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THE
CONFERENCE MEETING
HYMN BOOK,
FOR
THE USE OF ALL WHO LOVE
OUR LORD AND SAVIOUR
JESUS CHRIST.

COMPILED BY ELDER DAVID MARKS.

"I will sing with the spirit, and I will sing with the
understanding also."—Paul.

FOURTH EDITION—ENLARGED.

CANANDAIGUA:

PRINTED BY MORSE AND HARVEY,

For J. Bignall.

1831

TO THE READER.

Many excellent Hymn Books are extant, which do credit to their publishers, and that the number and their excellences may increase, is yet desirable.

The Compiler of the present work does not wish to undervalue the labors of others, neither does he wish by this, to supersede any Hymn Book before published.

The frequent calls and solicitations of his friends, for a Book of this kind, have induced the Compiler to publish this work, which is designed for the use of Christians, in Prayer or Conference meetings, on Sacramental occasions, family and private devotions, &c. That you, dear friends, may sing with the spirit, and with the understanding also, and that this little work may be made a blessing to many, is the earnest prayer of an unworthy Brother in tribulation and the kingdom of patience. Amen.

DAVID MARKS, JR.

HYMNS.

The Appearance and Sufferings of Christ.

HYMN 1. P. M.

HAIL! thou blest morn, when the great
Mediator

Down from the regions of glory descends;
Shepherds, go worship the babe in the manger,
Lo! for his guide the bright angels attend.

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

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

3 Say, shall we yield him, in costly devotion,
Odors of Eden, and off'rings divine,
Gems of the mountain, and pearls of the ocean,
Myrrh from the forest, and gold from the mine?
Brightest and best, &c.

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

HYMN 2. P. M.

WHILE shepherds in Jewry were guard-
ing their sheep,

Promiscuously seated, estranged from sleep,
An angel from heaven presented to view,
And thus he accosted the trembling few :
Dispel all your sorrows, and banish your fears,
For Jesus your Saviour in Jewry appears.

2 When Adam the first in rebellion was found,
Forbidden to tarry on hallowed ground ;
Now Adam the second appears to retrieve
The loss you sustain'd by the devil and Eve.
Then, shepherds, be tranquil, this instant arise,
Go visit the Saviour, and see where he lies.

3 A token I leave you, whereby you may find
This heavenly stranger, this friend to mankind ;
A manger his cradle, a stall his abode,
The oxen are near him, beholding your Lord.
Then, shepherds, be humble, be meek and be
For Jesus your Saviour's abundantly so. [low,

4 This wonderful story scarce blow'd on the
When thousands of angels in glory appear ; [ear,
They join in a concert, and this was the theme,
All glory to God, and good will toward men.
Then, shepherds, strike in, join your voice to
the choir,

And catch a few sparks of celestial fire.

5 Hosanna ! the adoring shepherds now cried,
Hosanna ! the angels in glory replied ;
Salvation thro' Jesus to mortals made known,
All glory to God for the gift of his Son.

Now, shepherds, adieu, we commend you to
Go visit the Son in his humble abode. [God ;

6 To Bethlehem city the shepherds repair'd,
For full confirmation of what they had heard ;
They enter'd the stable with aspect most mild,
And there they beheld both the mother and
child.

Then make proclamation, divulge it abroad,
That Jews and the Gentiles may hear of the Lord.

HYMN 3. C. M.

SHEPHERDS ! rejoice, lift up your
eyes,

“ And send your fears away ;
“ News from the regions of the skies,
“ Salvation'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, who reigns above,
" Let peace surround the earth ;
" Mortals shall know their Maker's love,
" At their Redeemer's birth."

HYMN 4. P. M.

THROUGHOUT our Saviour's life
we trace

- Nothing but shame and deep disgrace :
No period else was seen,
Till he a spotless victim fell,
Tasting in soul a painful hell,
Caus'd by the creature's sin.
- 2 On the cold ground, me thinks I see
My Saviour kneel and pray for me :
For this I'll him adore :
Seiz'd with a chilly sweat throughout,
Blood-drops did force their passage out
Through every opening pore.
- 3 A crown of thorns his temples bore,
His back with lashes all was tore,
Till one the bones might see !

- Mocking, they pushed him here and
there,
Marking his way with blood and tears,
While going to the tree.
- 4 Thus up the hill he heavy came,
'Round him they mock'd and made their
At length his cross they rear : [game ;
And can you see the mighty Lord
Cry out beneath sin's heavy load,
Without one thankful tear ?
- 5 Thus, bearing our iniquity,
He dies with anguish on the tree ;
What tongue his grief can tell ?
The shudd'ring rocks ther heads recline,
The morning sun refus'd to shine,
When the Redeemer fell.
- 6 Shout, brethren, shout with songs di-
He drank the gall to give us wine, [vine,
To quench our parching thirst ;
Seraphs, advance your voices higher ;
Bride of the Lamb, unite the choir,
To praise your precious Christ.

HYMN 5. P. M.

THE Son of man they did betray,
He was condemn'd and led away ;

Think, O my soul, on that dread day;
Look on mount Calvary:

Behold him, lamb-like, led along,
Surrounded by a wicked throng,
Accused by each lying tongue,
And then the Lamb of God they hung
Upon the shameful tree.

2 'Twas thus the glorious sufferer stood,
With hands and feet nail'd to the wood:
From every wound a stream of blood
Came flowing down amain;

His bitter groans all nature shock,
And at his voice the rocks were broke,
The sleeping saints their graves forsook,
While spiteful Jews around him mock'd,
And laugh'd at his pain.

3 Now hung between the earth and skies,
Behold! in agonies he dies!
O sinners, hear his mournful cries,
Come see his tort'ring pain:

The morning sun withdrew his light,
Blush'd and refus'd to view the sight:
The azure clothed in robes of night,
All nature mourn'd and stood affright,
When Christ the Lord was slain.

4 Hark! men and angels, hear the Son!
He cries for help, but oh! there's none;
He treads the wine-press all alone,
His garments stain'd with blood:

In lamentations hear him cry,
"Eloi, lama sabachthani!"
Though death may close his languid eyes,
He soon will mount the upper skies,
The conqu'ring Son of God.

5 The Jews and Romans in a band,
With hearts like steel around him stand,
And mocking, say, "Come save the land,
Come, try yourself to free."

A soldier pierc'd him when he died,
Then healing streams came from his side,
And thus the Lord was crucified;
Stern justice then was satisfied,
Sinners, for you and me!

6 Behold! he mounts the throne of state,
He fills the mediatorial seat,
While millions, bowing at his feet,
With loud hosannas tell:

Though he endur'd exquisite pains,
He led the monster death in chains;
Ye seraphs, raise your loudest strains.

With music fill bright Edon's plains ;
He conquer'd death and hell.

7 'Tis done ! the dreadful debt is paid,
The great atonement now is made :
Sinners, on him your guilt was laid,
For you he spilt his blood :
For you his tender soul did move,
For you he left the courts above, [prove,
That you the length and breadth might
And height and depth of perfect love,
In Christ your loving Lord.

8 All glory be to God on high,
Who reigns enthron'd above the sky :
Who sent his Son to bleed and die,
Glory to him be given ;
While heaven above his praise resounds,
O Zion sing, his grace abounds ;
I hope to shout eternal rounds,
In flaming love, that knows no bounds,
When swallow'd up in heaven.

HYMN 6. L. M.

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 groan'd 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 man !
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 Wipe off your tears ye saints, and tell
How high your great Deliv'rer reigns ;
Sing how he spoil'd the hosts of hell,
And led the monster death in chains !
- 6 Say, " Live for ever, glorious King !
" Born to redeem, and strong to save !"
Then ask the monster—" Where's thy
sting ?
And where's thy vict'ry, boasting
grave ?"

HYMN 7. P. M.

SAW ye my Saviour ! Saw ye my Sa-
Saw ye my Saviour God ! [viour !

O he died on calvary,
To atone for you and me,
And to purchase our pardon with blood.

2 He was extended, he was extended,
So painfully nail'd to the cross;
There he bow'd his head and died,
There my Lord was crucified,
To atone for a world that was lost.

3 Jesus hung bleeding, Jesus hung bleed-
Three dreadful hours in pain; [ing,
And the solid rocks were rent,
Through creation's vast extent,
When the Jews crucified the Lamb.

4 Darkness prevailed, darkness prevailed,
Darkness prevail'd o'er the land;
And the sun refus'd to shine,
While his Majesty divine
Was derided, insulted and slain.

5 When it was finish'd, when it was fin-
And the atonement was made, [ish'd,
He was taken by the great,
And embalm'd in spices sweet,
And was in a new sepulchre laid.

6 Hail, mighty Saviour! hail, mighty Sav-
Prince and the author of peace! [iour!

Soon he burst the bands of death,
And triumphant, from the earth,
He ascended to mansions of bliss.

7 There interceding, there interceding,
Pleading that sinners may live,
Crying, "See my hands and side,
Father, I was crucified
To redeem them, I pray thee forgive."

8 "I will forgive them, I will forgive them,
When they repent and believe;
Let them now return to thee,
And be reconcil'd to me,
And salvation they all shall receive."

HYMN 8. P. M.

O'ER the gloomy hills of darkness,
Look, my soul, be still and gaze;
All the promises do travail,
With a glorious day of grace;
Blest jubilee,
Let thy glorious morning dawn.

2 Let the Indian, let the negro,
Let the rude barbarian see,
That divine and glorious conquest
Once obtained on Calvary.

Let the gospel
Loud resound from pole to pole.

3 Kingdoms wide that sit in darkness,
Grant them, Lord, the glorious light,
And from eastern coasts to western,
May the morning chase the night;
And redemption
Fill the world with joy and praise.

4 May the gospel day, approaching
From Egyptian darkness, dawn,
And the everlasting gospel
Spread abroad thy holy name,
All the borders
Of the great Immanuel's land.

5 Fly abroad, thou mighty Saviour,
Win and conquer, never cease;
May thy lasting, wide dominions
Multiply and still increase;
Sway thy sceptre,
Saviour, all the world around.

Awakening and Inviting.

HYMN 9. P. M.

HEARKEN ye sprightly, and attend ye
vain ones,
Pause in your mirth, adversity consider;

Learn from a friend's pen, sentimental, painful,
Sick-bed reflection.

2 Healthful and gay, like you I spent my mo-
ments,
Fondly my heart said, joy shall last for ever;
But I'd forgotten man has no enjoyments,
But by permission.

3 Sudden and awful, from the height of pleasure,
By pain and sickness thrown upon a death-bed;
Vain is its softness to assuage the pain of
Raging disorder.

4 Kindest attention by my friends most humane,
With the profound skill of a kind physician,
All skill is baffled, while distress and anguish
Tortur'd my whole frame.

5 Vain are my groanings, all complaints are
fruitless,
Changing my place does not abate my fever;
Here, like a reptile on a bed of embers,
Tortur'd I languish.

6 Hopes of recov'ry my fond heart indulged,
Till my physician, to my great amazement,
Kindly inform'd me that my case was desp'rate;
Death swift approaching:

7 Wonders on wonders to my view now open;
Life is receding, to the grave I am hast'ning:
Am I prepared? this dread moment must I
Meet my Creator?

8 Twenty-five years I've spent, without con-
sidering

Man was a mortal, dependent on a moment;
Life but a shadow, a time flying arrow,
Quick to dispel it.

9 Oft have I listen'd while death bells were
tolling,

Seen the graves open, with spectators mourning,
But was myself, in spite of all these warnings,
Long life expecting.

10 Counsels I've slighted, warnings I've rejected,
In my gay moments, thoughts of death I've
banish'd,

When grown gray-headed, I have oft resolved,
Death to prepare for.

11 Time in advance to me seem'd moving slowly,
Days without number I propos'd for pleasure;
But they are blasted! Now behold the end of
Procrastination!

12 Tortur'd in body, not a limb escapes it,
No sweet composure to direct one prayer,
All is disorder! yet my state eternal
Now is depending.

13 O, ghastly death! pray stop one moment
longer,
While I give warning to my gay companions!
No time is granted for expostulation;
Behold my example.

HYMN 10. P. M.

STOP, poor sinner! stop and think,
Before you farther go!
Can you sport upon the brink
Of everlasting wo?

Hell beneath is gaping wide,
Vengeance waits the dread command,
Soon to stop your sport and pride,
And sink you with the damn'd.

*Then be entreated now to stop,
For unless you warning take,
Ere you are aware you'll drop
Into a burning lake.*

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

3 Ghastly death will quickly come,
And drag you to the bar;
Then to hear your awful doom,
Will fill you with despair.

All your sins will round you crowd,
Sins of a blood crimson die;
Each for vengeance cry aloud,
And what will you reply?

4 Though your hearts be made of steel,
Your forehead lin'd with brass,
God at length will make you feel,
He will not let you pass.
Sinners then in vain will call,
(Though they now despise his grace;)
Rocks and mountains on us fall,
And hide us from his face.

5 But as yet there is a hope,
You may his mercy know;
Though his arm be lifted up,
He still forbears the blow.
It was for sinners Jesus died:
Sinners he invites to come:
None that come shall be denied,
He says there still is room.
For Jesus' sake, I pray you stop, &c.

HYMN 11. P. M.

O CARELESS sinner come,
Pray now attend;
This world is not your home,
It soon will end.

Jehovah calls aloud,
Forsake the thoughtless crowd,
Pursue the road to God,
And happy be.

2 No happiness you'll find,
While thus you go,
No peace unto your mind,
But pain and wo
Attend you ev'ry day,
While far from God you stray,
O sinner, come away,
And ever live.

3 How many calls you've had,
I call again,
How can you be so bad,
So full of sin,
As to refuse that voice
Which calls you to rejoice,
In making Heaven your choice,
And shunning hell?

4 Nor do I call alone;
The Saviour too,
E'en with his dying groan,
Cries, bid adieu

To all your lovers now,
And to his sceptre bow,
And he will tell you how
To live a new.

5 But if you will refuse,
Down, down you'll go,
And with the wicked choose
The road to wo;
Alas, how can you slight
The rays of gospel light,
And sink in endless night,
Where silence reigns!

6 I bid you all farewell,
With aching heart,
And, in deep sorrow, tell
That we must part,
While on to Heaven we go,
And you are bound to wo,
Alas! it must be so,
If you rebel.

7 I look on you again,
And hoping, say,
Why wont you leave your sin,
And come away;

From satan's cruel power,
And live for evermore,
And bless the joyful hour
That life begun?

8 All hail! we welcome then
Your happy flight,
From Kedar's tents of sin,
To glory bright;
We'll travel on with you,
And bid this world adieu,
And endless joys pursue,
Till all is ours.

9 There we will range around
The blissful plains,
Where pleasure has no bound,
And glory reigns;
We'll fall at Jesus' feet,
Where joys are all complete,
And blissful raptures meet,
For evermore.

HYMN 12. C. M.

IN evil long I took delight,
Unaw'd by shame or fear;
Till a new object struck my sight,
And stopp'd my wild career.

- 2 I saw one hanging on a tree,
In agonies of blood;
He fix'd his languid eyes on me,
As near his cross I stood.
- 3 Sure, never till my latest breath,
Shall I forget that look;
He seem'd to charge me with his death,
Though not a word he spoke.
- 4 My conscience felt and own'd the guilt,
And plung'd me in despair;
I saw my sins his blood had spilt,
And help'd to nail him there.
- 5 Alas! I knew not what I did;
But now my tears are vain;
Where shall my trembling soul be hid?
For I the Lord have slain.
- 6 A second look he gave, which said,
I freely all forgive;
This blood is for thy ransom paid,
I die, that thou may'st live.
- 7 With pleasing grief, and mournful joy,
My spirits now were fill'd;
That I should such a life destroy,
Yet live by him I kill'd.

HYMN 13. L. M.

- Y**OUNG people all attention give,
While I address you in God's name:
You who in sin and folly live,
Come, hear the counsel of a friend.
- 2 I've sought for bliss in glittering toys,
And rang'd the luring scenes of vice;
But never knew substantial joys,
Until I heard my Saviour's voice.
- 3 He spake at once my sins forgiven,
And wash'd my load of guilt away;
He gave me glory, peace and heaven,
And thus I found the heav'nly way.
- 4 And now with trembling sense I view
The billows roll beneath your feet;
For death eternal waits for you
Who slight the force of gospel truth.
- 5 Youth like the spring will soon be gone,
By fleeting time or conqu'ring death;
Your morning sun may set at noon,
And leave you ever in the dark.
- 6 Your sparkling eyes and blooming cheeks
Must wither like the blasted rose;
The coffin, earth, and winding sheet,
Will soon your active limbs enclose.

- 7 Ye heedless ones that wildly stroll,
The grave will soon become your bed,
Where silence reigns and vapors roll
In solemn darkness round your head.
- 8 Your friends will pass the lonesome
place,
And with a sigh move slow along;
Still gazing on the spires of grass,
With which your graves are overgrown.
- 9 Your souls will land in darker realms,
Where vengeance reigns and billows
And roll amid the burning flames, [roar,
When thousand, thousand years are o'er.
- 10 Sunk in the shades of endless night,
To groan and howl in ceaseless pain,
And never more behold the light,
And never, never rise again.
- 11 Ye blooming youth, this is the state
Of all who do free grace refuse;
And soon with you 'twill be too late,
The way of life in Christ to choose.
- 12 Come lay your carnal weapons by,
No longer fight against your God;
But with the gospel now comply,
And heaven shall be your great reward.

HYMN 14. L. M.

TO-DAY, if you will hear his voice
Now is the time to make your choice;
Say, will you to Mount Zion go?
Say, will you have this Christ or no?

2 Say, will you be for ever blest,
And with this glorious Jesus rest?
Will you be sav'd from guilt and pain?
Will you with Christ for ever reign?

3 Make now your choice, and halt no more
For now he's waiting for the poor;
Say now, poor souls, what will you do?
Say, will you have this Christ or no?

4 Once more, I ask you in his name,
(I know his love remains the same :)
Say, will you to Mount Zion go?
Say, will you have this Christ or no?

5 Ye dear young men, for ruin bound,
Amidst the gospel's joyful sound,
Come, go with us, and you shall prove
The joys of Christ's redeeming love.

6 Your sports and all your glittering toys
Compar'd with our celestial joys,
Like momentary dreams appear;
Come, go with us, your souls are dear.

7 Or, must we leave you bound to hell,
 Resolv'd with devils there to dwell?
 Still we will weep, lament and cry,
 That God may change you ere you die.

8 Young ladies, now we look to you;
 Are you resolv'd to perish too?
 To rush in carnal pleasures on,
 And sink in flaming rivers down?

9 Then, blooming friends, a long farewell;
 We're bound to heav'n, but you to hell:
 Still God may hear us while we pray,
 And change you ere the burning day.

10 Come, ye that love the blessed Lord,
 And feel redemption in his blood,
 Let's watch and pray, and travel on,
 Till Jesus comes to call us home.

11 A few more days, and we shall go
 From all our cares and foes below;
 In shouts of triumph we shall rise,
 To dwell with Christ above the skies.

HYMN 15. L. M.

YE blooming youth, I pray give ear,
 A death-bed lamentation hear!
 Ere death shall blast the opening flower,
 O make thy peace and calling sure.

2 In pride and wealth and pleasure's maze,
 I've spent the morning of my days;
 Did oft in gayest circles shine,
 Nor thought my sun would ere decline.

3 But death has aim'd the fatal blow,
 Down to the grave I soon must go;
 Distressing pains my vitals tear,
 My soul is rack'd with keen despair.

4 My beauty, once my greatest pride,
 The cold and silent grave will hide;
 The rose, so late in sweetest bloom,
 The hungry worm will soon consume.

5 Oft I've adorn'd this blooming face,
 My limbs have deck'd with sweetest
 grace,
 But though so lovely and so fair,
 The winding sheet I soon must wear.

6 In sinful pleasures I have spent
 The golden moments God hath lent;
 And now, beneath his awful frown,
 I soon shall sink in anguish down.

7 Oft I have heard the gospel call,
 But madly have rejected all;
 And now the day of grace is o'er,
 I sink, alas! to rise no more.

8 Oft I have felt the inward smart,
And anguish keen has seiz'd my heart,
And oft, alone, resolv'd in tears,
To seek the Lord in riper years.

9 But with conviction still I strove,
Despis'd a Saviour's offer'd love,
Refus'd with sinful joys to part,
And griev'd his Spirit from my heart.

10 Now soon with me shall time be o'er;
My sun shall rise and set no more;
But sinking down in endless pain,
Shall never, never rise again.

11 Ye blooming youth, a long farewell,
O shun the path that leads to hell,
Seek now your slighted Saviour's face,
No more despise his offer'd grace.

12 No more his loving Spirit grieve,
Lest he your precious soul should leave;
O think, that ere to-morrow's sun,
You may for ever be undone.

13 O Christian friends, a long adieu,
I've been reprov'd and warn'd by you;
Oft have I heard you weeping cry,
"Turn, sinner, turn, why will you die?"

14 But mercy has for ever fled,
I sink among the silent dead;
My life is o'er, my glass is run,
Farewell to all below the sun.

HYMN 16. 7s.

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 bar'd!
Awful terrors clothe his brow!
For his judgments stand prepar'd,
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 advent may abide?
You that glory in your shame,
Will you find a place to hide,
When the world is wrapp'd in flame?

5 Then the rich, the great, the wise,
Trembling, guilty, self-condemn'd,

- Must behold the wrathful eyes
Of the Judge they once blasphem'd.
- 6 Where are now their haughty looks?
Oh, their horror and despair!
When they see the open'd books,
And their dreadful sentence hear!
- 7 Lord, prepare us by thy grace!
Soon we must resign our breath;
And our souls be call'd to pass
Through the Iron gate of death.
- 8 Let us now our day improve,
Listen to the gospel voice;
Seek the things that are above;
Scorn the world's pretended joys.

HYMN 17. 11s.

- W**HY stand you here idle, my friends,
all the day?
Your moments are fleeting, they'll soon
pass away!
The market is open, the store you may see,
Then come, take in welcome, all things
here are free.
- 2 Here's mercy and pardon, here's love
and free grace,
Here's strong consolation, here's great joy
and peace;

- Here's hope for the hopeless, the weary'll
find rest, [and distress'd.
Here are all things in plenty for the poor
- 3 Here are clothes for the naked, here all
may be clad, [may be fed!
Here is bred for the hungry, here 'souls
Here is manna from Heaven, this food is
divine, [refin'd.
Fat things full of marrow, and wine well
- 4 Here is oil, milk and honey, a plenty in
store, [more;
Sufficient for thousands, yea millions and
Here's a balm for the wounded; here's
strength for the weak, [sick.
Here cordials divine are prepar'd for the
- 5 Here medicine for healing is given out
free, [to see;
Here's eye-salve for eyes for to make them
Here cripples are healed, the lame made
to walk, [to talk.
The deaf made to hear and the dumb made
- 6 Here lepers are cleansed and purg'd
from their sores, [made pure;
Here sinners are, pardon'd and souls are

Here bondslaves are ransom'd and freed
 from their chains, [pains.
 Here all who are willing are eas'd of their

7 Here are armors and weapons for sol-
 diers to wield, [shield;
 A breastplate, a helmet, a sword, and a
 The poor receive riches, a crown for the
 head, [dead.
 Here's eternal salvation and life for the

8 Then come, all ye needy, ye poor and
 distress'd, [bless'd;
 Come and receive freely, and be ever
 O come without money to Jesus and buy,
 Then love him and praise him for ever on
 high!

HYMN 18. P. M.

HEAR the royal proclamation,
 The glad tidings of salvation;
 Published to every creature
 Of the ruin'd sons of nature—
 Jesus reigns!

He reigns victorious,
 Over Heaven and earth most glorious,
 Jesus reigns!

2 See the royal banner flying;
 Hear the standard-bearers crying,
 "Rebel sinners, royal favor
 Now is offer'd by the Saviour"—
 Jesus reigns! &c.

3 Hear, ye sons of wrath and ruin,
 Ye who've wrought your own undoing;
 Here is life and free salvation,
 Offer'd to the whole creation;
 Jesus reigns! &c.

4 'Twas for you that Jesus died;
 And for you was crucified:
 Conquer'd death and rose to heaven,
 Life eternal through him given;
 Jesus reigns! &c.

5 Turn unto the Lord most holy;
 Shun the paths of vice and folly;
 Turn, or you are lost for ever!
 Oh, now fly unto the Saviour—
 Jesus reigns! &c.

6 For this love, let rocks and mountains,
 Purling streams and crystal fountains,
 Roaring thunders, lightning's blazes,
 Shout the great Messiah's praises:
 Jesus reigns; &c.

7 Here is wine, and milk, and honey ;
Come and purchase without money ;
Mercies flowing like a fountain,
Streaming from the holy mountain—
Jesus reigns ! &c.

8 Shout, ye tongues of every nation,
Christ has died for your salvation !
Shout with joyful acclamation,
Sound aloud the proclamation—
Jesus reigns ! &c.

9 Shout, ye saints, make joyful mention
Of him who wrought out your redemp-
Shout the praise of Judah's Lion, [tion,
The Almighty King of Zion—
Jesus reigns ! &c.

10 Now our souls have caught new fire :
Brethren, raise your voices higher ;
Angels shout the joyful story,
Through all the bright world of glory—
Jesus reigns ! &c.

HYMN 19. P. M.

THE voice of free grace cries escape
to the mountain,
For Adam's lost race Christ has open'd a
fountain ;

For sin and transgression, and ev'ry pol-
lution,
His blood it flows freely in plenteous sal-
vation.

CHORUS.

Hallelujah to the Lamb, through whom
we've found pardon,
We'll praise him again when we pass over
Jordan.

2 That fountain so clear, in which all may
find pardon,
From Jesus's side flows a plenteous re-
demption ;
Though your sins are increased as high
as a mountain,
His blood it flows freely in streams of sal-
vation.

3 O Jesus ! ride on, thy kingdom is glo-
rious ;
Over sin, death and hell, thou wilt make
us victorious :
Thy name shall be prais'd in the great
congregation,
And saints shall delight in ascribing sal-
vation.

4 When on Zion we stand, having gain'd
the blest shore,
With our harps in our hands we'll praise
him evermore;
We'll range the blest fields on the banks
of the river,
And sing hallelujahs for ever and ever.

HYMN 20. C. M.

HARK! listen to the trumpeters,
They call for volunteers;
On Zion's bright and flow'ry mount
Behold the officers!

2 Their horses white, their armours bright,
With courage bold they stand,
Enlisting soldiers for their King,
To march to Canaan's land.

3 It sets my heart all in a flame
A soldier for to be!
I will enlist, gird on my arms,
And fight for liberty.

4 We want no cowards in our bands,
That will our columns fly;
We call for valiant-hearted men
Who're not afraid to die.

5 To see our armies on parade,
How martial they appear;
All arm'd and dress'd in uniform,
They look like men of war.

6 They follow their great General,
The great eternal Lamb,
His garments stain'd in his own blood,
King Jesus is his name.

7 The trumpets sound, the armies shout,
They drive the hosts of hell:
How dreadful is our God t'adore—
The great Emmanuel!

8 Sinners, enlist with Jesus Christ,
The eternal Son of God:
And march with us to Canaan's land,
Beyond the swelling flood.

9 There, on a green and flow'ry mount,
Where fruits immortal grow;
With angels all array'd in white,
And our Redeemer know—

10 We'll shout and sing for evermore,
In that eternal world;
While satan and his army too,
Shall down to hell be hurl'd.

11 Lift up your heads, ye soldiers bold,
Redemption's drawing nigh,
We soon shall hear the trumpet sound,
That shakes the earth and sky.

12 In fiery chariots we shall rise,
And leave the world on fire;
And all surround the throne of love,
And join the heavenly choir.

HYMN 21. C. M.

HARK! hear the sound on earth is
My soul delights to hear [found,
Of dying love, that's found above,
And pardon bought so dear.

2 God's ministers, like flames of fire,
Are passing through the land:
The voice is, "Hear, repent and fear,
King Jesus is at hand!"

3 God's chariots, they no longer stay;
They're mounted on the truth;
The saints in prayer, cry, "Lord draw near,
Have mercy on the youth!"

4 Young converts sing, and praise their
And bless God's holy name; [King,
While older saints, true penitents,
Rejoice and join the theme.

6 God grant a shower of saving power
On every aching heart,
Who sincerely to God do cry,
That they may have a part.

6 Come, lovely youth, embrace the truth,
Agree, with one accord;
And use your tongues while you are
In praising of the Lord. [young,

HYMN 22. P. M.

THE gospel ship is sailing by,
The ark of safety now is nigh,
O sinners, unto Jesus fly,
Improve of dying grace.
O there'll be glory, glory, O hallelujah,
O there'll be glory,
When we the Lord embrace.

2 Come, fathers, will you go with me?
Come, mothers, will you go with me?
Eternity you soon must see,
O haste, prepare to die.
O there'll be glory, &c.
When saints shall reign on high;

3 Come, brothers, will you go with me?
Come, sisters, will you go with me?

Come, neighbors, will you go with me?
 And flee from wrath to come?
 O there'll be glory, &c.
 When all the saints get home.

4 The judgment day is rolling on,
 The glass of life will soon be run,
 Creation with her fiery doom,
 The Lord will soon appear!
 O there'll be glory, &c.
 When saints shall view him near.

5 Now hark! the trumpet rends the skies!
 See slumbering millions wake and rise!
 What joy, what terror and surprise!
 The last great day is come!
 O there'll be glory, &c.
 Around the judgment throne.

6 See nations throng this awful bar,
 Both saints and sinners from afar,
 All tribes and kindred now appear,
 And wait to hear their doom!
 O there'll be glory, &c.
 When Christ the Lord shall come.

7 Jehovah now the book unseals!
 The clearest light each heart reveals!

The pointed truth each conscience feels!
 The amazing throng divine!
 O there'll be mourning, mourning, mourn-
 O there'll be mourning, [ing, mourning,
 When justice shall decide.

8 See parents and their children part!
 See husbands and their wives must part!
 See brothers and their sisters part!
 To meet again no more.
 O there'll be mourning, &c.
 The day of mercy's o'er.

9 Now all the ungodly must retire, [fire;
 They're doom'd to dwell in quenchless
 The gnawing worm will ne'er expire,
 Their anguish ne'er will cease.
 O there'll be mourning, &c.
 The forfeiture of grace.

10 See heaven display her pearly gates,
 That kingdom for the righteous waits,
 Come blessed children, take your seats,
 Of old prepar'd for you,
 O there'll be glory, &c.
 When we Mount Zion view.

11 See Jesus and his saints unite,
 And move to realms of endless light,

With him his bride shall walk in white,
 In innocence and love.
 O there'll be glory, &c.
 And sweetest songs above.

HYMN 23. P. M.

NOW the Saviour stands a pleading,
 At the sinner's bolted heart;
 Now in Heaven he's interceding,
 Undertaking sinners' part.

CHORUS.

Sinners, can you hate this Saviour?
 Will you thrust him from your arms?
 Once he died for your behaviour,
 Now he calls you to his charms.

2 Now he pleads his sweat and bloodshed,
 Shows his wounded hands and feet;
 Father, save them, tho' they're blood-red,
 Raise them to a heavenly seat.
 Sinners, can you hate, &c.

3 Sinners, hear your God and Saviour,
 Hear his gracious voice to-day;
 Turn from all your vain behaviour,
 O repent, return and pray.
 Sinners, can you hate, &c.

4 O be wise, before you languish
 On the bed of dying strife!
 Endless joy, or dreadful anguish,
 Turn upon th' events of life!
 Sinners, can you hate, &c.

5 Now he's waiting to be gracious;
 Now he stands and looks on thee:
 See what kindness, love and pity,
 Shines around on you and me!
 Sinners, can you hate, &c.

6 Open now your hearts before him,
 Bid the Saviour welcome in:
 Now receive, and O, adore him;
 Take a full discharge from sin.
 Sinners, can you hate, &c.

7 Come, for all things now are ready;
 Yet there's room for many more:
 O ye blind, ye lame and needy,
 Come to wisdom's boundless store.
 Sinners, can you hate, &c.

HYMN 24. L. M.

HEAR, O ye starving worldlings hear,
 Your days are short, your doom is
 near;

Soon you must quit this mortal shore,
And all your gods shall be no more.

2 Although you dream that all is well,
You're gliding down the road to hell;
And while you're musing in your dream,
The devil triumphs in his scheme.

3 You labor hard on earth to find
Some sensual joys to please the mind;
But know that all the joys you have,
Will never reach beyond the grave.

4 O leave the treach'rous paths you've
trod,
And turn, ye starving souls, to God;
The bred of life is at your door,
O taste, and starve your souls no more.

HYMN 25. L. M.

SINNERS, expos'd to dreadful woe;
Arise and to King Jesus go;
Your guilt confess, his favor seek,
And wait to hear what God will speak.

2 Fear not the law, 'tis grace that reigns,
Jesus the sinner's cause maintains;
He ransom'd rebels with his blood,
And now he intercedes with God,

3 To him approach with fervent prayer,
And if you perish, perish there;
Resolv'd at Jesus' feet to lie,
Sueing for mercy till you die.

4 Like Esther, venture near his throne,
And make your supplications known;
Tell him the cause of all your grief,
And he will grant you quick relief.

5 Thrice happy souls who thus address
The God of love and boundless grace;
Jesus will such completely save,
And life eternal they shall have.

HYMN 26. C. M.

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 piercing eye of God
O'erlooks the crimes of men;
His heralds are despatch'd abroad,
To warn the world of sin.

3 The summons goes thro' all the earth,
Let earth attend and fear;

Listen, ye men of royal birth,
And let your vassals hear.

4 Together in his presence bow,
And all your guilt confess;
Embrace the blessed Saviour now,
Nor trifle with his grace.

5 Bow, ere the awful trumpet sound,
And call you to his bar;
For mercy knows th' appointed bound,
And turns to vengeance there.

6 Amazing love, that yet will call,
And yet prolong our days!
Our hearts, subdued by goodness, fall,
And weep, and love, and praise.

HYMN 27. L. M.

SINNERS, behold, the Saviour stands
With crowns and pardons in his hands;
To court you from the jaws of hell,
That you might in his bosom dwell.

2 His Spirit, with its healing power,
Stands knocking, pleading at your door;
He'll bind the wounds that sin has made,
He'll heal the sick and raise the dead.

3 O don't reject his heavenly voice,
But hear, and in his name rejoice:
Attend the call, his love embrace,
And freely now be sav'd by grace.

4 He'll be your father and your friend,
Your heart shall leap, your sorrows end;
He'll feed you with immortal love,
And you shall reign with him above.

HYMN 28. C. M.

WITH love of pity, I look round
Upon my fellow clay—
See men reject the gospel sound,
Good God! what shall I say?

2 Now is the time, th' accepted hour,
O sinners! come away:
The Saviour's knocking at your door,
Arise without delay.

3 Do not refuse to give him room,
Lest mercy should withdraw;
He'll then in robes of vengeance come,
To execute his law.

4 Then where, poor sinners will you be,
If destitute of grace;

When you your injur'd Judge shall see,
And stand before his face?

5 O could you shun that dreadful sight,
How would you wish to fly
To the dark shades of endless night,
From that all-searching eye.

6 But death and hell must all appear,
And you among them stand;
Before the great impartial Judge,
Arraign'd at Christ's left hand.

7 Let not these warnings be in vain,
But lend a list'ning ear,
Lest you should meet them all again,
When wrapt in keen despair.

HYMN 29. L. M.

O FOR a glance of heavenly day,
To take my heart of stone away,
And thaw with beams of love divine,
This heart, this frozen heart of mine.

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

3 To hear the sorrows thou hast felt,
Dear Lord, an adamant would melt;
But I can read each moving line,
And nothing move this heart of mine.

4 Thy judgments too unmov'd I hear,
(Amazing thought!) what devils fear,
Goodness and wrath in vain combine,
To stir this stupid heart of mine.

5 But something yet can do the deed,
And that dear something much I need;
Thy Spirit can from dross refine,
And move and melt this heart of mine.

6 Thus saith the Lord, "My voice obey,
"I'll take the heart of stone away;—
"Thy mourning soul with grace refresh,
"And give thee a new heart of flesh."

HYMN 30. C. M.

O WHAT a state my soul is in?
Nor can I e'er be blest,
Without relief from death and sin,
Or find a moment's rest.

2 I hear that Christ is passing by,
Poor sinners to relieve;

But, ah! I must in darkness lie,
Until I do believe.

3 My stupid mind and stubborn will,
Chain down my soul to death;
And here I groan in darkness still,
Without one spark of faith.

4 O God, for my poor soul appear,
And make my foes submit;
Unlock, unlock this prison door,
And bring me from the pit.

5 Pull down the pride within my heart,
From blindness set me free;
May I with every Idol part,
And give myself to thee.

6 O let me feel thy love divine,
And hear thy healing voice:
Until I know that thou art mine,
I never can rejoice.

HYMN 31. P. M.

AWAKE, O guilty world, awake;
Behold the earth's foundation shake,
While the Redeemer bleeds for you!
His death proclaims to Adam's race,

Free Grace, Free Grace, Free Grace,
Free Grace,
To all the Jews and Gentiles too.

2 Come, guilty mortals, come and see
Your Saviour hanging on a tree,
For you all dress'd in purple gore:
His weight of wo did veil the sun,
'Tis done, 'Tis done, 'Tis done, 'Tis done,
That man might live evermore.

3 Behold the wounded Lamb of God,
Spreading his bleeding hands abroad!
Come see him yielding up to death;
Behold him in his agonies!
He dies, he dies, he dies, he dies,
And yields his last expiring breath.

4 He dies, and triumphs over death,
To give the dead immortal breath,
And spread the wonders of his name;
Shout, brethren, shout with cheerful
Rejoice, rejoice, rejoice, rejoice, [voice,
And give the glory to the Lamb.

The Pure Testimony.

HYMN 32. P. M.

THE pure testimony pour'd forth in the Spirit,
Cuts like a keen two-edged sword;

And hypocrites now are most sorely tormented,
 Because they're condemn'd by the word.
 The pure testimony discovers the dross,
 While wicked professors make light of the cross;
 But Babylon trembles for fear of her loss.

2 Is not the time come for the church to be gather'd
 Into the one Spirit of God?
 Baptiz'd by one Spirit into the one body,
 Partaking Christ's flesh and his blood?
 They drink in one spirit, which makes them all see
 They're one in Christ Jesus, wherever they be,
 The Jew and the Gentile, the bond and the free.

3 Then blow ye the trumpet in pure testimony,
 And let the world hear it again;
 O come ye from Babylon, Egypt and Sodom,
 And make your way over the plain;
 And gird on your armour, as saints of the Lord,
 For Christ will direct you by his living word;
 The pure testimony will cut like a sword.

4 The great prince of darkness is must'ring his forces,
 To make you his pris'ners again, (ces,
 By flatt'ries, reproaches, and vile persecution;
 That you in his cause may remain:
 But shun his temptations, wherever they lay,
 And mind not his servants, whatever they say;
 The pure testimony will give you the day.

5 The world will not persecute those who are like
 But hold them the same as their own; [them,
 The pure testimony cries up, separation,
 And calls you your lives to lay down.
 Come out from their spirit and practices too,
 The track of the Saviour keep still in your view;
 The pure testimony will cut the way through.

6 The battle is coming between the two kingdoms,
 The armies will gather anon;
 The pure testimony and vile persecution
 Will come to close battle ere long:
 Then wash all your robes in the blood of the Lamb,
 And walk in the Spirit, as *Jesus* has done;
 In pure testimony you will overcome.

PAUSE.

7 The pure testimony is not to establish
 The selfish inventions of men;
 The systems of parties it never advances,
 Nor seeks worldly honor or gain:
 'Tis mov'd in the temple, in each holy soul,
 And then into words, in a torrent doth roll,
 In love to the hearers, including the whole.

8 No system of doctrine is by it establish'd,
 Excepting the doctrine of love;
 To love God supremely, and love to one's neighbor,
 The pure testimony approves;
 The pure testimony holds nothing beside:
 The doctrine of devils and men can't abide
 The pure testimony, which lays them aside.

9 No vain ceremonies in pure testimony,
 It always puts forth its own forms;
 'Tis nowise dependent on better instruction,
 Or what worldly wisdom performs:
 It holds nothing else but Christ Jesus for all,
 The only Foundation which never can fall,
 The precious Redeemer in every soul.

10 The pure testimony has uniting power
 To gather the churches alone.

Without any movements of worldly upbuilding,

The saints are united in one :

It gives all directions what course to pursue,
And teaches each member what part he must do ;
And love knows no party but those who love too.

11 The pure testimony has no selfish motives ;
It stands independent of men ;
It seeks to exalt nothing else but a Saviour,
And bends all its force against sin :
It holds nothing else a Redeemer for men,
But Christ Jesus within them to save them from sin,
Commending a present salvation to him.

12 Now this is the pure testimony of Jesus,
And his ancient witnesses too,
Which gives men instruction how they must be saved,
With no other object in view :—
Let this testimony abound and prevail ;
Let love conquer hatred, and selfishness fail—
The pure testimony says, " Jesus is all."

The Young Convert.

HYMN 33. P. M.

WHEN souls are first converted,
They mount on wings above ;
The world thinks they're distracted,
Because they're fill'd with love.
They fly from every evil,
They trust in God alone,

They long to get to heaven,
Their most desired home.

2 The world, the flesh and satan,
Beset them on each hand,
Bestrew their paths with evil,
Debar them from that land.
But Jesus still invites you,
Come follow, follow me,
And I will fight your battles,
And gain your liberty.

3 O why are you dismayed ?
The Saviour now inquires ;
When we are getting ready,
And just are going to rise—
To rise above, triumphing,
In that bright world of joy,
Where all things are provided,
There's nothing to annoy.

4 In hopes of that bright morning,
When all the saints get home ;
When we arrive at Heaven,
Our most desired home.
I'll try to live a Christian
While here below I stay ;
I'll watch and I'll be sober,
I'll watch and try to pray.

HYMN 34. P. M.

WHITHER goest thou, pilgrim stranger,

Wandering through this lonely vale?
Know'st thou not 'tis full of danger?

And will not thy courage fail?

No, I'm bound for the kingdom,

Will you go to glory with me?

O hallelujah, O hallelujah,

I'm bound for the kingdom,

Will you go to glory with me?

O Hallelujah, O hallelujah.

2 Pilgrim, thou hast justly call'd me,

Passing through a waste so wide;

But no harm will e'er befall me,

While I'm blest with such a guide.

For I'm bound for the kingdom, &c.

3 Such a guide! no guide attends thee;

Hence for thee my fears arise;

If some guardian power befriend thee,

'Tis unseen by mortal eyes.

O I'm bound for the kingdom, &c.

4 Yes, unseen, but still believe me,

Such a guide my steps attend;

He'll in every strait relieve me,

He will guide me to the end.

For I'm bound, &c.

5 Pilgrim, see that stream before thee,

Darkly winding through the vale;

Should its deadly waves roll o'er thee,

Would not then thy courage fail?

No, I'm bound, &c.

6 No, that stream has nothing frightful,

To its brink my steps I'll bend,

Thence to plunge, 'twill be delightful,

There my pilgrimage will end.

For I'm bound, &c.

7 While I gaz'd, with speed surprising

Down the stream she plung'd from sight;

Gazing still, I saw her rising,

Like an angel cloth'd with light.

O, I'm bound, &c.

8 Cease, my heart, this mournful crying,

Death will burst this sullen gloom;

Soon my spirit, fluttering, flying,

Will be borne beyond the tomb.

For I'm bound, &c.

HYMN 35. L. M.

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

2 He saw me ruin'd by the fall,
Yet lov'd me notwithstanding all;
He saved me from my lost estate,
His loving-kindness, O how great!

3 Though num'rous hosts of mighty foes,
Though earth and hell my way oppose;
He safely leads my soul along,
His loving-kindness, O, how strong!

4 When trouble, like a gloomy cloud,
Has gather'd thick and thunder'd loud,
He near my soul has always stood,
His loving-kindness, O how good!

5 Often I feel my sinful heart
Prone from my Saviour to depart;
But though I oft have him forgot,
His loving-kindness changes not.

6 Soon shall I pass the gloomy vale;
Soon all my mortal powers must fail:
O may my last expiring breath
His loving-kindness sing in death.

7 Then let me mount, and soar away
To the bright world of endless day;
And sing, with rapture and surprise,
His loving-kindness through the skies.

HYMN 36. P. M.

A WAK'D by Sinai's awful sound,
My soul in guilt and thrall I found,
I knew not what to do:
O'erwhelm'd with guilt, with anguish
The sinner must be born again, [slain,
Or sink in endless wo.

2 Amaz'd I stood, but could not tell
Which way to shun the gates of hell,
For death and hell drew near:
I strove indeed, but strove in vain;
The sinner must be born again,
Still sounded in my ear.

3 Then to the law I trembling fled,
It pour'd its curses on my head,
I no relief could find;
This fearful truth I found remain,
The sinner must be born again,
O'erwhelm'd my troubled mind.

4 Again did Sinai's thunder roll,
And guilt lay heavy on my soul,
A vast unwieldy load;

Alas ! I read and found it plain,
The sinner must be born again,
Or drink the wrath of God.

5 The saints I heard with rapture tell
How Jesus conquer'd death and hell,
And broke the fowler's snare :
But when I found this truth remain,
The sinner must be born again,
I sunk in deep despair.

6 While thus my soul in anguish lay,
Jesus of Naz'reth pass'd that way,
I felt his pity move ;
A sinner, by his justice slain,
Now by his grace, am born again,
And sing redeeming love.

7 To heaven the joyful tidings flew,
The angels tun'd their harps anew,
And loftier sounds did raise ;
All hail the Lamb, that once was slain,
Unnumber'd millions, born again,
Shall shout thy endless praise.

HYMN 37. P. M.

THE Lord into his garden comes ;
The spices yield the rich perfumes ;
The lillies grow and thrive :

Refreshing showers of grace divine,
From Jesus flows to every vine,
Which makes the dead revive.

2 O that this dry and barren ground
In springs of water may abound,
A fruitful soil become !
The desert blossom as a rose,
And Jesus conquer all his foes,
And make his people one.

3 The glorious time is rolling on,
The gracious work is now begun,
My soul a witness is ;
I taste and see the pardon's free ;
For all mankind as well as me,
Who come to Christ may live.

4 The worst of sinners here may find
A Saviour, pitiful and kind,
Who will them all receive !
None are too late who will repent ;
Out of one sinner legions went ;
Jesus did him relieve.

5 Come, brethren, ye who love the Lord,
And taste the sweetness of his word,
In Jesus' ways go on ;

Our trials and our troubles here,
Will only make us richer there,
When we arrive at home.

6 We feel that heaven is now begun,
It issues from the shining throne,
From Jesus' grace on high :
It comes like floods, we can't contain,
We drink, and drink, and drink again,
And yet for more we cry.

7 But when we come to reign above,
And all surround the throne of love,
We'll drink a full supply :
Jesus will lead his armies through,
To living fountains, where they flow—
Which never will run dry.

8 There we shall reign, and shout and sing,
And make the heavenly arches ring,
When all the saints get home :
Come on, come on, my brethren dear,
We soon shall meet together there,
Where Jesus bids us come.

9 Amen, amen, my soul replies ;
I'm bound to meet him in the skies,
And claim my mansion there :

Now here's my heart, and here's my hand,
To meet you in the heavenly land,
Where we shall part no more.

10 There, on that peaceful happy shore,
We'll sing and shout our suff'rings o'er,
In sweet redeeming love : [King,
We'll shout, and praise our conqu'ring
Who died himself, that he might bring
Us rebels near to God.

HYMN 38. C. M.

ARISE and shine, O Zion fair,
Behold thy light is come ;
The glorious conqu'ring King is near,
To take his exiles home.
The trumpet's thund'ring thro' the sky,
To set poor sinners free :
The day of wonders now is nigh,
The year of Jubilee.

2 Ye heralds, blow your trumpets loud,
Throughout the earth and sky ;
Go spread the news from pole to pole,
Behold the judgment's nigh ;
Blow out the sun, turn up the earth,
Consume the rolling flood :
While every star shall disappear,
The moon turn into blood.

- 3 Arise, ye nations under ground,
Before the Judge appear;
All tongues, all languages shall come,
Their final doom to hear:
King Jesus on his azure throne,
Ten thousand angels round;
While Gabriel, with his silver trump,
Echoes the dreadful sound.
- 4 The glorious news of gospel grace
With sinners now is o'er,
The trump of Zion now is still,
And to be blown no more:
The watchmen all have left their walls,
And with their flocks above,
On Canaan's happy shore they sing,
And shout Redeeming Love.
- 5 Come, all ye pilgrims of the Lord,
Whose hearts are join'd in one;
Hold up your hands with courage bold,
Your race is almost run:
Above the clouds behold him stand,
And smiling, bid you come:
While angels beckon you away,
To your eternal home.
- 6 To see a pilgrim as he dies,
With glory in his view;

- To heaven he lifts his longing eyes,
And bids the world adieu:
While friends stand weeping all around,
And loth to let him go,
He shouts with his expiring breath,
And leaves them all below.
- 7 O, Christians! are you ready now,
To cross the narrow flood?
On Canaan's happy shore, behold,
And see a smiling God!
The dazzling charms of that bright world,
Attract my soul above;
My tongue shall shout redeeming grace,
When perfected in love.
- 8 Go on, my brethren in the Lord,
I'm bound to meet you there;
Though you've to travel th' enchanted
Hold out and do not fear. [ground,
Fight on, fight on, ye conqu'ring souls,
The land keep still in view;
And when you reach fair Canaan's shore,
I hope to meet with you.

HYMN 39. P. M.

HOW firm a foundation, ye saints of
the Lord,

Is laid for your faith in his excellent word!
What more can he say than to you he hath
said?

You, who unto Jesus for refuge have fled?

2 In ev'ry condition, in sickness, in health,
In poverty's vale, or abounding in wealth,
At home or abroad, on the land, on the sea,
"As thy days may demand, shall thy
strength ever be."

3 "Fear not, I am with thee, O be not
dismay'd; [aid;
I now am thy God, and will still give thee
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 wo shall not thee overflow;
For I will be with thee, thy troubles to
bless,

And sanctify to thee thy deepest distress.

5 When through fiery trials thy path-way
shall lie,

My grace all-sufficient shall be thy supply;
The flame shall not hurt thee, I only design
Thy dross to consume, and thy gold to re-
fine.

6 Even down to old age, all my people
shall prove
Impartial, eternal, unchangeable love;
And when hoary hairs shall their temples
adorn,
Like lambs they shall still in my bosom
be borne.

7 The soul that on Jesus hath lean'd for
repose,
I will not, I will not desert to his foes;
That soul, though all hell should endea-
vor to shake,
I'll never—no never—no never forsake."

HYMN 40. P. M.

THIS world is all a fleeting show,
For man's probation given;
The smiles of joy, the tears of wo,
Deceitful shine, deceitful flow:
There's nothing true as heaven.

2 Poor wand'ers of a stormy day,
From wave to wave are driven:
And fancy's flash, and reason's ray,
Serve but to light us on the way:
There's nothing bright as heaven.

- 3 And false the light in glory's plume,
As fading buds of even;
And genius' bud, and beauty's bloom,
Are blossoms gather'd for the tomb:
There's nothing bright as heaven.
- 4 And where's the hand held out to cheer
The heart with anguish riven?
For sorrow's sigh, and trouble's tear,
Have never found a refuge here:
There's nothing kind as heaven.
- 5 In vain do mortals sigh for bliss,
Without their sins forgiven:
True pleasure, everlasting peace,
Are only found in God's free grace:
There's nothing good as heaven.
- 6 From those who walk in wisdom's ways,
Corroding fears are driven;
They're wash'd in Christ's atoning blood,
Enjoy communion with their God,
And find their way to heaven.

THE CONTRAST.

"**T**HIS world's" not "all a fleeting
For man's illusion given;" [show,
He that hath sooth'd a widow's wo,

- Or wip'd an orphan's tear, doth know
There's something here of heaven.
- 2 And he that walks life's thorny way,
With feelings calm and even;
Whose path is lit, from day to day,
By virtue's bright and steady ray,
Hath something felt of heaven.
- 3 He that the Christian's course has run,
And all his foes forgiven;
Who measures out life's little span
In love to God and love to man,
On earth has tasted heaven.

HYMN 41. P. M.

THERE is an hour of peaceful rest
To mourning wand'ers given;
There is a tear for souls distress'd,
A balm for every wounded breast;
'Tis found above in heaven.

- 2 There is a soft, a downy bed,
'Tis fair as breath of even,
A couch for weary mortals spread,
Where they may rest their aching head,
And find repose in heaven.

3 There is a home for weeping souls
By sin and sorrow driven,
When toss'd in life's tempestuous shoals,
Where storms arise and oceans roll,
And all is drear but heaven.

4 There faith lifts up the tearful eye,
The heart with anguish riven,
And views the tempest passing by,
The evening shadows quickly fly,
And all serene in heaven.

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

6 Where all the saints immortal sing,
And crowns of joy are given;
While all the harpers cheerful bring
Their noblest songs to Christ their King,
When swallowed up in heaven.

HYMN 42. P. M.

LET thy kingdom, blessed Saviour,
Come, and bid our jarrings cease;
Come, O come and reign for ever,
God of love and Prince of peace.

Visit now poor bleeding Zion,
Hear the people mourn and weep;
Day and night thy lambs are crying,
Come, good Shepherd, feed thy sheep.

2 Some for Paul, some for Apollos,
Some for Cephas—none agree:
Jesus, let us hear thee call us,
Help us, Lord, to follow thee.
Then we'll rush through what encumbers,
Over every hindrance leap,
Undismay'd by force or numbers:
Come, good Shepherd, feed thy sheep.

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

4 Come, good Lord, with courage arm us,
Persecution rages here;
Nothing, Lord, we know can harm us,
While our Shepherd is so near.

Glory, glory be to Jesus!
 At his name our hearts do leap;
 He both comforts us and frees us,
 The good Shepherd feeds his sheep.

5 Here's the Prince of your salvation,
 Saying, Fear not little flock;
 I myself am your foundation,
 You are built upon this rock.
 Shun the path of vice and folly,
 Scale the mount, although it's steep;
 Look to me, and be ye holy,
 I delight to feed my sheep.

6 Christ alone, whose merit saves us,
 Taught by him we'll own his name;
 Sweetest of all names is Jesus,
 How it doth our souls inflame!
 Glory, glory, glory, glory,
 Give him glory, he will keep,
 He will clear your way before you,
 The good Shepherd feeds his sheep.

HYMN 43. L. M.

THERE is a school on earth begun,
Halle hallelujah,
 Supported by the Holy One;
Glory O Hallelujah.

He calls his pupils for to prove,
Halle hallelujah,
 The greatness of redeeming love,
Sing Glory O hallelujah.

2 Then come, my friends, where'er you be,
 Say, will you go to school with me?
 Christ Jesus is my Master's name,
 Come deaf and dumb, come blind and lame.

3 Our school-books are the scriptures true,
 Our lessons are for ever new;
 The scholars too are all agreed,
 It is a blessed school indeed.

4 My Master learns the blind to see,
 Then come, ye blind, the school is free:
 My Master learns the lame to walk,
 He also learns the dumb to talk.

5 My Master learns the deaf to hear;
 Then come, ye deaf, and lend an ear
 Unto my Master's pleasant voice,
 He'll make your mourning souls rejoice.

6 He learns the swearing man to pray,
 Then come, profane, without delay;
 He'll change your tongues to speak his
 And spread abroad a Saviour's fame. [name

7 Come, brethren dear, who are at school,
Attention pay to every rule;
'Tis best for those who mind their book,
And have all carnal joys forsook.

8 Our mortal frames must shortly die,
Then we shall lay our school-books by;
We'll reign with Master Jesus then,
Glory to God, Glory, Amen.

HYMN 44. P. M.

AT TEND, ye saints, and hear me tell
The wonders of Immanuel;
Who sav'd me from a burning hell,
And brought my soul with him to dwell,
And feel a blessed union.

2 At first he saw me from on high,
Beheld my soul in ruin lie,
And look'd on me with pitying eye,
And said to me, as he pass'd by,
"With God you have no union."

3 I then began to mourn and cry,
I look'd this way and that to fly;
It griev'd me sore that I must die;
I strove salvation for to buy;
But still I had no union.

4 But when I gave up all my sin
And self to him, he took me in,
And with his blood he wash'd me clean;
And O what seasons I have seen,
E'er since I felt this union!

5 I prais'd the Lord both night and day;
From house to house I went to pray;
And if I met one on the way,
I always found something to say
About this blessed union.

6 I wonder why old saints don't sing,
And praise the Lord upon the wing,
And make the heavenly arches ring,
With loud hosannas to their King,
Who brought their souls to union.

7 O come, backsliders, come away,
And learn to do, as well as say;
And mind and watch as well as pray,
And bear your cross from day to day,
And then you'll feel the union.

8 Soon we shall break all nature's ties,
On wings of love our souls shall rise,
And shout salvation through the skies,
And gain the mark, and win the prize,
And feel a heavenly union.

9 Then every saint that's here below,
Will leave these climes of pain and wo;
And they will home to glory go,
And there they'll see, and hear, and know,
And feel *a perfect union*.

10 There we the glorious Lamb shall see,
Who groan'd and died upon the tree,
For sinners, such as you and me,
That we might his salvation see,
And feel *eternal union*.

HYMN 45. C. M.

HOW sweet the name of Jesus sounds
In a believer's ear!
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
And drives away his fear.

2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast;
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary rest.

3 Dear name! the Rock on which I build,
My shield and hiding-place;
My never failing treasury fill'd
With boundless stores of grace.

4 Jesus, my Shepherd, Husband, Friend,
My Prophet, Priest and King;

My Lord, my life, my way, my end,
Accept the praise I bring:

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

6 Till then, I would thy love proclaim,
With every fleeting breath;
And may the music of thy name
Refresh my soul in death.

HYMN 46. P. M.

YE jewels of my Master,
Who shine with heavenly rays,
Amid the beams of glory,
Reflect immortal blaze:
Ye diamonds of beauty,
With pleasing lustre crown'd,
Of heavenly extraction,
To Zion's city bound.

2 Ye lambs of my Redeemer,
The purchase of his blood,
Who feed among the lillies,
Beside the purple flood;

Go on, ye happy pilgrims,
Your journey still pursue,
And, at a humble distance,
I'll sing and follow too.

3 When I beheld your order,
And harmony of soul,
And heard divinest numbers,
In pure devotion roll;
And gems immortal glowing
With such enlivening grace,
I view'd the Saviour's image,
Impress'd on every face.

4 Speak often to each other,
To cheer the fainting mind:
And often be your voices
In pure devotion join'd.
Tho' trials may await you,
The crown before you lies;
Take courage, brother pilgrims,
And soon you'll win the prize.

5 Ye shall be mine, says Jesus,
In that auspicious day,
When I make up my jewels,
Releas'd from cumbrous clay;

He'll polish and refine you,
From worthless dross and tin,
And to his heavenly kingdom,
Will bid you enter in.

6 On that important morning,
When bursting thunders sound,
And nimble lightnings waving,
Shall wing the gloom profound;
Lift up your heads, rejoicing,
And clap your joyful hands,
Lo! you're redeem'd for ever,
From death's corrupted bands.

7 As Aaron, with his girdle,
In shining jewels dress'd,
Bore all the tribes of Israel
Inscrib'd upon his breast;
So will the Priest of Zion,
Before the Father's throne,
Present the heirs of glory,
And God their kindred own.

8 The golden bells will echo
Around the sacred hill:
And sweet immortal anthems
The vocal regions fill;

In everlasting beauty,
The shining millions stand,
Safe on the Rock of ages,
Amid the promis'd land.

9 We'll range the wide dominion
Of our Redeemer round,
And, in dissolving raptures,
Be lost in love profound:
While all the flaming harpers
Begin the lasting song,
With hallelujahs rolling,
From the unnumber'd throng.

HYMN 47. P. M.

JESUS to every willing mind,
Opens a heavenly treasure:
In him the sons of sorrow find
Sources of real pleasure.
See what employments men pursue,
Then you will own my words are true,
Jesus alone unfolds to view
Sources of real pleasure.

2 Poor are the joys that fools esteem,
Fading and transitory;
Mirth is as fleeting as a dream,
Or delusive story.

Luxury leaves a sting behind,
Wounding the body and the mind;
Only in Jesus can we find
Pleasure and solid glory.

3 Learning, that boasting, glitt'ring thing,
Scarcely is worth possessing:
Riches, for ever on the wing,
Scarce can be call'd a blessing.
Fame like a shadow flies away,
Titles and dignities decay:
Nought but religion can display
Joys that are freed from trouble.

4 Beauty, with all its gaudy shows,
Is but a printed bubble:
Short are the triumphs wit bestows,
Full of deceit and trouble.
Sensual pleasures swell desire,
Just as the fuel feeds the fire:
Religion can true bliss inspire,
Bliss that is worth possessing.

HYMN 48. L. M.

JESUS, my all, to heaven is gone:
He whom I fix my hopes on,
His track I see, and I'll pursue
The narrow way, till he be found.

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 mourn'd because I found it not;
My grief a burden long has been,
Because I was not sav'd 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,
Wilt take me to thee as I am:
Nothing but sin I thee can give,
Nothing but love would I receive.

6 Now 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 49. P. M.

2 ~~COME~~ ME brethren and sisters, that love
Fad~~er~~ my dear Lord,
Mirth is as ~~an~~ ~~ation~~ and hear to my word;
Or delusive su~~er~~

What a wonder of mercy! behold, now I
see [poor me.
What a tender, kind Saviour has done for

2 I was led by the devil, till, lost and dis-
tress'd, [be cast;
I thought that in torments I soon should
No peace to the wicked, but all misery,
Till by faith I saw Jesus hang bleeding
for me.

3 O sinner, said Jesus, for you I have died;
All glory to Jesus! my soul then replied:
The guilt was removed, my soul did re-
joice, [voice.
The blood was applied, the witness and

4 On my low bending knees before God I
did fall,
All glory to Jesus! for he's all in all;
The heart of this rebel was burst in twain
To see my dear Jesus on Calvary slain.

5 There was peace now in heaven, and
peace upon earth,
The angels rejoice at a poor sinner's birth:
Your sins are forgiven, my Saviour did say,
O, witness, kind heaven, on this my birth
day.

6 My soul it was humbled, I fell to the
ground, [found;
The time of refreshing at length I have
O Lord, thou hast ravish'd my soul with
thy charms,
Let me die, now, like Simeon, with Christ
in my arms.

HYMN 50. P. M.

BURST, ye emerald gates, and bring
To my raptur'd vision,
All the extatic joys that spring
Round the bright elysian:
Lo! we lift our longing eyes,
Break, ye intervening skies,
Sons of righteousness arise,
Ope the gates of paradise.

CHORUS.

O how good it is for us to be blest,
And dwell where loving Jesus is!

2 Floods of everlasting light,
Freely flash before him;
Myriads with supreme delight,
Instantly adore him:
Angelic trumps resound his fame,
Lutes of lucid gold proclaim,

All the music of his name,
Heaven echoing the theme.
O how good, &c.

3 Four and twenty elders rise,
From their princely station;
Shout his glorious victories,
Sing the great salvation;
Cast their crowns before his throne,
Cry in reverential tone,
Glory be to God alone,
Holy! Holy! Holy One!
O how good, &c.

4 Hark! the thrilling symphonies,
Seem, methinks, to seize us;
Join we too the holy lays—
Jesus!—Jesus!—Jesus!
Sweetest sound in seraph's song,
Sweetest note on mortal's tongue,
Sweetest carol ever sung—
Jesus—Jesus: now along—
O how good, &c.

HYMN 51. P. M.

HOW happy are they,
Who their Saviour obey,
And have laid up their treasures above!

Tongue cannot express,
The sweet comfort and peace,
Of a soul in its earliest love.

2 That sweet comfort was mine,
When the favor divine
I first found in the blood of the Lamb;
When my heart first believ'd,
What a joy I receiv'd!
What a heaven in Jesus's name!

3 'Twas a heaven below,
My Redeemer to know;
And the angels could do nothing more
Than to fall at his feet,
And the story repeat,
And the lover of sinners adore.

4 Jesus, all the day long,
Was my joy and my song;
O that all his salvation might see!
"He hath lov'd me," I cried,
"He hath suffer'd and died,
To redeem such a rebel as me."

5 On the wings of his love,
I was carried above
All my sins, and temptations, and pain:

And I could not believe
That I ever should grieve,
That I ever should suffer again.

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

7 O! the rapturous height,
Of that holy delight,
Which I felt in the life-giving blood!
Of my Saviour possess'd,
I was perfectly bless'd,
As if fill'd with the fulness of God.

HYMN 52. P. M.

COME and taste, along with me,
The weary pilgrim's consolation;
Boundless mercy, full and free,
The earnest of complete salvation.
Joy and peace in Christ I find,
My heart to him is all resign'd,
The fulness of his power I prove,
My soul is all dissolved in love,
Jesus is the pilgrim's portion,
Love is boundless as the ocean.

2 When the world and flesh arise,
 And try to draw me from my Saviour,
 Strangers slight and friends despise,
 I then more highly prize his favor.
 Friends, believe me, when I tell,
 If Christ be present all is well;
 The world and flesh in vain arise,
 In this I all their good despise;
 In the world I've tribulation,
 But in Christ free consolation.

3 When I'm in the house of prayer,
 I find him in the congregation;
 Music sweet unto my ear,
 Is the sweet sound of free salvation.
 When I join to sing his praise,
 My heart in holy raptures raise,
 I view Immanuel's land from far,
 And shout and wish my spirit there.
 Glory, honor and salvation,
 What I feel is past expression.

4 Worldlings hold me in disdain,
 Because I hate their carnal pleasure;
 All in this that gives me pain,
 Is, that they slight a noble treasure.
 But, among them, bless the Lord,

There's some who tremble at his word:
 This to me doth joy impart,
 To think the Lord hath reach'd their heart,
 O, the grace to mortals given,
 Peace on earth and crowns in heaven!

5 When I hear the pleasing sound,
 Of weeping mourners just converted,
 The dead's alive, the lost is found,
 The Lord hath heard the broken hearted;
 My heart exults, my pleasures flow,
 I love my God and brethren too,
 I join, and shout, and sing aloud,
 And disregard the gazing crowd.
 Glorious theme of exaltation,
 Jesus Christ is my salvation.

6 Why should I regard the frowns
 Of those who mock, deride and slight me?
 Soon I'll lie beneath the ground,
 Beyond the reach of those who hate me.
 Sorrows, toil and suff'rings o'er,
 I'll gain that blissful, happy shore;
 And then, with singing hosts above,
 I'll sing and shout redeeming love!
 Pleasures there, beyond expression,
 Ever roll in sweet succession.

HYMN 53. P. M.

SAVIOUR, visit thy plantation;
Grant us, Lord, a gracious rain;
All will come to desolation,
Unless thou return again.

2 Keep no longer at a distance,
Shine upon us from on high,
Lest for want of thine assistance,
Every plant should droop and die.

3 Surely, once thy garden flourish'd,
Every plant looked gay and green;
Then thy word our spirits nourish'd,
Happy seasons we have seen.

4 [But a drought has since succeeded,
And a sad decline we see:
Lord, thy help is greatly needed,
Help can only come from thee.]

5 Where are those we counted leaders,
Fill'd with zeal, and love, and truth;
Old professors, tall as cedars,
Bright examples to our youth?

6 Some, in whom we once delighted,
We shall meet no more below;
Some, alas! we fear are blighted,
Scarce a single leaf they show.

7 Younger plants—to sight how pleasant,
Cover'd thick with blossom's stood;
But they cause us grief at present,
Frost hath nipp'd them in the bud.]

8 Dearest Saviour, hasten hither,
Thou canst make them bloom again;
O permit them not to wither,
Let not all our hopes be vain.

9 Let our mutual love be fervent,
Make us prevalent in prayers:
Let each one esteem thy servant,
Shun the world's bewitching snares.

10 Break the tempest fatal power,
Turn the stony heart to flesh;
And begin from this good hour,
To revive thy work afresh.

HYMN 54. S. M.

COME ye that love the Lord,
And let your joys be known;
Join in a song of sweet accord,
And thus surround the throne.

2 Let sorrows of the mind
Be banish'd from this place;

Religion never was design'd,
To make our pleasures less.

3 Let those refuse to sing,
Who never knew our God ;
But fav'rites of the heavenly King
Should speak their joys abroad.

4 The God who rules on high,
And thunders when he please ;
Who rides upon the stormy sky,
And manages the seas :

5 This awful God is ours,
Our Father and our love ;
He will send down his heavenly powers,
To carry us above.

6 There we shall see his face,
And never, never sin ;
There from the rivers of his grace,
Drink endless pleasures in.

7 Yes, and before we rise
To that immortal state,
The thoughts of such amazing bliss
Should constant joys create.

8 The men of grace have found,
Glory begun below ;

Celestial fruits on earthly ground,
From faith and hope may grow.

9 The hill of Zion yields
A thousand sacred sweets,
Before we reach the heavenly fields,
Or walk the golden streets.

10 Then let our songs abound,
And ev'ry tear be dry ;
We're marching thro' Immanuel's ground
To fairer worlds on high.

HYMN 55. P. M.

THE glorious light of Zion is spread-
ing far and wide,
And sinners they are coming into the gos-
pel tide,
The standard of King Jesus in glorious
triumph rise,
And sinners crowd around it, with bitter
shrieks and cries.

2 The suff'rings of the Saviour upon
mount Calvary,
Are sounding sweet to sinners, come this
will yet you free !

And while this glorious message was circulating round,
Some souls expos'd to ruin, redeeming love have found.

3 And of that happy number, I hope that I am one,
And Jesus he will finish the work he has begun;
He'll cut it short in righteousness, and I'll for ever be
A monument of mercy in all eternity.

4 I am but a young convert, that lately did enlist,
A soldier under Jesus, my Captain, King and Priest:
I have receiv'd my bounty, likewise my martial dress,
A ring of love and favor, a robe of righteousness.

5 It's down into the water where we young converts go,
To serve our Lord and Master in righteous acts below;

To lay our sinful bodies beneath the yielding wave,
An emblem of the Saviour, when he lay in the grave.

6 Poor sinners, think what Jesus has done for you and me,
Behold his pained body hangs tott'ring on the tree!
His bleeding head, his hands, his side, he doth to you display;
Come tell me, brother sinner, how can you stay away!

7. Come all ye elder brethren, who're soldiers of the cross,
Who for the sake of Jesus have counted all things dross,
Come pray for us young converts, that we may travel on,
And meet you all in glory, where our Redeemer's gone.

HYMN 56. P. M.

FROM whom doth this love and this union arise,
That knits and so fastens our souls in such ties,

That hatred and malice are conquer'd by love,
So that nature and distance those ties can't re-
move?

2 In the garden of nature it cannot be found,
It grows and increases on Immanuel's
ground;
From the veins of the Saviour it flows ever
sweet,
And we drink it most plenty at Jesus's feet.

3 When in heavenly places together we sit,
Where the elders, and brethren, and sisters are
met,
This love glows so sweetly in every heart,
We feel so united we're loth for to part.

4 The time so unnoticed passes away,
We scarcely can miss a whole night or a day;
The union we feel and the love here enjoy'd
Are such that our souls can never be cloy'd.

5 We preach and we pray, and we talk and we
sing;
We tell our experience again and again:
We talk about parting, but still we remain
In love so united, we cannot contain.

6 Each brother and sister their tithes
must bring in;
Each one then doth tell of some wonder-
ful thing;
Our love then increases to a glorious
flame,
And we give all the glory to God and the
Lamb.

HYMN 57. P. M.

COME my Christian friends and breth-
Bound for Canaan's happy land: [ren,
Come, unite, and walk together,
Christ the Saviour gives command.
Lay aside all party spirit,
Slight your Christian friends no more;
Come, unite, through Jesus' merit,
Zion's peace again restore.

2 We'll not bind our brother's conscience,
This to God alone is free;
Nor contend for non-essentials,
But in Christ united be:
Here's the word, the grand criterion,
This shall all our doctrine prove;
Christ's the centre of our union,
And the bond is Christian love.

3 Here's my hand, my heart and spirit,
Now in fellowship I'll give;
Now we love and peace inherit,
Show the world how Christians live:
Now we're one in Christ our Saviour,
Male or female, bond or free;
Christ is all in all for ever,
And we're happy, Lord, in thee.

4 Now we'll preach and pray together,
Praise, give thanks, and shout and sing;
Now we'll strengthen one another,
And adore our heavenly King;
Now we'll join in sweet communion,
Round the table of our Lord:
Lord, confirm our Christian union,
By thy Spirit and thy Word.

5 Now the world will be constrained
To believe in Christ our King:
Thousands, thousands be converted,
Round the earth his praises ring.
Happy day! O joyful hour!
Thank the Lord, his name we'll bless;
Send thy word, my Lord, with power,
Fill the world with righteousness.

HYMN 58.

HOW happy, how joyful, how loving I feel,
I want to feel more love, yea, more love and
zeal!

I want my love perfect, I want my love pure,
That all things with patience I well may endure.

2 I want to be little, more humble, more mild,
More like my blest Master, and more like a child;
More watchful, more prayerful, more lowly in
mind,

More thankful, more gentle, more loving and kind.

3 I want to have wisdom that comes from above,
I want my heart fill'd with the purest of love,
I want my faith stronger, my anchor hope sure,
And, like a good soldier, all hardness endure.

4 I want to be stripped from all human pride,
All malice and anger I would lay aside;
From sin and from bondage I want to be free,
And live, my dear Saviour, live only to thee.

5 While suffering, enduring, in duty believe,
Forgiving, if any my spirit should grieve;
Rememb'ring at all times what Jesus did say,
And set out anew and forgive every day.

6 My treasures in heaven I want to lay up,
Where no moth nor rust will ever corrupt.
Where no thief or robber will venture or dare;
My heart and my treasure I want should be there.

7 My faith, and my hope, and my love, and my
zeal,
I want them deep rooted and feel them within;

My light I want clear, that beholders may see
How faith and good works in sweet union agree.

3 My union I want with the Father and Son,
I want that perfected which grace hath begun:
With love and sweet union that sooth every care,
And with my dear brethren all burdens to bear.

9 For love and sweet union I ardently call,
I want to feel more love, yea, more love to all;
O come, my beloved, come hasten to me,
And fill up my vessel full as it can be.

10 Come brethren and sisters, both aged and youth,
And all who are willing to walk in the truth;
Come fill up your vessels with union and love,
And on our blest journey we'll joyfully move.

11 When time is no more, from earth we'll re-
move,
To dwell in the regions of pure light and love;
With Jesus our Saviour and all holy men,
We'll sing hallelujah, for ever, Amen!

HYMN 59. P. M.

FROM whence doth this union arise,
That hatred is conquer'd by love?
It fastens our souls in such ties,
As nature and time can't remove.

2 It cannot in Eden be found,
Nor yet in a paradise lost;

It grows on Immanuel's ground,
And Jesus' dear blood it did cost.

3 My friends are so dear unto me,
Our hearts all united in love,
Where Jesus is gone we shall be,
In yonder blest mansions above.

4 O, why then so loth for to part,
Since we shall ere long meet again?
Engrav'd on Immanuel's heart,
At distance we cannot remain.

5 And when we shall see that bright
day,
And join with the angels above,
Leaving these vile bodies of clay,
United with Jesus in love:

6 With Jesus we ever shall reign,
And all his bright glory shall see,
And sing, Hallelujah, Amen,
Amen! Even so let it be.

HYMN 60. P. M.

MY gracious Redeemer I love,
His praises aloud I'll proclaim,
And join with the armies above,
To shout his adorable name:

To gaze on his glories divine,
 Shall be my eternal employ,
 And feel them incessantly shine,
 My boundless ineffable joy.

2 He freely redeem'd with his blood
 My soul from the sorrows of hell,
 To live on the smiles of my God,
 And in his sweet presence to dwell;
 To shine with the angels of light,
 With saints and with seraphs to sing;
 To view with eternal delight,
 My Jesus, my Saviour, and King.

3 My glorious Redeemer! I long
 To see thee descend on the cloud,
 Amidst a bright numberless throng,
 And mix with the triumphing crowd.
 O when wilt thou bid me ascend,
 To join in thy praises above;
 To gaze on the world without end,
 And feast on thy ravishing love?

4 No sorrow, nor sickness, nor pain,
 Nor sin, nor temptation, nor fear,
 Shall ever molest me again;
 Perfection of glory reigns there.

This soul and this body shall shine
 In robes of salvation and praise,
 And banquet on pleasures divine,
 Where God his full beauty displays.

5 Soon, soon shall my spirit exchange
 This cell of corruptible clay,
 For mansions celestial, and range
 Through realms of ineffable day.
 The crown that my saviour bestows,
 Yon permanent sun shall outshine:
 My joy everlastingly flows,
 My God, my Redeemer is mine.

Baptism.

HYMN 61. P. M.

SALEM'S bright King, Jesus by name,
 In ancient time to Jordan came,
 All righteousness to fill;
 'Twas there the ancient baptist stood,
 Whose name was John, a man of God,
 To do his Master's will.

2 The holy Jesus did demand
 His right to be baptized then—
 The baptist gave consent;

On Jordan's bank they did prepare,
The baptist and his Master dear,
Then down the bank they went.

3 Down in old Jordan's rolling stream,
The baptist led the holy Lamb,
And there did him baptize;
Jehovah saw his darling Son,
And was well pleas'd in what he'd done,
And own'd him from the skies.

4 Th' opening heaven now complies,
The Holy Ghost like lightning flies
Down from the courts above;
And on the holy, heavenly Lamb,
The Spirit lights, and does remain,
In shape like a fair dove.

5 "This is my Son," Jehovah cries,
The echoing voice from glory flies,
"O Children, hear ye him;"
Hark! 'tis his voice, behold! he cries
"Repent, believe, and be baptiz'd,
"And wash away your sin."

6 Come, children, come, his voice obey,
Salem's bright King has mark'd the way,
And has a crown prepar'd.

O then arise and give consent,
Walk in the way that Jesus went,
And have the great reward.

7 Believing children, gather round,
And let your joyful songs abound,
With cheerful hearts arise:
See, here is water, here is room,
A loving Saviour calling, "Come,
"O children, be baptiz'd,"

8 Behold! his servant waiting stands,
With willing heart and ready hands,
To wait upon his bride;
Ye candidates, your hearts prepare,
And let us join in solemn prayer,
Down by the water side.

HYMN 62. C. M.

IN pleasure sweet, here we do meet,
Down by the water side;
And here we stand, by Christ's command,
To wait upon his bride.

2 Here we do bid the world "farewell,"
To practice his command;
It is the road that leads to God,
The way to Canaan's land,

3 Now we will sing, to Christ our King;
Our souls shall give him thanks,
Who came to Jordan unto John,
And went down Jordan's banks.

4 Come, sinners all, obey the call,
"Repent and be baptiz'd;
Forsake your sins, and follow him,
Till you in glory rise.

5 We've found the road that leads to God,
The way of holiness;
We'll follow him where he has been,
For all his paths are peace.

HYMN 63. C. M.

THUS was the great Redeemer plung'd
In Jordan's swelling flood;
To show he must be soon baptiz'd
In tears, and sweat, and blood.

2 Thus was his sacred body laid
Beneath the yielding wave;
Thus was his sacred body rais'd,
Out of the liquid grave.

3 Lord, we thy precepts would obey,
In thy own footsteps tread:
Would die, be buried, rise with thee,
Our ever-living head.

HYMN 64. P. M.

NEVER does truth more shine,
With beams of heavenly light,
Than when the scriptures join
To prove it plain and right;
Than when each text doth each explain,
And all unite to speak the same.

2 Thus Peter, who obey'd
What Jesus said, was wise;
And preached as he led,
Repent and be baptiz'd.
Thus Philip did to th' eunuch say,
If you believe in Christ, you may.

3 Paul preach'd the word of grace;
Whole households did believe,
And were baptiz'd to Christ,
Whose gospel they receiv'd.
Thus Christians were of ancient date,
As sacred hist'ry doth relate.

4 We see 'tis no new thing,
To teach, and then baptize;
So Christians first began
Christ's ordinance to prize;
This makes us cheerfully obey,
And go as they have led the way.

Washing Feet.—John, xiii. 4—17.

HYMN 65. C. M.

WHEN Jesus Christ was here below,
He taught his people what to do;
And if we would his precepts keep,
We must attend to washing feet.

2 For on that night he was betray'd,
He for us all a pattern laid:
Soon as his supper he did eat,
He rose and wash'd his brethren's feet.

3 The Lord, who made the earth and sky,
Arose and laid his garments by,
And wash'd their feet to show that we
Should always kind and humble be.

4 He wash'd them all, to make them clean,
But Judas still was full of sin:
May none of us, like Judas, sell
Our Lord for gold, and go to hell.

5 Peter said, Lord, it shall not be;
Thou shalt not stoop to washing me.
O that no Christian here may say,
I'm too unworthy to obey.

6 Ye call me "Lord, and Master," too,
Then "do as I have done to you;"

All my commands and counsels keep,
And show your love by washing feet.

7 Ye shall be happy if ye know
And do these things by faith below;
And I'll protect you till you die,
And then remove you far on high.

Affections.

HYMN 66. P. M.

DARK and thorny is the desert
Thro' which pilgrims make their
Yet beyond this vale of sorrow, [way,
Lie the fields of endless day:
Fiends loud howling through the desert,
Make them tremble as they go,
And the fiery darts of satan
Often bring their courage low.

2 O young soldiers, are you weary
Of the roughness of the way?
Does your strength begin to fail you?
And your vigor to decay?
Jesus, Jesus will go with you;
He will lead you to his throne;
He who dy'd his garments for you,
And the wine-press trod alone.

3 He whose thunder shakes creation,
 He who bids the planets roll;
 He who rides upon the tempest,
 And whose sceptre sways the whole;
 Round him are ten thousand angels,
 Ready to obey command;
 They are always hov'ring round you,
 Till you reach the heavenly land.

SECOND PART.

4 There on flow'ry hills of pleasure,
 Lie the fields of endless rest;
 Love and joy, and peace, for ever
 Reign and triumph in your breast.
 Who can paint the scenes of glory,
 Where the ransom'd dwell on high?
 There on golden harps for ever
 Sound redemption through the sky.

5 There's a million flaming seraphs,
 Who fly across the heav'nly plain;
 There they sing immortal praises,
 Glory, Glory, is their strain.
 But methinks a sweeter concert
 Makes the heav'nly archies ring;
 And the song is heard in Zion,
 Which the angels cannot sing.

6 O their crowns, how bright they sparkle!
 Such as monarch never wore;
 They are gone to richer pastures,
 Jesus is their shepherd there.
 Hail! ye happy, happy spirits,
 Death no more shall make you fear;
 Grief nor sorrow, pain nor anguish,
 Shall no more distress you there.

HYMN 67. L. M.

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 Let not thy heart despond and say,
 "How shall I stand the trying day?"
 He has engag'd by firm decree,
 That "*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 If faith is weak and 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.*"

5 When call'd to bear the weighty cross
Of sore affliction, pain, or loss,
Or deep distress or poverty,
Still "*as thy day thy strength shall be.*"

6 When ghastly death appears in view,
Christ's presence shall thy fears subdue,
He comes thy spirit to set free,
And "*as thy day thy strength shall be.*"

HYMN 68. C. M.

AFFLICTIONS, though they seem sent;
In mercy oft are sent; [vere,
They stopp'd the prodigal's career,
And forc'd him to repent.

2 Although he no relenting felt,
Till he had spent his store;
His stubborn heart began to melt,
When famine pinch'd him sore.

3 "What have I gain'd by sin," he said,
"But hunger, shame, and fear?
My father's house abounds with bread,
While I am starving here.

4 I'll go and tell him all I've done,
And fall before his face;
Unworthy to be call'd his son,
I'll seek a servant's place."

5 His father saw him coming back,
He saw, and ran, and smil'd;
And threw his arms around the neck
Of his rebellious child.

6 "Father, I've sinn'd, but O forgive!"
"I've heard enough," he said,
"Rejoice my house, my son's alive,
For whom I mourn'd as dead.

7 Now let the fatted calf be slain,
And spread the news around;
My son was dead but lives again,
Was lost, but now is found."

8 'Tis thus the lord his love reveals,
To call poor sinners home;
More than a father's love he feels,
And welcomes all that come.

HYMN 69. P. M.

YE weary, heavy laden souls,
Who are oppressed sore,

Ye trav'lers through the wilderness,
 To Canaan's peaceful shore ;
 Tho' chilling winds and beating rains,
 The waters deep and cold,
 And enemies surrounding you—
 Take courage and be bold.

2 Though storms and hurricanes arise,
 The desert all around,
 And fiery serpents oft appear,
 Through the enchanted ground ;
 Dark nights, and clouds, and gloomy fears,
 And dragons often roar,
 But while the gospel trump we hear,
 We'll press for Canaan's shore.

3 We're often like the lonesome dove,
 Who mourns her absent mate,
 From hill to hill, from vale to vale,
 Her sorrows to relate,
 But Canaan's land is just before,
 Sweet spring is coming on ;
 A few more beating winds and rains,
 And winter will be gone.

4 Sometimes, like mountains to the sky,
 Black Jordan's billows roar ;
 Which often make the pilgrims fear
 They never will get o'er.

But let us gain mount Pisgah's top,
 And view the vernal plain ;
 To fright our souls, may Jordan roar,
 And hell may rage in vain.

5 Methinks I now begin to see
 The borders of that land !
 The trees of life, with heavenly fruit,
 In beauteous order stand.
 The wint'ry time is past and gone,
 Sweet flowers do appear ;
 The fiftieth year is now roll'd round,
 The great Sabbatic year.

6 O what a glorious sight appears
 To my believing eyes !
 Methinks I see Jerusalem,
 A city in the skies !
 Bright angels whisper me away—
 O come ! my brother, come !
 And I am willing to be gone
 To my eternal home.

7 By faith I see my gracious God,
 On his eternal throne,
 At His right hand the loving lamb,
 The Spirit—Three in One !

O that my faith were strong, to rise
And bear my soul away;
I'd shout salvation to the Lamb,
In one eternal day.

8 Farewell, my brethren in the Lord,
Who are to Canaan bound;
And should we never meet again
Till Jubal's trump shall sound,
I hope that I shall meet you there,
On that delightful shore,
In oceans of eternal bliss,
Where parting is no more.

HYMN 70. P. M.

LIKE a ship, see the church, thro' the ocean she
rolls; [with souls!
She's freighted with grace, and well mann'd out
'Midst whirlwinds and tempests she sails thro' the
world,
While storms of temptation against her are hurl'd.

2 She's bound from the world, thro' the tempest
she flies,
She mounts o'er the billows, is bound for the skies:
While Christ stands at helm no danger she'll fear,
Her captain and pilot knows which way to steer.

3 She stops not to anchor in harbors below,
But o'er life's rough billows her true course doth go:

The highlands of Heaven she still keeps in view;
Intends there to anchor and there land her crew.

4 While hell and her legions around her do roar,
Like waves of the ocean which break on the shore;
She steers her course onward, nor heeds the alarm,
With Christ in the vessel, she smiles at the storm.

5 The ebb-tide of nature, which feeds the dead sea,
And the gulf of confusion, together agree,
To hinder her progress, her march to oppose;
She spreads forth her canvass and outsails her foes.

6 She's hated by worldings, despised by fools,
Who sail the black sea till they shipwreck their
souls!
She kindly invites them their course to bewail,
Yet tarries not for them, but spreads the more sail.

7 She's rapidly sailing, with strong gales of love,
And soon will strike soundings on fair coasts above;
Make the highlands of Heaven, and enter the road,
And anchor, for e'er, in the Kingdom of God!

HYMN 71. P. M.

THROUGH tribulation deep,
The way to glory is;
This stormy course I keep,
On these tempestuous seas.

By winds and waves I'm toss'd and driven,
Freighted with grace, and bound to
heaven.

2 Sometimes temptations blow
A dreadful hurricane,
And high the waters flow,
And o'er the sides break in;
But still my little ship outbraves
The blust'ring winds and surging waves.

3 When I, in my distress,
My anchor hope can cast
Within the promises,
It holds my vessel fast :
She safely then at anchor rides,
'Midst stormy blasts and swelling tides.

4 If a dead calm ensues,
And heaven no breezes give,
The oar of prayer I use,
I tug, and toil, and strive ;
Through storms and calms for many a day,
I make but very little way.

5 But when a heavenly breeze
Springs up and fills my sail,
My vessel goes with ease
Before the pleasant gale ;

And runs as much an hour, or more,
As in a month or two before.

6 Hid by the clouds from sight,
The sun doth not appear,
Nor can I in the night
Behold the moon or star ;
Sometimes, for days, or weeks or more,
I cannot see the sky or shore.

7 As at the time of noon,
My quadrant, faith, I take,
To view my Christ, my Sun,
If he the clouds should break ;
I'm happy when his face I see !
I know then where about I be.

8 The Bible is my chart,
By it the seas I know ;
I cannot with it part,
It rocks and sands doth show ;
It is a chart and compass too,
Whose needle points for ever true.

9 I keep aloof from pride,
That rock I pass with care ;
And studiously avoid
The whirlpool of despair ;

Presumption's quicksands too I shun,
Near them I do not choose to run.

10 When through a strait I go,
Or near some coast am drove,
The plummet forth I throw,
And thus my safety prove :
The scripture is the line, which I
Fathom the deep water by.

11 My vessel would be lost
In spite of all my care,
But that the Holy Ghost
Himself vouchsafes to steer :
And throughout all my voyage, I will
Depend upon my steersman's skill.

12 Ere I can reach heaven's coast,
I must a gulf pass through,
Which dreadful proves to most,
For all this passage go :
But all death's waves can't me o'erwhelm,
If God himself is at my helm.

13 When through this gulf I get,
Though rough, it is but short,
The pilot angels meet,
To bring me into port :
And when I land on that blest shore,
I shall be safe for evermore.

HYMN 72. P. M.

A MIXTURE of joy and trouble I
daily do pass through,
Sometimes I'm in a valley, sinking down
with wo ;
Sometimes I am exalted, on eagle's wings
I fly,
I rise above old Pisgah, and almost reach
the sky.

2 Sometimes I am doubting, and think I
have no grace ;
Sometimes I am shouting, and Bethel is
the place :
Sometimes my hope's so little, I think I'll
throw it by,
Sometimes it is sufficient if I were call'd
to die.

3 Sometimes I shun the Christian for fear
he'll talk to me,
Sometimes he is the neighbor I long the
most to see ;
Sometimes we meet together, the season's
dry and dull,
Sometimes we find a blessing, with joy it
fills my soul.

4 Sometimes I am oppressed by Pharaoh's cruel hand,
 Sometimes I look o'er Jordan and view
 the promis'd land;
 Sometimes I am in darkness, sometimes
 I'm in the light,
 Sometimes my soul takes wings of faith,
 and then I speed my flight.

5 Sometimes I go a mourning down Babylon's cold stream,
 Sometimes my Lord's religion appears to
 be my theme;
 Sometimes when I am praying it seems
 almost a task;
 Sometimes I find a blessing the greatest I
 can ask.

9 Sometimes I read my bible, and 'tis a
 sealed book,
 Sometimes I find a blessing wherever I
 do look;
 Sometimes I go to meeting, and wish my-
 self at home,
 Sometimes I meet my Jesus, and then I'm
 glad I come.

7 Lord, why am I thus tossed, thus toss-
 ed to and fro;

Why are my hopes thus crossed wherever
 I do go?
 O Lord, thou never changest, but 'tis be-
 cause I stray;
 Lord, grant me thine assistance, and keep
 me in thy way.

Preaching.

HYMN 73. P. M.

ONE night, as I lay musing,
 The Spirit said to me,
 Go blow the gospel trumpet,
 Go sound the Jubilee;
 Go tell them I am risen,
 And death you need not fear;
 Go sound the welcome summons,
 Be my sweet messenger.

2 The harvest fields are ripening,
 And laborers are few,
 And Zion she doth languish,
 And shepherds, where are you?
 His blood will cry against you,
 If idle you should be;
 You see the sword is coming,
 Go sound the jubilee,

3 Come, all my Father's children,
Whom Christ has taught the way,
Why stand ye here so idle,
And wasting all the day;
Remember, some are teaching,
While others preach and pray;
Go labour in the vineyard—
From Jesus never stray.

4 Come, brethren dear, and sisters,
Although a little band,
The vict'ry I'll assure you;
Stand fast with sword in hand,
Then wield your sword with pleasure,
The battle goes aright;
When Israel gain'd the vict'ry,
He fought with faith and might.

5 Come, all ye sons of vanity,
Who lie expos'd to death,
Who've listed under Pharaoh,
That wicked king beneath;
Although you serve with vigor,
He cannot set you free—
Then harken to the gospel
That sounds the jubilee.

6 How beautiful the garments
The bride of Christ doth wear!

He offers her rich presents,
And crowns her as his heir;
He decks her with rich jewels,
And crowns her with his love,
And, by his mighty power,
Will carry her above.

7 I'll bid farewell to sorrow,
To sickness, care and pain,
And mount aloft to Jesus,
For ever there to reign.
I'll join to sing his praises,
Above th' ethereal blue,
And then, poor careless sinner,
What will become of you?

HYMN 74. P. M.

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 ransom'd sinners, home!

2 The gospel trumpet hear,
The news of heavenly grace;
Ye happy souls draw near,
Behold your Saviour's face!

The year of Jubilee is come ;
Return to your eternal home.

3 Extol the Lamb of God,
The sin-atonig Lamb :
Redemption in his blood,
Throughout the world proclaim.
The year of Jubilee is come ;
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

Agency.

HYMN 75. L. M.

K NOW then, that every soul is free,
To choose his life, and what he'll
For this eternal truth is given, [be ;
That god will force no man to heaven.

2 He'll draw, persuade, direct him right,
Bless him with wisdom, love and light ;
In nameless ways be good and kind,
But never force the human mind.

3 Freedom and reason makes us men ;
Take these away, what are we then ?
Mere animals, and just as well
The beasts might think of heaven or hell.

4 May we no more our powers abuse,
But ways of truth and goodness choose :
Our god is pleas'd when we improve
His grace, and seek the world above.

5 'Tis God's free grace me to receive,
It's my free will for to believe :
To stubborn willers this I tell,
It's all free grace and all free will.

6 Those that despise grow harder still ;
Those that adhere he turns their will :
And thus despisers sink to hell,
While those that hear in glory dwell.

7 But if we take the downward road,
And make in hell our last abode ;
Our God is clear, and we shall know,
We've plung'd ourselves in endless wo.

Judgment.

HYMN 76. P. M.

T HE great tremendous day's ap-
proaching,
That awful scene is drawing nigh ;
Was long foretold by ancient prophets,
Decreed from all eternity.

But O my soul, reflect and wonder!
 That awful scene is drawing near,
 When you shall see that great transaction,
 When Christ in judgment shall appear.

2 See nature stand all in amazement,
 To hear the last loud trumpet sound;
 Arise, ye dead, and come to judgment,
 Ye nations of the world around!
 Loud thunders rumbling thro' the concave,
 Bright forked lightnings part the skies;
 The heavens are shaking, the earth is
 quaking,
 The gloomy sight attracts mine eyes.

3 The orbit lamps all veil'd in sackcloth,
 No more their shining circuits run;
 The wheel of time stops in a moment,
 Eternal things are now begun. [tains,
 Huge massy rocks and tow'ring moun-
 Over their tumbling bases roar;
 The raging ocean all in commotion,
 Is hov'ring round her frightened shore.

4 Green turfy grave-yards and tombs of
 marble,
 Give up their dead both small and great;
 See the whole world; both saints and sin-
 Are coming to the judgment seat. [ners,

See Jesus on the throne of Justice,
 Comes thund'ring down the parted skies,
 With countless armies of shining angels,
 With hallelujahs shout for joy.

5 Bright shining streams from his awful
 presence,
 His face ten thousand suns outshine;
 Behold him coming in power and glory,
 To meet him all his saints combine.
 Go forth, ye heralds, with speed like light-
 ning,
 Call in my saints from distant lands,
 Those that my blood from sin has ran-
 som'd,
 Whose names in life's fair book do stand.

6 O come ye blessed of my Father,
 The purchase of my dying love;
 Receive the crowns of life and glory,
 Which are laid up for you above.
 For your dear souls which have continued
 With me, and my temptations bore,
 I have provided for you a kingdom,
 To reign with me for evermore.

7 There's flowing fountains of living wa-
 ter;
 No sickness, pain nor death to fear:

No sorrows, sighing, no tears nor weeping,
 Shall ever have admittance there.
 But how will sinners stand and tremble,
 When justice calls them to the bar!
 Those that reject his offer'd mercy,
 Their everlasting doom to hear!

8 See justice now with indignation,
 Calling aloud for sinners' blood;
 Those that have slighted offer'd mercy,
 And crucified the Son of God;
 Depart from me, ye cursed sinners!
 My face you never more shall see;
 Be banish'd from my peaceful presence,
 To dreadful wo and misery.

9 Each guilty soul then struck with horror,
 And anguish throbbing in their breasts,
 Behold them doom'd to hopeless sorrow,
 And never more to look for rest.
 Come sinners, here's a faithful warning,
 Return to Jesus while you may;
 For he is ready to forgive you,
 Or else you must depart away.

HYMN 77. P. M.

WHEN the fierce north wind, with his airy
 forces,
 Rears up the Baltic to a foaming fury:

And the red lightning, with a storm of hail, comes
 Rushing amain down.

2 How the poor sailors stand amaz'd and tremble,
 While the hoarse thunder, like a bloody trumpet,
 Roars a loud onset in the gaping waters,
 Quick to devour them.

3 Such shall the noise be and the wild disorder,
 (If things eternal may be like these earthly,)
 Such the dire terror, when the great archangel
 Shakes the creation;

4 Tears the strong pillars of the vault of heaven,
 Breaks up old marble, the repose of princes;
 See the graves open, and the bones arising,
 Flames all around them;

5 Hark! the shrill outcries of the guilty wretches?
 Lively bright horror and amazing anguish
 Stare thro' their eyelids, while the living worm lies
 Gnawing within them.

6 Thoughts, like old vultures, prey upon their heart-
 strings,
 And the smart twinges, when the eye beholds the
 Lofty judge frowning, and a flood of vengeance
 Rolling before him.

7 Hopeless immortals! how they scream and shiver,
 While devils push them to the pit wide yawning,
 Hideous and gloomy, to receive them, headlong,
 Down to the centre.

8 Stop here, my fancy, (all away ye horrid
 Doleful ideas,) come, arise to Jesus,
 How he sits God-like, and the saints around him
 Thron'd, yet adoring.

9 O may I sit there, when he comes triumphant,
Dooming the nations! then ascend to glory,
While our Hosannas, all along the passage,
Shout the Redeemer!

HYMN 78. L. M.

HOW great, how terrible that God,
Who shakes creation with his nod!
He frowns—earth, sea, all nature's frame,
Sink in one universal flame!

2 Where now, O where shall sinners
For shelter, in the gen'ral wreck? [seek
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 toss'd,
For ever—oh! for ever lost!

4 But saints, undaunted and serene,
With calmness view the dreadful scene:
Their Saviour lives, the worlds expire,
And earth and skies dissolve in fire.

5 Jesus the helpless creature's friend,
To thee my all I dare commend;
Thou canst preserve my feeble soul,
When lightnings blaze from pole to pole.

HYMN 79. L. M.

HARK! from the sky the trump pro
claims
Jesus the Judge approaching nigh!
See the creation wrapt in flames,
First kindled by his vengeful eye!

2 When thus the mountains melt like wax;
When earth, and air, and sea, shall burn;
When all the frame of nature shakes;
Poor sinner! whither wilt thou turn?

3 The puny works which feeble men
Now boast, or covet, or admire;
Their pomp, and arts, and treasures, then
Shall perish in one common fire!

4 Lord! fix our hearts and hopes above,
Since all below to ruin tends;
Here may we trust, obey and love,
And there be found among thy friends.

HYMN 80. P. M.

SEE the righteous Judge descending,
Seated on his Father's throne;
Now, poor sinner, Christ will show thee
That he's with the Father one;
Trumpets call thee,
Stand and hear thy awful doom.

- 2 Hear the sinner now lamenting
At the sight of fiercer pain :
Cries and tears he now is venting,
But he weeps and cries in vain :
Greatly mourning,
That he ne'er was born again.
- 3 Yonder sits my slighted Saviour,
With the marks of dying love ;
Oh ! that I had sought his favor,
When I felt his spirit move !
Doom'd I'm justly,
For I have against him strove.
- 4 All his wooing I have slighted,
While he daily sought my soul,
If My vows to him I plighted,
Yet for sin I broke them all :
Golden moments,
How neglected did they roll !
- 5 There I see my godly neighbors,
Who were once despis'd by me ;
Now they're clad in dazzling splendor,
Waiting my sad fate to see :
Farewell, neighbors——
Dismal gulf, I'm bound for thee.
- 6 Hail ! ye ghosts that dwell in darkness,
Groaning, rattling of your chains :

Christ has now denounc'd my sentence,
I'm to dwell in endless pains ;
Down I'm rolling,
Never to return again.

- 7 Now experience plainly shows me,
Hell is not a fabled thing,
Now I see my friends in glory,
Round the throne they ever sing :
I'm tormented
With an everlasting sting.

HYMN 81. L. M.

DON'T you see my Jesus coming ?
Don't you see him in yonder cloud ?
With ten thousand angels round him,
See how they do my Jesus crowd !

- 2 Don't you see his arms extended ?
Don't you hear his charming voice ?
Each loving heart beats high for glory,
O ! my Jesus is my choice.
- 3 Don't you see the saints ascending ?
Hear them shouting through the air ?
Jesus smiling, trumpets sounding,
Now his glory they shall share.
- 4 Don't you see the heavens open ?
And the saints of glory there ?

Shouts of triumph bursting round you,
Glory, glory, glory, here!

5 Come, backsliders, tho' you've pierc'd
him,

And have caus'd his church to mourn;
Yet you may regain free pardon,
If you will to him return.

6 Now behold each loving spirit,
Shout the praise of his dear name;
View the smiles of their dear Jesus,
While his presence feeds the flame.

7 There we'll range the fields of pleasure,
By our dear Redeemer's side:
Shouting glory, glory, glory,
While eternal ages glide.

HYMN 82. L. M.

BRETHREN, see my Jesus coming,
See him come in yonder cloud,
With ten thousand angels round him,
See how they do my Jesus crowd.

2 I will arise and go and meet him,
And embrace him in my arms;
In the arms of my dear Jesus,
O there is ten thousand charms.

3 Death shall not destroy my comfort,
Christ shall guard me thro' the gloom,
Down he'll send some heavenly consort,
To convey my spirit home.

4 Jordan's stream shall ne'er o'erflow me,
While my Saviour's by my side;
Canaan, Canaan lies before me,
Soon I'll cross the swelling tide.

5 See the happy spirits waiting
On the banks beyond the stream;
Sweet responses still repeating,
Jesus, Jesus, is their theme.

6 See they whisper! hark! they call me;
Sister spirit, come away!
Lo, I come, earth can't contain me;
Hail! ye realms of endless day.

7 Worlds of light and crowns of glory,
Far above yon azure sky,
Though by faith I now explore ye,
I'll enjoy you soon on high.

8 Soon I'll gain a full possession,
Faith and hope shall thenceforth cease,
Lost in love's exhaustless ocean,
Love, that brightest, sweetest grace.

9 Swiftly roll, ye lingering hours!
 Seraphs, lend your glittering wings!
 Love absorbs my ransom'd powers,
 Heavenly sounds around me ring.

10 Worlds above are bright and glorious,
 All beneath is dark and void:
 Conquest gain'd I'll shout victorious,
 In the presence of my God.

11 Smiling angels now surround me,
 Troops resplendent fill the skies,
 Glory shining all around me,
 While my towering spirit flies.

12 Jesus, clad in dazzling splendor,
 Now, methinks, appears in view:
 Brethren, could you see my Jesus,
 You would love and serve him too.

HYMN 83. P. M.

THE fields are all white, the harvest
 is near,

When the reapers shall with their sharp
 sickles appear,

To reap down the wheat, and gather it in
 barns,

While the wild plants of nature are left
 for to burn.

2 Come then, O my friends, meditate on
 that day,

When all things in nature shall fade and
 decay;

When the trumpet shall sound and the an-
 gels appear,

To reap down the earth, both the wheat
 and the tare.

3 Then, O wretched sinners, look up and
 espy

The glorious Redeemer marching down
 the sky,

In a chariot of fire, to the earth he is
 bound,

With a guard of bright angels attending
 him down.

4 Oh! 'hear the sad cry that ascends to
 the sky,

Of those in distress, who have no where
 to fly;

They'll call for the rocks and the moun-
 tains to fall

On their wretched souls, and to hide
 them withal:

5 But, 'twill all be in vain, the mountains
 will flee, [more be;

The rocks fly like hail stones and will no

The earth, it shall quake, and the seas
shall retire, [fire!
And this solid world then shall all be on

6 Hark! hear the great Judge, 'on that
dread alarm,

Say, "Gather my saints and bring them
to my arms,

"That the seven last plagues may be
pour'd out on those

"Who have blasphem'd my name, and
my saints have oppos'd.

7 "Come hither, ye nations, your sen-
tence receive;

"No longer my spirit shall strive and be
griev'd;

"My judgement is right, and my sentence
is just,

"Come hither, ye bless'd, but depart all
ye curs'd!"

8 O sinners, take warning, and seek ye
the Lord;

I have not been jesting; 'tis Jesus' own
word, [stand,

That those who believe in glory shall
While all unbelievers are sure to be
damn'd.

9 Now farewell, I leave you to ponder
your way—

May the Lord seal instruction from what
I now say;

That your souls to God's throne may be
pour'd out in prayer,

That we may all be prepar'd to meet
Christ in the air.

HYMN 84. P. M.

Parting of Friends.

WHEN shall we three meet again?*

When shall we three meet again?
Oft shall glowing hope expire,
Oft shall we in love retire,
Oft shall death and sorrow reign,
Ere we three shall meet again.

2 Though in distant lands we sigh,
Parch'd beneath the hostile sky;
Though the deep between us rolls,
Friendship shall unite our souls,
And in fancy's wide domain,
Oft shall we three meet again.

*Said to have been composed by three In-
dians who were graduates at Dartmouth Col-
lege, at a favorite bower, on parting.

3 When our burnish'd locks are gray,
Thinn'd by many a toil-spent day;
When around this youthful pine,
Moss shall creep and ivy twine,
Long may this lov'd bower remain,
Here may we three meet again.

4 When the dreams of life are fled,
When its wasted lamps are dead;
When in cold oblivion's shade,
Beauty, wealth and fame are laid—
Where immortal spirits reign,
There may we three meet again.

HYMN 85. P. M.

FAREWELL, dear friends, I must be
gone,
I have no home to stay with you;
I'll take my staff and travel on,
Till I a better world do view.
Farewell, farewell, farewell,
My loving friends, farewell.

2 Farewell, my friends, time rolls along,
Nor waits for mortals' care or bliss;
I leave you here and travel on,
Till I arrive where Jesus is.

3 Farewell, my brethren *in the Lord*,
To you I'm bound in cords of love—

Yet we believe his gracious word,
That soon we all shall meet above.

4 Farewell, old soldiers of the cross,
You've struggled long and hard for heav'n:
You've counted all things here but dross—
Fight on, the crown will soon be given.
Fight on, fight on, fight on,
The crown will soon be given.

5 Farewell, ye blooming sons of God,
Sore conflicts yet await for you;
Yet dauntless keep the narrow road,
Till Canaan's happy land you view.

6 Farewell, poor careless sinner too,
It grieves my heart to leave you here;
Eternal vengeance waits for you—
O turn, and find salvation near.
O turn, O turn, O turn,
And find salvation near.

HYMN 86. P. M.

FAREWELL, my dear brethren, the
time is at hand,
That we must be parted from this social
band; [away,
Our sev'ral engagements now call us.
Separation is needful, and we must obey.

2 Farewell, loving brethren, farewell, for
a while;
We shall soon meet again, if kind heaven
smile;
And while we are parted and scatter'd
abroad,
We'll pray for each other, and wrestle
with God.

3 Farewell, faithful soldiers, you'll soon
be discharg'd;
The war will be ended, your treasure en-
larg'd;
With singing and shouting, to heaven
you'll soar,
And join in sweet anthems, where part-
ing's no more.

4 Farewell, dear young converts, who've
listed for war,
Sore trials await you, but Jesus is near;
And though you must walk through this
dark wilderness;
Your captain's before you, he'll lead you
to peace.

5 The world, flesh, and satan, and hell,
all unite,
And bold persecutors will strive to affright;

Yet Jesus stands for you, he's greater
than they,
Let this animate you to press on your way.

6 Farewell, seeking mourners, with you
we must part,
O haste unto Jesus, and choose the good
part;
He's full of compassion, and mighty to
save,
His arms are extended, your souls to re-
[ceive.]

7 Farewell, careless sinners, for you we
do mourn,
To see your sad danger, and you uncon-
cern'd,
You're bound to a judgment, where all
must appear,
Whether righteous or wicked, their sen-
tence to hear.

8 Your frolics and pastime, in which
you delight,
Will serve to torment you in that dread-
ful night;
You'll think on the sermons which you've
heard in vain,
When hope's gone for ever of hearing
[again.]

9 Farewell, faithful pilgrims, farewell all
 around;
 If we never should meet till the last trumpet sound;
 To meet you in glory I'll give you my
 hand, [band.
 The Saviour to praise in a pure social

HYMN 87. P. M.

FAREWELL, my brethren in the
 The gospel sounds a jubilee; [Lord,
 My stamm'ring tongue shall sound aloud,
 From land to land, from sea to sea;
 And as I preach, from place to place,
 I'll trust alone in God's free grace.

2 Farewell, in bonds and union dear,
 Like strings you twine about my heart;
 I humbly beg your earnest prayer;
 Till we shall meet no more to part;
 Till we shall meet in heaven above,
 Encircled in eternal love.

3 Farewell, my earthly friends below,
 Though all so kind and dear to me;
 My Jesus calls and I must go,
 To sound the gospel jubilee;
 To sound the joys and bear the news,
 To Gentiles and the royal Jews.

4 Farewell, young people, one and all,
 While God shall give me breath to breathe,
 I'll pray to the Eternal ALL,
 That your dear souls in Christ may live;
 That your dear souls prepar'd may be,
 To dwell in bliss eternally.

5 Farewell to all below the sun;
 And as I pass in tears below,
 The path is straight my feet shall run;
 And God will keep me as I go—
 And God will keep me in his hand,
 And bring me to the promis'd land.

6 Farewell, farewell! I look above;
 Jesus my friend to thee I call;
 My joy, my crown, my only love,
 My safeguard here, my heavenly ALL:
 My theme to preach, my song to sing,
 My only hope till death—Amen.

HYMN 88. P. M.

JESUS, grant us all a blessing;
 Send it down, Lord, from above:
 May we all go home a praying,
 And rejoicing in thy love.
 Farewell, brethren, farewell, sisters,
 Till we all shall meet again.

2 Jesus pardon all our follies,
 Since together we have been;
 Make us humble, make us holy,
 Cleanse us all from every sin.
 Farewell, brethren, farewell, sisters,
 Till we all shall meet again.

3 May thy blessings, Lord go with us,
 To each one's respective home;
 And the presence of our Jesus
 Rest upon us every one.
 Farewell, brethren, farewell, sisters,
 Till we all shall meet again.

HYMN 89. P. M.

DEAR brothers and sisters, who love
 one another,
 And have done for years that are gone;
 How oft we have met in sweet heavenly
 union,
 Which opens the way to God's throne.

2 With joy and thanksgiving we'll praise
 him that lov'd us,
 While running the bright shining way;
 Tho' we part here in body, we're bound
 to one glory,
 And bound for each other to pray.

3 There's Jesus and Joseph, Elias and
 Moses,
 Who pray'd and God heard from his
 throne;
 There's Abra'm and Isaac, and Jacob and
 David,
 And Solomon, Stephen and John:

4 There's Simeon and Anna, I know not
 how many,
 Who prayed as they journeyed along;
 Some cast among lions, some bound with
 rough irons,
 Yet praises and glory they sung.

5 Some tell us that praying, and also that
 praising,
 Is labor that's all spent in vain;
 But we have such witness that God hears
 with swiftness,
 From praying we will not refrain.

6 There's captain Cornelius, the Gentile
 will tell us,
 God pitied his groans and his tears;
 Before he'd done crying an angel came
 flying,
 Good tidings proclaim'd in his ears.

7 There's old father Noah and ten thousand more,
That witnessed God heard them pray ;
There's Samuel and Hannah, Paul, Silas
and Peter,
And Daniel and Jonah will say :

8 That God by his Spirit and angels did
visit
Their souls and their bodies, while praying.
And shall we go fainting, while they all
went praising,
And glorifying God in a flame?

9 God grant we may inherit that same
praying spirit,
Now while we are fighting below ;
That when we've done praying, we shall
not cease praising, [bow.
But round God's bright throne we shall

HYMN 90. L. M.

MY dearest friends in bonds of love,
Our hearts in sweetest union prove
Your friendship like a drawing band,
Yet we must take the parting hand.
Your presence sweet, your union dear,
Your words delightful to my ear ;

And when I see that we must part,
You draw like cords around my heart.

2 How sweet the hours have pass'd away,
When we have met to sing and pray,
How loath I've been to leave the place,
When Jesus shows his smiling face ;
O could I stay with friends so kind,
How it would cheer my struggling mind !
But duty makes me understand,
That we must take the parting hand.

3 And since it is God's holy will,
We must be parted for a while,
In sweet submission, all in one,
We'll say, our Father's will be done.
Dear fellow youth, in Christian ties,
Who seek for mansions in the skies—
Fight on, you'll win that happy shore,
Where parting hands are known no more.

4 How oft I've seen the flowing tears,
And heard you tell your hopes and fears,
Your hearts with love have seem'd to flame
Which makes me hope we'll meet again.
Ye mourning souls in sad surprise,
Jesus remembers all your cries ;
O taste his grace, in all that land
We'll no more take the parting hand.

Promiscuous.

HYMN 91. P. M.

- O** THOU in whose presence
 My soul takes delight,
 On whom in affliction I call;
 My comfort by day,
 And my song in the night,
 My hope, my salvation and all.
- 2 Where dost thou at noon-tide
 Resort with thy sheep,
 To feed in the pastures of love?
 For why in the valley
 Of death should I weep,
 Or alone in the wilderness rove?
- 3 O why should I wander
 An alien from thee?
 Or cry in the desert for bread?
 Thy foes will rejoice,
 When my sorrows they see,
 And smile at the tears I have shed.
- 4 Ye daughters of Zion,
 Declare, have you seen
 The star that on Israel shone?
 Say, if in your tents
 My beloved has been,
 Or where with his flock he has gone.

- 5 This is my beloved,
 His form is divine,
 His vestments shed odours around;
 The locks of his head
 Are as grapes on the vine,
 When autumn with plenty is crown'd.
- 6 Like the fair rose of Sharon,
 Or lillies that grow
 In the vales, on the banks of the streams,
 On his cheeks does the beauty
 Of excellence glow—
 And his eyes are as quivers of beams.
- 7 His voice, as the sound
 Of the dulcimer sweet,
 Is heard through the shadow of death;
 The cedars of Lebanon
 Bow at his feet,
 And the air is perfum'd with his breath.
- 8 His lips as a fountain
 Of righteousness flow,
 And waters the garden of grace;
 From thence their salvation
 The Gentiles shall know,
 And bask in the smiles of his face.

9 Love sits on his eyelids,
And scatters delight
Through all the bright mansions on high;
Their faces the cherubim
Veil in his sight,
And praise him with fullness of joy.

10 He looks, and ten thousand
Of angels rejoice,
And myriads wait for his word!
He speaks, and eternity,
Fill'd with his voice,
Re-echoes the praise of the Lord.

HYMN 92. L. M.

DANIEL'S wisdom may I know;
Stephen's faith and patience show;
John's divine communion feel;
Moses' meekness,—Joshua's zeal;
Run like the unwearied Paul;
Win the prize, and conquer all.

2 Mary's love may I possess,—
Lydia's tender-heartedness;
Peter's ardent spirit feel;
James' faith by works reveal:
Like young Timothy, may I
Ev'ry sinful passion fly.

3 Job's submission let me show;
David's true devotion know;
Samuel's call O may I hear!
Lazarus' happy portion share:
Let Isaiah's hallow'd fire
All my new-born soul inspire!

4 Mine be Jacob's wrestling prayer;
Gideon's valiant steadfast care;
Joseph's purity impart;
Isaac's meditative heart,—
Abraham's friendship:—let me prove
Faithful to the God of love!

5 Most of all, may I pursue
That example JESUS drew:
In my life and conduct show
How he liv'd and walk'd below:
Day by day, through grace bestow'd,
Imitate my dearest Lord.

6 Then shall I these worthies meet,
With them bow at Jesus' feet,—
With them praise the God of love,—
With them share the joys above,—
With them range the blissful shore,
Meet them all to part no more.

HYMN 93. S. M.

O SHALL we pine away,
And languish now with fear,
Because there are so few to-day
Who've met together here?

2 Let us not be afraid,
Although we are but few;
For Jesus hath a promise made,
Who faithful is and true.

3 Where two or three are met,
In my eternal name,
There doth my blessed Spirit sit,
There in the midst I am.

5 Then let us faint no more,
Nor breathe a murm'ring breath;
Nor when there are but few complain,
To drown our sacred mirth.

5 For if we meet in love,
To serve the living Lord,
We have the pure assisting Dove,
According to his word.

ADDITIONAL HYMNS.

HYMN 1. C. M.

PRAYER is the soul's sincere desire,
Utter'd or unexpress'd;
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,
The watch-word 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 In prayer, on earth, the saints are one;
They're one in word and mind;

When 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 the eternal throne
For sinners 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 2. L. M.

*Composed on Abraham's offering up his son
Isaac.*

THE morning sun rose bright and clear,
On Abraham's tent it gaily shone,
And all was bright and cheerful there,
All save the Patriarch's heart alone.
While God's command arose to mind,
It forc'd into his eye a tear;
Although his soul was all resigned,
Yet nature fondly linger'd there.

2 The simple morning feast was spread,
And Sarah at the banquet smil'd,
Joy o'er her face its lustre spread,
For near her sat her only child.
The charms that pleas'd a monarch's eye,

Upon her cheek had left their trace;
His highly augur'd destiny,
Was written on his heavenly face.

3 The groaning father turn'd away,
And walk'd the inner tent apart,
He felt his fortitude decay,
While nature whisper'd in his heart:
O! must this son, to whom was giv'n,
The promise of a blessed land,
Heir to the choicest gifts of Heaven,
Be slain by a fond father's hand:

4 This son, for whom my eldest born,
Was sent an outcast from his home!
And in some wilderness forlorn,
A savage exile doom'd to roam!
But shall a feeble worm rebel,
And murmur at a father's rod?
Shall he be backward to fulfil,
The known and certain will of God?

5 Arise, my son, the cruets fill,
And store the srip with due supplies,
For we must seek Moriah's hill,
And offer there a sacrifice.
The mother rais'd a speaking eye,
And all a mother's soul was there,
She fear'd the desert drear and dry,
She fear'd the savage lurking there,

6 Abrah'm beheld and made reply,
On him from whom our blessings flow,
My sister, we by faith rely:

'Tis God's command, and we must go.
The duteous son in haste obey'd,
The scrip was fill'd, the mules prepar'd,
And with the third day's twilight shade,
Moriah's lofty hill appear'd.

7 The menials they at distance wait,
Alone ascend the son and sire,
The wood on Isaac's shoulder laid,
The wood to build his funeral pyre.
No passions sway'd the father's mind,
He felt a calm, a death-like chill,
His soul was chaste and all resign'd,
Bow'd meekly, though he shudder'd still.

8 While on the mountain's brow they stood,
With smiling wonder Isaac cries,
My father, lo! the fire and wood,
But where's the lamb for sacrifice?
The Holy Spirit stay'd his mind,
While Abraham answer'd low and calm,
With steady voice and look resign'd,
God will himself provide the lamb.

9 But lo! the father bound his son,
And laid him on the funeral pile,
And then stretch'd forth his trembling hand,

And took the knife to slay his child.
While Abrah'm raised the blade full high,
To execute his God's command,
An angel's voice, as from the sky,
Cried, Abraham, spare thine only son!

10 But let no pen profane like mine,
On holiest themes too rashly dare,
Turn to the Book of books divine,
And read the precious promise there.
Ages on ages roll'd away,
At length the hour appointed came,
When on the mountain Calvary,
God did himself provide the Lamb.

HYMN 3. 6s. & 8s.

PEACE be unto this house,
The son of peace draws near;
But has my master's son
A tabernacle here?
If so, then I will here remain,
If not, adieu, I'll go again.

2 My master sent me here
His son abroad to find,
If to him you appear,
If to him you are kind;
If so, come go with me to-day,
If not, I'll go another way.

3 Lord, send thy spirit forth,
Incline the heart also;
Lord grant Rebecca's voice,
I with the man will go;
'Twould make thy servants all rejoice,
To hear one speak with such a voice.

HYMN 4. 11s.

The Gospel slighted.

MY friends and my neighbors that live in
this place,
Come listen awhile and I'll tell you your case,
You've slighted the gospel, despised God's
word,
And scoff'd at the preachers, sent you by the
Lord.

2 How many the sermons you've heard in this
place,
To warn you of sinning, and teach you full
grace,
But now may the preachers complain to the
Lord,
And mourn that the people rejected his word.

3 Some, under the preaching, have seemed to
mourn,
And some in sharp sickness have promised to
turn;

But when these are over, they turn to their sin
To drinking and swearing, and dancing again.

4 O sinners, you're left in a dangerous case,
You laugh at God's people, and that to their
face,
You make yourselves merry; but, friends, you
don't know,
God's vengeance pursues you, wherever you
go.

5 The wicked, we read, shall be turned into
hell,
And all that forget God, with devils must dwell;
Then pray be entreated to wait on the Lord,
While Christ is proclaimed, attend on his word.

6 And now my dear friends, I must bid you
farewell,
The love I bear for you, no mortal can tell;
I would above all things, that God might pre-
pare
You, to meet Christ in his glory, and reign with
him there.

HYMN 5. P. M.

Young Lady's Experience.

COME all ye young people of every relation,
Come listen awhile and to you I will tell,
How I was first called to seek for salvation,
In Jesus' blood, who redeemed me from hell.

2 I was not past fifteen when I was first called,
To think of my soul and the state I was in;
I saw myself standing at a distance from Jesus,
Between me and him stood a mountain of sin.

3 The devil perceiving that I was concerned,
Strove hard to persuade me that I was too young;
That I would get weary before my days ended,
And wish that I had not so early begun.

4 Some times he persuaded me that Jesus was partial,
While he was setting the poor sinner free,
That I was forsaken, and cast out like Esau,
That there was no mercy at all for poor me.

5 But glory to Jesus, his love's not confined
To princes nor persons of noble degree;
His love it is boundless, to all its extended,
He died for poor sinners, when nailed to the tree.

6 Thus, while I lay groaning in sad lamentation,
My soul overwhelmed with sorrow and grief,
He drew near in mercy, looked on me with pity,
He pardoned my sins, and he gave me relief.

7 So now I've found pardon in Jesus my Saviour,
And all his commands I am bound to obey,
I trust he will save me from all Satan's power,
Till he shall see fit for to call me away.

8 So farewell young people, since I can't persuade
you,
To leave off your follies and go along with me;

I'll follow my Saviour, in him I've found favor,
Until I arrive in the mansions of day.

HYMN 6. P. M.

The Pilgrim's Song.

I AM on my way to Canaan, I'll bid this world
farewell;
Come on my fellow travellers, in spite of earth and
hell,
Though satan's army rages, and all his host combine,
Yet scripture doth engage us, the strength of grace
divine.

2 I'll blow the silver trumpet, on all the nations call,
For Christ has me commission'd, to say he died for
all;
Come try his grace and prove him, this gift you shall
obtain,
He will not send you empty, nor let you come in vain.

3 And if you want a witness, we have one just at
hand,
Who lately has experienced the glories of that land:
It comes in copious showers, our bodies can't contain.
It fills our ransom'd powers, and soon we'll drink
again.

4 The glories of that kingdom, my tongue can ne'er
describe,
I feel that its within me, the blood so freely applied;
O come unto my Saviour, and you shall taste his love.
'Tis sweeter than all earthly things, just coming
from above.

5 My soul looks and sees him smile, he now the
blessings send,
And I am thinking all the while, when will my jour-
ney end:
I contemplate, it wont be long, when he shall come
again;
Then will I gain that heavenly throng, and in his
kingdom reign.

6 The glories of that happy place, I've oft times felt
before,
What now I feel, is but a taste, which makes me
long for more:
Had I the pinions of a dove, I'd fly and be at rest,
Then would I soar to worlds above, and dwell a-
mong the blest.

7 Could now I gain my heavenly home, and ne'er
return again,
I would not think the season long that I had suffer'd
pain:
The sons of Zion marching home, along the heav-
enly street,
Then would I hail them as they come, and fall at
Jesus' feet.

8 Says faith, look yonder, see the crown laid up for
thee above;
Says hope, it shortly shall be mine; I long for it, says
love,
Desire says, is that my home, unto that place I'll flee,
I cannot bear to longer stay, my rest I fain would see.

9 O stop, says patience, wait awhile, the crown's for
those who fight,
The prize to those who run the race by faith, and
not by sight;
Thus faith doth take a pleasing view, hope waits,
love sits and sings;
Desire flutters to begone, but patience clips her
wings.

HYMN 7. P. M.

The Tree of Life.

COME hither weary souls
And drop thy burthen here;
Thou seek'st to be whole,
And I can tell you where,
Upon the highway side there grows
A tree, that heals the human woes.

2 It visits every isle
Where gospel truth abounds,
And thriveth in the soil
Where gospel truth is found;
'Tis planted for the health of man,
To raise up sickly souls again.

3 Upon the road it stands,
To catch a pilgrim's eye,
And spreads its leafy hands,
To beckon pilgrims nigh;
Breathes forth a gale of pure delight,
And charms the humble traveller's sight.

4 Its friendly arms afford
A screen from heat and blasts,
Its branches well are stor'd
With fruits of sweetest taste,
And in its leaf kind juices dwell,
Which sore and sickness quickly heal.

5 But stand not looking on
The branches of this tree,
Walk under and sit down,
Or sure it heals not thee;
But all that sit beneath it find
A peaceful, healthy, humble mind.

HYMN 8. P. M.

The Romish Lady.

THERE was a Romish lady, brought up in Popery,
Her mother often taught her the priests she must obey;

O pardon me dear mother, I humbly pray thee now,
For unto these false idols, I can no longer bow.

2 Assisted by her hand maid, a Bible she conceal'd,
From this she gained instruction, till God his love reveal'd,
No longer would she prostrate to an image made of gold,

But soon was betrayed, her Bible from her stole.

3 I'll bow to my dear Jesus, I'll worship God alone,
I'll work by faith forever, the works of men are vain,

I will not worship idols, nor an image made by man,
Dear mother use your pleasure, but pardon if you can.

4 With grief and great exertion her mother then did go,
To inform the Romish clergy the cause of all her woe,
The priests did soon assemble, and for this maid did call,
They forced her to a dungeon, to frighten her with all.

5 The more they did afflict her, the more she did endure,
Although her age was tender, her faith was firm and sure,
Her chains of gold so costly, they from this lady took,
And she with all her spirit, the pride of life forsook.

6 Before the Pope they brought her, in hopes of her return,
There she was condemned in horrid flames to burn,
Before the pole of torment, they brought her speedily,
With lifted hands to Heaven, she there agreed to die.

7 There being many ladies assembled in that place,
With lifted hands to Heaven, she begg'd supporting grace,
Weep not, ye tender ladies, don't shed a tear for me,
While my poor body's burning, my soul the Lord will see.

8 Yourself, you need must pity, in sin's most deepest dye,
 O ladies, turn to Jesus, no longer make delay :
 Then came her raging mother, her daughter to behold,
 And in her hand she brought her an image made of gold.

9 O take away this idol, remove it from my sight,
 Restore to me my Bible, in which I took delight,
 Alas, her aged mother was on her ruin bent,
 'Twas you that did betray me, for I am innocent.

10 Instead of rings and jewels, with cords they bound her down,
 She cries, O Lord, have mercy, or else I am undone:
 Soon as these words were ended, in came the man of death,
 And kindled up the fire, to take away her breath.

11 Tormenters, use your pleasure, and do as you think best,
 I hope a smiling Saviour will take me home to rest,
 With Jesus and his angels, forever I shall dwell,
 God pardon priests and people, and so I bid farewell.

HYMN 9. 7s.

Mutual Encouragement.

BRETHREN, while we sojourn here,
 Fight we must, but should not fear,
 Foes we have, but we've a friend,

One who loves us to the end ;
 Forward then, with courage go,
 Long we shall not dwell below ;
 Soon the joyful news will come,
 Child, your Father calls—come home.

2 In the world a thousand snares
 Lay to take us unawares ;
 Satan, with malicious art,
 Watches each unguarded heart ;
 But from Satan's malice free,
 Saints shall soon victorious be ;
 Soon the joyful news will come,
 Child, your Father calls—come home.

3 But of all the foes we meet,
 None so apt to turn our feet—
 None betray us into sin,
 Like the foes we have within ;
 Yet, let nothing spoil your peace,
 Christ will also conquer these ;
 Then the joyful news will come,
 Child, your Father calls—come home.

HYMN 10. C. M.

Difficulties Surmounted.

WHEN Abra'm's servant, to procure
 A wife for Isaac, went,

He met Rebecca, told his wish,
Her parents gave consent.

2 Yet, for ten days they urged the man,
His journey to delay;
Hinder me not, he quick replied,
Since God has crowned my way.

3 'Twas thus I cried, when Christ the Lord
My soul to him did wed;
Hinder me not, my friends nor foes,
Since God my way hath sped.

4 Stay, says the world, and taste awhile
My every pleasant sweet;
Hinder me not, my soul replies,
Because the way is great.

5 Stay, Satan, my old master cries,
Or foes shall thee detain;
Hinder me not, my soul replies,
My God hath broke my chains.

6 Thus in my Lord's appointed way,
My journey I'll pursue;
Hinder me not, ye much loved saints,
For I must go with you.

7 Through floods and flames, if Jesus lead,
I'll follow where he goes;

Hinder me not, shall be my cry,
Since earth and hell oppose.

8 Through duty and through trials too,
I'll go at his command;
Hinder me not, for I am bound,
To my Immanuel's land.

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

HYMN 11. 8. & 7.

The gleam of Autumn.

HAIL, ye sighing sons of sorrow,
View with me th' autumnal gloom,
Learn from thence your fate to-morrow,
Dead, perhaps laid in the tomb.
See all nature fading, dying,
Silent, all things seem to mourn,
Life from vegetation flying,
Brings to mind, the mould'ring urn.

2 O! autumnal tempests rising,
Make the lofty forest nod,
Scenes of nature, how surprising,
Read in nature, nature's God:
See the God, the great Creator,

Lives eternal in the sky,
While we mortals yield to nature,
Bloom awhile, then fade and die.

3 Death and war, my mind depresses,
Autumn shews me my decay,
Brings to mind my past distresses,
Warns me of my dying day.
Autumn makes me melancholy,
Strikes dejection through my soul,
While I mourn my former folly,
Waves of sorrow o'er me roll.

4 Lo! I hear the air resounding,
With expiring insects' cries,
Ah! their moans, to me how wounding,
Emblems of my wretched sighs.
Hollow winds about me roaring,
Noisy waters round me rise,
While I sit my fate deploring,
Tears fast streaming from my eyes.

5 What to me are autumn's treasures,
Since I know no earthly joy,
Long I've lost all earthly pleasures,
Time must youth and health destroy.
Pleasures once fondly courted,
Shared each bliss that youth bestows,

But, to see where then I sported,
Now embitters all my woes.

6 Age and sorrow since have blasted,
Every youthful, pleasing dream;
Quiv'ring age, with youth contrasted,
Oh, how short their glories seem.
As the annual frosts are cropping
Leaves and tendrils from the trees,
So my friends are yearly dropping,
Through old age and dire disease.

7 Former friends, how oft I've sought 'em,
Just to cheer my drooping mind,
But they've gone, like leaves in autumn,
Driven before the dreary wind.
When a few more years I've wasted,
When a few more springs are gone,
When a few more griefs I've tasted,
I shall live to die no more.

8 Fast, my sun of life's declining,
I must sleep in death's dark night;
But my hope, pure and refining,
Rests in future life and light.
Cease this trembling, fearing, sighing,
Christ will burst the silent tomb,
Then the saints shall upwards fly,
Rise into immortal bloom.

HYMN 12. P. M.

COME, my brethren, let us try
 For a little season,
 Ev'ry burden to lay by;
 Come and let us reason.
 What is this that casts you down?
 What is this that grieves you?
 Speak and let the worst be known,
 Speaking may relieve you.

2 Think on what your Saviour bore,
 In the gloomy garden;
 Sweating blood at every pore,
 To procure thy pardon.
 View him nailed to the tree,
 Bleeding groaning, dying,
 See, he suffer'd this for thee,
 Therefore be believing.

3 Joseph took his body down,
 Shrouded it in linen,
 Laid it in the silent tomb,
 And returned mourning.
 Jesus rises from the tomb,
 Angels fly from glory,
 See what glory shines around,
 Hallelujah, glory.

HYMN 13. P. M.

Sir, we would see Jesus.

SIR, we would see Jesus,
 The blessed prince of love,
 He only can relieve us,
 And all our griefs remove.
 O tell us as a preacher,
 Where Jesus Christ doth dwell,
 Describe his charming features,
 His glowing features tell.

2 Sir, we would see Jesus,
 The sinner's constant friend;
 We know he won't deceive us,
 But love us to the end.
 His blessed word assures us,
 His blessed flock shall stand,
 His mighty arm secures us
 From all the hostile band.

3 Sir, we would see Jesus,
 The glorious King of Grace;
 A sight of him would ease us,
 And fill our souls with peace.
 We would behold his beauty
 And run into his arms,
 And learn the christian's duty
 Amidst those blessed charms.

4 Sir, we would see Jesus,
 As prophet, priest and king;
 We hope he would receive us,
 Though we are poor and mean:
 For, in the Holy Scripture,
 This blessed truth we find;
 He loves the humble creature,
 The meek and lowly mind.

5 Sir, we would see Jesus,
 And at his feet adore;
 His ways, which are all glorious,
 We humbly would explore.
 O, tell us where to find him,
 And how we may him know;
 Where does the rose of Sharon,
 The spotless lily grow.

6 Sir, we would see Jesus,
 And hearken to his love,
 O this would greatly please us,
 And make our hearts rejoice:
 That sound is so transporting,
 It ends the sinner's strife;
 That sound is so inviting,
 It brings the dead to life.

HYMN 14. P. M.

The Preacher on meeting his brethren.

ONCE more in the Redeemer's name,
 Dear brethren, we have met again,
 To pray, and preach and sing;
 Now let each one obey the call,
 Of Him who tasted death for all,
 Our everlasting king.

2 Since I was here, how have you done?
 How have you walk'd, or have you run,
 Or like the eagle flew?
 Or have you fell in despond's slough?
 Then look to Him who sees you now,
 To raise your minds anew.

3 What kind of manna have you had?
 Come tell me, whether good or bad;
 The source from whence it came?
 Have you been fed from Christ above?
 By those who say they came in love,
 To lead along the lame?

4 Does union in your breasts abound?
 As once it did to hear the sound,
 Of trembling groans and cries?
 When all as one to Christ do go,
 To save them from that dreadful wo,
 And wipe their weeping eyes?

5 This union, ever should abound,
In all who the Saviour found,
And dwell in unity :
Keep pulling all party stakes,
And seek for that which union makes,
And happy you will be.

6 If you should wish to know of me,
What I am now and mean to be ;
I'll freely tell to all—
Now here I am, behold who will,
Your poor, unworthy brother still,
And servant at your call.

7 Christ crucified, is what I know ;
His cause, the reason why I go,
O'er hills, and valleys through :
'Tis for his cause I leave my home,
To sound his fame ; for this I roam,
For this I come to you.

8 While I am call'd to leave my home,
And o'er creation wide to roam
My friends may think of me ;
Not knowing what, or how I do,
While I am come to visit you,
And preach the gospel free.

9 Oh, Jesus, come and fill our souls ;
May we all be like golden bowls,
Around thine altar strung :
Our cups o'erflow with love sincere,
Till we shall sing salvation clear,
In everlasting song.

HYMN 15. L. M.

Buy the truth, and sell it not.

THE worth of truth no tongue can tell,
'Twill do to buy, but not to sell :
A large estate that soul has got,
Who buys the truth and sells it not.

2 Truth, like a diamond, shines most fair,
More rich than pearls and rubies are,
More worth than gold and silver coin ;
O, may it ever in us shine.

3 'Tis truth that binds, and truth makes free,
And sets the soul at liberty,
From sin and satan's heavy chain,
And then within the heart doth reign.

4 They have a freedom then indeed,
That doth all freedom else exceed—
Freedom from guilt, freedom from woe,
And never more shall bondage know.

5 O, happy they who in their youth
Are brought to know and love the truth ;

For none but those whom truth makes free,
Can ever enjoy their liberty.

6 Truth, like a girdle let us wear,
And always keep it clean and fair;
And never let it once be told,
That truth by us was ever sold!

HYMN 16. 7's & 6's.

FAREWELL all earthly honor,
I bid you all adieu;
Farewell all earthly pleasure,
I want no more of you.
I want my union grounded,
On the eternal soil,
Beyond the power of satan,
Where sin can ne'r defile.

2 I want my name engraved,
Among the righteous one,
Crying, "holy, holy father;"
And wear a righteous crown,
For the sake of so pure riches,
I'm willing to pass through
All earthly tribulation,
And count it my just due.

3 I'm willing to be purged,
And bear a daily cross;

I'm willing to be cleans'd,
From every kind of dross;
I see a fiery furnace,
And feel its piercing flame;
The fruit thereof is holy,
The gold will still remain.

4 All earthly tribulation,
Is but a moment here:
Then if we prove faithful,
A glorious crown we'll wear:
We shall be called holy,
And feed on angels' food;
Rejoicing in bright glory,
Before the throne of god.

HYMN 17. P. M.

TELL me no more of this world's vain-
store,
The time for such trifles with me now is o'er;
A country I've found, where true joys abound,
To dwell I'm determin'd on that happy ground.
2 The souls that believe in paradise live,
And me in that number will Jesus receive:
My soul, don't delay—he calls thee away,
Rise, follow the Saviour, and bless the glad day.
3 No mortal doth know what he can bestow,
What light, strength, and comfort—go: after
him, go;

Lo, onward I move to a city above,
None guesses how wondrous my journey will
prove.

4 Great spoils I shall win, from death, hell and
sin,

'Midst outward affliction, shall feel Christ within;
And when I'm to die, receive me, I'll cry,
For Jesus hath lov'd me, I cannot tell why.

5 But this I do find, we two are so join'd,
He'll not live in glory, and leave me behind :
So this is the race, I'm running through grace,
Henceforth--till admitted to see my Lord's face.

6 And now I'm in care, my neighbors may share
These blessings : to seek them will none of
you dare ?

In bondage, O why, and death will you lie,
When one here assures you, free grace is so
nigh ?

HYMN 18. 7's & 8's.

COME all ye sons of Zion,
Who are waiting for salvation ;
Hae your lamps trim'd and burning,
For behold the proclamation ;
Saying, all things now are ready,
For the poor, and for the needy :
All my fatlings now are kill'd,
And prepar'd on the table.

2 Arise and get ready ;
Hasten to the marriage supper,
While the bridegroom is calling,
And while poor sinners are falling :
See the Lord of life descending,
And the judgment trumpet sounding,
For to gather all the nations
To the final judgment day.

3 O what a happy meeting,
When salvation is completed,
And all tribulations ended,
And the spotless robe prepared ;
For the bride to be adorned,
In the jasper walls be crowned ;
Saying worthy is the Lamb,
In the new Jerusalem.

4 O ! sinners, don't be doubting,
While the sons of God are shouting :
Come and join the happy army,
And there's nothing that will harm you ;
If you follow Christ your Saviour,
And break off your bad behaviour,
And repent and be converted,
You may sing his praises too.

HYMN 19. P. M.

A Dialogue.

O COME my heart, and let us take
An evening walk, as best suits thee :

Now whither dost thou choose ?
We should take our evening muse,
Up to Calvary or Gethsemane.

2 O Calvary is a mountain high,
'Tis much too hard a task for me ;
And to tarry here a while,
In the pleasures of the world,
Than to climb up the mountain Calvary.

3 It would not appear such a mountain high,
Nor such a task, dear sinner, for thee,
If thou didst love the man,
Who did first lay out the plan,
How to climb up the mountain Calvary.

4 I'd rather abide in this pleasant place,
My gay and merry friends to see ;
And to tarry here awhile,
In the pleasures of the world,
Than to climb up the mountain Calvary.

5 Your gay companions must lie in the dust,
Their souls are bound for misery ;
And if you ever stand
On fair Canaan's happy land,
You must climb up the mountain Calvary.

6 There is no pleasure I can behold,
And it is lonely way to me,

And I heard them say,
There are lions in that way,
And they lurk in the mountain Calvary.

7 It is a peaceful, pleasant day,
To wandering souls ; would thou but see,
And thou shalt have a guide,
A bright spirit from the Lord,
Shall guide thee up the mountain Calvary.

8 I'd rather have peace, and live at ease,
Than to be afflicted thus by thee ;
When blooming youth is gone,
And old age is coming on,
I will climb up the mountain Calvary.

9 There is no better time than this,
To travel the mountain as you see ;
When old age is coming on,
And you are burden'd with your sins,
Then how can you climb up Calvary.

10 O leave this melancholy theme,
I can't enjoy any peace for thee ;
There is time enough yet,
And the journey's not so great,
I can soon climb the mountain Calvary.

11 O hark ! I hear a doleful sound,
You greatly should be alarmed be ;

A blooming youth is gone,
And laid into the tomb,
Who refused to climb mount Calvary.

12 Alas! I know not what to do,
You greatly have alarmed me;
For in sin I have gone on,
Till I fear I am undone,
Lord, help me to climb up Calvary.

13 O tarry not in all the plain,
Lest it prove a dangerous snare to thee,;
But look unto the man,
Who was slain for your sins,
And he'll help you to climb up Calvary.

HYMN 20. L. M.

On Baptism.

THIS my desire to serve the Lord,
Tho' by the wicked I'm abhor'd,
To love and fear his holy name,
For he's not put my soul to shame.

2 'Tis my desire with God to walk,
And with his children pray and talk;
Tho' I should persecuted be,
Jesus did suffer so for me.

3 'Tis my desire baptised to be,
As a command, dear Lord, from thee;

And my desire is to partake,
Of all our Saviour did or spake.

4 If sin entice, I'll not consent,
To serve the Lord is my intent,
To do my master's will aright,
Shall be my search, both day and night.

5 In infancy, sprinkled was I,
But now its done, I'll lay it by,
To put on Christ, and him I'll wear,
And be baptised as christians are.

6 To my own works I dare not trust,
For I am poor and weak as dust;
But on my Jesus I'll depend,
As my dear loved and only friend.

HYMN 21. L. M.

HAIL, ye followers of the Lamb,
Ye who love the Saviour's name,
Who are cleansed with pardoning blood;
Go with us, the way is good.

2 Eternal life we have in view,
While we all on our way pursue;
March with us the heavenly road,
Go with us, the way is good.

3 Come ye sinners, sick and sore,
Flee from sin and Satan's power,

Walk the path which Jesus trod,
Go with us, the way is good.

4 Leave the world, and see the Lord,
Read and meditate his word;
Take it for your constant guide,
Go with us, the way is good.

5 Come ye aged, come ye young,
Every nation, every tongue,
Sound the Saviour's praise abroad,
Go with us, the way is good.

6 Doubting souls, dismiss your fears,
Mourning souls, dry up your tears,
Come and hear the Saviour's word,
Go with us, the way is good.

7 Needy sinners, doubt no more,
Jesus has an ample store,
Richest wine and choicest food,
Go with us, the way is good.

8 Burden'd souls, oppress'd with grief,
Jesus freely grants relief,
He'll remove your heavy load,
Go with us, the way is good.

HYMN 22. 8s.

HOW tedious and tasteless the hours,
When Jesus no longer I see,

Sweet prospects, sweet birds and sweet flowers,
Have lost all their sweetness with me.
The mid-summer sun shines but dim,
The fields strive in vain to look gay,
But when I am happy in Him,
December's as pleasant as May.

2 His name yields the richest perfume,
And sweeter than music his voice,
His presence disperses my gloom,
And makes all within me rejoice;—
I should, were he always thus nigh,
Have nothing to wish or to fear,
No mortal so happy as I,
My summer would last all the year.

3 Content with beholding his face,
My all to his pleasure resign'd;
No changes of season or place,
Would make any change in my mind;
While bless'd with a sense of his love,
A palace, a toy would appear;
And prisons would palaces prove,
If Jesus would dwell with me there.

4 Dear Lord, if indeed I am thine,
If thou art my sun and my song;
Say, why do I languish and pine,
And why are my winters so long?

O drive these dark clouds from my sky,
 Thy soul-cheering presence restore,
 Or take me up to thee on high,
 Where winter and clouds are no more.

HYMN 22. P. M.

By a young Lady.

MY soul's full of glory, inspiring my tongue;
 Could I meet with angels, I would sing them
 a song;
 I would sing of my Jesus, and tell of his charms,
 And beg them to bear me to his loving arms.

2 Methinks they're assembling, to hear what I sing;
 Well pleas'd to hear mortals thus praising their king:
 O angels, O angels! my soul's in a flame,
 I sing in sweet raptures of Jesus's name.

3 Sweet Spirit attend me, till Jesus shall come,
 Protect and defend me, till I'm convey'd home:
 Though worms my poor body may claim as their
 prey,
 'Twill outshine, when rising, the sun at noon day.

4 The sun shall be darken'd, the moon turn'd to
 blood;
 The world all on fire, with the vengeance of God:
 While lightnings are flashing, and thunders do roar
 Undaunted I'll triumph, on fair Caanan's shore.

5 The smiles of bright glory, appear on my soul;
 I sink in bright visions, I view the bright goal;

My soul while I'm singing, is leaping to go,
 This moment for heaven, I'd leave all below.

6 Farewell my dear brethren, the Lord bids me
 come;

Farewell my dear sisters, I'm now going home;
 Bright angels are whispering so sweet in my ear,
 Away to my Saviour, the spirit shall steer.

7 I'm going, I'm going, but what do I see?
 'Tis Jesus in glory, appears unto me;
 To heaven, to heaven, I'm going, I'm gone,
 All glory! O glory! 'tis finish'd, 'tis done.

8 To the regions of glory, the spirit has fled,
 And left this poor body, inactive and dead;
 With angelic armies, in glory to blaze,
 On Jesus' fair beauty, forever to gaze.

9 When the seals are all opened, the trumpet shall
 sound,
 And wake God's dear children, that sleep under
 ground;
 Their souls and their bodies, shall all join in one,
 And each from their Saviour, receive a bright crown.

HYMN 23. P. M.

RELIGION, 'tis a glorious treasure,
 It fills our hearts with joy and love;
 Affording peace and consolation,
 It lifts our thoughts to things above;
 It calms our fears, and soothes our sorrows,

It smooths our way o'er life's rough sea,
'Tis mixt with patience and holy virtue,
This heavenly portion mine shall be.

2 My flesh and blood must be dissolved,
And mortal life will soon be o'er,
All earthly fears and earthly sorrow
Shall vex my eyes and ears no more;
But pure religion abides forever,
And my glad heart shall strengthened be;
Tho' endless ages are onward rolling,
This heavenly portion mine shall be.

3 How vain, how fleeting and transitory,
This world, with all its gaudy show,
Its vain delights, deceitful pleasures,
I'd gladly leave them all below;
But grace and glory shall be my story,
Since I in Jesus such beauty see;
Though endless ages are onward rolling,
This heavenly portion mine shall be.

4 While journeying through great tribulation,
In love and union we'll march on;
And never contend for nonessentials,
In Jesus Christ we'll all be strong;
For pure religion unites together,
In christian union, I plainly see,
Tho' endless ages are onward rolling,
This heavenly portion mine shall be.

HYMN 24. P. M.

The Gospel Sailor.

THE people called christians, have many things
to tell,
About the land of Canaan, where saints and angels
dwell;
But sin, a dreadful ocean, encloses them around,
With its tide, to drive them from Canaan's happy
ground.

2 Thousands have been impatient, to find a passage
through,
And with united vigor, have tried what they can do;
But vessels built by human skill, have never sailed
far,
Till we've found them aground, on some dreadful
sandy bar.

3 The everlasting gospel, has launched the deep at
last,
Behold her sails extended, around her tow'ring mast;
All around her deck in order, her joyful sailors stand,
Crying, ho! here we go, to Immanuel's happy land.

4 To all who stand spectators, what anguish will en-
sue,
To hear their old companions, bid them a long
adieu;
The pleasures of your paradise, can us no more in-
vite;
We will sail, and you may rail, we'll soon be out of
sight.

5 We're now on the wide ocean, we bid this world
farewell ;
And when we shall cast anchor, no human tongue
can tell ;
About our future destiny, they need no more deride,
While we sail the wide ocean, with our captain by
our side.

6 The passengers united, in order, peace and love ;
The winds all in their favor, how sweetly do they
move ;
Tho' tempest may assail us, and the raging billows
roar,
We will sweep through the deep, till we gain that
blessed shore.

7 That peaceful part we'll enter, tho' tow'ring bil-
lows roar,
To join with saints and angels, our Saviour to adore ;
Our captain of salvation, will bring us safe to land,
In the harbor of glory, to join that heavenly band.

HYMN 25. P. M.

THE old Israelites knew what it was they must
do,
If fair Canaan they ever possess'd,
They must still keep in sight, of that pillar of light,
Which led on to the promised rest :
That the camp and the road, could not be their a-
bode,
But as oft as the trumpet shall blow,
Then all glad of a chance, for a further advance,
They must take up their baggage and go.

2 Some were thankful indaed, for that heavenly head,
Which before me hath hitherto gone ;
For the pillar of love, which forward doth move,
And which gathers our souls into one.
Now the cross-bearing throng, are advancing along ;
Into close communion they flow ;
So all that will stand, on that promised land,
They must take up their crosses and go.

3 Here the way is all new, as it opens to view,
And behind is a foaming red sea ;
So none need to speak, of their onions and leeks
Or talk about garlicks to me :
I'm engaged in pursuit, and must have the good fruit,
Which in Canaan's rich valleys doth grow ;
Although millions of foes, should raise up and oppose,
I will take up my cross and will go.

4 Although scatter'd around, on this wilderness
ground,
With good manna awhile we've been fed ;
But this will not do, we must rise and go through,
And must have the unleavened bread :
Now the morning doth dawn, for the camp to move
on,
And the priests with their trumpets do blow ;
When the trumpets do sound, then my joys do a-
bound,
And for one I'm determined to go.

5 Although some in the rear, preach terror and fear,
And complain of the trials they meet ;
And old Jordan before, with great fury doth roar,

I'm resolved I will never retreat :
 We are little 'tis true, and our numbers are few,
 And the sons of old Anak are tall ;
 Yet while I see a track, I will never look back,
 But go on at the risk of my all.

6 On Jordan's near side, I can never abide,
 For no place of repose can I see ;
 'Till I come to that spot, and inherit that lot,
 Which the Lord God shall give unto me.
 It is union I seek, with the pure and the meek,
 So an end to all discord and strife ;
 Since I have fixed my eyes, on the heavenly prize,
 I'll go on at the risk of my life.

7 If I'm faithful and true, and my journey pursue,
 I shall stand on the promised shore ;
 Then shall thank fully see, what a blessing to me,
 Was the mortifying cross which I bore :
 Then as loss is my gain, I shall never complain ;
 But as long as I'm able to crawl,
 With the resolute few, I'm resolved to go through,
 And to suffer the loss of my all.

8 All my honor and health, my pleasure and wealth,
 I'm willing should now be at stake ;
 And if Christ I obtain, I shall count it great gain,
 For the sacrifice which I do make :—
 When all I've forsook, like a bubble 'twill look,
 From the midst of a glorified throng ;
 O, then let us agree, and from bondage be free,
 And to Zion be marching along.

HYMN 26. P. M.

WHAT fair one is this from the wilderness
 trav'ling,

Leaning on Christ, the belov'd of her heart ;
 Ah ! this is the Church, the fair bride of the Saviour,
 She with ev'ry idol is willing to part ;
 While beasts of dark midnight are constantly howl-
 ing,
 And Babylon's bells are constantly tolling,
 To see all the craft of her merchants is falling,
 And Jesus is taking the ground far and near.

2 There is a sweet sound in the gospel now reign-
 ing,
 While sinners do tremble, and Satan doth roar ;
 The saints on their way home to glory are singing,
 By grace they're determined to reach the bles-
 shore.

Old formal professors are crying delusion,
 And high-minded pharisees say 'tis confusion,
 While grace is pour'd out in blessed effusion,
 And saints are rejoicing to see Babel fall.

3 The gospel is preach'd in every city,
 The doctors and lawyers are turning to God,
 While God and his children do poor sinners pity,
 And warn them to turn and believe in his word :
 In the desert are fountains continually springing,
 The heavenly music of Zion is ringing,
 The saints all their tithes and offerings are bringing,
 They thus prove the Lord and his blessing receive.

4 The name of the Saviour is worthy of praising,
 Old saint and young convert delight in the theme ;

The heralds of Jesus his standard are raising,
 And call on poor sinners to bow to the same.
 Those heralds are trav'ling, the gospel thus preach-
 ing,
 And all that will hear them, they freely are teaching,
 The hearts of poor sinners the power is reaching,
 The stone of the mountain will soon fill the
 earth.

HYMN 27. L. M.

O GOD, my heart with love inflame,
 That I may in thy holy name,
 Aloud in songs of praise rejoice,
 While I have breath to raise my voice :
 Then will I shout, then will I sing
 And make the heavenly arches ring ;
 I'll sing and shout forever more
 On that eternal happy shore.

2 O, hope of glory, Jesus, come
 And make my heart thy constant home ;
 For the small remnant of my days,
 I want to sing and shout thy praise ;
 O give me, Lord, a heart to pray,
 And live rejoicing every day,
 To give thee thanks in every thing,
 And sing and shout, and shout and sing.

3 When on my dying bed I lay,
 Lord, give me strength to shout and pray,
 And praise thee with my latest breath,

Until my voice is lost in death :
 Then brethren, sisters, shouting come,
 My body follow to the tomb,
 And as you march the solemn road,
 Loud sing and shout the praise of God.

4 Then you below and I above,
 We'll shout and praise the God we love,
 Until that great, tremendous day,
 When Gabriel's trump shall wake our clay :
 Then from our dusty beds we'll spring,
 And shout, O death, where is thy sting ;
 O grave, where is thy victory,—
 We'll shout to all eternity.

5 Our race is run, we've gain'd the prize,
 Then shall the sov'reign of the skies,
 With smiles unto his children say—
 Come reign with me in endless day :
 Then on the happy, happy shore,
 We'll shout and sing our sufferings o'er,
 We'll sing and shout, and shout and sing,
 And make the heavenly arches ring.

HYMN 28. P. M.

MAN in his first creation, in Eden God did place,
 The public head and father of all the human
 race ;
 'Twas by the subtle serpent, he was beguil'd and
 fell, [hell,
 And by his disobedience, was doom'd to death and

- 2 Death was pronounc'd against him, death was the penalty,
The law of God was broken, and must fulfilled be :
But man, the helpless creature, unable to perform
The smallest jot or tittle, to build his hopes upon.
- 3 Whilst in this situation, behold the promise made ;
The offspring of the woman shall bruise the serpent's head,
And destroy the powers of darkness, that man should only feel
The malice of the serpent a raging at his heel.
- 4 The scripture was given in spirit and in truth,
In darksome types and shadows the Saviour was set forth ;
Its sacrifice and offerings bear the altar slain,
No blood of goats and heifers can take away the stain.
- 5 Lo ! at the time appointed, Jesus unveil'd his face:
Assum'd our human nature and suffer'd in our place:
He suffer'd on mount Calvary, yes, there he ransom'd me ;
The law demands attention to pay the penalty.
- 6 They plac'd him in a sepulchre, it being near at hand ;
The grave it could not hold him, nor death's cold iron band :
He burst the bars assunder, he pull'd their kingdom down ;
He overcome our enemies, and wears a starry crown.

- 7 Now at his resurrection, to many he appear'd :
Go tell to my disciples, what you have seen and heard,
Go tell them I'm risen, and death can do no more,
I'm going to my father, to dwell forever more.
- 8 He came to his disciples and found them all alone,
And gave them their commissions, to make his gospel known ;
Go preach it to all nations, baptise them in my name,
Beginning at Jerusalem, 'twas there I suffer'd shame.
- 9 Go preach it to all nations, that they may hear and know ;
Go preach free salvation, that men to heaven may go :
In every sore temptation, you succour I will send,
And lo ! I will be with you, until the world shall end.

HYMN 29. P. M.

- H**OW happy is the pilgrim's lot,
How free from every anxious thought,
From worldly hope and fear ;
Confin'd to neither court nor cell,
His soul on earth disdains to dwell,
He only sojourns here.
- 2 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.

3 No foot of land do I possess,
No cottage in the wilderness,
A poor way-fairing man;
I lodge awhile in tents below,
Or gladly wander to and fro,
Till I my Canaan gain.

4 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.

5 There is my house and portion fair,
My treasure and my heart are there,
And my abiding home;
For me my elder brethren stay,
And angels beckon me away,
And Jesus bids me come.

HYMN 30. S. M.

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 fulfill;
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 O, 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 forever die.

HYMN 31. P. M.

The Pilgrim's Song.

COME all ye weary travellers,
Come let us join and sing
The everlasting praises,
Of Jesus Christ our King:
We've had a tedious journey,
And tiresome, it is true,
But see how many dangers
The Lord has brought us through.

2 At first, when Jesus found us,
He call'd us unto him,
And pointed out the dangers
Of falling into sin;
The world, the flesh and Satan,
Will prove a fatal snare,
Unless we do reject them,
By faith and humble prayer.

- 3 But, by our disobedience,
 With sorrow we confess,
 We have had long to wander
 In a dark wilderness;
 Where we might long have fainted
 On that enchanted ground,
 But now and then a cluster
 Of pleasant grapes we found.
- 4 The pleasant fruits of Canaan
 Give life, and joy and peace,
 Revive our drooping spirits,
 And faith and love increase;
 To confess our Lord and master,
 And run at his command,
 And hasten on our journey,
 Unto the promis'd land.
- 5 Sinners, why, why stand ye idle,
 While we do march along,
 Has conscience never told you
 That you were going wrong?
 Down the broad road to darkness,
 To bear an endless curse;
 Forsake your ways of sinning,
 And come and go with us.
- 6 But if you will refuse it,
 We bid you all farewell;

We are on the road to Canaan,
 And you the road to hell;
 We're sorry for to leave you,
 We'd rather you would go;
 Come try the bleeding Saviour,
 And feel the waters flow.

7 O sinners, be awaken'd,
 To see your dismal state,
 Repent, and be converted,
 Before it is too late;
 Turn to the Lord by praying,
 And daily search his word,
 And never rest contented
 Until you find the Lord.

8 Now to the King immortal,
 Be everlasting praise;
 For in his holy service,
 We long to spend our days;
 Till we arrive at Canaan,
 The celestial world above,
 In everlasting wonders,
 To praise redeeming love.

HYMN 32. P. M.

The Holy War Song.

COME all ye wand'ring Pilgrims dear,
 Who are bound to Canaan's land,

Take courage and fight valiantly,
Stand forth with sword in hand;
Our Captain's gone before us,
The Father's only son,
Then Pilgrims dear, pray don't you fear,
But let us follow on.

2 We've a darken'd, howling wilderness,
To Canaan's happy shore,
A land of drought, and pits and snares,
Where chilly winds do roar;
But Jesus will go with us
And lead us in the way;
When enemies examine us,
He'll tell us what to say.

3 Good morning, brother traveller,
Pray tell to me your name,
And where it is you're going to,
Also from whence you came;—
My name it is bold pilgrim,
To Canaan I am bound,
I'm now from the howling wilderness,
From that enchanted ground.

4 Pray what is that upon your head,
That shines so clear and bright,
Likewise the covering of you breast,
That's dazz'ling to my sight;

What kind of shoes are those you wear,
On which you boldly stand;
Likewise that shining instrument
You hold in your right hand?

5 'Tis glorious Hope upon my head,
And on my breast my shield,
With this bright sword I mean to fight,
Till I shall win the field;
My feet are shod with gospel peace,
On which I boldly stand;
I'm determin'd to fight until I die,
But I'll win fair Canaan's land.

6 You'd better stay with me young man,
And give your journey o'er,
Your Captain he is out of sight,
His face you'll see no more;
My name it is Apolion,
This land belongs to me,
And for your armor and pilgrim's dress,
I'll give it all to thee.

7 O no, says the bold pilgrim,
Your offers I disdain,
For glittering crowns of bright glory,
I shortly shall obtain;
If I but hold out faithful
To my dear Lord's command,

I shortly shall be heir with him,
To Canaan's peaceful land.

HYMN 33. L. M.

For the New Year.

HAIL the New Year, that's now begun,
Now let us all to God return;
From sinful ways may we all cease,
And with each other live in peace.

2 While thousands have been call'd away,
Yet still we live to see this day;
With thanks to God, then all draw near,
To celebrate the happy year.

3 Then let us all to God repair,
And offer him our praise and pray'r;
Now unto him may we draw near,
To celebrate the happy year.

4 And now forsake all vice and sin,
And the new year with God begin,
Then with great joy we shall appear
To celebrate the happy year.

5 Then truly happy such will be,
Who from all sin do always flee,
And unto Christ will now give ear,
Such do we wish a happy year.

6 All then who see their undone state,
Leaving their all for Jesus' sake,
To such we can with joy sincere,
Wish them a happy, happy year.

7 All those who are now born again,
And in Christ Jesus do remain;
All such as those we need not fear,
They will enjoy a happy year.

8 But true religion still we find,
Gives the most peace unto the mind;
Professors of it will appear,
To wish us all a happy year.

HYMN 34. P. M.

Christ's invitation to his Spouse.

ARISE my dear love, my undefil'd dove,
I hear my dear Jesus to say,
The winter is past, the spring's come at last,
My love, my dove, come away.

2 The earth that is green, is fair to be seen,
The little birds chirping do say:
That they do rejoice, in each other's voice,
My love, my dove, come away.

3 All smiling in love, the young turtle dove,
The flowers appearing in May;
All speak forth the praise, of th' Ancient of Days,

My love, my dove, come away.

4 Come away from th' world's cares, those
troublesome snares,

That follow you night and by day,
That you may be free from the troubles that be,
My love, my dove, come away.

5 Come away from all fear that troubles you
here,

Come into my arms, he doth say,
That you may be clear from the troubles you
fear,
My love, my dove, come away.

6 Come away from all pride, from that raging
tide,

That makes us fall out by the way,
Come learn to be meek, your Jesus to seek,
My love, my dove, come away.

7 As t' you who are old, and whose hearts are
grown cold,

Your Jesus, inviting doth say,
That he's heard your cries, in the north coun-
tries,

My love, my dove, come away.

8 As t' you who are young, your hearts they
are strong,

Your Jesus invites you away,

From anti-christ's charms, to your Jesus' arms,
My love, my dove, come away,

9 And as to the youth, who have known the
truth,

Whose hearts they have led you astray,
Come hear to his voice, and your hearts shall
rejoice,

My love, my dove, come away.

10 My dear children, all come, here my call,
Behold, I stand knocking and say,

My head's wet with dew, my children for you,
My love, my dove, come away.

11 My fatlings are kill'd, my table is fill'd,
My maidens attending doth say,

There's wine on the lees, as much as you please,
My love, my dove, come away.

12 Come travel the road, that leads you to God,
For it is a bright shining way ;

Come run up and down, my errands upon,
My love, my dove, come away.

HYMN 35. L. M.

Why does the cause of Christ run so low.

A LAS! alas! why is it so,
That Jesus' cause should run so low :

Is love so cold, and faith so weak,
That none for Jesus now can speak ?

2 Where is the love and heavenly zeal,
That christians formerly did feel,
When they did meet and joyful tell,
The love of their Immanuel ?

3 Is there no virtue in his cause,
That we do not obey his laws,
Or is there now no saving taste
In Jesus' love, and pard'ning grace ?

4 Once Zion's gates did much rejoice,
When many met with heart and voice,
And fill'd her courts with songs of praise,
And glory crown'd the heavenly lays.

5 Young converts then did praise the Lord,
They sung his praise with one accord,
While older christians caught the flame,
And spake the glory of his name.

6 Short is the time that's roll'd away,
Since we did see the glorious day,
When many did to Jesus bow;
But where are those professors now ?

7 Many that did with zeal set out,
And for awhile did live devout,

Have turn'd aside to right and left,
But few in Zion's ways are left.

8 Once christians did religion feel,
Abroad, at home, or in the field,
And when they saw each others' face,
Their theme was all redeeming grace.

9 But now so worldly grown, that they
But seldom find an heart to pray ;
The christian is but here and there,
That daily seeks the Lord in prayer.

10 Cut short these days, O Lord, and come
And bring us humble round thy throne ;
And we again shall love thy laws,
Again espouse thy bleeding cause.

HYMN 36.

The preacher's address to his hearers.

I AM hath sent me to you,
For to declare what he hath done ;
My errand is like angels,

Who told the shepards of his son ;
And if you will believe me,

I have no other news to tell,
Than Jesus hath died for you,
To save you from a burning hell.

2 Although I am a stranger,
You've come to hear me preach and pray ;

I hope there is no danger,
In hearing what I have to say;
O Jesus, now stand by me,
And take the fear of man away,
And let me feel thy spirit,
To teach me what I ought to say.

3 It's true I have no wisdom,
To preach without my loving Lord,
Yet leaning on his bosom,
I have instruction from his word;
I hope you won't be draway,
While I do preach for Jesus sake,
Nor think I am too noisy,
If I should keep you all awake.

4 O come then, give attention,
With humble prayer wait on the Lord,
While to you I shall mention,
How Jesus gave a just reward;
The sinner will be driven,
Down to the regions of despair,
The saints arrive at Heaven,
To dwell with Christ forever there.

5 It's time for old professors,
For to inquire where they are bound,
Since none can enter Heaven,
But those who walk on holy ground;
If you should be mistaken,

Your state of all would be the worst,
Your souls would be forsaken,
And more than all, you would be curs'd.

6 Hath Christ a single soldier
In all the congregation round?
Then raise the cross; now shoulder,
And fight the battle on the ground;
Fear not the face of mortals,
Who are but dust, and soon decay,
Whose breath is in their nostrils,
And soon will mingle with their clay.

7 I have one blessed comfort,
That bears me up when troubles come,
That soon my war 'll be ended,
And then my Lord will call me home;
I shall arise and meet him,
And then my warfare will be o'er,
And walk the golden streets, sing
And praise my Lord forever more.

HYMN 37. P. M.

Weeping Mary.

WHEN weeping Mary came to seek
Her loving Lord and Saviour,
'Twas in the morning early, she
In tears to gain the favor.

2 With guards and soldiers plac'd around
The tomb, that held the body

Of him whom she thought under ground,
By wicked hands all bloody.

3 But how her aching heart was torn,
To find the tomb was empty;
In solemn silence she did mourn,
As onward she did venture.

3 Two angels in bright raiment shone,
Anticipate her sorrow,
And say, doth this creature mourn,
And why this gloomy sorrow?

5 Whom seek thou Mary, they did say,
And why this solemn mourning?
Because they've took my Lord away,
I thought to see this morning.

6 He standing by her, though unknown,
She thought it was the gard'ner;
In flowing tears she makes her moan,
Not knowing 'twas her part'ner.

7 I'll grieve and cry, poor Mary said,
Till I know where they've laid him;
And quickly turning round her head,
Began to upbraid him.

8 Whom seek thou, Mary, says the son,
She then perceived her Saviour,

And quickly to his feet she ran,
Not fearing harm or danger.

9 So then like Mary let us go,
And kiss the feet of Jesus;
He'll cleanse us all from sin and woe,
In glory he'll receive us.

HYMN 38.

By an Indian.

IN de dark wood, ~~as~~ Lidian high,
Den me look Heaben and send up cry,
Upon my knees so low;
Dat God on high in shining place,
See me in night wid teary face,
De priest did tell me so.

2 God send his angel take me ka,
He cum himself, he hear me pray,
If inside heart do pray;
He see me now, he no me hear,
He say poor Indian neber fear,
Me wid you night and day.

Den me love God wid inside heart,
He fight for me, he take my part,
He save my life before;
God love poor Indian in de wood,
So me love God, and dat be good,
Me praise him two times more.

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NOTE.—These Books may generally be had, by applying to any of the Free-will Baptist preachers in the state of New-York.

Emilie Browne

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