



FROM THE LIBRARY OF

REV. LOUIS FITZGERALD BENSON, D. D.

BEQUEATHED BY HIM TO

THE LIBRARY OF

PRINCETON THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY

Division

SCB
5939

DEVOTIONAL HYMNS

ADAPTED TO

SOCIAL, PRIVATE

AND

PUBLIC WORSHIP.

APPROVED BY THE GENERAL ASSEMBLY

OF THE

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH

IN THE

United States of America.

PHILADELPHIA:

PRESBYTERIAN BOARD OF PUBLICATION.

PAUL T. JONES, PUBLISHING AGENT.

1842.

Entered according to the Act of Congress in the year
1842, by A. W. MITCHELL, in the office of the Clerk
of the District Court for the Eastern District of Penn-
sylvania.

ADVERTISEMENT.

The following compilation of sacred Hymns was made in compliance with a resolution of the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church, appointing a committee for that purpose. After much labour the work has been completed. It comprehends what were supposed to be the best hymns in the collection now in use, with a large addition from other sources. Instead of being printed promiscuously they have been arranged under appropriate heads, and in sufficient variety, it is presumed, to meet all the wants of worshippers.

Several of those who were appointed to this service, never met with the Committee, or resigned at an early stage in the progress of the work; one, the Rev. Dr. John Breckinridge, died before its completion; and the committee as now constituted are the Rev. Drs. Wm. Phillips and John M. Krebs of New York; the Rev. Dr. Robert J. Breckinridge of Baltimore; the Rev. John Gray of Easton Pa., and the Rev. Drs. C. C. Cuyler, and Wm. M. Engles of Philadelphia. The work is submitted to the Church in the humble hope that it may assist the devotions of the people of God.

METRES.

L. M.—Long Metre.

C. M.—Common Metre.

S. M.—Short Metre.

H. M.—Hallelujah Metre.

L. M. D.—Long Metre double.

C. L. M.—Common Long Metre.

The other metres are distinguished by the number of feet, as 11s, 7s, 8s, &c., &c.

ERRATA.—A few typographical errors have been noticed which the reader is requested to correct.

Hymn 14	insert	<i>the</i> for <i>thy</i>	in 1st verse,	2d line.	
do. 97	do.	<i>high</i> for <i>nigh</i>	in 1st do.	1 do.	
do. 201	do.	<i>hear</i> for <i>here</i>	in 5th do.	4 do.	
do. 241	do.	<i>nigh</i> for <i>high</i>	in 1st do.	2 do.	
do. 296	do.	<i>o'erflow</i> for <i>overflow</i>	in 5th do.	2 do.	
do. 370	do.	<i>thy</i> for <i>the</i>	in 8th do.	2 do.	
do. 397	do.	<i>blessing</i> for <i>blessings</i>	in 1st do.	3 do.	
do. do.	do.	<i>thy</i> for <i>the</i>	in 4th do.	1 do.	
do. 468	do.	<i>forgetful</i> for <i>fogetful</i>	in 1st do.	4 do.	
do. 635	do.	<i>our</i> for <i>thy</i>	in 4th do.	2 do.	
do. 667	do.	<i>shall</i> for <i>should</i>	in 3d do.	3 do.	

H Y M N S.

G O D.

1

H. M.

Divine Attributes.

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

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

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

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

2

C. M.

Infinity of God.

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

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

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

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

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

3

C. M.

Faithfulness of God.

BEGIN, my tongue, some heavenly theme,
 And speak some glorious thing,
 The mighty works, or mightier name,
 Of our eternal King.

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

- 3 Proclaim, "Salvation from the Lord,
For wretched dying men;"
His hand has writ the sacred word
With an immortal pen.
- 4 His very word of grace is strong,
As that which built the skies;
The voice that rolls the stars along
Speaks all the promises.
- 5 O, might I hear thy heavenly tongue
But whisper, "Thou art mine!"
Those gentle words should raise my song
To notes almost divine.
- 6 How would my leaping heart rejoice,
And think my heaven secure!
I trust the all-creating voice,
And faith desires no more.

4

C. M.

Majesty and Dominion of God.

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

- 2 Immortal glory forms his throne,
And light his awful robe:
While with a smile, or with a frown,
He manages the globe.
- 3 A word of his almighty breath
Can swell or sink the seas;
Build the vast empires of the earth,
Or break them, as he please!
- 4 Adoring angels round him fall,
In all their shining forms;

His sovereign eye looks through them all,
And pities mortal worms.

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

5 L. M.

God's unbounded Love.

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

- 2 While these my lips draw vital breath,
Or till I close my eyes in death,
I'll ne'er forget thy wondrous love,
Nor thoughtless of thy kindness prove.
- 3 Beneath thy shadowing wings' defence
I'll place my only confidence :
In every danger and distress,
To thee will I my prayer address.
- 4 Should all my hopes on earth be lost,
In thee I'll make my constant boast :
I'll spread the glories of thy name,
And thy unbounded love proclaim.

6 C. M.

The Majesty of God.

THE Lord descended from above
And bowed the heavens most high ;
And underneath his feet he cast
The darkness of the sky.

- 2 On cherub and on seraphim
Fully royally he rode ;

And on the wings of mighty winds,
Came flying all abroad.

- 3 He sat serene upon the floods,
Their fury to restrain ;
And he, as sovereign Lord and King,
For evermore shall reign.

7

C. M.

Divine Sovereignty.

KEEP silence all created things ;
And wait your Maker's nod :
My soul stands trembling, while she sings
The honours of her God.

- 2 Life, death, and hell, and worlds unknown,
Hang on his firm decree ;
He sits on no precarious throne,
Nor borrows leave *to be*.
- 3 Chained to his throne, a volume lies,
With all the fates of men,
With every angel's form and size,
Drawn by the eternal pen,
- 4 His providence unfolds the book
And makes his counsels shine ;
Each opening leaf, and every stroke
Fulfil some deep design.
- 5 Not Gabriel asks the reason why ;
Nor God the reason gives ;
Nor dares the favourite angel pry
Between the folded leaves !
- 6 My God, I would not long to see
My fate with curious eyes,
What gloomy lines are writ for me,
Or what bright scenes may rise :

- 7 In thy fair book of life and grace,
 - O may I find my name
 Recorded in some humble place,
 Beneath my Lord, the Lamb.

8 L. M.

Majesty and Power of God.

- A**LMIGHTY God, we praise, and own
 Thee our Creator, King alone;
 All things were made to honour thee,
 O Father of eternity!
- 2 To thee all angels loudly cry,
 The heavens and all the powers on high,
 Cherubs and seraphim proclaim,
 And cry, thrice holy to thy name.
- 3 Lord God of hosts, thy presence bright
 Fills heaven and earth with beauteous light;
 The apostles' happy company,
 And ancient prophets all praise thee.
- 4 The crowned martyrs' noble host,
 The holy church in every coast,
 Their Maker, for their Father own,
 Now reconciled in Christ his Son.

9 L. M.

The Justice and Mercy of God.

- E**TERNAL King! the greatest, best,
 For ever glorious, ever blest;
 The great I AM, Jehovah, Lord,
 By seraphim and saint adored.
- 2 Justice, the firm foundation lays,
 Of all thy laws, thy works, and ways,
 Obedient souls will ever find
 A God that's faithful, loving, kind,

- 3 But he who sins, becomes accursed,
Or God would be no longer just;
Cursed is the man, who dares withdraw,
Obedience from thy holy law.
- 4 Where then, great God, or how shall we
Approach thy dreadful majesty!
Thy sacred law we oft have broke,
And stand obnoxious to thy stroke.
- 5 But O thou holy, just, and true!
Though justice must have all its due,
Thou canst be just, yet justify
The soul that doth on Christ rely.
- 6 O boundless wisdom, love, and power!
Thy matchless mercy we adore,
That found out this amazing plan,
To save thy ruined creature, man.
- 7 We plead the sufferings of thy Son,
We plead his righteousness alone;
He bore the curse, whence thou art just
In pardoning those who were accursed.

10

L. M.

Justice and Mercy united.

INFINITE grace! and can it be
That heaven's Supreme should stoop so
A wretch to visit, vile, like me; [low!
One who has been his bitterest foe?

- 2 Can holiness and wisdom join,
With truth, with justice, and with grace,
To make eternal blessings mine,
And sin, with all its guilt, efface?
- 3 O love! beyond conception great,
That formed the vast stupendous plan!

- Where all divine perfections meet
To reconcile rebellious man!
- 4 There wisdom shines in fullest blaze,
And justice all her rights maintains!
Astonished angels stoop to gaze,
While mercy o'er the guilty reigns.
- 5 Yes, mercy reigns, and justice too;
In Christ harmoniously they meet!
He paid to justice all her due,
And now he fills the mercy-seat.
- 6 Such are the wonders of our God,
And such the amazing depths of grace:
To save, from wrath's vindictive rod,
The chosen sons of Adam's race.
- 7 With grateful songs, then let our souls
Surround our gracious Father's throne;
And all between the distant poles
His truth and mercy ever own.

11

C. M.

The Goodness of God.

- G**OD, in the high and holy place,
Looks down upon the spheres;
Yet in his providence and grace,
To every eye appears.
- 2 He bows the heavens! the mountains stand
A highway for our God:
He walks amid the desert land;
'Tis Eden where he trod.
- 3 In every stream his bounty flows,
Diffusing joy and wealth;
In every breeze his spirit blows,
The breath of life and health.

- 4 His blessings fall in plenteous showers
 Upon the lap of earth,
 That teems with foliage, fruits, and flowers,
 And rings with infant mirth.
- 5 If God hath made this world so fair,
 Where sin and death abound,
 How beautiful, beyond compare,
 Will paradise be found!

12

L. M.

Majesty of God.

- E**TERNAL Power! whose high abode
 Becomes the grandeur of our God;
 Immensely far, beyond the bounds,
 Where stars revolve their little rounds.
- 2 The lowest step above thy seat
 Rises too high for Gabriel's feet;
 In vain the tallest angel tries
 To reach the height with wondering eyes.
- 3 Lord, what shall earth and ashes do?
 We would adore our Maker too;
 From sin and dust to thee we cry,
 The Great, the Holy, and the High!
- 4 Earth, from afar, has heard thy fame,
 And worms have learned to lisp thy name;
 But O! the glories of thy mind
 Leave all our soaring thoughts behind.
- 5 God is in heaven, but man below;
 Raised be our thoughts; our words be few:
 A sacred reverence checks our songs,
 And praise sits silent on our tongues.

13

C. M.

God unsearchable.

SHALL foolish, weak, short-sighted man,
 Beyond archangels go,
 The great Almighty God explain,
 Or to perfection know ?

2 His attributes divinely soar
 Above the creature's sight,
 And prostrate seraphim adore
 The glorious Infinite.

3 Jehovah's everlasting days,
 They cannot numbered be ;
 Incomprehensible the space
 Of thine immensity :

4 Thy wisdom's depths by reason's line
 In vain we strive to sound,
 Or stretch our labouring thought to assign
 Omnipotence a bound.

5 The brightness of thy glories leaves
 Description far below ;
 Nor man, nor angel's heart conceives
 How deep thy mercies flow :

6 Thy love is most unsearchable,
 And dazzles all above ;
 They gaze, but cannot count nor tell
 The treasures of thy love !

14

S. M.

Address to the Trinity.

OLORD our God, arise,
 Thy cause of truth maintain ;
 And wide o'er all the peopled world
 Extend her blessed 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 Thou Holy Ghost, arise,
 Expand thy quickening wing,
 And o'er a dark and ruined world
 Let light and order spring.
- 4 All on the earth, arise,
 To God the Saviour sing,
 From shore to shore, from earth to heaven,
 Let echoing anthems ring!

15

6's & 4's.

Invocation of the Trinity.

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

- 2 Jesus our Lord, arise,
 Scatter our enemies,
 And make them fall!
 Let thine almighty aid,
 Our sure defence be made;
 Our souls on thee be staid;
 Lord, hear our call.
- 3 Come thou incarnate Word,
 Gird on thy mighty sword;
 Our prayer attend!
 Come, and thy people bless,
 And give thy word success;
 Spirit of holiness,
 On us descend.

- 4 Come, holy Comforter,
 Thy sacred witness bear,
 In this glad hour!
 Thou, who almighty art,
 Now rule in every heart,
 And ne'er from us depart,
 Spirit of power.
- 5 To the great One in Three,
 The highest praises be,
 Hence evermore!
 His sovereign majesty,
 May we in glory see,
 And to eternity,
 Love and adore!

16

L. M.

Address to the Trinity.

- F**ATHER of all, whose love profound,
 A ransom for our soul hath found,
 Before thy throne we sinners bend;
 To us thy pardoning love extend!
- 2 Almighty Son, incarnate Word,
 Our Prophet, Priest, Redeemer, Lord,
 Before thy throne we sinners bend;
 To us thy saving grace extend!
- 3 Eternal Spirit by whose breath
 The soul is raised from sin and death,
 Before thy throne we sinners bend;
 To us thy quickening power extend.
- 4 Jehovah! Father, Spirit, Son,
 Myterious Godhead, Three in One!
 Before thy throne we sinners bend;
 Grace, pardon, life, to us extend.

17

H. M.

Praise to the triune God.

WE give immortal praise
 To God the Father's love,
 For all our comforts here,
 And all our hopes above;
 He sent his own eternal Son
 To die for sins that man had done.

2 To God the Son belongs
 Immortal glory too,
 Who saved us by his blood
 From everlasting woe:
 And now he lives and now he reigns,
 And sees the fruit of all his pains.

3 To God the Spirit, praise
 And endless worship give,
 Whose new-creating power
 Makes the dead sinner live,
 His work completes the great design,
 And fills the soul with joy divine.

4 Almighty God to thee!
 Be endless honours done;
 The sacred Persons Three,
 The Godhead only One:
 Where reason fails with all her powers,
 There faith prevails, and love adores.

18

L. M.

The Trinity.

THERE is one God, and only one,
 No rivals can his essence share:
 He is Jehovah, he alone,
 And with the Lord, none can compare.

- 2 His works through all this wondrous frame,
Express the Maker's vast designs :
They bear the impress of his name ;
In every part his wisdom shines.
- 3 If in his works such wonders rise,
How much more wonderful is he !
Whose nature's filled with mysteries ;
His being One, his person Three.
- 4 What finite power with ceaseless toil,
Can comprehend the eternal Mind ?
Or, who the almighty Three and One,
By searching to perfection find ?
- 5 Angels and men in vain may raise
Harmonious, their adoring songs ;
The labouring thoughts sink down opprest,
And praises die upon their tongues,
- 6 Yet would I lift my trembling voice,
The eternal Three in One to sing ;
And mingling faith, while I rejoice,
My humble, grateful tribute bring.
- 7 All glory to the eternal Three,
The sacred undivided One :
To Father, Son, and Spirit be
Co-equal praise, and honours done.

19

L. M.

Salvation by the Trinity.

LONG ere the sun began his days,
Or moon shot forth her silver rays,
Salvation's scheme was fixed, 'twas done
In covenant by the Three in One.

- 2 The Father spake, the Son replied,
The Spirit with them both complied :

- Grace moved the cause for saving man,
And wisdom drew the noble plan.
- 3 The Father chose his only Son
To die for sins that man had done ;
Immanuel to the choice agreed,
And thus secured a numerous seed.
- 4 He sends his Spirit from above
To call the objects of his love ;
Not one shall perish nor be lost ;
He bought them dear ; his blood they cost.
- 5 What high displays of sovereign grace !
What love to save a ruined race !
My soul, adore his lovely name,
By whom thy free salvation came.

20

L. M.

Divinity and Humanity of Christ.

- E**RE the blue heavens were stretched
abroad,
From everlasting was the Word ;
With God he was ; the Word was God,
And must divinely be adored.
- 2 By his own power all things were made ;
By him supported all things stand ;
He is the whole creation's head,
And angels fly at his command.
- 3 But lo, he leaves those heavenly forms ;
The Word descends and dwells in clay,
That he may converse hold with worms,
Dressed in such feeble flesh as they.
- 4 Mortals with joy beheld his face,
The eternal Father's only Son :
How full of truth, how full of grace,
The brightness of the Godhead shone !

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

21

8's & 7's.

The Deity and Glory of Christ.

- L**ORD of every land and nation,
 Ancient of eternal days!
 Sounded through the wide creation
 Be thy just and lawful praise.
- 2 For the grandeur of thy nature,—
 Grand beyond a seraph's thought;
 For created works of power—
 Works with skill and kindness wrought;
- 3 For thy providence, that governs
 Through thine empire's wide domain;
 Wings an angel, guides a sparrow;
 Blessed be thy gentle reign.
- 4 But thy rich, thy free redemption,
 Dark through brightness all along;
 Thought is poor, and poor expression:
 Who dare sing that awful song?
- 5 Brightness of the Father's glory,
 Shall thy praise unuttered lie?
 Fly, my tongue, such guilty silence!
 Sing the Lord, who came to die.
- 6 Did the angels sing thy coming?
 Did the shepherds learn their lays?
 Shame would cover me ungrateful,
 Should my tongue refuse to praise.
- 7 From the highest throne in glory!
 To the cross of deepest woe!

All to ransom guilty captives !
 Flow, my praise, for ever flow.

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

22

L. M.

God the Son equal with the Father.

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

- 2 A thousand seraphs, strong and bright,
 Stand round the glorious Deity ;
 But who, among the sons of light,
 Pretends comparison with thee ?
- 3 Yet, there is one of human frame,
 Jesus, arrayed in flesh and blood,
 Thinks it no robbery, to claim
 A full equality with God.
- 4 Their glory shines with equal beams ;
 Their essence is for ever one ;
 Distinct in persons, and in names ;
 The Father God, and God the Son.
- 5 Then let the name of Christ our King
 With equal honours be adored ;
 His praise let every angel sing,
 And all the nations own the Lord.

23

L. M.

The Spirit Eternal and Almighty.

ETERNAL Spirit ! we confess
 And sing the wonders of thy grace :

- Thy power conveys our blessings down.
From God the Father, and the Son.
- 2 Enlightened by thy heavenly ray,
Our shades and darkness turn to day ;
Thine inward teachings make us know
Our danger, and our refuge too.
- 3 Thy power and glory work within,
And break the chains of reigning sin ;
Do our imperious lusts subdue,
And form our wretched hearts anew.
- 4 The troubled conscience knows thy voice
Thy cheering words awake our joys ;
Thy words allay the stormy wind,
And calm the surges of the mind.

24

L. M.

The Spirit the Source of Life and Light.

- F**ATHER of mercies, God of love,
Send down thy Spirit from above ;
Let me his sacred influence feel,
To quicken, purify, and heal.
- 2 May he these stubborn lusts subdue,
And form my nature all anew ;
To thee my groveling spirit raise,
Excite to humble prayer and praise.
- 3 He is the source of every grace,
Of light, and life, and holiness ;
By him alone may I be taught,
And all my works in him be wrought.
- 4 Oh let thy Holy Spirit come,
And make my heart his constant home
There his abundant grace display,
And lead me in a perfect way.

25

L. M.

Invocation of the Spirit.

COME, Holy Spirit, calm my mind,
 And fit me to approach my God;
 Remove each vain, each worldly thought,
 And lead me to thy blest abode.

- 2 Hast thou imparted to my soul
 A living spark of holy fire!
 Oh! kindle now the sacred flame,
 Make me to burn with pure desire.
- 3 A brighter faith and hope impart,
 And let me now my Saviour see:
 Oh! soothe and cheer my burdened heart,
 And bid my spirit rest in thee.

26

L. M. 6 lines.

The Spirit the Source of Divine Influences.

ETERNAL Spirit, source of light,
 Enlivening, consecrating fire,
 Descend, and, with celestial heat,
 Our dull, our frozen hearts inspire;
 Our souls refine, our dross consume!
 Come, condescending Spirit, come!

- 2 In our cold breasts, oh, strike a spark
 Of the pure flame which seraphs feel,
 Nor let us wander in the dark,
 Or lie benumbed and stupid still:
 Come, vivifying Spirit, come,
 And make our hearts thy constant home!
- 3 Let pure devotion's fervours rise;
 Let every pious passion glow;
 Oh, let the raptures of the skies,
 Kindle in our cold hearts below!
 Come, condescending Spirit, come.
 And make our souls thy constant home.

27

C. M.

The Glory of God in Creation.

- T**HE God of nature and of grace
 In all his works appears;
 His goodness through the earth we trace,
 His grandeur in the spheres.
- 2 Lift to the arch of heaven your eye;
 Thither his path pursue;
 His glory, boundless as the sky,
 O'erwhelms the wondering view.
- 3 These lower worlds, that swell thy praise
 High as our thoughts can tower,
 Are but a portion of thy ways,
 The hiding of thy power.
- 4 O, shouldst thou rend aside the veil,
 And show thy dwelling-place;
 The souls which thou hast made would fail,
 'Twere death to see thy face!
- 5 None can behold that face and live!
 Yet sinners may draw near;
 Jesus is ready to forgive,
 His love shall cast out fear.
- 6 Millions amid his presence stand,
 And feel, while they adore,
 Fulness of joy at God's right hand,
 And pleasures evermore.

28

C. M.

God celebrated in his works of Creation.

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

- 2 I sing the wisdom that ordained
 The sun to rule the day ;
 The moon shines full at his command,
 And all the stars obey.
- 3 I sing the goodness of the Lord,
 That filled the earth with food ;
 He formed the creatures with his word
 And then pronounced them good.
- 4 Lord, how thy wonders are displayed,
 Where'er I turn mine eye !
 If I survey the ground I tread,
 Or gaze upon the sky !
- 5 There's not a plant or flower below,
 But makes thy glories known ;
 And clouds arise and tempests blow,
 By order from thy throne.
- 6 Creatures as numerous as they be,
 Are subject to thy care ;
 There's not a place where we can flee
 But God is present there.

29

L. M. Double.

Glory of God displayed in the firmament.

THE spacious firmament on high,
 With all the blue ethereal sky,
 And spangled heavens a shining frame,
 Their great Original proclaim :
 The unwearied sun, from day to day,
 Does his Creator's power display,
 And publishes to every land,
 The work of an Almighty hand.

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

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

- 3 What though, in solemn silence, all
 Move round this dark terrestrial ball?
 What though no real voice, nor sound,
 Amidst their radiant orbs be found?
 In reason's ear they all rejoice,
 And utter forth a glorious voice;
 For ever singing as they shine,
 "The hand that made us is divine."

30

5's & 6's.

The Lord will provide.

THOUGH troubles assail,
 And dangers affright;
 Though friends should all fail,
 And foes all unite;
 Yet one thing secures us,
 Whatever betide;
 The Scriptures assure us,
 The Lord will provide.

- 2 The birds without barn
 Or store-house, are fed;
 From them let us learn
 To trust for our bread:
 His saints what is fitting
 Shall ne'er be denied;
 So long as 'tis written,
 The Lord will provide.
- 3 We may, like the ships,
 By tempests be tost
 On perilous deeps,
 But cannot be lost:

Though Satan enrages
The wind and the tide,
The promise engages,
The Lord will provide.

4 His call we obey,
Like Abra'm of old,
Not knowing our way,
But faith makes us bold ;
For though we be strangers,
We have a good guide,
And trust in all dangers,
The Lord will provide.

5 When Satan appears
To stop up our path,
And fill us with fears,
We triumph by faith :
He cannot take from us,
Though oft he has tried,
This heart-cheering promise,
The Lord will provide.

6 He tells us we're weak,
Our hope is in vain ;
The good, that we seek,
We ne'er shall obtain ;
But when such suggestions
Our spirits have plied,
This answers all questions,
The Lord will provide.

7 No strength of our own,
Or goodness we claim,
Yet since we have known
The Saviour's great name ;
In this our strong tower
For safety we hide :
The Lord is our power,
The Lord will provide.

8 When life sinks apace,
 And death is in view,
 This word of his grace
 Shall comfort us through :
 No fearing or doubting,
 With Christ on our side,
 We hope to die shouting,
 The Lord will provide.

31

C. M.

Dependence on Divine Providence.

LET others boast how strong they be,
 Nor death nor danger fear ;
 But we'll confess, O Lord, to thee,
 What feeble things we are.

- 2 Fresh as the grass our bodies stand,
 And flourish bright and gay ;
 A blasting wind sweeps o'er the land,
 And the grass fades away.
- 3 Our life contains a thousand springs,
 And dies if one be gone :
 Strange ! that a harp of thousand strings
 Should keep in tune so long.
- 4 But 'tis our God supports our frame,
 The God that made us first ;
 Salvation to the almighty Name
 That reared us from the dust.
- 5 While we have breath, or use our tongues,
 Our Maker we'll adore ;
 His Spirit moves our heaving lungs,
 Or they would breathe no more.

32

C. M.

Goodness of Divine Providence.

WHILST 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 favoured hour,
Thy love my thoughts shall fill ;
Resigned, when storms of sorrow lower,
My soul shall meet thy will.
- 6 My lifted eye, without a tear,
The gathering storm shall see,
My steadfast heart shall know no fear ;
That heart will rest on thee.

33

C. M.

Mysteries of Providence.

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.

34

L. M.

Mysteries of Providence.

- L**ORD, how mysterious are thy ways !
 How blind are we, how mean our praise !
 Thy steps no mortal eyes explore ;
 'Tis ours to wonder and adore.
- 2 Thy purposes from creature-sight
 Are hid in shades of awful night ;
 Amid the lines, with curious eye,
 Not angel minds presume to pry.
- 3 Great God ! I do not ask to see
 What in futurity shall be ;
 Let light and bliss attend my days,
 And then my future hours be praise.
- 4 Are darkness and distress my share !
 Give me to trust thy guardian care ;

Enough for me, if love divine
At length through every cloud shall shine.

- 5 Yet this my soul desires to know,
Be this my only wish below ;
“ That Christ is mine ! ”—this great request,
Grant, bounteous God ; and I am blest.

35

C. M.

Darkness of Providence.

THY way, O God ! is in the sea,
Thy paths I cannot trace ;
Nor comprehend the mystery
Of thy unbounded grace.

- 2 Here the dark veils of flesh and sense
My captive soul surround ;
Mysterious deeps of providence
My wondering thoughts confound.

- 3 When I behold thy awful hand
My earthly hopes destroy ;
In deep astonishment I stand,
And ask the reason why ?

- 4 As through a glass, I dimly see
The wonders of thy love :
How little do I know of thee,
Or of the joys above !

- 5 'Tis but in part, I know thy will ;
I bless thee for the sight :
When will thy love the rest reveal
In glory's clearer light ?

- 6 With rapture shall I then survey
Thy providence and grace ;
And spend an everlasting day
In wonder, love, and praise.

CHRIST.

36

C. M.

Nativity of Christ.

- W**HILE 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 Bethlehem, this day,
Is born of David's line,
The Saviour, who is Christ the Lord;
And this shall be the sign;
- 4 "The heavenly babe you there shall find,
To human view displayed,
All meanly wrapped in swathing bands,
And in a manger laid."
- 5 Thus spake the seraph and forthwith
Appeared a shining throng
Of angels praising God, who 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."

37

11's & 10's.

Birth of Christ.

- B**RIGHTEST and best of the sons of the
 morning,
 Dawn on our darkness, and lend us thine aid,
 Star of the east, the horizon adorning,
 Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid.
- 2 Cold on his cradle the dew drops are shining,
 Low lies his head with the beasts of the stall,
 Angels adore him in slumber reclining,
 Maker, and Monarch, and Saviour of all.
- 3 Say, shall we yield him, in costly devotion,
 Odours of Edom, and offerings divine?
 Gems of the mountain, and pearls of the ocean,
 Myrrh from the forest, or gold from the mine?
- 4 Vainly we offer each ample oblation;
 Vainly with gifts would his favour secure!
 Richer by far is the heart's adoration;
 Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.

38

C. M.

Incarnation of Christ.

- A**WAKE, awake the sacred song
 To our incarnate Lord;
 Let every heart and every tongue
 Adore the eternal Word.
- 2 That awful Word, that sovereign Power,
 By whom the worlds were made;
 O happy morn! illustrious hour!
 Was once in flesh arrayed!
- 3 Then shone almighty power and love
 In all their glorious forms,
 When Jesus left his throne above
 To dwell with sinful worms.

- 4 To dwell with misery below,
 The Saviour left the skies;
 And sunk to wretchedness and woe,
 That worthless Man might rise.
- 5 Adoring Angels tuned their songs,
 To hail the joyful day;
 With rapture then, let mortal tongues
 Their grateful worship pay.
- 6 What glory, Lord, to thee is due!
 With wonder we adore;
 But could we sing as Angels do,
 Our highest praise were poor.

39

C. M.

Advent of Christ.

- H**ARK, the glad sound the Saviour comes,
 The Saviour promised long!
 Let every heart prepare a throne,
 And every voice a song.
- 2 On him the Spirit, largely poured,
 Exerts his sacred fire;
 Wisdom and might, and zeal and love
 His holy breast inspire.
- 3 He comes the prisoners to release,
 In Satan's bondage held,
 The gates of brass before him burst,
 The iron fetters yield.
- 4 He comes from thickest films of vice,
 To clear the inward sight;
 And on the eyes obscured by sin,
 To pour celestial light.
- 5 He comes the broken heart to bind,
 The bleeding soul to cure;

And with the treasures of his grace,
To enrich the humble poor.

- 6 Our glad Hosannas, Prince of Peace,
Thy welcome shall proclaim,
And heaven's eternal arches ring
With thy beloved name.

40

S. M.

Incarnate Saviour.

YE saints, proclaim abroad
The honours of your King ;
To Jesus, your incarnate God,
Your songs of praises sing.

- 2 Not angels round the throne
Of Majesty above,
Are half so much obliged as we,
To our Immanuel's love.
- 3 They never sunk so low,
They are not raised so high ;
They never knew such depths of woe,
Such heights of majesty.
- 4 The Saviour did not join
Their nature to his own ;
For them he shed no blood divine,
Nor breathed a single groan.
- 5 May we with angels vie,
The Saviour to adore ;
Our debts are greater far than theirs,
O be our praises more !

41

7's. 4 lines.

Incarnation of the Son of God.

GOD *with us* ! O glorious name !
Let it shine in endless fame :

God and man in Christ unite ;
O mysterious depth and height !

2 God *with us!* the eternal Son
Took our soul, our flesh, and bone :
Now, ye saints, his grace admire,
Swell the song with holy fire.

3 God *with us!* but tainted not
With the first transgressor's blot ;
Yet did he our sins sustain,
Bear the guilt, the curse, the pain.

4 God *with us!* O wondrous grace !
Let us see him face to face :
That we may *Immanuel* sing,
As we ought our God and King.

42

S. M.

Blessings of Christ's Advent.

RAISE your triumphant songs
To an immortal tune,
Let the wide earth resound the deeds
Celestial grace has done.

2 Sing how eternal love
Its chief Beloved chose,
And bade him raise our wretched race
From their abyss of woes.

3 His hand no thunder bears,
Nor terror clothes his brow,
No bolts to drive our guilty souls
To fiercer flames below.

4 'Twas mercy filled the throne,
And wrath stood silent by,
When Christ was sent with pardons down
To rebels doomed to die.

- 5 Now, sinners, dry your tears,
 Let hopeless sorrow cease ;
 Bow to the sceptre of his love,
 And take the offered peace.
- 6 Lord we obey thy call ;
 We lay an humble claim
 To the salvation thou hast brought,
 And love and praise thy name.

43 C. M.

Song of Angels at the Nativity of Christ.

- M**ORTALS, awake, with angels join,
 And chant the solemn lay ;
 Joy, love, and gratitude combine
 To hail the auspicious day.
- 2 In heaven the rapturous song began,
 And sweet seraphic fire
 Through all the shining legions ran,
 And strung and tuned the lyre.
- 3 Swift through the vast expanse it flew,
 And loud the echo rolled ;
 The theme, the song, the joy was new,
 'Twas more than heaven could hold.
- 4 Down through the portals of the sky
 The impetuous torrent ran ;
 And angels flew with eager joy,
 To bear the news to man.
- 5 Wrapt in the silence of the night,
 Lay all the eastern world,
 When bursting, glorious, heavenly light
 The wondrous scene unfurled.
- 6 Hark ! the cherubic armies shout,
 And glory leads the song :

Good will and peace are heard throughout
The harmonious, angel throng.

- 7 O for a glance of heavenly love,
Our hearts and songs to raise;
Sweetly to bear our souls above,
And mingle with their lays!
- 8 With joy the chorus we'll repeat,
"Glory to God on high;
Good will and peace are now complete,
Jesus was born to die."
- 9 Hail Prince of life, for ever hail!
Redeemer, brother, friend!
Though earth, and time, and life, should fail,
Thy praise shall never end.

44

8's & 7's.

Song of the Angels.

HARK! what mean those holy voices,
Sweetly sounding through the sky?
Lo! the angelic host rejoices,
"Glory be to God most high!"

- 2 "Peace on earth, good will from heaven,"
Harps and voices loud resound:
"Souls redeemed and sins forgiven,
Far as guilty man is found."
- 3 Christ is born! ye saints, adore him,
Fear his name and taste his joy:
Till in heaven ye sing before him,
"Glory be to God most high."

45

7's.

Joy for the Incarnation.

HARK! the herald angels sing,
Glory to the new-born King!

Peace on earth and mercy mild
God and sinners reconciled.

- 2 Joyful, all ye nations rise,
Join the triumphs of the skies,
With the angelic host proclaim,
"Christ is born in Bethlehem!"
- 3 Christ, by highest heaven adored,
Christ, the everlasting Lord;
Late in time behold him come,
Offspring of a virgin's womb.
- 4 Veiled in flesh, the Godhead see,
Hail the incarnate Deity!
Pleased as man with men to appear
Jesus our Immanuel here.
- 5 Mild, he lays his glory by,
Born, that man no more may die;
Born to raise the sons of earth,
Born to give them second birth.
- 6 Come, desire of nations, come,
Fix in us thy humble home;
Rise, the woman's conquering seed,
Bruise in us the serpent's head.

46

L. M.

Titles of Christ.

WHAT various lovely characters,
The condescending Saviour bears!
All human virtues, all divine,
In him unite, with splendour shine.

- 2 The Corner-stone on which we build,
The Balm by which our souls are healed,
The Morning Star, whose cheering ray
Dispels the shades, and brings the day.

- 3 He is our Rock, and our Defence,
Nor earth, nor hell, can force us thence :
Our Advocate before the throne,
Who with our prayers presents his own.
- 4 He is the burdened sinner's Rest,
Our Prophet, and atoning Priest ;
To him as our exalted King,
We homage pay, our offering bring.
- 5 He is our Captain and our Guide
The Friend, the Husband of the bride ;
The Counsellor, the Prince of Peace,
The Lord our strength and righteousness.
- 6 The Fountain whence our blessings flow,
A Lamb, and yet a Lion too ;
The Sun for light and guidance given,
The Door which opens into heaven.
- 7 He is the Shepherd of the sheep,
Who does his flock in safety keep ;
The Conqueror he, the Judge of Men,
The Faithful Witness, the Amen !

47

L. M.

Christ the great Physician.

- D**EEP are the wounds which sin has made ;
Where shall the sinner find a cure ?
In vain, alas, is nature's aid,
The work exceeds all nature's power.
- 2 Sin like a raging fever, reigns,
With fatal strength, in every part ;
The dire contagion fills the veins,
And spreads its poison to the heart.
- 3 And can no sovereign balm be found ?
And is no kind physician nigh,

To ease the pain, and heal the wound,
Ere life and hope for ever fly?

- 4 There is a great Physician near;
Look up, O fainting soul, and live;
See, in his heavenly smiles appear
Such aid as nature cannot give!
- 5 See, in the Saviour's dying blood,
Life, health, and bliss, abundant flow;
'Tis only this dear sacred flood
Can ease thy pain, and heal thy woe.
- 6 Sin throws in vain its pointed dart,
For here a sovereign cure is found;
A cordial for the fainting heart,
A balm for every painful wound.

48 7's. 6 lines.

Christ the Rock of Ages.

ROCK of ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee!
Let the water and the blood,
From thy wounded side which flowed,
Be of sin the double cure;
Cleanse me from its guilt and power.

- 2 Not the labour of my hands
Can fulfil the law's demands;
Could my zeal no respite know,
Could my tears for ever flow,
All for sin could not atone,
Thou must save, and thou alone.
- 3 Nothing in my hand I bring,
Simply to thy cross I cling;
Naked, come to thee for dress,
Helpless, look to thee for grace;
Vile, I to the fountain fly,
Wash me, Saviour, or I die!

- 4 While I draw this fleeting breath,
 When my heart-strings break in death,
 When I soar to worlds unknown,
 See thee on thy judgment throne,
 Rock of ages, cleft for me,
 Let me hide myself in thee.

49

L. M.

Christ our Pattern.

WHEN Jesus dwelt in mortal clay,
 What were his works from day to day
 But miracles of power and grace,
 That spread salvation through our race?

- 2 Teach us, O Lord, to keep in view
 Thy pattern, and thy steps pursue;
 Let alms bestowed, let kindness done,
 Be witnessed by each rolling sun.
- 3 The man who marks, from day to day,
 In generous acts his radiant way,
 Treads the same path his Saviour trod,
 The path to glory and to God.

50

8's & 7's.

Christ the Friend of Sinners.

ONE there is above all others,
 Well deserves the name of Friend;
 His is love beyond a brother's,
 Costly, free, and knows no end.

- 2 Which of all our friends, to save us,
 Could or would have shed his blood?
 But this Saviour died to have us
 Reconciled in him to God.
- 3 When he lived on earth abased,
 Friend of sinners was his name;

Now above all glory raised,
He rejoices in the same.

- 4 Oh! for grace our hearts to soften,
Teach us, Lord, at length to love;
We, alas! forget too often,
What a friend we have above.

51

L. M. D.

The Star of Bethlehem.

WHEN marshalled on the nightly plain,
The glittering host bestud the sky,
One star alone, of all the train,
Can fix the sinner's wandering eye:
Hark! hark! to God the chorus breaks,
From every host, from every gem;
But one alone the Saviour speaks,
It is the Star of Bethlehem.

- 2 Once on the raging seas I rode,
The storm was loud, the night was dark,
The ocean yawned, and rudely blowed
The wind that tossed my foundering bark.
Deep horror then my vitals froze,
Death-struck, I ceased the tide to stem:
When suddenly a star arose,
It was the Star of Bethlehem.
- 3 It was my guide, my light, my all,
It bade my dark foreboding cease:
And through the storm and danger's thrall,
It led me to the port of peace.
Now safely moored—my perils o'er,
I'll sing, first in night's diadem,
For ever and for evermore,
The Star—the Star of Bethlehem.

52

L. M.

Jesus the only Saviour.

JESUS, the spring of joys divine,
 Whence all our hopes and comforts flow ;
 Jesus, no other name, but thine,
 Can save us from eternal woe.

- 2 In vain would boasting reason find
 The way to happiness and God ;
 Her weak directions leave the mind
 Bewildered in a dubious road.
- 3 No other name will heaven approve ;
 Thou art the true, the living way,
 Ordained by everlasting love,
 To the bright realms of endless day.
- 4 Safe lead us through this world of night,
 And bring us to the blissful plains,
 The regions of unclouded light,
 Where perfect joy for ever reigns.

53

7's. 6 lines.

Christ our Example in suffering.

GO to dark Gethsemane,
 Ye who feel the tempter's power ;
 Your Redeemer's conflict see ;
 Watch with him one bitter hour ;
 Turn not from his griefs away,
 Learn of Jesus Christ to pray.

- 2 Follow to the judgment-hall,
 View the Lord of life arraigned :
 Oh the wormwood and the gall !
 Oh the pangs his soul sustained !
 Shun not suffering, shame, or loss ;
 Learn of him to bear the cross.

- 3 Calvary's mournful mountain climb :
 There, adoring at his feet,
 Mark that miracle of time,
 God's own sacrifice complete :
 " It is finished," hear him cry ;
 Learn of Jesus Christ to die.
- 4 Early hasten to the tomb,
 Where they laid his breathless clay ;
 All is solitude and gloom ;
 Who hath taken him away ?
 Christ has risen, he meets our eyes ;
 Saviour, teach us so to rise.

54

L. M.

Christ the Way.

- J**ESUS, my all, to heaven is gone ;
 He, whom I fix my hopes upon,
 His track I see, and I'll pursue
 The narrow way, till him I view.
- 2 The way the holy prophets went,
 The road that leads from banishment ;
 The king's high-way of holiness,
 I'll go : for all his paths are peace.
- 3 This is the way I long have sought,
 And mourned because I found it not ;
 My grief, and burden, long has been
 Because I could not cease from sin.
- 4 The more I strove against its power,
 I sinned and stumbled but the more,
 Till late I heard my Saviour say,
 " Come hither, soul, I am the way."
- 5 Lo ! glad I come ! and thou, blest Lamb,
 Shalt take me to thee as I am :

My sinful self to thee I give!
Nothing but love shall I receive.

- 6 Then will I tell to sinners round,
What a dear Saviour I have found;
I'll point to thy redeeming blood,
And say—"Behold the way to God!"

55

L. M.

Immanuel.

ALL hail, thou great Immanuel!
Thy love, thy glory, who can tell?
Angels, and all the heavenly host,
Are in the boundless prospect lost.

- 2 Mortals, with reverential songs,
Take this dear name upon your tongues;
With holy fear, attempt his praise,
In solemn, yet triumphant, lays.
- 3 Among a thousand forms of love,
In which he shines and smiles above;
This with peculiar joy we view,
He's David's root and offspring too.
- 4 There Jesus, in the glorious plan,
Shines the great God, the wondrous man!
As God, the root of all our bliss,
As man, the branch of righteousness.
- 5 All hail, thou dear redeeming Lord!
All hail, thou co-essential Word!
All hail, thou Root and Branch divine!
All hail, and be the glory thine!

56

L. M.

Types and prophecies fulfilled in Christ.

BEHOLD the woman's promised seed!
Behold the great Messiah come!

- Behold the prophets all agreed,
To give him the superior room !
- 2 Abra'm, the saint, rejoiced of old,
When visions of the Lord he saw;
Moses, the man of God, foretold
This great fulfiller of his law.
- 3 The types bore witness to his name,
Obtained their chief design, and ceased :
The incense and the bleeding lamb,
The ark, the altar, and the priest.
- 4 Predictions in abundance meet,
To join their blessings on his head ;
Jesus, we worship at thy feet,
And nations own the promised seed.

57

6's & 8's.

Christ the Refuge.

- W**HEN I behold my heart
With sin's deep stain imprest,
Feign would I draw a curtain dark
Across my guilty breast—
Hiding from all—but most from thee,
My God, its vast iniquity !
- 2 Oh ! could I mount the wing
Of the ascending morn,
And be to earth's remotest ring
Ere close of evening, borne,
I'd haste, I'd fly o'er land and sea
To hide me from myself and thee.
- 3 Alas ! how vain the thought !
The power that guides the Sun,
Must bear the flying fugitive—
And when the day is done

Within thy hand must be my bed,
Beneath thy wing must rest my head.

- 4 Oh! whither shall I fly
Omnipotent, from thee?
Within the deep impervious folds
Of night's dark canopy?
'Twere vain, I could not 'scape thy sight
For thou thyself, my God, art light!
- 5 Oh! Christ, to thee I fly,
Beneath thy wing to rest;
Oh! shield me from thy Father's frown
Within thy sheltering breast;
But no! within that hiding place
Frowns turn to smiles, and wrath to grace.

58

L. M.

The Star of Bethlehem.

NO worldly pomp nor eastern pride,
The Saviour chose to grace his birth;
Nor stooped with monarchs to divide,
The mimic pageantry of earth.

- 2 But he preferred a heavenly gem
Which far and wide its radiance shed;
It was the star of Bethlehem
That crown'd the infant Saviour's head.
- 3 And while the blessed Redeemer lay
By kings and nobles unadored
That spark divine illumed the way
Where eastern sages sought the Lord.
- 4 Bright gem of glory, sign of grace!
Appear to guide my wandering feet
And lead me in the heavenly race
To find the Saviour's mercy seat.

- 5 And though the Saviour now appears
 On earth no more, nor star is given,
 Let Faith direct my future years,
 That I may find my Lord in heaven.

59

L. M.

The Wonderful, the Counsellor.

- T**HE lands that long in darkness lay
 Have now beheld a heavenly light;
 Nations that sat in death's cold shade,
 Are blest with beams divinely bright.
- 2 The virgin's promised Son is born;
 Behold the expected child appear!
 What shall his names or titles be?
 "The Wonderful, the Counsellor!"
- 3 The government of earth, and seas
 Upon his shoulders shall be laid:
 His wide dominions shall increase,
 And honours to his name be paid.
- 4 Jesus, the holy child, shall sit
 High on his Father David's throne;
 Shall crush his foes beneath his feet.
 And reign to ages yet unknown.

60

L. M.

Christ the Priest, King, and Judge.

- N**OW to the Lord that makes us know
 The wonders of his dying love,
 Be humble honours paid below,
 And strains of nobler praise above.
- 2 'Twas he that cleansed our foulest sins,
 And washed us in his richest blood;
 'Tis he that makes us priests and kings,
 And brings us rebels near to God.

- 3 To Jesus our atoning Priest,
 To Jesus our exalted King,
 Be everlasting power confessed,
 And every tongue his glory sing.
- 4 Behold on flying clouds he comes,
 And every eye shall see him move;
 Though with our sins we pierced him once
 Still he displays his pardoning love.
- 5 The unbelieving world shall wail,
 While we rejoice to see the day;
 Come, Lord, nor let thy promise fail,
 Nor let thy chariots long delay.

61

C. M.

Lamb of God to be worshipped.

- 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 Let all that dwell above the sky,
 And air, and earth, and seas,
 Conspire to lift thy glories high,
 And speak thine endless praise.
- 4 The whole creation join in one,
 To bless the sacred name
 Of him who sits upon the throne,
 And to adore the Lamb.

62

L. M.

Lamb of God to be worshipped.

WHAT equal honours shall we bring
 To thee, O Lord, our God, the Lamb,
 When all the notes that angels sing
 Are far inferior to thy name!

- 2 Worthy is he that once was slain,
 The Prince of Peace, that groaned and died,
 Worthy to rise, and live, and reign
 At his almighty Father's side.
- 3 Blessings for ever on the Lamb,
 Who bore the curse for wretched men:
 Let angels sound his sacred name,
 And every creature say—Amen.

63

L. M.

Christ the Shepherd.

THOU whom my soul admires above
 All earthly joy, and earthly love,
 Tell me, dear Shepherd, let me know,
 Where doth thy sweetest pasture grow?

- 2 Where is the shadow of that rock,
 That from the sun defends thy flock?
 Fain would I feed among thy sheep,
 Among them rest, among them sleep.
- 3 Why should thy bride appear like one
 That turns aside to paths unknown?
 My constant feet would never rove,
 Would never seek another love.

64

L. M.

Christ our Wisdom and Righteousness.

BURIED in shadows of the night,
 We lie till Christ restores the light;

Wisdom descends to heal the blind,
And chase the darkness of the mind.

- 2 Our guilty souls are drowned in tears,
Till his atoning blood appears :
Then we awake from deep distress,
And sing, " The Lord our righteousness."
- 3 Our very frame is mixed with sin ;
His Spirit makes our nature clean ;
Such virtues from his sufferings flow
At once to cleanse and pardon too.
- 4 Jesus beholds where Satan reigns,
Binding his slaves in heavy chains :
He sets the prisoners free, and breaks
The iron bondage from our necks.
- 5 Poor helpless worms in thee possess
Grace, wisdom, power, and righteousness ;
Thou art our mighty all, and we
Give our whole selves, O Lord, to thee.

65

S. M.

Christ our Wisdom and Righteousness.

HOW heavy is the night
That hangs upon our eyes,
Till Christ, with his reviving light,
Over our souls arise !

- 2 Our guilty spirits dread
To meet the wrath of heaven ;
But, in his righteousness arrayed,
We see our sins forgiven.
- 3 Unholy and impure
Are all our thoughts and ways ;
His hands infected nature cure
With sanctifying grace.

- 4 The powers of hell agree
 To hold our souls in vain ;
 He sets the sons of bondage free,
 And breaks the accursed chain.
- 5 Lord, we adore thy ways,
 To bring us near to God ;
 Thy sovereign power, thy healing grace,
 And thy atoning blood.

66

L. M.

Christ a Saviour.

- N**OT to condemn the sons of men
 Did Christ the Son of God appear !
 No weapons in his hands are seen,
 No flaming sword, nor thunder there.
- 2 Such was the pity of our God,
 He loved the race of men so well,
 He sent his Son to bear our load
 Of sins, and save our souls from hell.
- 3 Sinners, believe the Saviour's word,
 Trust in his mighty name and live ;
 A thousand joys his lips afford,
 His hands a thousand blessings give.

67

H. M.

Christ the Prophet and Shepherd.

- J**OIN all the glorious names
 Of wisdom, love, and power,
 That ever mortals knew,
 That angels ever bore :
 All are too mean to speak his worth.
 Too mean to set my Saviour forth.
- 2 But, O what gentle terms,
 What condescending ways,

- Doth our Redeemer use,
 To teach his heavenly grace !
 My eyes with joy and wonder see,
 What forms of love he bears for me.
- 3 Arrayed in mortal flesh,
 He like an angel stands,
 And holds the promises,
 And pardons, in his hands :
 Commissioned from his Father's throne,
 To make his grace to mortals known.
- 4 Great Prophet of my God !
 My tongue would bless thy name :
 By thee the joyful news
 Of our salvation came ;
 The joyful news of sins forgiven,
 Of hell subdued, and peace with heaven.
- 5 Be thou my Counsellor,
 My Pattern and my Guide ;
 And through this desert land
 Still keep me near thy side ;
 O let my feet ne'er run astray,
 Nor rove, nor seek the crooked way !
- 6 I love my Shepherd's voice,
 His watchful eyes shall keep
 My wandering soul among
 The thousands of his sheep :
 He feeds his flock, he calls their names,
 His bosom bears the tender lambs.

68

H. M.

Titles of Christ.

JESUS, my great High-Priest,
 Offered his blood and died ;
 My guilty conscience seeks
 No sacrifice beside.

His powerful blood did once atone ;
And now it pleads before the throne.

- 2 To this dear Surety's hand
Will I commit my cause ;
He answers and fulfils
His Father's broken laws.
Behold my soul at freedom set ;
My surety paid the dreadful debt.
- 3 My Advocate appears
For my defence on high ;
The Father bows his ears,
And lays his thunder by.
Not all that hell or sin can say,
Shall turn his heart, his love away.
- 4 My great and glorious Lord,
My conqueror and my King,
Thy sceptre and thy sword,
Thy reigning grace I sing.
Thine is the power ; behold I sit
In willing bonds beneath thy feet.
- 5 Now let my soul arise,
And tread the tempter down :
My Captain leads me forth
To conquest and a crown.
A feeble saint shall win the day,
Though death and hell obstruct the way.
- 6 Should all the hosts of death,
And powers of hell unknown,
Put their most dreadful forms
Of rage and mischief on,
I shall be safe, for Christ displays
Superior power and guardian grace.

69

S. M.

Christ our Advocate.

THE great Redeemer's gone,
 To appear before our God,
 To sprinkle o'er the flaming throne
 With his atoning blood.

- 2 No fiery vengeance now,
 No burning wrath comes down :
 If justice calls for sinners' blood,
 The Saviour shows his own.
- 3 Before his Father's eye
 Our humble suit he moves :
 The Father lays his thunder by,
 And looks, and smiles, and loves.
- 4 Now may our joyful tongues
 Our Maker's honour sing ;
 Jesus, the Priest, receives our songs,
 And bears them to the King.
- 5 On earth thy mercy reigns,
 And triumphs all above :
 But, Lord, how weak are mortal strains,
 To speak immortal love !
- 6 How jarring and how low
 Are all the notes we sing !
 Blest Saviour, tune our songs anew,
 And they shall please the King.

70

C. M.

Offices of Christ.

WE bless the Prophet of the Lord,
 That comes with truth and grace,
 Jesus, thy Spirit and thy word,
 Shall lead us in thy ways.

- 2 We reverence our High Priest above,
 Who offered up his blood,
 And lives to carry on his love,
 By pleading with our God.
- 3 We honour our exalted King;
 How sweet are his commands!
 He guards our souls from hell and sin,
 By his almighty hands.
- 4 Hosannah to his glorious name,
 Who saves by sovereign grace!
 The anointed Saviour hath a claim,
 To our immortal praise.

71

L. M.

Christ our Pattern.

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

- 2 Such was thy truth, and such thy zeal,
 Such deference to thy Father's will,
 Such love, and meekness so divine,
 I would transcribe, and make them mine.
- 3 Cold mountains and the midnight air
 Witnessed the fervour of thy prayer;
 The desert thy temptations knew,
 Thy conflict, and thy victory too.
- 4 Be thou my pattern; make me bear
 More of thy gracious image here:
 Then God the Judge shall own my name
 Among the followers of the Lamb.

72

C. M.

Christ our Passover.

LO! the destroying angel flies
 To Pharaoh's stubborn land;
 The pride and flower of Egypt dies
 By his vindictive hand.

- 2 He passed the tents of Jacob o'er,
 Nor poured the wrath divine;
 He saw the blood on every door,
 And blessed the peaceful sign.
- 3 Lord, if my heart were sprinkled too
 With blood so rich as thine,
 Justice no longer would pursue
 This guilty soul of mine.
- 4 Jesus, our passover was slain,
 And has at once procured
 Freedom from Satan's heavy chain.
 And God's avenging sword.

73

8s, 7s & 4s.

Christ our Guide.

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 :
 Death of death, and hell's destruction,
 Land me safe on Canaan's side :
 Songs of praises
 I will ever give to thee.

74

C. M.

Christ the Shepherd.

- F**ATHER of peace, and God of love,
 We own thy power to save ;
 That power by which our Shepherd rose,
 Victorious o'er the grave.
- 2 We triumph in that Shepherd's name,
 Still watchful for our good,
 Who brought the eternal covenant down,
 And sealed it with his blood.
- 3 So may thy Spirit seal my soul,
 And mould it to thy will ;
 That my fond heart no more may stray,
 But keep thy covenant still.
- 4 Still may we gain superior strength,
 And press with vigour on,
 Till full perfection crown our hopes,
 And fix us near thy throne.

75

L. M.

Jesus the one thing needful.

- J**ESUS, engrave it on my heart,
 That thou the one thing needful art !
 I could from all things parted be,
 But never, never, Lord, from thee !
- 2 Needful art thou to make me live ;
 Needful art thou all grace to give ;

- Needful to guide me, lest I stray ;
 Needful to help me every day.
- 3 Needful is thy most precious blood ;
 Needful is thy correcting rod ;
 Needful is thy indulgent care ;
 Needful thy all-prevailing prayer.
- 4 Needful thy presence, dearest Lord,
 True peace and comfort to afford ;
 Needful thy promise, to impart
 Fresh life and vigour to my heart.
- 5 Needful art thou to be my stay
 Through all life's dark and thorny way ;
 Nor less in death thou'lt needful be,
 When I yield up my soul to thee.
- 6 Needful art thou to raise my dust
 In shining glory with the just ;
 Needful when I in heaven appear,
 To crown and to present me there.

76

L. M.

The Living Redeemer.

- I** KNOW that my Redeemer lives ;
 What comfort this sweet sentence gives !
 He lives, he lives, who once was dead,
 He lives my ever living head !
- 2 He lives triumphant from the grave,
 He lives eternally to save ;
 He lives all-glorious in the sky,
 He lives exalted there on high.
- 3 He lives to bless me with his love,
 He lives to plead for me above ;
 He lives my hungry soul to feed,
 He lives to help in time of need.

- 4 He lives to grant me fresh supply,
 He lives to guide me with his eye;
 He lives to comfort me when faint,
 He lives to hear my soul's complaint.
- 5 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.
- 6 He lives my kind, wise, heavenly friend,
 He lives and loves me to the end;
 He lives, and, while he lives, I'll sing,
 He lives, my prophet, priest, and king.
- 7 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.
- 8 He lives, all glory to his name!
 He lives, my Jesus, still the same;
 O the sweet joy this sentence gives,
 I know that my Redeemer lives!

77

C. M.

Christ's Compassion on the Barren Fig Tree.

- SEE how the fruitless fig-tree stands,
 Beneath the owner's frown:
 The axe is lifted in his hands,
 To cut the cumberer down.
- 2 "Year after year, I come," he cries,
 "And still no fruit is shown;
 Nothing but empty leaves arise,
 Then cut the cumberer down.
- 3 "The axe of death, at one sharp stroke,
 Shall make my justice known;

- Each bough shall tremble at the shock,
Which cuts the cumberer down."
- 4 Touched at the root, the branches shake,
Around the leaves are strewn :—
"Oh spare awhile! for mercy's sake,
Cut not the cumberer down.
- 5 "In sloth, and barrenness, and pride,
The fig-tree long has grown ;
Yet let all means, this year be tried,
Cut not the cumberer down.
- 6 "If barren still the tree *must* lie
All withering in thy frown ;
Death's whetted axe its edge shall try,
And cut the cumberer down."
- 7 Sinner, beware !—the axe of death
Is raised, and aimed at thee :
Awhile thy Maker spares thy breath—
Beware, O barren tree !
- 8 If heedless when thy Maker calls,
Then comes the deadly aim :
He smites—at once the sinner falls
To hell's eternal flame !

78

L. M.

Christ the Sovereign Saviour.

JEHOVAH speaks, let Israel hear,
Let all the earth rejoice and fear,
While God's eternal Son proclaims
His sovereign honours and his names.

- 2 I am the last, and I the first,
The Saviour God, and God the just ;
There's none besides pretends to show
Such justice, and salvation too.

- 3 Ye, that in shades of darkness dwell,
Just on the verge of death and hell,
Look up to me from distant lands,
Light, life, and heaven, are in my hands.
- 4 I by my holy name have sworn,
Nor shall the word in vain return,
To me shall all things bend the knee,
And every tongue shall swear to me.
- 5 In me alone, shall men confess,
Lies all their strength and righteousness :
But such as dare despise my name,
I'll clothe them with eternal shame.
- 6 In me, the Lord, shall all the seed
Of Israel from their sins be freed ;
And by their shining graces prove
Their interest in my pardoning love.

79

7s. 4 lines.

Constancy of Christ's Love.

- H**ARK, my soul ! it is the Lord ;
'Tis thy Saviour, hear his word ;
Jesus speaks, and speaks to thee :
" Say, poor sinner, lovest thou me ?
- 2 " I delivered thee when bound,
And, when wounded, healed thy wound ;
Sought thee wandering, set thee right,
Turned thy darkness into light.
- 3 " Can a woman's tender care
Cease toward the child she bear ?
Yes, she may forgetful be,
Yet will I remember thee.
- 4 " Mine is an unchanging love,
Higher than the heights above ;

Deeper than the depths beneath,
Free and faithful, strong as death.

5 "Thou shalt see my glory soon,
When the work of grace is done ;
Partner of my throne shall be,
Say, poor sinner, lovest thou me ?"

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

80

L. M.

Behold the Man.

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

2 Behold the man ! by all condemned,
Assaulted by a host of foes ;
His person and his claims contemned,
A man of sufferings and of woes.

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

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

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

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

81 L. M. D.

God of Light.

THE saffron tints of morn appear,
 And glow across the blushing east ;
 The brilliant orb of day is near,
 To dissipate the lingering mist.
 And while his mantling splendours dart,
 Their radiance o'er the kindling skies
 To chase the darkness of my heart,
 Arise, O God of light, arise.

- 2 Creation smiles through all her tears,
 Ten thousand sparkling drops of dew,
 His head the lofty mountain rears,
 To meet the earliest sunbeam true.
 So shall I smile amid my woe,
 When sorrows drown my weeping eyes
 So shall my bosom learn to glow
 If thou, my glorious sun, arise.

82 L. C. M.

Character of the Redeemer.

O COULD I speak the matchless worth,
 O could I sound the glories forth
 Which in my Saviour shine !
 I'd soar and touch the heavenly strings,
 And vie with Gabriel while he sings,
 In notes almost divine.

- 2 I'd sing the precious blood he spilt,
 My ransom from the dreadful guilt
 Of sin and wrath divine :

I'd sing his glorious righteousness,
 In which all-perfect, heavenly dress
 My soul shall ever shine.

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 day will come,
 When my dear Lord will call me home,
 And I shall see his face !
 Then, with my Saviour, brother, friend,
 A blest eternity I'll spend
 Triumphant in his grace.

83

L. M.

Christ our Strength.

LET me but hear my Saviour say,
 "Strength shall be equal to thy day;"
 Then I rejoice in deep distress,
 Leaning on all-sufficient grace.

2 I glory in infirmity,
 That Christ's own power may rest on me ;
 When I am weak, then am I strong,
 Grace is my shield, and Christ my song.

3 I can do all things, or can bear
 All sufferings, if my Lord be there ;
 Sweet pleasures mingle with the pains,
 While his own hand my head sustains.

84

C. M.

Christ superior to Moses.

HOW strong thine arm is, mighty God,
 Who would not fear thy name !

Jesus, how sweet thy graces are !

Who would not love the Lamb !

- 2 He has done more than Moses did :
Our Prophet and our King,
From bonds of hell has freed our souls,
And taught our lips to sing.
- 3 In the Red Sea, by Moses' hand,
The Egyptian host was drowned ;
But his own blood hides all our sins,
And guilt no more is found.
- 4 When through the desert Israel went,
With manna they were fed :
Our Lord invites us to his flesh,
And calls it living bread.
- 5 Moses beheld the promised land,
Yet never reached the place :
But Christ shall bring his followers home,
To see his Father's face.
- 6 Then will our love and joy be full,
And feel a warmer flame,
And sweeter voices tune the song
Of Moses and the Lamb.

85

C. M.

Christ's Sympathy and Intercession.

WITH joy we meditate the grace
Of our High Priest above ;
His heart is made of tenderness,
His bowels melt 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.

- 3 But spotless, innocent, and pure
 The great Redeemer stood,
 While Satan's fiery darts he bore,
 And did resist to blood.
- 4 He in the days of feeble flesh,
 Poured out his cries and tears,
 And in his measure feels afresh
 What every member bears.
- 5 He'll never quench the smoking flax,
 But raise it to a flame;
 The bruised reed he never breaks,
 Nor scorns the meanest name.
- 6 Then let our humble faith address
 His mercy and his power;
 We shall obtain delivering grace
 In the distressing hour.

86

L. M.

Christ's Mission attested by Miracles.

- B**EHOLD, the blind their sight receive!
 Behold, the dead awake and live!
 The dumb speak wonders, and the lame
 Leap like the hart, and bless his name.
- 2 Thus doth the eternal Spirit own,
 And seal the mission of the Son;
 The Father vindicates his cause,
 While he hangs bleeding on the cross.
- 3 He dies! the heavens in mourning stood
 He rises, the triumphant God:
 Behold the Lord ascending high,
 No more to bleed, no more to die.
- 4 Hence and for ever from my heart
 I bid my doubts and fears depart;

And to those hands my soul resign,
Which bear credentials so divine.

87

C. M.

Condescension of Christ.

THE Saviour! O what endless charms
Dwell in the blissful sound!
Its influence every fear disarms,
And spreads sweet comfort round.

- 2 Here pardon, life, and joys divine,
In rich effusion flow,
For guilty rebels lost in sin,
And doomed to endless woe.
- 3 The almighty Former of the skies
Stooped to our vile abode;
While angels viewed with wondering eyes,
And hailed the incarnate God!
- 4 O the rich depths of love divine!
Of bliss a boundless store!
Dear Saviour, let me call thee mine;
I cannot wish for more.
- 5 On thee alone my hope relies,
Beneath thy cross I fall;
My Lord, my Life, my Sacrifice,
My Saviour, and my All!

88

L. M.

Christ our Example.

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

- 2 Whene'er the angry passions rise,
And tempt our thoughts or tongues to strife,

- On Jesus let us fix our eyes,
Bright pattern of the Christian life!
- 3 O how benevolent and kind!
How mild! how ready to forgive!
Be his the temper of our mind,
And his the rule by which we live.
- 4 To do his heavenly Father's will,
Was his employment and delight;
Humility and holy zeal,
Shone through his life divinely bright.
- 5 Dispensing good where'er he came,
The labours of his life were love:
If then we love our Saviour's name,
Let his divine example move.
- 6 But ah, how blind! how weak we are!
How frail! how apt to turn aside!
Lord, we depend upon thy care,
And ask thy Spirit for our guide.

89

C. M.

Christ's Intercession.

- A**WAKE, sweet gratitude, and sing
The ascended Saviour's love:
Sing how he lives to carry on
His people's cause above.
- 2 With cries and tears, he offered up
His humble suit below;
But with authority he asks,
Enthroned in glory now.
- 3 For all that come to God by him,
Salvation he demands;
Points to their names upon his breast,
And spreads his wounded hands.

- 4 His sweet atoning sacrifice
 Gives sanction to his claim ;
 " Father, I will that all my saints
 Be with me where I am.
- 5 " By their salvation, recompense
 The sorrows I endured ;
 Just to the merits of thy Son,
 And faithful to thy word."
- 6 Eternal life, at his request,
 To every saint is given :
 Safety on earth, and, after death,
 The plenitude of heaven.

90

H. M.

Condescension and Love of Christ.

- COME, every pious heart,
 That loves the Saviour's name,
 Your noblest powers exert,
 To celebrate his fame :
 Tell all above, and all below,
 The debt of love to him you owe.
- 2 Such was his zeal for God,
 And such his love for you,
 He freely undertook
 What Gabriel could not do :
 His every deed of love and grace
 All words exceed, and thoughts surpass.
- 3 He left his starry crown,
 And laid his robes aside ;
 On wings of love came down,
 And wept, and bled, and died :
 What he endured O who can tell,
 To save our souls from death and hell!

- 4 From the dark grave he rose,
The mansions of the dead ;
And thence his mighty foes,
In glorious triumph led :
Up through the sky the conqueror rode,
And reigns on high, the Saviour God.
- 5 Jesus, we ne'er can pay
The debt we owe thy love,
Yet tell us how we may
Our gratitude approve :
Our hearts, our all, to thee we give ;
The gift, though small, thou wilt receive.

91

7s. 4 lines.

Fulness of Christ.

- B**LEEDING hearts, defiled by sin,
Jesus Christ can make you clean :
Contrite souls, with guilt opprest,
Jesus Christ can give you rest.
- 2 You that mourn o'er follies past,
Precious hours and years laid waste ;
Turn to God, oh turn and live,
Jesus Christ can still forgive.
- 3 You that oft have wandered far
From the light of Bethlehem's star ;
Trembling, now your steps retrace,
Jesus Christ is full of grace.
- 4 Souls benighted and forlorn,
Grieved, afflicted, tempest-worn,
Now in Israel's Rock confide,
Jesus Christ for man has died.
- 5 Fainting souls, in peril's hour
Yield not to the tempter's power ;
On the risen Lord rely,
Jesus Christ now reigns on high.

92

8s & 7s.

Christ the Desire of all Nations.

COME, thou long expected Jesus,
 Born to set thy people free ;
 From our fears and sins release us,
 Let us find our rest in thee :
 Israel's Strength and Consolation,
 Hope of all the saints thou art ;
 Dear Desire of every nation,
 Joy of every longing heart.

- 2 Born, thy people to deliver ;
 Born a child—and yet a King ;
 Born to reign in us for ever,
 Now thy precious kingdom bring :
 By thine own eternal Spirit,
 Rule in all our hearts alone ;
 By thine all-sufficient merit,
 Raise us to thy glorious throne.

93

8s.

Christ the Believer's Friend.

THIS God is the God we adore,
 Our faithful unchangeable friend ;
 Whose love is as large as his power,
 And neither knows measure nor end.

- 2 'Tis Jesus the first and the last,
 Whose Spirit shall guide us safe home,
 We'll praise him for all that is past,
 And trust him for all that's to come.

94

L. M. 6 lines.

Christ the Hope of the Disconsolate.

WHEN gathering clouds around I view,
 And days are dark, and friends are few,

- On him I lean, who, not in vain,
 Experienced every human pain ;
 He sees my wants, allays my fears,
 And counts and treasures up my tears.
- 2 If ought should tempt my soul to stray
 From heavenly virtue's narrow way,
 To fly the good I would pursue
 Or do the sin I would not do,
 Still he who felt temptation's power,
 Shall guard me in that dangerous hour.
- 3 When vexing thoughts within me rise,
 And sore dismayed my spirit dies,
 Yet he, who once vouchsafed to bear
 The sickening anguish of despair,
 Shall sweetly soothe, shall gently dry,
 The throbbing heart, the streaming eye.
- 4 When, sorrowing, o'er some stone I bend,
 Which covers all that was a friend ;
 And from his voice, his hand, his smile,
 Divides me—for a little while,—
 Thou, Saviour, seest the tears I shed,
 For thou didst weep o'er Lazarus dead.
- 5 And O, when I have safely past
 Through every conflict—but the last,
 Still, still unchanging, watch beside
 My painful bed,—for thou hast died ;
 Then point to realms of cloudless day,
 And wipe the latest tear away.

95

11s & 8s.

Christ the Joy of his People.

O THOU in whose presence my soul takes
 delight,
 On whom in affliction I call,
 My comfort by day, and my song in the night,
 My hope, my salvation, my all.

- Where dost thou at noon-tide resort with thy
 sheep,
 To feed on the pastures of love?
 For why in the valley of death should I weep,
 Or alone in the wilderness rove?
- 2 O why should I wander an alien from thee,
 And cry in the desert for bread:
 Thy foes will rejoice, when my sorrows they
 see,
 And smile at the tears I have shed.
 Ye daughters of Zion, declare, have you seen
 The star that on Israel shone?
 Say, if in your tents my Beloved has been,
 And where with his flocks he is gone?
- 3 This is my Beloved, his form is divine,
 His vestments shed odours around;
 The locks on his head are as grapes on the
 vine,
 When autumn with plenty is crowned.
 The roses of Sharon, the lilies that grow,
 In the vales, on the banks of the streams,
 On his cheek, in the beauty of excellence
 blow,
 And his eyes are as quivers of beams.

96

11s & 8s.

Christ a Terror to his Enemies.

BUT when armed with vengeance in terror
 he comes,
 The nations rebellious to tame,
 The reins of omnipotent power he assumes,
 And rides in a chariot of flame.
 A two-edged sword from his mouth issues
 forth,
 Bright quivers of fire are his eyes,

- He speaks, and black tempests are seen in the
north,
And storms from their caverns arise.
- 2 Ten thousand destructions, that wait for his
word,
And ride on the wings of his breath,
Fly swift as the wind at the nod of their Lord,
And deal out the arrows of death.
His cloud-bursting thunders their voices re-
sound,
Through all the vast regions on high ;
Till from the deep centre loud echoes re-
bound,
And meet the quick flame in the sky ;
- 3 The portals of heaven at his bidding obey,
And expand ere his banner appear ;
Earth trembles beneath, till her mountains
give way,
And hell shakes her fetters with fear.
When he walks on the clouds, as the dust of
his feet,
And grasps the big storm in his hand,
What eye the fierce glance of his anger shall
meet,
Or who in his presence shall stand ?

97

L. M.

Sympathy of Christ.

WHERE nigh the heavenly temple stands,
The house of God not made with hands,
A great high priest our nature wears,
The patron of mankind appears.

- 2 He, who for men in mercy stood,
And poured on earth his precious blood,

Pursues in heaven his plan of grace,
The guardian of the human race.

- 3 Though now ascended up on high,
He bends on earth a brother's eye;
Partaker of the human name,
He knows the frailty of our frame,
- 4 Our fellow sufferer yet retains
A fellow-feeling of our pains;
And still remembers in the skies,
His tears, and agonies, and cries.
- 5 In every pang that rends the heart,
The man of sorrows had a part;
He sympathizes in our grief,
And to the sufferer sends relief.
- 6 With boldness, therefore, at the throne,
Let us make all our sorrows known;
And ask the aids of heavenly power,
To help us in the evil hour!

98

S. M.

Sufferings of Christ.

LIKE sheep we went astray,
And broke the fold of God,
Each wandering in a different way,
But all the downward road.

- 2 How dreadful was the hour,
When God our wanderings laid,
And did at once his vengeance pour
Upon the Shepherd's head!
- 3 How glorious was the grace
When Christ sustained the stroke!
His life and blood the Shepherd pays
A ransom for the flock.

99

C. M.

Christ's dying Love.

- H**OW condescending and how kind
 Was God's eternal Son!
 Our misery reached his heavenly mind,
 And pity brought him down.
- 2 When justice by our sins provoked,
 Drew forth its dreadful sword,
 He gave his soul up to the stroke,
 Without a murmuring word.
- 3 He sunk beneath our heavy woes,
 To raise us to his throne:
 There's ne'er a gift his hand bestows
 But cost his heart a groan.
- 4 This was compassion like a God,
 That when the Saviour knew
 The price of pardon was his blood,
 His pity ne'er withdrew.
- 5 Now, though he reigns exalted high,
 His love is still as great:
 Well he remembers Calvary,
 Nor lets his saints forget.
- 6 Here let our hearts begin to melt,
 While we his death record,
 And, with our joy for pardoned guilt,
 Mourn that we pierced the Lord.

100

L. M.

Christ crucified, the Wisdom and Power of God.

NATURE with open volume stands,
 To spread her Maker's praise abroad;

- And every labour of his hands
Shows something worthy of a God.
- 2 But in the grace that rescued man,
His brightest form of glory shines;
Here, on the cross, 'tis fairest drawn
In precious blood and crimson lines.
- 3 Here I behold his inmost heart,
Where grace and vengeance strangely join,
Piercing his Son with sharpest smart,
To make the purchased blessings mine.
- 4 O! the sweet wonders of that cross,
Where God the Saviour loved and died!
Her noblest life my Spirit draws
From his dear wounds and bleeding side.
- 5 I would for ever speak his name,
In sounds to mortal ears unknown:
With angels join to praise the Lamb,
And worship at his Father's throne.

101

L. M.

Sufferings of the Redeemer.

STRETCHED on the cross, the Saviour
dies.

Hark! his expiring groans arise!
See, how the sacred crimson tide
Flows from his hands, his feet, his side.

- 2 To suffer in the traitor's place,
To die for man—surprising grace!
Yet pass rebellious angels by—
O why for man, dear Saviour, why?
- 3 And didst thou bleed?—for sinners bleed?—
And could the sun behold the deed?
No! he withdrew his sickening ray,
And darkness veiled the mourning day.

- 4 Can I survey this scene of woe,
Where mingling grief and wonder flow,
And yet my heart unmoved remain,
Insensible to love or pain ?
- 5 Come, dearest Lord ! thy grace impart,
To warm this cold, this stupid heart ;
'Till all its powers and passions move,
In melting grief, and ardent love.

102

S. M.

Suffering Saviour.

- D**ID 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.

103

L. M.

Christ's Suffering.

- T**IS midnight—and on Olive's brow,
The star is dimm'd that lately shone ;
'Tis midnight—in the garden now,
The suffering Saviour prays alone.
- 2 'Tis midnight—and from all removed,
Immanuel wrestles 'lone, with fears ;
E'en the disciple that he loved
Heeds not his Master's grief and tears.

- 3 'Tis midnight—and for others' guilt
 The man of sorrows weeps in blood;
 Yet he that hath in anguish knelt,
 Is not forsaken by his God.
- 4 'Tis midnight—and from ether plains,
 Is borne the song that angels know;
 Unheard by mortals are the strains
 That sweetly soothe the Saviour's woe.

104

C. L. M.

Christ's Agony.

- H**E knelt, the Saviour knelt and prayed,
 When but his Father's eye
 Looked through the lonely garden's shade
 On that dread agony;
 The Lord of all above, beneath,
 Was bowed with sorrow unto death!
- 2 The sun set in a fearful hour,
 The stars might well grow dim,
 When this mortality had power
 So to o'ershadow Him!
 That He who gave man's breath, might know
 The very depths of human woe.
- 3 He proved them all; the doubt, the strife,
 The faint perplexing dread,
 The mists that hang o'er parting life,
 All gathered round his head;
 And the Deliverer knelt to pray—
 Yet passed it not, that cup, away.
- 4 It passed not—though the stormy wave
 Had sunk beneath His tread;
 It passed not—though to Him the grave
 Had yielded up its dead.
 But there was sent Him from on high,
 A gift of strength for man to die.

5 And was the sinless thus beset
 With anguish and dismay?
 How may we meet our conflict yet,
 In the dark and narrow way?
 Through him—through him, that path who
 trod;
 Save or we perish, Son of God.

105

C. M.

Christ's Agony in the Garden.

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

2 "Father! remove this bitter cup,
 If such thy sacred will;
 If not, content to drink it up,
 Thy pleasure I fulfil!"

3 Go to the Garden, sinner! see
 Those precious drops that flow:
 The heavy load he bore for thee—
 For thee, he lies so low!

4 Then learn of Him the cross to bear,
 Thy Father's will obey;
 And when temptations press thee near,
 Awake to watch and pray.

106

C. M.

The Resurrection.

A GAIN, the Lord of life and light
 Awakes the kindling ray,
 Unseals the eyelids of the morn,
 And pours increasing day.

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

107

H. M.

Resurrection of Christ.

- Y**ES, the Redeemer rose ;
The Saviour left the dead ;
And o'er our hellish foes
High raised his conquering head,
In wild dismay, the guards around,
Fall to the ground, and sink away.
- 2 Lo ! the angelic bands
In full assembly meet,
To wait his high commands,
And worship at his feet ;
Joyful they come, and wing their way
From realms of day, to Jesus' tomb.

- 3 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,
 Has left the dead ; he rose to-day."
- 4 Ye mortals, catch the sound,
 Redeemed by him from hell :
 And send the echo round
 The globe, on which you dwell,
 Transported cry, " Jesus who bled,
 Hath left the dead, no more to die."
- 5 All hail, triumphant Lord,
 Who savest us with thy blood !
 Wide be thy name adored,
 Thou rising, reigning God !
 With thee we rise, with thee we reign,
 And empires gain, beyond the skies.

108

H. M.

Resurrection and Ascension of Christ.

- A**LL hail ! the glorious morn,
 That saw our Saviour rise,
 With victory bright adorned,
 And triumph in his eyes :
 Ye saints extol your risen Lord,
 And sing his praise with sweet accord.
- 2 Behold the Lamb of God,
 The atoning sacrifice ;
 Sustains the dreadful load,
 Of man's iniquities ;
 Death, sin, and hell, our cruel foes,
 All vanquished fell, when Jesus rose.
- 3 The conqueror ascends,
 In triumph to the skies ;

Celestial hosts attend.

To crown his victories ;

Hark ! they proclaim his glorious name ;

And heaven resounds Immanuel's fame.

- 4 Now to the throne above,
 Let every saint draw near ;
 There, dwells incarnate love ;
 Grace sits triumphant there :
 See mercy smile, e'en on that throne,
 Where once did wrath and justice frown.
- 5 All praise be to the Lamb,
 Who offered up his blood ;
 Hosannas to his name,
 That for our ransom stood ;
 In notes sublime, with joy we sing,
 The love divine of Christ our King.

109

7s. 4 lines.

Resurrection and Ascension.

HARK the herald angels say
 Christ the Lord is risen to-day !
 Raise your joys and triumphs high.
 Let the glorious tidings fly.

- 2 Love's redeeming work is done
 Fought the fight the battle won ;
 Lo ! the sun's eclipse is o'er,
 Lo ! he sets in blood no more !
- 3 Vain the stone, the watch, the seal :
 Christ has burst the gates of hell :
 Death in vain forbids him rise,
 Christ hath opened paradise !
- 4 Lives again our glorious King !
 " Where O death, is now thy sting ?"
 Once he died our souls to save ;
 Where's thy victory boasting grave ?

5 What though once we perished all,
Partners of our parents' fall,
Second life we now receive
And in Christ for ever live.

6 Hail! thou dear almighty Lord,
Hail! thou great incarnate Word,
Hail! thou suffering Son of God,
Take the trophies of thy blood.

110

H. M.

Ascension and Glory of Christ.

AWAKE, our drowsy souls,
Shake off each slothful band;
The wonders of this day
Our noblest songs demand:
Auspicious morn! thy blissful rays,
Bright seraphs hail, in songs of praise.

2 At thy approaching dawn,
Reluctant death resigned
The glorious Prince of life,
In dark domains confined,
The angelic host around him bends,
And 'midst their shouts, the God ascends.

3 All hail, triumphant Lord,
Heaven with hosannas rings;
While earth, in humble strains,
Thy praise responsive sings:
Worthy art thou, who once wast slain,
Through endless years to live and reign.

4 Gird on, great God, thy sword,
Ascend thy conquering car,
While justice, truth, and love
Maintain the glorious war:
Victorious, thou thy foes shalt tread,
And sin and hell in triumph lead.

- 5 Make bare thy potent arm,
 And wing the unerring dart,
 With salutary pangs,
 To each rebellious heart ;
 Then dying souls for life shall sue,
 Numerous as drops of morning dew.

111

S. M.

Exaltation of Christ.

- C**OME, all harmonious tongues,
 Your noblest music bring ;
 'Tis Christ the everlasting God,
 And Christ the man, we sing.
- 2 Down to the shades of death
 He bowed his awful head ;
 Yet he arose to live and reign,
 When death itself is dead.
- 3 No more the bloody spear,
 The cross and nails no more ;
 For hell itself shakes at his name,
 And all the heavens adore.
- 4 There the Redeemer sits,
 High on the Father's throne ;
 The Father lays his vengeance by,
 And smiles upon his Son.
- 5 There his full glories shine
 With uncreated rays,
 And bless his saints and angels there
 To everlasting days.

112

L. M. D.

The Triumphs of Christ.

HE dies ! the Friend of sinners dies !
 Lo, Salem's daughters weep around !

A solemn darkness veils the skies !
 A sudden trembling shakes the ground :
 Come, saints, and drop a tear or two
 For him who groaned beneath your load ;
 He shed a thousand drops for you,
 A thousand drops of richer blood !

- 2 Here's love and grief beyond degree,
 The Lord of glory dies for men !
 But lo ! what sudden joys we see,
 Jesus, the dead, revives again !
 The risen God forsakes the tomb,
 Up to his Father's court he flies,
 Cherubic legions guard him home,
 And shout him welcome to the skies !
- 3 Dry up your tears, ye saints, and tell
 How high your great Deliverer reigns !
 Sing how he spoiled the hosts of hell,
 And led the monster death in chains ;
 Say—" Live for ever, wondrous King !
 Born to redeem and strong to save !"
 Then ask the monster—" Where's thy sting,
 And where's thy victory boasting grave ?"

113

8s & 7s.

Christ Exalted and Interceding.

JESUS, hail enthroned in glory,
 There for ever to abide ;
 All the heavenly hosts adore thee,
 Seated at thy Father's side.

- 2 There for sinners thou art pleading,
 There thou dost our place prepare ;
 Ever for us interceding,
 Till in glory we appear.

- 3 Worship, honour, power, and blessing,
 Thou art worthy to receive :
 Loudest praises, without ceasing,
 Meet it is for us to give.

114 7s. 4 lines.

Praise to the Risen Saviour.

- L**O, the stone is rolled away !
 Death yields up his mighty prey
 Jesus rising from the tomb,
 Scatters all its fearful gloom.
- 2 Praise him, ye celestial choirs,
 Praise, and sweep your golden lyres !
 Praise him in the noblest songs,
 From ten thousand thousand tongues.
- 3 Every note with rapture swell,
 And the Saviour's triumph tell;
 Where, O death ! is now thy sting ?
 Where thy terrors, vanquished king ?
- 4 Let Immanuel be adored,
 Ransom, Mediator, Lord !
 To creation's utmost bound
 Let the eternal praise resound.

115 C. M.

Christ Interceding Above.

- N**OW let our cheerful eyes survey
 Our great High Priest above ;
 And celebrate his constant care,
 And sympathetic love.
- 2 Though raised to a superior throne,
 Where angels bow around,
 And high o'er all the shining train,
 With matchless honours crowned ;

- 3 The names of all his saints he bears,
 Deep graven on his heart ;
 Nor shall the meanest Christian say,
 That he hath lost his part.
- 4 Those characters shall fair abide
 Our everlasting trust,
 When gems, and monuments, and crowns,
 Are mouldered down to dust.
- 5 So, gracious Saviour, on my breast
 May thy dear name be worn :
 A sacred ornament and guard,
 To endless ages borne.

116

S. M.

Praise to the Risen Saviour.

- P**REPARE a thankful song,
 To the Redeemer's name ;
 Let his high praise employ each tongue,
 And every heart inflame !
- 2 He laid his glory by,
 And bitter pains endured
 That sinners of the deepest die,
 From wrath might be secured.
- 3 Stretched on the cross he died,
 Our debt of sin to pay ;
 The blood and water from his side,
 Wash guilt and filth away.
- 4 Pleading for us he stands.
 Before the Father's throne ;
 And answers all the law's demands,
 With what himself hath done.
- 5 The Holy Ghost he sends,
 Our stubborn souls to move ;
 To make his enemies his friends,
 And conquer them by love.

117

L. M.

The Triumphant Redeemer.

THE mighty frame of glorious grace,
That brightest monument of praise
That e'er the God of Love designed,
Employs and fills my labouring mind.

- 2 Begin, my soul, the heavenly song,
A burden for an angel's tongue;
When Gabriel sounds these awful things
He tunes and summons all his strings.
- 3 Proclaim inimitable love ;
Jesus, the Lord of worlds above,
Puts off the beams of bright array,
And veils the God in mortal clay.
- 4 He, that distributes crowns and thrones,
Hangs on a tree, and bleeds, and groans,
The Prince of Life resigns his breath ;
The King of Glory bows to death.
- 5 But see the wonders of his power !
He triumphs in his dying hour :
And, while by Satan's rage he fell,
He dashed the rising hopes of hell.
- 6 Thus were the hosts of death subdued,
And sin was drowned in Jesus' blood !
Then he arose ; he reigns above,
And conquers sinners by his love.

118

H. M.

Rejoicing in the Triumph of Christ.

REJOICE, the Lord is King,
Your God and king adore ;
Mortals, give thanks and sing,
And triumph evermore ;

Lift up the heart, lift up the voice,
Rejoice aloud, ye saints, rejoice.

2 Rejoice, the Saviour reigns,
The God of truth and love;
When he had purged our stains,
He took his seat above;
Lift up the heart, lift up the voice,
Rejoice aloud, ye saints, rejoice.

3 His kingdom cannot fail,
He rules o'er earth and heaven;
The keys of death and hell
Are to our Jesus given;
Lift up the heart, lift up the voice,
Rejoice aloud, ye saints, rejoice.

4 He all his foes shall quell;
Shall all our sins destroy;
And every bosom swell
With pure seraphic joy:
Lift up the heart, lift up the voice
Rejoice aloud, ye saints, rejoice.

5 Rejoice in glorious hope,
Jesus the Judge shall come,
And take his servants up
To their eternal home;
We soon shall hear the archangel's voice
The trump of God shall sound, rejoice.

119

L. M.

The Resurrection of Christ.

COME, see the place where Jesus lay,
For he hath left his silent bed;
What angel rolled the stone away?
What spirit brought him from the dead?

- 2 By his Omnipotence he rose,
By his own Spirit lived again;
To crush for ever all his foes,
To raise for ever ruined men.
- 3 Those who his image here partake,
Though long in dust their flesh consume,
Shall sleep in Jesus, and awake
To life eternal from the tomb.

120

L. M.

Ascension of Christ.

- OUR Lord is risen from the dead,
Our Jesus is gone up on high;
The powers of hell are captive led,
Dragg'd to the portals of the sky.
- 2 There his triumphal chariot waits,
And angels chant the solemn lay;
"Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates,
Ye everlasting doors, give way!"
- 3 Loose all your bars of massy light,
And wide unfold the radiant scene;
He claims those mansions as his right,
Receive the King of glory in.
- 4 "Who is the King of glory, who?"
The Lord that all his foes o'ercame,
The world, sin, death, and hell o'erthrew,
And Jesus is the conqueror's name.
- 5 Lo! his triumphal chariot waits,
And angels chant the solemn lay,
"Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates!
Ye everlasting doors, give way!"
- 6 "Who is the King of glory, who?"
The Lord of boundless power possest,

The King of saints and angels too,
God over all, for ever blest.

121

L. M.

Jesus our Forerunner.

FAR, far beyond these lower skies,
Up to the glories all his own;
Where we by faith lift up our eyes,
There Jesus, our forerunner's gone.

- 2 Amidst the shining hosts above,
Where his blest smile new pleasure gives;
Where all is wonder, joy, and love,
There Jesus, our forerunner lives.
- 3 Before his heavenly Father's face,
For every saint he intercedes;
And, with infallible success,
There Jesus, our forerunner, pleads.
- 4 But O! 'tis this completes the whole,
And all its bliss and glory proves,
That, while eternal ages roll,
There Jesus, our forerunner loves.
- 5 We shall, when we in heaven appear,
His praises sing, his wonders tell;
And with our great forerunner, there,
For ever, and for ever dwell.

122

L. M.

Christ's Session at the right hand of God.

JESUS the Lord our souls adore,
A painful sufferer now no more;
At the right hand of God he reigns
O'er earth, and heaven's extensive plains.

- 2 His race for ever is complete;
For ever undisturbed his seat;

Myriads of angels round him fly,
And sing his well-gain'd victory.

- 3 Yet, 'midst the honours of his throne,
He joys not for himself alone;
His meanest servants share their part,
Share in that royal tender heart.
- 4 Raise, raise, my soul, thy raptur'd sight
With sacred wonder and delight;
Jesus at God's right hand now see,
Enter'd within the veil for thee.

123

C. L. M.

Resurrection of Christ.

HOW calm and beautiful the morn
That gilds the sacred tomb,
Where once the Crucified was borne,
And veiled in midnight gloom!
Oh weep no more the Saviour slain;
The Lord is risen—he lives again.

- 2 Ye mourning saints, dry every tear
For your departed Lord,
"Behold the place—he is not there,"
The tomb is all unbarr'd:
The gates of death were closed in vain
The Lord is risen—he lives again.
- 3 Now cheerful to the house of prayer
Your early footsteps bend,
The Saviour will himself be there,
Your Advocate and Friend:
Once by the law your hopes were slain,
But now in Christ ye live again.
- 4 How tranquil now the rising day!
'Tis Jesus still appears,

A risen Lord to chase away
 Your unbelieving fears :
 Oh weep no more your comforts slain.
 The Lord is risen—he lives again.

- 5 And when the shades of evening fall,
 When life's last hour draws nigh,
 If Jesus shines upon the soul,
 How blissful then to die !
 Since he has risen that once was slain,
 Ye die in Christ to live again.

124

C. M.

Victory and Dominion of Christ.

I SING my Saviour's wondrous death ;
 He conquered when he fell ;
 " 'Tis finished," said his dying breath,
 And shook the gates of hell.

- 2 His cross a sure foundation laid
 For glory and renown,
 When through the regions of the dead
 He passed, to reach the crown.
- 3 Exalted at his Father's side,
 Sits our victorious Lord ;
 To heaven and hell his hands divide
 The vengeance or reward.
- 4 The saints from his propitious eye
 Await their several crowns,
 And all the sons of darkness fly
 The terror of his frowns.

125

L. M.

Hosanna to Christ.

HOSANNA to the living Lord
 Hosanna to the Incarnate Word!

- To Christ, Creator, Saviour, King,
 . Let Earth, let Heaven, hosanna sing !
- 2 Hosanna, Lord, thine angels cry ;
 Hosanna, Lord, thy saints reply ;
 Let all above, beneath, around,
 The dead and living swell the sound ;
- 3 Oh Saviour, with protecting care,
 Return to this, thy house of prayer ;
 Assembled in thy sacred name,
 Where we thy parting promise claim !
- 4 But chiefest in our cleansed breast,
 Eternal, bid thy Spirit rest,
 And make our secret soul to be
 A temple pure and worthy thee !
- 5 Lo, in the last and dreadful day,
 When earth and heaven shall melt away,
 Thy flock redeemed from sinful stain,
 Shall swell the sound of praise again.



THE HOLY SPIRIT.

126

C. M.

Prayer for the Descent of the Spirit.

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 Saviour's love,
 And that shall kindle ours.

127

L. M.

Effusion of the Spirit.

- G**REAT was the day, the joy was great,
 When the disciples all were met :
 Whilst on their heads the Spirit came,
 And sat like tongues of cloven flame.
- 2 What gifts, what miracles he gave,
 And power to kill, and power to save,
 Furnished their tongues with wondrous words,
 Instead of shields, and spears, and swords.
- 3 These weapons of the holy war,
 Of what almighty force they are,
 To make our stubborn passions bow,
 And lay the proudest rebel low !
- 4 Nations, the learned and the rude,
 Are by these heavenly arms subdued ;
 While Satan rages at his loss,
 And hates the doctrine of the cross.
- 5 Great King of grace ! my heart subdue ;
 I would be led in triumph too,

A willing captive to my Lord,
And sing the victories of his word,

128

S. M.

Invocation of the Spirit.

COME, Holy Spirit, come;
Let thy bright beams arise:
Dispel the darkness from our minds,
And open thou our eyes.

- 2 Revive our drooping faith;
Our doubts and fears remove;
And kindle in our breasts the flame
Of never dying love.
- 3 Convince us of our sin,
Then lead to Jesus' blood;
And to our wondering view reveal
The gracious love of God.
- 4 'Tis thine to cleanse the heart,
To sanctify the soul,
To pour fresh life on every part,
And new create the whole.
- 5 Dwell, therefore, in our hearts;
Our minds from bondage free;
Then shall we know, and praise, and love,
The Father, Son, and Thee.

129

C. M.

The Spirit Illuminating.

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,
- 5 My soul rejoices to pursue
The steps of him I love,
Till glory break upon my view
In brighter worlds above.

130

L. M.

Prayer for the Spirit's Influences.

COME, gracious Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With light and comfort from above.
Be thou our guardian, thou our guide !
O'er every thought and step preside.

- 2 The light of truth to us display,
And make us know and choose thy way :
Plant holy fear in every heart,
That we from God may not depart.
- 3 Lead us to holiness—the road
That we must take to dwell with God ;
Lead us to Christ the living way.
Nor let us from his precepts stray,
- 4 Lead us to God our final rest,
In his enjoyment to be blest ;

Lead us to heaven the seat of bliss,
Where pleasure in perfection is.

131

7s. 4 lines.

Prayer to the Spirit.

GRACIOUS Spirit, Love divine !
Let thy light within me shine,
All my guilty fears remove,
Fill me full of heaven and love.

- 2 Speak thy pardoning grace to me,
Set the burdened sinner free ;
Lead me to the Lamb of God,
Wash me in his precious blood.
- 3 Life and peace to me impart ;
Seal salvation on my heart ;
Breathe thyself into my breast,
Earnest of immortal rest.
- 4 Let me never from thee stray,
Keep me in the narrow way :
Fill my soul with joy divine,
Keep me, Lord, for ever thine.

132

S. M.

Grieving the Spirit.

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 opprest ?

- 3 To-day, a pardoning God
Will hear the suppliant pray;
To-day, a Saviour's cleansing blood
Will wash thy guilt away.
- 4 But grace so dearly bought,
If yet thou wilt despise,
Thy fearful doom with vengeance fraught,
Will fill thee with surprise.

133

S. M.

Invocation of the Holy Spirit.

- B**LEST Comforter Divine!
Whose rays of heavenly love
Amid our gloom and darkness shine,
And point our souls above;
- 2 Thou, who with "still small voice"
Dost stop the sinner's way,
And bid the mourning saint rejoice,
Though earthly joys decay;
- 3 Thou, whose inspiring breath
Can make the cloud of care,
And e'en the gloomy vale of death
A smile of glory wear;
- 4 Thou, who dost fill the heart
With love to all our race,
Blest Comforter! to us impart
The blessings of thy grace.

134

L. M.

The Striving of the Spirit.

SAY, sinner, hath a voice within,
Oft whispered to thy secret soul,

- Urged thee to leave the ways of sin,
And yield the heart to God's control ?
- 2 Hath something met thee in the path
Of worldliness and vanity,
And pointed to the coming wrath,
And warned thee from that wrath to flee.
- 3 Sinner it was a heavenly voice,
It was the Spirit's gracious call,
It bade thee make the better choice,
And haste to seek in Christ thine all.
- 4 Spurn not the call to life and light;
Regard in time the warning kind;
That call thou may'st not always slight,
And yet the gate of mercy find.
- 5 God's Spirit will not always strive
With hardened, self-destroying man ;
Ye who persist his love to grieve,
May never hear his voice again.
- 6 Sinner ! perhaps this very day,
The last accepted time may be ;
Oh, should'st thou grieve him now away,
Then hope may never beam on thee.

135

7s & 6s.

Prayer for the Holy Spirit.

SAVIOUR, I thy word believe,
My unbelief remove ;
Now thy quickening Spirit give,
The unction from above :
Show me, Lord, how good thou art,
My soul with all thy fulness fill ;
Send the witness, in my heart
The Holy Ghost reveal.

- 2 Dead in sin till then I lie,
Bereft of power to rise ;
Till thy Spirit inwardly
Thy saving blood applies :
Now the mighty gift impart,
My sin erase, my pardon seal :
Send the witness, in my heart
The Holy Ghost reveal.
- 3 Blessed Comforter, come down,
And live and move in me ;
Make my every deed thy own,
In all things led by thee ;
Bid my every lust depart,
And with me, vouchsafe to dwell ;
Faithful witness, in my heart
Thy perfect love reveal.
- 4 Let me in thy love rejoice,
Thy shrine, thy pure abode ;
Tell me, by thine inward voice,
That I'm a child of God :
Lord, I choose the better part,
Jesus, I wait thy peacc to feel ;
Send the witness, in my heart
The Holy Ghost reveal.
- 5 Whom the world cannot receive,
O manifest in me :
Son of God I cease to live,
Unless I live in thee :
Now impute thy whole desert
Restore the joy from which I fell,
Breathe the witness in my heart
The Holy Ghost reveal.

HOLY SCRIPTURES.

136

C. M.

The Excellence of the Scriptures.

LADEN with guilt, and full of fears
I fly to thee, my Lord ;
And not a glimpse of hope appears
But in thy written word.

2 The volume of my Father's grace
Does all my grief assuage :
Here I behold my Saviour's face,
Almost in every page.

3 This is the field where hidden lies
The pearl of price unknown ;
That merchant is divinely wise
Who makes the pearl his own.

4 Here consecrated water flows
To quench my thirst of sin ;
Here the fair tree of knowledge grows,
Nor danger dwells therein.

5 O ! may thy counsels, mighty God !
My roving feet command ;
Nor I forsake the happy road
That leads to thy right hand.

137

C. M.

Christ's Glory unveiled in Scripture.

THOU lovely Source of true delight,
Whom I unseen adore !
Unveil thy beauties to my sight,
That I may love thee more.

- 2 Thy glory o'er creation shines ;
 But in thy sacred word
 I read in fairer, brighter lines,
 My bleeding, dying Lord.
- 3 'Tis here, whene'er my comforts droop,
 And sins and sorrows rise,
 Thy love with cheerful beams of hope
 My fainting heart supplies.
- 4 Jesus, my Lord, my life, my light,
 O come with blissful ray,
 Break radiant through the shades of night,
 And chase my fears away.
- 5 Then shall my soul with rapture trace
 The wonders of thy love ;
 But the full glories of thy face
 Are only known above.

138

C. M.

Richness of the Scriptures.

- FATHER of mercies, in thy word,
 What endless glory shines !
 For ever be thy name adored,
 For these celestial lines.
- 2 Here may the wretched sons of want
 Exhaustless riches find ;
 Riches, above what earth can grant,
 And lasting as the mind.
- 3 Here the Redeemer's welcome voice,
 Spreads heavenly peace around ;
 And life and everlasting joys
 Attend the blissful sound.
- 4 O may these heavenly pages be
 My ever dear delight ;

And still new beauties may I see,
And still increasing light !

- 5 Divine Instructor, gracious Lord,
Be thou for ever near !
Teach me to love thy sacred word,
And view my Saviour there.

139

C. M.

The Bible Precious.

HOW precious is the book divine,
By inspiration given !
Bright as a lamp its doctrines shine,
To guide our souls to heaven.

- 2 It sweetly cheers our drooping hearts,
In this dark vale of tears ;
Life, light and joy, it still imparts,
And quells our rising fears.
- 3 This lamp, through all the tedious night
Of life, shall guide our way,
Till we behold the clearer light
Of an eternal day.

140

11s.

The Promises Precious.

HOW firm a foundation, ye saints of the
Lord,
Is laid for your faith in his excellent word !
What more can he say than to you he hath
said,
You who unto Jesus for refuge have fled ?

- 2 In every condition—in sickness, in health,
In poverty's vale, or abounding in wealth,

At home and abroad, on the land, on the sea,
 "As thy days may demand, shall thy strength
 ever be.

3 "Fear not, I am with thee, O be not dismayed,
 I, I am thy God, and will still give thee aid;
 I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee
 to stand,
 Upheld by my righteous omnipotent hand.

4 "When through the deep waters I call thee
 to go,
 The rivers of wo shall not thee overflow;
 For I will be with thee, thy troubles to bless;
 And sanctify to thee, thy deepest distress.

5 "When through fiery trials thy pathway shall
 lie,
 My grace all-sufficient shall be thy supply;
 The flame shall not hurt thee; I only design
 Thy dress to consume, and thy gold to refine.

6 "E'en down to old age, all my people shall prove,
 My sovereign, eternal, unchangeable love;
 And when hoary hairs shall their temples
 adorn,
 Like lambs they shall still in my bosom be
 borne.

7 "The soul that on Jesus hath leaned for re-
 pose,
I will not, I will not, desert to his foes;
 That soul, though all hell should endeavour
 to shake,
I'll never, no never, no never forsake!"

141

C. M.

The Lamp of Life.

WE bless the Lamp of Life whose light
 Directs our doubtful way,

- And through the shades of Nature's night,
Emits a heavenly ray.
- 2 It guides our feet—it shows the path
Which all the saints have trod;
And, through the snares of sin and wrath,
Conducts us home to God.
- 3 In danger's strait, and sorrows gloom,
Its living lustre streams;
But gilds the horror of the tomb
With its divinest beams.
- 4 Oh! send the Lamp of Life away
To all who sit in night!
That all may see its lovely ray,
And bless its saving light.

142

C. M.

The Moral Law.

- T**HAT God, who made the world on high,
And air, and earth, and sea,
Own as thy God, and to his name
In homage bow thy knee.
- 2 Let not a shape which hands have wrought
Of wood, or clay, or stone,
Be deemed thy God; nor think him like
Aught, thou hast seen or known.
- 3 Take not in vain the name of God:
Nor must thou ever dare,
To make thy falsehood pass for truth,
By his dread name to swear.
- 4 That day on which he bids thee rest
From toil, to pray, and praise;
That day keep holy to the Lord,
And consecrate its rays.

- 5 Thy father and thy mother love,
Both honour and obey;
So shall thy life be blest with peace,
And lengthened be thy day.
- 6 The blood of man thou shalt not shed,
Nor wrath, nor malice feel;
To maim, or hurt, or wish him dead,
Is in thy heart to kill.
- 7 Promiscuous lusts the Lord forbids,
But honours wedlock pure;
Vast is the guilt of wicked lusts,
Their punishment is sure.
- 8 Thou shalt not, or from friend or foe,
Take aught by force or stealth;
Thy goods, thy stores must grow from right,
Or God will curse thy wealth.
- 9 No man shalt thou by a false charge,
Or crush or brand with shame:
Dear as thine own, so wills thy God,
Must be his life and name.
- 10 Thy soul one wish shall not let loose
For that which is not thine;
Live in thy lot, or small or great:
For God has drawn the line.
- 11 O may the Lord, who gave these laws,
Write them on every heart,
That all may feel their living power,
Nor from his paths depart!

143

L. M.

The First Command.

ETERNAL God, Almighty cause
Of earth and seas, and worlds unknown;

- All things are subject to thy laws ;
All things depend on thee alone.
- 2 Thy glorious Being singly stands,
Of all within itself possessed ;
Controlled by none are thy commands ;
Thou from thyself alone art blest.
- 3 To thee alone ourselves we owe ;
Let heaven and earth due homage pay :
All other gods we disavow,
Deny their claims, renounce their sway.
- 4 Spread thy great name through heathen lands ;
Their idol deities dethrone ;
Reduce the world to thy command,
And reign, as thou art, God alone.

144

L. M.

The Second Command.

- T**HOU art, O God ! a Spirit pure,
Invisible to mortal eyes ;
The immortal, and the eternal King,
The great, the good, the only wise.
- 2 Whilst nature changes, and her works
Corrupt, decay, dissolve and die,
Thy essence pure no change shall see,
Secure of immortality.
- 3 Thou great invisible ! what hand
Can draw thy image spotless, fair ?
To what in heaven, to what on earth,
Can men the immortal King compare ?
- 4 Let stupid heathen frame their gods,
Of gold and silver, wood and stone ;
Ours is the God that made the heavens,
JEHOVAH HE, and God alone,

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

145

C. M.

The Third Command.

- H**OLY and reverend is the name
 Of our eternal King ;
 Thrice holy Lord ! the angels cry,
 Thrice holy, let us sing.
- 2 Holy is he in all his works,
 And truth is his delight ;
 But sinners and their wicked ways
 Shall perish from his sight.
- 3 The deepest reverence of the mind,
 Pay, O my soul, to God ;
 Lift, with thy hands, a holy heart
 To his sublime abode.
- 4 With sacred awe pronounce his name,
 Abhor the lips profane ;
 Let not thy tongue the Lord blaspheme,
 Nor take his name in vain.
- 5 Thou holy God ! preserve my soul
 From all pollution free ;
 The pure in heart, and hands, and lips,
 Alone thy face shall see.

146

C. M.

The Same.

PERJURY.

LET those who bear the Christian name
 Their holy vows fulfil :

- The saints, the followers of the Lamb,
Delight to do his will.
- 2 True to the solemn oaths they take,
Though to their hurt they swear;
Constant and just to all they speak:
For God they know can hear.
- 3 Still with their lips their hearts agree,
Nor flattering words devise:
They're sure the God of truth can see
Through every false disguise.
- 4 Deceits they hate, they dread all lies,
Whatever forms they wear;
Preferring death to perjuries,
They dare not falsely swear.
- 5 Lo! from above the Lord descends,
And brings the judgment down;
He bids the saints, his faithful friends,
Rise and possess their crown.
- 6 While Satan trembles at the sight,
And devils wish to die;
Where will the faithless hypocrite
And perjured liar fly!

147

C. M.

The Fourth Command.

THE LORD'S DAY.

- COME, dearest Lord, and feed thy sheep
On this sweet day of rest;
O! bless this flock, and make this fold
Enjoy an heavenly rest.
- 2 Welcome, and precious to my soul
Are these sweet days of love;
But what a Sabbath shall I keep,
When I shall rest above!

- 3 I come, to wait, I hear, I pray,
 Thy footsteps, Lord, I trace;
 Here in thine own appointed way,
 I wait to see thy face.
- 4 These are the sweet and precious days
 On which my Lord I've seen;
 And oft, when feasting on his word,
 In raptures I have been.
- 5 O! if my soul, when death appears,
 In this sweet frame be found;
 I'll clasp my Saviour in mine arms,
 And leave this earthly ground.
- 6 I long for that delightful hour,
 When from this clay undrest,
 I shall be clothed in robes divine,
 And made for ever blest.

The Fifth Command.

- G**REAT Source of order, Maker wise!
 Whose throne is high above the skies;
 We praise thy name; thy laws ordain,
 That order shall on earth obtain.
- 2 Let each inferior rank revere
 All such as their superiors are;
 And let superiors also do
 What's right by each inferior too.
- 3 To thee may each united house,
 At morn and night present its vows;
 O may each family proclaim
 The honours of thy glorious name!

149

C. M.

The Same.

HONOUR TO MAGISTRATES.

ETERNAL Sovereign of the sky,
 And Lord of all below ;
 We mortals to thy majesty
 Our first obedience owe.

2 Our souls adore thy throne supreme ;
 And bless thy providence,
 For magistrates of various name,
 Our glory and defence.

3 Where laws and liberty combine
 To make the nation blessed ;
 There magistrates with lustre shine,
 And states are governed best.

4 Nations on firm foundations stand,
 While virtue finds reward ;
 And sinners perish from the land,
 By justice and the sword.

5 To magistrates be honour paid,
 To laws obedience shown ;
 But consciences and souls were made
 To be the Lord's alone.

150

L. M.

The Sixth Command.

CLAMOUR and wrath, and war begone,
 Envy and spite for ever cease ;
 Let bitter words no more be known
 Among the saints, and sons of peace.

2 The Spirit, like a peaceful dove,
 Flies from the realms of noise and strife ;

Why should we vex and grieve his love,
Who seals our souls to heavenly life.

- 3 Tender and kind be all our thoughts,
Through all our lives let mercy run :
So God forgives our numerous faults,
For the dear sake of Christ his Son.

151

L. M.

The Seventh Command.

MOST holy God, thy precept's just
Against impure desires, and lust ;
We therefore mourn, with grief and shame,
Our guilty and polluted frame.

- 2 We know by nature, we're unclean,
Our powers debased, affections mean ;
We own imperfect chastity,
The sensual heart, the wanton eye.
- 3 The seeds of every vice and sin
Are rooted deep, and grow within ;
And if preserved from filthy ways,
To grace alone belongs the praise.
- 4 O ! shed abroad thy love divine,
Constrain us to be wholly thine ;
And make our souls and bodies both
The temples of the Holy Ghost.

152

L. M.

The Eighth Command.

GREAT God, thy holy law commands
Strict honesty in our demands ;
Forbids to plunder, steal or cheat,
To practise falsehood or deceit.

- 2 We must be faithful, upright, true,
Nor take, but what is strictly due ;

If honesty be banished hence,
Religion is a vain pretence.

- 3 No righteous debt must be denied
By fraud or power, by lies or pride;
The poor should not by long delay,
Be made to groan for want of pay.
- 4 What equity enjoins as right,
We must perform with all our might;
Nor seek our neighbour to deceive,
With what ourselves do not believe.
- 5 Let Christians never dare disgrace
The name and cause, which they profess;
Lord, help us ever to pursue
Things, which are honest, just and true.

153

S. M.

The Same.

WHAT anxious cares corrode,
The mind intent on wealth;
His mammon oft becomes a load,
Which robs him of his health.

- 2 Does he his end attain,
And in full affluence roll?
What does the sordid creature gain,
When God demands his soul?
- 3 My heart to heaven aspire,
And seek thine all in God;
Nor e'er pollute thy pure desire,
By trifles on the road.
- 4 He doth my soul now bless
With his enriching grace;
But O what wealth shall I possess,
When I behold his face!

- 5 These riches of his grace
Will then to glory rise,
When I have run my earthy race,
And gained the immortal prize.

154

C. M.

The Ninth Command.

RELIGION is the chief concern
Of mortals here below,
May I its great importance learn,
Its sovereign virtue know !

- 2 More needful this, than glittering wealth,
Or aught the world bestows ;
Nor reputation, food, or health,
Can give us such repose.
- 3 Religion should our thoughts engage,
Amidst our youthful bloom ;
'Twill fit us for declining age,
And for the awful tomb.
- 4 O, may my heart, by grace renewed,
Be my Redeemer's throne ;
And be my stubborn will subdued,
His government to own.
- 5 Let deep repentance, faith, and love,
Be joined with godly fear ;
And all my conversation prove
My heart to be sincere.

155

L. M.

The Tenth Command.

WHATE'ER thy lot on earth may be,
Let it contentment yield to thee ;
Nor others envy, nor repine,
Nor covet aught that is not thine.

- 2 Justly hast thou forbidden, Lord,
Each murmuring motion, thought, and word;
Justly requiring full content,
With what thy providence hath lent.
- 3 But can a sinner lift his eye
Before the Lord of hosts on high,
And say, "This precept I've obeyed
Nor from it ever turned aside?"
- 4 Alive without the law I stood,
And thought my state was safe and good;
But when with power *this precept* came,
I saw my sin, and guilt, and shame.
- 5 Lord, I adore thy saving love,
Which did from me the curse remove,
By hanging on the accursed tree,
And being made a curse for me.

156

L. M.

Practical Use of the Moral Law.

- O** LORD, my soul convicted stands
Of breaking all thy ten commands :
And on me justly might'st thou pour
Thy wrath in one eternal shower.
- 2 But thanks to God, its loud alarms
Have warned me of approaching harms :
And now, O Lord, my wants I see,
Lost and undone, I come to thee.
- 3 I know my fig-leaf righteousness
Can ne'er thy broken law redress ;
Yet in the gospel plan I see,
There's hope of pardon e'en for me.
- 4 There, I behold with wonder, Lord !
That Christ hath to thy law restored

Those honours on the atoning day,
Which guilty sinners took away.

- 5 Amazing wisdom, power, and love,
Displayed to rebels from above!
Do thou, O Lord, my faith increase
To love and trust thy plan of grace.

157

S. M.

Spirituality of the Law.

THE law of God is just,
A strict and holy way;
And he that would escape the curse,
Must all the law obey.

- 2 Not one vain thought must rise,
Not one unclean desire;
He must be holy, just, and wise,
Who keeps the law entire.
- 3 If in one point he fail,
In thought, or word, or deed,
The curses of the law prevail,
And rest upon his head.
- 4 I tremble and confess;
O God! I am accursed;
Guilty I fall before thy face,
And own thy sentence just.
- 5 But does the curse still rest
Upon my guilty head?
No, Jesus, let his name be blest!
Hath borne it in my stead.
- 6 He that fulfilled the law;
Obtained my peace with God:
Hence doth my soul her comforts draw,
And leave her heavy load.

GOSPEL.

158

S. M.

The Law and the Gospel.

THE law by Moses came,
 But peace, and truth, and love,
 Were brought by Christ a nobler name,
 Descending from above.

- 2 Amidst the house of God
 Their different works were done;
 Moses, a faithful servant stood,
 But Christ, a faithful Son.
- 3 Then to his new commands
 Be strict obedience paid;
 O'er all his Father's house he stands
 The sovereign and the head.
- 4 The man that does despise
 The law that Moses brought,
 Behold! how terribly he dies
 For his presumptuous fault.
- 5 But sorer vengeance falls
 On that rebellious race,
 Who hate to hear when Jesus calls,
 And dare resist his grace.

159

L. M.

Law and Gospel contrasted.

THE Law commands and makes us know
 What duties to our God we owe;
 But 'tis the Gospel must reveal
 Where lies our strength to do his will.

- 2 The Law discovers guilt and sin,
And shows how vile our hearts have been :
Only the Gospel can express
Forgiving love and cleansing grace.
- 3 What curses doth the Law denounce
Against the man that fails but once !
But in the Gospel Christ appears,
Pardoning the guilt of numerous years.
- 4 My soul, no more attempt to draw
Thy life and comfort from the Law :
Fly to the hope the Gospel gives :
The man that trusts the promise, lives.

160

C. M.

Gospel, source of Blessedness.

NOT to the terrors of the Lord,
The tempest, fire, and smoke,
Not to the thunder of that word,
Which God on Sinai spoke ;

- 2 But we are come to Zion's hill,
The city of our God,
Where milder words declare his will,
And spread his love abroad.
- 3 Behold the innumerable host
Of angels clothed in light !
Behold the spirits of the just,
Whose faith is turned to sight ;
- 4 Behold the blest assembly there,
Whose names are writ in heaven !
And God, the judge of all, declares
Their vilest sins forgiven.
- 5 The saints on earth, and all the dead
But one communion make ;

All join in Christ, their living head,
And of his grace partake.

- 6 In such society as this
My weary soul would rest :
The man that dwells where Jesus is
Must be for ever blest.

161

L. M.

Blessings of the Gospel.

THIS is the word of truth and love,
Sent to the nations from above :
Jehovah here resolves to show
What his Almighty grace can do.

- 2 This remedy did wisdom find,
To heal diseases of the mind ;
This sovereign balm, whose virtues can
Restore the ruined creature, man.
- 3 The Gospel bids the dead revive ;
Sinners obey the voice and live :
Dry bones are raised and clothed afresh,
And hearts of stone are turned to flesh.
- 4 Where Satan reigned in shades of night,
The Gospel sheds a heavenly light ;
Our lusts its wondrous power controls,
And calms the rage of angry souls.
- 5 Lions and beasts of savage name,
Put on the nature of the Lamb ;
While the wide world esteem it strange,
Gaze and admire, and hate the change.
- 6 May but this grace my soul renew,
Let sinners gaze, and hate me too ;
The word that saves me does engage
A sure defence from all their rage.

162

L. M.

Blessedness of the Gospel.

GOD, in the Gospel of his Son,
 Makes his eternal counsels known :
 Where love in all its glory shines,
 And truth is drawn in fairest lines.

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

163

L. M.

Gospel obeyed or resisted.

THUS saith the wisdom of the Lord,
 " Blest is the man that hears my word ;
 Keeps daily watch before my gates,
 And at my feet for mercy waits.

- 2 The soul that seeks me shall obtain
 Immortal wealth and heavenly gain ;
 Immortal life is his reward,
 Life, and the favour of the Lord.

- 3 But the vile wretch that flies from me
Doth his own soul an injury ;
Fools, that against my grace rebel,
Seek death, and love the road to hell."

164 L. M.

Christ the Living Bread.

- J**ESUS, thou art the living bread,
By which our needy souls are fed :
In thee, alone, thy children find,
Enough to fill the empty mind.
- 2 Without this bread, I starve and die ;
No other can my need supply ;
But this will suit my wretched case,
Abroad, at home, in every place.
- 3 'Tis this relieves the hungry poor,
Who ask for bread at mercy's door ;
This living food descends from heaven,
As manna to the Jews was given.
- 4 This precious food my heart revives,
What strength, what nourishment it gives !
O let me evermore be fed
With this divine celestial bread !

165 C. M.

The Gospel Feast.

- O**N Sion, his most holy mount,
God will a feast prepare ;
And Israel's sons, and Gentile lands
Shall in the banquet share.
- 2 Marrow and fatness are the food,
His bounteous hand bestows :
Wine on the lees, and well refined,
In rich abundance flows.

- 3 See to the vilest of the vile
 A free acceptance given !
 See rebels, by adopting grace,
 Sit with the heirs of heaven !
- 4 The pained, the sick, the dying now
 To ease and health restored,
 With eager appetites partake
 The bounties of thy board.
- 5 But O, what draughts of bliss unknown,
 What dainties shall be given,
 When, with the myriads round the throne,
 We join the feast of heaven !
- 6 There joys immeasurably high
 Shall satisfy the soul,
 And springs of life, that never dry,
 In thousand channels roll.

166

L. M.

Gospel's Joyful Sound.

- C**OME, dearest Lord, who reignest above,
 And draw me with the cords of love,
 And while the gospel does abound,
 "O may I know the joyful sound !"
- 2 Sweet are the tidings, free the grace,
 It brings to our apostate race :
 It spreads a heavenly light around ;
 "O may I know the joyful sound !"
- 3 The gospel bids the sin-sick soul
 Look up to Jesus and be whole ;
 In him are peace and pardon found ;
 "O may I know the joyful sound !"
- 4 It stems the tide of swelling grief,
 Affords the needy sure relief ;

Releases those by Satan bound ;
 " O may I know the joyful sound ! "

167 7s. 4 lines.

The Sinner's Welcome.

NOW begin the heavenly theme,
 Sing aloud in Jesus' name !
 Ye, who his salvation prove,
 Triumph in redeeming love.

- 2 Ye, who see the Father's grace
 Beaming in the Saviour's face,
 As to Canaan on ye move,
 Praise and bless redeeming love.
- 3 Mourning souls, dry up your tears ;
 Banish all your guilty fears ;
 See your guilt and curse remove,
 Cancelled by redeeming love.
- 4 Ye, alas ! who long have been
 Willing slaves to death and sin,
 Now from bliss no longer rove
 Stop, and taste redeeming love.
- 5 Welcome all, by sin opprest,
 Welcome to his sacred rest ;
 Nothing brought him from above,
 Nothing but redeeming love.
- 6 When his Spirit leads us home,
 When we to his glory come,
 We shall all the fulness prove
 Of our Lord's redeeming love.

168 L. M.

The Gospel is the Power of God to Salvation.

WHAT shall the dying sinner do,
 That seeks relief for all his woe ?

- Where shall the guilty conscience find
Ease for the torment of the mind ?
- 2 How shall we get our crimes forgiven,
Or form our nature fit for heaven ?
Can souls, all o'er defiled with sin,
Make their own powers and passions clean ?
- 3 In vain we search, in vain we try,
Till Jesus brings his gospel nigh;
'Tis there that power and glory dwell,
That save rebellious souls from hell.
- 4 This is the pillar of our hope,
That bears our fainting spirits up ;
We read the grace, we trust the word,
And find salvation in the Lord.
- 5 Let men or angels dig the mines,
Where nature's golden treasure shines ;
Brought near the doctrine of the cross,
All nature's gold appears but dross.

169

C. M.

Excellency of the Gospel.

- O**H happy is the man who hears
Instruction's warning voice
And who celestial wisdom makes
His early, only choice.
- 2 For she has treasures greater far
Than east or west unfold ;
More precious are her bright rewards
Than gems or stores of gold.
- 3 Her right hand offers to the just
Immortal, happy days ;
Her left, imperishable wealth
And heavenly crowns displays.

- 4 And, as her holy labours rise,
 So her rewards increase;
 Her ways are ways of pleasantness
 And all her paths are peace.

170 L. M.

The Excellency of the Christian Religion.

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

171 S. M.

The Gospel Pool.

- B**ESIDE the gospel pool,
 Appointed for the poor;
 From year, to year, my helpless soul
 Has waited for a cure.
- 2 How often have I seen
 The healing waters move;
 And others round me, stepping in
 Their efficacy prove.

- 3 But my complaints remain,
I feel the very same;
As full of guilt, and fear, and pain,
As when at first I came.
- 4 O would the Lord appear,
My malady to heal;
He knows how long I've languished here,
And what distress I feel.
- 5 How often have I thought
Why should I longer lie?
Surely the mercy I have sought
Is not for such as I.
- 6 But whither can I go?
There is no other pool
Where streams of sovereign virtue flow
To make a sinner whole.
- 7 Here then, from day to day,
I'll wait and hope, and try,
Can Jesus hear a sinner pray,
Yet suffer him to die?
- 8 No: he is full of grace;
He never will permit
A soul, that fain would see his face,
To perish at his feet.

172

L. M.

Awakening Appeal to the Sinner.

O THOU eternal, glorious Lord,
Thy gracious presence now afford:
To all our souls thine influence bring,
While of eternity we sing!

- 2 Eternity, stupendous theme!
Compared with which our life's a dream;

Eternity ! O awful sound,
 "A deep where all our thoughts are drowned!"

- 3 Eternity ! the dread abode
 And habitation of our God !
 His glory fills the vast expanse,
 Beyond the reach of mortal sense.
- 4 But an eternity there is,
 Of dreadful woe, or joyful bliss ;
 And swift as time fulfils its round,
 We to eternity are bound.
- 5 And is eternity so near ?
 And must we very soon be there ?
 Sinner—ah whither wilt thou flee,
 O how avoid eternity ?
- 6 Canst thou for ever dwell
 In all the fiery deeps of hell :
 And is death nothing then to thee,—
 Death, and a dread eternity ?
- 7 Ye gracious souls, with joy look up,
 In Christ rejoice, your glorious hope ;
 This everlasting bliss secures ;
 God, and eternity are yours.

173

S. M.

The Sinner Warned.

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 that trumpet shakes
 The mansions of the dead,
 Hark, from the gospel's cheering sound,
 What joyful tidings spread !
- 4 Ye sinners seek his grace,
 Whose wrath ye cannot bear ;
 Fly to the shelter of his cross,
 And find salvation there.
- 5 So shall that curse remove,
 By which the Saviour bled ;
 And the last awful day shall pour
 His blessings on your head.

174

7s. 6 lines.

Sinners Exhorted.

YE that in his courts are found.
 Listening to the joyful sound,
 Lost and helpless as ye are,
 Full of sorrow, sin, and care,
 Glorify the King of kings,
 Take the peace the gospel brings.

- 2 Turn to Christ your longing eyes,
 View his bleeding sacrifice,
 See in him your sins forgiven,
 Pardon, holiness, and heaven,
 Glorify the King of kings,
 Take the peace the gospel brings.

175

8s, 7s, 4s.

Expostulation with Sinners.

SINNERS will you scorn the message
 Sent in mercy from above ?
 Every sentence O how tender !
 Every line is full of love ;

Listen to it—

Every line is full of love.

- 2 Hear the heralds of the Gospel,
 News from Zion's King proclaim
 To each rebel sinner—" Pardon
 Free forgiveness in his name :"
 How important!
 Free forgiveness in his name.
- 3 Tempted souls, they bring you succour,
 Fearful hearts they quell your fears:
 And with news of consolation,
 Chase away the falling tears;
 Tender heralds—
 Chase away the falling tears.
- 4 False professors, grovelling worldlings,
 Callous hearers of the word,
 While the messengers address you,
 Take the warnings they afford;
 We entreat you,
 Take the warnings they afford.
- 5 Who hath our report believed ?
 Who received the joyful word ?
 Who embraced the news of pardon
 Offered to you by the Lord ;
 Can you slight it,
 Offered to you by the Lord ?

176

7s. 4 lines.

Sinners Admonished.

SINNER, art thou still secure ?
 Wilt thou still refuse to pray ?
 Can thy heart or hand endure,
 In the Lord's avenging day ?

- 2 See, his mighty arm is bared !
 Awful terrors clothe his brow ;
 For his judgments stand prepared ;
 Thou must either break or bow.
- 3 At his presence nature shakes,
 Earth, affrighted, hastes to flee ;
 Solid mountains melt like wax,
 What will then become of thee ?
- 4 Who his coming may abide ?
 You that glory in your shame,
 Will you find a place to hide,
 When the world is wrapped in flame ?
- 5 Lord, prepare us by thy grace !
 Soon we must resign our breath ;
 And our souls be called to pass
 Through the iron gate of death.

177

L. M.

Thoughtless Sinner Entreated.

SINNER, O why so thoughtless grown !
 Why in such dreadful haste to die,
 Daring to leap to worlds unknown,
 Heedless against thy God to fly !

- 2 Wilt thou despise eternal fate,
 Urged on by sin's fantastic dreams,
 Madly attempt the infernal gate,
 And force thy passage to the flames ?
- 3 Stay, sinner, on the gospel plains
 Behold the God of love unfold
 The glories of his dying pains,
 For ever telling, yet untold !

178

L. M.

Sinner urged to Religion.

WHY will ye waste on trifling cares;
That life which God's compassion
spares?

While, in the various range of thought
The one thing needful is forgot?

2 Shall God invite you from above?
Shall Jesus urge his dying love?
Shall troubled conscience give you pain?
And all these pleas be urged in vain?

3 Not so your eyes will always view
Those objects which you now pursue;
Not so will heaven and hell appear,
When death's decisive hour is near.

4 Almighty God thy grace impart;
Fix deep conviction on each heart;
Nor let us waste on trifling cares
That life which thy compassion spares.

179

L. M.

Expostulation with Sinners.

PRISONERS of sin, and Satan too,
The Saviour calls—he calls for you,
Ye who have sold yourselves for nought,
Jesus your liberty hath bought.

2 The Great Redeemer lived and died;
The Prince of Life was crucified;
He shed his own most precious blood,
To ransom guilty souls for God.

3 He came to set the captive free;
He came to publish liberty;

To bind the broken hearted up
And give despairing sinners hope.

4 Prisoners of hope, why will you die?
Why from the only refuge fly?
Jesus, our hiding place and tower,
Invites the guilty and the poor.

5 He came to comfort those that mourn!
He sweetly says to sinners, turn!
Prisoners of hope, his voice attend,
Nor slight the calls of such a friend.

180

S. M. D.

Rest only found in God.

O WHERE shall rest be found?
Rest for the weary soul?

'Twere vain the ocean depths to sound,
Or pierce to either pole:
The world can never give,
The bliss for which we sigh;
'Tis not the *whole* of life to live
Nor *all* of death to die.

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

There is a death whose pang
Outlasts the fleeting breath;
O what eternal horrors hang
Around "the second death!"

3 Lord God of truth and grace,
Teach us that death to shun,
Lest we be banished from thy face
And evermore undone:

Here would we end our quest :
 Alone are found in thee,
 The life of perfect love—the rest
 Of immortality.

181 L. M.

Danger of Delay.

HASTEN, O sinner, to be wise
 And stay not for to-morrow's sun,
 The longer Wisdom you despise,
 The harder is she to be won.

2 Oh hasten mercy to implore,
 And stay not for to-morrow's sun,
 For fear thy season should be o'er
 Before this evening's course be run.

3 Hasten, O sinner, to return,
 And stay not for to-morrow's sun,
 For fear thy lamp should fail to burn,
 Before the needful work is done.

4 Hasten, O sinner, to be blest,
 And stay not for to-morrow's sun,
 For fear the curse should thee arrest,
 Before the morrow is begun.

182 7s. 6s.

The Alarm.

STOP, poor sinners, stop and think,
 Before you further go;
 Will you sport upon the brink
 Of everlasting wo?

On the verge of ruin stop—
 Now the friendly warning take—
 Stay your footsteps—ere ye drop
 Into the burning lake.

- 2 Say, have you an arm like God,
 'That you his will oppose?
 Fear ye not that iron rod
 With which he breaks his foes?
 Can you stand in that dread day,
 Which his justice shall proclaim,
 When the earth shall melt away
 Like wax before the flame?
- 3 Ghastly death will quickly come,
 And drag you to his bar;
 Then to hear your awful doom,
 Will fill you with despair!
 All your sins will round you crowd;
 You shall mark their crimson dye;
 Each for vengeance crying loud,
 And what can you reply?
- 4 Though your heart were made of steel,
 Your forehead lined with brass;
 God at length will make you feel,
 He will not let you pass;
 Sinners then in vain will call,
 Those who now despise his grace
 "Rocks and mountains on us fall,
 And hide us from his face."

183

C. M.

Value of the Soul.

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

- 2 The soul of man—Jehovah's breath—
 That keeps two worlds at strife;
 Hell moves beneath to work its death,
 Heaven stoops to give it life.

- 3 God to redeem it, did not spare
 His well beloved Son ;
 Jesus, to save it, deigned to bear
 The sins of all in one.
- 4 And is this treasure borne below,
 In earthen vessels frail ?
 Can none its utmost value know,
 Till flesh and spirit fail !
- 5 Then let us gather round the cross,
 That knowledge to obtain ;
 Not by the soul's eternal loss,
 But everlasting gain.

184

7s. Double.

Expostulation with Sinners.

- S**INNERS, turn, why will ye die ?
 God your Maker asks you why ;
 God who did your being give,
 Made you with himself to live :
 He the fatal cause demands,
 Asks the work of his own hands ;
 Why, ye thankless creatures, why
 Will ye cross his love, and die ?
- 2 Sinners, turn, why will ye die ?
 God your Saviour asks you why ;
 He who did your soul retrieve,
 Died himself that ye might live,
 Will ye let him die in vain ?
 Crucify your Lord again ?
 Why, ye ransomed sinners, why
 Will ye slight his grace, and die ?
- 3 Sinners, turn why will ye die ?
 God the Spirit asks you why ;

Many a time with you he strove,
 Wooed you to embrace his love
 Will ye not his grace receive?
 Will ye still refuse to live?
 Why will ye for ever die,
 O ye guilty sinners why?

185

7s. 6 lines.

Expostulation.

HEARTS of stone, relent, relent,
 Break, by Jesus' cross subdued;
 See his body mangled, rent,
 Covered with his flowing blood;
 Sinful soul, what hast thou done!
 Crucified the incarnate Son.

- 2 Yes, our sins have done the deed,
 Driven the nails that fixed him there;
 Crowned with thorns his sacred head,
 Pierced him with a soldier's spear;
 Made his soul a sacrifice,
 For a sinful world he dies.
- 3 Will you let him die in vain,
 Still to death pursue the Lord;
 Open tear his wounds again,
 Trample on his precious blood?
 No! with all my sins I'll part,
 Saviour, take my broken heart.

186

11s.

Dangers of Delay.

DELAY not, delay not, O sinner, draw
 near!
 The waters of life are now flowing for thee;
 No price is demanded, the Saviour is here,
 Redemption is purchased, salvation is free.

- 2 Delay not, delay not, why longer abuse,
 The love and compassion of Jesus thy God ?
 A fountain is opened, how canst thou refuse
 To wash and be cleansed in his pardoning
 blood.
- 3 Delay not, delay not, O sinner, to come,
 For mercy still lingers, and calls thee to-
 day :
 Her voice is not heard in the vale of the tomb ;
 Her message, unheeded, will soon pass
 away.
- 4 Delay not, delay not, the Spirit of Grace,
 Long grieved and resisted, may take its sad
 flight ;
 And leave thee in darkness to finish thy race,
 To sink in the gloom of eternity's night.
- 5 Delay not, delay not, the hour is at hand—
 The earth shall dissolve, and the heavens
 shall fade ;
 The dead, small and great, in the judgment
 shall stand ;
 What power then, O sinner ! shall lend thee
 its aid ?

187

8s. 7s. 4s.

Sinners Invited.

SINNERS! we are sent to bid you,
 To the gospel-feast to-day ;
 Will you slight the invitation,
 Will you, can you, yet delay ?
 Jesus calls you ;
 Come, poor sinners, come away.

- 2 Come ! O come ! all things are ready—
 Bread to strengthen, wine to cheer :

- If you spurn this blood-bought banquet,
Sinners can your souls appear
 Guests in heaven,
Scorning heaven's rich bounty here?
- 3 Come! O come! leave father, mother;
To your Saviour's bosom fly:
Leave the worthless world behind you,
Seek for pardon or you die:
 " Pardon, Saviour,"
Hear the sinking sinner cry.
- 4 Even *now* the holy Spirit
Moves upon some melting heart,
Pleads a bleeding Saviour's merit,
Sinner will you say, "*Depart?*"
 Wretched sinner,
Can you bid your God depart?
- 5 What are all earth's dearest pleasures,
Were they more than tongue could tell?
What are all its boasted treasures,
To a soul once sunk in hell?
 Treasure! Pleasure!
No such sounds are heard in hell.
- 6 Fly! O fly ye to the mountain,
Linger not in all the plain!
Leave this Sodom of corruption
Turn not, look not back again;
 Fly to Jesus,
Linger not in all the plain.

Christ knocking at the Door.

BEHOLD a stranger at the door!
He gently knocks, has knocked before;

- Hath waited long—is waiting still;
You treat no other friend so ill.
- 2 Oh, lovely attitude, he stands
With melting heart and loaded hands!
Oh, matchless kindness! and he shows
This matchless kindness to his foes!
- 3 But will he prove a friend indeed?
He will; the very friend you need;
The friend of sinners—yes, 'tis He,
With garments 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.
- 5 Admit him, ere his anger burn,
His feet departed ne'er return;
Admit him, or the hour's at hand,
You'll at his door rejected stand.

189

S. M.

Gospel Invitation.

- T**HE Spirit in our hearts,
Is whispering "Sinner come,"
The Bride, the Church of Christ proclaims,
To all her children, "Come!"
- 2 Let him that heareth say
To all about him "Come!"
Let him that thirsts for righteousness,
To Christ, the fountain come!
- 3 Yes, whosoever will,
O! 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 thy hours
 O! blest Redeemer come!

190

C. M.

Universal Invitation.

- L**ET every mortal ear attend,
 And every heart rejoice;
 The trumpet of the gospel sounds,
 With an inviting voice.
- 2 Ho! all ye hungry, starving souls,
 That feed upon the wind,
 And vainly strive with earthly toys
 To fill an empty mind:
- 3 Eternal wisdom has prepared
 A soul reviving feast,
 And bids your longing appetites,
 The rich provision taste.
- 4 Ho! ye that pant for living streams,
 And pine away and die,
 Here you may quench your raging thirst,
 With springs that never dry.
- 5 Rivers of love and mercy here,
 In a rich ocean join,
 Salvation in abundance flows,
 Like floods of milk and wine.
- 6 Ye perishing and naked poor,
 Who work with mighty pain,
 To weave a garment of your own,
 That will not hide your sin;
- 7 Come naked, and adorn your souls
 In robes prepared by God,

Wrought by the labours of his Son,
And dyed in his own blood.

8 Great God! the treasures of thy love
Are everlasting mines,
Deep as our helpless miseries are,
And boundless as our sins!

9 The happy gates of gospel grace
Stand open night and day;
Lord, we are come to seek supplies,
And drive our wants away.

191

C. M.

Invitation to Gospel Blessings.

IN vain we lavish out our lives
To gather empty wind;
The choicest blessings earth can yield
Will starve a hungry mind.

2 Come, and the Lord shall feed our souls
With more substantial meat;
With such as saints in glory love,
With such as angels eat.

3 Our God will every want supply,
And fill our hearts with peace;
He gives by covenant and by oath
The riches of his grace.

4 Come, and he'll cleanse our spotted souls,
And wash away our stains,
In the dear fountain that his Son
Poured from his dying veins.

5 Our heart, that flinty, stubborn thing,
That terrors cannot move,
That fears no threatenings of his wrath,
Shall be dissolved by love:

- 6 There shall his sacred Spirit dwell,
 And deep engrave his law ;
 And every motion of our souls
 To swift obedience draw.

192

7s. 6 lines.

Invitation Accepted.

- A**M I call'd? and can it be!
 Has my Saviour chosen me?
 Guilty, wretched as I am,
 Has he named my worthless name?
 Vilest of the vile am I,
 Dare I raise my hopes so high?
- 2 Am I called? I dare not stay,
 May not, must not disobey;
 Here, I lay me at thy feet,
 Clinging to the mercy-seat;
 Thine I am and thine alone,
 Lord, with me thy will be done.
- 3 Am I called? what shall I bring,
 As an offering to my King?
 Poor and blind, and naked I,
 Trembling at thy footstool lie;
 Naught but sin I call my own,
 Nor for sin can sin atone.
- 4 Am I called? I am, I am,
 Meanest follower of the Lamb;
 Am I called? O joy of joys,
 Earth, I spurn thy gilded toys;
 Washed, redeemed, by precious blood,
 Heir of bliss, a child of God.
- 5 Jesus, Master, wilt thou keep
 In thy fold thy wandering sheep?
 Never, never let me roam,
 Never seek another home;

Keep me ever near thy side,
Thy example still my guide.

- 6 To thy bosom, Lord, I fly,
For thee I'll live, to thee I'll die ;
Ever hold me in thy hand,
Guide me to that better land,
Where my soul shall be at rest,
Pillowed on a Saviour's breast.

193 L. M.

Invitation to the Heavy Laden.

COME hither, all ye weary souls,
Ye heavy laden sinners come ;
I'll give you rest from all your toils,
And raise you to my heavenly home.

- 2 They shall find rest that learn of me ;
I'm of a meek and lowly mind ;
But passion rages like the sea,
And pride is restless as the wind.
- 3 Blest is the man whose shoulders take
My yoke, and bear it with delight ;
My yoke is easy to his neck,
My grace shall make the burden light.
- 4 Jesus, we come at thy command ;
With faith, and hope, and humble zeal,
Resign our spirits to thy hand,
To mould and guide us at thy will.

194 C. M.

Sinners Invited and Intreated.

SINNERS, the voice of God regard ;
'Tis mercy speaks to-day ;

- He calls you by his sovereign word,
From sin's destructive way.
- 2 Like the rough sea that cannot rest,
You live devoid of peace;
A thousand stings within your breast,
Deprive your souls of ease.
- 3 Your way is dark, and leads to hell;
Why will you persevere?
Can you in endless torments dwell,
Shut up in black despair?
- 4 Why will you in the crooked ways
Of sin and folly go?
In pain you travel all your days,
To reap immortal wo!
- 5 But he that turns to God, shall live
Through his abounding grace:
His mercy will the guilt forgive
Of those that seek his face.
- 6 Bow to the sceptre of his word,
Renouncing every sin:
Submit to him, your sovereign Lord,
And learn his will divine.
- 7 His love exceeds your highest thoughts;
He pardons like a God;
He will forgive your numerous faults,
Through a Redeemer's blood.

195

L. M.

Invitation to Sinners.

COME, weary souls, with sins distressed,
Come and accept the promised rest;
The Saviour'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 loads 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, believing we rejoice,
And bless the kind inviting voice.
- 5 Blest Saviour! let thy powerful love
Confirm our faith, our fears remove;
And sweetly influence every breast,
And guide us to eternal rest.

196

C. M.

Invitation to the Feast.

- Y**E wretched, hungry, starving poor,
Behold a royal feast;
Where mercy spreads her bounteous store,
For every humble guest.
- 2 See Jesus stands with open arms,
He calls, he bids you come;
Guilt holds you back, and fear alarms;
But see, there yet is room.
- 3 Room in the Saviour's bleeding heart;
There love and pity meet;
Nor will he bid the soul depart,
That trembles at his feet.
- 4 O come, and with his children, taste
The blessings of his love;

While hope attends the sweet repast
Of nobler joys above.

5 There, with united heart and voice,
Before the eternal throne,
Ten thousand thousand souls rejoice,
In ecstasies unknown.

6 And yet ten thousand thousand more,
Are welcome still to come ;
Ye longing souls, the grace adore,
Approach, there yet is room !

197

C. M.

Gospel Invitation.

THE Saviour calls—let every ear
Attend the heavenly sound ;
Ye doubting souls dismiss your fear,
Hope smiles reviving round.

2 For every thirsty, longing heart,
Here streams of bounty flow :
And life, and health, and bliss impart,
To banish mortal woe.

3 Here springs of sacred pleasure rise,
To ease your every pain :
Immortal fountain ! full supplies !
Nor shall you thirst in vain.

4 Ye sinners come—'tis mercy's voice,
The gracious call obey :
Mercy invites to heavenly joys,
And can you yet delay ?

5 Dear Saviour, draw reluctant hearts ;
To thee let sinners fly,
And take the bliss thy love imparts,
And drink, and never die.

198

L. M.

The Voice of Mercy.

I HEAR a voice that comes from far ;
 From Calvary it sounds abroad ;
 It sooths my soul, and calms my fear ;
 It speaks of pardon bought with blood.

- 2 And is it true, that many fly
 The sound that bids my soul rejoice ;
 And rather choose in sin to die,
 Than turn an ear to mercy's voice !
- 3 Alas, for those !—the day is near,
 When mercy will be heard no more ;
 Then will they ask in vain to hear
 The voice they would not hear before.
- 4 With such, I own, I once appeared,
 But now I know how great their loss ;
 For sweeter sounds were never heard,
 Than mercy utters from the cross.
- 5 But let me not forget to own,
 That if I differ aught from those,
 'Tis due to sovereign grace alone,
 That oft selects its proudest foes.

199

8s & 7s. 6 lines.

A Fountain Opened.

COME to Calvary's holy mountain,
 Sinners ruined by the fall ;
 Here a pure and healing fountain
 Flows for every guilty soul,
 In a full perpetual tide,
 Opened when the Saviour died.

- 2 Come in sorrow and contrition,
Wounded, impotent, and blind;
Here the guilty seek remission,
Here the lost a refuge find;
Health, this fountain will restore,
He that drinks shall thirst no more.
- 3 Come, ye dying, live for ever;
'Tis a soul-reviving flood:
God is faithful: he will never
Break his covenant, sealed in blood,
Signed, when our Redeemer died.
Sealed, when he was glorified.

200

L. M.

Invitation to Wanderers.

- R**ETURN, O wanderer, return,
And seek an injured Father's face;
Those warm desires that in thee burn,
Were kindled by reclaiming grace.
- 2 Return, O wanderer, return,
And seek a Father's melting heart;
His pitying eyes thy grief discern,
His hand shall heal thine inward smart.
- 3 Return, O wanderer, return,
Thy Saviour bids thy spirit live;
Go to his bleeding feet, and learn
How freely Jesus can forgive.
- 4 Return, O wanderer, return,
And wipe away the falling tear;
'Tis God who says, "No longer mourn,"
'Tis mercy's voice invites thee near.

201

8s, 7s, 4s.

Come and Welcome.

COME, ye sinners, poor and wretched,
Weak and wounded, sick and sore;

Jesus ready stands to save you,
Full of pity, love and power :
He is able,
He is willing ; doubt no more !

2 Ho! ye needy, come and welcome :
God's free bounty glorify ;
True belief, and true repentance,
Every grace that brings us nigh—
Without money,
Come to Jesus Christ, and buy.

3 Let not conscience make you linger,
Nor of fitness fondly dream ;
All the fitness he requireth,
Is to feel your need of him ;
This he gives you ;
'Tis the Spirit's rising beam.

4 Come, ye weary, heavy laden,
Lost and ruined by the fall ;
If you tarry, till you are better,
You will never come at all.
Not the righteous,
Sinners, Jesus came to call.

5 Agonizing in the garden,
Lo! your Maker prostrate lies !
On the bloody tree behold him ;
Here him cry, before he dies ;
" It is finished !"
Sinner, will not this suffice.

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

- 7 Saints and angels, joined in concert,
 Sing the praises of the Lamb;
 While the blissful seats of heaven
 Sweetly echo with his name;
 Hallelujah!
 Sinners here may sing the same.

202

H. M.

God Reasoning with Men.

- YE sin-sick souls draw near,
 And banquet with your King,
 His royal bounty share,
 And loud hosannas sing :
 Here mercy reigns, here peace abounds,
 Here's blood to heal your dreadful wounds.
- 2 But may a soul like mine,
 All stained with guilt and blood,
 Approach the throne of grace,
 And converse hold with God?
 Yes! Jesus calls:—"Come, sinners, come,
 In mercy's arms there yet is room."
- 3 He's on a throne of grace,
 And waits to answer prayer;
 What though thy sin and guilt,
 Like crimson doth appear;
 The blood of Christ divinely flows,
 A healing balm for all thy woes.
- 4 O wondrous love and grace—
 Did Jesus die for me?
 Were all my numerous debts
 Discharged on Calvary?
 Yes—Jesus died—the work is done,
 He did for all thy sins atone.

- 5 On earth, I'll sing his love,
 In heaven I too shall join
 The ransomed of the Lord,
 In accents all divine ;
 And see my Saviour face to face,
 And ever dwell in his embrace !

203

8s, 7s, 4s.

Day-Spring.

- C**HRISTIAN, see the orient morning
 Breaks along the heathen sky ;
 Lo ! the expected day is dawning,
 Glorious Day-Spring from on high !
 Hallelujah !
 Hail ! the Day-Spring from on high.
- 2 Heathen at the sight are singing ;
 Morning wakes the tuneful lays,
 Precious offerings they are bringing,
 First fruits of more perfect praise :
 Hallelujah !
 Hail ! the Day-Spring from on high.
- 3 Zion's Sun ! salvation beaming,
 Gilding now the radiant hills ;
 Rise and shine, till brighter gleaming
 All the world thy glory fills :
 Hallelujah !
 Hail ! the Day-Spring from on high.
- 4 Then the vallies, and the mountains
 Breaking forth, in joy shall sing ;
 Then the living crystal fountains
 From the thirsty ground shall spring :
 Hallelujah !
 Hail ! the Day-spring from on high.
- 5 While the wilderness rejoices,
 Roses shall the desert cheer :

Then the dumb shall tune their voices,
 Blind shall see, the deaf shall hear :
 Hallelujah !
 Hail! the Day-Spring from on high.

6 Lord, of every tribe and nation,
 Spread thy truth from pole to pole ;
 Spread the light of thy salvation,
 'Till it shine on every soul :
 Hallelujah !
 Hail! the Day-Spring from on high.

204 7s. 4 lines.

Spread of the Gospel.

SAW ye not the cloud arise,
 Little as a human hand !
 Now it spreads along the skies,
 Hangs o'er all the thirsty land !

2 Lo, the promise of a shower
 Drops already from above ;
 But the Lord will shortly pour
 All the blessings of his love.

3 When he first the work begun,
 Small and feeble was his day ;
 Now the word doth swiftly run,
 Now it wins its widening way.

4 Sons of God, your Saviour praise ;
 He the door hath opened wide ;
 He hath given the word of grace ;
 Jesus' word is glorified.

205 L. M.

Prayer for the Jews.

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

- Restore the long-lost, scattered band,
And call them to their native land.
- 2 Their misery let thy mercy heal,
Their trespass hide—their pardon seal;
O God of Israel! hear our prayer,
And grant them still thy love to share.
- 3 How long shall Jacob's offspring prove
The sad suspension of thy love?
Say, shall thy wrath for ever burn?
And shall thy mercy ne'er return?
- 4 Thy quickening Spirit now impart,
And wake to joy each grateful heart,
While Israel's rescued tribes in thee
Their bliss and full salvation see.

206

L. M.

Prayer for the Jews.

- FATHER of faithful Abra'm, hear
Our earnest suit for Abra'm's seed;
Justly they claim the tenderest prayer
From us, adopted in their stead:
- 2 Outcast from thee, and scattered wide
Through every nation under heaven,
Blaspheming whom they crucified,
Unsaved, unpitied, unforgiven.
- 3 But hast thou finally forsook,
For ever cast thine own away?
Wilt thou not bid the murderers look
On him they pierced, and weep and pray?
- 4 Come then, thou great Deliverer, come;
The veil from Jacob's heart remove,
O! bring thine ancient people home,
And let them know thy dying love!

207

L. M.

Prayer for the Jews.

DISOWNED of heaven, by man oppressed,
 Outcasts from Zion's hallowed ground,
 O, why should Israel's sons, once blest,
 Still roam the scorning world around?

- 2 Lord! visit thy forsaken race,
 Back to thy fold the wanderers bring;
 Teach them to seek thy slighted grace,
 And hail in Christ their promised King.
- 3 The veil of darkness rend in twain,
 Which hides their Shiloh's glorious light;
 The severed olive branch again
 Firm to its parent stock unite.
- 4 Hail, glorious day, expected long,
 When Jew and Greek one prayer shall pour,
 With eager feet one temple throng,
 With grateful praise one God adore!

208

C. M.

Departure of a Missionary.

GO, and the Saviour's grace proclaim,
 Ye messengers of God;
 Go, publish in Immanuel's name
 Salvation through his blood.

- 2 What though your arduous track may lie
 Through regions dark as death;
 What though your faith and zeal to try,
 Perils beset your path;
- 3 Yet with determined courage, go,
 And armed with power divine,
 Your God will needful aid bestow,
 And on your labours shine.

- 4 He who has called you to the war,
Will recompense your pains;
Before Messiah's conquering car
Mountains shall sink to plains.
- 5 Shrink not, though earth and hell oppose,
But plead your Master's cause;
Nor doubt that all your mighty foes
Shall bow before his cross.

209

C. M.

The Latter Day Glory.

- B**EHOLD! the mountain of the Lord,
In latter days, shall rise
Above the mountains and the hills,
And draw the wondering eyes.
- 2 To this the joyful nations round,
All tribes and tongues shall flow;
"Up to the hill of God," they say,
"And to his courts we'll go."
- 3 The beams that shine on Zion's hill
Shall lighten every land;
The King who reigns in Zion's towers,
Shall all the world command.
- 4 No strife shall vex Messiah's reign
Or mar the peaceful years
To ploughshares men shall beat their swords,
To pruning hooks their spears.
- 5 Come then—Oh, come from every land,
To worship at his shrine:
And walking in the light of God,
With holy beauties shine.

210

8s, 7s.

Triumph of the Church.

ZION'S King shall reign victorious,
All the earth shall own his sway;
He will make his kingdom glorious,
He shall reign through endless day.

- 2 Nations, now from God estranged,
Then shall see a glorious light;
Night to day shall then be changed,
Heaven shall triumph in the sight.
- 3 See the ancient idols falling,
Worshipped oncc, but now abhorred;
Men on Zion's King are calling,
Zion's King by all adored.
- 4 Then shall Israel long dispersed,
Mourning seek their Lord and God,
Look on Him whom once they pierced,
Own and kiss the chastening rod.
- 5 Then shall Israel all be saved,
War and tumult then shall cease,
While the greater Son of David
Rules a conquered world in peace.
- 6 Mighty King! thine arm revealing,
Now thy glorious cause maintain;
Bring the nations help and healing,
Make them subject to thy reign!
- 7 Angels in their lofty station,
Praise thy Name, Thou only wise;
Oh let earth, with emulation,
Join the triumph of the skies!

211

C. M.

Christ the Light of the Gentiles.

BEHOLD my Servant! see him rise
 Exalted in my might!
 Him have I chosen, and in Him
 I place supreme delight.

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

212

C. M.

Christ Given for a Light to the Gentiles.

HE who erected heaven's bright arch,
 And bade the planets roll,
 Who peopled all the climes of earth,
 And formed the human soul:

- 2 Thus saith the Lord, "Thee have I raised
 My Priest did thee instal;

In right I raise thee, and in strength
I'll succour whom I call.

- 3 I will establish with the lands
A covenant in thee,
To give the Gentile nations light,
And set the prisoners free.
- 4 Asunder burst the gates of brass ;
The iron fetters fall ;
And gladsome light and liberty
Are straight restored to all.
- 5 I am the Lord, and by the name
Of Great Jehovah known ;
No idol shall usurp my praise,
Nor mount in'o my throne."

213

C. M.

Messiah Universally Praised.

- L**O former scenes, predicted once,
Conspicuous rise to view ;
And future scenes, predicted now,
Shall be accomplished too.
- 2 Sing to the Lord in joyful strains ;
Let earth His praise resound ;
Ye who upon the ocean dwell,
And fill the isles around.
- 3 O city of the Lord ! begin
The universal song ;
And let the scattered villages
The cheerful notes prolong.
- 4 Let Kedar's wilderness afar
Lift up its lonely voice,
And let the tenants of the rock,
With accents rude rejoice.

- 5 Till 'midst the streams of distant lands,
The islands sound His praise ;
And all combined with one accord,
Jehovah's glories raise.

214 C. M.

Spread of Christ's Kingdom.

TO us a Child of hope is born,
To us a Son is given ;
Him shall the tribes of earth obey.
Him, all the host of heaven.

- 2 His name shall be the Prince of Peace,
For evermore adored,
The Wonderful, the Counsellor,
The great and mighty Lord.
- 3 His power increasing, still shall spread ;
His reign no end shall know ;
Justice shall guard his throne above ;
And peace abound below.

215 C. M.

Extension of the Gospel.

HAIL, mighty Jesus, how divine,
Is thy victorious sword !
The stoutest rebel must resign ;
At thy commanding word.

- 2 Deep are the wounds thine arrows give,
They pierce the hardest heart ;
Thy smiles of grace the slain revive,
And joy succeeds to smart.
- 3 Still gird thy sword upon thy thigh,
Ride with majestic sway ;
Go forth, great Prince, triumphantly,
And make thy foes obey.

- 4 And when thy victories are complete,
 And all the chosen race
 Shall round the throne of mercy meet,
 To sing thy conquering grace,
- 5 O may my humble soul be found,
 Among that favoured band ;
 And I, with them, thy praise will sound,
 Throughout Immanuel's land.

216

C. M.

Various Success of the Gospel.

- C**HRI**S**T and his cross is all our theme :
 The mysteries that we speak
 Are scandal in the Jew's esteem,
 And folly to the Greek.
- 2 But souls enlightened from above,
 With joy receive the word ;
 They see what wisdom, power, and love,
 Shine in their dying Lord.
- 3 The vital savour of his name
 Restores their fainting breath ;
 But unbelief perverts the same
 To guilt, despair, and death.
- 4 Till God diffuse his graces down,
 Like showers of heavenly rain,
 In vain Apollos sows the ground,
 And Paul may plant in vain.

217

H. M.

Effects of the Gospel.

- M**ARK the soft falling snow,
 And the descending rain !
 To heaven, from whence it fell,
 It turns not back again ;

But waters earth through every pore
And calls forth all her secret store.

- 2 Arrayed in beautcous green
The hills and vallies shine,
And man and beast are fed
By providence divine:
The harvest bows its golden ears,
The copious seed of future years.
- 3 So, saith the God of grace,
My gospel shall descend,
Almighty to effect
The purpose I intend:
Millions of souls shall feel its power,
And bear it down to millions more.

218

L. M.

Prayer for Zion's Increase.

ARM of the Lord, awake, awake
Put on thy strength, the nations shake,
And let the world, adoring, see
Triumphs of mercy wrought by thee.

- 2 Say to the heathen, from thy throne,
"I am Jehovah—God alone:"
Thy voice their idols shall confound,
And cast their altars to the ground.
- 3 No more let human blood be spilt,
Vain sacrifice for human guilt!
But to each conscience be applied,
The blood that flowed from Jesus' side.
- 4 Almighty God, thy grace proclaim,
In every land, of every name;
Let adverse powers before thee fall,
And crown the Saviour—LORD OF ALL.

219

C. M.

Prayer for the Spread of the Gospel.

GREAT God! the nations of the earth
 Are by creation thine;
 And in thy works, by all beheld,
 Thy radiant glories shine.

- 2 But, Lord, thy greater love has sent
 Thy gospel to mankind;
 Unveiling what rich stores of grace
 Are treasured in thy mind.
- 3 Lord! when shall these glad tidings spread
 The spacious earth around,
 Till every tribe, and every soul,
 Shall hear the joyful sound?
- 4 Smile, Lord, on each sincere attempt
 To spread the gospel's rays,
 And build on sin's demolished throne,
 The temple of thy praise.

220

H. M.

The Gospel Jubilee.

BLLOW 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 Son of God,
 The sin-atonng Lamb:
 Redemption in his blood
 To all the world proclaim:
 The year, &c.

3 Ye who have sold for nought
 Your heritage above,
 Come, take it back unbought,
 The gift of Jesus' love :
 The year, &c.

4 The gospel trumpet sounds,
 Let all the nations hear,
 And earth's remotest bounds
 Before the throne appear :
 The year, &c.

221 8s. 7s. 4s.

Prayer for the Spread of the Gospel.

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

2 Kingdoms wide, that sit in darkness,
 Grant them, Lord, the glorious light
 And from eastern coast to western,
 May the morning chase the night ;
 And redemption,
 Freely purchased, win the day.

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

222 L. M.

Prayer for the general Effusion of the Spirit.

O SPIRIT of the living God !
 In all thy plentitude of grace,

Where'er the foot of man hath trod,
Descend on our apostate race.

- 2 Be darkness, at thy coming, light,
Confusion, order, in thy path;
Souls without strength inspire with might;
Bid mercy triumph over wrath.
- 3 Baptize the nations; far and nigh,
The triumphs of the cross record;
The name of Jesus glorify,
Till every kindred call him Lord.
- 4 God from eternity hath willed,
All flesh shall his salvation see;
So be the Father's love fulfilled,
The Saviour's sufferings crowned through
thee.

223

L. M.

Prayer for the universal Dominion of Christ.

BRIGHT as the sun's meridian blaze,
Vast as the blessings he conveys,
Wide as his reign from pole to pole,
And permanent as his control:

- 2 So, Jesus, let thy kingdom come;
Then sin and hell's terrific gloom
Shall, at his brightness, flee away,
The dawn of an eternal day.
- 3 Then shall the heathen, filled with awe,
Learn the blest knowledge of thy law,
And Antichrist on every shore,
Fall from his throne, to rise no more.
- 4 Then shall the Jew and Gentile meet,
In pure devotion, at thy feet:
And earth shall yield thee, as thy due,
Her fulness, and her glory too.

- 5 O! that from Zion now might shine
 This heavenly light, this truth divine?
 Till the whole universe shall be
 But one great temple, Lord, for thee.

224 L. M.

Prayer for the Triumphs of the Gospel.

- T**HOUGH now the nations sit beneath
 The darkness of o'erspreading death,
 God will arise with light divine,
 On Zion's holy towers shine.
- 2 That light shall glance on distant lands,
 And heathen tribes, in joyful bands,
 Come with exulting haste to prove,
 The power and greatness of his love.
- 3 Lord, may the triumphs of thy grace
 Abound, while righteousness and peace,
 In mild and lovely forms, display
 The glories of the latter day.

225 L. M.

Spread of the Gospel.

- A**SCEND thy throne, almighty King,
 And spread thy glories all abroad:
 Let thine own arm salvation bring,
 And be thou known the gracious God.
- 2 Let millions bow before thy seat,
 Let humble mourners seek thy face,
 Bring daring rebels to thy feet,
 Subdued by thy victorious grace.
- 3 O let the kingdoms of the world
 Become the kingdoms of the Lord;
 Let saints and angels praise thy name,
 Be thou through heaven and earth adored.

226

L. M.

Approaching Millennium.

BEHOLD, the expected time draws near,
The shades disperse, the dawn appear ;
Behold, the wilderness assume
The beauteous tints of Eden's bloom.

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

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

4 Invite the world to come and prove
A Saviour's condescending love ;
And humbly fall before his feet,
Assured they shall acceptance meet.

227 7s & 6s. Peculiar.*Missionary Hymn.*

FROM Greenlands 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 strown ;
 The heathen in his blindness,
 Bows down to wood and stone.

3 Shall we, whose souls are lighted
 With wisdom from on high,
 Shall we, to men benighted,
 The lamp of life deny ?
 Salvation ! O Salvation !

The joyful sound proclaim,
 Till 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.

228

L. M.

Prayer for the Success of Missions.

THY people, Lord, who trust thy word,
 And wait the smilings of thy face,
 Assemble round thy mercy-seat,
 And plead the promise of thy grace.

2 We consecrate these hours to thee,
 Thy sovereign mercy to intreat ;
 And feel some animating hope,
 We shall divine acceptance meet.

3 Hast thou not sworn to give thy Son,
 To be a light to gentile lands ?
 To open the benighted eye,
 And loose the wretched prisoner's bands ?

- 4 Hast thou not said, from sea to sea,
His vast dominion shall extend ?
That every tongue shall call him Lord,
And every knee before him bend ?
- 5 Now let the happy time appear,
The time to favour Zion come ;
Send forth thy heralds far and near,
To call thy banished children home.

229

L. M.

Prayer for the Triumph of the Gospel.

- S**OVEREIGN of worlds, display thy power
Be this thy Zion's favoured hour ;
Bid the bright morning star arise,
And point the nations to the skies.
- 2 Set up thy throne where Satan reigns,
On western wilds, and heathen plains,
Far let the Gospel's sound be known,
And be the universe thine own.
- 3 Speak—and the world shall hear thy voice,
Speak—and the nations shall rejoice ;
Scatter the shades of moral night,
With the blest beams of heavenly light.

230

L. M.

Departure of Missionaries.

- T**RUSTING in Christ, go, heralds ! rear
The gospel standard, void of fear ;
Go seek with joy your destined home,
And preach a Saviour, there unknown.
- 2 Yes, Christian heralds, go proclaim
Salvation in Immanuel's name ;
To distant climes the tidings bear,
And plant the rose of Sharon there.

- 3 He'll shield you with a wall of fire,
 With flaming zeal your hearts inspire;
 Bid raging winds their fury cease,
 And calm the savage breast to peace.
- 4 And when our labours all are o'er,
 Then shall we meet to part no more;
 Meet with the blood-bought throng to fall,
 And crown our Jesus—Lord of all.

231

8s, 7s. Peculiar.

The Gospel Jubilee.

HARK the solemn trumpet sounding,
 Loud proclaims the jubilee:
 'Tis the voice of grace abounding,
 Grace to sinners rich and free;
 Ye who know the joyful sound,
 Publish it to all around.

- 2 Is the name of Jesus precious?
 Does his love your spirits cheer?
 Do you find him kind and gracious,
 Still removing doubt and fear?
 Think that what he is to you,
 Such he'll be to others too.
- 3 Were you once at awful distance,
 Wandering from the fold of God?
 Could no arm afford assistance,
 Nothing save but Jesus' blood!
 Think how many still are found
 Strangers to the joyful sound.
- 4 Brethren, join in supplication,
 Join to plead before the Lord:
 'Tis his arm that brings salvation,
 He alone can give the word:
 Father, let thy kingdom come,
 Bring thy wandering outcasts home.

232

L. M.

Millennium.

- W**HEN Jesus shall descend the skies,
 And form a bright, a dazzling day;
 The saints shall view with sweet surprise,
 His grand, His universal sway!
- 2 The lion and the lamb shall feed
 Together in his peaceful reign;
 And Zion, blest with heavenly bread,
 Shall never more of wants complain.
- 3 The Jew, the Greek, the bond, and free,
 Shall boast their several rites no more;
 But join in sweetest harmony,
 Their Lord, their Sovereign to adore.
- 4 O happy day! when all the elect,
 Complete in number shall be found;
 And like their great, their mystic head,
 Be with eternal honours crowned.

233

P. M.

The voice of Free Grace.

THE voice of free grace cries escape to the
 mountain,
 For Adam's lost race Christ hath opened a
 fountain:
 For sin and transgression and every pollu-
 tion,
 His blood flows most freely in streams of sal-
 vation.

Hallelujah to the Lamb who has purchased
 our pardon:
 We will praise him again when we pass
 over Jordan.

- 2 Now glory to God in the highest is given,
 Now glory to God is re-echoed in heaven;
 Around the whole earth let us tell the glad
 story,
 And sing of his love, his salvation, and glory.
 Hallelujah to the Lamb, &c.
- 3 Enraptured I burn, with delight and desire,
 Such love, so divine, sets my soul all on fire;
 Around the bright throne hosannahs are ring-
 ing,
 O when shall I join them, and ever be sing-
 ing.
 Hallelujah to the Lamb, &c.
- 4 O Jesus ride on, thy kingdom is glorious,
 O'er sin, death, and hell, thou wilt make us
 victorious:
 Thy name shall be praised in the great con-
 gregation,
 And saints shall delight in ascribing salvation.
 Hallelujah to the Lamb, &c.
- 5 When on Zion we stand, having gained the
 blest shore,
 With our harps in our hands, we will praise
 evermore;
 We'll range the blest fields on the banks of
 the river,
 And sing hallelujah for ever and ever.
 Hallelujah to the Lamb, &c.

234.

7s. Double.

Watchman tell us of the Night.

WATCHMAN! tell us of the night,
 What its signs of promise are.
 Traveller! o'er yon mountain's height,
 See that glory beaming star!

Watchman! docs its beauteous ray
 Aught of hope or joy foretell?
 Traveller! yes, it brings the day,
 Promised day of Israel.

2 Watchman! tell us of the night,
 Higher yet that star ascends.
 Traveller! blessedness and light,
 Peace and truth, its course portends!
 Watchman! will its beams alone
 Gild the spot that gave them birth?
 Traveller! ages are its own,
 See it bursts o'er all the earth.

3 Watchman! tell us of the night,
 For the morning seems to dawn.
 Traveller! darkness takes its flight,
 Doubt and terror are withdrawn.
 Watchman! let thy wanderings cease;
 Hie thee to thy quiet home.
 Traveller! lo! the Prince of Peace,
 Lo! the Son of God is come!

235

8s. 7s. 4s.

Prayer for Revival.

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

Lord, revive us;

All our help must come from thee.

2 Keep no longer at a distance;
 Shine upon us from on high,
 Lest, for want of thine assistance,
 Every plant should droop and die.
 Lord, revive us;
 All our help must come from thee.

- 3 Let our mutual love be fervent,
 Make us prevalent in prayers;
 Let each one esteemed thy servant,
 Shun the world's bewitching snares.
 Lord, revive us;
 All our help must come from thee.
- 4 Break the tempter's fatal power;
 Turn the stony heart to flesh;
 And begin from this good hour
 To revive thy work afresh.
 Lord, revive us;
 All our help must come from thee.

236

L. M.

Prayer for Reviving Influences of the Spirit.

- COME, sacred Spirit, from above,
 And fill the coldest heart with love;
 Soften to flesh the flinty stone,
 And let thy Godlike power be known.
- 2 Speak thou, and from the haughtiest eyes,
 Shall floods of pious sorrow rise;
 While all their glowing souls are borne,
 To seek that grace which now they scorn.
- 3 Oh, let a holy flock await,
 Numerous around thy temple gate;
 Each pressing on, with zeal, to be,
 A living sacrifice to thee.
- 4 In answer to our fervent cries,
 Give us to see thy church arise!
 Or, if that blessing seem too great,
 Give us to mourn its low estate.

237

L. M.

Prayer for Revival.

O SUN of righteousness, arise,
 With gentle beams on Zion shine;
 Dispel the darkness from our eyes,
 And souls awake to life divine.

- 2 On all around, let grace descend,
 Like heavenly dew, or copious showers;
 That we may call our God our friend;
 That we may hail salvation ours.

238

C. M.

Prayer for Reviving.

COME, Lord, and warm each languid heart
 Inspire each lifeless tongue;
 And let the joys of heaven impart
 Their influence to our song.

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

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

239

C. M.

Revival prayed for.

RETIRE, vain world, awhile retire,
 And leave us with the Lord;
 Thy gifts ne'er fill one just desire,
 Nor lasting bliss afford.

- 2 Blest Jesus ! come thou gently down,
 And fill this hallowed place ;
 O ! make thy glorious goings known,
 Diffuse around thy grace.
- 3 Shine, dearest Lord, from realms of day,
 Disperse the gloom of night ;
 Chase all our clouds and doubts away,
 And turn the shades to light.
- 4 Behold, and pity from above,
 Our cold and languid frame ;
 O ! shed abroad thy quickening love,
 And we'll adore thy name.
- 5 All glorious Saviour ! Source of grace ;
 To thee we raise our cry ;
 Unveil the beauties of thy face,
 To every waiting eye.
- 6 Revive, O God ! desponding saints,
 Who languish, droop, and sigh ;
 Refresh the soul that tires and faints,
 Fill mourning hearts with joy.
- 7 Make known thy power victorious King,
 Subdue each stubborn will ;
 Then sovereign grace we'll join to sing,
 On Zion's sacred hill.

240

L. M.

Prayer for Revival.

GREAT Lord of all thy churches, hear
 Thy ministers' and people's prayer,
 Perfumed by thee, O may it rise,
 Like fragrant incense to the skies.

- 2 May every pastor from above,
 Be new inspired with zeal and love,

To watch thy flock, thy flock to feed,
And sow with care the precious seed.

- 3 Revive the churches with thy grace,
Heal all our breaches, grant us peace;
Rouse us from sloth, our hearts inflame
With ardent zeal for Jesus' name.
- 4 May young and old thy word receive,
Dead sinners hear thy voice and live,
The wounded conscience healing find,
And joy refresh each drooping mind.
- 5 May aged saints matured with grace,
Abound in fruits of holiness;
And when transplanted to the skies,
May younger in their stead arise.
- 6 Thus we our suppliant voices raise,
And weeping sow the seed of praise,
In humble hope that thou wilt hear
Thy ministers' and people's prayer.

241

H. M.

Rejoicing in a General Revival.

O ZION, tune thy voice,
And lift thy hands on high;
Tell all the world thy joys,
And shout salvation high;
Cheerful in God,
Arise and shine;
While rays divine
Stream all abroad.

- 2 He gilds the mourning face
With beams that cannot fade;
His all-resplendent grace
He pours around thy head:

The nations round
 Thy forms shalt view,
 With lustre new
 Divinely crowned.

- 3 In honour 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
 Thy glory raise.
- 4 There on his holy hill
 A brighter Sun shall rise,
 And with his radiance fill
 Those fairer, purer skies :
 While round his throne
 Ten thousand stars
 In nobler spheres
 His influence own.

DOCTRINES.

242

L. M.

Election, Sovereign and Free.

MAY not the sovereign Lord on high
 Dispense his favours as he will ?
 Choose some to life, while others die,
 And yet be just and gracious still ?

- 2 What if, to make his terror known,
 He lets his patience long endure,
 Suffering vile rebels to go on,
 And seal their own destruction sure ?

- 3 What if he means to show his grace,
And his electing love employs,
To mark out some of mortal race,
And form them fit for heavenly joys?
- 4 Shall man reply against the Lord,
And call his Maker's ways unjust?
The thunders of whose dreadful word
Can crush a thousand worlds to dust?
- 5 But, O my soul, if truths so bright
Should dazzle and confound thy sight,
Yet still his written will obey,
And wait the great decisive day.
- 6 Then shall he make his justice known,
And the whole world before his throne,
With joy or terror shall confess
The glory of his righteousness.

243

C. M.

Electing Love.

- H**OW vast the benefits divine,
Which we in Christ possess;
We're saved from guilt and every sin,
And called to holiness.
- 2 'Tis not for works which we have done,
Or shall hereafter do,
But he of his abounding love
Salvation does bestow.
- 3 The glory, Lord, from first to last,
Is due to thee alone;
Aught to ourselves we dare not take,
Or rob thee of thy crown.
- 4 Our glorious Surety undertook
Redemption's wondrous plan;

And graee was given us in him
Before the world began.

5 Safe in the arms of sovereign love
We ever shall remain ;
Nor shall the rage of earth or hell
Make thy wise counsels vain.

6 Not one of all the chosen race,
But shall to heaven attain ;
Partake on earth the purposed grace,
And then with Jesus reign.

244

L. M.

Safety of the Elect.

WHO shall the Lord's elect condemn,
'Tis God that justifies their souls ;
And merey, like a mighty stream,
O'er all their sins divinely rolls.

2 Who shall adjudge the saints to hell ?
'Tis Christ that suffered in their stead ;
And their salvation to fulfil,
Behold him rising from the dead !

3 He lives ! he lives, and sits above,
For ever intereeding there :
Who shall divide us from his love ?
Or what shall tempt us to despair ?

4 Shall persecution or distress,
Famine, or sword, or nakedness ?
He that hath loved us, bears us through,
And makes us more than conquerors too.

5 Faith hath an overcoming power,
It triumphs in the dying hour :
Christ is our life, our joy, our hope ;
Nor can we sink with such a prop.

- 6 Not all that men on earth can do,
 Nor powers on high, nor powers below,
 Shall cause his mercy to remove,
 Or wean our hearts from Christ our love.

245

C. M.

Original Sin.

- B**ACKWARD with humble shame we look,
 On our original;
 How is our nature dashed and broke,
 In our first father's fall!
- 2 To all that's good averse and blind,
 But prone to all that's ill,
 What dreadful darkness veils our mind!
 How obstinate our will!
- 3 Conceived in sin, O wretched state!
 Before we draw our breath,
 The first young pulse begins to beat
 Iniquity and death.
- 4 How strong in our degenerate blood
 The old corruption reigns,
 And, mingling with the crooked flood,
 Wanders through all our veins!
- 5 Wild and unwholesome as the root,
 Will all the branches be;
 How can we hope for living fruit
 From such a deadly tree?
- 6 What mortal power from things unclean
 Can pure productions bring?
 Who can command a vital stream
 From an infected spring?
- 7 Yet, mighty God, thy wondrous love
 Can make our nature clean,

While Christ and grace prevail above
The tempter, death and sin.

- 8 The second Adam shall restore
The ruins of the first ;
Hosannah to that sovereign power
That new-creates our dust.

246

L. M.

The First Sin.

ADAM in Paradise was placed,
Our natural and our federal head ;
With holiness and wisdom graced,
In his Creator's image made.

- 2 Blessed with the joys of innocence,
Upright and happy, firm he stood ;
Till he debased himself to sense,
And eat of the forbidden food.
- 3 His soul at first a holy flame,
Was kindled by his Maker's breath ;
But stung by sin, it soon became
The seat of darkness, strife, and death.

247

C. M.

Total Depravity.

SIN, like a venemous disease,
Infects our vital blood :
The only balm is sovereign grace,
And the physician God.

- 2 Our beauty and our strength are fled,
And we draw near to death ;
But Christ, the Lord, recalls the dead,
With his almighty breath.

- 3 Madness by nature reigns within,
 The passions burn and rage ;
 Till God's own Son, with skill divine,
 The inward fire assuage.

248

S. M.

Guilt and Helplessness of Man.

- A**H, how shall fallen man
 Be just before his God ?
 If he contend in righteousness,
 We fall beneath his rod.
- 2 If he our ways should mark
 With strict inquiring eyes,
 Could we for one of thousand faults,
 A just excuse devise ?
- 3 All-seeing, powerful God,
 Who can with thee contend ?
 Or who that tries the unequal strife,
 Shall prosper in the end ?
- 4 The mountains in thy wrath,
 Their ancient seats forsake ;
 The trembling earth deserts her place,
 Her rooted pillars shake.
- 5 Ah, how shall guilty man,
 Contend with such a God ?
 None, none can meet him and escape,
 But through the Saviour's blood.

249

L. M.

Fall in Adam and Recovery by Christ.

DEEP in the dust before thy throne,
 Our guilt and our disgrace we own ;
 Great God ! we own the unhappy name,
 Whence sprung our nature and our shame.

- 2 But whilst our spirits filled with awe,
Behold the terrors of thy law,
We sing the honours of thy grace,
That sent to save our ruined race.
- 3 We sing thine everlasting Son,
Who joined our nature to his own ;
The second Adam, from the dust,
Raises the ruins of the first.
- 4 Where sin did reign, and death abound,
There have the sons of Adam found
Abounding life ; there glorious grace
Reigns through the Lord our righteousness.

250

C. M.

Deceitfulness of Sin.

- S**IN hath a thousand treacherous arts
To practise on the mind ;
With flattering looks she tempts our hearts,
But leaves a sting behind.
- 2 With names of virtue she deceives,
The aged and the young ;
And while the heedless wretch believes,
She makes his fetters strong.
- 3 She pleads for all the joys she brings,
And gives a fair pretence ;
But cheats the soul of heavenly things,
And chains it down to sense.

251

C. M.

Repentance at the Cross.

- I**N evil long I took delight,
Unawed by shame or fear ;
Till a new object struck my sight,
And stopped my wild career.

- 2 I saw one hanging on a tree,
In agonies and blood;
Who fixed his languid eyes on me,
As near his cross I stood.
- 3 Sure, never to my latest breath,
Can I forget that look;
It seemed to charge me with his death,
Though not a word he spoke.
- 4 My conscience felt, and owned the guilt,
And plunged me in despair;
I saw my sins his blood had spilt,
And helped to nail him there.
- 5 Alas! I knew not what I did,
But now my tears are vain;
Where shall my trembling soul be hid?
For I the Lord have slain.
- 6 A second look he gave, which said,
"I freely all forgive;
This blood is for thy ransom paid;
I'll die, that thou mayest live."
- 7 Thus, while his death my sin displays
In all its blackest hue;
Such is the mystery of grace,
It seals my pardon too.
- 8 With pleasing grief and mournful joy,
My spirit now is filled;
That I should such a life destroy,
Yet live by him I killed.

252

C. M.

The Penitent.

PROSTRATE, dear Jesus! at thy feet,
A guilty rebel lies;

And upwards to thy mercy seat
Presumes to lift his eyes.

- 2 If tears of sorrow would suffice
To pay the debt I owe,
Tears should from both my weeping eyes
In ceaseless torrents flow.
- 3 But no such sacrifice I plead
To expiate my guilt;
No tears but those which thou hast shed;
No blood, but thou hast spilt.
- 4 Think of thy sorrows, dearest Lord!
And all my sins forgive:
Justice will well approve the word
That bids the sinner live.

253

C. M.

Repentance at the Cross.

ALAS, and did my Saviour bleed!
And did my Sovereign die!
Would he devote that sacred head
For such a worm as I?

- 2 Thy body slain, dear Jesus, thine,
And bathed in its own blood,
While all exposed to wrath divine,
The glorious sufferer stood.
- 3 Was it for crimes that I had done,
He groaned upon the tree?
Amazing pity! grace unknown!
And love beyond degree!
- 4 Well might the sun in darkness hide,
And shut his glories in,
When Christ, the mighty Maker, died,
For man, the creature's sin.

- 5 Thus might I hide my blushing face,
 While his dear cross appears,
 Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,
 And melt my eyes to tears.
- 6 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.

254

C. M.

Conviction of Sin by the Law.

- L**ORD, how secure my conscience was
 And felt no inward dread!
 I was alive without the law,
 And thought my sins were dead.
- 2 My hopes of heaven were firm and bright,
 But since the precept came
 With a convincing power and light,
 I find how vile I am.
- 3 My guilt appeared but small before,
 Till terribly I saw
 How perfect, holy, just and pure,
 Was thine eternal law.
- 4 Then felt my soul the heavy load,
 My sins revived again;
 I had provoked a dreadful God,
 And all my hopes were slain.
- 5 I'm like a helpless captive, sold
 Under the power of sin;
 I cannot do the good I would,
 Nor keep my conscience clean.
- 6 My God, I cry with every breath,
 For some kind power to save,

To break the yoke of sin and death,
And thus redeem the slave.

255

C. M.

Sins Acknowledged.

GREAT God, before thy mercy seat,
Abased, in dust I fall;
My crimes of complicated guilt,
Aloud for judgment call.

- 2 I own my ways to be corrupt,
My duties stained with sin:
Make thou my broken spirit whole,
My burdened conscience clean.
- 3 Lord, send thy Spirit from above,
Implant a holy fear;
And through thine all-abounding grace,
Bring thy salvation near.
- 4 On my distressed benighted soul,
Oh cause thy face to shine;
Make me to hear thy pardoning voice,
And tell me I am thine.

256

C. M.

Repentance at the Cross.

'TWAS for my sins, my dearest Lord
Hung on the cursed tree,
And groaned away a dying life,
For thee, my soul, for thee.

- 2 O, how I hate those lusts of mine
That crucified my God!
Those sins that pierced and nailed his flesh
Fast to the fatal wood!
- 3 Yes, my Redeemer, they shall die,
My heart has so decreed;

Nor will I spare the guilty things
That made my Saviour bleed.

- 4 Whilst with a melting broken heart,
My murdered Lord I view,
I'll raise revenge against my sins,
And slay the murderers too.

257

8s, 7s.

Repentance at the Cross.

JESUS! full of all compassion,
Hear thy humble suppliant's cry;
Let me know thy great salvation:
See! I languish, faint, and die.

- 2 Guilty, but with heart relenting,
Overwhelmed with helpless grief,
Prostrate at thy feet repenting,
Send, oh, send me quick relief!
- 3 Whither should a wretch be flying,
But to him who comfort gives?
Whither, from the dread of dying,
But to him who ever lives?
- 4 While I view thee, wounded, grieving,
Breathless, on the cursed tree,
Fain I'd feel my heart believing
That thou sufferedst thus for me.
- 5 With thy righteousness and Spirit,
I am more than angels blest;
Heir with thee, all things inherit,
Peace, and joy, and endless rest.
- 6 Hear then, blessed Saviour, hear me!
My soul cleaveth to the dust;
Send the Comforter to cheer me;
Lo! in thee I put my trust.

7 Saved!—the deed shall spread new glory
 Through the shining realms above!
 Angels sing the pleasing story,
 All enraptured with thy love!

258

C. M.

The Repenting Sinner Returning.

COME, humble 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
 Up like a mountain rose;
 I know his courts, I'll enter in,
 Whatever may oppose.

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

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

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

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

259

C. M.

Repentance for Backsliding.

O THOU, whose tender mercy hears
 Contrition's humble sigh ;
 Whose hand indulgent wipes the tears
 From sorrow's weeping eye.

- 2 See, low before thy throne of grace,
 A wretched wanderer mourn ;
 Hast thou not bid me seek thy face ?
 Hast thou not said—Return ?
- 3 And shall my guilty fears prevail
 To drive me from thy feet ?
 O ! let not this dear refuge fail,
 This only safe retreat.
- 4 Absent from thee, my God ! my Light !
 Without one cheering ray :
 Through dangers, fears, and gloomy night,
 How desolate my way ?
- 5 Oh ! shine on this benighted heart,
 With beams of mercy shine !
 And let thy healing voice impart
 A taste of joys divine.

260

L. M.

Seeking Pardon.

L ORD, at thy feet I prostrate fall,
 Oppressed with fears to thee I call :
 Reveal thy pardoning love to me,
 And set my captive spirit free.

- 2 Hast thou not said, "seek ye my face ?"
 The invitation I embrace ;
 I'll seek thy face ; thy Spirit give ;
 Oh let me see thy face, and live.

- 3 I'll wait, perhaps my Lord may come;
 If back I turn, hell is my doom;
 And begging in his way, I'll lie
 Till the sweet hour he passeth by.
- 4 I'll seek his face with cries and tears,
 With secret sighs and fervent prayers;
 And if not heard, I'll waiting sit,
 And perish at my Saviour's feet.
- 5 But canst thou, Lord, see all my pain,
 And bid me seek thy face in vain?
 Thou wilt not, canst not, me deceive,
 The soul that seeks thy face shall live.
- 6 "Then venture, O my soul, in prayer,
 For none can perish pleading here,
 The blood of Christ, that crimson sea,
 Shall wash my load of guilt away."

261

L. M. D.

Contrition in view of the Cross.

FAST flow, my tears, the cause is great,
 This tribute claims an injured Friend;
 One whom I long pursued with hate,
 While he would love me to the end?
 When justice frowned, above my head,
 And death its terrors round me spread,
 He interposed the wounds he bore,
 And bade me live to die no more.

- 2 Fast flow, my tears, yet faster flow,
 Streams copious as yon purple tide:
 Who was it gave the deadly blow?
 Who urged the hand that pierced his side?
 My soul, thy Victim here behold;
 What pangs, what agonies untold,
 While justice, armed with power divine,
 Pours on his head what's due to thine.!

- 3 Fast and yet faster flow, my tears,
 Now break this heart and drown these eyes
 His visage marred toward heaven he rears,
 And pleading for his murderers, dies !
 My grief no measure knows, nor end,
 Till he appears, the sinner's Friend,
 And gives me, in some happy hour,
 To feel the risen Saviour's power.

262

C. M.

Forgiveness Sought.

- L**ORD, at thy feet we sinners lie,
 And knock at mercy's door ;
 With heavy heart and downcast eye,
 Thy favour we implore.
- 2 In deep distress we seek thy face
 Forgiveness to receive ;
 We trust our souls are taught through grace,
 Our debtors to forgive.
- 3 'Tis pardon, pardon we implore,
 O let thy mercy move !
 Thy grace is an exhaustless store,
 And thou thyself art love.
- 4 O ! for thine own, for Jesus' sake,
 Our many sins forgive ;
 Thy grace our rocky hearts can break,
 And breaking soon relieve.

263

7s. 4 lines.

Penitent seeking Christ.

GRACIOUS Lord incline thine ear,
 My requests vouchsafe to hear ;
 Sore distressed with guilt am I,
 Give me Christ, or else I die.

- 2 Wealth and honour I disdain ;
 Earthly comforts all are vain ;
 These can never satisfy,
 Give me Christ, or else I die.
- 3 Lord, deny me what thou wilt,
 Only take away my guilt ;
 Mourning at thy feet I lie,
 Give me Christ, or else I die.
- 4 All unholy and unclean,
 I am nothing else but sin ;
 I to thee for mercy fly,
 Give me Christ, or else I die.
- 5 Thou dost freely save the lost ;
 In thy grace alone I trust ;
 With my earnest suit comply ;
 Give me Christ, or else I die.
- 6 Oh, my God, what shall I say ?
 Take, O take my sins away ;
 Jesus' blood to me apply,
 Give me Christ, or else I die.
- 7 Does the Father seem to frown ?
 I take shelter in the Son ;
 Jesus, to thine arms I fly,
 Save me, Lord, or else I die.

264

S. M.

The Anxious Inquiry.

AND am I born to die ?
 To lay this body down ?
 And must my trembling spirit fly
 Into a world unknown ?

- 2 A land of deepest shade,
 Unpierced by human thought ;

The dreary regions of the dead,
Where all things are forgot.

- 3 Soon as from earth I go,
What will become of me ?
Eternal happiness or woe
Must then my portion be.
- 4 Oh thou that wouldst not have
One wretched sinner die,
Who died'st thyself my soul to save
From endless misery ;
- 5 Show me the way to shun
Thy dreadful wrath severe,
That when thou comest on thy throne,
I may with joy appear.

265

L. M.

Joy in Heaven over Repenting Sinners.

WHO can describe the joys that rise
Through all the courts of Paradise,
To see a prodigal return,
To see an heir of glory born ?

- 2 With joy the Father doth approve
The fruit of his eternal love ;
The Son with joy looks down and sees
The purchase of his agonies.
- 3 The Spirit takes delight to view
The holy soul he formed anew !
And saints and angels join to sing
The growing empire of their King.

266

C. M.

Joy over one Sinner that Repenteth.

OHOW divine, how sweet the joy,
When but one sinner turns,

- And with an humble, broken heart,
His sins and errors mourns !
- 2 Pleased with the news the saints below,
In songs their tongues employ ;
Beyond the skies the tidings go,
And heaven is filled with joy.
- 3 Well pleased the Father sees and hears
The conscious sinner's moan :
Jesus receives him in his arms,
And claims him for his own.
- 4 Nor angels can their joys contain,
But kindle with new fire ;
"The sinner lost, is found," they sing,
And strike the sounding lyre.

267

L. M.

Faith in Christ.

- W**HEN sins and fears prevailing rise,
And fainting hope almost expires ;
Jesus, to thee I lift mine eyes,
To thee I breathe my soul's desires.
- 2 Art thou not mine, my living Lord ?
And can my hope, my comfort die,
Fixed on thy everlasting word,
That word which built the earth and sky ?
- 3 If my immortal Saviour lives,
Then my immortal life is sure ;
His word a firm foundation gives,
Here let me build and rest secure.
- 4 Here let my faith unshaken dwell,
Immoveable the promise stands ;
Nor all the powers of earth, or hell,
Can e'er dissolve the sacred bands.

5 Here, O my soul, thy trust repose ;
 Since Jesus is for ever mine,
Not death itself, that last of foes,
 Shall break a union so divine.

268

C. M.

Living Faith.

MISTAKEN souls! that dream of heaven,
And make their empty boast
Of inward joys and sins forgiven,
 While they are slaves to lust.

2 Vain are our fancies, airy flights,
 If faith be cold and dead ;
None but a living power unites
 To Christ the living head.

3 'Tis faith that changes all the heart ;
 'Tis faith that works by love,
That bids all sinful joys depart,
 And lifts the thoughts above.

4 'Tis faith that conquers earth and hell
 By a celestial power ;
This is the grace that shall prevail
 In the decisive hour.

5 Faith must obey her Father's will,
 As well as trust his grace ;
A pardoning God is jealous still
 For his own holiness.

6 When from the curse he sets us free,
 He makes our nature clean ;
Nor would he send his Son to be
 The minister of sin.

269

L. M.

Christian Walking by Faith.

TIS by the faith of joys to come,
 We walk through deserts dark as night,
 Till we arrive at heaven our home,
 Faith is our guide, and faith our light.

- 2 The want of sight she well supplies;
 She makes the pearly gates appear;
 Far into distant worlds she pries,
 And brings eternal glories near.
- 3 Cheerful we tread the desert through,
 While faith inspires a heavenly ray,
 Though lions roar and tempests blow,
 And rocks and dangers fill the way.
- 4 So Abraham, by divine command,
 Left his own house to walk with God;
 His faith beheld the promised land,
 And fired his zeal along the road.

270

C. M.

Efficacy of Faith.

FAITH adds new charms to earthly bliss,
 And saves me from its snares;
 Its aid in every duty brings,
 And softens all my cares:

- 2 Extinguishes the thirst of sin,
 And lights the sacred fire
 Of love to God, and heavenly things,
 And feeds the pure desire.
- 3 The wounded conscience knows its power,
 The healing balm to give;
 That balm the saddest heart can cheer,
 And make the dying live.

- 4 Wide it unveils celestial worlds,
 Where deathless pleasures reign;
 And bids me seek a portion there,
 Nor bids me seek in vain :
- 5 Shows me the precious promise sealed
 With the Redeemer's blood ;
 And helps my feeble hope to rest
 Upon a faithful God.
- 6 There, there unshaken would I rest,
 'Till this vile body dies ;
 And then on faith's triumphant wings,
 At once to glory rise.

271

S. M.

Faith in the Sacrifice of Christ.

- N**OT all the blood of beasts
 On Jewish altars slain,
 Could give the guilty conscience peace,
 Or wash away the stain.
- 2 But Christ the heavenly Lamb,
 Takes all our sins away :
 A sacrifice of nobler name,
 And richer blood than they.
- 3 My faith would lay her hand
 On that dear head of thine,
 While like a penitent I stand,
 And there confess my sin.
- 4 My soul looks back to see
 The burdens thou didst bear,
 When hanging on the cursed tree,
 And hopes her guilt was there.
- 5 Believing, we rejoice
 To see the curse remove ;
 We bless the Lamb with cheerful voice,
 And sing his bleeding love.

272

C. M.

Prayer for Assurance.

WHY should the children of a King
Go mourning all their days?
Great Comforter! descend and bring
Some tokens of thy grace.

- 2 Dost thou not dwell in all the saints,
And seal the heirs of heaven?
When wilt thou banish my complaints,
And show my sins forgiven?
- 3 Assure my conscience of her part
In the Redeemer's blood;
And bear thy witness with my heart,
That I am born of God.
- 4 Thou art the earnest of his love,
The pledge of joys to come;
And thy soft wings celestial dove,
Will safe convey me home.

273

C. M.

Sustaining Faith.

THIS faith supports my feeble soul,
In times of deep distress;
When storms arise and billows roll.
Great God, I trust thy grace.

- 2 Thy powerful arm still bears me up,
Whatever griefs befall;
Thou art my life, my joy, my hope,
And thou my all in all.
- 3 Bereft of friends, beset with foes,
With dangers all around,
To thee I all my fears disclose,
In thee my help is found.

- 4 In every want, in every strait,
 To thee alone I fly ;
 When other comforters depart,
 Thou art for ever nigh.

274.

C. M.

Faith in Time of General Declension.

WHEN any turn from Zion's way,
 Alas what numbers do !
 Methinks I hear my Saviour say,
 "Wilt thou forsake me too ?"

- 2 Ah, Lord ! with such a heart as mine,
 Unless thou hold me fast,
 I feel I must, I shall decline,
 And prove like them at last.
- 3 Yet thou alone hast power, I know,
 To save a wretch like me ;
 To whom, or whither could I go,
 If I should turn from thee ?
- 4 Beyond a doubt, I rest assured,
 Thou art the Christ of God ;
 Who hast eternal life secured,
 By promise and by blood.
- 5 No voice but thine can give me rest,
 And bid my fears depart ;
 No love but thine can make me blest,
 And satisfy my heart.
- 6 What anguish has this question stirred,
 "And wilt thou also go ?"
 Dear Lord, relying on thy word,
 I humbly answer—no !

275

5s, 6s, & 9s.

Peace in Believing.

HOW happy are they,
 Who the Saviour obey,
 And have laid up their treasure above !
 Tongue cannot express
 The sweet comfort and peace,
 Of a soul in its earliest love !

2 That comfort was mine,
 When the favour divine,
 I first found in the blood of the Lamb ;
 When my heart it believed,
 What a joy I received.
 What a heaven in Jesus's name.

3 'Twas a heaven below,
 My Redeemer to know ;
 The angels could do nothing more,
 Than fall down 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 rebel like me.

5 O the rapturous height
 Of that holy delight,
 Which I felt in the life-giving blood !
 Of my Saviour possess,
 I was perfectly blest,
 As if filled with the fulness of God.

276

7s. 4 lines.

Absolute Dependance on God.

SOVEREIGN Ruler of the skies
 Ever gracious, ever wise?
 All my times were in thy hand,
 All events at thy command.

- 2 His decree who formed the earth,
 Fixed my first and second birth:
 Parents, native place, and time,
 All appointed were by him.
- 3 He that formed me in the womb,
 He shall guide me to the tomb;
 All my times shall ever be
 Ordered by his wise decree.
- 4 Times of sickness, times of health;
 Times of penury and wealth;
 Times of trial and of grief;
 Times of triumph and relief.
- 5 Times the tempter's power to prove;
 Times to taste a Saviour's love;
 All must come, and last, and end,
 As shall please my heavenly Friend;
- 6 Plagues and deaths around me fly;
 Till he bids, I cannot die;
 Not a single shaft can hit,
 Till the God of love sees fit.
- 7 Oh, thou Gracious, Wise and Just,
 In thy hands my life I trust;
 Have I somewhat dearer still?
 I resign it to thy will.
- 8 May I always own thy hand,
 Still to thee surrendered stand;

Know that thou art God aloue,
I and mine are all thy own.

- 9 Thee at all times, will I bless ;
Having thee, I all possess :
How can I bereaved be,
Since I cannot part with thee ?

277

C. M.

Power of Faith.

RISE, O my soul, pursue the way,
By ancient worthies trod :
Those blest and holy men survey,
Who walked on earth with God.

- 2 Though dead, they speak in reason's ear ;
And in example live ;
Their faith, and hope, and toils severe
Still fresh instruction give !
- 3 'Twas by their faith's triumphant power
They conquered every foe ;
And they to Christ, in mercy's hour,
Their crowns and glory owe !
- 4 Lord ! let me ever keep in sight
These patterns, Thou hast given ;
And ne'er forsake the path-way right,
Which led them safe to heaven !

278

S. M.

Appropriating Faith.

FAITH is a precious grace,
Where'er it is bestowed ;
It boasts of a celestial birth,
And is the gift of God.

- 2 Jesus it owns as King,
And all-atoning Priest ;

It claims no merit of its own,
But looks for all in Christ.

3 On Him it safely leans,
In times of deep distress ;
Flies to the fountain of his blood,
And trusts his righteousness.

4 All through the wilderness,
It is our strength and stay ;
Nor can we miss the heavenly road,
While it directs our way.

5 Lord, 'tis thy work alone,
And that divinely free ;
Send down the Spirit of thy Son,
To work this faith in me !

279

L. M.

Trials of Faith.

I PRAYED the Lord, that I might grow
In faith, and love, and every grace ;
Might more of his salvation know,
And seek more earnestly his face.

2 'Twas he who taught me thus to pray,
And he, I trust, has answered prayer ;
But it has been in such a way,
As almost drove me to despair.

3 I hoped that in some favoured hour,
At once he'd answer my request ;
And by his love's restraining power,
Subdue my sins, and give me rest.

4 Instead of this, he made me feel
The hidden evils of my heart,
And let the angry powers of hell
Assault my soul in every part.

- 5 Yea more, with his own hand he seemed
 Intent to aggravate my wo;
 Crossed all the fair designs I schemed,
 Blasted my hopes, and laid me low,
- 6 "Lord, why is this," I trembling cried,
 "Wilt thou pursue thy worm to death?"
 "'Tis in this way," the Lord replied,
 "I answer prayer for grace and faith:
- 7 "These inward trials I employ,
 From self, and pride, to set thee free;
 And break thy schemes of earthly joy,
 That thou may'st seek thy all in me."

280

C. M.

Faith's Review and Expectation.

AMAZING grace! how sweet the sound,
 That saved a wretch like me!
 I once was lost, but now am found,
 Was blind, but now I see.

- 2 'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear,
 And grace my fears relieved,
 How precious did that grace appear,
 The hour I first believed!
- 3 Through many dangers, toils, and snares,
 I have already come;
 'Tis grace has brought me safe thus far,
 And grace will lead me home.
- 4 The Lord has promised good to me,
 His word my hope secures;
 He will my shield and portion be,
 As long as life endures.
- 5 Yes, when this flesh and heart shall fail,
 And mortal life shall cease;

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

- 6 The earth shall soon dissolve like snow,
The sun forbear to shine;
But God who called me here below,
Will be for ever mine.

281

8s.

Victorious Faith.

THE moment a sinner believes,
And trusts in his crucified God,
His pardon at once he receives,
Redemption in full through his blood.

- 2 The faith, that unites to the Lamb,
And brings such salvation as this,
Is more than mere fancy or name,
The work of God's Spirit it is.
- 3 It treads on the world and on hell;
It vanquishes death and despair;
And, what is still stranger to tell,
It overcomes heaven by prayer.
- 4 It says to the mountains, "depart,"
That stand betwixt God and the soul:
It binds up the broken in heart,
The wounded in conscience makes whole.
- 5 Bids sins of crimson-like dye,
Be spotless as snow, and as white;
And raises the sinner on high,
To dwell with the angels of light.

282

C. M.

Necessity of Regeneration.

OUR nature's totally depraved;
The heart a sink of sin:

Without a change we can't be saved;
We must be born again.

2 That which is born of flesh, is flesh,
And flesh it will remain;
Then marvel not that Jesus saith,
"Ye must be born again."

3 Spirit of life, thy grace impart,
And breathe on sinners slain;
Bear witness, Lord, in every heart,
That we are born again.

4 Dear Saviour, let us now begin
To trust and love thy word;
And, by forsaking every sin,
Prove we are born of God.

283

L. C. M.

Necessity of Regeneration.

AWAKED by Sinai's awful sound,
My soul in bonds of guilt I found,
And knew not where to go;
Eternal truth did loud proclaim,
"The sinner must be born again,
Or sink to endless wo."

2 When to the law I trembling fled,
It poured its curses on my head,
I no relief could find;
This fearful truth increased my pain,
"The sinner must be born again,"
And whelmed my tortured mind.

3 Again did Sinai's thunders roll,
And guilt lay heavy on my soul,
A vast oppressive load;
Alas, I read, and saw it plain,
"The sinner must be born again,"
Or drink the wrath of God.

4 The saints I heard with rapture tell,
 How Jesus conquered death and hell,
 And broke the fowler's snare ;
 Yet, when I found this truth remain,
 " The sinner must be born again,"
 I sunk in deep despair.

5 But while I thus in anguish lay,
 The gracious Saviour passed this way,
 And felt his pity move ;
 The sinner, by his justice slain,
 Now by his grace is born again,
 And sings redeeming love.

284

C. M.

Necessity of Regeneration.

NOT the malicious or profane,
 The wanton nor the proud,
 Nor thieves, nor slanderers shall obtain
 The kingdom of our God.

2 Surprising grace ! and such were we
 By nature and by sin !
 Heirs of immortal misery,
 Unholy and unclean.

3 But we are washed in Jesus' blood,
 We're pardoned through his name ;
 And the good Spirit of our God
 Hath sanctified our frame.

4 O for a persevering power,
 To keep thy just commands !
 We would defile our hearts no more,
 No more pollute our hands.

285

C. M.

Regeneration by the Spirit.

NOT all the outward forms on earth,
 Nor rites that God has given,

- Nor will of man, nor blood, nor birth,
Can raise a soul to heaven.
- 2 The sovereign will of God alone
Creates us heirs of grace :
Born in the image of his Son,
A new peculiar race.
- 3 The Spirit, like some heavenly wind,
Blows on the sons of flesh,
New models all the carnal mind,
And forms the man afresh.
- 4 Our quickened souls awake and rise
From the long sleep of death ;
On heavenly things we fix our eyes,
And praise employs our breath.

286

L. M.

Regeneration by the Spirit.

- 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 thy own.
- 3 Thy ministers are sent in vain,
To prophesy upon the slain ;
In vain they call, in vain they cry,
Till thine almighty aid is nigh.
- 4 But if thy Spirit deign to breathe,
Life spreads through all the realms of death
Dry bones obey thy powerful voice ;
They move, they waken, they rejoice.

5 So when thy trumpet's awful sound
 Shall shake the heavens and rend the ground,
 Dead saints shall from their tombs arise,
 And spring to life beyond the skies.

287 S. M.

Light dawning on the Convert.

MY former hopes are fled,
 My terror now begins;
 I feel alas! that I am dead,
 In trespasses and sins.

2 Ah whither shall I fly?
 I hear the thunder roar;
 The law proclaims destruction nigh,
 And vengeance at the door.

3 When I review my ways,
 I dread impending doom;
 But sure a friendly whisper says,
 "Flee from the wrath to come."

4 I see, or think I see,
 A glimmering from afar;
 A beam of day that shines for me,
 To save me from despair.

5 Fore-runner of the sun,
 It marks the pilgrim's way;
 I'll gaze upon it while I run,
 And watch the rising day.

288 C. M.

Praise for Converting Grace.

ARISE, my soul, my joyful powers
 And triumph in thy God;
 Awake, my voice, and loud proclaim
 His glorious grace abroad.

- 2 He raised me from the depths of sin,
The gates of gaping hell,
And fixed my standing more secure
Than 'twas before I fell.
- 3 The arms of everlasting love
Beneath my soul he placed,
And on the rock of ages set
My slippery footsteps fast.
- 4 The city of my blest abode
Is walled around with grace;
Salvation for a bulwark stands,
To shield the sacred place.
- 5 Satan may vent his sharpest spite,
And all his legions roar;
Almighty mercy guards my life,
And bounds his raging power.
- 6 Arise, my soul, awake, my voice,
And tunes of pleasure sing;
Loud hallelujahs shall address
My Saviour and my King.

289

L. M.

The Convert's Praise.

TO God, my Saviour, and my King,
Fain would my soul her tribute bring;
Join me, ye saints, in songs of praise,
For ye have known and felt his grace.

- 2 Wretched and helpless once I lay,
Just breathing all my life away;
He saw me weltering in my blood,
And felt the pity of a God.
- 3 With speed he flew to my relief,
Bound up my wounds, and soothed my grief;

Poured joys divine into my heart,
And bade each anxious fear depart.

4 These proofs of love, my dearest Lord,
Deep in my breast I will record :
The life, which I from thee receive,
To thee, behold, I freely give.

5 My heart and tongue shall tune thy praise
Through the remainder of my days ;
And, when I join the powers above,
My soul shall better sing thy love.

290

8s, 7s.

Praise for Conversion.

HAIL! my ever blessed Jesus,
Only thee I wish to sing ;
To my soul thy name is precious,
Thou my Prophet, Priest and King.

2 O what mercy flows from heaven!
O what joy and happiness !
Love I much ? I'm much forgiven,
I'm a miracle of grace.

3 Once with Adam's race in ruin,
Unconcerned in sin I lay ;
Swift destruction still pursuing,
Till my Saviour passed by.

4 Witness, all ye hosts of heaven,
My Redeemer's tenderness ;
Love I much ? I'm much forgiven,
I'm a miracle of grace.

5 Shout, ye bright angelic choir,
Praise the Lamb enthroned above ;
Whilst astonished I admire,
God's free grace, and boundless love

- 6 That blest moment I received him,
Filled my soul with joy and peace;
Love I much? I'm much forgiven,
I'm a miracle of grace.

291

C. M.

Salvation by Grace.

- L**ORD, we confess our numerous faults,
How great our guilt has been!
Foolish and vain were all our thoughts,
And all our lives were sin.
- 2 But, O my soul, for ever praise,
For ever love his name!
Who turns thy feet from dangerous ways
Of folly, sin, and shame.
- 3 'Tis not by works of righteousness
Which our own hands have done;
But we are saved by sovereign grace,
Abounding through the Son.
- 4 'Tis from the mercy of our God
That all our hopes begin;
'Tis by the water and the blood
Our souls are washed from sin.
- 5 'Tis through the purchase of his death,
Who hung upon the tree,
The Spirit is sent down to breathe
On such dry bones as we.
- 6 Raised from the dead, we live anew;
And, justified by grace,
We shall appear in glory too,
And see our Father's face.

292

L. M.

Salvation by Grace.

NOT for our duties or deserts,
 But of his own abounding grace,
 God works salvation in our hearts,
 And forms a people for his praise.

- 2 'Twas his own purpose that begun
 To rescue rebels doomed to die ;
 He gave us grace in Christ his Son,
 Before he spread the starry sky.
- 3 Jesus, the Lord, appears at last,
 And makes his Father's counsels known,
 Declares the great transactions past,
 And brings immortal blessings down.

293

C. M.

Redemption by Christ.

WHEN the first parents of our race
 Rebelled and lost their God,
 And the infection of their sin
 Had tainted all our blood ;

- 2 Infinite pity touched the heart
 Of the eternal Son ;
 Descending from the heavenly court,
 He left his Father's throne ;
- 3 Aside the Prince of glory threw
 His most divine array,
 And wrapped his Godhead in a veil
 Of our inferior clay.
- 4 His living power, and dying love,
 Redeemed unhappy men,
 And raised the ruins of our race
 To life and God again.

- 5 To thee, dear Lord, our flesh and soul
 We joyfully resign;
 Blessed Jesus, take us for thy own,
 For we are doubly thine.

294 C. M.

Wonders of Redemption.

- P**LUNGED in a gulf of dark despair,
 We wretched sinners lay,
 Without one cheerful beam of hope,
 Or spark of glimmering day.
- 2 With pitying eyes the Prince of grace
 Beheld our helpless grief;
 He saw, and O, amazing love!
 He ran to our relief.
- 3 Down from the shining seats above
 With joyful haste he fled,
 Entered the grave in mortal flesh,
 And dwelt among the dead.
- 4 O! for this love, let rocks and hills
 Their lasting silence break,
 And all harmonious human tongues
 The Saviour's praises speak.

295 C. M.

God Reconciled in Christ.

- D**EAREST of all the names above,
 My Jesus 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.

- 3 'Till God in human flesh I see,
 My thoughts no comfort find;
 The holy, just, and sacred Three
 Are terrors to my mind.
- 4 But if Immanuel's face appear,
 My hope, my joy begins,
 His name forbids my slavish fear,
 His grace removes my sins.
- 5 While Jews on their own law rely,
 And Greeks of wisdom boast,
 I love the incarnate mystery,
 And there I fix my trust.

296

S. M.

Efficacy of Grace.

- G**RACE! 'tis a charming sound!
 Harmonious to mine 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 first inscribed my name
 In God's eternal book;
 'Twas grace that gave me to the Lamb
 Who all my sorrows took.
- 4 Grace led my roving feet
 To tread the heavenly road;
 And new supplies each hour I meet,
 While pressing on to God.
- 5 Grace taught my soul to pray,
 And made my eyes overflow:

'Twas grace that kept me to this day,
And will not let me go.

- 6 Grace all the work shall crown,
Through everlasting days ;
It lays in heaven the topmost stone,
And well deserves the praise.

297 C. M.

Salvation by the Blood of the Lamb.

THERE is a fountain filled with blood,
Drawn from Immanuel's veins :
And sinners plunged beneath that flood,
Lose all their guilty stains.

- 2 The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day ;
And there may I, though vile as he,
Wash all my sins away.
- 3 Dear dying Lamb ! thy precious blood
Shall never lose it 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 Then in a nobler, sweeter song,
I'll sing thy power to save ;
When this poor lisping, stammering tongue
Lies silent in the grave.

298 C. M.

Sovereignty of God in Salvation.

SHALL atheists dare insult the cross
Of our Redeemer, God ?

- Shall infidels reproach his laws
Or trample on his blood?
- 2 What if he chose mysterious ways
To cleanse us from our faults?
May not the works of sovereign grace
Transcend our feeble thoughts?
- 3 What if his gospel bids us fight
With flesh, and sense, and sin?
The prize is most divinely bright
Which we are called to win.
- 4 Then let our faith grow firm and strong,
Our lips profess his word;
Nor blush, nor fear, to walk among
The men that love the Lord.

299

11s, 8s.

Distinguishing Grace.

- I**N songs of sublime adoration and praise,
Ye pilgrims for Sion who press,
Break forth, and extol the great Ancient of
days,
His rich and distinguishing grace.
- 2 His love, from eternity fixed upon you,
Broke forth and discovered its flame,
When each with the cords of his kindness he
drew,
And brought you to love his great name.
- 3 O had he not pitied the state you were in,
Your bosom his love had ne'er felt;
You all would have lived, would have died too
in sin,
And sunk with the load of your guilt.

- 4 What was there in you that could merit esteem,
Or give the Creator delight ?
'Twas "even so, Father !" you ever must sing,
"Because it seemed good in thy sight."
- 5 'Twas all of thy grace we were brought to obey !
While others were suffered to go
The road, which by nature we chose as our way,
That leads to the regions of woe.
- 6 Then give all the glory to his holy name,
To him all the glory belongs,
Be your's the high joy still to sound forth his fame,
And crown him in each of your songs.

300

C. M.

The Redeeming Saviour.

- B**EHOLD the glories of the Lamb,
Amidst his Father's throne :
Prepare new honours for his name,
And songs before unknown.
- 2 Lo ! elders worship at his feet,
The church adore around ;
With vials full of odours sweet,
And harps of sweeter sound.
- 3 Those are the prayers of the saints,
And those 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 blessings paid ;
Salvation, glory, joy, remain
For ever on thy head.

- 5 Thou hast redeemed our souls with blood,
 Hast set the prisoners free,
 Hast made us kings and priests to God,
 And we shall reign with thee.
- 6 The worlds of nature and of grace
 Are put beneath thy power ;
 Then shorten these delaying days,
 And bring the promised hour.

301

L. M.

The Work Finished.

- 'TIS finished ! so the Saviour cried,
 And meekly bowed his head, and died ;
 'Tis finished—yes, the race is run,
 The battle fought, the victory won.
- 2 'Tis finished—all that heaven decreed,
 And all the ancient prophets said,
 Is now fulfilled, as was designed,
 In me the Saviour of mankind.
- 3 'Tis finished—heaven is reconciled,
 And all the powers of darkness spoiled :
 Peace, love, and happiness again
 Return, and dwell with sinful men.
- 4 'Tis finished—let the joyful sound
 Be heard through all the nations round :
 'Tis finished—let the echo fly
 Through heaven and hell, through earth and
 sky.

302

L. M.

Christ the Lamb slain.

BEHOLD the sin-atoning Lamb,
 With wonder, gratitude, and love ;
 To take away our guilt and shame,
 See him descending from above !

- 2 Our sins and griefs on him were laid ;
 He meekly bore the mighty load ;
 Our ransom-price he fully paid,
 In groans and tears, in sweat and blood.
- 3 To save a guilty world, he dies ;
 Sinners, behold the bleeding Lamb !
 To him lift up your longing eyes,
 And hope for mercy in his name.
- 4 Pardon and peace through him abound ;
 He can the richest blessings give ;
 Salvation in his name is found,
 He bids the dying sinner live.
- 5 Jesus, my Lord, I look to thee ;
 Where else can helpless sinners go ?
 Thy boundless love shall set me free
 From all my wretchedness and wo.

303

8s, 7s, 4s.

Atonement Accomplished.

HARK! the voice of love and mercy
 Sounds aloud from Calvary ;
 See, it rends the rocks asunder,
 Shakes the earth, and veils the sky !
 " It is finished !"

Hear the Saviour, dying, cry.

- 2 It is finished—Oh ! what pleasure
 Do these precious words afford !
 Heavenly blessings without measure,
 Flow to us from Christ the Lord :
 It is finished !
 Saints, the dying words record.
- 3 Finished—all the types and shadows
 Of the ceremonial law ;

Finished—all that God has promised;
 Death and hell no more shall awe:
 It is finished!

Saints from hence your comforts draw.

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

304

L. M.

Access to God by the Blood of Christ.

SPRINKLED with reconciling blood,
 I dare approach thy throne, O God;
 Thy face no frowning aspect wears,
 Thy hand no vengeful thunder bears!

- 2 The encircling rainbow, peaceful sign!
 Doth with refulgent brightness shine;
 And while by faith I see it near,
 I bid farewell to every fear.
- 3 Let me my grateful homage pay;
 With courage sing with fervour pray;
 And though myself a wretch undone,
 Hope for acceptance through thy Son;
- 4 The Son, who on the accursed tree,
 Expired to set the vilest free:
 On this I build my only claim,
 And all I ask is in his name.

305

L. M.

Law Satisfied by Christ's Death.

WHEN on the cross my Saviour died
 God's holy law he satisfied;

My debts he paid, my sins he bore,
And justice now demands no more.

- 2 A healing balm his hand bestows,
To cure my wounds, and ease my woes,
And a rich fountain still remains,
To wash away my guilty stains.
- 3 Here will I bathe my guilty soul,
Here blessings without number roll;
My hopes and joys I hence derive,
For Jesus died that I might live.

306

8s & 7s.

Paschal Lamb.

HAIL, thou once despised Jesus!
Hail, thou Galilean King!
Thou didst suffer to release us;
Thou didst free salvation bring!

- 2 Hail, thou agonizing Saviour,
Bearer of our sin and shame!
By thy merits we find favour,
Life is given, through thy name.
- 3 Paschal Lamb, by God appointed,
All our sins on thee were laid;
By almighty love anointed,
Thou hast full atonement made.
- 4 All thy people are forgiven,
Through the virtue of thy blood;
Opened is the gate of heaven;
Peace is made 'twixt man and God.

307

C. M.

The Lamb of God.

SINNERS, behold the Lamb of God
Who takes away our guilt;

Look to the precious, priceless blood,
That Jews and Gentiles spilt.

2 From heaven he came to seek and save,
Leaving his blest abode ;
To ransom us himself he gave ;
“ Behold the Lamb of God.”

3 He came to take the sinner's place,
And shed his precious blood ;
Let Adam's guilty, ruined race,
“ Behold the Lamb of God.”

4 Sinners, to Jesus then draw near,
Invited by his word ;
The chief of sinners need not fear ;
“ Behold the Lamb of God.”

5 Backsliders too, the Saviour calls,
And washes in his blood ;
Arise, return from grievous falls ;
“ Behold the Lamb of God.”

6 Spirit of grace, to us apply
Immanuel's precious blood ;
That we may with thy saints on high,
“ Behold the Lamb of God.”

308

C. M.

Efficacy of the Blood of Christ.

JESUS, in thee our eyes behold
A thousand glories more,
Than the rich gems and polished gold,
The sons of Aaron wore.

2 Fresh blood, as constant as the day,
Was on their altar spilt ;
But thy one offering takes away
For ever all our guilt.

- 3 Once, in the circuit of a year,
 With blood, but not his own,
 Aaron within the veil appears,
 Before the golden throne.
- 4 But Christ, by his own powerful blood,
 Ascends above the skies ;
 And, in the presence of our God,
 Shows his own sacrifice.

309

L. M.

Praise for the Atonement.

- E**NSLAVED by sin, and bound in chains
 Beneath its dreadful tyrant sway,
 And doomed to everlasting pains,
 We wretched guilty captives lay.
- 2 Jesus the Lord, the mighty God,
 An all-sufficient ransom paid :
 Amazing price ! his precious blood
 For vile rebellious traitors shed !
- 3 Jesus, the sacrifice became,
 To rescue guilty souls from hell ;
 The spotless, bleeding, dying Lamb,
 Beneath avenging justice fell.
- 4 Infinite goodness ! love divine !
 O may our grateful hearts adore
 The matchless grace, nor yield to sin,
 Nor wear its cruel fetters more.
- 5 Dear Saviour, let thy love pursue
 The glorious work it has begun,
 Each secret lurking foe subdue,
 And let our hearts be thine alone.

310

C. M.

Praise for Salvation.

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.

311

C. M.

Sinner's Recovery from Ruin.

HOW sad our state by nature is!
 Our sin how deep it stains!
 And Satan binds our captive minds
 Fast in his slavish chains.

2 But there's a voice of sovereign grace
 Sounds from the sacred word;
 "Ho; ye despairing sinners, come,
 And trust upon the Lord."

3 My soul obeys the almighty call,
 And runs to this relief!
 I would believe thy promise, Lord!
 O! help my unbelief.

4 To the dear fountain of thy blood,
 Incarnate God! I fly;
 Here let me wash my spotted soul
 From crimes of deepest dye.

- 5 Stretch out thine arm, victorious King,
 My reigning sins subdue ;
 Drive the old dragon from his seat,
 With all his hellish crew.
- 6 A guilty, weak, and helpless worm,
 On thy kind arms I fall :
 Be thou my strength and righteousness,
 My Jesus, and my all.

312

C. M.

Victory through Grace.

- L**ET me, my Saviour and my God,
 On *sovereign grace* rely ;
 And own 'tis free because bestowed
 On one so vile as I.
- 2 *Election!* 'tis a word divine :
 For, Lord, I plainly see,
 Had not thy choice prevented mine,
 I ne'er had chosen thee.
- 3 *For perseverance,* strength I've none :
 But would on this depend,
 That, Jesus, having loved his own,
 Will love them to the end.
- 4 Empty and bare, I come to thee
 For righteousness divine :
 O! may thy glorious merits be,
 By *imputation*, mine.
- 5 *Free grace* alone can wipe the tears
 From my lamenting eyes :
 And raise my soul, from guilty fears,
 To joy that never dies.
- 6 *Free grace* can death itself outbrave.
 And take the sting away ;

Can sinners to the utmost save,
And give them victory.

313

L. M.

Reliance on Christ's Righteousness.

NO more, my God, I boast no more
Of all the duties I have done;
I quit the hopes I held before,
To trust the merits of thy Son.

- 2 Now for the love I bear his name,
What was my gain, I count my loss;
My former pride I call my shame,
And nail my glory to his cross.
- 3 Yes, and I must and will esteem
All things but loss for Jesus' sake;
O may my soul be found in him,
And of his righteousness partake.
- 4 The best obedience of my hands
Dares not appear before thy throne;
But faith can answer thy demands
By pleading what my Lord has done.

314

L. M.

Imputed Righteousness.

LORD, thy imputed righteousness
My beauty is, my glorious dress;
'Midst flaming worlds in this arrayed,
With joy shall I lift up my head.

- 2 When from the dust of death I rise,
To take my mansion in the skies,
Even then shall this be all my plea,
"Jesus hath lived and died for me.

- 3 Bold shall I stand in that great day,
 For who aught to my charge shall lay?
 While through thy blood absolved I am,
 From sin's tremendous curse and shame.
- 4 Thus Abraham, the friend of God,
 Thus all the armies bought with blood,
 By faith on thee alone relied,
 And in the Lord were justified.
- 5 This spotless robe the same appears
 When ruined nature sinks in years:
 No age can change its glorious hue,
 The robe of Christ is ever new.
- 6 O! let the dead now hear thy voice!
 Bid, Lord, thy mourning ones rejoice
 Their beauty this, their glorious dress,
 "Jesus, the Lord, our righteousness."

315

C. M.

Justification through Faith.

- V**AIN are the hopes the sons of men
 On their own works have built;
 Their hearts by nature all unclean,
 And all their actions guilt.
- 2 Let Jew and Gentile stop their mouths,
 Without a murmuring word,
 And the whole race of Adam stand
 Guilty before the Lord.
- 3 In vain we ask God's righteous law
 To justify us now,
 Since to convince and to condemn
 Is all the law can do.
- 4 Jesus, how glorious is thy grace!
 When in thy name we trust,

Our faith receives a righteousness
That makes the sinner just.

316

S. M.

Adoption.

BEHOLD what wondrous grace
The Father has bestowed
On sinners of a mortal race,
To call them sons of God!

2 'Tis no surprising thing,
That we should be unknown ;
The Jewish world knew not their King,
God's everlasting Son.

3 Nor doth it yet appear
How great we must be made ;
But when we see our Saviour here,
We shall be like our head.

4 A hope so much divine
May trials well endure,
May purge our souls from sense and sin,
As Christ the Lord is pure.

5 If in my Father's love
I share a filial part.
Send down thy Spirit like a dove,
To rest upon my heart.

6 We would no longer lie
Like slaves beneath the throne ;
My faith shall Abba, Father, cry,
And thou the kindred own.

317

C. M.

Spirit of Adoption.

SOVEREIGN of all the worlds on high,
Allow our humble claim ;

Nor while poor worms would raise their heads,
Disdain a Father's name.

- 2 *Our Father God!* how sweet the sound!
How tender and how dear!
Not all the melody of heaven,
Could so delight the ear.
- 3 Come, sacred Spirit, seal the name
On my expanding heart;
And show, that in Jehovah's grace
I share a filial part.
- 4 Cheered by a signal so divine,
Unwavering I believe:
Thou knowest, I, *Abba*, Father, cry,
Nor can thy word deceive.

318

C. M.

Rejoicing in God our Father.

COME, shout aloud the Father's grace,
And sing the Saviour's love:
Soon shall you join the glorious theme
In loftier strains above.

- 2 God, the eternal, mighty God,
To dearer names descends:
Calls you his treasure and his joy,
His children and his friends.
- 3 My Father God! and may these lips
Pronounce a name so dear!
Not thus could heaven's sweet harmony
Delight my listening ear.
- 4 Thanks to my God for every gift
His bounteous hands bestow;
And thanks eternal for that love
Whence all those comforts flow.

- 5 For ever let my grateful heart
 His boundless grace adore;
 Which gives ten thousand blessings now,
 And bids me hope for more.

319

C. M.

Necessity of Sanctification.

NOR eye has seen, nor ear has heard,
 Nor sense nor reason known,
 What joys the Father has prepared
 For those that love the Son.

- 2 But the good Spirit of the Lord
 Reveals a heaven to come;
 The beams of glory in his word
 Allure and guide us home.
- 3 Pure are the joys above the sky,
 And all the region peace;
 No wanton lips nor envious eye,
 Can see or taste the bliss.
- 4 Those holy gates for ever bar
 Pollution, sin, and shame;
 None shall obtain admittance there,
 But followers of the Lamb.
- 5 He keeps the Father's book of life,
 There all their names are found;
 The hypocrite in vain shall strive
 To tread the heavenly ground.

320

C. M.

Sanctification through the Spirit.

ALAS! by nature how depraved,
 How prone to every ill!
 Our lives to Satan how enslaved
 How obstinate our will!

- 2 And can such sinners be restored,
Such rebels reconciled ?
Can grace itself the means afford
To make a foe a child ?
- 3 Yes, grace has found the wondrous means,
Which shall effectual prove,
To cleanse us from our countless sins,
And teach our hearts to love.
- 4 Jesus for sinners undertakes,
And dies that we may live ;
His blood a full atonement makes,
And cries aloud, " Forgive !"
- 5 The Holy Spirit must reveal
The Saviour's work and worth :
Then the hard heart begins to feel
A new and heavenly birth.
- 6 Thus bought with blood, and born again,
Redeemed and saved by grace,
Rebels in God's own house obtain
A son's and daughter's place.

321

C. M.

Prayer for Increasing Holiness.

- O** FOR a heart to praise my God,
A heart from sin set free !
A heart that always feels thy blood,
So freely shed for me !
- 2 A heart resigned, submissive, meek ;
My great Redeemer's throne ;
Where only Christ is heard to speak ;
Where Jesus reigns alone !
- 3 A heart in every thought renewed,
And full of love divine :

Holy, and right, and pure, and good,
A copy, Lord, of thine !

322

S. M.

Sanctification Implored.

BEHOLD the leperous Jew,
Oppressed with pain and grief,
Pouring his tears at Jesus' feet
For pity and relief.

2 "O speak the word," he cries,
"And heal me of my pain;
Lord thou art able, if thou wilt,
To make a leper clean."

3 Compassion moves his heart :
He speaks the gracious word ;
The leper feels his strength return,
And all his sickness cured.

4 To thee, dear Lord, I look,
Sick of a worse disease ;
Sin is my painful malady,
And none can give me ease.

5 But thy almighty grace
Can heal my leperous soul :
O bathe me in thy precious blood,
And that will make me whole.

323

7s. 4 lines.

Perseverance.

CHILDREN of the heavenly king,
As ye journey sweetly sing :
Sing your Saviour's worthy praise,
Glorious in his works and ways.

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

- They are happy now, and ye
Soon their happiness shall see.
- 3 O ye mourning souls be glad!
Christ our advocate is made;
Us to save, our flesh assumes,
Brother to our souls becomes.
- 4 Shout, ye little flock, and blest,
Soon you'll enter into rest,
There your seat is now prepared,
There your kingdom and reward.
- 5 Fear not, brethren, joyful stand
On the borders of your land;
Jesus Christ our Father's Son,
Bids us undismayed go on.
- 5 Lord, submissive make us go,
Gladly leaving all below;
Only thou our leader be,
And we still will follow thee.

324

L. M.

Persevering Grace.

- T**O God the only wise,
Our Saviour and our King,
Let all the saints below the skies
Their humble praises bring.
- 2 'Tis his Almighty love,
His counsel and his care,
Preserves us safe from sin and death,
And every hurtful snare.
- 3 He will present our souls,
Unblemished and complete,
Before the glory of his face,
With joys divinely great.

- 4 Then all the chosen seed
 Shall meet around the throne,
 Shall bless the conduct of his grace,
 And make his wonders known.

325

C. M.

Safety of the Righteous.

FIRM as the earth thy gospel stands,
 My Lord, my hope, my trust:
 If I am found in Jesus' hands,
 My soul can ne'er be lost.

- 2 His honour is engaged to save
 The meanest of his sheep;
 All that his heavenly Father gave
 His hands securely keep.
- 3 Nor death nor hell shall e'er remove
 His favourites from his breast;
 In the dear bosom of his love,
 They must for ever rest.

326

L. M.

Security of the Believer.

HOW oft have sin and Satan strove
 To rend my soul from thee, my God!
 But everlasting is thy love,
 And Jesus seals it with his blood.

- 2 The oath and promise of the Lord
 Join to confirm his wondrous grace:
 Eternal power performs the word,
 And fills all heaven with endless praise.
- 3 Amidst temptations sharp and long,
 My soul to this dear refuge flies;
 Hope is my anchor, firm and strong,
 While tempests blow, and billows rise.

- 4 The gospel bears my spirit up;
 A faithful and unchanging God
 Lays the foundation for my hope,
 In oaths, and promises, and blood.

SACRAMENTS.

327

L. M.

Baptism Instituted instead of Circumcision.

- T**HUS did the sons of Abraham pass
 Beneath the bloody seal of grace;
 The young disciples bore the yoke,
 Till Christ the painful bondage broke.
- 2 By milder ways doth Jesus prove
 His Father's covenant, and his love;
 He seals to saints his glorious grace,
 And not forbids their infant race.
- 3 Their seed is sprinkled with his blood,
 Their children set apart for God;
 His Spirit on their offspring shed,
 Like water poured upon the head.
- 4 Let every saint with cheerful voice
 In this large covenant rejoice:
 Young children in their early days,
 Shall give the God of Abraham praise.

328

L. M.

Baptism.

TWAS the commissiⁿ of our Lord,
 "Go teach the nations, and baptize,"
 The nations have received the word,
 Since he ascended to the skies.

- 2 He sits upon the eternal hills,
 With grace and pardon in his hands,
 And sends his covenant with the seals,
 To bless the distant Christian lands.
- 3 "Repent and be baptized," he saith,
 "For the remission of your sins;"
 And thus our sense assists our faith,
 And shows us what the Gospel means.
- 4 Our souls he washes in his blood,
 As water makes the body clean;
 And the good Spirit from our God
 Descends like purifying rain.
- 5 Thus we engage ourselves to thee.
 And seal our covenant with the Lord
 O may the great eternal Three
 In heaven our solemn vows record!

329

C. M.

Children included in the Covenant of Grace.

- H**OW large the promise, how divine,
 To Abraham and his seed!
 "I'll be a God to thee and thine,
 Supplying all their need."
- 2 The words of his extensive love
 From age to age endure;
 The angel of the covenant proves,
 And seals the blessings sure.
- 3 Jesus the ancient faith confirms
 To our great father given;
 He takes young children to his arms,
 And calls them heirs of heaven.

- 4 Our God! how faithful are his ways!
 His love endures the same;
 Nor from the promise of his grace
 Blots out the children's name.

330

C. M.

Children included in the Covenant of Grace.

- G**ENTILES by nature, we belong
 To the wild olive-wood;
 Grace takes us from the barren tree,
 And grafts us in the good.
- 2 With the same blessings grace endows
 The Gentile and the Jew:
 If pure and holy be the root,
 Such are the branches too.
- 3 Now, let the children of the saints
 Be dedicate to God!
 Pour out thy Spirit on them, Lord,
 And wash them in thy blood.
- 4 Thus to the parents and their seed
 Shall thy salvation come,
 And numerous households meet at last
 In one eternal home.

331

C. M.

Children Dedicated to God.

- S**EE Israel's gentle Shepherd stand,
 With all-engaging charms;
 Hark! how he calls the tender lambs,
 And folds them in his arms.
- 2 "Permit them to approach," he cries,
 "Nor scorn their humble name;
 For 'twas to bless such souls as these,
 The Lord of angels came."

- 3 We bring them, Lord, in thankful hands,
 And yield them up to thee;
 Joyful that we ourselves are thine,
 Thine let our offspring be.
- 4 Ye little flock, with pleasure hear:
 Ye children, seek his face;
 And fly with transport to receive
 The blessings of his grace.
- 5 If orphans they are left behind,
 Thy guardian care we trust:
 That care shall heal our bleeding hearts,
 If weeping o'er their dust.

332

L. M. 6 lines.

Prayer for Children in Baptism.

- COME, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
 To whom we for our children cry;
 The good desired and wanted most,
 Out of thy richest grace supply!
 The sacred discipline be given,
 To train and bring them up for heaven.
- 2 Error and ignorance remove.
 Their blindness both of heart and mind;
 Give them the wisdom from above,
 Spotless, and peaceable, and kind;
 In knowledge pure their minds renew,
 And store with thoughts divinely true.
- 3 Father, accept them through thy Son,
 And ever by thy Spirit guide!
 Thy wisdom in their lives be shown,
 Thy name confessed and glorified;
 Thy power and love diffused abroad,
 Till all the earth be filled with God.

333

S. M.

God's Blessing Invoked on Baptized Children.

GREAT God, now condescend
 To bless our rising race;
 Soon may their willing spirits bend,
 The subjects of thy grace.

2 O what a pure delight
 Their happiness to see!
 Our warmest wishes all unite.
 To lead their souls to thee.

3 Now bless, thou God of love,
 This ordinance divine;
 Send thy good Spirit from above,
 And make these children thine.

334

L. M.

Prayer for Baptized Children.

GREAT Saviour, who did'st condescend
 Young children in thine arms to embrace,
 Still prove thyself the infant's friend,
 Baptize them with thy cleansing grace.

2 Whilst in the slippery paths of youth,
 Be thou their guardian and their guide,
 That they, directed by thy truth,
 May never from thy precepts slide.

3 To love thy word their hearts incline,
 To understand it, light impart;
 O Saviour, consecrate them thine,
 Take full possession of their heart.

335

C. M.

Christ's Love to Children.

BEHOLD, what matchless tender love,
 Doth Christ to babes display !
 He bids each parent bring them near,
 Nor turns the least away.

- 2 See how he takes them in his arms,
 With smiles upon his face ;
 And says his kingdom is of such,
 By free and sovereign grace.
- 3 " Forbid them not," whom Jesus calls,
 Nor dare the claim resist,
 Since his own lips to us declare,
 Heaven will of such consist.
- 4 With flowing tears, and thankful hearts
 We give them up to thee ;
 Receive them, Lord, into thine arms,
 Thine may they ever be !

336

C. M.

Jesus Receiving little Children.

BEHOLD what condescending love,
 Jesus on earth displays !
 To babes and sucklings, he extends
 The riches of his grace !

- 2 He still the ancient promise keeps,
 To our forefathers given ;
 Young children in his arms he takes
 And calls them heirs of heaven.
- 3 " Permit them to approach," he cries
 " Nor scorn their humble name ;

- For 'twas to bless such souls as these,
The Lord of angels came."
- 4 We bring them, Lord, with thankful hearts
And yield them up to thee;
Joyful that we ourselves are thine,
Thine, let our offspring be.
- 5 Kindly receive this tender branch,
And form his soul for God;
Baptize him with thy Spirit, Lord,
And wash him in thy blood.
- 6 Thus to the parents and their seed,
Let thy salvation come;
And numerous households meet at last,
In one eternal home.

337

C. M.

Infant Baptism.

- T**HE Saviour, with inviting voice,
Says, "Let your children come:
For them there's love within my breast,
And in my kingdom room."
- 2 Lord, at thy call we bring our babes,
And give them up to thee;
Let angels, and let men, behold,
And all our witness be.
- 3 Now our dear offspring are baptized
According to his word;
As Abra'm his did circumcise,
Obedient to the Lord.
- 4 This water, sprinkled on the child,
Doth a rich emblem show,
Of pouring out the Spirit's grace,
To form the heart anew.

338

C. M.

Baptism is not Regeneration.

THE sacraments are holy signs
 And precious gospel seals ;
 They represent what God designs.
 And what his word reveals.

2 But these are not themselves the grace,
 Which signs and seals set forth ;
 The supper's not the sacrifice.
 Nor water the new birth.

3 The sacraments were never meant
 A substitute for grace ;
 They're not the truths they represent,
 Nor must they take their place.

4 Sinners may publicly profess,
 And signs and seals receive,
 Of what they never did possess,
 Of what they don't believe.

5 Man may baptize, but 'tis the Lord
 Regenerates the heart ;
 None but the Spirit by his word,
 That blessing can impart.

6 Preserve us, Lord, from self-deceit,
 From resting on a sign ;
 Bestow what symbols indicate,
 And give us life divine.

7 Let none who preach the gospel hide
 This solemn truth from men :
 They may with water be baptized.
 Yet not be born again.

339

L. M.

Prayer for a Blessing in Baptism.

COME Holy Ghost, descend from high,
 Baptizer of our spirits, Thou!
 The sacramental seal, apply,
 And witness with the water, now.

- 2 Exert thy energy divine,
 And sprinkle the atoning blood;
 May Father, Son, and Spirit join
 To seal this child, a child of God.

340

C. M.

Children Devoted to God.

THUS saith the mercy of the Lord,
 "I'll be a God to thee;
 I'll bless thy numerous race, and they
 Shall be a seed for me."

- 2 Abra'm believed the promised grace,
 And gave his Son to God;
 But water seals the blessing now,
 That once was sealed with blood.
- 3 Thus Lydia sanctified her house,
 When she received the word;
 Thus the believing jailor gave
 His household to the Lord.
- 4 Thus later saints, eternal King!
 Thine ancient truths embrace:
 To thee their infant offspring bring.
 And humbly claim thy grace.

341

C. M.

The Sacraments.

MY Saviour God, my Sovereign Prince,
 Reigns far above the skies;

- But brings his graces down to sense,
And helps my faith to rise.
- 2 My eyes and ears shall bless his name :
They read and hear his word ;
My touch and taste shall do the same,
When they receive the Lord.
- 3 Baptismal water is designed
To seal his cleansing grace ;
While at his feast of bread and wine
He gives his saints a place ;
- 4 But not the waters of a flood
Can make my flesh so clean ;
As by his Spirit and his blood
He'll wash my soul from sin.
- 5 Not choicest meats, nor noblest wines,
So much my heart refresh ;
As when my faith goes through the signs,
And feeds upon his flesh.
- 6 I love the Lord, that stoops so low,
To give his word a seal :
But the rich grace his hands bestow,
Exceeds the figures still.

342

7s. 6 lines.

Come and Welcome.

FROM the cross uplifted high,
Where the Saviour deigns to die,
What melodious sounds I hear,
Bursting on my ravished ear !
" Love's redeeming work is done,
Come, and welcome, sinner come.

- 2 Sprinkled now with blood, the throne ;—
Why beneath thy burdens groan ?

On my pierced body laid,
Justice owns the ransom paid ;
Bow the knee and kiss the Son,
Come, and welcome, sinner come.

3 Spread for thee, the festal board,
See with richest dainties stored ;
To thy Father's bosom prest,
Yet again a child confest ;
Never from his house to roam,
Come, and welcome, sinner come.

4 Soon the days of life shall end,
Lo ! I come, your Saviour, friend !
Safe your spirits to convey
To the realms of endless day :
Up to my eternal home,
Come, and welcome, sinner come."

343

L. M.

Christian Dedication.

HERE at thy cross, incarnate God,
I lay my soul beneath thy love,
Beneath the droppings of thy blood,
Jesus ! nor shall it e'er remove.

2 Not all that tyrants think or say,
With rage and lightning in their eyes,
Nor hell shall fright my heart away,
Should hell with all its legions rise.

3 Should worlds conspire to drive me thence,
Moveless and firm this heart should lie ;
Resolved, for that's my last defence,
If I must perish, there to die.

4 But speak, my Lord, and calm my fear ;
Am I not safe beneath thy shade ?

Thy vengeance will not strike me here,
Nor Satan dare my soul invade.

- 5 Yes, I'm secure beneath thy blood,
And all my foes shall lose their aim;
Hosanna to my Saviour God,
And my best honours to his name.

344

C. M.

Praise for Redeeming Love.

JESUS, with all thy saints above,
My tongue would bear her part,
Would sound aloud thy saving love,
And sing thy bleeding heart.

- 2 Blest be the Lamb, my dearest Lord,
Who bought me with his blood,
And quenched his Father's flaming sword
In his own vital flood :
- 3 All glory to the dying Lamb,
And never ceasing praise,
While angels live to know his name,
Or saints, to feel his grace.

345

L. M.

Lord's Supper Instituted.

'T WAS on that dark, that doleful night,
When powers of earth and hell arose
Against the Son of God's delight,
And friends betrayed him to his foes.

- 2 Before the mournful scene began,
He took the bread, and blessed, and brake;
What love through all his actions ran!
What wondrous words of grace he spake!

- 3 "This is my body broke for sin ;
 Receive and eat the living food ;"
 Then took the cup and blest the wine ;
 "'Tis the new covenant in my blood."
- 4 "Do this, (he cried) 'till time shall end,
 In memory of your dying friend ;
 Meet at my table, and record
 The love of your departed Lord."
- 5 Jesus! thy feast we celebrate,
 We show thy death, we sing thy name
 'Till thou return, and we shall eat
 The marriage supper of the Lamb.

346

L. M.

Memorial of our Absent Lord.

- J**ESUS is gone above the skies
 Where our weak senses reach him not ;
 And carnal objects court our eyes,
 To thrust our Saviour from our thought.
- 2 He knows what wandering hearts we have :
 Apt to forget his glorious face,
 And to refresh our minds, he gave
 These kind memorials of his grace.
- 3 Let sinful sweets be all forgot,
 And earth grow less in our esteem ;
 Christ and his love fill every thought,
 And faith and hope be fixed on him.
- 4 While he is absent from our sight,
 'Tis to prepare our souls a place,
 That we may dwell in heavenly light,
 And live for ever near his face.

347

C. M.

Covenant sealed with Christ's Blood.

THE promise of my Father's love
 Shall stand for ever good :
 He said, and gave his soul to death,
 And sealed the grace with blood.

2 To this dear covenant of thy word,
 I set my worthless name ;
 I seal the engagement to my Lord,
 And make my humble claim.

3 The light, and strength, and pardoning grace
 And endless bliss be mine ;
 My life and soul, my heart and flesh
 And all my powers are thine.

4 I call that legacy my own,
 Which Jesus did bequeath ;
 'Twas purchased with a dying groan,
 And ratified in death.

5 Sweet is the memory of his name,
 Who blest us in his will,
 And to his testament of love,
 Made his own blood the seal.

348

C. M.

The Heavenly Feast.

HOW sweet and awful is the place
 With Christ within the doors,
 While everlasting love displays
 The choicest of her stores !

2 While all our hearts in this our song
 Join to admire the feast,

Each of us cries with thankful tongue,
 "Lord why was I a guest?"

- 3 "Why was I made to hear thy voice,
 And enter while there's room;
 When thousands make a wretched choice,
 And rather starve than come?"
- 4 'Twas the same love that spread the feast,
 That sweetly forced us in:
 Else we had still refused to taste,
 And perished in our sin.
- 5 Pity the nations, O our God!
 Constrain the earth to come;
 Send thy victorious word abroad,
 And bring the strangers home.
- 6 We long to see thy churches full,
 That all the chosen race
 May, with one voice, and heart, and soul,
 Sing thy redeeming grace.

349

L. M.

Not Ashamed of Christ.

AT thy command, our dearest Lord,
 Here we attend thy dying feast;
 Thy love has spread the sacred board,
 To feed the faith of every guest.

- 2 Our faith adores thy bleeding love,
 And trusts for life in one that died;
 We hope for heavenly crowns above,
 From a Redeemer crucified.
- 3 Let the vain world pronounce it shame,
 And cast contempt upon thy cause
 We glory in our Saviour's name,
 And make our triumphs in his cross.

- 4 With joy we tell the scoffing age,
 He that was dead hath left his tomb;
 He lives above their utmost rage,
 And we are waiting till he come.

350 C. M.

Prayer at the Lord's Table.

TOGETHER with these symbols, Lord,
 Thy blessed self impart;
 And let thy holy flesh and blood
 Feed the believing heart.

- 2 Let us from all our sins be washed
 In thy atoning blood;
 And let thy Spirit be the seal
 That we are born of God.

- 3 Come, Holy Ghost, with Jesus' love
 Prepare us for this feast;
 O let us banquet with our Lord,
 And lean upon his breast.

351 L. M.

Self Examination.

WHAT strange perplexities arise?
 What anxious fears and jealousies?
 What crowds in doubtful light appear?
 How few, alas, approved and clear!

- 2 And what am I?—My soul awake,
 And an impartial survey take;
 Does no dark sign, no ground of fear,
 In practice or in heart appear?
- 3 What image does my spirit bear?
 Is Jesus formed, and living there?
 Say, do his lineaments divine
 In thought, and word, and action shine!

- 4 Searcher of hearts, O search me still ;
 The secrets of my soul reveal ;
 My fears remove ; let me appear
 To God, and my own conscience clear.
- 5 May I consistent with thy word,
 Approach thy table, O my Lord ?
 May I among thy saints appear ?
 Shall I a welcome guest be there ?
- 6 Have I the wedding garment on,
 Or do I naked, stand alone ?
 O ! quicken, clothe, and feed my soul,
 Forgive my sins, and make me whole.

352

7s. 6 lines.

Sacramental Emblems.

BREAD of heaven on thee I feed,
 For thy flesh is meat indeed ;
 Ever may my soul be fed
 With the true and living bread :
 Day by day with strength supplied,
 Through the life of him that died.

- 2 Vine of heaven, thy blood supplies
 This blest cup of sacrifice ;
 'Tis thy wounds my healing give ;
 To thy cross I look and live :
 Thou, my life ! oh let me be
 Rooted, grounded, built on thee.

353

L. M.

The Helpless Sinner.

PITY a helpless sinner, Lord,
 I would believe thy gracious word ;
 But own my heart, with shame and grief,
 A sink of sin and unbelief.

- 2 Lord, in thy house I read there's room,
And venturing hard, behold I come;
But can there, tell me, can there be,
Among thy children room for me?
- 3 I eat the bread, I drink the wine,
But, O, my soul wants more than sign;
I faint, unless I feed on thee,
And drink thy blood, as shed for me.
- 4 For sinners, Lord, thou camest to bleed,
And I'm a sinner, vile indeed!
Lord, I believe thy grace is free;
O magnify that grace in me!

354

C. M.

Remembering Christ.

- A**CCORDING to thy gracious word,
In meek humility,
This will I do, my dying Lord,
I will remember Thee.
- 2 Thy body, broken for my sake,
My bread from heaven shall be;
Thy testamental cup I take,
And thus remember Thee?
- 3 Gethsemane can I forget?
Or there thy conflict see,
Thine agony and bloody sweat,
And not remember Thee?
- 4 When to the cross I turn mine eyes,
And rest on Calvary,
O Lamb of God, my sacrifice!
I must remember Thee:
- 5 Remember Thee and all thy pains,
And all thy love to me;

Yea, while a breath, a pulse remains,
Will I remember Thee.

- 6 And when these failing lips grow dumb,
And mind and memory flee,
When Thou shalt in thy kingdom come,
Jesus, remember me.

355

L. M.

The Lord's Supper Instituted.

'T WAS on that night when doomed to
know

The eager rage of every foe,
That night in which he was betrayed,
The Saviour of the world took bread;

- 2 And, after thanks and glory given
To Him that rules in earth and heaven,
That symbol of his flesh he broke,
And thus to all his followers spoke:

- 3 " My broken body thus I give
For you, for all; take, eat, and live;
And oft the sacred rite renew
That brings my wondrous love to view."

- 4 Then in his hands the cup he raised
And God anew he thanked and praised;
While kindness in his bosom glowed,
And from his lips salvation flowed.

- 5 " My blood I thus pour forth," he cries
" To cleanse the soul in sin that lies;
In this the covenant is sealed,
And heaven's eternal grace revealed.

- 6 With love to man this cup is fraught,
Let all partake the sacred draught;
Through latest ages let it pour
In memory of my dying hour."

356

7s. 4 lines.

Sacramental Meditation.

JESUS, Master, hear me now,
 While I would renew my vow,
 And record thy dying love ;
 Hear, and help me from above.

2 Feed me, Saviour with this bread,
 Broken in thy body's stead ;
 Cheer my spirit with this wine,
 Streaming like that blood of thine.

3 And as now I eat and drink,
 Let me truly, sweetly think
 Thou didst hang upon the tree,
 Broken, bleeding, there—for me.



CHRISTIAN EXPERIENCE.

357

L. M.

Consecration to Christ.

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

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

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

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

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

358

L. M.

Self Dedication to God.

LORD, I am thine, entirely thine,
Purchased and saved by blood divine ;
With full consent thine I would be,
And own thy sovereign right in me.

- 2 Grant one poor sinner more a place,
Among the children of thy grace ;
A wretched sinner, lost to God,
But ransomed by Immanuel's blood.
- 3 Thine would I live, thine would I die,
Be thine through all eternity ;
The vow is past beyond repeal ;
Now will I set the solemn seal.
- 4 Here at that cross where flows the blood
That bought my guilty soul for God ;
Thee, my new Master, now I call,
And consecrate to thee my all.
- 5 Do thou assist a feeble worm,
The great engagement to perform ;
Thy grace can full assistance lend,
And on that grace I dare depend.

359

7s. Double.

Surrendering to Christ.

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,
 O 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.

3 Tell me not of gain or loss,
 Ease, enjoyment, pomp or power ;
 Welcome poverty and cross,
 Shame, reproach, affliction's hour :
 " Follow me ;" I know thy voice ;
 Jesus, Lord, thy steps I see ;
 Now I take thy yoke, by choice—
 Light thy burden now to me.

360

C. M.

Confessing Christ.

DIDST thou, dear Jesus, suffer shame,
 And bear the cross for me ?
 And shall I fear to own thy name,
 Or thy disciple be ?

2 Forbid it, Lord, that I should dread
 To suffer shame or loss ;
 Oh, let me in thy footsteps tread,
 And glory in thy cross.

3 Inspire my soul with life divine,
 And holy courage bold :

- Let knowledge, faith, and meekness shine,
Nor love, nor zeal grow cold.
- 4 Say to my soul, "Why dost thou fear
The face of feeble clay?
Behold thy Saviour ever near,
Will guard thee in the way."
- 5 Oh, how my soul would rise and run,
At this reviving word;
Nor any painful sufferings shun,
To follow thee, my Lord.
- 6 Let sinful men reproach, defame,
And call thee what they will,
If I may glorify thy name,
And be thy servant still.

361

L. M.

Determination.

- A**WAKE 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
That feeds the strength of every saint;
- 3 The mighty God whose matchless power
Is ever new and ever young,
And firm endures, while endless years
Their everlasting circles run.
- 4 From thee, the overflowing spring,
Our souls shall drink a fresh supply;
While such as trust their native strength
Shall melt away, and droop, and die.

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

362

L. M.

Broad and Narrow Ways.

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,
 Shall not inherit with the saints,
 But 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.

363

C. M.

Self Denial.

STRAIT is the way the door is strait
 That leads to joys on high;
 'Tis but a few that find the gate,
 While crowds mistake and die.

- 2 Beloved self must be denied,
 The mind and will renewed,
 Passion suppressed, and patience tried.
 And vain desires subdued.

- 3 Flesh is a dangerous foe to grace,
 Where it prevails and rules ;
 Flesh must be humbled, pride abased,
 Lest they destroy our souls.
- 4 The love of gold be banished hence,
 That vile idolatry,
 And every member, every sense,
 In sweet subjection lie.
- 5 The tongue, that most unruly power,
 Requires a strong restraint ;
 We must be watchful every hour,
 And pray, but never faint.
- 6 Lord, can a feeble helpless worm
 Fulfil a task so hard ?
 Thy grace must all my work perform,
 And give the free reward.

364

L. M.

Renouncing the World.

- I SEND the joys of earth away ;
 Away ye tempters of the mind,
 False as the smooth deceitful sea,
 And empty as the whistling wind.
- 2 Your streams were floating me along,
 Down to the gulf of black despair ;
 And whilst I listened to your song,
 They had almost conveyed me there.
- 3 Lord, I adore thy matchless grace,
 That warned me of that dark abyss,
 That drew me from those treacherous seas,
 And bade me seek superior bliss.
- 4 Now to the shining realms above
 I stretch my hands, and glance my eyes :

O for the pinions of a dove,
To bear me to the upper skies!

- 5 There from the bosom of my God
Oceans of endless pleasure roll;
There would I fix my last abode,
And drown the sorrows of my soul.

365

C. M.

Renunciation of the World.

HOW vain are all things here below!
How false and yet how fair!
Each pleasure has its poison too,
And every sweet a snare.

- 2 The brightest things below the sky
Give but a flattering light;
We should suspect some danger nigh,
Where we possess delight.
- 3 Our dearest joys, and nearest friends,
The partners of our blood,
How they divide our wavering minds,
And leave but half for God.
- 4 The fondness of a creature's love,
How strong it strikes the sense!
Thither the warm affections move,
Nor can we call them thence.
- 5 Dear Saviour! let thy beauties be
My soul's eternal food;
And grace command my heart away
From all created good.

366

S. M.

Believers dead to Sin.

SHALL we go on to sin,
Because thy grace abounds?

Or crucify the Lord again,
And open all his wounds ?

- 2 Forbid it, mighty God!
Nor let it e'er be said,
That we, whose sins are crucified,
Should raise them from the dead.
- 3 We shall be slaves no more,
Since Christ hath made us free ;
Has nailed our tyrants to his cross,
And bought our liberty.

367

L. M.

The Vanity of Creatures.

MAN hath a soul of vast desires,
He burns within with restless fires,
Tossed to and fro, his passions fly
From vanity to vanity.

- 2 In vain on earth we hope to find
Some solid good to fill the mind ;
We try new pleasures, but we feel,
The inward thirst and torment still.
- 3 So, when a raging fever burns,
We shift from side to side by turns ;
And 'tis a poor relief we gain,
To change the place, but keep the pain.
- 4 Great God, subdue this vicious thirst,
This love to vanity and dust ;
Cure the vile fever of the mind,
And feed our souls with joys refined.

368

L. M.

Bearing the Cross.

TAKE up thy cross, the Saviour said,
If thou wouldst my disciple be :

Take up thy cross with willing heart,
And humbly follow after me.

- 2 Take up thy cross, let not its weight
Fill thy weak spirit with alarm,
His strength shall bear thy spirit up,
And brace thy heart, and nerve thy arm.
- 3 Take up thy cross, nor heed the shame,
And let thy foolish pride be still,
Thy Lord refused not e'en to die
Upon a cross on Calvary's hill.
- 4 Take up thy cross then, in His strength,
And calmly sin's wild deluge brave;
'Twill guide thee to a better home;
It points to glory o'er the grave.
- 5 Take up thy cross, and follow me,
Nor think till death to lay it down;
For only he who bears the cross
May hope to wear the glorious crown.

369

L. M.

Crucifixion by the Cross.

WHEN I survey the wondrous cross,
On which the Prince of glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride.

- 2 Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
Save in the death of Christ my God;
All the vain things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them to his blood.
- 3 See from his head, his hands, his feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down!
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

- 4 His dying crimson, like a robe,
Spreads o'er his body on the tree;
Then am I dead to all the globe,
And all the globe is dead to me.
- 5 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.

370

7s. 4 lines.

An Anxious Inquiry.

- T**IS a point I long to know,
Oft it causes anxious thought;
Do I love the Lord, or no?
Am I his, or am I not?
- 2 If I love why am I thus?
Why this dull and lifeless frame?
Hardly, sure, can they be worse,
Who have never heard his name!
- 3 Could my heart so hard remain,
Prayer a task and burden prove;
Every trifle give me pain,
If I knew a Saviour's love?
- 4 When I turn my eyes within,
All is dark, and vain, and wild;
Filled with unbelief and sin,
Can I deem myself a child?
- 5 If I pray, or hear, or read,
Sin is mixed with all I do;
You who love the Lord indeed,
Tell me—is it thus with you?
- 6 Yet I mourn my stubborn will,
Find my sin a grief and thrall;

Should I grieve for what I feel,
If I did not love at all ?

7 Could I joy his saints to meet,
Choose the ways I once abhorred,
Find at times the promise sweet,
If I did not love the Lord ?

8 Lord decide the doubtful case !
Thou who art the people's Sun :
Shine upon thy work of grace,
If it be indeed begun.

9 Let me love thee more and more,
If I love at all, I pray ;
If I have not loved before,
Help me to begin to-day.

371

11s.

An Anxious Inquiry.

LET me think of that evening, the saddest,
the last,
In the Saviour's mysterious sojourn below,
When he sat with the twelve at their mourn-
ful repast,
And mingled his tears in the cup of their
woe.

2 Why falls the reproof on these sheep of his
hand ?
In this hour of distress, can a traitor be
nigh ?

Why breaks from the lips of this desolate band
The sorrowful question, " Lord, is it I ? "

3 If a traitor was found 'midst the privileged
few
If its own hidden treason each heart could
desery ;

Let my poor startled conscience each moment
renew

The anxious inquiry, "Lord, is it I?"

- 4 O thou searcher of hearts, whose mystical line
Can fathom a breast too deceitful for me,
Try all the recesses and windings of mine,
And help me to cast all its sorrows on thee!

372

7s.

Wrestling in Prayer.

LORD, I cannot let thee go,
Till a blessing thou bestow :
Do not turn away thy face,
Mine's an urgent, pressing case.

- 2 Dost thou ask me who I am ?
Ah! my Lord, thou knowest my name ;
Yet the question gives a plea,
To support my suit with thee.
- 3 Thou didst once a wretch behold,
In rebellion blindly bold,
Scorn thy grace, thy power defy :
That poor rebel, Lord was I.
- 4 Once a sinner near despair,
Sought thy mercy-seat by prayer ;
Mercy heard, and set him free ;
Lord, that mercy came to me.
- 5 Many days have passed since then,
Many changes I have scen ;
Yet have been upheld till now ;
Who could hold me up but thou ?
- 6 Thou hast helped in every need ;
This emboldens me to plead ;
After so much mercy past,
Canst thou let me sink at last ?

- 7 No, I must maintain my hold,
 'Tis thy goodness makes me bold;
 I can no denial take,
 When I plead for Jesus' sake.

373

C. M.

Watchfulness and Prayer.

- A** LAS! what hourly dangers rise!
 What snares beset my way!
 To heaven I fain would lift my eyes,
 And hourly watch and pray.
- 2 How oft my mournful thoughts complain,
 And melt in flowing tears!
 Striving against my foes in vain,
 I sink amid my fears.
- 3 O gracious God, in whom I live,
 My feeble efforts aid:
 Help me to watch, and pray, and strive,
 Nor let me be dismayed.
- 4 Do thou increase my faith and hope,
 When fears and foes prevail;
 And bear my fainting spirit up,
 Or soon my strength will fail.
- 5 Oh keep me in thy heavenly way,
 And bid the tempter flee;
 And never, never let me stray
 From happiness and thee.

374

L. M.

Prayer for Deliverance Answered.

IN thine own ways, O God of love,
 We wait the visits of thy grace!
 Our soul's desire is to thy name,
 And the remembrance of thy face.

- 2 Our thoughts are searching, Lord, for thee :
Mid the black shades of lonesome night ;
Our earnest cries salute the skies,
Before the dawn restores the light.
- 3 Look, how rebellious men deride
The tender patience of our God :
But they shall see thy lifted hand,
And feel the scourges of thy rod.
- 4 Hark ! the eternal rends the sky,
A mighty voice before him goes,
A voice of music to his friends,
Of threatening thunder to his foes.
- 5 " Come, children, to your Father's arms,
Hide in the chambers of my grace,
Till the fierce storms be overblown,
And my revenging fury cease.
- 6 " My sword shall boast its thousands slain,
And drink the blood of haughty kings,
While heavenly peace around my flock
Stretches its soft and shady wings."

375

L. M.

Prayer for the Divine Presence.

- O** THOU, to whose all-searching sight,
The darkness shineth as the light ;
Search, prove my heart, it pants for thee ;
O burst those bonds, and set it free !
- 2 If in this darksome wild I stray,
Be thou my Light, be thou my Way ;
No foes, nor violence I fear,
Nor fraud, while thou, my God, art near.
- 3 When rising floods my soul o'erflow,
When sinks my heart in waves of wo ;

Jesus, thy timely aid impart,
And raise my head, and cheer my heart.

- 4 Saviour, where'er thy steps I see,
Dauntless, untired, I follow thee :
O let thy hand support me still,
And lead me to thy holy hill !
- 5 If rough and thorny be the way,
My strength proportion to my day ;
Till toil and grief and pain shall cease,
Where all is calm, and joy, and peace.

376

C. M.

Prayer for the Divine Presence.

PERMIT me, Lord, to seek thy face,
Obedient to thy call ;
To seek the presence of thy grace,
My strength, my life, my all.

- 2 All I can wish is thine to give :
My God, I ask thy love,
That greatest bliss I can receive,
That bliss of heaven above.
- 3 To heaven my restless heart aspires ;
O for a quickening ray,
To wake and warm my faint desires,
And cheer the tiresome way !
- 4 The path to thy divine abode,
Through a wild desert lies ;
A thousand snares beset the road,
A thousand terrors rise.
- 5 Satan and sin unite their art
To keep me from my Lord ;
Dear Saviour, guard my trembling heart,
And guide me by thy word.

- 6 My guardian, my almighty friend,
 On thee my soul would rest ;
 On thee alone my hopes depend,
 Be near, and I am blest.

377

L. M.

Hinderances to Prayer.

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

378

C. M.

Prayer for Stronger Faith.

- G**RANT, Lord, I may delight in thee,
 And on thy care depend ;
 To thee in every trouble flee,
 My best, my only Friend.

- 2 No good in creatures can be found,
 But all is found in thee ;
 I must be blessed and abound,
 While thou art God to me.
- 3 O, that I had a stronger faith,
 To look within the veil,
 To credit what my Saviour saith,
 Whose words can never fail !
- 4 O Lord, I cast my care on thee,
 I triumph and adore ;
 Henceforth my great concern shall be,
 To love and please thee more.

379

L. M.

Prayer for Quickening Grace.

- O** SUN of Righteousness divine,
 On us with beams of mercy shine ;
 Chase the dark clouds of guilt away,
 And turn our darkness into day.
- 2 While mourning o'er our guilt and shame ;
 And asking mercy in thy name,
 Dear Saviour, cleanse us with thy blood,
 And be our advocate with God.
- 3 Sustain, when sinking in distress,
 And guide us through this wilderness ;
 Teach our low thoughts from earth to rise,
 And lead us onward to the skies.

380

L. M.

Wrestling for a Gracious Visitation.

- W**HILE filled with sadness and dismay
 To see the work of God decline,
 Methought I heard the Saviour say
 "Dismiss thy fear, the ark is mine.

- 2 "Though for a time I hid my face,
Rely upon my love and power ;
Still wrestle at the throne of grace,
And wait for a reviving hour.
- 3 "Take down thy long neglected harp,
I've seen thy tears, and heard thy prayer ;
The winter season has been sharp,
But spring shall all its wastes repair."
- 4 Lord, I obey ; my hopes revive :
Come join with me, ye saints, and sing ;
Our foes in vain against us strive,
For God will help and triumph bring.

381

L. M.

Encouragement in Prayer.

WHERE is my God ? does he retire
Beyond the reach of humble sighs ?
Are these weak breathings of desire,
Too languid to ascend the skies ?

- 2 No, Lord ! my breathings of desire,
My weak petitions, if sincere,
Are not forbidden to aspire,
But reach to thy all-gracious ear.
- 3 Look up, my soul, with cheerful eye,
See where the great Redeemer stands :
The glorious Advocate on high,
With precious incense in his hands.
- 4 He smiles on every humble groan,
He recommends each broken prayer ;
Recline thy hope on him alone,
Whose power and love forbid despair.
- 5 Teach my weak heart, O gracious Lord,
With stronger faith to call thee mine ;

Bid me pronounce the blissful word,
My Father, God, with joy divine.

382

H. M.

Invoking the Presence of Christ.

COME, my Redeemer, come,
And deign to dwell with me;
Come, and thy right assume,
And bid thy rivals flee:
Come, my Redeemer, quickly come,
And make my heart thy lasting home.

2 Exert thy mighty power,
And banish all my sin;
In this auspicious hour
Bring all thy graces in:
Come, my Redeemer, quickly come,
And make my heart thy lasting home.

3 Rule thou in every thought
And passion of my soul,
Till all my powers are brought
Beneath thy full control:
Come, my Redeemer, quickly come,
And make my heart thy lasting home.

4 Then shall my days be thine,
And all my heart be love,
And joy and peace be mine,
Such as are known above:
Come, my Redeemer, quickly come,
And make my heart thy lasting home.

383

C. M.

Nature of Prayer.

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.
- 3 Prayer is the simplest form of speech
That infant lips can try;
Prayer the sublimest strains that reach
The majesty on high.
- 4 Prayer is the Christian's vital breath,
The Christian's native air,
His watchword at the gate of death—
He enters heaven with prayer.
- 5 Prayer is the contrite sinner's voice
Returning from his ways,
While angels in their songs rejoice,
And say—"Behold he prays."

384

L. M.

Constancy in Prayer.

- P**RAYER was appointed to convey
The blessings God designs to give;
Long as they live, should Christians pray,
For only while they pray, they live.
- 2 The Christian's heart his prayer indites,
He speaks as prompted from within:
The Spirit his petition writes,
And Christ receives and gives it in.
- 3 If pains afflict, or wrongs oppress,
If cares distract, or fears dismay;
If guilt deject, if sin distress,
The remedy's before thee—pray.

- 4 'Tis prayer supports the soul that's weak,
 Though thought be broken, language lame;
 Pray, if thou canst, or canst not speak,
 But pray with faith in Jesus' name.

385

S. M.

Watch and Pray.

- M**Y soul, be on thy guard,
 Ten thousand foes arise;
 And hosts of sins are pressing hard,
 To draw thee from the skies.
- 2 Oh watch, and fight, and pray,
 The battle ne'er give o'er;
 Renew it boldly every day,
 And help divine implore.
- 3 Ne'er think the victory won,
 Nor once at ease sit down;
 Thy arduous work will not be done,
 'Till thou hast got thy crown.
- 4 Fight on my soul, till death
 Shall bring thee to thy God;
 He'll take thee, at thy parting breath,
 Up to his blest abode.

386

L. M.

Prayer for Daily Bread.

- M**OST gracious Father, God of all,
 To thee we come, on thee we call;
 By whom both man and beast are fed,
 "Give us this day our daily bread."
- 2 All our supplies on thee depend,
 Whate'er we want, in mercy send;
 Thou art the glorious Fountain-head,
 "Give us this day our daily bread."

- 3 Nothing, O Lord do we deserve,
The thought of merit we would dread,
'Tis as an alms alone we crave ;
"Give us this day our daily bread."
- 4 Forgiving grace, do thou impart,
To cheer and sanctify each heart ;
May we in death join with our head,
And feed on Christ our living bread."

387

L. M.

Prayer for Protection.

THROUGH all the various shifting scene
Of life's mistaken ill or good ;
Thy hand, O God, conducts unseen
The beautiful vicissitude.

- 2 Thou givest with paternal care,
Howe'er unjustly we complain,
To each their necessary share
Of joy and sorrow, health and pain.
- 3 Trust we to youth, or friends or power,
Fix we on this terrestrial ball ?
When most secure, the coming hour,
If thou see fit, may blast them all.
- 4 When lowest sunk with grief and shame,
Filled with affliction's bitter cup,
Lost to relations, friends and fame,
Thy powerful hand can raise us up.
- 5 Thy powerful consolations cheer ;
Thy smiles suppress the deep-fetched sigh ;
Thy hand can dry the trickling tear,
That secret wets the orphan's eye.
- 6 Thus far sustained, and clothed and fed,
Through life's tumultuous scenes we've come ;

Give us this day our daily bread,
And lead, and bring us safely home.

388

7s. 4 lines.

Encouragement to Prayer.

COME, my soul, thy suit prepare,
Jesus loves to answer prayer;
He himself has bid thee pray,
Therefore will not say thee nay.

- 2 Thou art coming to a King,
Large petitions with thee bring;
For his grace and power are such,
None can ever ask too much.
- 3 With my burden I begin,
Lord remove this load of sin!
Let thy blood, for sinners spilt,
Set my conscience free from guilt.
- 4 Lord! I come to thee for rest,
Take possession of my breast;
There thy blood-bought right maintain,
And without a rival reign.
- 5 As the image in the glass
Answers the beholder's face;
Thus unto my heart appear,
Print thine own resemblance there.
- 6 While I am a pilgrim here,
Let thy love my spirit cheer;
As my guide, my guard, my Friend,
Lead me to my journey's end.
- 7 Show me what I have to do,
Every hour my strength renew;
Let me live a life of faith,
Let me die thy people's death.

389

L. M.

Watchfulness and Prayer.

OUR Saviour's words are, "Watch and pray;"

Lord, make us willing to obey,

Able thy counsel to fulfil;

From thee must come both power and will.

- 2 The wisdom from above impart,
To keep our hand, our tongue, our heart,
In thought, word, deed—that so we may
Pray, while we watch; watch, while we pray.
- 3 Lest while we watch, and fear no snare,
We fall into neglect of prayer;
Or, while we pray, and watch not, sin
Creep, like a subtle serpent, in.
- 4 When, by an evil world beset,
Allurements smile, or dangers threat,
Well let us watch our Master's eye,
To pray for faith to fight or fly.
- 5 Our strength be his Omnipotence;
His truth our sole and sure defence;
His grace can help the feeblest saint
To watch and pray, and never faint.
- 6 For he who hath commanded thus,
Oft watched and prayed on earth for us,
And still, with interceding love,
Watches and prays for us above.

390

S. M.

The Importunate Widow.

OUR Lord, who knows full well
The heart of every saint;

- Invites us by a parable,
To pray and never faint.
- 2 He bows his gracious ear,
We never plead in vain;
Yet we must wait till he appear,
And pray, and pray again.
- 3 Though unbelief suggest,
Why should we longer wait?
He bids us never give him rest,
But be importunate.
- 4 'Twas thus a widow poor,
Without support or friend,
Beset the unjust judge's door,
And gained at last, her end.
- 5 For her he little cared,
As little for the laws;
Nor God, nor man did he regard,
Yet he espoused her cause.
- 6 She urged him day and night,
Would no denial take;
At length he said, "I'll do her right,
For my own quiet sake."
- 7 And shall not Jesus hear
His chosen when they cry?
Yes, though he may a while forbear,
He'll help them from on high.
- 8 His nature, truth, and love,
Engage him on their side;
When they are grieved, his bowels move,
And can they be denied?
- 9 Then let us earnest be,
And never faint in prayer,
He loves our importunity,
And makes our cause his care.

391

C. M.

The Lord's Prayer.

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

- 2 For ever hallowed be thy Name,
By all beneath the skies;
And let thy kingdom still advance,
Till grace to glory rise.
- 3 A grateful homage let us yield,
With hearts resigned to Thee;
And as in heaven thy will is done,
On earth so let it be!
- 4 From day to day we humbly own
The hand that feeds us still:
Give us our bread, and teach to rest
Contented in thy will.
- 5 Our sins before Thee we confess:
Oh may they be forgiven!
As we to others mercy show,
We mercy beg from heaven.
- 6 Still let thy grace our lives direct,
From evil guard our way;
And in temptation's fatal path
Permit us not to stray.
- 7 For thine the power, the kingdom thine,
All glory's due to Thee;
Thine from eternity they were,
And thine shall ever be.

392

8s.

Lord's Prayer.

OUR Father, our Father in heaven,
 Be hallowed thy glorious name,
 To thee let the kingdom be given,
 Thy will we acknowledge supreme.

2 We would by thy bounty be fed,
 By infinite mercy forgiven,
 Nor into temptation be led,
 Nor into sad evils be driven.

3 For thine is the kingdom, O Lord,
 The power and glory are thine,
 Be for ever and ever adored,
 On earth as in heaven divine.

393

12s.

Seamen's Prayer in Danger.

WHEN through the torn sail the wild
 tempest is streaming,
 When o'er the dark wave the red lightning
 is gleaming,
 Nor hope lends a ray, the poor seaman to
 cherish,
 We fly to our Maker! "Save, Lord! or we
 perish."

2 O Jesus! once rocked on the breast of the
 billow,
 Aroused by the shriek of despair from thy
 pillow,
 Now seated in glory, the mariner cherish,
 Who cries in his anguish, "Save, Lord! or
 we perish."

- 3 And, O! when the whirlwind of passion is
 raging,
 When sin in our hearts his wild warfare is
 waging,
 Then send down thy grace, thy redeemed to
 cherish,
 Rebuke the destroyer; "Save, Lord! or we
 perish."

394

8s, 6s.

Watchfulness.

- L**IFE is a sea, how fair its face;
 How smooth its dimpling waters pace,
 Its canopy how pure!
 But rocks below, and tempests sleep,
 Insidious, o'er the glassy deep,
 Nor leave an hour secure.
- 2 Life is a wilderness, beset
 With tangling thorns, and treacherous net,
 And prowled by beasts of prey;
 One path alone conducts aright,
 One narrow path with little light;
 A thousand lead astray.
- 3 Life is a warfare, and alike
 Prepared to parley, or to strike,
 The practised foe draw nigh.
 O, hold no truce! less dangerous far
 To stand, and all his phalanx dare,
 Than trust his specious lie.
- 4 Whate'er its form, whate'er its flow,
 While life is lent to man below,
 One duty stands confessed,
 To watch incessant, firm of mind,
 And watch where'er the post assigned,
 And leave to God the rest.

- 5 'Twas while they watched, the shepherd
swains
Heard angels strike to angel strains
The songs of heavenly love:
Blest harmony! that far excels
All music else on earth that dwells,
Or e'er was tuned above.
- 6 'Twas while they watched, the sages traced
The star that every star effaced
With new and nobler shine:
They followed, and it led the way
To where the infant Saviour lay,
And gave them light divine.
- 7 'Twas while they watched, with lamp in hand,
And oil well stored, the virgin band
The bridal pomp descried;
They joined it, and the heavenly gate,
That oped to them its glorious state,
Was closed on all beside.
- 8 Watch! watch and pray! in suffering hour
Thus He exclaimed who felt its power,
And triumphed in the strife;
Victor of death! thy voice I hear:
Fain would I watch with holy fear,
Would watch and pray through life's career
And only cease with life.

395

L. M.

Conformity to Christ.

JESUS, my Saviour, let me be
More perfectly conformed to thee;
Implant each grace, each sin dethrone,
And form my temper like thine own.

- 2 My foe, when hungry, let me feed,
Share in his grief, supply his need;
The haughty frown may I not fear,
But with a lowly meekness bear.
- 3 To others let me always give,
What I from others would receive;
Good deeds for evil ones return,
Nor when provoked, with anger burn.
- 4 This will proclaim how bright and fair
The precepts of the gospel are;
And God himself, the God of love,
His own resemblance will approve.

396

L. M.

Hope in God.

THE God of my salvation lives;
My nobler life he will sustain;
His word immortal vigour gives,
Nor shall my glorious hopes be vain.

- 2 Thy presence, Lord, can cheer my heart
Though every earthly comfort die;
Thy smile can bid my pains depart,
And raise my sacred pleasures high.
- 3 O, let me hear thy blissful voice,
Inspiring life and joy divine!
The barren desert shall rejoice;
'Tis paradise, if thou art mine!

397

L. M.

Delights of Christian Love.

OF all the joys we mortals know,
Jesus, thy love exceeds the rest;
Love the best blessings here below,
The nearest image of the blest.

- 2 While we are held in thine embrace,
 'There's not a thought attempts to rove :
 Each smile upon thy beauteous face
 Fixes, and charms, and fires our love.
- 3 While of thy absence we complain,
 And long, or weep in all we do,
 There's a strange pleasure in the pain ;
 And tears have their own sweetness too.
- 4 When round the courts by day we rove,
 Or ask the watchman of the night
 For some kind tidings of our love,
 Thy very name creates delight.
- 5 Jesus, our God, yet rather come !
 Our eyes would dwell upon thy face :
 'Tis best to see our Lord at home,
 And feel the presence of his grace.

398

8s, 7s.

Prayer for the Graces of the Spirit.

LOVE divine, all love excelling,
 Joy of heaven, to earth come down !
 Fix in us thy humble dwelling.

All thy faithful mercies crown ;
 Jesus ! thou art all compassion,
 Pure, unbounded love thou art ;
 Visit us with thy salvation,
 Enter every longing heart !

- 2 Breathe, O breathe thy loving Spirit,
 Into every troubled breast !
 Let us all in thee inherit,
 Let us find thy promised rest :
 Take away the love of sinning,
 Alpha and Omega be,
 End of faith, as its beginning,
 Set our hearts at liberty.

- 3 Come, almighty to deliver,
 Let us now thy life receive !
 Suddenly return, and never,
 Never more thy temples leave !
 Thee we would be always blessing,
 Serve thee as thine hosts above ;
 Pray, and praise thee without ceasing,
 Glory in thy precious love.
- 4 Finish then thy new creation,
 Pure, unspotted 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.

399

10s & 11s.

The Triumph of Faith.

BEGONE unbelief!
 My Saviour is near,
 And for my relief,
 Will surely appear :

By prayer let me wrestle, and he will perform ;
 With Christ in the vessel, I smile at the storm.

- 2 Though dark be my way,
 Since he is my guide,
 'Tis mine to obey,
 'Tis his to provide :
 Though cisterns be broken, and creatures all
 fail,
 The word he has spoken shall surely prevail.
- 3 His love, in time past,
 Forbids me to think
 He'll leave me at last,
 In trouble to sink ;

Each sweet Ebenezer, I have in review,
 Confirms his good pleasure to help me quite
 through.

- 4 Why should I complain
 Of want and distress,
 Temptation or pain?
 He told me no less.

The heirs of salvation, I know from his word,
 Through much tribulation must follow their
 Lord.

- 5 Since all that I meet
 Shall work for my good,
 The bitter is sweet,
 The medicine food:
 Though painful at present, 'twill cease before
 long,
 And then, O how pleasant the conqueror's
 song!

400

L. M.

Humility.

THUS saith the high and lofty One,
 "I sit upon my holy throne;
 My name is God; I dwell on high;
 Dwell in my own eternity.

- 2 "But I descend to worlds below;
 On earth I have a mansion too;
 The humble spirit and contrite
 Is an abode of my delight.
- 3 "The humble soul my words revive,
 I bid the mourning sinner live:
 Heal all the broken hearts I find,
 And ease the sorrows of the mind.

- 4 "When I contend against their sin,
I make them know how vile they've been ;
But should my wrath for ever smoke,
Their souls would sink beneath my stroke."
- 5 O may thy pardoning grace be nigh,
Lest we should faint, despair, and die!
Thus shall our better thoughts approve
The methods of thy chastening love.

401

C. M.

Love to Christ.

- M**Y God! thou hast my purest love,
Though not from fear of hell ;
Nor for the hopes of bliss above,
Where haters cannot dwell.
- 2 For me, my Jesus ! thou didst groan,
While scoffs, and nails, and spear
And countless pangs, Jehovah's frown
Brought darkness and despair.
- 3 For me, a rebel to my God,
Thy bloody sweat did roll,
And anguish, like a swelling flood,
O'erwhelmed thy patient soul.
- 4 For me didst thou resign thy breath,
And when upon the cross,
Embraced me, rescued by thy death
From an eternal loss.
- 5 And can such sufferings fail to move
My dearest Lord, my heart ?
Shall not my bosom flame with love
To thee, for what thou art ?
- 6 Such as then was thy love to me
When Calvary saw thee die ;

Such is, and shall be mine to thee
My King! my God most High!

402

8s. Double.

Chief Object of a Believer's Love.

HOW tedious and tasteless the hours,
When Jesus no longer I see;
Sweet prospects, sweet birds, and sweet flow-
ers,

Have lost all their sweetness with me;
The mid-summer sun shines but dim,
The fields strive in vain to look gay;
But when I am happy in him,
December's as pleasant as May.

2 His name yields the richest perfume,
And sweeter than music his voice;
His presence disperses my gloom,
And makes all within me rejoice:
I should were he always thus nigh,
Have nothing to wish or to fear;
No mortal so happy as I,
My summer would last all the year.

3 Content with beholding his face,
My all to his pleasure resigned;
No changes of season or place,
Would make any change in my mind;
While blessed with a sense of his love,
A palace a toy would appear;
And prisons would palaces prove,
If Jesus would dwell with me there.

4 Dear Lord, if indeed I am thine,
If thou art my sun and my song;
Say, why do I languish and pine,
And why are my winters so long?

O drive these dark clouds from my sky,
 Thy soul-cheering presence restore ;
 Or take me unto thee on high,
 Where winter and clouds are no more.

403

C. M.

Love to Christ.

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

- 2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,
 And calms the troubled breast ;
 'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
 And to the weary rest.
- 3 Dear Name ! the rock on which I build,
 My shield and hiding place ;
 My never failing treasury, filled
 With boundless stores of grace.
- 4 Jesus ! my Shepherd, Husband, Friend,
 My Prophet, Priest, and King ;
 My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End,
 Accept the praise I bring.
- 5 Weak is the effort of my heart,
 And cold my warmest thought ;
 But when I see thee as thou art,
 I'll praise thee as I ought.
- 6 Till then I would thy love proclaim
 With every fleeting breath ;
 And may the music of thy name
 Refresh my soul in death.

404

L. M.

The Beatitudes.

BLEST are the humble souls that see
Their emptiness and poverty;
Treasures of grace to them are given,
And crowns of joy laid up in heaven.

- 2 Blest are the men of broken heart,
Who mourn for sin with inward smart;
The blood of Christ divinely flows,
A healing balm for all their wocs.
- 3 Blest are the meek who stand afar
From rage, and passion, noise and war;
God will secure their happy state,
And plead their cause against the great.
- 4 Blest are the souls that thirst for grace,
Hunger and long for righteousness;
They shall be well supplied and fed
With living streams and living bread.
- 5 Blest are the men whose bowels move,
And melt with sympathy and love;
From Christ the Lord shall they obtain
Like sympathy and love again.
- 6 Blest are the pure, whose hearts are clean,
From the defiling power of sin;
With endless pleasure they shall see
A God of spotless purity.
- 7 Blest are the men of peaceful life,
Who quench the coals of growing strife;
They shall be called the heirs of bliss,
The sons of God, the God of peace.

- 8 Blest are the sufferers, who partake
Of pain and shame for Jesus' sake,
Their souls shall triumph in the Lord,
Glory and joy are their reward.

405

C. M.

Confidence in Christ.

- I**'M not ashamed to own my Lord,
Nor to defend his cause,
Maintain the honour 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.

406

S. M.

Love to an Unseen Saviour.

- N**OT with our mortal eyes
Have we beheld the Lord;
Yet we rejoice to hear his name,
And love him in his word.
- 2 On earth we want the sight
Of our Redeemer's face,
Yet, Lord, our inmost thoughts delight
To dwell upon thy grace.

- 3 And when we taste thy love,
 Our joys divinely grow,
 Unspeakable, like those above,
 And heaven begins below.

407

C. M.

Christian Love.

HAPPY the heart where graces reign,
 Where love inspires the breast;
 Love is the brightest of the train,
 And strengthens all the rest.

- 2 'Tis love that makes our cheerful feet
 In swift obedience move;
 The devils know and tremble too;
 But devils cannot love.

- 3 This is the grace that lives and sings,
 When faith and hope shall cease;
 'Tis this shall strike our joyful strings
 In the sweet realms of bliss.

- 4 Before we quite forsake our clay,
 Or leave this dark abode,
 The wings of love bear us away,
 To see our smiling God.

408

L. M.

Christian Consistency.

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 honours of our Saviour God:
 When his salvation reigns within,
 And grace subdues the power of sin.

- 3 Our flesh and sense must be denied,
 Passion and envy, lust and pride;
 While justice, temperance, truth, and love,
 Our inward piety approve.
- 4 Religion bears our spirits up,
 While we expect that blessed hope,
 The bright appearance of the Lord,
 And faith stands leaning on his word.

409

L. M.

Love Essential to Religion.

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.

410

C. M.

Sincerity in Worship.

GOD is a Spirit, just and wise,
 He sees our inmost mind;

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

411

C. M.

Christian Characteristics.

- G**RACE, like an uncorrupted seed,
Abides and reigns within :
Immortal principles forbid
The sons of God to sin.
- 2 They find access at every hour
To God within the veil ;
Hence they derive a quickening power,
And joys that never fail.
- 3 O happy souls ! O glorious state
Of overflowing grace ;
To dwell so near their Father's seat,
And see his lovely face.
- 4 Lord, I address thy heavenly throne ;
Call me a child of thine ;
Send down the Spirit of thy Son
To form my heart divine.

- 5 There shed thy choicest love abroad,
 And make my comforts strong :
 Then shall I say, " My Father, God,"
 With an unwavering tongue.

412 C. M.

Confidence in the Promises.

OUR God! how firm his promise stands!
 E'en when he hides his face,
 He trusts in our Redeemer's hands
 His glory and his grace.

- 2 Then why, my soul, these sad complaints,
 Since Christ and we are one?
 Thy God is faithful to his saints,
 Is faithful to his Son.
- 3 Beneath his smiles my heart has lived,
 And part of heaven possessed ;
 I praise his name for grace received,
 And trust him for the rest.

413 C. M.

Joyful Confidence and Hope.

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 bright 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,
 To embrace my dearest Lord.
- 5 Fearless of hell and ghastly death,
 I'd break through every foe;
 The wings of love and arms of faith,
 Should bear me conqueror through.

414

C. M.

Rejoicing in Christ.

- F**ROM thee, my God, my joy shall rise,
 And run eternal rounds,
 Beyond the limits of the skies,
 And all created bounds.
- 2 The holy triumphs of my soul,
 Shall death itself outbrave;
 Leave dull mortality behind,
 And fly beyond the grave.
- 3 There, where my blest Redeemer reigns,
 In heaven's unmeasured space,
 I'll spend a long eternity
 In pleasure and in praise.
- 4 Dear Saviour! every smile of thine
 Shall fresh endearments bring;
 And new delights and constant joys
 Shall from thy presence spring.

415

C. M.

Christian Trust.

O THOU, my light, my life, my joy,
 My glory, and my all;
 Unsent by thee, no good can come,
 Nor evil can befall.

- 2 Such are thy schemes of providence,
 And methods of thy grace,
 That I may safely trust in thee,
 Through all the wilderness.
- 3 'Tis thine outstretched and powerful arm
 Upholds me in the way;
 And thy rich bounty well supplies
 The wants of every day.
- 4 For such compassions, O my God!
 Ten thousand thanks are due;
 For such compassions, I esteem
 Ten thousand thanks too few.

416

C. M.

Access to God by Christ.

COME, let us lift our joyful eyes
 Up to the courts above,
 And smile to see our Father there,
 Upon a throne of love.

- 2 Once 'twas a seat of dreadful wrath,
 And shot devouring flame:
 Our God appeared consuming fire,
 And Vengeance was his name.
- 3 Rich were the drops of Jesus' blood
 That calmed his frowning face,
 That sprinkled o'er the burning throne,
 And turned the wrath to grace.
- 4 Now we may bow before his feet,
 And venture near the Lord!
 No fiery cherub guards his seat,
 Nor double flaming sword.
- 5 The peaceful gates of heavenly bliss,
 Are opened by the Son;

High let us raise our notes of praise,
And reach the eternal throne.

- 6 To thee ten thousand thanks we bring,
Great Advocate on high ;
And glory to the Almighty King,
That lays his fury by.

417

L. M.

Evidences of Grace.

SURE the blest Comforter is nigh,
'Tis he sustains my fainting heart ;
Else would my hope for ever die,
And every cheering ray depart.

- 2 When some kind promise cheers my soul,
Do I not find his healing voice,
The tempest of my fears control,
And bid my drooping powers rejoice ?
- 3 Whene'er to call the Saviour mine,
With ardent wish my heart aspires ;
Can it be less than power divine,
Which animates these strong desires.
- 4 What less than thine almighty word,
Can raise my heart from earth and dust,
And bid me cleave to thee, my Lord,
My life, my treasure, and my trust ?
- 5 And when my cheerful hope can say
I love my God, and taste his grace,
Lord, is it not thy blissful ray,
Which brings this dawn of sacred peace ?
- 6 Let thy kind Spirit in my heart,
For ever dwell, O God of love,
And light, and heavenly peace impart,
Sweet earnest of the joys above.

418

L. M.

Glorying in Christ.

JESUS! and shall it ever be
A mortal man ashamed of thee?
Ashamed of thee, whom angels praise,
Whose glories shine through 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! bid 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! empty pride
I'll boast a Saviour crucified
And O, may this my glory be,
That Christ is not ashamed of me!

419

L. M.

The true Glory of the Christian.

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

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

- 3 No more, ye wise, your wisdom boast,
 No more, ye strong, your valour trust;
 No more, ye rich, survey your store,
 Elate with heaps of shining ore.
- 4 Glory, ye saints, in this alone,
 That God, your God, to you is known;
 That you have owned his sovereign sway,
 That you have felt his cheering ray.
- 5 Our wisdom, wealth, and power we find,
 In our Jehovah all combined;
 On him we fix our roving eyes,
 And all our souls in raptures rise.
- 6 All else, which we our treasure call,
 May in one fatal moment fall;
 But what their happiness can move,
 Whom God, the blessed, deigns to love?

420

C. M.

Christians Drawn with Cords of Love.

- M**Y God, what gentle cords are thine!
 How soft, and yet how strong!
 While power, and truth, and love combine,
 To draw our souls along.
- 2 Thou sawest us crushed beneath the yoke
 Of Satan and of sin;
 Thy hand the iron bondage broke,
 Our worthless hearts to win.
- 3 The guilt of twice ten thousand sins
 One offering takes away;
 And grace, when first the war begins,
 Secures the crowning day.
- 4 Comfort through all this vale of tears,
 In rich profusion flows,

And glory of unnumbered years
Eternity bestows.

- 5 Drawn by such cords, we onward move,
Till round thy throne we meet;
And captives in the chains of love,
Embrace our Conqueror's feet.

421

L. M.

Glorying in the Redeemer.

FAREWELL, ye transitory things,
The wealth of kingdoms and of kings;
A nobler object far than you,
Appears to my enraptured view.

- 2 Jesus ! in whom all glories meet,
Holy and just, and good and great
Ever compassionate and kind,
My Saviour, Advocate, and Friend.
- 3 His blood redeemed my guilty soul,
On him I all my burdens roll ;
From him I seek, in him possess,
Wisdom and strength and righteousness.
- 4 His praise shall all my powers employ,
My present hope, my future joy ;
For him I count my gain but loss,
And glory only in his cross.

422

C. M.

Communion with Christ.

JESUS, my Saviour, bind me fast,
In cords of heavenly love ;
Then sweetly draw me to thy breast,
Nor let me thence remove.

- 2 Draw me from all created good,
 From self, the world, and sin;
 To the dear fountain of thy blood,
 And make me pure within.
- 3 Oh lead me to thy mercy seat,
 Attract me nearer still;
 Draw me, like Mary, to thy feet,
 To sit and learn thy will.
- 4 Oh draw me by thy providence,
 Thy Spirit and thy word,
 From all the things of time and sense,
 To thee, my gracious Lord.

423

7s. Double.

Christians Trusting in the Fulness of Christ.

- J**ESUS! lover of my soul,
 Let me to thy bosom fly,
 While the raging billows roll,
 While the tempest still is high!
 Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
 Till the storm of life is past;
 Safe into the haven guide;
 O, receive my soul at last.
- 2 Other refuge have I none,
 Hangs my helpless soul on thee;
 Leave, ah! leave me not alone,
 Still support and comfort me;
 All my trust on thee is staid,
 All my help from thee I bring;
 Cover my defenceless head
 With the shadow of thy wing.
- 3 Thou, O Christ, art all I want;
 All in all in thee I find!

Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
 Heal the sick and lead the blind :
 Just and holy is thy name,
 I am all unrighteousness,
 Vile and full of sin I am,
 Thou art full of truth and grace.

- 4 Plenteous grace with thee is found,
 Grace to pardon all my sin,
 Let the healing streams abound ;
 Make and keep me pure within ;
 Thou of life the fountain art,
 Freely let me take of thee :
 Spring thou up within my heart,
 Rise to all eternity.

424

L. M.

Peace of Conscience.

SWEET peace of conscience, heavenly
 guest!

Come fix thy mansion in my breast,
 Dispel my doubts, my fears control,
 And heal the anguish of my soul.

- 2 Come, smiling hope, and joy sincere,
 Come, make your constant dwelling here ;
 Still let your presence cheer my heart,
 Nor sin compel you to depart.
- 3 Thou God of hope, and peace divine,
 O, make these sacred pleasures mine !
 Forgive my sins, my fears remove,
 And send the tokens of thy love.
- 4 Then, should mine eyes, without a tear,
 See death, with all his terrors near ;
 My heart should then in death rejoice,
 And raptures tune my faltering voice.

425

L. M.

The Believer Comforted.

COME, ye who know the Saviour's love,
And his indulgent mercies prove ;
In cheerful songs his praise express,
For he'll not leave you comfortless.

2 He ever acts the Saviour's part,
With strong compassions in his heart ;
The least and weakest saint he'll bless,
Nor will he leave him comfortless.

3 His wisdom, goodness, power, and care,
They largely, sweetly, daily share ;
He will their every fear suppress,
Nor will he leave them comfortless.

4 While they sojourners are below,
And travel through this world of woe,
In storms and floods of deep distress,
He will not leave them comfortless,

5 So when they pass death's gloomy vale,
And flesh and strength together fail,
Their dying lips shall then confess,
He does not leave them comfortless.

6 When they at last shall meet above,
In the blest world of joy and love,
Their raptured songs will then express,
He has not left them comfortless.

7 Thanks to thy name, our dearest Lord
For every promise in thy word ;
But, O, with this our hearts impress,
"I will not leave you comfortless."

426

L. M.

Safety in the Cross.

WHY droops my soul with grief opprest?
 Why these wild tumults in my breast?
 Is there no balm to heal my wound?
 No kind physician to be found?

- 2 Yes, in the gospel's faithful lines,
 Jehovah's boundless mercy shines;
 There, drest in love, the Saviour stands,
 With pitying heart, and bleeding hands!
- 3 Raise to the cross thy weeping eyes;
 Behold the Prince of Glory dies!
 He dies, extended on the tree,
 Thence sheds a sovereign balm for me.
- 4 Dear Saviour, at thy feet I lie,
 Here to receive a cure or die!
 But grace forbids that painful fear,
 Infinite grace, which triumphs here!
- 5 Expand, my soul, with holy joy,
 Hosannas be thy best employ;
 Salvation thy eternal theme,
 And swell the song with Jesus' name.

427

C. M.

Vital Union to Christ.

JESUS, we sing thy matchless grace,
 That calls poor worms thy own;
 Gives us among thy saints a place,
 To make thy glories known.

- 2 Allied to thee our vital head
 We live, and grow, and thrive:
 From thee divided, each is dead,
 When most he seems alive.

- 3 Thy saints on earth, and those above,
 Here join in sweet accord:
 One body all in mutual love,
 And thou, our common Lord.
- 4 May faith from thee each hour derive,
 Supplies with fresh delight;
 While death and hell in vain shall strive
 This bond to disunite.
- 5 Thou the whole body wilt present
 Before thy Father's face;
 Nor shall a wrinkle or a spot
 Its beauteous form disgrace.

428

C. M.

Believer's Comfort in Life and Death.

- J**OY is a fruit that will not grow
 In nature's barren soil;
 All we can boast, till Christ we know,
 Is vanity and toil.
- 2 But where the Lord has planted grace,
 And made his glories known;
 There fruits of heavenly joy and peace
 Are found, and there alone.
- 3 A bleeding Saviour seen by faith,
 A sense of pardoning love,
 A hope that triumphs over death,
 Give joys like those above.
- 4 To take a glimpse within the veil;
 To know that God is mine;
 Are springs of joy, that never fail,
 Unspeakable, divine!
- 5 These are the joys which satisfy,
 And sanctify the mind:

Which make the spirit mount on high,
And leave the world behind.

- 6 No more, believers, mourn your lot;
But since you are the Lord's
Resign to them, that know him not,
Such joys as earth affords.

429

C. M.

It is well.

IT shall be well, let sinners know,
With those, who love the Lord;
His saints have always found it so,
When resting on his word.

- 2 Peace, then, ye chastened sons of God,
Why let your sorrows swell?
Wisdom directs your father's rod,
His word says, it is well.
- 3 Though you may trials sharp endure,
From sin or death, or hell;
Your heavenly Father's love is sure,
And therefore, it is well.
- 4 Soon will your sorrows all be o'er,
And you shall sweetly tell,
On Canaan's calm and pleasant shore,
That all at last is well.

430

8s, & 7s.

Sitting at the Foot of the Cross.

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 Here I'll sit for ever viewing
 Mercy's streams in streams of blood ;
 Precious drops ! my soul bedewing,
 Plead and claim my peace with God.
- 3 Truly blessed is this station,
 Low before his Cross to lie ;
 While I see divine compassion
 Floating in his languid eye.
- 4 Here it is I find my heaven,
 While upon the Cross I gaze ;
 Love I much ! I'm more forgiven ;
 I'm a miracle of grace.
- 5 Love, and grief my heart dividing,
 With my tears, my feet I bathe,
 Constant still in faith abiding,
 Life deriving from his death.
- 6 May I still enjoy this feeling,
 In all need to Jesus go ;
 Prove his wounds each day more healing
 And himself more fully know.

431

C. M.

Rejoicing in Christ.

OH, for a thousand tongues to sing
 My dear 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 honours 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 reigning sin,
He sets the prisoner free ;
His blood can make the foulest clean ;
His blood availed for me.

5 Let us obey, we then shall know,
Shall feel our sins forgiven :
Anticipate our heaven below,
And own that love is heaven.

432

C. M.

Believers Looking to Calvary.

THERE is a sacred, hallowed spot
Oft present to my eye ;
By saints it ne'er can be forgot,
'Tis much-loved Calvary.

2 Eventful mount ! oh, what a scene
Of love and agony
Was there displayed, when Christ was seen
Suffering on Calvary !

3 'Twas there he vanquished hell and death ;
And, with a conqueror's cry,
" 'Tis finished !" he resigned his breath
On much-loved Calvary.

4 Endeared mount ! for earthly joys
Let others pass thee by ;
Earth's transient scenes and fading toys
I'll leave for Calvary.

5 When fainting under guilt's dread load,
Then to the cross I'll fly ;
And trust the merit of that blood
Which flows from Calvary.

- 6 Whene'er I feel temptation's power,
 On Jesus I'll rely;
 And in the sharp conflicting hour
 Repair to Calvary.
- 7 And when around the feast of love,
 Then will I fix mine eye
 On him who intercedes above,
 Who bled on Calvary.
- 8 When the dread scene of death, the last
 Important hour draws nigh,
 Then, with my dying eyes, I'll cast
 A look on Calvary.

433

C. M.

Hope and Triumph.

LIFE has a soft and silver thread,
 Nor is it drawn too long;
 Yet when my vaster hopes persuade,
 I'm willing to be gone.

- 2 Fast as you please roll down the hill,
 And haste away, my years;
 Or I can wait my Father's will,
 And dwell beneath the spheres.
- 3 Rise glorious every future sun,
 Gild all my following days;
 But make the last dear moment known,
 By well distinguished rays.

434

S. M.

Believer's Safety in the Church.

OH cease my wandering soul,
 On restless wing to rove;
 All the wide world to either pole,
 Has not for thee a home.

- 2 Behold the ark of God,
Behold the open door;
Hasten to gain that dear abode,
And rove, my soul, no more.
- 3 There, safe thou shalt abide,
There, sweet shall be my rest,
And every longing satisfied,
With full salvation blessed.

435

S. M.

Union with Christ.

- DEAR Saviour, we are thine
By everlasting bands:
Our names, our hearts, we would resign,
And souls, into thy hands.
- 2 Accepted for thy sake,
And justified by faith,
We of thy righteousness partake,
And find in thee our life.
- 3 To thee we still would cleave,
With ever growing zeal;
If millions tempt us Christ to leave,
O let them ne'er prevail.
- 4 Thy spirit shall unite
Our souls to thee our head:
Shall form us to thy image bright,
That we thy paths may tread.
- 5 Death may our souls divide
From these abodes of clay;
But love shall keep us near thy side,
Through all the gloomy way.
- 6 Since Christ and we are one,
Why should we doubt or fear?

Since he in heaven hath fixed his throne,
He'll fix his members there.

436

S. M.

Christian Fellowship.

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.

437

C. M.

Fellowship with the Saints.

COME let us join our friends above,
That have obtained the prize;

- And on the eagle wings of love,
To joy celestial rise.
- 2 Let saints below his praises sing,
With those to glory gone ;
For all the servants of our King,
In heaven and earth are one.
- 3 One family, we dwell in him,
One church above, beneath :
Though now divided by the stream,
The narrow stream of death.
- 4 One army of the living God,
To his commands we bow ;
Part of the host have crossed the flood,
And part are crossing now.
- 5 Ten thousand to their endless home,
This solemn moment fly ;
And we are to the margin come,
And soon expect to die.
- 6 Dear Saviour, be our constant guide,
Then when the word is given,
Bid the cold waves of death divide,
And land us safe in heaven.

438

C. M.

Brotherly Love.

HOW sweet, how heavenly is the sight,
When those who love the Lord,
In one another's peace delight,
And so fulfil his word !

- 2 O may we feel each brother's sigh,
And with him bear a part :
May sorrows flow from eye to eye,
And joy from heart to heart.

- 3 Free us from envy, scorn, and pride,
 Our wishes fix above ;
 May each his brother's failings hide,
 And show a brother's love.
- 4 Let love in one delightful stream,
 Through every bosom flow ;
 And union sweet, and dear esteem,
 In every action glow.
- 5 Love is the golden chain that binds
 The happy souls above ;
 And he's an heir of heaven, that finds
 His bosom glow with love.

439

7s. 4 lines.

Christian Union.

- J**ESUS, Lord, we look to thee,
 Let us in thy name agree ;
 Show thyself the Prince of Peace,
 Bid contention ever cease.
- 2 Make us of one heart and mind,
 Courteous, pitiful, and kind,
 Lowly, meek, in thought and word,
 Wholly like the precious Lord.
- 3 Let us each for others care,
 Each his brother's burdens bear,
 To thy church the pattern give,
 Show how true believers live.
- 4 Free from envy and from pride,
 Let us thus in God abide,
 And the depths of love express,
 And the heights of holiness.
- 5 Let us then with joy remove
 To thy family above ;

There in perfect union raise
Sweeter songs and nobler praise.

440

C. M.

Christian Fellowship.

OUR souls, by love together knit,
Cemented, mixed in one,
One hope, one heart, one mind, one voice,
'Tis heaven on earth begun.

2 Our hearts have often burned within,
And glowed with sacred fire,
While Jesus spoke, and fed, and blest,
And filled the enlarged desire.

3 The little cloud increases still,
The heavens are big with rain;
We haste to catch the teeming shower,
And all its moisture drain.

4 A rill, a stream, a torrent flows!
But pour a mighty flood;
Oh! sweep the nations, shake the earth,
'Till all proclaim thee God.

5 And when thou makest thy jewels up,
And settest thy starry crown;
When all thy sparkling gems shall shine,
Proclaimed by thee thine own;

6 May we, a little band of love,
We sinners, saved by grace,
From glory unto glory changed,
Behold thee face to face.

441

C. M.

Praise for Creation and Redemption.

LET them neglect thy glory, Lord,
Who never knew thy grace;

- But our loud songs shall still record
The wonders of thy praise.
- 2 We raise our shouts, O God, to thee,
And send them to thy throne;
All glory to the United Three,
The Undivided One.
- 3 'Twas he, and we'll adore his name,
That formed us by a word;
'Tis he restores our ruined frame:
Salvation to the Lord!
- 4 Hosanna! let the earth and skies
Repeat the joyful sound;
Rocks, hills, and vales, reflect the voice
In one eternal round.

442

S. M.

Ingratitude Deplored.

- I**S this the kind return,
And these the thanks we owe?
Thus to abuse eternal love,
Whence all our blessings flow!
- 2 To what a stubborn frame
Hath sin reduced our mind!
What strange rebellious wretches we,
And God as strangely kind.
- 3 The brutes obey their God,
And bow their necks to men;
But we more base, more brutish things,
Reject his easy reign.
- 4 Turn, turn us, mighty God!
And mould our souls afresh!
Break, sovereign grace, these hearts of stone,
And give us hearts of flesh.

443

C. M.

Christian Confidence and Gratitude.

HOW can I sink with such a prop
 As my eternal God,
 Who bears the earth's huge pillars up,
 And spreads the heavens abroad?

2 How can I die while Jesus lives,
 Who rose and left the dead?
 Pardon and grace my soul receives
 From my exalted Head.

3 All that I am, and all I have,
 Shall be for ever thine;
 Whate'er my duty bids me give,
 My cheerful hands resign.

444

C. M.

A Thankful Heart.

FATHER, whate'er of earthly bliss
 Thy sovereign will denies,
 Accepted at thy throne of grace,
 Let this petition rise:—

2 "Give me a calm a thankful heart,
 From every murmur free;
 The blessings of thy grace impart,
 And make me live to thee.

3 "Let the sweet hope that thou art mine,
 My life and death attend;
 Thy presence through my journey shine,
 And crown my journey's end!"

445

S. M.

Praise to the Redeemer.

A WAKE, and sing the song
Of Moses and the Lamb;
Wake every heart, and every tongue,
To praise the Saviour's name.

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

3 Sing on your heavenly way,
Ye ransomed sinners, sing;
Sing on, rejoicing every day,
In Christ the eternal King.

4 Soon shall we hear him say,
"Ye blessed children, come!"
Soon will he call us hence away,
And take his wanderers home.

446

8s, 7s.

Grateful Recollections.

COME thou fount of every blessing,
Tune my heart to sing thy grace,
Streams of mercy never ceasing,
Call for songs of loudest praise;
Teach me some melodious sonnet,
Sung by flaming tongues above;
Praise the mount—O fix me on it,
Mount of God's unchanging love.

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

Jesus sought me when a stranger,
 Wandering from the fold of God;
 He, to rescue me from danger,
 Interposed with precious blood.

- 3 Oh! 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.

447

C. M.

Praise for Mercies.

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 to 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 When worn by sickness, oft hast thou
 With health renewed my face;
 And when in sin and sorrow sunk,
 Revived my soul with grace.
- 5 Ten thousand thousand precious gifts
 My daily thanks employ;

Nor is the least a cheerful heart,
That tastes those gifts with joy.

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

7 Through all eternity to thee,
A joyful song I'll raise:
But O, eternity's too short
To utter all thy praise!

448

C. M.

Triumph in Christ.

IN every trouble, sharp and strong,
My soul to Jesus flies;
My anchor-hold is firm in him,
When swelling billows rise.

2 His comforts bear my spirits up,
I trust a faithful God;
The sure foundation of my hope
Is in a Saviour's blood.

3 Loud hallelujahs sing, my soul,
To thy Redeemer's name:
In joy, in sorrow, life and death,
His love is still the same.

449

C. M.

Gratitude for Returning Health.

OPPREST with fear, opprest with grief,
To God I breathed my cry;
His mercy brought divine relief,
And wiped my tearful eye.

- 2 His mercy chased the shades of death,
 And snatched me from the grave:
 O may his praise employ that breath
 Which mercy deigns to save!
- 3 Come, O ye saints! your voices raise
 To God in grateful songs;
 And let the memory of his grace
 Inspire your hearts and tongues.
- 4 Her deepest gloom when sorrow spreads,
 And light and hope depart;
 His smile celestial morning sheds,
 And joy revives the heart.
- 5 Then let my utmost glory be
 To raise thy honours high;
 Nor let my gratitude to thee
 In guilty silence die.
- 6 To thee my gracious God! I raise
 My thankful heart and tongue;
 O be thy goodness and thy praise
 My everlasting song!

450

C. M.

Exhortation to Praise Christ.

- C**OME, ye that love the Saviour's name,
 And joy to make it known;
 The sovereign of your heart proclaim,
 And bow before his throne.
- 2 Behold your King, your Saviour crowned
 With glories all divine;
 And tell the wondering nations round,
 How bright these glories shine.
- 3 Infinite power and boundless grace
 In him unite their rays:

Ye that have e'er beheld his face,
Can ye forbear his praise?

4 When in his earthly courts we view
The glories of our King,
We long to love as angels do,
And wish like them to sing.

5 And shall we long and wish in vain?
Lord, teach our songs to rise:
Thy love can animate the strain,
And bid it reach the skies.

6 O happy period! glorious day!
When heaven and earth shall raise,
With all their powers, the raptured lay,
To celebrate thy praise!

451

7s. 4 lines.

Rejoicing in the Light.

BOUNDLESS glory, Lord, be thine!
Thou hast made the darkness shine;
Thou hast sent a cheering ray;
Thou hast turned our night to day.

2 Darkness long involved us round,
Till we knew the joyful sound:
Then our darkness fled away,
Chased by truth's effulgent ray.

3 They are blessed, and none beside,
They, who in the truth abide;
Clear the light that marks their way,
Leading to eternal day.

4 Guide us, Saviour, through the road,
Till we reach the saints' abode;
Till we see thee throned above,
As thou art, the God of love.

452

L. M.

Hymn of Praise to Christ.

JJOIN, all who love the Saviour's name,
To sing his everlasting fame;
Great God prepare each heart and voice,
In him for ever to rejoice.

- 2 With him, I daily love to walk;
Of him, my soul delights to talk;
On him, I cast my every care;
Like him, one day, I shall appear.
- 3 Bless him, my soul, from day to day,
Trust him, to lead thee on thy way;
Give him thy poor, weak, sinful heart;
With him, O never, never part.
- 4 Take him for strength and righteousness,
Make him thy refuge in distress;
Love him, above all earthly joy,
And him in every thing employ.
- 5 Praise him in cheerful, grateful songs;
To him your highest praise belongs:
Bless him who does your heaven prepare,
And makes you meet his joy to share.

453

C. M.

Jesus, Lord of All.

ALL hail the power of Jesus' name!
Let angels prostrate fall;
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown him Lord of all.

- 2 Ye chosen seed of Israel's race,
Ye ransomed from the fall;
Hail him, who saves you by his grace,
And crown him Lord of all.

- 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.

454

C. M.

Gratitude for Providential Care.

ALMIGHTY Father, gracious Lord,
 Kind Guardian of my days,
 Thy mercies let my heart record
 In songs of grateful praise.

- 2 In life's first dawn, my tender frame
 Was thy indulgent care ;
 Long ere I could pronounce thy name
 Or breathe the infant prayer.
- 3 Around my path what dangers rose !
 What snares spread all my road !
 No power could guard me from my foes.
 But my preserver, God.
- 4 How many blessings round me shone,
 Where'er I turned mine eye !
 How many passed almost unknown,
 Or unregarded, by !
- 5 Each rolling year new favours brought
 From thy exhaustless store ;

But ah! in vain my labouring thought
Would count thy mercies o'er.

6 While sweet reflection, through my days
Thy bounteous hand would trace;
Still dearer blessings claim my praise,
The blessings of thy grace.

7 Yes, I adore thee, gracious Lord,
For favours more divine;
That I have known thy sacred word,
Where all thy glories shine.

8 Lord, when this mortal frame decays,
And every weakness dies,
Complete the wonders of thy grace.
And raise me to the skies.

455

C. M.

Gratitude for Redeeming Grace.

A WAKE, my heart, awake my tongue,
Prepare a tuneful voice;
In God, the life of all my joys,
Aloud will I rejoice.

2 'Tis he adorned my naked soul,
And made salvation mine;
Upon a poor polluted worm
He makes his graces shine.

3 And lest the shadow of a spot
Should on my soul be found,
He took the robe the Saviour wrought
And cast it all around.

4 How far the heavenly robe exceeds
What earthly princes wear!
These ornaments how bright they shine!
How white the garments are!

- 5 The Spirit wrought my faith and love,
 And hope and every grace;
 But Jesus spent his life to work
 The robe of righteousness.
- 6 Strangely, my soul, art thou arrayed
 By the great sacred Three?
 In sweetest harmony of praise
 Let all thy powers agree.

456

L. M.

Praise for Forgiveness.

FORGIVENESS! 'tis a joyful sound
 To guilty rebels doomed to die!
 Publish the bliss the world around,
 Ye seraphs, shout it from the sky.

- 2 'Tis the rich gift of love divine;
 'Tis full, effacing every crime:
 Unbounded shall its glories shine,
 And feel no change by changing time.
- 3 For this stupendous love of heaven,
 What grateful honours shall we show?
 Where much transgression is forgiven,
 Let love with equal ardour glow.
- 4 By this inspired, let all our days
 With every heavenly grace be crowned;
 Let truth and goodness, prayer and praise,
 In all abide, in all abound,

457

L. M.

Praise for Loving Kindness.

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

- 2 He saw me ruined in the fall,
 Yet loved me notwithstanding all;
 He saved me from my lost estate,
 His loving-kindness, O how great !
- 3 Though numerous hosts of mighty foes,
 Though earth and hell my way oppose,
 He safely leads my soul along,
 His loving-kindness, O how strong !
- 4 When trouble, like a gloomy cloud,
 Has gathered thick, and thundered loud,
 He near my soul has always stood,
 His loving-kindness, O how good !
- 5 Often I feel my sinful heart,
 Prone from my Saviour to depart;
 But though I oft have him forgot,
 His loving-kindness changes not.
- 6 Soon shall I pass the gloomy vale,
 Soon all my mortal powers must fail;
 O ! may my last expiring breath,
 His loving-kindness sing in death !
- 7 Then let me mount and soar away,
 To the bright world of endless day;
 And sing with rapture and surprise,
 His loving-kindness in the skies.

458

C. M.

Praise for the Love of Christ.

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

- 2 When most we need his gracious hand,
 This Friend is always near ;

With heaven and earth at his command,
He waits to answer prayer.

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

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

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

459

C. M.

Perpetual Praise.

YES, I will bless thee, O my God,
Through all my mortal days;
And to eternity prolong
Thy vast, thy boundless praise.

2 Nor shall my tongue alone proclaim
The honours of my God;
My life with all its active powers
Shall spread thy praise abroad.

3 Not death itself shall stop my song,
Though death will close my eyes;
My thoughts shall then to nobler heights
And sweeter raptures rise.

4 There shall my lips in endless praise
Their grateful tribute pay;
The theme demands an angel's tongue,
And an eternal day.

460

L. M.

Christian Warfare.

STAND up my soul, shake off thy fears,
 And gird the gospel armour on ;
 March to the gates of endless joy,
 Where Jesus thy great Captain's gone.

2 Hell and thy sins resist thy course ;
 But hell and sin are vanquished foes ;
 Thy Jesus nailed them to the cross,
 And sung the triumph when he rose.

3 What though the prince of darkness rage,
 And waste the fury of his spite ;
 Eternal chains confine him down
 To fiery deeps and endless night.

4 What though thy inward lusts rebel ;
 'Tis but a struggling gasp for life,
 The weapons of victorious grace
 Shall slay thy sins and end the strife.

5 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.

6 There shall I wear a starry crown,
 And triumph in almighty grace ;
 While all the armies of the skies
 Join in thy glorious Leader's praise.

461

C. M.

Prayer for the Return of the Spirit.

OH for a closer walk with God,
 A calm and heavenly frame ;

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

462

L. M.

Strength Equal to the Day.

- A**FFLICTED saint ! to Christ draw near,
Thy Saviour's gracious promise hear ;
His faithful word declares to thee,
That "as thy day thy strength shall be."
- 2 Thy faith is weak, thy foes are strong ;
And if the conflict should be long,
Thy Lord will make the tempter flee ;
For "as thy day, thy strength shall be."

- 3 Should persecution rage and flame,
Still trust in thy Redeemer's name :
In fiery trials thou shalt see,
That "as thy day, thy strength shall be."
- 4 When called by him to bear the cross,
Reproach, affliction, pain, or loss,
Or deep distress, and poverty ;
Still "as thy day, thy strength shall be."
- 5 When death at length appears in view,
Christ's presence shall thy fears subdue ;
He comes to set thy spirit free ;
And "as thy day, thy strength shall be."

463

C. M.

Fears Dismissed.

YE trembling souls, dismiss your fears,
Be mercy all your theme ;
Mercy, which like a river flows,
In one perpetual stream.

- 2 "Fear not" the powers of earth and hell ;
God will those powers restrain ;
His arm shall all their rage repel,
And make their efforts vain.
- 3 "Fear not" the want of outward good
For his he will provide ;
Grant them supplies of daily food,
And give them heaven beside,
- 4 "Fear not" that he will e'er forsake,
Or leave his work undone ;
He's faithful to his promises,
And faithful to his Son.
- 5 "Fear not" the terrors of the grave,
Or death's tremendous sting ;

He will from endless wrath preserve
To endless glory bring.

464

S. M.

The Mourner Comforted.

YOUR harps, ye trembling saints
Down from the willows take;
Loud to the praise of love divine,
Bid every string awake.

- 2 Though in a foreign land,
We are not far from home,
And nearer to our house above
We every moment come.
- 3 His grace will, to the end,
Stronger and brighter shine;
Nor present things, nor things to come,
Shall quench the love divine.
- 4 When we in darkness walk,
Nor feel the heavenly flame;
Then is the time to trust our God,
And rest upon his name.
- 5 Soon shall our doubts and fears
Subside, at his control:
His loving-kindness shall break through
The midnight of the soul.
- 6 Blest is the man, O God,
That stays himself on thee!
Who waits for thy salvation, Lord,
Shall thy salvation see.

465

C. M.

The Christian Soldier.

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 dark world a friend to grace,
To help me on to God ?
- 4 Sure I must fight if I would reign ;
Increase my courage, Lord !
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
Supported by thy word.
- 5 Thy saints in all this glorious war,
Shall conquer though they die ;
'They see the triumph from afar,
With faith's discerning eye.
- 6 When that illustrious day shall rise
And all thine armies shine,
In robes of victory through the skies,
The glory shall be thine !

466

L. M.

Struggling against Doubts and Fears.

- WHEN darkness long has veiled my mind,
And smiling day once more appears,
Then, my Redeemer, then I find,
The folly of my doubts and fears,
- 2 Straight I upbraid my wandering heart,
And blush that I should ever be
Thus prone to act so base a part,
Or harbour one hard thought of thee.

- 3 Oh! let me then at length be taught,
 What I am still so slow to learn,
 That God is love, and changes not,
 Nor knows the shadow of a turn.
- 4 Sweet truth! and easy to repeat;
 But when my faith is sharply tried,
 I find myself a learner yet,
 Unskilful, weak, and apt to slide.
- 5 But, O my Lord, one look from thee,
 Subdues the disobedient will,
 Drives doubt and discontent away,
 And thy rebellious worm is still.
- 6 Thou art as ready to forgive,
 As I am ready to repine;
 Thou, therefore, all the praise receive,
 Be shame and self-abhorrance mine.

467

C. M.

The Power of Sin Deplored.

- AND will the Lord thus condescend
 To visit sinful worms?
 Thus at the door shall mercy stand,
 In all her winning forms?
- 2 Surprising grace!—and shall my heart
 Unmoved and cold remain?
 Has this hard rock no tender part?
 Must mercy plead in vain?
- 3 Shall Jesus for admission sue,
 His cheering voice unheard?
 And this vile heart, his rightful due,
 Remain for ever barred?
- 4 'Tis sin, alas, with tyrant power,
 The lodging hast possest;

And crowds of traitors bar the door
Against the heavenly guest.

- 5 Ye dangerous inmates, hence depart;
Dear Saviour, enter in,
And guard the passage to my heart,
And keep out every sin.

468

C. M.

Backslider Returning.

HOW oft, alas! this wretched heart
Has wandered from the Lord!
How oft my roving thoughts depart,
Fogotful of his word!

- 2 Yet sovereign mercy calls, "Return:"
Dear Lord, and may I come!
My vile ingratitude I mourn;
O take the wanderer home!
- 3 And canst thou, wilt thou yet forgive,
And bid my crimes remove?
And shall a pardoned rebel live
To speak thy wondrous love?
- 4 Almighty grace, thy healing power
How glorious, how divine!
That can to life and bliss restore
So vile a heart as mine.
- 5 Thy pardoning love, so free, so sweet,
Dear Saviour, I adore;
O keep me at thy sacred feet,
And let me rove no more.

469

C. M.

Looking to God in Trouble.

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 Hast thou not bid me seek thy face?
And shall I seek in vain?
And can the ear of sovereign grace
Be deaf when I complain?
- 6 No, still the ear of sovereign grace
Attends the mourner's prayer:
O may I ever find access,
To breathe my sorrows there
- 7 Thy mercy-seat is open still:
Here let my soul retreat;
With humble hope attend thy will,
And wait beneath thy feet.

470

8s, 8s, 6s.

Fleeing to Christ as a Refuge.

O THOU, that hearest 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 atoning blood :
Thy righteousness my robe shall be,
Thy merit shall avail for me,
And bring me near to God.

3 Then snatch me from eternal death,
The Spirit of adoption breathe,
His consolation 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.

471

C. M.

Inconstancy Lamented.

ETERNAL Source of light and grace,
We hail thy sacred name ;
Through every year's revolving round,
Thy goodness is the same.

2 On us, all worthless as we are,
It wondrous mercy pours ;
Sure as the heavens' established course
And plenteous as the showers.

3 Inconstant service we repay,
And treacherous vows renew ;

False as the morning's fleeting cloud,
And transient as the dew.

4 In flowing tears our guilt we mourn,
And loud implore thy grace,
To bear our feeble footsteps on,
In all thy righteous ways.

5 Armed with this energy divine,
Our souls shall steadfast move ;
And with increasing transports press
On to thy courts above.

6 So by thy power the morning sun
Pursues his radiant way ;
Brightens each moment in his race,
And shines to perfect day.

472

C. M.

Spiritual Declension Lamented.

SWEET was the time, when first I felt
The Saviour's pardoning blood,
Applied to cleanse my soul from guilt,
And bring me home to God.

2 Soon as the morn, the light revealed,
His praises tuned my tongue ;
And when the evening shades prevailed,
His love was all my song.

3 In prayer my soul drew near the Lord,
And saw his glory shine ;
And when I read his holy word,
I called each promise mine.

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, and help me to prevail,
O make my soul thy care ;
I know thy mercy cannot fail,
Let me that mercy share.

473

L. M.

Trials of the Christian.

- T**HUS far my God hath led me on,
And made his truth and mercy known ;
My hopes and fears alternate rise,
And comforts mingle with my sighs.
- 2 Through this wide wilderness I roam,
Far distant from my blissful home ;
Lord, let thy presence be my stay,
And guard me in this dangerous way.
- 3 Temptations every where annoy,
And sins and snares my peace destroy ;
My earthly joys are from me torn,
And oft an absent God I mourn.
- 4 My soul with various tempests tost,
Her hopes o'erturned, her projects crossed,
Sees every day new straits attend,
And wonders where the scene will end.
- 5 Is this, dear Lord, that thorny road,
Which leads us to the mount of God ?
Are these the toils thy people know,
While in this wilderness below ?
- 6 'Tis even so ; thy faithful love,
Doth all thy children's graces prove ;
'Tis thus our pride and self must fall
That Jesus may be all in all.

474

L. M.

God our Reliance in Changes.

BENEATH a numerous train of ills,
 Our feeble flesh and heart may fail;
 Yet shall our hope in thee, our God,
 O'er every gloomy fear prevail.

2 Parent and Husband, Guard and Guide,
 Thou art each tender name in one;
 On thee we cast our heavy cares,
 And comfort seek from thee alone.

3 Our Father, God, to thee we look,
 Our Rock, our Portion, and our Friend;
 And on thy covenant love and truth,
 Our sinking souls shall still depend.

475

S. M.

Warning against Self Confidence.

BEWARE of Peter's word,
 Nor confidently say,
 "I never *will* deny the Lord,"
 But "grant I never may."

2 Man's wisdom is to seek
 His strength in God alone;
 And e'en an angel would be weak,
 Who trusted in his own.

3 Retreat beneath his wings,
 And in his grace confide;
 This more exalts the King of kings
 Than all your works beside.

4 In Jesus is our store;
 Grace issues from his throne;
 Whoever says, "I want no more,"
 Confesses he has none.

476

C. M.

Light in Darkness.

OH thou who driest the mourner's tear,
How dark this world would be,
If, pierced by sins and sorrows 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 But thou wilt heal that broken heart,
Which, like the plants that throw
Their fragrance from the wounded part,
Breathes sweetness out of woe.
- 4 When joy no longer soothes or cheers,
And e'en the hope that threw
A moment's sparkle o'er our tears,
Is dimmed and vanished too.
- 5 Oh who could bear life's stormy doom,
Did not thy wing of love
Come brightly wafting through the gloom,
Our peace-branch from above?
- 6 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.

477

C. M.

In Distress Pleading with God.

OH, that I knew the secret place,
Where I might find my God!
I'd spread my wants before his face,
And pour my woes abroad.

- 2 I'd tell him how my sins arise,
 What sorrows I sustain ;
 How grace decays, and comfort dies,
 And leaves my heart in pain.
- 3 He knows what arguments I'd take
 To wrestle with my God ;
 I'd plead for his own mercy's sake,
 And for my Saviour's blood.
- 4 My God will pity my complaints,
 And heal my broken bones ;
 He takes the meaning of his saints,
 The language of their groans.
- 5 Arise, my soul, from deep distress,
 And banish every fear ;
 He calls thee to his throne of grace,
 To spread thy sorrows there,

478

C. M.

Mourning under Desertion.

- A** PRESENT God is all our strength,
 And all our joy and hope ;
 When he withdraws, our comforts die,
 And every grace must droop.
- 2 But flattering trifles charm our hearts,
 To court their false embrace,
 Till justly this neglected friend
 Averts his angry face.
- 3 He leaves us, and we miss him not,
 But go presumptuous on ;
 Till baffled, wounded, and enslaved,
 We learn, that God is gone.
- 4 And what, my soul, can then remain
 One ray of light to give ?

Severed from him, their better life,
How can his children live ?

5 Hence, all ye painted forms of joy !
And leave my heart to mourn :
I would devote these eyes to tears,
Till cheer'd by his return.

6 Look back, my Lord, and own the place,
Where once thy temple stood ;
For lo, its ruins bear the mark
Of rich atoning blood.

479

8's.

Prayer in Despondency.

ENCOMPASSED with clouds of distress,
Just ready all hope to resign,
I pant for the light of thy face,
And fear it will never be mine :
Disheartened with waiting so long,
I sink at thy feet with my load ;
All plaintive I pour out my song,
And stretch forth my hands unto God !

2 If sometimes I strive, as I mourn,
My hold on thy promise to keep ;
The billows more fiercely return,
And plunge me again in the deep :
O'erwhelmed and cast out from thy sight,
The tempter suggests in that hour,
The Lord has forgotten me quite,
My God will be gracious no more.

3 Shine, Lord, and my terrors shall cease :
The blood of atonement apply ;
And lead me to Jesus for peace,
The rock that is higher than I :

Almighty to rescue thou art ;
 Thy grace is my shield and my tower :
 Oh, gladden my desolate heart ;
 Let this be the day of thy power.

480

7s. 6 lines.

Vicissitudes.

ONCE I thought my mountain strong,
 Firmly fixed, no more to move :
 Then my Saviour was my song,
 Then my soul was filled with love :
 Those were happy, golden days,
 Sweetly spent in prayer and praise.

2 Little then myself I knew,
 Little thought of Satan's power ;
 Now I feel my sins renew,
 Now I feel the stormy hour :
 Sin has put my joys to flight,
 Sin has turned my day to night.

3 Saviour, shine and cheer my soul,
 Bid my dying hopes revive,
 Make my wounded spirit whole,
 Far away the tempter drive :
 Speak the word, and set me free,
 Let me live alone to thee.

481

8s, 7s.

Light Shining in Darkness.

SAVIOUR, hast thou fled for ever,
 From my tempest riven breast ?
 Will thy gracious Spirit never
 Come and cheer and make me blest ?
 Long, dear Lord, in silent sorrow,
 I have sighed to taste thy love ;

- Hoping on some sweet to-morrow,
Thou wouldst all my guilt remove.
- 2 Peace, my soul, the Saviour hears thee,
He will chase thy fears away;
'Tis his gracious presence cheers thee,
Turning darkness into day.
Precious Saviour have I found thee?
Wilt thou then my portion be?
Spread thy sheltering arms around me,
Let me lean alone on thee.
- 3 Through this world, so dark and dreary,
Be my constant friend and guide;
Hungry, thirsty, faint and weary,
Keep me ever near thy side.
Blessed be his name for ever,
For his pardoning grace to me;
Sinners doubt his promise never,
Jesus' love is full and free.

482

11s. & 10s.

The Disconsolate Comforted.

COME, ye disconsolate, where'er ye languish,

Come, to the mercy-seat fervently kneel;
Here bring your wounded hearts, here tell
your anguish;

Earth has no sorrows that heaven cannot
heal.

- 2 Joy of the desolate, light of the straying,
Hope of the penitent, fadeless and pure,
Here speaks the Comforter, in mercy saying,
Earth has no sorrows that heaven cannot
cure.

- 3 Here see the bread of life; see waters flowing
 Forth from the throne of God, boundless in
 love :
 Come to the feast prepared ; come, ever know-
 ing
 Earth has no sorrows, but heaven can re-
 move.

483

C. M.

Mourning over Spiritual Declension.

- WHY is my heart so far from thee,
 My God, my chief delight ?
 Why are my thoughts no more by day
 With thee—no more by night ?
- 2 Why should my foolish passions rove ?
 Where can such sweetness be,
 As I have tasted in thy love,
 As I have found in thee ?
- 3 When my forgetful soul renews
 The savour of thy grace,
 My heart presumes I cannot lose
 The relish all my days.
- 4 But ere one fleeting hour is past,
 The flattering world employs
 Some sensual bait to seize my taste,
 And to pollute my joys,
- 5 Trifles of nature or of art,
 With fair deceitful charms,
 Intrude into my thoughtless heart,
 And thrust me from thy arms.
- 6 Then I repent and vex my soul,
 That I should leave thee so :

- Where will those wild affections roll,
That let a Saviour go ?
- 7 Sin's promised joys are turned to pain,
And I am drowned in grief ;
But my dear Lord returns again,
He flies to my relief :
- 8 Seizing my soul with sweet surprise,
He draws with loving bands ;
Divine compassion in his eyes,
And pardon in his hands.
- 9 Wretch that I am, to wander thus
In chase of false delight !
Let me be fastened to thy cross,
Rather than lose thy sight.
- 10 Make haste, my days, to reach the goal,
And bring my heart to rest
On the dear centre of my soul,
My God, my Saviour's breast.

484

C. M.

Slothfulness Lamented.

- M**Y drowsy powers, why sleep ye so ?
Awake, my sluggish soul !
Nothing has half thy work to do,
Yet nothing's half so dull.
- 2 The little ants for one poor grain
Labour and toil, and strive ;
Yet we, who have a heaven to obtain,
How negligent we live !
- 3 We, for whose sake all nature stands,
And stars their courses move ;
We, for whose guard the angel bands
Come flying from above :

- 4 We, for whom God the Son came down,
 And laboured for our good,
 How careless to secure that crown
 He purchased with his blood !
- 5 Lord, shall we lie so slothful still,
 And never act our parts ?
 Come, Holy Spirit, come and fill,
 And wake, and warm our hearts.
- 6 Then shall our active spirits move,
 Upward our souls shall rise ;
 With hands of faith and wings of love,
 We'll fly and take the prize.

485

C. M.

Prayer for Submission.

- O** LORD, my best desires fulfil,
 And help me to resign
 Life, health, and comfort to thy will,
 And make thy pleasure mine.
- 2 Why should I shrink at thy command,
 Whose love forbids my fears?
 Or tremble at the gracious hand
 That wipes away my tears?
- 3 No, rather let me freely yield
 What most I prize, to thee,
 Who never hast a good withheld,
 Or wilt withhold from me.
- 4 Wisdom and mercy guide my way,
 Shall I resist them both?
 A poor blind creature of a day,
 And crushed before the moth !
- 5 But ah ! my inward spirit cries,
 Still bind me to thy sway ;

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

486

C. M.

Resignation under Affliction.

THOUGH trouble springs not from the
dust,

Nor sorrow from the ground;
Yet ills on ills, by heaven's decree,
In man's estate are found.

- 2 As sparks in close succession rise,
So man the child of woe,
Is doomed to endless cares and toils,
Through all his life below.
- 3 But with my God I leave my cause,
From him I seek relief;
To him in confidence of prayer,
Unbosom all my grief.
- 4 Unnumbered are his wondrous works,
Unsearchable his ways;
'Tis his the mourning soul to cheer,
The bowed down to raise.

487

C. M.

Christian Submission.

OLORD, I would delight in thee,
And on thy care depend;
To thee in every trouble flee,
My best, my only friend.

- 2 When all created streams are dried,
Thy fulness is the same;
May I with this be satisfied,
And glory in thy name!

- 3 Why should the soul a drop bemoan,
 Who has a fountain near,
 A fountain which shall ever run,
 With waters sweet and clear ?
- 4 No good in creatures can be found,
 But may be found in thee !
 I must have all things, and abound,
 While God is God to me.
- 5 O that I had a stronger faith
 To look within the veil,
 To credit what my Saviour saith,
 Whose word can never fail !
- 6 He that has made my heaven secure
 Will here all good provide :
 While Christ is rich can I be poor ?
 What can I want beside ?
- 7 O Lord I cast my care on thee,
 I triumph and adore ;
 Henceforth my great concern shall be
 To love and praise thee more.

488

L. M.

Submission under Dark Dispensations.

WAIT, oh my soul, thy Maker's will,
 Tumultuous passions, all be still ;
 Nor let a murmuring thought arise ;
 His ways are just his counsels wise.

- 2 He in the thickest darkness dwells,
 Performs his work, the cause conceals ;
 And though his footsteps are unknown,
 Judgment and truth support his throne.
- 3 In heaven and earth, in air and seas,
 He executes his wise decrees ;

And by his hands it stands confest,
That what he does is ever best.

- 4 Then, oh my soul submissive wait,
With reverence bow before his seat;
And 'midst the terrors of his rod,
Trust in a wise and gracious God.

489

C. M.

Submission under Affliction.

MY times of sorrow and of joy,
Great God are in thy hand;
All my enjoyments come from thee,
And go at thy command.

- 2 Oh Lord, shouldst thou withhold them all,
Yet let me not repine;
Before they were by me possessed,
They were entirely thine.
- 3 Nor would I drop a murmuring word,
If all the world were gone,
But seek substantial happiness,
In thee, and thee alone.

490

L. M.

Christian Submission.

SAINTS, at your heavenly Father's word,
Give up your comforts to the Lord;
He shall restore what you resign,
Or grant you blessings more divine.

- 2 So Abraham, with obedient hand,
Led forth his son at God's command;
The wood, the fire, the knife, he took,
His arm prepared the dreadful stroke.

- 3 "Abraham forbear," the angel cried,
 "Thy faith is known, thy love is tried :
 Thy son shall live, and in thy seed
 Shall the whole earth be blessed indeed."
- 4 Just in the last distressing hour,
 The Lord displays delivering power !
 The mount of danger is the place
 Where we shall see surprising grace.

491

C. M.

Trusting in God in Affliction.

NOT from the dust affliction grows
 Nor troubles rise by chance;
 Yet we are born to cares and woes ;
 A sad inheritance!

- 2 As sparks break out from burning coals,
 And still are upwards borne ;
 So grief is rooted in our souls,
 And man grows up to mourn.
- 3 Yet with my God I leave my cause,
 And trust his promised grace ;
 He rules me by his well known laws,
 Of love and righteousness.
- 4 Not all the pains that ere I bore,
 Shall spoil my future peace,
 For death and hell can do no more,
 Than what my Father please.

492

L. M.

Submission and Sanctified Affliction.

LONG unafflicted, undismayed,
 In pleasure's path secure I strayed ;

Thou madest me feel thy chastening rod,
And straight I turned unto my God.

- 2 What though it pierced my fainting heart?
I bless thine hand that caused the smart;
It taught my tears awhile to flow,
But saved me from eternal wo.
- 3 Oh! hadst thou left me unchastised,
Thy precept I had still despised;
And still the snare in secret laid,
Had my unwary feet betrayed.
- 4 I love thee, therefore, O my God!
And breathe towards thy dear abode;
Where in thy presence fully blest,
Thy chosen saints for ever rest.

493

C. M.

Submission and Hope of Heaven.

SOVEREIGN of life, I own thy hand
In every chastening stroke;
And while I smart beneath thy rod,
Thy presence I invoke.

- 2 To thee in my distress I cried,
And thou hast bowed thine ear;
Thy powerful word my life prolonged,
And brought salvation near.
- 3 Unfold, ye gates of righteousness,
That, with the pious throng,
I may record my solemn vows,
And tune my grateful song.
- 4 Praise to the Lord, whose gentle hand
Renews our labouring breath;
Praise to the Lord, who makes his saints
Triumphant e'en in death.

- 5 My God, in thine appointed hour,
 Those heavenly gates display,
 Where pain and sin, and fear and death,
 For ever flee away.
- 6 There, while the nations of the blessed,
 With raptures bow around,
 My anthems to delivering grace,
 In sweeter strains shall sound.

494

C. M.

Submission under Various Ills of Life.

- T**HROUGH all the downward tracts of
 time,
 God's watchful eye surveys;
 O! who so wise to choose our lot,
 And regulate our ways?
- 2 I cannot doubt his bounteous love,
 Unmeasurably kind;
 To his unerring, gracious will,
 Be every wish resigned.
- 3 Good when he gives, supremely good,
 Nor less, when he denies;
 E'en crosses from his sovereign hand,
 Are blessings in disguise.
- 4 In thy fair book of life divine,
 My God, inscribe my name;
 There let it fill some humble place,
 Beneath my Lord, the Lamb.

495

C. M.

Submission under Dark Dispensations.

PEACE, 'tis the Lord Jehovah's hand,
 That blasts our joys in death;

Changes the visage once so dear,
And gathers back our breath.

- 2 'Tis he, the Potentate supreme
Of all the worlds above,
Whose steady counsels wisely rule,
Nor from their purpose move.
- 3 'Tis he, whose justice might demand
Our souls a sacrifice,
Yet scatters, with unwearied hand,
A thousand rich supplies.
- 4 Our covenant God and Father, he,
In Christ, our bleeding Lord ;
Whose grace can heal the bursting heart,
With one reviving word.
- 5 Silent we own Jehovah's name ;
We kiss his scourging hand ;
And yield our comforts, and our life,
To his supreme command.

496

C. M.

Submission.

SUBMISSIVE to thy will, my God,
I all to thee resign ;
And bow before thy chastening rod,
I mourn, but not repine.

- 2 Why should my foolish heart complain,
When wisdom, truth, and love
Direct the stroke, inflict the pain,
And point to joys above ?
- 3 How short are all my sufferings here,
How needful every cross ;
Away, my unbelieving fear,
Nor call my gain, my loss.

- 4 Then give, dear Lord, or take away,
 I'll bless thy sacred name;
 My Jesus, yesterday, to-day,
 For ever is the same!

497 C. M.

Resignation to the Will of God.

- I**T is the Lord—enthroned in light,
 Whose claims are all divine;
 Who has an undisputed right
 To govern me and mine.
- 2 It is the Lord—should I distrust,
 Or contradict his will?
 Who cannot do but what is just,
 And must be righteous still.
- 3 It is the Lord—who gives me all
 My wealth, my friends, my ease;
 And of his bounties may recall
 Whatever part he please.
- 4 It is the Lord—who can sustain
 Beneath the heaviest load,
 From whom assistance I obtain
 To tread the thorny road.
- 5 It is the Lord—my covenant God,
 Thrice blessed be his name!
 Whose gracious promise, sealed with blood,
 Must ever be the same.
- 6 His covenant will my soul defend,
 Should nature's self expire:
 And the great Judge of all descend
 In awful flames of fire.
- 7 And can my soul with hopes like these,
 Be sullen, or repine?

No, gracious God, take what thou please,
I'll cheerfully resign.

498 7s. Double.

Welcome to the Cross.

'TIS my happiness below
Not to live without the cross;
But the Saviour's power to know,
Sanctifying every loss.
Trials must and will befall;
But with humble faith to see
Love inscribed upon them all,
This is happiness to me.

2 God, in Israel, sows the seeds
Of affliction, pain, and toil;
These spring up, and choke the weeds
Which would else o'erspread the soil.
Trials make the promise sweet,
Trials give new life to prayer;
Trials bring me to his feet,
Lay me low, and keep me there.

3 Did I meet no trials here,
No chastisement by the way;
Might I not, with reason, fear
I should prove a cast-away:
Aliens may escape the rod
Sunk in earthly, vain delight;
But the true-born child of God,
Must not, would not, if he might.

499 L. M.

Casting our Care on the Lord.

WHEN struggling on the bed of pain,
And earth and all its joys are vain,

How sweet, my God, to know thy power
Sustains me in this trying hour.

- 2 How rich and precious sounds that love
That tells of rest and joys above,
And lulls my troubled heart to rest
Upon my blessed Saviour's breast.
- 3 There, still while life's warm currents rush,
My soul would all her sorrows hush,
Nor ever yield to dark despair,
For light and life and peace are there.
- 4 Helper and hope thou ever art,
To heal the wounded, broken heart;
O let me hear thy pardoning voice
And bid my broken bones rejoice.
- 5 Then shall my cheerful, grateful tongue
In rapturous strains thy praise prolong,
My ransomed soul adore thy grace,
And swifter run the heavenly race.

500

C. M.

Consolations in Sickness.

WHEN languor and disease invade
This trembling house of clay,
'Tis sweet to look beyond my pains,
And long to fly away.

- 2 Sweet to look inward, and attend
The whispers of his love :
Sweet to look upward, to the place
Where Jesus pleads above.
- 3 Sweet to look back, and see my name
In life's fair book set down ;
Sweet to look forward, and behold
Eternal joys my own.

- 4 Sweet to reflect how grace divine
 My sins on Jesus laid ;
 Sweet to remember that his blood
 My debt of suffering paid.
- 5 Sweet in his righteousness to stand,
 Which saves from second death ;
 Sweet to experience, day by day,
 His Spirit's quickening breath.
- 6 Sweet on his faithfulness to rest,
 Whose love can never end ;
 Sweet on his covenant of grace,
 For all things to depend.
- 7 Sweet in the confidence of faith,
 To trust his firm decrees ;
 Sweet to lie passive in his hands,
 And know no will but his.
- 8 If such the sweetness of the streams,
 What must the fountain be ;
 Where saints and angels draw their bliss
 Immediately from thee !



TIME AND ETERNITY.

501

C. M.

Uncertainty of Life and its Comforts.

NAKED as from the earth we came,
 And crept to life at first,
 We to the earth return again,
 And mingle with our dust.

- 2 The dear delights we here enjoy,
 And fondly call our own,

Are but short favours borrowed now,
To be repaid anon.

3 'Tis God that lifts our comforts high,
Or sinks them in the grave;
He gives, and blessed be his name,
He takes but what he gave.

4 Peace, all our angry passions then,
Let each rebellious sigh
Be silent at his sovereign will,
And every murmur die.

5 If smiling mercy crown our lives,
Its praises shall be spread;
And we'll adore the justice too,
That strikes our comforts dead.

502

C. M.

Shortness of Human Life.

HOW short and hasty is our life!
How vast our soul's affairs!
Yet senseless mortals vainly strive
To lavish out their years.

2 Our days run thoughtlessly along,
Without a moment's stay;
Just like a story or a song,
We pass our lives away.

3 God from on high invites us home,
But we march heedless on,
And ever hastening to the tomb,
Stoop downward as we run.

4 How we deserve the deepest hell,
That slight the joys above!
What chains of vengeance should we feel,
That break such cords of love!

- 5 Draw us, O God, with sovereign grace,
 And lift our thoughts on high,
 That we may end this mortal race,
 And see salvation nigh.

503 C. M.

Brevity of Life.

OUR days, alas! our mortal days
 Are short and wretched too;
 "Evil and few," the patriarch says:
 And well the patriarch knew.

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

504 C. M.

Brevity and Uncertainty of Life.

THREE we adore, eternal name!
 And humbly own to thee,
 How feeble is our mortal frame,
 What dying worms are we!

- 2 The years rolls round and steals away
 The breath that first it gave;
 Whate'er we do, where'er we be,
 We're travelling to the grave.

3 Great God ! on what a slender thread
 Hang everlasting things !
 Th' eternal states of all the dead
 Upon life's feeble strings.

4 Infinite joy or endless wo
 Attends on every breath ;
 And yet how unconcerned we go
 Upon the brink of death !

5 Waken, O Lord, our drowsy sense,
 To walk this dangerous road ;
 And if our souls are hurried hence,
 May they be found with God.

505

C. M.

Man's Frailty and God's Goodness.

OUR life is on the wing,
 And death is ever nigh :
 The moment when our lives begin,
 We all begin to die.

2 Yet, mighty God ! our fleeting days
 Thy lasting favours share ;
 Yet with the bounties of thy grace,
 Thou loadest the rolling year.

3 'Tis sovereign mercy finds us food,
 And we are clothed with love ;
 While grace stands pointing out the road
 That leads our souls above.

4 His goodness runs an endless round ;
 All glory to the Lord !
 His mercy never knows a bound ;
 And be his name adored !

5 Thus we begin the lasting song ;
 And when we close our eyes,

Let future ages praise prolong,
Till time and nature dies.

506

L. M.

Vanity of Human Life.

SHALL the vile race of flesh and blood
Contend with their Creator, God?
Shall mortal worms presume to be
More holy, wise, or just, than he?

- 2 Behold he puts his trust in none
Of all the spirits round his throne;
Their natures, when compared with his,
Are neither holy, just, nor wise.
- 3 But how much meaner things are they,
Who spring from dust, and dwell in clay!
Touched by the finger of thy wrath,
We faint and perish like the moth.
- 4 From night to day, from day to night,
We die by thousands in thy sight:
Buried in dust whole nations lie,
Like a forgotten vanity.
- 5 Almighty Power! to thee we bow!
How frail are we! how glorious thou!
No more the sons of earth shall dare
With an eternal God compare.

507

L. M.

Life the Time to Serve the Lord.

LIFE is the time to serve the Lord,
The time to insure the great reward;
And while the lamp holds out to burn,
The vilest sinner may return.

- 2 Life is the hour that God has given
To escape from hell and fly to heaven;
The day of grace, and mortals may
Secure the blessings of the day.
- 3 The living know that they must die;
But all the dead forgotten lie;
Their memory and their sense are gone,
Alike unknowing and unknown.
- 4 Their hatred and their love are lost,
Their envy buried in the dust;
They have no share in all that's done
Beneath the circuit of the sun.
- 5 Then what my thoughts design to do,
My hands, with all your might pursue;
Since no device nor work is found,
Nor faith nor hope beneath the ground.
- 6 There are no acts of pardon past
In the cold grave to which we haste;
But darkness, death, and long despair,
Reign in eternal silence there.

508

C. M.

Life the Season of Grace.

AND is this life prolonged to me?
Are days and seasons given?
Shall I not then prepare to be
A fitter heir for heaven?

- 2 I will not let these moments pass,
These golden hours be gone:
Lord, I accept thine offered grace,
I bow before thy throne.
- 3 Now cleanse my soul from every sin,
Through my Redeemer's blood:

Now let my flesh and heart begin
The honours of my God.

- 4 Let me no more my soul defile
With sin's deceitful toys;
Let cheerful hope, increasing still,
Approach to heavenly joys.
- 5 O may my thankful lips proclaim
The wonders of thy praise,
And spread the savour of thy name,
Where'er I spend my days.
- 6 On earth let my example shine;
And when I leave this state,
May heaven receive this soul of mine
To bliss divinely great.

509

S. M.

Preparation to meet God.

PREPARE me, gracious God,
To stand before thy face;
Thy Spirit must the work perform,
For it is all of grace.

- 2 In Christ's obedience clothe,
And wash me in his blood:
So shall I lift my head with joy,
Among the sons of God.
- 3 Do thou my sins subdue,
Thy sovereign love make known;
The spirit of my mind renew,
And save me in thy Son.
- 4 Let me attest thy power,
Let me thy goodness prove,
Till my full soul can hold no more
Of everlasting love.

510

L. M.

Life the Time to Serve God.

THERE is a God who reigns above,
 Lord of the heaven and earth and seas;
 I fear his wrath, I ask his love,
 And with my lips I sing his praise.

- 2 There is a law which he has made,
 To teach us all what we must do;
 My soul, be his commands obeyed,
 For they are holy, just and true.
- 3 There is a gospel rich in grace,
 Whence sinners all their comforts draw;
 Lord, I repent and seek thy face,
 For I have often broke thy law.
- 4 There is an hour when I must die,
 Nor do I know how soon 'twill come;
 How many younger, much, than I,
 Have passed by death to hear their doom!
- 5 Let me improve the hours I have,
 Before the day of grace is fled;
 There's no repentance in the grave,
 Nor pardon offered to the dead.

511

S. M.

Value of Present Time.

TO-MMORROW, Lord, is thine,
 Lodged in thy sovereign hand
 And if its sun arise and shine,
 Its shines by thy command.

- 2 The present moment flies,
 And bears our life away;
 Oh, make thy servants truly wise,
 That they may live to-day.

- 3 Since on this winged hour
Eternity is hung,
Waken by thy almighty power
The aged and the young.
- 4 One thing demands our care ;
Oh, be it still pursued,
Lest, slighted once, the season fair
Should never be renewed.
- 5 To *Jesus* may we fly,
Swift as the morning light,
Lest life's young golden beam should die
In sudden, endless night.

512

C. M.

Time is Short.

- “**T**HE time is short !” the season near,
When death will us remove,
To leave our friends, however dear,
Leave all we fondly love.
- 2 “The time is short !” sinners beware ;
Nor trifle time away ;
The word of great salvation hear,
While it is called to-day.
- 3 “The time is short ! ye rebels now
To Christ the Lord submit,
To mercy's golden sceptre bow,
And fall at Jesus' feet.
- 4 “The time is short !” ye saints, rejoice,
The Lord will quickly come ;
Soon shall you hear the Bridegroom's voice.
To call you to your home.
- 5 “The time is short !” it swiftly flies,
The hour is just at hand,

When we shall mount above the skies,
And reach the wished-for land.

- 6 "The time is short!" the moment near,
When we shall dwell above,
And be for ever happy there,
With Jesus, whom we love.

513

L. M.

Importance of Early Religion.

NOW, in the heat of youthful blood,
Remember your Creator, God:
Behold, the months come hastening on,
When you shall say, "My joys are gone."

- 2 Behold, the aged sinner goes,
Laden with guilt and heavy woes,
Down to the regions of the dead,
With endless curses on his head.
- 3 The dust returns to dust again;
The soul in agonies of pain,
Ascends to God; not there to dwell,
But hears her doom, and sinks to hell.
- 4 Eternal King! I fear thy name;
Teach me to know how frail I am;
And when my soul must hence remove,
Give me a mansion in thy love.

514

C. M.

Prayer for Youth.

BESTOW, dear Lord, upon our youth,
The gift of saving grace;
And let the seed of sacred truth
Fall in a fruitful place.

- 2 Grace is a plant, where'er it grows,
Of pure and heavenly root:

But fairest in the youngest shows,
And yields the sweetest fruit.

3 Ye careless ones, O hear betimes,
The voice of sovereign love !
Your youth is stained with many crimes,
But mercy reigns above.

4 True, you are young, but there's a stone
Within the youngest breast ;
Or half the crimes which you have done
Would rob you of your rest.

5 For you the public prayer is made,
Oh ! join the public prayer !
For you the secret tear is shed,
O shed yourselves a tear !

6 We pray that you may early prove
The Spirit's power to teach ;
You cannot be too young to love
That Jesus whom we preach.

515

C. M.

Youth Admonished.

YE hearts, with youthful vigour warm,
In smiling crowds draw near,
And turn from every mortal charm,
A Saviour's voice to hear.

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

3 "The soul, that longs to see my face,
Is sure my love to gain ;
And those that early seek my grace,
Shall never seek in vain."

- 4 What object, Lord, my soul should move,
 If once 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,
 And here true bliss I find.

516

C. M.

Death of a Youth.

- W**HEN blooming youth is snatched away
 By death's resistless hand,
 Our hearts the mournful tribute pay,
 Which pity must demand.
- 2 While pity prompts the rising sigh,
 O may this truth, imprest
 With awful power—I too must die—
 Sink deep in every breast.
- 3 Let this vain world delude no more,
 Behold the gaping tomb;
 It bids us seize the present hour,
 To-morrow death may come.
- 4 The voice of this alarming scene,
 Let every heart obey;
 Nor be the heavenly warning vain,
 Which calls to watch and pray.

517

C. M.

Youth the best Time to Serve the Lord.

AMIDST' the cheerful bloom of youth,
 With ardent zeal pursue

- The ways of piety and truth,
With death and heaven in view.
- 2 Fair wisdom's paths with sweets are strewed,
And pleasures all refined;
There joys divine are shed abroad,
That suit the immortal mind.
- 3 Youth is the most accepted time,
To love and serve the Lord;
A flower presented in its prime,
Will much delight afford.
- 4 He'll crown with peace your rising years,
And make your fruit increase;
Will guide you through this vale of tears,
And bid your sorrows cease.
- 5 Give him the morning of your days,
And be for ever blest;
'Tis none but those in wisdom's ways
Enjoy substantial rest.

518

S. M.

Prayer of a Youth.

- WITH humble heart and tongue,
Our God, to thee we pray;
Oh, make us learn while we are young,
How we may cleanse our way.
- 2 Make us, unguarded youth
The objects of thy care;
Help us to choose the way of truth,
And fly from every snare.
- 3 Our hearts to folly prone,
Renew by power divine;
Unite them to thyself alone,
And make us wholly thine.

- 4 Oh, let thy word of grace
Our warmest thoughts employ;
Be this through all our following days,
Our treasure and our joy.
- 5 To what thy laws impart,
Be our whole soul inclined;
Oh, let them dwell within our heart
And sanctify our mind.
- 6 May thy young servants learn,
By these to cleanse their way;
And may we here the path discern
That leads to endless day.

519

L. M.

Invitation to Youth.

- T**O-DAY, if ye will hear his voice,
Now is the time to make your choice;
Say, will you to Mount Zion go?
Say, will you have this Christ, or no?
- 2 Ye wandering souls, who find no rest,
Say, will you be for ever blest?
Will you be saved from sin and hell?
Will you with Christ in glory dwell?
- 3 Come now, dear youth, for ruin bound,
Obey the gospel's joyful sound;
Come, go with us, and you shall prove
The joy of Christ's redeeming love.
- 4 Once more we ask you in his name—
For yet his love remains the same—
Say, will you to Mount Zion go?
Say, will you have this Christ or no?

520

11s & 10s.

Invitation to the Young.

COME, youthful sinners, come *now* to the
Saviour—

Come, ye young wanderers, again to his side,
Kneel at his mercy-seat, sue for his favour,
Lambs of his bosom, for whom he hath died.

2 Come to his temple in life's dawning morn-
ing,

Give up your souls to the guide of your youth;
How sweet is grace the young bosom adorn-
ing,

What robe so fair as the raiment of truth.

3 Can you find pleasure in pathways unholy?
Hope ye for comfort in wandering from God?
Anguish and shame wait the votaries of folly;
Earth has no comfort not found in his blood.

4 Has he not died for you? look on this table;
Here see the tokens of sorrow and love!
Lives he not now for you? Jesus is able
To keep you through life, and to bless you
above.

521

L. M.

Prayer for the Children of the Church.

DEAR Saviour, if these lambs should stray,
From thy secure inclosure's bound,
And lured by worldly joys away,
Among the thoughtless crowd be found;

2 Remember still that they are thine,
That thy dear sacred name they bear,
'Think that the seal of love divine,
The sign of covenant grace they wear.

- 3 In all their erring, sinful years,
 Oh, let them ne'er forgotten be;
 Remember all the prayers and tears,
 Which made them consecrate to thee.
- 4 And when these lips no more can pray,
 These eyes can weep for them no more,
 Turn thou their feet from folly's way,
 The wanderers to thy fold restore.

522

7s. 4 lines.

Prayer for Children.

- G**RACIOUS Lord! our children see;
 By thy mercy we are free;
 But shall these, alas! remain
 Subjects still of Satan's reign?
- 2 Lord, we tremble, for we know,
 How the fierce, malicious foe,
 Wheeling round his watchful flight,
 Keeps them ever in his sight.
- 3 Spread thy pinions, King of kings!
 Hide them safe beneath thy wings;
 Lest the ravenous birds of prey
 Stoop, and bear the brood away!

523

C. M.

Triumph over Death.

- O**FOR an overcoming faith
 To cheer my dying hours,
 To triumph o'er the monster, Death,
 And all his frightful powers!
- 2 Joyful with all the strength I have,
 My quivering lips should sing,
 "Where is thy boasted victory, grave?
 And where the monster's sting?"

- 3 If sin be pardoned, I'm secure;
 Death hath no sting beside;
 The law gives sin its damning power;
 But Christ, my ransom, died.
- 4 Now to the God of victory
 Immortal thanks be paid,
 Who makes us conquerors while we die,
 Through Christ our living head.

524

C. M.

Happiness in Death.

- H**EAR what the voice from heaven pro-
 claims
 For all the pious dead!
 Sweet is the savour of their names,
 And soft their sleeping bed.
- 2 They die in Jesus, and are blessed;
 How calm their slumbers are!
 From sufferings and from sin released,
 And freed from every snare.
- 3 Far from this world of toil and strife,
 They're present with the Lord;
 The labours of their mortal life
 End in a large reward.

525

C. M.

Death Disarmed.

- W**HY do we mourn departing friends?
 Or shake at death's alarms?
 'Tis but the voice that Jesus sends,
 To call them to his arms.

- 2 Are we not tending upward too,
 As fast as time can move?
 Nor should we wish our hours more slow,
 To keep us from our love.
- 3 Why should we tremble to convey
 Their bodies to the tomb?
 There the dear flesh of Jesus lay,
 And left a long perfume.
- 4 The graves of all the saints he blest,
 And softened every bed;
 Where should the dying members rest,
 But with their dying Head?
- 5 Thence he arose, ascending high,
 And showed our feet the way:
 Up to the Lord our flesh shall fly,
 At the great rising day.

526

C. M.

Contemplation of Death.

- S**TOOP down, my thoughts, that used to
 rise,
 Converse awhile with death;
 Think how a gasping mortal lies
 And pants away his breath.
- 2 But, O, the soul that never dies!
 At once it leaves the clay!
 Ye thoughts, pursue it where it flies,
 And track its wondrous way.
- 3 Up to the courts where angels dwell,
 It mounts, triumphant there:
 Or devils plunge it down to hell,
 In infinite despair.

- 4 And must my body faint and die?
 And must this soul remove?
 Oh, for some guardian angel nigh,
 To bear it safe above!
- 5 Jesus, to thy dear faithful hand
 My naked soul I trust;
 And my flesh waits for thy command,
 To drop into my dust.

527

L. M.

Fears of Death Removed.

- W**HY 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.
- 3 O! if my Lord would come and meet,
 My soul would stretch her wings in haste,
 Fly fearless through death's iron gate,
 Nor feel the terrors as she passed!
- 4 Jesus can make a dying bed
 Feel soft as downy pillows are,
 While on his breast I lean my head,
 And breathe my life out sweetly there.

528

C. M.

Death Dreadful without Preparation.

DEATH! 'tis a melancholy day
 To those who have no God,

When the poor soul is forced away
To seek her last abode.

- 2 In vain to heaven she lifts her eyes ;
But guilt, a heavy chain,
Still drags her downward from the skies,
To darkness, fire, and pain.
- 3 He is a God of sovereign love,
That promised heaven to me,
And taught my thoughts to soar above,
Where happy spirits be.
- 4 Prepare me, Lord, for thy right hand ;
Then come the joyful day ;
Come death, and some celestial band,
To bear my soul away.

529

C. M.

Death and Glory.

MY soul, come, meditate the day,
And think how near it stands,
When thou must quit this house of clay,
And fly to unknown lands.

- 2 And you, my eyes, look down and view
The hollow gaping tomb ;
This gloomy prison waits for you,
Whene'er the summons come.
- 3 O could we die with those that die,
And place us in their stead ;
Then would our spirits learn to fly,
And converse with the dead.
- 4 Then should we see the saints above,
In their own glorious forms,
And wonder why our souls should love
To dwell with mortal worms.

- 5 We should almost forsake our clay
 Before the summons come,
 And pray and wish our souls away
 To their eternal home.

530

C. M.

Funeral Hymn.

- H**ARK! from the tombs a doleful 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 our 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.

531

S. M.

Joy in View of the Resurrection.

- A**ND must this body die?
 This mortal frame decay?
 And must these active limbs of mine
 Lie mouldering in the clay?
- 2 God my Redeemer lives,
 And often from the skies

- Looks down and watches all my dust,
Till he shall bid it rise.
- 3 Arrayed in glorious grace,
Shall these vile bodies shine,
And every shape, and every face,
Look heavenly and divine.
- 4 These lively hopes we owe
To Jesus' dying love:
We would adore his grace below,
And sing his power above.
- 5 Dear Lord, accept the praise
Of these, our humble songs,
Till tunes of nobler sound we raise
With our immortal tongues.

532

L. M.

Death of the Righteous.

- H**OW blest the righteous when he dies!
When sinks a weary soul to rest,
How mildly beam the closing eyes,
How gently heaves the expiring breast!
- 2 So fades a summer cloud away,
So sinks the gale when storms are o'er;
So gently shuts the eye of day,
So dies a wave along the shore.
- 3 A holy quiet reigns around,
A calm which life nor death destroys;
Nothing disturbs that peace profound,
Which his unfettered soul enjoys.
- 4 Farewell, conflicting hopes and fears,
Where lights and shades alternate dwell!
How bright the unchanging morn appears;
Farewell, inconstant world, farewell!

- 5 Life's duty done, as sinks the clay,
 Light from its load the spirit flies;
 While heaven and earth combine to say,
 "How blest the righteous when he dies!"

533

C. M.

Triumph over Death.

WHEN death appears before my sight,
 In all his dire array,
 Unequal to the dreadful fight,
 My courage dies away.

- 2 O for the eye of faith divine,
 To pierce beyond the grave!
 To see that Friend, and call him mine,
 Whose arm is strong to save!
- 3 Lord, I commit my soul to thee!
 Accept the sacred trust,
 Receive this nobler part of me,
 And watch my sleeping dust.
- 4 Till that illustrious morning come,
 When all thy saints shall rise,
 And, clothed in full immortal bloom,
 Attend thee to the skies.

534

L. M.

Nearness to Eternity.

ETERNITY is just at hand;
 And shall I waste my ebbing sand?
 And careless view departing day,
 And throw my inch of time away?

- 2 Eternity!—without a bound!
 To guilty souls a dreadful sound!
 But O! if Christ and heaven be mine,
 How sweet the accents! how divine!

- 3 Be this my chief, my only care,
My high pursuit, my ardent prayer,
An interest in the Saviour's blood,
My pardon sealed, and peace with God.
- 4 But should my highest hopes be vain,
The rising doubt, how sharp the pain!
My fears, O gracious God, remove,
Confirm my title to thy love.
- 5 Search, Lord! O search my inmost heart,
And light, and hope, and joy impart;
From guilt and error set me free,
And guide me safe to heaven and thee.

535

L. M.

Death of the Saint and Sinner Contrasted.

WHAT scenes of horror and of dread,
Await the sinner's dying bed!
Death's terrors all appear in sight,
Presages of eternal night.

- 2 His sins in dreadful order rise,
And fill his soul with sad surprise;
Mount Sinai's thunder stuns his ears,
And not one ray of hope appears.
- 3 Not so the heir of heavenly bliss;
His soul is filled with conscious peace;
A steady faith subdues his fear;
He sees the happy Canaan near.
- 4 His mind is tranquil and serene;
No terrors in his looks are seen;
His Saviour's smile dispels the gloom,
And smooths his passage to the tomb.
- 5 Lord, make my faith and love sincere;
My judgment sound, my conscience clear;

And when the toils of life are past,
May I be found in peace at last.

536

P. M.

Triumph over Death and the Grave.

VITAL spark of heavenly flame,
Quit, O quit this mortal frame;
Trembling, hoping, lingering, flying,
O the pain, the bliss of dying!
Cease, fond nature, cease thy strife,
And let me languish into life.

- 2 Hark! they whisper! angels say,
"Sister spirit, come away."
What is this absorbs me quite?
Steals my senses, shuts my sight?
Drowns my spirit? draws my breath?
Tell me, my soul, can this be death?
- 3 The world recedes, it disappears!
Heaven opens on my eyes—my ears
With sounds seraphic ring!
Lend, lend your wings, I mount! I fly!
O Grave! where is thy victory?
O Death! where is thy sting?

537

12s, 11s.

Funeral Hymn.

THOU art gone to the grave, but we will
not deplore thee;
Though sorrows and darkness encompass the
tomb,
The Saviour has passed through its portals
before thee,
And the lamp of his love is thy guide through
the gloom.

- 2 Thou art gone to the grave, we no longer behold thee,
Nor tread the rough path of the world by thy side;
But the wide arms of mercy are spread to enfold thee,
And sinners may hope, since the Sinless has died.
- 3 Thou art gone to the grave, and its mansions forsaking,
Perhaps thy tried spirit in doubt lingered long;
But the sunshine of heaven beamed bright on thy waking,
And the song that thou heardst was the seraphim's song.
- 4 Thou art gone to the grave, but 'twere wrong to deplore thee,
When God was thy ransom, thy guardian and guide;
He gave thee, and took thee, and soon will restore thee,
Where death has no sting, since the Saviour hath died.

538

6s, & 5s.

Funeral Dirge.

HARK! to the solemn bell,
Mournfully pealing,
What do its wailings tell,
On the ear stealing?
Seem they not thus to say,
Loved ones have passed away?
Ashes with ashes lay.
List! to its pealing!

- 2 Earth is all vanity,
 False as tis fleeting ;
 Grief is in all its joy,
 Smiles with tears meeting,
 Youth's brightest hopes decay,
 Pass like morn's gems away ;
 Too fair on earth to stay,
 Where all is fleeting ?
- 3 Now in their lonely bed,
 Loved ones are lying ;
 Now 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 ?
- 4 No ! ransomed spirits, no !
 Fly to the Saviour :
 With the bright angels go,
 Mingle for ever.
 Up to the throne above,
 Up to the heaven of love,
 Through fields of verdure rove,
 Blessed for ever !

539 11s. Peculiar.

Death Welcome to the Believer.

I WOULD not live alway ; I ask not to stay
 Where storm after storm rises dark o'er
 the 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, thus fettered by sin ;
 Temptation without and corruption within :

E'en the rapture of pardon is mingled with
 fears,
 And the cup of thanksgiving with penitent
 tears.

- 3 I would not live alway; no—welcome the
 tomb,
 Since Jesus hath 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.
- 4 Who, who would live alway, away from his
 God ;
 Away from yon heaven that blissful abode,
 Where the rivers of pleasure flow o'er the
 bright plains,
 And the noontide of glory eternally reigns :
- 5 Where the saints of all ages in harmony meet,
 Their Saviour and brethren, transported to
 greet ;
 While the anthems of rapture unceasingly roll,
 And the smile of the Lord is the feast of the
 soul.

540

8s, 7s, 4s.

Resurrection.

LO! he cometh! countless trumpets
 Blow to wake the sleeping dead;
 'Mid ten thousand saints and angels,
 See their great exalted Head!
 Hallelujah!
 Welcome, welcome, Son of God!

- 2 Now his merit, by the harpers,
 Through the eternal deep resounds:
 Now resplendent shine his nail-prints,
 Every eye shall see his wounds :

They who pierced him
Shall at his appearance wail.

3 Full of joyful expectation,
Saints behold the Judge appear;
Truth and Justice go before him;
Now the joyful sentence hear!
Hallelujah!

Welcome, welcome Judge divine.

4 "Come ye blessed of my Father,
Enter into life and joy;
Banish all your fears and sorrows;
Endless praise be your employ!"
Hallelujah!

Welcome, welcome to the skies.

5 Now at once they rise to glory,
Jesus brings them to the King:
There with all the hosts of heaven,
They, eternal anthems sing:
Hallelujah!

Boundless glory to the Lamb.

541

L. C. M.

Time and Eternity.

LO! on a narrow neck of land,
'Twixt two unbounded seas I stand,
Yet how insensible!

A point of time a moment's space,
Removes me to yon heavenly place,
Or—shuts me up in hell.

2 O God my inmost soul convert,
And deeply on my thoughtful heart
Eternal things impress;
Give me to feel their solemn weight,
And save me ere it be too late;
Wake me to righteousness.

- 3 Before me place in bright array,
 The pomp of that tremendous day,
 When thou with clouds shalt come
 To judge the nations at thy bar :
 And tell me, Lord, shall I be there,
 To meet a joyful doom ?
- 4 Be this my one great business here,
 With holy trembling, holy fear,
 To make my calling sure !
 Thine utmost counsel to fulfil,
 And suffer all thy righteous will,
 And to the end endure !
- 5 Then Saviour, then my soul receive,
 Transported from this vale, to live
 And reign with thee above ;
 Where faith is sweetly lost in sight,
 And hope in full supreme delight
 And everlasting love.

542

L. M.

The Living and the Dead.

WHERE are the dead?—In heaven or
 hell

Their perished forms in bonds of clay,
 Their disembodied spirits dwell ;
 Reserved until the judgment day.

- 3 Who are the dead?—the sons of time
 In every age, and state, and clime ;
 Renowned, dishonoured or forgot,
 The place that knew them, knows them not.
- 3 Where are the living?—On the ground
 Where prayer is heard and mercy found ;
 Where in the compass of a span,
 The mortal makes the immortal man.

- 4 Who are the living?—They whose breath
 Draws every moment nigh to death;
 Of endless bliss or woe the heirs:
 Oh, what an awful lot is theirs!
- 5 Then, timely warned, let us begin
 To follow Christ and flee from sin;
 Daily grow up in him our head,
 Lord of the living and the dead.

543

C. M.

Death and Resurrection.

THRO' sorrow's night and danger's path,
 Amid the deepening gloom,
 We, soldiers of an injured King,
 Are marching to the tomb.

- 2 There, when the turmoil is no more,
 And all our powers decay,
 Our cold remains, in solitude,
 Shall sleep the years away.
- 3 Our labours done, securely laid
 In this our last retreat,
 Unheeded, o'er our silent dust,
 The storms of life shall beat.
- 4 These ashes poor, this little dust,
 Our Father's care shall keep,
 Till the last angel rise, and break
 The long and dreary sleep.
- 5 Then love's soft dew o'er every eye
 Shall shed its mildest rays,
 And the long silent dust shall burst
 With shouts of endless praise.

544

C. M. D.

The Resurrection of the Christian.

MY faith shall triumph o'er the grave,
 And trample on the tombs:

My Jesus, my Redeemer lives,
 My God, my Saviour comes :
 Ere long I know he shall appear,
 In power and glory great ;
 And death the last of all his foes,
 Lie vanquished at his feet.

2 Then though the worms my flesh devour,
 And make my form their prey,
 I know I shall arise with power,
 On the last judgment day :
 When God shall stand upon the earth,
 Him there mine eyes shall see ;
 My flesh shall feel a second birth,
 And ever with him be.

3 Then his own hand shall wipe the tears,
 From every weeping eye ;
 And pains, and groans, and griefs, and fears,
 Shall cease eternally.
 How long, dear Saviour ! O, how long
 Shall this bright hour delay !
 O, hasten thy appearance, Lord,
 And bring the welcome day.

545

S. M.

Peaceful Death.

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 Saviour they adore,
And reign with him above !
- 4 With us their names shall live
Through long succeeding years,
Embalmed with all our hearts can give,
Our praises and our tears !
- 5 O for the death of those,
Who slumber in the Lord !
O be like theirs my last repose,
Like theirs my last reward !

546

8s, & 7s.

Dying Christian.

- W**HY lament the Christian dying ?
Why indulge in tears or gloom ?
Calmly on the Lord relying,
He can greet the opening tomb,
- 2 What if death, with icy fingers,
All the fount of life congeals ?
'Tis not there thy brother lingers,
'Tis not death his spirit feels.
- 3 Though for him thy soul is mourning,
Though with grief thy heart is riven
While his flesh to dust is turning,
All his soul is filled with heaven.
- 4 Scenes seraphic, high and glorious,
Now forbid his longer stay ;
See him rise o'er death victorious,
Angels beckon him away.
- 5 Hark ! the golden harps are ringing,
Sounds unearthly fill his ear !

Millions now in heaven singing,
Greet his joyful entrance there.

547

C. M.

On the Death of a Child.

LIFE is a span, a fleeting hour,
How soon the vapour flies !
Man is a tender, transient flower,
That e'en in blooming dies.

- 2 Death spreads his withering, wint'ry arms,
And beauty smiles no more ;
Ah ! where are now those rising charms,
Which pleased our eyes before ?
- 3 That once-loved form now cold and dead,
Each mournful thought employs :
We weep our earthly comforts fled,
And withered all our joys.
- 4 Hope looks beyond the bounds of time,
When what we now deplore
Shall rise in full, immortal prime,
And bloom to fade no more.
- 5 Cease, then fond nature, cease thy tears :
The Saviour dwells on high :
There everlasting spring appears,
There joys shall never die.

548

C. M.

Funeral Hymn—Death of a Young Child.

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

- 2 And shall my bleeding heart arraign
That God, whose ways are love?
Or vainly cherish anxious pain
For *her* who rests above?
- 3 No!—let me rather humbly pay
Obedience to his will,
And with my inmost spirit say,
“The Lord is righteous still.”
- 4 From adverse blasts, and lowering storms,
Her favoured soul he bore;
And with yon bright, angelic forms,
She lives, to die no more.
- 5 Why should I vex my heart, or fast?
No more *she'll* visit me;
My soul will mount to *her* at last,
And there my child I'll see.
- 6 Prepare me blessed Lord, to share
The bliss thy people prove;
Who round thy glorious throne appear,
And dwell in perfect love.

549

C. M.

Funeral Hymn.

BENEATH our feet and o'er our head
Is equal warning given:
Beneath us lie the countless dead,
Above us is the Heaven!

- 2 Their names are graven on the stone,
Their bones are in the clay;
And ere another day is gone,
Ourselves may be as they.
- 3 Death rides on every passing breeze,
And lurks in every flower;

Each season has its own disease,
Its peril every hour!

- 4 Turn, mortal, turn! thy danger know:
Where'er thy foot can tread
The earth rings hollow from below,
And warns thee of her dead!
- 5 Turn, Christian, turn! thy soul apply
To truths divinely given:
The bones which underneath thee lie
Shall live for Hell or Heaven!

550

C. M.

The House Appointed for all Living.

HOW still and peaceful is the grave!
Where, life's vain tumults past,
The appointed house, by heaven's decree,
Receives us all at last.

- 2 The wicked there from troubling cease,
Their passions rage no more;
And there the weary pilgrim rests
From all the toils he bore.
- 3 There rest the prisoners, now released
From slavery's sad abode:
No more they hear the oppressors's voice,
Or dread the tyrant's rod.
- 4 There servants, masters, poor, and rich,
Partake the same repose;
And there, in peace, the ashes mix
Of those who once were foes.
- 5 All levelled by the hand of death,
Lie sleeping in the tomb,
Till God in judgment call them forth,
To meet their final doom.

551

7s, 6 lines.

The Dying Father.

O THOU faithful God of love,
 Gladly I thy promise plead,
 Waiting for my last remove,
 Hastening to the happy dead,
 Lo, I cast on thee my care,
 Breathe my latest breath in prayer.

2 Trusting in thy word alone,
 I to thee my children leave ;
 Call my little ones thine own,
 Give them all thy blessings, give ;
 Keep them while on earth they breathe,
 Save their souls from endless death.

3 Whom I to thy grace commend
 Into thine embraces take,
 Be her sure, immortal Friend,
 Save her for my Saviour's sake :
 Free from sin, from sorrow free,
 Let my widow trust in thee.

552

L. M.

Death and Burial of a Christian.

UNVEIL thy bosom, faithful tomb ;
 Take this new treasure to thy trust,
 And give these sacred relics room,
 To slumber in the silent dust.

2 Nor pain, nor grief, nor anxious fear
 Invade thy bounds—no mortal woes
 Can reach the peaceful sleeper here,
 While angels watch the soft repose.

3 So Jesus slept, God's dying Son
 Passed through the grave, and blest the bed,

Rest here, blest saint, till from his throne
The morning break, and pierce the shade.

- 4 Break from his throne, illustrious morn!
Attend, O Earth! his sovereign word;
Restore thy trust, a glorious form
Shall then arise to meet the Lord.

553

C. M.

Judgment Anticipated.

WHEN rising from the bed of death,
O'erwhelmed with guilt and fear,
I see my Maker face to face,
O how shall I appear!

- 2 If yet while pardon may be found,
And mercy may be sought,
My heart with inward horror shrinks,
And trembles at the thought;
- 3 When thou, O Lord, shalt stand disclosed,
In majesty severe,
And sit in judgment on my soul,
O how shall I appear!
- 4 Yet never shall my soul despair
Her pardon to procure,
Who knows thine only Son has died,
To make her pardon sure.

554

L. C. M.

Apprehension of Judgment.

WHEN thou my righteous Judge shalt
come
To take thy ransomed people home,
Shall I among them stand?

- Shall such a worthless worm as I,
 Who sometimes am afraid to die,
 Be found at thy right hand ?
- 2 I love to meet among them now,
 Before thy gracious feet to bow,
 Though vilest of them all ;
 But can I bear the piercing thought ?
 What if my name should be left out,
 When thou for them shalt call ?
- 3 Prevent, prevent it by thy grace ;
 Be thou, dear Lord, my hiding place,
 In this the accepted day ;
 Thy pardoning voice, oh, let me hear,
 To still my unbelieving fear ;
 Nor let me fall, I pray.
- 4 Let me among thy saints be found,
 Whene'er the archangel's trump shall sound,
 To see thy smiling face ;
 Then loudest of the crowd I'll sing,
 While heaven's resounding mansions ring
 With shouts of sovereign grace.

555

7s.

Terrors of Judgment.

- I**N the sun and moon and stars
 Signs and wonders there shall be,
 Earth shall quake with inward wars,
 Nations with perplexity.
- 2 Soon shall ocean's hoary deep,
 Tossed with stronger tempests rise ;
 Wilder storms the mountains sweep,
 Louder thunders rock the skies.
- 3 Dread alarms shall shake the proud,
 Pale amazement, restless fear ;

And, amid the thunder cloud,
Shall the Judge of men appear !

- 4 But though from his awful face,
Heaven shall fade, and earth shall fly,
Fear not ye, his chosen race,
Your redemption draweth nigh.

556

8s, 7s, 4s.

Christ Descending to Judgment.

SEE the eternal Judge descending,
View him seated on his throne !
Now, poor sinner, now lamenting,
Stand and hear thy awful doom,
Trumpets call thee,
Stand and hear thy awful doom.

- 2 Hear the cries he now is venting,
Filled with dread of fiercer pain;
While in anguish thus lamenting
That he ne'er was born again:
Greatly mourning,
That he ne'er was born again.

- 3 " Yonder sits my slighted Saviour,
With the marks of dying love ;
Oh that I had sought his favour,
When I felt his Spirit move.
Golden moments,
When I felt his Spirit move."

- 4 Now, despisers, look and wonder !
Hope and sinners here must part !
Louder than a peal of thunder,
Hear the dreadful sound, " depart !"
Lost for ever,
Hear the dreadful sound, " depart !"

557

L. M.

The Day of Wrath.

THE day of wrath that dreadful day,
 When heaven and earth shall pass away,
 What power shall be the sinner's stay?
 How shall he meet that dreadful day?

- 2 When, shriveling like a parched scroll,
 The flaming heavens together roll;
 When louder yet, and yet more dread,
 Swells the high trump that wakes the dead.
- 3 O, on that day, that wrathful day,
 When man to judgment wakes from clay,
 Be Thou the trembling sinner's stay,
 Though heaven and earth shall pass away.

558

8s, 7s, 4s.

The Day of Judgment.

DAY of Judgment, day of wonders!
 Hark! the trumpet's awful sound,
 Louder than a thousand thunders,
 Shakes the vast creation round!
 How the summons
 Will the sinner's heart confound!

- 2 See the Judge our nature wearing,
 Clothed in majesty divine;
 You who long for his appearing,
 Then shall say, This God is mine!
 Gracious Saviour,
 Own me in that day for thine!
- 3 At his call the dead awaken,
 Rise to life from earth and sea;

All the powers of nature shaken
 By his looks prepare to flee:
 Careless sinner,
 What will then become of thee?

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

5 Satan, who now tries to please you,
 Lest you timely warning take,
 When that word is past, will seize you,
 Plunge you in the burning lake:
 Think, poor sinner,
 Thy eternal all's at stake.

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

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

559

8s, 7s, 4s.

Christ Coming to Judgment.

LO! He comes, with clouds descending,
 Once for favoured sinners slain!

Thousand thousand saints attending,
 Swell the triumph of his train :
 Hallelujah !
 Jesus comes, and comes to reign.

2 Every eye shall now behold him,
 Robed in dreadful majesty !
 Those who set at naught, and sold him,
 Pierced and nailed him to the tree,
 Deeply wailing,
 Shall the true Messiah see !

3 Every island, sea, and mountain,
 Heaven and earth shall flee away ;
 All who hate him must, confounded,
 Hear the trump proclaim the day :
 " Come to judgment !
 Come to judgment ! come away."

4 Now redemption, long expected,
 See, in solemn pomp appear !
 All his saints by man rejected,
 Now shall meet him in the air,
 Hallelujah !
 See the day of God appear.

5 Mighty King ! let all adore thee,
 High on thine eternal throne !
 Saviour, take the power and glory ;
 Claim the kingdom for thine own !
 O come quickly,
 Hallelujah ! come, Lord, come !

560

C. M.

Consolation in Christ in View of the Judgment.

THAT awful day will surely come,
 The appointed hour makes haste,

- When I must stand before my Judge,
And pass the solemn test.
- 2 Thou lovely Chief of all my joys,
Thou Sovereign of my heart,
How could I bear to hear thy voice
Pronounce the word, "Depart."
- 3 O! wretched state of deep despair,
To see my God remove,
And fix my doleful station where
I must not taste his love.
- 4 Jesus! I throw my arms around,
And hang upon thy breast;
Without a gracious smile from thee,
My spirit cannot rest.
- 5 O! tell me that my worthless name
Is graven on thy hands;
Show me some promise in thy book,
Where my salvation stands!
- 6 Give me one kind assuring word,
To sink my fears again;
And cheerfully my soul shall wait
Her threescore years and ten.

561

C. M.

The New Jerusalem.

- J**ERUSALEM! my happy home!
Name ever dear to me!
When shall my labours have an end,
In joy, and peace, and thee!
- 2 When shall these eyes thy heaven-built walls
And pearly gates behold?
Thy bulwarks, with salvation strong,
And streets of shining gold?

- 3 O when thou city of my God,
 Shall I thy courts ascend,
 Where congregations ne'er break up,
 And Sabbaths have no end?
- 4 There happier bowers than Eden's bloom,
 Nor sin nor sorrow know :
 Blest seats ! through rude and stormy scenes,
 I onward press to you.
- 5 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.
- 6 Apostles, martyrs, prophets there,
 Around my Saviour stand ;
 And soon my friends in Christ below,
 Will join the glorious band.
- 7 Jerusalem ! my happy home !
 My soul still pants for thee ;
 Then shall my labours have an end,
 When I thy joys shall see.

562

C. M.

Prospect of Heaven.

- O**N Jordan's stormy banks I stand,
 And cast a wishful eye,
 To Canaan's fair and happy land,
 Where my possessions lie.
- 2 O the transporting rapturous scene,
 That rises to my sight
 Sweet fields arrayed in living green.
 And rivers of delight !
- 3 There generous fruits, that never fail,
 On trees immortal grow ;

There rocks, and hills, and brooks, and vales,
With milk and honey, flow.

4 On all those wide-extended plains
Shines one eternal day ;
There God the Son for ever reigns,
And scatters night away.

5 No chilling wings nor poisonous breath,
Can reach that healthful shore :
Sickness and sorrow, pain and death,
Are felt and feared no more.

563

7s, 6s.

Aspiring after Heaven.

RISE, my soul, and stretch thy wings,
Thy better portion trace ;
Rise from transitory things,
Towards heaven thy native place :
Sun, and moon, and stars decay ;
Time shall soon this earth remove :
Rise my soul, and haste away,
To seats prepared above.

3 Rivers to the ocean run,
Nor stay in all their course ;
Fire ascending seeks the sun ;
Both speed them to their source,
The soul that's born of God,
Pants to view his glorious face :
Upward tends to his abode,
To rest in his embrace.

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

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

564

8s.

Longing after Heaven.

- Y**E angels who stand round the throne,
 And view my Immanuel's face,
 In rapturous songs make him known;
 Tune, tune your soft harps to his praise:
 He formed you the spirits you are,
 So happy, so noble, so good;
 While others sunk down in despair,
 Confirmed by his power, ye stood.
- 2 Ye saints who stand nearer than they,
 And cast your bright crowns at his feet,
 His grace and his glory display,
 And all his rich mercy repeat:
 He snatched you from hell and the grave,
 He ransomed from death and despair;
 For you he was mighty to save,
 Almighty to bring you safe there.
- 3 O, when will the period appear,
 When I shall unite in your song?
 I'm weary of lingering here,
 And I to your Saviour belong!
 I'm fettered and chained up in clay;
 I struggle and pant to be free;
 I long to be soaring away,
 My God and my Saviour to see!
- 4 I want to put on my attire,
 Washed white in the blood of the Lamb;
 I want to be one of your choir,
 And tune my sweet harp to his name:

I want—oh I want to be there,
 Where sorrow and sin bid adieu,
 Your joy and your friendship to share,
 To wonder and worship with you.

565

C. M.

Angelic Praise in Heaven.

EARTH has engrossed my love too long,
 'Tis time to lift mine eyes,
 Upward, dear Father, to thy throne,
 And to my native skies.

2 There the blest man, my Saviour, sits,
 The God, how bright he shines!
 And scatters infinite delight,
 On all the happy minds.

3 Seraphs, with elevated strains,
 Circle the throne around:
 And move and charm the starry plains,
 With an immortal sound.

4 Jesus the Lord their harps employs,
 Jesus thy love they sing:
 Jesus the life of all our joys,
 Sounds sweet from every string.

5 Hark, how beyond the narrow bounds,
 Of time and space they run!
 And echo in majestic sounds,
 The Godhead of the Son.

6 And now they sink the lofty tune,
 And gentler notes they play;
 And bring the Father's equal down,
 To dwell in humble clay.

7 O sacred beauties of the man
 The God resides within;

His flesh all pure, without a stain,
His soul without a sin.

- 8 But when to Calvary they turn,
Silent their harps abide;
Suspended songs a moment mourn
The God that loved and died.
- 9 Then all at once, to living strains
They summon every chord;
Tell how he triumphed o'er his pains,
And chant the rising Lord.
- 10 Now let me mount to join their song,
And be an angel too;
My heart, my hand, my ear, my tongue,
Here's joyful work for you.
- 11 I would begin the music here,
And so my soul should rise;
O, for some heavenly notes to bear
My passions to the skies.
- 12 Where ye that love my Saviour sit,
There I would fain have place;
Among your thrones, or at your feet,
So I might see his face.

566

7s. Double.

Praise of the Redeemed in Heaven.

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 Oft the big unbidden tear,
 Stealing down the furrowed cheek,
 Told, in eloquence sincere,
 Tales of woe they could not speak.
 But these days of weeping o'er,
 Past this scene of toil and pain,
 They shall feel distress no more,
 Never, never weep again.
- 3 Mid the chorus of the skies,
 Mid the angelic lyres above,
 Hark, their songs melodious rise,
 Songs of praise to Jesus' love!
 Happy spirits! ye are fled,
 Where no grief can entrance find;
 Lulled to rest the aching head,
 Soothed the anguish of the mind.
- 4 All is tranquil and serene,
 Calm and undisturbed repose,
 There no cloud can intervene,
 There no angry tempest blows!
 Every tear is wiped away,
 Sighs no more shall heave the breast,
 Night is lost in endless day.
 Sorrow, in eternal rest.

567

L. M.

Home in View.

AS when the weary traveller gains
 The height of some o'er-looking hill,
 His heart revives, if cross the plains
 He eyes his home, though distant still.

- 2 While he surveys the much loved spot,
 He slights the space that lies between;
 His past fatigues are now forgot,
 Because his journey's end is seen.

- 3 Thus when the Christian pilgrim views
 By faith, his mansion in the skies,
 The sight his fainting strength renews,
 And wings his speed to reach the prize.
- 4 The thought of home his spirit cheers,
 No more he grieves for troubles past;
 Nor any future trial fears,
 So he may safe arrive at last.
- 5 'Tis there, he says I am to dwell
 With Jesus, in the realms of day;
 Then I shall bid my cares farewell,
 And he will wipe my tears away.
- 6 Jesus, on thee our hope depends,
 To lead us on to thine abode:
 Assured our home will make amends
 For all our toil while on the road.

568

11s.

Heaven, the Christian's Home.

- 'MID scenes of confusion and creature
 complaints,
 How sweet to my soul is communion with
 saints;
 To find at the banquet of mercy there's room.
 And feel in the presence of Jesus at home.
- 2 Sweet bonds that unite all the children of
 peace!
 And thrice precious Jesus, whose love can-
 not cease!
 Though oft from thy presence in sadness I
 roam,
 I long to behold thee, in glory at home.

- 3 I sigh from this body of sin to be free,
Which hinders my joy and communion with
thee;
Though now my temptations like billows may
foam,
All, all, will be peace, when I'm with thee at
home.
- 4 While here in the valley of conflict I stay,
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.
- 5 Whate'er thou deniest, O give me thy grace,
The Spirit's sure witness, and smiles of thy
face;
Indulge me with patience to wait at thy
throne,
And find even now a sweet foretaste of home.
- 6 I long, dearest Lord, in thy beauties to shine,
No more as an exile in sorrow to pine,
And in thy dear image, arise from the tomb,
With glorified millions to praise thee, at
Home.

569

L. M.

Praises of Heaven.

- H**ARK! how the choral song of heaven,
Swells full of peace and joy above,
Hark! how they strike their golden harps
And raise the tuneful notes of love.
- 2 No anxious care nor thrilling grief,
No deep despair, nor gloomy woe,
They feel, when high their lofty strains
In noblest, sweetest, concord flow.

- 3 But we are pierced with inward pain,
And waste in sighs the live-long day,
Or if we join to praise our God,
How harsh, how feeble is our lay.
- 4 When shall we join the heavenly host,
Who sing Immanuel's praise on high,
And leave behind our doubts and fears
To swell the chorus of the sky.
- 5 O come thou rapture-bringing morn,
And usher in the joyful day,
We long to see thy rising sun,
Drive all these clouds of grief away.

570

C. M.

Contemplation of Heaven.

- R**AISE thee, my soul, fly up, and run
Through every heavenly street,
And say, there's nought below the sun
That's worthy of thy feet.
- 2 There, on a high majestic throne,
The almighty Father reigns,
And sheds his glorious goodness down
On all the blissful plains.
- 3 Bright like a sun, the Saviour sits,
And spreads eternal noon;
No evenings there, nor gloomy nights,
To want the feeble moon.
- 4 Amidst those ever shining skies,
Behold the sacred Dove,
While banished sin and sorrow flies
From all the realms of love.
- 5 The glorious tenants of the place
Stand bending round the throne;

And saints and seraphs sing and praise
The infinite Three-One.

6 Jesus ! O when shall that blest day,
That joyful hour appear,
When I shall leave this house of clay
To dwell amongst them there ?

571

L. M.

Longing for Heaven.

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 Oh for a sight, a pleasing sight
Of our Almighty Father's throne !
There sits our Saviour, 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 through the man,
And sheds sweet glories on them all !

5 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, and love ?

572

C. M.

Faith Contemplating Heaven.

THERE is a house not made with hands
 Eternal and on high ;
 And here my spirit, waiting, stands,
 Till God shall bid it fly.

- 2 Shortly this prison of my clay
 Must be dissolved and fall ;
 Then, O my soul, with joy obey
 Thy heavenly Father's call.
- 3 'Tis he, by his almighty grace,
 That forms thee fit for heaven ;
 And, as an earnest of the place,
 Has his own Spirit given.
- 4 We walk by faith of joys to come ;
 Faith lives upon his word ;
 But while the body is our home,
 We're absent from the Lord.
- 5 'Tis pleasant to believe thy grace,
 But we had rather see ;
 We would be absent from the flesh,
 And present, Lord, with thee.

573

C. M.

Assurance of Heaven.

DEATH may dissolve my body now
 And bear my spirit home :
 Why do my minutes move so slow,
 Nor my salvation come ?

- 2 With heavenly weapons I have fought
 The battles of the Lord,
 Finished my course, and kept the faith,
 And wait the sure reward.

- 3 God has laid up in heaven for me
 A crown which cannot fade ;
 The righteous Judge, at that great day,
 Shall place it on my head.
- 4 Nor hath the King of grace decreed
 This prize for me alone ;
 But all that love, and long to see
 The appearance of his Son.
- 5 Jesus, the Lord, shall guard me safe
 From every ill design ;
 And to his heavenly kingdom take
 This feeble soul of mine.
- 6 God is my everlasting aid,
 And hell shall rage in vain ;
 To him be highest glory paid,
 And endless praise—*Amen.*

574

C. M.

Hope of Heaven.

- B**LEST be the everlasting God,
 The Father of our Lord ;
 Be his abounding mercy praised,
 His majesty adored.
- 2 When from the dead he raised his Son
 And called him to the sky,
 He gave our souls a lively hope,
 That they should never die.
- 3 What though our inbred sins require
 Our flesh to see the dust ;
 Yet as the Lord our Saviour rose,
 So all his followers must.
- 4 There's an inheritance divine,
 Reserved against that day ;

'Tis uncorrupted, undefiled,
And cannot fade away.

- 5 Saints by the power of God are kept,
Till that salvation come;
We walk by faith as strangers here,
Till Christ shall call us home.

575

C. M.

Triumphant View of Heaven.

OUR journey is a thorny maze,
But we march upward still;
Forget these troubles of the ways,
And press to Zion's hill.

- 2 See the kind angels at the gates
Inviting us to come!
There Jesus, the forerunner waits,
To welcome travellers home!
- 3 Eternal glory to the King
That bears us safely through!
Our tongues shall never cease to sing,
And endless praise renew.

576

C. M.

Heaven Traced through Sorrow.

LORD, what a wretched land is this,
That yields us no supply,
No cheering fruits, no wholesome trees,
Nor streams of living joy!

- 2 Yet the dear path to thine abode
Lies through this weary land:
Lord! we would keep the heavenly road,
And run at thy command.

- 3 Our souls shall tread the desert through
 With undiverted feet:
 And faith and flaming zeal subdue
 The terrors that we meet.
- 4 A thousand savage beasts of prey
 Around the forest roam;
 But Judah's Lion guards the way,
 And guides the strangers home.
- 5 Long nights and darkness dwell below,
 With scarce a twinkling ray;
 But the bright world to which we go
 Is everlasting day.
- 6 By glimmering hopes, and gloomy fears,
 We trace the sacred road;
 Through dismal deeps, and dangerous snares,
 We make our way to God.

577

C. M.

Joyful Anticipation of Heaven.

- W**HEN I can read my title clear
 To mansions in the skies,
 I bid farewell to every fear,
 And wipe my weeping eyes.
- 2 Should earth against my soul engage,
 And hellish darts be hurled,
 Then I can smile at Satan's rage,
 And face a frowning world.
- 3 Let cares like a wild deluge come,
 And storms of sorrow fall;
 May I but safely reach my home,
 My God, my heaven, my all:
- 4 There shall I bathe my weary soul
 In seas of heavenly rest,

And not a wave of trouble roll
Across my peaceful breast.

578

C. M.

Death Welcome in Prospect of Heaven.

THERE is a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign;
Infinite day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain.

- 2 There everlasting spring abides,
And never withering flowers;
Death, like a narrow sea, divides
This heavenly land from ours.
- 3 Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood,
Stand dressed in living green;
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
While Jordan rolled between.
- 4 But timorous mortals start and shrink,
To cross this narrow sea;
And linger, shivering on the brink,
And fear to launch away.
- 5 O! could we make our doubts remove,
Those gloomy doubts that rise,
And see the Canaan that we love
With unobscured eyes!
- 6 Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er,
Not Jordan's stream, not death's cold flood,
Should fright us from the shore.

579

C. M.

Christian Longing for Heaven.

FATHER, I long, I faint to see
The place of thine abode:

- I'd leave thine earthly courts, and flee
Up to thy seat, my God!
- 2 I'd part with all the joys of sense,
To gaze upon thy throne;
Pleasure springs fresh for ever thence,
Unspeakable, unknown.
- 3 There all the heavenly hosts are seen,
In shining ranks they move,
And drink immortal vigour in,
With wonder and with love.
- 4 The more thy glories strike my eyes,
The humbler I shall lie;
Thus while I sink, my joys shall rise
Immeasurably high.

580

C. M.

Heaven Attained by Following Christ.

- G**IVE 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 wet 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,
Possess the promised rest.

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

581 C. M.

Meditation of Heaven.

MY thoughts surmount those lower skies,
 And look within the veil;
 There springs of endless pleasure rise,
 The waters never fail.

- 2 There I behold, with sweet delight,
 The blessed Three in one;
 And strong affections fix my sight
 On God's incarnate Son.
- 3 His promise stands for ever firm,
 His grace shall ne'er depart ;
 He binds my name upon his arm,
 And seals it on his heart.
- 4 Light are the pains that nature brings,
 How short our sorrows are,
 When with eternal future things,
 The present we compare!
- 5 I would not be a stranger still
 To that celestial place,
 Where I for ever hope to dwell,
 Near my Redeemer's face.

582 C. M.

Rejoicing in Prospect of Heaven.

SING, ye redeemed of the Lord,
 Your great Deliverer sing :
 Pilgrims, for Zion's city bound,
 Be joyful in your King.

- 2 A hand divine shall lead you on,
 Through all the blissful road;
 Till to the secret mount you rise,
 And see your smiling God,
- 3 The garlands of immortal joy
 Shall bloom on every head;
 While sorrow, sighing, and distress,
 Like shadows, all are fled.
- 4 March on in your Redeemer's strength:
 Pursue his footsteps still;
 And let the prospect cheer your eye,
 While labouring up the hill.

583

L. M.

Worship of Heaven.

- O** FOR a sweet inspiring ray,
 To animate our feeble strains,
 From the bright realms of endless day,
 The blissful realms where Jesus reigns!
- 2 There, low before his glorious throne,
 Adoring saints and angels fall;
 And with delightful worship own
 His smile their bliss, their heaven, their all.
- 3 Immortal glories crown his head,
 While tuneful hallelujahs rise,
 And love, and joy, and triumph spread
 Through all the assemblies of the skies.
- 4 He smiles, and seraphs tune their songs,
 To boundless rapture, while they gaze;
 Ten thousand thousand joyful tongues
 Resound his everlasting praise.
- 5 There all the followers of the Lamb
 Shall join at last the heavenly choir;

O may the joy inspiring theme
Awake our faith and warm desire !

- 6 Dear Saviour, let thy Spirit seal
Our interest in that blissful place ;
'Till death remove this mortal veil,
And we behold thy lovely face.

584

L. M.

Longing for Heaven.

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

- 2 Born by a new celestial birth,
Why should we grovel here on earth ?
Why grasp at transitory toys,
So near to heaven's eternal joys ?
- 3 Shall aught beguile us on the road,
When we are walking back to God ?
For strangers into life we come,
And dying is but going home.
- 4 Welcome, sweet hour of full discharge,
That sets our longing souls at large ;
Unbinds our chain, breaks up our cell,
And gives us with our God to dwell.
- 5 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.

585

L. M.

The Seasons.

ETERNAL source of every joy !
Well may thy praise our lips employ

While in thy temple we appear,
To hail thee, Sovereign of the year.

- 2 Wide as the wheels of nature roll,
Thy hand supports and guides the whole;
The sun is taught by thee to rise,
And darkness when to veil the skies.
- 3 The flowery spring at thy command,
Perfumes the air, adorns the land;
The summer rays with vigour shine,
To raise the corn, and cheer the vine.
- 4 Thy hand, in autumn, richly pours,
Through all our coasts, redundant stores:
And winters, softened by thy care,
No more the face of horror wear.
- 5 Seasons, and months, and weeks, and days,
Demand successive songs of praise;
And be the grateful homage paid,
With morning light and evening shade.
- 6 Here in thy house let incense rise,
And circling sabbaths bless our eyes,
Till to those lofty heights we soar,
Where days and years revolve no more.

586

7s. Double.

The New Year.

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 their eternal state,
They have done with all below;
We a little longer wait,
But how little none can know.

- 2 As the winged 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 young and old,
 Fill us with a Saviour's love ;
 And when life's short tale is told,
 May we dwell with thee above.

587

C. M.

The New Year.

GOD of our life ! thy various praise
 Let mortal voices sound,
 Thy hand revolves our fleeting days,
 And brings the seasons round.

- 2 To thee, shall annual incense rise,
 Our Father and our Friend ;
 While annual mercies from the skies
 In genial streams descend.
- 3 In every scene of life, thy care,
 In every age, we see ;
 And constant as thy favours are,
 So let our praises be.
- 4 Still may thy love, in every scene,
 To every age appear ;
 And let the same compassion deign
 To bless the opening year.

- 5 O keep this foolish heart of mine
 From anxious passions free,
 Teach me each comfort to resign,
 And trust my all to thee.
- 6 If mercy smile, let mercy bring
 My wandering soul to God;
 And in affliction I shall sing,
 If thou wilt bless the rod.

588

H. M.

Barren Fig Tree—or Another Year.

- T**HE Lord of earth and sky,
 The God of ages praise!
 Who reigns enthroned on high,
 Ancient of endless days;
 Who lengthens out our trial here,
 And spares us yet another year.
- 2 Barren and withered trees,
 We cumbered long the ground;
 No fruit of holiness
 On our dead souls was found:
 Yet doth he us in mercy spare,
 Another, and another year.
- 3 When justice gave the word,
 To cut the fig-tree down,
 The pity of our Lord,
 Cried, "Let it still alone:"
 The Father mild inclines his ear,
 And spares us yet another year.

589

L. M.

The New Year.

GREAT God, we sing thy mighty hand,
 By which supported still we stand!

The opening year thy mercy shows;
Let mercy crown it till it close.

- 2 By day, by night, at home, abroad,
Still we are guarded by our God;
By his incessant bounty fed,
By his unerring counsels led.
- 3 With grateful hearts, the past we own;
The future, all to us unknown,
We to thy guardian care commit,
And peaceful live before thy feet.
- 4 In scenes exalted or depressed,
Be thou our joy and thou our rest;
Thy goodness all our hopes shall raise,
Adored through all our changing days.
- 5 When death shall interrupt our songs,
And seal in silence mortal tongues,
Our helper, God, in whom we trust,
In better worlds our souls shall boast.

590

L. M.

National Thanksgiving.

GOD of the passing year, to thee
Our hymn of gratitude we raise,
With swelling heart and bending knee,
We offer thee our song of praise.

- 2 We bless thy name, almighty God,
For all the kindness thou hast shown
To this fair land our fathers trod,
This land we fondly call our own.
- 3 Here freedom spreads her banner wide,
And casts her soft and hallowed ray;
For thou our country's arms didst guide,
And led them on their conquering way.

- 4 We praise thee, that the gospel light,
 Through all our land its radiance sheds;
 Scatters the shades of error's night,
 And heavenly blessings round us spreads.
- 5 When foes without, and foes within,
 With threatening ills our land have pressed,
 Thou hast our nation's bulwark been,
 And, smiling, sent us peaceful rest.
- 6 O God! preserve us in thy fear,
 In troublous times our helper be;
 Diffuse thy truth's bright precepts here,
 And may we worship only thee.

591

L. P. M.

Praise for National Prosperity.

- SAY, should we search the globe around,
 Where can such happiness be found,
 As dwells in this much favoured land?
 Here plenty reigns; here freedom sheds
 Her choicest blessings on our heads:
 By God supported, still we stand.
- 2 Here commerce spreads her ample store;
 Which comes from every foreign shore;
 Science and arts their charms display;
 Religion teaches us to raise
 Our voices in our Maker's praise,
 As truth and conscience point the way.
- 3 These are thy gifts, Almighty King!
 From thee our matchless blessings spring;
 The extended shade, the fruitful skies,
 The raptures liberty bestows,
 The eternal joys the gospel shows,
 All from thy boundless goodness rise.

- 4 With grateful hearts, with cheerful tongues,
To God we raise united songs;
His power and mercy we proclaim;
And still, through every age shall own
Jehovah here hath fixed his throne,
And triumph in his mighty name.
- 5 Long as the moon her course shall run,
Or man behold the circling sun,
Do thou amidst our nation reign;
Still crown her counsels with success,
With peace and joy her borders bless,
And all her sacred rites maintain.

592

7s.

Praise for National Blessings.

- S**WELL the anthem, raise the song;
Praises to our God belong;
Saints and angels join to sing,
Praise to heaven's Almighty King.
- 2 Blessings from his liberal hand,
Pour around this happy land;
Let our hearts beneath his sway,
Hail the bright, triumphant day.
- 3 Now to thee our joys ascend,
Thou hast been our heavenly friend:
Guarded by thy mighty power,
Peace and freedom bless our shore.
- 4 Here, beneath a virtuous sway,
May we cheerfully obey;
Never feel a tyrant's rod,
Ever own and worship God.
- 5 Hark! the voice of nature sings,
Praises to the King of kings;

Let us join the choral song,
And the heavenly notes prolong.

593

C. M.

Humiliation for National Sins.

SEE, gracious God, before thy throne,
Thy mourning people bend!
'Tis on thy sovereign grace alone,
Our humble hopes depend.

2 Tremendous judgments from thy hand,
Thy dreadful power display;
Yet mercy spares this guilty land,
And still we live to pray.

3 What numerous crimes increasing rise,
Through this apostate land!
What land so favoured of the skies,
Yet thoughtless of thy hand?

4 How changed, alas! are truths divine,
For error, guilt and shame!
What impious numbers, bold in sin,
Disgrace the Christian name!

5 Regardless of thy smile or frown,
Their pleasures they require;
And sink with gay indifference down
To everlasting fire.

6 Oh, turn us, turn us, mighty Lord,
By rich and sovereign grace:
Then shall our hearts obey thy word
And humbly seek thy face.

7 Then should insulting foes invade,
We shall not sink in fear;
Secure of never-failing aid,
If God, our God is near.

594

L. M.

Praise for National Blessings.

- A**LMIGHTY Sovereign of the skies,
 To thee let songs of gladness rise,
 Each grateful heart its tribute bring,
 And every voice thy goodness sing.
- 2 From thee our choicest blessings flow,
 Life, health, and strength thy hands bestow,
 The daily good thy creatures share,
 Springs from thy providential care.
- 3 The rich profusion nature yields,
 The harvest waving o'er the fields,
 The cheering light, refreshing shower,
 Are gifts from thy exhaustless store.
- 4 At thy command the vernal bloom
 Revives the world from winter's gloom;
 The summer's heat the fruit matures,
 And autumn all her treasures pours.
- 5 From thee proceed domestic ties,
 Connubial bliss, parental joys;
 On thy support the nations stand,
 Obedient to thy high command.
- 6 Let every power of heart and tongue,
 Unite to swell the grateful song;
 While age and youth in chorus join,
 And praise the majesty divine.

595

L. M.

The Failure of Harvest.

GREAT God we view thy chastening hand,
 That turns to brass our fertile land;
 Thy clouds withhold their rich supplies,
 And parched nature faints and dies.

- 2 Revive our withering fields with rain,
 Let fruitful showers descend again ;
 On thee, alone, our hopes rely,
 Lord, hear our humble, earnest cry.
- 3 Then shall the withering corn arise,
 And wave its homage to the skies ;
 And with loud praises we will own,
 Our hopes depend on thee alone.

596

L. M.

American Independence.

SOVEREIGN of all the worlds above,
 Thy glory, with unclouded rays,
 Shines through the realms of light and love,
 Inspiring angels with thy praise.

- 2 Thy power we own, thy grace adore ;
 Thou deign'st to visit man below !
 And in affliction's darkest hour,
 The humble shall thy mercy know.
- 3 These western states at thy command,
 Rose from dependence and distress ;
 Prosperity now crowns the land,
 And millions join thy name to bless.
- 4 Praise is thy due, eternal King !
 We'll speak the wonders of thy love,
 With grateful hearts our tribute bring,
 And emulate the hosts above.
- 5 O ! be thou still our guardian God ;
 Preserve these States from every foe ;
 From party rage, from scenes of blood,
 From sin, and every cause of wo.
- 6 Here may the great Redeemer reign,
 Display his grace, and saving power !

Here liberty and truth maintain,
Till empires fall to rise no more.

597

7's.

National Hymn.

LET us join, with one accord,
Heart and voice to praise the Lord:
Praise the Lord of earth and sea!
Praise the Lord for we are free!

2 Lord, to thee our souls ascend;
Thou hast been our fathers' friend;
It was thine almighty power
Saved them in that trying hour.

3 Now beneath thy gentle sway,
We pursue our peaceful way;
Now we fear no tyrant's rod,
Now we own no king but God.

4 Hark! our ransomed nation sings
Praises to the King of Kings!
Praise the Lord of earth and sea!
Praise the Lord—for we are free!

598

H. M.

Harvest Hymn.

LET all the people join,
To swell the solemn chord:
Your grateful notes combine
To magnify the Lord.
In lofty songs your voices raise,
The God of harvest claims your praise.

2 In rich luxuriance drest,
Behold the spacious plain;
Its bounty stands confest
In fields of yellow grain.

In lofty songs your voices raise,
The God of harvest claims your praise.

3 Fair plenty fills the land,
His mercies never cease:
The husbandman doth smile,
To see the large increase.
In lofty songs your voices raise,
The God of harvest claims your praise.

4 The precious fruits he gives,
Oh ! may we ne'er abuse ;
But through our future lives,
To his own glory use.
Then rise to heaven and sing his praise,
In sweeter strains and nobler lays.



CHURCH.

599

C. M.

Glory and Safety of the Church.

HOW glorious is the sacred place,
Where we adoring stand ;
Zion the joy of all the earth,
The beauty of the land.

2 Bulwarks of mighty grace defend
The city where we dwell ;
The walls of strong salvation made,
Defy the assaults of hell.

3 Lift up the everlasting gates,
The doors wide open fling ;

Enter, ye nations that obey
The statutes of your King.

4 Here shall you taste unmingled joys,
And live in perfect peace;
You that have known Jehovah's name
And ventured on his grace.

5 Trust in the Lord, for ever trust,
And banish all your fears:
Strength in the Lord Jehovah dwells
Eternal as his years.

600

C. M.

Glory of Christ's Kingdom.

LO! what a glorious sight appears
To our admiring eyes!
The former seas have passed away,
The former earth and skies.

2 From the third heaven, where God resides,
That holy, happy place,
The new Jerusalem comes down,
Adorned with shining grace.

3 Attending angels shout for joy,
And the bright armies sing,
"Mortals, behold the sacred seat
Of your descending King!

4 "The God of glory down to men
Removes his blest abode;
Men the dear objects of his love,
And he their gracious God.

5 "His gracious hand shall wipe the tears
From every weeping eye;
And pains, and groans, and griefs, and fears,
And death itself shall die."

- 6 How long dear Saviour, O how long
 Shall this bright hour delay !
 Fly swifter round, ye wheels of time,
 And bring the welcome day.

601

L. M.

God the Defence of the Church.

HAPPY the church, thou sacred place,
 The seat of thy Creator's grace;
 Thy holy courts are his abode,
 Thou earthly palace of our God.

- 2 Thy walls are strength, and at thy gates
 A guard of heavenly warriors waits;
 Nor shall thy deep foundations move,
 Fixed on his counsels and his love.
- 3 Thy foes in vain designs engage;
 Against his throne, in vain they rage;
 Like rising waves, with angry roar,
 That dash and die upon the shore.
- 4 Then let our souls in Zion dwell,
 Nor fear the wrath of earth and hell;
 His arms embrace this happy ground,
 Like brazen bulwarks built around.
- 5 God is our shield, and God our sun;
 Swift as the fleeting moments run,
 On us he sheds new beams of grace,
 And we reflect his brightest praise.

602

C. M.

Glory and Safety of the Church.

DAUGHTER of Zion, from the dust
 Exalt thy fallen head;
 Again in thy Redeemer trust,
 He calls thee from the dead.

- 2 Awake, awake, put on thy strength,
 Thy beautiful array;
 The day of freedom dawns at length,
 The Lord's appointed day.
- 3 They come, they come:—thine exiled bands,
 Where'er they rest or roam,
 Have heard thy voice in distant lands,
 And hasten to their home.
- 4 Thus, though the universe shall burn,
 And God his works destroy,
 With songs thy ransomed shall return,
 And everlasting joy.

603

8s, 7s.

Sion's Security.

GLORIOUS things of thee are spoken,
 Zion, city of our God!
 He whose word cannot be broken,
 Formed thee for his own abode:
 On the rock of ages founded,
 What can shake thy sure repose?
 With salvation's walls surrounded,
 Thou mayest smile at all thy foes.

- 2 See the streams of living waters,
 Springing from eternal love,
 Well supply thy sons and daughters,
 And all fear of want remove:
 Who can faint, while such a river,
 Ever flows their thirst to assuage?
 Grace, which like the Lord, the giver,
 Never fails from age to age.
- 3 Round each habitation hovering,
 See the cloud and fire appear!
 For a glory and a covering,
 Showing that the Lord is near:

Thus deriving from their banner,
 Light by night, and shade by day;
 Safe they feed upon the manna,
 Which he gives them, when they pray.

604

L. M.

Christ Bearing the Keys.

WITH what delight I raise my eyes,
 And views the courts where *Jesus* dwells:
Jesus, who reigns above the skies,
 And here below his grace reveals.

- 2 Of God's own house the sacred key
 Is borne by that majestic hand;
 Mansions and treasures there I see
 Subjected all to his command.
- 3 He shuts, and worlds might strive in vain
 The mighty obstacle to move;
 He looses all their bars again,
 And who shall shut the gates of love?
- 4 Fixed in Omnipotence, he bears
 The glories of his Father's name;
 Sustains his people's weighty cares,
 Through every changing age the same.
- 5 My little all I here suspend,
 Where the whole weight of heaven is hung;
 Secure I rest on such a friend,
 And into raptures wake my tongue.

605

11s, 10s.

The Church Victorious.

DAUGHTER of Zion! awake from thy
 sadness!
 Awake! for thy foes shall oppress thee no
 more;

Bright o'er thy hills dawns the day-star of
gladness,

Arise! for the night of thy sorrow is o'er.

2 Strong were thy foes, but the arm that sub-
dued them,

And scattered their legions, was mightier
far;

They fled like the chaff from the scourge that
pursued them,

Vain were their steeds and their chariots
of war.

3 Daughter of Zion, the power that hath saved
thee

Extolled with the harp and the timbrel
should be;

Shout! for the foe is destroyed that enslaved
thee,

The oppressor is vanquished, and Zion is
free.

606

C. M.

The Pastoral Office.

LET Zion's watchmen all awake,
And take the alarm they give;
Now let them from the mouth of God,
Their solemn charge receive.

2 'Tis not a cause of small import
The pastor's care demands;
But what might fill an angel's heart,
And filled a Saviour's hands.

3 They watch for souls, for which the Lord
Did heavenly bliss forego;
For souls, which must for ever live
In raptures, or in woe.

- 4 All to the great tribunal haste,
 The account to render there ;
 And shouldst thou strictly mark our faults,
 Lord, how should we appear ?
- 5 May they that Jesus, whom they preach,
 Their own Redeemer see ;
 And watch thou daily o'er their souls,
 That they may watch for thee.

607

L. M.

Prayer for a Sick Pastor.

- O THOU before whose gracious throne,
 We bow our suppliant spirits down,
 View the sad breast, the streaming eye,
 And let our sorrows pierce the sky.
- 2 Thou knowest the anxious cares we feel,
 And all our trembling lips would tell ;
 Thou only canst assuage our grief,
 And give our aching hearts relief.
- 3 With power benign thy servant spare,
 Nor turn aside thy people's prayer ;
 Avert thy swift-descending stroke,
 Nor smite the shepherd of the flock.
- 4 Restore him sinking to the grave,
 Stretch out thine arm, make haste to save ;
 Back to our hopes and wishes give,
 And bid our friend and pastor live.
- 5 Bound to each soul by tenderest ties,
 In every breast his image lies ;
 Thy pitying aid, O God, impart,
 Nor rend him from each bleeding heart.
- 6 Yet if our supplications fail,
 And prayers and tears can nought avail,

Be thou his strength, be thou his stay,
And guide him safe to endless day.

608

C. M.

On the Death of a Pastor.

NOW let our mourning hearts revive,
And all our tears be dry;
Why should those eyes be drowned in grief,
Which view a Saviour nigh?

- 2 What, though the arm of conquering death,
Does God's own house invade?
What though the prophet and the priest,
Be numbered with the dead?
- 3 Though earthly shepherds dwell in dust,
The aged, and the young,
The watchful eye, in darkness closed,
And mute the instructive tongue;
- 4 The eternal Shepherd still survives,
New comfort to impart;
His eye still guides us, and his voice
Still animates our heart.
- 5 "Lo, I am with you!" saith the Lord;
"My church shall safe abide:
For I will ne'er forsake my own,
Whose souls in me confide."
- 6 Through every scene of life and death,
This promise is our trust;
And this shall be our children's song,
When we are cold in dust.

609

C. M.

On the Death of a Pastor.

ENWRAPT in thickest shades of night,
Oh Lord, thy ways appear;

But yet we own they all are right,
Though seemingly severe.

2 Now we lament our errors past,
With sighs, and groans, and tears;
The numerous moments run to waste,
Amidst perplexing cares.

3 The labours of thy servant, Lord,
How oft we misimproved;
Too little have we read thy word,
Too much the world have loved.

4 Thy visitation now is come,
Our pastor is no more;
We meet within thy sacred dome,
And here our loss deplore.

5 Great God, while in our widowed state,
Oh leave us not alone;
Help us to watch and pray, and wait,
Till thou in love return.

6 Let not the candlestick remove
From this thine own abode;
But let our supplications prove
That we prevail with God.

7 Oh send a messenger of peace,
A pastor of thy choice;
Bid all our sighs and sorrows cease,
And cause us to rejoice.

610

C. M.

On the Death of Ministers.

WHY should our tears in sorrow flow
When God recalls his own;
And bids them leave a world of woe
For an immortal crown?

- 2 Is not e'en death a gain to those
Whose life to God was given?
Gladly to earth their eyes they close,
To open them in heaven.
- 3 Their toils are past, their work is done,
And they are fully blest;
They fought the fight, the victory won,
And entered into rest.
- 4 The flock must feel the shepherd's loss,
And miss his tender care;
But they who bear with joy the cross,
The crown shall soonest wear.
- 5 And is not He who called them home,
Still to his church most nigh;
To bid yet other labourers come,
And all her need supply?
- 6 Then let our sorrows cease to flow!
God has recalled his own;
But let our hearts, in every woe,
Still say, "Thy will be done!"

611

L. M.

Church Dedicated.

AND will the great, Eternal God,
On earth establish his abode?
And will he, from his radiant throne,
Accept our temples for his own?

- 2 These walls we to thy honour raise;
Long may they echo with thy praise;
And thou, descending, fill the place
With choicest tokens of thy grace.
- 3 Here let the great Redeemer reign,
With all the graces of his train;

While power divine his word attends
To conquer foes, and cheer his friends.

- 4 And in the great decisive day,
When God the nations shall survey,
May it before the world appear,
That crowds were born for glory here.

612

C. M.

On Opening a New Place of Worship.

DEAR Shepherd of thy people, hear,
Thy presence now display;
As thou hast given a place for prayer,
So give us hearts to pray.

- 2 Show us some token of thy love,
Our fainting hope to raise;
And pour thy blessings from above,
That we may render praise.
- 3 Within these walls let holy peace,
And love and concord dwell;
Here give the troubled conscience ease,
The wounded spirit heal.
- 4 And may the gospel's joyful sound,
Enforced by mighty grace,
Awaken many sinners round,
To come and fill the place.

613

H. M.

On Opening a New Place of Worship.

IN sweet exalted strains
The King of Glory praise;
O'er heaven and earth he reigns,
Through everlasting days;
He with a nod the world controls,
Sustains or sinks the distant poles.

- 2 To earth he bends his throne,
 His throne of grace divine:
 Wide is his bounty known,
 And wide his glories shine;
 Fair Salem, still his chosen rest,
 Is with his smiles and presence blest.
- 3 Then, King of Glory, come,
 And with thy favour crown
 This temple as thy dome,
 This people as thy own:
 Beneath this roof, O deign to show
 How God can dwell with men below.
- 4 Here may thine ears attend
 Our interceding cries,
 And grateful praise ascend
 All-fragrant to the skies:
 Here may thy word melodious sound,
 And spread celestial joys around.
- 5 Here may the attentive throng
 Imbibe thy truth and love,
 And converts join the song
 Of seraphim above;
 And willing crowds surround thy board
 With sacred joy and sweet accord.
- 6 Here, may our unborn sons
 And daughters sound thy praise,
 And shine like polished stones,
 Through long succeeding days:
 Here, Lord, display thy saving power,
 While temples stand, and men adore.

614

C. M.

Dedication of a Church.

ETERNAL source of every good,
 Before thy throne we bow,

- And bless thee for thy gifts bestowed
On pilgrims here below.
- 2 Our hearts and hands hast thou inclined
To raise this house of prayer,
Oh may we seek and ever find
Thy gracious presence here.
- 3 Lord, may thy heralds long proclaim
The wonders of thy grace,
And sinners taught to fear thy name,
Abundantly increase.
- 4 Here may thy children sweetly feed
On manna sent from heaven,
Drink freely at the fountain-head,
Whence living streams are given.
- 5 Here let our offspring and their sons
Be of the Saviour blest ;
And thus while time its circuit runs,
Find here a settled rest.
- 6 To the eternal sacred Three,
The great mysterious One,
Now may this house devoted be,
To thee, and thee alone.

615

L. M.

On Opening a House of Worship.

HERE, in thy name, eternal God,
We build this earthly house for thee:
Oh make it now thy fixed abode,
And guard it long from error free.

- 2 Here, when thy people seek thy face,
And dying sinners pray to live;
Hear thou in heaven, thy dwelling-place,
And when thou hearest, Lord, forgive.

- 3 Here, when thy messengers proclaim
 The blessed gospel of thy Son ;
 Still by the power of his great name
 Be mighty signs and wonders done.
- 4 When children's voices raise the song,
 Hosanna to their heavenly King ;
 Let heaven, with earth, the strain prolong,
 Hosanna let the angels sing.
- 5 But will, indeed, Jehovah, deign
 Here to abide, no transient guest ?
 Here will our great Redeemer reign,
 And here the Holy Spirit rest ?
- 6 Thy glory never hence depart :
 Yet choose not, Lord, this house alone ;
 Thy kingdom come in every heart,
 In every bosom fix thy throne.

616

L. M.

On Opening a Place of Worship.

- J**ESUS, where'er thy people meet,
 There they behold thy mercy-seat ;
 Where'er they seek thee thou art found,
 And every place is hallowed ground.
- 2 For thou, within no walls confined,
 Inhabitest the humble mind ;
 Such ever bring thee, where they come,
 And going, take thee to their home.
- 3 Dear Shepherd of thy chosen few !
 Thy former mercies here renew ;
 Here, to our waiting hearts, proclaim
 The sweetness of thy saving name.
- 4 Here may we prove the power of prayer,
 To strengthen faith, and sweeten care ;

To teach our faint desires to rise,
And bring all heaven before our eyes.

5 Behold at thy commanding word,
We stretch the curtain and the cord;
Come thou, and fill this wider space,
And bless us with a large increase.

6 Lord, we are few, but thou art near;
Nor short thine arm, nor deaf thine ear;
Oh rend the heavens, come quickly down,
And make a thousand hearts thine own!

617

S. M.

Blessedness of the Gospel Ministry.

HOW beauteous are their feet,
Who stand on Zion's hill,
Who bring salvation on their tongues,
And words of peace reveal!

2 How charming is their voice!
How sweet their tidings are!
"Zion behold thy Saviour King,
He reigns and triumphs here."

3 How happy are our ears
That hear this joyful sound,
Which kings and prophets waited for,
And sought, but never found!

4 How blessed are our eyes,
That see this heavenly light!
Prophets and kings desired it long,
But died without the sight.

5 The watchmen join their voice,
And tuneful notes employ;
Jerusalem breaks forth in songs,
And deserts learn the joy.

- 6 The Lord makes bare his arm
Through all the earth abroad !
Let every nation now behold
Their Saviour, and their God.

618 L. M.

The Great Commission.

- “GO preach my gospel,” saith the Lord,
“Bid the whole earth my grace receive :
He shall be saved who trusts my word ;
He shall be damned that don’t believe.
- 2 “I’ll make your great commission known,
And ye shall prove my gospel true,
By all the works that I have done,
By all the wonders ye shall do.
- 3 “Go heal the sick, go, raise the dead,
Go, cast out devils in my name ;
Nor let my prophets be afraid,
’Though Greeks reproach, and Jews blaspheme.
- 4 “Teach all the nations my commands ;
I’m with you till the world shall end :
All power is trusted to my hands,
I can destroy, and can defend.”
- 5 He spake, and light shone round his head ;
On a bright cloud to heaven he rode ;
They to the furthest nations spread
The grace of their ascended God.

619 L. M.

At the Settlement of a Minister.

SHEPHERD of Israel, thou dost keep,
With constant care, thy humble sheep ;

- By thee inferior pastors rise
To feed our souls, and bless our eyes,
- 2 To all thy churches such impart,
Resembling thy own gracious heart ;
Whose courage, watchfulness, and love,
Men may attest, and God approve.
- 3 Fed by their active tender care,
Healthful may all thy sheep appear ;
And, by their fair example led,
The way to Sion's pasture tread !
- 4 Here hast thou listened to our vows,
And scattered blessings on thy house :
Thy saints are succoured, and no more
As sheep without a guide, deplore.
- 5 Completely heal each former stroke,
And bless the shepherd and the flock ;
Confirm the hopes thy mercies raise,
And own this tribute of our praise.

620

L. M.

The People's Prayer for their Pastor.

- WITH heavenly power, O Lord, defend
Him whom we now to thee commend ;
His person bless, his soul secure,
And make him to the end endure.
- 2 Gird him with all sufficient grace,
Direct his feet in paths of peace :
Thy truth and faithfulness fulfil
And help him to obey thy will.
- 3 Before him thy protection send,
O love him, save him to the end !
Nor let him, as thy pilgrim rove,
Without the convoy of thy love.

- 4 Enlarge, inflame, and fill his heart;
In him thy mighty power exert;
That thousands yet unborn may praise
The wonders of redeeming grace.

WORSHIP.

621

C. M.

Christ Rising on the Sabbath.

- B**LEST morning, whose first dawning light
Beheld our rising God;
That saw him triumph o'er the dust,
And leave his last abode!
- 2 To thy great name, almighty Lord,
These sacred hours we pay,
And loud hosannas shall proclaim
The triumph of the day.
- 3 In the cold prison of a tomb,
The dear Redeemer lay,
Till the revolving skies had brought
The third, the appointed day.
- 4 Hell and the grave unite their force,
To hold our God in vain;
The sleeping Conqueror arose,
And burst their feeble chain.
- 5 Salvation and immortal praise
To our victorious king;
Let heaven, and earth, and rocks, and seas,
With glad hosannas ring.

622

S. M.

The Sabbath a Delight.

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

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

3 One day amidst the place
Where my dear Lord hath been,
Is sweeter than ten thousand days
Of pleasurable sin.

4 My willing soul would stay
In such a frame as this,
And sing, until she soar away
To everlasting bliss.

623

L. M.

Enjoyment of the Sabbath.

ANOTHER six day's work is done,
Another Sabbath is begun;
Return, my soul, enjoy thy rest,
Improve the day thy God hath blessed.

2 O that our thoughts and thanks may rise,
As grateful incense to the skies;
And draw from heaven that sweet repose
Which none but he that feels it knows.

3 This heavenly calm within the breast,
Is the dear pledge of glorious rest,
Which for the church of God remains,
The end of cares, the end of pains.

- 4 In holy duties let the day,
 In holy pleasures, pass away;
 How sweet a Sabbath thus to spend,
 In hope of one that ne'er shall end!

624

L. M.

The Eternal Sabbath.

THINE earthly Sabbaths, Lord! we love,
 But there's a nobler rest above;
 To that our longing souls aspire
 With ardent love and strong desire.

- 2 In thy blest kingdom we shall be
 From every mortal trouble free;
 No groans shall mingle with the songs
 Which warble from immortal tongues.
- 3 No rude alarms of raging foes,
 No cares to break the long repose,
 No midnight shade, no clouded sun,
 But sacred, high, eternal noon.
- 4 O long expected day, begin!
 Dawn on this world of wo and sin:
 Fain would we leave this weary road,
 And sleep in death, and rest in God.

625

S. M.

Resurrection of Christ on the Sabbath.

TO-DAY the Saviour rose:
 Our Jesus left the dead;
 He conquered our malignant foes,
 And Satan captive led.

- 2 He left his glorious throne,
 To make our peace with God;

Blessings for ever on his name
He bought us with his blood.

- 3 For us, his life he paid,
For us the law fulfilled;
On him our loads of guilt were laid;
We by his stripes are healed.
- 4 Ye saints adore his name,
Who hath such mercy shown;
Ye sinners, love the bleeding Lamb,
And make his praises known.

626

L. M.

Sabbath Morning.

COME, dearest Lord, and bless this day,
Come, bear our thoughts, from earth
away :

Now, let our noblest passions rise
With ardour to their native skies.

- 2 Come, Holy Spirit, all divine,
With rays of light upon us shine;
And let our waiting souls be blest,
On this sweet day of sacred rest.
- 3 Then when our Sabbaths here are o'er,
And we arrive on Canaan's shore,
With all the ransomed we shall spend
A Sabbath which shall never end.

627

7s, 6s. Peculiar.

A Bright Sabbath Morning.

THE rosy light is dawning
Upon the mountain's brow :
It is the Sabbath morning,
Arise and pay thy vow :

Lift up thy voice to heaven
 In sacred praise and prayer,
 While unto thee is given
 The light of life to share.

2 The landscape, lately shrouded
 By evening's paler ray,
 Smiles beauteous and unclouded
 Before the eye of day :
 So let our souls, benighted
 Too long in folly's shade,
 By thy kind smiles be lighted
 To joys that never fade.

3 Oh see those waters streaming
 In crystal purity ;
 While earth with verdure teeming,
 Gives rapture to the eye !
 Let rivers of salvation
 In larger currents flow,
 Till every tribe and nation
 Their healing virtues know.

628

L. M.

Prayer for the Divine Presence.

COME, gracious Lord, descend and dwell
 By faith and love in every breast ;
 Then shall we know, and taste, and feel
 The joys that cannot be expressed.

2 Come fill our hearts with inward strength,
 Make our enlarged souls possess,
 And learn the height, and breadth, and length
 Of thine immeasurable grace.

3 Now, to the God whose power can do
 More than our thoughts or wishes know,
 Be everlasting honours done,
 By all his church, through Christ the Son.

629

C. M.

Unfruitfulness Lamented.

- L**ONG have I sat beneath the sound
 Of thy salvation, Lord;
 But still how weak my faith is found,
 And knowledge of thy word!
- 2 Oft I frequent thy holy place,
 And hear almost in vain:
 How small a portion of thy grace
 Can my false heart retain.
- 3 How cold and feeble is my love!
 How negligent my fear!
 How low my hope of joys above!
 How few affections there!
- 4 Great God! thy sovereign power impart
 To give thy word success;
 Write thy salvation in my heart,
 And make me learn thy grace.
- 5 Show my forgetful feet the way
 That leads to joys on high;
 There knowledge grows without decay,
 And love shall never die.

630

L. M.

Delight in Ordinances.

- F**AR from my thoughts, vain world, begone,
 Let my religious hours alone;
 Fain would my eyes my Saviour see;
 I wait a visit, Lord, from thee.
- 2 O warm my heart with holy fire,
 And kindle there a pure desire:
 Come, my dear Jesus from above,
 And feed my soul with heavenly love.

- 3 Blest Jesus, what delicious fare !
 How sweet thy entertainments are !
 Never did angels taste above
 Redeeming grace and dying love.

631

S. M.

Reasons for Praise.

- COME, we that love the Lord,
 And let our joys be known ;
 Join in a song with sweet accord,
 And thus surround the throne.
- 2 The God that rules on high,
 And thunders when he please,
 That rides upon the stormy sky,
 And manages the seas :
- 3 This awful God is ours,
 Our Father and our love ;
 He shall send down his heavenly powers
 To carry us above.
- 4 There shall we see his face,
 And never, never sin ;
 There from the rivers of his grace
 Drink endless pleasures in.
- 5 The men of grace have found
 Glory begun below :
 Celestial fruits on earthly ground,
 From faith and hope may grow.
- 6 The hill of Zion yields
 A thousand sacred sweets,
 Before we reach the heavenly fields,
 Or walk the golden streets.
- 7 Then let our songs abound
 And every tear be dry ;

We're marching through Immanuel's ground,
To fairer worlds on high.

632

C. M.

Exhortation to Praise.

COME, happy souls, approach your God
With new melodious songs,
Come, render to almighty grace,
The tribute of your tongues.

- 2 So strange, so boundless was the love
That pitied dying men,
The Father sent his equal Son
To give them life again.
- 3 Thy hands, dear Jesus, were not armed,
With a revenging rod,
No hard commission to perform,
The vengeance of a God.
- 4 But all was mercy, all was mild,
And wrath forsook the throne,
When Christ on the kind errand came,
And brought salvation down.
- 5 Here, sinners, you may heal your wounds,
And wipe your sorrows dry;
Trust in the mighty Saviour's name,
And you shall never die.

633

L. M.

Prayer for Gospel Success.

NOW while the gospel net is cast,
Do thou, O Lord, the effort own;
From numerous disappointments past,
Teach us to hope in thee alone.

- 2 May this be a much favoured hour,
To souls in Satan's bondage led;

- O clothe thy word with sovereign power
To break the rocks, and raise the dead!
- 3 To mourners speak a cheering word,
On seeking souls vouchsafe to shine;
Let poor backsliders be restored,
And all thy saints in praises join.
- 4 O hear our prayer, and give us hope,
That when thy voice shall call us home
Thou still wilt raise a people up,
To love and praise thee in our room.

634 L. M.*Prayer for Success of the Word.*

- W**ITHIN thy house, O Lord, our God,
In glorious majesty appear;
Make this a place of thine abode,
And shed thy choicest blessings here.
- 2 When we thy mercy-seat surround,
Thy Spirit, Lord, to us impart;
And let thy Gospel's joyful sound,
With power divine reach every heart.
- 3 Here let the blind their sight obtain,
Here give the broken spirit rest.
Let Jesus here triumphant stand,
Enthroned in the voice of sacred joy
- 4 **A**nd humble supplication rise,
Till higher strains our tongues employ,
In realms of bliss beyond the skies.

635 C. M.*Prayer for Protection.*

O GOD of Bethel! by whose hand
Thy people still are fed:

Who through this weary pilgrimage
Hast all our fathers led;

2 Our vows our prayers, we now present
Before thy throne of grace :
God of our fathers! be the God
Of their succeeding race.

3 Through each perplexing path of life
Our wandering footsteps guide;
Give us each day our daily bread,
And raiment fit provide.

4 O spread thy covering wings around,
Till all thy wanderings cease,
And at our Father's loved abode
Our souls arrive in peace.

5 Such blessings from thy gracious hand
Our humble prayers implore;
And thou shalt be our chosen God,
And portion evermore.

636

L. M.

Prayer for Success to the Preached Word.

In thy presence, gracious God, afford;
Now let thy voice receive thy word;
And faith be mixed with ~~wh~~ ear,

2 Distracting thoughts and cares remove,
And fix our hearts and hopes above;
With food divine, may we be fed,
And satisfied with living bread.

3 To us thy sacred word apply,
With sovereign power and energy;
And may we in true faith and fear,
Reduce to practice what we hear.

637

L. M.

Close of Worship.

DISMISS us with thy blessing, Lord,
 Help us to feed upon thy word;
 All that has been amiss forgive,
 And let thy truth within us live.

- 2 Though we are guilty, thou art good,
 Wash all our works in Jesus' blood;
 Give every fettered soul release,
 And bid us all depart in peace.

638

C. M.

A Hymn Before Sermon.

IN thy great name, O Lord, we come
 To worship at thy feet;
 Oh, pour thy Holy Spirit down
 On all that now shall meet.

- 2 We come to hear Jehovah speak,
 To hear the Saviour's voice;
 Thy face and favour, Lord, we seek,
 Now make our hearts rejoice.
- 3 Teach us to pray, and praise—to hear,
 And understand thy word;
 To feel thy blissful presence near,
 And trust our living Lord.
- 4 Let sinners now thy goodness prove,
 And saints rejoice in thee;
 Let rebels be subdued by love,
 And to the Saviour flee.

639

C. M.

Invitation to Zion.

INQUIRE, ye pilgrims, for the way
 That leads to Zion's hill,

- And thither set your steady face,
With a determined will.
- 2 Invite the strangers all around,
Your pious march to join ;
And spread the sentiments you feel,
Of faith and love divine.
- 3 Oh, come, and to his temple haste,
And seek his favour there ;
Before his foostool humbly bow,
And pour your fervent prayer !
- 4 Oh, come, and join your souls to God,
In everlasting bands ;
Accept the blessings he bestows,
With thankful hearts and hands.

640

7s.

Delights of Public Worship.

- L**ORD of hosts, how lovely fair,
Even on earth thy temples are ;
Here thy waiting people see
Much of heaven, and much of thee.
- 2 From thy gracious presence flows,
Bliss that softens all our woes ;
While thy Spirit's holy fire
Warms our hearts with pure desire.
- 3 Here we supplicate thy throne,
Here thou makest thy glories known ;
Here we learn thy righteous ways,
Taste thy love, and sing thy praise.
- 4 Thus with sacred songs of joy
We our happy lives employ ;
Love, and long to love thee more,
Till from earth to heaven we soar.

641

L. M.

Prayer for Divine Instruction.

COME, Jesus, heavenly teacher, come,
 Convey thine own instructions home;
 While men thy sacred truth impart,
 'Tis thine alone to reach the heart.

2 Whene'er I read or hear thy word,
 Thine inward teachings, Lord, afford:
 To me thy holy will reveal,
 Unfold the book, and loose the seal.

3 Call me, oh call me to thy feet,
 And there transported may I sit;
 With joy thy heavenly features trace,
 And feast upon thy richest grace.

642

S. M.

Joy in Public Worship.

HOW charming is the place,
 Where my Redeemer God,
 Unveils the beauties of his face,
 And sheds his love abroad!

2 Not the fair palaces
 To which the great resort,
 Are once to be compared with this,
 Where Jesus holds his court.

3 Here on the mercy seat,
 With radiant glory crowned,
 Our joyful eyes behold him sit,
 And smile on all around.

4 To him their prayers and cries
 All humbled souls present:
 He listens to the broken sighs,
 And grants them all they want.

- 5 To them his sovereign will
 He graciously imparts :
 And in return accepts with smiles,
 The tribute of their hearts.
- 6 Give me, O Lord, a place
 Within thy blest abode,
 Among the children of thy grace,
 The servants of my God.

643

C. M.

Divine Presence in Worship.

NOW, gracious Lord, thine arm reveal,
 And make thy glory known ;
 Now let us all thy presence feel,
 And soften hearts of stone !

- 2 Help us to venture near thy throne,
 And plead a Saviour's name ;
 For all that we can call our own,
 Is vanity and shame.
- 3 Send down thy Spirit from above,
 That saints may love thee more ;
 That sinners now may learn to love,
 Who never loved before.
- 4 And when before thee we appear,
 In our eternal home,
 May growing numbers worship here,
 And praise thee in our room.

644

C. M.

Christ's Presence Invoked.

COME, thou desire of all thy saints,
 Our humble strains attend ;

While with our praises and complaints,
Low at thy feet we bend.

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

3 How should our songs like those above,
With warm devotion rise!
How should our souls, on wings of love,
Mount upward to the skies!

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

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

645

7s, 6 lines.

Public Worship.

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've 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 for all complaints :
 Such let all our sabbaths prove,
 Till we join the church above.

646

7s. 4 lines.

Blessing on Worship Implored.

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

Those who are cast down, lift up,
Make them strong in faith and hope.

- 6 Grant that all may seek, and find
Thee a God supremely kind:
Heal the sick, the captive free;
Let us all rejoice in thee.

647 8s, 7s, & 4s.

Close of Worship.

L ORD, dismiss us with thy blessing,
Fill our hearts with joy and peace;
Let us each, thy love possessing,
Triumph in redeeming grace;
Oh, refresh us!
Travelling through this wilderness.

- 2 Thanks we give, and adoration,
For thy gospel's joyful sound;
May the fruits of thy salvation
In our hearts and lives abound;
May thy presence
With us evermore be found.

- 3 So, whene'er the signal's given,
Us from earth to call away;
Borne on angels wings to heaven,
Glad to leave our cumbrous clay,
May we, ready,
Rise, and reign in endless day!

648 6s, & 4s.

A Hymn to Christ.

GLORY to God on high!
Let earth and skies reply,
Praise ye his name;

His love and grace adore,
 Who all our sorrows bore:
 Sing loud for evermore,
 Worthy the Lamb.

2 Jesus our Lord and God,
 Bore sin's tremendous load,
 Praise ye his name;
 Tell what his arm hath done,
 What spoils from death he won:
 Sing his great name alone,
 Worthy the Lamb.

3 While they around the throne
 Cheerfully join in one,
 Praising his name;
 Those who have felt his blood
 Sealing their peace with God;
 Sound his dear fame abroad,
 Worthy the Lamb.

4 Join, all ye ransomed race,
 Our holy Lord to bless;
 Praise ye his name;
 In him we will rejoice,
 And make a joyful noise,
 Shouting with heart and voice,
 Worthy the Lamb.

649

8s, 7s, & 4s.

Prayer for Success of the Word.

COME, thou soul-transforming Spirit,
 Bless the sower and the seed:
 Let each heart thy grace inherit,
 Raise the weak, the hungry feed:
 From the gospel
 Now supply thy people's need.

- 2 O may all enjoy the blessing,
 Which thy words design to give;
 Let us all, thy love possessing
 Joyfully the truth receive;
 And for ever
 To thy praise and glory live.

650 L. M. 6 lines.

A Song of Praise.

- I**NFINITE God to thee we raise,
 Our hearts in solemn songs of praise,
 By all thy works on earth adored,
 We worship thee, the common Lord,
 The everlasting Father own,
 And bow our souls before thy throne.
- 2 Thee all the choir of angels sing,
 The Lord of hosts, the King of kings,
 Cherubs proclaim thy praise aloud,
 And seraphs shout the triune God,
 And holy, holy, holy, cry,
 Thy glory fills both earth and sky.
- 3 Father of endless majesty,
 All might and love they render thee;
 Thy true and only Son adore,
 The same in dignity and power,
 And God the Holy Ghost declare,
 The saints' eternal Comforter.
- * ² Messiah, joy of every heart,
 Thou, the King of Glory art,
 With daily triumph we proclaim,
 And bless and magnify thy name,
 And wait thy greatness to adore,
 When time and death shall be no more.

651

L. M.

Joys of Worship.

JESUS, thou everlasting King!
 Accept the tribute which we bring;
 Accept the well-deserved renown,
 And wear our praises as thy crown.

- 2 Let every act of worship be
 Like our espousals, Lord, to thee.
 Like the dear hour, when from above
 We first received thy pledge of love.
- 3 The gladness of that happy day!
 Our hearts would wish it long to stay:
 Nor let our faith forsake its hold,
 Nor comforts sink, nor love grow cold.
- 4 Each following minute, as it flies,
 Increase thy praise, improve our joys,
 Till we are raised to sing thy name
 At the great supper of the Lamb.
- 5 O that the months would roll away,
 And bring that coronation day!
 The King of grace shall fill the throne,
 With all his Father's glories on.

652

C. M.

Before Sermon.

ALmighty God! eternal Lord!
 Thy gracious power make known
 Touch, by the virtue of thy word,
 And melt the heart of stone.

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

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

4 Now let our darkness comprehend
 The light that shines so clear:
 Thy Spirit, Lord, in mercy send,
 And give us ears to hear.

653 C. M.

Before or After Sermon.

ALMIGHTY God! thy Word is cast
 Like seed into the ground;
 Now let the dew of Heaven descend,
 And righteous fruits abound.

2 Let not the foe of Christ and man
 This holy seed remove;
 But give it root in every heart,
 To bring forth fruits of love.

3 Let not the world's deceitful cares
 The rising plant destroy;
 But let it yield, a hundred-fold.
 The fruits of peace and joy.

4 Oft as the precious seed is sown,
 Thy quickening grace bestow,
 That all, whose souls the truth receive,
 Its saving power may know.

654 6s, & 8s.

Morn.

MORN is the time to wake,
 The eyelids to unclose,
 Spring from the arms of sleep, and break
 The fetters of repose;

Walk at the dewy dawn abroad
And hold sweet fellowship with God.

2 Morn is the time to pray,
How lovely and how meet,
To send our earliest thoughts away,
Up to the mercy-seat !
Ambassadors, for us to claim
A blessing in our Master's name,

3 Morn is the time to sing,
How charming 'tis to hear
The mingling notes of nature ring
In the delighted ear !
And with that swelling anthem raise
The soul's fresh matin-song of praise!

4 Morn is the time to sow
The seeds of heavenly truth,
While balmy breezes softly blow
Upon the soil of youth ;
And look to thee, nor look in vain,
Our God, for sunshine and for rain.

5 Morn is the time to love,
As tendrils of the vine,
The young affections fondly rove,
And seek them where to twine ;
Around thyself, in thine embrace,
Lord, let them find their resting-place.

6 Morn is the time to shine,
When skies are clear and blue,
Reflect the rays of light divine
As morning dew-drops do ;
Like early stars be early bright,
And melt away like them in light.

7 Morn is the time to weep
O'er morning hours misspent

Alas ! how oft from peaceful sleep
 On folly madly bent,
 We've left the strait and narrow road
 And wandered from our guardian God!

8 Morn is the time to think,
 While thoughts are fresh and free;
 Of life, just balanced on the brink
 Of dark eternity!
 And ask our souls if they are meet
 To stand before the judgment seat?

9 Morn is the time to die,
 Just at the dawn of day,
 When stars are fading in the sky,
 To fade like them away,
 But lost in light more brilliant far,
 Than ever merged the morning star.

10 Morn is the time to rise,
 The resurrection morn,
 Upspringing to the glorious skies,
 On new-found pinions borne,
 To meet a Saviour's smile divine,
 Be such ecstatic rising mine!

655

L. M.

Morning Hymn.

GOD of the morning, at thy voice
 The cheerful sun makes haste to rise,
 And like a giant doth rejoice
 To run his journey through the skies.

2 From the fair chambers of the east
 The circuit of his race begins,
 And, without weariness or rest,
 Round the whole earth he flies and shines.

- 3 Oh, like the sun, may I fulfil
 The appointed duties of the day,
 With ready mind and active will,
 March on, and keep my heavenly way.
- 4 But I shall rove and lose the race,
 If God, my sun, should disappear,
 And leave me in this world's wild maze,
 To follow every wandering star.
- 5 Lord, thy commands are clean and pure,
 Enlightening our beclouded eyes;
 Thy threatenings just, thy promise sure,
 Thy gospel makes the simple wise.
- 6 Give me thy counsel for my guide.
 And then receive me to thy bliss;
 All my desires and hopes beside,
 Are faint and cold compared with this.

656

L. M.

Morning or Evening Hymn.

- M**Y God, how endless is thy love!
 Thy gifts are every evening new;
 And morning mercies from above,
 Gently distil like early dew.
- 2 Thou spreadest the curtain of the night,
 Great guardian of my sleeping hours;
 Thy sovereign word restores the light,
 And quickens all my drowsy powers.
- 3 I yield my powers to thy command,
 To thee I consecrate my days;
 Perpetual blessings from thine hand
 Demand perpetual songs of praise.

657

C. M.

Morning Hymn.

- O**NCE more my soul the rising day
 Salutes thy waking eyes ;
 Once more, my voice, thy tribute pay
 To him that rules the skies.
- 2 Night unto night his name repeats,
 The day renews the sound,
 Wide as the heaven on which he sits,
 To turn the seasons round.
- 3 'Tis he supports my mortal frame ;
 My tongue shall speak his praise ;
 My sins would rouse his wrath to flame,
 And yet his wrath delays.
- 4 On a poor worm thy power might tread,
 And I could ne'er withstand ;
 Thy justice might have crushed me dead,
 But mercy held thy hand.
- 5 How many wretched souls are fled
 Since the last setting sun !
 And yet thou lengthenest out my thread,
 And yet my moments run.
- 6 Great God, let all my hours be thine,
 Whilst I enjoy the light ;
 Then shall my sun in smiles decline,
 And bring a pleasant night.

658

L. M.

Evening Hymn.

THUS far the Lord has led me on,
 Thus far his power prolongs my days,
 And every evening shall make known
 Some fresh memorial of his grace.

- 2 Much of my time has run to waste,
 And I, perhaps, am near my home;
 But he forgives my follies past,
 He gives me strength for days to come.
- 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 In vain the sons of earth or hell
 Tell me a thousand frightful things;
 My God in safety makes me dwell
 Beneath the shadow of his wings.
- 5 Thus when the night of death shall come,
 My flesh shall rest beneath the ground,
 And wait thy voice to rouse the tomb,
 With sweet salvation in the sound.

659

C. M.

Evening Hymn.

- D**READ Sovereign, let my evening song
 Like holy incense rise;
 Assist the offerings of my tongue,
 To reach the lofty skies.
- 2 Through all the dangers of the day,
 Thy hand was still my guard;
 And still to drive my wants away,
 Thy mercy stood prepared.
- 3 Perpetual blessings from above,
 Encompassed me around;
 But O, how few returns of love
 Hath my Creator found!
- 4 What have I done for him that died
 To save my wretched soul?

How are my follies multiplied,
Fast as my minutes roll!

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

6 Sprinkled afresh with pardoning blood,
I'll lay me down to rest,
As in the embraces of my God,
Or on my Saviour's breast.

660

C. M.

Morning or Evening Hymn.

HOSANNA with a cheerful sound,
To God's upholding hand;
Ten thousand snares attend us round,
And yet secure we stand.

2 That was a most amazing power,
That raised us with a word;
And every day, and every hour,
We lean upon the Lord.

3 The evening rests our weary head,
And angels guard the room;
We wake, and we admire the bed
That was not made our tomb.

4 The rising morning can't assure
That we shall end the day;
For death stands ready at the door.
To take our lives away.

5 Our life is forfeited by sin,
To God's avenging law;
We own thy grace, immortal King,
In every breath we draw.

- 6 God is our sun, whose daily light
 Our joy and safety brings;
 Our feeble flesh lies safe at night,
 Beneath his spreading wings.

661 L. M.

Retirement and Meditation.

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

662 L. M.

Longing for God in Retirement.

- R**ETURN, my roving heart, return,
 And chase these shadowy forms no more;
 Seek out some solitude to mourn,
 And thy forsaken God implore.
- 2 O thou great God, whose piercing eye
 Distinctly marks each deep recess,
 In these sequestered hours draw nigh,
 And with thy presence fill the place.

- 3 Through all the windings of my heart,
My search let heavenly wisdom guide,
And still its radiant beams impart,
'Till all be searched and purified.
- 4 Then, with the visits of thy love,
Vouchsafe my inmost soul to cheer;
'Till every grace shall join to prove,
That God hath fixed his dwelling there.

663

C. M.

Twilight Meditation.

- I LOVE to steal awhile away
From every cumbering care,
And spend the hours of setting day,
In humble grateful prayer.
- 2 I love in solitude to shed
The penitential tear,
And all His promises to plead,
Where none but God can hear.
- 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.

664

L. M.

Morning Hymn.

A WAKE my soul! and with the sun
 Thy daily stage of duty run:
 Shake off dull sloth, and joyful rise
 To pay thy morning sacrifice.

- 2 Lord, I my vows to thee renew,
 Scatter my sins as morning dew:
 Guard my first springs of thought and will,
 And with thyself my spirit fill.
- 3 Direct, control, suggest this day,
 All I design, or do, or say;
 That all my powers with all my might,
 In thy sole glory may unite.
- 4 All praise to thee who safe hast kept,
 And hast refreshed me while I slept:
 Grant, Lord, when I from death shall wake,
 I may of endless life partake.

665

C. M.

Morning Hymn.

G OD of my life my morning song
 To thee I cheerful raise;
 Thy acts of love 'tis good to sing,
 And pleasant 'tis to praise.

- 2 Preserved by the Almighty arm,
 I passed the shades of night,
 Serene and safe from every harm,
 To see the morning light.
- 3 While numbers spent the night in sighs,
 And restless pains and woes;

- In gentle sleep I closed my eyes,
And rose from sweet repose.
- 4 When sleep, death's image o'er me spread,
And I unconscious lay,
Thy watchful care was round my bed,
To guard my feeble clay.
- 5 O let the same almighty care
Through all this day attend :
From every danger, every snare,
My heedless steps defend.
- 6 Smile on my minutes as they roll
And guide my future days ;
And let thy goodness fill my soul
With gratitude and praise.

666

S. M.

A Morning Hymn.

- S**EE how the rising sun
Pursues his shining way ;
And wide proclaims his Maker's praise,
With every brightening ray.
- 2 Thus would my rising soul
Its heavenly parent sing :
And to its great original
The humble tribute bring.
- 3 Serene I laid me down
Beneath his guardian care ;
I slept, and I awoke, and found
My kind preserver near.
- 4 Thus does thine arm support
This weak defenceless frame ;
But whence these favours, Lord, to me,
All worthless as I am ?
- 5 Oh ! how shall I repay
The bounties of my God ?

This feeble spirit pants beneath
The pleasing, painful load.

6 Dear Saviour to thy cross
I bring my sacrifice;
Tinged with thy blood, it shall ascend
With fragrance to the skies.

7 My life I would anew
Devote, O Lord, to thee;
And in thy service I would spend
A long eternity.

667

C. M.

An Evening Song.

NOW from the altar of our hearts
Let flames of love arise;
Assist us, Lord, to offer up
Our evening sacrifice.

2 Minutes and mercies multiplied,
Have made up all this day;
Minutes came quick, but mercies were
More swift and free than they.

3 New time, new favour, and new joys,
Do a new song require:
Till we should praise thee as we would,
Accept our heart's desire.

4 Lord of our days, whose hand hath set
New time upon our score;
Thee may we praise for all our time,
When time shall be no more.

668

C. M.

Evening Worship.

O LORD, another day is flown
And we a little band,

- Are met once more before thy throne,
To bless thy fostering hand.
- 2 And wilt thou bend a listening ear,
To praises low as ours ?
Thou wilt, for thou dost deign to hear
The song that meekness pours.
- 3 And Jesus, thou thy smiles wilt deign,
As we before thee pray ;
For thou didst bless the infant train,
And are we less than they ?
- 4 Oh, let thy grace perform its part ;
Let sin's dominion cease ;
And shed abroad in every heart
Thine everlasting peace.

669

8s, & 7s.

Evening Song.

- S**AVIOUR, breathe an evening blessing,
Ere repose our spirits seal :
Sin and want we come confessing,
Thou canst save and thou canst heal.
Though destruction walk around us,
Though the arrow near 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.

670

C. M.

Charity Hymn.

RICH are the joys that cannot die,
 With God laid up in store ;
 Treasures beyond the changing sky,
 Brighter than golden ore.

2 The seeds which piety and love,
 Have scattered here below,
 In the fair fertile fields above,
 To ample harvest grow.

3 The mite my willing hands can give,
 At Jesus' feet I lay ;
 Grace shall the humble gift receive,
 Abounding grace repay.



DOXOLOGIES.

C. M.

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

C. M.

TO Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
 The God whom we adore,
 Be glory as it was, is now,
 And shall be evermore.

C. M. D.

THE God of mercy be adored,
 Who calls our souls from death :
 Who saves by his redeeming Word,
 And new-creating Breath.

2 To praise the Father, and the Son,
 And Spirit, all divine,
 The One in Three, and Three in One,
 Let saints and angels join.

L. M.

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

L. M.

TO God the Father, God the Son,
 And God the Spirit, Three in One,
 Be honour, praise, and glory given,
 By all on earth, and all in heaven.

L. M. D.

GLORY to God the Trinity,
 Whose name has mysteries unknown!
 In essence One, in persons Three;
 A social nature, yet alone.

2 When all our noblest powers are joined,
 The honours of thy name to raise:
 Thy glories overmatch our mind,
 And angels faint beneath the praise.

S. M.

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

S. M.

GIVE to the Father praise,
 Give glory to the Son,
 And to the Spirit of his grace
 Be equal honour done!

S. M. D.

WE bless the Father's name,
Who chose us in his love;
To God the Son, we give the same,
Our advocate above.

2 The Spirit, too we bless,
And raise his honours high;
Who conquers by his sovereign grace,
And brings us strangers nigh.

H. M.

TO God the Father's throne,
Perpetual honours raise;
Glory to God the Son;
To God the Spirit praise:
With all our powers, eternal King,
Thy name we sing, while faith adores.

L. C. M.

TO Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Be praise amid the heavenly host,
And in the church below;
From whom all creatures draw their breath,
By whom redemption blessed the earth,
From whom all comforts flow.

L. P. M.

NOW to the great, and sacred Three,
The Father, Son, and Spirit, be
Eternal power and glory given,
Through all the worlds where God is known,
By all the angels near the throne,
And all the saints in earth and heaven.

5s & 6s.

BY angels in heaven
Of every degree,
And saints upon earth,
All praise be addressed

To God in Three Persons,
 One God ever blessed :
 As it has been, now is,
 And always shall be.

7s. 4 lines.

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

7s. 6 lines.

PRAISE the name of God most high,
 Praise him, all below the sky,
 Praise him, all ye heavenly host,
 Father, Son, and Holy Ghost :
 As through countless ages past,
 Evermore his praise shall last.

7s, & 6s.

TO the Father, to the Son,
 And Spirit ever blessed,
 Everlasting Three in One,
 All worship be addressed,
 Praise from all above, below,
 As throughout the ages past,
 Now is given, and shall be so
 While endless ages last.

8s. Single.

ALL praise to the Father, the Son,
 And spirit, thrice holy and blessed,
 The eternal, supreme Three in One,
 Was, is, and shall still be addressed.

8s, & 7s.

PRAISE the Father, earth, and heaven.
 Praise the Son, the Spirit praise,
 As it was, and is, be given,
 Glory through eternal days.

8s, & 7s.

MAY the grace of Christ our Saviour,
 And the Father's boundless love,
 With the Holy Spirit's favour,
 Rest upon us from above!
 Thus may we abide in union
 With each other and the Lord,
 And possess, in sweet communion,
 Joys which earth cannot afford.

8s, 7s, & 4s.

GLORY be to God the Father,
 Glory to the eternal Son;
 Sound aloud the Spirit's praises;
 Join the elders round the throne;
 Hallelujah,
 Hail the glorious Three in One.

11s.

OFATHER Almighty to thee be addressed,
 With Christ and the Spirit, one God, ever
 blessed,
 All glory and worship from earth, and from
 heaven,
 As was, and is now, and shall ever be given.

11s, 8s.

ALL praise to the Father, all praise to the
 Son,
 All praise to the Spirit, thrice blessed,
 The Holy, Eternal, Supreme Three in One
 Was, is, and shall still be addressed.

CHORUS.

GLORY, honour, praise, and power,
 Be unto the Lamb for ever;
 Jesus Christ is our Redeemer.
 Hallelujah! Hallelujah! Hallelujah!
 Praise the Lord.

TABLE OF FIRST LINES.

THE REFERENCES ARE TO THE PAGES OF THE BOOK.

According to thy gracious word	258	<i>Montgomery.</i>
Adam in paradise was placed	185	
Afflicted saint to Christ draw near	336	<i>Fawcett.</i>
Again the Lord of life and light	82	<i>Barbould.</i>
Ah how shall fallen man	186	
Alas and did my Saviour bleed	189	<i>Watts.</i>
Alas by nature how depraved	236	<i>Newton.</i>
Alas how changed that lovely flower	398	<i>Knight.</i>
Alas what hourly dangers rise	272	<i>Steele.</i>
All hail the glorious morn	84	<i>Peacock.</i>
All hail the power of Jesus' name	329	<i>Duncan.</i>
All hail thou great Immanuel	46	<i>Medley.</i>
Almighty Father gracious Lord	330	<i>Steele.</i>
Almighty God eternal Lord	474	
Almighty God thy word is cast	475	
Almighty God we praise and own	10	
Almighty sovereign of the skies	435	
Amazing grace how sweet the	209	<i>Newton.</i>
Am I a soldier of the cross	338	<i>Watts.</i>
Am I called and can it be	146	<i>Mrs J. L. Gray.</i>
Amidst the cheerful bloom of youth	376	<i>Beddome.</i>
And am I born to die	197	
And canst thou sinner slight	101	<i>Hyde.</i>
And is the Gospel peace and love	69	<i>Steele.</i>
And is this life prolonged to me	370	<i>Watts.</i>
And must this body die	385	<i>Watts.</i>
And will the great eternal God	447	<i>Doddridge.</i>
And will the Judge descend	131	<i>Doddridge.</i>
And will the Lord thus condescend	340	<i>Steele.</i>
Another six days work is done	456	<i>Stennett.</i>
A present God is all our strength	348	<i>Doddridge.</i>
Arise great God and let thy grace	156	<i>Merrick.</i>
Arise my soul my joyful powers	214	<i>Watts.</i>
Arm of the Lord awake awake	165	
Ascend thy throne Almighty King	169	<i>Beddome.</i>
As when the weary traveller gains	414	<i>Newton.</i>

At thy command our dearest Lord	255	<i>Watts.</i>
Awaked by Sinai's awful sound	211	<i>Ockum.</i>
Awake and sing the song	324	<i>Hammond.</i>
Awake awake the sacred song	33	<i>Steele.</i>
Awake my heart awake my tongue	331	<i>Watts.</i>
Awake my soul and with the sun	484	<i>Kenn.</i>
Awake my soul in joyful lays	332	<i>Medley.</i>
Awake our drowsy souls	86	<i>Scott.</i>
Awake our souls away our fears	263	<i>Watts.</i>
Awake sweet gratitude and sing	70	<i>Toplady.</i>
Backward with humble shame we	184	<i>Watts.</i>
Begin my tongue some heav'nly theme	6	<i>Watts.</i>
Begone unbelief my Saviour is near	291	<i>Newton.</i>
Behold a stranger at the door	142	
Behold my servant see him rise	161	
Behold the blind their sight receive	68	<i>Watts.</i>
Behold the expected time draw near	170	<i>Voke.</i>
Behold the glories of the Lamb	223	<i>Watts.</i>
Behold the leprous Jew	238	<i>Stennet.</i>
Behold the man how glorious he	64	
Behold the mountain of the Lord	159	<i>Logan.</i>
Behold the sin atoning Lamb	224	<i>Fawcett.</i>
Behold the woman's promised seed	46	<i>Watts.</i>
Behold what condescending love	246	<i>Fawcett.</i>
Behold what matchless tender love	246	<i>Peacock.</i>
Behold what wondrous grace	234	<i>Watts.</i>
Beneath a numerous train of ills	346	
Beneath our feet and o'er our heads	399	
Beside the Gospel pool	129	<i>Newton.</i>
Bestow dear Lord upon our youth	374	<i>Cowper.</i>
Beware of Peter's word	346	<i>Cowper.</i>
Bleeding hearts defiled by sin	72	
Blest are the humble souls that see	296	<i>Watts.</i>
Blest be the everlasting God	420	
Blest be the tie that binds	318	<i>Fawcett.</i>
Blest Comforter divine	102	
Blest morning whose first dawning	455	<i>Watts.</i>
Blow ye the trumpet blow	166	<i>Toplady.</i>
Boundless glory Lord be thine	328	
Bread of heaven on thee I feed	257	
Bright as the Sun's meridian blaze	168	
Brightest and best of the sons of the	33	<i>Heber.</i>
Bright King of glory dreadful God	21	<i>Watts.</i>

Broad is the road that leads to death	264	<i>Watts.</i>
Buried in shadows of the night	51	<i>Watts.</i>
But when armed with vengeance	75	
Children of the heavenly King	238	<i>Cennick.</i>
Christ and his cross is all our theme	164	<i>Watts.</i>
Christian see the orient morning	155	
Clamour and wrath and war begone	115	
Come all harmonious tongues	87	<i>Watts.</i>
Come dearest Lord and bless this day	458	<i>Dobell.</i>
Come dearest Lord and feed thy sheep	113	<i>Mason.</i>
Come dearest Lord who reign'st above	126	
Come every pious heart	71	<i>Stennett.</i>
Come Father Son and Holy Ghost	244	
Come gracious Lord descend and	459	<i>Watts.</i>
Come gracious Spirit heavenly dove	100	<i>Browne.</i>
Come happy souls approach your God	462	<i>Watts.</i>
Come hither all ye weary souls	147	<i>Watts.</i>
Come Holy Ghost descend from high	249	
Come Holy Spirit calm my mind	23	
Come Holy Spirit come	99	<i>Hart.</i>
Come Holy Spirit heavenly dove	97	<i>Watts.</i>
Come humble sinner in whose breast	193	<i>Jones.</i>
Come Jesus heavenly teacher come	467	<i>Beddome.</i>
Come let our hearts and voices join	333	<i>Swain.</i>
Come let us join our cheerful songs	50	<i>Watts.</i>
Come let us join our friends above	318	<i>Swain.</i>
Come let us lift our joyful eyes	303	<i>Watts.</i>
Come Lord and warm each languid	178	<i>Steele.</i>
Come my Redeemer come	278	<i>Reed.</i>
Come my soul thy suit prepare	282	<i>Newton.</i>
Come sacred Spirit from above	177	<i>Doddridge.</i>
Come Saviour Jesus from above	260	<i>Byrom.</i>
Come see the place where Jesus lay	92	<i>Montgomery.</i>
Come shout aloud the Father's grace	235	
Come thou almighty King	15	
Come thou desire of all thy saints	468	<i>Steele.</i>
Come thou fount of every blessing	324	<i>Robinson.</i>
Come thou long expected Jesus	73	
Come thou soul transforming Spirit	472	<i>Rippon.</i>
Come to Calvary's holy mountain	151	<i>Montgomery.</i>
Come weary souls with sin distressed	148	<i>Steele.</i>
Come we that love the Lord	461	<i>Watts.</i>
Come ye disconsolate where'er ye	351	

Come ye sinners poor and wretched	152	<i>Hart.</i>
Come ye that love the Saviour's name	327	<i>Steele.</i>
Come ye who know the Saviour's love	310	<i>Medley.</i>
Come youthful sinners come now to	379	<i>Mrs J. L. Gray.</i>
Dark was the night and cold the ground	82	
Daughter of Zion awake from thy	442	
Daughter of Zion from the dust	440	<i>Montgomery.</i>
Day of Judgment, day of wonders	405	<i>Newton.</i>
Dear refuge of my weary soul	341	<i>Steele.</i>
Dear Saviour if these lambs should	379	<i>Hyde.</i>
Dear Saviour we are thine	317	<i>Doddridge.</i>
Dear Shepherd of thy people hear	448	<i>Newton.</i>
Dearest of all the names above	219	<i>Watts.</i>
Death may dissolve my body now	419	<i>Watts.</i>
Death 'tis a melancholy day	383	<i>Watts.</i>
Deep are the wounds which sin has	40	<i>Steele.</i>
Deep in the dust before thy throne	186	<i>Watts.</i>
Delay not, delay not, O Sinner draw	140	
Descend from heaven immortal dove	418	<i>Watts.</i>
Did Christ o'er sinners weep	80	<i>Beddome.</i>
Didst thou dear Jesus suffer shame	262	<i>Kirkham.</i>
Disowned of heaven, by man oppressed	158	
Dismiss us with thy blessing Lord	465	<i>Hart.</i>
Dread sovereign let my evening song	480	<i>Watts.</i>
Earth has engrossed my love too long	412	<i>Watts.</i>
Encompassed with clouds of distress	349	<i>Doddridge.</i>
Enslaved by sin and bound in chains	229	<i>Steele.</i>
Enwrapt in thickest shades of night	445	<i>Beddome.</i>
Ere the blue heavens were stretched	19	<i>Watts.</i>
Eternal God, almighty cause	110	
Eternal King, the greatest, best	10	
Eternal power whose high abode	13	<i>Watts.</i>
Eternal source of every good	449	<i>Beddome.</i>
Eternal source of every joy	427	<i>Doddridge.</i>
Eternal source of light and grace	343	
Eternal Sovereign of the sky	115	<i>Watts.</i>
Eternal Spirit source of light	23	<i>Davies.</i>
Eternal Spirit we confess	21	<i>Watts.</i>
Eternity is just at hand	387	<i>Steele.</i>
Faith adds new charms to earthly bliss	201	<i>Turner.</i>
Faith is a precious grace	207	<i>Beddome.</i>
Far, far beyond these these lower skies	94	<i>Medley.</i>

Farewell ye transitory things	307	<i>Beddome.</i>
Far from my thoughts vain world	460	<i>Watts.</i>
Fast flow my tears the cause is great	195	<i>H. K. White.</i>
Father I long, I faint to see	423	<i>Watts.</i>
Father of all we bow to thee	285	
Father of all whose love profound	16	
Father of faithful Abraham hear	157	
Father of mercies God of love	22	<i>Beddome.</i>
Father of mercies in thy word	106	<i>Steele.</i>
Father of peace and God of love	59	<i>Doddridge.</i>
Father whate'er of earthly bliss	323	<i>Steele.</i>
Firm as the earth thy gospel stands	240	<i>Watts.</i>
Forgiveness, 'tis a joyful sound	332	<i>Gibbons.</i>
From Greenland's icy mountains	170	<i>Heber.</i>
From the cross uplifted high	250	<i>Haweis</i>
From thee my God, my joy shall rise	302	<i>Watts.</i>
Gentiles by nature we belong	243	<i>Watts.</i>
Give me the wings of faith to rise	424	<i>Watts.</i>
Glorious things of thee are spoken	441	<i>Newton.</i>
Glory to God on high	471	
Go and the Saviour's grace proclaim	158	
God in the Gospel of his Son	124	<i>Beddome.</i>
God in the high and holy place	12	<i>Montgomery.</i>
God is a Spirit, just and wise	299	<i>Watts.</i>
God moves in a mysterious way	29	<i>Cowper.</i>
God of my life, my morning song	484	<i>Steele.</i>
God of the morning at thy voice	477	<i>Watts.</i>
God of the passing year, to thee	431	
God of our life, thy various praise	429	<i>Heginbotham.</i>
God with us, O glorious name	35	
Go preach my Gospel saith the Lord	453	<i>Watts.</i>
Go to dark Gethsemane	44	<i>Montgomery.</i>
Grace like an uncorrupted seed	300	<i>Watts.</i>
Grace 'tis a charming sound	220	<i>Doddridge.</i>
Gracious Lord incline thine ear	196	<i>Hammond.</i>
Gracious Lord our children see	380	<i>Cowper.</i>
Gracious Spirit, Love divine	101	<i>Stocker.</i>
Grant Lord I may delight in thee	275	<i>Ryland.</i>
Great God before thy mercy seat	191	<i>Beddome.</i>
Great God how infinite art thou	6	<i>Watts.</i>
Great God now condescend	245	<i>Fellows.</i>
Great God thy holy law commands	116	
Great God the nations of the earth	166	<i>Gibbons.</i>
Great God we sing thy mighty hand	430	<i>Rippon.</i>

Great God we view thy chastening	435	
Great Lord of all thy churches hear	179	<i>Kingsbury.</i>
Great Saviour who didst condescend	245	
Great source of order, Maker wise	114	
Great was the day the joy was great	98	<i>Watts.</i>
Guide me, O thou great Jehovah	58	<i>Oliver.</i>
Had I the tongues of Greeks and Jews	299	<i>Watts.</i>
Hail mighty Jesus, how divine	163	<i>Wallin.</i>
Hail my ever blessed Jesus	216	<i>Wingrove.</i>
Hail thou once despised Jesus	227	<i>Wingrove.</i>
Happy the Church thou sacred place	440	<i>Watts.</i>
Happy the heart where graces reign	298	<i>Watts.</i>
Hark from the tombs a doleful sound	385	<i>Watts.</i>
Hark how the choral song of heaven	416	
Hark my soul it is the Lord	63	<i>Newton.</i>
Hark the glad sound the Saviour	34	<i>Doddridge.</i>
Hark the herald angels say	85	
Hark the herald angels sing	38	
Hark the solemn trumpet sounding	173	<i>Kelly.</i>
Hark the voice of love and mercy	225	
Hark to the solemn bell	390	<i>Mrs J. L. Gray.</i>
Hark what mean these holy voices	38	<i>Cawood.</i>
Hasten O sinner to be wise	137	
Hearts of stone relent, relent	140	
Hear what the voice from heaven	381	<i>Watts.</i>
He dies the friend of sinners dies	87	<i>Watts.</i>
He knelt the Saviour knelt and prayed	81	<i>Mrs. Hemans.</i>
Here at thy cross incarnate God	251	<i>Watts.</i>
Here in thy name eternal God	450	<i>Montgomery.</i>
He who erected heaven's bright arch	161	
High in yonder realms of light	413	
Holy and reverend is the name	112	<i>Needham.</i>
Hosanna to the living Lord	96	<i>Heber.</i>
Hosanna with a cheerful sound	481	<i>Watts.</i>
How beauteous are their feet	452	<i>Watts.</i>
How blest the righteous when he dies	386	<i>Barbault.</i>
How calm and beautiful the morn	95	
How can I sink with such a prop	323	<i>Watts.</i>
How charming is the place	467	<i>Stennett.</i>
How condescending and how kind	78	<i>Watts.</i>
How firm a foundation ye saints of	107	<i>Kennady.</i>
How glorious is the sacred place	438	<i>Watts.</i>
How happy are they	205	

How heavy is the night	52	<i>Watts.</i>
How large the promise, how divine	242	<i>Watts.</i>
How oft alas this wretched heart	341	<i>Steele.</i>
How oft have sin and Satan strove	240	<i>Watts.</i>
How precious is the book divine	107	<i>Rippon.</i>
How sad our state by nature is	230	<i>Watts.</i>
How short and hasty is our life	366	<i>Watts.</i>
How still and peaceful is the grave	400	
How strong thine arm is mighty God	66	<i>Watts.</i>
How sweet and awful is the place	254	<i>Watts.</i>
How sweet, how heavenly is the sight	319	<i>Swain.</i>
How sweet the name of Jesus sounds	295	<i>Newton.</i>
How tedious and tasteless the hours	294	<i>Newton.</i>
How vain are all things here below	266	<i>Watts.</i>
How vast the benefits divine	182	<i>Toplady.</i>
I hear a voice that comes from far	151	<i>Kelly.</i>
I know that my Redeemer lives	60	<i>Medley.</i>
I love to steal awhile away	483	<i>Brown.</i>
I'm not ashamed to own my Lord	297	<i>Watts.</i>
In every trouble sharp and strong	326	<i>Coombes</i>
In evil long I took delight	187	
Infinite God to thee we raise	473	
Infinite grace and can it be	11	
Inquire ye pilgrims for the way	465	<i>Doddridge.</i>
In songs of sublime adoration and	222	
In sweet exalted strains	448	<i>Francis.</i>
In the sun, and moon, and stars	403	<i>Heber.</i>
In thine own ways, O God of love	272	<i>Watts.</i>
In thy great name, O Lord we come	465	<i>Hoskins.</i>
In vain we lavish out our lives	145	<i>Watts.</i>
I prayed the Lord that I might grow	208	<i>Newton.</i>
I send the joys of earth away	265	<i>Watts.</i>
I sing my Saviour's wondrous death	96	<i>Watts.</i>
I sing the almighty power of God	24	<i>Watts.</i>
Is this the kind return	322	<i>Watts.</i>
It is the Lord enthroned in light	362	
It shall be well let sinners know	313	
I would not live always I ask not to	391	<i>Muhlenburg.</i>
Jehovah speaks let Israel hear	62	
Jerusalem my happy home	408	
Jesus and shall it ever be	305	<i>Gregg.</i>
Jesus engrave it on my heart	59	<i>Medley.</i>
Jesus full of all compassion	192	<i>Turner.</i>

Jesus hail enthroned in glory	88	
Jesus in thee our eyes behold	228	
Jesus is gone above the skies	253	<i>Watts.</i>
Jesus Lord we look to thee	320	<i>Wesley.</i>
Jesus lover of my soul	308	<i>Wesley.</i>
Jesus master hear me now	260	
Jesus my all to heaven is gone	45	<i>Cennick.</i>
Jesus my great high priest	54	<i>Watts.</i>
Jesus my Saviour bind me fast	307	<i>Beddome.</i>
Jesus my Saviour let me be	288	<i>Beddome.</i>
Jesus the Lord our souls adore	94	
Jesus the spring of joys divine	44	
Jesus thou art the living bread	125	<i>Fawcett.</i>
Jesus thou everlasting King	474	
Jesus we sing thy matchless grace	311	
Jesus where'er thy people meet	451	<i>Cowper.</i>
Jesus with all thy saints above	252	<i>Watts.</i>
Join all the glorious names	53	<i>Watts.</i>
Join all who love the Saviour's name	329	<i>Medley.</i>
Joy is a fruit that will not grow	312	
Keep silence all created things	9	<i>Watts.</i>
Laden with guilt and full of fears	105	<i>Watts.</i>
Let all the people join	437	
Let everlasting glories crown	129	<i>Watts.</i>
Let every mortal ear attend	144	<i>Watts.</i>
Let me but hear my Saviour say	66	<i>Watts.</i>
Let me my Saviour and my God	231	
Let me think of that evening the	270	<i>Cunningham.</i>
Let others boast how strong they be	28	<i>Watts.</i>
Let them neglect thy glory Lord	321	<i>Watts.</i>
Let those who bear the Christian name	112	<i>Watts.</i>
Let us join with one accord	437	<i>Maxwell.</i>
Let Zion's watchmen all awake	443	<i>Doddridge.</i>
Life has a soft and silver thread	316	
Life is a sea how fair its face	287	<i>Goode.</i>
Life is a span a fleeting hour	398	<i>Steele.</i>
Life is the time to serve the Lord	369	<i>Watts.</i>
Like sheep we went astray	77	<i>Watts.</i>
Lo former scenes predicted once	162	
Lo he comes with clouds descending	406	<i>Oliver.</i>
Lo he cometh countless trumpets	392	
Long have I sat beneath the sound	460	<i>Watts.</i>
Long ere the sun began his days	18	

Long unafflicted undismayed	358	
Look down O Lord with pitying eye	213	<i>Doddridge.</i>
Lo on a narrow neck of land	393	<i>Wesley.</i>
Lord at thy feet I prostrate fall	194	<i>Cennick.</i>
Lord at thy feet we sinners lie	196	<i>Brown.</i>
Lord dismiss us with thy blessing	471	<i>Rippon.</i>
Lord how mysterious are thy ways	30	
Lord how secure my conscience was	190	<i>Watts.</i>
Lord I am thine entirely thine	261	<i>Davies.</i>
Lord I cannot let thee go	271	
Lord of every land and nation	20	<i>Robinson.</i>
Lord of hosts how lovely fair	466	<i>Turner.</i>
Lord thy imputed righteousness	232	
Lord we come before thee now	470	<i>Hammond.</i>
Lord we confess our numerous faults	217	<i>Watts.</i>
Lord what a wretched land is this	421	<i>Watts.</i>
Lord what is man that he should prove	8	<i>Rowe.</i>
Lo the destroying angel flies	58	<i>Watts.</i>
Lo the stone is rolled away	89	<i>Scott.</i>
Love divine all love excelling	290	<i>Whitfield.</i>
Lo what a glorious sight appears	439	<i>Watts.</i>
Man hath a soul of vast desires	267	<i>Watts.</i>
Mark the soft falling snow	164	
May not the sovereign Lord on high	181	<i>Watts.</i>
Mid scenes of confusion and creature	415	
Mistaken souls that dream of heaven	200	<i>Watts.</i>
Morn is the time to wake	475	<i>Mrs J. L. Gray.</i>
Mortals awake with angels join	37	<i>Medley.</i>
Most gracious Father God of all	280	<i>Hoskins.</i>
Most holy God thy precepts just	116	
My dear Redeemer and my Lord	57	<i>Watts.</i>
My drowsy powers why sleep ye so	353	<i>Watts.</i>
My faith shall triumph o'er the grave	395	<i>Watts.</i>
My former hopes are fled	214	<i>Cowper.</i>
My God how endless is thy love	478	<i>Watts.</i>
My God permit me not to be	482	<i>Watts.</i>
My God the spring of all my joys	301	<i>Watts.</i>
My God thou hast my purest love	293	
My God what gentle cords are thine	306	<i>Doddridge.</i>
My soul be on thy guard	280	<i>Heath.</i>
My soul come meditate the day	384	<i>Watts.</i>
My Saviour God my sovereign Prince	249	
My thoughts surmount these lower	425	<i>Watts.</i>

My times of sorrow and of joy	357	<i>Beddome.</i>
Naked as from the earth we came	365	<i>Watts.</i>
Nature with open volume stands	79	<i>Watts.</i>
No more my God I boast no more	232	<i>Watts.</i>
Nor eye has seen nor ear has heard	236	<i>Watts.</i>
Not all the blood of beasts	202	<i>Watts.</i>
Not all the outward forms on earth	212	<i>Watts.</i>
Not for our duties or deserts	218	<i>Watts.</i>
Not from the dust affliction grows	353	<i>Watts.</i>
Not the malicious or profane	212	<i>Watts.</i>
Not to condemn the sons of men	53	<i>Watts.</i>
Not to the terrors of the Lord	122	<i>Watts.</i>
Not with our mortal eyes	297	<i>Watts.</i>
Now begin the heavenly theme	127	<i>Rippon.</i>
Now from the altar of our hearts	486	<i>Mason.</i>
Now gracious Lord thine arm reveal	468	<i>Newton.</i>
Now in the heat of youthful blood	374	<i>Watts.</i>
Now let our cheerful eyes survey	89	<i>Doddridge.</i>
Now let our mourning hearts revive	445	<i>Doddridge.</i>
Now let our souls on wings sublime	427	<i>Gibbons.</i>
No worldly pomp nor eastern pride	48	
Now to the Lord that makes us know	49	<i>Watts.</i>
Now while the gospel net is cast	462	<i>Newton.</i>
O cease my wandering soul	316	
O could I speak the matchless worth	65	<i>Medley.</i>
O'er the gloomy hills of darkness	167	<i>Williams.</i>
Of all the joys we mortals know	289	<i>Watts.</i>
O for a closer walk with God	335	<i>Cowper.</i>
O for an overcoming faith	380	<i>Watts.</i>
O for a heart to praise my God	237	<i>Wesley.</i>
O for a sweet inspiring ray	426	<i>Steele.</i>
O for a thousand tongues to sing	314	
O for the death of those	396	
O God of Bethel by whose hand	463	<i>Logan.</i>
O happy is the man who hears	128	
O how divine how sweet the joy	198	<i>Needham.</i>
O Lord another day is flown	486	<i>H. K. White.</i>
O Lord I would delight in thee	355	<i>Watts.</i>
O Lord my best desires fulfil	354	<i>Cowper.</i>
O Lord my soul convicted stands	119	
O Lord our God arise	14	
Once I thought my mountain strong	350	<i>Newton.</i>
Once more my soul the rising day	479	<i>Watts.</i>

One there is above all others	42	<i>Newton.</i>
On Jordan's stormy banks I stand	409	<i>Stennett.</i>
On Zion his most holy mount	125	<i>Gibbons.</i>
Opprest with fear opprest with grief	326	<i>Steele.</i>
O Spirit of the living God	167	<i>Montgomery.</i>
O Sun of righteousness arise	178	
O Sun of righteousness divine	276	
O that I knew the secret place	347	
O thou before whose gracious throne	444	
O thou eternal glorious Lord	130	<i>Medley.</i>
O thou faithful God of love	401	<i>Wesley.</i>
O thou in whose presence my soul	74	
O thou my light my life my joy	302	
O thou that hearest the prayer of faith	342	<i>Toplady.</i>
O thou to whose all searching sight	273	
O thou who driest the mourner's tear	347	
O thou whose tender mercy hears	194	<i>Steele.</i>
Our days alas our mortals days	367	<i>Watts.</i>
Our Father our Father in heaven	286	
Our God how firm his promise stands	301	<i>Watts.</i>
Our journey is a thorny maze	421	<i>Watts.</i>
Our life is ever on the wing	368	<i>Watts.</i>
Our Lord is risen from the dead	93	<i>Wesley.</i>
Our Lord who knows full well	283	<i>Newton.</i>
Our nature's totally depraved	210	
Our Saviour's words are watch and	283	<i>Montgomery.</i>
Our souls by love together knit	321	<i>Miller.</i>
O where shall rest be found	136	<i>Montgomery.</i>
O Zion tune thy voice	180	<i>Doddridge.</i>
Peace 'tis the Lord Jehovah's hand	360	<i>Doddridge.</i>
People of the living God	261	<i>Montgomery.</i>
Permit me Lord to seek thy face	274	<i>Steele.</i>
Pity a helpless sinner Lord	257	<i>Hart.</i>
Plunged in a gulf of dark despair	219	<i>Watts.</i>
Prayer is the soul's sincere desire	278	<i>Montgomery.</i>
Prayer was appointed to convey	279	<i>Hart.</i>
Prepare a thankful song	90	<i>Newton.</i>
Prepare me gracious God	371	<i>Elliott.</i>
Prisoners of sin and Satan too	135	<i>Hoskins.</i>
Prostrate dear Jesus at thy feet	188	<i>Stennett.</i>
Raise thee my soul fly up and run	417	<i>Watts.</i>
Raise your triumphant songs	36	<i>Watts.</i>
Rejoice the Lord is King	91	<i>Rippon.</i>

Religion is the chief concern	118	<i>Fawcett.</i>
Retire vain world awhile retire	178	<i>Watts.</i>
Return my roving heart return	482	<i>Doddridge.</i>
Return O wanderer return	152	<i>Collyer.</i>
Rich are the joys that cannot die	488	
Rise my soul and stretch thy wings	410	<i>Whitefield.</i>
Rise O my soul pursue the way	207	<i>Needham.</i>
Rock of ages cleft for me	41	<i>Toplady.</i>
Safely through another week	469	<i>Newton.</i>
Saints at your heavenly Father's word	357	<i>Watts.</i>
Salvation O the joyful sound	230	<i>Watts.</i>
Saviour breathe an evening blessing	487	
Saviour hast thou fled for ever	350	<i>MrsMcCartee.</i>
Saviour I thy word believe	103	<i>Toplady.</i>
Saviour visit thy plantation	176	<i>Newton.</i>
Saw ye not the cloud arise	156	
Say should we search the globe around	432	
Say sinner hath a voice within	102	<i>Hyde.</i>
See gracious God before thy throne	434	<i>Steele.</i>
See how the fruitless fig tree stands	61	<i>Harbottle.</i>
See how the rising sun	485	
See Israel's gentle shepherd stand	243	<i>Doddridge.</i>
See the eternal Judge descending	404	
Shall atheists dare insult the cross	221	
Shall foolish weak short sighted man	14	<i>Wesley.</i>
Shall the vile race of flesh and blood	369	<i>Watts.</i>
Shall we go on to sin	266	<i>Watts.</i>
Shepherd of Israel thou dost keep	453	<i>Doddridge.</i>
Sing ye redeemed of the Lord	425	<i>Doddridge.</i>
Sin hath a thousand treacherous arts	187	<i>Watts.</i>
Sin like a venomous disease	185	<i>Watts.</i>
Sinner art thou still secure	133	<i>Newton.</i>
Sinner O why so thoughtless grown	134	
Sinners behold the Lamb of God	227	<i>Hoskins.</i>
Sinners the voice of God regard	147	<i>Fawcett.</i>
Sinners turn why will ye die	139	
Sinners we are sent to bid you	141	<i>MrsJ.L.Gray.</i>
Sinners will you scorn the message	132	<i>Allen.</i>
So let our lips and lives express	298	<i>Watts.</i>
Sovereign of all the worlds above	436	<i>Furman.</i>
Sovereign of all the worlds on high	234	<i>Doddridge.</i>
Sovereign of life I own thy hand	359	<i>Doddridge.</i>
Sovereign of worlds display thy pow'r	172	

Sovereign ruler of the skies	206	<i>Ryland.</i>
Sprinkled with reconciling blood	226	<i>Beddome.</i>
Stand up my soul shake off thy fears	335	<i>Watts.</i>
Stoop down my thoughts that used to	382	<i>Watts.</i>
Stop poor sinner, stop and think	137	<i>Newton.</i>
Strait is the way the door is strait	264	<i>Watts.</i>
Stretched on the cross the Saviour dies	79	<i>Steele.</i>
Submissive to thy will my God	361	<i>Haweis.</i>
Sure the blest Comforter is nigh	304	<i>Steele.</i>
Sweet peace of conscience heavenly	309	<i>Heginbotham.</i>
Sweet the moments rich in blessing	313	<i>Robinson.</i>
Sweet was the time when first I felt	344	<i>Newton.</i>
Swell the anthem, raise the song	433	
Take up thy cross the Saviour said	267	
That awful day will surely come	407	<i>Watts.</i>
That God who made the world on high	109	
The day of wrath that dreadful day	405	<i>Scott.</i>
The great Redeemer's gone	56	<i>Watts.</i>
Thee we adore eternal name	367	<i>Watts.</i>
The God of my salvation lives	289	<i>Steele.</i>
The God of nature and of grace	24	<i>Montgomery.</i>
The lands that long in darkness lay	49	<i>Watts.</i>
The law by Moses came	121	<i>Watts.</i>
The law commands and make us know	121	<i>Watts.</i>
The law of God is just	120	
The Lord descended from above	8	<i>Sternhold.</i>
The Lord how fearful is his name	7	
The Lord Jehovah reigns	5	<i>Watts.</i>
The Lord of earth and sky	430	<i>Wesley.</i>
The mighty frame of glorious grace	91	<i>Watts.</i>
The moment a sinner believes	210	<i>Hart.</i>
The promise of my Father's love	254	<i>Watts.</i>
There is a fountain filled with blood	221	<i>Cowper.</i>
There is a God who reigns above	372	<i>Watts.</i>
There is a house not made with hands	419	<i>Watts.</i>
There is a land of pure delight	423	<i>Watts.</i>
There is a sacred, hallowed spot	315	
There is one God and only one	17	
The righteous Lord supremely great	305	<i>Doddridge.</i>
The rosy light is dawning	458	
The sacraments are holy signs	248	

The saffron tints of morn appear	65	<i>Collyer.</i>
The Saviour calls let every ear	150	<i>Steele.</i>
The Saviour O what endless charms	69	<i>Steele.</i>
The Saviour with inviting voice	247	
The spacious firmament on high	25	<i>Addison.</i>
The Spirit breathes upon the word	99	<i>Cowper.</i>
The Spirit in our hearts	143	
The time is short the season near	373	<i>Hoskins.</i>
The voice of free grace cries escape	174	<i>Thornby.</i>
'Thine earthly Sabbaths Lord we love	457	<i>Doddridge.</i>
This God is the God we adore	73	<i>Hart.</i>
This is the word of truth and love	123	<i>Watts.</i>
Thou art gone to the grave but we	389	<i>Heber.</i>
Thou art O God a Spirit pure	111	
Though now the nations sit beneath	169	
Though troubles assail	26	<i>Newton.</i>
Though trouble springs not from the	355	
Thou lovely source of true delight	105	<i>Steele.</i>
'Thou whom my soul admires above	51	<i>Watts.</i>
Through all the downward tracts of	360	<i>Hervey.</i>
Through all the various shifting	281	
Through sorrows night and dangers	395	<i>H. K. White.</i>
Thus did the sons of Ab'ram pass	241	<i>Watts.</i>
Thus far my God hath led me on	345	<i>Fawcett.</i>
Thus far the Lord hath led me on	479	<i>Watts.</i>
Thus saith the high and lofty one	292	<i>Watts.</i>
Thus saith the mercy of the Lord	249	<i>Watts.</i>
Thus saith the wisdom of the Lord	124	<i>Watts.</i>
Thy people Lord who trust thy word	171	<i>Voke.</i>
Thy presence gracious God afford	464	<i>Fawcett.</i>
Thy way O God is in the sea	31	<i>Fawcett.</i>
'Tis a point I long to know	269	<i>Newton.</i>
'Tis by the faith of joys to come	201	<i>Watts.</i>
'Tis faith supports my feeble soul	203	<i>Beddome.</i>
'Tis finished so the Saviour cried	224	<i>Stennett.</i>
'Tis midnight and on Olive's brow	80	<i>Tappan.</i>
'Tis my happiness below	363	<i>Cowper.</i>
To day if ye will hear his voice	378	
To day the Saviour rose	457	<i>Hoskins.</i>
Together with these symbols Lord	256	
To God my Saviour and my King	215	<i>Stennett.</i>
To God the only wise	239	<i>Watts.</i>

To morrow Lord is thine	372	<i>Doddridge.</i>
To us a child of hope is born	163	
Trusting in Christ go heralds rear	172	
'Twas for my sins my dearest Lord	191	<i>Watts.</i>
'Twas on that dark that doleful night	252	<i>Watts.</i>
'Twas on that night when doomed	259	
'Twas the commission of our Lord	241	<i>Watts.</i>
Unveil thy bosom faithful tomb	401	
Vain are the hopes the sons of men	233	<i>Watts.</i>
Vital spark of heavenly flame	389	<i>Pope.</i>
Wait O my soul thy maker's will	356	<i>Beddome.</i>
Watchman tell us of the night	175	<i>Bowring.</i>
We bless the lamp of life whose light	108	<i>Maxwell.</i>
We bless the prophet of the Lord	56	<i>Watts.</i>
We give immortal praise	17	<i>Watts.</i>
Welcome sweet day of rest	456	<i>Watts.</i>
What anxious cares corrode	117	
Whate'er thy lot on earth may be	118	
What equal honours shall we bring	51	<i>Watts.</i>
What is the thing of greatest price	138	<i>Montgomery.</i>
What scenes of horror and of dread	388	<i>Fawcett.</i>
What shall the dying sinner do	127	
What strange perplexities arise	256	
What various hinderances we meet	275	<i>Cowper.</i>
What various lovely characters	39	<i>Beddome.</i>
When all thy mercies O my God	325	<i>Addison.</i>
When any turn from Zion's ways	204	<i>Newton.</i>
When blooming youth is snatched	376	<i>Steele.</i>
When darkness long has veiled my	339	<i>Cowper.</i>
When death appears before my sight	387	<i>Steele.</i>
When gathering clouds around I view	73	<i>Grant.</i>
When I behold my heart	47	<i>Mrs J. L. Gray.</i>
When I can read my title clear	422	<i>Watts.</i>
When I survey the wondrous cross	268	<i>Watts.</i>
When Jesus dwelt in mortal clay	42	<i>Gibbons.</i>
When Jesus shall descend the skies	174	
When languor and disease invade	364	<i>Toplady.</i>
When marshalled on the nightly plain	43	<i>H. K. White.</i>
When on the cross my Saviour died	226	<i>Beddome.</i>
When rising from the bed of death	402	<i>Addison.</i>
When sins and fears prevailing rise	199	<i>Steele.</i>
When struggling on the bed of pain	363	<i>Dr McCartee.</i>

When the first parents of our race	218	<i>Watts.</i>
When thou my righteous Judge	402	
When through the torn sail the wild	286	<i>Heber.</i>
Where are the dead, in heaven or hell	394	<i>Montgomery.</i>
Where high the heavenly temple	76	<i>Logan.</i>
Where is my God, does he retire	277	<i>Steele.</i>
While filled with sadness and dismay	276	<i>Newton.</i>
While shepherds watched their flocks	32	<i>Tate.</i>
While with ceaseless course the sun	428	<i>Newton.</i>
Whilst thee I seek protecting power	28	<i>Williams.</i>
Who can describe the joys that rise	198	<i>Watts.</i>
Who shall the Lord's elect condemn	183	<i>Watts.</i>
Why do we mourn departing friends	381	<i>Watts.</i>
Why droops my soul with grief	311	<i>Scott.</i>
Why is my heart so far from thee	352	<i>Watts.</i>
Why lament the Christian dying	397	
Why should our tears in sorrow flow	446	
Why should the children of a king	203	<i>Watts.</i>
Why should we start and fear to die	383	<i>Watts.</i>
Why will ye waste on trifling cares	135	
With heavenly power O Lord defend	454	
With humble heart and tongue	377	<i>Fawcett.</i>
Within thy house O Lord our God	463	
With joy we meditate the grace	67	<i>Watts.</i>
With what delight I raise my eyes	442	
Ye angels who stand round	411	<i>De Fleury.</i>
Ye hearts with youthful vigour warm	375	<i>Doddridge.</i>
Ye saints proclaim abroad	35	<i>Ryland.</i>
Ye sin sick souls draw near	154	
Yes I will bless thee O my God	334	<i>Heginbotham.</i>
Yes the Redeemer rose	83	<i>Doddridge.</i>
Ye that in his courts are found	132	
Ye trembling souls dismiss your fears	337	<i>Beddome.</i>
Ye wretched, hungry, starving poor	149	<i>Steele.</i>
Your harps, ye trembling saints	338	<i>Toplady.</i>
Zion' King shall reign victorious	160	

INDEX OF SUBJECTS.

THE REFERENCES ARE TO THE PAGES OF THE BOOK.

- Access*, to God through Christ, 303.
- Adoption*, 234, 235.
- Affliction*, mitigated 347, 350; pleading in distress 347; looking to God in trouble 341; submission prayed for 354; resignation, 355, 356, 357, 358, 360, 361, 362, 363; sanctified 358; submission and hope of heaven 359; consolation in sickness 364.
- Anxious inquiry*, 197, 269, 270.
- Assurance*, prayed for, 203.
- Atonement*, accomplished, 225, 226; praise for it 229, 230; through Christ's blood 224, 226, 227, 228.
- Attributes*, divine (see God.)
- Backsliding*, 194; backslider returning 341.
- Baptism*, 241 to 249.
- Beatitudes*, 296.
- Brotherly love*, and fellowship, 318, 319, 320, 321.
- Characteristics*, Christian, 300.
- Charity*, hymn, 488.
- Christ*, his divinity and humanity, 19; his deity and glory 20; equal with the Father 21; his nativity 32, 33; his birth celebrated by angels 37, 38; his incarnation 33, 35; his advent, 34, 36; his titles, 39, 54; the great physician 40; the rock of ages 41; our pattern 42, 57, 69; the friend of sinners 42; star of Bethlehem 43, 48; the only Saviour 44, 53, 62; our example in suffering 44; the way 45; Immanuel 46; types fulfilled in him 46; the refuge 47, 342; wonderful, counsellor 49; priest, king, and judge 49; lamb of God 50, 51; shepherd 51, 59; wisdom and righteousness 51, 52; prophet and shepherd 53; advocate 56; prophet, priest and king 56; the passover 58; the guide 58; the one thing needful 59; the Redeemer 60; his compassion 61; his con-

stant love 63; the man 64; the God of light 65; his glorious character 66; strength in him 66; superior to Moses 66; his sympathy and intercession; 67, 70; his mission attested by miracles 68; his condescension 69, 71; his fulness 72; the living head 125; the desire of all nations 73; the believer's friend 73; the hope of the disconsolate 73; the joy of his people 74; a terror to his enemies 75; his sympathy 76; his sufferings 77, 79, 80, 81, 82; his dying love 78; the wisdom and power of God 78; his resurrection 82, 83, 92, 95; his ascension 84, 85, 86, 87, 93; his exaltation and intercession 88, 89; his triumph 91; the forerunner 94; his session at the right hand of God 94; his victory and dominion 96; the light of the Gentiles 161; universally praised 162; the paschal lamb 227; conformity to him 288; confidence in him 297; rejoicing in him 302, 314; the way of access to God 303; glorying in him 305, 307, 471; com-

munion with him 307; union with him 311; triumph in him 326; the Lord of all 329.

Christian, consistency of 298; characteristics of 300; sincerity of 299; graces of 288 to 301; the true glory of 305; love 306; trusting in Christ's fulness 308; comforted 310; looking to Calvary 315; his safety in the church 316; his trials 345.

Church; its triumph 160; safety in it 316; its glory and safety 438, 439, 440, 441; God its defence 440; Christ bears the keys 442; victorious 442; dedication of one. 447, 448, 449, 450, 451;

Comfort, of a believer 310; in life and death, 312, 313; light shining in darkness 347, 350.

Commandments, 109; first command 110; second do. 111; third do 112; fourth do. 113; fifth do. 114; sixth do. 115; seventh do. 116; eighth do. 116; 117; ninth do. 118; tenth do. 118.

Communion, with Christ 307.

Confidence, in Christ 297, 302; in the promises 301; joyful 301; in God during changes 346.

Conformity, to Christ 288.

- Conscience*, peace of 309.
- Consistency*, Christian 298.
- Conversion*, light dawning on the convert 214; praise for converting grace 214, 215; convert's praise 215.
- Creation*, God's glory in it, 24; God celebrated in his works 24; God's glory displayed in it 25.
- Cross*, bearing it 267; crucifixion by it 268; safety in it 311; sitting at the foot of it 313.
- Death*, of a youth 376; triumph over 380, 387, 389; happiness in 381; disarmed 381; contemplation of it 382, fears of it removed 383; dreadful without preparation 383; and glory 384; funeral hymns 385, 389, 390, 399; of the righteous 386; of saint and sinner 388; welcomed 391; the living and dead 394; and the resurrection 395; peaceful 396; Christian dying 397; of a child 398; and the grave 400; dying father 401; and burial of a Christian 401; welcome in prospect of heaven 423; of a pastor 445, 446.
- Declension*, faith in time of, 204; lamented, 344, 352.
- Dedication*, of Church, 447 448, 449, 450, 451.
- Delay*, danger of, 137, 140.
- Deity*, of Christ, 19, 20, 21.
- Depravity*, total 185, 186.
- Despondency*, prayer in 349; mourning under, 348; disconsolate comforted, 351.
- Doctrines*, election 181, 182, 183; original sin, 184, 185, 186; repentance, 187 to 197; faith, 199 to 210; regeneration, 210 to 213; salvation by grace 217 to 232; justification by faith; 233; adoption 234, 235; sanctification 236, 237; perseverance 239, 240.
- Election*, doctrine of, 181, 182, 183.
- Eternity*, nearness to it 387; and time, 393.
- Faith*, in Christ 199, 202; living 200; walking by 201; efficacy of 201; assurance of 203; sustaining 203; in time of declension 204; and peace 205; absolute dependence 206; power of 207; appropriating 207; trials of 208; review and expectation 209; victorious 210; justifying 233; its triumph 291; in Christ's fulness 308.
- Fears*, dismissed 337; struggling against 339.
- Funeral*, hymns for, 385,

- 389, 390, 399; of a Christian 401.
- Glorying*, in Christ 305, 307, 314.
- God*, his wisdom and power 5; his infinity 6; his faithfulness 6; his majesty and dominion 7; his unbounded love 8; his majesty, 8, 12; his sovereignty 9; his majesty and power 10; his justice and mercy 10, 11; his goodness 12; his unsearchableness 14; his benevolence 26; looking to him in trouble 341.
- Gospel*, and law contrasted 121; source of blessedness 122; its blessings 123, 124; obeyed and resisted 124; a feast 125; its joyful sound 126; the power of God 127; its excellency 128, 129; its ordinances 129; its various success 164; invitation to sinners 141 to 154; its diffusion and triumph 155 to 175; its ministry blessed 452; prayer for its success 462, 463, 464, 467, 472.
- Grace*, in salvation, 217, 218; its efficacy 220; distinguishing 222; its victory 231; its evidences 304.
- Graces*, of Christians, 288 to 301.
- Gratitude*, and confidence 323; thankful heart 323; grateful recollections 324; for mercies 325; for returning health 326; for providential care 330; for redeeming grace 331; for forgiveness 332.
- Heaven*, 408; prospect of it 409, 417, 419; aspiring after it 410; longing after it 411, 418, 423, 427; its praises, 412, 413, 416; Christian's home 414, 415; assurance of it 419; hope of it 420; triumphant view of it 421; traced through sorrow 421; joyful anticipation of it 422, 425; prospect of it makes death welcome 423; attained by following Christ 424; meditation on 425; worship in 426.
- Holy Scriptures*, their excellence 105; unveil Christ's glory 105; their richness 106; precious 107; the lamp of life 108.
- Holy Spirit*, eternal and almighty 21; source of life and light 22; invocation of 23, 99, 101, 102; the source of divine influences 23; prayer for the descent of 97, 100, 103; effusion of 98; illumina-

- ting 99; grieving 101; his striving 102; prayer for his return 335.
- Hope*, in God 289; and triumph 316.
- Humanity*, of Christ 19; (see nativity.)
- Humiliation*, for national sins 434; (see repentance.)
- Humility*, 292
- Inconstancy*, lamented 343.
- Ingratitude*, deplored 322.
- Intercession*, of Christ 56, 67, 70, 88, 89.
- Jews* prayed for 156, 157, 158.
- Judgment*, general anticipated 402; apprehension of 402; terrors of 403; Christ descending to 404, 405, 406; day of wrath 405; consolation in view of it 407.
- Justification*, by faith 233.
- Law*, moral 109; use of it 119: its spirituality 120; contrasted with the Gospel 121; (see commandments and Holy Scriptures.)
- Life*, its uncertainty 365; its brevity 366, 367, 373; its frailty 368; its vanity 369; the time to serve the Lord 369; the season of grace 370, 371, 372.
- Lord's day*, day of Christ's resurrection 455, 457; a delight 456; the eternal Sabbath 457; morning 458.
- Lord's Supper*, 251 to 260.
- Love*, delights of Christian 289; to Christ 293, 295, 297, 298; Christ its object 294; essential to religion 299; Christians drawn by it 306; praise for Christ's love 333.
- Meditation*, 482; at twilight 483.
- Millenium*, 170, 174.
- Minister*, (see pastor.)
- Ministry*, blessedness of 452; the great commission 453.
- Missionary*, departure of 158, 172.
- Missions*, from 155 to 175.
- Mission*, of Christ attested by miracles 68.
- Mourner*, comforted 338, 351; looking to God in trouble 341.
- Nativity*, of Christ 32, 33, 35; celebrated by angels 37, 38.
- New Year*, 428, 429, 430.
- Ordinances*, delighted in 460. (see worship.)
- Ordinations and Installations* 452, 453, 454.
- Pardon*, praise for it 332.
- Pastors*, pastoral office 443; prayer for a sick one 444; on the death of one 445, 446; settlement of one 453; prayer for 454.
- Perseverance*, 239, 240.
- Praise*, to a risen Saviour 89, 90, 91, 96; for atonement 229; for

- salvation 230; for creation and redemption 321; to the Redeemer 324; for mercies 325; exhortation to 327, 462; for light 328; to Christ 329; for forgiveness 332; for loving kindness 332; for the love of Christ 333; perpetual 334: reasons for 461; song of 473.
- Prayer*, for Zion's increase 165 to 169; for the Jews 156, 157, 158; for revival 176 to 179; for assurance 203; for baptized children 244, 245, 249; wrestling in 271; and watchfulness 272, 280, 283; for deliverance 272; for the divine presence 273, 274, 459; hinderances of 275; for stronger faith 275; for quickening grace 276; for a gracious visitation 276; encouragements to 277, 282; for the presence of Christ; 278; nature of it 278: constancy in 279; for daily bread 280; for protection 281, 463: importunity in 283; Lord's prayer 285, 286; seamen's prayer 286; for graces of the Spirit 290; for youth 372; for children 379, 380: for pastors 454: for success of the word 462, 463, 464, 467, 472: for instruction 467.
- Preaching*, prayer for its success 462, 463, 464, 467, 472.
- Protection*, prayer for 463.
- Providence*, the Lord provides 26; dependence on 28; goodness of 28; mysteries of 29, 30; darkness of 31.
- Reconciliation*, by Christ 219, 226.
- Redemption*, by Christ 218, 223; wonders of 219; satisfaction of the law 226; recovery from ruin 230; praise for it 321.
- Regeneration*, necessity of 210, 211, 212; by the Spirit, 212, 313.
- Rejoicing* in Christ 302 314; in the light 328.
- Religion*, importance of early 374.
- Repentance*, at the cross 187 to 197; joy in heaven over repenting sinners 198.
- Rest*, only found in God 136.
- Resurrection*, joy in view of it 385, 392; and death 395; of a Christian 395: of Christ 455, 457.
- Retirement*, 482.
- Revival*, 176, 177, 178, 179; rejoicing in 180.
- Righteousness*, reliance on

- Christ's 232; imputed 232.
- Sabbath*, (see Lord's day.)
- Sacraments*, Baptism 241 to 249: Lord's Supper 251 to 260.
- Salvation*, by grace 217; through Christ 219, 224; by the blood of the Lamb 221, 224, 227, 308; by the sovereign act of God 221; finished 224, 225.
- Sanctification*, necessity of 236; through the Spirit 236; prayed for 237, 238.
- Seamen*, prayer of 286.
- Seasons*, 427; new year 428, 429, 430; failure of harvest 435; harvest hymn 437.
- Self confidence*, warning against 346.
- Self dedication*, 261, 265, 266, 267.
- Self denial*, 264, 265, 266, 267.
- Sermon*, hymns before, 465, 469, 474, 475.
- Sickness*, consolation in 364.
- Sin*, original 184, 185, 186; deceitfulness of it 187; conviction of it by the law 190; acknowledged 191; power of it deplored 340.
- Sincerity*, in worship 299.
- Sinner*, welcomed by the Gospel 127; warned and admonished 130 to 140; invited to Christ 141 to 154; joy in heaven for his repentance 198; recovered from ruin 230.
- Slothfulness*, lamented 353.
- Soul*, value of it 138.
- Strength*, equal to the day 336.
- Thanksgiving*, national, 431, 432, 433, 435; for American Independence 436; national hymn 437.
- Time and eternity* 393 (see life.)
- Titles*, of Christ, (see Christ.)
- Trinity*, address to 14, 16; invocation of 15; praise to 17; glory of 17; salvation by 18.
- Unfruitfulness*, lamented 460.
- Union*, with Christ 311, 317.
- Warfare*, Christian 335; fears dismissed 337; Christian soldier 338; struggling against doubts and fears 339; trials 345; vicissitudes 350.
- Watchfulness*, 272, 280, 283, 287.
- World*, renunciation of 264, 265, 266: vanity of 267.
- Worship*, sincerity in 299: social and public 455 to 475: private and family 477 to 487: close of 465, 471: de-

light in 466, 467 : di-
vine presence in 468 :
in the morning 475,
477, 478, 479, 481, 484,
485 : in the evening
478, 479, 480, 481, 486,
487.

Youth, prayer for 374, 379,

380 : admonished 375 :
death of 376 : the time
to serve the Lord 376 :
376 : prayer of σ
youth 377 : invita-
tions to 378, 379 : death
of a child 398.

THE END.

