings and priests to God!

5 Where shall I wander now to find
The successors they left behind?
The faithful, whom I seek in vain,
Are 'minished from the sons of men.

6 Ye different sects, who all declare,
"Lo, here is Christ!" or, "Christ is there!"
Your stronger proofs divinely give,
And show me where the Christians live.

7 Your claim, alas, ye cannot prove,
Ye want the genuine mark of love;
Thou only, Lord, thine own canst show,
For sure thou hast a church below.

8 The gates of hell cannot prevail,
The church on earth can never fail;
O join me to thy secret ones!
O gather all thy living stones!

9 Scattered o'er all the earth they lie,
Till thou collect them with thine eye,
Draw by the music of thy name,
And charm into a beauteous frame.

10 For this the pleading Spirit groans,
And cries in all thy banished ones;
Greatest of gifts, thy love impart,
And make us of one mind and heart.

11 Join every soul that looks to thee,
In bonds of perfect charity;
Now, Lord, the glorious fulness give,
And all in all for ever live.

PART SECOND.

1 JESUS, from whom all blessings flow,
Great Builder of thy church below,
If now thy Spirit moves my breast,
Hear, and fulfil thine own request.

2 The few that truly call thee Lord,
And wait thy sanctifying word,
And thee their utmost Saviour own,
Unite and perfect them in one.

3 O let them all thy mind express,
Stand forth thy chosen witnesses;
Thy power unto salvation show,
And perfect holiness below.

4 In them let all mankind behold
How Christians lived in days of old,
Mighty their envious foes to move,
A proverb of reproach and love.

5 Call them into thy wondrous light,
Worthy to walk with thee in white;
Make up thy jewels, Lord, and show
The glorious, spotless church below.

6 From every sinful wrinkle free,
Redeemed from all iniquity,
The fellowship of saints make known,—
And, oh, my God, may I be one!

7 O might my lot be cast with these,
The least of Jesus' witnesses:
O that my Lord would count me meet
To wash his dear disciples' feet.

8 This only thing do I require—
Thou know'st 'tis all my heart's desire—
Freely what I receive to give,
The servant of thy church to live;

9 After my lowly Lord to go,
And wait upon thy saints below;
Enjoy the grace to angels given,
And serve the royal heirs of heaven.

10 Lord, if I now thy drawings feel,
And ask according to thy will,
Confirm the prayer, the zeal impart,
And speak the answer to my heart.

11 Tell me, or thou shalt never go,
"Thy prayer is heard, it shall be so:"
The word hath passed thy lips, and I
Shall with thy people live and die.

HYMN 440. 6 8s.

1 FORGIVE us for thy mercy's sake,
Our multitude of sins forgive,
And for thy own possession take,
And bid us to thy glory live,
Live in thy sight, and gladly prove
Our faith by our obedient love.

2 The cov'nant of forgiveness seal,
And all thy mighty wonders show,
Our inbred enemies expel;
And, conquering them, to conquer go,
Till all of pride and wrath be slain,
And not one evil thought remain.

3 O put it in our inward parts,
The living law of perfect love;
Write the new precept in our hearts,
We shall not then from thee remove,
Who in thy glorious image shine,
Thy people, and for ever thine.

HYMN 441. 6 8s.

1 JESUS, to thee our hearts we lift,
(May all our hearts with love o'erflow,)
With thanks for thy continued gift—
That still thy precious name we know,
Retain our sense of sin forgiven,
And wait for all our inward heaven.

2 What mighty troubles hast thou shown
Thy feeble, tempted followers here!
We have through fire and water gone,
But saw thee on the floods appear,
But felt thee present in the flame,
And shouted our Deliverer's name.

3 When stronger souls their faith forsook,
And lulled in worldly, hellish peace,
Leaped desperate from their guardian Rock,
And headlong plunged in sin's abyss,
Thy strength was in our weakness shown,
And still it guards and keeps thine own.

4 All are not lost or wandered back,
All have not left thy church and thee;
There are who suffer for thy sake,
Enjoy thy glorious infamy,

Esteem the scandal of the cross,
And only seek divine applause.

5 Thou who hast kept us to this hour,
O keep us faithful to the end,
When, robed with majesty and power,
Our Jesus shall from heaven descend,
His friends and confessors to own,
And seat us on his glorious throne.

HYMN 442. 6 8s.

1 HOW good and pleasant 'tis to see,
When brethren cordially agree,
And kindly think and speak the same—
A family of faith and love,
Combined to seek the things above,
And spread the common Saviour's fame.

2 The God of grace, who all invites,
Who in our unity delights,
Vouchsafes our intercourse to bless,
Revives us with refreshing showers,
The fulness of his blessing pours,
And keeps our minds in perfect peace.

3 Jesus, thou precious corner-stone,
Preserve, inseparably one,
Whom thou didst by thy Spirit join;
Still let us in thy Spirit live,
And to thy church the pattern give
Of unanimity divine.

4 Still let us to each other cleave,
And from thy plenitude receive
Constant supplies of hallowing grace,
Till to a perfect man we rise,
O'ertake our kindred in the skies,
And find prepared our heavenly place,

HYMN 443. 6 8s.

1 JESUS, with kindest pity, see
The souls that would be one in thee;
If now, accepted in thy sight,
Thou dost our upright hearts unite,
Allow us e'en on earth to prove
The noblest joys of heavenly love.

2 Before thy glorious eyes we spread
The wish which doth from thee proceed:
Our love from earthly dross refine;
Holy, angelical, divine,
Thee, its great Author, let it show,
And back to the pure fountain flow.

3 A drop of that unbounded sea,
O Lord, resorb it into thee;
While all our souls, with restless strife,
Spring up into eternal life,
And, lost in endless raptures, prove
The whole immensity of love.

4 A spark of that eternal fire,
Still let it to its Source aspire,
To thee in every wish return,
Intensely for thy glory burn,
While all our souls fly up to thee,
And blaze through all eternity.

THE ORDINANCES.

BAPTISM.

INFANT.

HYMN 444. S. M.

1 GREAT God, now condescend
To bless our rising race;
Soon may their willing spirits bend
To thy victorious grace.

2 O what a pure delight
Their happiness to see!
Our warmest wishes all unite
To lead their souls to thee.

3 Now bless, thou God of love,
This holy rite divine;
Send thy good Spirit from above,
And make our children thine.

HYMN 445. 6 7s.

1 LORD of all, with pure intent,
From their tenderest infancy,
In thy temple we present
Whom we first received from thee;
Through thy well-beloved Son,
Ours acknowledge for thine own.

2 Sealed with the baptismal seal,
Purchased by th' atoning blood,
Jesus, in our children dwell,
Make their heart the house of God;
Fill thy consecrated shrine,
Father, Son and Spir't divine.

HYMN 446. C. M.

1 SEE Israel's gentle Shepherd stand,
With all-engaging charms;
Hark how he calls the tender lambs,
And folds them in his arms.

3 "Permit them to approach," he cries,
"Nor scorn their humble name;
For 'twas to bless such souls as these
The Lord of angels came."

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.

HYMN 447. C. M.

1 HOW large the promise, how divine,
To Abra'm and his seed—
"I am a God to thee and thine,
Supplying all their need."

2 The words of his extensive love
From age to age endure;
The angel of the covenant proves
And seals the blessing sure.

3 Jesus the ancient faith confirms,
To our great father given;
He takes our children to his arms,
And calls them heirs of heaven.

4 O God, how faithful are thy ways!
Thy love endures the same,
Nor from the promise of thy grace
Blots out our children's name.

HYMN 448. C. M.

1 BEHOLD, what condescending love,
Jesus on earth displays;
To babes and sucklings he extends
The riches of his grace.

2 He still the ancient promise keeps,
To our forefathers given;
Young children in his arms he takes,
And calls them heirs of heaven.

3 Forbid them not whom Jesus calls,
Nor dare the claim resist,
Since his own lips to us declare
Of such will heaven consist.

4 With flowing tears, and thankful hearts,
We give them up to thee;
Receive them, Lord, into thine arms—
Thine may they ever be.

HYMN 449. 6 8s.

1 GOD of eternal truth and love,
Vouchsafe the promised aid we claim,
Thine own great ordinance approve;
The child baptized into thy name,
Partaker of thy nature make,
And give him all thine image back.

2 Father, if such thy sovereign will,
If Jesus did the rite enjoin,
Annex thy hallowing Spirit's seal,
And let the grace attend the sign;
The seed of endless life impart,
Take for thine own this infant's heart.

3 Answer on him thy wisdom's end,
In present and eternal good;
Whate'er thou didst for man intend,
Whate'er thou hast on man bestowed,
Now to this favored child be given—
Pardon, and holiness, and heaven.

4 In presence of thy heavenly host,
Thyself we faithfully require;
Come, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
By blood, by water, and by fire,
And fill up all thy human shrine,
And seal our souls for ever thine.

ADULT.

HYMN 450. S. M.

1 MY Saviour's pierced side
Poured out a double flood:
By water we are purified,
And pardoned by his blood.

2 Called from above, I rise
And wash away my sin;
The stream to which my spirit flies
Can make the foulest clean.

3 It runs divinely clear,
A fountain deep and wide;
'Twas opened by the soldier's spear
In my Redeemer's side.

HYMN 451. C. M.

1 CELESTIAL Dove, descend from high
And on the water brood;
Come, with thy quickening power apply
The water and the blood.

2 I love the Lord, that stoops so low
To give his word a seal;
But the rich grace his hands bestow
Exceeds the figure still.

2 Almighty God, for thee we call,
And our request renew;
Accept in Christ, and bless withal,
The work we have to do.

HYMN 452. C. M.

1 ATTEND, ye children of your God,
Ye heirs of glory, hear;
For accents so divine as these,
Might charm the dullest ear.

2 Baptized into your Saviour's death,
Your souls to sin must die;
With Christ, your Lord, ye live anew,
With Christ ascend on high.

3 There by his Father's side he sits
Enthroned, divinely fair,
Yet owns himself your brother still,
And your forerunner there.

4 Rise from these earthly trifles, rise
On wings of faith and love;
Above your choicest treasure lies,
And be your hearts above.

HYMN 453. L. M.

1 COME, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Honor the means ordained by thee;
Make good our apostolic boast,
And own thy glorious ministry.

2 We now thy promised presence claim,
Sent to disciple all mankind;
Sent to baptize into thy name,
We now thy promised presence find.

3 Father, in these reveal thy Son,
In these, for whom we seek thy face;
The hidden mystery make known,
The inward, pure, baptizing grace.

4 Jesus, with us thou always art,
Effectuate now the sacred sign,
The gift unspeakable impart,
And bless the ordinance divine.

5 Eternal Spir't, descend from high,
Baptizer of our spirits thou!
The sacramental seal apply,
And witness with the water now.

6 O that the souls baptized herein
May now thy truth and mercy feel,
May rise, and wash away their sin!
Come, Holy Ghost, their pardon seal.

LORD'S SUPPER.

HYMN 454. S. M.

1 LET all who truly bear
The bleeding Saviour's name,
Their faithful hearts with us prepare,
And eat the Paschal Lamb.

2 This eucharistic feast
Our every want supplies,
And still we by his death are blest,
And share his sacrifice.

3 Who thus our faith employ
His sufferings to record,
E'en now we mournfully enjoy
Communion with our Lord.

4 We too with him are dead,
And shall with him arise;
The cross on which he bows his head
Shall lift us to the skies.

HYMN 455. S. M

1 COME, all who truly bear
The name of Christ, your Lord,
His last mysterious supper share,
And keep his kindest word:
Hereby your faith approve
In Jesus crucified;
"In memory of my dying love,
Do this," he said, and died.

2 The badge and token this,
The sure confirming seal,
That he is ours and we are his,
The servants of his will,

The dear peculiar ones,
The purchase of his blood,
His blood, which once for all atones,
And brings us now to God.

3 Then let us still profess
Our Master's honored name,
Stand forth his faithful witnesses,
True followers of the Lamb:
In proof that such we are,
His saying we receive,
And thus to all mankind declare
We do in Christ believe.

HYMN 456. 7s 6s & 1 8.

1 LAMB of God, whose dying love
We now recall to mind,
Send the answer from above,
And let us mercy find;
Think on us, who think on thee,
And every struggling soul release:
O remember Calvary,
And bid us go in peace.

2 By thy agonizing pain
And bloody sweat we pray;
By thy dying love to man,
Take all our sins away;
Burst our bonds and set us free,
From all iniquity release:
O remember Calvary,
And bid us go in peace.

3 Let thy blood, by faith applied,
The sinner's pardon seal;
Speak us freely justified,
And all our sickness heal;
By thy passion on the tree,
Let all our griefs and troubles cease:
O remember Calvary,
And bid us go in peace.

4 Never will we hence depart,
Till thou our wants relieve,
Write forgiveness on our heart,
And all thine image give;
Still our souls shall cry to thee,
Till perfected in holiness:
O remember Calvary,
And bid us go in peace.

HYMN 457. C. M.

1 AND are we now brought near to God,
Who once at distance stood?
Did Jesus, to effect this change,
Pour out his precious blood?

2 O for a song of ardent praise,
To bear our souls above!
What should allay our lively hope,
Or damp our flaming love?

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

HYMN 458. C. M.

1 IF human kindess meets return,
And owns the grateful tie,
If tender thoughts within us burn,
To feel a friend is nigh,—

2 Oh, shall not warmer accents tell
The gratitude we owe
To him who died, our fears to quell,
And save from death and wo?

3 While yet in anguish he surveyed
Those pangs he would not flee,
What love his latest words displayed—
"Meet, and remember me."

4 Remember thee! thy death, thy shame,
Our sinful hearts to share!
O memory, leave no other name
But his recorded there.

HYMN 459. C. M.

1 THE King of heaven his table spreads,
And blessings crown the board;
Not Paradise, with all its joys,
Could such delight afford.

2 Pardon and peace to dying men,
And endless life, are given,
Through the rich blood that Jesus shed,
To raise our souls to heaven.

3 Millions of souls, in glory now,
Were fed and feasted here,
And millions more, still on the way,
Around the board appear.

4 Yet are his house and heart so large,
That millions more may come;
Nor could the wide o'erspreading world,
O'erfill the spacious room.

5 All things are ready, come away,
Nor weak excuses frame;
Crowd to your places at the feast,
And bless the Founder's name.

HYMN 460. 8s & 7s.

1 COME, thou everlasting Spirit,
Bring to every thankful mind,
All the Saviour's dying merit,
All his sufferings for mankind;

True Recorder of his passion,
Now the living fire impart,
Now reveal his great salvation,
Preach his gospel to our heart.

2 Come, thou Witness of his dying,
Come, Remembrancer divine;
Let us feel thy power applying
Christ to every soul, and mine;
Let us groan thine inward groaning,
Look on him we pierced, and grieve,
All receive the grace atoning,
All the sprinkled blood receive.

HYMN 461. L. M.

1 'TWAS on that dark and doleful night
When powers of earth and hell arose
Against the Son of God's delight,
And friends betrayed him to his foes;

2 Before the mournful scene began,
He took the bread, and blessed, and brake:
What love through all his actions ran!
What wondrous words of grace he spake!

3 "This is my body, broke for sin,
Receive and eat the living food;"
Then took the cup, and blessed the wine—
"'Tis the new covenant in my blood."

4 "Do this," he cried, "till time shall end;
Meet at my table, and record,
In memory of your dying Friend,
The love of your departed Lord."

5 Jesus, thy feast we celebrate,
We show thy death, we sing thy name,
Till thou return, and we shall eat
The marriage supper of the Lamb.

HYMN 462. L. M.

1 AT thy command, our dearest Lord,
Here we attend the dying feast;
Thy love has spread the sacred board,
To feed the faith of every guest.

2 Our faith adores thy bleeding love,
And trusts for life in one that died;
We hope for heavenly crowns above
From a Redeemer crucified.

3 Let the vain world pronounce it shame,
And fling their scandals on thy cause;
We come to boast our Saviour's name,
And make our triumphs in his cross.

4 With joy we tell the scoffing age
He that was dead hath left his tomb;
He lives above their utmost rage,
And we are waiting till he come.

HYMN 463. L. M.

1 TO Jesus, our exalted Lord,
That name in heaven and earth adored,
Fain would our hearts and voices raise
A cheerful song of sacred praise.

2 But all the notes which mortals know,
Are weak, and languishing, and low;
Far, far above our humble songs,
The theme demands immortal tongues.

3 Yet whilst around his board we meet,
And worship at his sacred feet,
O let our warm affections move
In glad returns of sacred love.

4 Yes, Lord, we love and we adore,
But long to know and love thee more,
And, whilst we taste the bread and wine,
Desire to feed on joys divine.

5 Let faith our feeble senses aid
To see thy wondrous love displayed—
Thy broken flesh, thy bleeding veins,
Thy dreadful, agonizing pains.

6 Let humble, penitential wo,
With painful, pleasing anguish, flow,
And thy forgiving love impart
Life, hope, and joy to every heart.

ADMISSION TO MEMBERSHIP.

APPLICATION.

HYMN 464. 7s.

1 PEOPLE of the living God,
I have sought the world around,
Paths of sin and sorrow trod,
Peace and comfort no where found.

2 Now to you my spirit turns,
Turns a fugitive unblest;
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 soul no more,
Every idol I resign.

5 Tell me not of gain or loss,
Ease, enjoyment, pomp, and power;
Welcome, poverty and cross,
Shame, reproach, affliction's hour.

6 "Follow me!"—I know thy voice,
Jesus, Lord, thy steps I see;
Now I take thy yoke by choice,
Light thy burden now to me.

HYMN 465. C. M.

YE men and angels, witness 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;
May he, with our returning wants,
All needful aid supply.

4 Lord, 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.

HYMN 466. C. M.

1 HAIL, church of Christ, bought with his blood,
The world I freely leave;
Ye children of the living God,
Me in your tents receive.

2 Bride of the Lamb, I'm one in heart
With thee through boundless grace,
And I will never from thee part—
This bond shall never cease.

3 Closely I'll follow Christ with thee,
I'll go thy safest road;
Thy people shall my people be,
And thine shall be my God.

4 And am I, Jesus, one of those
Who in thy fold have place,
Who, gathered round th' erected cross,
Enjoy redeeming grace?

5 O yes, nor would I change my lot
For all this world can give;
By grace I'll keep the place I've got,
And only to thee cleave.

HYMN 467. L. M.

1 O HAPPY day that fixed my choice
On thee, my Saviour and my God!
Well may this glowing heart rejoice,
And tell its raptures all abroad.

2 O happy bond that seals my vows
To him who merits all my love!
Let cheerful anthems fill his house,
While to that sacred shrine I move.

3 'Tis done, the great transaction 's done,
I am the Lord's, and he is mine;
He drew me, and I followed on,
Charmed to confess the voice divine.

4 Now rest, my long divided heart,
Fixed on this blissful centre, rest,
Nor ever from thy Lord depart,
With him of every good possest.

5 High heaven, that heard the solemn vow,
That vow renewed shall daily hear,
Till in life's latest hour I bow,
And bless in death a bond so dear.

WELCOME.

HYMN 468. L. M.

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 other's hopes and fears,
And count a brother's cares our own.

4 Once more our welcome we repeat,
Receive assurance of our love:
O may we all together meet
Around the throne of God above.

HYMN 469. L. M.

1 BRETHREN in Christ, and well-beloved,
To Jesus and his servants dear,
Enter and show yourselves approved,
Enter and find that God is here.

2 Welcome from earth—lo, the right hand
Of fellowship to you we give;
With open hearts and hands we stand,
And you in Jesus' name receive.

3 Say, are your hearts resolved as ours?
Then let them burn with sacred love,
Then let them taste the heavenly powers,
Partakers of the joys above.

4 Jesus, attend, thyself reveal!
Are we not met in thy great name?
Thee in the midst we wait to feel,
We wait to catch the spreading flame.

5 Thou God, that answerest by fire,
The Spir't of burning now impart,
And let the flames of pure desire
Rise from the altar of our heart.

6 Truly our fellowship below
With thee and with the Father is;
In thee eternal life we know,
And heaven's unutterable bliss.

7 In part we only know thee here,
But wait thy coming from above,
And we shall then behold thee near,
And we shall all be lost in love

HOUSES OF WORSHIP.

FOUNDATION.

HYMN 470. 7 6s & 1 8.

1 THOU who hast in Zion laid
The true foundation-stone,
And with those a covenant made
Who build on that alone,
Hear us, Architect divine,
Great Builder of thy church below;
Now upon thy servants shine,
Who seek thy praise to show.

2 Earth is thine—her thousand hills
Thy mighty hand sustains;
Heaven thy awful presence fills—
O'er all thy glory reigns;

Yet the place of old prepared
By regal David's favored son,
Thy peculiar blessing shared,
And stood thy chosen throne.

3 We, like Jesse's son, would raise
A temple to the Lord,
Sound throughout its courts his praise,
His saving name record—
Dedicate a house to him
Who, once in mortal weakness shrined,
Sorrowed, suffered to redeem,
To rescue all mankind.

4 Father, Son and Spirit, send
The consecrating flame;
Now in majesty descend,
Inscribe the living name;
That great name by which we live,
Now write on this accepted stone;
Us into thy hands receive,
Our temple make thy throne.

HYMN 471. C. M.

1 GREAT God, who laid on Zion's mount
A precious corner-stone,
More powerful than the gates of hell,
And sacred as thy throne,—

2 Regard us, who before thee spread
Our hands in solemn prayer;
For by thy cloud and pillar led,
The ark hath rested here.

3 The patriarchs and prophets proved
A sure foundation given;
The martyrs rested there unmoved,
In holiest hope of heaven.

4 That rock was Christ—fore'er the same—
The Lord, our righteousness:
O may this altar bear thy name,
And thou our labor bless.

5 And though, in glorious temple high,
Eternal is thy throne,
O let us find thy footstool nigh,
And prove this place thine own.

HYMN 472. L. M.

1 THIS stone to thee in faith we lay,
We build the temple, Lord, to thee;
Thine eye be open night and day
To guard this house and sanctu'ry.

2 Here, when thy people seek thy face,
And dying sinners pray to live,
Hear thou in heaven, thy dwelling-place,
And when thou hearest, O forgive.

3 Here, when thy messengers proclaim
The blessed gospel of thy Son,
Still by the power of his great name
Be mighty signs and wonders done.

4 When children's voices raise the song
Hosanna! to their heavenly King,
Let heaven with earth the strain prolong,
Hosanna! let the angels sing.

5 But will indeed Jehovah deign
Here to abide, no transient guest?
Here will the world's Redeemer reign,
And here the Holy Spirit rest?

6 That glory never hence depart!
Yet choose not, Lord, this house alone;
Thy kingdom come to every heart,
In every bosom fix thy throne.

DEDICATION.

HYMN 473. 4 6s & 2 8s.

1 GREAT King of glory, come,
And with thy favor crown
This temple as thy home,
This people as thine own;
Beneath this roof O deign to show
How God can dwell with men below.

2 Here may thine ears attend
Our interceding cries,
And grateful praise ascend,
Like incense, to the skies;
Here may thy word melodious sound,
And spread celestial joys around

3 Here may the listening throng
Imbibe thy truth and love,
Here Christians join the song
Of seraphim above,
And all who humbly seek thy face
Rejoice in thy abounding grace.

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

HYMN 474. 7s.

1 LORD of hosts, to thee we raise
Here a house of prayer and praise;
Thou thy people's hearts prepare
Here to meet for praise and prayer.

2 Let the living here be fed
With thy word, the heavenly bread;
Here, in hope of glory blest,
May the dead be laid to rest.

3 Here to thee a temple stand
While the sea shall gird the land;
Here reveal thy mercy sure
While the sun and moon endure.

4 Hallelujah!—earth and sky
To the joyful sound reply;
Hallelujah!—hence ascend
Prayer and praise till time shall end.

HYMN 475. C. M.

1 O LORD, our languid souls inspire,
For here we trust thou art;
Kindle a flame of heavenly fire
In every waiting heart.

2 Show us some tokens of thy love,
Our fainting hopes to raise,
And pour thy blessings from above,
That we may render praise.

3 Within these walls let holy praise,
And love, and concord dwell;
Here give the troubled conscience ease,
The wounded spirit heal.

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

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

6 And may the gospel's joyful sound,
Enforced by mighty grace,
Awaken sinners all around
To come and fill the place.

HYMN 476. L. M.

1 BEHOLD thy temple, God of grace,
The house that we have reared for thee,
Regard it as thy resting-place,
And fill it with thy majesty.

2 With outstretched hands on thee we call,
Prostrate before thy throne we bow;
O let the cloud of glory fall
On all thy waiting servants now.

3 Now by thy presence sanctify
This earthly sanctuary, Lord,
And to its courts be ever nigh,
And here thy hallowed name record.

4 When from its altar shall arise
Joint supplication to thy name,
Deign to accept the sacrifice,
Thyself our answering God proclaim.

5 And when from hence the voice of praise
Shall lift its triumphs to thy throne,
Show thy acceptance of our lays
By making all thy glory known.

6 When here thy ministers shall stand,
To speak what thou shalt bid them say,
Maintain thy cause with thine own hand,
And give thy truth a winning way.

7 Now, therefore, O our God, arise,
In this thy resting-place appear,
And let thy people's longing eyes
Behold thee fix thy dwelling here.

HYMN 477. L. M.

1 AND will the great eternal God
On earth establish his abode?
And will he from his radiant throne
Regard our temples as his own?

2 We bring the tribute of our praise,
And sing that condescending grace
Which to our notes will lend an ear,
And call us sinful mortals near.

3 Our Father's watchful care we bless,
Which guards our house of prayer and peace,
That no tumultuous foes invade,
To fill the worshippers with dread.

4 These walls we to thy honor raise,
Long may they echo with thy praise,
And thou, descending, fill the place
With choicest tokens of thy grace.

5 And in the great decisive day
When God the nations shall survey,
May it before the world appear
That crowds were born to glory here.

TIMES OF DECLENSION.

HYMN 478. 6 7s.

1 LORD, before thy throne we bend,
Now to thee our eyes ascend;
Servants, to our Master true,
Lo, we yield thee homage due;
Children, to thy throne we fly—
Abba, Father, hear our cry.

2 Low before thee, Lord, we bow,
We are weak, but mighty thou;
Sore distressed, yet suppliant still,
Here we wait thy holy will,
Bound to earth and rooted here,
Till our Saviour God appear.

3 Leave us not beneath the power
Of temptation's darkest hour;

Swift to read their captive's doom,
See our foes exulting come;
Jesus, Saviour, yet be nigh,
Lord of life and victory.

HYMN 479. 8s 7s & 1 4.

1 ON the mountain's top appearing,
Lo, the sacred herald stands,
Welcome news to Zion bearing,
Zion, long in hostile lands:
Mourning captive,
God himself shall loose thy bands.

2 Lo, thy Son is risen in glory,
God himself appears thy friend;
All thy foes shall flee before thee,
Here their boasted triumphs end:
Great deliverance
Zion's King vouchsafes to send.

3 Enemies no more shall trouble,
All thy warfare now is past;
For thy shame thou shalt have double,
Days of peace are come at last:
All thy conflicts
End in everlasting rest.

HYMN 480. L. M.

1 O WHERE is now that glowing love
That marked our union with the Lord?
Our hearts were fixed on things above,
Nor could the world a joy afford.

2 Where is the zeal that led us then
To make our Saviour's glory known,
That freed us from the fear of men,
And kept our eye on him alone?

3 Where are the happy seasons spent
In fellowship with him we loved,
The sacred joy, the sweet content,
The blessedness that then we proved?

4 Behold, again we turn to thee,
O cast us not away, though vile;
No peace we have, no joy we see,
O Lord, our God, but in thy smile.

HYMN 481. L. M.

1 O ISRAEL, to thy tents repair—
Why thus secure on hostile ground?
Thy Lord commands thee to beware,
For many foes thy camp surround.

2 The trumpet gives a martial strain,
O Israel, gird thee for the fight;
Arise, the combat to maintain,
Arise, and put thy foes to flight.

3 O sleep not thou, as others do—
Awake, be vigilant, be brave;
The coward and the sluggard too
Must wear the fetters of the slave.

4 A nobler lot is cast for thee,
A crown awaits thee in the skies;
With such a hope, shall Israel flee,
And yield, through weariness, the prize?

5 No—let a careless world repose
And slumber on, through life's short day,
While Israel to the conflict goes,
And bears the glorious prize away.

HYMN 482. L. M.

1 WHY, on the bending willows hung,
Israel, still sleeps thy tuneful strings,
Still mute remains thy sullen tongue,
And Zion's song denies to sing?

2 Awake—thy sweetest raptures raise,
Let harp and voice unite their strains;
Thy promised King his sceptre sways,
Jesus, thine own Messiah, reigns.

3 No taunting foes the song require,
No strangers mock thy captive chain;
But friends provoke the silent lyre,
And brethren ask the holy strain.

4 Nor fear thy Salem's hills to wrong,
If other lands thy triumph share;
A heavenly city claims thy song,
A brighter Salem rises there.

5 By foreign streams no longer roam,
Nor weeping think of Jordan's flood;
In every clime behold a home,
In every temple see thy God.

HYMN 483. L. M.

1 THUS saith the Lord, Who seek the Lamb,
Who follow after righteousness,
Look to the rock from whence ye came,
The father of the faithful race.

2 Children of faithful Abra'm these,
Who dare expect salvation here;
The Lord shall give them gospel-peace
And all his hopeless mourners cheer;

3 Shall soon his fallen Zion raise,
Her waste and des'late places build,
Pour out the spirit of his grace,
And make her wilds a fruitful field.

4 The barren souls shall be restored,
The desert all renewed shall rise,
Bloom as the garden of the Lord,
A fair terrestrial Paradise.

5 Gladness and joy shall there be found,
Thanksgiving and the voice of praise
The voice of melody shall sound,
And every heart be filled with grace.

6 A law shall soon from him proceed,
A living, life-infusing word,
The truth that makes you free indeed,
Th' eternal Spirit of your Lord.

7 His mercy he will cause to rest
Where all may see their sins forgiven,
May rise, no more by guilt opprest,
And bless the light that leads to heaven.

HYMN 484. L. M.

1 LORD, in these dark and dismal days,
We mourn the hidings of thy face;
Proud enemies our path surround,
To level Zion with the ground.

2 Her sons, her worship, they deride,
And hiss thy word with tongues of pride,
And cry, to mock our humble prayer,
"Where is your God, ye Christians, where?"

3 Errors, and sins, and follies grow,
Thy saints bow down in deepest wo;
Their love decays, their zeal is o'er,
And thousands walk with Christ no more.

4 To happier days our bosoms turn,
Those days but teach us how to mourn;
The God who bade his mercy flow,
In wrath withdraws his blessings now.

5 The blessings from thy truth withdrawn,
Its quickening, saving influence gone,
Unwarned, unwakened, sinners hear,
Nor see their awful danger near.

6 Yet still thy name is ever blest,
On thee our hope shall safely rest;
Zion her Saviour soon shall see
Arrayed to set her Israel free.

7 Then shall thy saints exult and sing
The matchless glories of their King,
Nations before his altar bend,
And peace from realm to realm extend.

HYMN 485. 6 8s.

1 O GOD, thy righteousness we own—
Judgment is at thy house begun;
With humble awe thy rod we bear,
And guilty in thy sight appear;
We cannot in thy judgment stand,
But sink beneath thy mighty hand.

2 Our mouth as in the dust we lay,
And still for mercy, mercy pray;
Unworthy to behold thy face,
Unfaithful stewards of thy grace,
Our sin and wickedness we own,
And deeply for acceptance groan.

3 We have not, Lord, thy gifts improved,
But basely from thy statutes roved,
And done thy loving Spir't despite,
And sinned against the clearest light,
Brought back thy agonizing pain,
And nailed thee to thy cross again.

4 Yet do not drive us from thy face,
A stiff-necked and hard-hearted race;
But, oh, in tender mercy break
The iron sinew in our neck;
The softening power of love impart,
And melt the marble in our heart.

TIMES OF REVIVAL.

HYMN 486. S. M.

1 THE day is drawing nigh,
Still brighter far than this,
When converts, like a cloud, shall fly
To seek the realms of bliss.

2 What rapturous scenes of joy
Shall burst upon our sight,
When sinners up to Zion's hill,
Like doves, shall speed their flight.

3 Beneath thy balmy wing,
O Sun of righteousness,
These happy souls shall sit and sing
The wonders of thy grace.

HYMN 487. 5s & 11s.

1 ALL thanks be to God,
Who scatters abroad
Throughout every place,
By the least of his servants, his savor of grace:
Who the victory gave,
The praise let him have,
For the work he hath done—
All honor and glory to Jesus alone.

2 Our conquering Lord
Hath prospered his word,
Hath made it prevail,
And mightily shaken the kingdom of hell:
His arm he hath bared,
And a people prepared
His glory to show,
And witness the power of his passion below.

3 He hath opened the door
To the outcast and poor,
And rescued from sin
And admitted the vilest through penitence in:
They have heard the glad sound,
They have liberty found,
Through the blood of the Lamb,
And plentiful pardon in Jesus's name.

4 And shall we not sing
Our Saviour and King?
Thy witnesses, we
With rapture ascribe our salvation to thee:
Thou, Jesus, hast blessed,
And believers increased,
Who thankfully own
We are freely forgiven through mercy alone.

5 His Spirit revives
His work in our lives,
His wonders of grace,
So mightily wrought in the primitive days:
O that all men might know
His tokens below,
Our Saviour confess,
And embrace the glad tidings of pardon and peace.

6 Thou Saviour of all,
Effectually call
The sinners that stray,
And, oh, let a nation be born in a day:
Thy sign let them see,
And flow unto thee
For the oil and the wine,
For the blissful assurance of favor divine.

7 Our heathenish land
Beneath thy command
In mercy receive,
And make us a pattern to all that believe:

Then, then let it spread,
Thy knowledge and dread,
Till the earth is o'erflowed,
And the universe filled with the glory of God.

HYMN 488. 4 6s & 2 8s.

1 SAVIOUR, we know thou art
In every age the same;
Now, Lord, in ours exert
The virtue of thy name,
And daily, through thy word, increase
Thy blood-besprinkled witnesses.

2 Thy people, saved below
From every sinful stain,
Shall multiply and grow,
If thy command ordain,
And one into a thousand rise,
And spread thy praise thro' earth and skies.

3 In many a soul, and mine,
Thou hast displayed thy power;
But to thy people join
Ten thousand thousand more,
Saved from the guilt and strength of sin,
In life and heart entirely clean.

HYMN 489. 8 7s.

1 SEE how great a flame aspires,
Kindled by a spark of grace;
Jesus' love the nations fires,
Sets the kingdoms in a blaze:
To bring fire on earth he came,
Kindled in some hearts it is;
O that all might catch the flame,
All partake the glorious bliss.

2 When he first the work begun,
Small and feeble was his day;
Now the word doth swiftly run,
Now it wins its widening way:
More and more it spreads and grows,
Ever mighty to prevail;
Sin's strongholds it now o'erthrows,
Shakes the trembling gates of hell.

3 Sons of God, your Saviour praise,
He the door hath opened wide;
He hath given the word of grace,
Jesus' word is glorified;
Jesus, mighty to redeem,
He alone the work hath wrought;
Worthy is the work of him,
Him who spake a world from naught.

4 Saw ye not the cloud arise,
Little as a human hand?
Now it spreads along the skies,
Hangs o'er all the thirsty land;
Lo, the promise of a shower
Drops already from above;
But the Lord will shortly pour
All the Spirit of his love.

HYMN 490. C. M.

1 O HOW divine, how sweet the joy
When but one sinner turns,
And, with an humble, broken heart,
His sins and errors mourns.

2 Pleased with the news, the saints below
In songs their tongues employ;
Beyond the skies the tidings go,
And heaven is filled with joy

3 Well pleased, the Father sees, and hears
The conscious sinner's moan;
Jesus receives him in his arms,
And claims him for his own.

4 Nor angels can their joys contain,
But kindle with new fire;
"The sinner lost is found!" they sing,
And strike the sounding lyre.

HYMN 491. L. M.

1 REJOICE, for Christ the Saviour reigns,
He spreads his triumphs all abroad,
And sinners, freed from endless pains,
Own him their Saviour and their God.

2 His sons and daughters from afar
Daily at Zion's gate arrive;
Those who were dead in sin before,
By saving grace are made alive.

3 O may his conquests still increase,
And every foe his power subdue,
While angels celebrate his praise,
And saints his growing glories show.

4 Loud hallelujahs to the Lamb,
From all below, from all above;
In lofty songs exalt his name,
In songs as lofty as his love.

HYMN 492. L. M.

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 doth 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 formed anew,
And saints and angels join to sing
The growing empire of their King.

HYMN 493. L. M.

1 LOOK from on high, great God, and see
Thy saints lamenting after thee;
The tokens of thy presence give,
And now thy gracious work revive.

2 How did thy ancient people mourn,
And wish to see thy kind return!
They cried to thee on Mizpeh's plain,
"O let us see thy face again."

3 We join our humble voice with theirs,
And offer up our ardent prayers;
Lord, with thy smiles thy churches bless,
And crown thy gospel with success.

4 Thy cheering grace, O God, impart,
Bind up and heal the broken heart;
Our sins subdue, our souls restore,
And let our foes prevail no more.

5 Thy presence in thy house afford,
To every heart apply thy word,
That sinners may their danger see,
And now begin to live for thee.

HYMN 494. P. M.

1 HARK how the gospel trumpet sounds!
Through all the world the echo bounds:
And Jesus, by redeeming blood,
Is bringing sinners back to God,
And guides them safely by his word
To endless day.

2 Hail, all-victorious, conquering Lord!
Be thou by all thy works adored,
Who undertook for sinful man,
And brought salvation through thy name,
That we with thee may ever reign
In endless day.

3 Fight on, ye conquering souls, fight on,
And when the conquest you have won,
Then palms of victory you shall bear,
And in his kingdom have a share,
And crowns of glory ever wear
In endless day.

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

HYMN 495. 6 8s.

1 THE people that in darkness lay,
The confines of eternal night,
We, we have seen a gospel day,
The glorious beams of heavenly light;
His Spirit in our hearts hath shone,
And showed the Father in the Son.

2 Father of everlasting grace,
Thou hast in us thy arm revealed,
Hast multiplied the faithful race,
Who, conscious of their pardon sealed,
Of joy unspeakable possessed,
Anticipate their heavenly rest.

3 In tears who sowed, in joy we reap,
And praise thy goodness all day long;
Him in our eye of faith we keep
Who gives us our triumphal song,

And doth his spoils to all divide,
A lot among the sanctified.

4 Thou hast our bonds in sunder broke,
Took all our load of guilt away;
From sin, the world, and Satan's yoke,
(Like Israel saved in Midian's day,)
Redeemed us by our conquering Lord,
Our Gideon, and his Spirit's sword.

5 Not like the warring sons of men,
With shouts, and garments rolled in blood,
Our Captain doth the fight maintain;
But, lo, the burning Spir't of God
Kindles in each a sacred fire,
And all our sins as smoke expire.

THE MILLENNIUM.

HYMN 496. S. M.

1 FATHER of boundless grace,
Thou hast in part fulfilled
Thy promise made to Adam's race,
In God incarnate sealed:
A few from every land
At first to Salem came,
And saw the wonders of thy hand,
And saw the tongues of flame.

2 Yet still we wait the end,
The coming of our Lord,
The full accomplishment attend
Of thy prophetic word:
Thy promise deeper lies
In unexhausted grace,
And new-discovered worlds arise
To sing their Saviour's praise.

3 Beloved for Jesus' sake,
By him redeemed of old,
All nations must come in, and make
One undivided fold,
While gathered in by thee,
And perfected in one,
They all at once thy glory see
In thine exalted Son.

HYMN 497. 4 6s & 2 8s.

1 RISE, Sun of glory, rise,
And chase the shades of night,
Which now obscure the skies
And hide thy sacred light;
O chase those dismal shades away,
And bring the bright millennial day.

2 Now send thy Spirit down
On all the nations, Lord,
With great success to crown
The preaching of thy word,
That heathen lands may own thy sway,
And cast their idol gods away.

3 Then shall thy kingdom come
Among our fallen race,
And all the earth become
The temple of thy grace,
Whence pure devotion shall ascend,
And songs of praise, till time shall end.

HYMN 498. 5 7s & 3 6s.

1 SAVIOUR, whom our hearts adore,
To bless our earth again,
Now assume thy royal power,
And o'er the nations reign:

Christ, the world's desire and hope,
Power complete to thee is given;
Set the last great empire up,
Eternal Lord of heaven.

2 Where they all thy laws have spurned,
Thy holiest name profaned,
Where the ruined world hath mourned
With blood of millions slain,
Open there th' ethereal scene,
Claim the heathen tribes for thine;
There the endless reign begin
With majesty divine.

3 Universal Saviour, thou
Wilt all the creatures bless;
Every knee to thee shall bow,
And every tongue confess:
None shall in thy mount destroy,
War shall then be learnt no more
Saints thy glory shall enjoy,
And all mankind adore.

HYMN 499. 7s & 6s.

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

2 He comes, with succor speedy,
To those who suffer wrong,
To help the poor and needy,
And bid the weak be strong,—

To give them songs for sighing,
Their darkness turn to light,
Whose souls, condemned and dying,
Were precious in his sight.

3 By such shall he be feared
While sun and moon endure,
Beloved, obeyed, revered—
For he shall judge the poor,
Through changing generations,
With justice, mercy, truth,
While stars maintain their stations,
Or moons renew their youth.

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

PART SECOND.

1 ARABIA'S desert-ranger
To him shall bow the knee,
The Ethiopian stranger
His glory come to see:
With offerings of devotion,
Ships from the isles shall meet,
To pour the wealth of ocean
In tribute at his feet.

2 Kings shall fall down before him,
And gold and incense bring
All nations shall adore him,
His praise all people sing;

For he shall have dominion
O'er river, sea, and shore,
Far as the eagle's pinion
Or dove's light wing can soar.

3 For him shall prayer unceasing,
And daily vows, ascend,
His kingdom still increasing,
A kingdom without end;
The mountain dews shall nourish
A seed in weakness sown,
Whose fruit shall spread and flourish,
And shake like Lebanon.

4 O'er every foe victorious,
He on his throne shall rest,
From age to age more glorious,
All blessing and all-blest;
The tide of time shall never
His covenant remove;
His name shall stand for ever—
That name to us is Love.

HYMN 500. C. M.

1 BEHOLD, the mountain of the Lord
In latter days shall rise
Above the tops of circling hills,
A charm to distant eyes.

2 To this the joyful nations round,
All tribes and tongues, shall flow;
"Up to the hill of God," they'll say,
"And to his house, we'll go."

3 The beams that shine from Zion's hill
Shall lighten every land;
The King who reigns in Salem's towers
Shall all the world command.

4 Among the nations he shall judge,
His judgments truth shall guide;
His sceptre shall protect the just,
And quell the sinner's pride.

5 No strife shall rage, nor hostile feuds
Disturb those peaceful years;
To plough-shares men shall beat their swords,
To pruning-hooks their spears.

6 No longer hosts encountering hosts
Shall crowds of slain deplore;
They hang the trumpet in the hall,
And study war no more.

7 Come then, O house of Jacob, come,
To worship at his shrine,
And, walking in the light of God,
With holy beauties shine.

HYMN 501. 8 7s.

1 HARK the song of Jubilee,
Loud as mighty thunder's roar,
Or the fulness of the sea
When it breaks upon the shore:
"Hallelujah! for the Lord
God omnipotent shall reign;"
Hallelujah! let the word
Echo round the earth and main.

2 Hallelujah! hark, the sound,
From the depth unto the skies,
Wakes above, beneath, around,
All creation's harmonies:
See Jehovah's banner furled,
Sheathed his sword—he speaks, 'tis done,
And the kingdoms of this world
Are the kingdoms of his Son.

3 He shall reign from pole to pole
With illimitable sway;
He shall reign when like a scroll
Yonder heavens have passed away;
Then the end—beneath his rod
Man's last enemy shall fall:
Hallelujah! Christ in God,
God in Christ, is all in all.

HYMN 502. C. M.

1 ALMIGHTY Spirit, now behold
A world by sin destroyed;
Creating Spirit, as of old,
Move on the formless void.

2 Give thou the word—that healing sound
Shall quell the deadly strife,
And earth, again like Eden crowned,
Bring forth the tree of life.

3 If sang the morning stars for joy,
When nature rose to view,
What strains will angel-harps employ
When thou shalt all renew?

4 And if the sons of God rejoice
To hear a Saviour's name,
How will the ransomed raise their voice,
To whom the Saviour came?

5 Lo, every kindred, every tribe,
Assembling round the throne,
The new creation shall ascribe
To sovereign love alone.

HYMN 503. L. M.

1 TRIUMPHANT Zion, lift thy head
From dust and darkness and the dead;
Though humbled long, awake, at length,
And gird thee with thy Saviour's strength.

2 Put all thy beauteous garments on,
And let thy excellence be known;
Decked in the robes of righteousness,
Thy glories shall the world confess.

3 No more shall foes unclean invade,
And fill thy hallowed walls with dread;
No more shall hell's insulting host
Their victory and thy sorrows boast.

4 God from on high has heard thy prayer,
His hand thy ruin shall repair;
Nor will thy watchful Monarch cease
To guard thee in eternal peace.

HYMN 504. 6 8s.

1 ETERNAL Lord of earth and skies,
We wait thy Spirit's latest call;
Bid all our fallen race arise,
Thou who hast purchased life for all,
Whose only name to sinners given
Snatches from hell and lifts to heaven.

2 The word thy sacred lips has passed,
The sure irrevocable word,
That every soul shall bow at last,
And yield allegiance to its Lord;
The kingdoms of the earth shall be
For ever subjected to thee.

3 Jesus, for this we still attend,
Thy kingdom in the isles to prove;
The law of sin and death to end,
We wait for all the power of love,
The law of perfect liberty,
The law of life which is in thee.

2 Put all thy beauteous garments on,
And let thy excellence be known;
Decked in the robes of righteousness,
Th[illegible]ories shall the world confess.

3 N[illegible]e shall foes unclean invade,
A[illegible]hy hallowed walls with dread;
N[illegible] shall hell's insulting host
Th[illegible]ory and thy sorrows boast.

4 God [illegible]n high has heard thy prayer,
His h[illegible]y ruin shall repair;
Nor w[illegible] watchful Monarch cease
To gu[illegible]e in eternal peace.

[illegible]N 504. 6 8s.

1 ETERN[illegible]ord of earth and skies,
We w[illegible] Spirit's latest call;
Bid all our [illegible]race arise,
Thou wh[illegible]urchased life for all,
Whose only [illegible]o sinners given
Snatches fro[illegible]nd lifts to heaven.

2 The word thy [illegible]lips has passed,
The sure irr[illegible]e word,
That every sou[illegible]ow at last,
And yield alle[illegible] to its Lord;
The kingdoms of [illegible]rth shall be
For ever subjecte[illegible]ee.

3 Jesus, for this we s[illegible]nd,
Thy kingdom in t[illegible] to prove;
The law of sin and [illegible] end,
We wait for all th[illegible] of love,
The law of perfect li[illegible]
The law of life which [illegible]ee.

Stay, lovely girl, pray do not leave me thus,
For with your leave, once more I'll have a buss.

2 Put all thy beauteous garments on,
And let thy excellence be known;
Decked in the robes of righteousness,
Thy glories shall the world confess.

3 No more shall foes unclean invade,
And fill thy hallowed walls with dread;
No more shall hell's insulting host
Their victory and thy sorrows boast.

4 God from on high has heard thy prayer,
His hand thy ruin shall repair;
Nor will thy watchful Monarch cease
To guard thee in eternal peace.

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We wait thy Spirit's latest call;
Bid all our fallen race arise,
Thou who hast purchased life for all,
Whose only name to sinners given
Snatches from hell and lifts to heaven.

2 The word thy sacred lips has passed,
The sure irrevocable word,
That every soul shall bow at last,
And yield allegiance to its Lord;
The kingdoms of the earth shall be
For ever subjected to thee.

3 Jesus, for this we still attend,
Thy kingdom in the isles to prove;
The law of sin and death to end,
We wait for all the power of love,
The law of perfect liberty,
The law of life which is in thee.

4 O might it now from thee proceed,
With thee, into the souls of men!
Throughout the world thy gospel spread,
And let thy glorious Spirit reign,
On all the ransomed race bestowed,
And let the world be filled with God.

HYMN 505. 8 8s.

1 ALL glory to God in the sky,
And peace upon earth be restored;
O Jesus, exalted on high,
Appear our omnipotent Lord,
Who, meanly in Bethlehem born,
Didst stoop to redeem a lost race;
Once more to thy creatures return,
And reign in thy kingdom of grace.

2 When thou in our flesh didst appear,
All nature acknowledged thy birth,
Arose the acceptable year,
And heaven was opened on earth;
Receiving its Lord from above,
The world was united to bless
The Giver of concord and love,
The Prince and the Author of peace.

3 O wouldst thou again be made known,
Again in thy Spirit descend,
And set up in each of thine own
A kingdom that never shall end!
Thou only art able to bless,
And make the glad nations obey,
And bid the dire enmity cease,
And bow the whole world to thy sway.

4 Come then to thy servants again,
Who long thy appearing to know;
Thy quiet and peaceable reign
In mercy establish below:

All sorrow before thee shall fly,
And anger and hatred be o'er,
And envy and malice shall die,
And discord afflict us no more.

5 No horrid alarum of war
Shall break our eternal repose;
No sound of the trumpet is there
Where Jesus's Spirit o'erflows;
Appeased by the charms of thy grace,
We all shall in amity join,
And kindly each other embrace,
And love with a passion like thine.

THE PROCESS OF SALVATION.

INTRODUCTORY.

HYMN 506. S. M.

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.

HYMN 507. C. M.

1 SALVATION! O the joyful sound!
What pleasure to our ears!
A sovereign balm for every wound,
A cordial for our fears:
Glory, honor, praise, and power
Be unto the Lamb for ever!
Jesus Christ is our Redeemer!
Hallelujah! praise the Lord!

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

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

SIN.

I. ORIGINAL.

HYMN 508. C. M.

1 BLEST with the joys of innocence,
Adam, our father, stood,
Till he debased his soul to sense,
And ate th' unlawful food.

2 Now we are born a sensual race,
To sinful joys inclined;
Reason hath lost its native place,
And flesh enslaves the mind.

3 While flesh and sense and passion reign,
Sin is the sweetest good;
We fancy music in our chain,
And so forget the load.

4 Great God, renew our ruined frame,
Our broken powers restore;
Inspire us with a heavenly flame,
And flesh shall reign no more.

5 Eternal Spirit, write thy law
Upon our inward parts,
And let the second Adam draw
His image on our hearts.

HYMN 509. C. M.

1 NOW back with humble shame we look
On our original;
How is our nature dashed and broke
In our first father's fall!

2 To all that 's good, averse and blind,
But prone to all that 's ill,
What dreadful darkness veils our mind!
How obstinate our will!

3 Conceived in sin, O wretched state!
Before we draw our breath,
The first young pulse begins to beat
Depravity and death.

4 Wild and unwholesome as the root
Will all the branches be;
How can we hope for living fruit
From such a deadly tree?

5 What mortal power from things unclean
Can pure productions bring?
Who can command a vital stream
From an infected spring?

6 Yet, mighty God, thy wondrous love
Can make our nature clean,
While Christ and grace prevail above
The tempter, death, and sin.

7 The second Adam can restore
The ruins of the first;
Hosanna to that sovereign Power
That new-creates our dust.

HYMN 510. L. M.

1 ADAM, our father and our head,
Transgressed, and justice doomed us dead:
The fiery law speaks all despair;
There 's no reprieve or pardon there.

2 Call a bright council in the skies;
Seraphs, the mighty and the wise,
Speak—are you strong to bear the load,
The weighty vengeance of a God?

3 In vain we ask, for all around
Stand silent through the heavenly ground;
There's not a glorious mind above
Has half the strength or half the love.

4 But, O immeasurable grace,
The Son of God takes Adam's place;
Down to our world the Saviour flies,
Stretches his arms, and bleeds, and dies.

5 Amazing work! look down, ye skies,
Wonder and gaze with all your eyes;
Ye saints below, ye saints above,
All bow to this mysterious love.

II. UNIVERSAL.

HYMN 511. C. M.

1 WHEN Adam sinned, through all his race
The dire contagion spread;
Sickness and death and deep disgrace
Sprang from our fallen head.

2 Satan in strong and heavy chains
Binds the deluded soul,
And every furious passion reigns
Without the least control.

3 From God and happiness we fly,
To earth and sense confined,
Lost in a maze of misery,
Yet to our misery blind.

4 Whene'er the man begins his race,
The criminal appears,
And evil habits keep their pace
With our increasing years.

5 Corruption flows through all our veins,
Our moral beauty 's gone,
The gold is fled, the dross remains—
O sin, what hast thou done!

6 Jesus, reveal thy pardoning grace,
And draw our souls to thee;
Thou art the only hiding-place
Where ruined souls can flee.

HYMN 512. C. M.

1 VAIN are the hopes the sons of men
On their own works have built,
Their hearts by nature all unclean,
And all their actions guilt.

2 Let Jew and gentile stop their mouths,
Without a murmuring word,
And the whole race of Adam stand
Guilty before the Lord.

3 In vain we ask God's righteous law
To justify us now,
Since to convince and to condemn
Is all the law can do.

4 Jesus, how glorious is thy grace!
When in thy name we trust,
Our faith receives a righteousness
That makes the sinner just.

HYMN 513. C. M.

1 FOOLS in their hearts believe and say,
That all religion 's vain,
There is no God that reigns on high
Or minds th' affairs of men.

2 From thoughts so dreadful and profane,
Corrupt discourse proceeds,
And in their impious hands are found
Abominable deeds.

3 The Lord from his celestial throne
Looked down on things below,
To find the man that sought his grace,
Or did his justice know.

4 By nature all are gone astray,
Their practice all the same;
There's none that fears his Maker's hand,
There's none that loves his name.

5 Their tongues are used to speak deceit,
Their slanders never cease;
How swift to mischief are their feet,
Nor know the paths of peace.

6 Such seeds of sin, that bitter root,
In every heart are found;
Nor can they bear diviner fruit,
Till grace refine the ground.

HYMN 514. C. M.

1 SIN, like a venomous disease,
Infects our vital blood;
The only help is sovereign grace,
And the physician, God.

2 Our beauty and our strength are fled,
And we draw near to death;
But Christ, the Lord, recalls the dead
With his almighty breath.

3 Madness by nature reigns within,
The passions burn and rage,
Till God's own Son, with skill divine,
The inward fire assuage.

4 We lick the dust, we grasp the wind,
And solid good despise;
Such is the folly of the mind,
Till Jesus make us wise.

5 We give our souls the wounds they feel,
We drink the poisoned gall,
And rush with fury down to hell,
But grace prevents the fall.

6 The man possessed, among the tombs,
Cuts his own flesh and cries;
He foams and raves till Jesus comes,
And the foul spirit flies.

III. DESTRUCTIVE.

I. IN LIFE.

HYMN 515. C. M.

1 SIN has a thousand treacherous arts
To practise on the mind;
With flattering looks she tempts our hearts,
But 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.

4 So on a tree divinely fair
Grew the forbidden food;
Our mother took the poison there,
And tainted all her blood.

HYMN 516. C. M.

1 THE rush may rise where waters flow,
And flags beside the stream,
But soon their verdure fades and dies
Before the scorching beam.

2 So is the sinner's hope cut off,
Or if it transient rise,
'Tis like the spider's airy web,
From every breath that flies.

3 Fair in his garden to the sun
His boughs with verdure smile,
And, deeply fixed, his spreading roots
Unshaken stand awhile.

4 But forth the sentence flies from heaven
That sweeps him from his place,
Which then denies him for its lord,
Nor owns it knew his face.

5 Lo, this the joy of wicked men,
Who heaven's high laws despise—
They quickly fall, and in their room
As quickly others rise.

6 But for the just, with gracious care,
God will his power employ;
He'll teach their lips to sing his praise,
And fill their hearts with joy.

HYMN 517. L. M.

1 THEY must be as the troubled sea,
They cannot rest, who know not thee,
Whose working hearts, disturbed within,
Cast up the mire of actual sin.

2 No peace the wicked e'er can know,
While hastening to their place below;
But trouble must with sin remain,
Sad earnest of eternal pain.

II. IN DEATH.

HYMN 518. C. M.

1 DEATH!—'tis a melancholy day
To those who have no God,
When the poor soul is forced away,
To seek her last abode.

2 In vain to heaven she lifts her eyes,
For guilt, a heavy chain,
Still drags her downward from the skies,
To darkness, fire, and pain.

3 Awake and mourn, ye heirs of hell,
Let stubborn sinners fear;
You must be driven from earth, and dwell
A long for ever there.

4 See how the pit gapes wide for you,
And flashes in your face!
And thou, my soul, look downwards too,
And sing recovering grace.

5 He is a God of boundless love
That promised heaven to me,
And taught my thoughts to soar above,
Where happy spirits be.

6 Prepare me, Lord, for thy right hand,
Then come the joyful day,
Come, death, and some celestial band,
To bear my soul away.

HYMN 519. C. M.

1 MY thoughts on awful subjects roll,
Damnation and the dead;
What horrors seize the guilty soul
Upon a dying bed!

Lingering about these mortal shores,
She makes a long delay;
'Till like a flood, with rapid force,
Death sweeps the wretch away.

3 Then swift and dreadful she descends
Down to the fiery coast,
Amongst abominable fiends,
Herself a frighted ghost.

4 There endless crowds of sinners lie,
And darkness makes their chains,
Tortured with keen despair they cry,
Yet wait for fiercer pains.

5 Not all their anguish and their blood
For their old guilt atones,
Nor the compassion of a God
Shall hearken to their groans.

6 Amazing grace, that kept my breath,
Nor bade my soul remove,
Till I had learned my Saviour's death,
And well insured his love.

HYMN 520. L. M.

1 WHAT scenes of horror and of dread
Await the sinner's dying bed!
Death's terrors all appear in sight,
Presages of eternal night.

2 His sins in dreadful order rise,
And fill his soul with sad surprise;
Mount Sinai's thunder stuns his ears,
And not one ray of hope appears.

3 Tormenting pangs distract his breast,
Where'er he turns he finds no rest;
Death strikes the blow—he groans and cries,
And in despair and horror dies.

4 Not so the heir of heavenly bliss,
His soul is filled with conscious peace;
A steady faith subdues his fear;
He sees the happy Canaan near.

5 His mind is tranquil and serene,
No terrors in his looks are seen;
His Saviour's smile dispels the gloom,
And smoothes his passage to the tomb.

6 Lord, make my faith and love sincere,
My judgment sound, my conscience clear,
And, when the toils of life are past,
May I be found in peace at last.

III. IN JUDGMENT.

HYMN 521. S. M.

1 AND will the Judge descend?
And must the dead arise,
And not a single soul escape
His all-discerning eyes?

2 And from his righteous lips
Shall this dread sentence sound,
And through the numerous guilty throng
Spread black despair around?

3 "Depart from me, accursed,
To everlasting flame,
For rebel-angels first prepared,
Where mercy never came."

4 How will my heart endure
The terrors of that day,
When earth and heaven before his face,
Astonished, shrink away?

5 But ere that trumpet shakes
The mansions of the dead,
Hark! from the gospel's cheering sound
What joyful tidings spread!

6 Ye sinners, seek his grace
Whose wrath ye cannot bear;
Fly to the shelter of his cross,
And find salvation there.

7 So shall that curse remove
By which the Saviour bled,
And the last awful day shall pour
His blessings on your head.

HYMN 522. C. M.

1 WO to the men on earth who dwell,
Nor dread th' Almighty's frown,
When God doth all his wrath reveal,
And shower his judgments down.

2 Sinners, expect those heaviest showers;
To meet your God, prepare!
For, lo! the seventh angel pours
His vial on the air.

3 Lo! from their seats the mountains leap,
The mountains are not found,
Transported far into the deep
And in the ocean drowned.

4 Who then shall live and face the throne,
And face the Judge severe?
When heaven and earth are fled and gone,
O where shall I appear?

5 Now, only now, against that hour
We may a place provide;
Beyond the grave, beyond the power
Of hell our spirits hide;

6 Firm in the all-destroying shock,
May view the final scene;
For, lo, the everlasting Rock
Is cleft to take us in.

HYMN 523. L. M.

1 HOW great, how terrible that God
Who shakes creation with his nod!
He frowns, and earth's foundations shake,
And all the wheels of nature break.

2 Where now, oh where shall sinners seek
For shelter in the general wreck?
Shall falling rocks be o'er them thrown?
See rocks, like snow, dissolving down!

3 In vain for mercy now they cry!
In lakes of liquid fire they lie;
There on the flaming billows tost,
For ever, oh, for ever lost!

4 But saints, undaunted and serene,
Your eyes shall view the dreadful scene;
Your Saviour lives, though worlds expire,
And earth and skies dissolve in fire.

5 Jesus, the helpless sinner's Friend,
To thee my all I dare commend;
Thou canst preserve my feeble soul,
When lightnings blaze from pole to pole.

IV. IN HELL.

HYMN 524. L. M.

1 HELL! 'tis a word of dreadful sound,
It chills the heart and shocks the ear;
It spreads a sickly damp around,
And makes the guilty quake with fear.

2 Far from the utmost verge of day,
Its frightful, gloomy region lies;
Fierce flames amidst the darkness play,
And thick sulphureous vapors rise.

3 Conscience, the never-dying worm,
With constant torture gnaws the heart,
And wo and wrath, in every form,
Inflame the wounds, increase the smart.

4 Sad world indeed! what heart can bear,
Hopeless, in all these pains to lie,
Racked with vexation, grief, despair,
And, ever dying, never die!

5 "Lord, save a guilty soul from hell,
Who seeks thy pardoning, cleansing blood;
O let me in thy kingdom dwell,
To praise my Saviour and my God."

HYMN 525. L. M

1 ARISE, my tenderest thoughts, arise;
To torrents melt, my streaming eyes;
And thou, my heart, with anguish feel
Those evils which thou canst not heal.

2 See human nature sunk in shame;
See scandals poured on Jesus' name,
The Father wounded through the Son,
The world abused, the soul undone;

3 See the short course of vain delight
Closing in everlasting night—
In flames that no abatement know,
Though floods of tears incessant flow.

4 My God, I feel the mournful scene,
My bowels yearn o'er dying men;
And fain my pity would reclaim
And snatch the fire-brands from the flame.

5 But feeble my compassion proves,
And can but weep where most it loves;
Thy own all-saving arm employ,
And turn these drops of grief to joy.

I. WARNING.

HYMN 526. 7s.

1 HASTEN, sinner, to be wise,
Stay not for the morrow's sun;
Wisdom if you still despise,
Harder is it to be won.

2 Hasten, mercy to implore,
Stay not for the morrow's sun,
Lest thy season should be o'er
Ere this evening's stage be run.

3 Hasten, sinner, to return,
Stay not for the morrow's sun,
Lest thy lamp should cease to burn
Ere salvation's work is done.

4 Hasten, sinner, to be blest,
Stay not for the morrow's sun,
Lest perdition thee arrest
Ere the morrow is begun.

HYMN 527. C. M.

1 REPENT, the voice celestial cries,
Nor longer dare delay;
The wretch that scorns the mandate dies,
And meets a fiery day.

2 No more the sovereign eye of God
O'erlooks the crimes of men;
His heralds are despatched abroad,
To warn the world of sin.

3 Together in his presence bow,
And all your guilt confess;
Embrace the blessed Saviour now,
Nor trifle with his grace.

4 Bow ere the awful trumpet sound,
And call you to his bar;
For mercy knows th' appointed bound,
And turns to vengeance there.

5 Amazing love, that yet will call,
And yet prolong our days!
Subdued by goodness, Lord, we fall,
And weep, and love, and praise.

HYMN 528. L. M.

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

2 Life is the hour that God hath given
To 'scape from hell and fly to heaven;
The day of grace, and mortals may
Secure the blessings of the day.

3 The living know that they must die,
But all the dead forgotten lie;
Their memory and their sense are gone,
Alike unknowing and unknown.

4 Their hatred and their love are lost,
Their envy 's buried in the dust;
They have no share in all that's done
Beneath the circuit of the sun.

5 Then what my thoughts design to do,
My hands, with all your might pursue,
Since no device nor work is found,
Nor faith nor hope, beneath the ground.

6 There are no acts of pardon passed
In the cold grave to which we haste;
But darkness, death, and long despair
Reign in unbroken silence there.

II. EXPOSTULATION.

HYMN 529. 6 6s & 2 8s.

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

2 Madness and misery
Ye count our life beneath,
And nothing great can see,
Or glorious, in our death,
As born to suffer and to grieve,
Beneath your feet we lie,
And utterly contemned we live,
And unlamented die.

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

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

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

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

HYMN 530. 7s.

1 SINNER, art thou still secure?
Wilt thou still refuse to pray?
Can thy heart or hand endure
In the Lord's avenging day?

2 See, his mighty arm is bared,
Awful terrors clothe his brow;
For his judgments stand prepared—
Thou must either break or bow.

3 At his presence nature shakes,
Earth, affrighted, hastes to flee,
Solid mountains melt like wax—
What will then become of thee?

4 Who his coming may abide?
You that glory in your shame,
Will you find a place to hide
When the world is wrapped in flame?

5 Lord, prepare us by thy grace—
Soon we must resign our breath,
And our souls be called to pass
Through the iron gate of death.

HYMN 531. 8 7s.

1 SINNERS, turn, why will ye die?
God your Maker asks you, why?
God, who did your being give,
Made you with himself to live;
He the fatal cause demands,
Asks the work of his own hands;
Why, ye thankless creatures, why
Will ye cross his love, and die?

2 Sinners, turn, why will ye die?
God your Saviour asks you, why?
He, who did your souls retrieve,
Died himself, that ye might live:
Will you let him die in vain?
Crucify your Lord again?
Why, ye ransomed sinners, why
Will ye slight his grace, and die?

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

HYMN 532. 8 7s.

1 WHAT could your Redeemer do
More than he hath done for you?
To procure your peace with God,
Could he more than shed his blood?

After all his waste of love,
All his drawings from above,
Why will ye your Lord deny?
Why will ye resolve to die?

2 Turn, he cries, ye sinners, turn;
By his life your God hath sworn
He would have you turn and live,
He would all the world receive:
If your death were his delight,
Would he you to life invite?
Would he ask, obtest, and cry:
Why will ye resolve to die?

3 Sinners, turn while God is near,
Dare not think him insincere;
Now, e'en now, your Saviour stands,
All day long he spreads his hands,
Cries, "Ye will not happy be,
No, ye will not come to me,
Me, who life to none deny:"
Why will ye resolve to die?

4 Can you doubt if God is love,
If to all his bowels move?
Will you not his word receive,
Will you not his oath believe?
See, your suffering Lord appears,
Jesus weeps—believe his tears;
Mingled with his blood, they cry,
"Why will ye resolve to die?"

HYMN 533. C. M.

1 SINNERS, the voice of God regard,
'Tis Mercy speaks to-day;
He calls you by his sacred word
From sin's destructive way.

2 Like the rough sea, that cannot rest,
You live devoid of peace;
A thousand stings within your breast
Deprive your souls of ease.

3 Your way is dark, and leads to hell;
Why will you persevere?
Can you in endless torments dwell,
Shut up in black despair?

4 Why will you in the crooked ways
Of sin and folly go?
In pain you travel all your days
To reap eternal wo!

5 But he that turns to God shall live,
Through his abounding grace;
His mercy will the guilt forgive
Of those that seek his face.

6 Bow to the sceptre of his word,
Renouncing every sin;
Submit to him, your sov'reign Lord,
And learn his will divine.

HYMN 534. L. M.

1 WHY will ye lavish out your years
Amidst a thousand trifling cares,
While in this various range of thought
The one thing needful is forgot?

2 Why will ye chase the fleeting wind,
And famish an immortal mind,
While angels with regret look down
To see you spurn a heavenly crown?

3 Th' eternal God calls from above,
And Jesus pleads his dying love,
Awakened conscience gives you pain;
And shall they join their pleas in vain?

4 Not so your dying eyes shall view
Those objects which you now pursue;
Not so shall heaven and hell appear
When the decisive hour is near.

5 Almighty God, thy power impart,
To fix convictions on the heart;
Thy power unveils the blindest eyes,
And makes the haughtiest scorner wise.

HYMN 535. 6 8s.

1 SINNERS, believe the gospel word!
Jesus is come your souls to save,
Jesus is come, your common Lord;
Pardon ye all through him may have,
May now be saved, whoever will,—
This man receiveth sinners still.

2 See where the lame, the halt, the blind,
The deaf, the dumb, the sick, the poor,
Flock to the Friend of human kind,
And freely all accept their cure:
To whom did he his help deny?
Whom, in his days of flesh, pass by?

3 Did not his word the fiends expel,
The lepers cleanse, and raise the dead?
Did he not all their sickness heal,
And satisfy their every need?
Did he reject his helpless clay,
Or send them sorrowful away?

4 Nay, but his pity yearned to see
The people hungry, scattered, faint;
Nay, but he uttered, over thee,
Jerusalem, a true complaint,
Jerusalem, that shed'st his blood,
That with his tears for thee hath flowed.

REPENTANCE.

I. CONVICTION.

HYMN 536. S. M.

1 ASTONISHED and distrest,
I turn mine eyes within;
My heart with loads of guilt opprest,
The seat of every sin.

2 What crowds of evil thoughts,
What vile affections there!
Distrust, presumption, artful guile,
Pride, envy, slavish fear.

3 Almighty King of saints,
The tyrant lust subdue;
Expel the darkness of my mind,
And all my powers renew.

4 This done, my cheerful voice
Shall loud hosannas raise;
My soul shall glow with gratitude,
My lips proclaim thy praise.

HYMN 537. S. M.

1 O THAT I could revere
My much offended God!
O that I could but stand in fear
Of thy afflicting rod!
If mercy cannot draw,
Thou by thy threatenings move,
And keep an abject soul in awe,
That will not yield to love.

2 Show me the naked sword,
Impending o'er my head:
O let me tremble at thy word,
And to my ways take heed;

With sacred horror fly
From every sinful snare,
Nor ever in my Judge's eye,
My Judge's anger dare!

3 Thou great, tremendous God,
The conscious awe impart;
The grace be now on me bestowed,
The tender, fleshly heart;
For Jesus' sake alone
The stony heart remove,
And melt, at last, O melt me down
Into the mould of love!

HYMN 538. 4 8s & 2 6s.

1 THOU God of glorious majesty,
To thee, against myself, to thee,
A worm of earth, I cry!
A half awakened child of man,
An heir of endless bliss or pain,
A sinner born to die!

2 Lo! on a narrow neck of land
'Twixt two unbounded seas I stand,
Secure, insensible:
A point of time, a moment's space,
Removes me to that heavenly place,
Or shuts me up in hell.

3 O God, mine inmost soul convert,
And deeply on my thoughtful heart
Eternal things impress;
Give me to feel their solemn weight,
And tremble on the brink of fate,
And wake to righteousness!

4 Before me place, in dread array,
The pomp of that tremendous day
When thou with clouds shalt come,

To judge the nations at thy bar;
And tell me, Lord, shall I be there
To meet a joyful doom?

5 Be this my one great business here,
With serious industry and fear
Eternal bliss t' insure;
Thine utmost counsel to fulfil,
And suffer all thy righteous will,
And to the end endure.

6 Then, Saviour, then my soul receive,
Transported from this vale, to live
And reign with thee above,
Where faith is sweetly lost in sight,
And hope in full, supreme delight,
And everlasting love.

HYMN 539. 6 8s.

1 FATHER of lights, from whom proceeds
Whate'er thy every creature needs;
Whose goodness, providently nigh,
Feeds the young ravens when they cry;
To thee I look: my heart prepare;
Suggest, and hearken to my prayer!

2 Since by thy light myself I see,
Naked, and poor, and void of thee,
Thy eyes must all my thoughts survey,
Preventing what my lips would say;
Thou seest my wants, for help they call
And ere I speak thou knowst them all.

3 Thou know'st the baseness of my mind,
Wayward, and impotent, and blind!
Thou know'st how unsubdued my will,
Averse from good, and prone to ill;
Thou know'st how wide my passions rove,
Nor checked by fear, nor charmed by love!

4 Fain would I know as known by thee,
And feel the indigence I see;
Fain would I all my vileness own,
And deep beneath the burden groan;
Abhor the pride that lurks within,
Detest and loath myself and sin.

5 Ah! give me, Lord, myself to feel,
My total misery reveal;
Ah! give me, Lord, (I still would say,)
A heart to mourn, a heart to pray:
My business this, my only care,
My life, my every breath be prayer!

HYMN 540. 8 8s.

1 JESUS, my Advocate above,
My Friend before the throne of Love,
If now for me prevails thy prayer,
If now I find thee pleading there,
If thou the secret wish convey,
And sweetly prompt my heart to pray,
Hear, and my weak petitions join,
Almighty Advocate, to thine.

2 Fain would I know my utmost ill,
And groan my nature's weight to feel,
To feel the clouds that round me roll,
The night that hangs upon my soul,
The darkness of my carnal mind,
My will perverse, my passions blind,
Scattered o'er all the earth abroad,
Immeasurably far from God!

3 Jesus, my heart's desire obtain;
My earnest suit present, and gain;
My fulness of corruption show,
The knowledge of myself bestow;

A deeper displacence at sin,
A sharper sense of hell within,
A stronger struggling to get free,
A keener appetite for thee.

4 O sovereign Love, to thee I cry,
Give me thyself or else I die;
Save me from death, from hell set free—
Death, hell are but the want of thee:
Quickened by thy imparted flame,
Saved, when possessed of thee, I am;
My life, my only heaven, thou art:
O might I feel thee in my heart!

II. CONTRITION.

HYMN 541. S. M.

1 NOW to thine altar, Lord,
A broken heart I bring,
And wilt thou graciously accept
Of such a worthless thing?

2 To Christ, the bleeding Lamb,
My faith directs her eyes;
All other offerings are vain,
But not his sacrifice.

3 That moment he expired
The law was satisfied,
And now to its severest claims
I answer, "Jesus died!"

HYMN 542. S. M.

1 O THAT I could repent,
With all my idols part,
And to thy gracious eye present
An humble, contrite heart.

A heart with grief oppressed
For having grieved my God,
A troubled heart that cannot rest
Till sprinkled with thy blood.

2 Jesus, on me bestow
The penitent desire;
With true sincerity of wo
My aching breast inspire;
With softening pity look,
And melt my hardness down;
Strike with thy love's resistless stroke,
And break this heart of stone.

HYMN 543. S. M.

1 O THAT I could repent!
O that I could believe!
Thou by thy voice the marble rent,
The rock in sunder cleave!
Thou, by thy two-edged sword,
My soul and spirit part;
Strike with the hammer of thy word,
And break my stubborn heart.

2 Saviour and Prince of peace,
The double grace bestow,
Unloose the bands of wickedness,
And let the captive go;
Grant me my sins to feel,
And then the load remove;
Wound, and pour in my wounds, to heal,
The balm of pardoning love.

3 For thine own mercy's sake,
The hindrance now remove,
And into thy protection take
The prisoner of thy love;
In every trying hour
Stand by my feeble soul,
And screen me from my nature's power,
Till thou hast made me whole.

4 This is thy will, I know,
That I should holy be,
Should let my sins this moment go,
This moment turn to thee:
O might I now embrace
Thine all-sufficient power,
And never more to sin give place,
And never grieve thee more.

HYMN 544. 7s 6s & 1 8.

1 JESUS, let thy pitying eye
Call back a wandering sheep;
False to thee, like Peter, I
Would fain, like Peter, weep:
Let me be by grace restored,
On me be all long-suffering shown;
Turn and look upon me, Lord,
And break my heart of stone.

2 Saviour, Prince, enthroned above,
Repentance to impart,
Give me, through thy dying love,
The humble, contrite heart;
Give what I have long implored,
A portion of thy grief unknown;
Turn, and look upon me, Lord,
And break my heart of stone.

3 For thine own compassion's sake
The gracious wonder show;
Cast my sins behind thy back,
And wash me white as snow:
If thy goodness now is stirred,
If now I would myself bemoan,
Turn, and look upon me, Lord,
And break my heart of stone.

4 See me, Saviour, from above,
Nor suffer me to die,
Life and happiness and love
Drop from thy gracious eye;
Speak the reconciling word,
And let thy mercy melt me down;
Turn and look upon me, Lord,
And break my heart of stone.

5 Look as when thine eye pursued
The first apostate man,
Saw him welt'ring in his blood,
And bade him rise again;
Speak my Paradise restored,
Redeem me by thy grace alone;
Turn, and look upon me, Lord,
And break my heart of stone.

6 Look as when thy languid eye
Was closed that we might live;
"Father," (at the point to die,
My Saviour gasped,) "forgive:"
Surely with that dying word
He turns and looks, and cries, "'tis done:"
O my bleeding, loving Lord,
Thou break'st my heart of stone.

HYMN 545. 6 7s.

1 SAVIOUR, Prince of Israel's race,
See me from thy lofty throne;
Give the sweet relenting grace,
Soften this obdurate stone;
Stone to flesh, O God, convert,
Cast a look and break my heart.

2 By thy Spirit, Lord, reprove,
All my inmost sins reveal;
Sins against thy light and love
Let me see and let me feel,
Sins that crucified my Lord,
Spilt again thy precious blood.

3 Jesus, seek thy wandering sheep,
Make me restless to return;
Bid me look on thee and weep,
Bitterly as Peter mourn,
Till I say, by grace restored,
"Now thou know'st I love thee, Lord."

4 Might I in thy sight appear
As the publican distrest,
Stand, not daring to draw near;
Smite on my unworthy breast,
Groan the sinner's only plea,
"God be merciful to me!"

5 O remember me for good,
Passing through the mortal vale;
Show me the atoning blood,
When my strength and spirit fail;
Give my gasping soul to see
Jesus crucified for me!

HYMN 546. C. M.

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.

HYMN 547. C. M.

1 O THOU, whose tender mercy hears
Contrition's humble sigh,
Whose hand, indulgent, wipes the tears
From sorrow's weeping eye,

2 See! low before thy throne of grace,
A wretched wanderer mourn;
Hast thou not bid me seek thy face?
Hast thou not said, return?

3 Absent from thee, my Guide, my Light,
Without one cheering ray,
Through dangers, fears, and gloomy night,
How desolate my way!

4 O shine on this benighted heart,
With beams of mercy shine,
And let thy healing voice impart
A taste of joys divine.

HYMN 548. C. M.

1 THUS speaks the high and lofty One:
My throne is fixed on high—
There, through eternity, I hear
The praises of the sky.

2 Yet, looking down, I visit oft
The humble, hallowed cell,
And with the penitent who mourn,
'Tis my delight to dwell.

3 My presence heals the wounded heart,
The sad in spirit cheers;
My presence, from the bed of dust,
The contrite sinner rears.

4 I dwell with all my humble saints
While they on earth remain;
And they, exalted, dwell with me,
With me for ever reign.

HYMN 549. C. M.

1 WITH tears of anguish I lament,
Here at 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 hath been,
So faithless to its promises,
So prone to every sin!

3 My reason tells me thy commands
Are holy, just and true;
Tells me whate'er my God demands
Is his most righteous due.

4 Reason I hear, her counsels weigh,
And all her words approve;
But still I find it hard t' obey,
And harder yet to love.

5 How long, dear Saviour, shall I feel
These strugglings in my breast?
When wilt thou bow my stubborn will,
And give my conscience rest!

HYMN 550. L. M.

1 O LORD, my God, in mercy turn,
In mercy hear a sinner mourn!
To thee I call, to thee I cry,
O leave me, leave me not to die!

2 I would not yield when thou didst draw,
I spurned thy grace, I mocked thy law;
The hour is past—the day's gone by,
And I am left alone to die.

3 O pleasures past, what are ye now
But thorns about my bleeding brow!
Spectres that hover round my brain,
And aggravate and mock my pain.

4 For pleasure I have given my soul;
Now, justice, let thy thunders roll!
Now, vengeance, smite, and with a blow,
Lay the rebellious ingrate low!

5 Yet, Jesus, Jesus! there I'll cling,
I'll crowd beneath his sheltering wing;
I'll clasp the cross, and, holding there,
E'en me, O bliss! his wrath may spare.

III. CONFESSION.

HYMN 551. 7s.

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

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

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

4 These, and every secret fault,
Filled with grief and shame, we own
Humbled at thy feet we lie,
Seeking pardon from thy throne!

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

HYMN 552. C. M.

1 ALMIGHTY Father! God of grace!
We all, like sheep astray,
In folly from thy paths have turned,
Each to his sinful way.

2 Sins of omission and of act
Through all our lives abound;
Alas! in thought, and word, and deed,
No health in us is found.

3 O spare us, Lord! in mercy spare!
Our contrite souls restore,
Through him who suffered on the cross,
And man's transgressions bore.

4 And grant, O Father, for his sake,
That we, through all our days,
A just and godly life may lead,
To thine eternal praise.

HYMN 553. C. M.

1 HOW long the time since Christ began
To call in vain on me!
Deaf to his warning voice, I ran
Through paths of vanity.

2 He called me when my thoughtless prime
Was early ripe to ill;
I passed from folly on to crime,
And yet he called me still.

3 He called me in the time of dread,
When death was full in view;
I trembled on my feverish bed,
And rose to sin anew.

4 Yet could I hear him once again,
As I have heard of old,
Methinks he should not call in vain
His wanderer to the fold.

5 O thou that every thought dost know,
And answerest every prayer,
Try me with sickness, want, or wo,
But snatch me from despair.

6 My struggling will by grace control,
Renew my broken vow:—
What blessed light breaks on my soul!
My God, I hear thee now.

HYMN 554. L. M.

1 I OWN my guilt, my sins confess;
Can men or devils make them more?
Of crimes already numberless,
Vain the attempt to swell the score.

2 Were the black list before my sight,
While I remember thou hast died,
'Twould only urge my speedier flight
To seek salvation at thy side.

3 Low at thy feet I'll cast me down,
To thee reveal my guilt and fear,
And, if thou spurn me from thy throne,
I'll be the first who perished there.

HYMN 555. L. M.

1 I LEFT the God of truth and light,
I left the God who gave me breath,
To wander in the wilds of night,
And perish in the snares of death.

2 Sweet was his service, and his yoke
Was light and easy to be borne;
Through all his bonds of love I broke,
I cast away his gifts with scorn.

3 I dreamed of bliss in pleasure's bowers,
While pillowing roses stayed my head;
But serpents hissed among the flowers;
I woke, and thorns were all my bed.

4 In riches when I sought for joy,
And placed in sordid gains my trust,
I found that gold was all alloy,
And worldly treasure fleeting dust.

5 Heart-broken, friendless, poor, cast down,
Where shall the chief of sinners fly,
Almighty vengeance, from thy frown?
Eternal justice, from thine eye?

6 Lo, through the gloom of guilty fears,
My faith discerns a dawn of grace;
The Sun of righteousness appears
In Jesus' reconciling face.

7 My suffering, slain, and risen Lord,
In sore distress I turn to thee;
I claim acceptance on thy word;
My God, my God, forsake not me!

8 Prostrate before the mercy-seat,
I dare not, if I would, despair;
None ever perished at thy feet,
And I will lie for ever there.

HYMN 556. L. M.

1 LORD, we are vile, conceived in sin,
And born unholy and unclean;
Sprung from the man whose guilty fall
Corrupts the race and taints us all.

2 Soon as we draw our infant breath,
The seeds of sin grow up for death;
Thy law demands a perfect heart,
But we're defiled in every part.

3 Great God, create my heart anew,
And form my spirit pure and true;
O make me wise betimes to see
My danger and my remedy.

4 Behold I fall before thy face,
My only refuge is thy grace;
No outward forms can make me clean,
The leprosy lies deep within.

5 No bleeding bird, nor bleeding beast,
Nor hyssop branch, nor sprinkling priest,
Nor running brook, nor flood, nor sea,
Can wash the dismal stain away.

6 Jesus, my Lord, thy blood alone
Hath power sufficient to atone;
Thy blood can make me white as snow—
No Jewish types could cleanse me so.

7 While guilt disturbs and breaks my peace,
Nor flesh nor soul hath rest or ease;
Lord, let me hear thy pardoning voice,
And make my broken heart rejoice.

IV. REFORMATION.

HYMN 557. 4 6s & 2 8s.

1 COME, my fond fluttering heart,
Come, struggle to be free;
Thou and the world must part,
However hard it be;
My trembling spirit owns it just,
But cleaves yet closer to the dust.

2 Ye tempting sweets, forbear,
Ye dearest idols, fall;
My love you must not share,
Jesus, shall have it all;
'Tis bitter pain, 'tis cruel smart,
But, ah, thou must consent, my heart.

3 Ye fair enchanting throng,
Ye golden dreams, farewell;
Earth has prevailed too long,
And now I break the spell;
Ye cherished joys of early years—
Jesus, forgive these parting tears.

4 But must I part with all?
My heart still fondly pleads;
Yes, Dagon's self must fall—
It beats, it throbs, it bleeds;
Is there no balm in Gilead found
To soothe and heal the smarting wound?

5 O yes, there is a balm,
A kind physician there,
My fevered mind to calm,
To bid me not despair;
Aid me, dear Saviour, set me free,
And I will all resign to thee.

6 O may I feel thy worth,
And let no idol dare,
No vanity of earth,
With thee, my Lord, compare;
Now bid all worldly joys depart,
And reign supremely in my heart.

HYMN 558. C. M.

1 TERRIBLE thought! shall I alone,
Who may be saved, shall I,
Of all, alas, whom I have known,
Through sin for ever die?

2 While all my old companions dear,
With whom I once did live,
Joyful at God's right hand appear,
A blessing to receive,—

3 Shall I, amidst a ghastly band,
Dragged to the judgment seat,
Far on the left with horror stand,
My fearful doom to meet?

4 Ah, no—I still may turn and live,
For still his wrath delays;
He now vouchsafes a kind reprieve,
And offers me his grace.

5 I will accept his offers now,
From every sin depart,
Perform my oft-repeated vow,
And render him my heart.

6 I will improve what I receive,
The grace through Jesus given,
Sure, if with God on earth I live,
To live with God in heaven.

HYMN 559. C. M.

1 AND must I part with all I have,
Jesus, my Lord, for thee?
This is my joy, 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,
Compared with thee, supremely good,
Divinely bright and fair.

4 Saviour of souls, while I from thee
A single smile obtain,
Though destitute of all things else,
I'll glory in my gain.

HYMN 560. L. M.

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 count her gold but dross,
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 esteemed 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.

HYMN 561. L. M

1 DEAD be my heart to all below,
To mortal joys and mortal cares;
To sensual bliss, that charms us so,
Be dark, mine eyes, and deaf, mine ears.

2 Lord, I renounce my carnal taste
Of the fair fruit that sinners prize;
Their Paradise shall never waste
One thought of mine, but to despise.

3 All earthly joys are overweighed
With mountains of vexatious care;
And where's the sweet that is not laid
A bait to some destructive snare?

4 Begone for ever, mortal things!
Thou mighty mole-hill, earth, farewell!
Angels aspire on lofty wings,
And leave the globe for ants to dwell.

5 Come, heaven, and fill my vast desires,
My soul pursues the sovereign good;
She was all made of heavenly fires,
Nor can she live on meaner food.

HYMN 562. 6 8s.

1 MASTER, I own thy lawful claim,
Thine, wholly thine, I long to be;
Thou seest, at last, I willing am,
Where'er thou goest, to follow thee,
Myself in all things to deny,
Thine, wholly thine, to live and die.

2 Whate'er my sinful flesh requires,
For thee I cheerfully forego,
My covetous and vain desires,
My hopes of happiness below,
My senses' and my passions' food,
And all my thirst for creature good.

3 Pleasure and wealth and praise no more
Shall lead my captive soul astray;
My fond pursuits I all give o'er,
Thee, only thee, resolved t' obey;
My own in all things to resign,
And know no other will but thine.

INVITATION AND ENCOURAGEMENT.

HYMN 563. 4 6s & 2 8s.

1 BLOW ye the trumpet, blow
The gladly solemn sound;
Let all the nations know,
To earth's remotest bound,
The year of jubilee is come:
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

2 Jesus, our great High Priest,
Hath full atonement made;
Ye weary spirits, rest,
Ye mournful souls, be glad:
The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

3 Extol the Lamb of God,
The all-atoning Lamb;
Redemption through his blood
Throughout the world proclaim:
The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

4 Ye slaves of sin and hell,
Your liberty receive,
And safe in Jesus dwell,
And blest in Jesus live:
The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

5 Ye who have sold for naught
Your heritage above,
Receive it back, unbought,
The gift of Jesus' love:
The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

6 The gospel trumpet hear,
The news of heavenly grace,
And saved from earth, appear
Before your Saviour's face:
The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

HYMN 564. 4 6s & 2 8s.

1 FAIR shines the morning star,
The silver trumpets sound,
Their notes re-echoing far,
While dawns the day around.

Joy to the slave—the slave is free;
It is the year of Jubilee.

2 Pris'ners of hope, in gloom
And silence left to die,
With Christ's unfolding tomb,
Your portals open fly;
Rise with your Lord—he sets you free—
It is the year of Jubilee.

3 Ye who have sold for naught
The land your fathers won,
Behold how God hath wrought
Redemption through his Son:
Your heritage again is free,
It is the year of Jubilee.

4 Ye who yourselves have sold,
For debts to justice due,
Ransomed, but not with gold,
He gave himself for you!
The blood of Christ hath made you free;
It is the year of Jubilee.

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

HYMN 565. 8 7s.

1 DROOPING soul, shake off thy fears;
Fearful soul, be strong, be bold;
Tarry till the Lord appears,
Never, never quit thy hold!
Murmur not at his delay,
Dare not set thy God a time;
Calmly for his coming stay,
Leave it, leave it all to him.

2 Every one that seeks shall find,
Every one that asks shall have,
Christ the Saviour of mankind,
Willing, able, all to save.
I shall his salvation see;
I in faith on Jesus call;
I from sin shall be set free,
Perfectly set free from all.

3 Lord, my time is in thy hand;
Weak and helpless as I am,
Surely thou canst make me stand;
I believe in Jesus' name:
Saviour, in temptation thou,
Thou hast saved me heretofore,
Thou from sin dost save me now,
Thou shalt save me evermore.

HYMN 556. 8 7s.

1 COME, ye weary sinners, come,
All who groan beneath your load,
Jesus calls his wand'rers home,
Hasten to your pard'ning God;
Come ye guilty souls, opprest,
Answer to the Saviour's call,
"Come, and I will give you rest;
Come, and I will save you all."

2 Jesus, full of truth and love,
We thy kindest word obey;
Faithful let thy mercies prove,
Take our load of guilt away:
Fain we would on thee rely,
Cast on thee our every care,
To thine arms of mercy fly,
Find our lasting quiet there.

3 Burdened with a world of grief,
Burdened with our sinful load,
Burdened with this unbelief,
Burdened with the wrath of God,
Lo! we come to thee for ease,
True and gracious as thou art;
Now our groaning souls release,
Write forgiveness on our heart.

HYMN 567. C. M.

1 THE Saviour calls—let every ear
Attend the heavenly sound;
Ye doubting souls, dismiss your fear,
Hope smiles reviving round.

2 For every thirsty, longing heart,
Here streams of bounty flow,
And life, and health and bliss impart,
To banish mortal wo.

3 Here springs of sacred pleasure rise,
To ease your every pain;
(Immortal fountain! full supplies!)
Nor shall you thirst in vain.

4 Ye sinners, come, 'tis Mercy's voice,
The gracious call obey:
Mercy invites to heavenly joys,
And can you yet delay?

5 Bless'd Saviour, draw reluctant hearts,
To thee let sinners fly,
And take the bliss thy love imparts,
And drink and never die.

HYMN 568. C. M.

1 LET every mortal ear attend,
And every heart rejoice;
The trumpet of the gospel sounds
With an inviting voice.

2 Ho! all ye hungry, starving souls
That feed upon the wind,
And vainly strive, with earthly toys,
To fill an empty mind;

3 Eternal wisdom has prepared
A soul-reviving feast,
And bids your longing appetite
The rich provision taste.

4 Ho! ye that pant for living streams,
And pine away and die,
Here you may quench your raging thirst
With springs that never dry.

5 Rivers of love and mercy, here,
In a rich ocean join;
Salvation in abundance flows,
Like floods of milk and wine.

6 The happy gates of gospel grace
Stand open night and day:
Lord, we are come to seek supplies,
And drive our wants away.

HYMN 569. 8s 7s & 1 4.

1 COME, ye sinners, poor and needy,
Weak and wounded, sick and sore!
Jesus ready stands to save you,
Full of pity, love and power:
He is able,
He is willing, doubt no more!

2 Ho! ye thirsty, come and welcome,
God's free bounty glorify;
True belief, and true repentance,—
Every grace that brings you nigh—
Without money,
Come to Jesus Christ, and buy.

3 Let not conscience make you linger,
Nor of fitness fondly dream:
All the fitness he requireth
Is to feel your need of him:
This he gives you,
'Tis the Spirit's glimmering beam.

4 Come, ye weary, heavy laden,
Lost and ruined by the fall;
If you tarry till you're better,
You will never come at all;
Not the righteous,—
Sinners Jesus came to call.

5 Agonizing in the garden,
Lo! your Saviour prostrate lies!
On the bloody tree behold him;
Hear him cry, before he dies,
"It is finished!"
Sinners, will not this suffice?

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

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

HYMN 570. L. M.

1 HO! every one that thirsts, draw nigh!
('Tis God invites the fallen race,)
Mercy and free salvation buy;
Buy wine and milk, and gospel grace.

2 Come to the living waters, come!
Sinners, obey your Maker's call;
Return, ye weary wanderers, home,
And find my grace is free for all.

3 See from the Rock a fountain rise—
For you in healing streams it rolls;
Money ye need not bring, nor price,
Ye laboring, burdened, sin-sick souls.

4 Nothing ye in exchange shall give,
Leave all you have and are behind;
Frankly the gift of God receive,
Pardon and peace in Jesus find.

5 Why seek ye that which is not bread,
Nor can your hungry souls sustain?
On ashes, husks and air ye feed,
Ye spend your little all in vain.

6 In search of empty joys below,
Ye toil with unavailing strife;
Whither, ah, whither would you go?
I have the words of endless life.

7 Hearken to me with earnest care,
And freely eat substantial food;
The sweetness of my mercy share,
And taste that I alone am good.

8 I bid you all my goodness prove,
My promises for all are free;
Come, taste the manna of my love,
And let your soul delight in me.

9 Your willing ear and heart incline,
My words believingly receive;
Quickened your souls by faith divine,
An everlasting life shall live.

HYMN 571. L. M.

1 SINNERS, obey the gospel word!
Haste to the supper of my Lord;
Be wise to know your gracious day;
All things are ready, come away!

2 Ready the Father is to own
And kiss his late returning son;
Ready your loving Saviour stands,
And spreads for you his bleeding hands.

3 Ready the Spirit of his love
Just now the stony to remove;
T' apply, and witness with the blood,
And wash and seal the sons of God.

4 Ready for you the angels wait,
To triumph in your blest estate;
Tuning their harps, they long to praise
The wonders of redeeming grace.

5 The Father, Son, and Holy Ghost
Are ready with their shining host;
All heaven is ready to resound,
"The dead's alive! the lost is found!"

PART SECOND.

1 COME then, ye sinners, to your Lord,
In Christ to Paradise restored;
His proffered benefits embrace,
The plenitude of gospel grace,—

2 A pardon written with his blood,
The favor and the peace of God;
The seeing eye, the feeling sense,
The mystic joys of penitence;

3 The godly fear, the pleasing smart,
The meltings of a broken heart;
The tears that tell your sins forgiven,
The sighs that waft your souls to heaven;

4 The guiltless shame, the sweet distress,
Th' unutterable tenderness,
The genuine, meek humility,
The wonder, "why such love to me!"

5 The o'erwhelming power of saving grace,
The sigh that veils the seraph's face,
The speechless awe that dares not move,
And all the silent heaven of love.

HYMN 572. L. M.

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

2 Sent by my Lord, on you I call;
The invitation is to all:
Come, all the world, come, sinner, thou;
All things in Christ are ready now.

3 Come all ye souls by sin opprest,
Ye restless wanderers after rest,
Ye poor, and maimed, and halt, and blind,
In Christ a hearty welcome find.

4 My message as from God receive,
Ye all may come to Christ and live:
O let his love your hearts constrain,
Nor suffer him to die in vain.

5 See him set forth before your eyes,
That precious bleeding sacrifice!
His offered benefits embrace,
And freely now be saved by grace.

6 This is the time—no more delay,
Th' accepted time—salvation's day;
Come in, this moment, at his call,
And live for him who died for all.

FAITH.

HYMN 573. S. M.

1 FAITH—'tis a precious grace,
Where'er it is bestowed;
It boasts a high celestial birth,
And is the gift of God.

2 Jesus it owns as King,
And all-atoning Priest;
It claims no merit of its own,
But looks for all in Christ.

3 To him it leads the soul,
When filled with deep distress;
Flies to the fountain of his blood,
And trusts his righteousness.

4 Since 'tis thy work alone,
And that divinely free,
Lord, send the Spirit of thy Son
To work this faith in me.

HYMN 574. C. M.

1 FAITH is the brightest evidence
Of things beyond our sight;
It pierces through the veil of sense,
And dwells in heavenly light,

2 It sets time 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 world was made
By God's almighty word;
We know the heavens and earth shall fade,
And be again restored.

4 Abra'm obeyed the Lord's command,
From his own country driven;
By faith he sought a promised land,
But found his rest in heaven.

5 Thus through life's pilgrimage we stray,
The promise in our eye;
By faith we walk the narrow way,
That leads to joy on high.

HYMN 575. C. M.

1 FAITH adds news charms to earthly bliss,
And saves me from its snares;
Its aid in every duty brings,
And softens all my cares;

2 Extinguishes the thirst of sin,
And lights the sacred fire
Of love to God and heavenly things,
And feeds the pure desire.

3 The wounded conscience knows its power
The healing balm to give;
That balm the saddest heart can cheer,
And make the dying live:

4 Wide it unveils celestial worlds,
Where deathless pleasures reign,
And bids me seek my portion there,
Nor bids me seek in vain;

5 Shows me the precious promise, sealed
With the Redeemer's blood;
And helps my feeble hope to rest
Upon a faithful God.

6 There, there unshaken would I rest
Till this vile body dies,
And then, on faith's triumphant wings,
At once to glory rise.

HYMN 576. C. M.

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 'Tis faith that conquers earth and hell,
By a celestial power;
This is the grace that shall prevail
In the decisive hour.

5 Faith must obey her Father's will,
As well as trust his grace;
A pard'ning God is jealous still
For his own holiness.

6 When from the curse he sets us free,
He makes our nature clean;
Nor would he send his Son to be
The minister of sin.

7 His Spirit purifies our frame,
And seals our peace with God;
Jesus, and his salvation, came
By water and by blood.

HYMN 577. L. M.

1 'TIS by the faith of joys to come
We walk through deserts dark as night;
Till we arrive at heaven, our home,
Faith is our guide, and faith our light.

2 The want of sight she well supplies,
She makes the pearly gates appear;
Far into distant worlds she pries,
And brings eternal glories near

3 Cheerful we tread the desert through,
While faith inspires a heavenly ray,
Though lions roar, and tempests blow,
And rocks and dangers fill the way.

4 So Abra'm, by divine command,
Left his own house to walk with God;
His faith beheld the promised land,
And fired his zeal along the road.

HYMN 578. L. M.

1 AUTHOR of faith, eternal Word,
(Whose Spirit breathes the active flame,
Faith, like its Finisher and Lord,
To-day as yesterday the same,)

2 To thee our humble hearts aspire,
And ask the gift unspeakable;
Increase in us the kindred fire,
In us the work of faith fulfil.

3 By faith we know thee strong to save:
(Save us, a present Saviour thou!)
Whate'er we hope, by faith we have,
Future and past subsisting now.

4 To him that in thy name believes
Eternal life with thee is given;
Into himself he all receives,
Pardon, and holiness, and heaven.

5 The things unknown to feeble sense,
Unseen by reason's glimmering ray,
With strong commanding evidence,
Their heavenly origin display.

5 Faith lends its realizing light—
The clouds disperse, the shadows fly;
Th' invisible appears in sight,
And God is seen by mortal eye.

II. PRAYER FOR FAITH.

HYMN 579. C. M.

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

2 What did thy only Son endure
Before I drew my breath,
What pain, what labor, to secure
My soul from endless death!

3 O Jesus, could I this believe,
I now should feel thy power;
Now all my wants thou wouldst relieve
In this th' accepted hour.

4 Author of faith, to thee I lift
My weary, longing eyes;
O let me now receive that gift—
My soul without it dies.

5 Surely thou canst not let me die—
O speak, and I shall live;
For here I will unwearied lie
Till thou thy Spirit give.

6 How would my fainting soul rejoice,
Could I but see thy face;
Now let me hear thy quick'ning voice,
And taste thy pardoning grace.

HYMN 580. C. M.

1 GOD is in this and every place,
But O how dark and void
To me!—'tis one great wilderness,
This world, without my God.

2 Empty of him, who all things fills,
Till he his light impart,
Till he his glorious self reveals,
The veil is on my heart.

3 O thou who seest and know'st my grief,
Thyself unseen, unknown,
Pity my helpless unbelief,
And take away the stone.

4 Regard me with a gracious eye,
The long-sought blessing give,
And bid me, at the point to die,
Behold thy face and live.

5 Now, Jesus, now the Father's love
Shed in my heart abroad;
The middle wall of sin remove,
And let me into God.

HYMN 581. C. M.

1 THOU hidden God, for whom I groan,
Till thou thyself declare,
God, inaccessible, unknown,
Regard a sinner's prayer—
A sinner welt'ring in his blood,
Unpurged and unforgiven,
Far distant from the living God,
As far as hell from heaven.

2 An unregenerate child of man,
To thee for faith I call;
Pity thy fallen creature's pain,
And raise me from my fall:

The darkness, which through thee I feel,
Thou only canst remove;
Thy own eternal power reveal,
Thy Deity of love.

3 Thou hast in unbelief shut up,
That grace may let me go;
In hope believing against hope,
I wait the truth to know.
Thou wilt in me reveal thy name,
Thou wilt thy light afford;
Bound and oppressed, yet thine I am,
The prisoner of the Lord.

4 I would not to thy foe submit,
I hate the tyrant's chain;
Send forth the prisoner from the pit,
Nor let me cry in vain;
Show me the blood that bought my peace,
The covenant blood apply,
And all my grief at once shall cease,
And all my sins shall die.

5 Now, Lord, if thou art power, descend,
The mountain sin remove;
My unbelief and troubles end,
If thou art truth and love.
Speak, Jesus, speak unto my heart
What thou for me hast done;
One grain of living faith impart,
And God is all my own!

HYMN 582. 4 8s & 2 6s.

1 AUTHOR of faith, to thee I cry,
To thee, who wouldst not have me die,
But know the truth and live:
Open mine eyes to see thy face,
Work in my heart the saving grace,
The life eternal give.

2 Shut up in unbelief, I groan,
And blindly serve a God unknown,
Till thou the veil remove,
The gift unspeakable impart,
And write my name upon thy heart,
And manifest thy love.

3 I know the work is only thine,
The gift of faith is all divine;
But if on thee we call,
Thou wilt the benefit bestow,
And give us hearts to feel and know
That thou hast died for all.

4 Thou bid'st us knock and enter in,
Come unto thee, and rest from sin,
The blessing seek and find;
Thou bid'st us ask thy grace, and have:
Thou canst, thou wouldst this moment save
Both me and all mankind.

5 Be it according to thy word!
Now let me find my pard'ning Lord;
Let what I ask be given:
The bar of unbelief remove,
Open the door of faith and love,
And take me into heaven!

HYMN 583. 6 8s.

1 FATHER of Jesus Christ, the Just,
My Friend and Advocate with thee,
Pity a soul that fain would trust
In him who lived and died for me:
But only thou cast make him known,
And in my heart reveal thy Son.

2 If, drawn by thy alluring grace,
My want of living faith I feel,
Show me in Christ thy smiling face,
What flesh and blood can ne'er reveal,

Thine all-redeeming Son display,
And call my darkness into day.

3 The gift unspeakable impart,
Command the light of faith to shine,
To shine in my dark, drooping heart,
And fill me with the life divine;
Now bid the new creation be,
O God, let there be faith in me!

III. EXERCISE OF FAITH.

HYMN 584. S. M.

1 AH! whither should I go,
Burdened, and sick, and faint?
To whom should I my troubles show,
And pour out my complaint?
My Saviour bids me come,
Ah! why do I delay?
He calls the weary sinner home,
And yet from him I stay!

2 What is it keeps me back,
From which I cannot part,
Which will not let my Saviour take
Possession of my heart?
Some cursed thing unknown
Must surely lurk within,
Some idol which I will not own,
Some secret bosom-sin.

3 Jesus, the hindrance show,
Which I have feared to see,
Yet let me now consent to know
What keeps me out of thee.
Searcher of hearts, in mine
The trying power display;
Into its darkest corners shine,
And take the veil away.

4 I now believe in thee
Compassion reigns alone;
According to my faith, to me
O let it, Lord, be done!
In me is all the bar,
Which thou wouldst fain remove;
Remove it, and I shall declare
That God is only love.

HYMN 585. 7s 6s & 1 8.

1 VAIN, delusive world, adieu,
With all of creature good;
Only Jesus I pursue,
Who bought me with his blood!
All thy pleasure I forego,
I trample on thy wealth and pride;
Only Jesus will I know,
And Jesus crucified!

2 Other knowledge I disdain,
'Tis all but vanity;
Christ, the Lamb of God, was slain,
He tasted death for me!
Me to save from endless wo
The sin-atoning victim died!
Only Jesus will I know,
And Jesus crucified!

3 Here will I set up my rest;
My fluctuating heart
From the haven of his breast
Shall never more depart:
Whither should a sinner go?
His wounds for me stand open wide;
Only Jesus will I know,
And Jesus crucified!

4 Him to know is life and peace,
And pleasure without end;
This is all my happiness,
On Jesus to depend;
Daily in his grace to grow,
And ever in his faith abide:
Only Jesus will I know,
And Jesus crucified!

HYMN 586. 7s 6s & 1 8.

1 LET the world their virtue boast,
Their works of righteousness;
I, a wretch, undone and lost,
And freely saved by grace,
Other title I disclaim;
This, only this, is all my plea,
I the chief of sinners am,
But Jesus died for me.

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

HYMN 587. C. M.

1 JESUS, to thee I now can fly,
On whom my help is laid;
Oppressed by sin, I lift my eye,
And see the shadows fade.

2 Believing on my Lord, I find
A sure and present aid;
On thee alone my constant mind
Is every moment stayed.

3 Whate'er in me seems wise or good,
Or strong, I here disclaim;
I wash my garments in the blood
Of the atoning Lamb.

4 Jesus, my strength, my life, my rest,
On thee will I depend,
Till summoned to the marriage-feast,
When faith in sight shall end.

HYMN 588. C. M

1 FATHER of Jesus Christ, my Lord,
My Saviour and my Head,
I trust in thee, whose powerful word
Hath raised him from the dead.

2 Thou know'st for my offence he died,
And rose again for me,
Fully and freely justified,
That I might live to thee.

3 Eternal life to all mankind
Thou hast in Jesus given;
And all who seek, in him shall find
The happiness of heaven.

4 In hope, against all human hope,
Self-desperate, I believe;
Thy quick'ning word shall raise me up,
Thou shalt thy Spirit give.

5 The thing surpasses all my thought,
But faithful is my Lord:
Through unbelief I stagger not,
For God hath spoke the word.

6 Faith, mighty faith the promise sees,
And looks to that alone,
Laughs at impossibilities,
And cries, "It shall be done!"

7 To thee the glory of thy power
And faithfulness I give;
I shall in Christ, at that glad hour,
And Christ in me shall live.

8 Obedient faith, that waits on thee,
Thou never wilt reprove;
But thou wilt form thy Son in me,
And perfect me in love.

HYMN 589. L. M.

1 WHEREWITH, O God, shall I draw near,
And bow myself before thy face?
How in thy purer eyes appear?
What shall I bring to gain thy grace?

2 Will gifts delight the Lord most high?
Will multiplied oblations please?
Thousands of rams his favor buy,
Or slaughtered hecatombs appease?

3 Can these avert the wrath of God?
Can these wash out my guilty stain?
Rivers of oil and seas of blood,
Alas, they all must flow in vain.

4 Whoe'er to thee themselves approve,
Must take the path thy word has showed,
Justice pursue, and mercy love,
And humbly walk by faith with God.

5 But though my life henceforth be thine,
Present for past can ne'er atone;
Though I to thee the whole resign,
I only give thee back thine own.

6 What have I, then, wherein to trust?
I nothing have, I nothing am;
Excluded is my every boast,
My glory swallowed up in shame.

7 Guilty I stand before thy face,
On me I feel thy wrath abide;
'Tis just—the sentence should take place:
'Tis just—but, oh, thy Son hath died!

8 Jesus, the Lamb of God, hath bled;
He bore our sins upon the tree;
Beneath our curse he bowed his head;
'Tis finished! he hath died for me!

9 See where before the throne he stands,
And pours the all-prevailing prayer!
Points to his side, and lifts his hands,
And shows that I am graven there!

10 He ever lives for me to pray;
He prays that I with him may reign;
Amen to what my Lord doth say!
Jesus, thou canst not pray in vain.

HYMN 590. L. M.

1 LORD, I despair myself to heal,
I see my sin, but cannot feel;
I cannot till thy Spirit blow,
And bid the obedient waters flow.

2 'Tis thine a heart of flesh to give;
Thy gifts I only can receive;
Here, then, to thee I all resign;
To draw, redeem, and seal—is thine

3 With simple faith on thee I call,
My light, my life, my Lord, my all;
I wait the moving of the pool,
I wait the word that speaks me whole.

4 Speak, gracious Lord, my sickness cure,
Make my infected nature pure;
Peace, righteousness, and joy impart,
And pour thy love into my heart!

HYMN 591. 6 8s.

1 COME, O thou Traveller unknown,
Whom still I hold, but cannot see!
My company before is gone,
And I am left alone with thee:
With thee all night I mean to stay,
And wrestle till the break of day.

2 I need not tell thee who I am;
My misery and sin declare;
Thyself hast called me by my name,
Look on thy hands and read it there:
But who, I ask thee, who art thou?
Tell me thy name, and tell me now.

3 In vain thou strugglest to get free,
I never will unloose my hold!
Art thou the Man that died for me?
The secret of thy love unfold;
Wrestling, I will not let thee go,
Till I thy name, thy nature know.

4 Wilt thou not yet to me reveal
Thy new unutterable name?
Tell me, I still beseech thee, tell;
To know it now, resolved I am:
Wrestling, I will not let thee go,
Till I thy name, thy nature know.

5 What though my shrinking flesh complain
And murmur to contend so long?
I rise superior to my pain:
When I am weak then I am strong!
And when my all of strength shall fail,
I shall with the God-Man prevail.

PART SECOND.

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

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

2 'Tis Love! 'tis Love! thou diedst for me—
I hear thy whisper in my heart!
The morning breaks, the shadows flee,
Pure, universal Love thou art:
To me, to all, thy bowels move;
Thy nature and thy name is Love.

3 My prayer hath power with God; the grace
Unspeakable I now receive;
Through faith I see thee face to face,
I see thee face to face, and live:
In vain I have not wept and strove;
Thy nature and thy name is Love.

4 I know thee, Saviour, who thou art—
Jesus, the feeble sinner's Friend;
Nor wilt thou with the night depart,
But stay and love me to the end:
Thy mercies never shall remove;
Thy nature and thy name is Love.

5 The Sun of righteousness on me
Hath rose, with healing in his wings;
Withered my nature's strength, from thee
My soul its life and succor brings;
My help is all laid up above;
Thy nature and thy name is Love.

6 Contented now upon my thigh
I halt, till life's short journey end;
All helplessness, all weakness, I
On thee alone for strength depend;
Nor have I power from thee to move;
Thy nature and thy name is Love.

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

JUSTIFICATION.

I. SOUGHT.

HYMN 592. C. M.

1 O THAT I could my Lord receive,
Who did the world redeem,
Who gave his life, that I might live
A life concealed in him.

2 O that I could the blessing prove,
My heart's extreme desire,
Live happy in my Saviour's love,
And in his arms expire.

3 Mercy I ask to seal my peace,
That, kept by mercy's power,
I may from every evil cease,
And never grieve thee more.

4 Now, if thy gracious will it be,
E'en now my sins remove,
And set my soul at liberty
By thy victorious love.

5 In answer to ten thousand prayers,
Thou pardoning God, descend;
Number me with salvation's heirs,
My sins and troubles end.

6 Nothing I ask or want beside,
Of all in earth or heaven,
But let me feel thy blood applied,
And live and die forgiven.

HYMN 593. C. M.

1 LET the redeemed give thanks and praise
To a forgiving God;
My feeble voice I cannot raise,
Till washed in Jesus' blood;

2 Till, at thy coming from above,
My mountain sins depart,
And fear gives place to filial love,
And peace o'erflows my heart.

3 Prisoner of hope, I still attend
Th' appearance of my Lord,
These endless doubts and fears to end,
And speak my soul restored;

4 Restored by reconciling grace,
With present pardon blest,
And fitted by true holiness
For my eternal rest.

5 The peace which man can ne'er conceive,
The love and joy unknown,
Now, Father, to thy servant give,
And claim me for thine own.

6 My God, in Jesus pacified,
My God, thyself declare,
And draw me to his open side,
And save the sinner there.

HYMN 594. L. M.

1 THOU Man of griefs, remember me,
Who never canst thyself forget
Thy last mysterious agony,
Thy fainting pangs, and bloody sweat;

2 When, wrestling in the strength of prayer,
Thy Spirit sunk beneath its load,
Thy feeble flesh abhorred to bear
The wrath of an almighty God.

3 Father, if I may call thee so,
Regard my fearful heart's desire;
Remove this load of guilty wo,
Nor let me in my sins expire.

4 I tremble lest the wrath divine,
Which bruises now my sinful soul,
Should bruise this wretched soul of mine
Long as eternal ages roll.

5 To thee my last distress I bring;
The heightened fear of death I find:
The tyrant, brandishing his sting,
Appears, and hell is close behind.

6 I deprecate that death alone,
That endless banishment from thee;
O save, and give me to thy Son,
Who trembled, wept, and bled for me.

HYMN 595. L. M.

1 O THOU that hear'st when sinners cry,
Though all my crimes before thee lie
Behold me not with angry look,
But blot their memory from thy book.

2 Create my nature pure within,
And form my soul averse to sin;
Let thy good Spirit ne'er depart,
Nor hide thy presence from my heart.

3 I cannot live without thy light,
Cast out and banished from thy sight;
Thy saving strength, O Lord, restore,
And guard me that I fall no more.

4 Though I have grieved thy Spirit, Lord,
His help and comfort still afford,
And let a wretch come near thy throne
To plead the merits of thy Son.

5 My soul lies humbled in the dust,
And owns thy dreadful sentence just;
Look down, O Lord, with pitying eye,
And save the soul condemned to die.

6 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 pardoning God.

7 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.

HYMN 596. L. M.

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 My crimes are great, but don't surpass
The power and glory of thy grace;
Great God, thy nature hath no bound,
So let thy pardoning love be found.

3 O wash my soul from every sin,
And make my guilty conscience clean;
Here on my heart the burden lies,
And past offences pain my eyes.

4 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.

5 Yet save a trembling sinner, Lord,
Whose hopes, still hovering round thy word,
Would light on some sweet promise there,
Some sure support against despair.

HYMN 597. L. M.

1 WHEN, gracious Lord, when shall it be
That I shall find my all in thee?
The fulness of thy promise prove,
The seal of thy eternal love?

2 A poor blind child, I wander here,
If haply I may feel thee near;
O dark, dark, dark! I still must say,
Amid the blaze of gospel-day.

3 Thee, only thee I fain would find,
And cast the world and flesh behind;
Thou, only thou to me be given,
Of all thou hast in earth or heaven.

4 Whom man forsakes, thou wilt not leave,
Ready the outcasts to receive,
Though all my simpleness I own,
And all my faults to thee are known.

5 Ah, wherefore did I ever doubt?
Thou wilt in no wise cast me out,
A helpless soul that comes to thee,
With only sin and misery.

6 Lord, I am sick—my sickness cure!
I want—do thou enrich the poor!
Under thy mighty hand I stoop—
O lift the abject sinner up.

7 Lord, I am blind—be thou my sight!
Lord, I am weak—be thou my might!
A helper of the helpless be,
And let me find my all in thee.

HYMN 598. L. M.

1 I THIRST, thou wounded Lamb of God,
To wash me in thy cleansing blood,
To dwell within thy wounds—then pain
Is sweet, and life or death is gain.

2 Take my poor heart, and let it be
For ever closed to all but thee;
Seal thou my breast, and let me wear
That pledge of love for ever there.

3 How blest are they who still abide
Close-sheltered in thy bleeding side,
Who life and strength from thence derive,
And by thee move, and in thee live.

4 What are our works but sin and death,
Till thou thy quick'ning Spirit breathe?
Thou giv'st the power thy grace to move—
O wondrous grace! O boundless love!

5 How can it be, thou heavenly King,
That thou shouldst us to glory bring,
Make slaves the partners of thy throne,
Decked with a never-fading crown?

6 Hence our hearts melt, our eyes o'erflow,
Our words are lost, nor will we know
Nor will we think of aught beside—
"My Lord, my Love, is crucified."

7 Ah, Lord, enlarge our scanty thought,
To know the wonders thou hast wrought;
Unloose our stammering tongues to tell
Thy love, immense, unsearchable.

8 First-born of many brethren, thou,
To thee, lo, all our souls we bow,
To thee our hearts and hands we give;
Thine may we die, thine may we live.

HYMN 599. 4 8s & 2 6s.

1 THOU great mysterious God, unknown,
Whose love hath gently led me on
E'en from my infant days,
Mine inmost soul expose to view,
And tell me if I ever knew
Thy justifying grace.

2 If I have only known thy fear,
And followed with a heart sincere
Thy drawings from above,
Now, now the further grace bestow,
And let my sprinkled conscience know
Thy sweet forgiving love.

3 Short of thy love I would not stop,
A stranger to the gospel hope,
The sense of sin forgiven;
I would not, Lord, my soul deceive,
Without the inward witness live,
That antepast of heaven.

4 If now the Witness were in me,
Would he not testify of thee,
In Jesus reconciled?
And should I not with faith draw nigh,
And boldly, "Abba, Father!" cry,
And know myself thy child?

5 Whate'er obstructs thy pardoning love—
Or sin or righteousness—remove,
Thy glory to display;
My heart of unbelief convince,
And now absolve me from my sins,
And take them all away.

HYMN 600. 6 8s

1 WOULD Jesus have the sinner die!
Why hangs he then on yonder tree?
What means that strange expiring cry?
Sinners, he prays for you and me—
"Forgive them, Father, O forgive!
They know not that by me they live."

2 Thou loving, all-atoning Lamb,
Thee,—by thy painful agony,
Thy bloody sweat, thy grief and shame,
Thy cross and passion on the tree,

Thy precious death and life,—I pray,
Take all, take all my sins away.

3 O let me kiss thy bleeding feet,
And bathe and wash them with my tears,
The story of thy love repeat
In every drooping sinner's ears,
That all may hear the quick'ning sound,
Since I, e'en I have mercy found.

4 O let thy love my heart constrain,
Thy love for every sinner free,
That every fallen soul of man
May taste the grace that found out me,
That all mankind with me may prove
Thy sovereign, everlasting love.

HYMN 601. 6 8s.

1 JESUS, in whom the weary find
Their late, but permanent repose,
Physician of the sin-sick mind,
Relieve my wants, assuage my woes,
And let my soul on thee be cast,
Till life's fierce tyranny be past.

2 Loosed from my God, and far removed,
Long have I wandered to and fro,
O'er earth in endless circles roved,
Nor found whereon to rest below;
Back to my God at last I fly,
For, oh, the waters still are high.

3 Selfish pursuits, and nature's maze,
The things of earth, for thee I leave;
Put forth thy hand, thy hand of grace—
Into the ark of love receive;
Take this poor fluttering soul to rest,
And lodge it, Saviour, in thy breast.

4 Fill with inviolable peace,
'Stablish and keep my settled heart;
In thee may all my wanderings cease,
From thee no more may I depart;
Thy utmost goodness called to prove,
Loved with an everlasting love!

HYMN 602. 6 8s.

1 EXPAND thy wings, celestial Dove,
And, brooding o'er my nature's night,
Call forth the ray of heavenly love;
Let there in my dark soul be light,
And fill th' illustrated abyss
With glorious beams of endless bliss.

2 "Let there be light," again command,
And light there in our hearts shall be;
We then through faith shall understand
Thy great mysterious Majesty.
And, by the shining of thy grace,
Behold in Christ thy glorious face.

3 Father of everlasting grace,
Be mindful of thy changeless word;
We worship toward that holy place,
In which thou dost thy name record,
Dost make thy gracious nature known,
That living temple of thy Son.

4 Thou dost with sweet complacence see
The temple filled with light divine;
And art thou not well pleased with me,
Who, turning to that heavenly shrine
Through Jesus to thy throne apply,
Through Jesus for acceptance cry?

5 With all who for redemption groan,
Father, in Jesus' name I pray!
And still we cry and wrestle on
Till mercy take our sins away:
Hear from thy dwelling place in heaven,
And now pronounce our sins forgiven.

II. FOUND.

HYMN 603. C. M.

1 O LET triumphant faith dispel
The fears of guilt and wo!
If God be for us, God the Lord,
Who, who shall be our foe?

2 He who his only Son gave up
To death, that we might live,
Shall he not all things freely grant,
That boundless love can give?

3 Who now his people shall accuse?
'Tis God hath justified:
Who now his people shall condemn?
The Lamb of God hath died.

4 And he who died hath risen again,
Triumphant from the grave:
At God's right hand for us he pleads,
Omnipotent to save.

HYMN 604. L. M

1 GOD, the offended God most high,
Ambassadors to rebels sends;
His messengers his place supply,
And Jesus begs us to be friends.

2 Us, in the stead of Christ, they pray,
Us, in the stead of God, entreat,
To cast our arms, our sins, away,
And find forgiveness at his feet.

3 Our God in Christ! thine embassy,
And proffered mercy, we embrace;
And gladly, reconciled in thee,
Thy condescending mercy praise.

4 Poor debtors, by our Lord's request,
A full acquittance we receive;
And criminals with pardon blest,
We at our Judge's instance live!

HYMN 605. L. M.

1 YE faithful souls, who Jesus know,
If risen indeed with him ye are,
Superior to the joys below,
His resurrection's power declare.

2 Your faith by holy tempers prove,
By actions show your sins forgiven;
And seek the glorious things above.
And follow Christ, your Head, to heaven.

3 There your exalted Saviour see,
Seated at God's right hand again,
In all his Father's majesty,
In everlasting pomp to reign

4 To him continually aspire,
Contending for your native place,
And emulate the angel choir,
And only live to love and praise.

5 For who by faith your Lord receive,
Ye nothing seek or want beside:
Dead to the world and sin ye live,
Your creature-love is crucified.

6 Your real life, with Christ concealed,
Deep in the Father's bosom lies;
And, glorious, as your Head, revealed,
Ye soon shall meet him in the skies.

HYMN 606. L. M.

1 WHO shall the Lord's elect condemn?
'Tis God that justifies their souls;
And mercy, like a mighty stream,
O'er all their sins divinely rolls.

2 Who shall adjudge the saints to hell?
'Tis Christ who suffered in their stead;
And, their salvation to fulfil,
Behold him rising from the dead.

3 He lives, he lives and reigns above,
For ever interceding there;
Who shall divide us from his love?
Or what shall tempt us to despair?

4 Not all that men on earth can do,
Nor powers on high, nor powers below,
Shall cause his mercy to remove,
Or wean our hearts from Christ our love.

HYMN 607. L. M.

1 JESUS, thy blood and righteousness
My beauty are, my glorious dress;
'Midst flaming worlds, in these arrayed,
With joy shall I lift up my head.

2 Bold shall I stand in thy great day,
For who aught to my charge shall lay?
Fully absolved, through these, I am
From sin and fear, from guilt and shame.

3 The holy, meek, unspotted Lamb,
Who from the Father's bosom came,
Who died for me, e'en me t' atone,
Now for my Lord and God I own.

4 Lord, I believe thy precious blood,
Which at the mercy-seat of God
For ever doth for sinners plead,
For me, e'en for my soul, was shed.

5 Lord, I believe, were sinners more
Than sands upon the ocean shore,
Thou hast for all a ransom paid,
For all a full atonement made.

6 When from the dust of death I rise,
To claim my mansion in the skies,
E'en then this shall be all my plea—
Jesus hath lived, hath died for me.

HYMN 608. 6 8s.

1 WHAT am I, O thou glorious God,
And what my father's house to thee,
That thou such mercies hast bestowed
On me, the vilest reptile, me!
I take the blessing from above,
And wonder at thy boundless love.

2 Me in my blood thy love passed by,
And stopped my ruin to retrieve;
Wept o'er my soul thy pitying eye,
And breathed thy lips in sweetness, "Live:"
Dying, I heard the welcome sound,
And pardon in thy mercy found.

3 Honor, and might, and thanks, and praise,
I render to my pardoning God,
Extol the riches of thy grace,
And spread thy saving name abroad,
That only name to sinners given,
Which lifts poor dying worms to heaven.

4 Jesus, I bless thy gracious power,
And all within me shouts thy name;
Thy name let every soul adore,
Thy power let every tongue proclaim;
Thy grace let every sinner know,
And find with me their heaven below.

HYMN 609. 6 8s.

1 NOW I have found the ground wherein
Sure my soul's anchor may remain—
The wounds of Jesus, for my sin
Before the world's foundation slain,

Whose mercy shall unshaken stay
When heaven and earth are fled away.

2 Father, thine everlasting grace
Our scanty thought surpasses far;
Thy heart still melts with tenderness,
Thy arms of love still open are,
Returning sinners to receive,
That mercy they may taste, and live.

3 O Love, thou bottomless abyss,
My sins are swallowed up in thee;
Covered is my unrighteousness,
Nor spot of guilt remains on me,
While Jesus' blood, through earth and skies,
"Mercy, free, boundless mercy!" cries.

4 With faith, I plunge me in this sea;
Here is my hope, my joy, my rest;
Hither, when hell assails, I flee—
I look into my Saviour's breast:
Away, sad doubt, and anxious fear!
Mercy is all that's written there.

5 Though waves and storms go o'er my head,
Tho' strength and health and friends be gone,
Though joys be withered all and dead,
Though every comfort be withdrawn,
On this my steadfast soul relies—
Father, thy mercy never dies.

6 Fixed on this ground will I remain,
Though my heart fail and flesh decay;
This anchor shall my soul sustain
When earth's foundations melt away:
Mercy's full power I then shall prove,
Loved with an everlasting love.

HYMN 610. L. M.

1 LET not the wise his wisdom boast,
The mighty glory in his might;
The rich in flattering riches trust,
Which take their everlasting flight;
The rush of numerous years bears down
The most gigantic strength of man;
And where is all his wisdom gone,
When, dust, he turns to dust again!

2 One only gift can justify
The boasting soul that knows his God;
When Jesus doth his blood apply,
I glory in his sprinkled blood:
The Lord, my righteousness, I praise;
I triumph in the love divine,
The wisdom, wealth, and strength of grace,
In Christ, to endless ages mine.

HYMN 611. L. M.

1 INTO thy gracious hands I fall,
And with the arms of faith embrace:
O King of glory, hear my call!
O raise me, heal me by thy grace!
Now righteous through thy wounds I am!
No condemnation now I dread;
I taste salvation in thy name,
Alive in thee, my living head.

2 Still let thy wisdom be my guide,
Nor take thy light from me away;
Still with me let thy grace abide,
That I from thee may never stray:
Let thy word richly in me dwell;
Thy peace and love my portion be;
My joy t' endure and do thy will,
'Till perfect I am found in thee!

3 Arm me with thy whole armor, Lord!
Support my weakness with thy might;
Gird on my thigh thy conquering sword,
And shield me in the threatening fight!
From faith to faith, from grace to grace,
So in thy strength shall I go on,
'Till heaven and earth flee from thy face,
And glory end what grace begun.

REGENERATION.

HYMN 612. S. M.

1 THE thing my God doth hate,
That I no more may do:
Thy creature, Lord, again create,
And all my soul renew;
My soul shall then, like thine,
Abhor the thing unclean,
And, sanctified by love divine,
For ever cease from sin.

2 That blessed law of thine,
Jesus, to me impart,
The Spirit's law of life divine,
O write it on my heart;
Implant it deep within,
Whence it may ne'er remove,
The law of liberty from sin,
The perfect law of love.

3 Thy nature be my law,
Thy spotless sanctity;
And sweetly every moment draw
My happy soul to thee:
Soul of my soul, remain!
Who didst for all fulfil,
In me, O Lord, fulfil again
Thy heavenly Father's will.

HYMN 613. S. M.

1 JESUS, my strength, my hope,
On thee I cast my care,
With humble confidence look up,
And know thou hear'st my prayer:
Give me on thee to wait,
Till I can all things do,
On thee, almighty to create,
Almighty to renew.

2 I want a sober mind,
A self-renouncing will,
That tramples down and casts behind
The baits of pleasing ill;
A soul inured to pain,
To hardship, grief, and loss,
Bold to take up, firm to sustain,
The consecrated cross.

3 I want a godly fear,
A quick-discerning eye,
That looks to thee when sin is near,
And sees the tempter fly;
A spirit still prepared,
And armed with jealous care,
For ever standing on its guard,
And watching unto prayer.

PART SECOND.

1 I WANT a heart to pray,
To pray and never cease,
Never to murmur at thy stay,
Or wish my sufferings less:
This blessing, above all,
Always to pray, I want,
Out of the deep on thee to call,
And never, never faint.

2 I want a true regard,
A single, steady aim,
Unmoved by threat'ning or reward,
To thee and thy great name;
A jealous, just concern
For thine immortal praise,
A pure desire that all may learn
And glorify thy grace.

3 I rest upon thy word,
The promise is for me;
My succor and salvation, Lord,
Shall surely come from thee:
But let me still abide,
Nor from thy hope remove,
Till thou my patient spirit guide
Into thy perfect love.

HYMN 614. 8 7s.

1 O MY God, what must I do?
Thou alone the way canst show;
Thou canst save me in this hour,—
I have neither will nor power:
God, if over all thou art,
Greater than my sinful heart,
All thy power on me be shown,
Take away the heart of stone.

2 Take away my darling sin,
Make me willing to be clean,
Make me willing to receive
All thy goodness waits to give;
Aid me, Lord, with all to part,
Tear these idols from my heart;
Now thy love, Almighty, show,
Make e'en me a creature new.

3 Jesus, mighty to renew,
Work in me to will and do;
Turn my nature's rapid tide,
Stem the torrent of my pride;
Stop the whirlwind of my will,
Speak, and bid the sun stand still;
Now thy love, Almighty, show,
Make e'en me a creature new.

4 Arm of God, thy strength put on,
Bow the heavens, and come down;
All my unbelief o'erthrow,
Lay th' aspiring mountain low;
Conquer thy worst foe in me,
Get thyself the victory;
Save the vilest of the race,
Force me to be saved by grace.

HYMN 615. C. M.

1 ALL glory to the dying Lamb,
And never-ceasing praise,
While angels live to know thy name,
Or men to feel thy grace.

2 With this cold, stony heart of mine,
Jesus, to thee I flee,
And to thy grace my soul resign,
To be renewed by thee.

3 O may the uncorrupted seed
Abide and reign within,
And thy life-giving word forbid
My new-born soul to sin.

4 Father, I wait before thy throne,
Call me a child of thine;
Send down the Spirit of thy Son,
To form my heart divine.

5 There shed thy promised love abroad,
And make my comfort strong;
Then shall I say, "My Father, God,"
With an unwavering tongue.

HYMN 616. L. M.

1 MY sufferings all to thee are known,
Tempted in every point like me;
Regard my grief, regard thy own,
Jesus, remember Calvary.

2 O call to mind thy earnest prayers,
Thy agony and sweat of blood,
Thy strong and bitter cries and tears,
Thy mortal groan, "My God! my God!"

3 For whom didst thou the cross endure?
Who nailed thy body to the tree?
Did not thy death my life procure?
O let thy mercy answer me.

4 Art thou not touched with human wo?
Hath pity left the Son of man?
Dost thou not all my sorrows know,
And claim a share in all my pain?

5 Have I not heard, have I not known,
That thou, the everlasting Lord,
Whom heaven and earth their Maker own,
Art always faithful to thy word?

6 Thou wilt not break a bruised reed,
Or quench the smallest spark of grace,
Till through the soul thy power is spread,
Thy all-victorious righteousness.

7 The day of small and feeble things
I know thou never wilt despise;
I know, with healing in his wings,
The Sun of righteousness shall rise.

8 With labor faint, thou wilt not fail,
Or, wearied, give the sinner o'er,
Till in this earth thy judgments dwell,
And, born of God, I sin no more.

ADOPTION.

HYMN 617. S. M.

1 BEHOLD, what wondrous grace
The Father has bestowed
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 well-beloved Son.

3 Nor doth 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.

5 If in my Father's love
I share a filial part,
Send down thy Spirit, like a dove,
To rest upon my heart.

6 We would no longer lie
Like slaves beneath thy throne;
Our faith shall "Abba, Father," cry,
And thou the kindred own.

HYMN 618. S. M.

1 MOST gracious God, reveal
Thy will concerning me;
Whate'er I do, whate'er I feel,
Be sanctified to thee.

2 The counsels of thy love
Be on my heart impressed;
It then shall at thy bidding move,
And at thy bidding rest.

3 While thou my Leader art,
And mak'st me thine abode,
I find the witness in my heart
That I am born of God.

4 Father, thy will be done,
To thee I all resign;
The sole Disposer of thy own,
Dispose of me and mine.

5 At thy command I go,
Or quietly attend,
Till all my care and toil below
In rest eternal end.

HYMN 619. S. M.

1 MY Father! cheering name!
O may I call thee mine!
Give me with humble hope to claim
A portion so divine.

2 This can my fears control,
And bid my sorrows fly;
What real harm can reach my soul
Beneath my Father's eye?

3 Whate'er thy will denies,
I calmly would resign;
For thou art just, and good, and wise;
O bend my will to thine.

4 Whate'er thy will ordains,
O give me strength to bear;
Still let me know a father reigns,
And trust a Father's care.

5 If anguish rend this frame,
And life almost depart,
Is not thy mercy still the same,
To cheer my drooping heart?

6 Thy ways are little known
To my weak, erring sight;
Yet shall my soul, believing, own
That all thy ways are right.

7 My Father! blissful name!
Beyond expression dear,
If thou admit my humble claim,
I bid adieu to fear.

HYMN 620. C. M.

1 HARK! for 'tis God's own son that calls
To life and liberty;
Transported, fall before his feet,
Who makes the prisoners free.

2 The cruel bonds of sin he breaks,
He sunders Satan's chain;
And, smiling, deals those pardons round
Which free from endless pain.

3 Into the captive heart he pours
His Spirit from on high;
We lose the terrors of the slave,
And "Abba, Father," cry.

4 Shake off your bonds, and sing his grace,
The sinner's Friend proclaim,
And call on all around to seek
True freedom by his name.

5 Walk on at large, till you attain
Your Father's house above;
There shall you wear immortal crowns,
And sing immortal love.

HYMN 621. L. M.

1 NOT all the nobles of the earth,
Who boast the honors of their birth,
Such real dignity can claim
As those who bear the Christian name.

2 To them the privilege is given
To be the sons and heirs of heaven;
Sons of the God who reigns on high,
And heirs of joys beyond the sky.

3 When through temptation they rebel,
His chast'ning rod he makes them feel;
Then, with a Father's tender heart,
He soothes the pain and heals the smart.

4 Their daily wants his hands supply,
Their steps he guards with watchful eye,
Leads them from earth to heaven above,
And crowns them with eternal love.

5 Give me the honor, Lord, to be
One of this happy family;
On me the gracious gift bestow,
To call thee "Abba, Father," too.

6 So may my conduct ever prove
My filial piety and love!
Whilst all my brethren clearly trace
Their Father's likeness in my face.

WITNESS OF THE SPIRIT.

HYMN 622. S. M.

1 HOW can a sinner know
His sins on earth forgiven?
How can my gracious Saviour show
My name inscribed in heaven?

2 What we have felt and seen
With confidence we tell;
And publish to the sons of men
The signs infallible.

3 We who in Christ believe,
That he for us hath died,
We all his unknown peace receive,
And feel his blood applied.

4 Exults our rising soul,
Disburthened of her load,
And swells unutterably full
Of glory and of God

5 His love, surpassing far
The love of all beneath,
We find within our hearts, and dare
The pointless darts of death.

6 Stronger than death or hell
The sacred power we prove;
And conqu'rors of the world, we dwell
In heaven, who dwell in love.

PART SECOND.

1 WE by his Spirit prove,
And know the things of God,
The things which freely of his love
He hath on us bestowed.

2 His Spirit to us he gave,
And dwells in us, we know;
The witness in ourselves we have,
And all its fruits we show.

3 The meek and lowly heart
That in our Saviour was,
To us his Spirit does impart,
And signs us with his cross.

4 Our nature's turned, our mind
Transformed in all its powers;
And both the witnesses are joined—
The Spirit of God with ours.

5 Whate'er our pardoning Lord
Commands, we gladly do;
And, guided by his sacred word,
We all his steps pursue.

6 His glory our design,
We live our God to please;
And rise, with filial fear divine,
To perfect holiness.

HYMN 623. C. M.

1 SOVEREIGN of all the worlds on high,
Allow my humble claim;
Nor while, unworthy, I draw nigh,
Disdain a Father's name.

2 "My Father, God!" that gracious sound
Dispels my guilty fear;
Not all the harmony of heaven
Could so delight my ear.

3 Come, Holy Spirit, seal the grace
On my expanding heart,
And show that in the Father's love
I share a filial part.

4 Cheered by a witness so divine,
Unwavering I believe,
And "Abba, Father," humbly cry;
Nor can the sign deceive.

HYMN 624. 6 8s.

1 COME, Holy Ghost, all-quickening fire,
Come, and my hallowed heart inspire,
Sprinkled with the atoning blood;
Now to my soul thyself reveal,
Thy mighty working let me feel,
And know that I am born of God.

2 When wilt thou my whole heart subdue?
Come, Lord, and form my soul anew,
Emptied of pride, and wrath, and hell:
Less than the least of all thy store
Of mercies, I myself abhor:
All, all my vileness may I feel.

3 Humble, and teachable, and mild,
O may I, as a little child,
My lowly Master's steps pursue!
Be anger to my soul unknown;
Hate, envy, jealousy, are gone;
In love create thou all things new.

4 Let earth no more my heart divide;
With Christ may I be crucified;
To thee with my whole heart aspire;
Dead to the world and all its toys,
Its idle pomp, and fading joys,
Be thou alone my one desire!

5 Be thou my joy, be thou my dread;
In battle cover thou my head,
Nor earth, nor hell, I then shall fear;
I then shall turn my steady face;
Want, pain defy—enjoy disgrace—
Glory in dissolution near.

6 My will be swallowed up in thee!
Light in thy light still may I see,
Beholding thee with open face:
Called the full power of faith to prove,
Let all my hallowed heart be love,
And all my spotless life be praise.

7 Come, Holy Ghost, all quick'ning fire,
My consecrated heart inspire,
Sprinkle with the atoning blood:
Still to my soul thyself reveal,
Thy mighty working may I feel,
And know that I am one with God.

THE GRACES OF THE SPIRIT.

I. THE BEATITUDES.

HYMN 625. L. M.

1 BLESS'D are the humble souls that see
Their emptiness and poverty:
Treasures of grace to them are given,
And crowns of joy laid up in heaven.

2 Bless'd are the men of broken heart,
Who mourn for sin with inward smart:
The blood of Christ divinely flows,
A healing balm for all their woes.

3 Bless'd are the souls that long for grace,
Hunger and thirst for righteousness:
They shall be well supplied, and fed,
With living streams, and living bread.

4 Bless'd are the pure, whose hearts are clean
From the defiling power of sin:
With endless pleasure they shall see
The God of spotless purity.

5 Bless'd are the sufferers, who partake
Of pain and shame for Jesus' sake;
Their souls shall triumph in the Lord,
Glory and joy are their reward.

6 These are the men, the holy race,
Who seek the God of Jacob's face;
These shall enjoy the blissful sight,
And dwell in everlasting light.

HYMN 626. 4 8s & 2 6s.

1 SAVIOUR, on me the want bestow,
Which all that feel shall surely know
Their sins on earth forgiven;
Give me to prove the kingdom mine,
And taste, in holiness divine,
The happiness of heaven!

2 Meeken my soul, thou heavenly Lamb,
That I in the new earth may claim
My hundredfold reward;
My rich inheritance possess,
Co-heir with the great Prince of peace,
Co-partner with my Lord.

3 Me with that restless thirst inspire,
That sacred, infinite desire,
And feast my hungry heart;
Less than thyself cannot suffice,
My soul for all thy fulness cries,
For all thou hast and art.

4 Mercy who show shall mercy find:
Thy pitiful and tender mind
Be, Lord, on me bestowed;
So shall I still the blessing gain,
And to eternal life retain
The mercy of my God.

5 Jesus, the crowning grace impart,
Bless me with purity of heart;
That, now beholding thee,
I soon may view thy open face,
On all thy glorious beauties gaze,
And God for ever see.

6 Not for my fault or folly's sake,—
The name, or mode, or form, I take,—
But for true holiness,
Let me be wronged, reviled, abhorred;
And thee, my sanctifying Lord,
In life and death confess:

7 Called to sustain the hallowed cross,
And suffer for thy righteous cause,
Pronounce me doubly blest;
And let thy glorious Spirit, Lord,
Assure me of my great reward,
In heaven's eternal rest.

II. CONFIDENCE.

HYMN 627. S. M.

1 COMMIT thou all thy griefs
And ways into his hands,
To his sure truth and tender care,
Who earth and heaven commands.

2 Who points the clouds their course,
Whom winds and seas obey,
He shall direct thy wandering feet,
He shall prepare thy way.

3 Thou on the Lord rely,
So safe shalt thou go on;
Fix on his work thy steadfast eye,
So shall thy work be done.

4 No profit canst thou gain
By self-consuming care;
To him commend thy cause—his ear
Attends the softest prayer.

5 Thy everlasting truth,
Father, thy ceaseless love,
Sees all thy children's wants, and knows
What best for each will prove.

6 Thou every where hast sway,
And all things serve thy might;
Thy every act pure blessing is,
Thy path unsullied light.

7 When thou arisest, Lord,
What shall thy work withstand?
Whate'er thy children want, thou giv'st;
And who shall stay thy hand?

HYMN 628. S. M.

1 GIVE to the winds thy fears;
Hope, and be undismayed:
God hears thy sighs and counts thy tears,
God shall lift up thy head.

2 Through waves, and clouds, and storms,
He gently clears thy way:
Wait thou his time—so shall this night
Soon end in joyous day.

3 Still heavy is thy heart?
Still sink thy spirits down?
Cast off the weight, let fear depart,
Bid every care be gone.

4 What though thou rulest not?
Yet heaven, and earth, and hell
Proclaim God sitteth on the throne,
And ruleth all things well.

5 Leave to his Sovereign sway
To choose and to command;
So shalt thou, wondering, own his way,
How wise, how strong his hand!

6 Far, far above thy thought
His counsel shall appear,
When fully he the work hath wrought
That caused thy needless fear.

7 Thou seest our weakness, Lord,
Our hearts are known to thee;
O lift thou up the sinking hand,
Confirm the feeble knee!

8 Let us in life, in death,
Thy steadfast truth declare,
And publish, with our latest breath,
Thy love and guardian care.

HYMN 629. 5 7s & 3 6s.

1 TO the hills I lift mine eyes,
The everlasting hills;
Streaming thence, in fresh supplies,
My soul the Spirit feels:
Will he not his help afford?
Help, while yet I ask, is given;
God comes down,—the God and Lord
That made both earth and heaven.

2 Faithful soul, pray always, pray,
And still in God confide;
He thy feeble steps shall stay,
Nor suffer thee to slide:
Lean on thy Redeemer's breast,
He thy quiet spirit keeps;
Rest in him, securely rest,
Thy Watchman never sleeps.

3 Neither sin, nor earth, nor hell
Thy Keeper can surprise;
Careless slumbers cannot steal
On his all-seeing eyes:
He is Israel's sure Defence;
Israel all his care shall prove,
Kept by watchful providence,
And ever-waking love.

4 See the Lord, thy Keeper, stand
Omnipotently near!
Lo! he holds thee by thy hand,
And banishes thy fear,
Shadows with his wings thy head,
Guards from all impending harms;
Round thee and beneath are spread
The everlasting arms.

5 Christ shall bless thy going out,
Shall bless thy coming in,
Kindly compass thee about,
Till thou art saved from sin:
Like thy spotless Master, thou,
Filled with wisdom, love, and powe.
Holy, pure, and perfect, now,
Henceforth, and evermore.

HYMN 630. C. M.

1 GOD, my Supporter and my Hope,
My Help for ever near,
Thine arm of mercy holds me up,
And saves me from despair.

2 Thy counsels, Lord, shall guide my fee.
Through this dark wilderness;
Thy hand conduct me near thy seat,
To dwell before thy face.

3 Were I in heaven without my God,
'Twould be no joy to me;
And whilst this earth is my abode,
I long for none but thee.

4 What if the springs of life were broke,
And flesh and heart should faint?
God is my soul's eternal Rock,
The Strength of every saint.

5 Behold, the sinners that remove
Far from thy presence, die;
Not all the idol-gods they love
Can save them when they cry.

6 But to draw near to thee, my God,
Shall be my sweet employ;
My tongue shall sound thy works abroad,
And tell the world my joy.

HYMN 631. L. M.

1 THE God of my salvation lives,
My nobler life he will sustain;
His word immortal vigor gives,
Nor shall my glorious hopes be vain.

2 Thy presence, Lord, can cheer my heart,
Though every earthly comfort die;
Thy smile can bid my pains depart,
And raise my sacred pleasures high.

3 O let me hear thy blissful voice,
Inspiring life and joy divine;
The barren desert shall rejoice;
'Tis Paradise if thou art mine.

HYMN 632. L. M.

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 Let mountains from their seats be hurled
Down to the deep, and buried there—
Convulsions shake the solid world,—
Our faith shall never yield to fear.

3 Loud may the troubled ocean roar,
In sacred peace our souls abide,
While every nation, every shore,
Trembles, and dreads the swelling tide.

4 There is a stream whose gentle flow
Supplies the city of our God,
Life, love, and joy still gliding through
And watering our divine abode.

5 This sacred stream, thy vital word,
Thus all our raging fear controls;
Sweet peace thy promises afford,
And give new strength to fainting souls.

6 Zion enjoys her Monarch's love,
Secure against the threat'ning hour;
Nor can her firm foundation move,
Built on his faithfulness and power.

HYMN 633. 6 8s.

1 PEACE, doubting heart! my God's I am;
Who formed me man, forbids my fear;
The Lord hath called me by my name,
The Lord protects, for ever near;
His blood for me did once atone,
And still he loves and guards his own.

2 When passing through the watery deep,
I ask in faith his promised aid;
The waves an awful distance keep,
And shrink from my devoted head;
Fearless, their violence I dare—
They cannot harm, for God is there.

3 To him mine eye of faith I turn,
And through the fire pursue my way;
The fire forgets its power to burn,
The lambent flames around me play;
I own his power, accept the sign,
And shout to prove the Saviour mine.

4 Still nigh me, O my Saviour, stand,
And guard in fierce temptation's hour;
Hide in the hollow of thy hand,
Show forth in me thy saving power;
Still be thy arms my sure defence—
Nor earth nor hell shall pluck me thence.

5 Since thou hast bid me come to thee,
(Good as thou art, and strong to save,)
I'll walk o'er life's tempestuous sea,
Upborne by the unyielding wave,
Dauntless, though rocks of pride be near,
And yawning whirlpools of despair.

6 When darkness intercepts the skies,
And sorrow's waves around me roll,
When high the storms of passion rise,
And half o'erwhelm my sinking soul,
My soul a sudden calm shall feel,
And hear a whisper, "Peace! be still!"

7 Though in affliction's furnace tried,
Unhurt, on snares and death I'll tread;
Though sin assail, and hell, thrown wide,
Pour all its flames upon my head,
Like Moses' bush, I'll mount the higher,
And flourish, unconsumed, in fire.

HYMN 634. 11s.

1 HOW firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord,
Is laid for your faith in his excellent word!

What more can he say than to you he hath said,
Who unto the Saviour for refuge have fled?

2 "In every condition, in sickness, in health,
In poverty's vale, or abounding in wealth,
At home and abroad, on the land, on the sea,
As thy days may demand, shall thy strength ever be.

3 "Fear not, I am with thee, O be not dismayed,
For I am thy God, and will still give thee aid;
I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee to stand
Upheld by my righteous omnipotent hand.

4 "When through the deep waters I call thee to go
The rivers of sorrow shall not overflow;
For I will be with thee, thy troubles to bless,
And sanctify to thee thy deepest distress.

5 "When through fiery trials thy pathway shall lie,
My grace, all-sufficient, shall be thy supply;
The flame shall not hurt thee, I only design
Thy dross to consume, and thy gold to refine.

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

III. COURAGE.

HYMN 635. L. M.

1 AWAKE, our souls! away, our fears!
Let every trembling thought be gone!
Awake, and run the heavenly race,
And put a cheerful courage on.

2 True, 'tis a straight and thorny road,
And mortal spirits tire and faint;
But they forget the mighty God
That feeds the strength of every saint.

3 O mighty God, thy matchless power
Is ever new, and ever young,
And firm endures while endless years
Their everlasting circles run.

4 From thee, the ever-flowing Spring,
Our souls shall drink a fresh supply,
While such as trust their native strength
Shall melt away, and droop and die.

5 Swift as the eagle cuts the air,
We'll mount aloft to thine abode;
On wings of love our souls shall fly,
Nor tire along the heavenly road.

HYMN 636. L. M.

1 MY spirit looks to God alone,
My rock and refuge is his throne;
In all my fears, in all my straits,
My soul on his salvation waits.

2 Courage, my soul! while God is near,
What enemy hast thou to fear?
How canst thou want a sure defence,
Whose refuge is Omnipotence?

3 Though thickest dangers crowd my way,
My God can chase my fears away;
My steadfast heart on him relies,
And all those dangers still defies.

4 Though billows after billows roll,
To overwhelm my sinking soul,
Firm as a rock my faith shall stand,
Upheld by his almighty hand.

5 In life, his presence is my aid;
In death, 'twill guide me through the shade;
Chase all my rising fears away,
And turn my darkness into day.

HYMN 637. L. M.

1 BLEST men, who stretch their willing hands,
Submissive to their Lord's commands,
And yield their liberty and breath
To him that loved their souls in death.

2 Lead me to suffer and to die,
If thou, my gracious Lord, art nigh;
One smile from thee my heart shall fire,
And teach me, smiling, to expire.

3 If nature at the trial shake,
And from the cross or flames draw back,
Grace can its feeble courage raise,
And turn its trembling into praise.

4 While scarce I dare, with Peter, say
"I'll boldly tread the bleeding way,"
Yet in thy steps, like John, I'd move
With humble hope and silent love.

IV. FEAR.

HYMN 638. C. M.

1 I WANT a principle within
Of jealous, godly fear,
A sensibility of sin,
A pain to feel it near.
I want the first approach to feel
Of pride, or fond desire;
To catch the wandering of my will,
And quench the kindling fire.

2 That I from thee no more may part,
No more thy goodness grieve,
The filial awe, the fleshly heart,
The tender conscience, give!
Quick as the apple of an eye,
O God, my conscience make!
Awake my soul, when sin is nigh,
And keep it still awake!

3 If to the right or left I stray,
That moment, Lord, reprove;
And let me weep my life away,
For having grieved thy love!
O may the least omission pain
My well-instructed soul,
And drive me to the blood again
Which makes the wounded whole!

HYMN 639. C. M.

1 GOD of all grace and majesty,
Supremely great and good,
If I have mercy found with thee,
Through the atoning blood,
The guard of all thy mercies give,
And to my pardon join
A fear lest I should ever grieve
The gracious Spirit divine!

2 If mercy is indeed with thee,
May I obedient prove,
Nor e'er abuse my liberty,
Or sin against thy love!
This choicest fruit of faith bestow
On a sojourner here,
And let me pass my days below
In humbleness and fear!

3 Rather I would in darkness mourn
The absence of thy peace,
Than e'er by light irreverence turn
Thy grace to wantonness;
Rather I would, in painful awe,
Beneath thine anger move,
Than sin against the gospel law
Of liberty and love.

4 But, oh, thou wouldst not have me live
In bondage, grief, or pain;
Thou dost not take delight to grieve
The helpless sons of men:
Thy will is my salvation, Lord,
And let it now take place,
And let me tremble at the word
Of reconciling grace.

5 Still may I walk as in thy sight,
My strict Observer see;
And thou by reverent love unite
My child-like heart to thee:
Still let me, till my days are passed,
At Jesus' feet abide;
So shall he lift me up at last,
And seat me by his side.

HYMN 640. L. M.

1 PIERCE, fill me with an humble fear,
My utter helplessness reveal;
Satan and sin are always near,
Thee may I always nearer feel.

2 O that to thee my constant mind
Might with an even flame aspire
Pride in its earliest motions find,
And mark the risings of desire.

3 O that my tender soul might fly
The first abhorred approach of ill,
Quick, as the apple of an eye,
The slightest touch of sin to feel.

4 Till thou anew my soul create,
Still may I strive, and watch, and pray,
Humbly and confidently wait,
And long to see the perfect day.

V. GODLINESS.

HYMN 641. S. M.

1 A CHARGE to keep I have,
A God to glorify,
A never-dying soul to save,
And fit it for the sky:
To serve the present age,
My calling to fulfil—
O may it all my powers engage
To do my Master's will.

2 Arm me with jealous care,
As in thy sight to live,
And, oh, thy servant, Lord, prepare
A strict account to give:
Help me to watch and pray,
And on thyself rely,
Assured, if I my trust betray,
I shall for ever die.

HYMN 642. S. M.

1 GOD, of almighty love,
By whose sufficient grace
I lift my heart to things above,
And humbly seek thy face,
Through Jesus Christ, the Just,
My faint desires receive,
And let me in thy goodness trust,
And to thy glory live.

2 Whate'er I say or do,
Thy glory be my aim;
My offerings all be offered through
The ever-blessed name!
Jesus, my single eye
Be fixed on thee alone;
Thy name be praised on earth, on high—
Thy will by all be done!

3 Spirit of faith, inspire
My consecrated heart;
Fill me with pure celestial fire,
With all thou hast and art!
My feeble mind transform,
And, perfectly renewed,
Into a saint exalt a worm—
A worm exalt to God.

HYMN 643. 7s 6s & 1 8.

1 LO! I come with joy to do
The Master's blessed will;
Him in outward works pursue,
And serve his pleasure still.
Faithful to my Lord's commands,
I still would choose the better part;
Serve with careful Martha's hands,
And loving Mary's heart.

2 Careful, without care I am,
Nor feel my happy toil,
Kept in peace by Jesus' name,
Supported by his smile;
Joyful thus my faith to show,
I find his service my reward;
Every work I do below,
I do it to the Lord.

3 Thou, O Lord, in tender love,
Dost all my burdens bear;
Lift my heart to things above,
And fix it ever there:
Calm on tumult's wheel I sit,
'Midst busy multitudes alone,
Sweetly waiting at thy feet
Till all thy will be done.

4 Thou, O Lord, my portion art,
Before I hence remove;
Now my treasure and my heart
Are all laid up above:
Far above all earthly things,
While yet my hands are here employed,
Sees my soul the King of kings,
And freely talks with God.

5 O that all the art might know
Of living thus to thee;
Find their heaven begun below,
And here thy glory see;
Walk in all the works prepared
By thee, to exercise their grace,
Till they gain their full reward,
And see thy glorious face!

HYMN 644. C. M.

1 SUMMONED my labor to renew,
And glad to act my part,
Lord, in thy name my work I do,
And with a single heart.

2 End of my every action thou,
In all things thee I see;
Accept my hallowed labor now!
I do it unto thee.

3 Whate'er the Father views as thine,
He views with gracious eyes;
Jesus, this mean oblation join
To thy great sacrifice.

4 Stamped with an infinite desert,
My work he then shall own,
Well pleased with me, when mine thou art,
And I his favored son.

HYMN 645. L. M.

1 FORTH in thy name, O Lord, I go,
My daily labor to pursue;
Thee, only thee, resolved to know
In all I think, or speak, or do.

2 The task thy wisdom hath assigned,
O let me cheerfully fulfil!
In all my works thy presence find
And prove thy good and perfect will!

3 Thee may I set at my right hand,
Whose eyes my inmost substance see;
And labor on at thy command,
And offer all my works to thee.

4 Give me to bear thy easy yoke,
And every moment watch and pray,
And still to things eternal look
And hasten to thy glorious day!

5 For thee delightfully employ
Whate'er thy bounteous grace hath given;
And run my course with even joy,
And closely walk with thee to heaven!

VI. GRATITUDE.

HYMN 646. 5 7s & 3 6s.

1 THOU, my God, art good and wise,
And infinite in power:
Thee let all in earth and skies
Continually adore!
Give me thy converting grace,
That I may obedient prove!
Serve my Maker all my days,
And my Redeemer love!

2 For my life, and clothes, and food,
And every comfort here,
Thee, my most indulgent God,
I thank with heart sincere;—
For the blessings numberless,
Which thou hast already given;
For my smallest spark of grace,
And for my hope of heaven.

3 Gracious God, my sins forgive,
And thy good Spirit impart!
Then I shall in thee believe,
With all my loving heart;
Always unto Jesus look,
Him in heavenly glory see,
Who my cause hath undertook,
And ever prays for me.

4 Grace, in answer to his prayer,
And every grace bestow;
That I may with zealous care
Perform thy will below;
Rooted in humility,
Still in every state resign,
Plant, Almighty Lord, in me
A meek and lowly mind!

5 Poor and vile in mine own eyes,
With self-abasing shame,
Still I would myself despise,
And magnify thy name:
Thee let every creature bless;
Praise to God alone be given!
God alone deserves the praise
Of all in earth and heaven.

HYMN 647. L. M.

1 MY soul, through my Redeemer's care,
Saved from the second death, I feel;
My eyes from tears of dark despair,
My feet from falling into hell.

2 Wherefore to him my feet shall run,
My eyes on his perfections gaze;
My soul shall live for God alone,
And all within me shout his praise.

HYMN 648. L. M.

1 GOD of my life, through all my days
My grateful powers shall sound thy praise;
My song shall wake with opening light,
And cheer the dark and silent night.

2 When anxious cares would break my rest.
And griefs would tear my throbbing breast,
Thy tuneful praises, raised on high,
Shall check the murmur and the sigh.

3 When death o'er nature shall prevail,
And all the powers of language fail,
Joy through my swimming eyes shall break,
And mean the thanks I cannot speak.

4 But oh! when that last conflict's o'er,
And I am chained to earth no more,
With what glad accents shall I rise
To join the music of the skies!

5 Soon shall I learn th' exalted strains
Which echo through the heavenly plains,
And emulate, with joy unknown,
The glowing seraphs round the throne.

6 The cheerful tribute will I give,
Long as a deathless soul shall live:
A work so sweet, a theme so high,
Demands and crowns eternity.

VII. HOPE.

HYMN 649. C. M.

1 FIRMLY I stand on Zion's hill,
And view my starry crown;
No power on earth my hope can shake,
Nor hell can pull me down.

2 The lofty hills and stately towers
That lift their heads on high,
Shall all be leveled in the dust—
Their very names shall die.

3 The vaulted heavens shall melt away,
Built by Jehovah's hands;
But firmer than the heavens the Rock
Of my salvation stands.

HYMN 650. C. M.

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

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

3 Let cares like a wild deluge come,
Let storms of sorrow fall,
So I but safely reach my home,
My God, my heaven, my all.

4 There I shall bathe my weary soul
In seas of heavenly rest,
And not a wave of trouble roll
Across my peaceful breast.

HYMN 651. C. M.

1 BLESS'D be the everlasting God,
The Father of our Lord!
Be his abounding mercy praised,
His majesty adored!

2 When from the dead he raised his Son,
And called him to the sky,
He gave our souls a lively hope
That they should never die.

3 To an inheritance divine
He taught our hearts to rise;
'Tis uncorrupted, undefiled,
Unfading, in the skies.

4 Saints by the power of God are kept
Till the salvation come;
We walk by faith as strangers here,
But Christ shall call us home.

HYMN 652. C. M.

1 O JOYFUL sound of gospel grace!
Christ shall in me appear;
I, even I shall see his face,
I shall be holy here.

2 The glorious crown of righteousness
To me reached out I view;
Conqueror through him, I soon shall seize
And wear it as my due.

3 The promised land from Pisgah's top
I now exult to see;
My hope is full (O glorious hope!)
Of immortality.

4 He visits now the house of clay,
He shakes his future home:
O wouldst thou, Lord, on this glad day
Into thy temple come!

5 With me, I know, I feel thou art;
But this cannot suffice,
Unless thou plantest in my heart
A constant paradise.

6 Come, O my God, thyself reveal,
Fill all this mighty void;
Thou only canst my spirit fill—
Come, O my God, my God.

HYMN 653. 4 8s & 2 6s.

1 O GLORIOUS hope of perfect love!
It lifts me up to things above,
It bears on eagles' wings;
It gives my ravished soul a taste,
And makes me for some moments feast
With Jesus' priests and kings.

2 Rejoicing now in earnest hope,
I stand, and from the mountain top
See all the land below:
Rivers of milk and honey rise,
And all the fruits of Paradise
In endless plenty grow.

3 A land of corn, and wine, and oil,
Favored with God's peculiar smile,
With every blessing blest:
There dwells the Lord, our righteousness,
And keeps his own in perfect peace
And everlasting rest.

4 O that I might at once go up,
No more on this side Jordan stop,
But now the land possess—
This moment end my legal years,
Sorrows and sins and doubts and fears
A howling wilderness.

5 Now, O my Joshua, bring me in;
Cast out thy foes—the inbred sin,
The carnal mind, remove:
The purchase of thy death divide,
And, oh, with all the sanctified,
Give me a lot of love.

HYMN 654. 6 8s.

1 PRISONERS of hope, lift up your heads,
The day of liberty draws near;
Jesus, who on the serpent treads,
Shall soon in your behalf appear,
The Lord will to his temple come,—
Prepare your hearts to make him room.

2 Ye all shall find, whom in his word
Himself hath caused to put your trust;
The Father of our dying Lord
Is ever to his promise just,

Faithful, if we our sins confess,
To cleanse from all unrighteousness.

3 Yes, Lord, we must believe thee kind,
Thou never canst unfaithful prove;
Surely we shall thy mercy find;
Who ask, shall all receive thy love;
Nor canst thou it to me deny—
I ask, the chief of sinners I.

4 O ye of fearful hearts, be strong,
Your downcast eyes and hands lift up,
Ye shall not be forgotten long;
Hope to the end, in Jesus hope;
Tell him ye wait his grace to prove,
And cannot fail, if God is love.

5 Prisoners of hope, be strong, be bold,
Cast off your doubts, disdain to fear;
Dare to believe—on Christ lay hold;
Wrestle with Christ in mighty prayer;
Tell him, "We will not let thee go
Till we thy name, thy nature know."

HYMN 655. L. M.

1 AWAY, my unbelieving fear!
Fear shall in me no more have place;
My Saviour doth not yet appear,
He hides the brightness of his face:
But shall I therefore let him go,
And basely to the tempter yield?
No, in the strength of Jesus, no,
I never will give up my shield.

2 Although the vine its fruit deny,
Although the olive yield no oil,
The withering fig trees droop and die,
The fields elude the tiller's toil,

The empty stall no herd afford,
And perish all the bleating race,
Yet will I triumph in the Lord,
The God of my salvation praise.

3 Barren although my soul remain,
And not one bud of grace appear,
No fruit of all my toil and pain,
But sin and only sin is here;—
Although my gifts and comforts lost,
My blooming hopes cut off, I see,
Yet will I in my Saviour trust,
And glory that he died for me.

4 In hope believing against hope,
Jesus, my Lord, my God, I claim;
Jesus, my strength, shall lift me up,
Salvation is in Jesus' name;
To me he soon shall bring it nigh,
My soul shall then outstrip the wind,
On wings of love mount up on high,
And leave the world and sin behind.

VIII. HUMILITY.

HYMN 656. 7s.

1 LORD, for ever at thy side
Let my place and portion be;
Strip me of the robe of pride,
Clothe me with humility.

2 Meekly may my soul receive
All thy Spirit hath revealed;
Thou hast spoken—I believe,
Though the oracle be sealed.

3 Humble as a little child
Weaned from the mother's breast,
By no subtleties beguiled,
On thy faithful word I rest.

4 Israel, now and evermore
In the Lord Jehovah trust,
Him in all his ways adore,
Wise, and wonderful, and just.

HYMN 657. 7s.

1 LORD, if thou thy grace impart,
Poor in spirit, meek in heart,
I shall, as my Master, be
Rooted in humility;

2 Simple, teachable, and mild,
Changed into a little child;
Pleased with all the Lord provides,
Weaned from all the world besides.

3 Father, fix my soul on thee,
Every evil let me flee,
Nothing want beneath, above,
Happy in thy precious love.

4 O that all may seek and find
Every good in Jesus joined!
Him let Israel still adore,
Trust him, praise him, evermore.

HYMN 658. C. M.

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 be resigned,
And trust a faithful Lord.

HYMN 659. L. M.

1 AH, Lord, with trembling I confess
A gracious soul may fall from grace,
The salt may lose its seasoning power,
And never, never find it more.

2 Lest that my fearful case should be,
Each moment knit my soul to thee,
And lead me to the mount above,
Through the low vale of humble love.

IX. JOY.

HYMN 660. 8 7s.

1 OBJECT of my first desire,
Jesus, crucified for me,
All to happiness aspire
Only to be found in thee:
Thee to praise, and thee to know,
Constitute our bliss below;
Thee to see, and thee to love,
Constitute our bliss above.

2 Lord, it is not life to live
If thy presence thou deny;
Lord, if thou thy presence give,
'Tis no longer death to die:
Source and Giver of repose,
Singly from thy smile it flows;
Peace and happiness are thine,
Mine they are, if thou art mine.

3 Whilst I feel thy love to me,
Every object teems with joy;
Here O may I walk with thee,
Then into thy presence die:
Let me but thyself possess,
Total sum of happiness,
Real bliss I then shall prove,
Heaven below and heaven above.

HYMN 661. 8 7s.

1 HEAVENLY Father, sovereign Lord,
Ever faithful to thy word,
Humbly we our seal set to,
Testify that thou art true:
Lo, for us the wilds are glad,
All in cheerful green arrayed;
Opening sweets they all disclose,
Bud and blossom as the rose.

2 Hark, the wastes have found a voice,
Lonely deserts now rejoice,
Gladsome hallelujahs sing,
All around with praises ring:
Lo, abundantly they bloom,
Lebanon is hither come;
Carmel's stores the heavens dispense,
Sharon's fertile excellence.

3 See, these barren souls of ours
Bloom and put forth fruits and flowers,
Flowers of Eden, fruits of grace,
Peace, and joy, and righteousness:
We behold (the abjects we!)
Christ, th' incarnate Deity,
Christ, in whom thy glories shine,
Excellence of strength divine.

4 Ye that tremble at his frown,
He shall lift your hands, cast down;
Christ, who all your weakness sees,
He shall prop your feeble knees:
Ye of fearful hearts, be strong,
Jesus will not tarry long;
Fear not lest his truth should fail,
Jesus is unchangeable.

5 God, your God shall surely come,
Quell your foes and seal their doom;
He shall come, and save you too:
We, O Lord, have found thee true;
Blind we were, but now we see;
Deaf, we hearken now to thee;
Dumb, for thee our tongues employ;
Lame, and, lo, we leap for joy.

6 Faint we were and parched with droug'
Water at thy word gushed out;
Streams of grace our thirst repress,
Starting from the wilderness:
Still we gasp thy grace to know—
Here for ever let it flow;
Make the thirsty land a pool,
Fix the Spirit in our soul.

HYMN 662. C. M.

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

2 In darkest shades, if thou appear,
My dawning is begun;
Thou art my soul's bright morning star,
And thou my rising sun.

3 The opening heavens around me shine
With beams of sacred bliss,
If Jesus shows his mercy mine,
And whispers I am his.

4 My soul would leave this heavy clay
At that transporting word,
Run up with joy the shining way,
To see and praise my Lord.

5 Fearless of hell and ghastly death,
I'd break through every foe;
The wings of love and arms of faith
Would bear me conqueror through.

HYMN 663. C. M.

1 MY God, my portion, and my love,
My everlasting all!
I've none but thee in heaven above,
Or on this earthly ball.

2 What empty thing are all the skies,
And this inferior clod!
There's nothing here deserves my joys,
There's nothing like my God.

3 To thee we owe our wealth and friends,
And health, and safe abode;
Thanks to thy name for meaner things,
But they are not my God.

4 Were I possessor of the earth,
And called the stars my own,
Without thy graces and thyself,
I were a wretch undone.

5 Let others stretch their arms like seas,
And grasp in all the shore,
Grant me the visits of thy face,
And I desire no more.

HYMN 664. C. M.

1 HOW happy every child of grace
Who knows his sins forgiven!
This earth, he cries, is not my place,
I seek my place in heaven,
A country far from mortal sight,
Yet, oh, by faith I see,
The land of rest, the saints' delight,
The heaven prepared for me.

2 O what a blessed hope is ours,
While here on earth we stay!
We more than taste the heavenly powers,
And antedate that day;
We feel the resurrection near,
Our life in Christ concealed,
And with his glorious presence here
Our earthen vessels filled.

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

HYMN 665. L. M.

1 LORD, how secure and blest are they
Who feel the joys of pardoned sin!
Should storms of wrath shake earth and sea,
Their minds have heaven and peace within.

2 The day glides sweetly o'er their heads,
Made up of innocence and love;
And soft and silent as the shades
Their nightly minutes gently move.

3 Quick as their thoughts their joys come on,
But fly not half so swift away;
Their souls are ever bright as noon,
And calm as summer evening's ray.

4 How oft they look to th' heavenly hills,
Where groves of living pleasures grow!
And longing hopes and cheerful smiles
Sit undisturbed upon their brow.

5 They scorn to seek out golden toys,
But spend the day, and share the night,
In numbering o'er the richer joys
That heaven prepares for their delight.

X. LOVE.

HYMN 666. S. M.

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 Thy shining grace can cheer
This dungeon where I dwell;
'Tis Paradise when thou art here,
If thou depart 'tis hell.

3 The smilings of thy face,
How amiable they are!
'Tis heaven to rest in thine embrace,
And no where else but there.

4 To thee, and thee alone,
The angels owe their bliss;
They sit around thy gracious throne,
And dwell where Jesus is.

5 Not all the harps above
Can make a heavenly place,
If God his residence remove,
Or but conceal his face.

6 Nor earth nor all the sky
Can one delight afford,
No, not one drop of real joy,
Without thy presence, Lord.

7 Thou art the sea of love
Where all my pleasures roll,
The circle where my passions move,
And centre of my soul.

8 To thee my spirits fly
With infinite desire;
And yet how far from thee I lie!
O Jesus, raise me higher.

HYMN 667. S. M.

1 LET party names no more
The Christian world o'erspread;
Gentile 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.

HYMN 668. C. M.

1 HAPPY the heart where graces reign,
Where love inspires the breast;
Love is the brightest of the train,
And perfects 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 shall cease;
'Tis this shall strike our joyful strings
In the sweet realms of bliss.

5 Before we quite forsake our clay,
Or leave this dark abode,
The wings of love bear us away
To see our gracious God.

HYMN 669. C. M.

1 DO not I love thee, O my Lord?
Behold my heart and see,
And turn each worthless idol out
That dares to rival thee.

2 Do not I love thee from my soul?
Then let me nothing love;
Dead be my heart to every joy,
When Jesus cannot move.

3 Is not thy name melodious still
To mine attentive ear?
Doth not each pulse with pleasure thrill
My Saviour's voice to hear?

4 Hast thou a lamb in all thy flock
I would disdain to feed?
Hast thou a foe before whose face
I fear thy cause to plead?

5 Would not my heart pour forth its blood
In honor of thy name?
And challenge the cold hand of death
To damp th' immortal flame?

6 Thou know'st I love thee, dearest Lord,
But, oh, I long to soar
Far from the sphere of mortal joys,
And learn to love thee more.

HYMN 670. 8s & 7s.

1 LOVE divine, all love excelling,
Joy of heaven, to earth come down,
Fix in us thy humble dwelling,
All thy faithful mercies crown;
Jesus, thou art all compassion,
Pure unbounded love thou art;
Visit us with thy salvation,
Enter every trembling heart.

2 Come, almighty to deliver,
Let us all thy life receive;
Suddenly return, and never,
Never more thy temples leave:
Thee we would be always blessing,
Serve thee as thy hosts above,
Pray and praise thee without ceasing,
Glory in thy perfect love.

3 Finish then thy new creation,
Pure and spotless let us be;
Let us see thy great salvation,
Perfectly restored in thee,—

Changed from glory into glory,
Till in heaven we take our place,
Till we cast our crowns before thee,
Lost in wonder, love, and praise.

HYMN 671. L. M.

1 FONDLY my foolish heart essays
T' augment the Source of perfect bliss,
Love's all-sufficient sea to raise
With drops of creature happiness.

2 O Love, thy sovereign aid impart,
And guard the gift thyself hast given;
My portion thou, my treasure, art,
And life, and happiness, and heaven.

3 Would aught on earth my wishes share,
Though dear as life the idol be,
That idol from my breast I'd tear,
Resolved to seek my all in thee.

4 Whate'er I fondly counted mine,
To thee, my Lord, I here restore;
Gladly I all for thee resign—
Give me thyself, I ask no more.

HYMN 672. 6 8s.

1 THEE will I love, my strength, my tower;
Thee will I love, my joy, my crown;
Thee will I love, with all my power,
In all thy works, and thee alone;
Thee will I love, till the pure fire
Fills my whole soul with chaste desire.

2 Ah, why did I so late thee know,
Thee, lovelier than the sons of men?
Ah, why did I no sooner go
To thee, the only ease in pain?
Ashamed, I sigh and inly mourn
That I so late to thee did turn.

3 In darkness willingly I strayed,
I sought thee, yet from thee I roved;
Far, wide my wandering thoughts were spread;
Thy creatures more than thee I loved;
And now if more at length I see,
'Tis through thy light, and comes from thee.

4 I thank thee, uncreated Sun,
That thy bright beams on me have shined;
I thank thee, who hast overthrown
My foes, and healed my wounded mind;
I thank thee, whose enlivening voice
Bids my freed heart in thee rejoice.

5 Uphold me in the doubtful race,
Nor suffer me again to stray;
Strengthen my feet with steady pace
Still to press forward in thy way;
My soul and flesh, O Lord of might,
Fill, satiate, with thy heavenly light.

6 Give to mine eyes refreshing tears,
Give to my heart chaste, hallowed fires;
Give to my soul, with filial fears,
The love that all heaven's host inspires,
That all my powers, with all their might,
In thy sole glory may unite.

7 Thee will I love, my joy, my crown;
Thee will I love, my Lord, my God;
Thee will I love, beneath thy frown
Or smile, thy sceptre or thy rod;
What though my flesh and heart decay?
Thee shall I love in endless day

XI. MIND OF CHRIST.

HYMN 673. 7s.

1 LOVING Jesus, gentle Lamb,
In thy gracious hands I am;

Make me, Saviour, what thou art,
Live thyself within my heart.

2 I shall then show forth thy praise,
Serve thee all my happy days;
Then the world shall always see
Christ, the holy child, in me.

HYMN 674. 7s.

1 JESUS, shall I never be
Firmly grounded upon thee?
Never by thy work abide?
Never in thy wounds reside?

2 O how wavering is my mind,
Tossed about with every wind!
O how quickly doth my heart
From the living God depart!

3 Jesus, let my nature feel
Thou art God unchangeable;
Jah, Jehovah, great I AM,
Speak into my soul thy name.

4 Grant that every moment I
May believe, and feel thee nigh,
Steadfastly behold thy face,
'Stablished with abiding grace.

5 Plant, and root, and fix in me
All the mind that was in thee;
Settled peace I then shall find—
Jesus' is a quiet mind.

6 Anger I no more shall feel,
Always even, always still,
Meekly on my God reclined—
Jesus' is a gentle mind.

7 I shall suffer and fulfil
All my Father's gracious will;
Be in all alike resigned—
Jesus' is a patient mind.

8 When 'tis deeply rooted here,
Perfect love shall cast out fear;
Fear doth servile spirits bind—
Jesus' is a noble mind.

9 When I feel it fixed within,
I shall have no power to sin;
How shall sin an entrance find?
Jesus' is a spotless mind.

10 I shall nothing know beside
Jesus, and him crucified;
Perfectly to him be joined—
Jesus' is a loving mind.

11 I shall triumph evermore,
Gratefully my God adore,
God, so good, so true, so kind—
Jesus' is a thankful mind.

12 Lowly, loving, meek, and pure,
I shall to the end endure,
Be no more to sin inclined—
Jesus' is a constant mind.

13 I shall fully be restored
To the image of my Lord,
Witnessing to all mankind
Jesus' is a perfect mind.

HYMN 675. C. M.

1 O FOR a heart to praise my God,
A heart from sin set free,
A heart that always feels the blood
So freely spilt for me.

2 A heart resigned, submissive, meek,
My great Redeemer's throne,
Where only Christ is heard to speak,
Where Jesus reigns alone.

3 O for a lowly, contrite heart,
Believing, true, and clean!
Which neither life nor death can part
From him that dwells within.

4 A heart in every thought renewed,
And full of love divine,
Perfect, and right, and pure, and good,
A copy, Lord, of thine.

HYMN 676. L. M.

1 JESUS, my Saviour, let me be
More perfectly conformed to thee;
Implant each grace, each sin dethrone,
And form my temper like thine own.

2 My foe, when hungry, let me feed,
Share in his grief, supply his need;
The haughty frown may I not fear,
But with a lowly meekness bear.

3 Let the envenomed heart and tongue,
The hand outstretched to do me wrong,
Excite no feelings in my breast
But such as Jesus once expressed.

4 To others let me always give
What I from others would receive,
Good deeds for evil ones return,
Nor, when provoked, with anger burn.

5 This will proclaim how bright and fair
The precepts of the gospel are;
And God himself, the God of love,
His own resemblance will approve.

XII. RESIGNATION.

HYMN 677. C. M.

1 MY times of sorrow and of joy,
Great God, are in thy hand;
My choicest comforts come from thee,
And go at thy command.

2 If thou shouldst take them all away,
Yet would I not repine;
Before they were possessed by me
They were entirely thine.

3 Nor would I drop a murmuring word,
Though the whole world were gone,
But seek enduring happiness
In thee, and thee alone.

HYMN 678. C. M.

1 SINCE all the varying scenes of time
God's watchful eye surveys,
O who so wise to choose our lot,
Or to appoint our ways!

2 Good when he gives, supremely good,
Nor less when he denies;
E'en crosses from his sovereign hand
Are blessings in disguise.

3 Why should we doubt a Father's love,
So constant and so kind?
To his unerring, gracious will
Be every wish resigned.

4 In the fair book of life divine,
My God, inscribe my name;
There let it fill some humble place
Beneath my Lord, the Lamb.

HYMN 679. C. M.

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, let me rather freely yield
What most I prize, to thee,
Who never hast a good withheld,
Or wilt withhold from me.

4 Thy favor all my journey through
Thou art engaged to grant;
What else I want, or think I do,
'Tis better still to want.

5 Wisdom and mercy guide my way—
Shall I resist them both?
A poor blind creature of a day,
And crushed before the moth!

6 But, ah, my inmost spirit cries,
Still bind me to thy sway,
Else the next cloud that veils my skies
Drives all these thoughts away.

HYMN 680. C. M.

1 IT is the Lord, enthroned in light,
Whose claims are all divine,
Who has an undisputed right
To govern me and mine.

2 It is the Lord—should I distrust,
Or contradict his will,
Who cannot do but what is just,
And must be righteous still?

3 It is the Lord—who gives me all
My wealth, my friends, my ease;
And of his bounties may recall
Whatever part he please.

4 It is the Lord—who can sustain
Beneath the heaviest load,
From whom assistance I obtain
To tread the thorny road.

5 It is the Lord—whose matchless skill
Can from afflictions raise
Blessings, eternity to fill
With ever-growing praise.

6 Can I, with hopes so firmly built,
Be sullen, or repine?
No, gracious God—take what thou wilt,
To thee I all resign,

HYMN 681. L. M.

1 THOU Lamb of God, thou Prince of peace,
For thee my thirsty soul doth pine,
My longing heart implores thy grace—
O make me in thy likeness shine!

2 With fraudless, even, humble mind,
Thy will in all things may I see;
In love be every wish resigned,
And hallowed my whole heart to thee.

3 When pain o'er my weak flesh prevails,
With lamb-like patience arm my breast;
When grief my wounded soul assails,
In lowly meekness may I rest.

4 Close by thy side still may I keep,
Howe'er life's various current flow;
With steadfast eye mark every step,
And follow thee where'er thou go.

5 Thou, Lord, the dreadful fight hast won,
Alone thou hast the wine-press trod;
In me thy strength'ning grace be shown,
O may I conquer through thy blood!

6 So, when on Zion thou shalt stand,
And all heaven's host adore their King,
Shall I be found at thy right hand,
And, free from pain, thy glories sing.

XIII. WISDOM.

HYMN 682. C. M.

1 O HAPPY is the man who hears
Religion's warning voice,
And who celestial wisdom makes
His early, only choice.

2 For she has treasures greater far
Than east or west unfold;
More precious are her bright rewards
Than gems or stores of gold.

3 Her right hand offers to the just
Immortal, happy days;
Her left imperishable wealth
And heavenly crowns displays.

4 And as her holy labors rise,
So her rewards increase:
Her ways are ways of pleasantness,
And all her paths are peace.

HYMN 683. L. M.

1 HAPPY the man that finds the grace,
The blessing of God's chosen race,
The wisdom coming from above,
The faith that sweetly works by love.

2 Happy, beyond description, he
Who knows "the Saviour died for me,'
The gift unspeakable obtains,
And heavenly understanding gains

3 Wisdom divine! who tells the price
Of wisdom's costly merchandise?
Wisdom to silver we prefer,
And gold is dross compared to her.

4 Her hands are filled with length of days,
True riches, and immortal praise—
Riches of Christ, on all bestowed,
And honor that descends from God.

5 To purest joys she all invites,
Chaste, holy, spiritual delights;
Her ways are ways of pleasantness,
And all her flowery paths are peace.

6 Happy the man who wisdom gains,
Thrice happy who his guest retains;
He owns, and shall for ever own,
Wisdom and Christ and heaven are one.

HYMN 684. L. M.

1 TO us the voice of wisdom cries,
"Hearken, ye children, and be wise;
Better than gold the fruit I bear,
Rubies with me may not compare.

2 "Happy the man who daily waits
To hear me watching at my gates;
Wretched is he who scorns my voice,
Death and destruction are his choice.

3 "To them that love me I am kind,
And those who seek me early, find;
My son, give me thy heart, and learn
Wisdom from folly to discern.

4 "The Lord possessed me ere of old
His hand the firmament unrolled,
Before he bade the mountains stand,
Or poured the ocean round the land.

5 "Rejoicing then before his throne,
From everlasting I was known;
Rejoicing still as in his sight,
With men on earth is my delight.

6 "Mark the beginning of my law,
Fear ye the Lord with sacred awe;
Mark the fulfilment of the whole,
Love ye the Lord with all your soul."

7 We hear, we learn; may we obey;
Jesus, the life, the truth, the way,
Wisdom and righteousness we see,
Grace and salvation, all in thee.

HYMN 685. 4 8s & 2 6s.

1 BE it my only wisdom here
To serve the Lord with filial fear,
With loving gratitude:
Superior sense may I display,
By shunning every evil way,
And walking in the good.

2 O may I still from sin depart;
A wise and understanding heart,
Jesus, to me be given!
And let me through thy Spirit know
To glorify my God below,
And find my way to heaven.

SANCTIFICATION.

HYMN 686. S. M.

1 FATHER, I dare believe
Thee merciful and true;
Thou wilt my guilty soul forgive,
My fallen soul renew.

2 Come then, for Jesus' sake,
And bid my heart be clean,
An end of all my troubles make,
An end of all my sin.

3 I cannot wash my heart,
But by believing thee,
And waiting for thy blood t' impart
The spotless purity

4 While at thy cross I lie,
Jesus, the grace bestow;
Now thy all-cleansing blood apply,
And I am white as snow.

HYMN 687. S. M.

1 O COME, and dwell in me,
Spirit of power within,
And bring the glorious liberty
From sorrow, fear, and sin!

2 Hasten the joyful day
Which shall my sins consume,
When old things shall be passed away,
And all things new become!

3 I want the witness, Lord,
That all I do is right,
According to thy will and word,
Well-pleasing in thy sight.

4 I ask no higher state—
Indulge me but in this,
And soon or later then translate
To my eternal bliss!

HYMN 688. 7s 6s & 1 8.

1 EVER fainting with desire,
For thee, O Christ, I call;
Thee I restlessly require,
I want my God, my All!
Jesus, my redeeming Lord,
I wait thy coming from above:
Help me, Saviour, speak the word,
And perfect me in love.

2 Wilt thou suffer me to go
Lamenting all my days?
Shall I never, never know
Thy sanctifying grace?
Wilt thou not thy light afford,
The darkness from my soul remove?
Help me, Saviour, speak the word,
And perfect me in love.

3 Lord, if I on thee believe,
The second gift impart;
With the in-dwelling Spirit give
A new, a contrite heart.

If with love thy heart be stored,
If now o'er me thy bowels move,
Help me, Saviour, speak the word,
And perfect me in love.

HYMN 689. C. M.

1 MY God, I know, I feel thee mine,
And will not quit my claim
Till all I have is lost in thine,
And all renewed I am.

2 I hold thee with a trembling hand,
And will not let thee go,
Till steadfastly by faith I stand,
And all thy goodness know.

3 Jesus, thine all-victorious love
Shed in my heart abroad;
Then shall my feet no longer rove,
Rooted and fixed in God.

4 O that in me the sacred fire
Might now begin to glow,
Burn up the dross of base desire,
And make the mountains flow.

5 O that it now from heaven might fall,
And all my sins consume;
Come, Holy Ghost, for thee I call,
Spirit of burning, come.

6 Refining fire, go through my heart,
Illuminate my soul;
Scatter thy life through every part,
And sanctify the whole.

HYMN 690. C. M.

1 LORD, I believe a rest remains
To all thy people known,
A rest where pure enjoyment reigns,
And thou art loved alone.

2 A rest where all our soul's desire
Is fixed on things above,
Where pride and unbelief expire,
Cast out by perfect love.

3 O that I now the rest might know,
Believe and enter in!
Now, Saviour, now the power bestow,
And let me cease from sin.

4 Remove this hardness from my heart,
This unbelief remove;
To me the rest of faith impart,
The sabbath of thy love.

5 I would be thine, thou know'st I would,
And have thee all my own;
Thee, O my all-sufficient Good,
I want, and thee alone.

6 Thy name to me, thy nature grant—
This, only this be given;
Nothing beside my God I want,
Nothing in earth or heaven.

HYMN 691. C. M.

1 O JESUS, at thy feet we wait
Till thou shalt bid us rise,
Restored to our unsinning state,
To love's sweet Paradise.

2 Saviour from sin, we thee receive;
From all in-dwelling sin
Thy blood, we steadfastly believe,
Shall make us throughly clean.

3 Since thou wouldst have us free from sin,
And pure as those above,
Make haste to bring thy nature in,
And perfect us in love.

4 The counsel of thy love fulfil;
Come quickly, gracious Lord!
Be it according to thy will,
According to thy word.

5 O that the perfect grace were given,
The love diffused abroad!
O that our hearts were all a heaven,
For ever filled with God!

HYMN 692. C. M.

1 GOD of eternal truth and grace,
Thy faithful promise seal;
Thy word, thy oath to Abram's race,
In us, e'en us, fulfil.

2 Let us, to perfect love restored,
Thy image here retrieve,
And in the presence of our Lord
The life of angels live.

3 That mighty faith on me bestow
Which cannot ask in vain,
Which holds and will not let thee go
Till I my suit obtain;

4 Till thou into my soul inspire
The perfect love unknown,
And tell my infinite desire,
"Whate'er thou wilt, be done."

5 But is it possible that I
Should live and sin no more?
Lord, if on thee I dare rely,
The faith shall bring the power.

6 On me that faith divine bestow
Which doth the mountain move,
And all my spotless life shall show
Th' omnipotence of love.

HYMN 693. C. M.

1 FOR ever here my rest shall be,
Close to thy bleeding side;
This all my hope and all my plea,
"For me the Saviour died."

2 My dying Saviour and my God,
Fountain for guilt and sin,
Sprinkle me ever with thy blood,
And cleanse and keep me clean.

3 Wash me and make me thus thine own!
Wash me, and mine thou art!
Wash me, but not my feet alone,
My hands, my head, my heart!

4 Th' atonement of thy blood apply,
Till faith to sight improve,
Till hope in full fruition die,
And all my soul be love.

HYMN 694. C. M.

1 JESUS, my life, thyself apply,
The Holy Spirit breathe;
My vile affections crucify,
Conform me to thy death.

2 Conqu'ror of hell, and earth, and sin,
Still with the rebel strive;
Enter my soul, and work within,
And kill, and make alive.

3 More of thy life, and more, I have,
As the old Adam dies;
Bury me, Saviour, in thy grave,
That I with thee may rise.

4 Reign in me, Lord, thy foes control;
Who would not own thy sway?
Diffuse thine image through my soul,
Shine to the perfect day.

5 Scatter the last remains of sin,
And seal me thine abode;
O make me glorious all within,
A temple, built by God!

HYMN 695. C. M.

1 I KNOW that my Redeemer lives,
And ever prays for me;
A token of his love he gives,
A pledge of liberty.

2 I find him lifting up my head,
He brings salvation near;
His presence makes me free indeed,
And he will soon appear.

3 He wills that I should holy be,—
What can withstand his will?
The counsel of his grace in me
He surely shall fulfil!

4 Jesus, I hang upon thy word;
I steadfastly believe
Thou wilt return, and claim me, Lord,
And to thyself receive.

5 When God is mine, and I am his,
Of Paradise possessed,
I taste unutterable bliss,
And everlasting rest.

HYMN 696. C. M.

1 COME, O my God, the promise seal,
This mountain sin remove!
Now in my waiting soul reveal
The virtue of thy love.

2 I want thy life, thy purity,
Thy righteousness brought in;
I ask, desire, and trust in thee
To be redeemed from sin

3 For this, as taught by thee, I pray,
And can no longer doubt;
Remove from hence, (to sin I say,)
Be cast this moment out.

4 Saviour, to thee my soul looks up,
My present Saviour thou!
In all the confidence of hope
I claim the blessing now!

HYMN 697. C. M.

1 JESUS hath died that I might live,
Might live to God alone,
In him eternal life receive,
And be in spirit one.

2 Saviour, I thank thee for the grace,
The gift unspeakable,
And wait with arms of faith t' embrace,
And all thy love to feel.

3 My soul breaks out in strong desire
The perfect bliss to prove;
My longing heart is all on fire
To be dissolved in love.

4 Give me thyself! from every boast,
From every wish set free;
Let all I am in thee be lost,
But give thyself to me!

5 Thy gifts, alas, cannot suffice,
Unless thyself be given;
Thy presence makes my Paradise,
And where thou art is heaven!

HYMN 698. C. M.

1 I ASK the gift of righteousness,
The sin-subduing power,
Power to believe, and go in peace,
And never grieve thee more.

2 I ask the blood-bought pardon sealed,
The liberty from sin,
The grace infused, the love revealed,
The kingdom fixed within.

3 Thou hear'st me for salvation pray,
Thou seest my heart's desire;
Made ready in thy powerful day,
Thy fulness I require.

4 My vehement soul cries out oppressed,
Impatient to be freed;
Nor can I, Lord, nor will I rest
Till I am saved indeed.

5 Art thou not able to convert,
Art thou not willing too,
To change this old rebellious heart,
To conquer and renew?

6 Thou canst, thou wilt, I dare believe—
So arm me with thy power,
That I to sin shall never cleave,
Shall never feel it more.

HYMN 699. L. M.

1 QUICKENED with our immortal Head,
Who daily, Lord, ascend with thee,
Redeemed from sin, and free indeed,
We taste our glorious liberty.

2 Saved from the fear of hell and death,
With joy we seek the things above;
And all thy saints the spirit breathe
Of power, sobriety, and love.

3 Pure love to God thy members find,
Pure love to every soul of man;
And in thy sober, spotless mind,
Saviour, our heaven on earth we gain.

4 Author and sum of heavenly bliss,
Thee let our souls and bodies prove,
Implunged in that unknown abyss,
That ocean of redeeming love.

HYMN 700. L. M.

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

2 When shall mine eyes behold the Lamb?
The God of my salvation see?
Weary, O Lord, thou know'st I am,
Yet still I cannot come to thee.

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

4 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.

5 Fain would I learn of thee, my God,
Thy light and easy burden prove,
The cross, all stained with hallowed blood,
The labor of thy dying love.

6 I would, but thou must give the power,
My heart from every sin release;
Bring near, bring near the joyful hour,
And fill me with thy perfect peace?

Come, Lord, the drooping sinner cheer,
Nor let thy chariot wheels delay;
Appear, in my poor heart appear!
My God, my Saviour, come away.

TRIUMPH IN DEATH.

HYMN 701. 8 7s.

1 BLESSING, honor, thanks, and praise
Pay we, gracious God, to thee:
Thou, in thine abundant grace,
Givest us the victory;
True and faithful to thy word,
Thou hast glorified thy Son,
Jesus Christ, our dying Lord;
He for us the fight hath won.

2 Lo! the prisoner is released,
Lighted of his fleshly load;
Where the weary are at rest,
He is gathered into God!
Lo! the pain of life is past,
All his warfare now is o'er;
Death and hell behind are cast,
Grief and suffering are no more.

3 Yes, the Christian's course is run,
Ended is the glorious strife;
Fought the fight, the work is done,
Death is swallowed up of life!
Borne by angels on their wings,
Far from earth the spirit flies,
Finds his God and sits and sings,
Triumphing in Paradise.

4 Join we then, with one accord,
In the new, the joyful song;
Absent, from our loving Lord,
We shall not continue long;
We shall quit the house of clay,
We a better lot shall share,
We shall see the realms of day,
Meet our happy brother there.

5 Let the world bewail their dead,
Fondly of their loss complain;
Brother, friend, by Jesus freed,
Death to thee, to us is gain:
Thou art entered into joy:
Let the unbelievers mourn;
We in songs our lives employ,
Till we all to God return.

HYMN 702. C. M.

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

2 In hope of that immortal crown,
I now the cross sustain,
And gladly wander up and down,
And smile at toil and pain;
I suffer on my three score years,
'Till my Deliverer come,
And wipe away his servant's tears,
And take his exile home.

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

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

HYMN 703. 8s & 7s.

1 HAPPY soul, thy days are ended,
All thy mourning days below;
Go, by angel guards attended,
To the sight of Jesus go!

2 Waiting to receive thy spirit,
Lo! the Saviour stands above,
Shows the purchase of his merit,
Reaches out the crown of love.

3 Struggle through thy latest passion
To thy dear Redeemer's breast,
To his uttermost salvation,
To his everlasting rest.

4 For the joy he sets before thee,
Bear a momentary pain;
Die, to live the life of glory,
Suffer with thy Lord to reign.

HYMN 704. P. M.

1 VITAL spark of heavenly flame!
Quit, O quit this mortal frame!
Trembling, hoping, lingering, flying,
O the pain, the bliss of dying!
Cease, fond nature, cease thy strife,
And let me languish into life.

2 Hark! they whisper! angels say,
Sister spirit, come away!
What is this absorbs me quite,—
Steals my senses, shuts my sight,
Drowns my spirit, draws my breath,—
Tell me, my soul, can this be death?

3 The world recedes, it disappears!
Heaven opens on my eyes! my ears
With sounds seraphic ring!
Lend, lend your wings! I mount! I fly!
O grave, where is thy victory!
O death, where is thy sting!

HYMN 705. L. M.

1 WHY should we start, and fear to die!
What timorous worms we mortals are!
Death is the gate to endless joy,
And yet we dread to enter there.

2 The pains, the groans, and dying strife,
Fright our approaching souls away;
Still shrink we back again to life,
Fond of our prison and our clay.

3 O! if my Lord would come and meet,
My soul should stretch her wings in haste.
Fly fearless through death's iron gate,
Nor feel the terrors as she passed.

4 Jesus can make a dying bed
Feel soft as downy pillows are,
While on his breast I lean my head,
And breathe my life out sweetly there.

GLORY IN THE RESURRECTION.

HYMN 641. S. M.

1 AND must this body die?
This well-wrought frame decay?
And must these active limbs of mine
Lie mouldering in the clay?

2 Corruption, earth, and worms
Shall but refine this flesh,
Till my triumphant spirit comes
To put it on afresh.

3 God my Redeemer lives,
And ever, from the skies,
Looks down and watches all my dust,
Till he shall bid it rise.

4 Arrayed in glorious grace,
Shall these vile bodies shine,
And every shape and every face
Be heavenly and divine.

5 These lively hopes we owe,
Lord, to thy dying love:
O may we bless thy grace below,
And sing thy power above.

6 Saviour, accept the praise
Of these our humble songs,
Till tunes of nobler sounds we raise
With our immortal tongues,

HYMN 707. C. M.

1 HEAR what the voice from heaven proclaims
For all the pious dead:
Sweet is the savor of their names,
And soft their dying bed.

2 They die in Jesus, and are blest;
How calm their slumbers are!
From sufferings and from woes released,
And freed from every snare,

3 Till that illustrious morning come,
When all thy saints shall rise,
And, decked in full immortal bloom,
Attend thee to the skies.

4 Their tongues, great Prince of life, shall join
With their recovered breath,
And all th' immortal host ascribe
Their victory to thy death.

HYMN 708. 8s & 7s.

1 IN this world of sin and sorrow,
Compassed round with many a care,
From eternity we borrow
Hope that can exclude despair.

2 Thee, triumphant God and Saviour,
In the glass of faith we see!
O assist each faint endeavor!
Raise our earth-born souls to thee.

3 Place that awful scene before us
Of the last tremendous day,
When to life thou wilt restore us;—
Lingering ages, haste away!—

4 When this vile and sinful nature
Incorruption shall put on:
Life-renewing, glorious Saviour,
Let thy glorious will be done.

HYMN 709. L. M.

1 SHALL man, O God of light and life,
For ever moulder in the grave?
Canst thou forget thy glorious work,
Thy promise and thy power to save?

2 In those dark, silent realms of night,
Shall peace and hope no more arise?
No future morning light the tomb,
Nor day-star gild the darksome skies?

3 Cease, cease, ye vain, desponding fears;
When Christ, our Lord, from darkness sprang,
Death, the last foe, was captive led,
And heaven with praise and wonder rang.

4 Faith sees the bright eternal doors
Unfold to make his children way;
They shall be clothed with endless life,
And shine in everlasting day.

5 The trump shall sound—the dead shall wake!
From the cold tomb the slumbers spring!
Through heaven, with joy, their myriads rise,
And hail their Saviour and their King.

HYMN 710. L. M.

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 sin and grief 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.

APPROVAL IN THE JUDGMENT.

HYMN 711. S. M.

1 THOU Judge of quick and dead,
Before whose bar severe,
With holy joy or guilty dread,
We all shall soon appear,

Our cautioned souls prepare
For that tremendous day,
And fill us now with watchful care,
And stir us up to pray;

2 To pray, and wait the hour,
That awful hour unknown,
When, robed in majesty and power,
Thou shalt from heaven come down,
Th' immortal Son of man,
To judge the human race,
With all thy Father's dazzling train,
With all thy glorious grace.

3 To damp our earthly joys,
T' increase our gracious fears,
For ever let the archangel's voice
Be sounding in our ears
The solemn midnight cry,
"Ye dead, the Judge is come;
Arise and meet him in the sky,
And meet your instant doom!"

4 O may we thus be found
Obedient to his word;
Attentive to the trumpet's sound,
And looking for the Lord!
O may we thus insure
A lot among the blest,
And watch a moment—to secure
An everlasting rest!

HYMN 712. 7 6s & 1 8.

1 STAND, th' Omnipotent decree,
Jehovah's will be done!
Nature's end we wait to see,
And hear her final groan.

Let this earth dissolve, and blend
In death the wicked and the just;
Let those pond'rous orbs descend,
And grind us into dust.

2 Rests secure the righteous man!
At his Redeemer's beck,
Sure t' emerge and rise again,
And mount above the wreck;
Lo! the heavenly spirit towers
Like flame o'er nature's funeral pyre,
Triumphs in immortal powers,
And claps his wings of fire!

3 Nothing hath the just to lose,
By worlds on worlds destroyed;
Far beneath his feet he views,
With smiles, the flaming void;
Sees the universe renewed,
The grand millennial reign begun;
Shouts, with all the sons of God,
Around th' eternal throne!

4 Resting in this glorious hope,
To be at last restored,
Yield we now our bodies up
To earthquake, plague, or sword:
Listening for the call divine,
The latest trumpet of the seven,
Soon our soul and dust shall join,
And both fly up to heaven.

HYMN 713. 8s 7s & 1 4.

1 LO! He cometh—countless trumpets
Wake to life the slumb'ring dead,
'Midst ten thousand saints and angels
See their great exalted Head:
Hallelujah!
Welcome, welcome, Son of God!

2 Full of joyful expectation,
Saints, behold the Judge appear!
Truth and justice go before him—
Now the joyful sentence hear:
Hallelujah!
Welcome, welcome, Judge divine!

3 "Come, ye blessed of my Father,
Enter into life and joy;
Banish all your fears and sorrows,
Endless praise be your employ:"
Hallelujah!
Welcome, welcome to the skies!

HYMN 714. 8s 7s & 1 4.

1 LIFT your heads, ye friends of Jesus,
Partners in his sufferings here;
Christ, to all believers precious,
Lord of lords, shall soon appear:
Mark the tokens
Of his heavenly kingdom near!

2 Close behind the tribulation
Of the last tremendous days,
See the flaming revelation,
See the universal blaze!
Earth and heaven
Melt before the Judge's face!

3 Sun and moon are both confounded,
Darkened into endless night,
When, with angel hosts surrounded,
In his Father's glory bright
Beams the Saviour,
Shines the everlasting Light.

4 See the stars from heaven falling,
Hark on earth the doleful cry,
Men on rocks and mountains calling,

While the frowning Judge draws nigh,
" Hide us, hide us,
Rocks and mountains, from his eye!"

5 With what different exclamation
Shall the saints his banner see!
By the tokens of his passion,
By the marks received for me,
All discern him,
All with shouts cry out, " 'Tis He!"

6 Yes, the prize shall then be given,
We his open face shall see;
Love, the earnest of our heaven,
Love our full reward shall be;
Love shall crown us
Kings, through all eternity.

HYMN 715. L. M.

1 THE great archangel's trump shall sound,
(While twice ten thousand thunders roar)
Tear up the graves and cleave the ground,
And make the greedy sea restore.

2 The greedy sea shall yield her dead,
The earth no more her slain conceal;
Sinners shall lift their guilty head,
And shrink to see a yawning hell.

3 But we who now our Lord confess,
And faithful to the end endure,
Shall stand in Jesus' righteousness,
Stand as the Rock of ages, sure.

4 We, while the stars from heaven shall fall,
And mountains are on mountains hurled,
Shall stand unmoved amidst them all,
And smile to see a burning world.

5 The earth and all the works therein
Dissolve, by raging flames destroyed,
While we survey the awful scene,
And mount above the fiery void.

6 By faith we now transcend the skies,
And on that ruined world look down;
By love above all height we rise,
And share the everlasting throne.

IMMORTALITY IN HEAVEN.

HYMN 716. P. M.

1 THE God of Abra'm praise,
Who reigns enthroned above,
Ancient of everlasting days,
And God of love,
Jehovah, great I AM,
By earth and heaven confest;
I bow and bless the sacred Name,
For ever blest.

2 The God of Abra'm praise,
At whose supreme command
From earth I rise, and seek the joys
At his right hand;
I all on earth forsake,
Its wisdom, fame and power,
And him my only portion make,
My shield and tower.

3 The God of Abra'm praise,
Whose all-sufficient grace
Shall guide me all my happy days,
In all my ways.
He calls a worm his friend,
He calls himself my God;
And he shall save me to the end,
Through Jesus' blood.

4 He by himself hath sworn,
I on his oath depend;
I shall, on eagles' wings upborne,
To heaven ascend;
I shall behold his face,
I shall his power adore,
And sing the wonders of his grace
For evermore.

PART SECOND.

THOUGH nature's strength decay,
And earth and hell withstand,
To Canaan's bounds I urge my way,
At his command;
The watery deep I pass,
With Jesus in my view,
And through the howling wilderness
My way pursue.

2 The goodly land I see,
With peace and plenty blest,
A land of sacred liberty,
And endless rest;
There milk and honey flow,
And oil and wine abound,
And trees of life for ever grow,
With mercy crowned.

3 There dwells the Lord our King,
The Lord our righteousness,
Triumphant o'er the world and sin;
The Prince of peace
On Zion's sacred height
His kingdom still maintains,
And glorious with his saints in light
For ever reigns.

4 He keeps his own secure,
He guards them by his side
Arrays, in garments white and pure,
His spotless bride;
With streams of sacred bliss,
With groves of living joys,
With all the fruits of Paradise,
He still supplies.

PART THIRD.

1 BEFORE the great Three-One
They all exulting stand,
And tell the wonders he hath done
Through all their land:
The listening spheres attend,
And swell the growing fame,
And sing, in songs which never end,
The wondrous Name.

2 The God who reigns on high
The great archangels sing,
And "Holy, holy, holy!" cry;
"Almighty King,
Who was and is the same,
And evermore shall be,
Jehovah, Father, great I AM,
We worship thee."

3 Before the Saviour's face
The ransomed nations bow,
O'erwhelmed at his almighty grace,
For ever new;
He shows his prints of love—
They kindle to a flame,
And sound through all the worlds above,
The slaughtered Lamb.

4 The whole triumphant host
Give thanks to God on high;
"Hail, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost!"
They ever cry:

Hail, Abra'm's God and mine!
(I join the heavenly lays,)
All might and majesty are thine,
And endless praise.

HYMN 717. S. M.

1 WE know, by faith we know,
If this vile house of clay,
This tabernacle, sink below
In ruinous decay,
We have a house above,
Not made with mortal hands,
And firm as our Redeemer's love
That heavenly fabric stands;

2 It stands securely high,
Indissolubly sure—
Our glorious mansion in the sky
Shall evermore endure:
O were we entered there,
To perfect heaven restored!
O were we all caught up to share
The triumph of our Lord!

3 For this in faith we call,
For this we weep and pray:
O might the tabernacle fall!
O might we 'scape away!
Full of immortal hope,
We urge the restless strife,
And hasten to be swallowed up
Of everlasting life.

HYMN 718. 8 7s.

1 WHO are these in bright array?
This innumerable throng,
Round the altar night and day
Tuning their triumphant song?

"Worthy is the Lamb, once slain,
Blessing, honor, glory, power,
Wisdom, riches, to obtain,
New dominion every hour."

2 These through fiery trials trod,
These from great affliction came;
Now, before the throne of God,
Sealed with his eternal name,
Clad in raiment pure and white,
Victor-palms in every hand,
Through their great Redeeemer's might
More than conquerors they stand.

3 Hunger, thirst, disease unknown,
On immortal fruits they feed;
Them the Lamb amidst the throne
Shall to living fountains lead:
Joy and gladness banish sighs,
Perfect love dispels their fears,
And for ever from their eyes
God shall wipe away their tears.

HYMN 719. C. M.

1 THERE is a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign,
Infinite day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain.

2 There everlasting spring abides,
And never-withering flowers;—
Death, like a narrow sea, divides
This heavenly land from ours.

3 Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood
Stand dressed in living green;
So to the Jews old Canaan stood
While Jordan rolled between.

4 But timorous mortals start and shrink
To cross this narrow sea,
And linger, shivering on the brink,
And fear to launch away.

5 O could we make our doubts remove,
Those gloomy thoughts that rise,
And see the Canaan that we love,
With unbeclouded eyes;

6 Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the lanscape o'er,
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood,
Should fright us from the shore.

HYMN 720. C. M.

1 ON Jordan's stormy banks I stand,
And cast a wishful eye
To Canaan's fair and happy land,
Where my possessions lie.

2 O the transporting, rapturous scene
That rises to my sight!
Sweet fields arrayed in living green,
And rivers of delight!

3 There generous fruits that never fail
On trees immortal grow;
There rocks and hills, and brooks and vale
With milk and honey flow.

4 All o'er those wide extended plains
Shines one eternal day;
There God, the Sun, for ever reigns
And scatters night away.

5 No chilling winds nor poisonous breath
Can reach that healthful shore;
Sickness and sorrow, pain and death,
Are felt and feared no more.

6 When shall I reach that happy place,
And be for ever blest?
When shall I see my Father's face,
And in his bosom rest?

7 Filled with delight, my raptured soul,
Would here no longer stay;
Though Jordan's waves around me roll,
Fearless I'd launch away.

8 There, on those high and flowery plains,
Our spirits ne'er shall tire,
But in perpetual, joyful strains
Redeeming love admire.

HYMN 721. C. M.

1 JERUSALEM! my happy home!
Name ever dear to me!
When shall my labors have an end
In joy, and peace, and thee?

2 When shall these eyes thy heaven-built walls
And pearly gates behold?
Thy bulwarks with salvation strong,
And streets of shining gold?

3 O when, thou city of my God,
Shall I the courts ascend
Whose congregation ne'er breaks up,
Whose Sabbath has no end?

4 There happier bowers than Eden's bloom,
Nor sin nor sorrow know:
Blessed seats! through rude and stormy scenes
I onward press to you.

5 Why should I shrink at pain and wo?
Or feel at death dismay?
I've Canaan's goodly land in view,
And realms of endless day.

6 Apostles, martyrs, prophets there
Around my Saviour stand,
And soon my friends in Christ below
Will join the glorious band.

7 Jerusalem! my happy home!
My soul still pants for thee;
Then shall my labors have an end
When I thy joy shall see.

HYMN 722. 6 8s.

1 SINCE o'er thy footstool here below
Such beauteous gems are thrown,
O what magnificence must glow,
My God, around thy throne!
So brilliant here these drops of light,
There the full ocean rolls—how bright!

2 If night's blue curtain of the sky,
With thousand stars inwrought,—
Hung like some royal canopy,
With glittering diamonds fraught,—
Be, Lord, thy temple's outer veil,
What glory round the shrine must dwell!

3 The dazzling sun at noontide hour,
Forth from his flaming vase
Flinging o'er earth his golden shower,
Till vale and mountain blaze,
But shows, O Lord, one beam of thine—
What then the day where thou dost shine?

4 Ah, how shall these dim eyes endure
That noon of living rays?
Or how my spirit, so impure,
Upon thy brightness gaze?
Anoint, O Lord, anoint my sight,
And robe me for that world of light.

HYMN 723. 8 8s.

1 I LONG to behold him arrayed
With glory and light from above—
The King in his beauty displayed,
His beauty of holiest love;
I languish and sigh to be there,
Where Jesus hath fixed his abode;
O when shall we meet in the air,
And fly to the mountain of God!

2 With him I on Zion shall stand,
(For Jesus hath spoken the word,)
The breadth of Immanuel's land
Survey by the light of my Lord;
But when, on thy bosom reclined,
Thy face I am strengthened to see,
My fulness of rapture I find,
My heaven of heavens in thee.

3 How happy the people that dwell
Secure in the city above!
No pain the inhabitants feel,
No sickness or sorrow shall prove:
Physician of souls, unto me
Forgiveness and holiness give;
And then from the body set free,
And then to the city receive.

HYMN 724. 8 8s.

1 O WHEN shall we sweetly remove,
O when shall we enter our rest,
Return to the Zion above,
The mother of spirits distrest!
That city of God, the great King,
Where sorrow and death are no more;
But saints our Immanuel sing,
And cherub and seraph adore.

2 Not all the archangels can tell
The joys of that holiest place
Where Jesus is pleased to reveal
The light of his heavenly face;
When caught in the rapturous flame,
The sight beatific they prove,
And walk in the light of the Lamb,
Enjoying the beams of his love.

3 Thou know'st in the spirit of prayer,
We long thy appearing to see,
Resigned to the burden we bear,
But longing to triumph with thee:
'Tis good at thy word to be here,
'Tis better in thee to be gone,
And see thee in glory appear,
And rise to a share in thy throne.

4 To mourn for thy coming is sweet,
To weep at thy longer delay;
But thou, whom we hasten to meet,
Shalt chase all our sorrows away:
The tears shall be wiped from our eyes
When thee we behold in the cloud,
And echo the joys of the skies,
And shout to the trumpet of God.

HYMN 725. 8 8s.

1 AWAY with our sorrow and fear!
We soon shall recover our home,
The city of saints shall appear,
The day of eternity come;
From earth we shall quickly remove,
And mount to our native abode,
The house of our father above,
The palace of angels and God.

2 Our mourning is all at an end,
When raised by the life-giving Word,
We see the new city descend,
Adorned as a bride for her Lord,
The city so holy and clean,
No sorrow can breathe in the air;
No gloom of affliction or sin,
No shadow of evil is there!

3 By faith we already behold
That lovely Jerusalem here;
Her walls are of jasper and gold,
As crystal her buildings are clear;
Immovably founded in grace,
She stands as she ever has stood,
And brightly her Builder displays,
And flames with the glory of God.

4 No need of the sun in that day,
Which never is followed by night,
Where Jesus's beauties display
A pure and a permanent light;
The Lamb is their light and their sun,
And lo! by reflection they shine,
With Jesus ineffably one,
And bright in effulgence divine!

5 The saints in his presence receive
Their great and eternal reward—
In Jesus, in heaven they live,
They reign in the smile of their Lord:
The flame of angelical love
Is kindled at Jesus's face,
And all the enjoyment above
Consists in the rapturous gaze.

MISCELLANY.

I. PERSONAL AND DOMESTIC DUTIES.

I. PRIVATE DEVOTION.

I. RETIREMENT.

HYMN 726. C. M.

1 FATHER divine, thy piercing eye
Sees through the darkest night;
In deep retirement thou art nigh,
With heart-discerning sight.

2 There may that piercing eye survey
My duteous homage paid
With every morning's dawning ray,
And every evening's shade.

3 O let thy own celestial fire
The incense still inflame,
While my warm vows to thee aspire,
Through my Redeemer's name.

4 So shall the visits of thy love
My soul in secret bless;
So shalt thou deign in worlds above
Thy suppliant to confess.

HYMN 727. C. M.

1 FAR from the world, O Lord, I flee,
From strife and tumult far,
From scenes where Satan wages still
His most successful war.

2 The calm retreat, the silent shade,
With prayer and praise agree,
And seem by thy sweet bounty made
For those who follow thee.

3 There, if thy Spirit touch the soul,
And grace her mean abode,
O with what peace, and joy, and love,
She communes with her God!

4 There, like the nightingale, she pours
Her solitary lays,
Nor asks a witness of her song,
Nor thirsts for human praise.

5 Author and Guardian of my life,
Sweet Source of light divine,
And (all harmonious names in one!)
My Saviour! thou art mine.

6 What thanks I owe thee, and what love!
A boundless, endless store
Shall echo through the realms above
When time shall be no more.

II. READING THE SCRIPTURES.

HYMN 728. 6 8s.

1 WHEN quiet in my house I sit,
Thy Book be my companion still,
My joy thy sayings to repeat,
Talk o'er the records of thy will,
And search the oracles divine
Till every heart-felt word be mine.

2 O may the gracious words divine
Subject of all my converse be;
So will the Lord his follower join,
And walk and talk himself with me;
So shall my heart his presence prove,
And burn with everlasting love.

3 Oft as I lay me down to rest,
O may the reconciling word
Sweetly compose my weary breast,
While on the bosom of my Lord
I sink in blissful dreams away,
And visions of eternal day.

4 Rising to sing my Saviour's praise,
Thee may I publish all day long;
And let thy precious word of grace
Flow from my heart and fill my tongue,
Fill all my life with purest love,
And join me to the church above.

III. WATCHFULNESS.

HYMN 729. S. M.

1 GRACIOUS Redeemer, shake
This slumber from my soul!
Say to me now, "Awake, awake!
And Christ shall make thee whole!"
Lay to thy mighty hand,
Alarm me in this hour,
And make me fully understand
The thunder of thy power.

2 Give me on thee to call,
Always to watch and pray,
Lest I into temptation fall,
And cast my shield away;
For each assault prepared
And ready may I be,
For ever standing on my guard
And looking up to thee!

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

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

4 Thou seest my feebleness;
Jesus, be thou my power,
My help and refuge in distress,
My fortress and my tower!
Give me to trust in thee!
Be thou my sure abode!
My horn, and rock, and buckler be,
My Saviour and my God!

5 Myself I cannot save,
Myself I cannot keep;
But strength in thee I surely have,
Whose eye-lids never sleep:
My soul to thee alone
Now, therefore, I commend;
Thou, Jesus, love me as thy own,
And love me to the end!

HYMN 730. 8s & 6s.

1 HELP, Lord, to whom for help I fly,
And still my tempted soul stand by
Throughout the evil day;
The sacred watchfulness impart,
And keep the issues of my heart,
And stir me up to pray:

2 My soul with thy whole armor arm,
In each approach of sin alarm,
And show the danger near;
Surround, sustain and strengthen me,
And fill with godly jealousy,
And sanctifying fear.

3 Whene'er my careless hands hang down,
O let me see thy gathering frown,
And feel thy warning eye,
And, starting, cry, from ruin's brink,
"Save, Jesus, or I yield, I sink,
O save me, or I die!"

4 If near the pit I rashly stray,
Before I wholly fall away,
The keen conviction dart;
Recall me by that pitying look,
That kind, upbraiding glance which broke
Unfaithful Peter's heart.

5 In me thine utmost mercy show,
And make me, like thyself below,
Unblamable in grace,
Ready prepared, and fitted here,
By perfect holiness, t' appear
Before thy glorious face.

HYMN 731. 6 8s.

1 FATHER, to thee I lift mine eyes,
My longing eyes and restless heart;
Before the morning watch I rise,
And wait to taste how good thou art,
T' obtain the grace I humbly claim,
The saving power of Jesus' name.

2 This slumber from my soul, O shake!
Warn by thy Spirit's inward call!
Let me to righteousness awake,
And pray that I no more may fall,
Or give to sin or Satan place,
But walk in all thy righteous ways.

3 O wouldst thou, Lord, thy servant guard
'Gainst every known or secret foe;
A mind for all assaults prepared,
A sober, vig'lant mind bestow,

Ever apprized of danger nigh,
And when to fight, and when to fly.

4 O never suffer me to sleep
Secure within the verge of hell,
But still my watchful spirit keep
In lowly awe and loving zeal,
And bless me with a godly fear,
And plant that guardian angel here.

5 Attended by the sacred dread,
And wise from evil to depart,
Let me from strength to strength proceed,
And rise to purity of heart,
Through all the paths of duty move
From humble faith to perfect love.

IV. PRAYER.

HYMN 732. S. M.

1 THE praying spirit breathe,
The watching power impart;
From all entanglements beneath
Call off my peaceful heart;
My feeble mind sustain,
By worldly thoughts opprest;
Appear and bid me turn again
To my eternal rest.

2 Swift to my rescue come,
Thy own this moment seize;
Gather my wandering spirit home,
And keep in perfect peace;
Suffered no more to rove
O'er all the earth abroad,
Arrest the prisoner of thy love,
And shut me up in God.

HYMN 688. 5 7s & 3 6s.

1 OPEN, Lord, my inward ear,
And bid my heart rejoice;
Bid my quiet spirit hear
Thy comfortable voice,
Never in the whirlwind found,
Nor where earthquakes rock the place;
Still and silent is the sound—
The whisper of thy grace.

2 From the world of sin, and noise,
And hurry, I withdraw;
For the small and inward voice
I wait with humble awe;
Silent am I now and still,
Dare not in thy presence move;
To my waiting soul reveal
The secret of thy love!

3 Thou didst undertake for me,
For me to death wast sold:
Wisdom in a mystery
Of bleeding love unfold,
Teach the lesson of thy cross,
Let me die with thee to reign;
All things let me count but loss,
So I may thee regain.

4 Show me, as my soul can bear,
The depth of inbred sin;
All the unbelief declare,
The pride that lurks within:
Take me, whom thyself hast bought;
Bring into captivity
Every high aspiring thought
That would not stoop to thee!

5 Lord, my time is in thy hand—
My soul to thee convert;
Thou canst make me understand,
Though I am slow of heart.

Thine, in whom I live and move,
Thine the work, the praise is thine;
Thou art Wisdom, Power, and Love,
And all thou art is mine.

HYMN 734. C. M.

1 FATHER of Jesus Christ, my Lord,
I humbly seek thy face,
Encouraged by the Saviour's word
To ask thy pardoning grace.

2 Entering into my closet, I
The busy world exclude,
In secret prayer for mercy cry,
And groan to be renewed.

3 Far from the paths of men, to thee
I solemnly retire;
See, thou who dost in secret see,
And grant my heart's desire.

4 Thy grace I languish to receive,
The spirit of love and power;
Blameless before thy face to live,
To live and sin no more.

5 Fain would I all thy goodness feel,
And know my sins forgiven,
And do on earth thy perfect will,
As angels do in heaven.

6 O Father, glorify thy Son,
And grant what I require;
For Jesus' sake the gift send down,
And answer me by fire.

7 Kindle the flame of love within,
Which may to heaven ascend;
And now the work of grace begin
Which shall in glory end.

V. PRAISE.

HYMN 735. L. M.

1 SAVIOUR, when night involves the skies,
My soul, adoring, turns to thee,
Thee, self-abased in mortal guise,
And wrapt in shades of death for me.

2 On thee my waking raptures dwell
When crimson gleams the east adown,
Thee, Victor of the grave and hell,
Thee, Source of life's eternal morn.

3 When noon her throne in light arrays,
To thee my soul triumphant springs,
Thee, throned in glory's endless blaze,
Thee, Lord of lords, and King of kings.

4 O'er earth when shades of evening steal,
To death and thee my thoughts I give;
To death, whose power I soon must feel,
To thee, with whom I trust to live.

HYMN 736. L. M.

1 GREAT God, indulge my humble claim,
Be thou 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 fainting heart and lifted hands,
For thee I long, to thee I look,
As travellers in thirsty lands
Pant for the cooling water-brook.

4 Should I from thee, my God, remove,
Life could no lasting bliss afford;
My joy, the sense of pardoning love,
My guard, the presence of my Lord

5 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 fill the circle of my days.

HYMN 737. L. M.

1 HOW do thy mercies close me round!
For ever be thy name adored;
I blush in all things to abound—
The servant is above his Lord.

2 Inured to poverty and pain,
A suffering life my Master led;
The Son of God, the Son of man,
He had not where to lay his head.

3 But, lo, a place he hath prepared
For me, whom watchful angels keep;
Yea, he himself becomes my guard,
He smooths my bed and gives me sleep.

4 Jesus protects—my fears, be gone!
What can the Rock of ages move?
Safe in thy arms I lay me down,
Thy everlasting arms of love.

5 While thou art intimately nigh,
Who, who shall violate my rest?
Sin, earth and hell I now defy;
I lean upon my Saviour's breast.

6 I rest beneath th' Almighty's shade,
My griefs expire, my troubles cease;
Thou, Lord, on whom my soul is stayed,
Wilt keep me still in perfect peace.

7 Me for thine own thou lov'st to take,
In time and in eternity;
Thou never, never wilt forsake
A helpless worm that trusts in thee.

HYMN 738. L. M.

1 O GOD, my God, my all thou art!
Ere shines the dawn of rising day,
Thy sovereign light within my heart,
Thy all-enlivening power, display?

2 For thee my thirsty soul doth pant,
While in this desert land I live;
And, hungry as I am, and faint,
Thy love alone can comfort give.

3 In a dry land, behold, I place
My whole desire on thee, O Lord;
And more I joy to gain thy grace,
Than all earth's treasures can afford.

4 More dear than life itself, thy love
My heart and tongue shall still employ;
And to declare thy praise will prove
My peace, my glory, and my joy.

5 In blessing thee with grateful songs
My happy life shall glide away;
The praise that to thy name belongs
Hourly with lifted hands I'll pay.

6 Abundant sweetness, while I sing
Thy love, my ravished heart o'erflows;
Secure in thee, my God and King,
Of glory that no period knows.

7 Thy name, O God, upon my bed,
Dwells on my lips, and fires my thought;
With trembling awe, in midnight shade,
I muse on all thy hands have wrought.

8 In all I do, I feel thine aid;
Therefore thy greatness will I sing,
O God, who bid'st my heart be glad
Beneath the shadow of thy wing!

9 My soul draws nigh and cleaves to thee;
Then let or earth or hell assail,
Thy mighty hand shall set me free,
For whom thou sav'st, he ne'er shall fail.

VI. MORNING.

HYMN 739. C. M.

1 LORD of my life, O may thy praise
Employ my noblest powers,
Whose goodness lengthens out my days
And fills the circling hours.

2 Preserved by thy almighty arm,
I passed the shades of night,
Serene and safe from every harm,
And see returning light.

3 While many spent the night in sighs,
And restless pains and woes,
In gentle sleep I closed my eyes,
And undisturbed repose.

4 When sleep, death's semblance, o'er me spread,
And I unconscious lay,
Thy watchful care was round my bed
To guard my feeble clay.

5 O let the same almighty care
My waking hours attend,
From every danger, every snare,
My heedless steps defend.

6 Smile on my minutes as they roll,
And guide my future days;
And let thy goodness fill my soul
With gratitude and praise.

HYMN 740. L. M.

1 IN sleep's serene oblivion laid,
I safely passed the silent night;
Again I see the breaking shade,
I drink again the morning light.

2 New-born, I bless the waking hour,
Once more, with awe, rejoice to be;
My conscious soul resumes her power,
And springs, my guardian God, to thee.

3 O guide me through the various maze
My doubtful feet are doomed to tread,
And spread thy shield's protecting blaze
Where dangers press around my head.

4 A deeper shade shall soon impend,
A deeper sleep my eyes oppress;
Yet then thy strength shall still defend,
Thy goodness still delight to bless.

5 That deeper shade shall break away,
That deeper sleep shall leave mine eyes;
Thy light shall give eternal day,
Thy love the rapture of the skies.

HYMN 741. L. M.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

VII. NOON.

HYMN 742. L. M.

1 FULL speed along the world's highway,
By crowds of eager travellers trod,
My soul! my soul! a moment stay,
To hold communion here with God.

2 He spake with Abra'm at the oak,
He called Elisha from the plough,
David he from the sheep-folds took;
Thy day, thine hour of grace is now.

3 Earth, with thy vanities depart!
My God, I stand alone with thee,
Thine eye is looking on my heart;—
O what a noon is risen on me!

4 Struck to the ground, like conscious Saul,
And blinded with the sudden view,
Trembling, astonished, "Lord," I call,
"What wouldst thou have thy servant do?"

5 My sins, as fresh-committed, rise;
My secret sins, by darkness sealed,
Before my Judge's flaming eyes
Are all in naked guilt revealed.

6 Lord, lay thy hand upon my head,
A touch, a word will make me whole;
Speak, with the voice that wakes the dead,
Peace, pardon, comfort to my soul.

7 Then, (though I shudder at this sight,)
Through Him who my offences bore,
In light, as God is in the light,
I walk by faith, and sin no more.

VIII. EVENING.

HYMN 743. 8 7s.

1 OMNIPRESENT God! whose aid
No one ever asked in vain,
Be this night about my bed,
Every evil thought restrain;
Lay thy hand upon my soul,
God of my unguarded hours!
All my enemies control—
Hell, and earth, and nature's powers.

2 O thou jealous God, come down,
God of spotless purity;
Claim, and seize me for thy own,
Consecrate my heart to thee!
Under thy protection take,
Songs in the night season give,
Let me sleep to thee, and wake,
Let me die to thee, and live.

3 Only tell me I am thine,
And thou will not quit thy right;
Answer me in dreams divine,
Dreams and visions of the night:
Bid me e'en in sleep go on,
Restlessly my God desire;
Mourn for God in every groan,
God in every thought require.

4 Loose me from the chains of sense,
Set me from the body free;
Draw with stronger influence
My unfettered soul to thee;
In me, Lord, thyself reveal;
Fill me with a sweet surprise;
Let me thee, when waking, feel;
Let me in thy image rise.

HYMN 744. C. M.

1 INDULGENT Father! by whose care
I've passed another day,
Let me this night thy mercy share,
And teach me how to pray.

2 Show me my sins, and how to mourn
My guilt before thy face;
Direct me, Lord, to Christ alone,
And save me by thy grace.

3 Let each returning night declare
The tokens of thy love,
And every hour thy grace prepare
My soul for joys above.

4 And when on earth I close mine eyes,
To sleep in death's embrace,
Let me to heaven and glory rise,
To enjoy thy smiling face.

HYMN 745. 8s.

1 INSPIRER and hearer of prayer,
Thou shepherd and guardian of thine,
My all to thy covenant care
I, sleeping or waking, resign.

2 If thou art my shield and my sun,
The night is no darkness to me;
And fast as my minutes roll on,
They bring me but nearer to thee.

3 A sovereign protector I have,
Unseen, yet for ever at hand,
Unchangeably faithful to save,
Almighty to rule and command.

4 His smiles and his comforts abound;
His grace, as the dew, shall descend,
And walls of salvation surround
The soul he delights to defend.

HYMN 746. L. M.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

IX. MIDNIGHT.

HYMN 747. 7s.

1 IN a land of strange delight,
My transported spirit strayed:
I awake where all is night,
Silence, solitude, and shade.

2 Is the dream of nature flown?
Is the universe destroyed?
Man extinct, and I alone
Breathing through the formless void?

3 No: my soul, in God rejoice;
Through the gloom his light I see,
In the silence hear his voice,
And his hand is over me.

4 When I slumber in the tomb,
He will guard my resting place:
Fearless in the day of doom,
May I see him face to face.

HYMN 748. L. M.

1 THEE in the watches of the night
Do I not, Lord, remember still,
And meditate, with calm delight,
On the dear counsels of thy will?

2 Thy will is my perfection here,
And sighs for this my whole desire,
T' attain thy heavenly character,
And spotless in thy arms expire.

HYMN 749. L. M.

1 MY God, I now from sleep awake,
The sole possession of me take;
From midnight terrors me secure,
And guard my heart from thoughts impure.

2 Bless'd angels, while we silent lie,
You hallelujahs sing on high;
You joyful hymn the Ever-blest,
Before the throne, and never rest.

3 I with your choir celestial join,
In offering up a hymn divine,
With you in heaven I hope to dwell,
And bid the night and world farewell.

4 My soul, when I shake off this dust,
Lord, in thy arms, I will entrust:
O make me thy peculiar care,
Some mansion for my soul prepare.

5 Give me a place at thy saints' feet,
Or some fallen angel's vacant seat;
I'll strive to sing as loud as they
Who sit above in brighter day.

6 O may I always ready stand,
With my lamp burning in my hand;
May I in sight of heaven rejoice
Whene'er I hear the Bridegroom's voice.

7 All praise to thee, in light arrayed,
Who light thy dwelling place hast made;
A boundlesss ocean of bright beams
From thy all-glorious God-head streams.

8 Bless'd Jesus, thou, on heaven intent,
Whole nights hast in devotion spent;
But I, frail creature, soon am tired,
And all my zeal is soon expired.

9 Shine on me, Lord, new life impart,
Fresh ardors kindle in my heart;
One ray of thy all-quickening light
Dispels the sloth and clouds of night.

10 Lord, lest the tempter me surprise,
Watch over thine own sacrifice;
All loose, all idle thoughts cast out,
And make my very dreams devout.

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

II. FOR PARENTS AND MASTERS.

HYMN 750. C. M.

1 GOD, only wise, almighty, good,
Send forth thy truth and light,
To point us out the narrow road,
And guide our steps aright;

2 To steer our dangerous course between
The rocks on either hand,
And fix us in the golden mean,
And bring our charge to land.

3 Made apt, by thy sufficient grace,
To teach as taught by thee,
We come to train in all thy ways
Our rising progeny.

4 Their selfish will in time subdue,
And mortify their pride,
And lend their youth a sacred clew
To find the Crucified.

5 We would in every step look up,
By thy example taught,
T' alarm their fear, excite their hope,
And rectify their thought.

6 We would persuade their hearts t' obey,
With mildest zeal proceed,
And never take the harsher way
When love will do the deed.

7 For this we ask in faith sincere,
The wisdom from above,
To touch their hearts with filial fear,
And pure ingenuous love!

8 To watch their will to sense inclined,
Withhold the hurtful food,
And gently bend their tender mind,
And draw their souls to God.

HYMN 751. 4 8s & 2 6s.

1 HOW shall I walk my God to please,
And spread content and happiness
O'er all beneath my care?
A pattern to my household give,
And as a guardian angel live,
As Jesus' messenger?

2 The opposite extremes I see,
Remissness and severity,
And know not how to shun
The precipice on either hand,
While in the narrow path I stand,
And dread to venture on.

3 Shall I, through indolence supine,
Neglect, betray my charge divine—
My delegated power,—
The souls I from my Lord receive,
Of whom I an account must give,
At that tremendous hour?

4 Lord over all, and God most high!
Jesus, to thee for help I fly,
For constant power and grace;
That, by thy Spirit taught and led,
I may with confidence proceed,
And all my footsteps trace.

5 O teach me thy first lesson now,
That I to thy sweet yoke may bow,
Thine easy service prove:
Lowly and meek in heart, I see
The art of governing like thee,
Is governing by love.

HYMN 752. 4 8s & 2 6s.

1 I AND my house will serve the Lord;
But, first, obedient to his word
I must myself appear;
By actions, words, and tempers show
That I my heavenly Master know,
And serve with heart sincere.

2 I must the fair example set;
From those who on my pleasure wait
The stumbling block remove;
Their duty by my life explain,
And still in all my works maintain
The dignity of love.

3 Easy to be entreated, mild,
Quickly appeased and reconciled,
A follower of my God;
A saint indeed I long to be,
And lead my faithful family
In the celestial road.

4 Lord, if thou didst the wish infuse,
A vessel fitted for thy use
Into thy hands receive;
Work in me both to will and do,
And show them how believers true
And real Christians live.

5 With all-sufficient grace supply,
And, lo, I come to testify
The wonders of thy name,
Which saves from sin, the world, and hell,
Whose virtue every heart may feel,
And every tongue proclaim.

6 A sinner, saved myself from sin,
I come my family to win,
To preach their sins forgiven;
Children, and wife, and servants seize,
And through the paths of pleasantness
Conduct them all to heaven.

III. FAMILY WORSHIP.

I. MORNING.

HYMN 753. S. M.

1 WE lift our hearts to thee,
O Day-Star from on high;
The sun itself is but thy shade,
Yet cheers both earth and sky.

2 O let thy orient beams
The night of sin disperse,
The mists of error and of vice
Which shade the universe.

3 How beauteous nature now!
How dark and sad before!
With joy we view the pleasing change,
And nature's God adore.

4 O may no gloomy crime
Pollute the rising day!
Or Jesus' blood, like evening dew,
Wash all its stains away.

5 May we this life improve,
To mourn for errors past,
And live this short revolving day
As if it were our last.

6 To God, the Father, Son,
And Spirit, one in three,
Be glory, as it was, is now,
And shall for ever be.

HYMN 754. S. M.

1 TO-MORROW, Lord, is thine,
Lodged in thy sovereign hand,
And if its sun arise and shine,
'Twill shine by thy command.

2 The present moment flies,
And bears our life away:
O make thy servants truly wise,
That they may live to-day.

3 Since on this winged hour
Eternity is hung,
Waken, by thine almighty power,
The aged and the young.

4 One thing demands our care,
O be it still pursued,
Lest, slighted once, the season fair
Should never be renewed.

5 To Jesus may we fly,
Swift as the morning light,
Lest life's young golden beams should die
In sudden, endless night.

HYMN 755. 7s.

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 clear our sight;
In thy service, Lord, to-day,
May we labor, watch, and 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 and sin will be no more
When we reach the heavenly shore.

II. EVENING.

HYMN 756. S. M.

1 THE day is past and gone,
The evening shades appear;
O may we all remember well
The night of death draws near.

2 We lay our garments by,
Upon our beds to rest;
So death shall soon disrobe us all
Of what is here possessed.

3 Lord, keep us safe this night,
Secure from all our fears;
May angels guard us while we sleep,
Till morning light appears.

HYMN 757. C. M.

1 NOW from the altar of our hearts
Let flames of love arise;
Assist us, Lord, to offer up
Our evening sacrifice.

2 Minutes and mercies multiplied
Have made up all this day;
Minutes came quick, but mercies were
More swift, more free than they.

3 New time, new favors, and new joys
Do a new song require;
Till we shall praise thee as we would,
Accept our hearts' desire.

HYMN 758. C. M.

1 DREAD Sovereign, let our evening songs
Like holy incense rise;
Assist the offerings of our tongues
To reach the lofty skies.

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

3 Perpetual blessings from above
Encompass us around;
But ah! how few returns of love
Hath our Redeemer found!

4 What have we done for him who died
To save our sinful souls?
Alas! our sins are multiplied
Fast as each minute rolls.

5 Yet with these guilty hearts of ours,
Lord to thy cross we flee,
And yield them up with all their powers,
To be renewed by thee.

HYMN 759. C. M.

1 O LORD, another day is flown,
And we, a lonely band,
Are met once more before thy throne,
To bless thy fostering hand.

2 And wilt thou lend 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 are we less than they?

4 O, let thy grace perform its part,
And let contention cease;
And shed abroad in ever heart
Thine everlasting peace.

III. MORNING OR EVENING.

HYMN 760. 8 7s.

1 PEACE be on this house bestowed,
Peace on all that here reside!
Let the unknown peace of God
With the man of peace abide,
Let the Spirit now come down,
Let the blessing now take place!
Son of peace, receive thy crown,
Fulness of the gospel grace.

2 Christ my Master and my Lord,
Let me thy forerunner be;
O be mindful of thy word,
Visit them, and visit me!
To this house and all herein,
Now let thy salvation come;
Save our souls from inbred sin,
Make us thy eternal home!

3 Let us never, never rest,
Till the promise is fulfilled;
Till we are of thee possessed,
Pardoned, sanctified, and sealed;
Till we all, in love renewed,
Find the pearl that Adam lost,
Temples of the living God,
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost!

HYMN 761. 8s & 7s.

1 PEACE be to this habitation,
Peace to all that dwell therein,
Peace, the earnest of salvation,
Peace, the fruit of pardoned sin,
Peace that speaks the heavenly Giver,
Peace to worldly minds unknown,
Peace divine, that lasts for ever,
Peace that comes from God alone.

2 Jesus, Prince of peace, be near us,
Fix in all our hearts thy home;
With thy gracious presence cheer us,
Let thy sacred kingdom come;
Raise to heaven our expectation,
Give our favored souls to prove
Glorious and complete salvation
In the realms of bliss above.

HYMN 762. L. M.

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

2 To God, most worthy to be praised,
Be our domestic altars raised;
Who, Lord of heaven, yet deigns to come
And sanctify our humblest home.

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 So may each future age proclaim
The honors of thy glorious name;
And each succeeding race remove
To join the family above.

II. EMBLEMS OF CHRISTIAN LIFE

I. A PILGRIMAGE.

HYMN 763. P. M.

1 FROM Egypt's bondage come,
Where death and darkness reign,
We seek a new, a better home,
Where we our rest shall gain.
Hallelujah!
We are on our way to God.

2 There sin and sorrow cease,
And every conflict o'er,
We there shall dwell in endless peace,
Nor thirst, nor hunger more.
Hallelujah!
We are on our way to God.

3 There, in celestial strains,
Enraptured myriads sing,
And love in every bosom reigns,
For God himself is king.
Hallelujah!
We are on our way to God.

4 We hope to join the throng,
And soon their pleasure share,
And sing the everlasting song,
With all the ransomed there.
Hallelujah!
We are on our way to God.

HYMN 764. 4 6s & 2 8s.

1 COME, all who e'er have set
Your faces Zionward,
In Jesus let us meet,
And praise our common Lord;
In Jesus let us still go on,
Till all appear before his throne.

2 Nearer, and nearer still
We to our country come,
To that celestial hill,
The weary pilgrim's home,
The new Jerusalem above,
The seat of everlasting love.

3 The ransomed sons of God,
All earthly things we scorn,
And to our high abode
With songs of praise return.

From strength to strength we still proceed
With crowns of joy upon our head.

4 The peace and joy of faith
Each moment may we feel;
Redeemed from sin and wrath,
From earth, and death, and hell,
We to our Father's house repair,
To meet our elder Brother there.

5 Our Brother, Saviour, Head,
Our all in all is he;
And in his steps who tread,
We soon his face shall see!
Shall see him with our glorious friends,
And then in heaven our journey ends.

HYMN 765. C. M.

1 SING, all ye ransomed of the Lord,
Your great Deliverer sing;
Pilgrims, for Zion's city bound,
Be joyful in your King.

2 See the fair way his hand hath made,
How peaceful and how plain;
The simplest trav'ler shall not err,
Nor seek the road in vain.

3 No ravening lion shall destroy,
Nor lurking serpent wound;
Safety, support, and heavenly joy,
Through all the way are found.

4 A hand divine shall lead you on
Along the blissful road,
Till to the sacred mount you rise,
And city of your God.

5 There garlands of immortal joy
Shall bloom on every head;
While pain, and sorrow, and distress,
Like shadows, all are fled.

6 Proceed in your Redeemer's strength,
Pursue his footsteps still,
And let the prospect cheer your eyes,
While you ascend the hill.

HYMN 766. 8s 7s & 1 4.

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.

HYMN 767. 4 8s & 2 6s.

1 HOW happy is the pilgrim's lot!
How free from every anxious thought,
From worldly hope and fear!
Confined to neither court nor cell,
His soul disdains on earth to dwell,
He only sojourns here.

2 This happiness in part is mine,
Already saved from low design,
From every creature love!
Blest with the scorn of finite good,
My soul is lightened of its load,
And seeks the things above.

3 The things eternal I pursue,
A happiness beyond the view
Of those that basely pant
For things by nature felt and seen;
Their honors, wealth, and pleasures mean,
I neither have nor want.

4 I have no babes to hold me here;
But children more securely dear
For mine I humbly claim:
Better than daughters or than sons,
Temples divine, of living stones,
Inscribed with Jesus' name.

5 No foot of land do I possess,
No cottage in this wilderness;
A poor way-faring man,
I lodge awhile in tents below,
Or gladly wander to and fro,
Till I my Canaan gain.

6 Nothing on earth I call my own;
A stranger, to the world unknown,
I all their goods despise;
I trample on their whole delight,
And seek a city out of sight,
A city in the skies.

7 There is my house and portion fair;
My treasure and my heart are there,
And my abiding home;
For me my elder brethren stay,
And angels beckon me away,
And Jesus bids me come!

8 I come, thy servant, Lord, replies;
I come to meet thee in the skies,
And claim my heavenly rest!
Now let the pilgrim's journey end;
Now, O my Saviour, Brother, Friend,
Receive me to thy breast!

II. A RACE.

HYMN 768. C. M.

1 NOW let a true ambition rise,
And ardor fire our breast,
To reign in worlds above the skies,
In heavenly glories drest.

2 Behold Jehovah's royal hand
A radiant crown display!
Whose gems with vivid lustre shine,
While stars and suns decay.

3 Away, each grovelling, anxious care,
Beneath a Christian's aim;
We spring to seize immortal joys
In the Redeemer's name.

4 Ye hearts with youthful vigor warm,
The glorious prize pursue;
Nor fear the want of earthly good,
While heaven is kept in view.

HYMN 769. C. M.

1 AWAKE, my soul, stretch every nerve,
And press with vigor on:
A heavenly race demands thy zeal,
A bright, immortal crown.

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

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

4 Blest Saviour! introduced by thee,
Have we our race begun;
And, crowned with victory, at thy feet
We'll lay our laurels down.

III. A WARFARE.

HYMN 770. S. M.

1 OUR Captain leads us on,
He beckons from the skies;
He reaches out a starry crown,
And bids us take the prize.

2 "Be faithful unto death,
Partake my victory,
And thou shalt wear this glorious wreath,
And thou shalt reign with me."

3 'Tis thus the righteous Lord
To every soldier saith;
Eternal life is the reward
Of all-victorious faith.

4 Who conquer in his might,
The victor's meed receive;
They claim a kingdom in his right,
Which God shall freely give.

HYMN 771. S. M.

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

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

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

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

HYMN 772. S. M.

1 SOLDIERS of Christ, arise,
And put your armor on,
Strong in the strength which God supplies
Through his beloved Son:
Strong in the Lord of hosts
And in his mighty power,
Who in the strength of Jesus trusts,
Is more than conqueror.

2 Stand, then, in his great might,
With all his strength endued;
But take, to arm you for the fight,
The panoply of God,
That, having all things done,
And all your conflicts past,
Ye may o'ercome, through Christ alone,
And stand entire at last.

3 Stand, then, against your foes,
In close and firm array;
Legions of wily fiends oppose
Throughout the evil day:

But meet the sons of night,
  But mock their vain design,
Armed in the arms of heavenly light
  Of righteousness divine.

4 Leave no unguarded place,
  No weakness of the soul;
Take every virtue, every grace,
  And fortify the whole:
Indissolubly joined,
  To battle all proceed;
But arm yourselves with all the mind
  That was in Christ, your Head.

PART SECOND.

1 BUT, above all, lay hold
  On faith's victorious shield;
Armed with that adamant and gold,
  Be sure to win the field;
If faith surround your heart,
  Satan shall be subdued,
Repelled his every fiery dart,
  And quenched with Jesus' blood.

2 Jesus hath died for you!
  What can his love withstand?
Believe, hold fast your shield, and who
  Shall pluck you from his hand?
Believe that Jesus reigns,
  (All power to him is given,)
Believe, till freed from sin's remains;
  Believe yourselves to heaven!

3 To keep your armor bright,
  Attend with constant care,
Still walking in your Captain's sight,
  And watching unto prayer:
Ready for all alarms,
  Steadfastly set your face,
And always exercise your arms,
  And use your every grace.

4 Pray, without ceasing pray,—
Your Captain gives the word;—
His summons cheerfully obey,
And call upon the Lord:
To God your every want
In instant prayer display;
Pray always, pray, and never faint;
Pray, without ceasing pray!

PART THIRD.

1 IN fellowship, alone,
To God with faith draw near;
Approach his courts, besiege his throne
With all the powers of prayer:
Go to his temple, go,
Nor from his altar move;
Let every house his worship know,
And every heart his love.

2 To God your spirits dart,
Your souls in words declare,
Or groan to him who reads the heart
Th' unutterable prayer;
His mercy now implore,
And now show forth his praise;
In shouts, or silent awe, adore
His miracles of grace.

3 Pour out your souls to God,
And bow them with your knees;
And spread your heart and hands abroad,
And pray for Zion's peace:
Your guides and brethren bear
For ever on your mind;
Extend the arms of mighty prayer
In grasping all mankind.

4 From strength to strength go on,
Wrestle, and fight, and pray,
Tread all the powers of darkness down,
And win the well-fought day.

Still let the Spirit cry,
In all his soldiers, "Come!"
Till Christ the Lord descend from high,
And take the conquerors home.

HYMN 773. S. M.

1 EQUIP me for the war,
And teach my hands to fight;
My simple, upright heart prepare,
And guide my words aright;
Control my every thought,
My whole of sin remove;
Let all my works in thee be wrought,
Let all be wrought in love.

2 O arm me with the mind,
Meek Lamb, which was in thee;
And let my knowing zeal be joined
With perfect charity:
With calm and tempered zeal
Let me enforce thy call,
And vindicate thy gracious will,
Which offers life to all.

3 O may I love like thee!
In all thy footsteps tread!
Thou hatest all iniquity,
But nothing thou hast made:
O may I learn the art
With meekness to reprove—
To hate the sin with all my heart,
But still the sinner love.

HYMN 774. C. M.

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,
While others fought to win the prize,
And sailed through bloody seas?

3 Are there no foes for me to face?
Must I not stem the flood?
Is this vile world a friend to grace,
To help me on to God?

4 Sure I must fight, if I would reign;
Increase my courage, Lord!
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
Supported by thy word.

5 Thy saints in all this glorious war
Shall conquer, though they die;
They see the triumph from afar,
The crown enchants their eye.

6 When that illustrious day shall rise,
And all thy armies shine
In robes of victory through the skies,
The glory shall be thine.

III. AFFLICTION.

I. POVERTY.

HYMN 775. 4 8s & 2 6s.

1 AS much have I of worldly good
As e'er my Master had;
I diet on as dainty food,
And am as richly clad,
Though plain my garb, though scant my board,
As Mary's Son, and nature's Lord.

2 The manger was his infant bed,
His home the mountain cave;
He had not where to lay his head,
He borrowed e'en his grave;

Earth yielded him no resting spot,—
Her Maker, but she knew him not.

3 As much the world's good will I share,
Its favors and applause,
As he whose blessed name I bear,
Hated without a cause,
Despised, rejected, mocked by pride,
Betrayed, forsaken, crucified!

4 Why should I court my Master's foe?
Why should I fear its frown?
Why should I seek for rest below,
Or sigh for brief renown—
A pilgrim to a better land,
An heir of joy at God's right hand?

HYMN 776. L. M.

1 POOR and afflicted, Lord, are thine,
Among the great unfit to shine;
But though the world may think it strange,
They would not with the world exchange.

2 Poor and afflicted—'tis their lot,
They know it, and they murmur not;
'Twould ill become them to refuse
The state their Master deigned to choose.

3 Poor and afflicted—yet they sing,
For Jesus is their glorious King;
Through sufferings perfect now he reigns,
And shares in all their griefs and pains.

4 Poor and afflicted—but ere long
They join the bright celestial throng;
Their sufferings then will reach a close,
And heaven afford them sweet repose.

HYMN 777. L. M.

1 TO God most awful, and most high,
Who formed the earth, the sea, the sky,
To him on whom all worlds depend,
Our humbled hearts in sighs we send.

2 Will he who hears the raven's cry,
Reject our prayers, and bid us die?
Will he refuse his help to yield,
Who clothes the lilies of the field?

3 Pale famine lifts, at his command,
Her withering arm, and blasts the land;
The harvests perish at her breath;
Her train are want, disease, and death.

4 But when he smiles the desert blooms,
New life is born among the tombs;
O'er the glad plains abundance teems,
And plenty rolls in bounteous streams.

5 Father of grace whom we adore,
Bless thy large family, the poor;
The poor on thee alone depend—
Continue thou the poor man's friend.

6 Content to live by toil and pain,
May we eternal riches gain;
Meanwhile, by thy free goodness fed,
Give us this day our daily bread.

II. PERSECUTION.

HYMN 778. 5 7s & 3 6s.

1 GOD of Daniel, hear my prayer,
And let thy power be seen;
Stop the lion's mouth, and bear
Me safe out of his den.
Save me in this dreadful hour!
Earth, and hell, and nature join—
All stand ready to devour
This helpless soul of mine.

2 Thee I serve, my Lord, my God;
In me thy power display:
Save, save me, and defraud
The lion of his prey:
Angel of the covenant,
Jesus, mighty to retrieve,
Let him to my help be sent:
In Jesus I believe.

3 Save me for thine own great name,
That all the world may know
Daniel's God is still the same,
And reigns supreme below:
Him let all mankind adore,
Spread his glorious name abroad;
Tremble all, and bow before
The great, the living God.

4 Absolute, unchangeable,
O'er all his works he reigns:
His dominion cannot fail,
But undisturbed remains;
His dominion standeth fast,
Is when time no more shall be;
Still shall his dominion last
Through all eternity.

HYMN 779. C. M.

1 BEHOLD the miracle renewed;
Whom faith divine inspires,
We walk with Christ, the Son of God,
And praise him in the fires:
Kept by his presence and his name,
Who earth and hell subdued,
We quench the violence of the flame;
Through our Redeemer's blood.

2 Tempted and persecuted here,
Afflicted and distrest,
With steadfast faith we persevere,
And stand the fiery test:

The fire shall all our bands consume,
And, in the furnace tried,
Out of the flames we soon shall come,
Unhurt and purified.

HYMN 780. L. M.

1 AFFLICTED saint! to Christ draw near,
Thy Saviour's gracious promise hear;
His faithful word declares to thee
That "as thy day, thy strength shall be."

2 Thy faith is weak, thy foes are strong;
And if the conflict should be long,
Thy Lord will make the tempter flee,
For "as thy day, thy strength shall be."

3 Should persecution rage and flame,
Still trust in thy Redeemer's name;
In fiery trials thou shalt see
That "as thy day, thy strength shall be."

4 When called by him to bear the cross,
Reproach, affliction, pain, or loss,
Or deep distress and poverty,
Still "as thy day, thy strength shall be."

5 When death at length appears in view,
Christ's presence shall thy fears subdue,—
He comes to set thy spirit free;
And "as thy day, thy strength shall be."

III. TEMPTATION.

HYMN 781. S. M.

1 SATAN, the world, and sin,
Entice me from my God,
Tempt me to leave the heavenly path,
And tread the downward road.

2 O thou who on the cross
Didst for my sins atone,
Although rebellious and perverse,
Do not a child disown!

3 Thine by a thousand ties
I am, and still would be;
Strengthen my faith, inflame my love,
And draw my soul to thee.

HYMN 782. 6 7s.

1 AS the hart, with eager looks,
Panteth for the water brooks,
So my soul, athirst for thee,
Pants the living God to see:
When, O when with filial fear,
Lord, shall I to thee draw near?

2 Tears my food by night, by day
Grief consumes my strength away:
While his craft the tempter plies,
"Where is now thy God?" he cries:
This would sink me to despair,
But I pour my soul in prayer.

3 For in happier times I went
Where the multitude frequent,
I, with them, was wont to bring
Homage to thy courts, my King;
I, with them, was wont to raise
Festal hymns on holy days.

4 Why art thou cast down, my soul?
God, thy God shall make thee whole;
Why art thou disquieted?
God shall lift thy fallen head;
And his countenance benign
Be the saving health of thine.

HYMN 783. L. M.

1 THE tempter to my soul hath said,
"There is no help in God for thee:"
Lord, lift thou up thy servant's head,
My glory, shield and solace be.

2 Thus to the Lord I raised my cry,
He heard me from his holy hill;
At his command the waves rolled by,
He beckoned, and the winds were still.

3 I laid me down and slept—I woke;
Thou, Lord, my spirit didst sustain:
Bright from the east the morning broke,
Thy comforts rose on me again.

4 I will not fear, though armed throngs
Compass my steps in all their wrath;
Salvation to the Lord belongs,
His presence guards his people's path.

IV. SICKNESS.

HYMN 784. C. M.

1 LORD, I believe thy every word,
Thy every promise true;
And lo! I wait on thee, my Lord,
Till I my strength renew.

2 If in this feeble flesh I may
Awhile show forth thy praise,
Jesus, support the tottering clay,
And lengthen out my days.

3 If such a worm as I can spread
The common Saviour's name,
Let him who raised thee from the dead
Quicken my mortal frame.

4 Still let me live thy blood to show,
Which purges every stain
And gladly linger out below
A few more years in pain.

5 Spare me till I my strength of soul,
Till I thy love retrieve,
Till faith shall make my spirit whole,
And perfect soundness give.

HYMN 785. C. M.

1 WHEN languor and disease invade
This trembling house of clay,
'Tis sweet to look beyond my pains,
And long to fly away.

2 Sweet to look inward, and attend
The whispers of thy love;
Sweet to look upwards to the place
Where Jesus pleads above.

3 Sweet to look back and see my name
In life's fair book set down;
Sweet to look forward and behold
Eternal joys my own.

4 Sweet to reflect how grace divine
My sins on Jesus laid;
Sweet to remember that his blood
My debt of suffering paid.

5 If such the sweetness of the streams,
What must the fountain be,
Where saints and angels draw their bliss
Immediately from thee!

HYMN 786. L. M.

1 O FATHER, glorify thy name!
So prayed, at wo's approach, my Lord:
Disease corrodes this mortal frame—
O Father, be thy name adored.

2 Though life's unruffled days had flown,
Ere yet was past her vernal prime,
And sickness o'er my head hath strewn
The snows of age before their time;

3 Why fear the path of grief to tread,
Why, Father, shrink from thy decree,
If thus my longing soul be led
A safer, shorter way to thee?

4 On wings of faith, o'er fogs of earth
Thy servant, Father, teach to rise,
And view the blessings native worth,
Cleared from affliction's dark disguise.

5 Yon clouds, a mass of sable shade
To mortals gazing from below,
By angels from above surveyed,
With universal sunshine glow.

RECOVERY.

HYMN 787. C. M.

1 MY God, thy service well demands
The remnant of my days;
Why was this fleeting breath renewed,
But to renew thy praise?

2 Thine arms of everlasting love
Did this weak frame sustain
When life was hovering o'er the grave,
And nature sunk with pain.

3 Calmly I bowed my fainting head
On thy beloved breast,
Pleased to obey my Father's call
To his eternal rest.

4 Into thy hands, my Saviour, God,
Did I my soul resign,
In firm dependence on that truth
Which made salvation mine.

5 Back from the borders of the grave
At thy command I come,
Nor will I urge a speedier flight
To my celestial home.

6 Where thou appointest mine abode,
There would I choose to be;
For in thy presence death is life,
And earth is heaven with thee.

HYMN 788. L. M.

1 GOD of my life, whose gracious power
Through various deaths my soul hath led,
Or turned aside the fatal hour,
Or lifted up my sinking head;

2 In all my ways thy hand I own,
Thy ruling providence I see;
Assist me still my course to run,
And still direct my paths to thee.

3 Whither, O whither should I fly,
But to my loving Saviour's breast,
Secure within thine arms to lie,
And safe beneath thy wings to rest?

4 I have no skill the snare to shun,
But thou, O Christ, my wisdom art;
I ever into ruin run,
But thou art greater than my heart.

5 Foolish, and impotent, and blind,
Lead me a way I have not known;
Bring me where I my heaven may find,
The heaven of loving thee alone.

6 Enlarge my heart to make thee room,
Enter and in me ever stay;
The crooked then shall straight become,
The darkness shall be lost in day.

V. BEREAVEMENT.

HYMN 789. C. M.

1 OUR hearts are fastened to this world
By strong and endless ties,
And every sorrow cuts a string,
And urges us to rise.

2 When God would kindly set us free,
And earth's enchantment end,
He takes the most effectual means,
And robs us of a friend.

3 Since vain all here, all future vast,
Embrace the lot assigned;
Heaven wounds to heal—its frowns are friends,
Its strokes severe, most kind.

4 To final good the worst events
Through secret channels run,
Finish for saints their destined course,
As 'twas for saints begun.

5 O for that summit of my wish
Whilst here I draw my breath,
That promise of eternal life,
A glorious smile in death.

HYMN 790. 4 8s & 2 6s.

1 IF death my friend and me divide,
Thou dost not, Lord, my sorrows chide,
Or frown my tears to see;
Restrained from passionate excess,
Thou bidst me mourn in calm distress
For them that rest in thee.

2 I feel a strong, immortal hope,
Which bears my mournful spirit up
Beneath its mountain load;
Redeemed from death, and grief, and pain,
I soon shall find my friend again,
Within the arms of God.

3 Pass a few fleeting moments more,
And death the blessing shall restore
Which death hath snatched away;
For me thou wilt the summons send,
And give me back my parted friend,
In that eternal day.

THE BACKSLIDER

I. PENITENT.

HYMN 791. 7s.

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 hearken to his calls,
Grieved him by a thousand falls.

3 Kindled his relentings are,
Me he now delights to spare,
Cries, "How shall I give thee up?"
Lets the lifted thunder drop.

4 There for me the Saviour stands,
Shows his wounds and spreads his hands;
God is love—I know, I feel
Jesus weeps and loves me still.

5 Jesus answer from above,
Is not all thy nature love?
Wilt thou not the wrong forget,
Suffer me to kiss thy feet?

6 Now incline me to repent,
Let me now my fall lament,
Now my foul revolt deplore,
Weep, believe, and sin no more.

HYMN 792. C. M.

1 JESUS, the all-restoring Word,
My fallen spirit's hope,
After thy loving likeness, Lord,
Ah, when shall I wake up?

2 Thou, O my God, thou only art
The life, the truth, the way;
Quicken my soul, instruct my heart,
My sinking footsteps stay.

3 Of all thou hast in earth below,
In heaven above, to give,
Give me thy only love to know,
In thee to walk and live.

4 Fill me with all the life of love;
In mystic union join
Me to thyself, and let me prove
The fellowship divine.

5 Open the intercourse between
My longing soul and thee,
Never to be broke off again
To all eternity.

II. RESTORED.

HYMN 793. 7s 6s & 1 8.

1 LORD, and is thine anger gone?
And art thou pacified?
After all that I have done,
Dost thou no longer chide?
Infinite thy mercies are,
Beneath the weight I cannot move;
Oh, 'tis more than I can bear—
The sense of pardoning love.

2 Let it still my heart constrain,
And all my passions sway;
Keep me, lest I turn again
Out of the narrow way:
Force my violence to be still,
And captivate my every thought;
Charm and melt, and change my will,
And bring me down to naught!

3 See my utter helplessness,
And leave me not alone!
O preserve in perfect peace,
And seal me for thine own!
More and more thyself reveal,
Thy presence let me always find:
Comfort and confirm, and heal
My feeble, sin-sick mind!

4 As the apple of an eye,
Thy weakest servant keep;
Help me at thy feet to lie,
And there for ever weep:
Tears of joy my eyes o'erflow,
That I have any hope of heaven;
Much of love I ought to know,
For I have much forgiven!

HYMN 794. C. M.

1 O WHY did I my Saviour leave,
So soon unfaithful prove?
How could I thy good Spirit grieve,
And sin against thy love?

2 I forced thee first to disappear,
I turned thy face aside:
Ah, Lord! if thou hadst still been here,
Thy servant had not died.

3 But, O, how soon thy wrath is o'er,
And pardoning love takes place!
Assist me, Saviour, to adore
The riches of thy grace!

4 O could I lose myself in thee,
Thy depth of mercy prove,
Thou vast, unfathomable Sea
Of unexhausted love!

5 My humble soul, when thou art near,
In dust and ashes lies:
How shall a sinful worm appear,
Or meet thy purer eyes?

6 I loathe myself when God I see,
And into nothing fall;
Content if thou exalted be,
And Christ be all in all.

V. SPECIAL OCCASIONS.

I. FAST DAY.

HYMN 795. C. M.

1 SEE, gracious Lord, before thy throne,
Thy mourning people bend!
'Tis on thy sovereign grace alone,
Our humble hopes depend.

2 Tremendous judgments, from thy hand,
Thy dreadful powers display;
Yet mercy spares this guilty land,
And still we live to pray.

3 How changed, alas! are truths divine,
For error, guilt and shame!
What impious numbers, bold in sin,
Disgrace the Christian name!

4 O turn us, turn us, mighty Lord,
By thy redeeming grace;
Then shall our hearts obey thy word,
And humbly seek thy face.

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

HYMN 796. C. M.

1 IN vain opposing nations rage,
If God with us abide:
One word of his dissolves their strength,
And humbles all their pride.

2 His wisdom sees correction meet,
He gives the dread command,
And war its desolation spreads
Through every trembling land.

3 His purpose wrought, again he speaks,
And desolations cease;
War's loud alarms are heard no more,
And all the world is peace.

4 Mortals, adore his sovereign power,
Nor dare provoke his rod:
Through all your various tribes be still,
And know that he is God.

II. FUNERALS.

HYMN 797. S. M.

1 AND am I born to die?
To lay this body down?
And must my trembling spirit fly
Into a world unknown—

A land of deepest shade,
Unpierced by human thought,
The dreary regions of the dead,
Where all things are forgot?

2 Soon as from earth I go,
What will become of me?
Eternal happiness or wo
Must then my portion be;
Waked by the trumpet's sound,
I from my grave shall rise,
And see the Judge with glory crowned,
And see the flaming skies

3 How shall I leave my tomb?
With triumph or regret?
A fearful or a joyful doom,
A curse or blessing, meet?
Will angel-bands convey
Their brother to the bar?
Or devils drag my soul away,
To meet its sentence there?

4 Who can resolve the doubt
That tears my anxious breast?
Shall I be with the damned cast out,
Or numbered with the blest?
I must from God be driven,
Or with my Saviour dwell;
Must come at his command to heaven,
Or else depart to hell.

5 O thou that wouldst not have
One wretched sinner die,
Who diedst thyself my soul to save
From endless misery,
Show me the way to shun
Thy dreadful wrath severe,
That when thou comest on thy throne
I may with joy appear.

HYMN 798. C. M.

1 THEE we adore, eternal Name,
And humbly own to thee
How feeble is our mortal frame,
What dying worms we be!

2 Our wasting lives grow shorter still
As days and months increase;
And every beating pulse we tell
Leaves but the number less.

3 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.

4 Dangers stand thick through all the ground
To push us to the tomb,
And fierce diseases wait around,
To hurry mortals home.

5 Great God, on what a slender thread
Hang everlasting things—
Th' eternal states of all the dead,
Upon life's feeble strings!

6 Infinite joy or endless wo
Attends on every breath;
And yet how unconcerned we go
Upon the brink of death!

7 Waken, O Lord, our drowsy sense
To walk this dangerous road;
And if our souls are hurried hence,
May they be found with God.

HYMN 799. C. M.

1 FAR from affliction, toil and care,
The happy soul is fled;
The breathless clay shall slumber here,
Among the silent dead.

2 The gospel was his joy and song,
E'en to his latest breath;
The truth he had proclaimed so long
Was his support in death.

3 Now he resides where Jesus is,
Above this dusky sphere;
His soul was ripened for that bliss
While yet he sojourned here.

4 The church's loss we all deplore,
And shed the falling tear;
Since we shall see his face no more,
Till Jesus shall appear.

5 But we are hasting to the tomb,
O may we ready stand;
Then, blessed Lord, receive us home,
To dwell at thy right hand.

HYMN 800. L. M.

1 THE morning flowers display their sweets,
And gay their silken leaves unfold,
As careless of the noontide heats,
As fearless of the evening cold.

2 Nipt by the wind's untimely blast,
Parched by the sun's directer ray,
The momentary glories waste,
The short-lived beauties die away.

3 So blooms the human face divine,
When youth its pride of beauty shows;
Fairer than spring the colors shine,
And sweeter than the virgin rose

4 Or worn by slowly rolling years,
Or broke by sickness in a day,
The fading glory disappears,
The short-lived beauties die away.

5 Yet these, new rising from the tomb,
With lustre brighter far shall shine,
Revive with ever-during bloom,
Safe from diseases and decline.

6 Let sickness blast, let death devour,
If heaven must recompense our pains;
Perish the grass and fade the flower,
If firm the word of God remains.

HYMN 801. 4 8s & 2 6s.

1 AND am I only born to die?
And must I suddenly comply
With nature's stern decree?
What after death for me remains?
Celestial joys or hellish pains,
To all eternity!

2 How then ought I on earth to live,
While God prolongs the kind reprieve,
And props the house of clay!
My sole concern, my single care,
To watch and tremble and prepare
Against that fatal day.

3 No room for mirth or trifling here,
For worldly hope or worldly fear,
If life so soon is gone,
If now the Judge is at the door,
And all mankind must stand before
The inexorable throne!

4 Nothing is worth a thought beneath,
But how I may escape the death
That never, never dies!
How make mine own election sure,
And when I fail on earth, secure
A mansion in the skies.

5 Jesus, vouchsafe a pitying ray,
Be thou my guide, be thou my way

To glorious happiness!
Ah! write the pardon on my heart!
And whensoe'er I hence depart,
Let me depart in peace!

HYMN 802. 8 8s.

1 REJOICE for a brother deceased;
Our loss is his infinite gain;
A soul out of prison released,
And freed from its bodily pain—
With songs let us follow his flight,
And mount with his spirit above—
Escaped to the mansions of light,
And lodged in the Eden of love.

2 Our brother the haven hath gained,
Outflying the tempest and wind,
His rest he hath sooner obtained,
And left his companions behind,
Still tossed on a sea of distress,
Hard toiling to make the blest shore
Where all is assurance and peace,
And sorrow and sin are no more.

3 There all the ship's company meet,
Who sailed with the Saviour beneath;
With shouting each other they greet,
And triumph o'er sorrow and death:
The voyage of life's at an end,
The mortal affliction is past:
The age that in heaven they spend
For ever and ever shall last.

HYMN 803. 8 8s.

1 HOSANNAH to Jesus on high!
Another has entered his rest;
Another has 'scaped to the sky,
And lodged in Immanuel's breast.

The soul of our sister is gone,
To heighten the triumph above,
Exalted to Jesus's throne,
And clasped in the arms of his love.

2 What fulness of rapture is there,
While Jesus his glory displays,
And purples the heavenly air,
And scatters the odors of grace!
He looks—and his servants in light
The blessings ineffable meet;
He smiles—and they faint at the sight,
And fall overwhelmed at his feet.

3 How happy the angels that fall
Transported at Jesus's name;
The saints whom he soonest shall call,
To share in the feast of the Lamb!
No longer imprisoned in clay,
Who next from his dungeon shall fly?
Who first shall be summoned away?
My merciful Lord, is it I?

4 O, Jesus, if this be thy will,
That suddenly I should depart,
Thy counsel of mercy reveal,
And whisper the call in my heart;
O give me a signal to know
If soon thou wouldst have me remove,
And leave the dull body below,
And fly to the regions above.

HYMN 804. 8 8s.

1 AH, lovely appearance of death!
What sight upon earth is so fair?
Not all the gay pageants that breathe
Can with a dead body compare:
With solemn delight I survey
The corpse, when the spirit is fled,
In love with the beautiful clay,
And longing to lie in its stead.

2 How blest is our brother, bereft
Of all that could burden his mind!
How easy the soul that has left
The wearisome body behind!
Of evil incapable, thou,
Whose relics with envy I see,
No longer in misery now,
No longer a sinner like me.

3 This earth is affected no more
With sickness, or shaken with pain;
The war in the members is o'er,
And never shall vex him again:
No anger, henceforward, or shame,
Shall redden this innocent clay:
Extinct is the animal flame,
And passion is vanished away.

4 This languishing head is at rest,
Its thinking and aching are o'er;
This quiet immovable breast
Is heaved by affliction no more:
This heart is no longer the seat
Of trouble and torturing pain;
It ceases to flutter and beat,
It never shall flutter again.

5 The lids he so seldom could close,
By sorrow forbidden to sleep,
Now sealed in their mortal repose,
Have strangely forgotten to weep!
The fountains can yield no supplies,
These hollows from water are free;
The tears are all wiped from these eyes,
And evil they never shall see.

6 To mourn and to suffer is mine,
While bound in a prison I breathe,
And still for deliverance pine,
And press to the issues of death:

What now with my tears I bedew,
O might I this moment become!
My spirit created anew,
My flesh be consigned to the tomb!

III. WATCH-NIGHT.

HYMN 805. S. M.

1 YE servants of the Lord,
Each in his office wait;
With joy obey his heavenly word,
And watch before his gate.

2 Let all your lamps be bright,
And trim the golden flame;
Gird up your loins, as in his sight,
For awful is his name.

3 Watch!—'tis your Lord's command;
And while we speak, he's near:
Mark the first signal of his hand,
And ready all appear.

4 O happy servant he
In such a posture found!
He shall his Lord with rapture see,
And be with honor crowned.

HYMN 806. L. M.

1 JOIN, all ye ransomed sons of grace,
The holy joy prolong,
And shout to the Redeemer's praise
A solemn midnight song.

2 Blessing, and thanks, and love, and might
Be to our Jesus given,
Who turns our darkness into light,
Who turns our hell to heaven.

3 Thither our faithful souls he leads,
Thither he bids us rise,
With crowns of joy upon our heads,
To meet him in the skies.

HYMN 807. 6 8s.

1 HOW many pass the guilty night
In revelling and frantic mirth;
The creature is their sole delight,
Their happiness the things of earth:
For us suffice the season past!
We choose the better part at last.

2 We will not close our wakeful eyes,
We will not let our eyelids sleep;
But humbly lift them to the skies,
And all a solemn vigil keep:
So many nights on sin bestowed,
Can we not watch an hour for God?

3 We can, O Jesus, for thy sake,
Devote our every hour to thee;
Speak but the word, our souls shall wake
And sing with cheerful melody;
Thy praise shall our glad tongues employ,
And every heart shall dance for joy.

4 Blest object of our faith and love,
We listen for thy welcome voice;
Our persons and our works approve,
And bid us in thy strength rejoice;
Now let us hear the mighty cry,
And shout to find the Bridegroom nigh.

IV. NEW-YEAR.

HYMN 808. C. M.

1 SING to the great Jehovah's praise!
All praise to him belongs;
Who kindly lengthens out our days,
Demands our choicest songs.

2 His providence has brought us through
Another varied year;
We all with vows and anthems new,
Before our God appear.

3 Father, thy mercies past we own,
Thy still continued care;
To thee presenting, through thy Son,
Whate'er we have or are.

4 Our lips and lives shall gladly show
The wonders of thy love,
While on in Jesus' steps we go
To see thy face above.

5 Our residue of days or hours
Thine, wholly thine shall be;
And all our consecrated powers
A sacrifice to thee,

6 Till Jesus in the clouds appear
To saints on earth forgiven,
And bring the grand sabbatic year,
The jubilee of heaven.

HYMN 809. 10s 5s & 11.

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

2 Our life as a dream, our time as a stream,
Glide swiftly away,
And the fugitive moment refuses to stay;
The arrow is flown, the moment is gone!
The millennial year
Rushes on to our view, and eternity's here.

3 O that each in the day of his coming may say,
"I have fought my way through,
I have finished the work thou didst give me to do!"
O that each from his Lord may receive the glad word,
"Well and faithfully done!
Enter into my joy, and sit down on my throne."

V. MEETINGS FOR THE POOR.

HYMN 810. C. M.

1 HAPPY is he that fears the Lord,
And follows his commands,
Who lends the poor without reward,
Or gives with liberal hands.

2 As pity dwells within his breast
To all the sons of need,
So God shall answer his request
With blessings on his seed.

3 No evil tidings shall surprise
His well-established mind;
His soul to God, his refuge, flies,
And leaves his fears behind.

4 In times of danger and distress
Some beams of light shall shine,
To show the world his righteousness,
And give him peace divine.

5 His works of piety and love
Remain before the Lord;
Honor on earth, and joys above,
Shall be his sure reward.

HYMN 811. C. M.

1 JESUS, my Lord, how rich thy grace!
Thy bounties how complete!
How shall I count the matchless sum?
How pay the mighty debt?

2 High on a throne of radiant light
Dost thou exalted shine;
What can my poverty bestow,
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.

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

5 Thy face with reverence and with love,
We in thy poor would see;
O let us rather beg our bread,
Than keep it back from thee.

VI. MISSIONARY MEETINGS.

HYMN 812. 7s & 6s.

1 FROM Greenland's icy mountains,
From India's coral strand,
Where Afric's sunny fountains
Roll down their golden sand;
From many an ancient river,
From many a palmy plain,
They call us to deliver
Their land from error's chain.

2 What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft on Ceylon's isle,
Though every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile?
In vain with lavish kindness
The gifts of God are strown—
The heathen in his blindness,
Bows down to wood and stone.

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 each remotest nation
Has learnt Messiah's name.

4 Waft, waft, ye winds, his story,
And you, ye waters, roll,
Till, like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole;
Till o'er our ransomed nature
The Lamb for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss returns to reign.

HYMN 813. 8s & 7s.

1 HARK! what mean those lamentations,
Rolling sadly through the sky!
'Tis the cry of heathen nations,
"Come and help us, or we die!"

2 Hear the heathen's sad complaining;
Christians, hear their dying cry,
And, the love of Christ constraining,
Join to help them ere they die!"

HYMN 814. L. M.

1 THE heathen perish; day by day
Thousands on thousands pass away!
O Christians! to their rescue fly,
Preach Jesus to them ere they die.

2 Wealth, 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?

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.

VII. SABBATH SCHOOL MEETINGS.

HYMN 815. S. M.

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.

HYMN 816. 4 6s & 2 8s.

1 COME, let our voices join
In joyful songs of praise;
To God, the God of love,
Our thankful hearts we'll raise:
To God alone all praise belongs—
Our earliest and our latest songs.

2 Now we are taught to read
The book of life divine,
Where our Redeemer's love
And brightest glories shine:
To God alone all praise is due,
Who sends his word to us and you.

3 Within these hallowed walls
Our wandering feet are brought,
Where prayer and praise ascend,
And heavenly truths are taught:

To God alone your offerings brings;
Let young and old his praises sing.

4 Lord, let this work of love
Be crowned with full success!
Let thousands, yet unborn,
Thy sacred name here bless!
To thee, O Lord, all praise to thee;
We'll praise throughout eternity.

HYMN 817. L. M.

1 FROM year to year in love we meet,
From year to year in peace we part;
The tongues of thousands uttering sweet
The bosom joy of every heart.

2 But time rolls on, and year by year
We change, grow up, or pass away;
Not twice the same assembly here
Have hailed the children's festal day.

3 Death, ere another spring, may strike
Some in our union, marked to fall;
Be young and old prepared alike,
The warning is to each, to all.

4 This sole occasion then is ours;
This day we ne'er again shall see;
Lord God awaken all our powers
To spend it for eternity.

5 Our times, our lives are in thy hand;
On thee for all things we rely;
Assured, while in thy grace we stand,
To live is Christ, and gain to die.

6 Meanwhile our failing ranks renew;
Send children, teachers in our place,
More humble, docile, faithful, true,
More like thy Son, from race to race.

HYMNS

NOT INSERTED IN THE PLAN.

HYMN 818. S. M.

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

2 Nay, but I yield, I yield,
I can hold out no more;
I sink, by dying love compelled,
And own thee conqueror.

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

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

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

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

HYMN 819. P. M.

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

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

2 'Twas a heaven below
My Redeemer to know;
The angels could do nothing more
Than to fall at his feet,
And the story repeat,
And the Lover of sinners adore.

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

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

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

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

HYMN 820. 8 7s.

1 JESUS, lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly,
While the nearer waters roll,
While the tempest still is high;
Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
Till the storm of life is past;
Safe into the haven guide,
O receive my soul at last.

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

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;
False and full of sin I am,
Thou art full of truth and grace.

4 Plenteous grace with thee is found,
Grace to cover all my sin;
Let the healing streams abound,
Make and keep me pure within:
Thou of life the Fountain art,
Freely let me take of thee;
Spring thou up within my heart,
Rise to all eternity.

HYMN 821. C. M.

1 O FOR a closer walk with God,
A calm and heavenly frame,
A light to shine upon the road
That leads me to the Lamb!

2 Where is the blessedness I knew
When first I sought the Lord?
Where is that soul-refreshing view
Of Jesus and his word?

3 What peaceful hours I then enjoyed!
How sweet their memory still!
But now I find an aching void
The world can never fill.

4 Return, O holy Dove, return,
Sweet messenger of rest!
I hate the sins that made thee mourn,
And drove thee from my breast.

5 The dearest idol I have known,
Whate'er that idol be,
Help me to tear it from thy throne,
And worship only thee.

6 So shall my walk be close with God,
Calm and serene my frame;
So purer light shall mark the road
That leads me to the Lamb.

HYMN 822. C. M.

1 HOW vain are all things here below,
How false, and yet how fair!
Each pleasure hath its poison too,
And every sweet a snare.

2 The brightest things below the sky
Give but a flattering light;
We should suspect some danger nigh
Where we possess delight.

3 Our dearest joy, and nearest friends,
The partners of our blood,
How they divide our wavering 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 O Saviour, let thy beauties be
My soul's eternal food,
And grace command my heart away
From all created good.

HYMN 823. C. M.

1 MY Saviour, my almighty Friend,
When I begin thy praise,
Where will the growing numbers end,
The numbers of thy grace?

2 Thou art my everlasting trust,
Thy goodness I adore;
Send down thy grace, O blessed Lord,
That I may love thee more.

3 My feet shall travel all the length
Of the celestial road,
And march with courage in thy strength,
To see the Lord my God.

4 Awake, awake, my tuneful powers,
With this delightful song,
And entertain the darkest hours,
Nor think the season long.

HYMN 824. C. M.

1 INFINITE, unexhausted Love,
(Jesus and love are one,)
If still to me thy bowels move,
They are restrained to none:
What shall I do my God to love,
My loving God to praise,
The length and breadth and height to prove
And depth of sovereign grace.

2 Thy sovereign grace to all extends,
Immense and unconfined;
From age to age it never ends,
It reaches all mankind:
Throughout the world its breadth is known,
Wide as infinity—
So wide it never passed by one,
Or it had passed by me.

3 My trespass was grown up to heaven;
But far above the skies,
Through Christ abundantly forgiven,
I see thy mercies rise:
The depth of all-redeeming love
What angel tongue can tell?
O may I to the utmost prove
The gift unspeakable!

HYMN 825. 8s & 7s.

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

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

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

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

HYMN 826. L. M.

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

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

3 While in this region here below,
No other good will I pursue;
I'll bid this world of noise and show,
With all its glittering snares, adieu.

4 That path with humble speed I'll seek
In which my Saviour's footsteps shine,
Nor will I hear, nor will I speak
Of any other love but thine.

5 Henceforth may no profane delight
Divide this consecrated soul:
Possess it, thou, who hast the right,
As Lord and Master of the whole.

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

HYMN 827. L. M.

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

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

3 This is the way I long have sought,
And mourned because I found it not;
My grief a burden long has been,
Because I was not saved from sin.

4 The more I strove against its power,
I felt its weight and guilt the more—
Till late I heard my Saviour say,
"Come hither, soul, I am the way."

5 Lo, glad I come! and thou, blest Lamb,
Shalt take me to thee, whose I am;
Nothing but sin have I to give,
Nothing but love shall I receive.

6 Then will I tell to sinners round
What a dear Saviour I have found;
I'll point to thy redeeming blood,
And say, "Behold the way to God."

HYMN 828. L. M.

1 IN age and feebleness extreme,
Who shall a helpless worm redeem?
'Tis only Jesus, by his blood,
Can raise a sinking soul to God.

2 Jesus, my only hope thou art,
Strength of my failing flesh and heart;
O could I catch a smile from thee,
And drop into eternity!

HYMN 829. 8 8s.

1 HOW tedious and tasteless the hours
When Jesus no longer I see;
Sweet prospects, sweet birds, and sweet flowers
Have all lost their sweetness to me;
The midsummer sun shines but dim,
The fields strive in vain to look gay;
But when I am happy in him,
December 's as pleasant as May.

2 His name yields the richest perfume,
And sweeter than music his voice;
His presence disperses my gloom,
And makes all within me rejoice:
I should, were he always thus nigh,
Have nothing to wish or to fear;
No mortal more happy than I,
My summer would last all the year.

3 Content with beholding his face,
My all to his pleasure resigned,
No changes of season or place
Would make any change in my mind:
While blessed with a sense of his love,
A palace a toy would appear;
And prisons would palaces prove,
If Jesus would dwell with me there.

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

DOXOLOGIES.

S. M.

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

7s.

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

C. M.

LET God the Father, and the Son,
And Spirit, be adored,
Where there are works to make him kno
Or saints to love the Lord.

L. M.

TO God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Spirit, three in one,
Be honor, praise, and glory given
By all on earth and all in heaven.

L. M.

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