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John Muir's family

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A Freewill Baptist Hymnal of 1859

Day, George T., et al. THE CHORALIST: A Collection of Hymns and Tunes for Public, Social, and Family Worship. Dover (NH): Freewill Baptist Printing Establishment, (1859). 12mo/248pp. Illustrated with musical scores. Bound in full brown cloth with blindstamped boards, gold spine lettering. A collection of 429 hymns, not all of which have associated scores. Extremities chipped and well-worn, one page torn in half; otherwise a Good copy. Signed twice on the front endpapers by one D.H. Muir, believed to have been a relative of naturalist John Muir. \$45.00

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THE
CHORALIST:

A Collection of

HYMNS AND TUNES,

FOR

PUBLIC, SOCIAL, AND FAMILY WORSHIP.

"Let the people praise thee, O God; let all
the people praise thee." Ps. LXVII: 8.

PUBLISHED BY THE
FREEWILL BAPTIST PRINTING ESTABLISHMENT:
DOVER, N. H.

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A. B. KIDDER'S MUSIC TYPOGRAPHY, BOSTON.

PREFACE.

The design of this Collection of Hymns and Tunes is to promote devotional singing in the various spheres of Christian Association—the Sanctuary, the Conference Room, and the Family Circle. It is intended especially to meet a want existing in the Freewill Baptist Denomination, and which seemed hardly likely to be met by any collection of similar aim extant, or in process of preparation;—and still it is hoped that the work will prove to be sufficiently Catholic and Christian in its spirit to render it acceptable to the great body of true believers.

Singing is preëminently the social part of worship; and the conviction is fast gaining ground that the people generally may learn to sing, and ought to engage in this exercise. Congregational Singing in Public Worship is at length beginning to take the place of the performances of the choir and the quartette; and whatever may be the artistic loss, it is likely to be far more than compensated by the moral gain. If there be less science, there is usually more devotion; and we can afford to lose something of skilful execution, if we may thereby gain warmth of heart.

Though there has been a special aim to provide a work adapted to Social Worship, yet it is hoped and believed that a large part of both the music and the hymns will be found well adapted to congregational singing in the Public Services of the Sanctuary. The compilation of the first 150 pages has proceeded with a constant reference to Public Worship, as well as to the Social Meeting. And, though the remaining portion of the work has a more specific adaptation to the Conference Room, yet many of these hymns and tunes may be sung with the best effect by the great congregation.

In selecting the Hymns it has been the aim to secure variety, poetic merit, the true lyrical quality, adaptation, and genuine Christian sentiment; while, at the same time, care has been taken to insert freely those old and popular hymns which have long been embalmed in the affection of Christians. Not a few hymns, possessing *some* of these qualities, have been omitted in view of their manifest lack of others. Doubtless more or less persons who look through the book will regret the absence of their favorite hymn or hymns;

but they will kindly remember that the space to be filled was limited, and that a collection of all the really good and favorite sacred poetry of the people would make a volume scarcely less bulky than Webster's Unabridged Dictionary. Not always strictly consulting personal taste, the selections have been made with a view to meet, as far as practicable, the wants of all sections and classes.

A large part of the Music will be found to consist of the solid, substantial, and generally approved tunes, tested by use, and more or less familiar to all singers. The more modern tunes, whether selected from music recently issued, or written and arranged expressly for this work, it is hoped will not be found wanting in the qualities which win acceptance and yield satisfaction. The collection of Ancient Tunes, in the latter portion of the work, besides possessing real merit, will probably afford special gratification to those who heard or joined in the singing of them with the generation whose voices are sinking, one by one, into the silence of the tomb.

Two or three hymns, or parts of hymns, will be found in connection with these Ancient Tunes, which have a previous insertion in the body of the work. The reason for this is found in the fact that these hymns were long and almost exclusively sung to those old tunes; and it was thought unwise to divorce what had been so long wedded.

Several of Dr. Mason's compositions and arrangements are inserted by permission of the proprietors of the copyrights in them. Dr. Hastings has also allowed the use of a few of his compositions, the copyright of which remains in his own hands; and the same thing is true of several other composers.

Recognizing the liabilities to imperfection and error which attend the best-intentioned effort, and yet with the hope and prayer that "The Choralist" may prove a valuable contribution to the great objects of sacred song, the work is sent forth to the churches whose wants and solicitations have called it into being.

GEO. TODAY,
E. M. TAPPAN,
SILAS CURTIS,
O. B. CHENEY.

DOVER, N. H., Jan'y, 1859.

THE CHORALIST.

1. OLD HUNDRED. L. M.

1. From all that dwell below the skies, Let the Cre-a-tor's praise a-

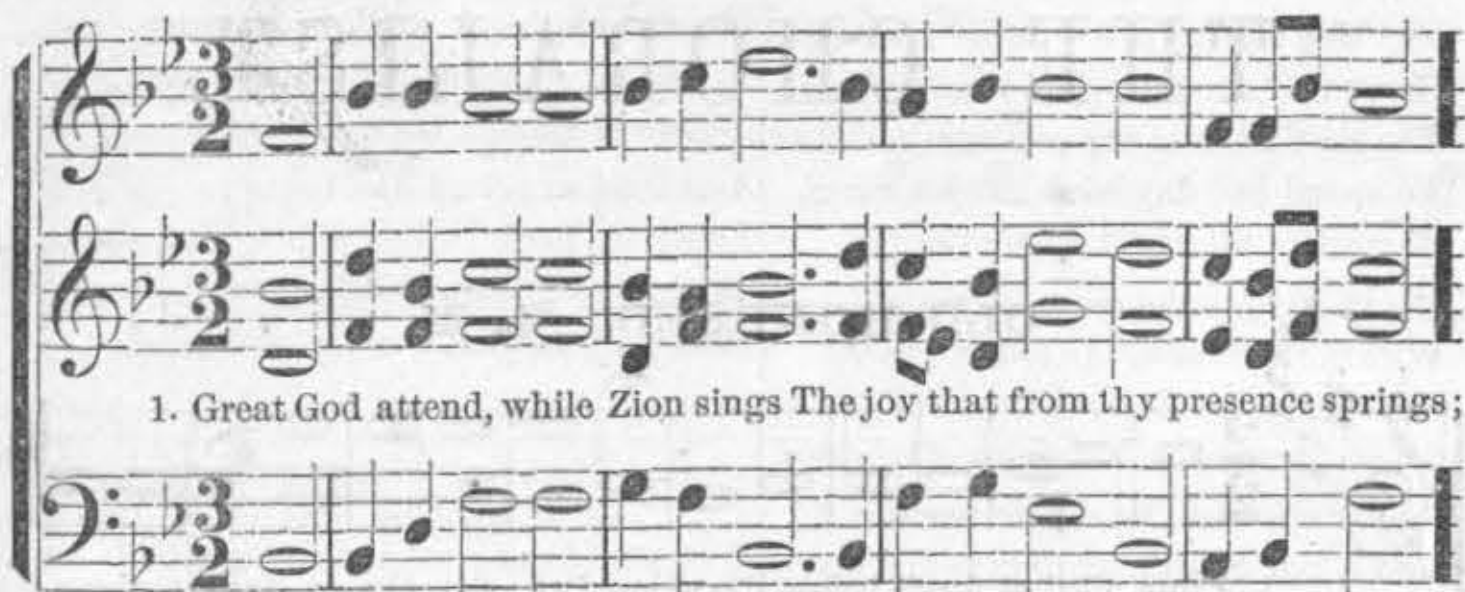
2. E-ter-nal are thy mercies, Lord, E-ter-nal truth at-tends thy

rise, Let the Re-deemer's name be sung Through every land, by every tongue.

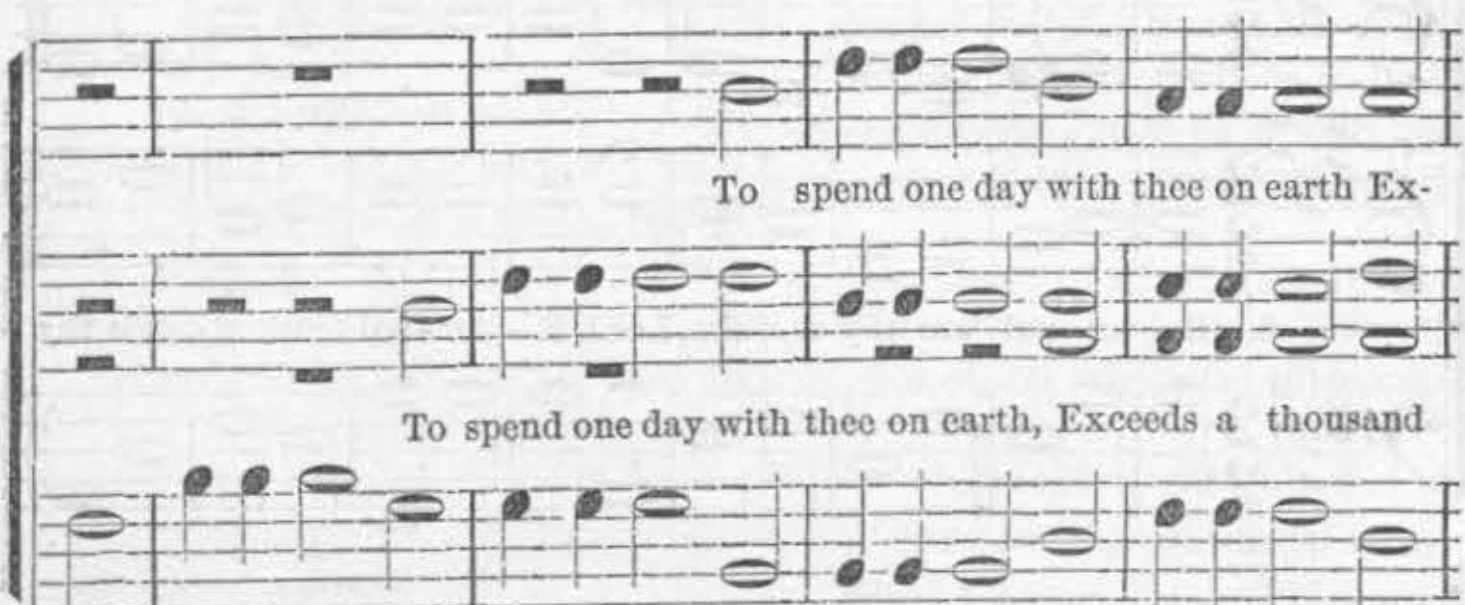
word; Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore, Till suns shall rise and set no more.

2. BRIDGEWATER. L. M.

EDSON.



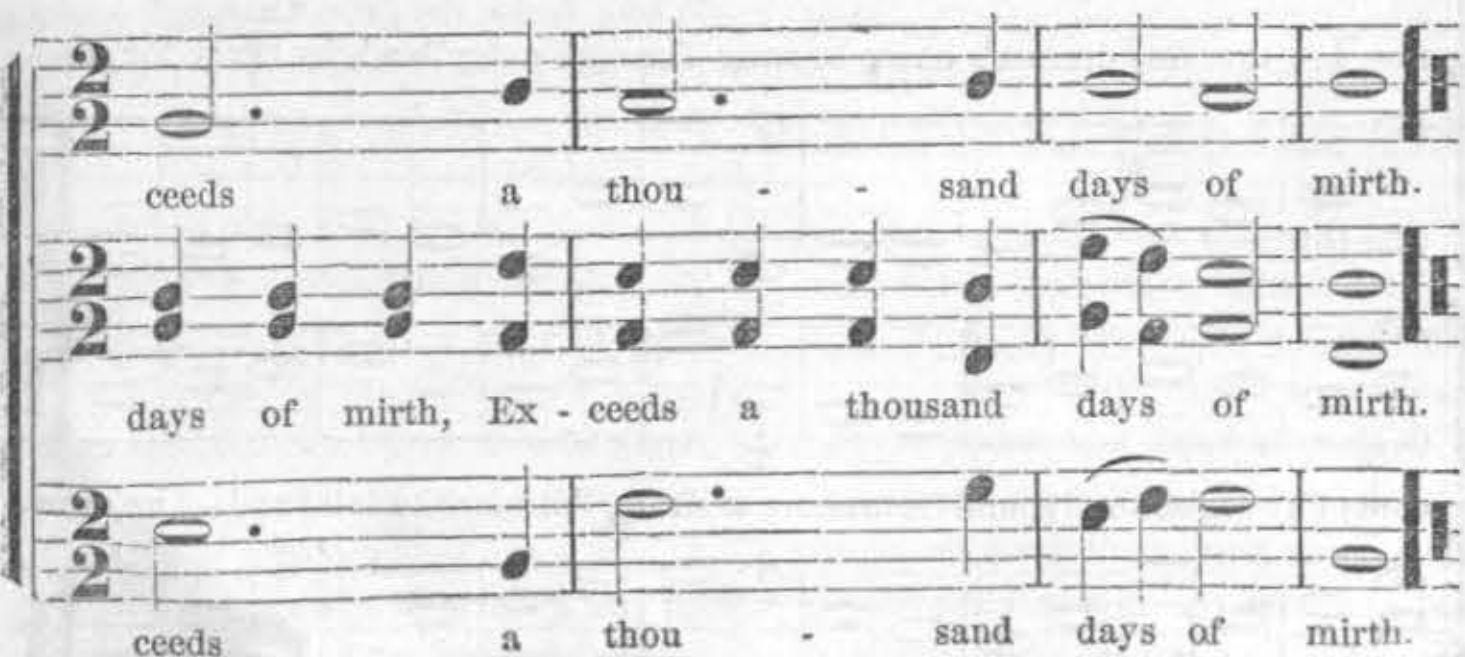
1. Great God attend, while Zion sings The joy that from thy presence springs;



To spend one day with thee on earth Ex-

To spend one day with thee on earth, Exceeds a thousand

To spend one day with thee on earth, Ex - ceeds a thousand days of mirth, Ex-



ceeds a thou - sand days of mirth.

days of mirth, Ex - ceeds a thousand days of mirth.

ceeds a thou - sand days of mirth.

2.

Joy in God's Worship. WATTS.

- 1 Great God attend, while Zion sings
The joy that from thy presence springs;
To spend one day with thee on earth,
Exceeds a thousand days of mirth.
- 2 Might I enjoy the meanest place
Within thy house, O God of grace,
Not tents of ease, nor thrones of power,
Should tempt my feet to leave the door.
- 3 God is our Sun, he makes our day;
God is our Shield, he guards our way
From all th' assaults of hell and sin,
From foes without and foes within.
- 4 All needful grace will God bestow,
And crown that grace with glory too:
He gives us all things, and withholds
No real good from upright souls.

3.

Lord's Day Service pleasant. WATTS.

- 1 Sweet is the work, my God, my King,
To praise thy name, give thanks and sing:
To show thy love by morning light,
And talk of all thy truth at night.
- 2 Sweet is the day of sacred rest;
No mortal cares shall seize my breast;
O may my heart in tune be found,
Like David's harp of solemn sound!
- 3 My heart shall triumph in my Lord,
And bless his works, and bless his word;
Thy works of grace how bright they shine!
How deep thy counsels! how divine!

4.

The Heavenly Sabbath. DODDRIDGE.

- 1 Thine earthly Sabbaths, Lord, we love;
But there's a nobler rest above;
To that our longing souls aspire,
With cheerful hope, and strong desire.
- 2 No more fatigue, no more distress,
Nor sin nor death shall reach the place;
No groans shall mingle with the songs,
Which dwell upon immortal tongues.

- 3 No rude alarms of angry foes;
No cares to break the long repose;
No midnight shade, no clouded sun,
But sacred, high, eternal noon.

- 4 O long expected day begin;
Dawn on these realms of pain and sin;
With joy we'll tread th' appointed road,
And sleep in death to rest with God.

5.

Goodness of God. WATTS.

- 1 Bless, O my soul, the living God;
Call home thy thoughts that rove abroad;
Let all the powers within me join,
In work and worship so divine.
- 2 Bless, O my soul, the God of grace;
His favors claim thy highest praise:
Why should the wonders he hath wrought
Be lost in silence, and forgot?
- 3 'Tis he, my soul, who sent his Son,
To die for crimes which thou hast done,
He owns the ransom, and forgives
The hourly follies of our lives.

6.

The March. WATTS.

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

MIGDOL. L. M.

L. MASON.

7.



1. Now to the Lord a no - ble song! Awake, my soul, a - wake my



2. See where it shines in Jesus' face, The brightest im - age of his



tongue; Hosanna to th' eternal name, And all his boundless love proclaim.



grace; God, in the person of his Son, Has all his mightiest works outdone.



7.

Divine glory displayed in Christ.

3 Grace—'tis a sweet, a charming theme,
My thoughts rejoice at Jesus' name:
Ye angels, dwell upon the sound;
Ye heavens, reflect it to the ground.

4 Oh, may I reach that happy place
Where he unveils his lovely face,
Where all his beauties we behold,
And sing his name to harps of gold.

8.

Wonders of Grace. WATTS.

1 Give to our God immortal praise;
Mercy and truth are all his ways:
Wonders of grace to God belong;
Repeat his mercies in your song.

2 Give to the Lord of lords renown,
The King of kings with glory crown;
His mercies ever will endure,
When lords and kings are known no more.

3 He built the earth, he spread the sky,
He fixed the starry lights on high:
Wonders of grace to God belong;
Repeat his mercies in your song.

4 He sent his Son with power to save
From guilt, and darkness, and the grave:
Wonders of grace to God belong;
Repeat his mercies in your song.

9.

The Baptismal Vow. DODDRIDGE.

1 O happy day that fixed my choice
On thee, my Savior, and my God;
Well may this glowing heart rejoice,
And tell its raptures all abroad.

2 'Tis done—the great transaction's done;
I am my Lord's, and he is mine;
He drew me, and I followed on,
Rejoiced to own the call divine.

3 Now rest—my long-divided heart—
Fixed on this blissful centre, rest—
Here have I found a nobler part,
Here heavenly pleasures fill my breast.

4 High heaven, that hears the solemn vow,
That vow renewed shall daily hear,
Till in life's latest hour I bow,
And bless in death a bond so dear.

10.

The Christian Race. WATTS.

1 Awake, our souls; away our fears;
Let every trembling thought be gone;
Awake, and run the heavenly race,
And put a cheerful courage on.

2 True, 'tis a strait and thorny road,
And mortal spirits tire and faint;
But they forget the mighty God,
Who feeds the strength of every saint.

3 From thee, the overflowing spring,
Our souls shall drink a full supply;
While those who trust their native strength
Shall melt away, and droop, and die.

4 Swift as an eagle cuts the air,
We'll mount aloft to thine abode;
On wings of love our souls shall fly,
Nor tire amid the heavenly road.

11.

Grateful Acknowledgment. WATTS.

1 My God, how endless is thy love!
Thy gifts are every evening new;
And morning mercies from above
Gently distil like early dew.

2 I yield my powers to thy command;
To thee I consecrate my days;
Perpetual blessings from thy hand
Demand perpetual songs of praise.

WELTON. L. M.

DR. MALAN.

12.



1. Come hither, all ye weary souls, Ye heavy-la-den sin-ners,



2. "They shall find rest who learn of me: I'm of a meek and low-ly



come; I'll give you rest from all your toils, And raise you to my heavenly home.



mind: But passion rages like the sea, And pride is restless as the wind.



12.

The Gospel's Invitation.

3 "Blest is the man whose shoulders take
My yoke and bear it with delight:
My yoke is easy to the neck;
My grace shall make the burden light."

4 Jesus, we come at thy command:
With faith and hope, and humble zeal,
Resign our spirits to thy hand,
To mould and guide us at thy will.

13.

Not ashamed of Jesus. GRIGG.

1 Jesus! and shall it ever be,
A mortal man ashamed of thee!
Ashamed of thee whom angels praise,
Whose glories shine thro' endless days!

2 Ashamed of Jesus! sooner far
Let evening blush to own a star;
He sheds the beams of light divine,
O'er this benighted soul of mine.

3 Ashamed of Jesus! just as soon
Let midnight be ashamed of noon!
'Tis midnight with my soul till he,
Bright morning star, bids darkness flee.

4 Ashamed of Jesus! that dear friend,
On whom my hopes of heaven depend!
No! when I blush, be this my shame,
That I no more revere his name.

5 Ashamed of Jesus! yes, I may,
When I've no guilt to wash away;
No tears to wipe, no good to crave,
No fears to quell, no soul to save.

6 Till then, nor is my boasting vain,
Till then, I boast a Savior slain;
And O may this my glory be,
That Christ is not ashamed of me.

14.

The Waiting Savior. GRIGG.

1 Behold a stranger at the door!
He gently knocks—has knocked before;
Has waited long—is waiting still;
You treat no other friend so ill.

2 O, lovely Savior, see, he stands
With melting heart and loaded hands!
O, matchless kindness! and he shows
This matchless kindness to his foes.

3 But will he prove a friend indeed?
He will; the very friend you need;
The friend of sinners—yes, 'tis he,
With garments dyed on Calvary.

4 Rise, touched with gratitude divine,
Turn out his enemy and thine,—
That soul-destroying monster, sin,
And let the heavenly stranger in.

15.

Return, O Wanderer. COLLYER.

1 Return, O wanderer, now return,
And seek an injured Father's face;
Those warm desires that in thee burn,
Were kindled by the Spirit's grace.

2 Return, O wanderer, now return,
And seek a Father's melting heart;
His pitying eyes thy grief discern,
His love shall peace and joy impart.

3 Return, O wanderer, now return,
Thy dying Savior bids thee live;
Go to his bleeding cross, and learn
How freely Jesus can forgive.

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

WINDHAM. L. M.

READ.

16.



1. Show pity, Lord— O Lord, forgive, Let a re-pent - ing rebel



live; Are not thy mer - cies large and free, May not a sinner trust in thee?

16.

Pardon Implored.

WATTS.

2 My crimes are great, but can't surpass
The power and glory of thy grace;
Great God, thy nature hath no bound,
So let thy pardoning love be found.

3 O wash my soul from every sin,
And make my guilty conscience clean,
Here on my heart the burden lies,
And past offences pain my eyes.

4 My lips with shame my sins confess,
Against thy law—against thy grace;
Lord, should thy judgment grow severe,
I am condemned—but thou art clear.

5 Yet save a trembling sinner, Lord,
Whose hope, still hovering round thy word,
Would light on some sweet promise there,
Some sure support against despair.

17.

Vision of Dry Bones.

WATTS.

1 Look down, O Lord, with pitying eye,
See Adam's race in ruin lie;
Sin spreads its trophies o'er the ground,
And scatters slaughtered heaps around.

2 And can these mouldering corpses live?
And can these perished bones revive?
That, mighty God, to thee is known;
That wondrous work is all thine own.

3 Thy ministers are sent in vain
To prophesy upon the slain;
In vain they call, in vain they cry,
Till thine almighty aid is nigh.

4 But if thy Spirit deign to breathe,
Life spreads thro' all the realms of death;
Dry bones obey thy powerful voice,—
They move, they waken, they rejoice.

[2]

18.

Few Saved.

1 Broad is the road that leads to death,
And thousands walk together there;
But wisdom shows a narrow path,
With here and there a traveller.

2 "Deny thyself and take thy cross,"
Is the Redeemer's great command;
Nature must count her gold but dross,
If she would gain this heavenly land.

3 The fearful soul that tires and faints,
And walks the ways of God no more,
Is but esteemed almost a saint,
And makes his own destruction sure.

4 Lord, let not all my hopes be vain,
Create my heart entirely new—
Which hypocrites could ne'er attain;
Which false apostates never knew.

19.

Seeking the stay of the Spirit.

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

2 Tho' I have steeled my stubborn heart,
And still shook off my guilty fears,
And vexed, and urged thee to depart,
For many long rebellious years—

3 Though I have most unfaithful been,
Of all who e'er thy grace received;
Ten thousand times thy goodness seen,
Ten thousand times thy goodness
grieved;

4 Yet, O! the chief of sinners spare,
In honor of my great High Priest;
Nor in thy righteous anger swear
T' exclude me from thy people's rest.

5 Now, Lord, my weary soul release,
Upraise me with thy gracious hand,
And guide into thy perfect peace,
And bring me to the promised land.

UXBRIDGE. L. M.

L. MASON.

20.

1. Come, sacred Spirit, from a - bove, And fill the coldest heart with

2. Speak thou—and from the haughtiest eyes Shall floods of contrite sorrow

3. Oh, let a ho-ly flock a - wait, In crowds around thy tem - ple

love: Oh, turn to flesh the flin - ty stone, And let thy godlike power be known.

rise; While all their glowing souls are borne To seek that grace which now they [scorn.

gate! Each pressing on with zeal to be A living sac - ri - fice to thee.

21.

Following after God. MONTGOMERY.

- 1 O God, thou art my God alone;
Early to thee my soul shall cry,
A pilgrim in a land unknown,
A thirsty land, whose springs are dry.
- 2 Yet, thro' this rough and thorny maze,
I follow hard on thee, my God;
Thine hand unseen upholds my ways;
I lean upon thy staff and rod.
- 3 Thee, in the watches of the night,
When I remember, on my bed,
Thy presence makes the darkness light;
Thy guardian wings are round my head.
- 4 Better than life itself thy love,
Dearer than all beside to me;
For whom have I in heaven above,
Or what on earth, compared with thee?

22.

Consecration in view of the cross. WATTS.

- 1 When I survey the wondrous cross,
On which the Prince of glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride.
- 2 Forbid, O God, that I should boast,
Save in the death of Christ, my Lord;
All the vain things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them at his word.
- 3 See, from his head, his hands, his feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down;
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?
- 4 Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

23.

Remembering Christ. KRISHNA PAL.

- 1 O thou, my soul, forget no more
The Friend, who all thy sorrows bore;
Let every idol be forgot;
But, O my soul, forget him not.
- 2 Renounce thy works and ways, with grief,
And fly to this divine relief;
Nor him forget, who left his throne,
And for thy life gave up his own.
- 3 Eternal truth and mercy shine
In him, and he himself is thine;
And canst thou, then, with sin beset,
Such charms, such matchless charms
forget?
- 4 O, no; till life itself depart,
His name shall cheer and warm my heart;
And, lisp'ing this, from earth I'll rise,
And join the chorus of the skies.

24.

Weary Souls. STEELE.

- 1 Come, weary souls, with sin distressed,
Come and accept the promised rest:
The Savior's gracious call obey,
And cast your gloomy fears away.
- 2 Oppressed with guilt, a painful load,
O come and spread your woes abroad;
Divine compassion, mighty love,
Will all the painful load remove.
- 3 Here mercy's boundless ocean flows,
To cleanse your guilt and heal your woes;
Pardon, and life, and endless peace;
How rich the gift, how free the grace!
- 4 Lord, we accept, with thankful heart,
The hope thy gracious words impart;
We come with trembling, yet rejoice,
And bless the kind inviting voice.

WARD. L. M.

BOST. ACAD. COLL.

25.

1. God is the ref-uge of his saints When storms of sharp distress in-

2. Let mountains from their seats be hurled Down to the deep and buried

vade; Ere we can of-fer our complaints, Behold him pres-ent with his aid.

there; Convulsions shake the solid world; Our faith shall nev-er yield to fear.

25.

Safety in God.

- 3 There is a stream whose gentle flow
Supplies the city of our God;
Life, love, and joy still gliding through,
And watering our divine abode.
- 4 That sacred stream, thy holy word,
Our grief allays, our fear controls;
Sweet peace thy promises afford,
And give new strength to fainting souls.
- 5 Zion enjoys her Monarch's love,
Secure against a threatening hour;
Nor can her firm foundations move,
Built on his truth and armed with power.

26.

Holiness and Grace. WATTS.

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

27.

Choosing Christ's Service. STEELE.

- 1 May I resolve, with all my heart,
With all my powers to serve the Lord;
Nor from his precepts e'er depart,
Whose service is a rich reward.

[2*]

- 2 O, be his service all my joy:
Around let my example shine,
Till others love the blest employ,
And join in labors so divine.

- 3 Be this the purpose of my soul,
My solemn, my determined choice—
To yield to his supreme control,
And in his kind commands rejoice.

- 4 O may I never faint nor tire,
Nor, wandering, leave his sacred ways:
Great God, accept my soul's desire,
And give me strength to live thy praise.

28.

Christ with His People. COWPER.

- 1 Jesus, where'er thy people meet,
There they behold thy mercy-seat;
Where'er they seek thee, thou art found;
And every place is hallowed ground.
- 2 Dear Shepherd of thy chosen few, |
Thy former mercies here renew;
Here to our waiting hearts proclaim
The sweetness of thy saving name.
- 3 Here may we prove the power of prayer,
To strengthen faith and banish care,
And teach our faint desires to rise
To things unseen, beyond the skies.
- 4 Lord, we are few, but thou art near;
Nor short thine arm, nor deaf thine ear;
O, rend the heavens this favored hour,
Let thousands feel thy saving power.

- 5 We meet at thy command, dear Lord,
Relying on thy faithful word;
Now send thy Spirit from above,
And fill our hearts with heavenly love.

DUKE STREET. L. M.

HATTON.

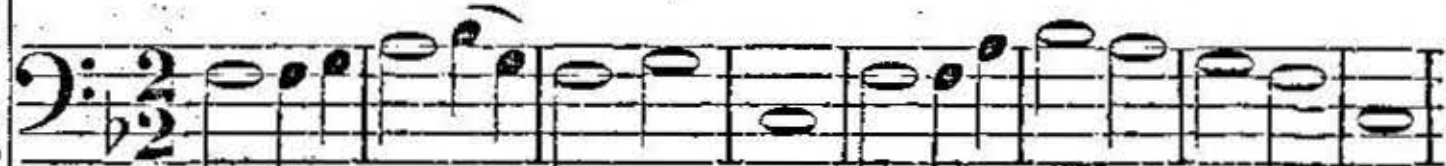
29.



1. The heavens declare thy glory, Lord; In every star thy wisdom shines;



2. The rolling sun, the changing light, And nights and days thy power confess;



But when our eyes behold thy word, We read thy name in fair - er lines.



But that blest volume thou didst write Re - veals thy jus - tice and thy grace.



29.

God's glory in his Works and Word.

- 3 Sun, moon, and stars convey thy praise
Around the earth, and never stand;
So, when thy truth began its race,
It touched and glanced on every land.
- 4 Nor shall thy spreading gospel rest,
Till thro' the world thy truth has run,
Till Christ has all the nations blest
That see the light or feel the sun.

30.

Religion vain without Love. WATTS.

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

31.

The Teaching of Jesus. BOWRING.

- 1 How sweetly flowed the gospel sound
From lips of gentleness and grace,
When listening thousands gathered round,
And joy and gladness filled the place!
- 2 Christ came from heaven; of heaven he
spoke;
To heaven he led his followers' way;
Dark clouds of gloomy night he broke,
Unveiling an immortal day.

- 3 "Come, wanderers, to my Father's
home;
Come, all ye weary ones, and rest;"

Yes, sacred Teacher, we will come,
Obey thee, love thee, and be blest.

- 4 Decay, then, tenements of dust;
Pillars of earthly pride, decay;
A nobler mansion waits the just,
And Jesus has prepared the way.

32.

Heaven revealed by the Spirit. WATTS.

- 1 Descend from heaven, immortal Dove,
Stoop down, and take us on thy wings;
And mount, and bear us far above
The reach of these inferior things;—
- 2 Beyond, beyond this lower sky,
Up where eternal ages roll;
Where solid pleasures never die,
And fruits immortal feast the soul.
- 3 O for a sight, a pleasing sight,
Of our Almighty Father's throne!
There sits our Savior, crowned with light,
Clothed in a body like our own.

- 4 Adoring saints around him stand,
And thrones and powers before him fall;
The God shines gracious thro' the man,
And sheds sweet glories on them all.

- 6 O, what amazing joys they feel,
While to their golden harps they sing,
And sit on every heavenly hill,
And spread the triumphs of their King!

- 6 When shall the day, dear Lord, appear,
That I shall mount to dwell above,
And stand and bow amongst them there,
And view thy face, and sing thy love?

CREATION. L. M.

HAYDN.

33.

1. Soon may the last glad song a - rise, Through all the millions

of the skies; That song of triumph which re - cords That all the
That song of triumph which re - cords [OMIT].....

earth is now the Lord's; That all the earth is now the Lord's.

33.

Dominion of Christ prayed for.

2 Let thrones, and powers, and king-
doms be

Obedient, mighty God, to thee;
And over land, and stream, and main,
Now wave the sceptre of thy reign.

3 O, let that glorious anthem swell;
Let host to host the triumph tell,
That not one rebel heart remains,
But over all the Savior reigns.

34.

Christ's kingdom among the Gentiles.

WATTS.

1 Jesus shall reign, where'er the sun
Does his successive journeys run;
His kingdom stretch from shore to shore,
Till moons shall wax and wane no more.

2 For him shall endless prayer be made,
And praises throng to crown his head;
His name, like sweet perfume, shall rise
With every morning sacrifice.

3 People and realms, of every tongue,
Dwell on his love with sweetest song;
And infant voices shall proclaim
Their early blessings on his name.

4 Blessings abound where'er he reigns;
The prisoner leaps to loose his chains;
The weary find eternal rest,
And all the sons of want are blest.

5 Let every creature rise and bring
Peculiar honors to our King,
Angels descend with songs again,
And earth repeat the long amen.

35.

The Church Encouraged. DODDRIDGE.

1 Triumphant Zion! lift thy head
From dust, and darkness, and the dead:
Though humbled long, awake at length,
And gird thee with thy Savior's strength.

2 Put all thy beauteous garments on,
And let thy excellence be known:
Decked in the robes of righteousness,
Thy glory shall the world confess.

3 God from on high has heard thy prayer;
His hand thy ruins shall repair;
Nor will thy watchful Monarch cease
To guard thee in eternal peace.

36.

The Pleasures of Public Worship.

WATTS.

1 How pleasant, how divinely fair,
O Lord of Hosts, thy dwellings are!
With long desire my spirit faints
To meet th' assemblies of thy saints.

2 My flesh would rest in thine abode,
My panting heart cries out for God;
My God! my King! why should I be
So far from all my joys and thee?

3 Blest are the saints who sit on high,
Around thy throne of majesty;
Thy brightest glories shine above,
And all their work is praise and love.

4 Blest are the souls who find a place
Within the temple of thy grace;
There they behold thy gentler rays,
And seek thy face, and learn thy praise.

5 Cheerful they walk, with growing
strength,
Till all shall meet in heaven at length—
Till all before thy face appear,
And join in nobler worship there.

Doxology.

Be Thou, O God, exalted high;
And as thy glory fills the sky,
So let it be on earth displayed,
Till thou art here as there obeyed.

ZEPHYR. L. M.

W. B. BRADBURY.

37.

1. How blest the sa - cred tie, that binds In sweet communion kindred

2. To each, the soul of each how dear; What tender love, what ho - ly

[hopes are one.
minds; How swift the heavenly course they run, Whose hearts, whose faith, whose

fear; How does the generous flame within Refine from earth and cleanse from sin.

43.

LOVING-KINDNESS. L. M.

1. A - wake, my soul, in joy - ful lays, And sing the great Re -

2. He saw me ru - ined in the fall, Yet loved me not - with -

deemer's praise; He just - ly claims a song from me: H weep;

standing all; He saved me from my lost es O, how sweet

a slumber meet;

confidence to sing

that death hath lost its venom'd sting.

lov - ing - kind - ness, O he

3 Lead us to the road
Which we must take to dwell with God;
Lead us to Christ—the living way;
Nor let us from his pastures stray.

4 Lead us to God,—our final rest,—
To be with him forever blest;
Lead us to heaven, its bliss to share—
Fulness of joy forever there.

3 Asleep in Jesus! peaceful rest!
Whose waking is supremely blest:
No fear, no wo, shall dim that hour
That manifests the Savior's power.

4 Asleep in Jesus! O, for me
May such a blissful refuge be;
Securely shall my ashes lie;
And wait the summons from on high.

41.

The Backslider's Supplication. WATTS.

39.
Falling asleep in Jesus. WATTS.

1 Why should we start, and fear to die?
What timorous worms we mortals are!
Death is the gate of endless joy,
And yet we dread to enter there.

2 The pains, the groans, and dying strife,
Fright our approaching souls away;
Still we shrink back again to life,
Fond of our prison and our clay.

1 O thou that hear'st when sinners cry,
Though all my crimes before thee lie,
Behold them not with angry look,
But blot their memory from thy book.

2 Though I have grieved thy Spirit, Lord,
His help and comfort still afford,
And let a wretch come near thy throne,
To plead the merits of thy Son.

ZEPHYR. L. M.

W. B. BRADBURY.

37.

1. How blest the sa - cred tie, that binds In sweet communion kindred
the soul of each how dear; What tender love, what ho - ly
There is a calm, a sure retreat; 'Tis found beneath the mea
A place of all on earth most sweet; It is the blood-bought mercy - seat.

42.

The Mercy-Seat.

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

43.

LOVING-KINDNESS. L. M.

1. A - wake, my soul, in joy - ful lays, And sing the great Re -
2. He saw me ru - ined in the fall, Yet loved me not - with -
deemer's praise; He just - ly claims a song from me: His
standing all; He saved me from my lost es - tate, His
lov - ing - kind - ness, O how free! His lov - ing - kind - ness,
lov - ing - kind - ness, O how great! His lov - ing - kind - ness,
lov - ing - kind - ness, His lov - ing - kind - ness, O, how free!
lov - ing - kind - ness, His lov - ing - kind - ness, O, how great!

3 When trouble, like a gloomy cloud,
Has gathered thick, and thundered loud,
He near my soul has always stood,
His loving-kindness, O, how good!

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

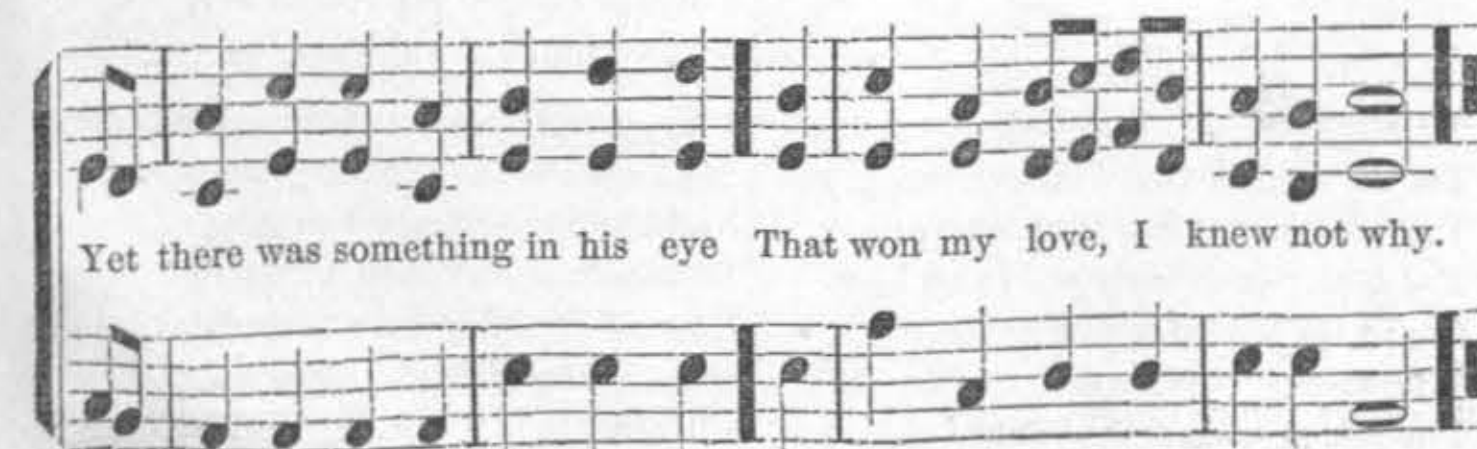
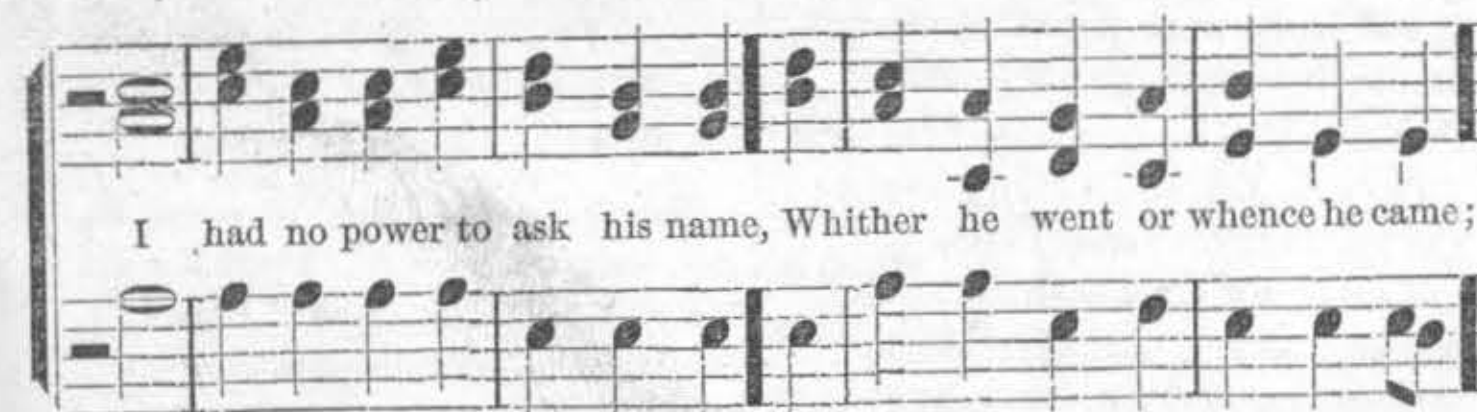
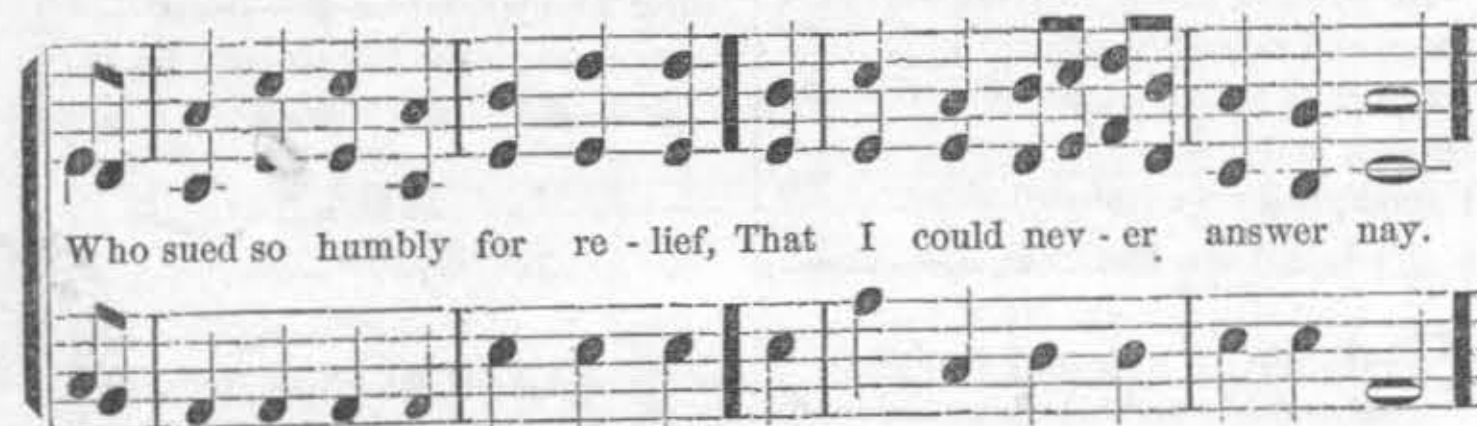
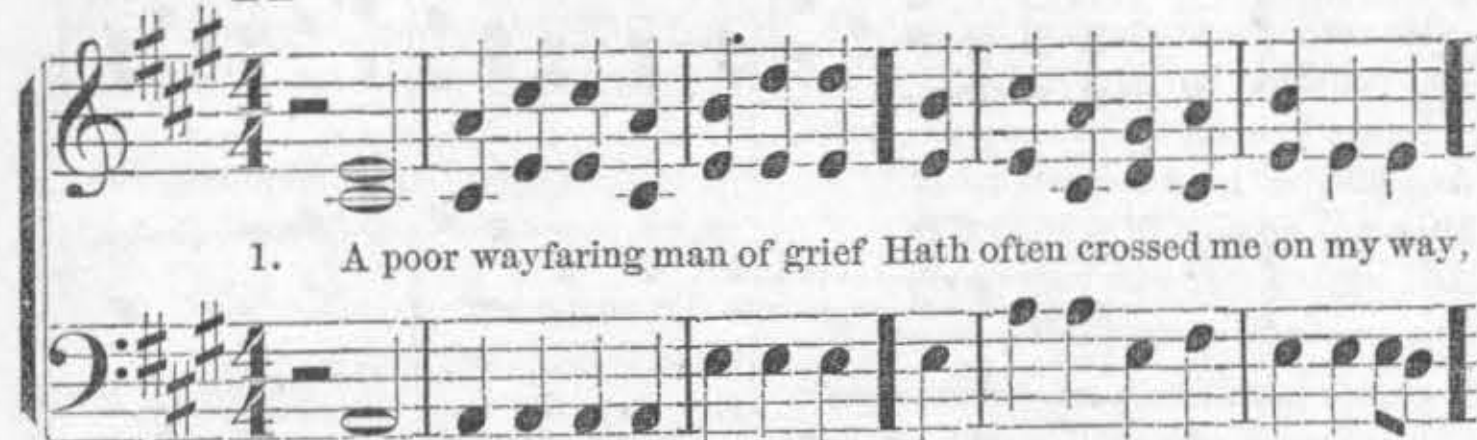
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5 Soon shall I pass the gloomy vale,
Soon all my mortal powers must fail;
Oh! may my last expiring breath
His loving-kindness sing in death.

6 Then let me mount and soar away,
To the bright realms of endless day,
And sing, with rapture and surprise,
His loving-kindness in the skies.

DUANE STREET. L. M. Double.

44.



44.

Poor Wayfaring Man.

2 Once, when my scanty meal was spread,
He entered—not a word he spake—
Just perishing for want of bread;
I gave him all, he blessed, and brake,
And ate, but gave me part again.
Mine was an angel's portion then;
And while I fed, with eager haste,
The crust was manna to my taste.

3 I spied him, where a fountain burst
Clear from the rock; his strength was gone;
The heedless water mocked his thirst,
He heard it, saw it hurrying on.
I ran, and raised the sufferer up;
Thrice from the stream he drained my cup;
Dipped, and returned it, running o'er;
I drank, and never thirsted more.

4 In prison I saw him next, condemned
To meet a traitor's doom at morn;
The tide of lying tongues I stemmed,
And honored him, 'mid shame and scorn.
My friendship's utmost zeal to try,
He asked if I for him would die?
The flesh was weak, my blood ran chill,
But the free spirit cried, "I will."

5 Then in a moment, to my view
The stranger started from disguise;
The tokens in his hands I knew,—
My SAVIOR stood before my eyes!
He spake, and my poor name he named,—
"Of me thou hast not been ashamed;
These deeds shall thy memorial be;
Fear not, thou didst them unto me."

45.

True Wisdom.

1 Happy the man that finds the grace,
The blessing of God's chosen race;
The wisdom coming from above,
The faith that sweetly works by love.
Happy, beyond description, he
Who knows "the Savior died for me!"
The gift unspeakable obtains,
And heavenly understanding gains.

2 Wisdom divine! who tells the price
Of wisdom's costly merchandize?
Wisdom to silver we prefer,
And gold is dross compared to her.
Her hands are filled with length of days,
True riches, and immortal praise;
Riches of Christ, on all bestowed,
And honor that descends from God.

3 To purest joys she all invites;
Chaste, holy, spiritual delights;
Her ways are ways of pleasantness,
And all her flowery paths are peace.
Happy the man who wisdom gains;
Thrice happy, who his guest retains;
He owns, and shall forever own
Wisdom, and Christ, and heaven, are one.

46.

The Way of Life.

1 Jesus my all to heaven is gone,
He whom I fixed my hopes upon;
His track I see, and I'll pursue
The narrow way till him I view.
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.

2 This is the way I long have sought,
And mourned because I found it not;
My grief a burden long had been,
Because I was not saved from sin.
The more I strove against its power,
I felt its weight and guilt the more,
Till late I heard my Savior say,
"Come hither, soul, I am the way!"

3 Lo, glad I come, and thou, blest Lamb,
Shalt take me to thee, as I am:
Nothing but sin have I to give,
Nothing but love shall I receive.
Now will I tell to sinners round,
What a dear Savior I have found;
I'll point to thy redeeming blood,
And say, behold the way to God!

HEBRON. L. M.

L. MASON.

47.



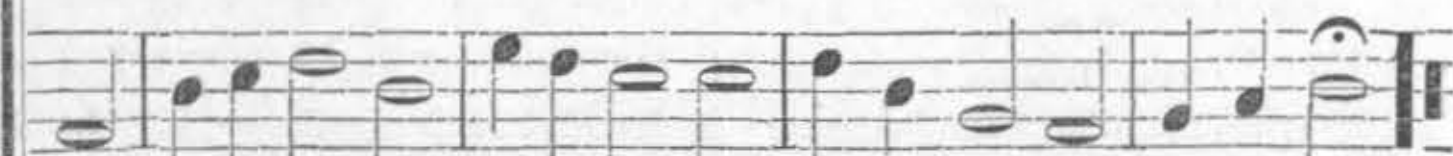
1. Thus far the Lord hath led me on, Thus far his power prolongs my days;



2. Much of my time has run to waste, And I perhaps am near my home;



And every evening shall make known Some fresh memorial of his grace.



But he forgives my follies past, He gives me strength for days to come.



47.

An Evening Song.

- 3 I lay my body down to sleep;
Peace is the pillow for my head,
While well-appointed angels keep
Their watchful stations round my bed.
- 4 Faith in his name forbids my fear;
O may thy presence ne'er depart,
And in the morning make me hear
The love and kindness of thy heart.
- 5 Thus when the night of death shall come,
My flesh shall rest beneath the ground,
And wait thy voice to rouse my tomb,
With sweet salvation in the sound.

48.

God found in Retirement. WATTS.

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

49.

The Heavenly Converse. KELLY.

- 1 How sweet to leave the world awhile,
And seek the presence of our Lord!
Dear Savior, on thy people smile,
According to thy faithful word.
- 2 From busy scenes we now retreat,
That we may here converse with thee,
O Lord, behold us at thy feet;
Let this the gate of heaven be.

[3*]

- 3 "Chief of ten thousands," now appear,
That we, by faith, may view thy face;
O speak, that we thy voice may hear,
And let thy presence fill the place!

50.

The Burden of Sin. C. WESLEY.

- 1 O that my load of sin were gone!
O that I could at last submit,
At Jesus' feet to lay me down,
To lay my soul at Jesus' feet!
- 2 Rest for my soul I long to find;
Fountain of rest, thou, Savior, art;
Give me thy meek and lowly mind,
And stamp thine image on my heart.
- 3 Fain would I learn of thee, my God,
Thy light and easy burden prove:
The cross, all stained with hallowed blood,
The labor of thy dying love.
- 4 I would; but thou must give the power;
My heart from every sin release:
Bring near, bring near the joyful hour,
And fill my soul with heavenly peace.

51.

The Pleasantness of Baptism. FREEMAN.

- 1 Hither we come, our dearest Lord,
Obedient to thy sacred word;
'Tis thou hast called our hearts to flee
From sense and sin, and follow thee.
- 2 Here ranged along the water's side,
Where gently rolls the silent tide,
O, what on earth can sweeter be,
Than thus to come and follow thee!
- 3 When wandering in the vale of tears,
Enslaved by sins, and doubts, and fears,
Then didst thou come, our souls to free,
And gav'st us grace to follow thee.
- 4 Thou wast immersed in Jordan's wave,
The emblem of thy future grave;
O, while the way so plain we see,
What can we do but follow thee?

SHOEL. L. M.

SHOEL.

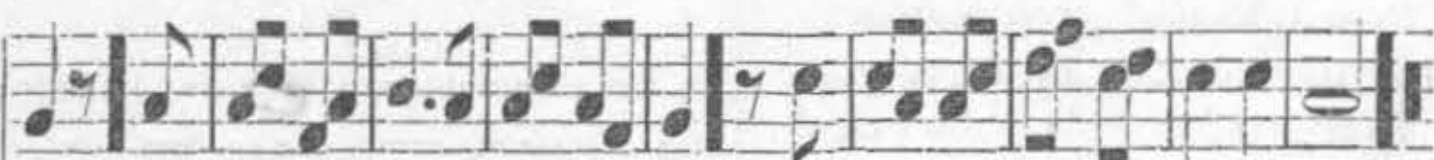
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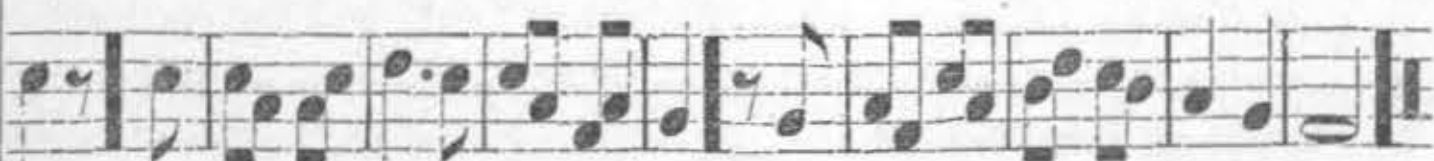
1. O, could my soul this morn-ing rise, And feel that life that never



2. 'Tis he who gives me life di-vine; In him e-ter-nal joys are



dies, I'd praise that hand with all my powers, That guarded my unguarded hours.



mine; Then rouse, my soul, bid sloth adieu; Thy Je-sus love, and him pursue.



52.

A Morning Song.

3 Haste on to that immortal shore,
Where night and sleep are known no more;
There shall I soon in glory rise,
With seraphs, in a sweet surprise.

4 Then shall I raise a morning song,
With all the vast angelic throng;
Singing in everlasting peace,
My morning song shall never cease.

53.

An Evening Sacrifice. STEELE.

1 Great God, to thee my evening song
With humble gratitude I raise;
O, let thy mercy tune my tongue,
And fill my heart with lively praise.

2 My days unclouded as they pass,
And every gently-rolling hour,
Are monuments of wondrous grace,
And witness to thy love and power.

3 Thy love and power, celestial Guard,
Preserve me from surrounding harm;
Can danger reach me while the Lord
Extends his kind, protecting arm?

4 Let this blest hope my eyelids close;
With sleep refresh my feeble frame;
Safe in thy care may I repose,
And wake with praises to thy name.

54.

Living to Christ. DODDRIDGE.

1 My gracious Lord, I own thy right
To every service I can pay,
And call it my supreme delight
To hear thy dictates and obey.

2 What is my being but for thee,
Its sure support, its noblest end?
'Tis my delight thy face to see,
And serve the cause of such a Friend.

3 I would not sigh for worldly joy,
Or to increase my worldly good;
Nor future days nor powers employ
To spread a sounding name abroad.

4 'Tis to my Savior I would live,
To him who for my ransom died;
Nor could all worldly honor give
Such bliss as crowns me at his side.

55.

Rising to God. GIBBONS.

1 Now let our souls, on wings sublime,
Rise from the vanities of time,
Draw back the parting veil, and see
The glories of eternity.

2 Born by a new, celestial birth,
Why should we grovel here on earth?
Why grasp at transitory toys,
So near to heaven's eternal joys?

3 Shall aught beguile us on the road
When we are walking back to God?
For strangers into life we come,
And dying is but going home.

4 To dwell with God, to feel his love,
Is the full heaven enjoyed above;
And the sweet expectation now
Is the young dawn of heaven below.

56.

Heaven. WATTS.

1 What sinners value I resign;
Lord, 'tis enough that thou art mine:
I shall behold thy blissful face,
And stand complete in righteousness.

2 This life's a dream, an empty show;
But the bright world to which I go
Hath joys substantial and sincere:
When shall I wake, and find me there?

3 O glorious hour! O blest abode!
I shall be near and like my God,
And flesh and sin no more control
The sacred pleasures of my soul.

4 My flesh shall slumber in the ground,
Till the last trumpet's joyful sound,
Then burst the chains with glad surprise,
And in my Savior's image rise.

HENRY. C. M.

S. B. POND.

57.

1. Lo! what a glo - rious sight ap - pears To our be - liev - ing eyes!

2. From the third heaven where God resides, That holy, hap - py place,

The earth and seas are passed a - way, And the old roll - ing skies.

The new Je - ru - sa - lem comes down, A - dorned with shin - ing grace.

57.

Kingdom of Christ among Men. WATTS.

- 3 Attending angels shout for joy,
And heavenly armies sing—
"Ye saints, behold the sacred seat
Of your descending King."
- 4 How long, dear Savior, O how long
Shall this bright hour delay?
Fly swifter round, ye wheels of time,
And bring the welcome day.

58.

Joy of Christ's Advent. WATTS.

- 1 Joy to the world! the Lord is come!
Let earth receive her King;
Let every heart prepare him room,
And heaven and nature sing.
- 2 Joy to the earth! the Savior reigns!
Let men their songs employ:
While fields, and floods, rocks, hills, and
plains,
Repeat the sounding joy.
- 3 No more let sins and sorrows grow,
Nor thorns infest the ground;
He comes to make his blessings flow
Far as the curse is found.
- 4 He rules the world with truth and grace,
And makes the nations prove
The glories of his righteousness,
And wonders of his love.

59.

Pressing to the Goal. DODDRIDGE.

- 1 Awake, my soul; stretch every nerve,
And press with vigor on;
A heavenly race demands thy zeal,
And an immortal crown.
- 2 A cloud of witnesses around,
Hold thee in full survey;
Forget the steps already trod,
And onward urge thy way.

60.

Hinder me not. RYLAND.

- 3 'Tis God's all-animating voice
That calls thee from on high;
'Tis his own hand presents the prize,
To thine uplifted eye.
- 4 That prize, with peerless glories bright,
Which shall new lustre boast,
When victors' wreaths, and monarchs'
gems,
Shall blend in common dust.
- 1 In all my Lord's appointed ways
My journey I'll pursue;
"Hinder me not," ye much-loved saints,
For I must go with you.
- 2 Through floods and flames, if Jesus lead,
I'll follow where he goes;
"Hinder me not," shall be my cry,
Though earth and hell oppose.
- 3 Through duties and through trials too,
I'll go at his command;
"Hinder me not," for I am bound
To my Immanuel's land.
- 4 And, when my Savior calls me home,
Still this my cry shall be,—
"Hinder me not," come, welcome, death;
I'll gladly go with thee.

61.

Trust in the Lord. ANON.

- 1 Unshaken as the sacred hill,
And fixed as mountains be,
Firm as a rock the soul shall rest,
That leans, O Lord, on thee.
- 2 Not walls nor hills could guard so well
Old Salem's happy ground,
As those eternal arms of love
That every saint surround.

MEAR. C. M.

62.

1. How sad the work which sin has wrought; Our guilt, how deep it stains;

2. But there's a voice of sovereign grace Sounds from the sa - cred word;

3. My soul o - beys th' almighty call, And runs to this re - lief;

And Sa - tan binds our captive minds, Fast in his slav - ish chains.

"Ho, ye de - spair - ing sinners, come, And trust up - on the Lord."

I would be - lieve thy promise, Lord; O help my un - be - lief.

62.

Pardon and Cleansing in Christ.

- 4 To thee my trembling spirit flies,
With sin and grief oppressed;
Thy gentle voice dispels my fears,
And lulls my cares to rest.
- 5 A guilty, weak, and helpless child,
On thy kind arms I fall:
Be thou my strength and righteousness,
My Jesus, and my All.

63.

Nearness to God desired. COWPER.

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

64.

God Omnipresent. WATTS.

- 1 In all my vast concerns with thee,
In vain my soul would try
To shun thy presence, Lord, or flee
The notice of thine eye.
- 2 Thine all-surrounding sight surveys
My rising and my rest;
My public walks, my private ways,
And secrets of my breast.
- 3 O wondrous knowledge, deep and high!
Where can a creature hide?
Within thy circling arms I lie,
Enclosed on every side.
- 4 So let thy grace surround me still,
And like a bulwark prove,
To guard my soul from every ill,
Secured by sovereign love.

65.

Love to God. DODDRIDGE.

- 1 Do not I love thee, O my Lord!
Behold my heart and see;
And turn each hateful idol out,
That dares to rival thee.
- 2 Do not I love thee from my soul?
Then let me nothing love;
Dead be my heart to every joy,
When Jesus cannot move.
- 3 Is not thy name melodious still
To my attentive ear?
Doth not each pulse with pleasure bound
My Savior's voice to hear?
- 4 Thou know'st I love thee, dearest Lord;
But O, I long to soar
Far from the sphere of mortal joys,
And learn to love thee more.

DUNDEE. C. M.

66.

1. Dear Shepherd of thy peo - ple, here Thy presence now dis - play;

2. With-in these walls let ho - ly peace, And love, and concord dwell;

As thou hast given a place for prayer, So give us hearts to pray.

Here give the troubled conscience ease, The wounded spir - it heal.

66.

God's Blessing Sought.

- 3 The feeling heart, the melting eye,
The humble mind, bestow;
And shine upon us from on high,
To make our graces grow!
- 4 May we in faith receive the word,
In faith present our prayers:
And in the presence of our Lord
Unbosom all our cares.
- 5 And may the gospel's joyful sound,
Enforced by mighty grace,
Awaken many sinners round
To come and fill the place.

67.

Holy Retirement. COWPER.

- 1 Far from the world, O Lord, I flee,
From strife and tumult far;
From scenes where Satan wages still
His most successful war.
- 2 The calm retreat, the silent shade,
With prayer and praise agree;
All seem by thy sweet bounty made
For those who follow thee.
- 3 There, if thy Spirit touch the soul,
And grace her mean abode,
O, with what peace, and joy, and love,
She communes with her God!
- 4 Author and Guardian of my life,
Sweet Source of light divine,
And all harmonious names in one,
My Savior, thou art mine.
- 5 What thanks I owe thee, and what love!
A boundless, endless store!
Thy praise shall sound thro' realms above,
When time shall be no more.

[4]

68.

Frailty of Life. WATTS.

- 1 Thee we adore, Eternal Name,
And humbly own to thee
How feeble is our mortal frame,
What dying worms are we!
- 2 Our wasting lives grow shorter still,
As months and days increase;
And every beating pulse we tell,
Leaves but the number less.
- 3 The year rolls round and steals away
The breath that first it gave;
Whate'er we do, where'er we be,
We're travelling to the grave.
- 4 Awake, O Lord, our drowsy sense
To walk this dangerous road;
And if our souls are hurried hence,
May they be found with God.

69.

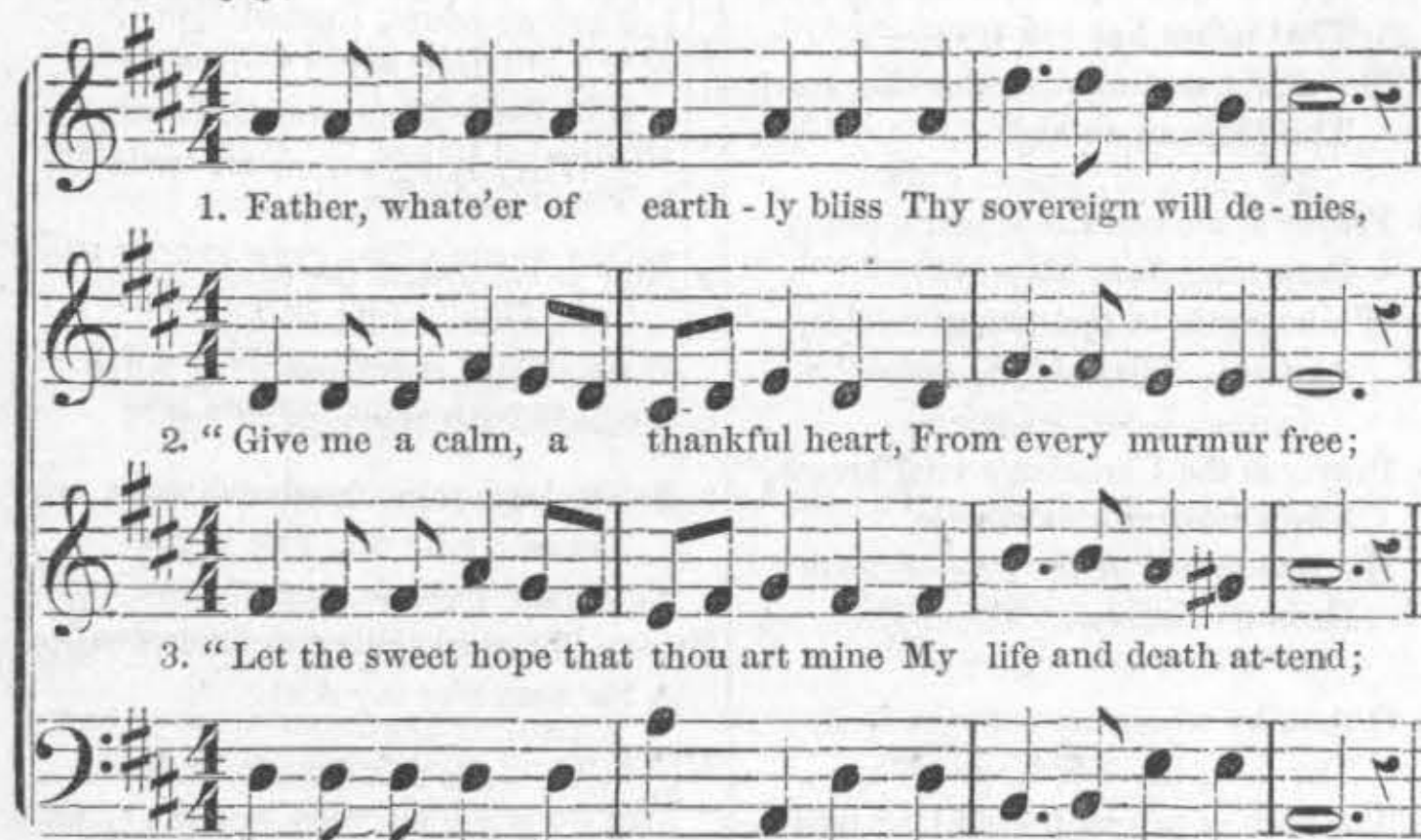
A Voice from the Tomb. WATTS.

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

NAOMI. C. M.

L. MASON.

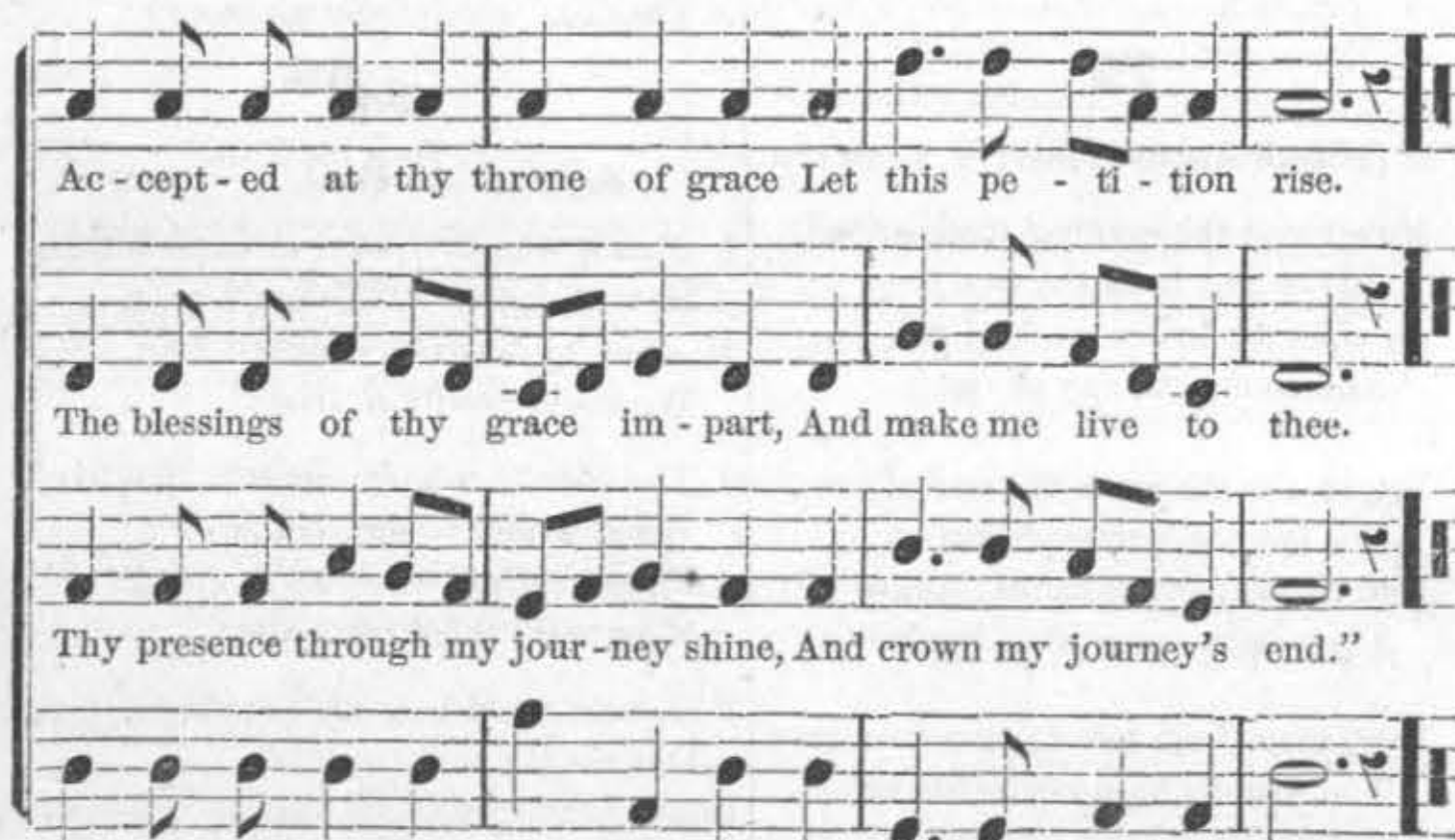
70.



1. Father, whate'er of earth-ly bliss Thy sovereign will de-nies,

2. "Give me a calm, a thankful heart, From every murmur free;

3. "Let the sweet hope that thou art mine My life and death at-tend;



Ac-cept-ed at thy throne of grace Let this pe-ti-tion rise.

The blessings of thy grace im-part, And make me live to thee.

Thy presence through my jour-ney shine, And crown my journey's end."

71.

Prayer.

1 Prayer is the soul's sincere desire,
Unuttered or expressed,
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.

71.

- 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 contrite sinner's voice,
Returning from his ways;
While angels in their songs rejoice,
And cry, "Behold, he prays."
- 5 Prayer is the Christian's vital breath,
The Christian's native air,
His watchword at the gate of death;
He enters heaven with prayer.
- 6 O thou by whom we come to God,
The Life, the Truth, the Way,
The path of prayer thyself hast trod;
Lord, teach us how to pray.

72.

The Sabbath Approaching. S. F. SMITH.

- 1 How sweet the evening shadows fall,
Advancing from the west!
As ends the weary week of toil,
And comes the day of rest.
- 2 Bright o'er the earth the star of eve
Her radiant beauty sheds;
And myriad sisters calmly weave
Their light around our heads.
- 3 Rest, man, from labor; rest from sin;
The world's hard contest close;
The holy hours with God begin;
Yield thee to sweet repose.
- 4 Bright o'er the earth the morning ray
Its sacred light will cast—
Fair emblem of the glorious day
That evermore shall last.

73.

The Lord's Day Morning. EDMESTON.

- 1 When the worn spirit wants repose,
And sighs her God to seek,
How sweet to hail the evening's close,
That ends the weary week!
- 2 How sweet to hail the early dawn,
That opens on the sight,
When first that soul-reviving morn
Sheds forth new rays of light!
- 3 Sweet day! thine hours too soon will
cease;
Yet, while they gently roll,
Breathe, heavenly Spirit, source of peace,
A Sabbath o'er my soul.
- 4 When will my pilgrimage be done,
The world's long week be o'er;
That Sabbath dawn, which needs no sun,
That day which fades no more?

74.

Light in Darkness. MOORE.

- 1 O thou who dry'st the mourner's tear,
How dark this world would be,
If, when by sorrows wounded here,
We could not fly to thee!
- 2 The friends, who in our sunshine live,
When winter comes, are flown;
And he who has but tears to give,
Must weep those tears alone.
- 3 O, who could bear life's stormy doom,
Did not thy wing of love
Come, brightly wafting thro' the gloom—
Our peace-branch from above?
- 4 Then sorrow, touched by thee, grows
bright
With more than rapture's ray;
As darkness shows us worlds of light
We never saw by day.

DEDHAM. C. M.

75.

1. Sweet was the time when first I felt The Savior's pardoning blood,

2. Soon as the morn the light revealed, His praises tuned my tongue;

3. In prayer my soul drew near the Lord, And saw his glo - ry shine;

Applied to cleanse my soul from guilt, And bring me home to God.

And when the evening shades prevailed, His love was all my song.

And when I read his ho - ly word, I called each promise mine.

75.

"O that I were as in months past."

- 4 But now, when evening shade prevails,
My soul in darkness mourns;
And when the morn the light reveals,
No light to me returns.
- 5 Rise, Lord, now help me to prevail,
And make my soul thy care;
I know thy mercy cannot fail—
Let me that mercy share.

76.

Recollection. ADDISON.

- 1 When all thy mercies, O my God,
My rising soul surveys,
Transported with the view, I'm lost
In wonder, love, and praise.
- 2 Unnumbered comforts on my soul
Thy tender care bestowed,
Before my infant heart conceived
From whom those comforts flowed.
- 3 When, in the slippery paths of youth,
With heedless steps I ran,
Thine arm, unseen, conveyed me safe,
And led me up to man.
- 4 Ten thousand thousand precious gifts
My daily thanks employ;
Nor is the least a cheerful heart,
That tastes those gifts with joy.
- 5 Through every period of my life,
Thy goodness I'll pursue,
And after death, in distant worlds,
The glorious theme renew.

77.

Seeking Christ's Blessing. ANON.

- See, Jesus, thy disciples see;
The promised blessing give;
Met in thy name, we look to thee,
Expecting to receive.

[4*]

- 2 With us thou art assembled here,
But O, thyself reveal;
Son of the living God, appear!
Let us thy presence feel.

- 3 Breathe on us, Lord, in this our day,
And these dry bones shall live;
Speak peace into our hearts, and say,
The Holy Ghost receive.

- 4 Whom now we seek, O may we meet,
Jesus, the crucified;
Show us thy bleeding hands and feet,
Thou who for us hast died.

78.

The Power of the Gospel. GIBBONS.

- 1 Lord, send thy word, and let it fly,
Armed with thy Spirit's power,
And thousands shall confess its sway,
And bless the saving hour.
- 2 Beneath the influence of its grace
The barren wastes shall rise,
With sudden greens and fruits arrayed—
A blooming paradise.
- 3 Peace, with her olives crowned, shall
stretch
Her wings from shore to shore;
No trump shall rouse the rage of war,
No murderous cannon roar.
- 4 Lord, for these days we wait; these days
Are in thy word foretold;
Fly swifter, sun and stars, and bring
This promised age of gold.
- 5 Amen, with joy divine, let earth's
Unnumbered myriads cry;
Amen, with joy divine, let heaven's
Unnumbered choirs reply.

CORONATION. C. M.

O. HOLDEN.

79.

1. All hail the power of Jesus' name, Let angels prostrate fall; Bring

2. Ye chosen seed of Israel's race, Ye ransomed from the fall, Hail

forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown him Lord of all; Bring

him who saves you by his grace, And crown him Lord of all; Hail

forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown him Lord of all.

him who saves you by his grace, And crown him Lord of all.

79.

Coronation of Christ.

- 3 Sinners, whose love can ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall,
Go, spread your trophies at his feet,
And crown him Lord of all.
- 4 Let every kindred, every tribe,
On this terrestrial ball,
To him all majesty ascribe,
And crown him Lord of all.
- 5 O that with yonder sacred throng,
We at his feet may fall;
We'll join the everlasting song,
And crown him Lord of all.

80.

Christ's Triumph. WATTS.

- 1 Hosanna to the Prince of Light,
That clothed himself in clay,
Entered the iron gates of death,
And tore the bars away.
- 2 Death is no more the king of dread,
Since our Immanuel rose;
He took the tyrant's sting away,
And spoiled our hellish foes.
- 3 See, how the Conqueror mounts aloft,
And to his Father flies,
With scars of honor in his flesh,
And triumph in his eyes.
- 4 Raise your devotion, mortal tongues,
To reach his blest abode;
Sweet be the accents of your songs
To our incarnate God.
- 5 Bright angels, strike your loudest strings,
Your sweetest voices raise;
Let heaven, and all created things,
Sound our Immanuel's praise.

81.

Living Waters. MEDLEY.

- 1 O, what amazing words of grace
Are in the gospel found!
Suited to every sinner's case,
Who hears the joyful sound.
[wounds;
- 2 Come, then, with all your wants and
Your every burden bring;
Here love, unchanging love abounds,
A deep, celestial spring.
- 3 This spring with living water flows,
And heavenly joy imparts;
Come, thirsty souls, your wants disclose,
And drink with thankful hearts.
- 4 A host of sinners, vile as you,
Have here found life and peace;
Come, then, and prove its virtues too,
And drink, adore, and bless.

82.

The Banks of Jordan. S. STENNETT.

- 1 On Jordan's stormy banks I stand,
And cast a wishful eye
To Canaan's fair and happy land,
Where my possessions lie.
- 2 O the transporting, rapturous scene,
That rises to my sight!—
Sweet fields, arrayed in living green,
And rivers of delight.
- 3 O'er all those wide-extended plains
Shines one eternal day;
There God the Son forever reigns,
And scatters night away.
- 4 When shall I reach that happy place,
And be forever blest?
When shall I see my Father's face,
And in his bosom rest?

DEVIZES. C. M.

J. TUCKER.

83.

1. Be - hold the glo - ries of the Lamb, A - mid his

2. Let el - ders wor - ship at his feet, The church a -

Fa - ther's throne; Prepare new hon - ors for his name, And

dore a - round, With vi - als full of o - dor sweet, And

songs be - fore un - known, And songs be - fore un - known.

harps of sweet - er sound, And harps of sweet - er sound.

83.

Honor to Christ.

- 3 Those are the prayers of all the saints,
And these the hymns they raise;
Jesus is kind to our complaints;
He loves to hear our praise.
- 4 Now to the Lamb, that once was slain,
Be endless honors paid;
Salvation, glory, joy, remain
Forever on thy head.

84.

Worthy is the Lamb.

- 1 Come, let us join our cheerful songs,
With angels round the throne;
Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,
But all their joys are one.
- 2 "Worthy the Lamb that died," they cry,
"To be exalted thus;"
"Worthy the Lamb," our lips reply,
"For he was slain for us."
- 3 Jesus is worthy to receive
Honor and power divine;
And blessings, more than we can give,
Be, Lord, forever thine.
- 4 Let all that dwell above the sky,
And air, and earth, and seas,
Conspire to lift thy glories high,
And speak thine endless praise.
- 5 The whole creation join in one
To bless the sacred name
Of him who sits upon the throne,
And to adore the Lamb.

Doxology.

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

85.

Vows paid in the Church. WATTS.

- 1 What shall I render to my God
For all his kindness shown?
My feet shall visit thine abode,
My songs address thy throne.
- 2 Among the saints that fill thy house
My offerings shall be paid;
There shall my zeal perform the vows
My soul in anguish made.
- 3 How happy all thy servants are!
How great thy grace to me!
My life, which thou hast made thy care,
Lord, I devote to thee.
- 4 Here in thy courts I leave my vow,
And thy rich grace record;
Witness ye saints who hear me now,
If I forsake the Lord.

86.

Access to God by a Mediator. WATTS.

- 1 Come, let us lift our joyful eyes
Up to the courts above,
And smile to see our Father there,
Upon a throne of love.
- 2 Come, let us bow before his feet,
And venture near the Lord;
No fiery cherub guards his seat,
Nor double-flaming sword.
- 3 The peaceful gates of heavenly bliss
Are opened by the Son;
High let us raise our notes of praise,
And reach th' almighty throne.
- 4 To thee ten thousand thanks we bring,
Great advocate on high,
And glory to th' eternal King,
Who lays his anger by.

TAMAR. C. M.

From the Dulcimer.

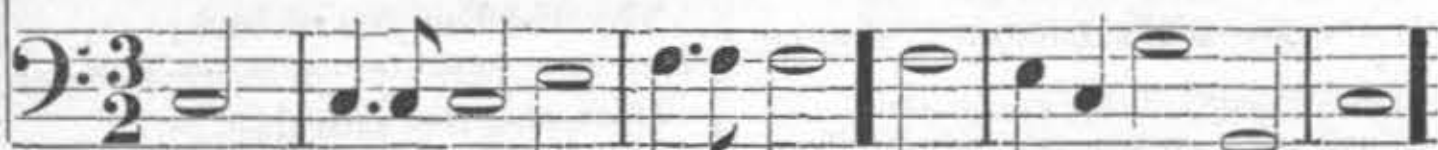
87.



1. Let saints below in concert sing With those to glo - ry gone;



2. One fami - ly, we dwell in him, One church, above, be - neath,



For all the ser - vants of our King In earth and heaven are one.



Though now di - vi - ded by the stream, The narrow stream of death.



87.

Unity of the Church.

3 One army of the living God,
To his command we bow;
Part of the host have crossed the flood,
And part are crossing now.

4 Some to their everlasting home
This solemn moment fly;
And we are to the margin come,
And soon expect to die.

5 O that we now might see our Guide!
O that the word were given!
Come, blessed Lord, the waves divide,
And land us all in heaven.

88.

The Soul's Refuge. STEELE.

1 Dear Refuge of my weary soul,
On thee, when sorrows rise,
On thee, when waves of trouble roll,
My fainting hope relies.

2 To thee I tell each rising grief,
For thou alone canst heal;
Thy word can bring a sweet relief
For every pain I feel.

3 But O, when gloomy doubts prevail,
I fear to call thee mine;
The springs of comfort seem to fail,
And all my hopes decline.

4 Yet, gracious God, where shall I flee?
Thou art my only trust;
And still my soul would cleave to thee,
Though prostrate in the dust.

5 Thy mercy seat is open still;
Here let my soul retreat,
With humble hope attend thy will,
And wait beneath thy feet.

89.

Christ's invitation to Children.

DODDRIDGE.

1 See Israel's gentle Shepherd stands,
With all engaging charms;
Hark! how he calls the tender lambs,
And folds them in his arms!

2 "Permit them to approach," he cries,
"Nor scorn their humble name;
For 'twas to bless such souls as these,
The Lord of angels came."

3 We bring them, Lord, by fervent prayer,
And yield them up to thee;
With humble trust that we are thine,
Thine let our offspring be.

4 If orphans they are left behind,
Thy guardian care we trust;
That care shall heal our bleeding hearts,
If weeping o'er their dust.

90.

Longing for Rest. ANON.

1 When will this weary struggle cease,
This aching heart find rest?
When will the light of hope and peace
Cheer this despairing breast?

2 My feet, bewildered, long have trod
In error's gloomy ways;
My heart, rebellious, far from God,
At sinful distance stays.

3 Tossed on the billows of remorse,—
The surges of despair,
I'll fly with trembling to the cross,
And seek for mercy there.

4 Savior, I yield, with humble faith,
This wretched heart to thee;
From bonds of guilt, thy sovereign grace
Alone can set me free.

PETERBOROUGH. C. M.

ENGLISH.

91.

1. Once more, my soul, the ris-ing day Salutes thy wak-ing eyes;

2. Night un-to night his name re-peats, The day renews the sound,

3. Once more, my voice, thy tribute pay To him who rules the skies.

Wide as the heaven on which he sits, To turn the sea-sons round.

Once more, my voice, thy tribute pay To him who rules the skies.

Wide as the heaven on which he sits, To turn the sea-sons round.

91.

Morning Consecration.

- 3 'Tis he supports my mortal frame;
My tongue shall speak his praise;
My sins would rouse his wrath to flame,
And yet his wrath delays.
- 4 Dear God, let all my hours be thine,
While I enjoy the light;
Then shall my sun in smiles decline,
And bring a peaceful night.

92.

God the Creator. WATTS.

- 1 Eternal Wisdom, thee we praise;
Thee all thy creatures sing;
While with thy name, rocks, hills, and seas,
And heaven's high palace, ring.
- 2 Thy hand, how wide it spread the sky!
How glorious to behold!
Tinged with a blue of heavenly dye,
And starred with sparkling gold.
- 3 (Thy glories blaze all nature round,
And strike the gazer's sight,
Through skies and seas, and solid ground,
With wonder and delight.
- 4 Almighty power, and equal skill,
Shine through the worlds abroad,
Our souls with vast amazement fill,
And speak the builder, God.

93.

Blessings of Christ's Advent. LOGAN.

- 1 Messiah! at thy glad approach,
The howling winds are still;
Thy praises fill the lonely waste,
And breathe from every hill.
- 2 The hidden fountains at thy call,
Their sacred stores unlock;
Loud in the desert sudden streams
Burst living from the rock.

[5]

- 3 The incense of the spring ascends
Upon the morning gale;
Red o'er the hill the roses bloom,
The lilies in the vale.

- 4 Renewed, the earth a robe of light,
A robe of beauty wears;
And in new heavens a brighter Sun
Leads on the promised years.

- 5 Let Israel to the Prince of Peace
The loud hosanna sing;
With hallelujahs and with hymns,
O Zion, hail thy King.

94.

Finding God in all things. WILLIAMS.

- 1 While thee I seek, protecting Power!
Be my vain wishes stilled;
And may this consecrated hour
With better hopes be filled.
- 2 Thy love the power of thought bestowed,
To thee my thoughts would soar;
Thy mercy o'er my life has flowed,
That mercy I adore.
- 3 In each event of life how clear
Thy ruling hand I see!
Each blessing to my soul most dear
Because conferred by thee.
- 4 In every joy that crowns my days,
In every pain I bear,
My heart shall find delight in praise,
Or seek relief in prayer.
- 5 When gladness wings my favored hour,
Thy love my thoughts shall fill;
Resigned, when storms of sorrow lower,
My soul shall meet thy will.

ST. MARTIN'S. C. M.

TANSUR.

95.

1. Plunged in a gulf of dark despair, We wretched sinners lay;

2. With pitying eyes the Prince of grace Be-held our helpless grief;

With-out one cheer-ful beam of hope, Or spark of glimmering day.

He saw, and O, a-maz-ing love! He flew to our re-lief.

With-out one cheer-ful beam of hope, Or spark of glimmering day.

He saw, and O, a-maz-ing love! He flew to our re-lief.

95.

Redemption by Christ.

- 3 Down from the shining seats above,
With joyful haste he fled,
Entered the grave in mortal flesh,
And dwelt among the dead.
- 4 He spoiled the powers of darkness thus,
And brake our iron chains;
Jesus has freed our captive souls
From everlasting pains.
- 5 O, for this love let rocks and hills
Their lasting silence break,
And all harmonious human tongues
The Savior's praises speak.
- 6 Angels, assist our mighty joys;
Strike all your harps of gold;
But when you raise your highest notes,
His love can ne'er be told.

96.

The Desire of all Nations. STEELE.

- 1 Come, thou Desire of all thy saints!
Our humble strains attend,
While, with our praises and complaints,
Low at thy feet we bend.
- 2 How should our songs, like those above,
With warm devotion rise!
How should our souls, on wings of love,
Mount upward to the skies!
- 3 Come, Lord, thy love alone can raise
In us the heavenly flame;
Then shall our lips resound thy praise,
Our hearts adore thy name.
- 4 Dear Savior, let thy glory shine,
And fill thy dwellings here,
Till life, and love, and joy divine,
A heaven on earth appear.

97.

The light of the Gospel. COWPER.

- 1 The Spirit breathes upon the word,
And brings the truth to sight;
Precepts and promises afford
A sanctifying light.
- 2 A glory gilds the sacred page,
Majestic, like the sun;
It gives a light to every age;
It gives, but borrows none.
- 3 The hand that gave it still supplies
The gracious light and heat;
His truths upon the nations rise;
They rise, but never set.
- 4 Let everlasting thanks be thine
For such a bright display,
As makes a world of darkness shine
With beams of heavenly day.

98.

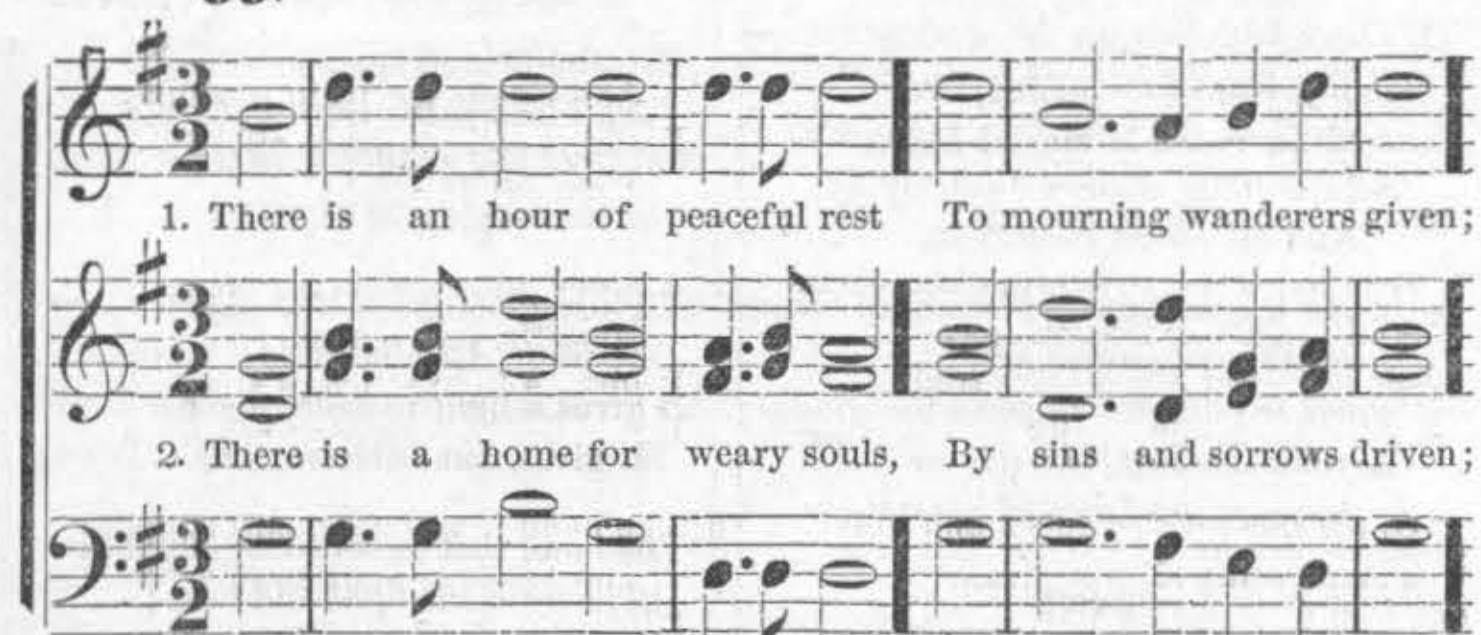
Triumphant Anticipation. DODDRIDGE.

- 1 Awake, ye saints, and raise your eyes,
And lift your voices high;
Awake, and praise that sovereign love
That shows salvation nigh.
- 2 On all the wings of time it flies;
Each moment brings it near:
Then welcome each declining day;
Welcome each closing year.
- 3 Not many years their rounds shall run,
Nor many mornings rise,
Ere all its glories stand revealed
To our admiring eyes.
- 4 Ye wheels of nature, speed your course:
Ye mortal powers, decay;
Fast as ye bring the night of death,
Ye bring eternal day.

WOODLAND. C. M.

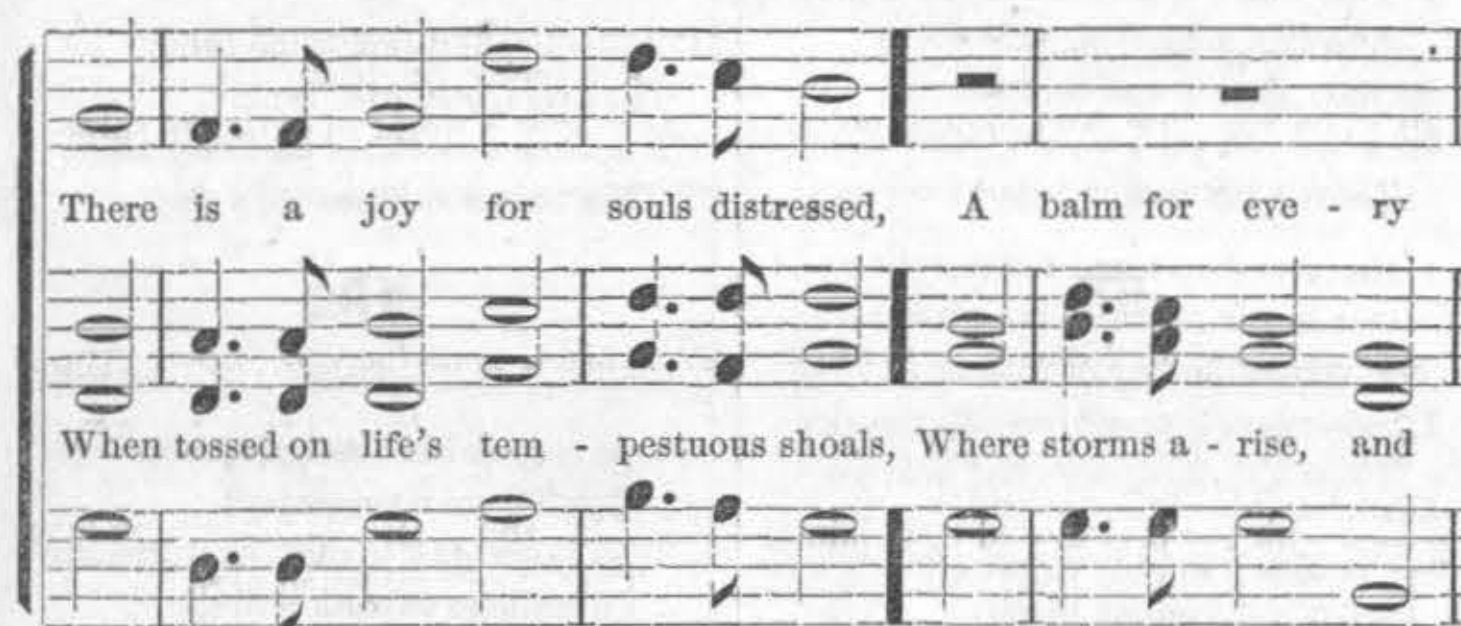
N. D. GOULD.

99.



1. There is an hour of peaceful rest To mourning wanderers given;

2. There is a home for weary souls, By sins and sorrows driven;



There is a joy for souls distressed, A balm for every

When tossed on life's tempestuous shoals, Where storms arise, and



wounded breast; 'Tis found alone in heaven.

ocean rolls, And all is drear 'tis heaven.

99.

Heaven.

- 3 There faith lifts up the tearless eye,—
The heart no longer riven,—
And views the tempest passing by,
Sees evening shadows quickly fly,
And all serene in heaven.
- 4 There fragrant flowers immortal bloom,
And joys supreme are given;
There rays divine disperse the gloom;
Beyond the dark and narrow tomb
Appears the dawn of heaven.

100.

Heaven contrasted with Earth. ANON.

- 1 This world is poor from shore to shore,
And like a baseless vision;
Its lofty domes and brilliant ore,
Its gems and crowns, are vain and poor:
There's nothing rich but heaven.
- 2 Empires decay and nations die;
Our hopes to winds are given;
The vernal blooms in ruin lie;
Death reigns o'er all beneath the sky;
There's nothing sure but heaven.
- 3 Creation's mighty fabric all
Shall be to atoms riven;
The skies consume, the planets fall,
Convulsions rock this earthly ball:
There's nothing firm but heaven.
- 4 A stranger, lonely here I roam,
From place to place am driven;
My friends are gone, and I'm in gloom;
This world is all a dismal tomb:
I have no home but heaven.
- 5 The clouds disperse; the light appears;
My sins are all forgiven;
Triumphant grace hath quelled my fears:
Roll on, thou sun! fly swift, my years!
I'm on my way to heaven.

[5*]

101.

Benefits of Affliction. ANON.

- 1 In trouble and in grief O God,
Thy smile hath cheered my way,
And joy hath budded from each thorn
That round my footsteps lay.
- 2 The hours of pain have yielded good
Which prosperous days refused;
As herbs, though scentless when entire,
Spread fragrance when they're bruised.
- 3 The oak strikes deeper as its boughs
By furious blasts are driven;
So life's tempestuous storms the more
Have fixed my heart in heaven.
- 4 All-gracious Lord, whate'er my lot
In other times may be,
I'll welcome still the heaviest grief
That brings me near to thee.

102.

Love. ANON.

- 1 Our God is love, and all his saints
His image bear below;
The heart with love to God inspired,
With love to man will glow.
- 2 Our heavenly Father, Lord, art thou,
Thy favored children we;
O, may we love each other here,
As we are loved by thee.
- 3 Heirs of the same immortal bliss,
Our hopes and fears the same;
With bonds of grace our hearts unite,
With mutual love inflame.
- 4 So may the vain, contentious world
See how true Christians love,
And glorify our Savior's grace,
And seek that grace to prove.

NORTHFIELD. C. M.

INGALLS.

103.

1. Give me the wings of faith to rise, Within the veil, and see

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1. Give me the wings of faith to rise, Within the veil, and see

The saints above, how great their joys, How bright their glories be.

how great their joys, How bright their glories be, How bright their glo - ries be.

saints above, how great their joys, How bright their glories be, How bright their glories be.

great their joys, The saints above, how great their joys, How bright their glo - ries be.

103.

Victory through Christ. WATTS.

- 1 Give me the wings of faith, to rise
Within the veil, and see
The saints above, how great their joys,
How bright their glories be.
- 2 Once they were mourning here below,
And bathed their couch with tears :
They wrestled hard, as we do now,
With sins, and doubts, and fears.
- 3 I ask them whence their victory came ;
They, with united breath,
Ascribe their conquest to the Lamb,
Their triumph to his death.
- 4 They marked the footsteps that he trod ;
His zeal inspired their breast ;
And following their incarnate God,
Possessed the promised rest.
- 5 Our glorious Leader claims our praise,
For his own pattern given ;
While the long cloud of witnesses
Shows the same path to heaven.

104.

Praise for Christ's Salvation. C. WESLEY.

- 1 O for a thousand tongues, to sing
My great Redeemer's praise ;
The glories of my God and King,
The triumphs of his grace.
- 2 My gracious Master, and my God,
Assist me to proclaim,
To spread, through all the earth abroad,
The honors of thy name.
- 3 Jesus ! the name that calms our fears,
That bids our sorrows cease ;
'Tis music in the sinner's ears ;
'Tis life, and health, and peace.

- 4 He breaks the power of cancelled sin ;
He sets the prisoner free ;
His blood can make the foulest clean ;
His blood availed for me.
- 5 He speaks ; and, listening to his voice,
New life the dead receive ;
The mournful, broken hearts rejoice ;
The humble poor believe.

105.

The Spiritual Warfare. WATTS.

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

SILOAM. C. M.

I. B. WOODBURY.

106.

1. By cool Si-lo-am's sha-dy rill, How sweet the li-ly grows!

2. And such the child whose early feet The paths of peace have trod;

How sweet the breath beneath the hill, Of Sharon's dewy rose!

Whose se-cret heart, by influence sweet, Is upward drawn to God.

106.

Early Piety.

- 3 By cool Siloam's shady rill
The lily must decay;
The rose, that blooms beneath the hill,
Must shortly fade away.
- 4 And soon, too soon, the wintry hour
Of man's maturer age
Will shake the soul with sorrow's power,
And stormy passions rage.
- 5 O thou, whose infant feet were found
Within thy Father's shrine,
Whose years, with changeless virtue
crowned,
Were all alike divine,—
- 6 Dependent on thy bounteous breath,
We seek thy grace alone,
In childhood, manhood, age, and death,
To keep us still thine own.

107.

Goodness of God. STEELE.

- 1 Ye humble souls, approach your God
With songs of sacred praise;
For he is good, supremely good,
And kind are all his ways.
- 2 All nature owns his guardian care;
In him we live and move;
But nobler benefits declare
The wonders of his love.
- 3 He gave his Son, his only Son,
To save our souls from sin;
'Tis here he makes his goodness known,
And proves it all divine.
- 4 To this sure refuge, Lord, we come,
And here our hope relies;
A safe defence, a peaceful home,
When storms of trouble rise.

108.

Sincerity in Prayer. SAC. POETRY.

- 1 Lord, when we bow before thy throne,
And our confessions pour,
O, may we feel the sins we own,
And hate what we deplore.
- 2 Our contrite spirits, pitying, see;
True penitence impart;
And let a healing ray from thee
Beam hope on every heart.
- 3 When we disclose our wants in prayer,
O, let our wills resign,
And not a thought our bosom share
Which is not wholly thine.
- 4 Let faith each meek petition fill,
And waft it to the skies,
And teach our hearts 'tis goodness still
That grants it, or denies.

109.


Prayer Divinely Inspired. BEDDOME.

- 1 Prayer is the breath of God in man,
Returning whence it came;
Love is the sacred fire within,
And prayer the rising flame.
- 2 It gives the burdened spirit ease,
And soothes the troubled breast;
Yields comfort to the mourners here,
And to the weary rest.
- 3 When God inclines the heart to pray
He hath an ear to hear;
To him there's music in a groan,
And beauty in a tear.
- 4 The humble suppliant cannot fail
To have his wants supplied,
Since he for sinners intercedes
Who once for sinners died.

LANESBORO'. C. M.

ENGLISH.

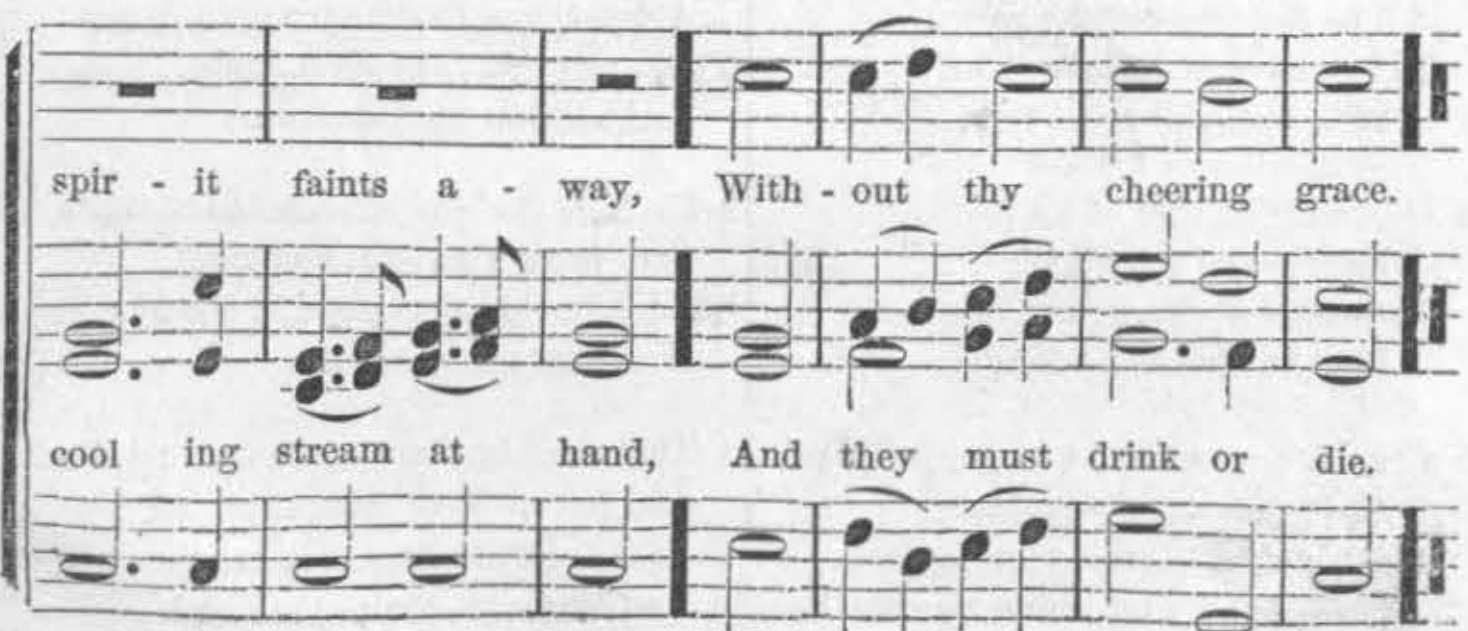
110.



1. Early, my God, with-out de-lay, I haste to seek thy



2. So pilgrims on the scorching sand, Be-neath a burning



face; My thirsty spir-it faints a-way, My thirs-ty

110.

Joy in God's Worship.

- 3 I've seen thy glory and thy power
Through all thy temple shine;
My God, repeat that heavenly hour,—
That vision so divine.
- 4 Not life itself, with all its joys,
Can my best passions move,
Or raise so high my cheerful voice
As thy forgiving love.
- 5 Thus, till my last, expiring day,
I'll bless my God and King;
Thus will I lift my hands to pray,
And tune my heart to sing.

111.

Trust in God. TATE & BRADY.

- 1 Through all the changing scenes of life,
In trouble and in joy,
The praises of my God shall still
My heart and tongue employ.
- 2 O, magnify the Lord with me,
With me exalt his name;
When, in distress, to him I called,
He to my rescue came.
- 3 The hosts of God encamp around
The dwellings of the just;
Deliverance he affords to all
Who in his promise trust.
- 4 O, make but trial of his love,
Experience will decide
How blest are they, and only they,
Who in his truth confide.
- 5 Fear him, ye saints, and you will then
Have nothing else to fear;
Make you his service your delight,
He'll make your wants his care.

112.

Love of God. BURDER.

- 1 Come, let us join to praise the Lord,
And raise our thoughts above;
Let every heart and voice accord,
To sing that—God is love.
- 2 This precious truth his word declares,
And all his mercies prove;
While Christ, th' atoning Lamb appears,
To show that—God is love.
- 3 Behold his loving-kindness waits
For those who from him rove,
And calls of mercy reach their hearts,
To teach them—God is love.
- 4 O, may we all, while here below,
This best of blessings prove;
Till warmer hearts, in brighter worlds,
Shall shout that—God is love.

113.

Zion Re-built. WATTS.

- 1 Let Zion and her sons rejoice;
Behold the promised hour;
Her God hath heard her mourning voice,
And now exalts his power.
- 2 Her dust and ruins, that remain,
Are precious in his eyes;
Those ruins shall be built again,
And all that dust shall rise.
- 3 He frees the soul condemned to death;
Nor, when his saints complain,
Shall it be said that praying breath
Was ever spent in vain.
- 4 This shall be known when we are dead,
And left on long record,
That ages yet unborn may read,
And trust and praise the Lord.

BURLIN. C. M.

114.

1. Planted in Christ, the living vine, This day, with one ac - cord,

2. Joined in one bo - dy may we be; One inward life par - take;

Our - selves with humble faith and joy, We yield to thee, O Lord.

One be our heart; one heavenly hope In eve - ry bo - som wake.

114.

Oneness in Christ.

- 3 In prayer, in effort, tears, and toils,
One wisdom be our guide;
Taught by one Spirit from above,
In thee may we abide.
- 4 Complete in us, whom grace hath called,
Thy glorious work begun,
O thou, in whom the church on earth
And church in heaven are one.
- 5 Then, when, among the saints in light,
Our joyful spirits shine,
Shall anthems of immortal praise,
O Lamb of God, be thine.

115.

Pleading in Prayer. NEWTON.

- 1 Approach, my soul, the mercy-seat,
Where Jesus answers prayer;
There humbly fall before his feet,
For none can perish there.
- 2 Thy promise is my only plea,
With this I venture nigh;
Thou callest burdened souls to thee,
And such, O Lord, am I.
- 3 O fill my soul with faith and love,
And strength to do thy will;
Raise my desires and hopes above,—
Thyself to me reveal.

116.

Christ a merciful High Priest. WATTS.

- With joy we meditate the grace
Of our High Priest above;
His heart is full of tenderness;
His bosom glows with love.
- 2 Touched with a sympathy within,
He knows our feeble frame;
He knows what sore temptations mean,
For he has felt the same.

- 2 He, in the days of feeble flesh,
Poured out his cries and tears,
And in his measure feels afresh
What every member bears.

- 4 Then let our humble faith address
His mercy and his power;
We shall obtain delivering grace
In each distressing hour.

117.

The Blessedness of Prayer. ANON.

- 1 No, never shall my heart despond,
Long as my lips can pray;
My latest breath, with effort fond,
Shall pass in prayer away.

- 2 There is a heavenly mercy-seat
To calm the sinner's fears;
There is a Savior at whose feet
The mourner dries his tears.

- 3 When friends depart, and hopes are riven,
And gathering storms I see,
My soul is but the sooner driven,
Eternal Rock, to thee.

- 4 O for a voice of sweeter sound,
For every wind to bear—
To teach the listening world around
The blessedness of prayer.

118.

Prayer for Repentance. C. WESLEY.

- 1 O for that tenderness of heart
Which bows before the Lord!
That owns how just and good thou art,
And trembles at thy word!

- 2 O Lord, to me in pity give
For sin the deep distress,
The pledge thou wilt at last receive,
And bid me die in peace.

CAMBRIDGE. C. M.

DR. RANDALL.

119.

1. Sal-vation! O, the joy-ful sound! 'Tis pleasure to our ears; A sovereign balm for eve-ry wound, A cordial for our fears. A cor-dial for our fears. fears, A cordial for our fears, A cor-dial for our fears.

119.

Salvation by Christ. WATTS.

- 1 Salvation! O, the joyful sound!
'Tis pleasure to our ears:
A sovereign balm for every wound,
A cordial for our fears.
- 2 Buried in sorrow and in sin,
At hell's dark door we lay;
But we arise by grace divine
To see a heavenly day.
- 3 Salvation! let the echo fly
The spacious earth around,
While all the armies of the sky
Conspire to raise the sound.
- 4 Salvation! O, thou bleeding Lamb,
To thee the praise belongs!
Salvation shall inspire our hearts,
And dwell upon our tongues.

120.

Sweet Land of Rest. ANON.

- 1 Sweet land of rest! for thee I sigh;
When will the moment come,
When I shall lay my armor by,
And dwell with Christ at home.
- 2 No tranquil joys on earth I know—
No peaceful sheltering dome;
This world's a wilderness of wo—
This world is not my home.
- 3 To Jesus Christ I sought for rest;
He bade me cease to roam,
But fly for succor to his breast,
And he'd conduct me home.
- 4 Weary of wandering round and round
This vale of sin and gloom,
I long to leave th' unhallowed ground,
And dwell with Christ at home.

121.

Joy in meeting Christ. ANON.

- 1 Lord, at thy temple we appear,
As happy Simeon came,
And hope to meet our Savior here;
O make our joys the same.
- 2 With what divine and vast delight
The good old man was filled,
When fondly, in his withered arms,
He clasped the holy child.
- 3 Now I can leave this world, he cried,
Behold thy servant dies!
I've seen thy great salvation, Lord,
And close my peaceful eyes.
- 4 This is the light prepared to shine
Upon the Gentile lands;
Thine Israel's glory, and their hope,
To break their slavish bands.
- 5 Jesus! the vision of thy face
Hath overpowering charms,
Scarce shall I feel death's cold embrace,
If Christ be in my arms.
- 6 Then while ye hear my heart-strings [break,
How sweet my minutes roll!
A mortal paleness on my cheek,
And glory in my soul.

122.

Lord's Day Morning. WATTS.

- 1 This is the day the Lord hath made,
He calls the hours his own;
Let heaven rejoice, let earth be glad,
And praise surround the throne.
- 2 To-day he rose and left the dead,
And Satan's empire fell;
To-day the saints his triumphs spread,
And all his wonders tell.

EMMONS. C. M. FROM BURGMULLER.

123.



1. Thou dear Redeemer, dying Lamb, We love to hear of thee; No music's



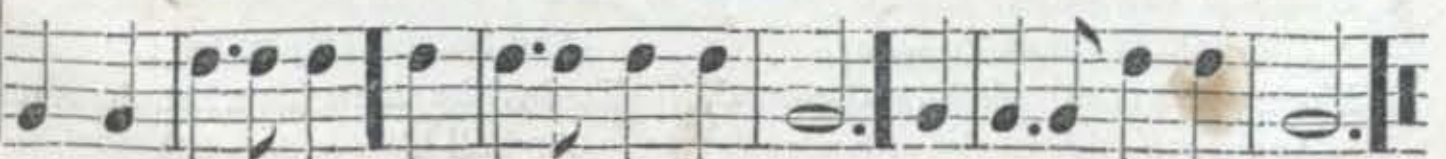
1. Thou dear Redeemer, dying Lamb, We love to hear of thee; No music's



like thy charming name, Nor half so sweet to me, Nor half so sweet to me.



like thy charming name, Nor half so sweet to me, Nor half so sweet to me.



123.

Eternal Salvation in Christ.

- 2 When we appear in yonder cloud,
With all the favored throng;
Then will we sing more sweet, more loud,
And Christ shall be our song.
- 3 When we've been there ten thousand
years,
Bright shining as the sun;
We've no less days to sing God's praise,
Than when we first begun.
- 4 Reach down, O Lord, thine arm of grace,
And cause me to ascend
Where congregations ne'er break up,
And Sabbath's never end.

124.

The Christian Portion. WESLEY.

- 1 How happy every child of grace,
Who knows his sins forgiven;
This earth, he cries, is not my place,
I seek my place in heaven:
A country far from mortal sight,—
Yet O! by faith I see
The land of rest, the saint's delight,
The heaven prepared for me.
- 2 O what a blessed hope is ours,
While here on earth we stay,
We more than taste the heavenly powers,
And antedate the day;
We feel the resurrection near,
Our life in Christ concealed;
And with his glorious presence here,
Our earthen vessels filled.
- 3 O, would he more of heaven bestow,
And let the vessels break;
And let our ransomed spirits go,
To grasp the God we seek!
In rapturous awe on him to gaze;
Who bought the sight for me;
And shout and wonder at his grace,
To all eternity.

[6*]

125.

God the Soul's Portion. WATTS.

- 1 God, my Supporter and my Hope,
My Help forever near,
Thine arm of mercy held me up
When sinking in despair.
- 2 Thy counsels, Lord, shall guide my feet
Through this dark wilderness,
Thine hand conduct me near thy seat,
To dwell before thy face.
- 3 Were I in heaven without my God,
'Twould be no joy to me;
And while this earth is my abode,
I long for none but thee.
- 4 What if the springs of life were broke,
And flesh and heart should faint;
God is my soul's eternal Rock,
The Strength of every saint.

126.

God a Defence. WATTS.

- 1 Arise, my soul, my joyful powers,
And triumph in my God;
Awake, my voice, and loud proclaim
His glorious grace abroad.
- 2 The arms of everlasting love
Beneath my soul he placed,
And on the Rock of Ages set
My slippery footsteps fast.
- 3 The city of my blest abode
Is walled around with grace;
Salvation for a bulwark stands,
To shield the sacred place.
- 4 Arise, my soul, awake, my voice,
And tunes of pleasure sing;
Loud hallelujahs shall address
My Savior and my King.

WOODSTOCK. C. M.

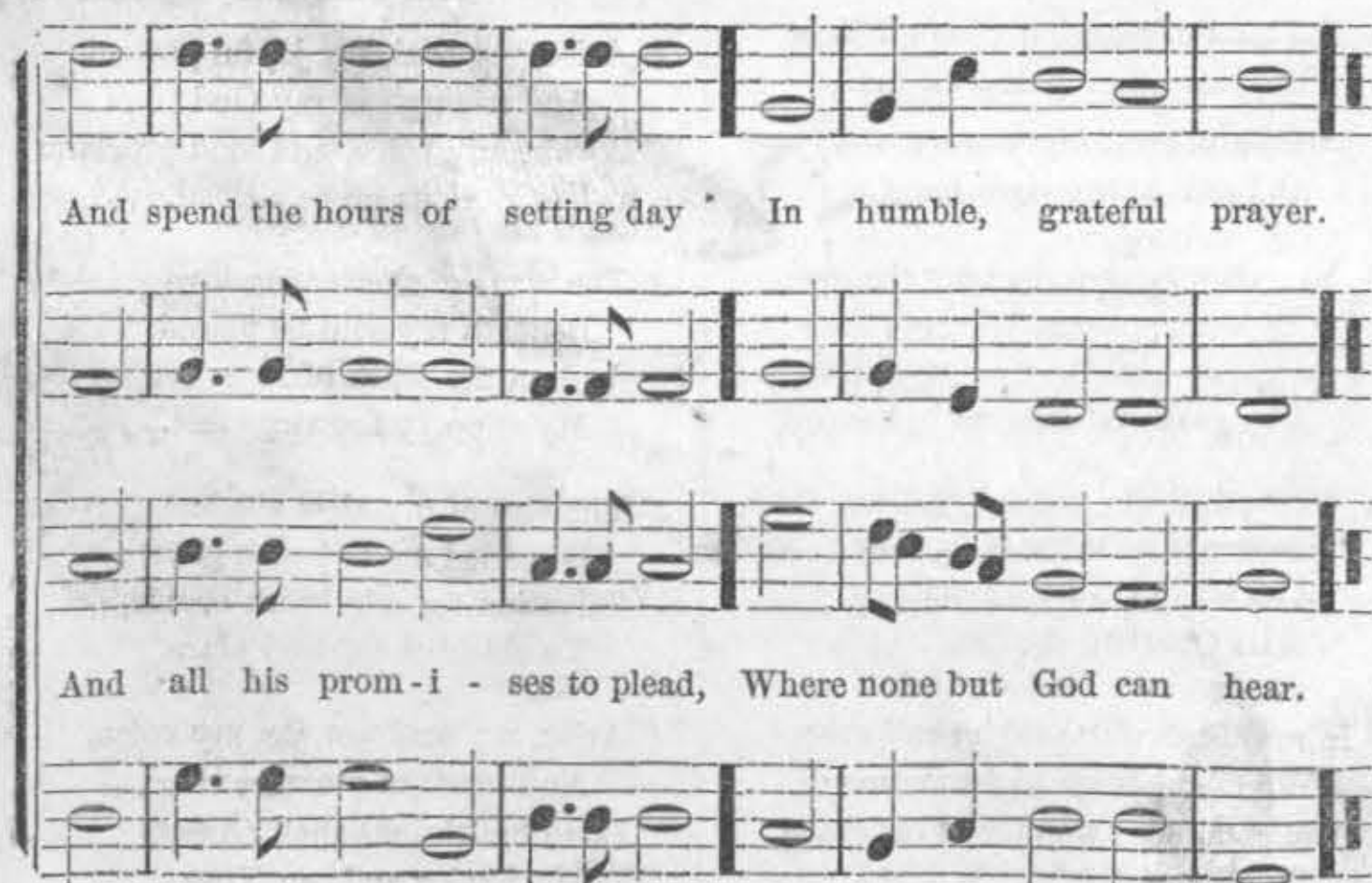
J. DUTTON, JR.

127.



1. I love to steal a while a-way From every cumbering care,

2. I love in sol-i-tude to shed The pen-i-ten-tial tear;



And spend the hours of setting day In humble, grateful prayer.

And all his prom-i-ses to plead, Where none but God can hear.

127.

Evening Devotion.

- 3 I love to think on mercies past,
And future good implore :
And all my cares and sorrows cast
On him whom I adore.
- 4 I love by faith to take a view
Of brighter scenes in heaven :
The prospect doth my strength renew,
While here by tempests driven.
- 5 Thus when life's toilsome day is o'er,
May its departing ray
Be calm as this impressive hour,
And lead to endless day.

128.

The Moral Harvest. S. F. SMITH.

- Far o'er the land the precious grain
Waves 'neath the sunny sky ;
And ripening harvests offer sheaves
For immortality.
- 2 But who will reap the golden fruit,
And who at last will stand,
A faithful servant, crowned with joy,
O Lord, at thy right hand ?
- 3 Be ours the work, be ours the joy ;
To us the charge be given
To gather souls to Christ, and find
Our garnered sheaves in heaven.
- 4 Strength to the reapers, mighty God,
Strength to the reapers send,
To bear the burden of the day,
And labor till the end.
- 5 Then songs of triumph shall arise,
Then shall thy kingdom come,
And echoing anthems greet at last
The heavenly harvest home.

129.

Providence of God. COWPER.

- 1 God moves in a mysterious way,
His wonders to perform ;
He plants his footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.
- 2 Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never-failing skill,
He treasures up his bright designs,
And works his sovereign will.
- 3 Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take ;
The clouds ye so much dread
Are big with mercy, and shall break
In blessings on your head.
- 4 Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust him for his grace ;
Behind a frowning Providence
He hides a smiling face.
- 5 His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding every hour ;
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flower.
- 6 Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan his work in vain ;
God is his own interpreter,
And he will make it plain.

130.

The God-Man. WATTS.

- 1 Dearest of all the names above,
My Savior and my God,
Who can resist thy heavenly love,
Or trifle with thy blood ?
- 2 'Tis by the merits of thy death
The Father smiles again ;
'Tis by thine interceding breath
The Spirit dwells with men.

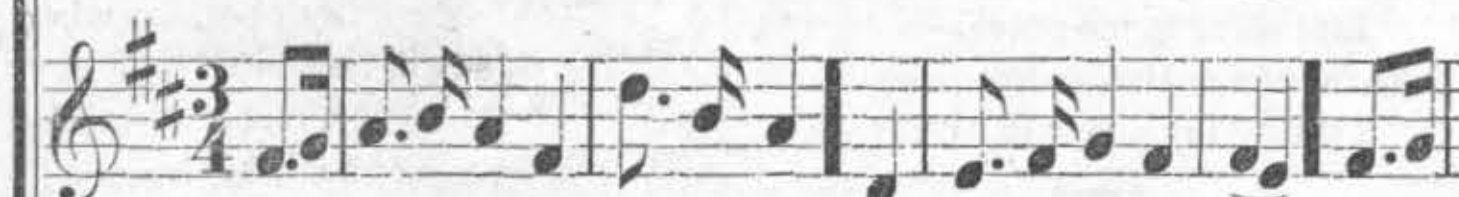
COWPER. C. M.

L. MASON.

131.



1. There is a fountain, filled with blood, Drawn from Immanuel's veins, And



2. The dying thief rejoiced to see That fountain in his day; And



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



there may I, though vile as he, Wash all my sins away, Wash all my sins away.



131.

Christ the Living Fountain.

- 3 Dear dying Lamb! thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransomed church of God
Be saved, to sin no more.
- 4 E'er since by faith I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be, till I die.
- 5 And when this feeble, stammering tongue
Lies silent in the grave,—
Then, in a nobler, sweeter song,
I'll sing thy power to save.

132.

Using the Talent. CUTTER.

- 1 Hide not thy talent in the earth,
However small it be;
Its faithful use, its utmost worth,
God will require of thee.
His own, which he hath lent on trust,
He asks of thee again;
Little or much, the claim is just,
And thine excuses vain.
- 2 What if the little rain should plead,
"So small a drop as I
Can ne'er refresh yon thirsty mead;
I'll tarry in the sky!"
What if a shining beam of noon
Should in its fountain stay,
Because its feeble light alone
Was not enough for day?
- 3 Doth not each rain-drop help to form
The cool, refreshing shower?
And every ray of light to warm
And beautify the flower?
Go, then, and strive to do thy part,
Though humble it may be;
The ready hand, the willing heart,
Are all heaven asks of thee.

133.

The Gospel Feast. WATTS.

- 1 Let every mortal ear attend,
And every heart rejoice!
The trumpet of the gospel sounds
With an inviting voice.
- 2 Ho! all ye hungry, starving souls,
Who feed upon the wind,
And vainly strive with earthly toys
To fill an empty mind;
- 3 Eternal wisdom has prepared
A soul-reviving feast;
And bids your longing appetites
The rich provision taste.
- 4 Ho! ye who pant for living streams,
And pine away and die,
Here may you quench your raging thirst
With springs that never dry.
- 5 The happy gates of gospel grace
Stand open all the day;
Lord, we are come to seek supplies,
And drive our wants away.

134.

Baptism. ANON.

- 1 Meekly in Jordan's crystal stream
The great Redeemer bowed;
Bright was the glory's sacred beam
That hushed the wondering crowd.
- 2 Thus God descended to approve
The deed that Christ had done;
Thus came the emblematic Dove,
And hovered o'er the Son.
- 3 So, blessed Spirit, come to-day
To our baptismal scene;
Let thoughts of earth be far away,
And every mind serene.
- 4 This day we give to holy joy;
This day to heaven belongs:
Raised to new life, we will employ
In melody our tongues.

ORTONVILLE. C. M.

HASTINGS.

135.

1. What heavenly music do I hear, Salvation sounding free! Ye souls in

2. The Gospel sounds a sweet release To all in mise - ry, And bids them

3. Jesus is on the mercy-seat; Before him bend the knee; Let heaven and

4. Come, ye redeemed, your tribute bring, With songs of harmony; While on the

bondage, lend an ear; This is the Ju-bi - lee, This is the Ju-bi - lee.

welcome home to peace; This is the Jubi - lee, This is the Ju-bi - lee.

earth his praise repeat; This is the Jubi - lee, This is the Ju-bi - lee.

road to Canaan sing, This is the Ju-bi - lee, This is the Ju-bi - lee.

136.

Indebtedness to Christ. STENNETT.

- 1 Majestic sweetness sits enthroned
Upon the Savior's brow;
His head with radiant glories crowned,
His lips with grace o'erflow.
- 2 No mortal can with him compare
Among the sons of men;
Fairer is he than all the fair
Who fill the heavenly train.
- 3 He saw me plunged in deep distress,
And flew to my relief;
For me he bore the shameful cross,
And carried all my grief.
- 4 Since from his bounty I receive
Such proofs of love divine,
Had I a thousand hearts to give,
Lord, they should all be thine.

137.

The Name of Jesus. NEWTON.

- 4 How sweet the name of Jesus sounds
In a believer's ear!
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
And drives away his fear.
- 2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast;
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary, rest.
- 3 By thee my prayers acceptance gain,
Although with sin defiled;
Satan accuses me in vain,
And I am owned a child.
- 4 Weak is the effort of my heart,
And cold my warmest thought;
But when I see thee as thou art,
I'll praise thee as I ought.

138.

The Ever Living Redeemer. WESLEY.

- 1 I know that my Redeemer lives,
And ever prays for me;
A token of his love he gives,
A pledge of liberty.
- 2 I find him lifting up my head;
He brings salvation near;
His presence makes me free indeed,
And he will soon appear.
- 3 He wills that I should holy be;
What can withstand his will?
The counsel of his grace in me
He surely shall fulfil.
- 4 When God is mine, and I am his,
Of paradise possessed,
I taste unutterable bliss,
And everlasting rest.

139.

Brotherly Love. SWAIN.

- 1 How sweet, how heavenly is the sight,
When those who love the Lord
In one another's peace delight,
And so fulfil his word!
- 2 When each can feel his brother's sigh,
And with him bear a part!
When sorrows flow from eye to eye,
And joy from heart to heart!
- 3 When, free from envy, scorn, and pride,
Our wishes all above,
Each can his brother's failings hide,
And show a brother's love!
- 4 Love is the golden chain that binds
The happy souls above;
And he's an heir of heaven who finds
His bosom glow with love.

BALERMA. C. M.

140.



1. A - mazing grace, how sweet the sound, That saved a wretch like



2. 'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear, And grace my fears re-



3. Through many dangers, toils, and snares, I have al - read - y



4. And when this flesh and heart shall fail, And mor - tal life shall



me! I once was lost, but now am found, Was blind, but now I see.



lieved; How precious did that grace ap - pear The hour I first believed!



come; 'Tis grace hath brought me safe thus far, And grace will lead me home.



cease, I shall possess, within the veil, A life of joy and peace.

141.

Resolving to go to Jesus. JONES.

1 Come, trembling sinner, in whose breast
A thousand thoughts revolve—
Come, with your guilt and fear oppressed,
And make this last resolve:

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

3 Prostrate I'll lie before his throne,
And there my guilt confess;
I'll tell him I'm a wretch undone,
Without his sovereign grace.

4 I'll to the gracious King approach,
Whose sceptre pardon gives;
Perhaps he will command my touch—
And then the suppliant lives.

5 Perhaps he will admit my plea,
Perhaps will hear my prayer;
But if I perish, I will pray,
And perish only there.

6 I can but perish if I go;
I am resolved to try;
For if I stay away, I know
I must forever die.

142.

Christ died for me. WATTS.

1 Alas, and did my Savior bleed,
And did my Sovereign die?
Would he devote that sacred head
For such a worm as I?

2 Was it for crimes that I had done,
He groaned upon the tree?
Amazing pity! grace unknown!
And love beyond degree!

[7]

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

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

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

143.

The young invited to seek Christ. DODDRIDGE.

1 Ye hearts with youthful vigor warm,
In smiling crowds draw near;
And turn from every mortal charm,
A Savior's voice to hear.

2 He, Lord of all the worlds on high,
Stoops to converse with you,
And lays his radiant glories by,
Your welfare to pursue.

3 The soul that longs to see his face,
Is sure his love to gain;
And they who early seek his grace,
Shall never seek in vain.

4 What object, Lord, my soul should move,
If once compared with thee?
What beauty should command my love
Like what in Christ I see?

5 Away, ye false, delusive toys,
Vain tempters of the mind;
'Tis here I fix my lasting choice,
For here true bliss I find.

TURNER. C. M.

144.

1. I'm not ashamed to own my Lord, Or to defend his cause; Main-

Maintain the honor

tain the hon - or of his word, Maintain the hon - or of his word, The

of..... his word, The glo - ry of his cross, The

glory of his cross, Maintain the honor of his word, The glo - ry of his cross.

144.

Trust in Christ. WATTS.

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

145.

Prayer for the Spirit. WATTS.

- 1 Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With all thy quickening powers;
Kindle a flame of sacred love
In these cold hearts of ours.
- 2 Look, how we grovel here below,
Fond of these trifling toys?
Our souls can neither fly nor go
To reach eternal joys.
- 3 In vain we tune our formal songs,
In vain we strive to rise;
Hosannas languish on our tongues,
And our devotion dies.
- 4 Dear Lord, and shall we ever live
At this poor, dying rate?
Our love so faint, so cold to thee,
And thine to us so great?
- 5 Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With all thy quickening powers;
Come, shed abroad a Savior's love,
And that shall kindle ours.

146.

Christ Glorious. WATTS.

- 1 My God, the Spring of all my joys,
The Life of my delights,
The Glory of my brightest days,
And Comfort of my nights!
- 2 In darkest shades, if he appear,
My dawning is begun!
He is my soul's sweet Morning Star,
And he my rising Sun.
- 3 The opening heavens around me shine
With beams of sacred bliss,
While Jesus shows his heart is mine,
And whispers, I am his.
- 4 My soul would leave this heavy clay
At that transporting word,
Run up with joy the shining way,
T' embrace my dearest Lord.

147.

The Heavenly Land. WATTS.

- 1 There is a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign;
Infinite day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain.
- 2 There everlasting spring abides,
And never withering flowers;
Death like a narrow sea divides
This heavenly land from ours.
- 3 Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood
Stand dressed in living green;
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
While Jordan rolled between.
- 4 Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er: [flood,
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold
Could fright us from the shore.

PISGAH. C. M.*

148.

1. Je - sus, thou art the sinner's friend! As such I look to thee;

2. Re - member thy pure word of grace, Remember Calva - ry!

Now in the ful - ness of thy love, O Lord, re - member me.

Re - member all thy dying groans, And then re - mem - ber me.

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

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

149.

Jesus precious to believers.

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

2 Yes, thou art precious to my soul,
My transport and my trust;
Jewels to thee are gaudy toys,
And gold is sordid dust.

3 Thy grace shall dwell upon my heart,
And shed its fragrance there,—
The noblest balm of all its wounds,
The cordial of its care.

4 I'll speak the honors of thy name
With my last, laboring breath;
And, dying, clasp thee in my arms,
The antidote of death.

* The last two lines may be repeated, and the tune sung through a second time, as a chorus.

CHINA. C. M.

SWAN.

150.

1. Why do we mourn de - part - ing friends, Or shake at death's alarms?

2. Are we not tending up - ward, too, As fast as time can move?

3. Why should we tremble to con - vey Their bod - ies to the tomb?

4. The graves of all his saints he blessed, And soft - ened every bed;

'Tis but the voice that Je - sus sends To call them to his arms.

Nor would we wish the hours more slow To keep us from our love.
There the dear flesh of Je - sus lay, And left a long per - fume.

Where should the dy - ing members rest, But with the dy - ing Head?

5 Thence he arose, ascending high,
And showed our feet the way;
Up to the Lord our souls shall fly,
At the great rising day.

6 Then let the last loud trumpet sound,
And bid our kindred rise;
Awake! ye nations under ground;
Ye saints! ascend the skies.

OLMUTZ. S. M.

L. MASON.

151.

1. Your harps, ye trembling saints, Down from the wil-lows take;

2. Though in a for-eign land, We are not far from home;

Loud to the praise of love di-vine, Bid every string a-wake.

And nearer to our house a-bove We every moment come.

151.

Trust in God.

3 His grace will, to the end,
Stronger and brighter shine;
Nor present things—nor things to come
Shall quench the spark divine.

4 Blest is the man, O God,
That stays himself on thee:—
Who waits for thy salvation, Lord,
Shall thy salvation see.

152.

Prayer for the Spirit.

CLELAND'S HYMNS.

- 1 Blest Comforter divine,
Let rays of heavenly love
Amid our gloom and darkness shine,
To guide our souls above.
- 2 Draw, with thy still small voice,
From every sinful way,
And bid the mourning saint rejoice,
Though earthly joys decay.
- 3 By thine inspiring breath,
Make every cloud of care,
And e'en the gloomy vale of death,
A smile of glory wear.

153.

Evening Hymn. FREEMAN'S COLL.

- 1 The day is past and gone;
The evening shades appear;
O may we all remember well
The night of death draws near.
- 2 We lay our garments by,
Upon our beds to rest:
So death will soon disrobe us all,
Of what we here possess.
- 3 Lord, keep us safe this night,
Secure from all our fears;
May angels guard us while we sleep,
Till morning light appears.
- 4 And if we early rise,
And view th' unwearied sun,
May we set out to win the prize,
And after glory run.
- 5 And when our days are past,
And we from time remove,
O may we in thy bosom rest,
The bosom of thy love.

154.

Joy in God.

WATTS.

- 1 My God, my Life, my Love,
To thee, to thee I call;
I cannot live if thou remove,
For thou art all in all.
- 2 Not all the harps above
Can make a heavenly place,
If God his residence remove,
Or but conceal his face.
- 3 Nor earth, nor all the sky,
Can one delight afford;
No, not a drop of real joy
Without thy presence, Lord.

155.

Hope in Parting.

- 1 And let our bodies part,—
To different climes repair;
Inseparably joined in heart
The friends of Jesus are.
- 2 O let us still proceed
In Jesus' work below;
And, following our triumphant Head,
To further conquests go.
- 3 The vineyard of the Lord
Before his laborers lies;
And lo! we see the vast reward
Which waits us in the skies.
- 4 O let our heart and mind
Continually ascend,
That region of repose to find,
Where all our labors end;
- 5 Where all our toils are o'er,
Our suffering and our pain:
And where we never, never more,
Shall meet to part again.

GOLDEN HILL. S. M.

156.

1. Je - sus, we look to thee, Thy prom - ised presence claim:

2. Thy name sal - va - tion is, Which here we come to prove;

Thou in the midst of us shalt be, As - sembled in thy name.

Thy name is life, and health, and peace, And ev - er - last - ing love.

156.

Christ's Manifest Presence Sought.

- 3 Not in the name of pride
Or selfishness we meet;
From nature's path we turn aside,
And worldly thoughts forget.
- 4 We meet the grace to take
Which thou hast freely given;
We meet on earth for thy dear sake,
That we may meet in heaven.
- 5 Present we know thou art;
But, O, thyself reveal!
Now, Lord, let every bounding heart
Thy mighty comfort feel!

157.

Importance of To-Day. DODDRIDGE.

- 1 To-morrow, Lord, is thine,
Lodged in thy sovereign hand;
And if its sun arise and shine,
It shines by thy command.
- 2 The present moment flies,
And bears our life away;
O, make thy servants truly wise,
That they may live to-day.
- 3 Since on this fleeting hour
Eternity is hung,
Awake, by thine almighty power,
The aged and the young.
- 4 One thing demands our care;
O, be that still pursued;
Lest, slighted once, the season fair
Should never be renewed.
- 5 To Jesus may we fly,
Swift as the morning light,
Lest life's young golden beams should die
In sudden, endless night.

158.

Danger of Neglect. HYDE.

- 1 And canst thou, sinner, slight
The call of love divine?
Shall God with tenderness invite,
And gain no thought of thine?
- 2 Wilt thou not cease to grieve
The Spirit from thy breast,
Till he thy wretched soul shall leave,
With all thy sins oppressed?
- 3 To-day, a pardoning God
Will hear the suppliant pray;
To-day, a Savior's cleansing blood
Will wash thy guilt away.
- 4 But grace so dearly bought,
If yet thou wilt despise,
Thy fearful doom with sorrow fraught,
Will fill thee with surprise.

159.

Safety in God. WATTS.

- 1 When, overwhelmed with grief,
My heart within me dies,
Helpless, and far from all relief,
To heaven I lift mine eyes.
- 2 O, lead me to the Rock
That's high above my head,
And make the covert of thy wings
My shelter and my shade.
- 3 Within thy presence, Lord,
Forever I'll abide;
Thou art the Tower of my defence,
The Refuge where I hide.
- 4 Thou givest me the lot
Of those that fear thy name;
If endless life be their reward,
I shall possess the same.

DENNIS. S. M.

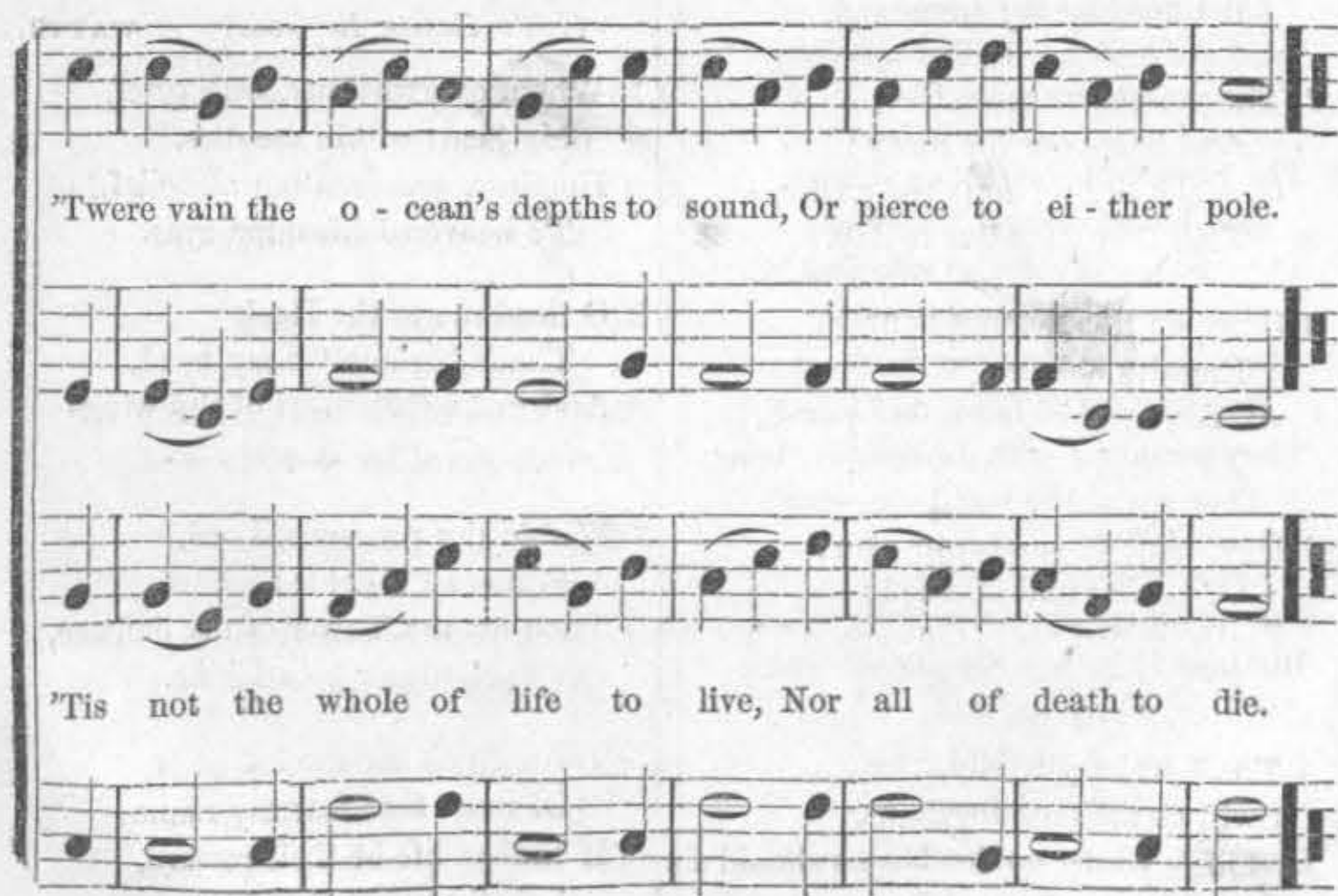
NAGELI.

160.



1. O where shall rest be found—Rest for the wea - ry soul?

2. The world can nev - er give The bliss for which we sigh;



'Twere vain the o - cean's depths to sound, Or pierce to ei - ther pole.

'Tis not the whole of life to live, Nor all of death to die.

160.

Life and Death Eternal. MONTGOMERY.

Beyond this vale of tears
There is a life above,
Unmeasured by the flight of years;
And all that life is love.

- 4 There is a death, whose pang
Outlasts the fleeting breath:
O what eternal horrors hang
Around the "second death!"
- 5 Lord God of truth and grace,
Teach us that death to shun,
Lest we be banished from thy face,
And evermore undone.

161.

The Wanderer Returned. ANON.

- 1 I was a wandering sheep;
I did not love the fold;
I did not love my Shepherd's voice;
I would not be controlled.
I was a wayward child;
I did not love my home;
I did not love my Father's voice;
I loved afar to roam.
- 2 The Shepherd sought his sheep;
The Father sought his child;
They followed me o'er vale and hill,
O'er deserts waste and wild;
They found me nigh to death,
Famished, and faint, and lone;
They bound me with the bands of love;
They saved the wandering one.
- 3 I was a wandering sheep;
I would not be controlled;
But now I love my Shepherd's voice;
I love, I love his fold.
I was a wayward child;
I once preferred to roam;
But now I love my Father's voice;
I love, I love his home.

162.

Evening. CONDER.

- 1 The hours of evening close;
Its lengthened shadows, drawn
O'er scenes of earth, invite repose,
And wait the Sabbath dawn.
- 2 So let its calm prevail
O'er forms of outward care,
Nor thought of earthly things assail
The still retreat of prayer.
- 3 Our guardian Shepherd near,
His watchful eye will keep,
And safe from violence or fear,
Will fold his flock to sleep.
- 4 So may a holier light
Than earth's our spirits rouse,
And call us, strengthened by his might,
To pay the Lord our vows.

163.

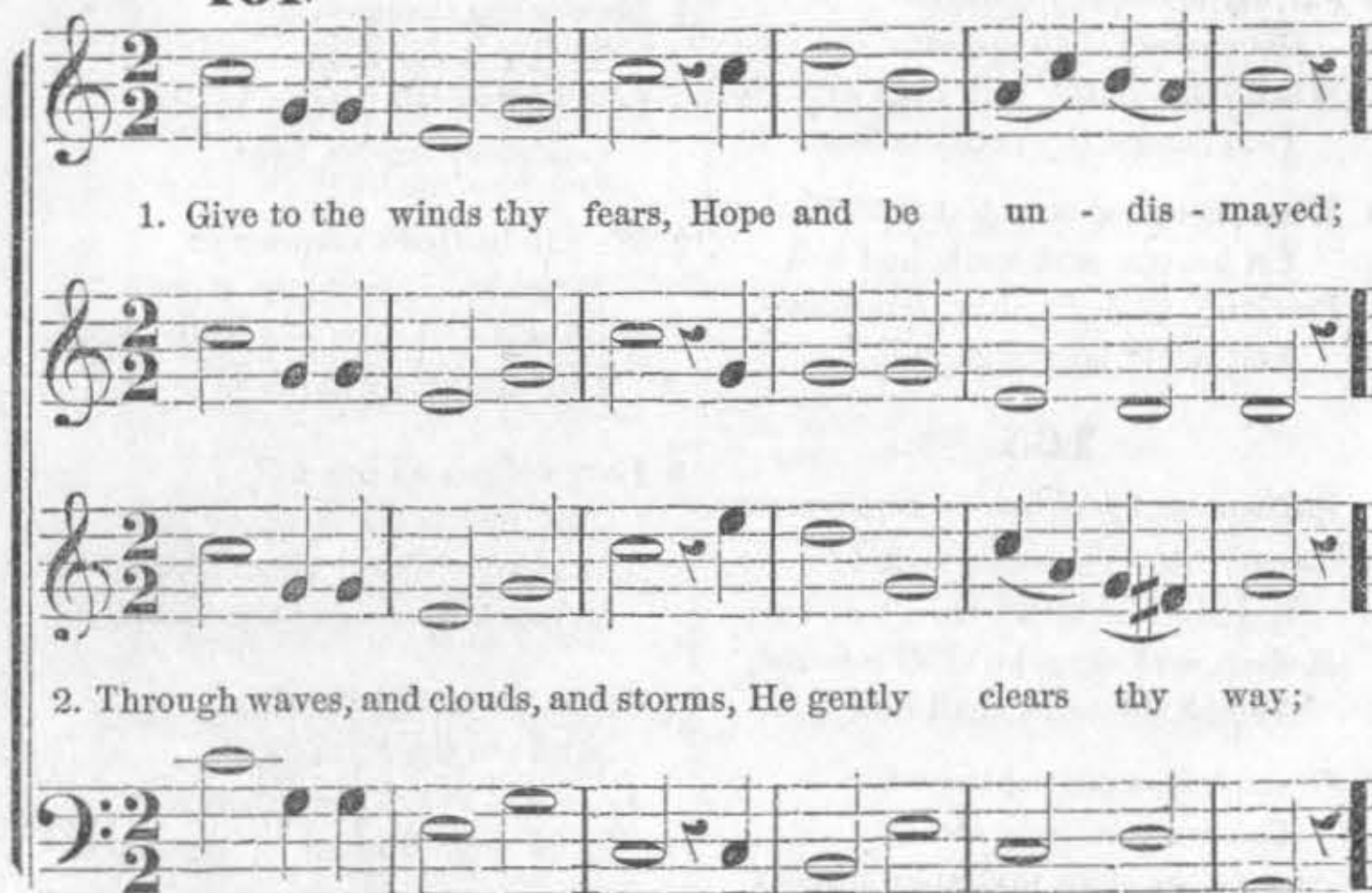
God's Care a Remedy for ours.
DODDRIDGE.

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

SILVER STREET. S. M.

I. SMITH.

164.



1. Give to the winds thy fears, Hope and be un-dis-mayed;

2. Through waves, and clouds, and storms, He gently clears thy way;



God hears thy sighs and counts thy tears, God shall lift up thy head.

Wait thou his time—so shall thy night Soon end in joy-ous day.

164.

Trust in God.

- 3 Far, far above thy thought
His counsel shall appear,
When fully he the work hath wrought
That caused thy needless fear.
- 4 What though thou rulest not!
Yet heaven, and earth, and hell
Proclaim, God sitteth on the throne,
And ruleth all things well.

165.

Redemption by Grace. DODDRIDGE.

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

166.

Spreading God's Praise. WATTS.

- 1 Thy name, almighty Lord,
Shall sound through distant lands;
Great is thy grace, and sure thy word;
Thy truth forever stands.
- 2 Far be thine honor spread,
And long thy praise endure,
Till morning light and evening shade
Shall be exchanged no more.

[8]

167.

Holy Love. HYMNS OF ZION.

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

168.

A call to Praise. WATTS.

- 1 Come, sound his praise abroad,
And hymns of glory sing;
Jehovah is the sovereign God,
The universal King.
- 2 He formed the deeps unknown;
He gave the seas their bound;
The watery worlds are all his own,
And all the solid ground.
- 3 Come, worship at his throne;
Come, bow before the Lord;
We are his work, and not our own;
He formed us by his word.
- 4 To-day attend his voice,
Nor dare provoke his rod;
Come, like the people of his choice,
And own your gracious God.

NAME. S. M.

FROM CAR. SAC.

169.

1. Be - hold, the morning sun Be-gins his glo - rious way;

2. But where the gospel comes, It spreads di - vi - ner light;

His beams through all the nations run, And life and light con - vey.

It calls dead sinners from their tombs, And gives the blind their sight.

169.

God in his Works and Word.

- 3 How perfect is thy word,
And all thy judgments just!
Forever sure thy promise, Lord,
And we securely trust.
- 4 My gracious God, how plain
Are thy directions given!
O, may I never read in vain,
But find the path to heaven.

170.

Nature and the Scriptures. WATTS.

- 1 Behold, the lofty sky
Declares its Maker, God;
And all his starry works on high
Proclaim his power abroad.
- 2 The darkness and the light
Still keep their course the same,
While night to day, and day to night,
Divinely teach his name.
- 3 In every different land
Their general voice is known:
They show the wonders of his hand,
And orders of his throne.
- 4 Ye Christian lands, rejoice;
Here he reveals his word;
We are not left to nature's voice
To bid us know the Lord.
- 5 His statutes and commands
Are set before our eyes;
He puts his gospel in our hands,
Where our salvation lies.

171.

Active Piety. SIGOURNEY.

- 1 Laborers of Christ, arise,
And gird you for the toil;
The dew of promise from the skies
Already cheers the soil.

- 2 Go where the sick recline,
Where mourning hearts deplore;
And where the sons of sorrow pine,
Dispense your hallowed lore.
- 3 Urge, with a tender zeal,
The erring child along
Where peaceful congregations kneel,
And pious teachers throng.
- 4 Be faith, which looks above,
With prayer, your constant guest,
And wrap the Savior's changeless love
A mantle round your breast.
- 5 So shall you share the wealth
That earth may ne'er despoil;
And the blest gospel's saving health
Repay your arduous toil.

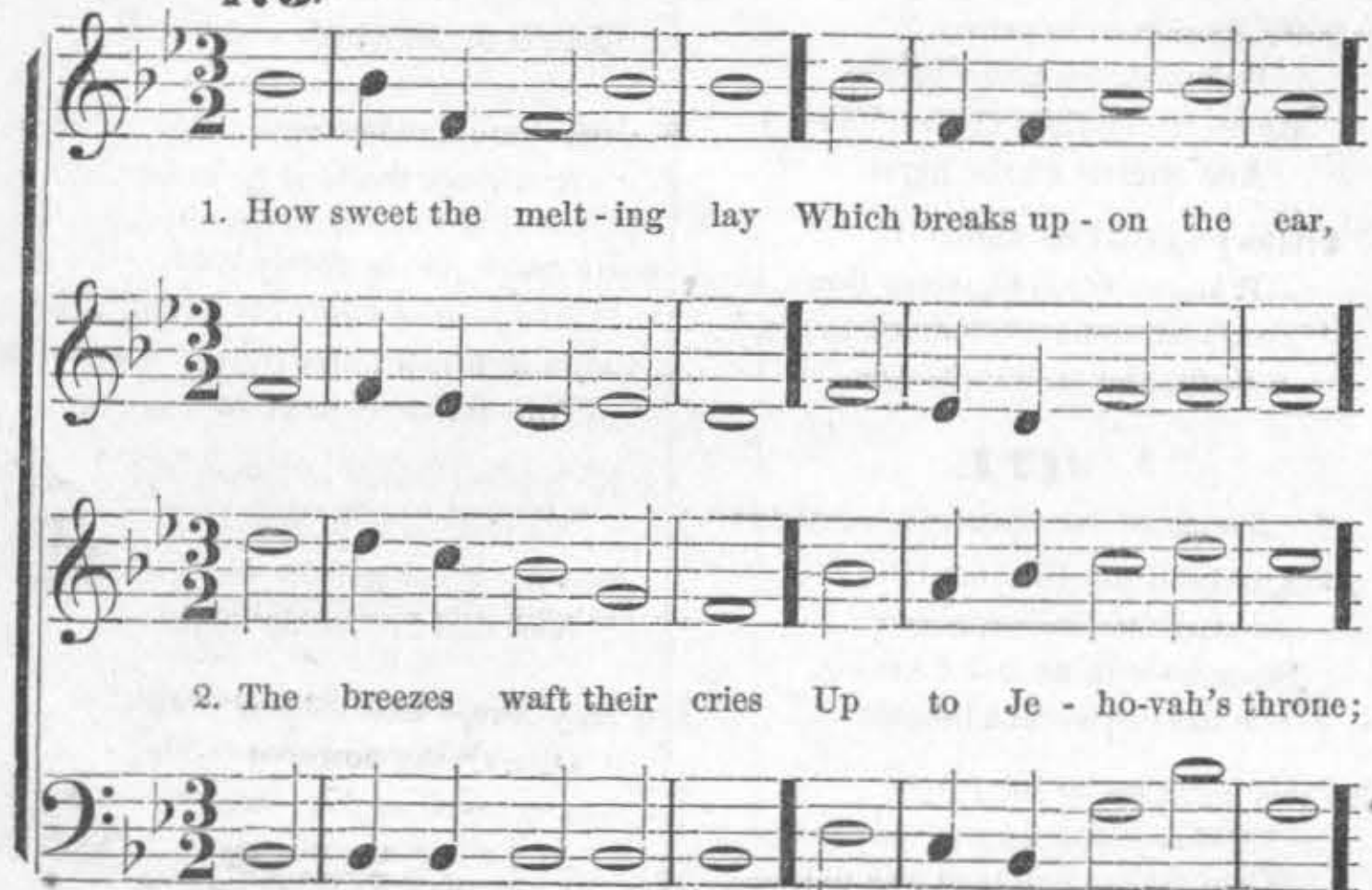
172.

Heavenly Rest. R. PALMER.

- 1 And is there, Lord, a rest
For weary souls designed,
Where not a care shall stir the breast,
Or sorrow entrance find?
- 2 Is there a blissful home
Where kindred minds shall meet,
And live and love, nor ever roam
From that serene retreat?
- 3 Forever blessed they
Whose joyful feet shall stand,
While endless ages waste away,
Amid that glorious land.
- 4 My soul would thither tend,
While toilsome years are given;
Then let me, gracious God, ascend
To sweet repose in heaven.

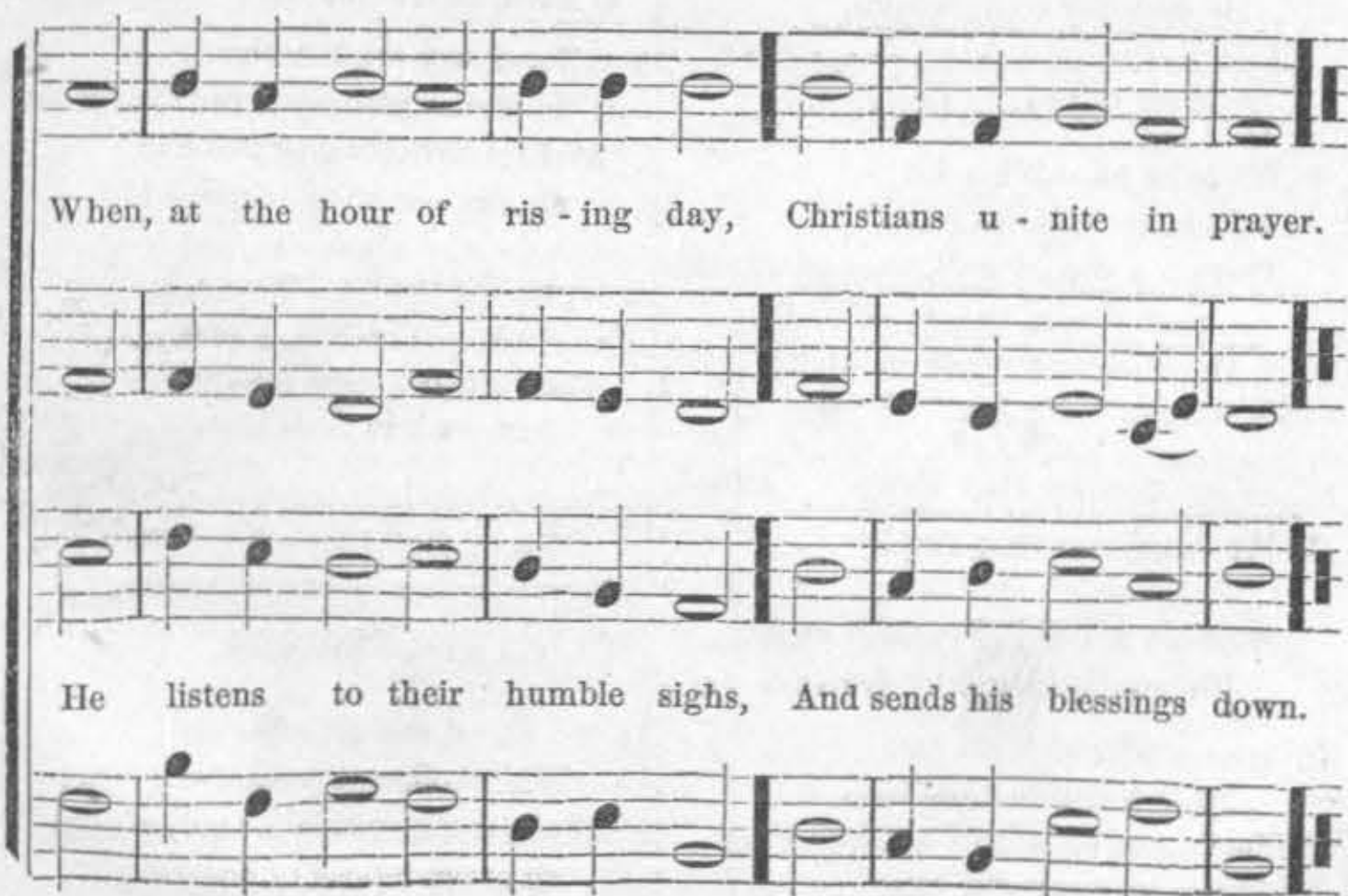
STATE STREET. S. M. J. C. WOODMAN.

173.



1. How sweet the melt-ing lay Which breaks up - on the ear,

2. The breezes waft their cries Up to Je - ho-vah's throne;



When, at the hour of ris-ing day, Christians u - nite in prayer.

He listens to their humble sighs, And sends his blessings down.

173.

Morning Prayer.

- 3 So Jesus rose to pray
Before the morning light;
He on the chilling mount did stay,
And wrestle all the night.
- 4 Glory to God on high,
Who sends his blessings down
To rescue souls condemned to die,
And make his people one.

174.

The Lord our Shepherd. WATTS.

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

175.

Seeking God Early. ANON.

- 1 My son, know thou the Lord;
Thy father's God obey;
Seek his protecting care by night,
His guiding hand by day.
- 2 If thou wilt seek his face,
His ear will hear thy cry;
Then shalt thou find his mercy sure,
His grace forever nigh.

[8*]

176.

Love, the Spring of Obedience. BEDDOME.

- 1 Love is the fountain whence
All true obedience flows;
The Christian serves the God he loves,
And loves the God he knows.
- 2 He treads the heavenly road,
And neither faints nor tires; [breast,
That generous love which warms his
With fortitude inspires.
- 3 No burden seems so great,
No task so hard appears,
But this he cheerfully performs,
And that he meekly bears.
- 4 May love,—that shining grace,
O'er all my powers preside;
Direct my thoughts, suggest my words,
And every action guide!

177.

"O Lord, Revive thy work." SAC. SONGS.

- 1 O Lord, thy work revive
In Zion's gloomy hour,
And let our dying graces live
By thy restoring power.
- 2 O, let thy chosen few
Awake to earnest prayer;
Their solemn vows again renew,
And walk in filial fear.
- 3 Thy Spirit then will speak
Through lips of feeble clay,
Till hearts of adamant shall break,
Till rebels shall obey.
- 4 Now lend thy gracious ear;
Now listen to our cry;
O, come and bring salvation near;
Our souls on thee rely.

INVERNESS. S. M.

L. MASON.

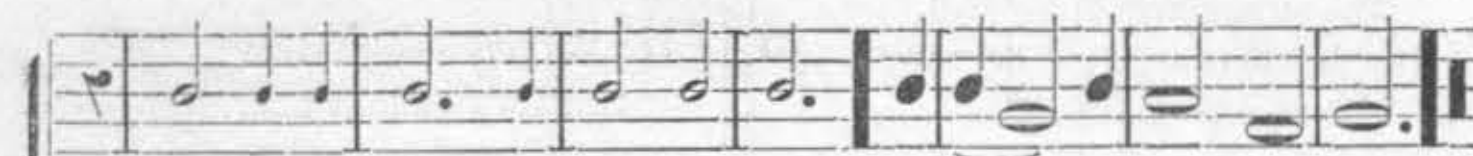
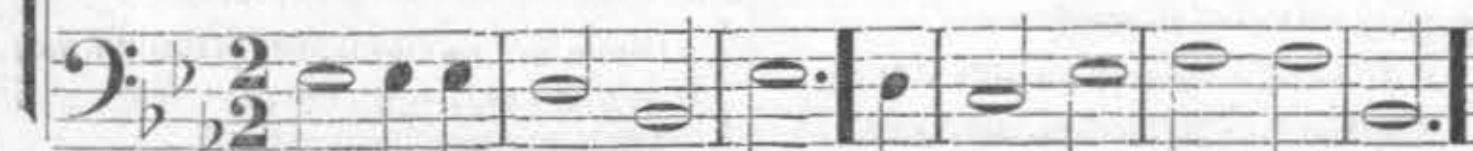
178.



1. O cease, my wandering soul, On rest-less wing to roam;



2. Behold the ark of God; Be-hold the o-pen door;



All this wide world, to ef-ther pole, Has not for thee a home.



Oh! haste to gain that dear a-bode, And rove, my soul, no more.



178.

Rest and Peace in God.

- 2 There safe thou shalt abide,
There sweet shall be thy rest,
And every longing satisfied,
With full salvation blest.
- 4 Then cease, my wandering soul,
On restless wing to roam;
All this wide world, to either pole,
Has not for thee a home.

179.

Seeking Reconciliation. ANON.

- 1 And wilt thou yet be found,
And may I still draw near?
Then listen to the plaintive sound
Of a poor sinner's prayer.
- 2 Jesus, thine aid afford,
If still the same thou art;
To thee I look, to thee, my Lord,
I lift my helpless heart.
- 3 Thou seest my troubled breast,
The strugglings of my will,
The foes that interrupt my rest,
The agonies I feel.
- 4 O my offended Lord,
Restore my inward peace;
I know thou canst; pronounce the word,
And bid the tempest cease.

180.

Divine Goodness. WATTS.

- 1 O, bless the Lord, my soul;
Let all within me join,
And aid my tongue to bless his name,
Whose favors are divine.
- 2 O, bless the Lord, my soul;
Nor let his mercies lie
Forgotten in unthankfulness,
And without praises die.

- 2 'Tis he forgives thy sins;
'Tis he relieves thy pain;
'Tis he that heals thy sicknesses,
And gives thee strength again.

- 4 He crowns thy life with love,
When ransomed from the grave;
He, who redeemed my soul from hell,
Hath sovereign power to save.

181.

Vital Union in Christ. ANON.

- 1 Dear Savior! we are thine
By everlasting bands;
Our names, our hearts, we would resign
Our all into thy hands.
- 2 To thee we still would cleave,
With ever-growing zeal;
If millions tempt us Christ to leave,
Oh! let them ne'er prevail.
- 3 Thy Spirit shall unite
Our souls to thee, our head;
Shall form us to thine image bright,
That we thy paths may tread.
- 4 Death may our souls divide
From these abodes of clay;
But love shall keep us near thy side,
Through all the gloomy way.
- 5 Since Christ and we are one,
Why should we doubt and fear?
If he in heaven has fixed his throne,
He'll crown his children there.

Doxology.

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

OLNEY. S. M.

L. MASON.

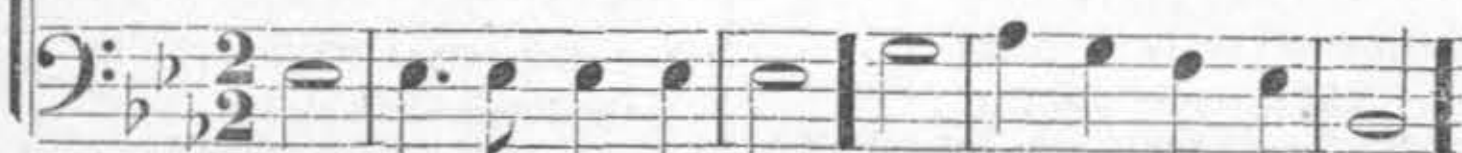
182.



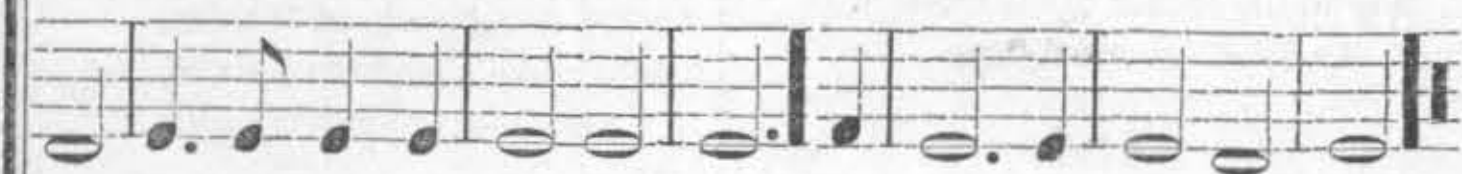
1. The Spir - it in our hearts Is whispering, Sinner, come:



2. Let him that heareth, say, To all a - bout him, 'Come!'



The bride, the church of Christ, proclaims To all his children, 'Come!'



Let him that thirsts for righteous - ness, To Christ, the fountain, come!



182.

The Gospel's Invitation.

- 3 Yes, whosoever will,
Oh let him freely come,
And freely drink the stream of life;
'Tis Jesus bids him come.
- 4 Lo! Jesus, who invites,
Declares, "I quickly come:"
Lord, even so! we wait thine hour;
O blest Redeemer, come!

183.

Preparation for the Judgment.

DODDRIDGE.

- 1 And will the Judge descend?
And must the dead arise?
And not a single soul escape
His all-discerning eyes?
- 2 How will my heart endure
The terrors of that day,
When earth and heaven, before his face,
Astonished, shrink away?
- 3 But, ere the trumpet shakes
The mansions of the dead,
Hark! from the gospel's cheering sound,
What joyful tidings spread!
- 4 Come, sinners, seek his grace,
Whose wrath ye cannot bear;
Fly to the shelter of his cross,
And find salvation there.

184.

Hindrances. C. WESLEY.

- 1 Ah, whither should I go,
Burdened, and sick, and faint?
To whom should I my trouble show,
And pour out my complaint?
- 2 My Savior bids me come;
Ah! why do I delay?
He calls the weary sinner home,
And yet from him I stray!

- 3 What is it keeps me back
From which I cannot part?
Which will not let the Savior take
Possession of my heart?

- 4 Some cursed thing unknown
Must surely lurk within:
Some idol which I will not own
Some secret bosom sin.

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

185.

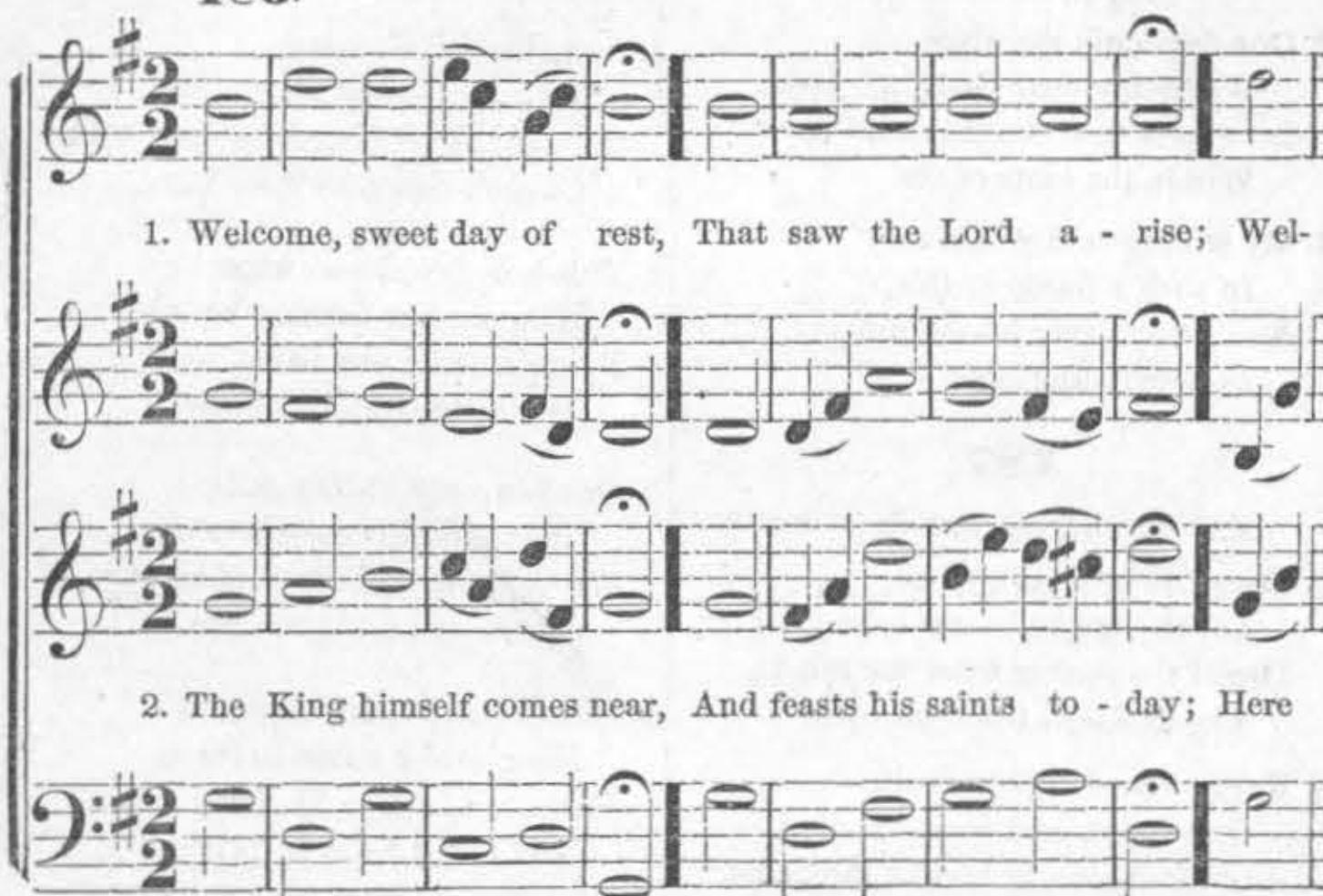
Faith in Christ's Sacrifice. WATTS.

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

SHIRLAND S. M.

STANLEY.

186.



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



2. The King himself comes near, And feasts his saints to - day; Here



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



we may sit, and see him here, And love, and praise, and pray.



186.

Joy in the Sabbath.

- 3 One day amid the place
Where my dear God hath been,
Is sweeter than ten thousand days
Within the tents of sin.
- 4 My willing soul would stay
In such a frame as this,
And sit and sing herself away
To everlasting bliss.

187.

The Sanctifying Spirit. HART.

- 1 Come, Holy Spirit, come,
Let thy bright beams arise;
Dispel the sorrow from our minds,
The darkness from our eyes.
- 2 Revive our drooping faith,
Our doubts and fears remove;
And kindle in our breasts the flame
Of never-dying love.
- 3 'Tis thine to cleanse the heart,
To sanctify the soul,
To pour fresh life in every part,
And new-create the whole.
- 4 Dwell, Spirit, in our hearts;
Our minds from bondage free;
Then shall we know, and praise, and love,
The Father, Son, and Thee.

188.

God's care for the Church. MONTGOMERY.

- 1 Within these walls be peace;
Love through our borders found;
In all our little palaces
Prosperity abound.
- 2 God scorns not humble things;
Here, though the proud despise,
The children of the King of kings
Are training for the skies.

189.

Communion with Christ and Saints.

- 1 Jesus invites his saints
To meet around his board;
Here pardoned sinners sit, and hold
Communion with their Lord.
- 2 This holy bread and wine
Maintain our fainting breath,
By union with our living Lord,
And interest in his death.
- 3 Our heavenly Father calls
Christ and his members one;
We the young children of his love,
And he the first-born Son.
- 4 Let all our powers be joined
His glorious name to raise,
Pleasure and love fill every mind,
And every voice be praise.

190.

"Work while it is Day." DODDRIDGE.

- 1 The swift-declining day,
How fast its moments fly,
While evening's broad and gloomy shade
Gains on the western sky!
- 2 Ye mortals, mark its pace,
And use the hours of light;
For know, its Maker can command
An instant, endless night.
- 3 Give glory to the Lord,
Who rules the rolling sphere;
Submissive, at his footstool bow,
And seek salvation there.
- 4 Then shall new lustre break
Through all the heavy gloom,
And lead you to unchanging light,
In your celestial home.

LABAN. S. M.

L. MASON.

191.

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

2. Oh watch, and fight, and pray; The bat - tle ne'er give o'er; Re -

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

new it boldly eve - ry day, And help di - vine im - plore.

191.

The fight of Faith.

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

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

192.

The Song of Moses and the Lamb.

HAMMOND.

- 1 Awake, and sing the song
Of Moses and the Lamb;
Wake every heart and every tongue,
To praise the Savior's name.

- 2 Sing of his dying love;
Sing of his rising power;
Sing how he intercedes above,
For us, whose sins he bore.

- 3 Sing, till we feel our heart
Ascending with our tongue;
Sing, till the love of sin depart,
And grace inspire our song.

- 4 Sing on your heavenly way,
Ye ransomed sinners, sing;
Sing on, rejoicing every day
In Christ th' eternal King.

- 5 Soon shall we hear him say,
"Ye blesséd children, come!"
Soon will he call us hence away
To our eternal home.

- 6 There shall our raptured tongue
His endless praise proclaim;
And sweeter voices tune the song
Of Moses and the Lamb.

[9]

193.

Departure of Missionaries. VOKE.

- 1 Ye messengers of Christ,
His sovereign voice obey;
Arise and follow where he leads,
And peace attend your way.

- 2 The Master whom you serve
Will needful strength bestow:
Depending on his promised aid,
With sacred courage go.

- 3 Go, spread the Savior's name;
Go, tell his matchless grace:
Proclaim salvation, full and free,
To Adam's guilty race.

- 4 We wish you, in his name,
The most divine success,
Assured that he, who sends you forth,
Will your endeavors bless.

194.

Diffusion of the Gospel. WARDLAW'S COL.

- 1 O Lord our God, arise,
The cause of truth maintain,
And wide o'er all the peopled world,
Extend her blesséd reign.

- 2 Thou, Prince of Life, arise,
Nor let thy glory cease;
Far spread the conquests of thy grace,
And bless the earth with peace.

- 3 Spirit of grace, arise,
Extend thy healing wing,
And o'er a dark and ruined world
Let light and order spring.

- 4 Let all on earth arise,
To God the Savior sing;
From shore to shore, from earth to heaven,
Let echoing anthems ring.

BOYLSTON. S. M.

L. MASON.

195.

1. Je - sus, who knows full well The heart of eve - ry saint,

2. He bows his gracious ear— We nev - er plead in vain:

In - vites us all our griefs to tell, To pray, and nev - er faint.

Then let us wait till he ap - pear, And pray, and pray a - gain.

195.

Christ a Sympathizing Helper.

- 3 Though unbelief suggest,
"Why should we longer wait?"
He bids us never give him rest,
But knock at mercy's gate.
- 4 Jesus, the Lord, will hear
His chosen when they cry;
Yes, though he may awhile forbear,
He'll help them from on high.

196.

The Blessed Bond. FAWCETT.

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

197.

The Accepted Time. DOBELL.

- 1 Now is th' accepted time;
Now is the day of grace,
Now, sinners, come, without delay,
And seek the Savior's face.
- 2 Now is th' accepted time;
The Savior calls to-day;
To-morrow it may be too late;
Then why should you delay?
- 3 Now is th' accepted time;
The gospel bids you come,
And every promise in his word
Declares there yet is room.
- 4 Lord, draw reluctant souls,
And feast them with thy love;
Then will the angels swiftly fly
To bear the news above.

198.

Living by Faith. PRATT'S COL.

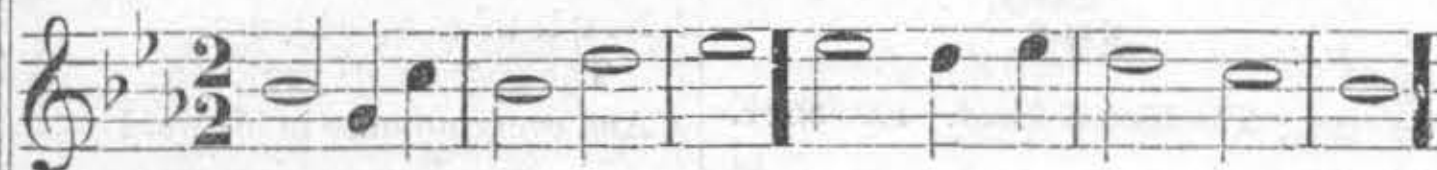
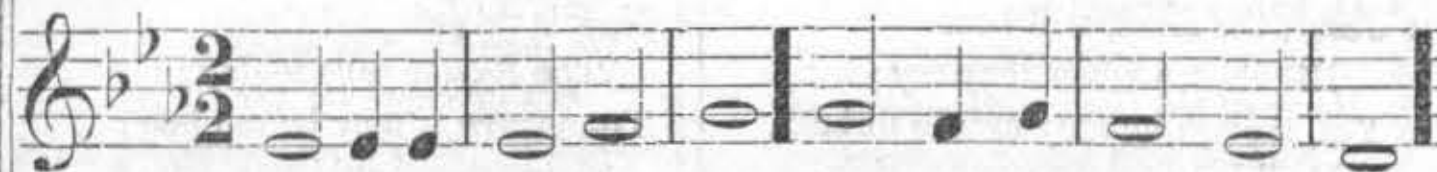
- 1 If, on a quiet sea,
Toward heaven we calmly sail,
With grateful hearts, O God, to thee,
We'll own the favoring gale.
- 2 But should the surges rise,
And rest delay to come,
Blest be the sorrow, kind the storm,
Which drives us nearer home.
- 3 Soon shall our doubts and fears
All yield to thy control;
Thy tender mercies shall illumine
The midnight of the soul.
- 4 Teach us, in every state,
To make thy will our own,
And when the joys of sense depart,
To live by faith alone.

DOVER. S. M.

199.



1. Ye servants of the Lord, Each in his of - fice wait;



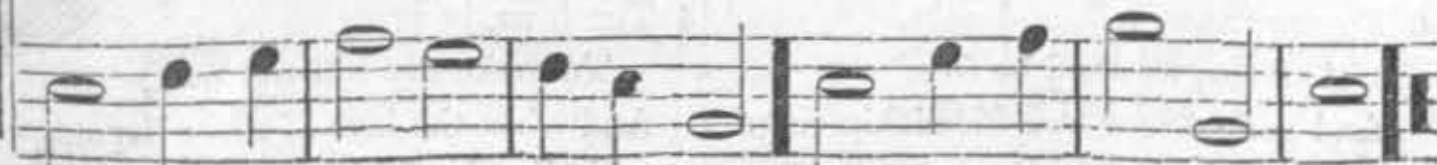
2. Let all your lamps be bright, And trim the gold - en flame;



Ob - servant of his heavenly word, And watchful at his gate.



Gird up your loins, as in his sight, For aw - ful is his name.



199.

Waiting Obedience.

3 "Watch!" 'Tis your Lord's command;
And while we speak, he's near;
Mark the first signal of his hand,
And ready all appear.

4 O, happy servant he,
In such a posture found;
He shall his Lord with rapture see,
And be with honor crowned.

200.

Praise for the Conversion of Sinners.

SWAIN.

1 Who can forbear to sing,
Who can refuse to praise,
When Zion's high, celestial King
His saving power displays?

2 When sinners at his feet,
By mercy conquered, fall?
When grace, and truth, and justice meet,
And peace unites them all?

3 Who can forbear to praise
Our high, celestial King,
When sovereign, rich, redeeming grace
Invites our tongues to sing?

201.

Toiling for Freedom.

ANON.

1 How long shall Afric's sons
Be sons of grief and pain;
How long shall slavery curse the earth,
And mercy plead in vain?

2 Lift up your voice to-day
In Freedom's holy cause,
Till all the world in love obey
Their Maker's righteous laws.

3 Then in your blissful songs
Shall bond and free unite
His praise to spread, to whom belongs
All majesty and might.

[9*]

202.

Choosing the Cross. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

1 Choose ye his cross to bear,
Who bowed beneath the wave?
Clad in his armor, will ye dare,
In faith, a watery grave?

2 We love his holy word,
His precepts we obey,
Buried with Christ, our dying Lord,
We seek to be, this day.

3 All hail! ye blessed band,
Shrink not to do his will,
In deep humility, this work
Of righteousness fulfil.

4 Tread in the Savior's steps,
Invoke his spirit free,
And as he burst the gates of death,
So may your rising be.

203.

Christ's care for his Flock.

MONTGOMERY.

1 Green pastures and clear streams,
Freedom and quiet rest,
Christ's flock enjoy, beneath his beams,
Or in his shadow, blest.

2 The mountain and the vale,
Forest and field, they range;
The morning dew, the evening gale,
Bring health in every change.

3 Secure amidst alarms,
From violence or snares,
The lambs he gathers in his arms,
And in his bosom bears.

4 Death may assail, but death
Is vanquished in the strife;
Their moment of departing breath
Begins eternal life.

ST. THOMAS. S. M.

A. WILLIAMS.

204.



1. I love thy kingdom, Lord, The house of thine a - bode;



2. I love thy church, O God; Her walls be - fore thee stand,



The church our blest Re - deem - er saved With his own precious blood.



Dear as the ap - ple of thine eye, And gra - ven on thy hand.



204.

Love to the Church.

- 3 For her my tears shall fall;
For her my prayers ascend;
To her my cares and toils be given,
Till toils and cares shall end.
- 4 Beyond my highest joy,
I prize her heavenly ways,—
Her sweet communion, solemn vows,
Her hymns of love and praise.
- 5 Jesus, thou Friend divine,
Our Savior and our King,
Thy hand, from every snare and foe,
Shall great deliverance bring.

205.

Christ is All. BONAR.

- 1 O everlasting Light!
Shine graciously within;
Brightest of all on earth that's bright,
Come, shine away my sin!
- 2 O everlasting Truth!
Truest of all that's true,
Sure guide of erring age or youth,
Lead me and teach me too.
- 3 O everlasting Strength!
Uphold me in the way;
Bring me, in spite of foes, at length,
To joy, and light, and day.
- 4 O everlasting Love!
Well-spring of grace and peace,
Pour down thy fulness from above;
Bid doubt and trouble cease.
- 5 O everlasting Rest!
Lift off life's load of care;
Relieve, revive this burdened breast,
And every sorrow bear.
- 6 Thou art in heaven our all;
Our all on earth art thou;
Upon thy glorious name we call:
Lord Jesus, bless us now!

206.

Youth seeking God. FAWCETT.

- 1 With humble heart and tongue,
My God, to thee I pray;
O, make me learn, while I am young,
How I may cleanse my way.
- 2 Make an unguarded youth
The object of thy care;
Help me to choose the way of truth,
And fly from every snare.
- 3 My heart, to folly prone,
Renew by power divine;
Unite it to thyself alone,
And make me wholly thine.
- 4 O, let thy word of grace
My warmest thoughts employ;
Be this, through all my following days,
My treasure and my joy.

207.

The Death of the Righteous. ANON.

- 1 O for the death of those
Who slumber in the Lord!
O, be like theirs my last repose,
Like theirs my last reward.
- 2 Their bodies, in the ground,
In silent hope, may lie,
Till the last trumpet's joyful sound
Shall call them to the sky.
- 3 Their ransomed spirits soar,
On wings of faith and love,
To meet the Savior they adore,
And reign with him above.
- 4 O for the death of those
Who slumber in the Lord!
O, be like theirs my last repose,
Like theirs my last reward.


208.

CONCORD. S. M.

O. HOLDEN.



1. Come, we that love the Lord, And let our joys be known; Join
2. The sorrows of the mind Be banished from the place; Re-
3. Let those re-fuse to sing, Who nev-er knew our God; But
4. The men of grace have found Glo-ry be-gun be-low; Ce-
5. The hill of Zi-on yields A thousand sa-cred sweets, Be-
6. Then let our songs a-bound, And every tear be dry; We're



in a song with sweet ac-cord, Join in a song with Re-lig-ion nev-er was de-signed, Re-lig-ion nev-er
children of the heavenly King, But children of the Ce-les-tial fruits on earthly ground, Ce-les-tial fruits on
fore we reach the heavenly fields, marching through Immanuel's ground, Before we reach the We're marching through Im-



sweet ac-cord, And thus surround the throne. less.
heaven-ly King May speak their joys a-broad.
earth-ly ground, From faith and hope may grow.
heaven-ly fields, Or walk the gold-en streets.
man-uel's ground, To fair-er worlds on high.

KENTUCKY. S. M.

209.



1. A charge to keep I have, A God to glo-ri-fy;
A nev-er-dy-ing soul to save, And fit it for the sky.

209.

Responsibility.

- 2 To serve the present age,
My calling to fulfil,
O, may it all my powers engage,
To do my Master's will.
- 3 Arm me with jealous care,
As in thy sight to live;
And O, thy servant, Lord, prepare,
A strict account to give.
- 4 Help me to watch and pray,
And on thyself rely;
Assured, if I my trust betray,
I shall forever die.

210.

Repentance. BEDDOME.

- 1 Did Christ o'er sinners weep,
And shall our cheeks be dry?
Let floods of penitential grief
Burst forth from every eye.
- 2 The Son of God in tears,
Angels with wonder see!
Be thou astonished, O my soul,
He shed those tears for thee.
- 3 He wept that we might weep;
Each sin demands a tear;
In heaven alone no sin is found,
And there's no weeping there.

"FOREVER WITH THE LORD." S. M. Double.

211.

I. B. WOODBURY.

1. "For-ev - er with the Lord," A - men, so let it be; Life

2. My Father's house on high, Home of my soul, how near, At

3. Yet doubts still in - ter - vene, And then my comfort flies; Like

from the dead is in that word; 'Tis im - mor - tal - i - ty; Here in the

times, to faith's far - seeing eye, Thy golden gates ap - pear! Ah, then my

Noah's dove I flit between Rough seas and stormy skies; A - non the

"FOREVER WITH THE LORD." Concluded.

body pent, Absent from him I roam; Yet nightly pitch my moving tent, A

spirit faints, To reach the land I love; The bright inheritance of saints, Je-

clouds de - part, The winds and wa - ters cease, While brightly o'er my gladdened heart Ex-

day's march nearer home. Nearer home, nearer home, A day's march near - er home.

ru - sa - lem a - bove. Home a - bove, home a - bove, Je - ru - sa - lem a - bove.

pands the bow of peace. Bow of peace, bow of peace, Expands the bow of peace.

PLEYEL'S HYMN. 7s.

I. PLEYEL.

212.

1. Children of the Heavenly King, As ye journey, sweetly sing;

2. Ye are traveling home to God, In the way the fathers trod;

3. Shout, ye lit - tle flock, and blest; You on Jesus' throne shall rest;

4. Lord, sub - missive make us go, Glad - ly leaving all be - low;

Sing your Sa - vior's worthy praise, Glorious in his works and ways.

They are hap - py now, and ye Soon their hap - pi - ness shall see.

There your seat is now pre - pared, — There your kingdom and re - ward.

On - ly thou our Lead - er be, And we still will fol - low thee.

213.

Divine Light. TOPLADY.

- 1 O for one celestial ray
From the shining seats of day!
Sun of Righteousness, arise!
Warm our hearts, and charm our eyes.
- 2 Distant from thy blest abode,
Far from glory, far from God,
Now and then we breathe a sigh
Upward to our native sky.
- 3 Melt our chains with heavenly fire;
Love, and joy, and peace inspire!
Make us feel thy grace within;
Thou canst break the power of sin.
- 4 Give, O give us wings to rise
In affection to the skies!
Liberty and joy divine,
Sun of Righteousness, are thine.

214.

The Sweet Communion. TURNER.

- 1 Lord, 'tis sweet to mingle where
Christians meet for social prayer;
O, 'tis sweet with them to raise
Songs of holy joy and praise.
- 2 From thy gracious presence flows
Bliss that softens all our woes;
While thy Spirit's holy fire
Warms our hearts with pure desire.
- 3 Here we supplicate thy throne;
Here thy pardoning grace is known;
Here we learn thy righteous ways,
Taste thy love, and sing thy praise.
- 4 Thus with prayer, and hymns of joy,
We the happy hours employ;
Love, and long to love thee more,
Till from earth to heaven we soar.

215.

Expostulation. URWICK'S COLL.

- 1 Sinner, what has earth to show
Like the joys believers know?
Is thy path of fading flowers
Half so bright, so sweet, as ours?

- 2 Doth a skilful, healing Friend
On thy daily path attend,
And, where thorns and stings abound,
Shed a balm on every wound?
- 3 When the tempest rolls on high,
Hast thou still a Refuge nigh?
Can, O can thy dying breath
Summon one more strong than death?
- 4 Canst thou, in that awful day,
Fearless tread the gloomy way,
Plead a glorious ransom given,
Burst from earth, and soar to heaven?

216.

The Sinner at the Judgment. S. F. SMITH.

- 1 When thy mortal life is fled,
When the death-shades o'er thee spread,
When is finished thy career,
Sinner, where wilt thou appear?
- 2 When the world has passed away,
When draws near the judgment-day,
When the awful trump shall sound,
Say, O where wilt thou be found?
- 3 When the Judge descends in light,
Clothed in majesty and might,
When the wicked quail with fear,
Where, O where wilt thou appear?
- 4 While the Holy Ghost is nigh,
Quickly to the Savior fly;
Then shall peace thy spirit cheer;
Then in heaven shalt thou appear.

217.

Invitation to come to Christ. BARBAULD.

- 1 Come, said Jesus' sacred voice,
Come, and make my paths your choice;
I will guide you to your home;
Weary pilgrim, hither come.
- 2 Sinner, come; for here is found
Balm that flows for every wound;
Peace that ever shall endure;
Rest eternal, sacred, sure.

HENDON. 7s.

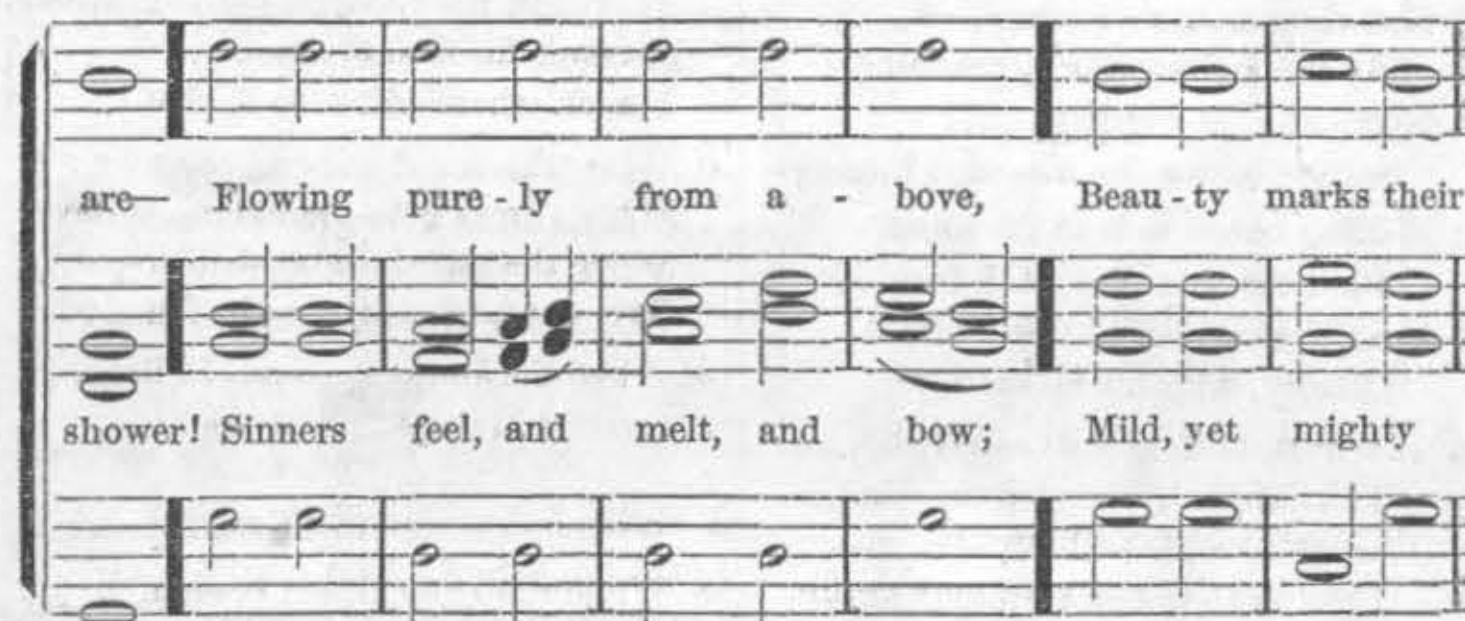
DR. MALAN.

218.



1. Fount of ev - er - last - ing love! Rich thy streams of mer - cy

2. Lo, thy church, thy gar - den now, Blooms beneath the heavenly



are— Flowing pure - ly from a - bove, Beau - ty marks their

shower! Sinners feel, and melt, and bow; Mild, yet mighty



course a - far, Beau - ty marks their course a - far.

is thy power, Mild, yet migh - ty is thy power.

218.

Praise for a Revival. R. PALMER.

- 3 God of grace, before thy throne
Here our warmest thanks we bring;
Thine the glory—thine alone:
Loudest praise to thee we sing.

- 4 Hear, O hear our grateful song;
Let thy Spirit still descend;
Roll the tide of grace along,
Widening, deepening, to the end.

219.

Acceptable Offerings.

- 1 Lord, what offering shall we bring,
At thine altars when we bow?
Hearts, the pure, unsullied spring
Whence the kind affections flow;—
- 2 Soft compassion's feeling soul,
By the melting eye expressed;
Sympathy, at whose control
Sorrow leaves the wounded breast;—
- 3 Willing hands to lead the blind,
Bind the wounded, feed the poor;
Love, embracing all our kind;
Charity, with liberal store.
- 4 Teach us, O thou heavenly King,
Thus to show our grateful mind,
Thus th' accepted offering bring—
Love to thee and all mankind.

220.

Seeking the Spirit. STOCKER.

- 1 Gracious Spirit! Love divine!
Let thy light within me shine;
All my guilty fears remove;
Fill me with thy heavenly love.
- 2 Speak thy pardoning word to me;
Set the burdened sinner free;
Lead me to the Lamb of God;
Wash me in his precious blood.
- 3 Life and peace to me impart;
Seal salvation on my heart;
Dwell thyself within my breast,
Earnest of immortal rest.

- 4 Let me never from thee stray;
Keep me in the narrow way;
Fill my soul with joy divine;
Keep me, Lord, forever thine.

221.

Prayer for Children. CAMPBELL'S COL.

- 1 God of mercy, hear our prayer
For the children thou hast given;
Let them all thy blessing share,—
Grace on earth and bliss in heaven!
- 2 In the morning of their days,
May their hearts be drawn to thee:
Let them learn to lisp thy praise,
In their earliest infancy.
- 3 Cleanse their souls from every stain,
Through the Savior's precious blood;
Let them all be born again,
And be reconciled to God.
- 4 For this mercy, Lord, we cry;
Bend thine ever gracious ear;
While on thee our souls rely,
Hear our prayer, in mercy hear!

222.

Sabbath Evening. S. F. SMITH.

- 1 Softly fades the twilight ray
Of the holy Sabbath day;
Gently as life's setting sun,
When the Christian's course is run.
- 2 Night her solemn mantle spreads
O'er the earth, as daylight fades;
All things tell of calm repose,
At the holy Sabbath's close.
- 3 Still the Spirit lingers near
Where the evening worshipper
Seeks communion with the skies,
Pressing onward to the prize.
- 4 Savior, may our Sabbaths be
Days of peace and joy in thee,
Till in heaven our souls repose,
Where the Sabbath ne'er shall close.

ROSEFIELD. 7s. 6 L.

DR. MALAN.

223.



1. From the cross up-lift - ed high, Where the Savior deigns to die, }
What melodious sounds we hear, Bursting on the ravished ear; }



2. Sprinkled now with blood the throne, Why beneath thy burdens groan? }
On my wounded bo - dy laid, Jus-tice owns the ransom paid; }



"Love's redeeming work is done— Come and welcome, sinner, come!"



Bow the knee, em - brace the Son— Come and welcome, sinner, come!"



223.

Sinners invited to Christ.

- 3 "Spread for thee, the festal board
See, with richest dainties stored;
To thy Father's bosom pressed,
Yet again a child confessed,
Never from his house to roam,
Come and welcome, sinner, come.
- 4 "Soon the days of life shall end:
Lo, I come, your Savior, Friend,
Safe your spirits to convey
To the realms of endless day,—
Up to my eternal home;
Come and welcome, sinner, come."

224.

Sun of Righteousness.

- 1 Christ, whose glory fills the skies,
Christ, the true, the only light,—
Sun of Righteousness! arise,
Triumph o'er the shades of night:
Day-spring from on high! be near;
Day-star! in my heart appear.
- 2 Dark and cheerless is the morn,
If thy light is hid from me;
Joyless is the day's return,
Till thy mercy's beams I see;
Till they inward light impart,—
Peace and gladness to my heart.
- 3 Visit then, this soul of mine,
Pierce the gloom of sin and grief:
Fill me, radiant Sun divine!
Scatter all my unbelief:
More and more thyself display,
Shining to the perfect day.

225.

The Blessings of Adoption. HUMPHRIES.

- 1 Blesséd are the sons of God,
They are bought with Jesus' blood;
They are ransomed from the grave;
Life eternal they shall have:
With them numbered may we be,
Here, and in eternity.

[10*]

- 2 They are justified by grace;
They enjoy the Savior's peace;
All their sins are washed away;
They shall stand in God's great day:
With them numbered may we be,
Here, and in eternity.
- 3 They are lights upon the earth,—
Children of a heavenly birth,—
One with God, with Jesus one;
Glory is in them begun:
With them numbered may we be,
Here, and in eternity.

226.

Child-like Trust in God. ANON.

- 1 Quiet, Lord, my froward heart,
Make me teachable and mild,
Upright, simple, free from art,
Make me as a weaned child:
From distrust and envy free,
Pleased with all that pleases thee.
- 2 What thou shalt to-day provide,
Let me as a child receive;
What to-morrow may betide,
Calmly to thy wisdom leave:
'Tis enough that thou wilt care,—
Why should I the burden bear?

227.

Glory to the King. KELLY.

- 1 Glory, glory to our King!
Crowns unfading wreath his head;
Jesus is the name we sing—
Jesus risen from the dead;
Jesus, Conqueror o'er the grave;
Jesus, mighty now to save.
- 2 Now behold him high enthroned,
Glory beaming from his face,
By adoring angels owned,
God of holiness and grace:
O, for hearts and tongues to sing,
Glory, glory to our King!

ZADOC. 7s. 6 L.

T. HASTINGS.

228.

1. Rock of Ages, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in thee;

2. Should my tears forev - er flow, Should my zeal no languor know,

3. While I draw this fleeting breath, When mine eye - lids close in death,

Let the wa - ter and the blood, From thy wounded side that flowed,

This for sin could not a - tone; Thou must save, and thou a - lone:

When I rise to worlds unknown, And behold thee on thy throne,

Be of sin the per - fect cure; Save me, Lord! and make me pure.

In my hand no price I bring, Simply to thy cross I cling.

Rock of A - ges! cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in thee.

229.

The Sabbath in the Sanctuary.

NEWTON.

- 1 Safely through another week
God has brought us on our way;—
Let us now a blessing seek,
Waiting in his courts to-day;
Day of all the week the best,
Emblem of eternal rest.
- 2 While we seek supplies of grace,
Through the dear Redeemer's name,
Show thy reconciling face,
Take away our sin and shame;
From our worldly cares set free,
May we rest, this day, in thee.
- 3 Here we come thy name to praise;
Let us feel thy presence near;
May thy glory meet our eyes,
While we in thy house appear:
Here afford us, Lord, a taste
Of our everlasting feast.
- 4 May the gospel's joyful sound
Conquer sinners—comfort saints;
Make the fruits of grace abound,
Bring relief from all complaints:
Thus let all our Sabbaths prove,
Till we join the church above.

230.

Sinners urged to accept the Invitation.

ANON.

- 1 Ye who in his courts are found,
Listening to the joyful sound,
Lost and helpless as ye are,
Sons of sorrow, sin, and care,—
Glorify the King of kings,
Take the peace the gospel brings.
- 2 Turn to Christ your longing eyes,
View this bleeding sacrifice;
See, in him, your sins forgiven,
Pardon, holiness, and heaven;
Glorify the King of kings,
Take the peace the gospel brings.

231.

Delight in Christ. DUFFIELD.

- 1 Blessed Savior, thee I love,
All my other joys above;
All my hopes in thee abide,
Thou my hope, and nought beside;
Ever let my glory be,
Only, only, only thee!
- 2 Since the day I called thee "mine,"
Since the answer, "I am thine,"
Sweetly have I walked between
Waters still and pastures green;
Soft thine hand upon my brow,
I the sheep—the Shepherd thou!
- 3 Blessed Savior, thine am I,
Thine to live, and thine to die;
Height or depth, or creature power,
Ne'er shall hide my Savior more;
Ever shall my glory be,
Only, only, only thee!

232.

Morning Prayer. SAC. SONGS.

- 1 In this calm, impressive hour,
Let my prayer ascend on high;
God of mercy, God of power,
Hear me when to thee I cry—
Hear me from thy lofty throne,
For the sake of Christ thy Son.
- 2 With this morning's early ray,
While the shades of night depart,
Let thy beams of light convey
Joy and gladness to my heart:
Now o'er all my steps preside,
And for all my wants provide.
- 3 O what joy that word affords,
"Thou shalt reign o'er all the earth;"
King of kings and Lord of lords,
Send thy gospel-heralds forth:
Now begin thy boundless sway,
Usher in the glorious day.

233.

MARTYN. 7s. Double.

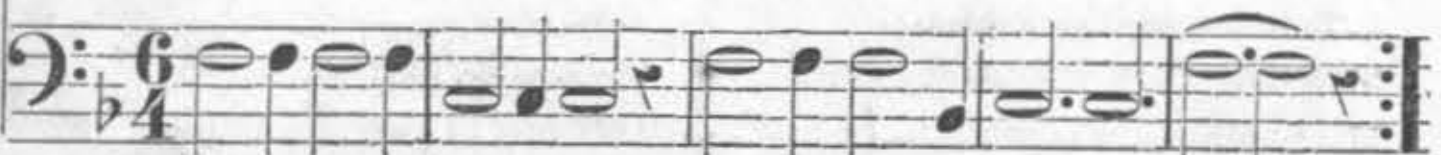
S. B. MARSH.



1. Jesus, lover of my soul, Let me to thy bo-som fly, }
While the billows near me roll, While the tempest still is high; }
D. C. Safe into the haven guide; O, receive my soul at last.



2. Other refuge have I none; Hangs my helpless soul on thee; }
Leave, ah, leave me not alone; Still support and comfort me; }
D. C. Cover my defenceless head With the shadow of thy wing



D. C.



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



D. C.



All my trust on thee is stayed; All my help from thee I bring;



233.

Fleeing to Christ. WESLEY.

3 Thou, O Christ, art all I want;
More than all in thee I find;
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick, and lead the blind.
Just and holy is thy name,
I am all unrighteousness;
False, and full of sin I am,
Thou art full of truth and grace.

234.

Love to the Saints. ANON.

1 People of the living God!
I have sought the world around,
Paths of sin and sorrow trod,
Peace and comfort no where found:
Now to you my spirit turns,—
Turns, a fugitive unblest;
Brethren, where your altar burns,
Oh! receive me into rest.

2 Lonely I no longer roam,
Like the cloud, the wind, the wave,
Where you dwell shall be my home,
Where you die shall be my grave.
Mine the God whom you adore;
Your Redeemer shall be mine;
Earth can fill my soul no more;
Every idol I resign.

235.

Uncertainty of Life. NEWTON.

1 While, with ceaseless course, the sun
Hasted through the former year,
Many souls their race have run,
Never more to meet us here:
Fixed in an eternal state,
They have done with all below;
We a little longer wait,
But how little none can know.

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

3 Thanks for mercies past receive;
Pardon of our sins renew;
Teach us, henceforth, how to live,
With eternity in view;
Bless thy word to old and young;
Fill us with a Savior's love:
When our life's short race is run,
May we dwell with thee above.

236.

The Songs and Bliss of Heaven.

1 High in yonder realms of light,
Dwell the raptured saints above:
Far beyond our feeble sight,
Happy in Immanuel's love:
Pilgrims in this vale of tears,
Once they knew, like us below,
Gloomy doubts, distressing fears,
Torturing pain, and heavy woe.

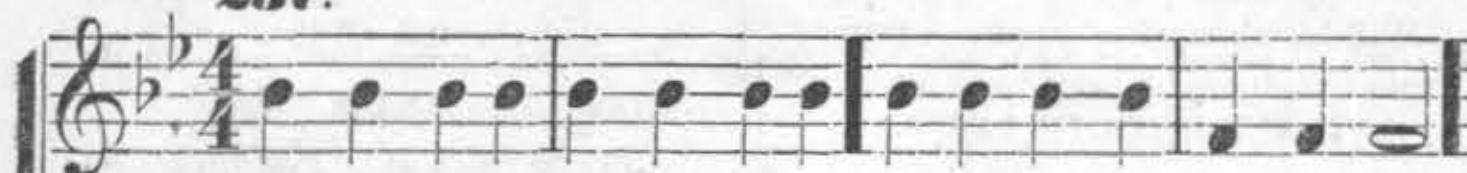
2 Happy spirits! ye are fled
Where no grief can entrance find—
Lulled to rest the aching head,
Soothed the anguish of the mind.
All is tranquil and serene,—
Calm and undisturbed repose:
There no cloud can intervene,
There no angry tempest blows.

3 Every tear is wiped away,
Sighs no more shall heave the breast:
Night is lost in endless day,
Sorrow, in eternal rest.
Mid the chorus of the skies,
Mid th' angelic lyres above,
Hark! their songs melodious rise,
Songs of praise to Jesus' love.

237.

WILMOT. 8s & 7s.

WEBER.



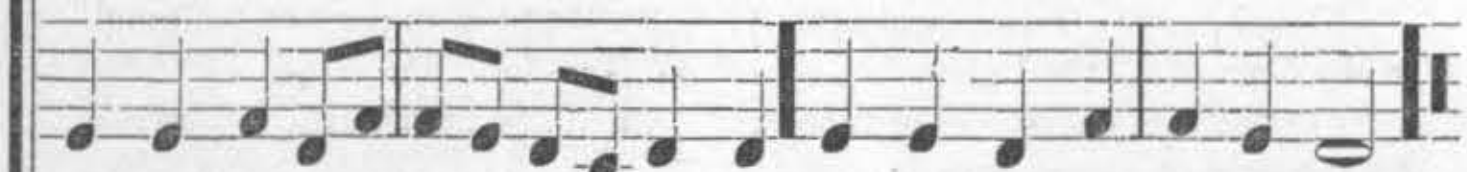
1. God is love; his mer-cy brightens All the path in which we rove;



2. Chance and change are busy ever; Man decays, and a - ges move;



Bliss he wakes, and wo he lightens; God is wisdom, God is love.



But his mercy waneth nev - er; God is wisdom, God is love.



237.

God is Love. BOWRING.

3 E'en the hour that darkest seemeth
Will his changeless goodness prove;
From the gloom his brightness streameth;
God is wisdom, God is love.

4 He with earthly cares entwineth
Hope and comfort from above:
Every where his glory shineth;
God is wisdom, God is love.

238.

The Home Missionary's Example.

G. W. ANDERSON.

1 Onward, herald of the gospel,
Bear thy tidings through the land;
Preach the word, as heaven's apostle,
Sent by Christ's divine command.

2 Jesus, once the gospel preaching,
Through his native Judah went,
Salem's sons in mercy teaching,
Calling Israel to repent.

3 Israel, all his deep love slighting,
Spurning all his tenderness,
Still he followed, still inviting,
Weeping where he could not bless.

4 Follow, then, thy Lord's example;
Toil in hope, nor faint, nor fear;
For thy needs his grace is ample,
At thy side he's ever near.

239.

Glorying in the Cross. BOWRING.

1 In the cross of Christ I glory,
Towering o'er the wrecks of time;
All the light of sacred story
Gathers round its head sublime.

2 When the woes of life o'er-take me,
Hopes deceive, and fears annoy,
Never shall the cross forsake me;
Lo, it glows with peace and joy.

3 When the sun of bliss is beaming
Light and love upon my way,
From the cross the radiance streaming
Adds new lustre to the day.

4 Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure,
By the cross are sanctified;
Peace is there that knows no measure,
Joys that through all time abide.

240.

Praise for Redemption. EPIS. COL.

1 Praise, my soul, the God that sought
thee,
Wretched wanderer, far astray;
Found thee lost, and kindly brought thee
From the paths of death away.

2 Praise, with love's devoutest feeling,
Him who saw thy guilt-born fear,
And, the light of hope revealing,
Bade the blood-stained cross appear.

3 Lord, this bosom's ardent feeling
Vainly would my lips express:
Low before thy footstool kneeling,
Deign thy suppliant's prayer to bless.

4 Let thy grace, my soul's chief treasure,
Love's pure flame within me raise!
And, since words can never measure,
Let my life show forth thy praise!

241.

Sowing and Reaping. CHR. PSALMIST.

1 He that goeth forth with weeping,
Bearing still the precious seed,
Never tiring, never sleeping,
All his labor shall succeed.

2 Then will fall the rain of heaven,
Then the sun of mercy shine;
Precious fruits will then be given,
Through an influence all divine.

3 Sow thy seed; be never weary,
Nor let fears thy mind employ;
Be the prospect ne'er so dreary,
Thou may'st reap the fruits of joy.

4 Lo, the scene of verdure brightening!
See the rising grain appear;
Look again; the fields are whitening;
Sure the harvest time is near.

ZION. 8s, 7s & 4.

T. HASTINGS.

242.

1. { On the mountain's top appearing, Lo! the sacred herald stands! / Welcome news to Zion bearing, Zi-on long in hostile lands. }

2. { Has thy night been long and mournful? Have thy friends unfaithful proved? / Have thy foes been proud and scornful, By thy sighs and tears unmoved? }

3. { God, thy God, will now restore thee; He him-self appears thy Friend; / All thy foes shall flee before thee, Here their boasts and triumphs end: }

4. { Peace and joy shall now attend thee; All thy warfare now be past; / God thy Savior will defend thee; Vic-to-ry is thine at last; }

Mourning captive, God himself will loose thy bands. Mourning captive, &c.

Cease thy mourning; Zion still is well beloved. Cease thy mourning, Zion still, &c.

Great deliverance, Zion's King will surely send. Great deliverance, Zion's King, &c.

All thy conflicts End in everlasting rest. All thy conflicts End in everlasting rest.

243.

God the Pilgrim's Guide and Strength.
OLIVER.

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

244.

Meetings for Worship. ANON.

- 1 Welcome, days of solemn meeting;
Welcome, days of praise and prayer;
Far from earthly scenes retreating,
In your blessings we would share;
Sacred seasons,
In your blessings we would share.
- 2 Be thou near us, blessed Savior,
Still at morn and eve the same;
Give us faith that cannot waver;
Kindle in us heaven's own flame;
Blessed Savior,
Kindle in us heaven's own flame.
- 3 When the fervent heart is glowing,
Holy Spirit, hear that prayer;
When the song of praise is flowing,
Let that song thine impress bear;
Holy Spirit,
Let that song thine impress bear.

245.

Fountain of Life. KELLEY.

- 1 See, from Zion's sacred mountain,
Streams of living water flow;
God has opened there a fountain
That supplies the plains below:
They are blessed
Who its sovereign virtues know.
- 2 Through ten thousand channels flowing,
Streams of mercy find their way;
Life, and health, and joy bestowing,
Making all around look gay:
O ye nations,
Hail the long-expected day.
- 3 Gladdened by the flowing treasure,
All enriching as it goes,
Lo, the desert smiles with pleasure,
Buds and blossoms as the rose:
Every object
Sings for joy where'er it flows.

246.

Preaching the Gospel to the World.
KELLY.

- 1 Men of God, go take your stations:
Darkness reigns throughout the earth;
Go, proclaim among the nations
Joyful news of heavenly birth:
Bear the tidings
Of the Savior's matchless worth.
- 2 What though earth and hell united,
Should oppose the Savior's plan?
Plead his cause, nor be affrighted:
Fear ye not the face of man;
Vain their tumult;
Stop his work they never can.
- 3 When exposed to fearful dangers,
Jesus will his own defend;
Borne afar, 'mid foes and strangers,
Jesus will appear your friend;
And his presence
Shall be with you to the end.

GREENVILLE. 8s & 7s; or 8s, 7s & 4.

247.

J. J. ROUSSEAU.



1. { Come, thou Fount of every blessing, Tune my heart to sing thy grace;
Streams of mercy, never ceasing, Call for songs of loudest praise;
D. C. Raise the mount—O fix me on it, Mount of God's unchanging love. **Fine.**



2. { Here I raise my Eben - e - zer; Hither by thy help I'm come;
And I hope, by thy good pleasure, Safely to ar - rive at home;
D. C. He, to save my soul from danger, In - ter - posed his precious blood.



D. C.



Teach me some me - lo - dious son - net, Sung by flaming tongues a - bove;



Je - sus sought me when a stranger, Wandering from the fold of God;



247.

The Fount of Blessing. ROBINSON.

- 3 O, to grace how great a debtor
Daily I'm constrained to be!
Let that grace, Lord, like a fetter,
Bind my wandering heart to thee.
Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it;
Prone to leave the God I love;
Here's my heart; Lord, take and seal it;
Seal it from thy courts above.

248.

Pleading the Promises. ANON.

- 1 Gently, Lord, O, gently lead us
Through this lowly vale of tears;
And, O Lord, in mercy give us
Thy rich grace in all our fears:
O, refresh us—
O, refresh us with thy grace.
2 Though ten thousand ills beset us
From without and from within,
Jesus says he'll ne'er forget us,
But will save from every sin:
Therefore praise him—
Praise the great Redeemer's name.

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

249.

Welcoming Christ. EVAN. MAG.

- 1 Welcome, welcome, dear Redeemer;
Welcome to this heart of mine;
Lord, I make a full surrender,
Every power and thought be thine,
Thine entirely,
Through eternal ages thine.
2 Known to all to be thy mansion,
Earth and hell will disappear;
Or in vain attempt possession,
When they find the Lord is near;
Shout, O Zion!
Shout, ye saints! the Lord is here.

250.

Children invited to Christ.

HASTINGS.

- 1 Children, hear the melting story
Of the Lamb that once was slain;
'Tis the Lord of life and glory;
Shall he plead with you in vain?
O, receive him,
And salvation now obtain.
2 Yield no more to sin and folly,
So displeasing in his sight;
Jesus loves the pure and holy;
They alone are his delight;
Seek his favor,
And your hearts to him unite.
3 All your sins to him confessing
Who is ready to forgive,
Seek the Savior's richest blessing;
On his precious name believe;
He is waiting;
Will you not his grace receive?

251.

The Missionary's Farewell. S. F. SMITH.

- 1 Yes, my native land, I love thee;
All thy scenes, I love them well:
Friends, connections, happy country,
Can I bid you all farewell?
Can I leave you,
Far in heathen lands to dwell?
2 Home, thy joys are passing lovely—
Joys no stranger heart can tell;
Happy home, indeed I love thee;
Can I, can I say, "Farewell"?
Can I leave thee,
Far in heathen lands to dwell?
3 Yes, I hasten from you gladly,
From the scenes I love so well;
Far away, ye billows, bear me;
Lovely, native land, farewell:
Pleased I leave thee,
Far in heathen lands to dwell.

SICILY. 8s & 7s; or 8s, 7s & 4.

252.

1. Lord, dismiss us with thy blessing, Fill our hearts with joy and peace,

2. Thanks we give, and ad-o-ra-tion, For the gospel's joyful sound;

3. Then, whene'er the signal's given, Us from earth to call a-way,

{ Let us each, thy love pos-sessing, Triumph in re-deeming grace; }
 { O, re-fresh us, O re-fresh us, Travelling through this wilderness. }

{ May the fruits of thy sal-vation In our hearts and lives a-bound: }
 { May thy presence, May thy presence With us ev-ermore be found. }

{ Borne on angels' wings to heaven, Glad the summons to o-bey, }
 { May we ev-er, May we ever Reign with Christ in endless day. }

253.

The Light of the Gospel. COTTERELL.

- 1 O'er the realms of pagan darkness
Let the eye of pity gaze;
See the kindreds of the people,
Lost in sin's bewildering maze;
Darkness brooding
O'er the face of all the earth.
- 2 Light of them that sit in darkness,
Rise and shine, thy blessings bring;
Light to lighten all the Gentiles,
Rise with healing in thy wing;
To thy brightness
Let all kings and nations come.
- 3 May the heathen, now adoring
Idol gods of wood and stone,
Come, and worshipping before thee,
Serve the living God alone;
Let thy glory
Fill the earth as floods the sea.

254.

Zion's captive Daughter. V. G. RAMSEY.

- 1 O that floods of bitter water
From my weeping eyes might flow,
Mourning o'er the captive daughter
Of my people, fallen low!
Fallen, fallen;
Now the scorn of every foe.
- 2 Garments radiant as the morning,
Pure, she wore with angel grace;
Love and truth the bright adorning
Of her fair and glorious face:
O, how fallen,
That her beauties leave no trace!
- 3 Self-destroyed and heaven-forsaken,
Ye who love her, weep and pray;
It may be that God will hearken
To our crying night and day,
And restore her,
Washing all her guilt away.

[11*]

255.

Communion with Christ. ROBINSON.

- 1 Sweet the moments, rich in blessing,
Which before the cross I spend;
Life, and health, and peace possessing,
From the sinner's dying Friend.
- 2 Truly blessed is this station,
Low before his cross to lie,
While I see divine compassion
Beaming in his gracious eye.
- 3 Love and grief my heart dividing,
With my tears his feet I'll bathe;
Constant still, in faith abiding,
Life deriving from his death.
- 4 Here in tender, grateful sorrow,
With my Savior will I stay;
Here new hope and strength will borrow,
Here will love my fears away.

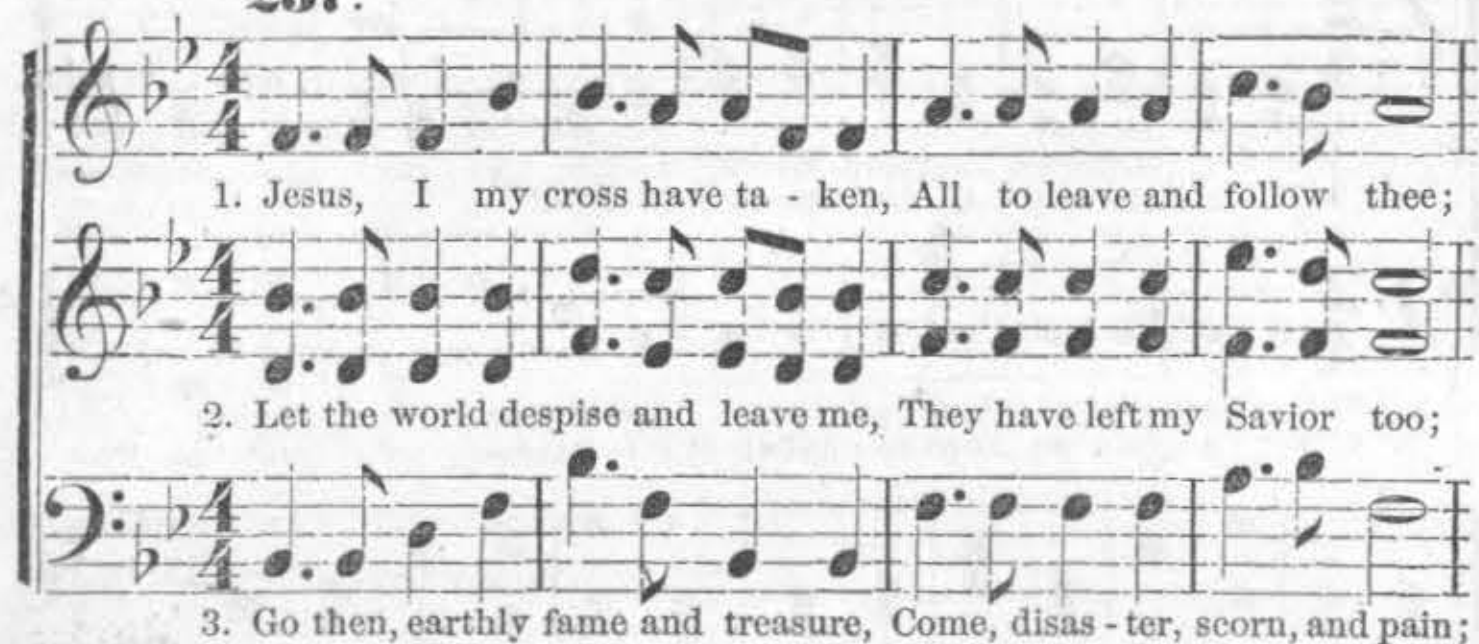
256.

The Christian Encouraged. ANON.

- 1 Onward, Christian, though the region,
Where thou art, be drear and lone;
God has set a guardian legion
Very near thee—press thou on!
- 2 Listen, Christian, their hosanna
Rolled o'er thee,—“God is Love.”
Write upon thy red-cross banner,
“Upward ever,—heaven's above.”
- 3 By the thorn-road, and none other,
Is the mount of vision won;
Tread it without shrinking, brother!
Jesus trod it,—press thou on!
- 4 Be this world the wiser, stronger,
For thy life of pain and peace;
While it needs thee, O, no longer
Pray thou for thy quick release.
- 5 Pray thou, Christian, daily, rather,
That thou be a faithful son;
Pray the prayer of Jesus —“Father,
Not my will, but thine, be done”!

DISCIPLE. 8s & 7s. Double.

257.



1. Jesus, I my cross have ta - ken, All to leave and follow thee;
2. Let the world despise and leave me, They have left my Savior too;
3. Go then, earthly fame and treasure, Come, disas - ter, scorn, and pain;

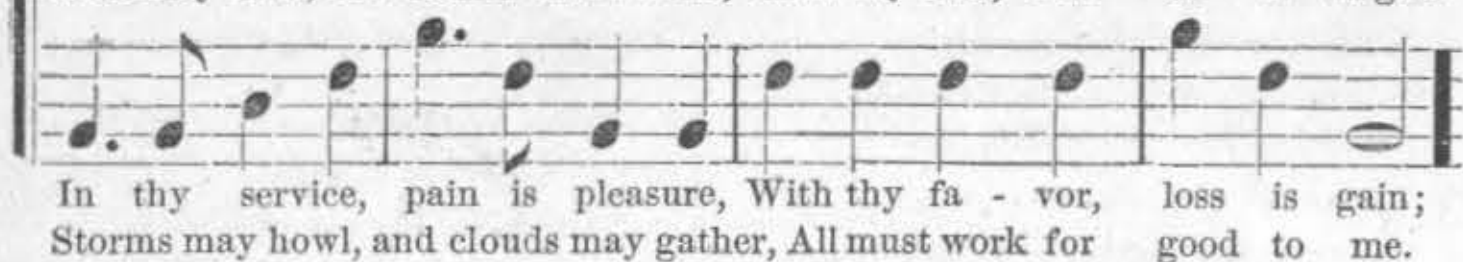
End.



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

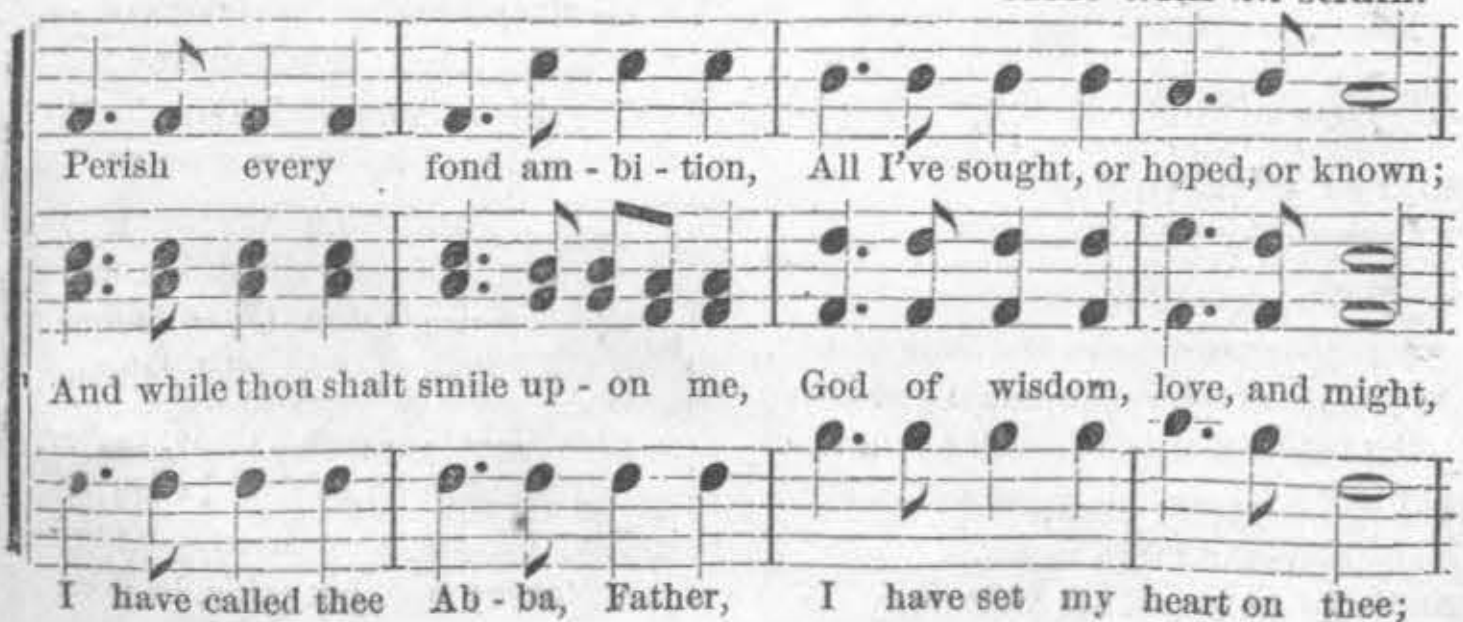


Human hearts and looks deceive me, Thou art not, like them, un - true;
Foes may hate, and friends disown me; Show thy face, and all is bright.



In thy service, pain is pleasure, With thy fa - vor, loss is gain;
Storms may howl, and clouds may gather, All must work for good to me.

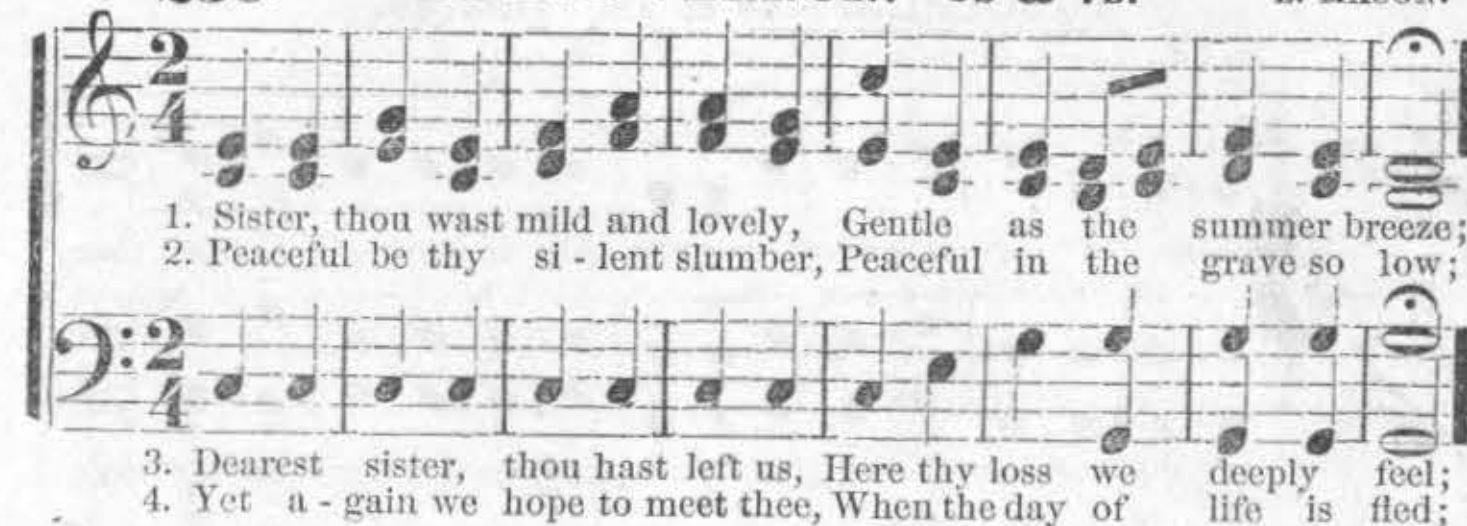
Close with 2d strain.



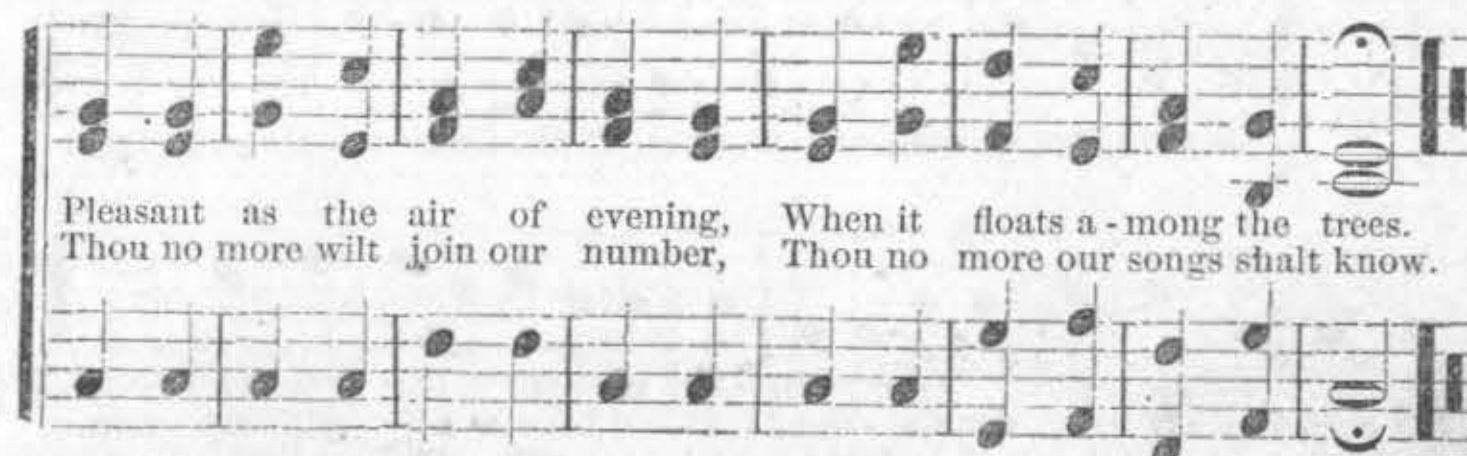
Perish every fond am - bi - tion, All I've sought, or hoped, or known;
And while thou shalt smile up - on me, God of wisdom, love, and might,
I have called thee Ab - ba, Father, I have set my heart on thee;

258. MOUNT VERNON. 8s & 7s.

L. MASON.



1. Sister, thou wast mild and lovely, Gentle as the summer breeze;
2. Peaceful be thy si - lent slumber, Peaceful in the grave so low;
3. Dearest sister, thou hast left us, Here thy loss we deeply feel;
4. Yet a - gain we hope to meet thee, When the day of life is fled;



Pleasant as the air of evening, When it floats a - mong the trees.
Thou no more wilt join our number, Thou no more our songs shalt know.

But 'tis God that hath be - reft us, He can all our sorrows heal.
Then, in heaven, with joy to greet thee, Where no farewell tear is shed.

259.

The Elder Brother. BONAR.

- 1 Yes, for me, for me he careth,
With a brother's tender care;
Yes, with me, with me he shareth
Every burden, every fear.
- 2 Yes, o'er me, o'er me he watcheth,
Ceaseless watcheth, night and day;
Yes, ev'n me, ev'n me he snatcheth
From the perils of the way.
- 3 Yes, for me he standeth pleading,
At the mercy-seat above;
Ever for me interceding,
Constant in untiring love.
- 4 Yes, in me abroad he sheddeth
Joys unearthly, love and light;
And to cover me he spreadeth
His paternal wing of might.
- 5 Yes, in me, in me he dwelleth;
I in him, and he in me!
And my empty soul he filleth,
Here and through eternity.

- 6 Thus I wait for his returning,
Singing all the way to heaven;—
Such the joyful song of morning,
Such the tranquil song of even.

260.

Always with us. NEVIN.

- 1 Always with us, always with us,—
Words of cheer and words of love;
Thus the risen Savior whispers,
From his dwelling-place above.
- 2 With us when we toil in sadness,
Sowing much and reaping none;
Telling us that in the future,
Golden harvests shall be won.
- 3 With us when the storm is sweeping
O'er our pathway dark and drear;
Waking hope within our bosoms,
Stilling every anxious fear.
- 4 With us in the lonely valley,
When we cross the chilling stream;
Lighting up the steps to glory,
With salvation's radiant beam.

LOVE DIVINE. 8s & 7s. Double.

261.

1. Love divine, all love ex - celling, Joy of heaven to earth come down;

2. Breathe, O breathe thy loving Spirit Into every troubled breast!

End.

Fix in us thy humble dwelling, All thy faithful mercies crown;
Vis - it us with thy sal - va - tion, En - ter every trembling heart.

Let us all in thee in - her - it, Let us find thy promised rest:
End of faith, as its be - ginning, Set our hearts at lib - er - ty.

Close with 2d strain.

Je - sus, thou art all com - passion, Pure, un - bounded love thou art;

Take a - way the love of sinning, Al - pha and O - me - ga be,

261.

Divine Love.

ANON.

- 3 Come, almighty to deliver,
Let us all thy life receive!
Suddenly return, and never,
Never more thy temple leave!
Thee we would be always blessing,
Serve thee as thine hosts above;
Pray and praise thee without ceasing,
Glory in thy perfect love.
- 4 Finish, then, thy new creation,
Holy, happy may we be:
Let us see our whole salvation
Perfectly secured by thee:
Changed from glory into glory,
Till in heaven we take our place;
Till we cast our crowns before thee,
Lost in wonder, love and praise.

262.

Christian Activity.

S. D. PHELPS.

- 1 Sons of day! arise from slumbers,
For the sluggish night is gone;
Swell the Savior's marshalled numbers,
Marching where he leadeth on:
Soldiers of the cross, appointed,
'Listed for the glorious war,
In the name of God's Anointed,
Spread your victories afar.
- 2 Bid the trumpet of redemption
Greet our country's farthest shore;
Boldly claim our Lord's pre-emption,
For the agonies he bore.
On the prairie and the mountain,
In the valley rich and fair,
By the river and the fountain,
Plant the Rose of Sharon there.

263.

The Wanderer addressed. GEMS.

- 1 Tell me, wanderer, wildly roving
From the path that leads to peace,
Pleasure's false enchantments loving,
When will thy delusion cease?

- Once, like thee, by joys surrounded,
I could kneel at pleasure's shrine:
Then my brightest hopes were bounded
By delights as false as thine.
- 2 But those visions never blessed me;
Soon their fleeting day was o'er:
Then the world that had caressed me
Charmed me with its smiles no more.
Such is pleasure's transient story:
Lasting happiness is known
Only in the path to glory,—
In the Savior's love alone.

264.

Seeking Rest.

RANKIN.

- 1 Laboring and heavy laden
With my sins, O Lord, I roam;
While I know thou hast invited
All such wanderers to their home.
Make my stubborn spirit willing
To obey thy gracious voice;
At the cross to leave its burden,
And, departing, to rejoice.
- 2 Thy sweet yoke I'd take upon me,
And would learn, O Lord, of thee;
Thou art meek in heart, and lowly;
Teach me like thyself to be.
Rest my weary soul is seeking
From its sins and all its woes;
In thy bosom I would place me,
There to find a blest repose.

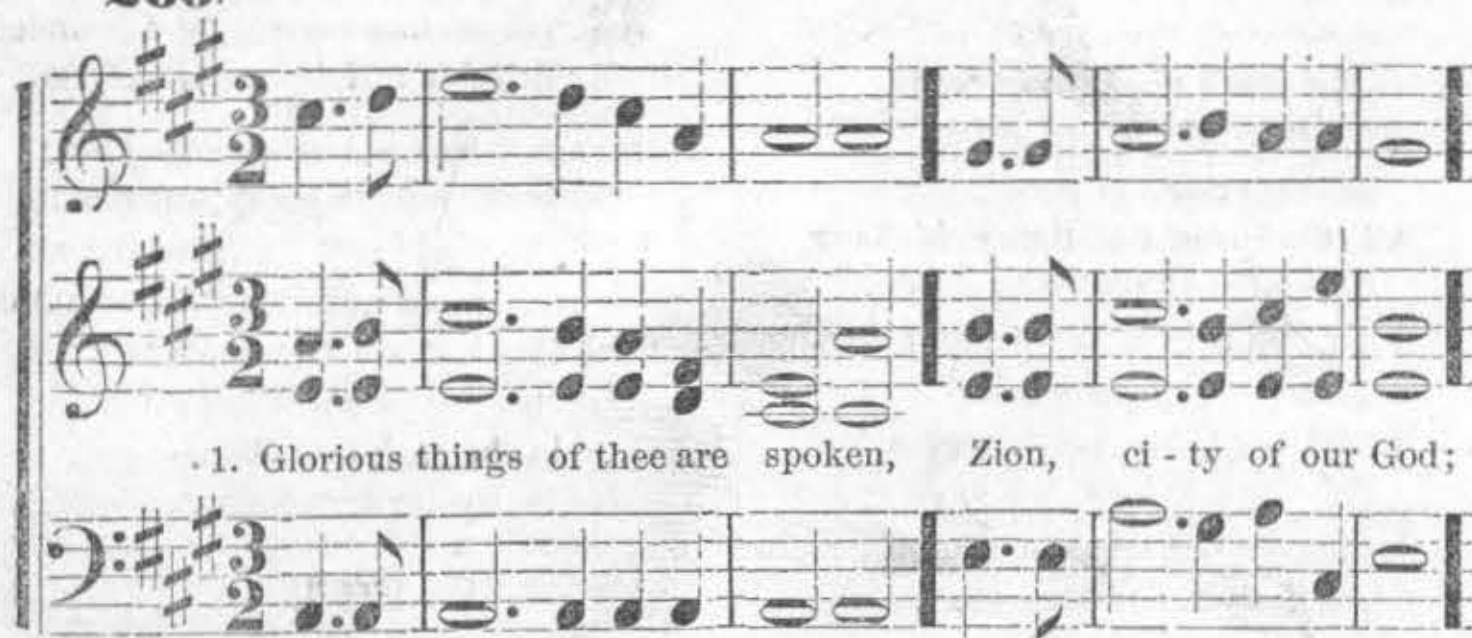
265.

The Good Shepherd. BICKERSTETH.

- 1 Israel's Shepherd, guide me, feed me,
Through my pilgrimage below,
And beside the waters lead me,
Where thy flock, rejoicing, go.
Lord, thy guardian presence ever,
Meekly kneeling, I implore;
I have found thee, and would never,
Never wander from thee more.

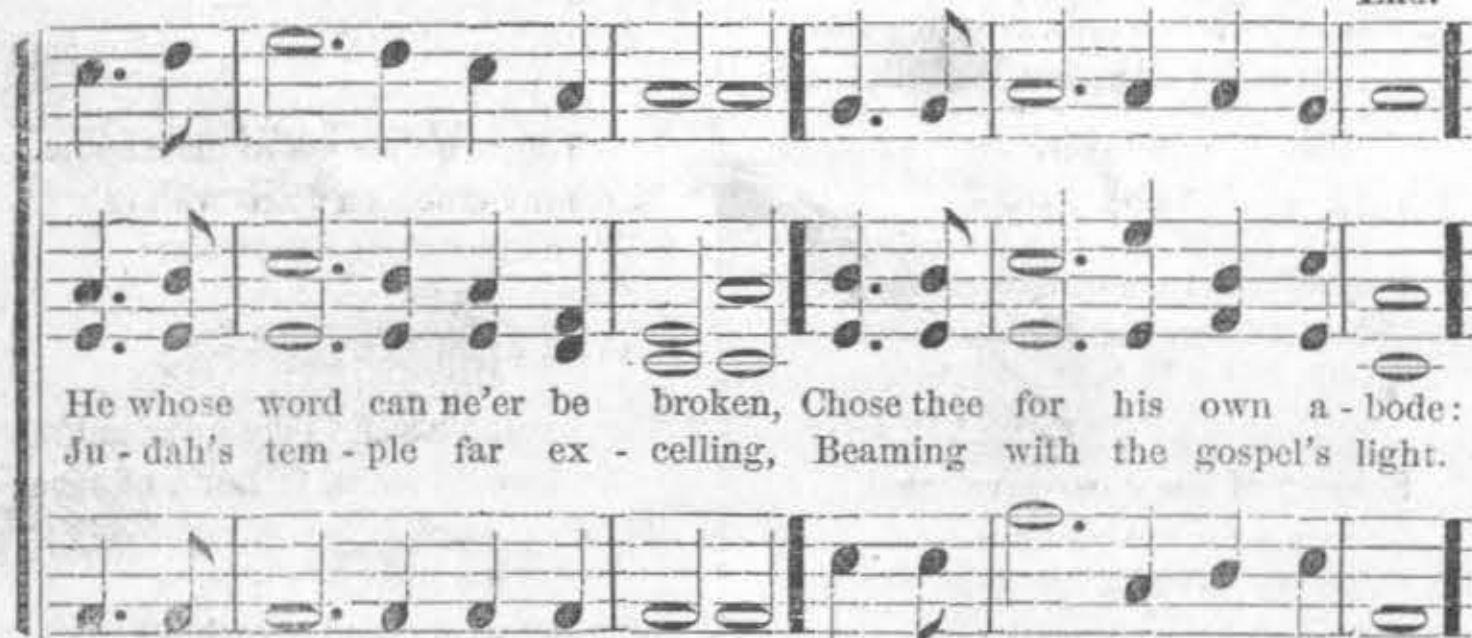
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266.



1. Glorious things of thee are spoken, Zion, ci - ty of our God;

End.

He whose word can ne'er be broken, Chose thee for his own a - bode:
Ju - dah's tem - ple far ex - celling, Beaming with the gospel's light.

Close with 2d strain.



Lord, thy church is still thy dwelling, Still is precious in thy sight,

266.

The Church God's chosen Residence.
NEWTON.

- 2 On the Rock of Ages founded,
What can shake her sure repose?
With salvation's wall surrounded,
She can smile at all her foes.
See, the streams of living waters,
Springing from eternal love,
Well supply her sons and daughters,
And all fear of want remove.

- 3 Round her habitation hovering,
See the cloud and fire appear,
For a glory and a covering,
Showing that the Lord is near.
Glorious things of thee are spoken,
Zion, city of our God;
He whose word can ne'er be broken
Chose thee for his own abode.

267.

Penitence. TURNER.

- 1 Jesus, full of all compassion,
Hear thy humble suppliant's cry;
Let me know thy great salvation;
See, I languish, faint, and die.
Guilty, but with heart relenting,
Overwhelmed with helpless grief,
Prostrate at thy feet repenting,
Send, O, send me quick relief.

- 2 Whither should a wretch be flying
But to him who comfort gives?
Whither, from the dread of dying,
But to him who ever lives?
Saved—the deed shall spread new glory
Through the shining realms above,
Angels sing the pleasing story,
All enraptured with thy love.

268.

Cleansing from Sin by Jesus. ANON.

- 1 Jesus, who on Calvary's mountain
Poured thy precious blood for me,
Wash me in its flowing fountain,
That my soul may spotless be.
I have sinned, but O, restore me;
For unless thou smile on me,
Dark is all the world before me,
Darker yet eternity!

- 2 In thy word I hear thee saying,
"Come and I will give you rest;"
And the gracious call obeying,
See, I hasten to thy breast.
Grant, O, grant thy Spirit's teaching,
That I may not go astray,
Till, the gate of heaven reaching,
Earth and sin are passed away.

269.

Thy Will be done. ANON.

- 1 Jesus, while our hearts are bleeding
O'er the spoils that death has won,
We would, at this solemn meeting,
Calmly say, "Thy will be done."
Though cast down, we're not forsaken,
Though afflicted, not alone;
Thou didst give, and thou hast taken;
Blesséd Lord, "Thy will be done."

- 2 Though to-day we're filled with mourn-
ing,

Mercy still is on the throne;
With thy smiles of love returning,
We can sing, "Thy will be done."
By thy hands the boon was given;
Thou hast taken but thine own:
Lord of earth, and God of heaven,
Evermore "Thy will be done."

270.

Watchful Providence. EDMESTON.

- 1 Savior, breathe an evening blessing,
Ere repose our spirits seal;
Sin and want we come confessing,
Thou canst save and thou canst heal.
Though destruction walk around us,
Though the arrows past us fly,
Angel-guards from thee surround us,
We are safe, if thou art nigh.

- 2 Though the night be dark and dreary,
Darkness cannot hide from thee;
Thou art he who, never weary,
Watchest where thy people be;
Should swift death this night o'ertake us,
And our couch become our tomb;
May the morn in heaven awake us,
Clad in light and deathless bloom.

STOW. H. M. FROM CARMINA SACRA.

271.

1. Yes, the Redeem - er rose; The Savior left the dead;

2. Lo! the an - gel - ic bands In full as - sem - bly meet,
And o'er our hellish foes High raised his conquering head! In
To wait his high commands, And worship at his feet; Joy-

wild dismay, the guards a - round Fall to the ground and sink a - way.
ful they come, and wing their way From realms of day, to Je - sus' tomb.

271.

Jesus Rising and Reigning. DODDRIDGE.

- 3 Then back to heaven they fly,
The joyful news to bear:
Hark! as they soar on high,
What music fills the air!
Their anthems say,—“Jesus, who bled,
Hath left the dead; he rose to-day.”
- 4 Ye mortals! catch the sound,—
Redeemed by him from hell;
And send the echo round
The globe on which you dwell;
Transported, cry,—“Jesus, who bled,
Hath left the dead, no more to die.”

272.

Pleading the Promise of the Spirit.

CAMPBELL'S COL.

- 1 O thou that hearest prayer,
Attend our humble cry,
And let thy servants share
Thy blessing from on high:
We plead the promise of thy word;
Grant us thy Holy Spirit, Lord.
- 2 If earthly parents hear
Their children when they cry,—
If they, with love sincere,
Their varied wants supply,—
Much more wilt thou thy love display,
And answer when thy children pray.
- 3 O, may that sacred fire,
Descending from above,
Our languid hearts inspire
With fervent zeal and love:
Enlighten our beclouded eyes,
And teach our grovelling souls to rise.
- 4 And send thy Spirit down
On all the nations, Lord,
With great success to crown
The preaching of thy word,
Till heathen lands shall own thy sway,
And cast their idol gods away.

[12]

273.

God's Greatness and Condescension.

WATTS.

- 1 The Lord Jehovah reigns;
His throne is built on high;
The garments he assumes
Are light and majesty;
His glories shine | No mortal eye
With beams so bright, | Can bear the sight.
- 2 The thunders of his hand
Keep all the world in awe;
His wrath and justice stand
To guard his holy law;
And where his love | His truth confirms
Resolves to bless, | And seals the grace.
- 3 And can this mighty King
Of glory condescend?
And will he write his name
My Father and my Friend?
I love his name; | Join, all my powers,
I love his word; | And praise the Lord.

274.

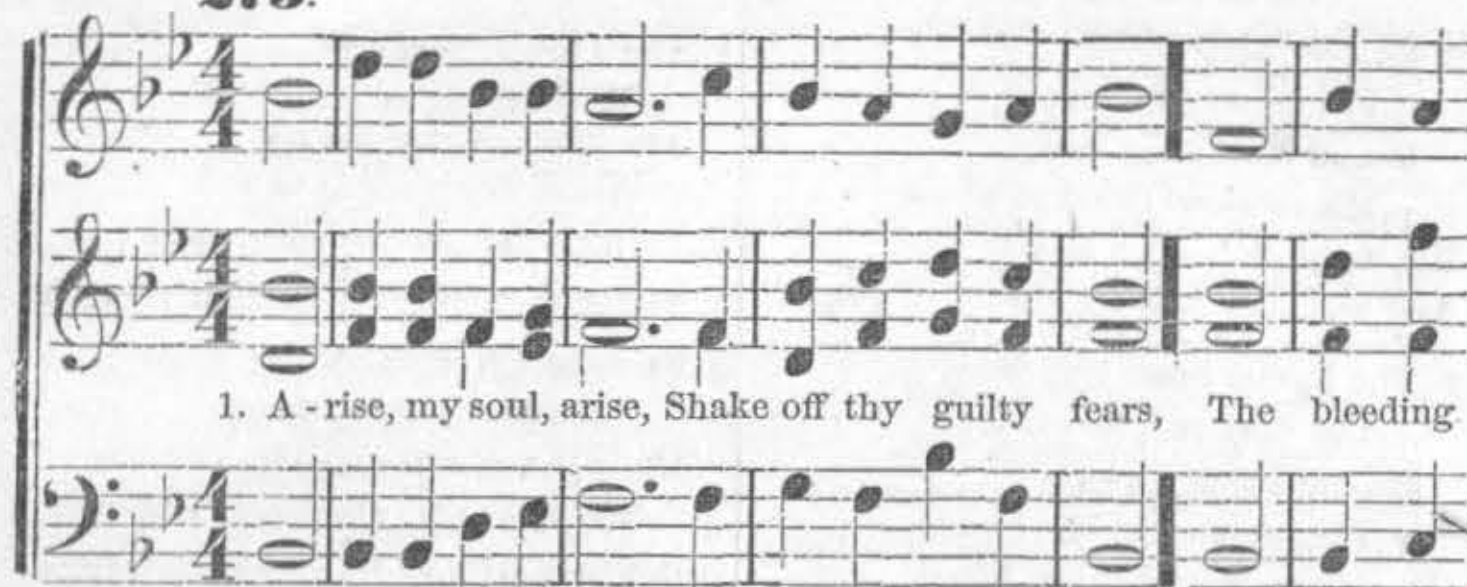
Sabbath Morning. HAYWARD.

- 1 Welcome, delightful morn;
Sweet day of sacred rest,
I hail thy kind return;
Lord, make these moments blest.
From low desires | I soar to reach
And fleeting toys, | Immortal joys.
- 2 Now may the King descend,
And fill his throne of grace;
Thy sceptre, Lord, extend,
While saints address thy face.
Let sinners feel | And learn to know
Thy quickening word, | And fear the Lord.
- 3 Descend, celestial Dove,
With all thy quickening powers;
Disclose a Savior's love,
And bless the sacred hours:
Then shall my soul | Nor Sabbaths be
New life obtain, | Enjoyed in vain.

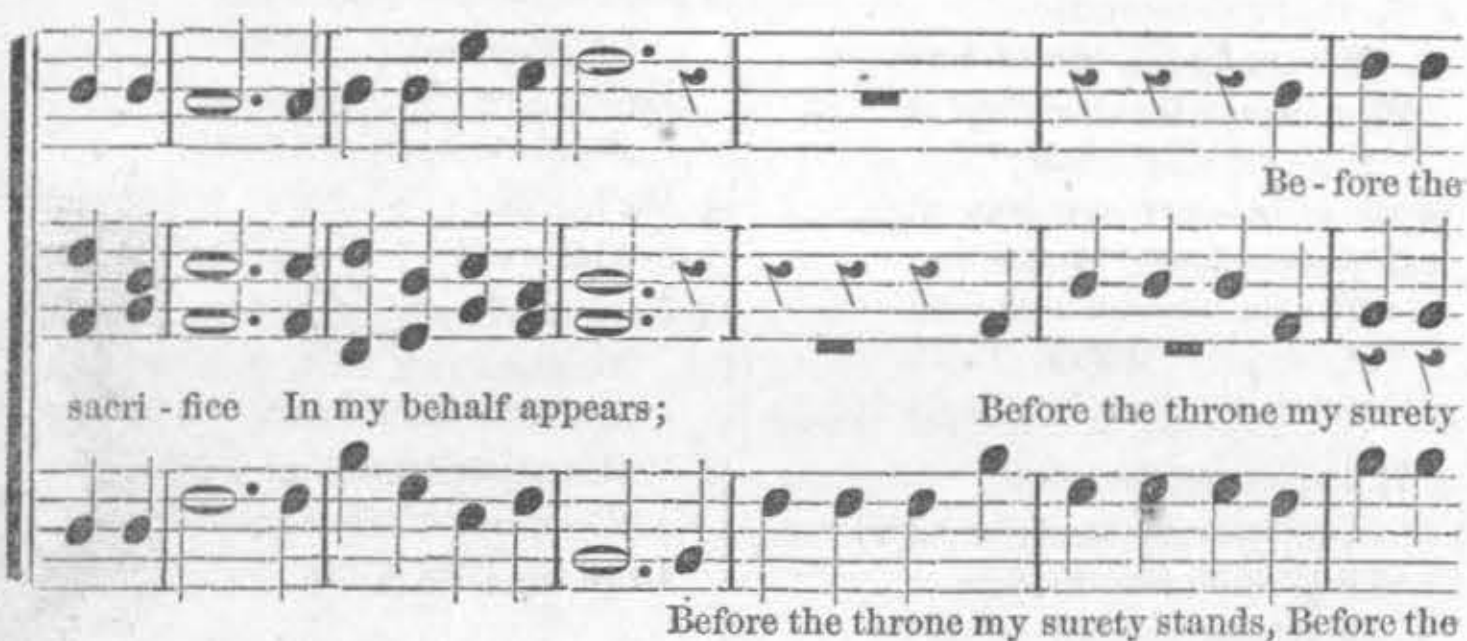
LENOX. H. M.

EDSON.

275.



1. A - rise, my soul, arise, Shake off thy guilty fears, The bleeding

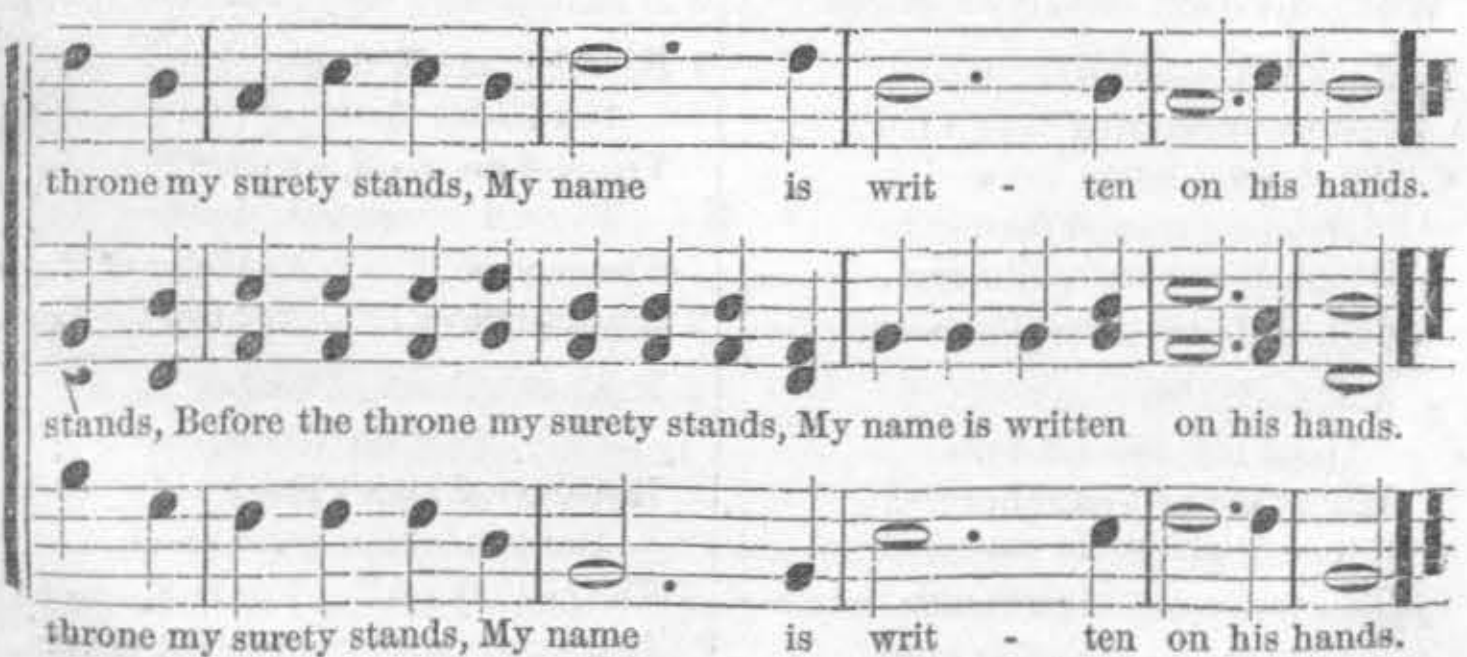


Be - fore the

sacri - fice In my behalf appears;

Before the throne my surety

Before the throne my surety stands, Before the



throne my surety stands, My name is writ - ten on his hands.

stands, Before the throne my surety stands, My name is written on his hands.

throne my surety stands, My name is writ - ten on his hands.

275.

Christ our Sacrifice. WESLEY.

- 2 He ever lives above,
For me to intercede:
His all-redeeming love,
His precious blood to plead;
His blood atoned for all our race,
And sprinkles now the throne of grace.
- 3 The Father hears him pray,
The dear anointed One:
He cannot turn away
The presence of his Son:
His Spirit answers to the blood,
And tells me I am born of God.
- 4 To God I'm reconciled,
His pardoning voice I hear:
He owns me for his child,
I can no longer fear;
With confidence I now draw nigh,
And Father, Abba, Father, cry.

276.

Rejoicing in a Revival. ANON.

- 1 O Zion! tune thy voice,
And raise thy hands on high;
Tell all the earth thy joys,
And boast salvation nigh;
Cheerful in God, arise and shine,
While rays divine stream all abroad.
- 2 He gilds thy mourning face
With beams that cannot fade;
His all-resplendent grace
He pours around thy head;
The nations round, thy form shall view,
With lustre new divinely crowned.
- 3 In honor to his name
Reflect that sacred light;
And loud that grace proclaim
Which makes thy darkness bright;
Pursue his praise, till sovereign love,
In worlds above, the glory raise.

277.

Invitation to Christ. ANON.

- 1 Ye dying sons of men—
Sunk deep in guilt and wo,
The gracious call attend
Which Jesus sends to you.
Ye perishing and helpless come,
In Jesus' arms there yet is room.
- 2 No longer now delay,
Nor vain excuses frame:
He bids you come to-day,
Though poor, and blind, and lame.
All things are ready: sinners, come;
For every trembling soul there's room.
- 3 Believe the heavenly word
His messengers proclaim;
He is a gracious Lord,
And faithful is his name.
Backsliding souls, return and come:
Cast off despair; there yet is room.
- 4 Compelled by bleeding love,
Ye wandering ones, draw near;
Christ calls you from above;
His charming accents hear:
Let whosoever will now come:
In mercy's heart there still is room.

278.

The Jubilee Proclaimed. TOPLADY.

- 1 Blow ye the trumpet!—blow,—
The gladly solemn sound!
Let all the nations know,—
To earth's remotest bound,—
The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.
- 2 Exalt the Lamb of God,—
The sin-atonement Lamb;
Redemption by his blood
Through all the world proclaim:
The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

ARIEL. C. P. M.

L. MASON.

279.

1. Oh, could I speak the matchless worth, Oh, could I sound the

glories forth, Which in my Savior shine! { I'd soar and touch the heavenly strings,
And vie with Gabriel while he sings

dreadful guilt Of sin and wrath divine; { I'd sing his glorious righteousness, }
In which all-perfect, heavenly dress, }

In notes almost di-vine, In notes al-most di-vine.

My soul shall ev-er shine, My soul shall ev-er shine.

279.

Singing the Glory of Christ. MEDLEY.

- 3 I'd sing the characters he bears,
And all the forms of love he wears,
Exalted on his throne;
In loftiest songs of sweetest praise,
I would, to everlasting days,
Make all his glories known.
- 4 Soon the delightful morn will come
When my dear Lord will bring me home,
And I shall see his face;
Then with my Savior, Brother, Friend,
A blest eternity I'll spend,
Triumphant in his grace.

280.

Trusting in Christ for Pardon. TOPLADY.

- 1 O thou, that hear'st the prayer of faith,
Wilt thou not save a soul from death,
That casts itself on thee?
I have no refuge of my own,
But fly to what my Lord hath done,
And suffered once for me.
- 2 Slain in the guilty sinner's stead,
His spotless righteousness I plead,
And his availing blood:
That righteousness my robe shall be,
That merit shall atone for me,
And bring me near to God.
- 3 Then save me from eternal death,
The spirit of adoption breathe,
His consolations send:
By him some word of life impart,
And sweetly whisper to my heart,
"Thy Maker is thy friend."
- 4 The king of terrors then would be
A welcome messenger to me,
To bid me come away;
Unclogged by earth, or earthly things,
I'd mount, I'd fly, with eager wings,
To everlasting day.

[12*]

281.

The Warning Voice. ANON.

- 1 That warning voice, O sinner, hear,
And while salvation lingers near,
The heavenly call obey;
Flee from destruction's downward path,
Flee from the threatening storm of wrath,
That rises o'er thy way.
- 2 That warning voice, O sinner, hear,
Whose accents linger on thine ear,
Thy footsteps now retrace:
Renounce thy sins, and be forgiven,
Believe, become an heir of heaven,
And sing redeeming grace.
- 3 Then, while a voice of pardon speaks,
The storm is hushed, the morning breaks,
The heavens are all serene;
Fresh verdure clothes the beauteous fields,
Joy echoes on the distant hills,
New wonders fill the scene.

282.

Worldliness lamented. STEELE.

- 1 The mind was formed to mount sublime
Beyond the narrow bounds of time,
To everlasting things;
But earthly vapors dim her sight,
And hang, with cold, oppressive weight,
Upon her drooping wings.
- 2 Bright scenes of bliss, unclouded skies,
Invite my soul: O, could I rise,
Nor leave a thought below,
I'd bid farewell to anxious care,
And say to every tempting snare,
Heaven calls, and I must go.
- 3 Heaven calls, and can I yet delay?
Can aught on earth engage my stay?
Ah, wretched, lingering heart!
Come, Lord, with strength, and life, and
light,
Assist and guide my upward flight,
And bid the world depart.

GANGES. C. P. M.

283.

1. A-waked by Sinai's awful sound, My soul in bonds of guilt I found,

2. I heard the law its thunders roll, While guilt lay heavy on my soul—

And knew not where to go: One solemn truth increased my pain—

A vast, oppress-ive load: All creature aid I saw was vain;

The sinner "must be born a-gain," Or sink to endless woe.

The sinner "must be born a-gain," Or drink the wrath of God.

283.

The New Birth. OCCUM.

- 3 The saints I heard with rapture tell
How Jesus conquered death and hell,
To bring salvation near;
Yet still I found this truth remain—
The sinner "must be born again,"
Or sink in deep despair.
- 4 But while I thus in anguish lay,
The bleeding Savior passed that way,
My bondage to remove;
The sinner, once by justice slain,
Now by his grace is born again,
And sings redeeming love.

284.

A Battle-song of the Reformation. ANON.

- 1 Fear not, O little flock, the foe
Who madly seeks your overthrow;
Dread not his rage and power:
What though your courage sometimes
faints!
This seeming triumph o'er God's saints
Lasts but a little hour.
- 2 Fear not! be strong! your cause belongs
To him who can avenge your wrongs;
Leave all to him, your Lord:
Though hidden yet from mortal eyes,
Salvation shall for you arise:
He girdeth on his sword!
- 3 As sure as God's own promise stands,
Not earth, nor hell, with all their bands,
Against us shall prevail:
The Lord shall mock them from his throne;
God is with us, we are his own;
Our victory cannot fail!
- 4 Amen! Lord Jesus, grant our prayer;
Great Captain! now thine arm make bare;
Thy church with strength defend:
So shall all saints and martyrs raise
A joyful chorus to thy praise,
Through ages without end!

285.

The Fulness of Christ's Love. ANON.

- 1 O love divine, how sweet thou art!
When shall I find my willing heart
All taken up by thee?
I thirst, I faint, I die to prove
The greatness of redeeming love,—
The love of Christ to me.
- 2 Stronger his love than death or hell:
No mortal can its riches tell,
Nor first-born sons of light:
In vain they long its depths to see;
They cannot reach the mystery,—
The length, the breadth, the height.
- 3 God only knows the love of God;
Oh that it now were shed abroad
In this poor, stony heart!
For love I sigh, for love I pine;
This only portion, Lord, be mine—
Be mine this better part.
- 4 Oh that I could forever sit
In transport at my Savior's feet!
Be this my happy choice;
My only care, delight, and bliss,
My joy, my heaven on earth, be this,
To hear my Savior's voice.

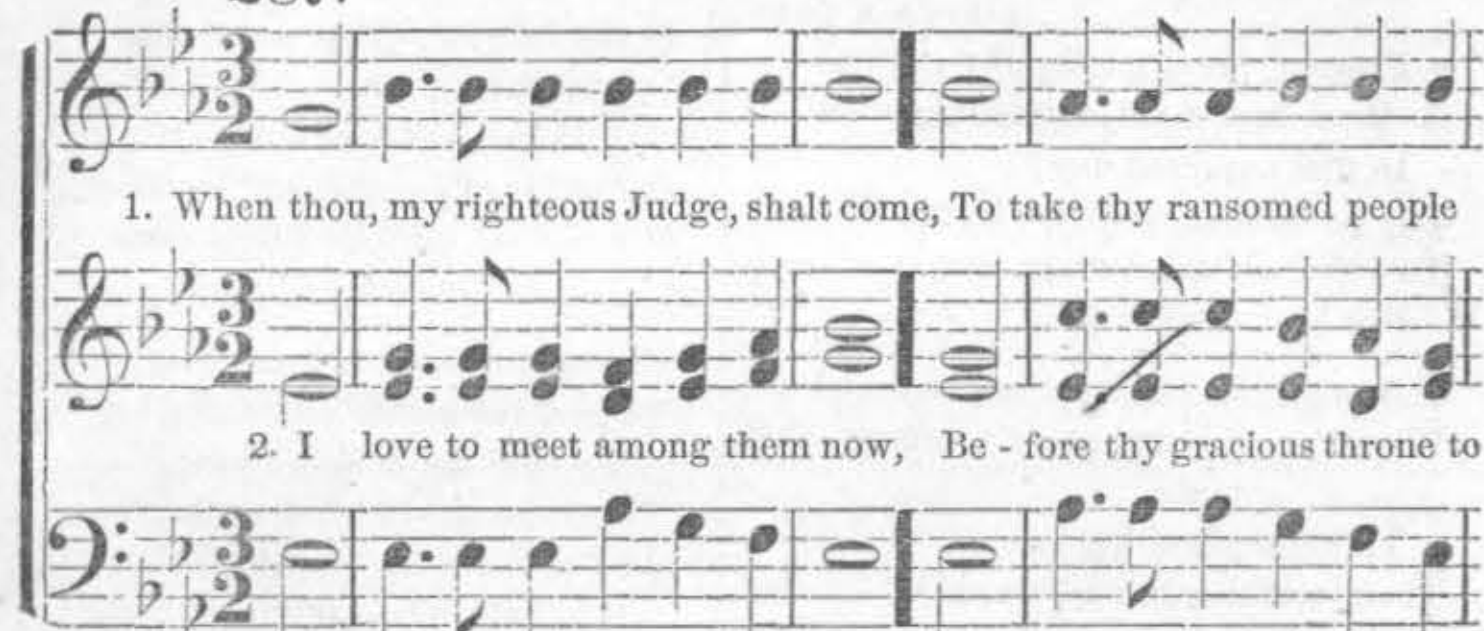
286.

Solemn Meditation. ANON.

- 1 My days, my weeks, my months, my
years,
Fly rapid as the whirling spheres,
Around the steady pole;
Time, like the tide, its motion keeps,
Forever flowing to the deeps,
Where ceaseless ages roll.
- 2 The grave is near the cradle seen,
How swift the moments pass between!
And whisper as they fly—
"Unthinking man, remember this,
That, 'mid thy sublunary bliss,
Thou soon must fade and die!"

MERIBAH. C. P. M. FROM CARMINA SACRA.

287.

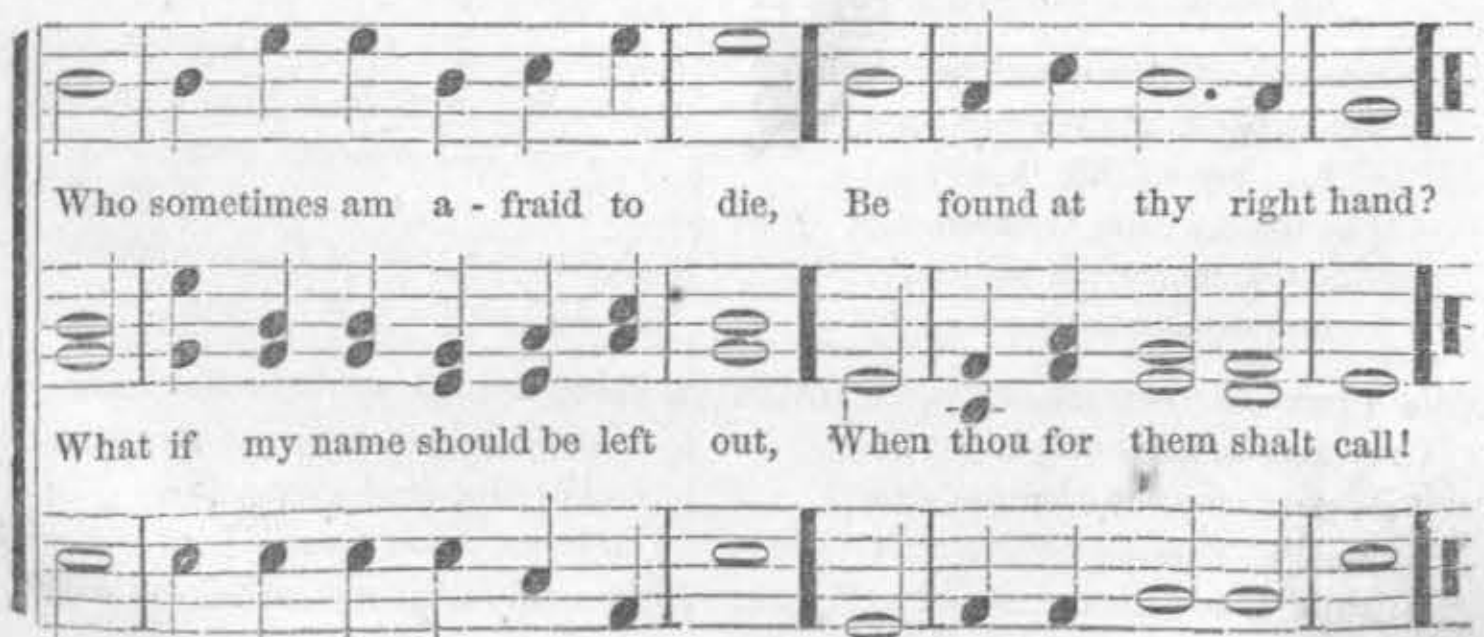


1. When thou, my righteous Judge, shalt come, To take thy ransomed people

2. I love to meet among them now, Be - fore thy gracious throne to



home, Shall I among them stand? Shall such a worthless child as I,
bow, Though weakest of them all; But can I bear the piercing thought,—



Who sometimes am a - fraid to die, Be found at thy right hand?
What if my name should be left out, When thou for them shalt call!

287.

Appearing before the Judge.

RIPPON'S COL.

- 3 Prevent, prevent it by thy grace;
Be thou, dear Lord, my hiding-place
In that expected day;
Thy pardoning voice, O, let me hear,
To still each unbelieving fear,
Nor let me fall, I pray.
- 4 Among thy saints let me be found
Whene'er th' archangel's trump shall
sound,
To see thy smiling face:
Then loud through all the crowd I'll sing,
While heaven's resounding mansions ring
With shouts of boundless grace.

288.

The Happiness of the Christian. ANON.

- 1 How happy is the pilgrim's lot;
How free from every anxious thought,
From worldly hope and fear!
Confined to neither court nor cell,
His soul disdains on earth to dwell,
He only sojourns here.
- 2 This happiness in part is mine,
Already saved from low design,
From every creature love!
Blest with the scorn of finite good,
My soul is lightened of its load,
And seeks the things above.
- 3 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!
- 4 I come, thy servant, Lord, replies;
I come to meet thee in the skies,
And claim my heavenly rest!
Now let the pilgrim's journey end;
Now, O my Savior, Brother, Friend,
Receive me to thy breast!

289.

Christmas Hymn. MISS ROSCOE.

- 1 O, let your mingling voices rise,
In grateful rapture, to the skies,
And hail a Savior's birth!
Let songs of joy the day proclaim,
When Jesus all-triumphant came
To bless the sons of earth.
- 2 He came to bid the weary rest,
To heal the sinner's wounded breast,
To bind the broken heart,
To spread the light of truth around,
And to the world's remotest bound
The heavenly gift impart.
- 3 He came our trembling souls to save
From sin, from sorrow, and the grave,
And chase our fears away;
Victorious over death and time,
To lead us to a happier clime,
Where reigns eternal day.

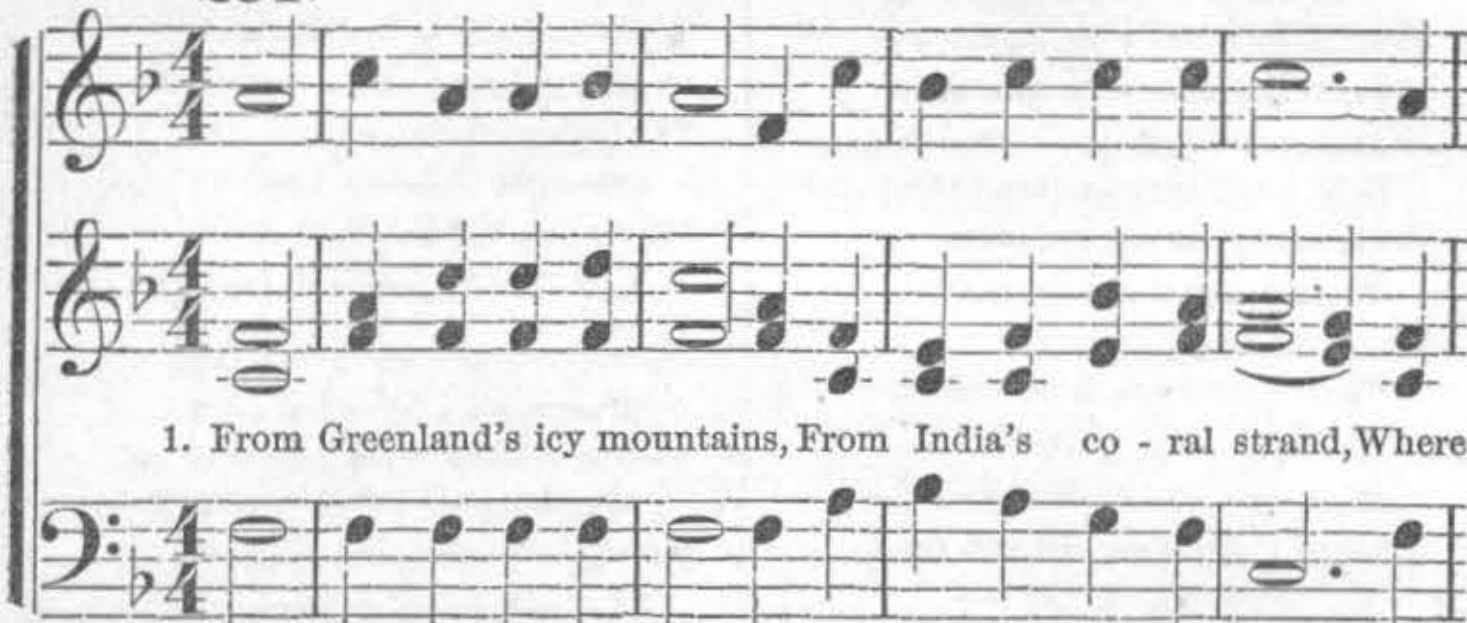
290.

Yielding to God. ANON.

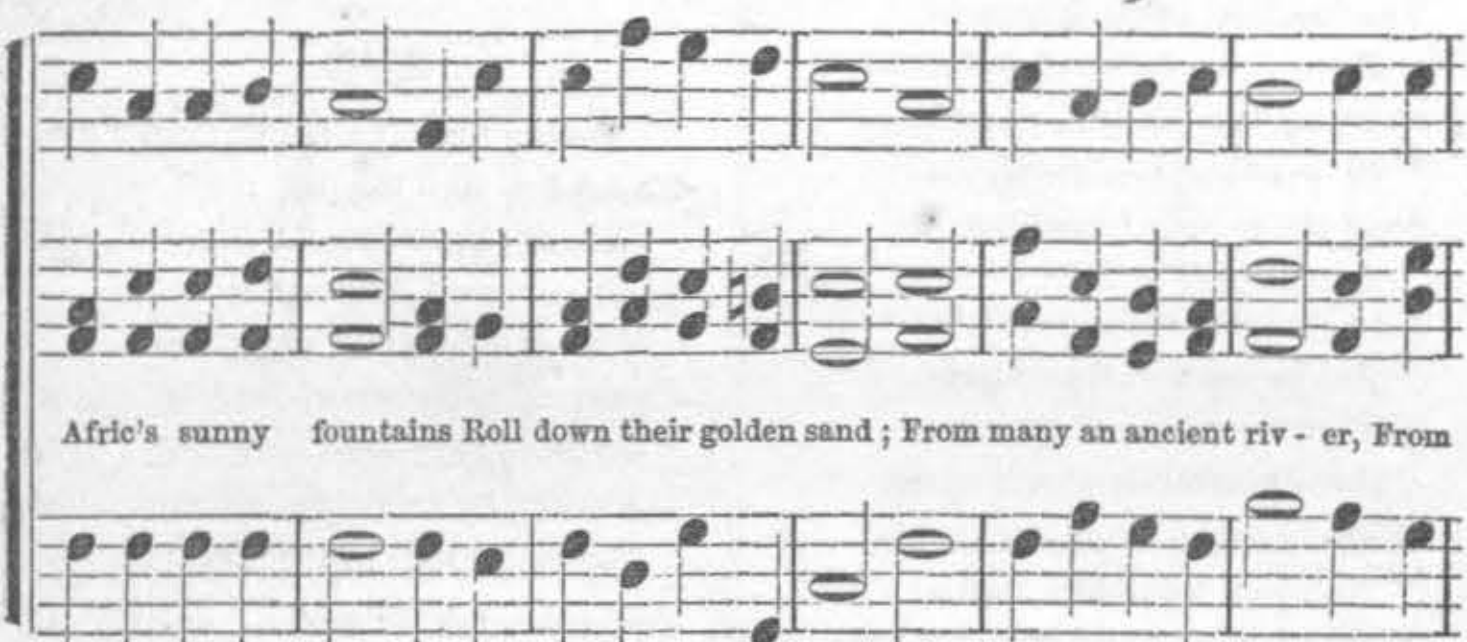
- 1 Lord, thou hast won—at length I yield;
My heart, by mighty grace compelled,
Surrenders all to thee:
Against thy terrors long I strove,
But who can stand against thy love?
Love conquers even me.
- 2 If thou had'st bid thy thunders roll,
And lightnings flash to awe my soul,
I still had stubborn been;
But mercy has my heart subdued,
A bleeding Savior I have viewed,
And now I hate my sin.
- 3 Now, Lord, I would be thine alone;
Come take possession of thine own,
For thou hast set me free;
Released from Satan's hard command,
See all my powers in waiting stand,
To be employed by thee.

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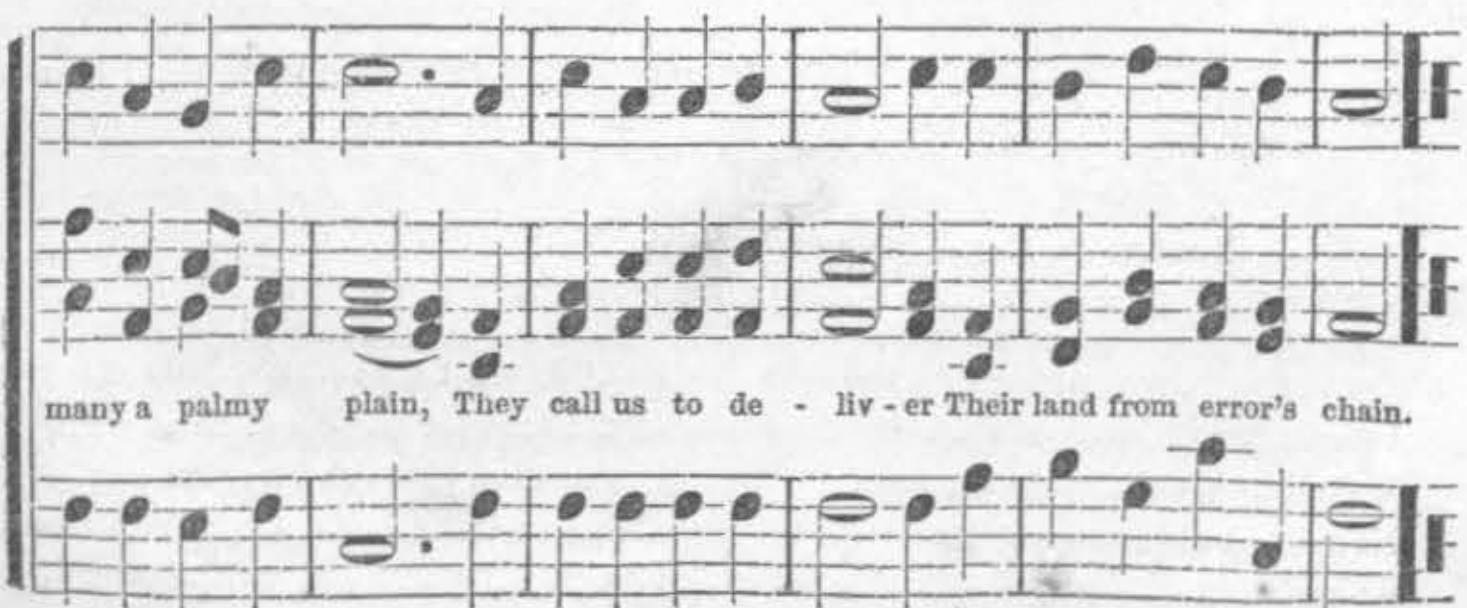
291.



1. From Greenland's icy mountains, From India's co - ral strand, Where



Afric's sunny fountains Roll down their golden sand; From many an ancient riv - er, From



many a palmy plain, They call us to de - liv - er Their land from error's chain.

291.

The State of the Heathen. HEBER.

1 From Greenland's icy mountains,
From India's coral strand,
Where Afric's sunny fountains
Roll down their golden sand;
From many an ancient river,
From many a palmy plain,
They call us to deliver
Their land from error's chain.

2 What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle,—
Though every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile?—
In vain with lavish kindness
The gifts of God are strewn;
The heathen, in his blindness,
Bows down to wood and stone.

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

4 Waft—waft, ye winds, his story,
And you, ye waters, roll,—
Till, like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole;
Till o'er our ransomed nature,
The Lamb for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss returns to reign.

292.

Trusting in God. ANON.

1 In heavenly love abiding,
No change my heart shall fear,
And safe is such confiding,
For nothing changes here:
The storm may roar without me,
My heart may low be laid,
But God is round about me,
And can I be dismayed?

2 Wherever he may guide me,
No want shall turn me back;
My Shepherd is beside me,
And nothing can I lack:
His wisdom ever waketh,
His sight is never dim:
He knows the way he taketh,
And I will walk with him.

3 Green pastures are before me,
Which yet I have not seen;
Bright skies will soon be o'er me,
Where darkest clouds have been:
My hope I cannot measure;
My path to life is free;
My Savior has my treasure,
And he will walk with me.

293.

Remembering God. W. L. DENNIS.

1 Remember thy Creator,
Give ear to Wisdom's voice;
Heed not the subtle traitor,
That would delay thy choice.
Come, ere the night of sorrow
Shroud every hope in gloom;
Come to the cross, and borrow
A light to gild the tomb.

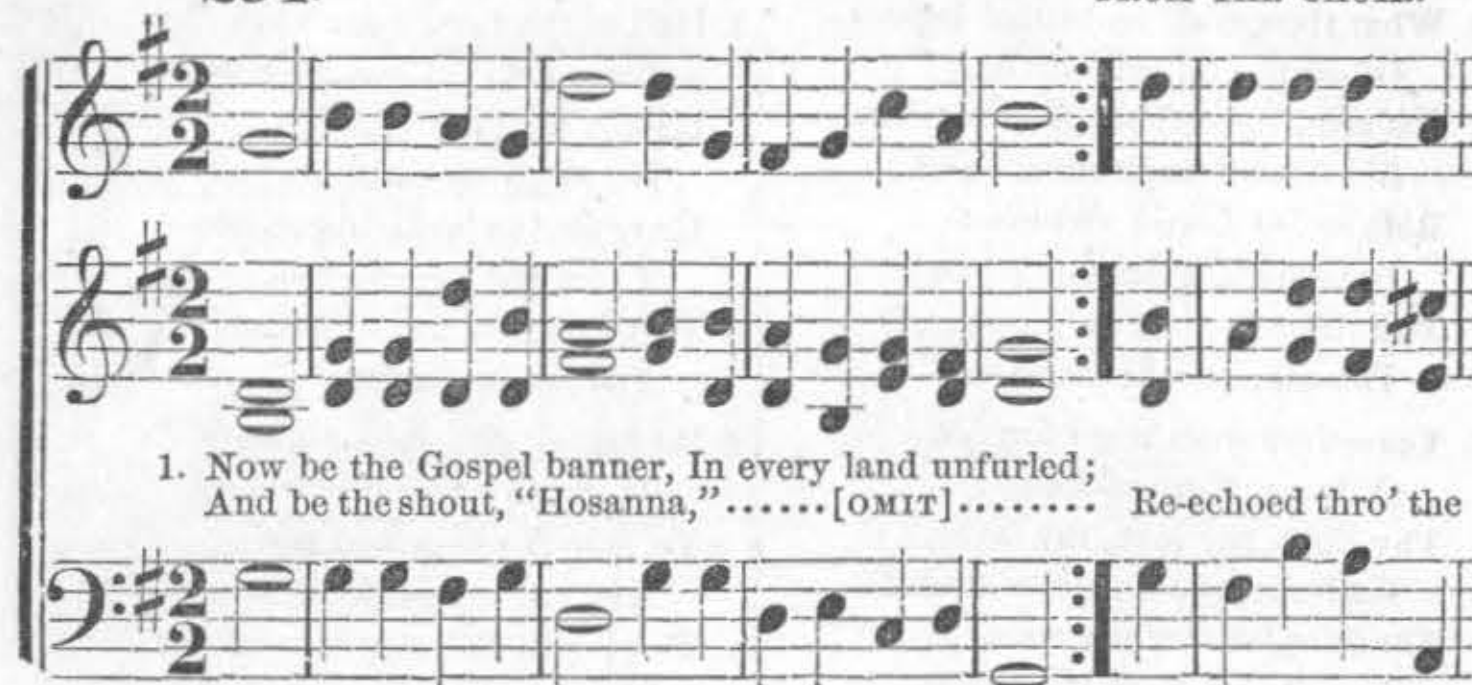
2 Remember thy Creator,
Who gave his Son to save,
And in our fallen nature,
Stooped to the darksome grave;
He died to purchase pardon,
He lives to plead above;
Ere sin thy heart shall harden,
Embrace his offered love.

3 Remember thy Creator,
For he remembers thee,
At earliest dawn and later,
On land and on the sea;
Go to the cross, confessing
The sins of youthful days,
And grace, thy soul possessing,
Shall tune thy lips to praise.

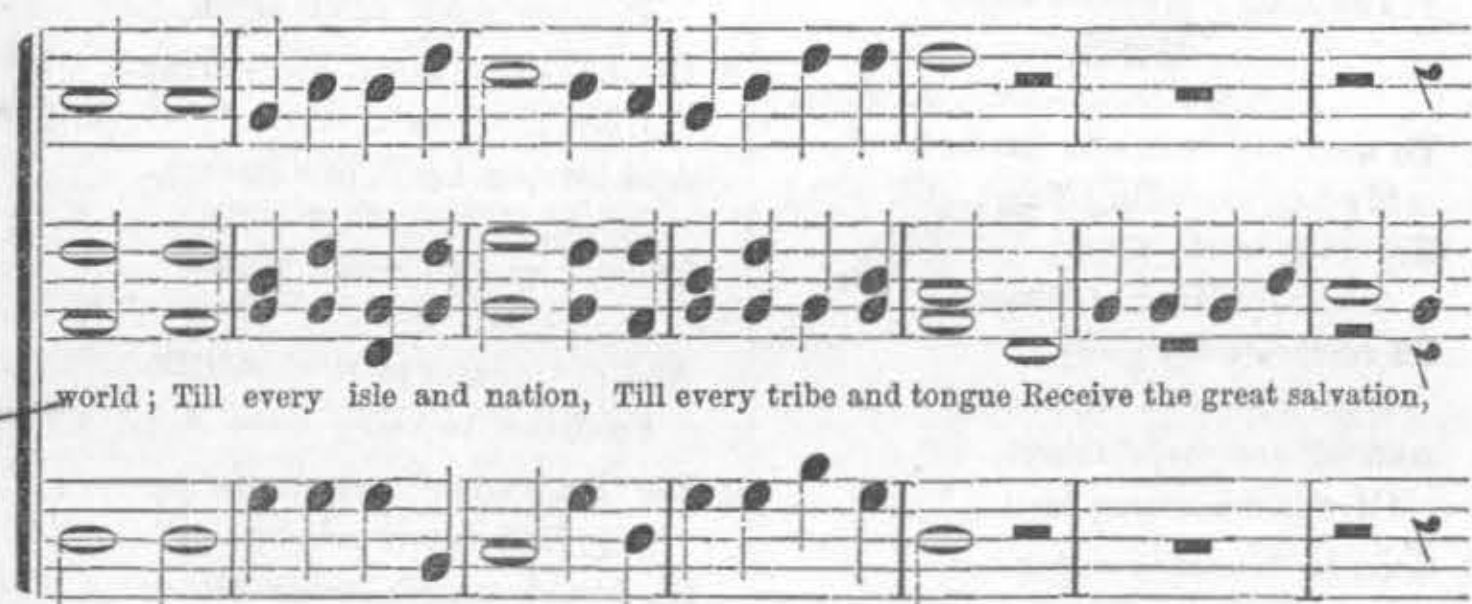
YARMOUTH. 7s & 6s.

294.


FROM THE CHOIR.



1. Now be the Gospel banner, In every land unfurled;
And be the shout, "Hosanna," [OMIT] Re-echoed thro' the



world; Till every isle and nation, Till every tribe and tongue Receive the great salvation,



Receive the great salva - tion, Receive the great sal - va - tion, And join the happy throng.

294.

Spread of the Gospel.

- 2 What though th' embattled legions
Of earth and hell combine?
His arm, throughout their regions,
Shall soon resplendent shine:
Ride on, O Lord! victorious,
Immanuel, Prince of peace!
Thy triumph shall be glorious,
Thy empire still increase.
- 3 Yes—thou shalt reign forever,
O Jesus, King of kings!
Thy light, thy love, thy favor,
Each ransomed captive sings:
The isles for thee are waiting,
The deserts learn thy praise,
The hills and valleys greeting,
The song responsive raise.

295.

Praise to the Savior. HAWEIS.

- 1 To thee, my God and Savior!
My heart exulting sings,
Rejoicing in thy favor,
Almighty King of kings!
I'll celebrate thy glory,
With all thy saints above,
And tell the joyful story
Of thy redeeming love.
- 2 Soon as the morn with roses
Bedecks the dewy east,
And when the sun reposes
Upon the ocean's breast;
My voice, in supplication,
Well-pleased the Lord shall hear;
Oh! grant me thy salvation,
And to my soul draw near.
- 3 By thee, through life supported,
I'll pass the dangerous road,
With heavenly hosts escorted
Up to thy bright abode;
Then cast my crown before thee,
And all my conflicts o'er,
Unceasingly adore thee;—
What could an angel more?

[13]

296.

The Blessings of Christ's Kingdom.

- 1 Hail to the Lord's anointed,
Great David's greater Son!
Hail in the time appointed,
His reign on earth begun!
He comes to break oppression,
To set the captive free,
To take away transgression,
And rule in equity.
- 2 He comes with succor speedy,
To those who suffer wrong;
To help the poor and needy,
And bid the weak be strong;
To give them songs for sighing,
Their darkness turn to light,
Whose souls, condemned and dying,
Were precious in his sight.
- 3 He shall come down, like showers
Upon the fruitful earth,
And love, and joy, like flowers,
Spring in his path to birth:
Before him on the mountains,
Shall peace, the herald, go;
And righteousness, in fountains,
From hill to valley flow.
- 4 For him shall prayer unceasing
And daily vows ascend;
His kingdom still increasing,—
A kingdom without end:
The tide of time shall never
His covenant remove;
His name shall stand forever,
That name to us is—Love.

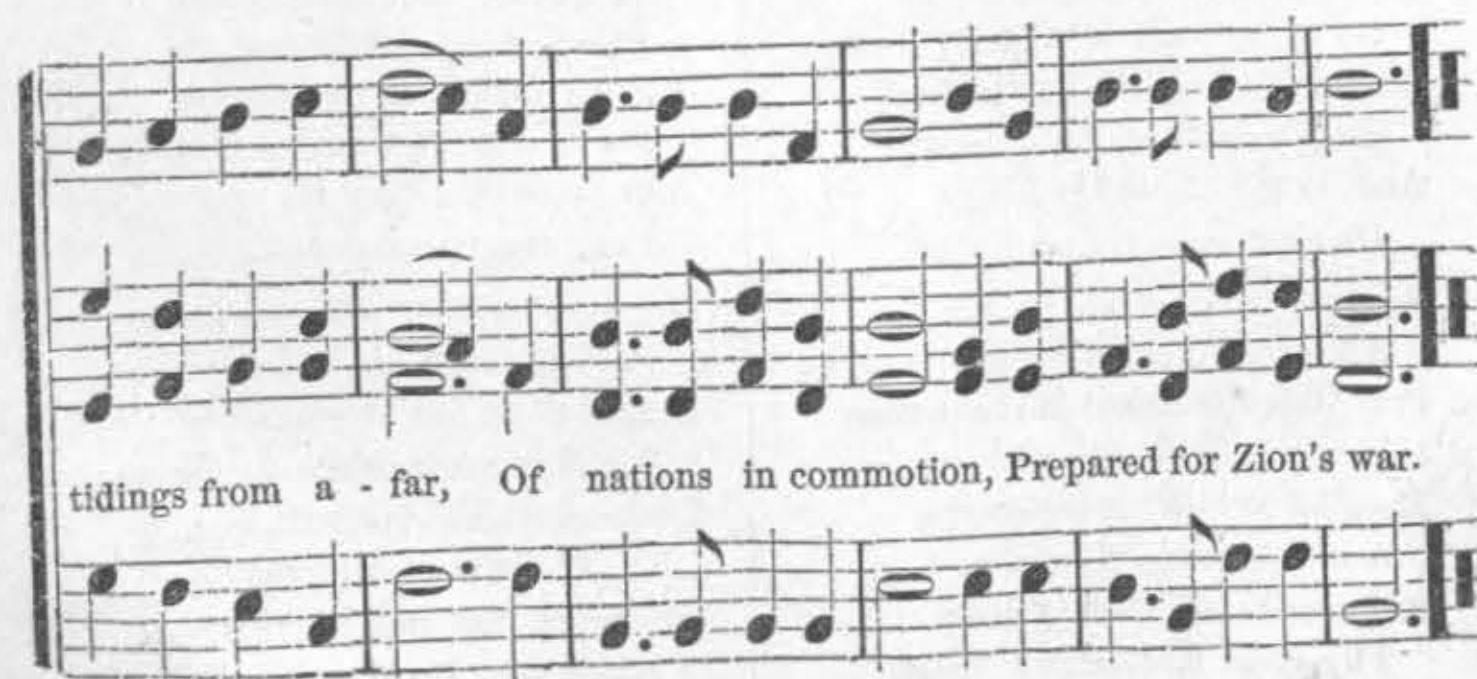
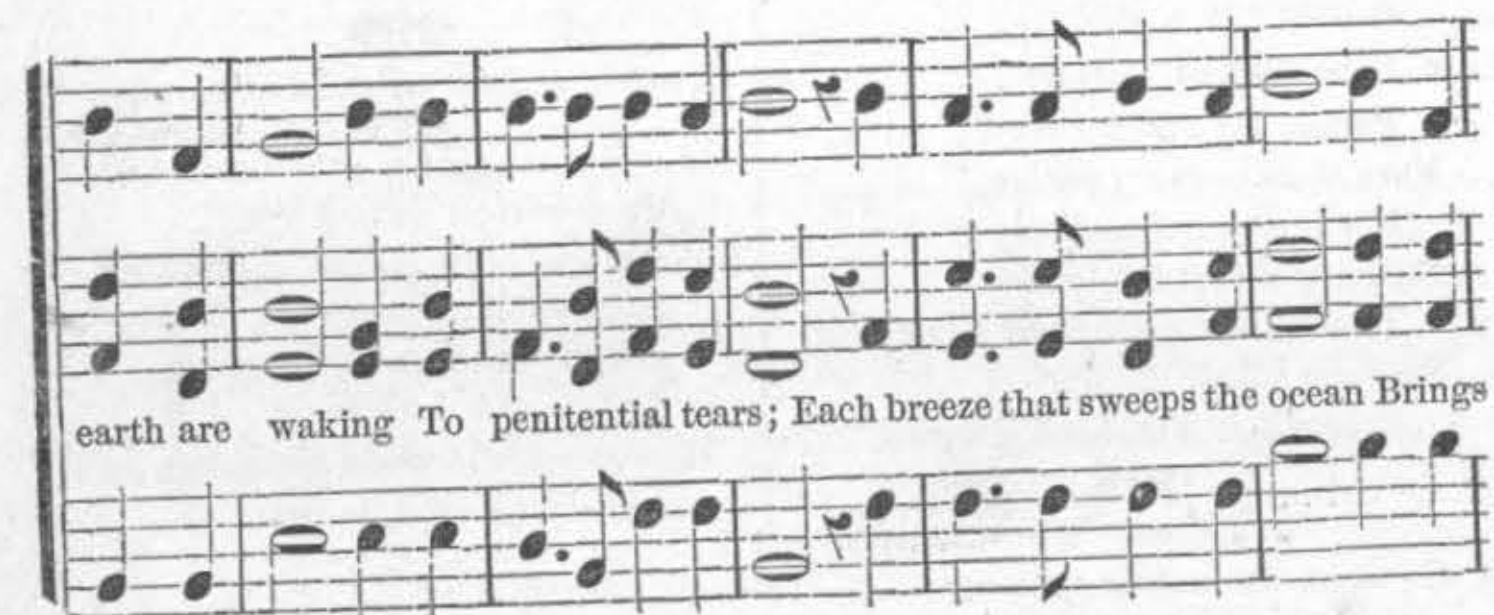
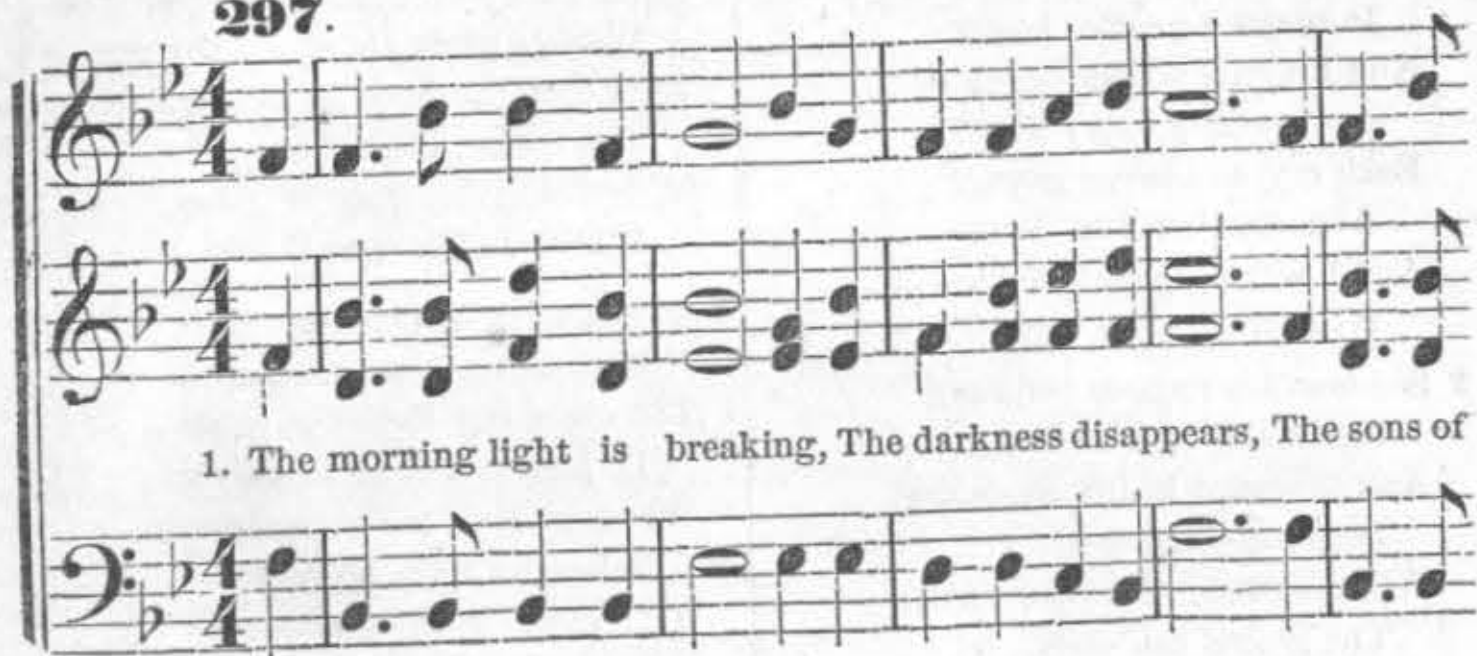
Doxology.

- To thee be praise forever,
Thou glorious King of kings!
Thy wondrous love and favor
Each ransomed spirit sings:
We'll celebrate thy glory
With all thy saints above,
And shout the joyful story
Of thy redeeming love.

MORNING LIGHT. 7s & 6s.

G. J. WEBB.

297.



297.

Rejoicing in a Revival.

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

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

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

298.

Prayer. EDIN. LIT. REV.

1 Go when the morning shineth,
Go when the noon is bright,
Go when the eve declineth,
Go in the hush of night;
Go with pure mind and feeling,
Fling earthly thought away,
And, in thy closet kneeling,
Do thou in secret pray.

2 Remember all who love thee,
All who are loved by thee;
Pray, too, for those who hate thee,
If any such there be;
Then for thyself, in meekness,
A blessing humbly claim,
And blend with each petition
Thy great Redeemer's name.

3 Or, if 'tis e'er denied thee

In solitude to pray,
Should holy thoughts come o'er thee
When friends are round thy way,
E'en then the silent breathing,
Thy spirit raised above,
Will reach his throne of glory,
Where dwells eternal love.

4 O, not a joy or blessing

With this can we compare—
The grace our Father gave us
To pour our souls in prayer:
Whene'er thou pin'st in sadness,
Before his footstool fall;
Remember, in thy gladness,
His love who gave thee all.

299.

Secret Prayer the Balm of Sorrow.

G. B. IDE.

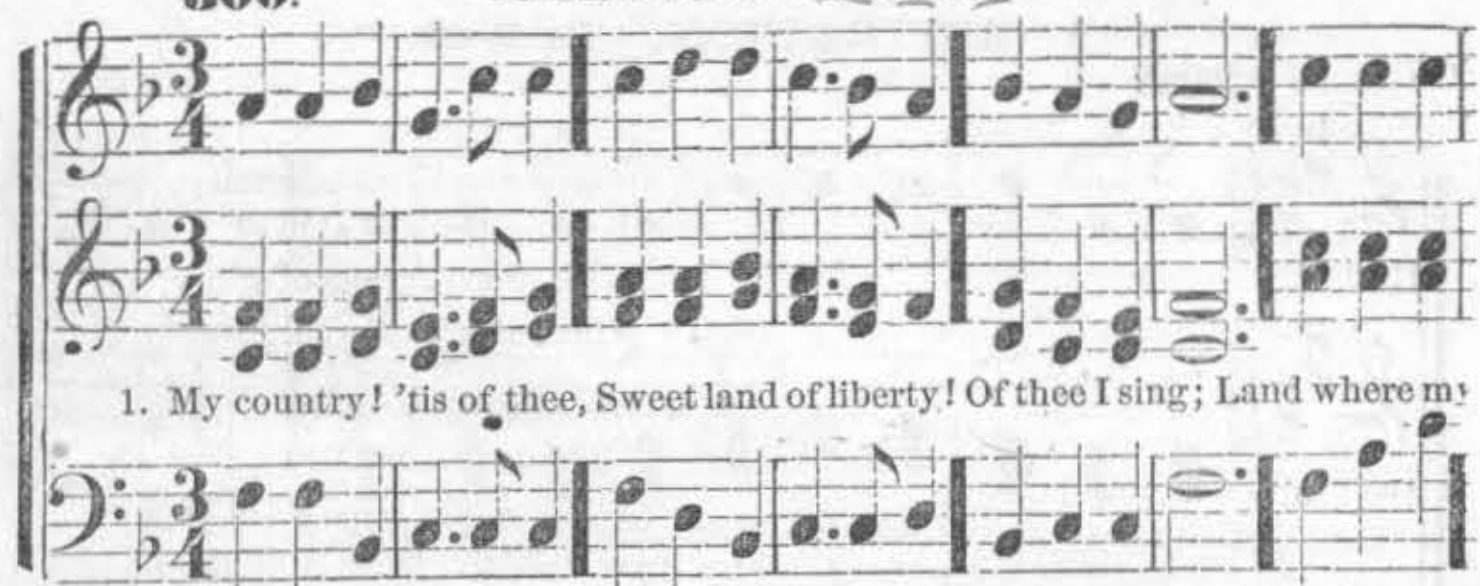
1 O, when the tear is gushing
From sorrow's faded eye,
When gathering storms are rushing
Across the gloomy sky;
When the full heart is breaking,
And hope is far away,
How sweet, the world forsaking,
Alone with God, to pray.

2 The mourner, lowly bending,
Flies to the Savior's feet,
And healing balm, descending
From Mercy's holy seat,
The joy that earth gives never
Sheds o'er the troubled breast;
And peace that lasts for ever
Lulls every care to rest.

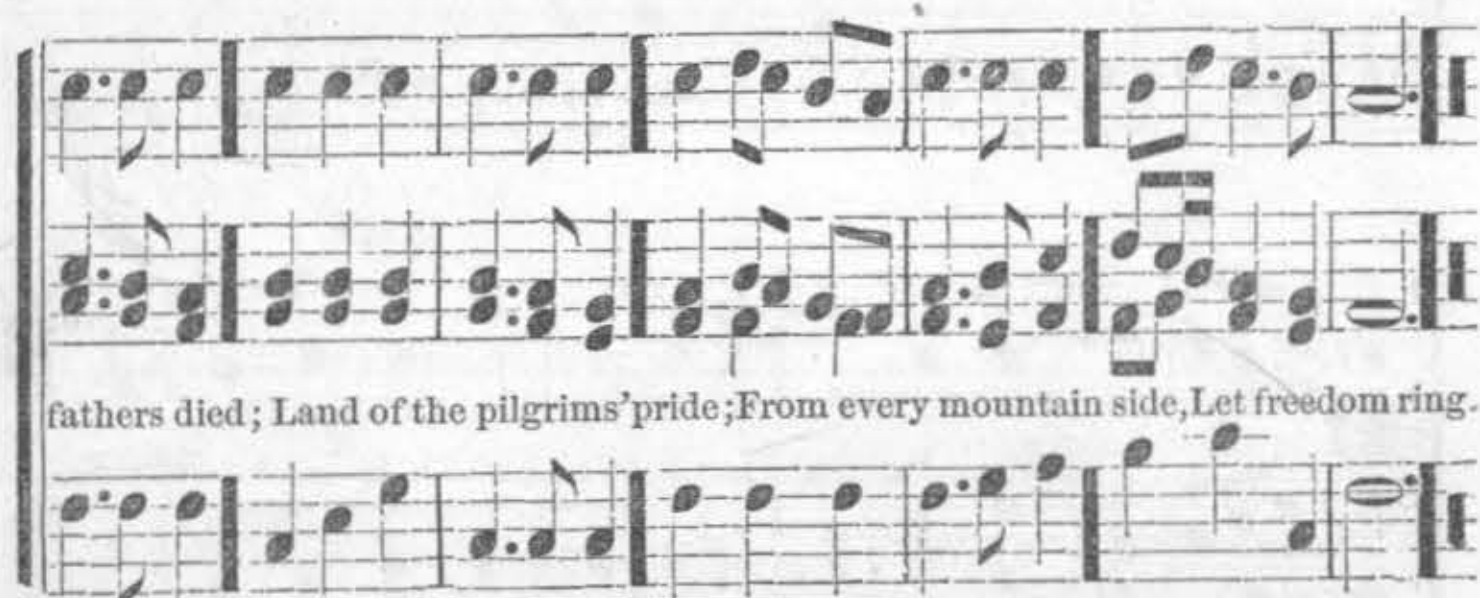
3 O, weary child of sadness,
Pilgrim bereft and lone,
Behold the fount of gladness,
Springing from heaven's throne;
Each want and sin confessing,
On Christ thy burden lay,
And learn how rich the blessing,
Alone with God, to pray!

300.

AMERICA. 6s & 4s.



1. My country! 'tis of thee, Sweet land of liberty! Of thee I sing; Land where my



fathers died; Land of the pilgrims' pride; From every mountain side, Let freedom ring.

2 My native country! thee,
Land of the noble free,
Thy name I love;
I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills;
My heart with rapture thrills,
Like that above.

3 Our fathers' God! to thee,
Author of liberty!
To thee we sing;
Long may our land be bright,
With freedom's holy light;
Protect us by thy might,
Great God, our King!

301.

The Gospel published to the world.

1 Sound, sound the truth abroad,
Bear ye the word of God
Through the wide world;

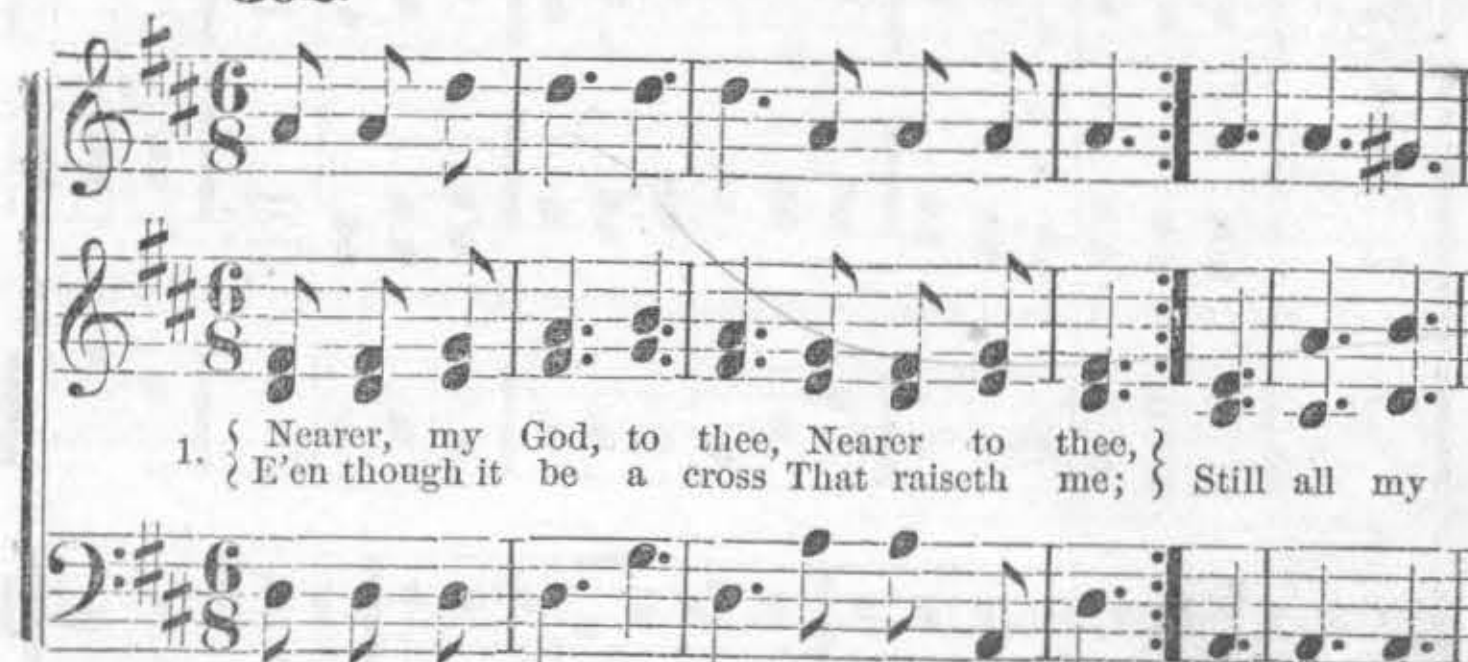
Tell what our Lord has done,
Tell how the day is won,
And from his lofty throne
Satan is hurled.

2 Swiftly on wings of love,
Jesus, who reigns above,
Bids us to fly;
They, who his message bear,
Should neither doubt nor fear,
He will their Friend appear,
He will be nigh.

3 Ye who, forsaking all,
At your loved Master's call,
Comforts resign;
Soon will your work be done,
Soon will the prize be won;
Brighter than yonder sun,
Then shall ye shine.

ASPIRATION. 6s & 4s.

302.



1. { Nearer, my God, to thee, Nearer to thee, }
{ E'en though it be a cross That raiseth me; } Still all my



song shall be,— Nearer, my God, to thee, Nearer to thee!

2 Though, like a wanderer,
The sun gone down,
Darkness be over me,
My rest a stone;
Yet in my dreams I'd be
Nearer, my God, to thee,—
Nearer to thee!

3 There let the way appear
Steps unto heaven;
All that thou sendest me,
In mercy given;
Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my God, to thee,—
Nearer to thee!

13*

4 Then, with my waking thoughts
Bright with thy praise,
Out of my stony griefs
Bethel I'll raise;
So by my woes to be
Nearer, my God, to thee,—
Nearer to thee!

5 Or if on joyful wing,
Cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon, and stars forgot,
Upward I fly;
Still all my song shall be,—
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee!

ITALIAN HYMN. 6s & 4s.

GIARDINI.

303.

1. Come, thou almighty King, Help us thy name to sing, Help us to praise!

2. Come, thou incarnate Word, Jesus, our glorious Lord, Our prayer attend;

{ Father all glo-ri-ous, }
 { O'er all vic-to-ri-ous, } Come and reign o-ver us, Ancient of days.

{ Come, and thy people bless, }
 { Come, give thy word success; } Spirit of ho-li-ness, On us de-scend.

303.

Invocation.

- 3 Come, holy Comforter,
 Thy sacred witness bear
 In this glad hour!
 Thou who almighty art,
 Now rule in every heart,
 And ne'er from us depart,
 Spirit of power!
- 4 To thee, great One in Three,
 The highest praises be,
 Hence evermore!
 Thy sovereign majesty
 May we in glory see,
 And to eternity
 Love and adore!

304.

Prayer for Gospel Light. PRATT'S COL.

- 1 Thou, whose almighty word
 Chaos and darkness heard,
 And took their flight;
 Hear us, we humbly pray,
 And where the gospel day
 Sheds not its glorious ray,
 "Let there be light."
- 2 Thou, who didst come to bring,
 On thy redeeming wing,
 Healing and sight,
 Health to the sick in mind,
 Sight to the inly blind,
 O, now to all mankind
 "Let there be light."
- 3 Spirit of truth and love,
 Life-giving, holy Dove,
 Speed forth thy flight;
 Move on the waters' face,
 Bearing the lamp of grace,
 And in earth's darkest place
 "Let there be light."

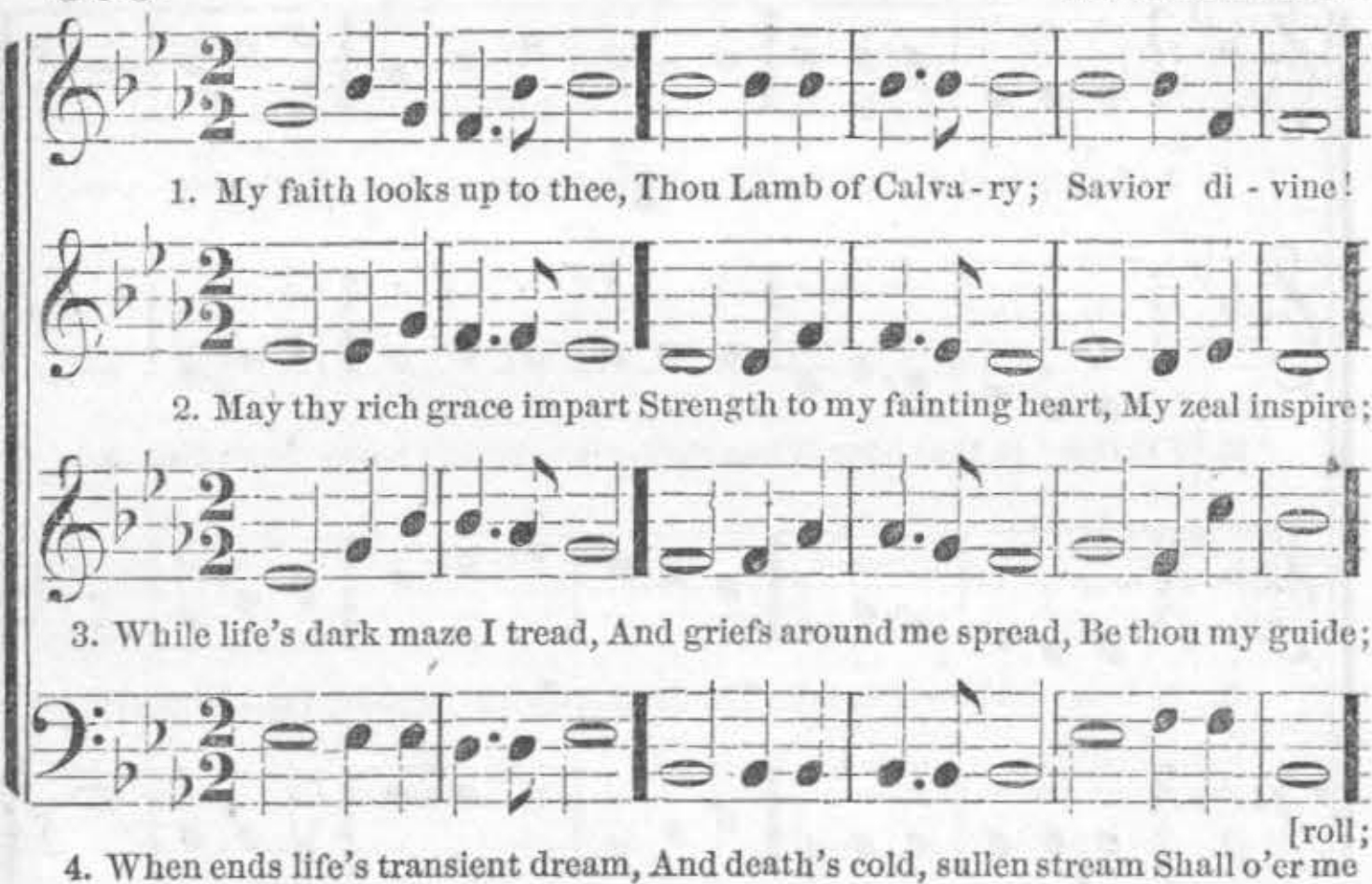
305.

Christ Blessing Children.

CLEM. ALEX.

- 1 Shepherd of tender youth,
 Guiding in love and truth
 Through devious ways—
 Christ, our triumphant King,
 We come thy name to sing,
 And here our children bring
 To shout thy praise.
- 2 Thou art our holy Lord,
 O all-subduing Word,
 Healer of strife:
 Thou didst thyself abase,
 That from sin's deep disgrace
 Thou mightest save our race,
 And give us life.
- 3 Ever be near our side,
 Our Shepherd and our Guide,
 Our staff and song;
 Jesus, thou Christ of God,
 By thine enduring word
 Lead us where thou hast trod;
 Make our faith strong.
- 4 So now, and till we die,
 Sound we thy praises high,
 And joyful sing:
 Let all the holy throng,
 Who to thy church belong,
 Unite and swell the song
 To Christ our King!
- Doxology.*
- To God—the Father, Son,
 And Spirit—three in one,
 All praise be given!
 Crown him, in every song;
 To him your hearts belong;
 Let all his praise prolong—
 On earth—in heaven.

MY FAITH LOOKS UP TO THEE. 6s & 4s.
306. SPIRITUAL SONGS.

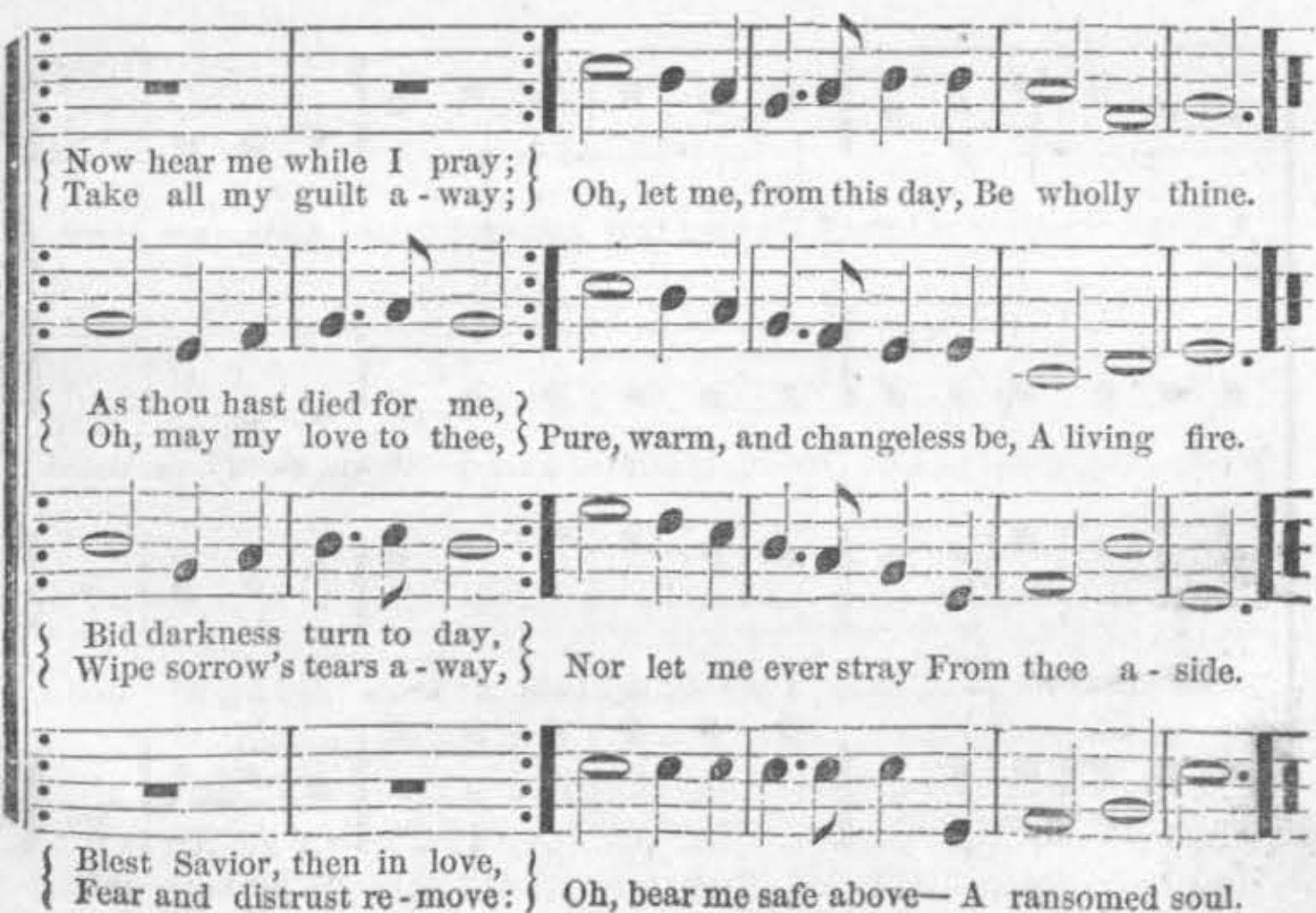


1. My faith looks up to thee, Thou Lamb of Calva-ry; Savior di-vine!

2. May thy rich grace impart Strength to my fainting heart, My zeal inspire;

3. While life's dark maze I tread, And griefs around me spread, Be thou my guide;

4. When ends life's transient dream, And death's cold, sullen stream Shall o'er me [roll;



{ Now hear me while I pray; }
{ Take all my guilt a-way; } Oh, let me, from this day, Be wholly thine.

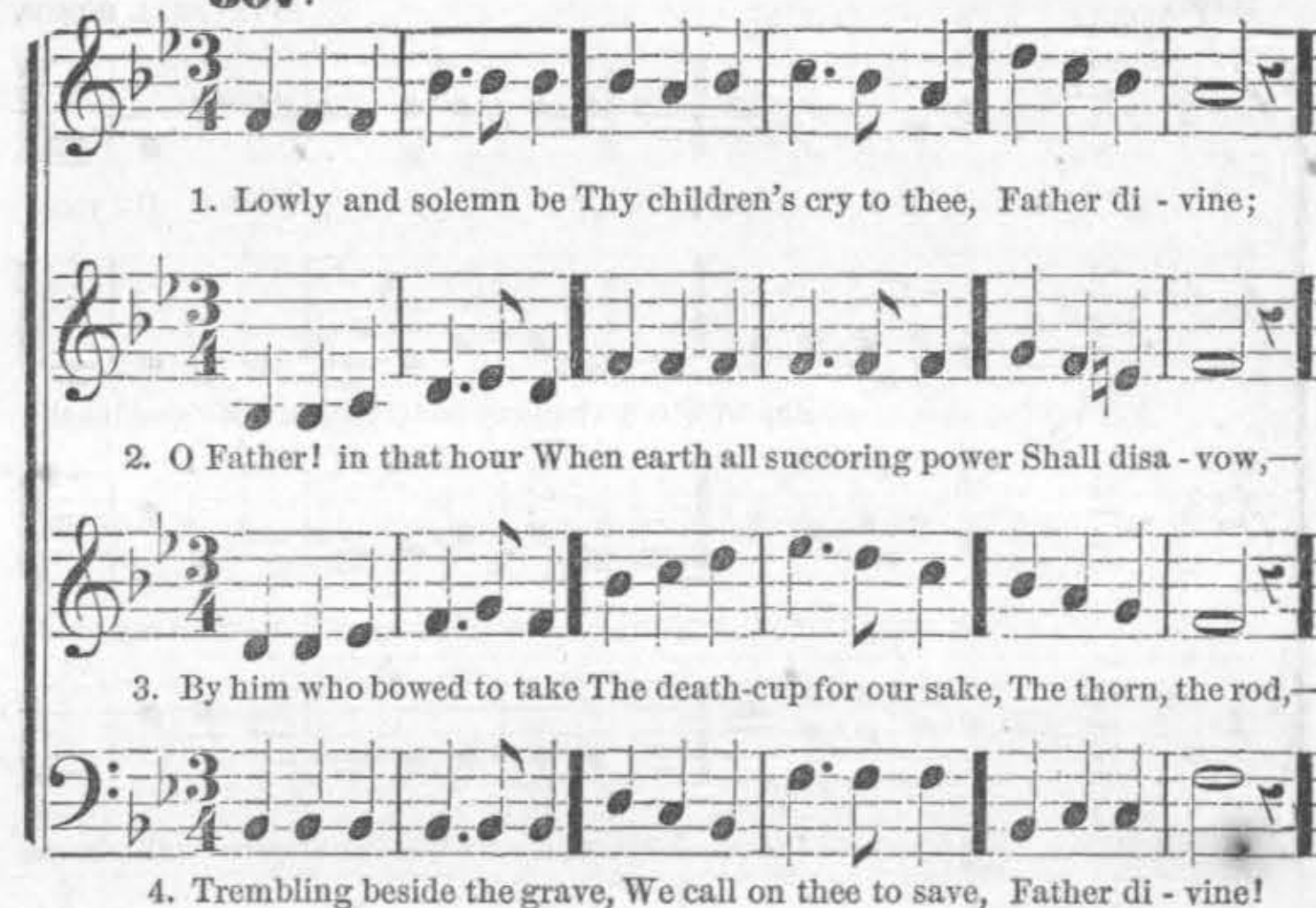
{ As thou hast died for me, }
{ Oh, may my love to thee, } Pure, warm, and changeless be, A living fire.

{ Bid darkness turn to day, }
{ Wipe sorrow's tears a-way, } Nor let me ever stray From thee a-side.

{ Blest Savior, then in love, }
{ Fear and distrust re-move: } Oh, bear me safe above—A ransomed soul.

HEMANS. 6s & 4s.

307.

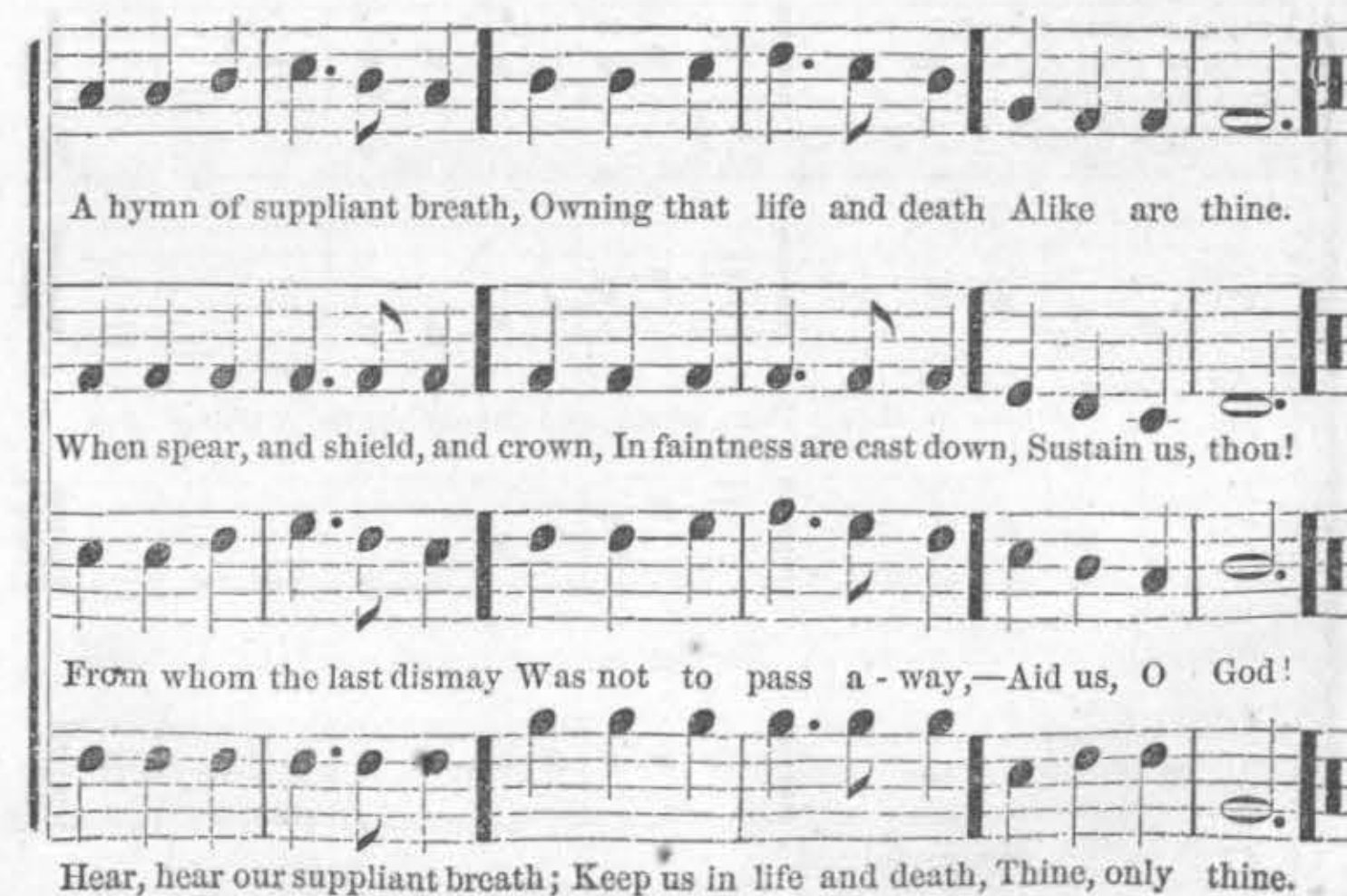


1. Lowly and solemn be Thy children's cry to thee, Father di-vine;

2. O Father! in that hour When earth all succoring power Shall disa-vow,—

3. By him who bowed to take The death-cup for our sake, The thorn, the rod,—

4. Trembling beside the grave, We call on thee to save, Father di-vine!



A hymn of suppliant breath, Owning that life and death Alike are thine.

When spear, and shield, and crown, In faintness are cast down, Sustain us, thou!

From whom the last dismay Was not to pass a-way,—Aid us, O God!

Hear, hear our suppliant breath; Keep us in life and death, Thine, only thine.

MISCELLANEOUS DEPARTMENT.

308. VOICE OF MERCY. 7s.

1. Hark! my soul, it is the Lord, 'Tis thy Savior, hear his word;
2. "I de - livered thee when bound, And when bleeding, healed thy wound,
3. Can a mother's tender care Cease to - ward the child she bare?
4. Mine is an unchanging love, Higher than the heights above,

Je - sus speaks, he speaks to thee, Say, poor sin - ner, "Lovest thou me?"
Sought thee wandering, set thee right, Turned thy darkness in - to light.
Yes! she may for - get - ful be, Yet will I re - member thee.
Deeper than the depths beneath, Free and faithful, strong as death.

- 5 Thou shalt see my glory soon,
When the work of faith is done,—
Partner of my throne shalt be,
Say, poor sinner, Lovest thou me?"
- 6 Lord, it is my chief complaint,
That my love is still so faint;
Yet I love thee and adore;—
O for grace to love thee more!

309.

Seeking the Lord. HAMMOND.

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

UNION HYMN. 8s.

310.

1. From whence doth this union arise, That hatred is conquered by love?
2. It can - not in E - den be found, Nor yet in a par - adise lost;
3. My friends are so dear unto me, Our hearts are u - ni - ted in love;
4. Then why so unwill - ing to part, Since there we shall all meet again?

That fastens our souls in such ties As na - ture and time can't remove?
It grows on Im - man - u - el's ground, And Je - sus' rich blood it did cost.
Where Jesus is gone we shall be, In yon - der blest mansions above.
Engraved on Im - man - u - el's heart, At distance we can - not remain.

- 5 O, when shall we see that bright day,
And join with the angels above,
Set free from these prisons of clay,
United with Jesus in love?
- 6 With Jesus we ever shall reign,
And all his bright glories shall see,
And sing, hallelujah! amen!
Amen! even so let it be. BALDWIN.

COME, YE SINNERS. 8s & 7s.

311.

1. Come, ye sinners, poor and needy, Weak and wounded, sick and sore; }
 Je - sus ready stands to save you, Full of pity, love, and power. }
 D. C. Glo-ry, honor, and sal - vation, Christ the Lord is come to reign.

Chorus. D.C.

Turn to the Lord, and seek sal - vation, Sound the praise of his dear name;

312

The Gospel Proclamation. ANON.

- 2 Now, ye needy, come and welcome,
 God's free bounty glorify;
 True belief and true repentance,—
 Every grace that brings you nigh.
- 3 Let not conscience make you linger,
 Nor of fitness fondly dream;
 All the fitness he requireth
 Is to feel your need of Him.
- 4 Come, ye weary, heavy-laden,
 Bruised and mangled by the fall,
 If you tarry till you're better,
 You will never come at all.

- 1 Hark! the Gospel trumpet's sounding!
 Sinners, hear the joyful call;
 Christ, in pardoning love abounding,
 Offers liberty to all.
- 2 Though your crimes have reached to ^{heaven,}
 And of deepest dye appear,
 Ask, and they shall be forgiven;
 Seek, and you shall find him near.
- 3 Cast your load of guilt behind you,
 To the Lord for mercy flee;
 Though the strongest fetters bind you,
 His salvation makes you free.

HAPPINESS. 6s & 9s.

313.

1. Oh, how hap - py are they Who their Sa - vior o - bey, And have

laid up their treasure a - bove! Tongue can nev - er ex - press The sweet

com - fort and peace Of a soul in its ear - li - est love.

- 2 That sweet comfort was mine,
 When the favor divine
 I first found in the blood of the Lamb;
 When my heart first believed
 What a joy I received,
 What a heaven in Jesus' dear 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 loved me, I cried,
 He hath suffered and died
 To redeem a poor sinner like me.
- 5 O, the rapturous height
 Of that holy delight
 Which I felt in the life-giving blood!
 Of my Savior possessed,
 I was perfectly blest,
 As if filled with the fulness of God.

BETTER PORTION. 7s & 6s. REV. W. MC DONALD.

By permission.

314.

1. { Rise, my soul, and stretch thy wings; Thy bet - ter portion trace; }
 { Rise from transi - tory things, Toward heaven, thy native place. }

2. { Riv - ers to the ocean run, Nor stay in all their course; }
 { Fire, ascend - ing, seeks the sun; Both speed them to their source; }

3. { Cease, ye pilgrims, cease to mourn; Press onward to the prize; }
 { Soon our Savior will re - turn Triumph - ant in the skies; }

Sun, and moon, and stars de - cay; Time will soon this earth re - move;

So a soul that's born of God Pants to view his glorious face;

There we'll join the heavenly train, Welcomed to partake the bliss;

Rise, my soul, and haste a - way, To seats prepared a - bove.

Upward tends to his a - bode, To rest in his em - brace.

Fly from sorrow, care, and pain, To realms of endless peace.

DULCIMER. 11s & 8s.

315.

1. O thou in whose presence my soul takes de - light, On

2. Where dost thou at noontide re - sort with thy sheep, To

3. O why should I wan - der an a - lien from thee, Or

4. Restore, my dear Sa - vior, the light of thy face, Thy

whom in af - flic - tion I call, My com - fort by day and my

feed in the pastures of love? Say, why in the val - ley of

cry in the des - ert for bread? Thy foes will re - joice when my

soul - cheering fa - vor im - part; And let thy sweet to - kens of

song in the night, My hope, my sal - va - tion, my all:

death should I weep, Or a - lone in the wil - derness rove?

sorrows they see, And smile at the tears I have shed.

par - don - ing grace Bring joy to my des - o - late heart.

SONG OF THE WEARY. P. M. REV. J. W. DADMUN.

316.

1. What to me are earth's pleasures, and what its flowing tears?
 2. I seek not earthly glo-ry, nor mingle with the gay,

3. Here in pain still I'm toiling, through many a weary day,—
 4. 'Tis a note that is wafted across the troubled wave,

What are all the sorrows I de-plore? There's a song ev-er swell-
 Heeding not the proud world's gilded store; There are voi-ces now call-
 Waiting till this earthly work is o'er; Yet I hear happy voi-
 'Tis a song I've heard up-on the shore; 'Tis a sweet, thrilling mur-

ing still lingers on my ear, Oh, sorrow shall come again no more.
 ing from the bright realms of day, Oh, sorrow shall come again no more.

ces, which ev-er seem to say, Oh, sorrow shall come again no more.
 mur around the Christian's grave, Oh, sorrow shall come again no more.

SONG OF THE WEARY,—Concluded.

CHORUS.

'Tis a song from the home of the weary; Sor-row, sorrow is

for-ev-er o'er; Happy now, ev-er happy, on Canaan's peaceful

shore, Oh, sor-row shall come a-gain no more.

THE PILGRIM'S FAREWELL. L. M. FRENCH.

317.

1. Farewell, farewell, farewell, dear friends, I must be gone; I have no home or

2. Farewell, farewell, farewell, my brethren in the Lord, To you I'm bound in

3. Farewell, farewell, farewell, farewell ye saints of God, Though many trials

4. Farewell, farewell, farewell, old soldiers of the cross, You've struggled hard and

5. Farewell, farewell, farewell, ye youth, be bold, be strong, And firm the hallowed

stay with you; I'll take my staff and travel on, Till I a better world do view.

cords of love; Yet we believe his gracious word, That soon we all shall meet above.

we have seen, Yet we have loved the Savior's word, And sweet our fellowship has ^[been.]

long for heaven; You've counted all things here but loss, Fight on, the crown will ^[soon be given.]

cross sustain; In Jesus' service earthly loss Will but increase your heavenly gain.

THE PILGRIM'S FAREWELL,—Concluded.

CHORUS.

I'll march to Canaan's land, I'll land on Canaan's shore, Where pleasures never end,

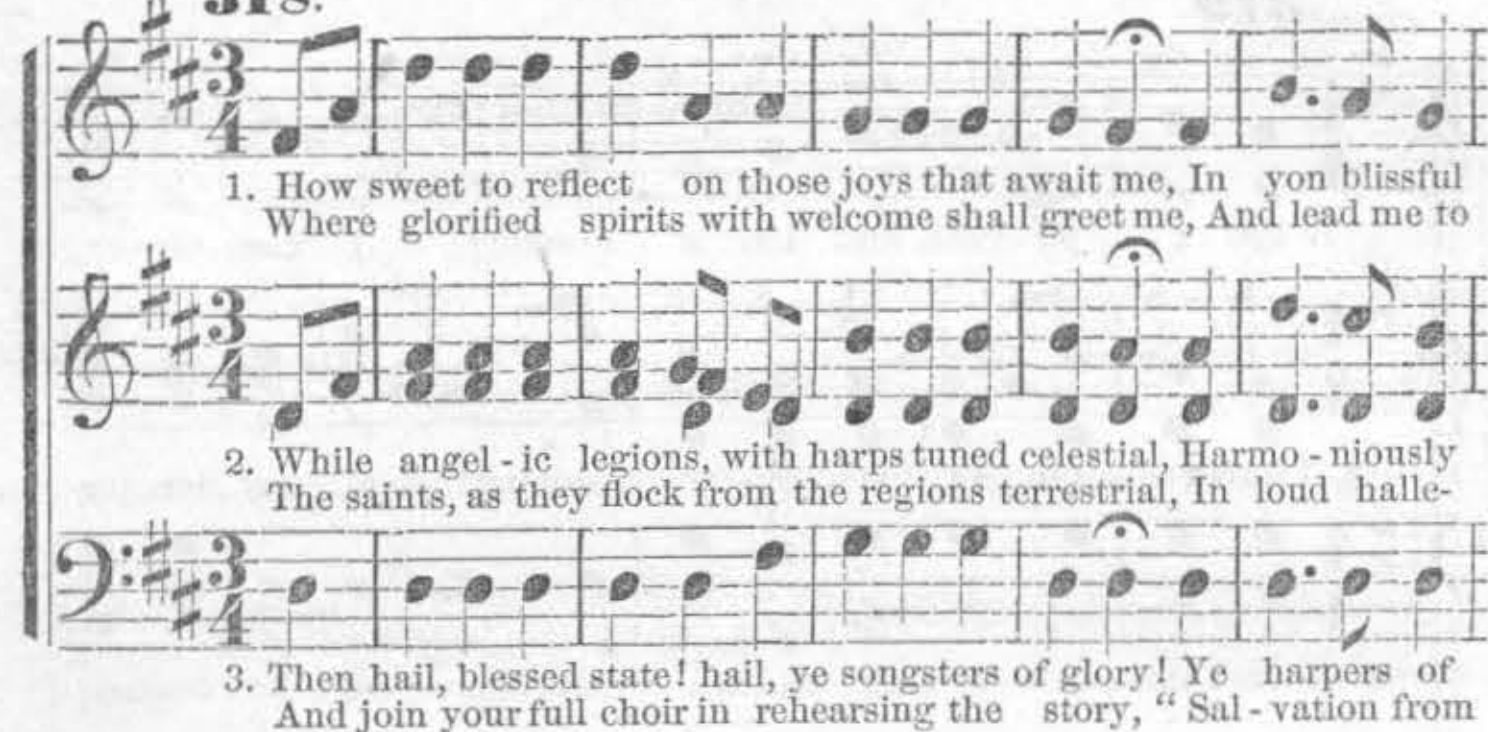
Where troubles come no more. Farewell, farewell, farewell, my loving friends, farewell.

6 Farewell, poor careless sinners, too,
It grieves my heart to leave you here—
Eternal sorrows wait for you—
O turn, and find salvation near.

7 Farewell, my friends, I soon shall rise,
And join th' angelic host on high;
I gaze on heaven with wishful eyes,
And long with angel's wings to fly.

EDEN. 12s & 11s.

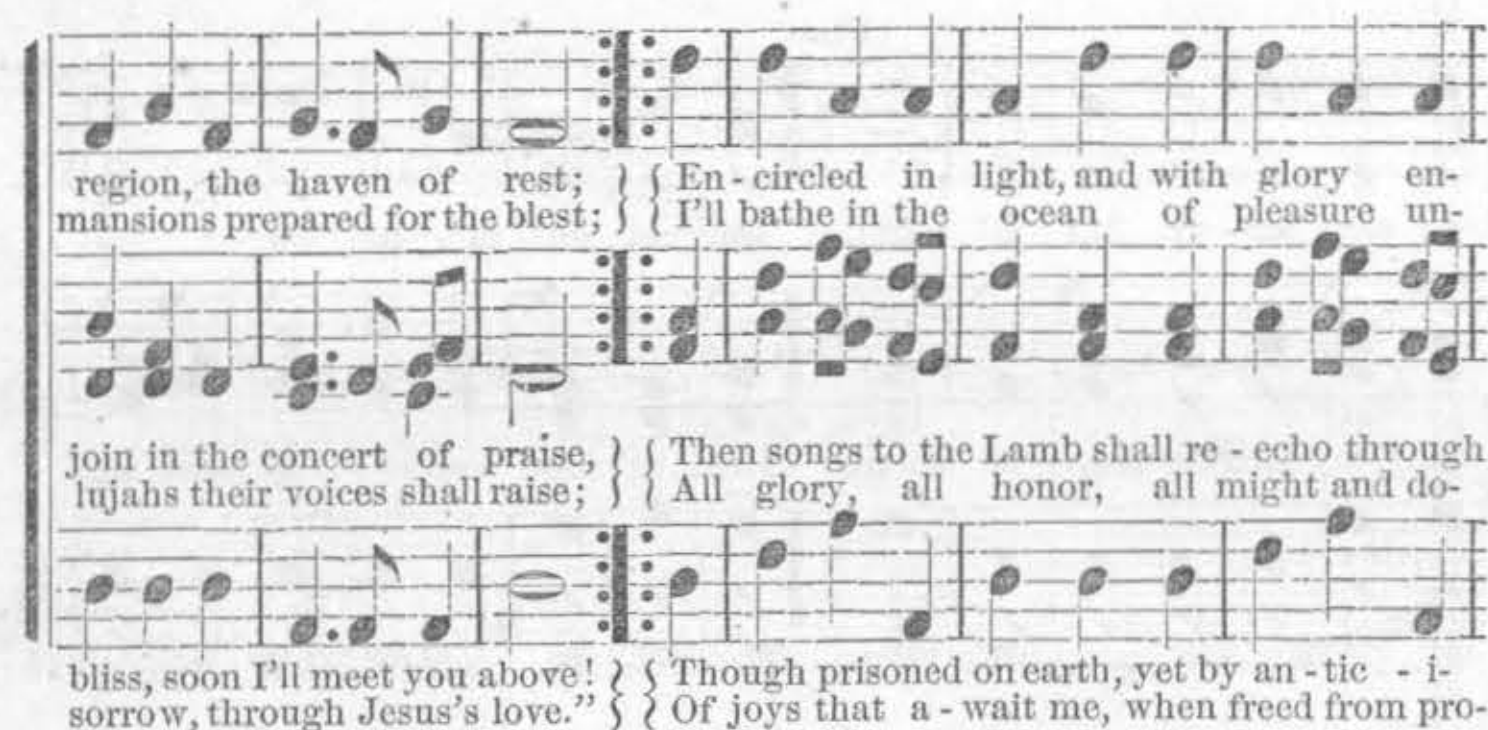
318.



1. How sweet to reflect on those joys that await me, In yon blissful
Where glorified spirits with welcome shall greet me, And lead me to

2. While angel-ic legions, with harps tuned celestial, Harmo-niously
The saints, as they flock from the regions terrestrial, In loud halle-

3. Then hail, blessed state! hail, ye songsters of glory! Ye harpers of
And join your full choir in rehearsing the story, "Sal-vation from



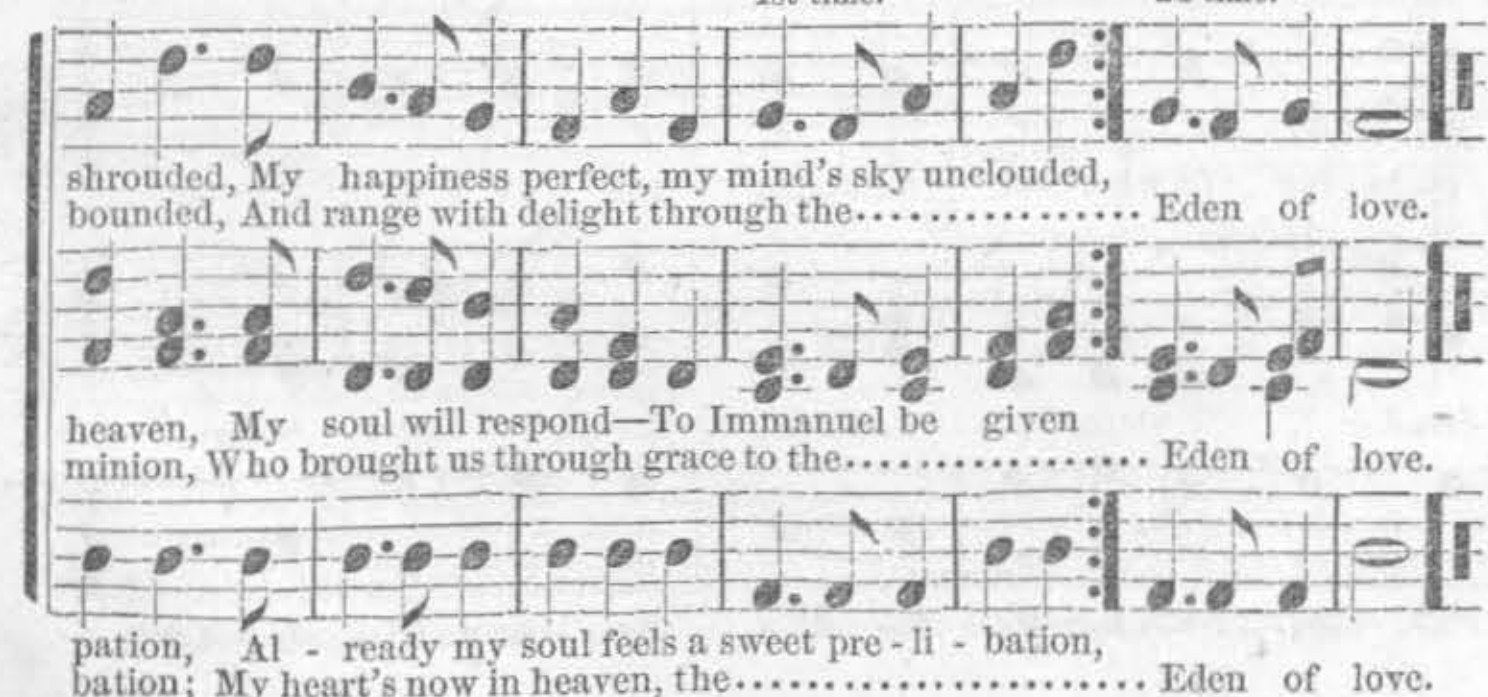
region, the haven of rest; } En-circled in light, and with glory en-
mansions prepared for the blest; } I'll bathe in the ocean of pleasure un-

join in the concert of praise, } Then songs to the Lamb shall re-echo through
lujahs their voices shall raise; } All glory, all honor, all might and do-

bliss, soon I'll meet you above! } Though prisoned on earth, yet by an-tic-i-
sorrow, through Jesus's love." } Of joys that a-wait me, when freed from pro-

1st time.

2d time.



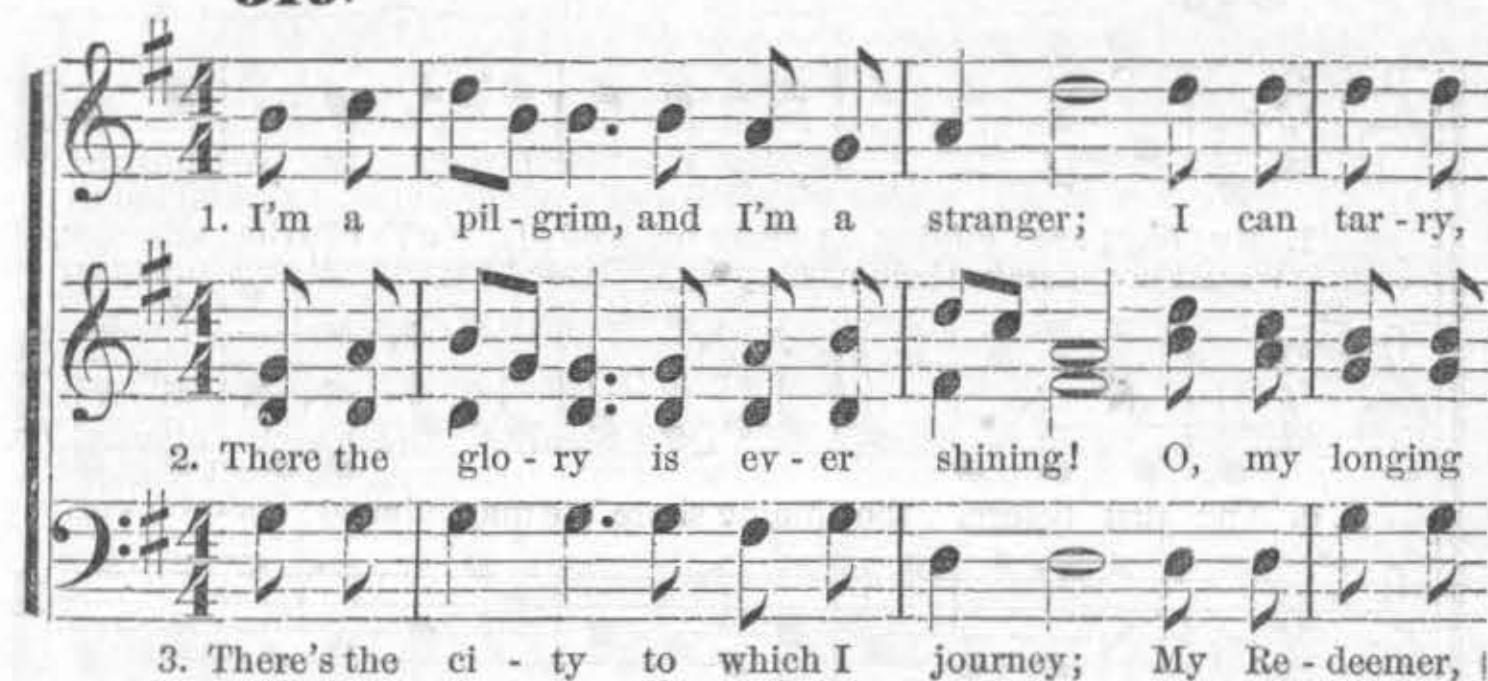
shrouded, My happiness perfect, my mind's sky unclouded,
bounded, And range with delight through the..... Eden of love.

heaven, My soul will respond-To Immanuel be given
minion, Who brought us through grace to the..... Eden of love.

pation, Al-ready my soul feels a sweet pre-li-bation,
bation; My heart's now in heaven, the..... Eden of love.

THE PILGRIM. P. M.

319.



1. I'm a pil-grim, and I'm a stranger; I can tar-ry,

2. There the glo-ry is ev-er shining! O, my longing

3. There's the ci-ty to which I journey; My Re-deemer, I

Fine.



I can tar-ry but a night. Do not de-tain me, for I am

heart, my longing heart is there. Here in this country so dark and

my Redeem-er is its light. There is no sorrow, nor a-ny

D.C.



go-ing To where the fountains are ev-er flowing.

drear-y, I long have wandered for-lorn and weary.

sigh-ing, Nor a-ny sin-ning, nor a-ny dy-ing.

THE SHINING SHORE. 8s & 7s. G. F. ROOT.

320.

1. My days are gliding swiftly by, And I, a pilgrim stranger, }
Would not detain them as they fly, — Those hours of toil and danger. }

d. c. And just before, the shining shore We may almost dis - cov - er.

2. Our absent king the watchword gave, "Let every lamp be burning;" }
We look a - far, across the wave, Our distant home discern - ing. }

CHORUS.

D.C.

For now we stand on Jordan's strand, Our friends are passing o - ver;

For now we stand on Jordan's strand, Our friends are passing o - ver;

- 3 Should coming days be dark and cold,
We will not yield to sorrow;
For hope will sing, with courage bold,
"There's glory on the morrow."
- 4 Let storms of woe in whirlwinds rise,
Each cord on earth to sever, —
There, bright and joyous in the skies —
There is our home forever.

SPANISH HYMN. P. M.

321.

Fine. D.C.

1. Far, far o'er hill and dell, On the winds stealing, } { Hark, hark, it seems to say,
List to the tolling bell, Mournfully pealing; } { As melt those sounds away,
d. c. So earthly joys decay, While new their feeling.

Fine. D.C.

- 2 Now on the charmed air,
Slowly ascending,
List to the mourner's prayer,
Solemnly bending;
Hark, hark, it seems to say,
Turn from those joys away,
To those which ne'er decay,
For life is ending.

- 3 So when our mortal ties
Death shall dis sever,
Lord, may we reach the skies,
Where cares come never;
And in eternal day,
Joining the angels' lay,
To our Creator pay
Homage forever.

- 4 When in their lonely bed
Loved ones are lying;
When joyful wings are spread,
To heaven flying;
Would we to sin and pain
Call back their souls again,
Weave round their hearts the chain,
Severed in dying?

- 5 No, dearest Jesus, no: —
To thee, their Savior,
Let their free spirits go,
Ransomed forever;
Heirs of unending joy,
Theirs is the victory;
Thine let the glory be,
Now and forever.

RELIEF. C. M. Double.

322.

* * *

1. There is a land, a land a - bove, The eye of faith can view,

2. Oft wea-ry, wea-ry by the way, To pil-grim feet so rough,

3. Up - on the road, the Christian's road, Not all is dark and drear:

Where ho - ly spir - its dwell in love— In joys for - ev - er new.

Of toil, with-out one rest - ing day, We've seen, we've felt e - nough;

While trav-elling to the saints' a - bode Oft heaven is with us here.

RELIEF—Concluded.

To that fair land we're journeying on, With this as - sur - ance given,

Up - on the spir - it's ev - er pressed Life's care, its pain and grief;

Then cour - age—all will work for good— Ex-ceed - ing great re - ward—

That we, at each day's set - ting sun, Are so much near - er heaven: }
Our home is there, Its joys to share, And we are near - ing heaven. }

Not here, not here for us is rest— In heaven is our re - lief: }
Our home is there, Its joys to share— In heaven is our re - lief. }

Rich clus - ters now of an - gel food— Then heaven with Christ our Lord: }
Our home is there, Its joys to share— Share heaven with Christ our Lord. }

PLEADING SAVIOR. 8s & 7s.

323.



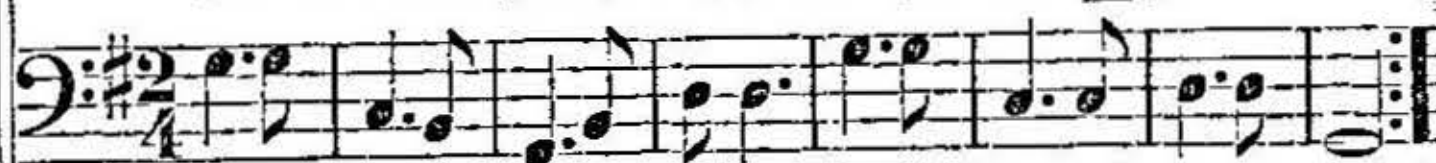
1. Now the Savior stands a pleading At the sin-ner's bolt-ed heart; }
 Now in heaven he's in-ter-ced-ing, Taking there the sin-ner's part: }
 D.C. Once he died through your be-ha-vior, Now he calls you by his charms.



2. Sin-ner, hear your God and Savior, Hear his gracious voice to-day, }
 Turn from all your vain beha-vior, O re-pent, re-turn and pray! }



3. Now he's waiting to be gracious, Now he stands and looks on thee: }
 See what kindness, love, and pity, Shine around on you and me. }



4. 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! }

Chorus.

D.C.



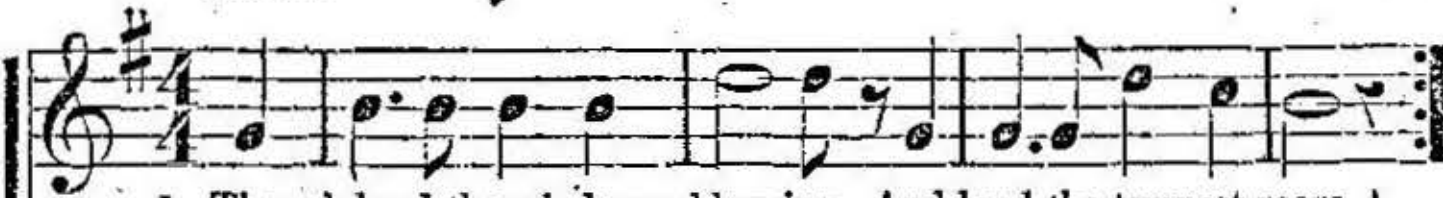
Sin-ner, can you hate this Sa-vior? Will you thrust him from your arms?



HOPE. 7s & 6s.

H. S. SWASEY.
From Zion's Harp.

324.



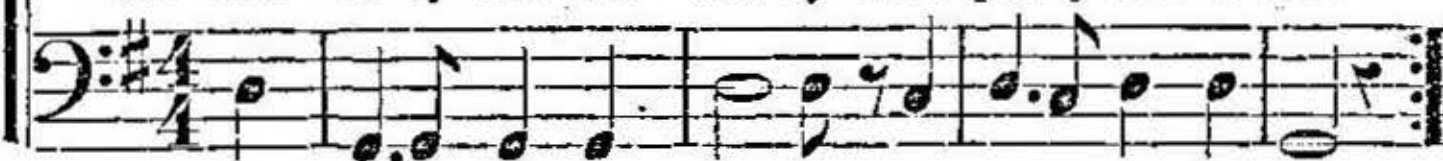
1. Though hard the winds are blow-ing, And loud the tempest roars, }
 Full swift-ly we are go-ing To our dear na-tive shore; }
 D.C. Are aid-ing to re-store us To all we loved so well.



2. So sor-row oft-en press-es Life's mar-i-ners a-long; }
 Af-flic-tions and dis-tress-es Are gales and billows strong. }
 D.C. Bear us, in thy com-mo-tion, To fair-er climes a-bove.



3. The sharp-er and se-ver-er The storms of life we meet, }
 The soon-er and the near-er Is heaven's e-ter-nal seat. }
 D.C. You on-ly bear the wea-ry More quickly home to rest.



D. C.



The bil-lows break-ing o'er us, The storms that round us swell,



Roll on, thou migh-ty o-cean, And, as thy bil-lows move,



Come, then, afflic-tions drear-y—Sharp sickness pierce my breast;



THE GARDEN HYMN. C. P. M.

325.

1. The Lord in - to his gar - den comes, The spi - ces yield a
2. This makes the dry and bar - ren ground In springs of wa - ter

rich per - fume, The lil - ies grow and thrive, The lil - ies grow and thrive;
to a - bound, And fruit - ful soil be - come, And fruit - ful soil be - come;

Re - fresh - ing showers of grace di - vine From Je - sus flow to eve - ry vine, And
The des - ert blos - soms like the rose When Je - sus con - quers all his foes, And

THE GARDEN HYMN—Concluded.

make the dead re - vive, And make the dead re - vive.
makes his peo - ple one, And makes his peo - ple 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 comes to Christ may live.

4 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.

5 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,
Soon we shall meet together there—
For Jesus bids us come.

6 Amen, amen, my soul replies,
I'm bound to meet you in the skies,
And claim my mansion there;
Nowhere's my heart, and here's my hand,
To meet you in that heavenly land
Where we shall part no more.

7 There, on that peaceful, happy shore,
We'll sing and shout our sufferings o'er,
In sweet redeeming love;
We'll shout, and praise our conquering King,
Who died himself that he might bring
Our souls to reign above.

326.

Renouncing the World. ANON.

1 Tell me no more of earthly toys,
Of sinful mirth and carnal joys,
The things I loved before;
Let me but view my Savior's face,
And feel his animating grace,
And I desire no more.

2 Tell me no more of praise and wealth;
Tell me no more of ease and health;
For these have all their snares;
Let me but know my sins forgiven,—
But see my name enrolled in heaven,
And I am free from cares.

3 Give me the Bible in my hand,
A heart to read and understand,
And faith to trust the Lord,—
I'd sit alone from day to day,
Or urge no company to stay,
Nor wish to rove abroad.

EXPERIENCE. P. M.

MUSICAL GEMS.

327.

1. I have sought o'er the wide, wide earth, For unfading joy, }
I have tried every source of mirth, But all, all will cloy; } Lord bestow

2. I have wandered in mazes dark, Of doubt and distress, }
I have had not a kindling spark, My spirit to bless; } Cheerless un-

3. I then turned to thy gospel, Lord, From folly a-way, }
I then trust-ed thy ho-ly word, That taught me to pray; } Here I found

4. I will praise now my heavenly King, I'll praise and adore; }
The heart's richest tribute bring To thee, God of power; } And in heaven

on me Grace to set the spirit free; Thine the praise shall be, Mine, mine the joy.

belief Filled my laboring soul with grief; What shall give relief? What shall give
[peace?]

release, Wea-ry spir-it here found rest, Hope of endless bliss, E-ter-nal day.

above, Saved by thy redeeming love, Loud the strains shall move, Forevermore.

328.

I'M GOING HOME. L. M. WESLEYAN HARP.

1. My heavenly home is bright and fair; Nor pain nor death can enter there; }
Its glittering towers the sun outshine; That heavenly mansion shall be mine; }

Chorus.

I'm going home, I'm going home, I'm going home to die no more.

To die no more, To die no more, I'm going home to die no more.

2 My Father's house is built on high,
Far, far above the starry sky:
When from this earthly prison free,
That heavenly mansion mine shall be.

3 While here, a stranger far from home,
Affliction's waves may round me foam;
And, though like Lazarus, sick and poor,
My heavenly mansion is secure.

4 Let others seek a home below,
Which flames devour, or waves o'erflow;
Be mine the happier lot to own
A heavenly mansion near the throne.

5 Then fail this earth, let stars decline,
And sun and moon refuse to shine,
All nature sink and cease to be,
That heavenly mansion stands for me.

329

COMING HOME. C. M.

1. The day has come, the joyful day, At length the day has come, When saints
2. How beautiful, on mountains' top, The herald's feet ap - pear! While ti-

3. The saints of God fresh courage take; Are strong in conquering prayer; The hosts
4. Pleased with the news, the saints below, In songs their tongues employ, Beyond

CHORUS.

and angels joy display, O'er sinners coming home. They're coming home, they're
dings, blessed tidings drop, The broken heart to cheer. They're, &c. [coming home,

of hell with terror shake, While God displays his power. They're coming, &c.
the skies the tidings go, And heaven is filled with joy. They're coming, &c.

Behold them coming home. And saints and angels joy display O'er sinners coming home.

330. *The lost found.* NEEDHAM.

- | | |
|--|--|
| 1 O, how divine, how sweet the joy,
When but one sinner turns,
And, with an humble, broken heart,
His sins and errors mourns. | Jesus receives him in his arms,
And claims him for his own. |
| 2 Well pleased, the Father sees and hears
The conscious sinner's moan; | 3 Nor angels can their joys contain,
But kindle with new fire;
"The sinner lost is found," they sing,
And strike the sounding lyre. |

331.

HAPPY DAY. L. M.

1. I know that my Redeemer lives; What comfort this sweet sentence gives! }
He lives, he lives, who once was dead, He lives, my ev - er living Head. }

2. He lives triumphant from the grave, He lives e - ter - nally to save; }
He lives all-glorious in the sky, He lives ex - alt - ed there on high. }

3. He lives to grant me fresh sup - ply, He lives to guide me with his eye; }
He lives to comfort me when faint, He lives to hear my soul's complaint. }

End.

Happy day, happy day, when Je - sus washed my sins a - way;

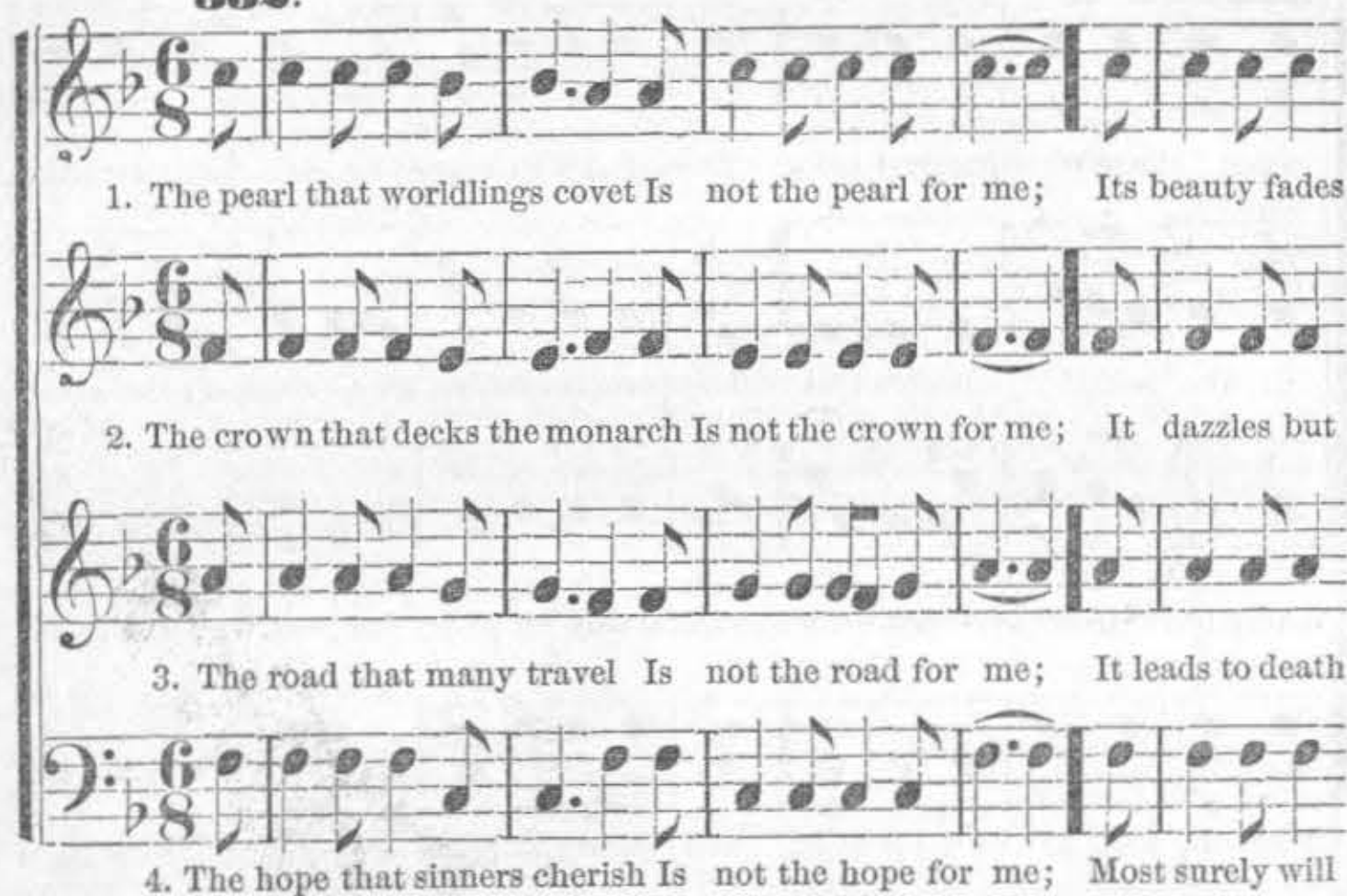
Close with 2d strain.

He taught me how to watch and pray, And live re - joic - ing every day.

- | | |
|--|--|
| 4 He lives to silence all my fears;
He lives to stop and wipe my tears;
He lives to calm my troubled heart,
He lives all blessings to impart. | 5 He lives, and grants me daily breath;
He lives, and I shall conquer death;
He lives my mansion to prepare,
He lives to bring me safely there. |
|--|--|

THE PEARL. 7s, 6s & 8s.

332.

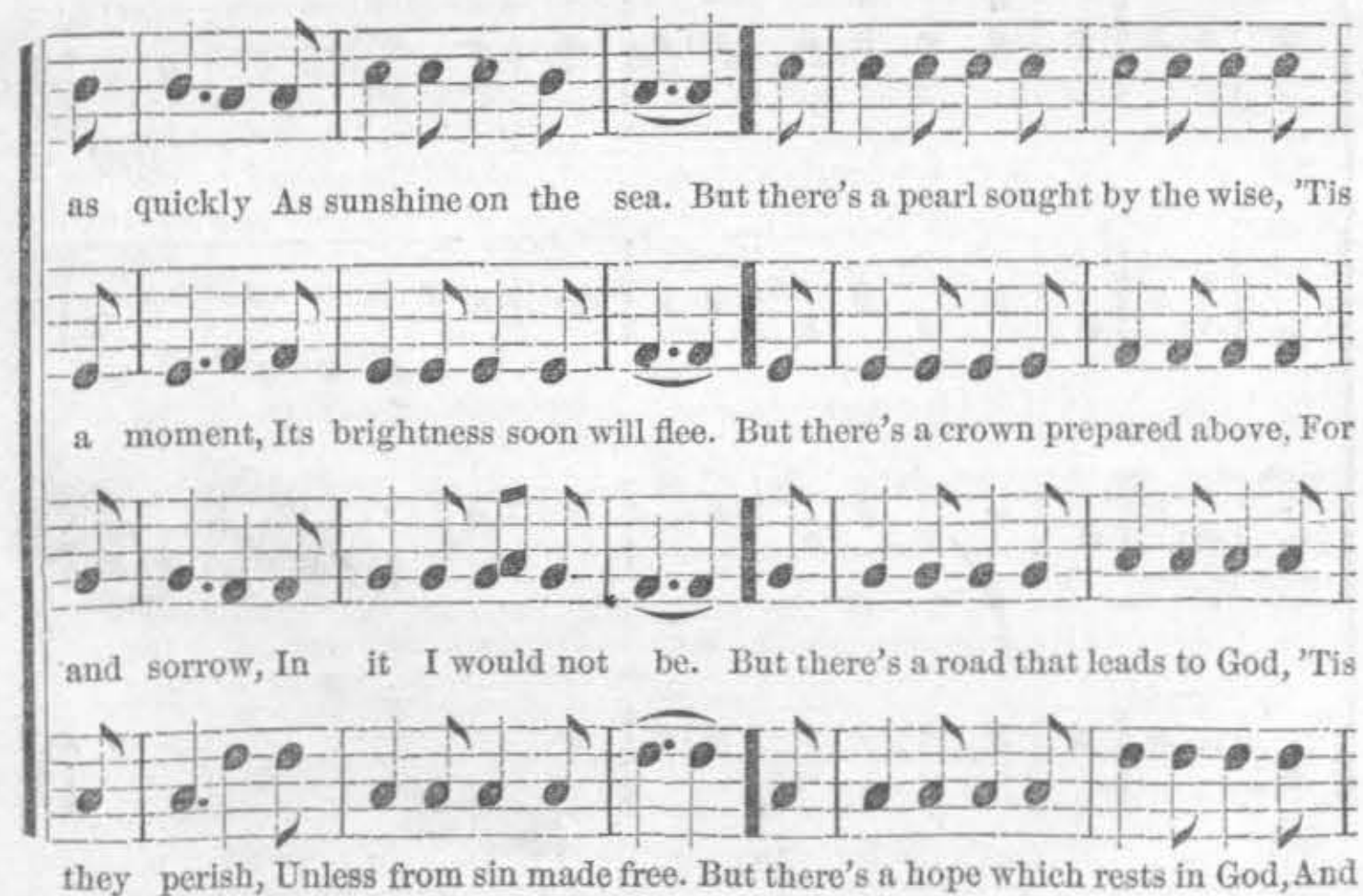


1. The pearl that worldlings covet Is not the pearl for me; Its beauty fades

2. The crown that decks the monarch Is not the crown for me; It dazzles but

3. The road that many travel Is not the road for me; It leads to death

4. The hope that sinners cherish Is not the hope for me; Most surely will



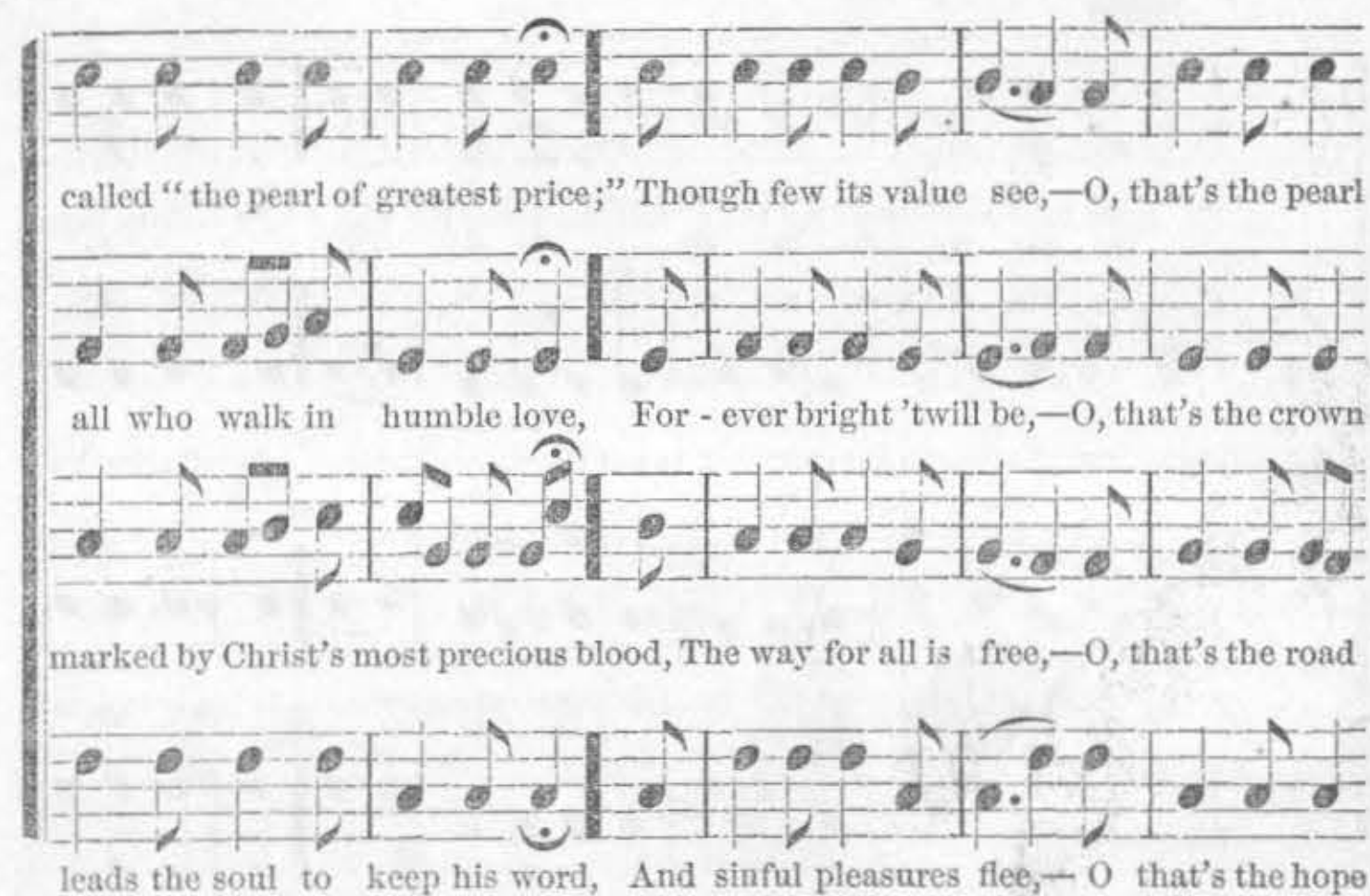
as quickly As sunshine on the sea. But there's a pearl sought by the wise, 'Tis

a moment, Its brightness soon will flee. But there's a crown prepared above, For

and sorrow, In it I would not be. But there's a road that leads to God, 'Tis

they perish, Unless from sin made free. But there's a hope which rests in God, And

THE PEARL,—Concluded.

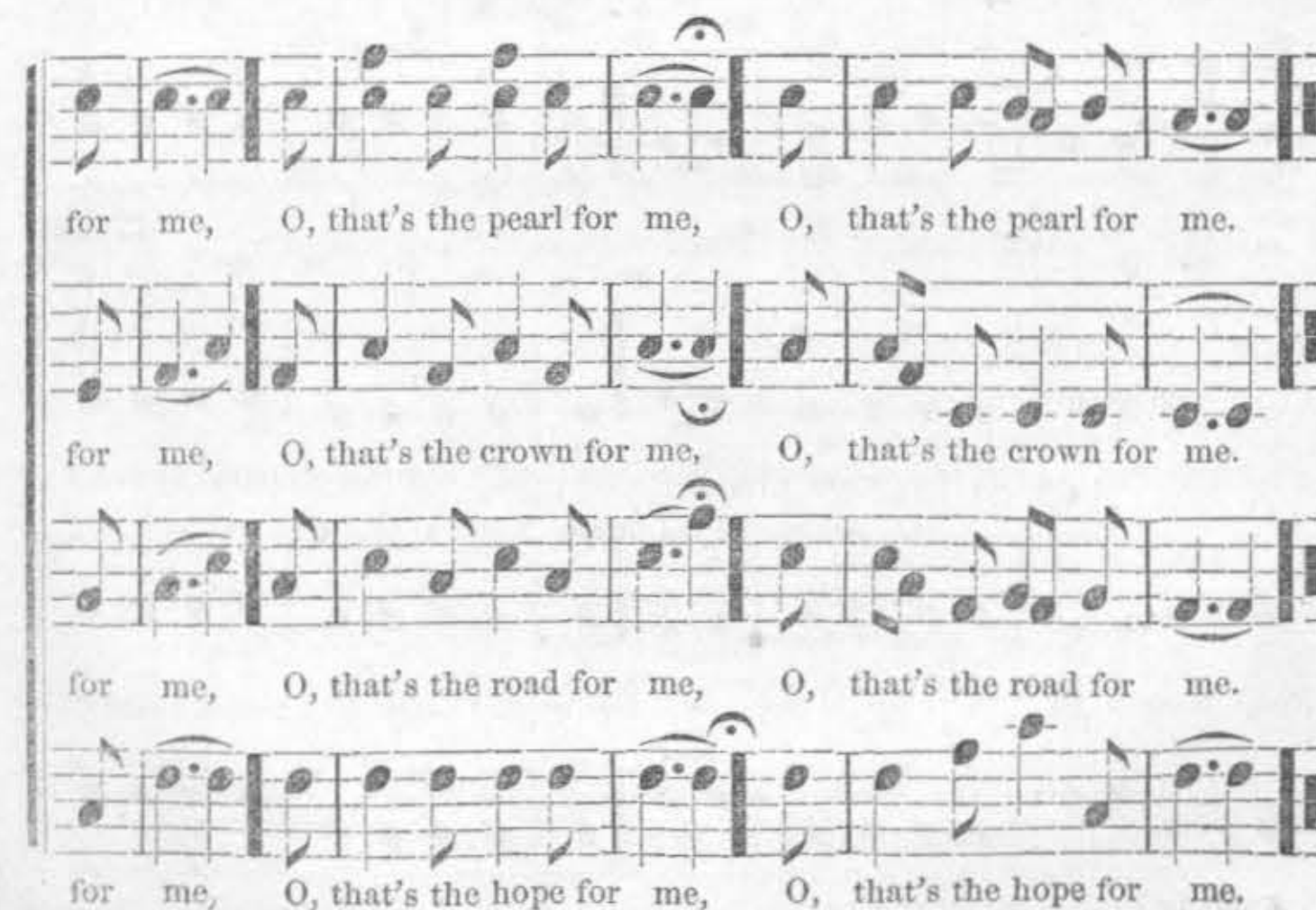


called "the pearl of greatest price;" Though few its value see,—O, that's the pearl

all who walk in humble love, For - ever bright 'twill be,—O, that's the crown

marked by Christ's most precious blood, The way for all is free,—O, that's the road

leads the soul to keep his word, And sinful pleasures flee,—O that's the hope



for me, O, that's the pearl for me, O, that's the pearl for me.

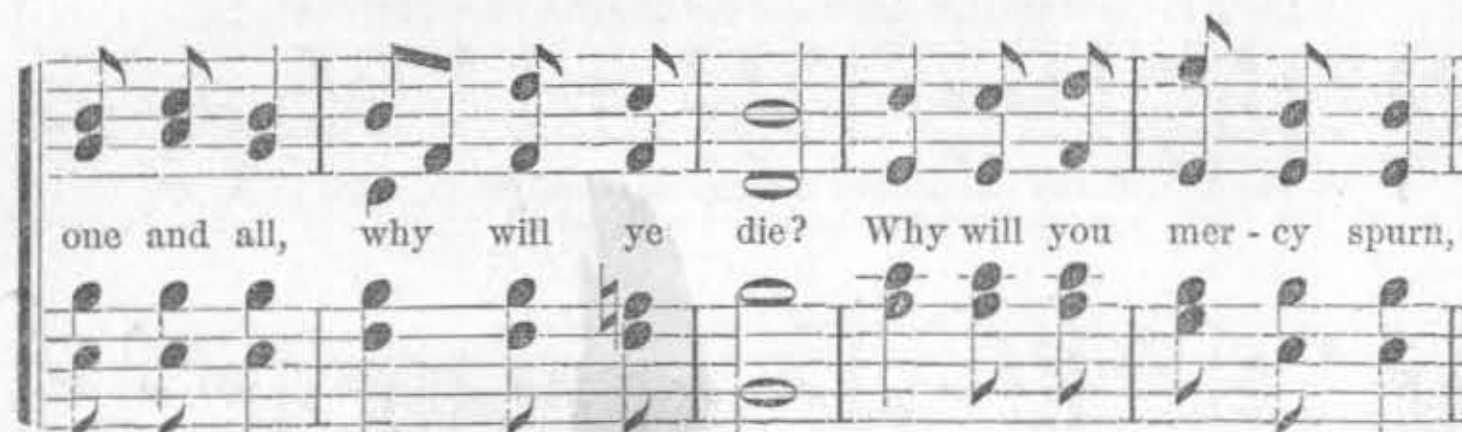
for me, O, that's the crown for me, O, that's the crown for me.

for me, O, that's the road for me, O, that's the road for me.

for me, O, that's the hope for me, O, that's the hope for me.

HEAVENLY CALL. 10s.

333.



2 Come, at the Spirit's call; hasten away;
Lest vengeance on you fall, no more delay.
Come to the gospel stream, drink and rejoice;
Sinners, turn—sinners, turn—make Christ your choice.

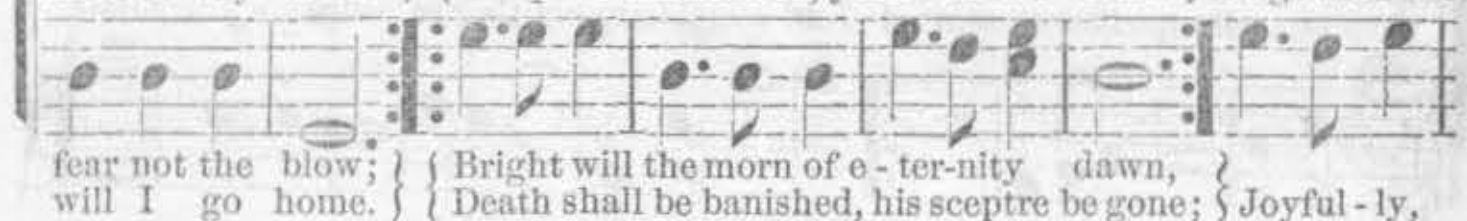
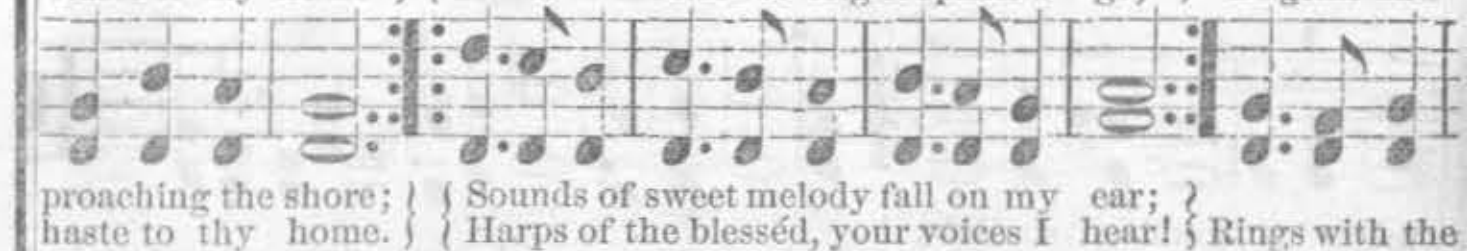
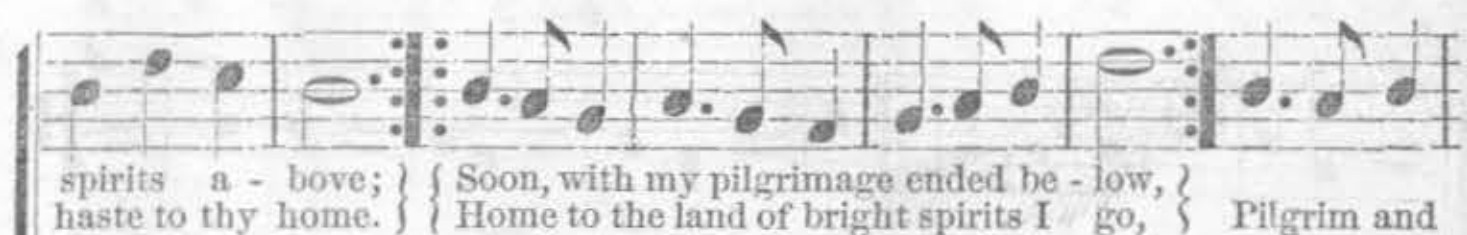
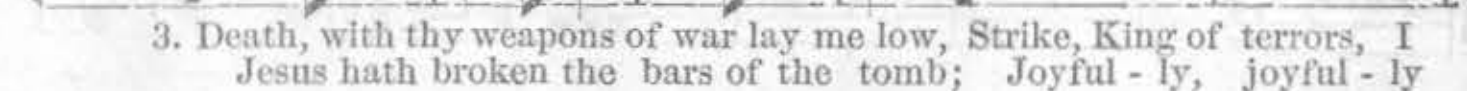
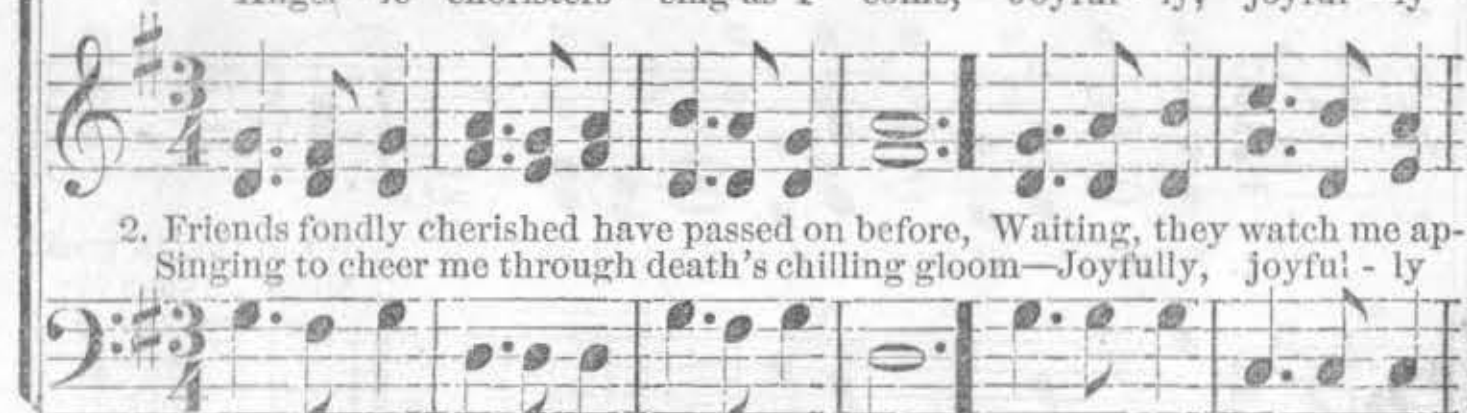
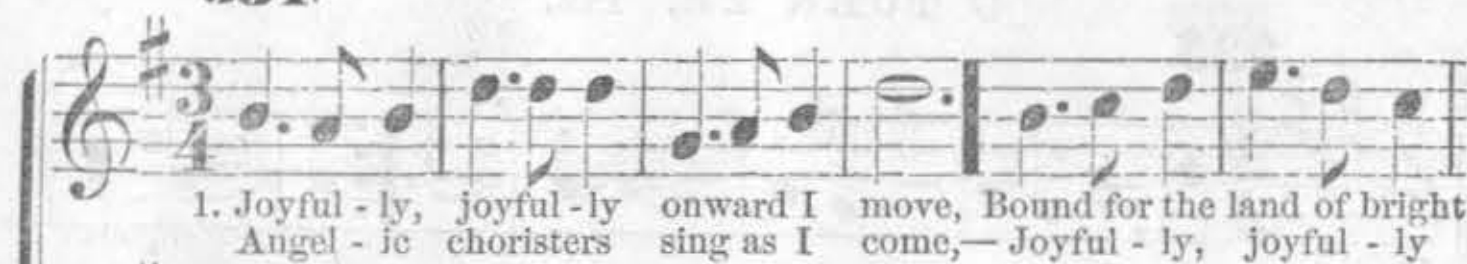
3 Hear God the Father tell what he has done!
To save a world from hell, he gave his Son!
Jesus, to plead for us, now dwells on high;
Sinners, turn—sinners, turn! why will ye die?

4 Come, all ye weary souls—rest here is given,—
Life to the dying now—then crowns in heaven;
Haste, then, without delay—to Jesus fly;
Sinners, turn—sinners, turn! why will ye die?

TRIUMPH. 10s.

A. D. M.

334.



O TURN YE. 11s.

335.

1. O turn ye, O turn ye, for why will ye die? { When God in great
Since Je - sus in-

mercy is coming so nigh; }
vites you, the spirit says, come, } And angels are waiting to welcome you home.

- 2 How vain the delusion, that while you delay,
Your hearts may grow better by staying away;
Come wretched, come starving, come just as you be,
While streams of salvation are flowing so free.
- 3 And now Christ is ready your souls to receive,
O how can you question, if you will believe?
If sin is your burden, why will you not come?
'Tis you he bids welcome; he bids you come home.
- 4 Come, give us your hand, and the Savior your heart,
And trusting in heaven we never shall part:
O, how can we leave you? why will you not come?
We'll journey together, and soon be at home.

HINTON. 11s.

GERMAN.

336.

1. Delay not! de-lay not! O sin-ner, draw near! The wa-ters of
2. Delay not! de-lay not! why longer a-buse The love and com-

life are now flow-ing for thee; No price is de-manded, the
pas-sion of Je-sus thy God? A fountain is opened,—how

lin-gers, and calls thee to-day; Her voice is not heard in the
sist-ed, may take its sad flight, And leave thee in darkness to

Sa-vior is here, Redemp-tion is purchased, sal-va-tion is free.
canst thou re-fuse To wash and be cleansed in his par-doning blood!

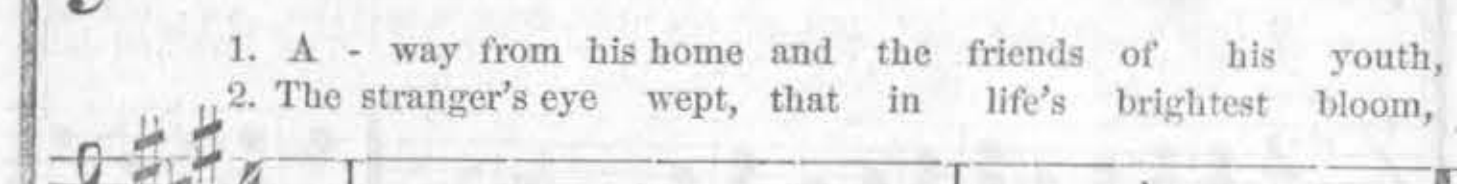
vale of the tomb; Her message, un-heed-ed, will soon pass a-way.
fin-ish thy race, To sink in the vale of e-ter-ni-ty's night.

THE FAITHFUL SENTINEL. 11s & 12s.

337.



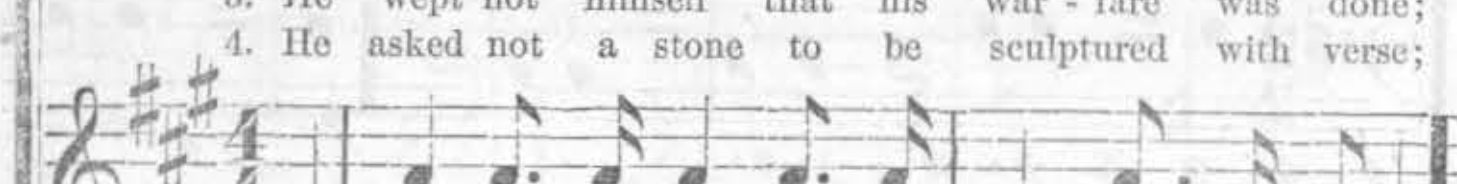
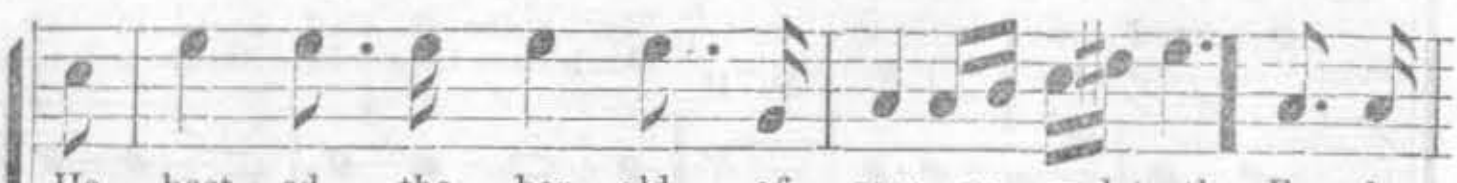
1. A - way from his home and the friends of his youth,
2. The stranger's eye wept, that in life's brightest bloom,



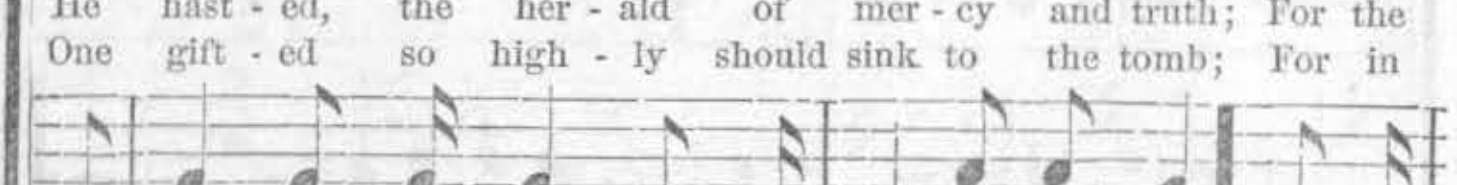
3. He wept not himself that his war - fare was done;
4. He asked not a stone to be sculptured with verse;



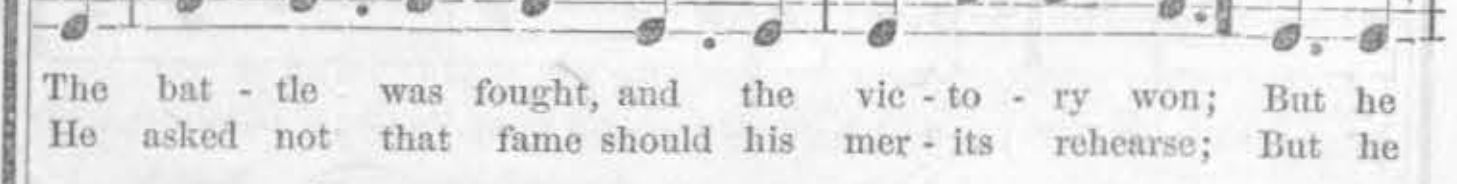
5. Vic - to - rious his fall— for he rose as he fell,
6. And can we the words of our broth - er for - get?

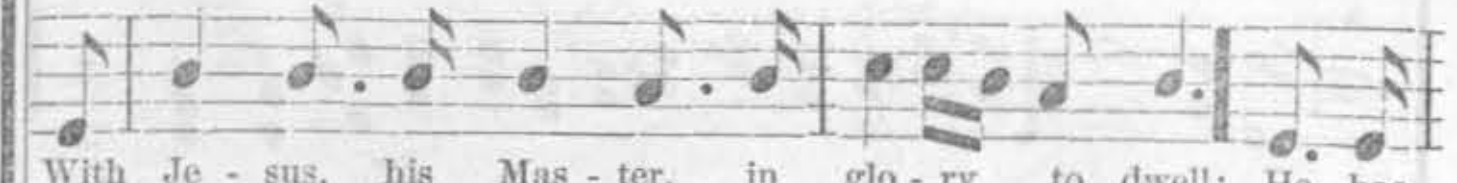
He hast - ed, the her - ald of mer - cy and truth; For the
One gift - ed so high - ly should sink to the tomb; For in




The bat - tle was fought, and the vic - to - ry won; But he
He asked not that fame should his mer - its rehearse; But he



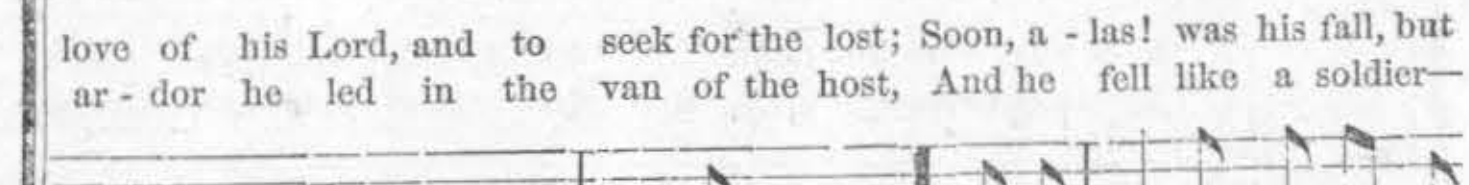
With Je - sus, his Mas - ter, in glo - ry to dwell; He has
Oh, no! they are fresh in our mem - o - ry yet; An ex -



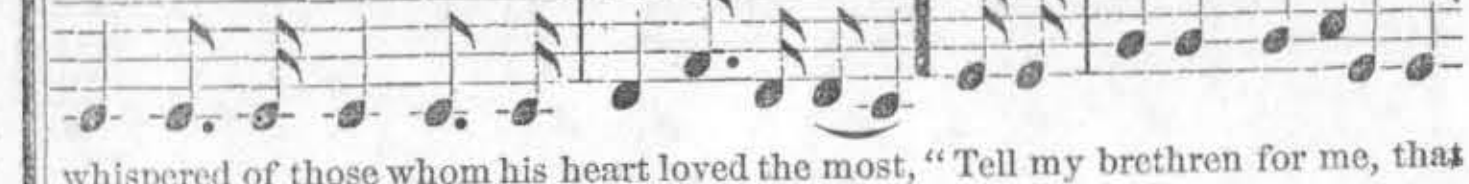
FAITHFUL SENTINEL,—Concluded.



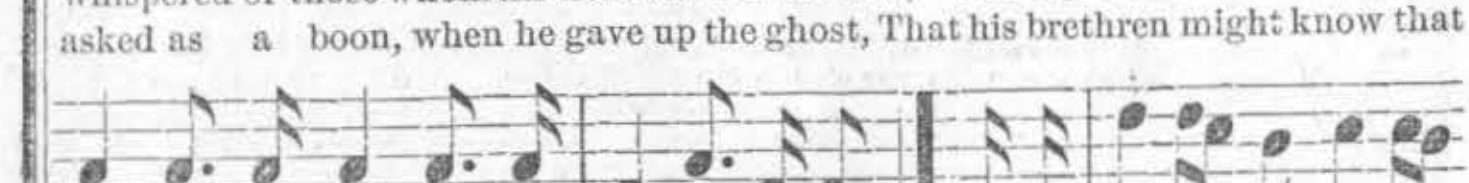

love of his Lord, and to seek for the lost; Soon, a - las! was his fall, but
ar - dor he led in the van of the host, And he fell like a soldier—



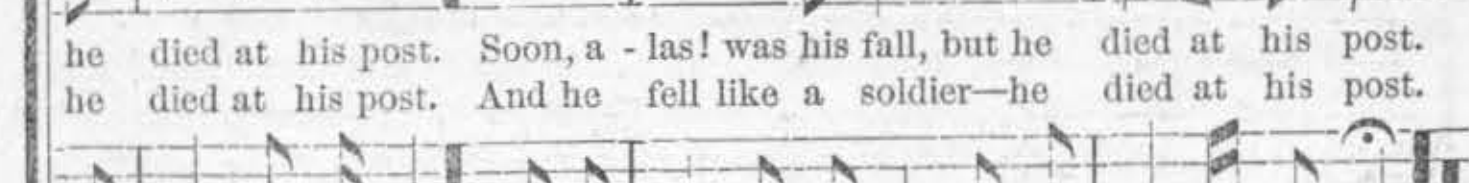
whispered of those whom his heart loved the most, "Tell my brethren for me, that
asked as a boon, when he gave up the ghost, That his brethren might know that



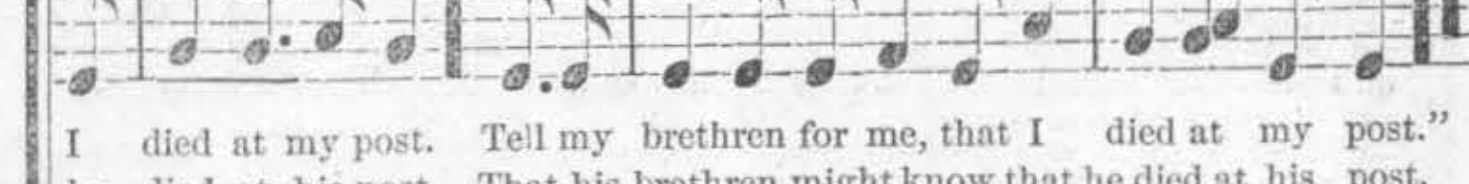
passed o'er the sea, he has reached the bright coast, For he fell like a martyr—
am - ple so sa - cred shall never be lost, We will fall in the work—we

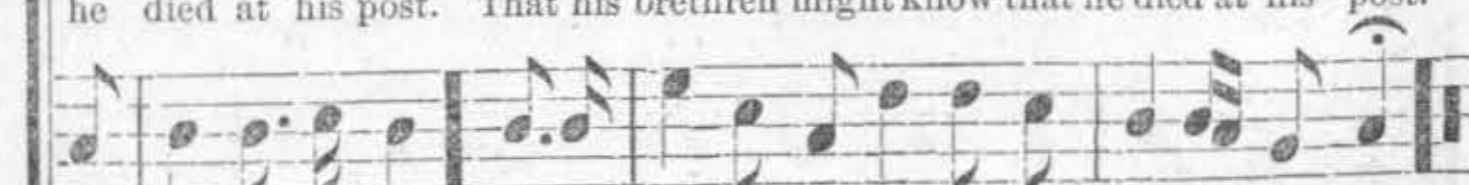
he died at his post. Soon, a - las! was his fall, but he died at his post.
he died at his post. And he fell like a soldier—he died at his post.



I died at my post. Tell my brethren for me, that I died at my post."
he died at his post. That his brethren might know that he died at his post.



he died at his post. For he fell like a martyr—he died at his post.
will die at our post. We will fall in the work—we will die at our post.



BEAUTIFUL WORLD. P. M.

338.

From Revival Melodies, by permission.



1. We are going home, we've had visions bright Of that holy land, that
Where the long, dark night of time is past, And the morn of eternity

2. We are going home, we soon shall be Where the sky is clear, and
Where the victor's song floats o'er the plain, And the seraph's anthems blend

3. Where the tears and sighs which here were given, Are exchanged for the glad some
Where the beauteous forms which sing and shine, Are guarded well by a

world of light, } { Where the weary saint no more shall roam, But dwell in a happy
dawns at last; } { Where the brow with sparkling gems is crowned, And the waves of bliss

all are free; } { Where the sun rolls down its brilliant flood, And beams on a world that
with its strain; } { Where stars, once dimmed at nature's doom, Will ever shine o'er

song of heaven; } { Where the banner of love and friendship's wand Are waving a - bove
hand divine. } { And the glory of God, like a boundless sea, Will cheer that im - mor-

and peaceful home; } { O, that beautiful world! O, that beautiful world!
are flowing around. }

is fair and good; } { O, that beautiful world! O, that beautiful world!
the new earth's bloom. }

that princely band; } { O, that beautiful world! O, that beautiful world!
tal com - pa - ny. }

HELPLESSNESS. 8s & 6s.

339.



1. Just as I am, without one plea, But that thy blood was shed for me,

2. Just as I am, and waiting not To rid my soul of one dark blot;

3. Just as I am, poor, wretched, blind; Sight, riches, healing of the mind,

And that thou bidst me come to thee, O Lamb of God, I come!

To thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot, O Lamb of God, I come!
Yea, all I need, in thee I find—O Lamb of God, I come!

340.

Invited to Christ just as we are. ANON.

- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>4 Just as I am, though tossed about,
With many a conflict, many a doubt;
Fightings within, and fears without—
O Lamb of God, I come!</p> <p>5 Just as I am, thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve,
Because thy promise I believe—
O Lamb of God, I come!</p> <p>6 Just as I am—thy love unknown
Has broken every barrier down;
Now to be thine, yea, thine alone,
O Lamb of God, I come!</p> | <p>1 Just as thou art, without one trace
Of love, or joy, or inward grace,
Or meetness for the heavenly place,
O guilty sinner, come!</p> <p>2 Come, hither bring thy boding fears,
Thy aching heart, thy bursting tears;
'Tis mercy's voice salutes thine ears;
O trembling sinner, come!</p> <p>3 "The Spirit and the bride say, come;"
Rejoicing saints re-echo, come! [come;
Who faints, who thirsts, who will, may
Thy Savior bids thee come!</p> |
|---|--|

341. PORTUGUESE HYMN. 11s.

1. How firm a foun - dation, ye saints of the Lord, Is laid for

2. Fear not, he is with thee, O! be not dismayed; For he is

3. When through the deep waters he calls thee to go, The riv - ers

your faith in his ex - cel - lent word; What more can he say than to

thy God, and will give thee his aid: He'll strengthen thee, help thee, and

of sor - row shall ne'er o - ver - flow; His presence shall guide thee, his

- 4 When through fiery trials thy pathway is laid,
His grace, all-sufficient, shall lend thee its aid;
The flame shall not hurt thee; he does but design
Thy dross to consume, and thy gold to refine.
- 5 His people, through life, shall abundantly prove
His sovereign, eternal, unchangeable love;
When age with gray hairs shall their temples adorn,
Like lambs they shall still in his bosom be borne.
- 6 The soul that on Jesus hath leaned for repose,
He will not—he will not desert to its foes:
That soul—though all hell should endeavor to shake,
He'll never—no, never—no, never forsake.

342.*Trust in Christ.*

- 1 To thee, O my Savior, to thee will I cling,
For thou art my Lord, my Redeemer and King;
And feeling thy blessing, my spirit shall know
Thy mercy is with me wherever I go.

PORTUGUESE HYMN,—Concluded.

you he hath said, To you who for refuge, To you who for

cause thee to stand, Up - held by his gracious, Up - held by his

mer - cy shall bless, And sanc - ti - fy to thee, And sanc - ti - fy

ref - uge, To you who for ref - uge to Je - sus have fled?

gracious, Up - held by his gracious, om - ni - potent hand.

to thee, And sanc - ti - fy to thee thy deepest dis - tress.

- 2 Farewell to the anguish of doubt and despair,
And welcome the rapture of praise and of prayer;
Since, meekly confiding, in faith I rejoice
To hear the sweet tones of thy comforting voice.
- 3 Around me there shineth the heavenly ray
Which scattereth clouds and their shadows away,
And melteth my soul in devotional glow,—
For mercy is with me wherever I go.
- 4 Farewell to the pleasures which time can afford,
Since thou art my glory, my Savior and Lord;
Nor fear I the darkness of death and the tomb,
Since thou art my light in the midst of the gloom.
- 5 Before me there gloweth, around and above,
The pledges of favor, the tokens of love:
And gratitude teacheth my spirit to know
Thy mercy is with me wherever I go.

THE CHRISTIAN MARINER. 8s & 4s.

343.

1. When for the heavenly world we steer, And seas are calm, and skies are clear; }
And faith in live-ly ex - er - cise, And distant hills of Canaan rise. }

The soul for joy then claps her wings, And loud her lovely

sonnet sings, Vain world, a - dieu! Vain world, a - dieu! And

loud her love - ly son - net sings, Vain world, a - dieu!

2 With cheerful hope her eyes explore
Each landmark on the distant shore;—
The trees of life, the pastures green,
The golden streets, the crystal stream;
Again for joy she claps her wings,
And loud her lovely sonnet sings,—
Vain world, adieu!

3 The nearer still she draws to land,
More eager all her powers expand:
With steady helm, and free-bent sail,
Her anchor drops within the veil:
Again for joy she claps her wings,
And her celestial sonnet sings,—
Glory to God!

344. HOMEWARD BOUND. 10s & 4s.

From Revival Melodies, by permission.

1. Out on an ocean all boundless we ride, We're homeward bound,
Tossed on the waves of a rough, restless tide, We're homeward bound,
D. C. Promise of which on us each he bestowed, We're homeward bound,

2. Wildly the storm sweeps us on as it roars, We're homeward bound,
Look! yonder lie the bright heaven-ly shores, We're homeward bound,
D. C. O, how we fly 'neath the loud-creaking sail, We're homeward bound,

Fine. D.C.

homeward bound. } { Far from the safe, qui - et harbor we've rode, }
homeward bound. } { Seeking our Father's ce - lestial a - bode. }

homeward bound. } { Steady, O pi - lot! stand firm at the wheel; }
homeward bound. } { Steady! we soon shall out weather the gale; }

3 Earth, with its trifles, we all have re-
signed,

We're homeward bound. [find,
Heaven, with its glories, we shortly shall
We're homeward bound.

Sinful amusements no longer are dear,
O, how delusive and vain they appear,
While to our home we are drawing so near,
We're homeward bound.

4 We'll tell the world, as we journey along,
We're homeward bound.

Try to persuade them to enter our throng,
We're homeward bound. [pressed,
Come, trembling sinner, forlorn and op-
Join in our number, O come and be blest,
Journey with us to the mansions of rest,
We're homeward bound.

5 Soon we'll be singing, if faithful we
prove,

We're home at last!
Sounding in triumph, in mansions above,
We're home at last!

Soon as our toils and temptations are o'er,
Up to our home with the blest we will soar;
O how we'll shout as we enter the door,
We're home at last!

6 Into the harbor of heaven now we glide,
We're home at last.

Softly we drift on its bright silver tide,
We're home at last.
Glory to God! all our dangers are o'er,
We stand secure on the glorified shore,
Glory to God! we will shout evermore,
We're home at last!

SAINT'S HOME. 10s & 11s.

345.

1st. 2d.

1. Mid scenes of con - fu - sion and creature complaints,
How sweet to my soul is com - munion with.....saints;

To find at the banquet of mer - cy there's room,
And feel in the presence of Je - sus at.....home.

Home, home, sweet, sweet home, Prepare me, dear Savior, for glo - ry, my home.

- 2 Sweet bonds that unite all the children of peace!
And thrice precious Jesus, whose love cannot cease!
Though oft from thy presence in sadness I roam,
I long to behold thee in glory at home.
- 3 While here in the valley of conflict I stay,
O, give me submission and strength as my day;
In all my afflictions to thee would I come,
Rejoicing in hope of my glorious home.
- 4 I long, dearest Lord, in thy beauties to shine,
No more as an exile in sorrow to pine;
And in thy dear image arise from the tomb,
With glorified millions to praise thee at home.

346.

I'm Weary.

ANON.

- 1 I'm weary of straying—oh! fain would I rest
In that distant land of the pure and the blest,
Where sin can no longer her blandishments spread,
And tears and temptations forever are fled.
- 2 I'm weary of hoping—where hope is untrue,
As fair, but as fleeting, as morning's bright dew;
I long for that land whose blest promise alone
Is changeless and sure as eternity's throne.
- 3 I'm weary of sighing o'er sorrows of earth,
O'er joy's glowing visions, that fade at their birth—
O'er the pangs of the loved, which we cannot assuage,
O'er the blightings of youth, and the weakness of age.
- 4 I'm weary of loving what passes away,
The sweetest, the dearest, alas, may not stay!
I long for that land where those partings are o'er,
And death and the tomb can divide hearts no more.
- 5 I'm weary, my Savior, of grieving thy love—
Oh when shall I rest in thy presence above;
I'm weary—but oh, let me never repine,
While thy word, and thy love, and thy promise, are mine.

347.

Longing for Heaven.

MUHLENBURG.

- 1 I would not live alway; I ask not to stay
Where storm after storm rises o'er the dark way;
The few lurid mornings that dawn on us here
Are enough for life's woes—full enough for its cheer.
- 2 I would not live alway; no, welcome the tomb;
Since Jesus has lain there, I dread not its gloom;
There sweet be my rest till he bid me arise,
To hail him in triumph descending the skies.
- 3 Who, who would live alway, away from his God—
Away from yon heaven, that blissful abode,
Where rivers of pleasure flow o'er the bright plains,
And the noontide of glory eternally reigns?—
- 4 Where saints of all ages in harmony meet,
Their Savior and brethren transported to greet,
While anthems of rapture unceasingly roll,
And the smile of the Lord is the life of the soul?

MEDITATION. 8s & 4s.

348.

1. Je - sus died on Calvary's mountain, Long time a - go;

2. Once his voice, in tones of pi - ty, Melt - ed in wo;

3. On his head the dews of midnight Fell, long a - go;

4. Je - sus died—yet lives for - ev - er, No more to die;—

And sal - vation's rolling fountain Now free - ly flows.

And he wept o'er Judah's ci - ty, Long time a - go.

Now a crown of dazzling sunlight Sits on his brow.

Bleeding Je - sus, bless - ed Savior, Now reigns on high.

5 Now in heaven he's interceding
For dying men;
Soon he'll finish all his pleading,
And come again.

6 When he comes a voice from heaven
Shall pierce the tomb,—
"Come, ye blessed of my Father,
Children, come home."

349.

THE TRAVELLER.

N. BILLINGS.

1. I'm a lone - ly traveller here, Wea - ry, oppressed, But my

2. I'm a wea - ry traveller here, I must go on; For my

3. I'm a traveller to a land Where all is fair; Where are

journey's end is near; Soon I shall rest. Dark and dreary is the way,

journey's end is near; I must be gone. Brighter joys than earth can give
seen no broken bands; All, all are there; Where no tears shall ev - er fall,

Toiling I've come; Ask me not with you to stay; Yonder's my home.

Win me a - way—Pleasures that for - ev - er live; I cannot stay.

No heart be sad, Where the glo - ry is for all, And all are glad.

4 I'm a traveller, and I go
Where all is fair;
Farewell all I've loved below;
I must be there.
Worldly honors, hopes, and gain,
All I resign;
Welcome sorrow, grief, and pain,
If heaven be mine.

5 I'm a traveller; call me not;
Upward's my way;
Yonder is my rest and lot;
I cannot stay.
Farewell earthly pleasures all;
Pilgrim I'll roam;
Hail me not; in vain you call;
Yonder's my home.

PROSPECT. C. M. Double.

350.

1. Hail, sweetest, dearest tie, that binds Our glowing hearts in one;

2. From Burmah's shores, from Afric's strand, From In - dia's burning plain,

End.

Hail, sacred hope, that tunes our minds To har - mo - ny di - vine.
D.C. What though beneath an Eastern sky Be cast our dis - tant lot?

From Europe, from Co - lumbia's land, We hope to meet a - gain.
D.C. There friendship beams from every eye, And hope im - mor - tal glows.

Close with 2d strain. D.C

What though the northern win - try blast Shall howl around thy cot?

No lingering look, no parting sigh, Our fu - ture meeting knows;

351.

The Heavenly Jerusalem. ANON.

- 1 Jerusalem, my glorious home!
Name ever dear to me;
When shall my labors have an end,
In joy, and peace, and thee? [walls
When shall these eyes thy heaven-built
And pearly gates behold?
Thy bulwarks with salvation strong,
And streets of shining gold?
- 2 O, when, thou city of my God,
Shall I thy courts ascend,
Where congregations ne'er break up,
And Sabbaths never end?
There happier bowers than Eden's bloom,
Nor sin nor sorrow know: [scenes
Blest seats! through rude and stormy
I onward press to you.
- 3 Why should I shrink at pain and woe?
Or feel at death dismay?
I've Canaan's goodly land in view,
And realms of endless day.
Apostles, martyrs, prophets, there,
Around my Savior stand;
And soon my friends in Christ below
Will join the glorious band.

352.

Prospect of Heaven. WATTS.

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

17*

353.

Fear Not. AVELING.

- 1 Whene'er the clouds of sorrow roll,
And trials overwhelm the mind,
When, faint with grief, thy wearied soul
No joys on earth can find;
Then lift thy voice to God on high,
Dry up the trembling tear,
And hush the low, complaining sigh:—
"Fear not;" thy God is near. [snares,
- 2 When dark temptations spread their
And earth with charms allures,
And when thy soul, oppressed with fears,
The world's assault endures;
Then let thy Father's friendly voice
Thy fainting spirit cheer,
And bid thy trembling heart rejoice:—
"Fear not;" thy God is near.
- 3 And when the final hour shall come,
That calls thee to thy rest,
To dwell within thy heavenly home,
A welcome, joyful guest,— [roll,
Be calm; though Jordan's waves may
No ills shall meet thee there;
Angels shall whisper to thy soul,—
"Fear not;" thy God is near.

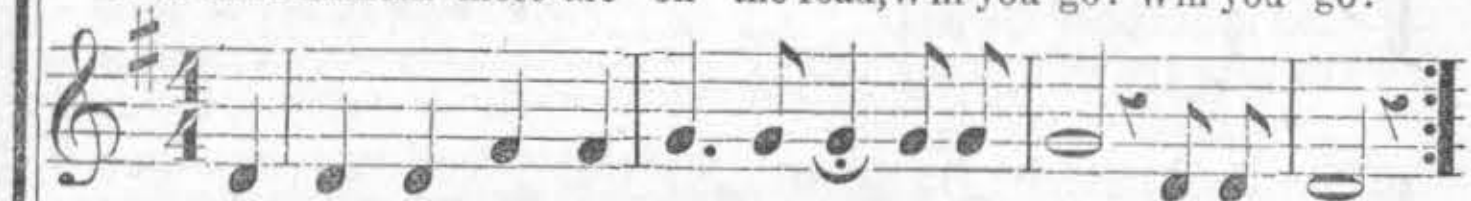
354.

Thoughts of Heaven. MRS. DANA.

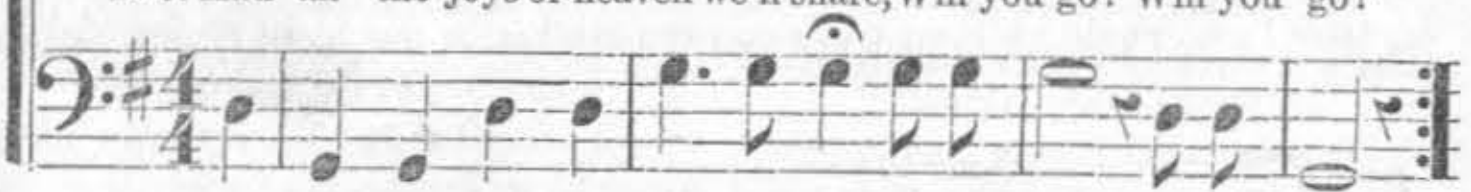
- 1 There's not a bright and beaming smile,
Which in this world I see,
But turns my heart to future joy,
And whispers "heaven" to me.
Though often here my soul is sad,
And falls the silent tear,
There is a world where all are glad,
And sorrow dwells not there.
- 2 I never clasp a friendly hand,
In greeting, or farewell,
But thoughts of an eternal home
Within my bosom swell:
A prayer to meet in heaven at last,
Where all the ransomed come,
And where eternal ages still
Shall find us all at home.

355. HEAVENWARD JOURNEY. 8s & 6s.

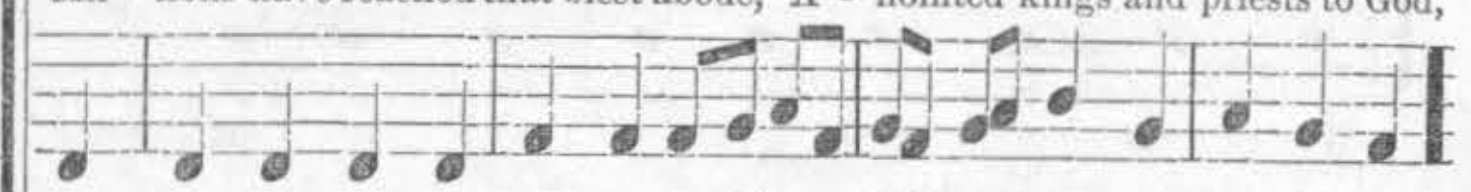
1. We're travelling home to heaven above, Will you go? Will you go? }
 To sing the Savior's dy-ing love, Will you go? Will you go? }
 D.C. And millions more are on the road, Will you go? Will you go?



2. We're going to see the bleeding Lamb, Will you go? Will you go? }
 In rapturous strains to praise his name, Will you go? Will you go? }
 D.C. And all the joys of heaven we'll share, Will you go? Will you go?



Mil-lions have reached that blest abode, A-nointed kings and priests to God,

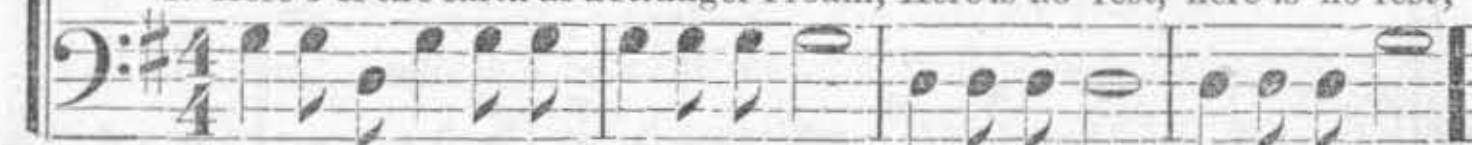


The crown of life we soon shall wear, The conqueror's palm our hands shall bear,

- 3 The way to heaven is straight and plain, Will you go? will you go?
 Repent, believe, be born again;
 Will you go? will you go?
 The Savior cries aloud to thee,
 "Take up thy cross and follow me,
 And thou shalt my salvation see."
 Will you go? will you go?
- 4 O, could I hear some sinner say,
 I will go! I will go!
 I'll start this moment, clear the way,
 Let me go! let me go!
 My old companions, fare you well,
 I will not go with you to hell;
 I mean with Jesus Christ to dwell;
 I will go! I will go!

356. HERE IS NO REST. P. M.

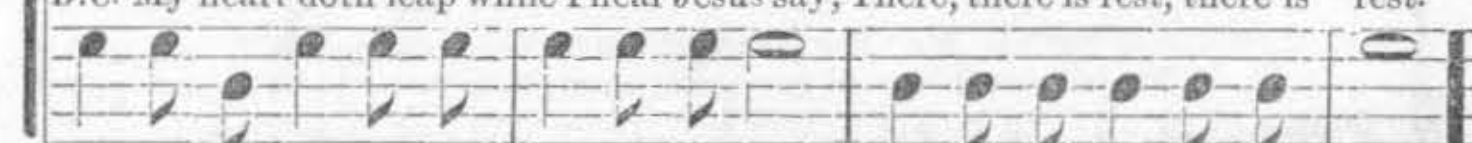
1. Here o'er the earth as a stranger I roam, Here is no rest, here is no rest;



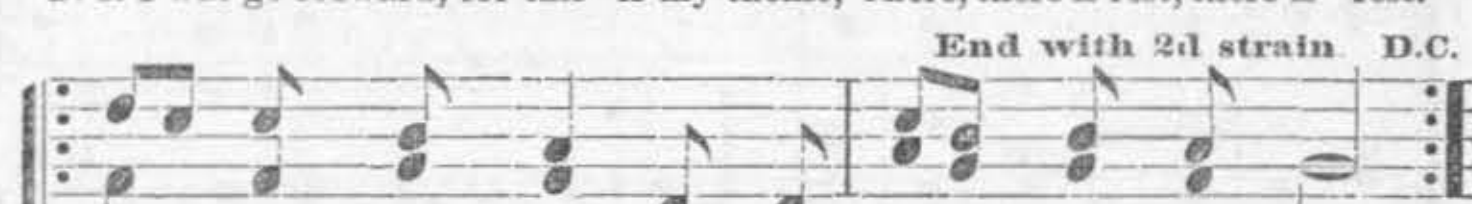
2. Here fierce temptations beset me around, Here is no rest, here is no rest:



Here as a pilgrim I wander alone, Yet I am blest, I am blest;
 D.C. My heart doth leap while I hear Jesus say, There, there is rest, there is rest.



Here I am grieved while my foes me surround; Yet I am blest, I am blest;
 D.C. I will go forward, for this is my theme, There, there is rest, there is rest.



For I look for-ward to that glo-rious day, }
 When sin and sor-row shall van-ish a-way; }



Let them re-vile me, and scoff at my name, }
 Laugh at my weeping, en-deav-or to shame; }

- 3 Here are afflictions and trials severe;
 Here is no rest, here is no rest;
 Here I must part with the friends I hold dear,
 Yet I am blest, I am blest;
 Sweet is the promise I read in his word,
 Blessed are they who have died in the Lord;
 They have been called to receive their reward;
 There, there is rest, there is rest.
- 4 This world of cares is a wilderness state,
 Here is no rest, here is no rest;
 Here I must bear from the world all its hate,
 Yet I am blest, I am blest;
 Soon shall I be from the wicked released,
 Soon shall the weary forever be blest;
 Soon will I lean upon Jesus' soft breast,—
 There, there is rest, there is rest.

357. NO NIGHT IN HEAVEN. REV. J. W. DADMUN.



1. No night shall be in heaven! no gathering gloom Shall o'er that
2. No night shall be in heaven! no dreadful hour Of mental



glorious landscape ev - er come; No tears shall fall in sadness o'er
darkness, or the tempter's power; Across those skies no envious cloud



more their mournful vigils keep; Their fountains dried—their tears all wiped
what the faithful Witness saith, That faith should make these hideous phan-



those flowers, That breathe their fragrance through ce - les - tial bowers.
shall roll, To dim the sunlight of the raptured soul.




a - way— They gaze un - dazzled on e - ter - nal day.
toms flee, And leave no night, henceforth, on earth to me.




358. THE EDEN ABOVE. P. M.

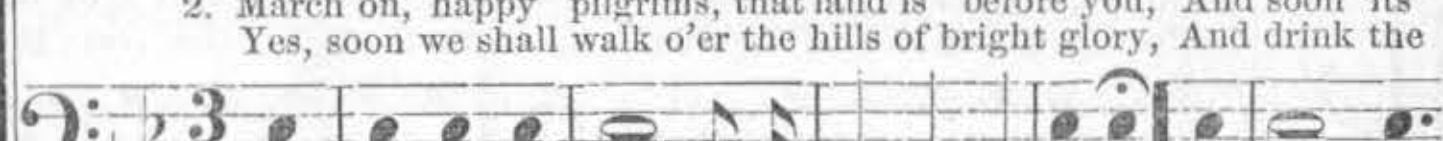
From Revival Melodies, by permission.



1. We're bound for the land of the pure and the holy, The home of
Ye wanderers from God in the broad road of folly, O say, will



2. March on, happy pilgrims, that land is before you, And soon its
Yes, soon we shall walk o'er the hills of bright glory, And drink the



3. And yet, guilty sinner, we would not forsake thee, We halt yet
O come to thy Lord, in his arms he will take thee, And bear thee

CHORUS.



the happy, the kingdom of love; }
you go to the Eden a - bove? } Will you go, will you go, will you go, will



ten thousand delights we shall prove; }
pure joys of the Eden a - bove. } We will go, we will go, we will go, we



a moment as onward we move; }
a - long to the Eden a - bove. } Will you go, will you go, will you go, will



you go; O say, will you go to the E - den a - bove?



will go; O yes, we will go to the E - den a - bove.



you go; O say, will you go to the E - den a - bove?

A HOME IN HEAVEN. 9s & 10s.

359.

1. A home in heaven! what a joyful thought, As the poor man toils in his

2. A home in heaven! when our pleasures fade, And our wealth and fame in the

3. A home in heaven! when the sinner mourns, And with contrite heart to the

4. A home in heaven! when our friends are fled To the cheerless gloom of the

weary lot! His heart oppressed, and with anguish driven From his home below,

Just are laid; And strength decays, and our health is riven, We are happy still

Savior turns; O, then what bliss in that heart forgiven Does the hope inspire

mouldering dead; We wait in hope on the promise given; We shall meet again

to his home in heaven. From his home be - low, to his home in heaven.

with our home in heaven. We are happy still with our home in heaven.

of a home in heaven! Does the hope in - spire of a home in heaven!

in our home in heaven. We shall meet a - gain in our home in heaven.

ASSURANCE. 11s.

360.

From the Psalmista.

1. My home is in heaven, my rest is not here, Then why should I

2. The thorn and the thistle around me may grow, — I would not lie

3. Af - flictions may grieve me, but cannot destroy; One glimpse of his

4. Let doubt, then, and danger, my progress oppose, They on - ly make

murmur when tri - als are near? Be hushed, my dark spir - it, the worst that

down up - on ro - ses be - low; I ask not my portion, I seek not

love turns them all in - to joy; And bit - ter - est tears, if he smile but

heaven more sweet at the close; Come joy, or come sorrow, whate'er may

can come, But shortens my journey and hastens me home.

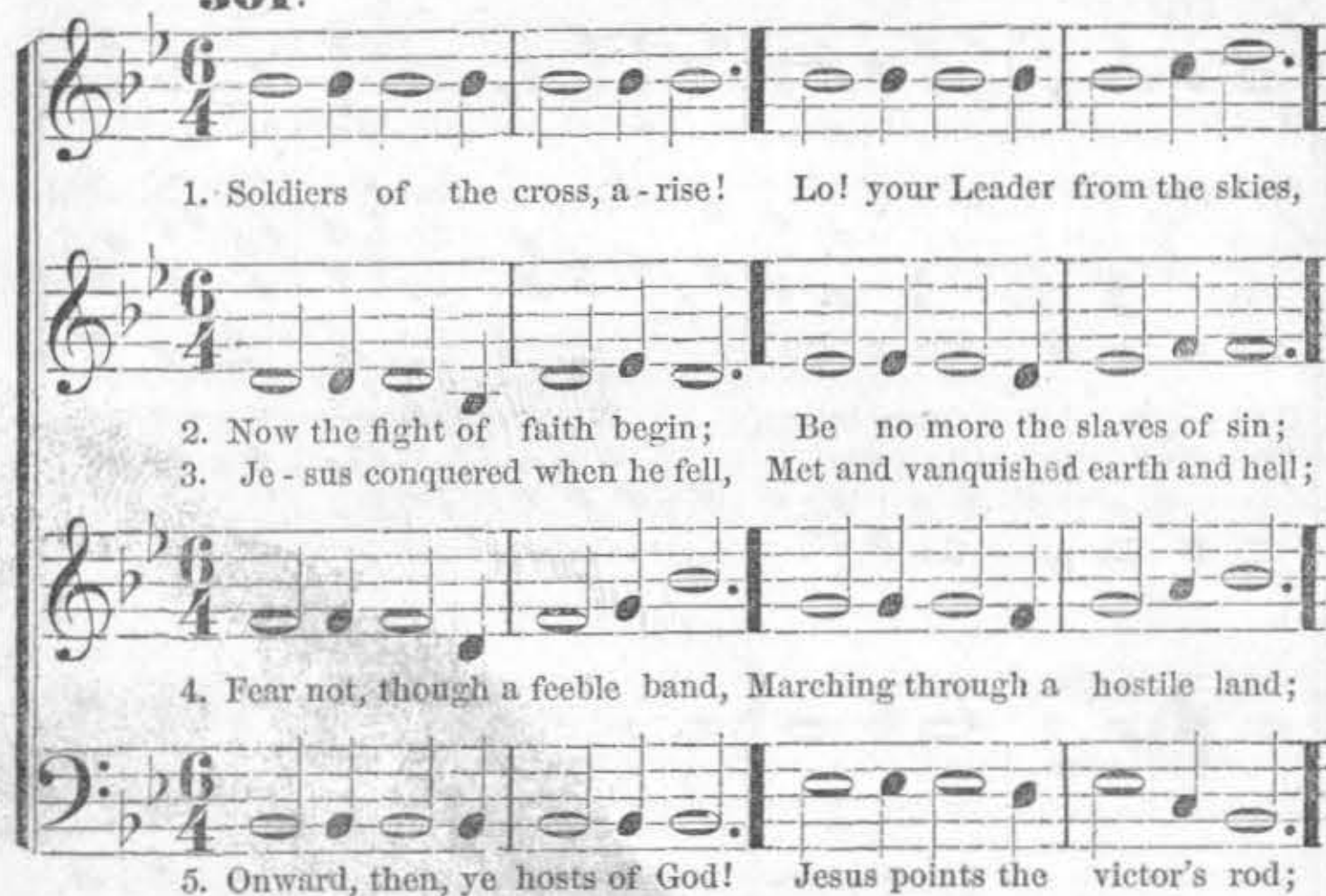
my rest, Till I find them for - ev - er on Je - sus' soft breast.

on them, Like dew in the sun - shine, grow diamond and gem.

be - fal, An hour with my God will make up for it all.

CALEDONIA. 7s & 6s.

361.



1. Soldiers of the cross, a-rise! Lo! your Leader from the skies,
 2. Now the fight of faith begin; Be no more the slaves of sin;
 3. Je-sus conquered when he fell, Met and vanquished earth and hell;
 4. Fear not, though a feeble band, Marching through a hostile land;
 5. Onward, then, ye hosts of God! Jesus points the victor's rod;

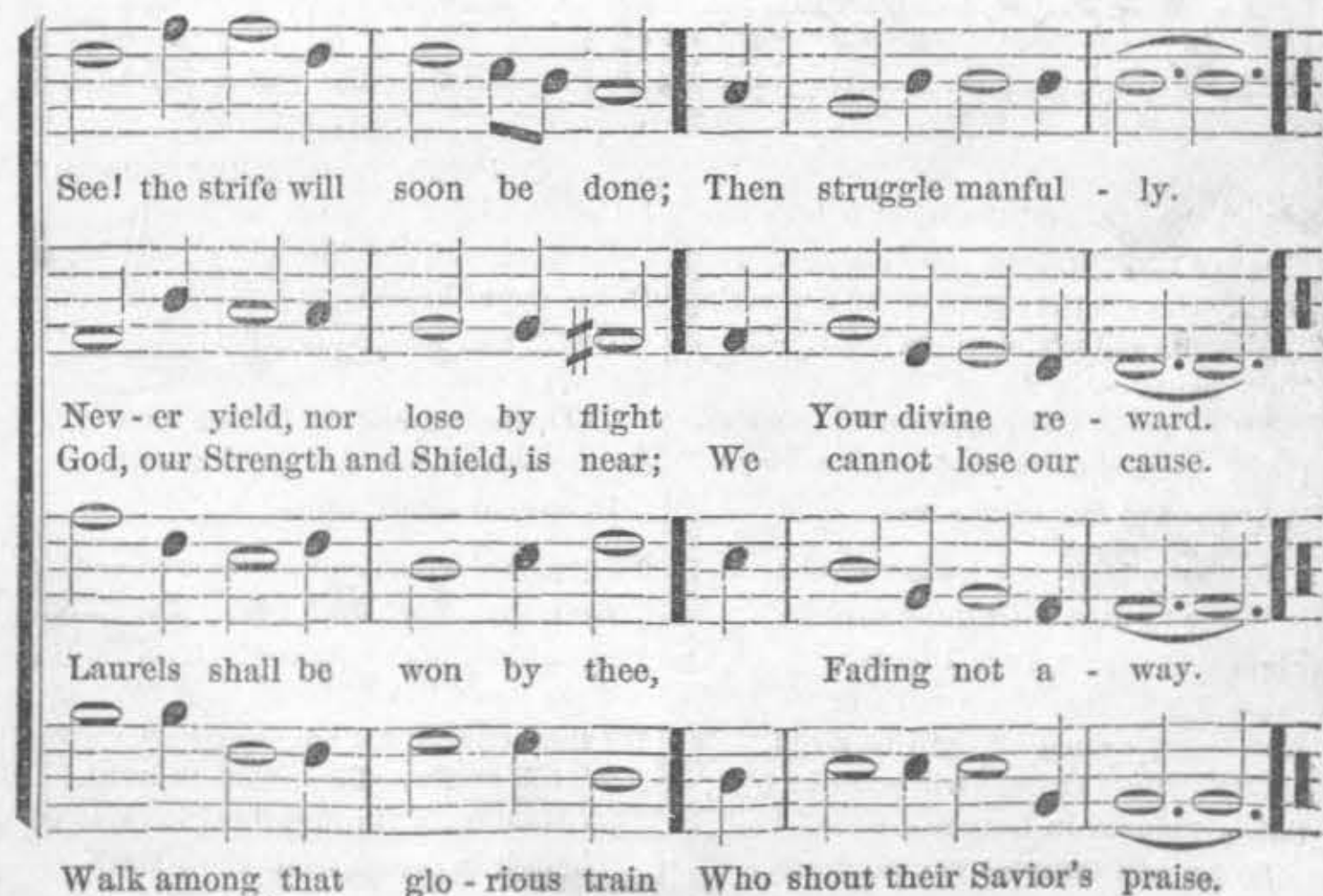


Waves before you glo-ry's prize, The prize of vic-to-ry!
 Strive the victor's palm to win, Trust-ing in the Lord.
 Now he leads you on, to swell The triumphs of his cross.
 Guided by a mighty hand, Ye shall win the day.
 Follow where your lead-er trod; You soon shall see his face.

CALEDONIA,—Concluded.



Seize your armor, gird it on! Now the bat-tle will be won!
 Gird ye on the armor bright, Warriors of the King of light;
 Though all earth and hell appear, Who will doubt, or who can fear?
 Faithful to your banner be, Ev-er fighting manful-ly;
 Soon, your en-e-mies all slain, Crowns of glo-ry you shall gain,—



See! the strife will soon be done; Then struggle manful-ly.
 Nev-er yield, nor lose by flight Your divine re-ward.
 God, our Strength and Shield, is near; We cannot lose our cause.
 Laurels shall be won by thee, Fading not a-way.
 Walk among that glo-rious train Who shout their Savior's praise.

362. SAILOR'S HYMN. 8s & 7s. Double.

End.




1. Tossed upon life's ra-ging bil-low, Sweet it is, O Lord, to know }
Thou didst press a sail-or's pil-low, And canst feel a sail-or's wo. }



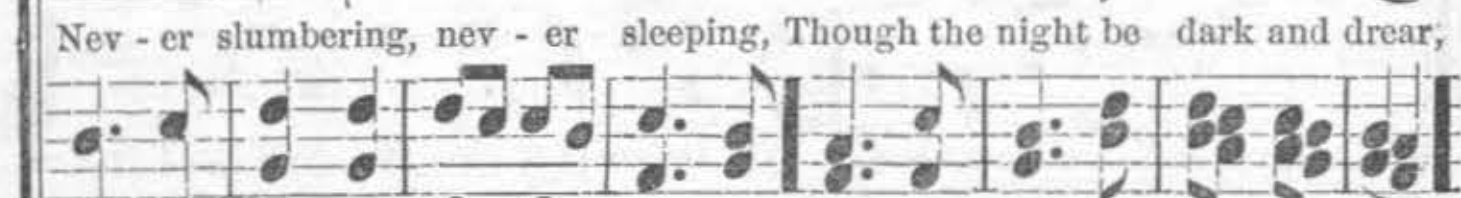
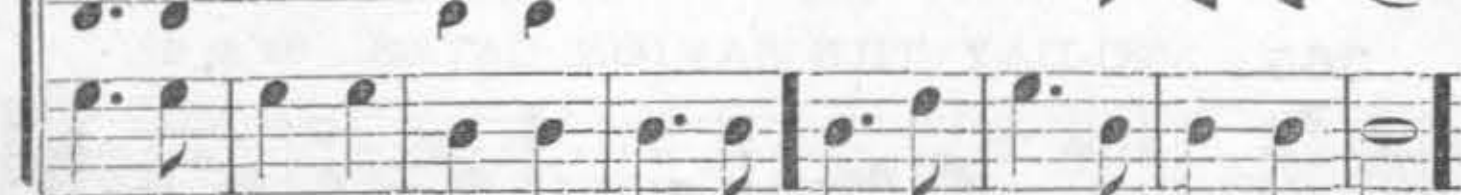
D. C. Thou the faithful watch art keeping, "All, all's well," thy constant cheer.



D. C.



Nev - er slumbering, nev - er sleeping, Though the night be dark and drear,

363.

Protection in God. MONTGOMERY.

2 And though loud the wind is howling,
Fierce though flash the lightnings red;
Darkly though the storm-cloud's lowering
O'er the sailor's anxious head;—
Thou canst calm the raging ocean,
All its noise and tumult still;
Hush the tempest's wild commotion,
At the bidding of thy will.

3 Thus my heart the hope will cherish,
While to thee I lift mine eye;
Thou wilt save me ere I perish,
Thou wilt hear the sailor's cry.
And though mast and sail be riven,
Life's short voyage will soon be o'er;
Safely moored in heaven's wide haven,
Storm and tempest vex no more.

1 Call the Lord thy sure salvation,
Rest beneath th' Almighty's shade;
In his secret habitation
Dwell, and never be dismayed.
There no tumult can alarm thee,
Thou shalt dread no hidden snare;
Guile nor violence can harm thee,
In eternal safety there.

2 Thee, tho' winds and waves are swelling,
God, thy hope, shall bear through all;
Plague shall not come nigh thy dwelling,
Thee no evil shall befall.
He shall charge his angel legions
Watch and ward o'er thee to keep,
Tho' thou walk through hostile regions,
Though in desert wilds thou sleep.

364. FAR, FAR AT SEA. 8s, 7s & 4.



1. Star of peace, to wanderers weary, Bright the beams that smile on
2. Star of hope! gleam on the billow, Bless the soul that sighs for
3. Star of faith! when winds are mocking All his toil, he flies to
4. Star divine! O safe-ly guide him, Bring the wanderer home to




me; Cheer the pi-lot's vis-ion drear-y, Far, far at sea.
thee; Bless the sail-or's lone-ly pil-low, Far, far at sea.
thee; Save him on the billows rock-ing, Far, far at sea.
thee; Sore temp-ta-tions long have tried him, Far, far at sea.






365. TO-DAY THE SAVIOR CALLS. 6s & 4s.



1. To-day the Sa-vior calls! Ye wanderers come!
2. To-day the Sa-vior calls! O, list-en now:




O, ye be-night-ed souls, Why lon-ger roam?
With-in these sa-cred walls To Je-sus bow.





3 To-day the Savior calls!
For refuge fly;
The storm of vengeance falls;
Ruin is nigh.


4 The Spirit calls to-day!
Yield to his power;
O, grieve him not away;
'Tis mercy's hour.

THE FAMILY BIBLE. C. M. J. RICKARD.


366.




1. This book is all that's left me now! Tears will un-bid-den




2. Ah! well do I re-member those Whose names these records




3. My father read this ho-ly book To brothers, sis-ters




4. Thou truest friend man ev-er knew, Thy constan-cy I've




start; With faltering lip and throbbing brow, I press it to my



bear; Who round the hearth-stone used to close, Af-ter the evening




dear; How calm was my poor mother's look, Who loved God's word to




tried; When all were false I've found thee true, My counsel-lor and


THE FAMILY BIBLE,—Concluded.




heart; For ma-ny gen-er-ations passed Here is our family




prayer, And speak of what these pa-ges said, In tones my heart would




hear! Her an-gel face—I see it yet! What thronging memories



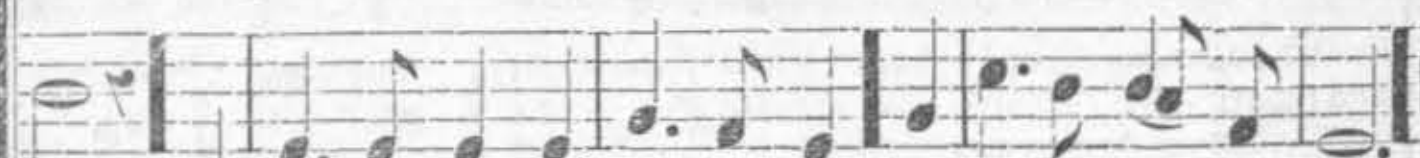
guide. The mines of earth no treasure give, That could this volume




tree; My mother's hands this Bible clasped; She, dying, gave it me.



thrill; Though they are with the si-lent dead, Here are they liv-ing still.



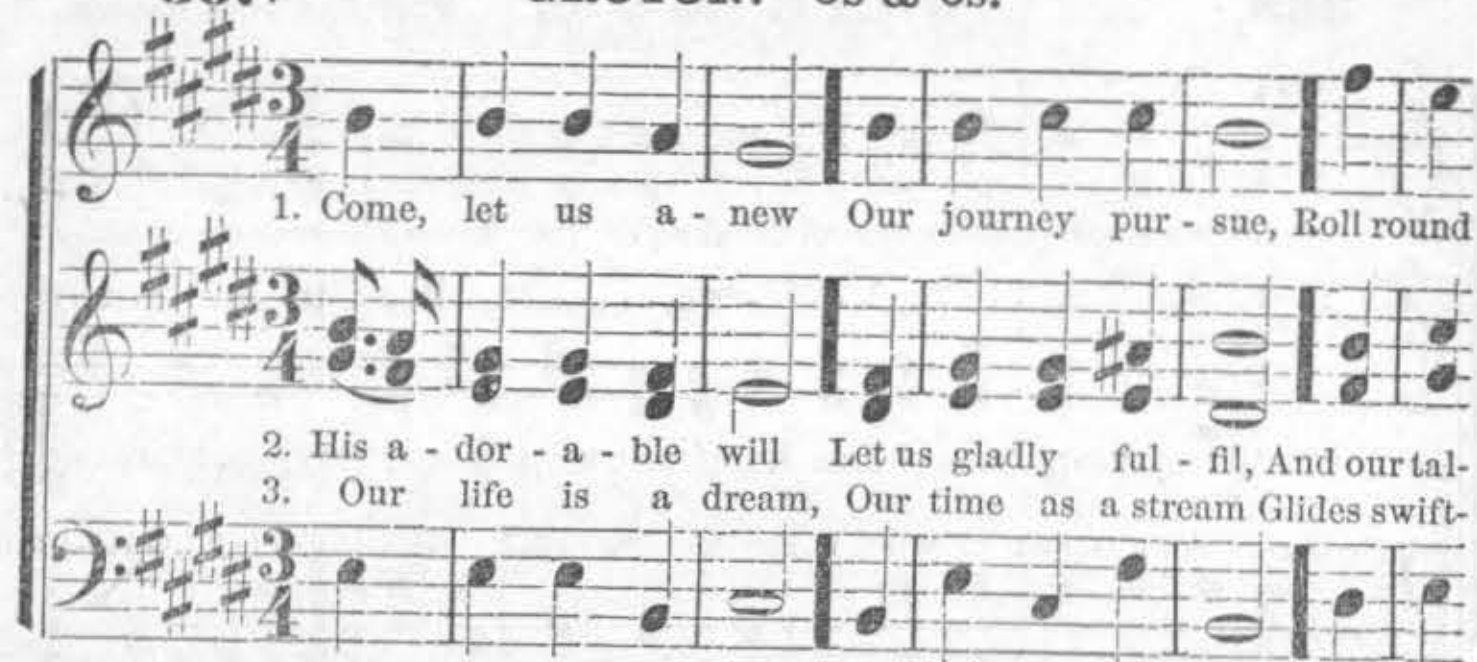
come! A-gain that lit-tle group is met Within the walls of home.



buy:— In teaching me the way to live, It taught me how to die.

367.

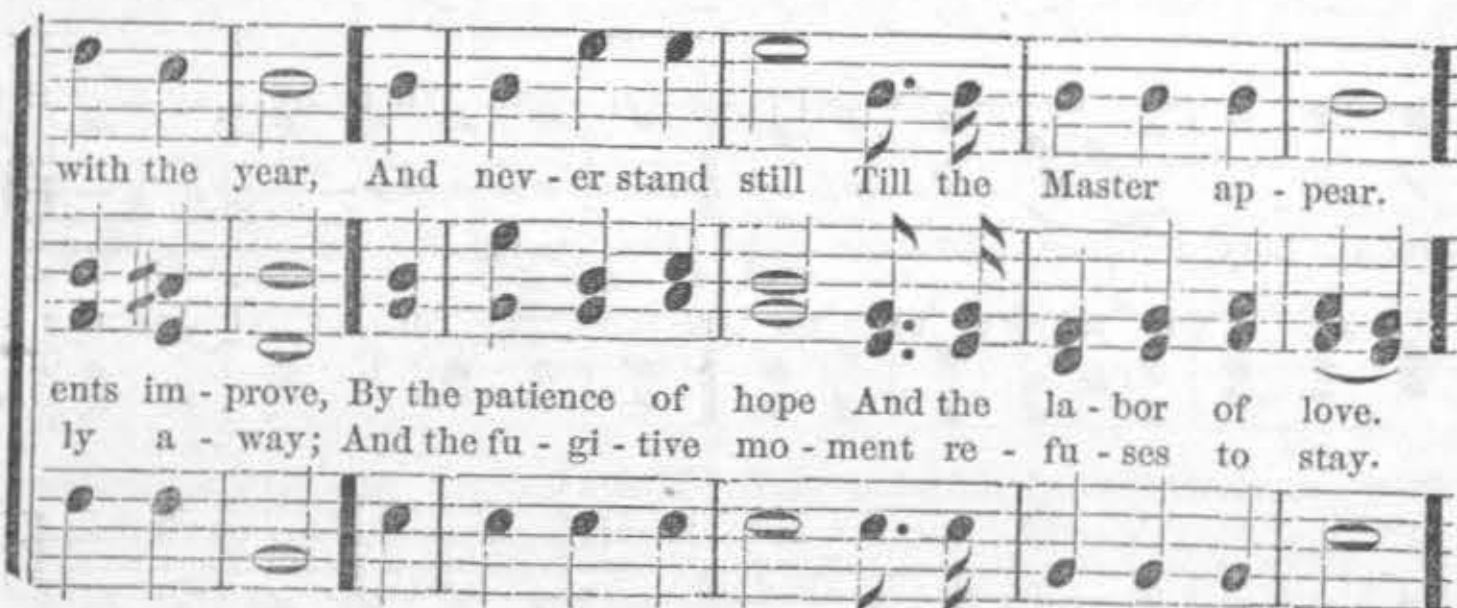
GROTON. 5s & 6s.



1. Come, let us a - new Our journey pur - sue, Roll round

2. His a - dor - a - ble will Let us gladly ful - fil, And our tal-

3. Our life is a dream, Our time as a stream Glides swift-



with the year, And nev - er stand still Till the Master ap - pear.

ents im - prove, By the patience of hope And the la - bor of love.

ly a - way; And the fu - gi - tive mo - ment re - fu - ses to stay.



And nev - er stand still Till the Mas - ter ap - pear.

By the patience of hope and the la - bor of love.

And the fu - gi - tive mo - ment re - fu - ses to stay.

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

5 O, that each from the Lord
May receive the glad word—
"Well and faithfully done!
Enter into my joy,
And sit down on my throne."

368.

UNITY. 6s & 5s.

NEW CARMINA SACRA.



1. When shall we meet again? Meet ne'er to sever? When will peace

2. When shall love freely flow Pure as life's river? When shall sweet

3. Up to that world of light, Take us, dear Savior! May we all

4. Soon shall we meet again, Meet ne'er to sever; Soon will peace



wreathe her chain Round us for - ev - er? Our hearts will ne'er re - pose, Safe

friendship glow, Changeless for - ev - er? Where joys ce - les - tial thrill, Where

there u - nite, Hap - py for - ev - er! Where kindred spir - its dwell, There

wreathe her chain Round us for - ev - er: Our hearts will then re - pose, Se-



from each blast that blows, In this dark vale of woes: Never, no, never.

bliss each heart shall fill, And fears of parting chill, Never, no, never.

may our mu - sic swell, And time our joys dis - pel, Never, no, never.

cure from worldly woes; Our songs of praise shall close, Never, no, never.

ANCIENT TUNES.

BUCKFIELD. L. M.

MAXIM.

369.

1. When strangers stand and hear me tell What beauties in my Savior

Where he is gone they fain would know,
dwell, Where he is gone they
Where he is gone they fain would know, That
Where he is gone they fain would know, That they may seek and

2 My best beloved keeps his throne
On hills of light, in worlds unknown;
But he descends and shows his face
In the young gardens of his grace,—

3 In vineyards planted by his hand,
Where fruitful trees in order stand;
He feeds among the spicy beds,
Where lilies show their spotless heads.

BUCKFIELD,—Concluded.

That they may seek and love him too, Where he is gone
fain would know, That they may seek and love him too,
they may seek and love him too, That they may seek and love him too,
love him too, That they may seek and love him too,

they fain would know, That they may seek and love him too.
Where he is gone they fain would know, That they may seek and love him too.

4 He has engrossed my warmest love;
No earthly charms my soul can move;
I have a mansion in his heart,
Nor death nor hell shall make us part.

5 O, may my spirit daily rise
On wings of faith above the skies,
Till death shall make my last remove
To dwell forever with my love.

PORTLAND. L. M.

MAXIM.

370.

Sweet is the day of sa-cred rest, No mor-tal cares shall seize my breast;

O may my heart in tune be found, Like
O may my heart in tune be found, Like David's harp of
O may my heart in tune be found, Like David's harp of solemn sound,
may my heart in tune be found,..... Like Da-vid's harp of

David's harp of sol-enn sound, Like David's harp of solemn sound,
solenn sound. Like Da-vid's harp of solemn sound.
Like David's harp of sol-enn sound, O may my heart in
solenn sound,..... O may my heart in tune be found, Like

PORTLAND—Concluded.

may my heart in tune be found, Like Da-vid's harp of sol - enn sound.
O may my heart in tune be found, Like David's harp of sol - enn sound.
tune be found,
David's harp, &c.

371.

Concert of Praise. WRANGHAM.

- 1 Eternal God, celestial King,
Exalted be thy glorious name;
Let hosts in heaven thy praises sing,
And saints on earth thy love proclaim.
- 2 My heart is fixed on thee, my God;
I rest my hope on thee alone;
I'll spread thy sacred truths abroad,
To all mankind thy love make known.
- 3 Awake, my tongue! awake, my lyre!
With morning's earliest dawn arise;
To songs of joy my soul inspire,
And swell your music to the skies.
- 4 With those who in thy grace abound,
To thee I'll raise my thankful voice;
While every land, the earth around,
Shall hear, and in thy name rejoice.

372.

Song of Gratitude and Praise.
DODDRIDGE.

- 1 God of my life, through all my days
I'll tune the grateful voice of praise;
The song shall wake with opening light,
And warble to the silent night.
- 2 When anxious care would break my rest,
And grief would tear my throbbing breast,
The notes of praise, ascending high,
Shall check the murmur and the sigh.

- 3 When death o'er nature shall prevail,
And all the powers of language fail,
Joy through my swimming eyes shall
break,
And mean the thanks I cannot speak.
- 4 But O, when the last conflict's o'er,
And I am chained to earth no more,
With what glad accents shall I rise,
To join the music of the skies!

373.

The Hour of Prayer. RAFFLES.

- 1 Blest hour, when mortal man retires
To hold communion with his God,
To send to heaven his warm desires,
And listen to the sacred word.
- 2 Blest hour, when earthly cares resign
Their empire o'er his anxious breast,
While, all around, the calm divine
Proclaims the holy day of rest.
- 3 Blest hour, when God himself draws
nigh,
Well pleased his people's voice to hear,
To hush the penitential sigh,
And wipe away the mourner's tear.
- 4 Blest hour! for, where the Lord resorts,
Foretastes of future bliss are given,
And mortals find his earthly courts
The house of God, the gate of heaven.

MONTAGUE. L. M.

SWAN.

374.

Ye sons of men with joy re - cord The va - rious wonders of the Lord,

And let his power and good - ness sound Through

Let
all your tribes the world a - round.
Let the high heavens your
Let the high heavens your songs invite, Those

MONTAGUE—Concluded.

the high, &c.
Let the high heavens your songs invite, Those spacious fields of brilliant light, Where
songs invite, Those spacious fields of brilliant light, Where sun, and moon, and planets roll,
Where
spacious fields of brilliant light, Where, &c. Where

sun and moon, and plan-ets roll, And stars that glow from pole to pole.
sun and moon, &c.
sun and moon, &c.

374.

God's Goodness to the Children of Men.

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

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

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

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

DODDRIDGE.

COMPLAINT. L. M.

PARMENTER.

375.

Spare us, O Lord, a-loud we cry, Nor let our sun go down at noon,

Thy years are one e-ter-nal day, And must thy children die so soon?

Thy years are one e-ter-nal day, And must thy children die so soon?

Thy years are one e-ter-nal day, And must thy children die so soon?

die so soon?

day. Thy years are one e-ter-nal day, And must thy children die so soon?

soon?

soon?

376.

SYMPHONY. 10s. 6 L.

MORGAN.

1. Behold, the Judge descends; his guards are nigh, Tempest and fire attend him down the sky;

2. Summoned from far, the ransomed ones appear, No more to toil in grief or walk in fear;

3. O when, at length, that fearful day shall dawn, To which our life-stream ever bears us on, Shall we a-mong the sav-ed host be found, And with such glorious and the sinner's doom;

But gath-er first my saints (the Judge com- in af-fec-tion one. They hear the words, "Ye bless-ed children, honors thus be crowned? Guard us, great Sa-vior, in this earth-ly mands,) Bring them, ye an-gels, from their distant lands. come, Haste to your Fa-ther's up-per, better home. strife, And give us wel-come to the Fount of Life."

RUSSIA. L. M.

377.

False are the men of high degree, The baser sort are vani - ty;

Laid
Laid in a balance

Laid, &c.
Laid, &c.
in a balance both appear, Light as a puff of empty air, Light, &c.
both appear, Light as a puff of empty air, Light, &c.

378.

Day dawns on the Night of the Grave.

1 Shall man, O God of light and life,
Forever moulder in the grave?
Canst thou forget thy glorious work,
Thy promise and thy power to save?

2 In those dark, silent realms of night
Shall peace and hope no more arise?
No future morning light the tomb,
Nor day-star gild the darksome skies?

3 Cease, cease, ye vain, desponding fears;
When Christ, our Lord, from darkness
sprang,
Death, the last foe, was captive led,
And heaven with praise and wonder
rang.

4 Faith sees the bright, eternal doors
Unfold, to make his children way;
They shall be clothed with endless life,
And shine in everlasting day.

DWIGHT.

HALLOWELL. C. M.

MAXIM.

379.

1. As on some lone-ly building's top, The sparrow tells her moan—
2. To thee, my God, for thy re - lief, My burdened heart I raise;

Far
Thy

Far from, &c.
Thy sacred, &c.
Far from the tents of joy and hope, I
Thy sacred Spirit soothes my grief, And
Far from the tents of joy and hope, Far from, &c.
Thy sacred Spirit soothes my grief, Thy sacred, &c.
from the tents of joy and hope, I sit and grieve a - lone, I
sacred Spirit soothes my grief, And turns my sighs to praise, And

sit and grieve a - lone, Far from the tents of joy and hope, I sit and grieve alone.
turns my sighs to praise, Thy sacred Spirit soothes my grief, And turns my sighs to praise.

sit, &c.
turns, &c.

SHERBURNE. C. M.

READ.

380.

While shepherds watched their flocks by night, All seated on the ground;
The

The an - gel of the Lord came down, And
The an - gel of the Lord came down, And glo - ry
The an - gel of the Lord came down, And glo - ry shone around, And
angel of the Lord came down, And glo - ry shone around, And

glo - ry shone around, And glo - ry shone a - round.
shone around, And glo - ry shone a - round.
glo - ry shone a - round. The an - gel, &c.
glo - ry shone a - round. The

SHERBURNE—Concluded.

The an - gel, &c.
The an - gel of the Lord came down, And glory shone a - round.
an - gel, &c.

380.

The Watch of the Shepherds. TATE.

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

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

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

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

- 5 Thus spake the seraph; and forthwith
Appeared a shining throng
Of angels, praising God, and thus
Addressed their joyful song:

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

381.

The New Life. WATTS.

- 1 When God revealed his gracious name,
And changed my mournful state,
My rapture seemed a pleasing dream,
The grace appeared so great.

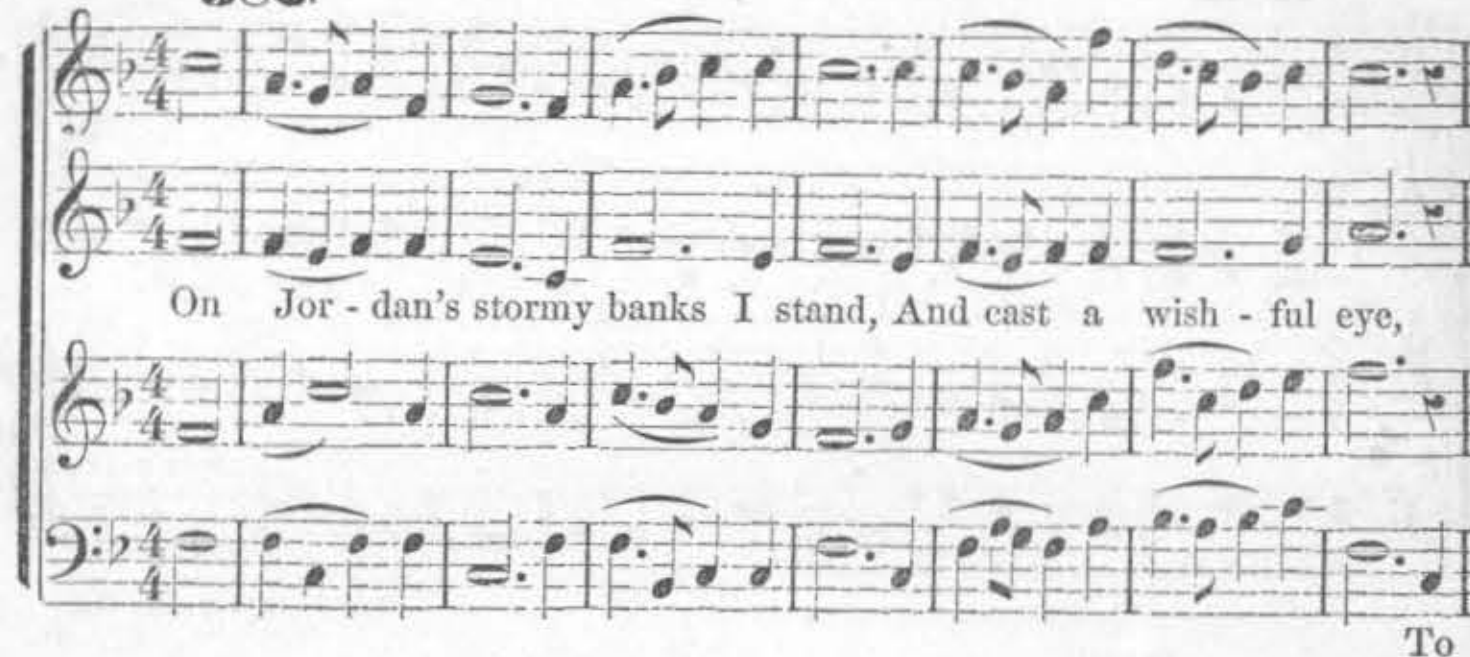
- 2 The world beheld the glorious change,
And did thy hand confess;
My tongue broke out in unknown strains,
And sung surprising grace.

- 3 The Lord can clear the darkest skies,
Can give us day for night;
Make drops of sacred sorrow rise
To rivers of delight.

- 4 Let those that sow in sadness wait
Till the fair harvest come:
They shall confess their sheaves are
great,
And shout the blessings home.

EXHORTATION. C. M.

382.



On Jor - dan's stormy banks I stand, And cast a wish - ful eye,
To Canaan's, &c.
To Canaan's fair and happy land, Where my possessions lie,
To Canaan's fair and happy land, Where, &c.
Canaan's fair and happy land, Where my possessions lie, To Canaan's, &c.

382.

Heaven in Prospect. S. STENNETT.

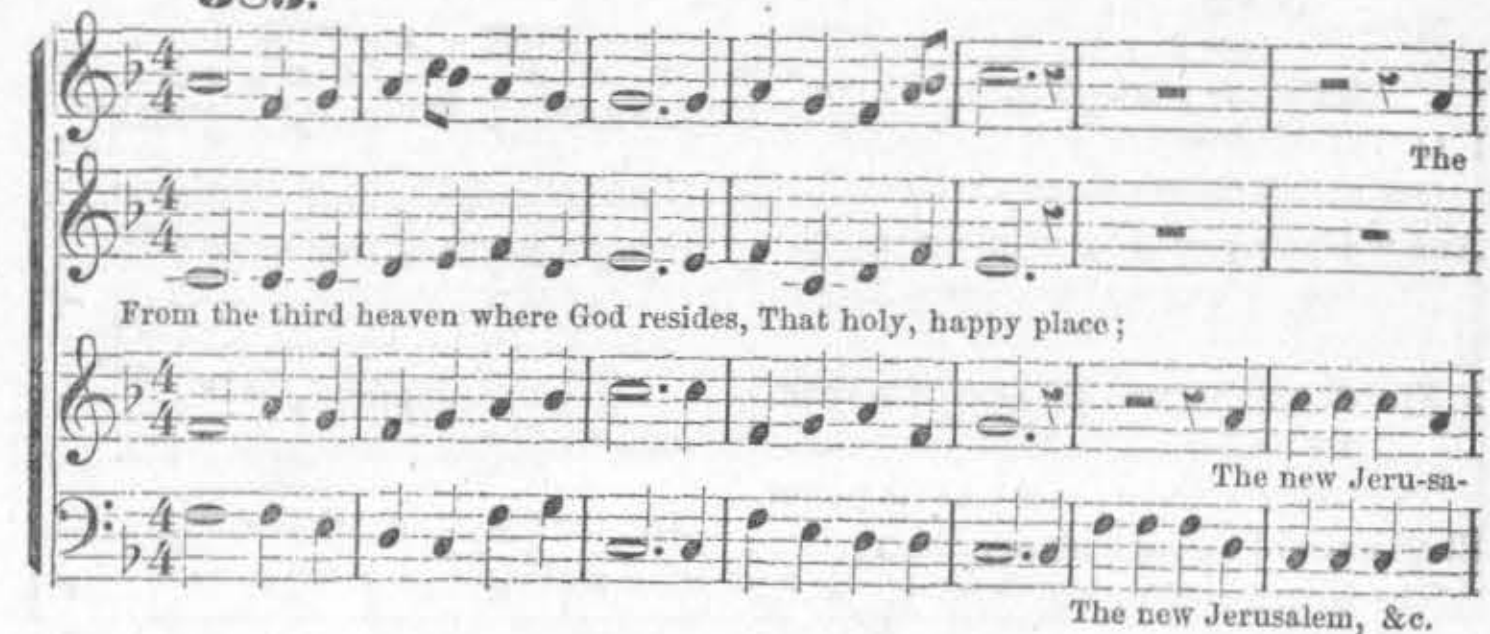
- 1 On Jordan's stormy banks I stand,
And cast a wishful eye
To Canaan's fair and happy land,
Where my possessions lie.
- 2 O the transporting, rapturous scene
That rises to my sight!
Sweet fields, arrayed in living green,
And rivers of delight.
- 3 O'er all those wide-extended plains
Shines one eternal day;
There God the Son forever reigns,
And scatters night away.

- 4 No chilling winds, nor poisonous breath,
Can reach that healthful shore;
Sickness and sorrow, pain and death,
Are felt and feared no more.
- 5 When shall I reach that happy place,
And be forever blest?
When shall I see my Father's face,
And in his bosom rest?
- 6 Filled with delight, my raptured soul
Would here no longer stay;
Though Jordan's waves should round
me roll,
I'd fearless launch away.

NEW JERUSALEM. C. M.

INGALLS.

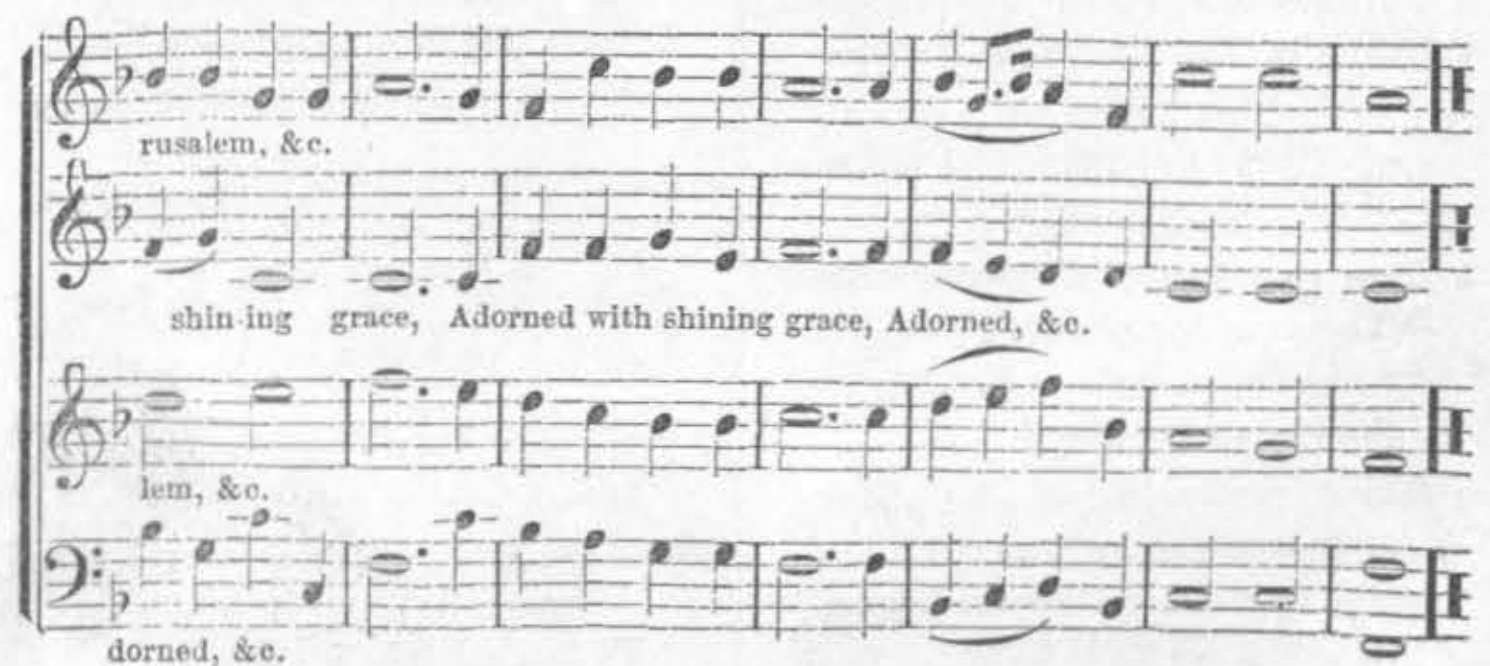
383.



The new Jerusalem, &c.
From the third heaven where God resides, That holy, happy place;
The new Jerusalem, &c.



The new Jerusalem, &c.
new Jerusalem comes down, A - dorned with shining grace, The new Je-
The new Jerusalem comes down, A - dorned with
lem comes down, A - dorned with shining grace, The new Jerusa-
The new Jerusalem, &c. A



The new Jerusalem, &c.
The new Jerusalem, &c.
The new Jerusalem, &c.
The new Jerusalem, &c.

MISCELLANEOUS HYMNS.

384. L. M.

God's care of the Nation. BACON.

- 1 O God, beneath thy guiding hand,
Our exiled fathers crossed the sea;
And when they trod the wintry strand,
With prayer and psalm they worshipped thee.
- 2 Thou heard'st, well pleased, the song,
the prayer:
Thy blessing came; and still its power
Shall onward through all ages bear
The memory of that holy hour.
- 3 Laws, freedom, truth, and faith in God
Came with those exiles o'er the waves;
And where their pilgrim feet have trod,
The God they trusted guards their graves.
- 4 And here thy name, O God of love,
Their children's children shall adore,
Till these eternal hills remove,
And spring adorns the earth no more.

385. L. M.

Breaking the Yoke. C. SEWARD.

- 1 Lord, when thine ancient people cried,
Oppressed and bound by Egypt's king,
Thou didst Arabia's sea divide,
And forth thy fainting Israel bring.
- 2 Lo! in these latter days, our land
Groans with the anguish of the slave!
Lord God of hosts! stretch forth thy hand,
Not shortened that it cannot save.
- 3 Roll back the swelling tide of sin,—
The lust of gain, the lust of power;
The day of freedom usher in:
How long delays th' appointed hour?
- 4 As thou of old to Miriam's hand
The thrilling timbrel didst restore,
And to the joyful song her land
Echoed from desert to the shore,—
- 5 Oh, let thy smitten ones again
Take up the chorus of the free:
"Praise ye the Lord! his power proclaim,
For he hath triumphed gloriously!"

386. 8s, 7s & 4.

Encouraging Prospects for the Slave.

ANON.

- 1 Hark! a voice from heaven proclaiming
Comfort to the mourning slave;
God has heard him long complaining,
And extends his arm to save;
Proud oppression
Soon shall find a shameful grave.
- 2 See, the light of truth is breaking
Full and clear on every hand,
And the voice of mercy speaking
Now is heard through all the land;
Firm and fearless
See the friends of freedom stand.
- 3 Lo, the nation is arousing
From its slumber long and deep,
And the friends of God are waking,
Never, nevermore to sleep
While a bondman
In his chains remains to weep.
- 4 Long, too long, have we been dreaming
O'er our country's sin and shame;
Let us now, the time redeeming,
Press the helpless captive's claim,
Till, exulting,
He shall cast aside his chain.

387. 6s & 4s.

Universal Freedom. DUNCAN.

- 1 Roll on, thou joyful day,
When tyranny's proud sway,
Stern as the grave,
Shall to the ground be hurled,
And freedom's flag, unfurled,
Shall wave throughout the world
O'er every slave.
- 2 Trump of glad jubilee,
Echo o'er land and sea,
Freedom for all;
Let the glad tidings fly,

And every tribe reply,
Glory to God on high,
At slavery's fall.

- 3 Free, too, the captive mind,
By darkness long confined
In slavery's night;
The Savior's reign extend,
Virtue with freedom blend,
And full salvation send,
With freedom's light.

388. S. M.

Ravages of Intemperance. ANON.

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

389. L. M.

Progress of Temperance. ANON.

- 1 God of our fathers, 'tis thy hand
Hath turned the tide of death away,
That rolled in madness o'er the land,
And filled thy people with dismay.
- 2 Thy voice awaked us from our dream;
Thy Spirit taught our hearts to feel;
'Twas thy own light whose radiant beam
Came down our duty to reveal.

- 3 Almighty Parent, still in thee
Our spirits trust for strength divine;
Gird us with heaven's own energy,
And o'er our paths let wisdom shine.

390. C. M.

Christ blessing Children. ANON.

- 1 On, through Judea's palmy plain,
By Jordan's silvery shore,
The Savior leads the thronging train
Who follow to adore.
- 2 'Midst youth, and sire, and blooming
maid,
He marked the listening child;
His hand upon its head he laid,
And blest in accents mild.
- 3 Lord, though no more thy hallowed form
May greet our children's sight,
Grant that, while life their breasts shall
warm,
Thy word may guide them right.
- 4 They may not feel thine earthly touch,
But be thy Spirit given
To make them holy; "for of such
The kingdom is of heaven."

391. C. M.

The Sabbath School. KENNADAY.

- 1 Sweet Sabbath school, place dear to me;
Where'er through life I roam,
My heart will often turn to thee,—
My childhood's Sabbath home.
- 2 Within thy courts of Him I've heard
Whose birth the angels sung,
When o'er the shepherds, filled with fear,
The star of glory hung.
- 3 O holy place, where first we shed
The penitential tear,
Where youthful steps are taught to tread
In paths of peace and prayer.
- 4 When all our wanderings here shall cease,
And cares of life shall end,
In God's eternal Sabbath place
May we our anthems blend.

392. C. M.*Child's Communion with Christ.* FABER.

- 1 Dear Jesus, ever at my side,
How loving must thou be,
To leave thy home in heaven to guard
A little child like me.
- 2 I cannot feel thee touch my hand,
With pressure light and mild,
To check me as my mother did
When I was but a child.
- 3 But I have felt thee in my thoughts,
Rebuking sin for me;
And, when my heart loves God, I know
The sweetness is from thee.
- 4 And when, dear Savior, I kneel down,
Morning and night, in prayer,
Something there is within my heart
Which tells me thou art there.
- 5 Yes! when I pray, thou prayest too—
Thy prayer is all for me;
But when I sleep thou sleepest not,
But watchest patiently.

393. 8s, 7s & 4.*Looking to Jesus from his Table.* ANON.

- 1 Now, my soul, thy voice upraising,
Sing the cross in mournful strain;
Tell the sorrows all-amazing,
Tell the wounds and dying pain,
Which our Savior,
Sinless, bore for sinners slain.
- 2 He to freedom hath restored us
By the very bonds he bare;
And his flesh and blood afford us
Each a seal of mercy rare:
Lo! he draws us
To the cross, and keeps us there.
- 3 Jesus! may thy promised blessing
Comfort to our souls afford;
May we now thy love possessing,
And at length our full reward,
Ever praise thee,
Thee, our ever-glorious Lord!

394. C. M.*Remembering Christ.* WARDLAW.

- 1 When to thy cross I turn mine eyes,
And rest on Calvary,
O Lamb of God, my Sacrifice,
I must remember thee!—
- 2 Remember thee, and all thy pains,
And all thy love to me;
Yea, while a breath, a pulse remains,
Will I remember thee.
- 3 And when these failing lips grow dumb,
And mind and memory flee,
When thou shalt in thy kingdom come,
Jesus, remember me.

395. 7s & 6s.*An ancient Sacramental Hymn.* AQUINAS.

- 1 O Bread to pilgrims given,
O Food that angels eat,
O Manna sent from heaven,
For heaven-born natures meet!
Give us, for thee long pining,
To eat till richly filled;
Till, earth's delights resigning,
Our every wish is stilled!
- 2 O Water, life-bestowing,
From out the Savior's heart,
A fountain purely flowing,
A fount of love thou art!
Oh let us, freely tasting,
Our burning thirst assuage!
Thy sweetness, never wasting,
Avails from age to age.

396. 8s & 7s.*After Communion.* EXETER COLL.

- 1 From the table now retiring,
Which for us the Lord hath spread,
May our souls, refreshment finding,
Grow in all things like our Head.
- 2 His example by beholding,
May our lives his image bear;
Him our Lord and Master calling,
His commands may we revere.

397. C. M.*The Sacred Feast.* SIGOURNEY.

- 1 Lord, may the spirit of this feast—
The earnest of thy love—
Maintain a dwelling in our breast,
Until we meet above.
- 2 The healing sense of pardoned sin,
The hope that never tires,
The strength a pilgrim's race to win,
The joy that heaven inspires;—
- 3 Still may their light our duties trace,
In lines of hallowed flame,
Like that upon the prophet's face,
When from the mount he came.
- 4 But if no more with kindred dear
The broken bread we share,
Nor at the banquet-board appear
To breathe the grateful prayer;—
- 5 Forget us not,—when on the bed
Of dire disease we waste,
Or to the chambers of the dead,
And bar of judgment haste.
- 6 Forget not,—thou who bore the woe
Of Calvary's fatal tree,—
Those who within these courts below
Have thus remembered thee.

398. 8s & 7s.*Prayer for Deliverance from Evil.* ANON.

- 1 Suffering Son of Man, be near me,
All my sufferings to sustain;
By thy sorer griefs to cheer me,
By thy more than mortal pain,—
By thy fainting in the garden,
By thy bloody sweat, I pray,
Write upon my heart the pardon;
Take my sins and fears away.
- 2 By the travail of thy spirit,
By thine outcry on the tree,
By thine agonizing merit,
In my pangs, remember me!
By thy death I now implore thee,
Lord! my dying soul befriend;
Make me lovingly adore thee,
Make me faithful to the end.

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399. S. M.*Human Brotherhood.* JOHNS.

- 1 Hush the loud cannon's roar,
The frantic warrior's call! [gore?
Why should the earth be drenched with
Are we not brothers all?
- 2 Want, from the wretch depart!
Chains, from the captive fall!
Sweet mercy, melt th' oppressor's heart—
Sufferers are brothers all.
- 3 Churches and sects, strike down
Each mean partition wall!
Let love each harsher feeling drown,—
Christians are brothers all.
- 4 Let love and truth alone
Hold human hearts in thrall, [own,
That Heaven its work at length may
And men be brothers all.

400. 8s & 7s.*Earthly Weariness.* ANON.

- 1 I am weary, I am weary
Of the cares and toils of life;
I am weary of its sorrows,
I am weary of its strife;
I am weary of its flowers,
Brightly blooming but to die;
And th' immortal spirit pineth
For its home beyond the sky.
- 2 I am weary of the trifles
That now occupy my days;
I am weary of the longing
For mere human love and praise;
I am weary of the passions
Turning constantly to earth;
Upward would my spirit struggle,
Far above life's joy and mirth.
- 3 I have seen the bright flowers wither,
I have seen the loved ones die;
I have seen the clouds of sorrow
Overcast youth's summer sky.
I am pining, I am pining
For my home among the blest;
Where the wicked cease from troubling,
And the weary are at rest.

401. C. M. Double.*Thirsting for God. MOIR.*

- 1 Oh, who is like the Mighty One,
Whose throne is in the sky!
Who compasseth the universe
With his all-searching eye;
At whose creative word appeared
The dry land and the sea:
My spirit thirsts for thee, O Lord,
My spirit thirsts for thee!
- 2 Around him suns and systems swim
In harmony and light;
Before him harps angelic hymn
His praises day and night;
Yet to the contrite, day and night,
In mercy turneth he:
My spirit thirsts for thee, O Lord,
My spirit thirsts for thee!
- 3 Yes! though unlimited his works,
His power upholds them all;
He clothes the lilies of the field,
And marks the sparrow's fall:
Who listens to the raven's cry,
Will bend his ear to me;
My spirit thirsts for thee, O Lord,
My spirit thirsts for thee!

402. 7s. Double.*Gratitude for God's goodness. BOWRING.*

- 1 Father! thy paternal care
Has my guardian been, my guide;
Every hallowed wish and prayer
Has thy hand of love supplied:
Thine is every thought of bliss
Left by hours and days gone by;
Every hope thy offspring is,
Beaming from futurity.
- 2 Every sun of splendid ray,
Every moon that shines serene,
Every morn that welcomes day,
Every evening's twilight scene,
Every hour which wisdom brings,
Every incense at thy shrine,—
These,—and all life's holiest things,
And its fairest—all are thine.

3 And for all, my hymns shall rise

Daily to thy gracious throne:

Thither let my asking eyes

Turn unwearied, righteous One!

Through life's strange vicissitude,

There reposing all my care;

Trusting still, through ill and good,

Fixed, and cheered, and counselled
there.**403. 6s & 4s.***Prayer for Christ's intercession. WARING.***1 Plead thou, oh, plead my cause!**

Each self-excusing plea

My trembling soul withdraws,

And flies to thee.

When Justice rears her throne,

Ah! who, save thee alone,

May stand, O spotless One?

Plead thou my cause!

2 Ah! plead not aught of mine

Before thine altar throne—

Fragments, when all is thine,

All, all thine own!

Thou seest what stains they bear;

Oh, since each tear, each prayer,

Hath need of pardon there,

Plead thou my cause!

3 Plead, when the tempter's art,

To each fond hope of mine,

Denies this faithless heart

Can e'er be thine.

If slander whisper, too,

The sin I never knew,

Thou, who couldst urge the true,

Plead thou my cause!

4 Oh, plead my cause above;

Plead thine within my breast,

Till there thy peaceful dove

Shall build her nest.

Thou know'st this will, how frail!

Thou know'st, though language fail,

My soul's mysterious tale:

Plead thou my cause!

404. C. M.*Christ loved Unseen. PALMER.*

- 1 Jesus, these eyes have never seen
That radiant form of thine!
The veil of sense hangs dark between
Thy blessed face and mine!
- 2 I see thee not, I hear thee not,
Yet art thou oft with me;
And earth hath ne'er so dear a spot,
As where I meet with thee.
- 3 Like some bright dream that comes un-
sought,
When slumbers o'er me roll,
Thine image ever fills my thought,
And charms my ravished soul.
- 4 Yet though I have not seen, and still
Must rest in faith alone;
I love thee, dearest Lord!—and will,
Unseen, but not Unknown.
- 5 When death these mortal eyes shall
seal,
And still this throbbing heart,
The rending veil shall thee reveal,
All glorious as thou art!

405. C. M.*The Simplicity of Christ. ANON.*

- 1 Oh, see how Jesus trusts himself
Unto our childish love!
As though by his free ways with us
Our earnestness to prove.
- 2 His sacred name a common word
On earth he loves to hear;
There is no majesty in him
Which love may not come near.
- 3 The light of love is round his feet,
His paths are never dim;
And he comes nigh to us when we
Dare not come nigh to him.
- 4 Let us be simple with him, then,
Not backward, stiff, nor cold,
As though our Bethlehem could be
What Sinai was of old

406. C. M. Double.*The Voice of Jesus. BONAR.*

- 1 I heard the voice of Jesus say,
"Come unto me and rest;
Lay down, thou weary one, lay down
Thy head upon my breast."
I came to Jesus as I was,
Weary, and worn, and sad;
I found in him a resting-place,
And he has made me glad.
- 2 I heard the voice of Jesus say,
"Behold, I freely give
The living water! thirsty one,
Stoop down, and drink, and live."
I came to Jesus, and I drank
Of that life-giving stream:
My thirst was quenched, my soul revived,
And now I live in him.
- 3 I heard the voice of Jesus say,
"I am this dark world's light:
Look unto me; thy morn shall rise,
And all thy day be bright."
I looked to Jesus, and I found
In him my Star, my Sun;
And in that light of life I'll walk
Till all my journey's done.

407. 8s & 7s.*Christ abiding with us. ANON.*

- 1 Tarry with me, O my Savior!
For the day is passing by;
See! the shades of evening gather,
And the night is drawing nigh.
- 2 Deeper, deeper grow the shadows,
Paler now the glowing west,
Swift the night of death advances;
Shall it be the night of rest?
- 3 Feeble, trembling, fainting, dying,
Lord, I cast myself on thee;
Tarry with me through the darkness;
While I sleep, still watch by me.
- 4 Tarry with me, O my Savior!
Lay my head upon thy breast
Till the morning; then awake me—
Morning of eternal rest!

408. C. M.

The Power of Prayer. ANON.

- 1 There is an eye that never sleeps
Beneath the wing of night;
There is an ear that never shuts,
When sink the beams of light.
- 2 There is an arm that never tires,
When human strength gives way;
There is a love that never fails,
When earthly loves decay.
- 3 That eye is fixed on seraph throngs;
That arm upholds the sky;
That ear is filled with angel songs;
That love is throned on high.
- 4 But there's a power which man can wield
When mortal aid is vain,
That eye, that arm, that love to reach,
That listening ear to gain.
- 5 That power is prayer, which soars on
high,
Through Jesus, to the throne;
And moves the hand which moves the
world,
To bring salvation down!

409. C. M.

The Shadow of the Cross. ANON.

- 1 Oppressed with noon-day's scorching
heat,
To yonder cross I flee;
Beneath its shelter take my seat:
No shade like this for me!
- 2 Beneath that cross clear waters burst—
A fountain sparkling free;
And there I quench my desert thirst:
No spring like this for me!
- 3 A stranger here, I pitch my tent
Beneath this spreading tree;
Here shall my pilgrim life be spent:
No home like this for me!
- 4 For burdened ones a resting-place
Beside that cross I see;
I here cast off my weariness:
No rest like this for me!

410. C. M. Double.

Gratitude to Christ. XAVIER.

- 1 I love thee, O my God, but not
For what I hope thereby;
Nor yet because who love thee not
Must die eternally:
I love thee, O my God, and still
I ever will love thee,
Solely because my God thou art,
Who first hast loved me.
- 2 For me, to lowest depths of woe
Thou didst thyself abase;
For me didst bear the cross, the shame,
And manifold disgrace;
For me didst suffer pains unknown,
Blood-sweat and agony,
Yea, death itself—all, all for me,
For me, thine enemy.
- 3 Then shall I not, O Savior mine!
Shall I not love thee well?
Not with the hope of winning heaven,
Nor of escaping hell;
Not with the hope of earning aught,
Nor seeking a reward,
But freely, fully, as thyself
Hast loved me, O Lord!

411. C. M.

Come to the Ark. ANON.

- 1 Come to the ark, come to the ark;
To Jesus come away:
The pestilence walks forth by night,
The arrow flies by day.
- 2 Come to the ark: the waters rise,
The seas their billows rear;
While darkness gathers o'er the skies,
Behold a refuge near!
- 3 Come to the ark, all, all that weep
Beneath the sense of sin:
Without, deep calleth unto deep,
But all is peace within.
- 4 Come to the ark, ere yet the flood
Your lingering steps oppose;
Come, for the door which open stood
Is now about to close.

412. 7s & 6s.

Stand up for Jesus. DUFFIELD.

- 1 Stand up!—stand up for Jesus!
Ye soldiers of the cross;
Lift high his royal banner,
It must not suffer loss:
From victory unto victory
His army shall he lead,
Till every foe is vanquished,
And Christ is Lord indeed.
- 2 Stand up!—stand up for Jesus!
The trumpet call obey;
Forth to the mighty conflict,
In this his glorious day:
"Ye that are men, now serve him,"
Against unnumbered foes;
Your courage rise with danger,
And strength to strength oppose.
- 3 Stand up!—stand up for Jesus!
Stand in his strength alone;
The arm of flesh will fail you—
Ye may not trust your own:
Put on the gospel armor,
And, watching unto prayer,
Where duty calls, or danger,
Be never wanting there!
- 4 Stand up!—stand up for Jesus!
The strife will not be long;
This day the noise of battle,—
The next the victor's song:
To him that overcometh
A crown of life shall be;
He with the King of Glory
Shall reign eternally!

413. 7s.

How much I owe. MC CHEYNE.

- 1 When this passing world is done,—
When has sunk yon glorious sun;
When we stand with Christ in glory,
Looking o'er life's finished story;
Then, Lord, shall I fully know—
Not till then—how much I owe!

- 2 When I hear the wicked call
On the rocks and hills to fall;
When I see them start and shrink,
On the fiery deluge brink;
Then, Lord, shall I fully know—
Not till then—how much I owe!
- 3 When I stand before the throne,
Clothed in beauty not my own;
When I see thee as thou art,
Love thee with unsinning heart;
Then, Lord, shall I fully know—
Not till then—how much I owe!
- 4 When the praise of heaven I hear,
Loud as thunders to the ear,
Loud as many waters' noise,
Sweet as harp's melodious voice;
Then, Lord, shall I fully know—
Not till then—how much I owe!

414. C. M.

The Inner Calm. BONAR.

- 1 Calm me, my God, and keep me calm:
Let thine outstretched wing
Be like the shade of Elim's palm,
Beside her desert spring.
- 2 Yes, keep me calm, though loud and rude
The sounds my ear that greet,—
Calm in the closet's solitude,
Calm in the bustling street,—
- 3 Calm in the hour of buoyant health,
Calm in the hour of pain,
Calm in my poverty or wealth,
Calm in my loss or gain,—
- 4 Calm in the sufferance of wrong,
Like him who bore my shame,
Calm 'mid the threatening, taunting
throng,
Who hate thy holy name.
- 5 Calm me, my God, and keep me calm,
Soft resting on thy breast;
Soothe me with holy hymn and psalm,
And bid my spirit rest.

415. S. M.

The Discipline of Joy and Sorrow. BONAR.

- 1 My sky was once noon-bright,
My day was calm the while;
I loved the mild and pleasant light,
The sunshine's happy smile.
- 2 I said, "My God, oh! sure
This love will kindle mine;
Let but this blessed calm endure,
Then all my heart is thine."
- 3 Thou trustedst me awhile:
O Lord! I was deceived;
I reveled in the constant smile,
Yet to the dust I cleaved.
- 4 Then the fierce tempest broke;
I knew from whom it came;
I felt and read in that sharp stroke
A Father's hand and name.
- 5 Must I be smitten, Lord?
Are gentler measures vain?
Must my proud heart be smitten, Lord?
Can nothing save but pain?
- 6 I said, "My God! at length
This stony heart remove;
Deny to me all other strength,
But give me strength to love."

416. C. M.

Simplicity. ANON.

- 1 Thy home is with the humble, Lord!
The simplest are the best;
Thy lodging is in child-like hearts;
Thou makest there thy rest.
- 2 Dear Comforter! eternal Love!
If thou wilt stay with me,
Of lowly thoughts and simple ways
I'll build a house for thee.
- Who made this beating heart of mine
But thou, my heavenly Guest?
Let no one have it, then, but thee,
And let it be thy rest!

417. S. M.

Still with Thee. ANON.

- 1 Still with thee, O my God,
I would desire to be;
By day, by night, at home, abroad,
I would be still with thee:
- 2 With thee, when dawn comes in
And calls me back to care;
Each day returning to begin
With thee, my God, in prayer:
- 3 With thee, amid the crowd
That throngs the busy mart,
To hear thy voice, 'mid clamor loud,
Speak softly to my heart:
- 4 With thee, when day is done,
And evening calms the mind:
The setting as the rising sun
With thee my heart would find:
- 5 With thee, when darkness brings
The signal of repose;
Calm in the shadow of thy wings,
Mine eyelids I would close:
- 6 With thee, in thee, by faith,
Abiding I would be;
By day, by night, in life, in death,
I would be still with thee.

418. S. M.

The Church in the Wilderness. BONAR.

- 1 Far down the ages now,
Much of her journey done,
The pilgrim church pursues her way,
Until her crown be won.
- 2 The story of the past
Comes up before her view;
How well it seems to suit her still—
Old, and yet ever new!
- 3 It is the oft-told tale
Of sin and weariness,
Of grace and love yet flowing down
To pardon and to bless.

- 4 No wider is the gate,
No broader is the way,
No smoother is the ancient path
That leads to life and day.

419. C. M.

The Little Flock. BONAR.

- 1 Church of the ever-living God,
The Father's gracious choice,
Amid the voices of this earth
How feeble is thy voice!
- 2 A little flock!—so calls he thee
Who bought thee with his blood;
A little flock, disowned of men,
But owned and loved of God.
- 3 Not many rich or noble called,
Not many great or wise;
They whom God makes his kings and
priests
Are poor in human eyes.
- 4 But the chief Shepherd comes at length;
Their feeble days are o'er,
No more a handful in the earth,—
A little flock no more.
- 5 No more a lily among thorns,
Weary, and faint, and few;
But countless as the stars of heaven,
Or as the drops of dew.
- 6 Then entering the eternal halls,
In robes of victory,
That mighty multitude shall keep
The joyous jubilee.
- 7 Unfading palms they bear aloft;
Unfaltering songs they sing;
Unending festival they keep,
In presence of the King.

420. S. M.

Nearing Heaven. ANON.

- 1 One sweetly solemn thought
Comes to me o'er and o'er,—
Nearer my parting hour am I
Than e'er I was before.

- 2 Nearer my Father's house,
Where many mansions be;
Nearer the throne where Jesus reigns,—
Nearer the crystal sea;
- 3 Nearer my going home,
Laying my burden down,
Leaving my cross of heavy grief,
Wearing my starry crown;
- 4 Nearer that hidden stream,
Winding through shades of night,
Rolling its cold, dark waves between
Me and the world of light.
- 5 Jesus! to thee I cling:
Strengthen my arm of faith;
Stay near me while my way-worn feet
Press through the stream of death.

421. C. M.

Trusting in Christ. MRS. STEELE.

- 1 Lord, it belongs not to my care
Whether I die or live;
To love and serve thee is my share,
And this thy grace must give.
- 2 If life be long, I will be glad
That I may long obey;
If short, yet why should I be sad
To soar to endless day?
- 3 Christ leads me through no darker rooms
Than he went through before;
No one into his kingdom comes,
But through his opened door.
- 4 Come, Lord, when grace has made me
meet
Thy blessed face to see;
For if thy work on earth be sweet,
What will thy glory be!
- 5 My knowledge of that life is small;
The eye of faith is dim;
But 'tis enough that Christ knows all,
And I shall be with him.

422. C. M.

Wisdom and Strength in God.

LYRA CATH.

- 1 God's glory is a wondrous thing,
Most strange in all its ways,
And, of all things on earth, least like
What men unite to praise.
- 2 O blest is he to whom is given
The instinct that can tell
That God is on the field, when he
Is most invisible!
- 3 Workman of God! O lose not heart,
But learn what God is like;
And in the darkest battle-field
Thou shalt know where to strike.
- 4 And blest is he who can divine
Where real right doth lie;
And dares to take the side that seems
Wrong to man's blindfold eye!
- 5 O learn to scorn the praise of men!
O learn to lose with God!
For Jesus won the world through shame,
And beckons thee his road.

423. S. M.

The Fight of Faith. ANON.

- 1 My soul! weigh not thy life
Against thy heavenly crown,
Nor suffer Satan's deadliest strife
To beat thy courage down.
- 2 With prayer and crying strong,
Hold on the fearful fight;
And let the breaking day prolong
The wrestling of the night.
- 3 The battle soon will yield,
If thou thy part fulfil;
For, strong as is the hostile shield,
Thy sword is stronger still.
- 4 Thine armor is divine,—
Thy feet with victory shod;
And on thy head shall quickly shine
The diadem of God!

424. C. M.

Deal Gently. FLETCHER.

- 1 Deal gently with the erring one!
O let us not forget,
However darkly stained by sin,
He is our brother yet.
- 2 Heir of the same inheritance,
Child of the self-same God;
He hath but stumbled in the path
We have in weakness trod.
- 3 Speak gently to the erring one:
Thou yet mayst lead him back,
With holy words, and tones of love,
From misery's thorny track.
- 4 Forget not thou hast often sinned,
And sinful yet may'st be:
Deal gently with the erring one,
As God has dealt with thee.

425. S. M.

The mind of Christ. C. WESLEY.

- 1 Oh, arm me with the mind,
Savior, that was in thee!
And let my fervid zeal be joined
With perfect charity.
- 2 Control my every thought;
And all my sin remove;
Let all my works in thee be wrought;—
Let all be wrought in love.
- 3 Lord, do not let me trust
In any arm but thine!
Humble, oh! humble to the dust
This stubborn soul of mine.
- 4 Help me to love like thee,
In all thy footsteps tread:
Thou hatest all iniquity,
But nothing thou hast made.
- 5 Oh, may I learn the art,
With meekness to reprove;
To hate the sin with all my heart,
But still the sinner love!

426. P. M.

The Dying Christian. POPE.

- 1 Vital spark of heavenly flame!
Quit, oh, quit this mortal frame;
Trembling, hoping, lingering, flying—
Oh the pain,—the bliss of dying!
Cease, fond nature, cease thy strife,
And let me languish into life!
- 2 Hark! they whisper; angels say,
"Sister spirit, come away!"
What is this absorbs me quite?—
Steals my senses, shuts my sight,
Drowns my spirits, draws my breath?—
Tell me, my soul, can this be death?
- 3 The world recedes—it disappears!
Heaven opens on my eyes!—my ears
With sounds seraphic ring!
Lend, lend your wings! I mount! I fly!
"O grave! where is thy victory!
O death! where is thy sting!"

427. C. M.

The death of the Righteous. PEABODY.

- 1 Behold the western evening light!
It melts in gathering gloom:
So calmly Christians sink away,
Descending to the tomb.
- 2 The winds breathe low, the withering leaf
Scarce whispers from the tree:
So gently flows the parting breath
When good men cease to be.
- 3 How beautiful on all the hills
The crimson light is shed!
'Tis like the peace the Christian gives
To mourners round his bed.
- 4 How mildly on the wandering cloud
The sunset beam is cast!
'Tis like the memory left behind
When loved ones breathe their last.
- 5 And now above the dews of night
The vesper star appears:
So faith springs in the heart of those
Whose eyes are bathed in tears.

- 6 But soon the morning's happier light
Its glory shall restore;
And eyelids that are sealed in death
Shall wake to close no more.

428. 8s & 7s.

The Departed. COLLYER.

- 1 Cease, ye mourners, cease to languish
O'er the grave of those you love;
Pain, and death, and night, and anguish,
Enter not the world above.
- 2 While our silent steps are straying
Lonely through night's deepening
shade,
Glory's brightest beams are playing
Round the happy Christian's head,
- 3 Light and peace at once deriving
From the hand of God most high,
In his glorious presence living,
They shall never, never die.
- 4 Now, ye mourners, cease to languish
O'er the grave of those you love;
Far removed from pain and anguish,
They are chanting hymns above.

429. C. M.

The Dead. BARTON.

- 1 The dead are like the stars by day,
Withdrawn from mortal eye,
Yet holding unperceived their way
Through the unclouded sky.
- 2 By them, through holy hope and love,
We feel, in hours serene,
Connected with a world above,
Immortal and unseen.
- 3 For death his sacred seal hath set
On bright and bygone hours:
And they we mourn are with us yet,
Are more than ever ours;—
- 4 Ours, by the pledge of love and faith,
By hopes of heaven on high;
By trust triumphant over death,
In immortality.

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