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CHORAL ECHOES

FROM

The Church of God

IN ALL AGES.

A COLLECTION OF HYMNS AND TUNES ADAPTED TO ALL
OCCASIONS OF SOCIAL WORSHIP.

BY

B. W. GORHAM.



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INTRODUCTION.

FOR several years past, the compiler has felt a very strong desire to present to the Christian public such a collection of hymns and tunes as should be, in his judgment, entirely adapted to the wants of the church, in her social gatherings. This desire has come to partake of the nature of a conviction of duty, by his own reflections upon the need of such a work, and by the repeated solicitation of friends that he would undertake it. The book hereby presented is the result of much care and attention bestowed during many months. I have drawn the material mainly from the following named works, —

“Methodist Hymns,” “Watts’ Psalms and Hymns,” “Christian Lyre,” “Social Hymns,” “Plymouth Collection,” “Church Psalmist,” “Songs of the Church,” “Fuller’s Psalmist and Supplement,” “Songs for Social and Public Worship,” “Methodist Protestant Hymn Book,” “Congregational Hymn and Tune Book,” “Musgrove’s Melodies,” “Methodist Social Hymns,” “Hymns of the Church South,” “Sacred Melodies,” “Golden Chain,” “Hunter’s Select Melodies,” “Jubilee,” “The Wesleyan Psalter,” “Sunday School Harmonist,” “Union Hymns,”

“The Sabbath Bell,” “Village Hymns,” “Thoughts in Affliction, by Thellwall,” “The Book of Common Prayer.”

The original phraseology of the authors of the respective hymns, has been retained where no cogent reason has appeared to demand a change.

There is, however, a class of Hymns or spiritual songs handed about in the form of ballad, or communicated orally from one to another, that does not deserve much consideration upon the score of poetic merit. These pieces are sung by the devout, and they are much sung, and always *will* be much sung in times of revival. There are a good many such in this collection. I have simply so far changed their phraseology, when necessary, as to give them something like grammatical propriety, but have not sought so to change their rustic dress as to disguise their identity. I believe the number of hymns is such as to furnish a rich and ample variety for all occasions of social, domestic, or individual devotion.

It has been suggested that appropriate tunes should accompany the words; but I see no good reason for this, except in the case of the unusual metres, choruses, and chants. For these the tunes are in the latter part of the book. It is hoped this collection will be found better adapted to the prayer and conference meeting, the classroom, and the purposes of family devotion, than is any other book now in use. The aim has been to make it purely a book of devotion; and though it may not find large favor with that class of persons who love to sing

merely for the sake of singing, still it is hoped it will be prized by the truly devout, of every Christian name.

Holy song is the instinctive and natural expression of the redeemed soul. In every age it has been the vehicle which the church has employed in her adoration, thanksgivings, and supplications to God. It is the duty and privilege of *the church* to sing; a duty which she can no more perform by proxy, than she can pray, or repent, or believe, or hope by proxy. No body of Christians, so long as they feel they have anything to say to God in the house of prayer, will consent to stand or sit silent, and employ a few thoughtless and giddy persons to perform in their name,—or rather in their stead,—a part of the devotions so near akin to the worship of the celestial host. I have not doubted for many years that the exclusive performance of sacred music in the church by a few select professional singers, is, at once to defraud the church of her privilege, and to offer an insult to the Almighty.

This little volume is presented to those who are, or really desire to be, devout in heart. *They* can use it, and I trust they will enjoy it. There are few phases of religious conviction, emotion, or desire, which may not find appropriate expression here. My own heart has been often thrilled and blessed, during the protracted toil of preparing these hymns for their use, and I hope to unite with them in this high fellowship of song, in time and in eternity.

B. W. G.

Boston, April, 1864.

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CHORAL ECHOES.

SECTION I.

GOD.

1.—S. M.

Praise to the universal King.

COME, sound his praise abroad,
And hymns of glory sing:
Jehovah is the sov'reign God,
The universal King.

2 He form'd the deeps unknown;
He gave the seas their bound:
The wat'ry worlds are all his own,
And all the solid ground.

3 Come, worship at his throne,
Come, bow before the Lord;
We are his work and not our own,—
He formed us by his word.

4 To-day attend his voice,
Nor dare provoke his rod;
Come, like the people of his choice,
And own your gracious God.

2.—L. M.

Let everything that hath breath praise the Lord.

FROM all that dwell below the skies,
Let the Creator's praise arise;
Let the Redeemer's name be sung
Through every land, by every tongue.

2 Eternal are thy mercies, Lord,
Eternal truth attends thy word;
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,
Till suns shall rise and set no more.

3 Your lofty themes ye mortals bring,
In songs of praise divinely sing;
The great salvation loud proclaim,
And shout for joy the Saviour's name.

4 In every land begin the song,
To every land the strains belong;
In cheerful sound all voices raise,
And fill the world with loudest praise.

3.—L. M.

He hath made us, and we are the sheep of his pasture.

BEFORE Jehovah's awful throne,
Ye nations bow with sacred joy;
Know that the Lord is God alone,—
He can create, and he destroy.

2 His sov'reign power, without our aid,
Made us of clay and formed us men;
And when like wand'ring sheep we stray'd,
He brought us to his fold again.

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

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

4. — L. M.

Adoration.

- ETERNAL power whose high abode
 Becomes the grandeur of a God :
 Infinite lengths beyond the bounds
 Where stars revolve their little rounds :
- 2 Thee while the first archangel sings,
 He hides his face behind his wings :
 And ranks of shining thrones around
 Fall worshiping, and spread the ground.
- 3 Lord, what shall earth and ashes do ?
 We would adore our Maker, too ;
 From sin and dust to thee we cry,
 The Great, the Holy, and the High.
- 4 Earth, from afar, hath heard thy fame,
 And worms have learn'd to lisp thy name :
 But O ! the glories of thy mind
 Leave all our soaring thoughts behind.
- 5 God is in heaven, and men below :
 Be short our tunes ; our words be few :
 A solemn reverence check our songs,
 And praise sit silent on our tongues.

5. — S. M.

Sovereignty.

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

- 2 Thy glorious being singly stands,
Of all within itself possest;
By none controll'd in thy commands,
And in thyself completely blest.
- 3 To thee alone ourselves we owe;
Let heav'n and earth due homage pay:
All other gods we disavow,
Deny their claims, renounce their sway.
- 4 In thee, O Lord, our hope shall rest,
Fountain of peace and joy and love!
Thy favor only makes us blest,
Without thee all would nothing prove.

6. — C. M.

The incomprehensible God.

- PARENT supreme, who dwells't on high
In uncreated light,
Thy own essential glorys lie
Concealed from mortal sight.
- 2 Effulgence infinite doth veil
Thy underived abode;
While every beam of glory shows
The self-existent God!
- 3 All nature rests upon thy word,
And stars and planets roll
Beneath thy throne, to stand or move,
At thy divine control.
- 4 We trace the wonders of thy hand
Around this spacious frame,
But cannot fathom thy designs,
Nor comprehend thy name!
- 5 Infinite beauty, power and skill
Appear in all thy ways;
And earth, and air, and sea and skies
Proclaim thy endless praise.

6 Fountain of blessedness! in Thee
 Our utmost powers are lost;
 And partial glances of thy name
 Are all that we can boast.

7. — C. M.

God in nature, and in grace.

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

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

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

4 But when we view thy strange design
 To save rebellious worms,
 Where vengeance and compassion join
 In their divinest forms:

5 Here the whole Deity is known,
 Nor dares a creature guess
 Which of the glories brighter shone,
 The justice or the grace.

6 Now the full glories of the Lamb
 Adorn the heavenly plains;
 Bright seraphs learn Immanuel's name,
 And try their choicest strains.

7 O may I bear some humble part
 In that immortal song!
 Wonder and joy shall tune thy heart,
 And love command thy tongue.

S. — P. M.*The omnipresent God.*

[TUNE NO. 1.]

GOD is in the torrent's fall,
 In the summer breeze,
 God is in the thunder's call,
 In the whisp'ring trees, —
 Where the lowly violet springs,
 Where the faithful ivy clings,
 Where the small bird sweetly sings,
 There, forever there is God.

2 God is in the flashing eye,
 In the speaking tongue,
 God is in the mourner's cry,
 In the marriage song, —
 With the saint at morning praying,
 With the midnight murderer slaying,
 With the cradled infant playing,
 There, forever there is God.

3 God is in the army's path,
 In the ocean's swell;
 God is in the whirlwind's wrath,
 In the tolling bell, —
 By the sinner's dying bed,
 By the watcher's weary head,
 By the living and the dead,
 There, forever there is God.

9. — S. M.*His kingdom ruleth over all.*

HIGH in the heavens, eternal God!
 Thy goodness in full glory shines;
 Thy truth shall break thro' every cloud
 That veils and darkens thy designs.

- 2 Forever firm thy justice stands
 As mountains their foundations keep.
 Wise are the wonders of thy hands;
 Thy judgments are a mighty deep.
- 3 Thy providence is kind and large;
 Both man and beast thy bounty share;
 The whole creation is thy charge,
 But saints are thy peculiar care.
- 4 My God! how excellent thy grace,
 Whence all my hope and comfort spring;
 The sons of Adam in distress
 Fly to the shadow of thy wing.

10.—L. M.

Man in contrast with God.

- 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 vanish like the moth.
- 4 Almighty Power! to thee we bow;
 How faint are we,—how glorious thou!
 No more the sons of earth shall dare,
 With an eternal God compare.

11. — C. M. .

Long-suffering, mercy, bounty.

THEY ceaseless, unexhausted love,
Unmerited and free,
Delights our evil to remove,
And help our misery.

2 Thou waitest to be gracious still,
Thou dost with sinners bear;
That saved, we may thy goodness feel,
And all thy grace declare.

3 Thy goodness and thy truth to me,—
To every soul abound;
A vast, unfathomable sea,
Where all our thoughts are drown'd.

4 Its streams the whole creation reach,
So plenteous is the store,—
Enough for all, enough for each,
Enough for ever more.

5 Faithful, O Lord, thy mercies are,—
A rock that cannot move:
A thousand promises declare
Thy constancy of love.

6 Throughout the universe it reigns
Unalterably sure,
And, while the truth of God remains,
His goodness must endure.

SECTION II.

CHRIST.

12.—C. M.

• *Birth of Jesus.*

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

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

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

4 “The heavenly babe you there shall find
To human view display’d,
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 on high,
And thus address’d their song :

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

13.—P. M.

Star in the East.

HAIL the blest morn! see the great Mediator
 Down from the regions of glory descend!
 Shepherds, go worship the babe in the manger,
 Lo! for his guard the bright angels attend.

CHORUS:

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

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

CHORUS:—

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

CHORUS:—

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

CHORUS:—

14.—C. M.

Angelic joy at the birth of Jesus.

MORTALS, awake! with angels join,
 And chant the solemn lay;
 Joy, love, and gratitude combine
 To hail th' 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 were new,
 'T was more than heaven could hold.
- 4 Down through the portals of the sky
 Th' impetuous torrent ran,
 And angels flew with eager joy
 To bear the news to man.
- 5 Hark! the cherubic armies shout,
 And glory leads the song:
 Good will and peace are heard throughout
 Th' harmonious, heavenly throng.
- 6 With joy the chorus we repeat, —
 “Glory to God on high!”
 Good will and peace are now complete, —
 Jesus is born to die.

15. — C. M.

The advent.

- HARK! the glad sound! the Saviour comes, —
 The Saviour promised long:
 Let every heart prepare a throne,
 And every voice a song.
- 2 On him the Spirit, largely poured,
 Exerts his sacred fire;
 Wisdom and might and zeal and love,
 His holy breast inspire.
- 3 He comes the prisoners to release,
 In Satan's bondage held;
 The gates of brass before him burst, —
 The iron fetters yield.

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

5 He comes, the broken heart to bind,
 The bleeding soul to cure ;
 And with the treasures of his grace,
 T' enrich the humble poor.

16. — C. M.

Coming and reign of Christ.

Joy to the world, the Lord is come !
 Let earth receive her King ;
 Let every heart prepare him room,
 And heaven and nature sing.

2 Joy to the world,, the Saviour reigns,
 Let men their tongues employ ;
 While fields and floods, rocks, hills, and plains
 Repeat the sounding joy

3 No more let sin and sorrow grow,
 Nor thorns infest the ground ;
 He comes to make his blessings flow
 - Far as the curse is found.

4 He rules the world with truth and grace,
 And makes the nations prove
 The glories of his righteousness,
 The wonders of his love.

17.—P. M.*The Name of Jesus.*

REVIEW the palsied sinner's case,
 Who sought for help in Jesus :
 His friends conveyed him to the place,
 Where he might meet with Jesus :
 A multitude were thronging round,
 To keep him back from Jesus ;
 But through the roof they let him down,
 Before the face of Jesus.

- 2 Thus helpless souls, by sins diseased,
 There's none can save but Jesus :
 With more than plague or palsy seized,
 O help them on to Jesus.
 O Saviour hear their mournful cry,
 And tell them thou art Jesus,—
 O speak the word or they must die,
 And bid farewell to Jesus.
- 3 Now let them hear thy voice declare,
 Thou sin-forgiving Jesus,
 That thou hast died to hear their prayer,
 And give them help in Jesus.
 The great Physician now is near,—
 The sympathizing Jesus ;
 He speaks, the drooping heart to cheer :
 O hear the voice of Jesus.
- 4 All glory to the dying Lamb,
 I now believe in Jesus ;
 I love the blessed Saviour's name,—
 I love the name of Jesus :
 And when to that bright world above
 We rise, to see our Jesus,
 We'll sing around the throne of love,
 The blessed name of Jesus.

18.—L. M.*We love him, because he first loved us.*

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

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

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

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

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

19. — L. M.

Divine honors to the Son of God.

LET all that breathe Jehovah's praise,
Almighty, all creating Lord!
Let earth, and heaven, his power confess,
Brought out of nothing, by his word.

2 He spake the word and it was done!
The universe his voice obeyed;
His word is his eternal Son,
And Christ the whole creation made.

3 Jesus, the Lord and God most high,
Maker of all mankind and me!
Me thou hast made to glorify,
To know, and love, and live to thee.

4 Wherefore, to thee, my heart I give;
(But thou must first bestow the power),
And if for thee on earth I live,
Thee I shall soon in heaven adore.

20. — C. M.

*Come, let us sing unto the Lord: let us make a joyful noise to
the Rock of our salvation.*

O FOR a thousand tongues, to sing
My great Redeemer's praise;
The glories of my God and King,
The triumphs of his grace.

2 My gracious Master, and my God,
Assist me to proclaim, —
To spread, through all the earth abroad,
The honors of thy name.

3 Jesus! — the name that charms our fears,
That bids our sorrows cease;
'Tis music in the sinner's ears,
'Tis life, and health, and peace.

4 He breaks the power of cancell'd sin,
He sets the pris'ner free;
His blood can make the foulest clean;
His blood avail'd for me.

5 He speaks, — and, list'ning to his voice,
New life the dead receive;
The mournful, broken hearts rejoice;
The humble poor believe.

6 Hear him, ye deaf: his praise, ye dumb,
Your loosen'd tongues employ;
Ye blind, behold your Saviour come;
And leap, ye lame, for joy.

21. — P. M.

God hath given him a name which is above every name.

OH! could I speak thy matchless worth, —
Oh! 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 character 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.
- 3 Soon the delightful day will come,
 When my dear Lord will bring me home,
 And I shall see his face;
 Then, with my Saviour, Brother, Friend,
 A blest eternity I'll spend, —
 Triumphant in his grace.

22. — P. M.

Jesus, mighty to save,

- LET earth and heaven agree,
 Angels and men be joined,
 To celebrate with me
 The Saviour of mankind:
 To adore the all-atoning Lamb,
 And bless the sound of Jesus' name.
- 2 Jesus! transporting sound!
 The joy of earth and heaven;
 No other help is found,
 No other name is given,
 By which we can salvation have:
 But Jesus came, the world to save
- 3 His name the sinner hears,
 And is from sin set free;
 'Tis music in his ears, —
 'Tis life and victory.
 New songs do now his lips employ,
 And dances his glad heart for joy.
- 4 Stung by the scorpion sin,
 My poor, expiring soul,
 The balmy sound drinks in,
 And is at once made whole:
 See there, my Lord upon the tree!
 I hear, I feel he died for me.

5 O unexampled love!
 O all-redeeming grace!
 How softly didst thou move
 To save a fallen race.
 What shall I do to make it known,
 What thou for all mankind hast done!

23. — C. M.

His name shall be called Jesus.

- 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 treasure, fill'd
 With boundless stores of grace.
- 4 Jesus, my Shepherd, Saviour, Friend,
 My Prophet, Priest, and King,
 My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End,
 Accept the praise I bring.
- 5 I would thy boundless love proclaim,
 With every fleeting breath;
 So shall the music of thy name
 Refresh my soul in death.

24. — P. M.

I love the holy Son of God.

I LOVE the holy Son of God,
 Who once this vale of sorrow trod,
 Who bore my sins, a dreadful load,
 On Calvary's rugged mountain.
 There on the cross the Saviour hung,
 The sport of many an impious tongue;
 While pain extreme his nature rung,
 And flowed life's crimson fountain.

- 2 Oh! why did not his fury burn,
And floods of vengeance on them turn?
Amazing! see his bowels yearn
In soft compassion on them.
No fury kindles in his eyes,
They beam with love,—and when he dies,
“Father, forgive,” the sufferer cries,
“They know not, — O forgive them.”
- 3 How ardent ought my love to be
To him who’s done so much for me;
My constant service, faithful, free,—
And all my powers employing.
I should my cross with pleasure bear,
And place my all of glorying there,
In his reproach most gladly share,
In tribulation joying.
- 4 And never shall it be concealed,
He hath to me his love revealed,
Of all my sin a pardon sealed, —
I feel his blessed favor.
In him I will, I do rejoice;
I’ll praise him with a cheerful voice,
Until the theme my tongue employs
In heaven above, forever.

25.—P. M.

Hymn to Christ, the King.

COME, thou almighty King,
Help us thy name to sing,
Help us to praise!
Father all glorious,
O’er all victories,
Come and reign o’er 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 stayed;
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 and Three
 Eternal praises be,
 Hence — evermore!
 His sovereign majesty
 May we in glory see,
 And to eternity
 Love and adore.

26. — C. M.

Down in the garden.

[TUNE No. 2.]

DARK was the hour, Gethsemane,
 When thro' thy walks was heard
 The lowly man of Galilee,
 Still pleading with the Lord.

CHORUS:—

Down in the garden,
 Hear that mournful sound;
 There behold the Saviour weeping,
 Praying on the cold, damp ground.

CHORUS:— *Ad. lib.*

Jesus my Saviour,
 Bowed in agony,
 'Tis for me thy tears are flowing:
 Let me bow, and weep with thee.

2 Alone, in sorrow see him bow,
 As all our griefs he bears;
 Not words may tell his anguish now,
 But sweat, and blood, and tears.

CHORUS :—

3 There prostrate on the earth he lies;
 God's well-beloved Son,
 But still the fainting Sufferer cries,
 Father, thy will be done.

CHORUS :—

4 No earthly cordial can suffice,
 Amidst the mortal grief;
 But, lo! an angel from the skies,
 Appears for his relief.

CHORUS :—

5 For me he prays,—I hear him pray,—
 He will my soul receive;
 Now, Jesus, take my sins away,—
 Now, Jesus, I believe.

CHORUS :—

27.—L. M.

The midnight agony.

'Tis midnight—and on Olive's brow,
 The star is dimmed, that lately shone;
 'Tis midnight in the garden now,
 The suffering Saviour prays alone.

2 'Tis midnight,—and from all removed,
 Immanuel wrestles lone, with fears,
 E'en the disciple that he lov'd.
 Heeds not his Master's grief and tears.

3 'Tis midnight,—and for other's guilt
 The man of sorrow 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.

28.—C. M.

Who gave himself for us?

- PLUNGED in a gulf of dark despair,
We wretched sinners lay,
Without one cheering beam of hope,
Or spark of glimm'ring day.
- 2 With pitying eyes the Prince of peace
Beheld our helpless grief;
He saw, and (O, amazing love!),
He flew to our relief.
- 3 Down from the shining seats above,
With joyful haste he fled;
Enter'd 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.
- 5 Angels, assist our mighty joys;
Strike all your harps of gold;
But when you raise your highest notes,
His love can ne'er be told.

29.—C. M.

Christ on the Cross.

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

- 2 Hark, how he groans! while nature shakes,
 And earth's strong pillars bend;
 The temple's vail in sunder breaks,—
 The solid marbles rend.
- 3 'Tis done! the precious ransom's paid;
 "Receive my soul," he cries:
 See where he bows his sacred head;
 He bows his head, and dies.
- 4 But soon he'll break death's envious chain,
 And in full glory shine;
 O Lamb of God, was ever pain,—
 Was ever love like thine?

30. — C. M.

The crucifixion and nature.

- YONDER, amazing sight, I see
 The incarnate Son of God,
 Expiring on th' accursed tree,
 And welt'ring in his blood.
- 2 Behold the purple torrents run
 Down from his hands and head!
 The crimson tide puts out the sun;
 His groans awake the dead.
- 3 The trembling earth, the darken'd sky,
 Proclaim the truth aloud,
 And with the amazed centurion cry,
 "This is the Son of God."
- 4 So great, so vast a sacrifice
 May well my hope revive;
 If God's own Son thus bleeds and dies,
 The sinner sure must live.

31. — P. M.

Jesus died on Calvary's mountain.

[TUNE No. 3.]

JESUS died on Calvary's mountain,
 Long time ago;
 And salvation's healing fountain,
 Now freely flows.

- 2 Once his voice in tones of pity,
Melted in woe,
And he wept o'er Judah's city,
Long time ago.
- 3 On his head the dew of midnight
Fell, long ago,
Now a crown of dazzling sunlight
Sits on his brow.
- 4 Jesus died, — yet lives forever,
No more to die;
Bleeding Jesus, blessed Saviour,
Now reigns on high.
- 5 Now in heaven he's interceding
For dying men;
Soon he'll finish all his pleading,
And come again.
- 6 Budding fig-trees tell that summer
Dawns o'er the land,
Signs portend that Jesus' coming, —
Draws near at hand.
- 7 Children, let your lights be burning,
In hope of heaven;
Waiting for our Lord's returning
At dawn or even.
- 8 When he comes, a voice from heaven
Shall pierce the tomb;
“Come, ye blessed of my Father, —
Children, come home.”

32. — P. M.

Mercy's free.

By faith I see my Saviour dying
On the tree, on the tree;
To every nation he is crying,
Look to me, look to me:
He bids the guilty soul draw near, —
Repent, believe, dismiss your fear.
Hark, hark! what precious words I hear,
Mercy's free, mercy's free.

- 2 Did Christ, when I was sin pursuing,
 Pity me, pity me ?
 And did he snatch my soul from ruin ?
 Can it be, can it be ?
 O yes, he did salvation bring,
 He is my Prophet, Priest and King ;
 And now my happy soul can sing,
 Mercy's free, mercy's free.
- 3 Jesus, the mighty God, hath spoken
 Peace to me, peace to me ;
 Now all my chains of sin are broken ;
 I am free, I am free.
 Soon as I in his name believed,
 The Holy Spirit I received ;
 And Christ from death my soul retrieved :
 Mercy's free, mercy's free.
- 4 Jesus my weary soul refreshes,—
 Mercy's free, mercy's free ;
 And every moment Christ is precious
 Unto me, unto me.
 None can declare the bliss I prove,
 While through this wilderness I move ;
 All may enjoy the Saviour's love,—
 Mercy's free, mercy's free.
- 5 Long as I live, I'll still be crying,
 Mercy's free, mercy's free ;
 And this shall be my theme when dying,—
 Mercy's free, mercy's free.
 And when the vale of death I've passed,
 When lodged above the stormy blast,
 I'll sing, while endless ages last,
 Mercy's free, mercy's free.

33.—L. M.

Heart-broken at the Cross.

EXTENDED on a cursed tree,
 Covered with dust, and sweat, and blood,
 See there, the King of glory see !
 Sinks, and expires the Son of God.

- 2 Who, who, my Saviour, this hath done?
 Who could thy sacred body wound?
 No guilt thy spotless heart hath known,—
 No guile hath in thy lips been found.
- 3 I, I alone have done the deed;
 'Tis I thy sacred flesh have torn;
 My sins have caused thee, Lord, to bleed,—
 Pointed the nail, and fix'd the thorn.
- 4 For me the burden to sustain
 Too great, on thee, my Lord, was laid:
 To heal me, thou hast borne the pain;
 To bless me, thou a curse wast made.
- 5 My Saviour, how shall I proclaim,
 How pay the mighty debt I owe?
 Let all I have, and all I am,
 Ceaseless, to all, thy glory show.
- 6 Still let thy tears, thy groans, thy sighs,
 O'erflow my eyes, and heave my breast,
 Till, loosed from flesh and earth, I rise,
 And ever in thy bosom rest.

34.—C. M.

Christ dies for me.

- ALAS! and did my Saviour bleed?
 And did my Sov'reign die?
 Would he devote that sacred head
 For such a worm as I?
- 2 Was it for crimes that I have done,
 He groaned upon the tree?
 Amazing pity! grace unknown!
 And love beyond degree.
- 3 Well might the sun in darkness hide,
 And shut his glories in,
 When Christ, the mighty Maker, died,
 For man, the creature's sin.

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

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

35.—L. M.

The Jews and their victim.

COME, let our mournful songs record
 The dying sorrows of the Lord,
 When he expired in shame and blood,
 Like one forsaken of his God.

2 The Jews beheld him thus forlorn,
 And shook their heads, and laughed in scorn;
 "He rescued others from the grave;
 Now let him try himself to save."

3 O harden'd people! cruel priests!
 How they stood 'round, like savage beasts!
 Like lions gaping to devour,
 When God had left him in their power.

4 They wound his head, his hands, his feet,
 Till streams of blood each other meet;
 By lot his garments they divide,
 And mock the pangs in which he died.

5 But, gracious God, thy power and love
 Have made his death a blessing prove.
 Tho' once upon the cross he bled,
 Immortal honors crown his head.

6 Thro' Christ, the Son, our guilt forgive,
 And let the mourning sinner live!
 The Lord will hear us in his name,
 Nor shall our hope be turn'd to shame.

36.—L. M.

Eloi, eloi, lama, sabacthani!

FROM Calvary a cry was heard,—
A bitter and heart-rending cry;
My Saviour! every mournful word
Bespeaks thy soul's deep agony.

- 2 A horror of great darkness fell
On thee, thou spotless, holy One!
And all the swarming hosts of hell
Conspired to tempt God's only Son.
- 3 The scourge, the thorns, the deep disgrace,—
These thou couldst bear, nor once repine;
But when Jehovah veil'd his face,
Unutterable pangs were thine.
- 4 Let the dumb world its silence break;
Let pealing anthems rend the sky;
Awake, my sluggish soul, awake!
He died, that I might never die.
- 5 Lord! on thy cross I fix mine eye:
If e'er I lose its strong control,
O, let that dying, piercing cry,
Melt and reclaim my wand'ring soul.

37.—L. M.

My dying Saviour and my soul.

ON Calvary's cross the Saviour dies;
Hark! his expiring groans arise;
See, from his hands, his feet, his side,
Runs down the sacred, crimson tide.

- 2 But life attends the mournful sound,
And flows from every bleeding wound:
The living stream, how free it flows,
To save from death his rebel foes.
- 3 And did my Lord for sinner's bleed?
And could the sun behold the deed?
No! he withdrew his lucid ray,
And darkness veiled the mourning day.

- 4 Can I survey this scene of woe,—
Behold this crimson fountain flow?
And yet my heart unmoved remain,—
Insensible to love and pain?
- 5 Come, gracious Lord, thy power impart,
And melt this cold, obdurate heart,
Till all its powers and passions move
In melting grief, and ardent love.

38.—L. M.

Truly this is the Son of God.

BEHOLD! 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 th' 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, and appears a God;
Behold the Lord ascending high,
No more to bleed, no more to die.
- 4 Hence, and forever, from my heart,
I bid my doubts, and fears depart;
And to those hands my soul resign,
Which bear credentials so divine.

39.—S. M.

Christ's condescending love to me.

WHEN shall thy love constrain,
And force me to thy breast?
When shall my soul return again
To her eternal rest?

2 Ah! what avail my strife,—
 My wand'ring to and fro?
 Thou hast the words of endless life:
 Ah! whither should I go?

3 Thy condescending grace
 To me did freely move;
 It calls me still to seek thy face,
 And stoops to ask my love.

4 Lord, at thy feet I fall;
 I groan to be set free;
 I fain would now obey the call,
 And give up all for thee.

5 To rescue me from woe,
 Thou didst with all things part;
 Didst lead a suff'ring life below,
 To gain my worthless heart.

6 My worthless heart to gain,
 The God of all that breathe
 Was found in fashion as a man,
 And died a cursed death.

40.—L. M.

I am crucified with Christ.

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 please me most,
 I sacrifice them to his blood.

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

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

41. — P. M.

O they crucified my Saviour.

[TUNE No. 4.]

- O **THEY** crucified my Saviour,
They crucified my Saviour;
But he rose, he rose,
He rose he went to heaven in a cloud.
- 2 One Joseph begged his body,
And he laid it in the tomb;
But he rose, &c.
- 3 Two men in shining garments,
Came and rolled away the stone;
And he rose, &c.
- 4 Then the earth began to tremble,
And the Roman Soldiers fell;
As he rose, &c.
- 5 Poor Mary! she came mourning,
But she could not find her Lord;
For he rose, &c.
- 6 “Pray tell me where you’ve laid **him**,
For he’s missing from the tomb?”
Ah! he rose, &c.
- 7 Go tell to John and Peter,
That their Jesus lives again;
For he rose, &c.
- 8 Go preach to every nation,
And tell to dying men;
That he rose, &c.
- 9 But he’ll surely come again,
With ten thousand of his saints;
Then we’ll rise, we’ll go to heaven, &c.

42 — P. M.*The just for the unjust.*

O SACRED Head, once wounded,
 With grief and pain weighed down,
 How scornfully surrounded
 With thorns, thy only crown!
 O sacred Head, what glory,
 What bliss, till now, was thine:
 Yet, tho' despised and gory,
 I joy to call thee *mine*.

2 How art thou pale with anguish,
 With sore abuse and scorn?
 How doth that visage languish,
 Which once was bright as morn?
 Thy grief and deep compassion
 Were all for sinners' gain;
 'Twas mine, the vile transgression,
 'Twas thine, the deadly pain.

3 What language shall I borrow
 To praise thee, heavenly Friend,
 For this, thy dying sorrow;—
 Thy pity without end?
 Lord, make me thine, forever,
 Nor let me faithless prove:
 O, let me never, never
 Abuse such dying love!

43. — L. M.*Death, resurrection, ascension.*

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 man;
 But lo! what sudden joys we see:
 Jesus, the dead, revives again.

The rising God forsakes the tomb;
 (In vain the tomb forbids his rise;)
 Cherubic legions guard him home,
 And shout him welcome to the skies.

- 3 Break off your tears, ye saints, and tell
 How high your great Deliv'rer reigns;
 Sing how he spoil'd the hosts of hell,
 And led the monster death in chains:
 Say, live forever, wondrous King!
 Born to redeem, and strong to save;
 Then ask the monster, Where's thy sting?
 And where's thy vict'ry, boasting grave.

44. — P. M.

Angelic joy at the resurrection.

YES, the Redeemer lives,
 The Saviour left the dead;
 And, o'er our hellish foes,
 High raised his conquering head:
 In sore 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,
 Hath left the dead, he rose to-day."

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

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

45. — L. M.

Lift up your heads, O, ye gates.

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:
 There his triumphal chariot waits,
 And angels chant the solemn lay;—
 Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates;
 Ye everlasting doors, give way!

2 Loose all your bars of massy light,
 And wide unfold th' ethereal scene;
 He claims these mansions as his right;
 Receive the King of glory in!
 Who is the King of glory? Who?
 The Lord, that all our foes o'ercame;—
 The world, sin, death, and hell o'erthrew;—
 And Jesus is the Conquerer's name.

3 Lo! his triumphal chariot waits,
 And angels chant the solemn lay;—
 Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates;
 Ye everlasting doors, give way!
 Who is the King of glory? Who?
 The Lord of glorious power possess'd;—
 The King of saints, and angels too;—
 God over all, forever blest!

46. — P. M.

Our risen Lord.

How sweet in the musings of faith, to repair
 To the garden where Mary delighted to rove;
 To sit by the tomb, where she breathed her fond prayer,
 And paid her sad tribute of sorrow and love;

To see the bright beam which disperses her fear,
 As the Lord of the soul breaks the bars of the prison,
 And the voice of the angel salutes her glad ear,
 The Lord is a captive no more! — “He is risen!”

2 O, Saviour! as oft as our footsteps we bend,
 In penitent sadness, to weep at thy grave,
 On the wings of thy greatness, in pity descend:
 Be ready to comfort, and “mighty to save.”
 We shrink not from scenes of desertion and woe,
 If there we may meet with the Lord of our love;
 Contented, with Mary, to sorrow below,
 If, with her, we may drink at thy fountain above.

47. — 7s.

The Redeemer's triumph.

ANGELS roll the rock away!
 Death, yield up thy mighty prey!
 See, the Saviour quits the tomb,
 Glowing with immortal bloom.

2 Shout, ye seraphs! Gabriel, raise
 Thine eternal trump of praise;
 Let the earth's remotest bound
 Echo to the blissful sound.

3 Now, ye saints, lift up your eyes;
 See the conqu'rer mount the skies;
 Troops of angels on the road,
 Hail and sing th' incarnate God.

4 Heaven unfolds her portals wide;
 Glorious Hero, through them ride;
 King of glory mount thy throne,
 Boundless empire is thine own.

5 Praise him, ye celestial choirs,
 Praise and sweep your golden lyres;
 Praise him in the noblest songs,
 From ten thousand, thousand tongues.

6 Let Immanuel be adored;
 Ransom, Mediator, Lord:
 To creation's utmost bound,
 Let th' immortal praise resound.

48.—C. M.

The Coronation.

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 saved 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.

49.—C. M.

Our sympathizing High Priest.

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

2 Touch'd with a sympathy within,
 He knows our feeble frame;
 He knows what sore temptations mean,
 For he hath felt the same.

3 He, in the days of feeble flesh,
 Pour'd out strong cries and tears,
 And in his measure feels afresh
 What every member bears.

4 He'll never quench the smoking flax,
But raise it to a flame;
The bruised reed he never breaks,
Nor scorns the meanest name.

5 Then let our humble faith address
His mercy and his power;
We shall obtain deliv'ring grace
In every trying hour.

SECTION III.

THE GOSPEL.

50. — C. M.

Nature conquered by grace.

FOUNTAIN of life, to all below
Let thy salvation roll;
Water, replenish, and o'erflow
Every believing soul.

- 2 Into that happy number, Lord,
Us, weary sinners, take;
Jesus, fulfill thy gracious word,
For thine own mercy's sake.
- 3 Turn back our nature's rapid tide,
And we shall flow to thee,
While down the stream of time we glide
To our eternity.
- 4 The well of life to us thou art,—
Of joy, the swelling flood;
Wafted by thee, with willing heart,
We swift return to God.
- 5 We soon shall reach the boundless sea,
Into thy fullness fall;
Be lost and swallowed up in thee, —
Our God, our All in All.

51. — L. M.*The river of life.*

GREAT Source of being and of love!
 Thou wat'rest all the worlds above;
 And all the joys which mortals know,
 From thine exhaustless fountain flow.

- 2 A sacred spring at thy command,
 From Zion's mount, in Canaan's land,
 Beside thy temple cleaves the ground,
 And pours its limpid stream around.
- 3 Close by its banks, in order fair,
 The blooming trees of life appear;
 Their blossoms, fragrant odors give,
 And on their fruit the nations live.
- 4 Flow, wond'rous stream! with glory crown'd,
 Flow on to the earth's remotest bound;
 And bear us on thy gentle wave,
 To H^{im} who all thy virtues gave.

52. — S. M.*By grace are ye saved.*

GRACE! 'tis a charming sound,
 Harmonious to the ear;
 Heaven with the echo shall resound,
 And all the earth shall hear.

- 2 Grace first contrived a way
 To save rebellious man;
 And all the steps that grace display,
 Which drew the wondrous plan.
- 3 Grace taught my roving feet
 To tread the heavenly road;
 And new supplies each hour I meet,
 While pressing on to God.
- 4 Grace, all the work shall crown,
 Through everlasting days;
 It lays in heaven the topmost stone,
 And well deserves our praise.

53. — C. M.

Efficacy of the atoning blood.

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 Thou dying Lamb! thy precious blood
 Shall never lose its power,
 Till all the ransom'd church of God.
 Are 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, stamm'ring tongue,
 Lies silent in the grave.

54. — L. M.

All things are now ready.

SINNERS, obey the gospel word;
 Haste to the supper of my Lord:
 Be wise to know your gracious day;
 All things are ready, — come away.

- 2 Ready the Father is to own,
 And kiss his late-returning son;
 Ready your loving Saviour stands,
 And spreads for you his bleeding hands.

- 3 Ready the Spirit of his love,
Just now the stony to remove;
T' apply and witness with the blood,
And wash and seal the sons of God.
- 4 Ready for you the angels wait,
To triumph in your blest estate;
Tuning their harps, they long to praise
The wonders of redeeming grace.
- 5 The Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Are ready with their shining host;
All heaven is ready to resound, —
The dead's alive! the lost is found!

SECTION IV.

WARNING.

55.—P. M.

O careless sinner come.

[TUNE No. 5.]

O CARELESS sinner come, pray now attend;
This world is not your home, it soon will end:
Jehovah calls aloud, forsake the thoughtless crowd;
Pursue the road to God,
And happy be.

2 No happiness you'll find, while thus you go;
No quiet for your mind, but fear and woe
Attend you every day, while far from God you stray:
O sinners come away,
And happy be.

3 Nor do I call alone; the Saviour, too,
With every dying groan, cries bid adieu
To sin and folly now; and to his sceptre bow,
And learn of Jesus how
To live anew.

4 But, if you will not come, down, down you'll go,
To your eternal doom of pain and woe:
Alas, how can you slight the rays of gospel light,
And sink in endless night,
Where sorrow reigns?

- 5 I bid you all farewell, with aching heart,
 And full of sorrow, tell that we must part;
 While on to heaven we go, and you are bound to woe;
 Alas! it must be so,
 If you rebel.
- 6 I look on you again, and hoping say,
 Why wont you leave your sin, and come away
 From Satan's cruel power, to life for evermore;
 And bless the joyful hour
 When heaven began.
- 7 All hail! we welcome then your happy flight
 From Kedar's tents of sin, to glory bright:
 We'll bid the world adieu, and travel on with you,
 And endless joys pursue,
 Till all are ours.

56. — C. M.

Warnings on every side.

- BENEATH our feet, and o'er our head,
 Is equal warning given;
 Beneath us lie the countless dead,—
 Above us is the heaven.
- 2 Death rides on every passing breeze,
 And lurks in every flower;
 Each season hath its own disease,—
 Its perils every hour.
- 3 Our eyes have seen the rosy light
 Of youth's soft cheek decay,
 And fate descend in sudden night
 On manhood's middle day.
- 4 Our eyes have seen the steps of age
 Halt feebly to the tomb;
 And shall earth still our hearts engage,
 And dreams of days to come?
- 5 Turn, mortal, turn; thy danger know:
 Where'er thy foot can tread,
 The earth rings hollow from below,
 And warns thee by her dead.

- 6 Turn, mortal, turn; thy soul apply
To truths divinely given:
The dead who underneath thee lie,
Shall live for hell or heaven.

57. — P. M.

Boast not thyself of to-morrow.

HASTEN, sinner, to be wise!
Stay not for the morrow's sun:
Wisdom if you still despise,
Harder is it to be won.

- 2 Hasten mercy to implore!
Stay not for the morrow's sun,
Lest thy season should be o'er,
Ere this evening's stage be run.

- 3 Hasten, sinner, to return!
Stay not for the morrow's sun,
Lest thy lamp should fail to burn,
Ere salvation's work is done.

- 4 Hasten, sinner, to be blest!
Stay not for the morrow's sun,
Lest perdition thee arrest,
Ere the morrow is begun.

58. — C. M.

Awake, thou that sleepest.

THOU Son of God, whose flaming eyes
Our inmost thoughts perceive,
Accept the grateful sacrifice
Which now to thee we give.

- 2 We bow before thy gracious throne,
And think ourselves sincere:
But show us, Lord, is every one
Thy real worshipper?
- 3 Is here a soul that knows thee not,
Nor feels his need of thee,—
A stranger to the blood which bought
His pardon on the tree?

4 Convince him now of unbelief;
 His desp'rate state explain;
 And fill his heart with sacred grief,
 And penitential pain.

5 Speak with that voice that wakes the dead,
 And bid the sleeper rise;
 And bid his guilty conscience dread
 The death that never dies.

59.—P. M.

And ye mourn at the last.

HARKEN ye sprightly, and attend ye vain ones,
 Pause in your mirth, adversity consider,
 Learn from a friend's pen, truths that are most painful,
 A sick-bed reflection.

2 Healthful and gay, like you I spent my moments,
 Fondly my heart said, joy shall last forever,
 But I'd forgotten man has no enjoyments,
 But by permission.

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

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

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

6 Twenty-five years I've spent without consid'ring
 Man was but mortal, dependent on a moment;
 Life but a shadow, time a flying arrow,
 Quick to dispel it.

- 7 Oft have I listened while death-bells were tolling,
Seen the graves open, with spectators mourning,
But for myself was, spite of all these warnings,
Long life expecting.
- 8 Counsels I've slighted, warnings I've rejected,
In my gay moments thoughts of death I've banished,
When grown gray-headed, I have oft resolved,
Death to prepare for.
- 9 Time in advance seemed to me moving slowly,
Days without number I proposed for pleasure,
But they are blasted! Now behold the end of
Procrastination!
- 10 Tortured in body, not a limb escapes it,
No sweet composure to direct one prayer,
All is disorder! yet my state eternal
Now is depending.
- 11 Now ghastly death! pray stop one moment longer,
Till I give warning to my gay companions!
No time is granted for expostulation,
Shun my example.

60.—P. M.

Behold I stand at the door and knock.

In the silent midnight watches,
List thy bosom's door!
How it knocketh, knocketh, knocketh,
Knocketh ever more!
Say not 'tis thy pulses beating,
'Tis thy heart of sin;
Where thy Saviour stands entreating
"Rise and let me in."

- 2 Death comes down with reckless footsteps,
To the hall and hut;
Think you he will tarry knocking,
When the door is shut?

Jesus waiteth, waiteth, waiteth,
 But the door is fast;
 Grieved away thy Saviour goeth,
 Death breaks in at last.

- 3 Soon thy soul shall stand entreating
 Christ to let thee in;
 At the gate of heaven beating,
 Wailing for thy sin!
 Nay, alas! thou guilty creature!
 Hast thou then forgot?
 Jesus waited long to know thee,
 Now he knows thee not.

61.—L. M.

Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth

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.

62.—P. M.

Grieve not the Spirit.

[TUNE No. 8.]

In life's early morn. when my Bible was dear,
 A voice from its pages oft breathed in my ear;
 Oh grieve not the Spirit, Oh grieve not the Spirit;
 The Spirit of love.

- 2 Of my mother I asked, as I knelt at her knee
To say my sweet prayer; *what was whispering to me?*
She answered, the Spirit, the blest Holy Spirit;
Oh grieve not his love.
- 3 When I mused all alone, and gray twilight was nigh,
While the bright streams of childhood went murmur-
ing by;
A voice warned me heavenward—the voice of the Spirit;
The Spirit of love.
- 4 Then youth with its snares did my footsteps entwine,
And I hardened my heart to that impulse divine;
Repent. cried the Spirit, the heart searching Spirit;
The Spirit of love.
- 5 But years fled apace, and with sin I grew wild;
For the world and its tempters my conscience defiled;
And I slighted the Spirit, the pitying Spirit;
The Spirit of love.

63. — P. M.

Why will ye die?

SINNERS, turn; why will ye die?
God, your Maker, asks you why?
God, who did your being give,
Made you with himself to live;
He the fatal cause demands;
Asks the work of his own hands,—
Why, ye thankless creatures, why
Will ye cross his love, and die?

2 Sinners, turn; why will ye die?
God, your Saviour, asks you why?
He, who did your souls retrieve,
Died himself, that you 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?
He, who all your lives hath strove,
Urged you to embrace his love.

Will ye not his grace receive?
 Will ye still refuse to live?
 O ye dying sinners, why,
 Why will ye forever die?

- 4 Dead already, dead within,
 Spiritually dead in sin;
 Dead to God, while here you breathe;
 Pant you after second death?
 Will you still in sin remain
 Greedy of eternal pain?
 O ye dying sinners, why,
 Why will ye forever die?

64. — C. M.

When pity prompts me.

WHEN pity prompts me to look round
 Upon my fellow clay,
 See men reject the Gospel sound.
 O God! what shall I say?

- 2 My bowels yearn for dying men,
 Doomed to eternal woe;
 Fain would I speak, but 'tis in vain,
 If God does not speak too.
- 3 O sinner, sinner, won't you hear,
 When in God's name I come?
 Upon your peril don't forbear,
 Lest hell should be your doom.
- 4 Now is the time, the accepted hour,
 O sinners, come away!
 The Saviour's knocking at your door,
 Arise, without delay.
- 5 Let not these warnings be in vain,
 But lend a list'ning ear,
 Lest you should meet them all again
 When wrapt in keen despair.

65.—P. M.

Solemn warning to youth.

YOUNG people all, attention give,
While I address you in God's name;
You who in sin and folly live,
Come hear the counsel of a friend.
I've sought for bliss in glitt'ring toys,
And ranged th' alluring scenes of vice;
But never knew substantial joys,
Until I heard my Saviour's voice.

- 2 He spake at once my sins forgiven,
And took my load of guilt away;
He gave me pardon, peace, and heaven,
And thus I found the heavenly way.
And now with trembling sense I view
The billows roll beneath your feet;
For death eternal waits for you
Who slight the force of gospel truth.
- 3 Youth, like the Spring, will soon be gone,
By fleeting time or conquering death;
Your morning sun may set at noon,
And leave you ever in the dark.
Your sparkling eyes and blooming cheeks
Must wither like the blasted rose;
The coffin, earth, and winding-sheet
Will soon your active limbs enclose.
- 4 Ye heedless ones that wildly stroll,
The grave will soon become your bed,
Where silence reigns, and vapors roll
In solemn darkness round your head.
Your friends will pass the lonesome place,
And with a sigh pass slow along;
Still gazing on the spires of grass,
With which your graves are overgrown.
- 5 Your souls will land in darker realms,
Where vengeance reigns, and billows roar
And roll amid the burning flames,
When thousand, thousand years are o'er.

Sunk in the shades of endless night,
 To groan and howl in endless pain,
 And never more behold the light,—
 And never, never, rise again.

- 6 Ye blooming youth, this is the state
 Of all who do free grace refuse;
 And soon with you 'twill be too late,
 The way of life in Christ to choose.
 Come, lay your carnal weapons by,
 No longer fight against your God,
 But with the gospel now comply,
 And heaven shall be your great reward.

66. — L. M.

Presumptuous sins.

SINNER, Oh, 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 delusive dreams?
 Madly attempt the infernal gate,
 And force thy passage to the flames?

- 3 Stay, sinner, on the gospel plains;
 And hear the Lord of life unfold
 The glories of his dying pains!
 For ever telling, yet untold.

67. — C. M.

There is no peace, saith my God, to the wicked.

SINNERS, the voice of God regard;
 'Tis mercy speaks to-day;
 He calls you by his sacred word
 From sin's destructive way.

- 2 Like the rough sea that cannot rest
 You live, devoid of peace;
 A thousand stings within your breast
 Deprive your souls of ease.

3 Your way is dark and leads to hell:
 Why will you persevere?
 Can you in endless torments dwell,
 Shut up in black despair?

4 Why will you in the crooked ways
 Of sin and folly go?
 In pain you travel all your days,
 To reach eternal woe.

5 But he that turns to God shall live,
 Through his abounding grace;
 His mercy will the guilt forgive,
 Of those who 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.

68.—C. M.

For it is time to seek the Lord.

REPENT, the voice celestial cries,
 No longer dare delay;
 The wretch that seorns the mandate, dies,
 And meets a fiery day.

2 No more the sovereign eye of God
 O'er-looks the crimes of men;
 His heralds are despatched abroad,
 To warn the world of sin.

3 Together in his presence bow,
 And all your guilt confess;
 Accept the offered Saviour now,
 Nor trifle with his grace.

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

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

69.—L. M.

The brevity of probation.

- WHILE life prolongs its precious light,
 Mercy is found, and peace is given;
 But soon, ah, soon, approaching night
 Shall blot out every hope of heaven.
- 2 While God invites, how blest the day!
 How sweet the gospel's charming sound!
 Come, sinners, haste, O haste away,
 While yet a pard'ning God is found.
- 3 Soon, borne on time's most rapid wing,
 Shall death command you to the grave,—
 Before his bar your spirits bring,
 And none be found to hear or save.
- 4 In that lone land of deep despair,
 No Sabbath's heavenly light shall rise,—
 No God regard your bitter prayer,
 No Saviour call you to the skies.
- 5 Now God invites; how blest the day!
 How sweet the gospel's charming sound!
 Come, sinners, haste, O haste away,
 While yet a pard'ning God is found!

70.—P. M.

When the harvest is past.

[TUNE No. 9.]

WHEN the harvest is past, and the summer is gone,
 And sermons and prayers shall be o'er,—
 When the beams cease to break of the blest Sabbath
 morn,
 And Jesus invites thee no more,—

2. When the rich gales of mercy no longer shall blow,
The gospel no message declare,
Sinner, how canst thou bear the deep wailings of woe,
How suffer the night of despair?
- 3 When the holy have gone to the regions of peace,
To dwell in the mansions above,—
When their harmony wakes, in the fulness of bliss,
Their song to the Saviour of love,—
- 4 Say, O sinner, that livest at rest and secure,
Who fearest no trouble to come,
Can thy spirit the swellings of sorrow endure,
Or bear the impenitent's doom?

71.—P. M.

The road to ruin.

WHILE angels strike their tuneful strings,
And veil their faces with their wings,
Each saint on earth to Jesus sings,
And joins to praise the King of Kings,
Who saves lost souls from ruin.

- 2 But sinners fond of earthly toys,
Mock and deride, while saints rejoice:
They shut their ears at Jesus' voice,
And make the world and sin their choice,
And force their way to ruin.

- 3 God's servants warn them night and day,
For them the Christians weep and pray,
But sinners laugh and turn away,
And join the wicked, lewd, and gay.
Who throng the road to ruin.

- 4 Oft-times in visions of the night,
God doth their guilty souls affright;
They tremble at the awful sight,
But still again with morning light,
Pursue the road to ruin.

- 5 Sometimes by preaching, sinners see
 They 're doomed to hell and misery.
 To turn to God they then agree,
 But soon their wicked company
 Allures them back to ruin.
- 6 At length, when nothing else will do,
 Afflictions do their danger show,
 And bring the haughty sinner low,
 Then he 'll repent, and pray, and vow;
 But turn again to ruin.
- 7 When every means is tried in vain,
 No more the Spirit strives with men;
 But full of guilt, and fear, and pain,
 Death strikes the blow, the sinner's slain,
 And sinks to endless ruin.
- 8 Oh, sinner, turn! long time you've stood
 Opposed to truth and all that's good;
 You may be saved through Jesus' blood;
 Lay down your arms, — submit to God,
 And thus escape from ruin.
- 9 O, sinner, neighbor, friend, or foe,
 The terrors of the Lord we know;
 Pray tell us, friends, what will you do?
 We can't consent to let you go
 Down to eternal ruin.

72.—L. M.

The wheat and tares.

[TUNE No. 10.]

Tho' in the outward church below,
 The wheat and tares together grow,
 Angels ere long will weed the crop,
 And pluck the tares in anger up.

CHORUS:—

For soon the reaping time will come,
 And angels shout the harvest home.

- 2 Will it relieve their horrors there,
 To recollect their stations here?
 How much they heard, how much they knew,
 How much among the wheat they grew?

CHORUS:—

- 3 Oh, this will aggravate their case,
T' have perished 'midst the means of grace:
To them the word of life and faith
Became an instrument of death.

CHORUS:—

- 4 We seem alike, when thus we meet,—
Strangers might think we all were wheat;
But, to the Lord's all-searching eyes,
Each heart appears without disguise.

CHORUS:—

- 5 The tares are spared for various ends,—
Some for the sake of praying friends;
Others, the Lord, against their will,
Employs his counsels to fulfill.

CHORUS:—

- 6 But though they grow so tall and strong,
His plan will not require them long;
In harvest, when he saves his own,
The tares shall into hell be thrown.

CHORUS:—

- 7 Most awful thought! and is it so?
Must all mankind the harvest know?
Is every man a wheat or tare?
Me for that harvest, Lord, prepare!

CHORUS:—

73. — C. M.

Thoughts on the impenitent dead.

My thoughts on awful subjects roll,
Damnation and the dead;
What horrors seize the guilty soul,
Upon the dying bed.

- 2 Lingering about these mortal shores,
She makes a long delay;
Till, like a flood, with rapid force,
Death sweeps the wretch away.

- 3 Then swift and dreadful she descends
 Down to the fiery coast,
 Amongst abominable fiends,
 Herself a frightened ghost.
- 4 There endless crowds of sinners lie,
 And darkness makes their chains;
 Tortured with keen despair, they cry,
 Yet wait for fiercer pains.
- 4 Not all their anguish and their blood
 For their old guilt atones,
 Nor the compassion of a God
 Shall hearken to their groans.
- 6 Amazing grace, that kept my breath,
 Nor bid my soul remove,
 Till I had learned my Saviour's death,
 And well insured his love.

74. — S. M.

The yearnings and destiny of the human soul.

- OH, where shall rest be found,
 Rest for the weary soul?
 'Twere vain the ocean's depths to sound,
 Or pierce to either pole.
- 2 The world can never give
 The bliss for which we sigh;
 'Tis not the whole of life to live,
 Nor all of death to die.
- 3 Beyond this vale of tears,
 There is a life above,
 Unmeasured by the flight of years, —
 And all that life is love.
- 4 There is a death, whose pang
 Outlasts the fleeting breath:
 Oh! what eternal horrors hang
 Around the second death.

5 Thou God of truth and grace,
 Teach us that death to shun;
 Lest we be driven from thy face,
 And evermore undone.

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

75. — C. M.

The feast and the stranger.

I SAW a wide and well-spread board,
 And children young and fair,
 Came one by one, the eldest first,
 And took their stations there.
 All neatly clad, and beautiful,
 And with familiar tread
 They gather'd round with joy to feast
 On meats and snow-white bread.

2 Beside the board the father sat,
 A smile his features wore
 As on the little group he gazed,
 And told their portions o'er.
 A meagre form, arrayed in rags,
 A near the threshold stood,
 A half-starved child had wandered there
 To beg a little food.

3 Said one:—"Why standest here my dear?
 See, there's a vacant seat
 Amid the children,—and enough
 For them and thee to eat."
 "Alas, for me!" the child replied,
 In tones of deep despair:
 "No right have I amid your group,—
 I have no father there."

4 Oh hour of fate! when from the skies,
 With notes of deepest dread,
 The far-resounding trump of God
 Shall summon forth the dead.

What countless hosts shall stand without
 The heavenly threshold fair,
 And gazing on the blest, exclaim,
 "I have no father there."

76.—P. M.

Go watch and pray.

[TUNE No. 11.]

Go watch and pray; thou canst not tell
 How near thine hour may be;
 Thou canst not know how soon the bell
 May toll its notes for thee;
 Death's countless snares beset thy way;
 Frail child of dust, go watch and pray.

2 Fond youth, while free from blighting care,
 Does thy firm pulse beat high?
 Do hope's glad visions, bright and fair,
 Dilate before thine eye?
 Soon these must change, must pass away:
 Frail child of dust, go watch and pray.

3 Ambition, stop thy panting breath;
 Pride, sink thy lifted eye:
 Behold the caverns, dark with death,
 Before you open lie!
 The heavenly warning now obey;
 Ye sons of pride, go watch and pray.

4 Thou aged man! life's wintry storm
 Hath seared thy vernal bloom:
 With trembling limbs and wasting form,
 Thou'rt bending o'er the tomb;
 And can vain hope lead THEE astray?
 Go, weary pilgrim, watch and pray.

77.—L. M.

Straight is the gate.

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

- 2 “Deny thyself and take thy cross,”
Is the Redeemer’s great command;
Nature must count her gold but dross,
If she would gain the heavenly land.
- 3 The fearful soul that tires and faints,
And walks the ways of God no more,
• Shall be esteemed no more a saint,
And makes his own destruction sure.
- 4 Lord, let not all our hopes be vain :
Create my heart entirely new ;
Which hypocrites could ne’er attain
Which false professors never knew.

78.—P. M.

Be in time.

- THE voice of wisdom hear,
Be in time, be in time ;
The voice of wisdom hear, be in time.
To give up every sin,
In earnest now begin,
For the night will soon set in,
Be in time, be in time,
For the night will soon set in, be in time.
- 2 Ye aged sinners hear,
Be in time, be in time,
Your time is waning fast,
Your die will soon be cast,
Ye aged men make haste.
 - 3 Ye who are young in years,
Be in time, be in time,
You think you are in bloom,
You are thoughtless of the tomb,
But soon your day will come.
 - 4 Backslider dost thou hear,
Be in time, be in time,
Your sinful course forsake,
And yourself to prayer betake,
Your deathless soul’s at stake.

5 O! should the door be shut
 When you come, when you come,
 Should God in thunder say,
 "Depart from me away,"
 'Twill be too late to pray,
 When you come, when you come.

79. — P. M.

The warning.

[TUNE No. 12.]

Ah, guilty sinner, ruined by transgression,
 What shall thy doom be, when, arrayed in terror,
 God shall command thee, covered with pollution,
 Up to the judgment? Up to the judgment?

2 Wilt thou escape from his omniscient notice,
 Fly to the caverns, seek annihilation?
 Vain thy presumption; justice still shall triumph
 In thy destruction.

3 Stop, thoughtless sinner, stop awhile and ponder,
 Ere death arrest thee, and the Judge, in vengeance,
 Hurl from his presence thine affrighted spirit,
 Swift to perdition.

4 Oft has he called thee, but thou wouldst not hear him;
 Mercies and judgments have alike been slighted;
 Yet he is gracious, and, with arms extended,
 Waits to embrace thee.

5 Come, then, poor sinner, come away this moment,
 Just as you are, but come with heart relenting,
 Come to the fountain, open for the guilty;
 Jesus invites you.

6 But, if you trifle with his gracious message,
 Cleave to the world, and love its guilty pleasures,
 Mercy, grown weary, shall in righteous judgment,
 Leave you for ever.

SECTION V.

INVITATIONS.

SO.—P. M.

The penitent encouraged.

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 sorrow that heaven cannot heal.

2 Joy of the desolate, light of the straying,
Hope of the penitent, fadeless and pure;
Here speaks the comforter, tenderly saying,—
Earth has no sorrow that heaven cannot cure.

3 Here see the bread of life, see waters flowing
Forth from the throne of God, pure from above;
Come to the feast of love, come, ever knowing
Earth has no sorrow but heaven can remove.

SI.—L. M.

Just as thou art.

JUST as thou art, without one trace
Of love or joy or inward grace,
Or meetness for the heavenly place,—
O guilty sinner! come, O come.

2 Thy sins I bore on Calvary's tree;
The stripes thy due, were laid on me,
That peace and pardon might be free:
O wretched sinner! come, O come.

- 3 Come, leave thy burden at the cross;
 Count all thy gains but empty dross;
 My grace repays all earthly loss:
 O needy sinner! come, O come.
- 4 Come hither, — bring thy boding fears,
 Thy aching heart, thy bursting tears;
 'Tis mercy's voice salutes thine ears:
 O trembling sinner! come, O come.
- 5 “The Spirit and the bride say, Come;”
 Rejoicing saints re-echo, Come;
 Who faints, who thirsts, who will may come:
 Thy Saviour bids thee come, O come.

82.—P. M.

Child of sin and sorrow.

CHILD of sin and sorrow,
 Filled with dismay,
 Wait not for to-morrow,
 Yield thee to-day:
 Heaven bids thee come, while yet there's room.
 Child of sin and sorrow
 Hear and obey.

2 Child of sin and sorrow
 Why wilt thou die?
 Come, while thou canst borrow
 Help from on high;
 Grieve not that love, which from above,
 Child of sin and sorrow,
 Would bring thee nigh.

83.—P. M.

Seek ye first the kingdom of God.

SINNER go, will you go,
 To the highlands of heaven?
 Where the storms never blow,
 And the long summer's given.
 Where the bright, blooming flowers
 Are their odors emitting;
 And the leaves of the bowers,
 In the breezes are flitting.

2 Where the saints robed in white,
 Cleansed in life's flowing fountain,
 Shining beauteous and bright,
 Shall inhabit the mountain.
 Where no sin or dismay,
 Neither trouble nor sorrow
 Shall be felt for a day,
 Nor be feared for to-morrow.

3 He's prepared thee a home;
 Sinner, canst thou believe it?
 And invites thee to come;
 Sinner, wilt thou receive it?
 O come, sinner, come,
 For the tide is receding,
 And the Saviour will soon
 And forever cease pleading.

84. — P. M.

The jubilee.

BLOW ye the trumpet, blow
 The gladly solemn sound;
 Let all the nations know,
 To earth's remotest bound,
 The year of jubilee is come;
 Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

2 Jesus, our great High Priest,
 Hath full atonement made:
 Ye weary spirits, rest;
 Ye mournful souls, be glad:
 The year of jubilee is come;
 Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

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

4 Ye slaves of sin and hell,
 Your liberty receive,
 And safe in Jesus dwell,
 And blest in Jesus live:
 The year of jubilee is come,
 Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

5 Ye who have sold for naught
 Your heritage above,
 Shall have it back unbought,—
 The gift of Jesus' love:
 The year of jubilee is come;
 Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

6 The gospel-trumpet hear,—
 The news of heavenly grace;
 And, saved from earth, appear
 Before your Saviour's face:
 The year of jubilee is come;
 Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

85.—P. M.

The royal proclamation.

HEAR the royal proclamation,
 The glad tidings of salvation,
 Published now to every creature,
 To the ruined sons of nature:

CHORUS:—

Lo! he reigns,—he reigns victorious;
 Over heaven and earth, most glorious, Jesus reigns.

2 See the royal banner flying,
 Hear the heralds loudly crying,—
 “Rebel sinners, royal favor
 Now is offered by the Saviour.”

CHORUS:—

3 Ho! ye sons of wrath and ruin,
 Who have wrought your own undoing,
 Here are life and free salvation,
 Offered to the whole creation.

CHORUS:—

- 4 Here are wine and milk and honey,—
Come and purchase without money;
Mercy, like a flowing fountain,
Streaming from the holy mountain.

CHORUS:—

- 5 For this love, let rocks and mountains,
Purling streams and crystal fountains,
Roaring thunders, lightning blazes,
Shout the great Messiah's praises.

CHORUS:—

86.—L. M.

Come, for all things are now ready.

COME, sinners, to the gospel feast;
Let every soul be Jesus' guest;
Ye need not one be left behind,
For God hath bidden all mankind.

- 2 Sent by my Lord, on you I call;
The invitation is to all:—
Come all the world! come, sinner, thou!
All things in Christ are ready now.

- 3 Come, all ye souls by sin oppress'd,
Ye restless wand'ers after rest;
Ye poor, and maimed, and halt, and blind,
In Christ a hearty welcome find.

- 4 My message, as from God receive;
Ye all may come to Christ and live:
O let his love your hearts constrain,
Nor suffer him to die in vain.

- 5 See him set forth before your eyes,
That precious, bleeding sacrifice:
His offer'd benefits embrace,
And freely now be saved by grace.

87.—S. M.*A stranger at the door.*

[TUNE No. 13.]

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

2 But will he prove a friend indeed?
 He will: — the very friend you need:
 The man of Nazareth is he,
 With garments dyed from Calvary.

3 O lovely attitude! he stands
 With melting heart and open hands;
 O matchless kindness! and he shows
 That matchless kindness to his foes.

4 Rise, touched with gratitude divine,
 Turn out his enemy and thine:
 Turn out that hateful monster, sin,
 And let the heavenly Stranger in.

88.—P. M.*The invitation.*

COME, ye sinners, poor and needy,
 Weak and wounded, sick and sore;
 Jesus ready stands to save you,
 Full of pity, love, and power:
 He is able,
 He is willing: doubt no more.

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

- 3 Let not conscience make you linger;
Nor of fitness fondly dream:
All the fitness he requireth
Is to feel your need of him;
This he gives you, —
'Tis the Spirit's glimm'ring beam.
- 4 Come, ye weary, heavy-laden,
Bruised and mangled by the fall;
If you tarry till you're better,
You will never come at all;
Not the righteous, —
Sinners, Jesus came to call.
- 5 Agonizing in the garden,
Your Redeemer prostrate lies;
On the bloody tree behold him!
Hear him cry, before he dies,
It is finished! —
Sinners, will not this suffice?
- 6 Lo! th' incarnate God, ascending,
Pleads the merit of his blood:
Venture on him, — venture freely;
Let no other trust intrude:
None but Jesus
Can do helpless sinners good.

89. — P. M.

- To-day the Saviour calls.*
- To-DAY the Saviour calls!
Ye wanderers, come;
O ye benighted souls,
Why longer roam?
- 2 To-day the Saviour calls!
For refuge fly;
The storm of vengeance falls;
And death is nigh.
- 3 To-day the Saviour calls!
Oh, hear him now:
Within these sacred walls
To Jesus bow.

4 The Spirit calls to-day !
 Yield to his power ;
 Oh, grieve him not away,
 'Tis mercy's hour.

90.—S. M.

They that seek me early shall find me.

My son, know thou the Lord ;
 Thy father's God obey ;
 Seek his protecting care by night,
 His guardian hand by day.

2 Call, while he may be found ;
 Seek him while he is near ;
 Serve him with all thy heart and mind,
 And worship him with fear.

3 If thou wilt seek his face,
 His ear will hear thy cry ;
 Then shalt thou find his mercy sure,
 His grace forever nigh.

4 But if thou leave thy God,
 Nor choose the path to heaven,
 Then shalt thou perish in thy sins,
 And never be forgiven.

91.—P. M.

The beautiful River.

[TUNE No. 14.]

O have you not heard of that beautiful stream
 That flows through our father's land ?
 Its waters gleam bright, in the heavenly light,
 And ripple o'er golden sand.

CHORUS :—

O seek that beautiful stream,
 Seck now that beautiful stream ;
 Its waters so free and flowing for thee ;
 O seek that beautiful stream.

- 2 With murmuring sound doth it wander along,
Through fields of eternal green,
Where songs of the blest, in their haven of rest,
Float soft on the air serene.

CHORUS : —

- 3 Its fountains are deep, and its waters are pure,
And sweet to the weary soul ;
It flows from the throne of Jehovah alone ;
O come where its bright waves roll.

CHORUS : —

- 4 This beautiful stream is the river of life :
It flows for all nations free ;
A balm for each wound in its water is found :
O sinner, it flows for thee.

CHORUS : —

- 5 O will you not drink of this beautiful stream,
And dwell on its peaceful shore ?
The Spirit says, come, all ye weary ones, home,
And wander in sin no more.

CHORUS : —

92. — C. M.

The gospel-feast.

LET every mortal ear attend,
And every heart rejoice ;
The trumpet of the gospel sounds
With an inviting voice.

- 2 Ho ! all ye hungry, starving souls,
That feed upon the wind,
And vainly strive with earthly toys
To fill an empty mind : —

- 3 Eternal wisdom hath prepared
A soul-reviving feast,
And bids your longing appetites
The rich provision taste.

Ho! ye that pant for living streams,
 And pine away and die,
 Here you may quench your raging thirst
 With springs that never dry.

5 Rivers of love and mercy, here
 In a rich ocean join;
 Salvation in abundance flows,
 Like floods of milk and wine.

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

93. — 12s.

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,
 From sin, and uncleanness, and every transgression,
 His blood flows most freely in streams of salvation.

CHORUS:—

Hallelujah to the Lamb, who has bought us a pardon;
 We'll praise him again when we pass over Jordan;

2 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 congregation,
 And saints shall ascribe unto thee their salvation.

CHORUS:—

3 When on Zion we stand, having gained the bless'd shore
 With our harps in our hands, we will praise evermore;
 We'll range the bless'd fields on the banks of the river,
 And sing of redemption forever and ever.

CHORUS:—

SECTION VI.

RESOLVE.

94. — C. M.

If I perish, I perish.

COME, humble sinner, in whose breast
A thousand thoughts revolve,
Come, with your guilt and fear oppress'd,
And make the last resolve : —

2 I'll go to Jesus, though my sin
Like mountains round me close ;
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 sov'reign grace.

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

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

- 6 But should I die, with mercy sought,
 When I his grace have tried,
 I there should die,—delightful thought!
 Where ne'er a sinner died.

95.—P. M.

The pearl that worldlings covet.

THE pearl that worldlings covet
 Is not the pearl for me;
 Its beauty fades as quickly
 As sunshine on the sea.
 But there's a pearl sought by the wise,
 'Tis called "the pearl of greatest price;"
 Though few its value see,—
 Oh, that's the pearl for me.

- 2 The crown that decks the monarch
 Is not the crown for me;
 It dazzles but a moment,—
 Its brightness soon will flee.
 But there's a crown prepared above,
 For all who walk in humble love;
 For ever bright 't will be,—
 Oh, that's the crown for me.

- 3 The road that many travel
 Is not the road for me;
 It leads to death and sorrow,—
 In it I would not be.
 But there's a road that leads to God,
 'Tis marked by Christ's most precious blood;
 The way for all is free,—
 Oh, that's the road for me.

- 4 The hope that sinners cherish,
 Is not the hope for me;
 Most surely will they perish,
 Unless from sin made free.
 But there's a hope which rests in God,
 And leads the soul to keep his word,
 And sinful pleasures flee,—
 Oh, that's the hope for me.

96. — P. M.

Only Jesus will I know.

VAIN delusive world, adieu,
 With all of creature good;
 Only Jesus I pursue,
 Who bought me with his blood.
 All thy pleasures I forego;
 I trample on thy wealth and pride:
 Only Jesus will I know,
 And Jesus crucified.

2 Other knowledge I disdain,
 'Tis all but vanity;
 Christ, the Lamb of God, was slain;
 He tasted death for me!
 Me to save from endless woe,
 The sin-atoning victim died.
Only Jesus, &c.

3 Him to know is life and peace
 And pleasure without end;
 This is all my happiness, —
 On Jesus to depend;
 Daily in his grace to grow,
 And ever in his faith abide.
Only Jesus, &c.

4 Oh that I could all invite,
 This saving truth to prove;
 Show the length, the breadth, the height,
 And depth of Jesus' love!
 Fain I would to sinners show
 The precious blood by faith applied.
Only Jesus, &c.

97. — L. M.

What shall I render to the Lord for all his benefits?

God of my life, what just return
 Can sinful dust and ashes give?
 I only live my sin to mourn:
 To love my God I only live.

2 To thee, benign and saving Power,
I consecrate my lengthen'd days;
While mark'd with blessings, every hour
Shall speak thy co-extended praise.

3 Be all my added life employ'd
Thine image in my soul to see;
Fill with thyself the mighty void;
Enlarge my heart to compass thee.

4 The blessing of thy love bestow;
For this my cries shall never fail;
Wrestling, I will not let thee go,—
I will not till my suit prevail.

5 Come, then, my Hope, my Life, my Lord,
And fix in me thy lasting home;
Be mindful of thy gracious word—
Thou with thy promised Father, come.

6 Prepare, and then possess my heart:
O take me, seize me from above;
Thee may I love, for God thou art:
Thee may I feel; for God is love!

SECTION VII.

THE PENITENT.

98.—P. M.

What shall I do to be saved?

[TUNE No. 15.]

O! WHAT shall I do to be saved
From the sorrows that burden my soul?
Like the waves in the storm
When the winds are at war,
Chilling floods of distress o'er me roll.

2 O! what shall I do to be saved,
When the pleasures of youth are all fled,
And the friends I have loved
From the earth are removed,
And I weep o'er the graves of the dead?

3 O! what shall I do to be saved,
When sickness my strength shall subdue;
Or the world, in a day,
Like a cloud roll away,
And eternity opens to view?

4 O Lord, look in mercy on me;
Come, O come, and speak peace to my soul;
Unto whom shall I flee,
Dearest Lord, but to thee?
Thou canst make my poor broken-heart whole.

99. — P. M.

Contrition and faith.

DEPTH of mercy ! can there be
 Mercy still reserved for me ?
 Can my God his wrath forbear, —
 Me, the chief of sinners, spare ?

2 I have long withstood his grace,
 Long provoked him to his face ;
 Would not hearken to his calls,
 Grieved him by a thousand falls.

3 Now incline me to repent,
 Let me now my sins lament ;
 Now my foul revolt deplore, —
 Weep, believe, and sin no more.

4 Kindled his relentings are, —
 Me he now delights to spare, —
 Cries, How shall I give thee up ?
 Let the lifted thunder drop.

5 There for me the Saviour stands, —
 Shows his wounds, and spreads his hands ;
 God is love ! I know, I feel ;
 Jesus weeps, and loves me still.

100. — 7s.

Blessed are they that mourn ; for they shall be comforted.

PILGRIM, burden'd with thy sin,
 Haste to Zion's gate to-day ;
 There, till mercy let thee in,
 Knock and weep and watch and pray.

2 Knock, — for mercy lends an ear ;
 Weep, — she marks the sinner's sigh ;
 Watch till heavenly light appear ;
 Pray, — she hears the mourner's cry.

3 Mourning pilgrim what for thee
 In this world can now remain?
 Seek that world from which shall flee
 Sorrow, shame, and tears, and pain.

4 Sorrow shall forever fly,
 Shame shall never enter there;
 Tears be wiped from every eye,
 Pain in endless bliss expire.

101.—L. M.

My spirit shall not always strive with man.

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

2 Though I have steel'd my stubborn heart,
 And shaken off my guilty fears,
 And vex'd, and urged thee to depart,
 For many long, rebellious years.

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

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

102.—L. M.

Confession and supplication.

SHOW pity, Lord! O Lord, forgive;
 Let a repenting rebel live.
 Are not thy mercies large and free?
 May not a sinner trust in thee?

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

- 3 O wash my soul from every sin,
And make my guilty conscience clean;
Here on my heart the burden lies,
And past offences pain my eyes.
- 4 My lips with shame my sins confess,
Against thy law, against thy grace;
Lord, should thy judgments grow severe,
I am condemned, but thou art clear.
- 5 Should sudden vengeance seize my breath,
I must pronounce thee just, in death;
And if my soul were sent to hell,
Thy righteous law approves it well.
- 6 Yet save a trembling sinner, Lord,
Whose hope, still hov'ring round thy word,
Would light on some sweet promise there,—
Some sure support against despair.

103.—L. M.

The trembling sinner to the suffering Saviour.

- THOU man of griefs, remember me,
Who never canst thyself forget,
Thy last mysterious agony,
Thy fainting pangs and bloody sweat!
- 2 When wrestling in the strength of prayer,
Thy spirit sunk beneath its load;
Thy feeble flesh abhorred to bear
The wrath of an Almighty God.
- 3 Father,—if I may call thee so,—
Regard my fearful heart's desire:
Remove this load of guilty wo,
Nor let me in my sins expire!
- 4 I tremble, lest the wrath divine,
Which bruises now my wretched soul,
Should bruise this wretched soul of mine,
Long as eternal ages roll.

5 To thee my last distress I bring;
 The heighten'd fear of death I find;
 The tyrant, brandishing his sting,
 Appears, and hell is close behind.

6 I deprecate that death alone,
 That endless banishment from thee;
 O save, and give me to thy son,
 Who trembled, wept, and bled for me.

104. — Chant.

From the recesses.

From the recesses of a lowly spirit
 My humble prayer ascends; O Father, hear it:
 Borne on the trembling wings of fear and meekness,
 Forgive its weakness.

2 I know, I feel, how mean and how unworthy
 The lowly sacrifice I pour before thee;
 What can I offer thee, O thou most holy,
 But sin and folly?

3 Lord, in thy sight, — who every bosom viewest, —
 Cold in our warmest vows, and vain our truest
 Thoughts of a hurrying hour, — our lips repeat them;
 Our hearts forget them.

4 We see thy hand, — it leads us, it supports us:
 We hear thy voice, — it counsels and it courts us
 And then we turn away; and still thy kindness
 Forgives our blindness.

5 Who can resist thy gentle call, appealing
 To every gen'rous thought and grateful feeling?
 Oh! who can hear the accents of thy mercy,
 And never love thee?

- 6 Kind Benefactor! plant within this bosom
 The seeds of holiness, and let them blossom
 In fragrance and in beauty, bright and vernal,
 And spring eternal.
- 7 Then place them in those everlasting gardens
 Where angels walk and seraphs are the wardens;
 Where ev'ry flower, brought safe through death's dark
 portal,
 Becomes immortal.

105.—C. M.

Hardness of heart deplored.

- THE winds were howling o'er the deep,
 Each wave a watery hill;
 The Saviour awakened from his sleep;—
 He spake and all was still.
- 2 The madman in a tomb had made
 His mansion of despair;
 Woe to the traveler who strayed
 With heedless footsteps, there.
- 3 He met that glance so thrilling sweet,
 He heard those accents mild;
 And melting at Messiah's feet,
 Wept like a weaned child.
- 4 Oh, madder than the raving man,
 Oh, deafer than the sea!
 How long the time since Christ began
 To call in vain to me!

106.—S. M.

Christ's sympathy for sinners.

- DID Christ o'er sinners weep,
 And shall our cheeks be dry?
 Let floods of penitential grief
 Burst forth from every eye.

2 The Son of God, in tears
 The wond'ring angels see;
 Be thou astonish'd, 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.

107.—P. M.

Help, Lord, or I perish.

By thy birth, and by thy tears;
 By thy human griefs and fears;
 By thy conflict in the hour
 Of the subtle tempter's power,—
 Saviour, look with pitying eye;
 Saviour, help me, or I die.

2 By the tenderness that wept
 O'er the grave where Laz'rus slept;
 By the bitter tears that flow'd
 Over Salem's lost abode,—
 Saviour, look with pitying eye;
 Saviour, help me, or I die.

3 By thy lonely hour of prayer;
 By the fearful conflict there;
 By thy cross, and dying cries;
 By thy one great sacrifice,—
 Saviour, look with pitying eye;
 Saviour, help me, or I die.

4 By thy triumph o'er the grave;
 By thy power the lost to save;
 By thy high, majestic throne;
 By the empire all thine own,—
 Saviour, look with pitying eye;
 Saviour, help me, or I die.

108.—P. M.*My sins and my Saviour.*

HEARTS of stone, relent, relent!
 Break, by Jesus' cross subdued;
 See his body mangled, rent,
 Stain'd and cover'd with his blood!
 Sinful soul, what hast thou done?
 Crucified th' eternal Son.

2 Yes: thy sins have done the deed;
 Driven the nails that fix'd him there;
 Crown'd with thorns his sacred head;
 Plunged into his side the spear;
 Made his soul a sacrifice,
 While for sinful man he dies.

3 Wilt thou let him bleed in vain?
 Still to death thy Lord pursue?
 Open all his wounds again,
 And the shameful cross renew?
 No: with all my sins I'll part;
 Saviour, take my broken heart.

109.—L. M.*Sin expurged by blood alone.*

LORD, I am vile, conceived in sin,
 And born unholy and unclean;
 Sprung from the man whose guilty fall
 Corrupts his race, and taints us all.

2 Soon as I drew my infant breath,
 The seeds of sin grew up for death;
 Thy law demands a perfect heart,
 But I'm defiled in every part.

3 Behold, I fall before thy face;
 My only refuge is thy grace:
 No outward forms can make me clean;
 The leprosy lies deep within.

- 4 Nor bleeding bird, nor bleeding beast,
Nor hyssop branch, nor sprinkling priest,
Nor running brook, nor flood, nor sea,
Can wash the dismal stain away.
- 5 Jesus, thy blood, thy blood alone,
Hath power sufficient to atone;
Thy blood can make me white as snow;
No Jewish types could cleanse me so.
- 6 While guilt disturbs and breaks my peace,
Nor flesh, nor soul hath rest or ease;
Lord, let me hear thy pard'ning voice,
And make my broken heart rejoice.

110.—C. M.

The penitent cry.

FATHER, I stretch my hands to thee;
No other help I know;
If thou withdraw thyself from me,
Ah! whither shall I go?

- 2 What did thine only Son endure,
Before I drew my breath!
What pain, what labor, to secure
My soul from endless death!

- 3 O Jesus, could I this believe,
I now should feel thy power;
And all my wants thou wouldst relieve,
In this accepted hour.

- 4 Author of faith, to thee I lift
My weary, longing eyes;
O let me now receive that gift,—
My soul without it dies.

- 5 Surely thou canst not let me die;
 O speak, and I shall live;
 And here I will unwearied lie,
 Till thou thy Spirit give.
- 6 How would my fainting soul rejoice,
 Could I but see thy face;
 Now let me hear thy quick'ning voice,
 And taste thy pard'ning grace.

111. — S. M.

To whom should we go?

- AH! whither should I go,
 Burden'd, and sick, and faint?
 To whom should I my trouble show,
 And pour out my complaint?
- 2 My Saviour bids me come;
 Ah! why do I delay?
 He calls the weary sinner home,
 And yet from him I stay.
- 3 What is it keeps me back,
 From which I cannot part,—
 Which will not let the Saviour take
 Possession of my heart?
- 4 Some cursed thing unknown,
 Must surely work within;
 Some idol which I will not own,—
 Some secret bosom sin.
- 5 Jesus, the hind'rance show
 Which I have feared to see;
 And let me now consent to know
 What keeps me back from thee.
- 6 Searcher of hearts, in mine
 Thy trying power display;
 Into its darkest corners shine,
 And take the veil away.

112. — C. M.*Invocation and confession.*

COME, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
 With all thy quick'ning powers;
 Kindle a flame of sacred love
 In these cold hearts of ours.

2 Look how we grovel here below,
 Fond of these earthly toys;
 Our souls, how heavily they go,
 To reach eternal joys.

3 In vain we tune our formal songs,—
 In vain we strive to rise;
 Hosannas languish on our tongues,
 And our devotion dies.

4 Father, and shall we ever live
 At this poor dying rate;
 Our love so faint, so cold to thee,
 And thine to us so great?

5 Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
 With all thy quick'ning powers;
 Come, shed abroad a Saviour's love,
 And that shall kindle ours.

113. — L. M.*Wherewith shall I come before the Lord.*

WHEREWITH, O Lord, shall I draw near,
 And bow myself before thy face?
 How in thy purer eyes appear?
 What shall I bring to gain thy grace?

2 Will gifts delight the Lord Most High?
 Will multiplied oblations please?
 Thousands of rams his favor buy,
 Or slaughter'd hecatombs appease?

3 Can these avert the wrath of God?
 Can these wash out my guilty stain?
 Rivers of oil, and seas of blood,
 Alas! they all must flow in vain.

4 What have I, then, wherein to trust?
 I nothing have, I nothing am;
 Excluded is my every boast,
 My glory swallowed up in shame.

5 Guilty I stand before thy face;
 On me I feel thy wrath abide;
 'Tis just the sentence should take place;
 'Tis just, — but O, thy Son hath died!

114. — P. M.

Make haste to help me, O my God.

WHY not now, my God, my God?
 Ready if thou always art,
 Make in me thy mean abode, —
 Take possession of my heart:
 If thou canst so greatly bow,
 Friend of sinners, why not now?

2 God of love, in this thy day,
 For thyself to thee I cry;
 Dying, — if thou still delay,
 Must I not forever die?
 Enter now thy poorest home;
 Now, my utmost Saviour, come.

SECTION VIII.

FAITH.

115.—C. M.

This is the victory that overcometh the world, even our faith.

- O FOR a faith that will not shrink,
Though press'd by every foe,
That will not tremble on the brink
Of any earthly woe;—
- 2 That will not murmur nor complain
Beneath the chast'ning rod,
But, in the hour of grief or pain,
Will lean upon its God;—
- 3 A faith that shines more bright and clear
When tempests rage without;
That when in danger knows no fear,
In darkness feels no doubt;—
- 4 That bears, unmoved, the world's dread frown,
Nor heeds its scornful smile;
That seas of trouble cannot drown,
Nor Satan's arts beguile;—
- 5 A faith that keeps the narrow way
Till life's last hour is fled,
And with a pure and heavenly ray
Illumes a dying bed.
- 6 Lord, give us such a faith as this,
And then, whate'er may come,
We'll taste, e'en here, the hallow'd bliss
Of an eternal home.

116.—P. M.*The prolonged agony of prayer.*

WILT thou not yet to me reveal
 Thy new, unutterable name?
 Tell me, I still beseech thee, tell;
 To know it now resolved I am:
 Wrestling, I will not let thee go,
 Till I thy name, thy nature know.

2 What though my shrinking flesh complain,
 And murmur to contend so long?
 I rise superior to my pain;
 When I am weak, then I am strong!
 And when my all of strength shall fail,
 I shall with the God-man prevail.

117.—P. M.*Faith's triumph.*

THE Sun of righteousness on me
 Hath risen with healing in his wings;
 Wither'd my nature's strength, from thee
 My soul its life and succor brings:
 My help is all laid up above;
 Thy nature and thy name is Love,

2 Contented now, upon my thigh
 I halt, till life's short journey end;
 All helplessness, all weakness, I
 On thee alone for strength depend:
 Nor have I power from thee to move;
 Thy nature and thy name is Love.

3 Lame as I am, I take the prey;
 Hell, carth, and sin, with ease o'ercome;
 I leap for joy, pursue his way,
 And, as a bounding hart, fly home,
 Through all eternity to prove
 Thy nature and thy name is Love.

118. — C. M.

Assurance.

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

119. — L. M.

The realizing power of faith.

- AUTHOR of faith, eternal Word,
 Whose Spirit breathes the active flame;
 Faith, like its finisher and Lord,
 To-day, as yesterday, the same:
- 2 To thee our humble hearts aspire,
 And ask the gift unspeakable;
 Increase in us the kindled fire,
 In us the work of faith fulfil.
- 3 By faith we know thee strong to save:
 (Save us, a present Saviour thou:)
 Whate'er we hope, by faith we have;
 Future, and past, subsisting now.
- 4 To him that in thy name believes,
 Eternal life with thee is given;
 Into himself he all receives, —
 Pardon, and holiness, and heaven.

- 5 The things unknown to feeble sense,
 Unseen by reason's glimm'ring ray,
 With strong commanding evidence,
 Their heavenly origin display.
- 6 Faith lends its realizing light;
 The clouds disperse, the shadows fly;
 Th' invisible appears in sight,
 And God is seen by mortal eye.

120.—P. M.

Salvation by faith.

ARISE, my soul, arise;
 Shake off thy guilty fears;
 The bleeding Sacrifice
 In my behalf appears:
 Before the throne my Surety tands,
 My name is written on his hands.

- 2 He ever lives above,
 For me to intercede;
 His all-redeeming love,
 His precious blood to plead;
 His blood atoned for all our race,
 And sprinkles now the throne of grace.

- 3 Five bleeding wounds he bears,
 Received on Calvary;
 They pour effectual prayers,
 They strongly plead for me:—
 Forgive him, O forgive, they cry,
 Nor let the ransom'd sinner die.

- 4 The Father hears him pray,
 His dear annointed One:
 He cannot turn away
 The presence of his Son:
 His Spirit answers to the blood,
 And tells me I am born of God.

- 5 My God is reconciled;
 His pard'ning voice I hear:
 He owns me for his child;
 I can no longer fear:
 With confidence I now draw nigh,
 And Father, Abba, Father, cry.

121. — P. M.

Grace, rich and free.

[TUNE No. 17.]

DROOPING souls no longer grieve,
 Heaven is propitious;
 If on Jesus you believe,
 You will find him precious.
 Lo! he now comes near to thee,—
 Calls the mourners to him;
 He has died for you and me:
 O, look up and view him.

- 2 From his hands, his feet, his side,
 Flows a healing lotion:
 See the heart-consoling tide,
 Boundless as the ocean.
 See the living waters move
 For the sick and dying;
 Now resolve to gain his love,
 Or to perish trying.

- 3 Grace's store is always free,
 Drooping souls to gladden;
 Jesus calls, "Come unto me,"
 Weary, heavy-laden.
 Tho' your sins like mountains rise,
 Rise and reach to heaven;
 Soon as you on him rely,
 "All shall be forgiven."

- 4 Now methinks I hear one say
 I will go and prove him;
 If he takes my sins away,
 Surely I shall love him.

Yes : I see the Father smile, —
 Smiling moves my burden ;
 All is grace, for I am vile ;
 Yet he seals my pardon.

5 Streaming mercy, how it flows !
 Now I know I feel it ;
 Half has never yet been told,
 Yet I want to tell it.
 Jesus' blood has healed my wounds ;
 O, the wondrous story !
 I was lost, but now I'm found ;
 Glory ! glory ! glory !

6 Glory to my Saviour's name,
 Saints are bound to love him ;
 Mourners you may do the same,
 Only come and prove him :
 Hasten to the Saviour's blood,
 Feel it and declare it ;
 O, that I could sing so loud
 All the world might hear it.

7 If no greater joys are known
 In the upper region,
 I will try to travel on
 In this pure religion.
 Heaven's here, heaven's there ;
 Glory's here and yonder ;
 Brightest seraphs shout amen,
 While the angels wonder.

122. — C. M.

He that believeth, hath the witness in himself.

How can a sinner know
 His sins on earth forgiven ?
 How can my gracious Saviour show
 My name inscribed in heaven ?

2 What we have felt and seen,
 With confidence we tell ;
 And publish to the sons of men,
 The signs infallible.

- 3 We who in Christ believe
 That he for us hath died,
 We all his unknown peace receive,
 And feel his blood applied.
- 4 Exults our rising soul,
 Disburden'd of her load,
 And swells, unutterably full
 Of glory and of God.
- 5 His love, surpassing far
 The love of all beneath,
 We find within our hearts, and dare
 The pointless darts of death.
- 6 Stronger than death or hell
 The sacred power we prove;
 And conqu'rors of the world, we dwell
 In heaven, who dwell in love.

123. — C. M.

Victorious faith.

- In hope, against all human hope,
 Self-desp'rate, I believe, —
 Thy quick'ning word shall raise me up;
 Thou wilt thy Spirit give.
- 2 The thing surpasses all my thought;
 But faithful is my Lord;
 Through unbelief I stagger not,
 For God hath spoke the word.
- 3 Faith, mighty faith, the promise sees,
 And looks to that alone;
 Laughs at impossibilities,
 And cries, It shall be done!
- 4 To thee the glory of thy power
 And faithfulness I give;
 I shall in Christ, at that glad hour,
 And Christ in me shall live.

- 5 Obedient faith that waits on thee,
 Thou never wilt reprove;
 But thou wilt form thy Son in me,
 And perfect me in love.

124.—L. M.

Peace in believing.

Jesus, to thee I now can fly,
 On whom my help is laid:
 Oppress'd by sins, I lift mine eye,
 And see the shadows fade.

- 2 Believing on my Lord, I find
 A sure and present aid:
 On thee alone my constant mind
 Be every moment stay'd.

- 3 Whate'er in me seems wise, or good,
 Or strong, I here disclaim:
 I wash my garments in the blood
 Of the atoning Lamb.

- 4 Jesus, my strength, my life, my rest,—
 On thee will I depend,
 Till summon'd to the marriage feast,
 When faith in sight shall end.

SECTION IX.

THE CONVERT.

125. — P. M.

Jesus spoke peace to my soul.

[TUNE No. 18.]

YE angels, who mortals attend,
And minister comfort in woe,—
Come listen, ye heavenly friends,
My happier story to know :
I sing of a theme most sublime ;
No sorrow my song can control ;
I sing of the rapturous time
When Jesus spoke peace to my soul.

2 When guilt my poor heart did assail,
Because I had wandered from God,
I strove my sad ease to bewail :
My sins were a cumbersome load ;
O Saviour, have mercy ! I cried :
Oh, pardon a wretch that's so vile !
Then quickly his blood was applied,
And Jesus spoke peace to my soul.

3 My guilt, like a cloud of the morn,
Was chased in a moment away ;
The joy of my soul newly born,
Increased like the dawning of day ;
My Saviour redeemed me from sin.
He saves not in part, but in whole ;
He writes his salvation within,—
For, Oh, he speaks peace to my soul.

- 4 I now am so blessed with his love,
 I covet not earth's greatest store;
 He visits me oft from above—
 I have him, I ask nothing more:
 Resigned to his pleasure I'd live,
 Till time's latest circle shall roll,
 His utmost salvation receive,
 For Oh, he speaks peace to my soul.

126. — P. M.

The Christian's song.

[TUNE No. 19.]

O BRETHREN, I have found
 A land that doth abound
 With fruit as sweet as honey;
 The more I eat I find,
 The more I am inclined
 To shout and sing hosanna.

CHORUS:—

My soul doth long to go
 Where I may fully know
 The glories of my Saviour;
 And as I pass along
 I'll sing the Christian's song,—
 I hope to live forever.

- 2 Perhaps you'll think me wild,
 Or simple as a child—
 I am a child of glory;
 I'm born from above,
 My soul is filled with love,
 I love to tell the story.

CHORUS:—

- 3 My soul now sits and sings.
 And practices her wings,
 And contemplates the hour
 When the messenger shall say,
 "Come quit this house of clay,
 And with bright angels tower."

CHORUS:—

126.—P. M.

Joy of the young convert.

O How happy are they
 Who their Saviour obey,
 And have laid up their treasure above;
 Tongue can never express
 The sweet comfort and peace
 Of a soul in its earliest love.

2 That sweet comfort was mine,
 When the favor divine
 I received through the blood of the Lamb;
 When my heart first believed,
 What a joy I received,—
 What a heaven in Jesus' name!

3 'T was a heaven below,
 My Redeemer to know;
 And the angels could do nothing more
 Than to fall at his feet,
 And the story repeat,
 And the Lover of sinners adore.

4 Jesus, all the day long,
 Was my joy and my song:
 O that all his salvation might see;
 He hath loved me, I cried,—
 He hath suffer'd and died
 To redeem, with his blood, *even me*.

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

127.—P. M.

What he hath done for my soul.

COME, ye that love the Lord.
 Unto me, unto me;
 Come, ye that love the Lord,
 Unto me: .

I've something good to say
 About the narrow way;
 For Christ, the other day
 Saved my soul, saved my soul;
 For Christ, the other day
 Saved my soul.

2 He gave me eyes to see
 What I was, what I was;
 He gave me eyes to see
 What I was:
 He gave me eyes to see
 My sin and misery;
 And then he set me free;
 Bless his name, bless his name,
 And then he set me free;
 Bless his name.

3 Some said I'd soon give o'er;
 We shall see, we shall see:
 Some said I'd soon give o'er;
 We shall see:
 Some time has passed away
 Since I began to pray;
 I love the Lord to-day,
 Bless his name, bless his name;
 I love the Lord to-day,
 Bless his name.

128.—P. M.

The way is so delightful.

I'm glad I ever saw the day,
 The way is so delightful, hallelujah!
 I found the pilgrim's narrow way,
 The way is so delightful, hallelujah!

CHORUS:—

Oh the way is so delightful in the service of the Lord,
 O, the way is so delightful, hallelujah!

2 Redemption is our joyful song,
 We'll sing it as we pass along.

3 We'll praise the Saviour while we've breath
And through the gloomy vale of death.

4 We hope to praise him when we rise,
And shout redemption through the skies.

5 My soul is happy while I sing,
I feel that I am on the wing.

6 Come, sinner, join this praying band,
March with us to the heavenly land.

129.—P. M.

What wondrous love is this?

WHAT wondrous love is this, O my soul! O my soul!
What wondrous love is this, O my soul!
What wondrous love is this, That caused the Lord of bliss
To send this precious peace To my soul, to my soul,
To send this precious peace To my soul.

2 When I was sinking down, O my soul! O my soul!
When I was sinking down, O my soul!
When I was sinking down, Beneath God's righteous frown,
Christ laid aside his crown For my soul.

3 I have given all to Christ. He's my all! He's my all!
I have given all to Christ, And my spirit cannot rest,
Unless he's in my breast, Reigning there.

4 His easy yoke I'll bear With delight, with delight;
His easy yoke I'll bear; His cross I will not fear;
His name I will declare, Evermore.

5 Ye friends of Zion's King, Join his praise, join his
praise;
Ye friends of Zion's King, With hearts and voices sing,
And strike each tuneful string, In his praise.

6 To God and to the Lamb, I will sing, I will sing;
To God and to the Lamb, Who is the great I AM,
While millions join the theme, I will sing.

7 And when from death I'm free, I'll sing on, I'll sing on,
And when from death I'm free, I'll sing and joyful be,
And to eternity, I'll sing on.

130.—P. M.*The great Physician.*

How lost was my condition,
 Till Jesus made me whole;
 There is but one Physician
 Can cure a sin-sick soul.

CHORUS:—

There's a balm in Gilead
 To make the wounded whole;
 There's power enough in Jesus,
 To cure a sin-sick soul.

2 Next door to death he found me,
 And snatched me from the grave,
 To tell to all around me
 His wondrous power to save.

CHORUS:—

3 The worst of all diseases
 Is light, compared with sin;
 On every part it seizes,
 But rages most within.

CHORUS:—

4 'Tis palsy, plague, and fever,
 And madness, all combined;
 And none but a believer
 The least relief can find.

CHORUS:—

5 From men great skill professing,
 I thought a cure to gain;
 But this proved more distressing,
 And added to my pain;

CHORUS:—

6 Some said that nothing ailed me,
 Some gave me up for lost;
 Thus every refuge failed me,
 And all my hopes were crossed.

CHORUS:—

7 At length, this great Physician,—
 How matchless is his grace!—
 Accepted my petition,
 And undertook my case.

CHORUS:—

8 First gave me sight to view him,—
 For sin my eyes had sealed,—
 Then bade me look unto him:
 I looked, and I was healed.

CHORUS:—

131.—C. M.

Bartimeus.

“MERCY, Oh, thou Son of David!”
 Thus poor blind Bartimeus pray’d;
 “Others by thy grace are saved,
 Now vouchsafe to me thine aid.”
 While he cried, many chid him,
 But he pray’d the louder still,
 Till the gracious Saviour bid him
 “Come, and ask me what you will.”

2 Money was not what he wanted,
 Though by begging used to live:
 But he asked, and Jesus granted,
 Alms which none but he could give.
 “Lord, remove this grievous blindness;
 Let my eyes behold the day;”
 Straight he saw, and, won by kindness
 Follow’d Jesus in the way.

3 Now methinks I hear him praising,
 Publishing to all around,—
 “Friends, is not my case amazing?
 What a Saviour I have found!
 Oh, that all the blind but knew him,
 And would be advised by me!
 Surely they would come unto him;
 He would cause them all to see.”

132.—P. M.

I seek a better country ; come thou with me.

O TELL me no more of this world's vain store,
The time for such trifles with me now is o'er.
A country I've found where true joys abound,
To dwell I'm determined on that happy ground.

2 The souls that believe in paradise live,
And me in that number will Jesus receive :
My soul, don't delay, — he calls thee away !
Rise, follow thy Saviour, and bless the glad day.

3 No mortal doth know what he can bestow, —
What light, strength, and comfort ! go after him, go :
Lo ! onward I move to a city above,
None guesses how wondrous my journey will prove.

4 Great spoils I shall win from death, hell, and sin,
Midst outward afflictions shall feel Christ within :
And when I'm to die, receive me I'll cry,
For Jesus hath loved me, I cannot tell why.

5 But this I do find, we two are so joined,
He'll not live in glory and leave me behind ;
So this is the race I'm running through grace
Henceforth, till admitted, to see my Lord's face.

133.—P. M.

Love, joy, and hope.

THE Lord into his garden comes ;
The spices yield a rich perfume,
The lilies grow and thrive ;
The lilies grow and thrive :
Refreshing showers of grace divine,
From Jesus flow to every vine,
Which makes the dead revive,
Which makes the dead revive.

2 Oh, that this dry and barren ground
In springs of water may abound,
A fruitful soil become !

The desert blossoms as the rose,
When Jesus conquers all his foes,
And makes his people one.

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

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

5 Come, brethren, you that love the Lord,
And taste the sweetness of his word, —
In Jesus' ways go on ;
Our troubles and our trials here
Will only make us richer there,
When we arrive at home.

6 We feel that heaven is now begun,
It issues from a shining throne,
From Jesus' throne on high ;
It comes like floods we can't contain ;
We drink and drink and drink again,
And yet we still are dry.

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

8 There we shall reign and shout and sing,
And make the upper regions ring,
When all the saints get home :
Go on, go on, my brethren dear, —
Soon we shall meet together there,
For Jesus bids us come.

- 9 Amen, Amen, my soul replies,
 I'm bound to meet you in the skies,
 And claim my mansion there;
 Now here's my heart, and here's my hand,
 To meet you in that heavenly land,
 Where we shall part no more.

134. — P. M.

Convert's farewell.

FAREWELL, farewell to all below,
 The Saviour calls, and I must go;
 I launch my boat upon the sea,
 This land is not the land for me.

CHORUS:—

This world is not my home,
 This world is not my home,
 This world is all a wilderness,
 This world is not my home.

- 2 I've found the winding paths of sin
 A rugged road to travel in;
 Beyond the swelling waves I see
 The land my Saviour bought for me.

CHORUS:—

- 3 Oh! sinner, why will *you* not go?
 There's room enough for you I know;
 Our boat is sound, the passage free,
 And there's a better land for thee.

CHORUS:—

- 4 Farewell, dear friends, I may not stay,
 The home I seek is far away;
 Where Christ is not, I can not be:—
 This land is not the land for me.

CHORUS:—

SECTION X.

CONSECRATION.

135.—P. M.

Consecration.

COME, my fond, fluttering heart,
Come, you must now be free;
Thou and the world must part,
However hard it be.
My weeping passions own 't is just,
Yet cling still closer to the dust.

2 Ye tempting sweets, forbear;
Ye dearest idols, fall;
My heart you cannot share,
For Jesus must have all;
'T is bitter pain — 't is cruel smart,
But Oh! you must consent, my heart.

3 Ye gay, enchanting throng,
Ye golden dreams, farewell;
Earth hath prevailed too long,—
Now I must break the spell:
Go, cherished joys of earlier years;
Jesus, forgive these parting tears.

4 Welcome, thou bleeding cross;
Welcome, thou way to God;
My former gains were loss,
My path was folly's road;
At last my heart is undeceived,
The world is given, and God received.

136.—P. M.

Yea, doubtless, and I count all things but loss.

JESUS, I my cross have taken,
 All to leave and follow thee;
 Naked, poor, despised, forsaken,
 Thou from hence, my all shalt be.
 Perish every fond ambition,
 All I've sought, or hoped, or known,
 Yet how rich is my condition,
 God and heaven are still my own.

- 2 Let the world despise and leave me,
 They have left my Saviour too;
 Human hearts and looks deceive me.
 Thou art not, like them, untrue.
 And while thou shalt smile upon me,
 God of wisdom, love, and might,
 Foes may hate, and friends disown me;
 Show thy face and all is bright.
- 3 Go then, earthly fame and treasure;
 Come disaster, scorn, and pain;
 In thy service pain is pleasure,
 With thy favor, loss is gain.
 I have called thee, Abba, Father,
 I have set my heart on thee;
 Storms may howl, and clouds may gather,
 All must work for good to me.
- 4 Man may trouble and distress me,
 'T will but drive me to thy breast;
 Life, with trials hard may press me,
 Heaven will bring me sweeter rest.
 Oh! 't is not in grief to harm me,
 While thy love is left to me;
 Oh! 't were not in joy to charm me,
 Were that joy unmixed with thee.
- 5 Soul, then know thy full salvation,
 Rise o'er sin, and fear, and care,
 Joy to find in every station
 Something still to do or bear;

Think what spirit dwells within thee;
 Think what Father's smiles are thine;
 Think that Jcsus died to win thee;
 Child of heaven, canst thou repine?

- 6 Haste thee on from grace to glory,
 Armed by faith, and winged by prayer,
 Heaven's eternal days before thee,
 God's own hand shall guide thee there.
 Soon shall close thine earthly mission,
 Soon shall pass thy pilgrim days,
 Hope shall change to glad fruition,
 Faith to sight, and prayer to praise.

137.—P. M.

Consecration in detail.

FATHER, Son, and Holy Ghost,
 One in Three, and Three in One,
 As by the celestial host,
 Let thy will on earth be done;
 Praise by all to thee be given,
 Glorious Lord of earth and heaven.

- 2 Vilest of the sinful race,
 Lo! I answer to thy call:
 Meanest vessel of thy grace,
 Grace divinely free to all:
 Lo! I come to do thy will,—
 All thy counsel to fulfill.

- 3 If so poor a worm as I
 May to thy great glory live,
 All my actions sanctify,
 All my words and thoughts receive;
 Claim me for thy service, claim
 All I have, and all I am.

- 4 Take my soul and body's powers;
 Take my mem'ry, mind and will;
 All my goods, and all my hours;
 All I know, and all I feel;
 All I think, or speak, or do;
 Take my heart, but make it new.

138.—L. M.*Just as I am.*

JUST as I am,—without one plea,
 But that thy blood was shed for me,
 And that thou bid'st me come to thee,
 O Lamb of God, I come, I come!

2 Just as I am, and waiting not
 To rid my soul of one dark blot,
 To thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot,
 O Lamb of God, I come, I come!

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

4 Just as I am, thou wilt receive;
 Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve;
 Because thy promise I believe,
 O Lamb of God, I come, I come!

5 Just as I am, thy love unknown
 Has broken every barrier down;
 Now to be thine, yea, thine alone,
 O Lamb of God I come, I come.

139.—L. M.*The painful surrender.*

ABRAHAM, when severely tried,
 His faith by his obedience show'd;
 He with the harsh command complied
 And gave his Isaac back to God.

2 His son the father offered up,—
 Son of his age, his only son;
 Object of all his joy and hope,
 And less beloved than God alone.

3 O, for a faith like his, that we
 The bright example may pursue,—
 May gladly give up all to Thee,
 To whom our more than all is due.

4 Is there a thing than life more dear?
 A thing from which we cannot part?
 We can; we now rejoice to tear
 The idol from our bleeding heart.

5 Jesus, accept our sacrifice;
 All things for thee we count but loss;
 Lo! at thy word our idol dies,—
 Dies on the altar of thy cross.

140. — S. M.

Conquered by love.

AND can I yet delay
 My little all to give?
 To tear my soul from earth away
 For Jesus to receive?

2 Nay, but I yield, I yield;
 I can hold out no more:
 I sink, by dying love compell'd,
 And own thee conqueror.

3 Though late, I all forsake;
 My friends, my all, resign:
 Gracious Redeemer, take, O take,
 And seal me ever thine.

4 Come, and possess me whole,
 Nor hence again remove;
 Settle and fix my wav'ring soul
 With all thy weight of love.

5 My one desire be this,—
 Thy only love to know;
 To seek and taste no other bliss,—
 No other good below.

6 My life, my portion thou;
 Thou all-sufficient art:
 My hope, my heavenly treasure, now
 Enter and keep my heart.

141.—L. M.

Let all my works be begun, continued, and ended in thee.

FORTH in thy name, O Lord, I go,
My daily labours to pursue;
Thee, only thee, resolved to know,
In all I think, or speak, or do.

2 The task thy wisdom hath assigned,
O may I cheerfully fulfil;
In all my ways thy presence find,—
In all my works declare thy will.

3 Thee will I set at my right hand,
Whose eyes mine inmost soul stance see;
And labor on at thy command,
And offer all my works to thee.

4 Give me to bear thy easy yoke,
And every moment watch and pray;
And still to things eternal look,
And hasten to thy glorious day:—

5 For thee delightfully employ,
Whate'er thy bounteous grace has given;
And run my course with even joy,
And closely walk with thee to heaven.

SECTION XI.

ASPIRATION.

142.—P. M.

I shall be satisfied when I awake with thy likeness.

[TUNE No. 20.]

IF I in thy likeness, O Lord, may awake,
And shine a pure image of thee,
Then I shall be satisfied when I can break
The fetters of flesh, and be free.
I know this stained tablet must first be washed white,
To let thy bright features be drawn;
I know I must suffer the darkness of night
To welcome the coming of dawn.

2 But I shall be satisfied when I can cast
The shadows of nature all by,
When this cold dreary world from my vision is past,
To let the soul open her eye.
I gladly would feel the blest hour drawing near,
When time's dreamy fancy shall fade;
If then in thy likeness I may but appear,
And rise in thy beauty arrayed.

3 To see thee in glory, O Lord, as thou art,
From this mortal perishing clay,
My spirit immortal in peace would depart,
And joyous mount up her bright way.
When on thine own image in me thou hast smiled,
Within thy blest mansions, and when
The arms of my Father encompass his child,
O, I shall be satisfied then.

143.—P. M.

Christ, our sanctifying portion.

THOU Shepherd of Israel, and mine,—
 The joy and desire of my heart,—
 For closer communion I pine;
 I long to reside where thou art.
 The pasture I languish to find,
 Where all who their Shepherd obey,
 Are fed, on thy bosom reclined,
 And screen'd from the heat of the day.

2 'Tis there, with the lambs of the flock,
 There, only, I covet to rest;
 To lie at the foot of the rock,
 Or rise to be hid in thy breast:
 'Tis there I would always abide,
 And never a moment depart,—
 Concealed in the cleft of thy side,
 Eternally held in thy heart.

144.—L. M.

Delight in worship.

FAR from my thoughts, vain world, begone;
 Let my religious hours alone:
 Fain would mine 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, sacred Spirit, from above,
 And fill my soul with heavenly love.

3 Blest Saviour, what delicious fare!
 How sweet thine entertainments are!
 Never did angels taste above,
 Redeeming grace and dying love.

4 Hail, great Immanuel, all divine!
 In thee thy father's glories shine;
 Thy glorious name shall be adored,
 And every tongue confess thee Lord.

145. — L. M.

He satisfieth the longing soul.

GREAT God, indulge my humble claim;
 Be thou my hope, my joy, my rest;
 The glories that compose thy name
 Stand all engaged to make me blest.

2 Thou great and good, thou just and wise,
 Thou art my Father and my God;
 And I am thine by sacred ties, —
 Thy son, thy servant, bought with blood.

3 With heart and eyes and lifted hands,
 For thee I long, to thee I look;
 As travelers in thirsty lands
 Pant for the cooling water-brook.

4 I'll lift my hands, I'll raise my voice,
 While I have breath to pray or praise:
 This work shall make my heart rejoice,
 And fill the remnant of my days.

146. — P. M.

Ecstasy of love.

I LOVE thee, I love thee, I love thee, my Lord, —
 I love thee, my Saviour, I love thee, my God;
 But how much I love thee, I never can show;
 I love thee, I love thee, and that thou dost know.

2 I'm happy, I'm happy, Oh wondrous account!
 My joys are immortal, — I stand on the mount!
 I gaze on my treasure, and long to be there,
 With Jesus and angels, my kindred so dear.

3 O Jesus, my Saviour, with thee I am blest!
 My life and salvation, my joy and my rest!
 Thy name be my theme, and thy love be my song;
 Thy grace shall inspire both my heart and my tongue.

4 Oh, who's like my Saviour? He's Salem's bright king;
 He smiles, and he loves me, he's taught me to sing;
 I'll praise him, I'll praise him, with notes loud and shrill,
 While rivers of pleasure my spirit do fill.

147.—P. M.

Heavenly-mindedness.

RISE, my soul, and stretch thy wings,
 Thy better portion trace;
 Rise from all terrestrial things,
 T'ward 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.

2 Rivers to the ocean run,
 Nor stay in all their course;
 Fire, ascending, seeks the sun;
 Both speed them to their source;
 So a soul that's born of God,
 Pants to view his glorious face;
 Upward tends to his abode,
 To rest in his embrace.

3 Cease, ye pilgrims, cease to mourn:
 Press onward to the prize;
 Soon our Saviour will return
 Triumphant in the skies:
 There we'll join the heavenly train,
 Welcomed to partake the bliss;
 Fly from sorrow, care, and pain,
 To realms of endless peace,

148.—L. M.

Oh! that I knew where I might find him.

JESUS, if still the same thou art,
 If all thy promises are sure,
 Set up thy kingdom in my heart,
 And make me rich, for I am poor:
 To me be all thy treasures given,
 The kingdom of an inward heaven.

2 Thou hast pronounced the mourners blest,
 And lo! for thee I ever mourn;
 I can not, — no, I will not rest
 Till thou, my only rest, return, —
 Till thou, the Prince of Peace, appear,
 And I receive the Comforter.

- 3 Where is the blessedness bestow'd
 On all that hunger after thee?
 I hunger now, — I thirst for God;
 See the poor fainting sinner, see,
 And satisfy with endless peace,
 And fill me with thy righteousness.
- 4 Shine on thy work, disperse the gloom;
 Light in thy light, I then shall see;
 Say to my soul, "Thy light is come;
 Glory divine is ris'n on thee;
 Thy warfare 's past, thy mourning 's o'er;
 Look up, believe, and weep no more."

149. — L. M.

They shall mount up with wings as eagles.

- THE dove let loose in eastern skies,
 Returning fondly home,
 Ne'er stoops to earth her wing, nor flies,
 Where idle warblers roam.
- 2 But high she shoots through air and light,
 Above all low delay,
 Where nothing earthly bounds her flight,
 Nor shadow dims her way.
- 3 So grant, my Lord, from every stain
 Of sinful passion free,
 Aloft through virtue's purer air,
 To steer my course to thee!
- 4 No sin to cloud, no lure to stay,
 My soul, as home she springs;
 Thy sunshine on her joyful way,
 Thy freedom on her wings.

150. — C. M.

The rapture of love.

- O 't is delight without alloy,
 Jesus, to hear thy name:
 My spirit leaps with inward joy;
 I feel the sacred flame.

- 2 My passions hold a pleasing reign,
 When love inspires my breast,—
 Love, the divinest of the train,
 The sov'reign of the rest.
- 3 This is the grace must live and sing,
 When faith and hope shall cease,
 And sound from every joyful string
 Through all the realms of bliss.
- 4 Let life immortal seize my clay;
 Let love refine my blood;
 Her flames can bear my soul away,
 Can bring me near my God.
- 5 Swift I ascend the heavenly place,
 And hasten to my home;
 I leap to meet thy kind embrace:
 I come, O Lord, I come.
- 6 Sink down, ye separating hills;
 Let sin and death remove;
 'Tis love that drives my chariot wheels,
 And death must yield to love.

151. — L. M.

My soul thirsteth for the living God.

- I PANT, thou wounded Lamb of God,
 To wash me in thy cleansing blood;
 To dwell within thy wounds; then pain
 Is sweet, and life or death is gain.
- 2 Take my poor heart, and let it be
 Forever closed to all but thee:
 Seal thou my breast, and let me wear
 That pledge of love forever there.
- 3 How blest are they who still abide
 Close shelter'd in thy bleeding side!
 Who thence their life and strength derive,
 And by thee move, and in thee live.

- 4 What are our works but sin and death,
Till thou thy quick'ning Spirit breathe?
Thou giv'st the power thy grace to move;
O wondrous grace! O boundless love!
- 5 How can it be, thou heavenly King,
That thou shouldst us to glory bring;
Make slaves the partners of thy throne,
Deck'd with a never-fading crown?
- 6 Hence our hearts melt, our eyes o'erflow,
Our words are lost, nor will we know,
Nor will we think of aught beside,—
My Lord, my love, is crucified.

152. — P. M.

The beloved of my soul.

- 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.
- 2 Oh, why should I wander an alien from thee,
Or cry in the desert for bread?
Thy foes will rejoice when my sorrows they see,
And smile at the tears I have shed.
- 3 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 flock he has gone?
- 4 His voice, as the sound of the dulcimer sweet,
Is heard through the shadow of death;
The cedars of Lebanon bow at his feet,
The air is perfumed with his breath.
- 5 His lips as a fountain of righteousness flow,
To water the gardens of grace;
From which their salvation the Gentiles shall know,
And bask in the smiles of his face.
- 6 He looks, and ten thousands of angels rejoice,
And myriads wait for his word;
He speaks, and eternity filled with his voice,
Re-echoes the praise of the Lord.

153. — L. M.

That we might serve him, in holiness and righteousness, all the days of our life.

JESUS, thou everlasting King,
Accept the tribute which we bring;
Accept thy well-deserved renown,
And wear our praises as thy crown.

2 Let every act of worship be
Like our espousals, Lord, to thee:
Like the blest hour, when from above
We first received the pledge of love.

3 The gladness of that happy day,
O may it ever, ever stay:
Nor let our faith forsake its hold,
Nor hope decline, nor love grow cold.

4 Let every moment as it flies,
Increase thy praise, improve our joys,
Till we are raised to sing thy name,
At the great supper of the Lamb.

154. — P. M.

The chiefest among ten thousands.

How tedious and tasteless the hours,
When Jesus no longer I see!
Sweet prospects, sweet birds, and sweet flowers,
Have all lost their sweetness to me:
The midsummer sun shines but dim,
The fields strive in vain to look gay;
But when I am happy in Him,
December's as pleasant as May.

2 His name yields the richest perfume,
And sweeter than music his voice;
His presence disperses my gloom,
And makest all within me rejoice.
I should, were he always thus nigh,
Have nothing to wish or to fear:
No mortal so happy as I, —
My summer would last all the year.

3 Content with beholding his face,
 My all to his pleasure resign'd, —
 No changes of season or place
 Would make any change in my mind:
 While blest with a sense of his love,
 A palace a toy would appear,
 And prisons would palaces prove,
 If Jesus would dwell with me there.

4 My Lord, if indeed I am thine,
 If thou art my sun and my song,
 Say, why do I languish and pine?
 And why are my winters so long?
 O, drive these dark clouds from my sky,
 Thy soul-cheering presence restore;
 Or take me to thee up on high,
 Where winter and clouds are no more.

155. — P. M.

Lovest thou me?

HARK, my soul, — it is the Lord!
 'Tis thy Saviour, — hear his word!
 Jesus speaks, — he 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 mother's tender care
 Cease towards the child she bare?
 Yes: she may forgetful be,
 Yet I will remember thee.

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

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

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

156. — P. M.

Despair of self.—Faith in Christ.

JESUS, lover of my soul,
 Let me to thy bosom fly,
 While the nearer waters roll,
 While the tempest still is high;
 Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
 Till the storm of life is past;
 Safe into the haven guide,
 O receive my soul at last.

2 Other refuge have I none;
 Hangs my helpless soul on thee:
 Leave, O leave me not alone;
 Still support and comfort me:
 All my trust on thee is stay'd;
 All my help from thee I bring;
 Cover my defenceless head
 With the shadow of thy wing.

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

4 Plenteous grace with thee is found,—
 Grace to cover all my sin:
 Let the healing streams abound;
 Make and keep me pure within.

Thou of life the fountain art;
 Freely let me take of thee:
 Spring thou up within my heart;
 Rise to all eternity.

157.—P. M.

Nearer, my God, to thee.

[TUNE No. 21.]

NEARER, my God, to thee,
 Nearer to thee:
 Even though it be a cross,
 That raiseth me,
 Still all my song shall be,
 Nearer, my God, to thee,
 Nearer to thee.

2 Though like a wanderer,
 Daylight all gone,
 Darkness be over me,
 My rest, a stone;
 Yet in my dreams I'd be
 Nearer, my God, to thee.
 Nearer to thee.

3 There let the way appear
 Steps up to heaven;
 All that thou sendest me
 In mercy given;
 Angels to beckon me
 Nearer, my God, to thee,
 Nearer to thee.

4 Then, with my waking thoughts
 Bright with thy praise,
 Out of my stony griefs,
 Bethel I'll raise;
 So by my woes to be
 Nearer, my God, to thee,
 Nearer to thee.

5 Or if on joyful wing,
 Cleaving the sky,
 Sun, moon, and stars forgot,
 Upward I fly ;
 Still all my song shall be,
 Nearer, my God, to thee,
 Nearer to thee.

158. — S. M.

My heart crieth out for the living God.

JESUS, my truth, my way,
 My sure, unerring light,
 On thee my feeble steps I stay,
 Which thou wilt guide aright.

2 My Wisdom, and my Guide,
 My Counsellor thou art ;
 O never let me leave thy side,
 Nor from thy paths depart.

3 I lift mine eyes to thee.
 Thou gracious, bleeding Lamb,
 That I may now enlightened be,
 And never put to shame.

4 Never will I remove
 Out of thy hands my cause,
 But rest in thy redeeming love,
 And hang upon thy cross.

5 Teach me the happy art,
 In all things to depend
 On thee ; O never, Lord, depart,
 But love me to the end.

159. — P. M.

Rapturous adoration.

My Lord, in whose presence I live,
 Whose favor alone I desire ;
 To whom all the hopes I conceive
 With ardent devotion aspire :
 How pleasant is all that I meet !
 From fear of adversity free,
 I find even sorrow made sweet,
 Because 't is assigned me by thee.

- 2 Transported, I see thee display
 Thy riches and glory divine;
 I have only my life to repay,—
 To thee this best gift I resign.
 Thy will is the treasure I seek,
 For thou art as faithful as strong;
 There let me, obedient and meek,
 Repose myself all the day long.
- 3 My spirit and faculties fail;
 O finish what grace has begun!
 Destroy what is simple and frail,
 And dwell in the soul thou hast won!
 Dear theme of my wonder and praise,
 I cry, Who is worthy as thou?
 I can only be silent and gaze;
 'Tis all that is left of me now.
- 4 Oh, glory, in which I am lost,
 Too deep for the plummet of thought!
 In an ocean of Deity toss'd,
 I'm swallowed, I sink into naught;
 Yet lost and absorbed as I seem,
 I chant to the praise of my King:
 And though overwhelmed by the theme,
 Am happy whenever I sing.

160. — L. M.

I press toward the mark.

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,—
 The narrow road that leads to God?
 For strangers, into life we come,
 And dying is but going home.

4 Welcome, sweet hour of full discharge,
That sets our longing souls at large;
Unbinds our chains, breaks up our cell,
And gives us with our God to dwell.

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

161.—P. M.

Wrestling Jacob:—I will not let thee go.

COME, O thou Traveler unknown,
Whom still I hold, but can not see;
My company before is gone,
And I am left alone with thee;
With thee all night I mean to stay,
And wrestle till the break of day. —

2 I need not tell thee who I am;
My sin and misery declare;
Thyself hast call'd me by thy name:
Look on thy hands, and read it there!
But who, I ask thee, who art thou?
Tell me in thy name, and tell me now.

3 In vain thou strugglest to get free;
I never will unloose my hold:
Art thou the Man that died for me?
The secret of thy love unfold:
Wrestling, I will not let thee go,
Till I thy name, thy nature know.

162.—C. M.

Joy in the presence of Christ.

Talk with us, Lord, thyself reveal,
While here o'er earth we rove;
Speak to our hearts, and let us feel
The kindling of thy love.

2 With thee conversing, we forget
All time, and toil, and care:
Labor is rest, and pain is sweet,
If thou, my God, art here.

- 3 Here, then, my God, vouchsafe to stay,
And bid my heart rejoice;
My bounding heart shall own thy sway,
And echo to thy voice.
- 4 Thou callest me to seek thy face;
'T is all I wish to seek:
T' attend the whispers of thy grace,
And hear thee inly speak.
- 5 Let this my every hour employ,
Till I thy glory see;
Enter into my Master's joy,
And find my heaven in thee.

163. — S. M.

He will guide you unto all truth.

- Spirit of faith, come down,
Reveal the things of God,
And make to us the God-head known,
And witness with the blood.
- 2 'T is thine the blood t' apply,
And give us eyes to see;
Who did for every sinner die,
Hath surely died for me.
- 3 No man can truly say
That Jesus is the Lord,
Unless thou take the veil away,
And breathe the living word:
- 4 Then, only then, we feel
Our int'rest in his blood,
And cry, with joy unspeakable,—
“Thou art my Lord, my God.”

164. — P. M.

Panting after the fulness of love.

- O LOVE divine, how sweet thou art!
When shall I find my willing heart
All taken up to thee?
I thirst, I faint, I die to prove
The greatness of redeeming love,—
The love of Christ to me.

2 Stronger his love than death or hell;
 Its riches are unsearchable;
 The first-born sons of light
 Desire in vain its depths to see;
 They cannot reach the mystery,
 The length, the breadth, the height.

3 God only knows the love of God;
 O that it now were shed abroad
 In this poor stony heart:
 For love I sigh, for love I pine;
 This only portion, Lord, be mine;
 Be mine this better part.

4 O that I could forever sit
 With Mary at the Master's feet!
 Be this my happy choice;
 My only care, delight, and bliss,
 My joy, my heaven on earth, be this,
 To hear the Bridegroom's voice.

5 O that I could, with favor'd John,
 Recline my weary head upon
 The dear Redeemer's breast:
 From care and sin and sorrow free,
 Give me, O Lord, to find in thee
 My everlasting rest.

SECTION XII.

ENTIRE SANCTIFICATION.

165.—P. M.

Perfect love.

[TUNE No. 22.]

- YE** who know your sins forgiven,
And are happy in the Lord,
Have you read that gracious promise
Which is left you in his word?
“**I** will sprinkle you with water,
I will cleanse you from all sin;
Sanctify, and make you holy;
I will dwell and reign within.”
- 2** Though you have much peace and comfort,
Greater things you yet shall find;
Freedom from unholy tempers,
Freedom from the carnal mind.
To procure your full salvation,
Jesus suffered, groaned, and died:
O behold the cleansing fountain
Gushing from his bleeding side.
- 3** O ye tender Lambs of Jesus,
Hear your heavenly Father's will;
Claim your portion, plead his promise,
And he surely will fulfill;
Pray, and the refining fire
Will come streaming from above;
Now believe, and gain the blessing;
Full salvation, perfect love.

4 Come, my brother, come, my sister,
 Seek, O seek this holy state;
 None but holy ones can enter,
 Through the pure, celestial gate:
 Can you bear the thought of losing
 All the joys that are above?
 No, my brother, no, my sister,
 God will perfect you in love.

5 May a mighty sound from heaven
 Suddenly come rushing down;
 Cloven tongues, like as of fire,
 May they sit on all around:—
 On the soul of each believer,
 May the Holy Ghost come down:
 It is coming, it is coming,
 Glory, glory to the Lamb.

166. — S. M.

Now the God of peace make you perfect in every good work.

O COME, and dwell in me,
 Spirit of power within,
 And bring the glorious liberty
 From sorrow, fear, and sin!

2 The seed of sin's disease,
 Spirit of health, remove,—
 Spirit of finished holiness,
 Spirit of perfect love.

2 Hasten the joyful day
 Which shall my sins consume;
 When old things shall be done away,
 And all things new become.

4 I want the witness, Lord,
 That all I do is right,—
 According to thy will and word,—
 Well pleasing in thy sight.

5 I ask no higher state;
 Indulge me but in this,
 And soon or later then translate
 To my eternal bliss.

167.—L. M.

The struggle against inbred sin.

- O THAT my load of sin were gone!
 O that I could at last submit
 At Jesus' feet to lay it down,—
 To lay my soul at Jesus' feet.
- 2 Rest for my soul I long to find:
 Saviour of all, if mine thou art,
 Give me thy meek and lowly mind,
 And stamp thine image on my heart.
- 3 Break off the yoke of inbred sin,
 And fully set my spirit free;
 I cannot rest till pure within,—
 Till I am wholly lost in thee.
- 4 Fain would I learn of thee, my God:
 Thy light and easy burden prove;
 The cross all stain'd with hallow'd blood
 The labor of thy dying love.
- 5 I would, but thou must give the power
 My heart from every sin release;
 Bring near, bring near the joyful hour,
 And fill me with thy perfect peace.

168.—C. M.

Let this mind be in you, which was also in Christ Jesus.

- O FOR a heart to praise my God,
 A heart from sin set free;—
 A heart that always feels thy blood,
 So freely spilt for me:—
- 2 A heart resigned, submissive, meek,
 My great Redeemer's throne;
 Where only Christ is heard to speak,—
 Where Jesus reigns alone.
- 3 O for a lowly, contrite heart,
 Believing, true, and clean;
 Which neither life nor death can part
 From Him that dwells within;—

4 A heart in every thought renew'd,
 And full of love divine;
 Perfect, and right, and pure, and good,
 A copy, Lord, of thine.

5 Thy nature, gracious Lord, impart;
 Come quickly from above;
 Write thy new name upon my heart,—
 Thy new, best name of Love.

169. — C. M.

Prayer for the refining fire.

MY God, I know, I feel thee mine,
 And will not quit my claim
 Till all I have is lost in thine,
 And all renew'd I am.

2 I hold thee with a trembling hand,
 And will not let thee go,
 Till steadfastly by faith I stand,
 And all thy goodness know.

3 Jesus, thine all-victorious love,
 Shed in my heart abroad:
 Then shall my feet no longer rove,
 Rooted and fix'd in God.

4 O that in me the sacred fire
 Might now begin to glow!
 Burn up the dross of base desire,
 And make the mountains flow!

5 O that it now from heaven might fall,
 And all my sins consume:
 Come, Holy Ghost, for thee I call,—
 Spirit of burning, come.

6 Refining fire, go through my heart,—
 Illuminate my soul;
 Scatter thy life through every part,
 And sanctify the whole.

170.—C. M.*A courageous struggle for purity.*

- O JOYFUL sound of gospel grace,
 Christ shall in me appear;
 I, even I, shall see his face,—
 I shall be holy here.
- 2 The glorious crown of righteousness
 To me reach'd out I view:
 Conqu'ror through him, I soon shall seize,
 And wear it as my due.
- 3 The promised land, from Pisgah's top,
 I now exult to see:
 My hope is full (O glorious hope!)
 Of immortality.
- 4 He visits now the house of clay;
 He shakes his future home:
 O would'st thou, Lord, on this glad day,
 Into thy temple come!
- 5 With me, I know, I feel, thou art;
 But this cannot suffice,
 Unless thou plantest in my heart
 A constant paradise.
- 6 My earth thou wat'rest from on high,
 But make it all a pool:
 Spring up, O Well, I ever cry;
 Spring up within my soul.
- 7 Come, O my God, thyself reveal,
 Fill all this mighty void:
 Thou only cans't my spirit fill;
 Come, O my God, my God!

171.—P. M.*The Canaan of perfect love in view.*

Oh, glorious hope of perfect love!
 It lifts me up to things above;
 It bears on eagle's wings;
 It gives my ravished soul a taste,
 And makes me for some moments feast
 With Jesus' priests and kings.

2 Rejoicing how in earnest hope,
 I stand, and from the mountain-top
 See all the land below :
 Rivers of milk and honey rise,
 And all the fruits of paradise
 In endless plenty grow.

3 A land of corn, and wine, and oil,
 Favored with God's peculiar smile,
 With every blessing blessed :
 There dwells the Lord our Righteousness,
 And keeps his own in perfect peace,
 And everlasting rest.

4 Oh that I might at once go up ;
 No more on this side Jordan stop,
 But now the land possess :
 This moment end my legal years ;
 Sorrows and sins, and doubts and fears,
 A howling wilderness.

172. — L. M.

Let him ask in faith, nothing wavering.

O JESUS, full of truth and grace !
 O all-atoning Lamb of God !
 I wait to see thy glorious face ;
 I seek redemption in thy blood.

2 Now in thy strength I strive with thee,
 My friend and advocate with God ;
 Give me the glorious liberty,
 Grant me the purchase of thy blood.

3 Thou art the anchor of my hope ;
 The faithful promise I receive :
 Surely thy death shall raise me up,
 For thou hast died that I might live.

4 Satan, with all his arts, no more
 Me from the Gospel hope can move ;
 I shall receive the gracious power,
 And find the pearl of perfect love.

- 5 My flesh, which cries, — It cannot be,
 Shall silence keep before the Lord;
 And earth and hell and sin shall flee
 At Jesus' everlasting word.

173. — P. M.

Self-dedication.

- JESUS, 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 highway of holiness,
 I'll go; for all his paths are peace.
- 3 This is the way I long have sought,
 And mourn'd because I found it not;
 My grief a burden long has been,
 Because I was not saved from sin.
- 4 The more I strove against its power,
 I felt its weight and guilt the more;
 Till late I heard my Saviour say, —
 Come hither, soul, I am the way.
- 5 Lo! glad I come; and thou, blest Lamb,
 Shalt take me to thee, as I am:
 Only my sin have I got to give,
 Only thy love shall I receive.
- 6 Then will I tell to sinners round,
 How dear a Saviour I have found;
 I'll point to thy redeeming blood,
 And say, — Behold the way to God.

174. — L. M.

If thou wilt, thou canst make me clean.

JESUS, a word, a look from thee,
 Can turn my heart and make it clean;
 Purge out the inbred leprosy,
 And save me from my bosom sin.

- 2 Lord, if thou wilt, I do believe
 Thou canst the saving grace impart;
 Thou canst this instant now forgive,
 And stamp thine image on my heart.
- 3 My heart, which now to thee I raise,
 I know thou canst this moment cleanse;
 The deepest stains of sin efface,
 And drive the evil spirit hence.
- 4 Be it according to thy word;
 Accomplish now thy work in me;
 And let my soul, to health restored,
 Devote its deathless powers to thee.

175.—L. M.

Christ, my wisdom, sanctification, and redemption.

- God of my life, whose gracious power,
 Through varied deaths my soul hath led,
 Or turu'd aside the fatal hour,
 Or lifted up my sinking head;—
- 2 In all my ways thy hand I own,—
 Thy ruling providence I see;
 Assist me still my course to run,
 And still direct my paths to thee.
- 3 Whither, O whither shall I fly,
 But to my loving Saviour's breast?
 Secure within thine arms to lie,
 And safe beneath thy wings to rest.
- 4 I have no skill the snare to shun,
 But thou, O Christ, my wisdom art:
 I ever into ruin run,
 But thou art greater than my heart.
- 5 Foolish and impotent, and blind,
 Lead me a way I have not known;
 Bring me where I my heaven may find,—
 The heaven of loving thee alone.

176.—L. M.

I will deliver thee, and thou shalt glorify me.

God of all power and truth and grace,
Which shall from age to age endure;
Whose word, when heaven and earth shall pass,
Remain, and stands forever sure:

2 That I thy mercy may proclaim,
That all mankind thy truth may see,
Hallow thy great and glorious name,
And perfect holiness in me.

3 Give me a new, a perfect heart,
From doubt and fear and sorrow free;
The mind which was in Christ impart,
And let my spirit cleave to thee.

4 O that I now, from sin released,
Thy word may to the utmost prove;
Enter into the promised rest,—
The Canaan of thy perfect love.

177—P. M.

Glory to the Lamb.

[TUNE No. 23.]

GLORY to the Lamb, glory to the Lamb, glory to the
Lamb.

The world is overcome by the blood of the Lamb,
The world is overcome by the blood of the Lamb;

2 Glory to the Lamb, &c.
My sins are washed away in the blood of the Lamb.

3 Glory to the Lamb, &c.
The devil's overcome by the blood of the Lamb.

4 Glory to the Lamb, &c.
I've washed my garments white in the blood of the
Lamb.

5 Glory to the Lamb, &c.
I've lost the fear of death, through the blood of the
Lamb.

6 Glory to the Lamb, &c.

The martyrs overcame by the blood of the Lamb.

7 Glory to the Lamb, &c.

I hope to go to the skies, through the blood of the
Lamb

178.—P. M.

I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee.

BUT can it be that I should prove
Forever faithful to thy love,—
From sin forever cease?
I thank thee for the blessed hope;
It lifts my drooping spirits up,
It gives me back my peace.

2 In thee, O Lord, I put my trust;
Mighty and merciful and just,
Thy sacred word is past;
And I, who dare thy word believe,
Without committing sin, shall live,
And serve thee to the last.

3 I rest in thine almighty power:
The name of Jesus is my tower,
That hides my life above.
Thou canst, thou wilt, my helper be;
My confidence is all in thee,
The faithful God of love.

4 While still to thee for help I call,
Thou wilt not suffer me to fall;
Thou wilt not let me sin:
And thou shalt give me power to pray,
Till all my sin is purged away,
And all thy mind brought in.

5 Wherefore, in never-ceasing prayer,
My soul to thy continual care
I faithfully commend;
Assured that thou through life wilt save;
And show thyself, beyond the grave,
My everlasting Friend.

179. — S. M.

Create in me a clean heart.

FATHER, I dare believe
Thee merciful and true :
Thou wilt my guilty soul forgive, —
My fallen soul renew.

2 Come, then, for Jesus' sake,
And bid my heart be clean ;
An end of all my troubles make, —
An end of all my sin.

3 I cannot wash my heart,
But by believing thee,
And waiting for thy blood t' impart
The spotless purity.

4 While at thy cross I lie,
Jesus, the grace bestow ;
Now thy all-cleansing blood apply,
And I am white as snow.

180. — C. M.

Complete conformity to Christ.

JESUS, my life, thyself apply,
Thy Holy Spirit breathe ;
My vile affections crucify,
Conform me to thy death.

2 More of thy life, and more I have,
As the old Adam dies :
Bury me, Saviour, in thy grave,
That I with thee may rise.

3 Reign in me, Lord, thy foes control,
Who would not own thy sway ;
Diffuse thine image through my soul,
Shine to the perfect day.

4 Scatter the last remains of sin,
And seal me thine abode !
O make me glorious all within,
A temple built by God.

181.—S. M.

Importunate cry for help.

STILL stir me up to strive
 With thee in strength divine;
 And every moment, Lord, revive
 This fainting soul of mine.

- 2 Persist to save my soul
 Throughout the fiery hour,
 Till I am every whit made whole,
 And show forth all thy power.
- 3 Through fire and water bring
 Into the wealthy place;
 And teach me the new song to sing,
 When perfected in grace.
- 4 O make me all like thee,
 Before I hence remove;
 Settle, confirm, and 'stablish me,
 And build me up in love.
- 5 Let me thy witness live,
 When sin is all destroyed;
 And then my spotless soul receive,
 And take me home to God.

182.—P. M.

The blessings of the new covenant sought.

- O GOD, most merciful and true,
 Thy nature to my soul impart;
 'Stablish with me the cov'nant new,
 And stamp thine image on my heart.
- 2 To real holiness restored,
 O let me gain the Saviour's mind;
 And in the knowledge of my Lord,
 Fulness of life-eternal find.

- 3 Remember, Lord, my sins no more,
That them I may no more forget;
But, sunk in guiltless shame, adore,
With speechless wonder at thy feet.
- 4 O'erwhelm'd with thy stupendous grace,
I shall not in thy presence move;
But breathe unutterable praise,
And rapt'rous awe, and silent love.
- 5 Then every murm'ring thought, and vain,
Expires, in sweet confusion lost:
I cannot of my cross complain, —
I cannot of my goodness boast.
- 6 Pardon'd for all that I have done,
My mouth as in the dust I hide;
And glory give to God alone, —
My God forever pacified.

183. — L. M.

The joyful rest of faith.

- O HAPPY day that fix'd my choice
On thee, my Saviour and my God!
Well may this glowing heart rejoice,
And tell its raptures all abroad.
- 2 O happy bond, that seals my vows
To him who merits all my love;
Let cheerful anthems fill his house,
While to that sacred shrine I move.
- 3 'Tis done, — the great transaction 's done;
I am my Lord's, and he is mine;
He drew me, and I follow'd on,
Charm'd to confess the voice divine.
- 4 Now rest, my long-divided heart;
Fix'd on this blissful centre, rest;
Nor ever from thy Lord depart:
With him of every good possess'd.
- 5 High heaven, that heard the solemn vow,
That vow renewe'd shall daily hear,
Till in life's latest hour I bow,
And bless, in death, a bond so dear.

184. — P. M.

A prayer for the second blessing.

LOVE divine, all love excelling,
 Joy of heaven, to earth come down,
 Fix in us thy humble dwelling;
 All thy faithful mercies crown.
 Jesus, thou art all compassion,—
 Pure unbounded love thou art;
 Visit us with thy salvation;
 Enter every trembling heart.

2 Breathe, O breathe thy loving Spirit
 Into every troubled breast;
 Let us all in thee inherit;
 Let us find a second rest.
 Take away our bent to sinning;
 Alpha and Omega be;
 End of faith, as its beginning,
 Set our hearts at liberty.

3 Come, almighty to deliver,
 Let us all thy life receive;
 Suddenly return, and never,
 Never more thy temples leave:
 Thee we would be always blessing,
 Serve thee as thy hosts above,
 Pray, and praise thee without ceasing,
 Glory in thy perfect love.

4 Finish then thy new creation;
 Pure and spotless let us be;
 Let us see thy great salvation,
 Perfectly restored in thee:
 Changed from glory into glory,
 Till in heaven we take our place,—
 Till we cast our crowns before thee,
 Lost in wonder, love, and praise.

SECTION XIII. ·

PRAYER AND WATCHFULNESS.

185.—C. M.

Pray without ceasing.

SHEPHERD Divine, our wants relieve
In this our evil day;
To all thy tempted foll'wers give
The power to watch and pray.

2 Long as our fiery trials last,—
Long as the cross we bear,—
O let our souls on thee be cast
In never-ceasing prayer.

3 Till thou thy perfect love impart;
Till thou thyself bestow,
Be this the cry of every heart,—
I will not let thee go; —

4 I will not let thee go, unless
Thou tell thy name to me;
With all thy great salvation bless,
And make me all like thee.

5 Then let me on the mountain-top
Behold thy open face;
Where faith in sight is swallow'd up,
And prayer in endless praise.

186. — P. M.

All my springs are in thee.

HELP, Lord, to whom for help I fly,
And still my tempted soul stand by,
Throughout the evil day;
The sacred watchfulness impart,
And keep the issues of my heart,
And stir me up to pray.

2 My soul, with thy whole armor arm;
In each approach of sin, alarm,
And show the danger near:
Surround, sustain, and strengthen me,
And fill with godly jealousy
And sanctifying fear.

3 Whene'er my careless hands hang down,
O let me see thy gath'ring frown,
And feel thy warning eye;
And starting, cry, from ruin's brink, —
Save, Jesus, or I yield, I sink;
O save me, or I die.

4 If near the pit I rashly stray,
Before I wholly fall away,
The keen conviction dart;
Recall me by that pitying look, —
That kind, upbraiding glance, which broke
Unfaithful Peter's heart.

5 In me thine utmost mercy show,
And make me, like thyself below,
Unblamable in grace;
Ready prepared and fitted here,
By perfect holiness, to appear
Before thy glorious face.

187. — C. M.

For a tender conscience.

I WANT a principle within,
Of jealous, godly fear:
A sensibility of sin, —
A pain to feel it near:

I want the first approach to feel,
 Of pride, or fond desire;
 To catch the wand'ring of my will,
 And quench the kindling fire.

2 From thee that I no more may part,
 No more thy goodness grieve,
 The filial awe, the fleshly heart,
 The tender conscience give.
 Quick as the apple of an eye,
 O God, my conscience make;
 Awake my soul when sin is nigh,
 And keep it still awake.

188. — S. M.

Wants.

I WANT a sober mind,
 A self-renouncing will,
 That tramples down, and casts behind,
 The baits of pleasing ill:
 A soul inured to pain,
 To hardship, grief, and loss;
 Bold to take up, firm to sustain,
 The consecrated cross.

2 I want a godly fear,
 A quick-discerning eye,
 That looks to thee when sin is near,
 And sees the tempter fly:
 A spirit still prepared,
 And arm'd with jealous care;
 Forever standing on its guard,
 And watching unto prayer.

3 I want a heart to pray, —
 To pray, and never cease:
 Never to murmur at thy stay,
 Nor wish my suff'rings less.
 This blessing, above all, —
 Always to pray, — I want;
 Out of the deep on thee to call,
 And never, never faint.

4 I want a true regard,
 A single, steady aim,—
 Unmoved by threat'ning or reward,
 To thee and thy great name;
 A jealous, just concern,
 For thine immortal praise;
 A pure desire that all may learn
 And glorify thy grace.

189.—S. M.

Fidelity.

A CHARGE to keep I have,
 A God to glorify;
 A never-dying soul to save,
 And fit it for the sky.
 To serve the present age,
 My calling to fulfill,—
 O may it all my powers engage,
 To do my Master's will.

2 Arm me with jealous care,
 As in thy sight to live;
 And O, thy servant, Lord, prepare
 A strict account to give.
 Help me to watch and pray,
 And on thyself rely,
 Assured, if I my trust betray,
 I shall forever die.

190.—P. M.

The prevalence of prayer.

YIELD to me now, for I am weak,
 But confident in self-despair;
 Speak to my heart, in blessings speak;
 Be conquer'd by my instant prayer:
 Speak, or thou never hence shalt move,
 And tell me if thy name be Love.

2 'T is Love! 't is Love! thou diedst for me
 I hear thy whisper in my heart;
 The morning breaks, the shadows flee;
 Pure, universal Love thou art:

To me, to all, thy bowels move, —
Thy nature and thy name is Love.

3 My prayer hath power with God; the grace
Unspeakable I now receive;
Through faith I see thee face to face;
I see thee face to face, and live!
In vain I have not wept and strove;
Thy nature and thy name is Love.

4 I know thee, Saviour, who thou art, —
Jesus, the feeble sinner's friend:
Nor wilt thou with the night depart,
But stay and love me to the end:
Thy mercies never shall remove;
Thy nature and thy name is Love.

191. — S. M.

Evening Hymn.

THE day is past and gone,
The evening shades appear;
O may we all remember well
The night of death draws near.

2 We lay our garments by,
Upon our beds to rest;
So death will soon disrobe us all
Of what we here possess.

3 Lord, keep us safe this night,
Secure from all our fears;
May angels guard us while we sleep,
Till morning light appears.

4 And when we early rise,
And view the unwearied sun,
May we set out to win the prize,
And after glory run.

5 When all our days are past,
And we from time remove,
O may we in thy bosom rest,
The bosom of thy love.

192. — P. M.*The bower of prayer.*

To leave my dear friends, and with neighbors to part,
 And go from my home, it affects not my heart,
 Like the thought of absenting myself, for a day,
 From that blessed retreat where I've chosen to pray,
 I've chosen to pray.

- 2 Sweet bower, where the pine and the poplar have
 spread,
 And woven their branches a roof o'er my head;
 How oft have I knelt on the evergreen there,
 And poured out my soul to my Saviour in prayer.
- 3 The early, shrill notes of a loved nightingale,
 That dwelt in my bower, I observed as my bell
 To call me to duty, while birds in the air
 Sung anthems of praises as I went to prayer.
- 4 T'was under the covert of that pleasant grove,
 That Jesus was pleased my guilt to remove;
 Presented himself as the only true way
 Of life and salvation, and taught me to pray.
- 5 How sweet were the zephyrs perfumed with the pine,
 The ivy, the balsam, the wild eglantine!
 But sweeter, O sweeter, superlative were
 The joys that I tasted in answer to prayer.
- 6 For Jesus my Saviour has oft deigned to meet,
 And bless with his presence my humble retreat;
 Oft filled me with rapture and blessedness there,
 Inditing in heaven's own language my prayer.
- 7 Dear bower, I must leave thee, and bid thee adieu,
 And pay my devotions in climes that are new:
 Well knowing that Jesus presides everywhere,
 And can in all places give answer to prayer.

193. — S. M.*I will write my law in their heart.*

THE thing my God doth hate,
 That I no more may do,
 Thy creature, Lord, again create,
 And all my soul renew:

2 My soul shall then, like thine,
Abhor the thing unclean,
And, sanctified by love divine,
Forever cease from sin.

3 That blessed law of thine,
Jesus, to me impart;
The Spirit's law of life divine,
O write it on my heart!

4 Implant it deep within,
Whence it may ne'er remove, —
The law of liberty from sin,
The perfect law of love.

5 Thy nature be my law, —
Thy spotless sanctity;
And sweetly every moment draw
My happy soul to thee. —

6 Soul of my soul, remain!
Who didst for all fulfill,
In me, O Lord, fulfill again
Thy heavenly Father's will.

194. — P. M.

Search me, O God, and know my heart.

THOU great mysterious God unknown,
Whose love hath gently led me on,
E'en from my infant days;
Mine inmost soul expose to view,
And tell me if I ever knew
Thy justifying grace.

2 If I have only known thy fear,
And follow'd, with a heart sincere,
Thy drawings from above;
Now, now the further grace bestow,
And let my sprinkled conscience know
Thy sweet, forgiving love.

- 3 Short of thy love, I would not stop,
A stranger to the gospel hope,
The sense of sin forgiven;
I would not, Lord, my soul deceive,
Without the inward witness live,
That antepast of heaven.
- 4 If now the witness were in me,
Would he not testify of thee,
In Jesus reconciled?
And should I not with faith draw nigh,
And boldly Abba Father cry,
And know myself thy child?
- 5 What e'er obstructs thy pard'ning love,
Or sin or righteousness remove,
Thy glory to display;
My heart of unbelief convince,
And now absolve me from my sins,
And take them all away.
- 6 Father, in me, reveal thy Son,
And to my inmost soul make known
How merciful thou art:
The secret of thy love reveal,
And by thy hallowing Spirit dwell
Forever in my heart!

195. — P. M.

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 flow'd,
Be of sin the double cure, —
Save from wrath, and make me pure.
- 2 Could my tears forever flow, —
Could my zeal no languor know, —
These for sin could not atone;
Thou must save, and thou alone:
In my hand no price I bring;
Simply to the cross I cling.

- 3 While I draw this fleeting breath,
 When my eyes shall close in death,
 When I rise to worlds unknown,
 And behold thee on thy throne,—
 Rock of ages cleft for me,
 Let me hide myself in thee.

196.—S. M.

Be ye stedfast.

- MY soul be on thy guard;
 Ten thousand foes arise;
 The hosts of sin are pressing hard
 To draw thee from the skies.
- 2 O watch and fight and pray;
 The battle ne'er give o'er;
 Renew it boldly every day,
 And help divine implore.
- 3 Ne'er think the vict'ry won,
 Nor lay thine armor down:
 The work of faith will not be done,
 Till thou obtain the crown.
- 4 Then persevere, till death
 Shall bring thee to thy God;
 He'll take thee, at thy parting breath,
 To his divine abode.

197.—C. M.

My voice shalt thou hear in the morning.

- LORD, in the morning thou shalt hear
 My voice ascending high:
 To thee will I direct my prayer,—
 To thee lift up mine eye:
- 2 Up to the hills, where Christ is gone,
 To plead for all his saints;
 Presenting, at the Father's throne,
 Our songs and our complaints.
- 3 Thou art a God, before whose sight
 The wicked shall not stand:
 Sinners shall ne'er be thy delight,
 Nor dwell at thy right hand.

4 Now to thy house will I resort,
 To taste thy mercies there;
 I will frequent thy holy court,
 And worship in thy fear.

5 O may thy Spirit guide my feet
 In ways of righteousness;
 Make every path of duty straight
 And plain before my face.

198.—P. M.

A parting blessing sought.

LORD dismiss us with thy blessing:
 Fill our hearts with joy and peace;
 Let us each thy love possessing,
 Triumph in redeeming grace:
 O refresh us,
 Traveling through this wilderness.

2 Thanks we give, and adoration
 For the gospel's joyful sound;
 May the fruits of thy salvation
 In our hearts and lives abound:
 May thy presence
 Evermore with us be found.

3 So, when e'er the signal's given,
 Us from earth to call away;
 Borne on angel's wings to heaven,
 Glad to leave our cumb'rous clay:
 May we ready
 Rise, and reign in endless day.

SECTION XIV.

CHRISTIAN UNION AND COMMUNION.

199. — P. M.

That they all may be one.

[TUNE No. 25.]

- FROM whence doth this union arise,
That hatred is conquered by love!
It fastens our souls in such ties,
As distance and time can't remove.
- 2 It can not in Eden be found,
Nor yet in a paradise lost:
It grows on Immanuel's ground,
And Jesus' dear blood it did cost.
- 3 My friends are so dear unto me,
Our hearts so united in love:
Where Jesus has gone, we shall be,
In yonder bright mansions above.
- 4 O why, then, so loth now to part,
Since we shall ere long meet again?
Engraved on Immanuel's heart,
At distance we can not remain.
- 5 And when we shall see that bright day,
And join with the angels above;
And leaving these bodies of clay,
Unite with our Saviour in love,
- 6 With Jesus we ever shall reign;
We all his bright glories shall see,
And sing, Hallelujah, Amen;
Amen, even so let it be!

200. — P. M.*The union band.*

- OH, we're a band of brethren dear,
 I will be in this band, hallelujah!
 Who live as pilgrim strangers here,
 I will be in this band, Hallelujah!
 Hallelujah, hallelujah!
 I will be in this band, Hallelujah!
- 2 The prophets and apostles too,
 All belonged to this band, hallelujah.
 And all God's children here below,
 I will be in this band, hallelujah
- 3 King David on his throne of state, He belonged, &c.
 And Lazarus at the rich man's gate, He belonged, &c.
- 4 We're traveling home to heaven above. I will, &c.
 To sing the Saviour's dying love. I will, &c.
- 5 The crown of life we there shall wear, I will, &c.
 The conqueror's palm our hands shall bear. I will, &c.
- 6 Oh, glorious hope — oh, blest abode, I will, &c.
 We shall be near and like our Lord. I will, &c.
- 7 A little longer here below, I will, &c.
 Then home to glory we shall go. I will, &c.
- 8 Come on, come on, my brethren dear, I will, &c.
 We soon shall meet together there. I will, &c.

201. — P. M.*When shall we meet again.*

[TUNE No. 26.]

- WHEN shall we meet again?
 Meet ne'er to sever!
 When will peace wreath her chain
 Round us forever?
 Our hearts will ne'er repose,
 Safe from each blast that blows,
 In this dark vale of woes, —
 Never, no, never.
- 2 When shall love freely flow,
 Pure as life's river?
 When shall sweet friendship glow,
 Changeless forever?

When joys celestial thrill,
 When bliss each heart shall fill,
 And fears of parting chill,—
 Never, no, never.

3 Up to that world of light,
 Take us, dear Saviour;
 May we all there unite,
 Happy forever!
 Where kindred spirits dwell,
 There may our music swell,
 And time our joys dispel,
 Never, no, never.

4 Soon shall we meet again,
 Meet ne'er to sever;
 Soon will peace wreath her chain
 Round us forever:
 Our hearts will then repose,
 Secure from worldly foes;
 Our songs of praise shall close
 Never, no, never.

202.—P. M.

The mote and beam.

CHRISTIAN love has no pretenses;
 Kind to all, severe with some:
 If there still should be offences,
 Woe to him by whom they come
 “Judge not that ye be not judged,”
 Is the counsel Jesus gave:
 And the measure you have given,
 Just the same you shall receive.

2 Jesus says, be meek and lowly:
 For 't is I must be your judge.
 If I would be pure and holy,
 I must love without a grudge.
 It requires a constant labor,
 All his precepts to obey:
 If I truly love my neighbor,
 Then I'm in the holy way.

- 3 Once I said unto another,
 In thine eye there is a mote :
 If thou art a friend, a brother,
 Hold, and I will pull it out :
 But I could not get it fairly,
 For my sight was very dim :
 When I came to see more clearly,
 In mine eye there was a beam.
- 4 If I love my brother dearly,
 And his mote I would erase,
 Then my light must shine most clearly,
 For the eye 's a tender place.
 Others I have oft reprov'd,
 For a little simple mote ;
 Now I wish the beam removed !
 O that tears might wash it out.
- 5 Charity and love prevailing,
 Give to all a clearer light,
 When I saw my brother's failing,
 I was not exactly right.
 Now I'll leave all further trouble ;
 Jesus' love shall be my theme :
 Little motes are but a bubble,
 When I think upon the beam.

203. — C. M.

Bear ye one another's burdens.

TRY us, O God, and search the ground
 Of every sinful heart :
 Whate'er of sin in us is found,
 O bid it all depart.

- 2 If to the right or left we stray,
 Leave us not comfortless ;
 But guide our feet into the way
 Of everlasting peace.
- 3 Help us to help each other, Lord,
 Each other's cross to bear ;
 Let each his friendly aid afford,
 And feel his brother's care.

4 Help us to build each other up;
Our little stock improve;
Increase our faith, confirm our hope,
And perfect us in love.

5 Up into thee, our living Head,
Let us in all things grow,
Till thou hast made us free indeed,
And spotless here below.

6 Then when the mighty work is wrought,
Receive thy ready bride:
Give us in heaven a happy lot
With all the sanctified.

204.—P. M.

Sweet 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.

CHORUS:—

Home, home, sweet, sweet home,
Prepare me, dear Saviour, for glory, my home.

2 An alien from God, and a stranger to grace,
I wandered through earth, its gay pleasures to trace,
In the pathway of sin I continued to roam,
Unmindful, alas! that it led me from home.

CHORUS:—

3 The pleasures of earth, I have seen fade away:
They bloom for a season, but soon they decay;
But pleasures more lasting in Jesus are given,—
Salvation on earth, and a mansion in heaven.

CHORUS:—

4 Allure me no longer, ye false-glowing charms!
The Saviour invites me,—I'll go to his arms;
At the banquet of mercy, I hear there is room,
O there may I feast with his children at home.

205. — P. M.

Songs in the house of our pilgrimage.

CHILDREN of the heavenly King,
As we journey let us sing;
Sing our Saviour's worthy praise,
Glorious in his works and ways.

2 We are trav'ling home to God,
In the way our fathers trod;
They are happy now, and we
Soon their happiness shall see.

3 O ye banish'd seed, be glad;
Christ our Advocate is made:
Us to save our flesh assumes, —
Brother to our souls becomes.

4 Fear not, brethren, joyful stand
On the borders of our land;
Jesus Christ, our Father's Son,
Bids us undismay'd go on.

5 Lord! obediently we'll go,
Gladly leaving all below:
Only thou our leader be,
And we still will follow thee.

206. — P. M.

We will pray for our brother, we will pray.

[TUNE No. 27.]

WE will pray for our brother, we will pray:
You are not alone, my brother, in the way;
The Saviour by your side, and the Bible for your guide,
If you live by faith and prayer every day.

CHORUS:—

We will pray, and we'll press on till we all get home!

2 We will pray for our sister, we will pray:
Tho' you meet with many trials on your way:
If you sit at Jesus' feet, and like Mary often seek,
You will find his promise sure every day.

CHORUS:—

- 3 We've come out as volunteers for the Lord,
And many are the battles we will fight
For to obtain the crown, we have the race to run,
If we thus obtain the crown it will all be bright.

CHORUS:—

- 4 Then together in faith let us pray;
For by faith and prayer we get the victory,
Although it may appear, that we have no Saviour near,
Yet to us a present help in need he'll be.

CHORUS:—

207.—P. M.

Stand up for Jesus.

STAND up for Jesus!

All who lead his host!

Crowned with the splendors of the Holy Ghost:
Shrink from no foe, to no temptations yield,
Urge on the triumphs of this glorious field.

CHORUS:—

Stand up for Jesus!

Stand up for Jesus!

Stand up for Jesus!

2 Stand up for Jesus!

Ye of every name!

All one in prayer, and all with praise aflame!
Forget the sad estrangement of the past,
With one consent in love and peace at last.

Stand up for Jesus!

3 Stand up for Jesus!

Lo! at God's right hand,

Jesus himself for us delights to stand!

Let saints and sinners wonder at his grace,—

Let Jews and Gentiles blend, and all our race

Stand up for Jesus!

208.—L. M.

United in Christ.

YE diff'rent sects, who all declare,

“Lo, here is Christ,” or “Christ is there.”

Your stronger proofs divinely give,

And show me where the Christians live.

- 2 Your claim, alas! ye cannot prove;
Ye want the genuine mark of love:
Thou only, Lord, thine own canst show;
For sure thou hast a church below.
- 3 The gates of hell shall not prevail;
The church on earth can never fail:
Ah! join me to thy secret ones:
Ah! gather all thy living stones.
- 4 Scatter'd o'er all the earth they lie,
Till thou collect them with thine eye;
Draw by the music of thy name,
And charm into a beauteous frame.
- 5 For this the pleading Spirit groans,
And cries in all thy banish'd ones,
Greatest of gifts, thy love impart,
And make us of one mind and heart.

209. — P. M.

When shall we all meet again?

[TUNE No. 28.]

WHEN shall we all meet again?
When shall we all meet again?
Oft shall glowing hope expire,
Oft shall wearied love retire;
Oft shall death and sorrow reign,
Ere we all shall meet again.

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

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

SECTION XV.

TRUST IN PROVIDENCE.

210.—L. M.

The rest of faith.

- How do thy mercies close me round!
Forever be thy name adored;
I blush in all things to abound;
The servant is above his Lord.
- 2 Inured to poverty and pain,
A suff'ring life my Master led;
The Son of God, the Son of man,
He had not where to lay his head.
- 3 But lo! a place he hath prepared
For me, whom watchful angels keep;
Yea, he himself becomes my guard;
He smooths my bed, and gives me sleep
- 4 Jesus protects; my fears, begone:
What can the Rock of Ages move?
Safe in thy arms I lay me down,—
Thine everlasting arms of love.
- 5 While thou art intimately nigh,
Who, who shall violate my rest?
Sin, earth, and hell I now defy:
I lean upon my Saviour's breast.
- 6 I rest beneath the Almighty's shade;
My griefs expire, my troubles cease;
Thou, Lord, on whom my soul is stayed,
Wilt keep me still in perfect peace.

- 7 Me for thine own thou lov'st to take,
 In time and in eternity ;
 Thou never, never wilt forsake
 The helpless worm that trusts in thee.

211.—P. M.

We joy in tribulation.

- HEAD of the Church triumphant,
 We joyfully adore thee ;
 Till thou appear, thy members here
 Shall sing like those in glory :
 We lift our hearts and voices
 With blest anticipation ;
 And cry aloud, and give to God
 The praise of our salvation.
- 2 While in affliction's furnace,
 And passing through the fire,
 Thy love we praise which knows no days,
 And every brings us nigher :
 We clap our hands, exulting
 In thine almighty favor :
 The love divine which made us thine,
 Can keep us thine forever.
- 3 Thou dost conduct thy people
 Through torrents of temptation ;
 Nor will we fear, while thou art near,
 The fire of tribulation :
 The world with sin and Satan,
 In vain our march opposes ;
 By thee we shall break through them all,
 And sing the song of Moses.
- 4 By faith we see the glory
 To which thou shalt restore us ;
 The cross despise for that high prize
 Which thou hast set before us :
 And if thou count us worthy,
 We each, as dying Stephen,
 Shall see thee stand at God's right hand,
 To take us up to heaven.

212. — L. M.*Evening Devotion.*

GLORY to thee, my God, this night,
 For all the blessings of the light:
 Keep me, O keep me, King of kings,
 Beneath the shadow of thy wings.

- 2 Forgive me, Lord, for thy dear Son,
 The ills which I this day have done;
 That with the world, myself, and thee,
 I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.
- 3 Teach me to live, that I may dread
 The grave as little as my bed;
 Teach me to die, that so I may
 Rise glorious at the judgment-day.
- 4 O let my soul on thee repose,
 And may sweet sleep mine eyelids close;
 Sleep, which shall me more vig'rous make,
 To serve my God, when I awake.
- 5 Lord, let my soul forever share
 The bliss of thy paternal care:
 'Tis heaven on earth, 'tis heaven above,
 To see thy face, and sing thy love,

213. — S. M.*Go to thy rest, my child.*

Go to thy rest, my child;
 Go to thy dreamless bed;
 Go, gentle spirit, meek and mild,
 With blessings on thy head.
 Fresh roses in thy hand,
 Buds on thy pillow laid;
 Haste from this fearful, dying land,
 Where flowers but bloom to fade.

- 2 Before thy heart might learn
 In waywardness to stray;
 Before thy feet found time to turn
 The dark and downward way;
 Ere sin might wound thy heart,
 Or sorrow wake the tear,
 Rise to thy home of endless rest,
 In yon celestial sphere.

- 3 Because thy smile was fair,
 Thy lips and eyes so bright;
 Because thy little cradle care
 Was such a fond delight:
 Shall love, with weak embrace,
 Thy heavenward flight detain?
 No! blessed angel, seek thy place,
 Amid yon cherub train.

214.—C. M.

They shall return and come to Zion.

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 Rebuild thy walls, thy bounds enlarge,
 And send thy heralds forth;
 Say to the south,—Give up thy charge,
 And,—Keep not back, O north!
- 4 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.
- 5 Thus, though the universe shall burn,
 And God his works destroy,
 With songs thy ransom'd shall return,
 And everlasting joy.

215.—P. M.

Therefore, for thy name's sake, lead me and guide me.

[TUNE No. 29.]

SEND kindly light, amid th' encircling gloom,
 And lead me on;
 The night is dark, and I am far from home:
 Lead thou me on!
 Keep thou my feet; I do not ask to see
 The distant scene; one step enough for me.

- 2 I was not ever thus, nor prayed that thou
Should'st lead me on;
I loved to choose and see my path; but now
Lead thou me on!
I lov'd day's dazzling light, and, spite of fears,
Pride ruled my will: remember not past years!
- 3 So long thy power hath blessed me, surely still
'T will lead me on
Thro' dreary doubt, this pain and sorrow, till
The night be gone;
And with the morn those angel faces smile,
Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile.

216.—P. M

'Tis with the righteous well.

[TUNE No. 30.]

ON every sunny mountain,
In every gloomy dell,
What e'er the robe that wraps the heart,
'Tis with the righteous well!

CHORUS:—

'Tis well, 't is well,
'Tis with the righteous well;
In pleasure's light, and sorrow's night
'Tis with the righteous well.

- 2 What words of holy comfort!
Their sweetness who can tell?
Within the vale, and o'er the flood,
'Tis with the righteous well.

CHORUS:—

- 3 Tho' dripping clouds may gather,
And grief the bosom swell,
The trusting heart will ever sing,—
'Tis with the righteous well.

CHORUS:—

- 4 And when the strife is over,
And hushed the solemn knell,
Within the gates around the throne
'Tis with the righteous well.

CHORUS:—

217. — P. M.

Our Father at the helm.

THOUGH fierce the howling winds may blow,
 While o'er life's raging sea we go,
 And heave our vessels to and fro,
 Our Father's at the helm;
 Our Father's at the helm;
 Our Father's at the helm.

2 Though lying-to with close-reefed sail,
 While on us beats the furious gale,
 Our child-like faith will never fail:
 Our Father's at the helm.

3 Though mountains on huge mountains rise,
 And toss us upward to the skies,
 While many a sea quite o'er us flies:
 Our Father's at the helm.

4 Though down we plunge deep in the wave,
 All threatened with a watery grave,
 It cheers our hearts that God can save:
 Our Father's at the helm.

5 Should tempests rage from day to day,
 And sweep our towering masts away,
 We'll quiet sit, and, smiling, say:
 Our Father's at the helm.

6 Let wicked men and devils fear,
 While, viewing death and judgment near,
 The child can sing, without a fear:
 Our Father's at the helm.

7 O blessed consolation given
 To saints while o'er life's ocean driven,
 To guide their bark and bring to heaven—
 Their Father's at the helm.

8 Then let us join our cheerful songs;
 This stormy voyage will not be long;
 But soon we'll join the ransomed throng:
 For Father's at the helm.

218.—P. M.*Hide me under the shadow of thy wing.*

[TUNE No. 31.]

FADING, still fading, the last beam is shining;
 Father in heaven, the day is declining:
 Safety and innocence fly with the light;
 Temptation and danger walk forth in the night:
 From the fall of the shade, till the morning bells chime,
 Shield me from danger, and save me from crime;
 Father, have mercy, through Jesus Christ, our Lord.
 Amen.

- 2 Father in heaven! O hear when we call,—
 Hear for Christ's sake, who is Saviour of all;
 Feeble and fainting, we trust in thy might:
 In doubting and darkness, thy love be our light;
 Let us sleep on thy breast while the night-taper burns;
 Wake in thine arms when the morning returns;
 Father, have mercy, through Jesus Christ. Amen.

219.—P. M.

*Thou shalt guide me with thy counsel, and afterward receive
 me to glory.*

[TUNE No. 32.]

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

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

- 3 While life's dark maze I tread,
And griefs around me spread,
Be thou my guide;
Bid darkness turn to day;
Wipe sorrow's tears away,
Nor let me ever stray
From thee aside.
- 4 When ends life's transient dream;
When death's cold, sullen stream
Shall o'er me roll;
Blest Saviour, then, in love,
Fear and distress remove;
O, bear me safe above, —
A ransom'd soul.

220. — P. M.

Commit thy way unto the Lord.

- 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 waters flow;
Let the fiery, cloudy pillar
Lead me all my journey through:
Strong Deliv'rer,
Be thou still my strength and shield.
- 3 When I tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid my anxious fears subside:
Bear me through the swelling current;
Land me safe on Canaan's side;
Songs of praises
I will ever give to thee.

221. — P. M.

The Lord is my Shepherd.

- THE Lord my pasture shall prepare,
And feed me with a shepherd's care;
His presence shall my wants supply,

And guard me with a watchful eye :
 My noonday walks he shall attend,
 And all my midnight hours defend.

- 2 When in the sultry glebe I faint,
 Or on the thirsty mountain pant,
 To fertile vales and dewy meads
 My weary, wandering steps he leads,
 Where peaceful rivers, soft and slow,
 Amid the verdant landscapes flow.
- 3 Though in the paths of death I tread,
 With gloomy horrors overspread,
 My steadfast heart shall fear no ill ;
 For thou, O Lord, art with me still ;
 Thy friendly crook shall give me aid,
 And guide me through the dreadful shade.
- 4 Though in a bare and rugged way,
 Through devious, lonely wilds I stray,
 Thy bounty shall my pains beguile ;
 The barren wilderness shall smile ;
 With sudden greens and herbage crowned,
 And streams shall murmur all around.

222. — L. M.

For so he giveth his beloved sleep.

IN sleep's serene oblivion laid,
 I safely pass'd the silent night :
 Again I see the breaking shade,
 I drink again the morning light.

- 2 New-born I bless the waking hour
 Once more, with awe, rejoice to be :
 My conscious soul resumes her pow'r,
 And springs, my guardian God, to thee.
- 3 O guide me through the various ways
 My doubtful feet are doom'd to tread ;
 And spread thy shield's protecting blaze,
 Where dangers press around my head.
- 4 A deeper shade shall soon impend ;
 A deeper sleep my eyes oppress :
 Yet then thy strength shall still defend,
 Thy goodness still delight to bless.

223.—P. M.

The faithfulness of God.

- 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 and health,
In poverty's vale, or abounding in wealth,
At home and abroad, on the land, on the sea,
As thy days may demand, shall thy strength ever be.
- 3 Fear not, I am with thee; O be not dismayed,
For I am thy God, and will still give thee aid;
I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee to stand,
Upheld by my righteous, omnipotent hand.
- 4 When through the deep waters I call thee to go,
The rivers of woe 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 dross to consume, and thy gold to refine.
- 6 Even 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 thy bosom be borne.
- 7 The soul that on Jesus doth lean for repose,
I will not, I will not desert to his foes;
That soul, though all hell should endeavor to shake,
I'll never,—no, never,—no, never forsake.

224.—L. M.

Sorrow for a night, joy in the morning.

DEEM not that they are blest alone
Whose lives a peaceful tenor keep;
For God, who pities man, has shown
A blessing for the eyes that weep.

- 2 The light of smiles shall fill again
 The lids that overflow with tears;
 And weary hours of woe and pain,
 Are promises of happier years.
- 3 There is a day of sunny rest,
 For every dark and troubled night;
 Though grief may bide an evening guest,
 Yet joy shall come with early light.
- 4 Nor let the good man's trust depart,
 Though life its common gifts deny,—
 Though with a pierced and broken heart,
 And spurn'd of men, he goes to die.
- 5 For God has mark'd each sorrowing day,
 And number'd every secret tear;
 And heaven's eternal bliss shall pay
 For all his children suffer here.

225.—L. M.

Trust amidst discouragements.

- AWAY, my unbelieving fear!
 Fear shall in me no more have place;
 My Saviour doth not yet appear,—
 He hides the brightness of his face:
 But shall I therefore let him go,
 And basely to the tempter yield?
 No, in the strength of Jesus, no:
 I never will give up my shield.
- 2 Although the vine its fruit deny,
 Although the olive yield no oil,
 The with'ring fig-tree droop and die,
 The fields elude the tiller's toil,
 The empty stall no herd afford,
 And perish all the bleating race,
 Yet will I triumph in the Lord,—
 The God of my salvation praise.
- 3 In hope, believing against hope,
 Jesus, my Lord, my God, I claim;
 Jesus, my strength, shall lift me up;
 Salvation is in Jesus' name.

To me he soon shall bring it nigh;
 My soul shall then outstrip the wind;
 On wings of love mount up on high,
 And leave the world and sin behind.

226. — C. M.

All things come of Thee.

WHILE Thee I seek, protecting power,
 Be my vain wishes still'd;
 And may this consecrated hour
 With better hopes be fill'd.

2 Thy love the power of thought bestowed;
 To thee my thoughts would soar:
 Thy mercy o'er my life has flow'd;
 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 conferr'd 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 favor'd hour,
 Thy love my thoughts shall fill;
 Resign'd when storms of sorrow lower,
 My soul shall meet thy will.

6 My lifted eye without a tear,
 The gath'ring storm shall see:
 My steadfast heart shall know no fear;
 That heart will rest on thee.

SECTION XVI.

GRATITUDE.

227.—L. M.

His loving kindness.

[TUNE No. 33.]

AWAKE, my soul, in joyful lays,
And sing thy great Redeemer's praise;
He justly claims a song from me,—
His loving kindness, O how free!

CHORUS :

His loving kindness, loving kindness,—
His loving kindness, O how free!

2 He ~~saw~~ me ruined by the fall,
Yet loved me, notwithstanding all:
He saved me from my lost estate,—
His loving kindness, O how great!

CHORUS :

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

CHORUS :

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

CHORUS :

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

CHORUS:

- 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.

CHORUS:

- 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.

CHORUS:

228. — P. M.

Thanksgiving and praise.

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 — I'm fix'd upon it;
 Mount of thy redeeming love.

- 2 Here I'll raise mine Ebenezer;
 Hither by thy help I'm come;
 And I hope, by thy good pleasure,
 Safely to arrive at home.
 Jesus sought me when a stranger,
 Wand'ring from the fold of God:
 He to rescue me from danger,
 Interposed his precious blood.

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

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

229. — L. M.

I will praise God while I have any being.

God of my life, through all my days
 My grateful powers shall sound thy praise;
 My song shall wake with opening light,
 And cheer the dark and silent night.

2 When anxious cares would break my rest,
 And griefs would tear my throbbing breast,
 Thy tuneful praises, raised on high,
 Shall check the murmur and the sigh.

3 When death o'er nature shall prevail,
 And all the powers of language fail,
 Joy through my swimming eyes shall break,
 And mean the thanks I cannot speak. .

4 But O, when that last conflict's o'er,
 And I am chain'd to earth no more,
 With what glad accents shall I rise
 To join the music of the skies!

5 Soon shall I learn th' exalted strains,
 Which echo through the heavenly plains;
 And emulate, with joy unknown,
 The glowing seraphs round the throne.

6 The cheerful tribute will I give,
 Long as a deathless soul shall live:
 A work so sweet, a theme so high,
 Demands and crowns eternity.

230. — C. M.

The mercies of a life-time.

WHEN all thy mercies, O my God,
 My rising soul surveys,
 Transported with the view, I'm lost
 In wonder, love, and praise.

- 2 O how can words with equal warmth
The gratitude declare,
That glows within my ravished heart?
But thou canst read it there.
- 3 To all my weak complaints and cries,
Thy mercy lent an ear,
Ere yet my feeble thoughts had learn'd
To form themselves in prayer.
- 4 When in the slipp'ry paths of youth,
With heedless steps, I ran;
Thine arm, unseen, convey'd me safe,
And led me up to man.
- 5 Through hidden dangers, toils, and deaths,
It gently clear'd my way;
And through the pleasing snares of vice,
More to be fear'd than they.
- 6 Through every period of my life,
Thy goodness I'll pursue;
And after death, in distant worlds,
The pleasing theme renew.
- 7 Through all eternity to thee
A grateful song I'll raise;
But O! eternity's too short
To utter all thy praise.

231. — P. M.

Grateful retrospect of the past year.

WHILE, with ceaseless course, the sun
Hasted through the former year,
Many souls their race have run,
Nevermore to meet us here:
Fix'd in an 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 reign with thee above.

232 — P. M.

Not ashamed of Jesus.

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! that dear friend
 On whom my hopes of heaven depend?
 No: when I blush, be this my shame,
 That I no more revere his name.
- 3 Ashamed of Jesus! yes, I may,
 When I've no guilt to wash away,
 No tear to wipe, no good to crave,
 No fears to quell, no soul to save.
- 4 Till then, — nor is my boasting vain, —
 Till then, I boast a Saviour slain!
 And O, may this my glory be,
 That Christ is not ashamed of me.

233. — P. M.

Gratitude for spiritual and temporal mercies.

AWAY with our fears! The glad morning appears,
 When an heir of salvation was born!
 From Jehovah I came, For his glory I am,
 And to him I with singing return.

- 2 Thee, Jesus, alone, The fountain I own
Of my life and felicity here;
And cheerfully sing, My Redeemer and King,
Till his sign in the heavens appear.
- 3 With thanks I rejoice In thy fatherly choice
Of my state and condition below;
If of parents I came Who honor'd thy name,
'T was thy wisdom appointed it so.
- 4 I sing of thy grace, From my earliest days,
Ever near to allure and defend;
Hitherto thou hast been My preserver from sin,
And I trust thou wilt save to the end.
- 5 O the infinite cares, And temptations and snares,
Thy hand hath conducted me through!
O the blessings bestow'd By a bountiful God,
And the mercies eternally new!
- 6 What a mercy is this, What a heaven of bliss,
How unspeakably happy am I!
Gather'd into the fold, With thy people enroll'd,
With thy people to live and to die.
- 7 O the goodness of God, Employing a clod,
His tribute of glory to raise;
His standard to bear, And with triumph declare
His unspeakable riches of grace.
- 8 O the fathomless love that has deign'd to approve
And prosper the work of my hands!
With my pastoral crook I went over the brook,
And behold, I am spread into bands.
- 9 Who, I ask in amaze, Hath begotten me these?
And inquire from what quarter they came?
My full heart it replies, They are born from the skies,
And gives glory to God and the Lamb.
- 10 All honor and praise To the Father of grace,
To the Spirit and Son I return:
The business pursue He hath made me to do,
And rejoice that I ever was born.

SECTION XVII.

COMMUNION WITH GOD.

234.—C. M.

Fellowship with God.

[TUNE No. 34.]

FROM all that's mortal, all that's vain,
And from this earthly clod,
Arise, my soul, and strive to gain
Some fellowship with God.

Some fellowship with God.

Some fellowship with God.

2 Say, what is there below the sky,
O'er all the paths thou 'st trod,
Can suit thy wishes or thy joys,
Like fellowship with God?

3 Not life, nor all the toys of art,
Nor pleasure's flowery road,
Can to my soul such bliss impart,
As fellowship with God.

4 Not health, nor friendship here below,
Nor wealth, that golden load,
Can such delights and comforts show,
As fellowship with God.

5 In fierce temptation's fiery blast,
And dark distraction's road,
I'm happy if I can but taste
Some fellowship with God.

- 6 When I in love am made to bear
 Affliction's needful rod,
 Light, sweet, and kind the strokes appear,
 Through fellowship with God.
- 7 And when the icy arms of death
 Shall chill my flowing blood,
 With joy I'll yield my latest breath,
 In fellowship with God.

235. — L. M.

The earthly and heavenly Sabbath.

- SWEET is the work, my God, my King,
 To praise thy name, give thanks, and sing,
 To show thy love by morning light,
 And talk of all thy truth by night.
- 2 Sweet is the day of sacred rest;
 No mortal cares shall seize my breast;
 O may my heart in tune be found,
 Like David's harp of solemn sound.
- 3 When grace has purified my heart,
 Then I shall share a glorious part;
 And fresh supplies of joy be shed,
 Like holy oil to cheer my head.
- 4 Then shall I see and hear and know
 All I desired or wish'd below;
 And every hour find sweet employ
 In that eternal world of joy.

236. — S. M.

Joy in the Sabbath.

- WELCOME, sweet day of sacred 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 in such a place,
Where thou, my God, art seen,
Is sweeter than ten thousand days
Of pleasurable sin.

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

237. — L. M.

The mercy-seat.

FROM every stormy wind that blows,
From every swelling tide of woes,
There is a calm, a sure retreat;
'Tis found beneath the mercy-seat.

2 There is a place, where Jesus sheds
The oil of gladness on our heads;
A place than all besides more sweet,—
It is the blood-bought mercy-seat.

3 There is a scene where spirits blend,
Where friend holds fellowship with friend;
Though sunder'd far, by faith they meet
Around one common mercy-seat.

4 Ah! whither could we flee for aid,
When tempted, desolate, dismay'd?
Or how the hosts of hell defeat,
Had suff'ring saints no mercy-seat.

5 There, there on eagle's wings we soar,
And sin and sense molest no more;
And heaven comes down our souls to greet,
While glory crowns the mercy-seat.

238. — C. M.

*The Lord shall be unto thee an everlasting light, and thy God
thy glory.*

MY God, the spring of all my joys,
The life of my delights,
The glory of my brightest days,
And comfort of my nights:

2 In darkest shades, if thou appear,
 My dawning is begun;
 Thou art my soul's bright morning star,
 And thou my rising sun.

3 The opening heavens around me shine
 With beams of sacred bliss,
 If Jesus shows his mercy mine,
 And whispers, I am his.

4 My soul would leave this heavy clay
 At that transporting word;
 Run up with joy the shining way,
 To see and praise my Lord.

5 Fearless of hell and ghastly death,
 I'd break through every foe;
 The wings of love and arms of faith
 Would bear me conqu'ror through.

239.—C. M.

The Lord is my portion, saith my soul.

MY GóD, my portion, and my love,
 My everlasting All,
 I've none but thee in heaven above,
 Or on this earthly ball.

2 What empty things are all the skies,
 And this inferior clod;
 There's nothing here deserves my joys,
 There's nothing like my God.

3 To thee I owe my wealth and friends,
 And health and safe abode:
 Thanks to thy name for meaner things;
 But they are not my God.

4 How vain a toy is glitt'ring wealth,
 If once compared to thee;
 Or what's my safety or my heath,—
 Or all my friends to me?

5 Were I possessor of the earth,
 And call'd the stars my own,
 Without thy graces and thyself,
 I were a wretch undone.

- 6 Let others stretch their arms like seas,
And grasp in all the shore,
Grant me the visits of thy grace,
And I desire no more.

240. — L. M.

God, the soul's portion, everywhere.

- O THOU, by long experience tried,
Near whom no grief can long abide;
My Lord, how full of sweet content
I pass my years of banishment.
- 2 All scenes alike engaging, prove
To souls impressed with sacred love,
Where 'er they dwell they dwell in thee,
In heaven, in earth, or in the sea.
- 3 To me remains, nor place nor time, —
My country is in every clime;
I can be calm, and free from care
On any shore, since God is there.
- 4 While place we seek, or place we shun,
The soul finds happiness in none:
But with my God to guide my way,
'T is equal joy to go or stay.
- 5 Could I be cast where thou art not,
That were indeed a dreadful lot,
But regions none remote I call,
Secure of finding God in all.

241. — S. M.

The bliss of communion with Christ.

- My God, my life, my love,
To thee, to thee I call:
I cannot live if thou remove,
For thou art all in all.
- 2 Thy shining grace can cheer
This dungeon where I dwell;
'T is paradise when thou art here;
If thou depart, 't is hell.

- 3 The smilings of thy face,
How amiable they are!
'Tis heaven to rest in thine embrace,
And nowhere else but there.
- 4 To thee, and thee alone,
The angels owe their bliss;
They sit around thy gracious throne,
And dwell where Jesus is.
- 5 Not all the harps above,
Can make a heavenly place,
If God his residence remove,
Or but conceal his face.
- 6 Nor earth, nor all the sky
Can one delight afford,
Nor yield one drop of real joy,
Without thy presence, Lord.
- 7 Thou art the sea of love,
Where all my pleasures roll:
The circle where my passions move,
And centre of my soul.

SECTION XVIII.

UNFAITHFULNESS MOURNED.

242.—C. M.

Thou hast left thy first-love.

O FOR a closer walk with God, —
A calm and heavenly frame;
A light to shine upon the road
That leads me to the Lamb.

2 Where is the blessedness I knew,
When first I saw the Lord?
Where is the soul-refreshing view
Of Jesus and his word?

3 What peaceful hours I once enjoy'd!
How sweet their mem'ry 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.

243. — S. M.

The yearnings of a wanderer.

AND wilt thou yet be found,
And may I still draw near?
Then listen to the plaintive sound
Of a poor sinner's prayer.

- 2 Jesus, thine aid afford,
If still the same thou art;
To thee I look, to thee, my Lord:
Lift up a helpless heart.
- 3 Thou see'st my troubled breast,
The strugglings of my will;
The foes that interrupt my rest,
The agonies I feel.
- 4 The daily death I prove,
Saviour, to thee is known;
'Tis worse than death my God to love,
And not my God alone.
- 5 O, my offended Lord,
Restore my inward peace:
I know thou canst; pronounce the word
And bid the tempest cease!
- 6 I long to see thy face,
Thy spirit I implore;
The living water of thy grace,
That I may thirst no more.

244. — C. M.

So panteth my soul after thee, O God.
As pants the hart for cooling streams,
When heated in the chase,
So longs my soul, O God, for thee,
And thy refreshing grace.

- 2 For thee, my God, — the living God,
My thirsty soul doth pine;
O, when shall I behold thy face,
Thou Majesty divine!

- 3 I sigh to think of happier days,
 When thou, O Lord, wast nigh;
 When every heart was tuned to praise,
 And none more blest than I.

245.—P. M.

Return, O wanderer.

- RETURN, O wanderer, return,
 And seek thy Father's face;
 Those new desires which in thee burn
 Were kindled by his grace.
- 2 Return, O wanderer, return;
 He hears thy humble sigh:
 He sees thy soften'd spirit mourn,
 When no one else is nigh.
- 3 Return, O wanderer, return;
 Thy Saviour bids thee live:
 Come to his cross, and, grateful, learn
 How freely he'll forgive.
- 4 Return, O wanderer, return,
 And wipe the falling tear:
 Thy Father calls; no longer mourn:
 'Tis love invites thee near.
- 5 Return, O wanderer, return;
 Regain thy long-sought rest;
 The Saviour's melting mercies yearn
 To clasp thee to his breast.

246.—P. M.

O that I were as in months past.

- 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 hark ! a friendly whisper says,—
 Flee from the wrath to come.

4 With trembling hope I see
 A glimm'ring 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.

247. — P. M.

Restore unto me the joy of thy salvation.

How shall a lost sinner in pain,
 Recover his forfeited peace ?
 When brought into bondage again,
 What hope of a second release ?
 Will mercy itself be so kind
 To spare a backslider like me ?
 And O, can I possibly find
 Such plenteous redemption in thee ?

2 O Jesus, of thee I inquire,
 If still thou art able to save, —
 The brand to pluck out of the fire,
 And ransom my soul from the grave ?
 The help of thy Spirit restore ;
 O, show me the life-giving blood ;
 And pardon a sinner once more,
 And bring me again unto God.

248. — P. M.

I will give you a heart of flesh.

JESUS, let thy pitying eye
 Call back a wand'ring sheep ;
 False to thee, like Peter, I
 Would fain like Peter weep.
 Let me be by grace restored ;
 On me be all long-suff'ring shown ;
 Turn and look upon me, Lord,
 And break my heart of stone.

2 Saviour, Prince, enthroned above,
 Repentance to impart,
 Give me through thy dying love,
 The humble, contrite heart:
 Give what I have long implored,
 A portion of thy grief unknown:
 Turn and look upon me, Lord,
 And break my heart of stone.

3 For thine own compassion's sake,
 The gracious wonder show;
 Cast my sins behind thy back,
 And wash me white as snow:
 If thy bowels now are stirr'd,
 If now I do myself bemoan,
 Turn and look upon me, Lord,
 And break my heart of stone.

250.—C. M.

Heaven sold.

“Go, bring me,” said the dying fair,
 With anguish in her tone,
 “Those costly robes and Jewels rare,—
 Go, bring them every one.”
 They strewed them on her dying bed,
 Those robes of princely cost;
 “Father,” with bitterness, she said,
 “For these my soul is lost!

2 With glorious hopes I once was blest,
 Nor feared the gaping tomb;
 With heaven already in my heart,
 I looked for heaven to come.
 I heard a Saviour's pard'ning voice:
 My soul was filled with peace;
 Father, you bought me with these toys,—
 I bartered heaven for these.

3 Take them,—they are the price of blood;
 For them I've lost my soul,—
 For them must bear the wrath of God,
 While ceaseless ages roll.

Remember, when you look on these,
Your daughter's fearful doom;
That she, her pride and thine to please,
Went quaking to the tomb.

- 4 Go, bear them from my sight and touch;
Your gifts I here restore;
Keep them with care, — they cost **you much**;
They cost your daughter more.
Look at them every rolling year
Upon my dying day,
And drop for me the burning tear,"—
She said, and sunk away.

SECTION XIX.

PRACTICAL PIETY.

251.—C. M.

The good man.

- B**LEST is the man whose softening heart
Feels all another's pain;
To whom the supplicating eye
Is never raised in vain:
- 2** Whose breast responds with generous warmth
A stranger's woes to feel;
Who weeps in pity o'er the wound
He wants the power to heal.
- 3** To gentle offices of love,
His feet are never slow;
He views through mercy's melting eye,
A brother in a foe.
- 4** To him protection shall be shown;
And mercy from above
Descend on those who thus fulfill
The Christian law of love.

252.—S. M.

Whatsoever ye do, do all to the glory of God.

- T**EACH me, my God and King,
In all things thee to see;
And what I do, in any thing,
To do it as for thee;
- 2** To scorn the senses' sway,
While still to thee I tend;
In all I do be thou the way,—
In all be thou the end.

3 All may of thee partake :
 Nothing so small can be,
 But draws, when acted for thy sake,
 Greatness and worth from thee.

4 If done t' obey thy laws,
 E'en servile labors shine :
 Hallow'd is toil, if this the cause, —
 The meanest work, divine.

5 Thee, then, my God and King,
 In all things, may I see ;
 And what I do in any thing,
 May it be done for thee.

253. — L. M.

The living sacrifice.

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

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

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

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

5 His work my hoary age shall bless,
 When youthful vigor is no more ;
 And my last hour of life, confess
 His saving love, his glorious power.

254. — L. M.

Ye did it unto me.

A POOR wayfaring man of grief
 Hath often crossed me on my way,
 Who sued so humbly for relief,
 That I could never answer, "Nay."
 I had not power to ask ~~his~~ name,
 Whither he went, or whence he came:
 Yet was there some thing in his eye
 That won my love, I knew not why.

- 2 Once, when my scanty meal was spread,
 He entered: not a word he spake, —
 Just perishing for want of bread.
 I gave him all; he blessed it, brake,
 And ate, but gave me part again:
 Mine was an angel's portion then;
 For while I fed with eager haste,
 That crust was manna to my taste.
- 3 I spied him where a fountain burst
 Clear from the rock: his strength was gone;
 The heedless water mocked his thirst;
 He heard it, saw it hurrying on:
 I ran and raised the sufferer up;
 Thrice from the stream he drained my cup,
 Dipped and returned it, running o'er:
 I drank, and never thirsted more.
- 4 'T was night; the floods were out; it blew
 A winter hurricane aloof:
 I heard his voice abroad, and flew
 To bid him welcome to my roof:
 I warmed, I clothed, I cheer'd my guest, —
 Laid him on my couch to rest;
 Then made the earth my bed, and seemed
 In Eden's garden, while I dreamed.
- 5 Stripp'd, wounded, beaten, nigh to death,
 I found him by the highway side:
 I roused his pulse, brought back his breath,
 Relieved his spirit, and supplied
 Wine, oil, refreshment: he was healed.
 I had myself a wound concealed;
 But from that hour forgot the smart,
 And peace bound up my broken heart.

- 6 In prison I saw him next, condemned
 To meet a traitor's doom at morn;
 The tide of lying tongues I stemmed,
 And honored him midst shame and scorn;
 My friendship's utmost zeal to try,
 He asked if I for him would die?
 The flesh was weak, — my blood ran chill;
 But the free spirit cried, "I will."
- 7 Then, in a moment, to my view,
 The stranger darted from disguise;
 The tokens on his hands I knew, —
 My Saviour stood before mine eyes:
 He spake, and my poor name he nam'd:
 "Of me thou hast not been ashamed;
 These deeds shall thy memorial be;
 Fear not, — thou did'st it unto me."

255. — L. M.

But yield yourselves unto God, as those that are alive from the dead.

- LORD, I am thine, entirely thine,
 Purchased and saved by blood divine;
 With full consent, thine I would be,
 And own thy sov'reign right in me.
- 2 Grant one poor sinner more a place
 Among the children of thy grace;
 A wretched sinner, lost to God,
 But ransom'd by Immanuel's blood.
- 3 Thine would I live, — thine would I die;
 Be thine through all eternity;
 The vow is past beyond repeal,
 And now 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.

SECTION XX.

MISSIONARY.

256. — P. M.

Go ye into all the world.

FROM Greenland's icy mountains,
From India's coral strand;
Where Afric's sunny fountains
Roll down their golden sand;
From many an ancient river,
From many a palmy plain,
They call us to deliver
Their land from error's chain.

2 What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle;
Though every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile:
In vain with lavish kindness
The gifts of God are 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 learn'd 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 ransom'd nature
 The Lamb for sinners slam,
 Redeemer, King, Creator,
 In bliss returns to reign.

257.—P. M.

Gather them in.

[TUNE No. 35.]

GATHER them in, gather them in,
 Gather the wanderers in ;
 Gather them in from the broad highway,
 Gather them in, gather them in ;
 Gather them in in this gospel day,
 Gather, gather them in ;
 Gather them in from the prairies vast,
 Gather them in, gather them in ;
 Gather them in of every east,
 Gather, gather them in.

CHORUS :—

Gather them in, — there is room to spare ;
 Gather them in to the house of prayer ;
 Gather them in, gather them in, —
 Gather the wanderers in.

2 Gather them in, gather them in,
 Gather the sorrowful in ;
 Gather them in from the street and lane,
 Gather them in, gather them in ;
 Gather them in, both the halt and lame,
 Gather, gather them in ;
 Gather the deaf and the poor and blind,
 Gather them in, gather them in,
 Gather them in with a willing mind,
 Gather, gather them in.

CHORUS :—

3 Gather them in, gather them in,
 Gather the prodigals in ;
 Gather them in that are seeking rest,
 Gather them in, gather them in ;

Gather them in from the east and west,
 Gather, gather them in;
 Gather them in that are roaming about,
 Gather them in, gather them in;
 Gather them in from the north and south,
 Gather, gather them in.

CHORUS:—

4 Gather them in, gather them in,
 Gather the penitents in;
 Gather them in from all over the land,
 Gather them in, gather them in;
 Gather them in to our Christian band,
 Gather, gather them in;
 Gather them in with a Christian love,
 Gather them in, gather them in;
 Gather them in for the church above,
 Gather, gather them in.

CHORUS:—

258.—L. M.

When he saw the multitudes he was moved with compassion on them.

SHEPHERD of souls, with pitying eye
 The thousands of our Israel see:
 To thee in their behalf we cry,—
 Ourselves but newly found in thee.

2 See where o'er desert wastes they err,
 And neither food nor feeder have,
 Nor fold, nor place of refuge near,
 For no man cares their souls to save.

3 Thy people, Lord, are sold for naught,
 Nor know they their Redeemer nigh;
 They perish, whom thyself hast bought;
 Their souls for lack of knowledge die.

4 The pit its mouth hath opened wide,
 To swallow up its careless prey:
 Why should they die, when thou hast died,—
 Hast died to bear their sins away?

5 Why should the foe thy purchase seize?
 Remember, Lord, thy dying groans:
 The meed of all thy suff'rings these;
 O claim them for thy ransom'd ones.

259. — S. M.

*In the morning sow the seed; and in the evening withhold not
thine hand.*

Sow in the morn thy seed;
At eve hold not thy hand:
To doubt and fear give thou no heed, —
Broad-cast it o'er the land.

2 Beside all waters sow,
The highway furrows stock,
Drop it where thorns and thistles grow,
Scatter it on the rock.

3 The good, the fruitful ground,
Expect not here or there;
O'er hill and dale, by spots 't is found:
Go forth, then, every where.

4 Thou knowest not which may thrive,
The late or early sown:
Grace keeps the precious germ alive,
When and wherever strown.

5 And duly shall appear,
In verdure, beauty, strength,
The tender blade, the stalk, the ear,
And the full corn at length.

6 Thou canst not toil in vain:
Cold, heat, and moist, and dry,
Shall foster and mature the grain,
For garnerers in the sky.

7 Then when the glorious end,
The day of God has come,
The angel reapers shall descend,
And heaven sing, "Harvest home!"

260. — P. M.

Palestine.

[TUNE No. 36.]

THEY have gone to the land where the patriarchs rest,
Where the bones of the prophets are laid,
Where the chosen of Israel the promise possess'd,
And Jehovah his wonders displayed:

To the land where the Saviour of sinners once trod,
 Where he labor'd and languish'd and bled,
 Where he triumphed o'er death, and ascended to God,
 As he captive captivity led.

- 2 They have gone the glad heralds of mercy have gone
 To the land where the martyrs once bled;
 Where the beast and false prophet have since trodden
 down
 The fair fabric that Zion had laid;
 Where the churches once planted and watered and blest,
 With the dews which the Spirit distilled
 Have been smitten, despoiled, and by heathens possessed
 And the places that knew them defiled.
- 3 They go to the land where the Indians now dwell,
 Impelled by the love of the Lord:
 His love to proclaim, and his mercy to tell,
 As revealed in his excellent word.
 "Thy blessing go with them, O be thou their shield
 From the shafts of the fowler that fly;
 O Saviour of sinners, thine arm be revealed
 In mercy and might from on high."

261.—P. M.

Watchman, tell us of the night.

Watchman, tell us of the night,—
 What its signs of promise are.
 Traveler, o'er yon mountain's height,
 See that glory-beaming star!
 Watchman, does its beauteous ray
 Aught of hope or joy foretell?
 Traveler, yes: it brings the day,—
 Promised day of Israel.

- 2 Watchman, tell us of the night:
 Higher yet that star ascends.
 Traveler, blessedness and light,
 Peace and truth, its course portends.
 Watchman, will its beams alone
 Gild the spot that gave them birth?
 Traveler, 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.
 Traveler, darkness takes its flight:
 Doubt and terror are withdrawn.
 Watchman, let thy wanderings cease:
 Hie thee to thy quiet home.
 Traveler, lo! the Prince of Peace,
 Lo! the Son of God is come!

262. — P. M.

Missionary's farewell.

- YES, my native land, I love thee;
 All thy scenes I love them well:
 Friends, connections, happy country,
 Can I bid you all farewell?
 Can I leave you,
 Far in heathen lands to dwell?
- 2 Home! thy joys are passing lovely,—
 Joys no stranger heart can tell:
 Happy home! as I have proved thee,
 Can I say farewell, farewell?
 Can I leave thee,
 Far in heathen lands to dwell?
- 3 Scenes of sacred peace and pleasure,
 Holy days and Sabbath bell,
 Richest, brightest, sweetest treasure,
 Can I say, at last, farewell?
 Can I leave you,
 Far in heathen lands to dwell?
- 4 Yes: I hasten from you gladly,
 From the scenes I love so well;
 Far away ye billows bear me;
 Lovely, native land, farewell!
 Pleased, I leave thee,
 Far in heathen lands to dwell.
- 5 In the desert let me labor,
 On the mountains let me tell
 How he died,—the blessed Saviour,
 To redeem a world from hell.
 Let me hasten,
 Far in heathen lands to dwell.

- 6 Bear me on, thou restless ocean!
 Let the winds my canvas swell!
 Heaves my breast with warm emotion
 While I go from hence to dwell:
 Glad I bid thee,
 Native land, farewell, farewell!

263. — P. M.

Watchman.

[TUNE No. 37.]

- WATCHMAN, tell me, does the morning
 Of fair Zion's glory dawn?
 Have the signs that mark its coming,
 Yet upon my pathway shone?
 Spurn the unbelief that bound thee;
 Morning dawns! arise, arise.
 Pilgrim, yes: arise, look round thee!
 Light is breaking in the skies.
- 2 See, the glorious light ascending
 Of the grand Sabbatic year;
 Hark! the voices loud proclaiming,
 The Messiah's kingdom near;
 Salem, too, appears in grandeur,
 Towering 'neath her sun-lit skies.
 Watchman, yes; I see, just yonder,
 Canaan's glorious heights arise.
- 3 Pilgrim, in that golden city,
 Seated on his jasper throne,
 Zion's King, arrayed in beauty,
 Reigns in peace, from zone to zone:
 Purling streams and crystal fountains
 Sparkle in th' eternal day,
 There, on verdant hills and mountains,
 Where the golden sunbeams play.
- 4 Pilgrim, see! the light is beaming
 Brighter still upon thy way;
 Signs through all the earth are gleaming,
 Omens of thy coming day;
 When the jubilee trumpet sounding,
 Shall awake from earth and sea,
 All the saints of God now sleeping,
 Clad in immortality.

- 5 Watchman, lo! the land we're nearing,
 With its vernal fruits and flowers,
 On just yonder; O how cheering!
 Bloom forever Eden's bowers:
 Hark, the choral strains there ringing,
 Wafted on the balmy air;
 See the millions, — hear them singing:
 Soon the pilgrims will be there.

264. — L. M.

He shall have dominion from sea to sea.

JESUS shall reign where'er the sun
 Doth his successive journeys run:
 His kingdom spread from shore to shore,
 Till moons shall wax and wane no more.

- 2 From north to south the princes meet,
 To pay their homage at his feet;
 While western empires own their Lord,
 And savage tribes attend his word.
- 3 To him shall endless prayer be made,
 And endless praises crown his head;
 His name like sweet perfume shall rise
 With every morning sacrifice.
- 4 People and realms of every tongue
 Dwell on his love with sweetest song,
 And infant voices shall proclaim
 Their early blessings on his name.

SECTION XXI.

THE JOURNEY.

265.—S. M.

They seek a better country.

IN every time and place,
Who serve the Lord most high,
Are call'd his sov'reign will t' embrace,
And still their own deny :
To follow his command,
On earth as pilgrims rove,
And seek an undiscover'd land,
And house and friends above

2 Father, the narrow path
To that far country show ;
And in the steps of Abra'm's faith
Enable me to go :
A cheerful sojourner
Where'er thou bid'st me roam,
Till guided by thy Spirit here,
I reach my heavenly home.

266.—P. M.

The traveler.

[TUNE No. 38.]

I'M a lonely traveler here,
Weary, oppressed ;
But my journey's end is near,—
Soon shall I rest.
Dark and dreary is my way,
Toiling I've come ;
Ask me not with you to stay :
Yonder's my home.

2 I'm a weary traveler here;
 I must go on;
 For my journey's end is near:
 I must be gone.
 Brighter joys than earth can give
 Win me away, —
 Pleasures that for ever live:
 I cannot stay.

3 I'm a trav'ler to a land
 Where all is fair,
 Where is seen no broken band, —
 All, all are there;
 Where no tear shall ever fall,
 Nor heart be sad;
 Where the glory is for all,
 And all are glad.

4 I'm a trav'ler, and I go
 Where all is fair;
 Farewell, all I've lov'd below:
 I must be there.
 Worldly honors, hopes, and gain,
 All I resign:
 Welcome sorrow, grief, and pain,
 If heav'n be mine.

5 I'm a trav'ler; call me not:
 Upward's my way;
 Yonder is my rest and lot, —
 I cannot stay.
 Farewell, earthly pleasures all;
 Pilgrim I'll roam;
 Hail me not; in vain you call:
 Yonder's my home.

267. — P. M.

Homeward bound.

Out on the ocean all boundless we ride,
 We're homeward bound, homeward bound.
 Tossed on the waves of a rough, restless tide,
 We're homeward bound, homeward bound.
 Far from the safe, quiet, harbor we've rode,
 Seeking our Father's celestial abode,
 Promise of which, on us each he bestowed:
 We're homeward bound, homeward bound.

- 2 Wildly the storm sweeps us on as it roars,
 We're homeward bound.
 Look, yonder lie the bright heavenly shores!
 We're homeward bound.
 Steady, O pilot! stand firm at the wheel,
 Steady! we soon shall out-weather the gale,
 Oh, how we fly 'neath the loud-creaking sail,
 We're homeward bound.
- 3 Into the harbor of heaven now we glide,
 We're home at last.
 Softly we drift on its bright silver tide,
 We're home at last.
 Glory to God! all our dangers are o'er,
 We stand secure on the glorified shore,
 Glory to God! we will shout evermore.
 We're home at last.

268. — P. M.

Heaven is my home.

I'M but a stranger here;
 Heaven is my home:
 Earth is a desert drear;
 Heaven is my home.
 Danger and sorrow stand
 Round me on every hand:
 Heaven is my father-land, —
 Heaven is my home.

- 2 What though the tempest rage?
 Heaven is my home;
 Short is my pilgrimage, —
 Heaven is my home.
 Time's cold and wintry blast
 Soon will be over-past;
 I shall reach home at last, —
 Heaven is my home.

- 3 There, at my Saviour's side, —
 Heaven is my home, —
 I shall be glorified;
 Heaven is my home.

There are the good and blest,
 Those I loved most and best;
 There, too, I soon shall rest, —
 Heaven is my home.

269. — P. M.

Joyfully.

JOYFULLY, joyfully, onward I move,
 Bound for the land of bright spirits above,
 Angelic choristers sing as I come,
 “Joyfully, joyfully, haste to thy home.”
 Soon with my pilgrimage ended below,
 Home to the land of bright spirits I go:
 Pilgrim and stranger no more shall I roam;
 Joyfully, joyfully, resting at home.

2 Friends fondly cherished have passed on before,
 Waiting, they watch me approaching the shore;
 Singing to cheer me through death's chilling gloom,
 “Joyfully, joyfully, haste to thy home.”
 Sounds of sweet melody fall on my ear;
 Harps of the blessed, your voices I hear!
 Rings with the harmony heaven's high dome,
 “Joyfully, joyfully, haste to thy home.”

3 Death, with thy weapons of war lay me low,
 Strike, king of terrors, I fear not the blow;
 Jesus hath broken the bars of the tomb:
 Joyfully, joyfully, will I go home.
 Bright will the morn of eternity dawn,
 Death shall be banished, his sceptre be gone:
 Joyfully, then, shall I witness his doom;
 Joyfully, joyfully, safely at home.

270. — P. M.

I'm a pilgrim.

I'M a pilgrim, and I'm a stranger;
 I can tarry, — I can tarry but a night!
 Do not detain me, for I am going
 To where the streamlets are ever flowing.
 I'm a pilgrim, &c.

- 2 Of that city, to which I journey,
 My Redeemer, my Redeemer is the light;
 There is no sorrow nor any sighing
 Nor any tears nor any dying.
 I'm a pilgrim, &c.
- 3 There the sunbeams are ever shining,
 Oh! my longing heart, my longing heart is there;
 Here in this country, so dark and dreary,
 I long have wandered forlorn and weary.
- 4 Father, mother, and sister, brother,
 If you will not journey with me, I must go;
 For since your vain hope you still will cherish,
 Should I, too, linger, and with you perish?
- 5 Farewell, neighbors, with tears I've warned you;
 I must leave you, I must leave you, and be gone;
 With this your portion, your heart's desire,
 Why will you perish in raging fire!
- 6 Farewell, dreary earth, by sin so blighted,
 In immortal beauty soon you'll be arrayed;
 For he who formed thee will soon restore thee,
 From sin and death to praise and glory.
 I'm a pilgrim, &c.

271.—P. M.

Pilgrim stranger.

WHITHER go'st thou, pilgrim stranger,
 Pressing through this darksome vale?
 Know'st thou not 't is full of danger,
 And will not thy courage fail?

CHORUS:—

No: I'm bound for the kingdom;
 Will you go to glory with me?
 Oh, hallelujah, Oh, hallelujah,
 I'm bound for the kingdom;
 Will you go to glory with me?
 Oh hallelujah, O, praise ye the Lord.

2 Pilgrim thou hast justly called me,
Passing through the waste so wide,
But no harm will e'er befall me,
While I'm blessed with such a guide;
For I'm bound for the kingdom, &c.

3 Such a guide! no guide attends thee,
Hence for thee my fears arise;
If some guardian power befriend thee,
'T is unseen by mortal eyes.
Oh, I'm bound for the kingdom, &c.

4 Yes, unseen, but still believe me,
Such a guide my steps attends;
He'll in every strait relieve me,
He will guide me to the end.
For I'm bound, &c.

5 Pilgrim, see that stream before thee,
Darkly winding through the vale;
Should its deadly waves roll o'er thee,
Would not then thy courage fail?
No: I'm bound, &c.

6 No, that stream has nothing frightful;
To its brink my steps I'll bend;
Thence to plunge 't will be delightful;
There my pilgrimage will end.
Oh, I'm bound, &c.

SECTION XXII.

THE HOLY WAR.

272.—P. M.

We'll end this war.

[TUNE No. 39.]

HARK! listen to the trumpeters;
I mean to go:
They call for valiant volunteers;
I mean to go.

CHORUS:

O we'll end this war, down by the river,—
We'll end this war, down by the river's side.

2 We want no cowards in our band;
I mean to go:
We call for valiant-hearted men;
I mean to go.

CHORUS:

3 I'm all enlisted in the war;
I mean to go:
Content to have a soldier's fare;
I mean to go.

CHORUS:

Fight on, ye conqu'ring souls, fight on,
Until the conquest you have won;
Our Captain leads us in the war:
We see the triumph from afar.
In fiery chariots we shall rise,
And join the army of the skies.

273. — P. M.*Battle-field.*

LIVE on the field of battle;
 Be earnest in the fight:
 Stand forth with manly courage,
 And struggle for the right.

CHORUS:

Live, live, live, live
 On the field of battle.

2 Watch on the field of battle;
 The foe is everywhere:
 His fiery darts fly swiftly,
 Like lightning through the air.
 CHORUS: — Watch, &c.

3. Pray on the field of battle;
 God works with those who pray:
 His mighty arm can nerve thee
 Till thou shalt win the day.
 CHORUS: — Pray, &c.

4 Die on the field of battle;
 Die 'midst the noble strife:
 Thy death shall well interpret
 The meaning of thy life.
 CHORUS: — Die, &c.

274. — C. M.*Fight the good fight of faith.*

[TUNE No. 41.]

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?

CHORUS:

I'll be a soldier of the cross,
 A follower of the Lamb;
 Nor will I fear to own his cause,
 Nor 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 sali'd through bloody seas?

CHORUS:

3 Are there no foes for me to face?
 Must I not stem the flood?
 Is this vile world a friend to grace,
 To help me on to God?

CHORUS:

4 Since I must fight if I would reign,
 Increase my courage, Lord;
 I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
 Supported by thy word.

CHORUS:

5 Thy saints in all this glorious war
 Shall conquer, though they die:
 They see the triumph from afar,—
 By faith they bring it nigh.

CHORUS:

6 When that illustrious day shall rise,
 And all thy armies shine
 In robes of vict'ry through the skies,
 The glory shall be thine.

CHORUS:—

275.—P. M.

The armor, the captain, the battle, the victory.

SOLDIERS of the cross arise!
 Lo! your leader from the skies
 Waves before you glory's prize,—
 The prize of victory.
 Seize your armor,—gird it on;
 The battle's yours, it will be won;
 Though fierce the strife, 't will soon be done:
 Then struggle manfully.

2 Jesus conquer'd when he fell;
 Met and vanquish'd earth and hell;
 Now he leads you on, to swell
 The triumphs of his cross.

Though all earth and hell appear,
 Who will doubt or who can fear?
 "God, our strength and shield," is near:
 We cannot lose our cause.

- 3 Onward, then, ye hosts of God!
 Jesus points the Victor's rod:
 Follow where your Leader trod;
 You soon shall see his face.
 Soon your enemies all slain,
 The crown of glory you shall gain;
 And walk among that glorious train
 Who shout their Saviour's praise.

276. — P. M.

Endure hardness as a good soldier.

[TUNE No. 42.]

Oh when shall I see Jesus,
 And dwell with him above?
 And drink the flowing fountains
 Of everlasting love?
 When shall I be deliver'd
 From this vain world of sin,
 And with my blessed Jesus
 Drink endless pleasures in?

- 2 But now I am a soldier,
 My Captain's gone before;
 He's given me my orders,
 And bids me not to fear:
 And if I hold out faithful,
 A crown of life he'll give,
 And all his valiant soldiers
 Eternal life shall have.

- 3 Through grace I am determined
 To conquer, though I die;
 And then away to Jesus
 On wings of love I'll fly:
 Farewell to sin and sorrow,
 I bid you all adieu;
 And you, my friends, prove faithful,
 And on your way pursue.

4 And if you meet with trials
 And troubles on the way,
 Cast all your care on Jesus,
 And do n't forget to pray.
 Gird on the heavenly armor
 Of faith and hope and love ;
 And when your race is ended,
 You'll reign with him above,

5 O do not be discouraged,
 For Jesus is your friend ;
 And if you lack for knowledge,
 He'll not refuse to lend ;
 Neither will he upbraid you,
 Though often you request :
 He'll give you grace to conquer,
 And take you up to rest.

277.—S. M.

The standard of the cross.

HARK, how the watchmen cry !
 Attend the trumpet's sound ;
 Stand to your arms, — the foe is nigh ;
 The powers of hell surround.
 Who bow to Christ's command,
 Your arms and hearts prepare :
 The day of battle is at hand, —
 Go forth to glorious war.

2 See, on the mountain-top,
 The standard of your God ;
 In Jesus' name 'tis lifted up,
 All stain'd with hallow'd blood.
 His standard-bearers now
 To all the nations call :
 To Jesus' cross, ye nations, bow ;
 He bore the cross for all.

3 Go up with Christ, your Head ;
 Your Captain's footsteps see :
 Follow your Captain, and be led
 To certain victory.
 All power to him is given ;
 He ever reigns the same :
 Salvation, happiness, and heaven
 Are all in Jesus' Name.

278.—P. M.

Dare to be Right.

[TUNE No. 57.]

DARE to be right, dare to be true;
 You have a work that no other can do.
 Do it so bravely, so kindly, so well,
 Angels will hasten the story to tell.

CHORUS:—

Then dare to be right! dare to be true!
 You have a work that no other can do.

2 Dare to be right! dare to be true!
 Other men's failures can never save you.
 Stand by your conscience, your honor, your faith;
 Stand like a hero and battle till death.

CHORUS:—

3 Dare to be right! dare to be true!
 Love may deny you its sunshine and dew.
 Let the dew fail, for then showers shall be given;
 Dew is from earth, but the showers are from heav'n.

CHORUS:—

4 Dare to be right! dare to be true!
 God, who created you, cares for you too;
 Treasures the tears that his striving ones shed,
 Counts and protects every hair of your head.

CHORUS:—

5 Dare to be right! dare to be true!
 Cannot Omnipotence carry you through?
 City and mansion and throne all in sight,
 Can you not dare to be true and be right?

CHORUS:—

6 Dare to be right, dare to be true!
 Keep the great judgment-seat always in view;
 Look at your work as you'll look at it then,
 Scanned by Jehovah and angels and men.

CHORUS:—

7 Dare to be right! dare to be true!
 Prayerfully, lovingly, firmly pursue
 The path by apostles and martyrs once trod,
 The path of the just to the City of God.

SECTION XXIII.

DEATH, JUDGMENT, AND ETERNITY.

279.—P. M.

Time flies, eternity is near.

COME, let us anew our journey pursue,
Roll round with the year,
And never stand still till the Master appear.
His adorable will let us gladly fulfill,
And our talents improve,
By the patience of hope, and the labor of love.

2 Our life is a dream ; our time, as a stream,
Glides swiftly away,
And the fugitive moment refuses to stay.
The arrow is flown, — the moment is gone ?
The millennial year
Rushes on to our view, and eternity 's here.

3 O that each in the day of his coming may say, —
I have fought my way through ;
I have finish'd the work thou didst give me to do.
O that each from his Lord may receive the glad word,
Well and faithfully done !
Enter into my joy, and sit down on my throne.

280.—L. M.

The living and the dead.

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 The living know that they must die;
But all the dead forgotten lie;
Their memory and their sense are gone,
Alike unknowing and unknown.
- 3 Their hatred, and their love, is lost, —
Their envy buried in the dust;
They have no share in all that's done
Beneath the circuit of the sun.
- 4 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.
- 5 There are no acts of pardon passed
In the cold grave to which we haste;
But darkness, death, and long despair
Reign in eternal silence there.

281. — C. M.

- Mine age is as nothing before thee.*
O God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Our shelter from the stormy blast,
And our eternal home: —
- 2 Under the shadow of thy throne,
Still may we dwell secure;
Sufficient is thine arm alone,
And our defence is sure.
 - 3 Before the hills in order stood,
Or earth received her frame,
From everlasting, thou art God,
'To endless years the same.
 - 4 A thousand ages in thy sight,
'Are like an evening gone;
Short as the watch that ends the night,
Before the rising sun.
 - 5 Time, like an ever-rolling stream,
Bears all its sons away;
They fly, forgotten, as a dream
Dies at the opening day.

- 6 The busy tribes of flesh and blood,
 With all their cares and fears,
 Are carried downward by the flood,
 And lost in foll'wing years.
- 7 O God, our help in ages past,
 Our hope for years to come;
 Be thou our guide while life shall last,
 And our perpetual home!

282.—P. M.

Resurrection and the judgment.

[TUNE No. 12.]

WHEN the fierce north-wind, with his airy forces,
 Rears up the Baltic to a foaming fury,
 And the red lightning, with a storm of hail, comes
 Rushing amain down:

- 2 Now the poor sailors stand amazed, and tremble,
 While the hoarse thunder, like a bloody trumpet,
 Roars a loud onset to the gaping waters,
 Quick to devour them.
- 3 Such shall the noise be, and the wild disorder,
 If things eternal may be like these earthly;
 Such the dire terror when the great archangel
 Shakes the creation;
- 4 Tears the strong pillars of the vault of heaven;
 Breaks up old marble, — the repose of princes:
 See! the graves open, and the bones arising!
 Flames all around them!
- 5 Hark! the shrill outcries of the guilty wretches;
 Lively, bright horror and amazing anguish
 Stare through their eye-balls, while the living worm lies
 Gnawing within them.
- 6 Thoughts, like old vultures, prey upon their heart-
 strings,
 And the smart twinges when the eye beholds the
 Lofty Judge frowning, and a flood of vengeance
 Rolling before him.

- 7 Hopeless immortals, how they scream and shiver!
While devils push them to the pit wide yawning,
Quick to receive them, reeling, plunging headlong
Down to the centre.
- 8 Stop here, my fancy, — all away, ye horrid,
Doleful ideas. Come, arise to Jesus.
How he sits, God-like, and the saints around him,
Throned, yet adoring!
- 9 O may I sit there, when he comes triumphant,
Dooming the nations! Then ascend to glory;
While our hosannas all along the passage
Shout the Redeemer.

283. — P. M.

Prepare to meet thy God.

- AND am I only born to die?
And must I suddenly comply
With nature's stern decree?
What after death for me remains?
Celestial joys, or hellish pains
To all eternity?
- 2 How then ought I on earth to live,
While God prolongs the kind reprieve,
And props the house of clay?
My sole concern, my single care,
To watch, and tremble, and prepare,
Against that fatal day.
- 3 No room for mirth or trifling here,
For worldly hope, or worldly fear,
If life so soon is gone;
If now the judge is at the door,
And all mankind must stand before
Th' inexorable throne.
- 4 No matter which my thoughts employ,
A moment's misery or joy;
But, O! when both shall end,
Where shall I find my destined place?
Shall I my everlasting days
With fiends or angels spend?

5 Nothing is worth a thought beneath,
But how I may escape the death
That never, never dies!
How make mine own election sure;
And when I fail on earth, secure
A mansion in the skies.

6 Jesus, vouchsafe a pitying ray;
Be thou my Guide, be thou my Way
To glorious happiness.
Ah! write the pardon on my heart;
And when-soe'er I hence depart,
Let me depart in peace.

284. — C. M.

It is appointed unto man once to die.

HARK! from the tombs a doleful sound!
Mine cars, 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,
Shall lie as low as ours.

3 Great God! is this our certain doom,
And are we still secure?
Still walking downward to the tomb,
And yet prepared no more?

4 Grant us the power of quick'ning grace,
To fit our souls to fly:
Then, when we drop this dying flesh,
We'll rise above the sky.

285. — L. M.

Eternity.

ETERNITY is just at hand,
And shall I waste my ebbing sand?
And careless view my parting day,
And throw my inch of time away?

- 2 But, an eternity there is,
Of endless woe, or endless bliss,
And swift as time fulfills its round,
We to eternity are bound.
- 3 What countless millions of mankind,
Have left this fleeting world behind,
They're gone, but where? Ah! pause and see,
Gone to a dread eternity.
- 4 Sinner, canst thou forever dwell
In all the fiery deeps of hell?
And is death nothing then to thee,—
Death, and a long eternity?

256.—C. M.

What manner of persons ought we to be?

AND must I be to judgment brought,
And answer in that day
For every vain and idle thought,
And every word I say?

- 2 Yes: every secret of my heart
Shall shortly be made known,
And I receive my just desert
For all that I have done.
- 3 How careful, then, ought I to live,—
With what religious fear!
Who such a strict account must give
For my behaviour here.

4 Thou awful judge of quick and dead,
The watchful power bestow;
So shall I to my ways take heed,
To all I speak or do.

5 If now thou standest at the door,
O let me feel thee near;
And make my peace with God, before
I at thy bar appear.

287. — S. M.

A look into eternity.

AND am I born to die ?
 To lay this body down ?
 And must my trembling spirit fly
 Into a world unknown ? —
 A land of deepest shade,
 Unpierced by human thought ;
 The dreary regions of the dead,
 Where all things are forgot.

2 Soon as from earth I go,
 What will become of me ?
 Eternal happiness or woe
 Must then my portion be :
 Waked by the trumpet's sound,
 I from my grave shall rise,
 And see the Judge with glory crown'd,
 And see the flaming skies.

3 How shall I leave my tomb, —
 With triumph or regret ?
 A fearful or a joyful doom,
 A curse or blessing meet ?
 Will angel bands convey
 Their brother to the bar ?
 Or devils drag my soul away,
 To meet its sentence there ?

4 Who can resolve the doubt
 That tears my anxious breast ?
 Shall I be with the damn'd cast out,
 Or number'd with the blest ?
 I must from God be driven,
 Or with my Saviour dwell ;
 Must come at his command to heaven,
 Or else, — depart to hell.

288. — P. M.

Not dead, but gone before.

FRIEND after friend departs :
 Who hath not lost a friend ?
 There is no union here of hearts
 That finds not here an end :

Were this frail world our only rest,
Living or dying, none were blest.

2 Beyond the flight of time,
Beyond this vale of death,
There surely is some blessed clime
Where life is not a breath,
Nor life's affection transient fire,
Whose sparks fly upward to expire.

3 There is a world above,
Where parting is unknown,
A whole eternity of love,
Form'd for the good alone;
And faith beholds the dying here
Translated to that happier sphere.

4 Thus, star by star declines,
Till all are pass'd away,
As morning high and higher shines,
To pure and perfect day;
Nor sink those stars in empty night, —
They hide themselves in heaven's own light.

289. — P. M.

Time and eternity.

Lo! on a narrow neck of land,
'Twixt two unbounded seas I stand,
Secure, insensible:
A point of time, a moment's space,
Removes me to that heavenly place,
Or shuts me up in hell.

2 O God, mine inmost soul convert,
And deeply on my thoughtful heart,
Eternal things impress:
Give me to feel their solemn weight,
And tremble on the brink of fate,
And wake to righteousness.

3 Before me place, in dread array,
The pomp of that tremendous day,
When thou with clouds shalt come

To judge the nations at thy bar;
And tell me, Lord, shall I be there,
To meet a joyful doom.

4 Be this my one great business here,—
With serious industry and fear,
Eternal bliss t' ensure;
Thine utmost counsel to fulfill,
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.

290. — P. M.

Gabriel's trump.

WHAT sound is this salutes my ear?
'Tis Gabriel's trump, methinks, I hear,
The expected day has come.
Behold the heavens, the earth, the sea,—
Proclaim the year of Jubilee:
Return, ye exiles, home.

2 Behold the fair Jerusalem,
Illuminated by the Lamb,
In glory doth appear;
Fair Zion rising from the tombs,
To meet the Bridegroom; lo! he comes
And hails the festive year.

3 My soul is striving to be there;
I long to rise and wing the air,
And trace the sacred road;
Adieu, adieu, all earthly things,
O that I had an angel's wings,
I'd quickly see my God.

- 4 Fly, lingering moments, fly, O fly, —
 I thirst, I pant, I faint, I die,
 Angelic joys to prove!
 Soon shall I quit this house of clay,
 Clap my glad wings, and soar away,
 And shout redeeming love.

291. — C. M.

Man dieth and wasteth away.

VAIN man, thy fond pursuits forbear;
 Repent, — thine end is nigh;
 Death, at the farthest, can't be far:
 O think before thou die.

- 2 Reflect, thou hast a soul to save;
 Thy sins, how high they mount!
 What are thy hopes beyond the grave?
 How stands that dark account.

- 3 Death enters, and there's no defence;
 His time there's none can tell:
 He'll in a moment call thee hence,
 To heaven, or down to hell.

- 4 Thy flesh (perhaps thy greatest care)
 Shall into dust consume;
 But, ah! destruction stops not there;
 Sin kills beyond the tomb.

292. — C. M.

Thou hast made my days as a hand-breadth.

TEACH me the measure of my days,
 Thou Maker of my frame;
 I would survey life's narrow space,
 And learn how frail I am.

- 2 A span is all that we can boast, —
 An inch or two of time!
 Man is but vanity and dust
 In all his power and prime.

- 3 See, the vain race of mortals move
Like shadows o'er the plain;
They rage and strive, desire and love,
But all their noise is vain.
- 4 Some walk in honor's gaudy show,
Some dig for golden ore;
They toil for heirs, they know not who,
And straight are seen no more.
- 5 What should I wish or wait for, then,
From creatures, earth, and dust!
They make our expectation vain,
And disappoint our trust.
- 6 Now I forbid my carnal hope,
My fond desires recall;
I give my mortal interest up,
And make my God my all.

293.—Chant.

The Reaper.

- THERE is a reaper, whose name is Death,
And with his sickle keen,
He reaps the bearded grain at a breath,
And the flowers that grow between.
- 2 “Shall I have naught that is fair?” said he;
“Have naught but the bearded grain?
Though the breath of flowers is sweet to me,
I will give them back again.”
 - 2 He gazed at the flowers with tearful eyes;
He kissed their drooping leaves;
It was for the Lord of Paradise,
He bound them in his sheaves.
 - 4 “My Lord has need of these flow'rets gay,”
The reaper said, and smiled;
“Dear tokens of the earth are they,
Where once there was a child.
 - 5 They shall all bloom in fields of light,
Transplanted by my care,
And saints, upon their garments white,
These sacred blossoms bear.”

6 And the mother gave, in tears and pain,
 The flowers she most did love :
 She knew she should find them all again,
 In fields of light above.

7 Oh ! not in cruelty, not in wrath,
 The Reaper came that day :
 'T was an angel visited the green earth,
 And took the flowers away.

294. — P. M.

Reflections on death and eternity.

My days, my weeks, my months, my years,
 Fly rapid as the whirling spheres
 Around their steady pole ;
 Time, like the tide, its motion keeps,
 And I must launch through boundless deeps,
 Where endless ages roll.

2 The grave is near the cradle seen :
 How swift the moments fly between,
 And whisper as they fly.
 “ Unthinking man, remember this,
 Though fond of sublunary bliss,
 Thou too, must groan and die.”

3 My soul, attend the solemn call ;
 Thine earthly tent must shortly fall,
 And thou must take thy flight,
 Beyond the vast, expansive blue,
 To sing above, as angels do,
 Or sink in endless night.

4 How great the bliss, how great the woe
 Hangs on this inch of time below,
 On this precarious breath :
 The Lord of nature only knows
 Whether another shall close,
 Ere I expire in death.

5 Long ere the sun shall run his round,
 I may be buried under ground,
 And there in silence rot.
 Alas ! an hour may close the scene ;
 And ere twelve months shall roll between,
 My name be quite forgot.

- 6 But will my soul be thus extinct,
And cease to live, and cease to think ?
It cannot, cannot be :
No : my immortal cannot die !
What wilt thou do, or whither fly
When death shall set thee free ?
- 7 Will mercy then her arms extend,
Will Jesus be thy guardian friend,
And heaven thy dwelling-place ?
Or shall insulting fiends appear,
And drag thee down to dark despair,
Below the reach of grace ?
- 8 A heaven, a hell, and these alone,
Beyond the present life are known, —
There is no middle state.
To-day attend the call divine ;
To-morrow may be none of thine,
Or it may be too late.
- 9 Oh, do not pass this as a dream,
Vast is the change, what e'er it seem
To poor unthinking men.
Lord, at thy footstool I would bow,
Bid conscience plainly tell me now,
What it would tell me then.
- 10 If in destruction's road I stray,
Help me to choose the better way
That leads to joys on high.
Thy grace impart, my guilt forgive,
Nor let me ever dare to live
So as I dare not die.

295. — P. M.

The chariot.

- THE chariot! the chariot! its wheels roll in fire,
As the Lord cometh down in the pomp of his ire ;
Lo! self-moving, it drives on its pathway of cloud,
And the heavens with the burden of Godhead are bowed.
- 2 The glory! the glory! around him are poured,
Mighty hosts of the angels that wait on their Lord ;
And the glorified saints and the martyrs are there,
And there all who the palm-wreaths of victory wear.

- 3 The trumpet! the trumpet! the dead all have heard:
 Lo, the depths of the stone-covered charnels are stirred!
 From the sea, from the earth, from the south, from the
 north,
 All the vast generations of men are come forth.
- 4 The judgment! the judgment! the thrones all are set!
 Where the Lamb and the white-vested elders are met,
 There all flesh is at once in the sight of the Lord,
 And the doom of eternity hangs on his word.
- 5 O mercy! O mercy! look down from above,
 Great Creator, on us, thy sad children, with love!
 When beneath to their darkness the wicked are driven,
 May our justified souls find a welcome in heaven.

296. — P. M.

Behold the Lord cometh.

- Lo! he comes, with clouds descending,
 Once for favoured sinners slain;
 Thousand, thousand, saints attending,
 Swell the triumph of his train:
 Hallelujah!
 God appears on earth to reign.
- 2 Every eye shall now behold him
 Robed in dreadful majesty;
 Those who set at naught and sold him,
 Pierced and nailed him to the tree,
 Deeply wailing,
 Shall the true Messiah see.
- 3 All the tokens of his passion
 Still his dazzling body bears;
 Cause of endless exultation
 To his ransom'd worshipers;
 With what rapture
 Gaze we on those glorious scars.
- 4 Yea, Amen! let all adore thee,
 High on thine eternal throne;
 Saviour, take the power and glory;
 Make thy righteous sentence known:
 Jah! Jehovah!
 Claim the kingdom for thine own.

SECTION XXIV.

THE DYING CHRISTIAN.

297. — L. M.

Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of his saints.

SWEET is the scene when Christians die,
When holy souls retire to rest;
How mildly beams the closing eye!
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 Triumphant smiles the victor's brow,
Fanned by some guardian angel's wing;
O grave where is thy victory now?
And where, insidious death, thy sting?

298. — P. M.

The dying Christian.

VITAL spark of heavenly flame,
Quit, O quit this mortal frame.
Trembling, hoping, ling'ring, 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;
 With sounds seraphic ring.
 Lend, lend your wings; I mount: I fly.
 O grave where is thy victory?
 O death, where is thy sting?

299. — P. M.

Thou art gone to the grave.

- THOU** art gone to the grave, — but we will not deplore thee,
 Though sorrow and darkness encompass the tomb;
 The Saviour has passed through its portals before thee,
 And the lamp of his love is thy guide thro' the gloom.
- 2 Thou art gone to the grave, we no longer behold thee,
 Nor tread the rough paths of the world by thy side;
 But the wide arms of mercy are spread to enfold thee,
 And sinners may hope, since the Saviour hath died.
- 3 Thou art gone to the grave; and its mansion forsaking,
 Perchance thy weak spirit in doubt lingered long;
 But the sunshine of heaven beamed bright on thy waking,
 And the sound thou didst hear was the seraphim's song.
- 4 Thou art gone to the grave, — but we will not deplore thee,
 Since God was thy Ransom, thy Guardian, and Guide;
 He gave thee, he took thee, and he will restore thee;
 And death has no sting since the Saviour hath died.

300. — P. M.

Angel band.

[TUNE No. 44.]

My latest sun is setting fast,
 My race is almost run;
 My sorest trials now are past,
 My triumph is begun.

CHORUS: —

O, come, angel band,
 Come, and around me stand;
 O bear me away on your snowy wings,
 To my immortal home.

- 2 I know I'm nearing the holy ranks
 Of friends and kindred dear:
 For I brush the dew on Jordan's banks;
 The crossing must be near.

CHORUS:—

- 3 I've almost reached my heavenly home;
 My spirit loudly sings:
 The holy ones,—behold they come;
 I hear the noise of wings.

CHORUS:—

- 4 O bear my longing soul to him
 Who bled and died for me;
 Whose blood now cleanses from all sin,
 And gives me victory.

CHORUS:—

301.—L. M.

The end of that man is peace.

How blest the righteous when he dies!
 When sinks a weary soul to rest!
 How mildy beam the closing eyes!
 How gently heaves th' expiring breast!

- 2 So fades a summer cloud away;
 So sinks the gale when storms are o'er;
 So gently shuts the eye of day;
 So dies a wave along the shore.

- 3 A holy quiet reigns around,—
 A calm which life nor death destroys;
 And naught disturbs that peace profound
 Which his unfetter'd soul enjoys.

- 4 Farewell, conflicting hopes and fears,
 Where light and shade alternate dwell:
 How bright th' unchanging morn appears!
 Farewell, inconstant world, farewell.

- 5 Life's labor done, as sinks the clay,—
 Light from its load the spirit flies,
 While heaven and earth combine to say,—
 How bless the righteous when he dies!

302. — L. M.

Grace conquers the fear of death.

WHY should we start, and fear to die?
 What tim'rous worms we mortals are!
 Death is the gate to endless joy,
 And yet we dread to enter there.

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

3 O would my Lord his servant meet,
 My soul would stretch her wings in haste,
 Fly fearless through death's iron gate,
 Nor feel the terrors as she pass'd.

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.

303. — P. M.

The faithful sentinel.

AWAY from his home and the friends of his youth,
 He hasted,—the herald of mercy and truth;
 For the love of his Lord, and to seek for the lost:
 Soon, alas! was his fall; but he died at his post,—

2 The stranger's eye wept, that, in life's brightest bloom,
 One gifted so highly should sink to the tomb;
 For in ardor he led, in the van of the host,
 And he fell like a soldier,— he died at his post.

3 He wept not himself that his warfare was done;
 The battle was fought, and the victory won;
 But he whisper'd of those whom his heart clung to most:
 "Tell my brethren," said he, "that I died at my post."

4 He ask'd not a stone, to be sculptured in verse;
 He ask'd not that fame should his merits rehearse;
 But he ask'd as a boon, when he gave up the ghost,
 That his brethren might know that he died at his post.

- 5 Victorious his fall, for he rose as he fell,
 With Jesus, his Master, in glory to dwell;
 He has passed o'er the sea, — he has reached the bright
 coast;
 For he fell like a martyr, — he died at his post.
- 6 And can we the words of our brother forget?
 O no! they are fresh in our memory yet:
 An example so sacred shall never be lost;
 We will fall in the work, — we will die at our post.

304. — P. M.

No more sorrow there.

Oh, sing to me of heaven,
 When I am called to die;
 Sing songs of holy ecstasy,
 To waft my soul on high.

CHORUS:—

There'll be no more sorrow there,
 There'll be no more sorrow there;
 In heaven above where all is love,
 There'll be no more sorrow there.

- 2 When cold and sluggish drops
 Roll off my marble brow;
 Break forth in songs of joyfulness,
 Let heaven begin below.

CHORUS:—

- 3 When the last moment comes,
 Oh, watch my dying face
 To catch the bright, seraphic gleam
 Which o'er my features plays.

CHORUS:—

- 4 Then to my raptured soul,
 Let one sweet song be given;
 Let music charm me last on earth,
 And greet me first in heaven.

CHORUS:—

5 Then close my sightless eyes,
 And lay me down to rest,
 And fold my pale and icy hands
 Upon my lifeless breast.

CHORUS:—

6 When, round my senseless clay,
 Assemble those I love,
 Oh sing of heaven, delightful heaven,
 My glorious home above.

CHORUS:—

305.—S. M.

God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes.

O, WHAT a mighty change
 Shall Jesus' suff'ers know,
 While o'er the happy plains we range,
 Incapable of woe!
 No ill-requited love
 Shall there our spirits wound:
 No base ingratitude above,—
 No sin in heaven is found.

2 There all our griefs are spent;
 There all our sorrows end:
 We cannot there the fall lament
 Of a departed friend:
 A brother dead to God,
 By sin, alas! undone:
 No father there, in passion loud,
 Cries,—O, my son! my son!

3 No slightest touch of pain,
 Nor sorrow's least alloy
 Can violate our rest, or stain
 Our purity of joy:
 In that eternal day
 No clouds or tempters rise;
 There gushing tears are wiped away
 Forever from our eyes.

SECTION XXV.

HEAVEN IN PROSPECT.

306.—L. M.

The believer's portion.

- LORD, I am thine ; but thou wilt prove
My faith, my patience, and my love ;
When men of spite against me join,
They are the sword, the hand is thine.
- 2 Their hope and portion lie below ;
'Tis all the happiness they know ;
'Tis all they seek : they take their shares,
And leave the rest among their heirs.
- 3 What sinners value, I resign ;
Lord, 't is enough that thou art mine ;
I shall behold thy blissful face,
And stand complete in righteousness.
- 4 This life 's a dream, an empty show ;
But the bright world to which I go
Hath joys substantial and sincere ;
When shall I wake, and find me there ?
- 5 O glorious hour ! O blest abode !
I shall be near, and like my God ;
And flesh and sin no more control
The sacred pleasures of the soul.

307.—S. M.

A better country.

FAR from these scenes of night,
Unbounded glories rise,
And realms of joy and pure delight,
Unknown to mortal eyes.

2 Fair land! — could mortal eyes
 But half its charms explore,
 How would our spirits long to rise,
 And dwell on earth no more.

3 No cloud those regions know, —
 Realms ever bright and fair;
 For sin, the source of mortal woe,
 Can never enter there.

4 O may the prospect fire
 Our hearts with ardent love,
 Till wings of faith, and strong desire,
 Bear every thought above.

5 Prepared, by grace divine,
 For thy bright courts on high,
 Lord, bid our spirits rise and join
 The chorus of the sky.

308. — P. M.

Blessed are the people that know the joyful sound.

HARK, how the Gospel trumpet sounds!
 Through all the world the echo bounds;
 And Jesus, by redeeming blood,
 Is bringing sinners back to God,
 And guides them safely, by his word,
 To endless day.

2 Hail, all victorious, conquering Lord!
 Be thou by all thy works adored,
 Who undertook for sinful man,
 And brought salvation through thy name,
 That we with thee may ever reign,
 In endless day.

3 Fight on, ye conq'ring souls, fight on!
 And when the conquest you have won,
 Then palms of victory you shall bear,
 And in his kingdom have a share,
 And crowns of glory ever wear,
 In endless day.

4 There we shall in full chorus join,
 With saints and angels all combine,
 To sing of his redeeming love,
 When rolling years shall cease to move,
 And this shall be our theme above,
 In endless day.

309. — P. M.

There, there is rest.

HERE o'er the earth as a stranger I roam,
 Here is no rest, — is no rest;
 Here as a pilgrim I wander alone,
 Yet I am blest, — I am blest;
 For I look forward to that glorious day
 When sin and sorrow shall vanish away:
 My heart doth 'cap, while I hear Jesus say
 There, there is rest, — there is rest.

2 Here fierce temptations beset me around;
 Here is no rest, — is no rest:
 Here I am grieved while my foes me surround;
 Yet I am blest, — I am blest.
 Let them revile me and scoff at my name,
 Laugh at my weeping, — endeavor to shame;
 I will go forward, for this is my theme;
 There, there is rest, — there is rest.

3 Here are afflictions and trials severe;
 Here is no rest, — is no rest:
 Here I must part with the friends I hold dear;
 Yet I am blest, — I am blest.
 Sweet is the promise I read in his word;
 Blessed are they who have died in the Lord;
 They have been called to receive their reward;
 There, there is rest, — there is rest.

4 This world of cares is a wilderness state;
 Here is no rest, — is no rest:
 Here I must bear from the world all its hate,
 Yet I am blest, — I am blest.
 Soon shall I be from my sorrows released,
 Soon shall the weary forever be blest,
 Soon shall I lean upon Jesus' breast;
 There, there is rest, — there is rest.

310. — P. M.

Rest for the weary.

IN the Christian's home in glory,
 There remains a land of rest;
 There my Saviour's gone before me,
 To fulfill my soul's request.

CHORUS:

There is rest for the weary,
 There is rest for the weary,
 There is rest for the weary,
 There is rest for you:
 On the other side of Jordan,
 In the sweet fields of Eden,
 Where the tree of life is blooming,
 There is rest for you.

2 He is fitting up my mansion,
 Which eternally shall stand,
 For my stay shall not be transient,
 In that holy, happy land.

CHORUS:

3 Pam nor sickness ne'er shall enter, —
 Grief nor woe my lot shall share;
 But in that celestial center,
 I a crown of life shall wear.

CHORUS:

4 Death itself shall then be vanished,
 And his sting shall be withdrawn;
 Shout for gladness. O ye ransomed!
 Hail with joy the rising morn.

CHORUS:

5 Sing, O sing, ye heirs of glory;
 Shout your triumph as you go:
 Zion's gates will open for you, —
 You shall find an entrance through.

CHORUS:

311.—P. M.

We'll be gathered home.

MY heavenly home is bright and fair,
 We'll be gathered home;
 Nor death nor sighing visit there,
 We'll be gathered home:

CHORUS:—

We'll wait till Jesus comes,
 We'll wait till Jesus comes,
 We'll wait till Jesus comes,
 And We'll be gathered home

2 Its glittering towers the sun outshine,
 We'll be gathered home;
 That heavenly mansion shall be mine;
 We'll be gathered home.

CHORUS:—

3 When from this earthly prison free,
 We'll be gathered home;
 That heavenly mansion mine shall be;
 We'll be gathered home.

CHORUS:—

4 Let others seek a home below;
 We'll be gathered home:
 Which flames devour or waves overflow,
 We'll be gathered home.

CHORUS:—

5 The earth may fail and stars decline;
 We'll be gathered home:
 The sun and moon refuse to shine;
 We'll be gathered home.

CHORUS:—

6 All nature sink and cease to be;
 We'll be gathered home:
 That heavenly mansion mine shall be:
 We'll be gathered home.

CHORUS:—

312—P. M.

The shining shore.

My days are gliding swiftly by,
 And I, a pilgrim stranger,
 Would not detain them as they fly,—
 Those hours of toil and danger.

CHORUS:

For oh! we stand on Jordan's strand,—
 Our friends are passing over;
 And just before is the shining shore,—
 Our happy home forever.

2 We'll gird our lions, my brethren dear,
 Our distant home discerning;
 Our absent Lord has left us word,
 Let every lamp be burning.

CHORUS:

3 Should coming days be cold and dark,
 We need not cease our singing;
 That perfect rest naught can molest,
 Where golden harps are ringing.

CHORUS:

4 Let sorrow's rudest tempest blow,
 Each cord on earth to sever;
 Our King says, "Come," and there's our home,
 For ever, oh! for ever!

CHORUS:

313.—P. M.

The heavenly antepast.

AWAY with our sorrow and fear,
 We soon shall recover our home;
 The city of saints shall appear,—
 The day of eternity come.
 From earth we shall quickly remove,
 And mount to our native abode;
 The house of our Father above,—
 The palace of angels and God.

- 2 Our mourning is all at an end,
 When, raised by the life-giving word,
 We see the new city descend,
 Adorn'd as a bride for her Lord:
 The city so holy and clean,
 No sorrow can breathe in the air:
 No gloom of affliction or sin;
 No shadow of evil is there.
- 3 By faith we already behold
 That lovely Jerusalem here:
 Her walls are of Jasper and gold;
 - As crystal her buildings are clear;
 Immovably founded in grace,
 She stands as she ever hath stood,
 And brightly her builder displays,
 And flames with the glory of God.

314. — P. M.

Over the river.

- ON the banks beyond the stream,
 Where the fields are always green,
 There's no night, but endless day;
 There is where the angels stay.
 There's no sorrow, pain, nor fear,
 There's no parting farewell-tear;
 There's no cloud, no darkness there,
 All is bright, and clear, and fair.
- 2 Flowers of fadeless beauty there,
 Trees of life with foliage fair,
 Fruits, the most inviting grow,
 There is where I want to go.
 Hark! I hear the angels sing;
 Heavenly harpers on the wing
 Throng the air, and bid me rise
 To all the music of the skies.
- 3 Soon from earth I'll soar away,
 To the realms of endless day:
 Soon I'll join the ransomed throng,
 Sing with them redemptions song:
 Pearly gates stand open wide,
 Just beyond death's chilling tide;
 There my mansion bright I see,
 There my angels wait for me.

315. — C. M.

Yet believing, ye rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of glory.

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

316. — C. M.

The lands beyond the river.

- THERE is a land of pure delight,
 Where saints immortal reign;
 Infinite day excludes the night,
 And pleasures banish pain.
- 2 There everlasting spring abides,
 And never withering flowers;
 Death, like a narrow sea, divides
 This heavenly land from ours.

3 Sweet fields, beyond the swelling flood,
Stand dressed in living green;
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
While Jordan rolled between.

4 Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er,
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood,
Should fright us from the shore.

317. — P. M.

There's a light in the window.

There's a light in the window for thee, dear brother, —
There's a light in the window for thee;
Thy mother has moved to her mansions above, —
There's a light in the window for thee.

CHORUS:—

A mansion in heaven we see,
And a light in the window for thee;
A mansion in heaven we see,
And a light in the window for thee.

2 There's a crown and a robe and a palm, dear brother,
When from toil and from care thou art free;
The Saviour has gone to prepare thee a home,
With a light in the window for thee.

CHORUS:—

3 O watch, and be faithful, and pray, dear brother,
All your journey o'er life's troubled sea;
Though afflictions assail you, and storms beat severe,
There's a light in the window for thee.

CHORUS:—

4 Then on, perseveringly on, dear brother,
Till from conflict and suffering free;
Bright angels are beckoning thee over the stream;
There's a light in the window for thee.

CHORUS:—

318.—P. M.

Let me go.

Words and Music by Rev. L. HARTSOUGH.

[TUNE No. 45.]

LET me go where saints are going,
 To the mansions of the blest;
 Let me go where my Redeemer
 Has prepared his people's rest.
 I would gain the realms of brightness,
 Where they go out nevermore:
 I would join the friends that wait me
 Over on the other shore.

CHORUS:—

Let me go; 'tis Jesus calls me,
 Let me gain the realms of day;
 Bear me over angel pinions;
 Longs my soul to be away.

2 Let me go where none are weary,
 Where is raised no wail of woe;
 Let me go and bathe my spirit
 In the raptures angels know:
 Let me go; for bliss eternal
 Lures my soul away, away,
 And the victor's song triumphant,
 Thrills my heart,—I cannot stay.

CHORUS:—

3 Let me go! why should I tarry?
 What has earth to bind me here?
 What but cares, and toils, and sorrows?
 What but death, and pain, and fear?
 Let me go; for hopes most cherished,
 Blasted, round me often lie.
 O, I've gathered brightest flowers,
 But to see them fade and die.

CHORUS:—

4 Let me go where tears and sighing
 Are forevermore unknown;
 Where the joyous songs of glory
 Call me to a happier home.

Let me go; I'd cease this dying,
 I would gain life's fairer plains;
 Let me join the myriad harpers, -
 Let me chant their rapturous strains.

CHORUS:—

5 Let me go: there is a glory
 That my soul hath longed to know.
 I am thirsty for the waters
 That from crystal fountains flow:
 There is where the angels tarry,
 There the saved forever throng;
 There the brightness wearies never;
 There I'll sing redemption's song.

CHORUS:—

6 Let me go · O, speed my journey!
 Saints and seraphs lure away.
 O, I almost feel the raptures
 That make up their endless day.
 Oft methinks I hear the singing
 That is only heard above.
 Let me go: O, speed my going!
 Let me go where all is love.

CHORUS:—

319.—L. M.

The glorious end in view.

COME, let us anew our journey pursue;
 With vigor arise,
 And press to our permanent place in the skies.
 Of heavenly birth, though wand'ring on earth,
 This is not our place;
 But strangers and pilgrims ourselves we confess.

2 At Jesus' call, we gave up our all;
 And still we forego,
 For Jesus' sake, our enjoyments below.
 No longing we find for the country behind;
 - But onward we move,
 And still we are seeking a country above:—

- 3 A country of joy without any alloy;
 We thither repair;
 Our hearts and our treasure already are there.
 We march hand in hand to Immanuel's land;
 No matter what cheer
 We meet with on earth, for eternity's here.
- 4 The rougher the way, the shorter our stay;
 The tempests that rise
 Shall gloriously hurry our souls to the skies:
 The fiercer the blast, the sooner 't is past;
 The troubles that come
 Shall come to our rescue, and hasten us home.

320. — P. M.

The sun-bright clime.

- HAVE you heard, have you heard of the sun-bright
 clime,
 Undimm'd by sorrow, unhurt by time?
 Where age has no power o'er the fadeless frame,
 Where the eye is fire and the heart is flame,—
 Have you heard of that sun-bright clime?
- 2 A river of water gushes there,
 'Mid flowers of beauty strangely fair,
 And a thousand forms are hovering o'er
 The golden waves and the dashing shore,
 That are seen in that sun-bright clime.
- 3 And myriad forms all clothed in white,
 In garments of beauty clear and bright;
 They dwell in their own immortal bowers,
 'Mid fadeless hues of countless flowers,
 That bloom in that sun-bright clime.
- 4 Ear hath not heard, and eye hath not seen
 Their heavenly forms and their changeless sheen,
 Their ensigns are waving, their banners unfurled,
 O'er the jasper walls and the gates of pearl
 That are fixed in that sun-bright clime.
- 5 But far, far away is that sinless clime,
 Undimm'd by sorrow, unharm'd by crime;
 Where amid all things that are fair is given
 The home of the just, and its name is heaven:
 'T is the name of that sun-bright clime.

321.—S. M.*Rejoicing in hope.*

COME, ye that love the Lord,
 And let your joys be known;
 Join in a song with sweet accord,
 While ye surround his throne.
 Let those refuse to sing
 Who never knew our God,
 But servants of the heavenly King
 May speak their joys abroad.

2 The God that rules on high,
 That all the earth surveys,
 That rides upon the stormy sky,
 And calms the roaring seas;
 This awful God is ours,
 Our Father and our Love;
 He will send down his heavenly powers,
 To carry us above.

3 There we shall see his face,
 And never, never sin;
 There, from the rivers of his grace,
 Drink endless pleasures in:
 Yea, and before me rise
 To that immortal state,
 The thoughts of such amazing bliss
 Should constant joys create.

4 The men of grace have found
 Glory begun below:
 Celestial fruit on earthly ground,
 From faith and-hope may grow.
 Then let our songs abound,
 And every tear be dry:
 We 're marching through Immanuel's ground,
 To fairer worlds on high.

322.—P. M.*Joyful in hope.*

COME on, my partners in distress,
 My comrades through the wilderness,
 Who still your bodies feel:

- Awh'le forget your griefs and fears,
And look beyond this vale of tears,
To that celestial hill.
- 2 Beyond the bounds of time and space,
Look forward to that heavenly place,
The saints' secure abode;
On faith's strong eagle pinions rise,
And force your passage to the skies,
And scale the mount of God.
- 3 Who suffer with our Master here,
We shall before his face appear,
And by his side sit down;
To patient faith the prize is sure;
And all that to the end endure
The cross, shall wear the crown.
- 4 Thrice blessed, bliss-inspiring hope!
It lifts the fainting spirits up;
It brings to life the dead:
Our conflicts here shall soon be past,
And you and I ascend at last,
Triumphant with our Head.
- 5 That great mysterious Deity,
We soon with open face shall see;
The beatific sight
Shall fill the heavenly courts with praise,
And wide diffuse the golden blaze
Of everlasting light.

323.—P. M.

The family in heaven and earth.

- COME, let us join our friends above,
That have obtain'd the prize;
And on the eagle wings of love
To joys celestial rise.
- 2 Let all the saints terrestrial sing,
With those to glory gone;
For all the servants of our King,
In earth and heaven, 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 command we bow;
 Part of his 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 we expect to die.
- 6 His militant, embodied host,
 With wishful looks we stand,
 And long to see that happy coast,
 And reach the heavenly land.

324.—S. M.

Forever with the Lord.

FOREVER with the Lord!
 Amen, so let it be!
 Life from the dead is in that word,
 'T is immortality.

2 Here in the body pent,
 Absent from him I roam;
 Yet nightly pitch my moving tent
 A day's march nearer home.

3 Forever with the Lord!
 Father, if 't is thy will,
 The promise of that faithful word,
 E'en here to me fulfill.

4 So when my latest breath
 Shall rend the veil in twain,
 By death I shall escape from death,
 And life-eternal gain.

5 Knowing as I am known,
 How shall I love that word,
 And oft repeat before the throne,
 Forever with the Lord.

325. — P. M.

There's nothing true but heaven.

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

2 Poor wanderers of a stormy day,
From wave to wave are driven,
And fancy's flash, and reason's ray,
Serve but to light their troubled way:
There's nothing calm but heaven.

3 And false the light of glory's plume,
As fading hues of even;
And love, and hope, and beauty's bloom,
Are blossoms gathered for the tomb:
There's nothing bright but heaven.

4 And where's the light, held out to cheer
The heart with anguish riven;
Affliction's sigh, and sorrow's tear,
Have never found a refuge here:
There's nothing kind but heaven.

5 From those who walk in wisdom's ways,
Corroding fears are driven;
They're washed in Christ's atoning blood,
Enjoy communion with their God,
And find their way to heaven.

326. — C. M.

In all these things we are more than conquerors.

WHEN I can read my title clear
To mansions in the skies,
I'll bid farewell to every fear,
And wipe my weeping eyes.

2 Should earth against my soul engage,
And fiery darts be hurl'd,
Then I can smile at Satan's rage,
And face a frowning world.

3 Let cares like a wild deluge come;
Let storms of sorrow fall,—
So I but safely reach my home,
My God, my heaven, my all.

4 There I shall bathe my weary soul
 In seas of heavenly rest,
 And not a wave of trouble roll
 Across my peaceful breast.

327.—P. M.

All is well.

WHAT'S this that steals, that steals upon my frame?
 Is it death? Is it death?
 That soon will quench, will quench this vital frame?
 Is it death? Is it death?
 If this be death, I soon shall be
 From every pain and sorrow free, —
 I shall the King of glory see.
All is well, all is well.

2 Weep not my friends, my friends, weep not for me;
All is well.
 My sins are pardoned, pardoned, I am free,
All is well.
 There's not a cloud that doth arise
 To hide my Saviour from my eyes;
 I soon shall mount the upper skies.
All is well.

3 Tune, tune your harps, your harps, ye saints in glory;
All is well.
 I will rehearse, rehearse the pleasing story,
All is well.
 Bright angels are from glory come,
 They're round my bed, — they're in my room,
 They wait to waft my spirit home.
All is well.

4 Hark, hark! my Lord, my Lord and Master calls me.
All is well.
 I soon shall see, shall see his face in glory.
All is well.
 Farewell, my friends, adieu, adieu!
 I can no longer stay with you,
 My glittering crown appears in view.
All is well.

328.—P. M.*Vain world adieu.*

WHEN for eternal worlds we steer,
 And seas are calm, and skies are clear,
 And faith in lively exercise,
 And distant hills of Canaan rise,
 The soul for joy then claps her wings,
 And loud her lovely sonnet sings,
 Vain world, adieu, vain world, adieu.
 And loud her lovely sonnet sings,
 Vain world, adieu.

2 With cheerful hope, her eyes explore
 Each landmark on the distant shore;
 The trees of life, the pastures green,
 The golden streets, the crystal stream;
 Again for joy she claps her wings,
 And loud her lovely sonnet sings,
 Vain world, adieu.

3 As nearer still she draws to land,
 More eager all her powers expand;
 With steady helm and free bent sail,
 Her anchor drops within the vail;
 Again for joy she claps her wings,
 And her celestial sonnet sings,
 Glory to God.

329.—P. M.*I would not live alway.*

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 joys, full enough for its cheer.

2 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.

- 3 Who, who would live alway away from his God,—
 Away from yon heaven, that blissful abode,
 Where rivers of pleasure flow bright o'er the plains,
 And the noontide of glory eternally reigns?
- 4 There saints of all ages in harmony meet,
 Their Saviour and brethren transported to greet;
 While anthems of rapture unceasingly roll,
 And the smile of the Lord is the feast of the soul.

330 — P. M.

The world of light.

THERE is a beautiful world
 Where saints and angels sing;
 A world where peace and pleasure reign,
 And heavenly praises ring.

CHORUS:—

We'll be there; we'll be there:
 Palms of victory, crowns of glory
 We shall wear
 In that beautiful world of light.

- 2 There is a beautiful world,
 Unseen by mortal sight,
 And darkness never enters there;
 That world is pure and bright.

CHORUS:—

- 3 There is a beautiful world,
 Where sorrow never comes;
 A world where tears shall never fall,
 In sighing for our homes.

CHORUS:—

- 4 There is a beautiful world,
 Of harmony and love:
 O, may we safely enter there,
 And dwell with God above.

CHORUS:—

331.—S. M.

A house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens.

WE know, by faith we know,
If this vile house of clay,
This tabernacle sunk below,
In ruinous decay,—

2 We have a house above,
Not made by mortal hands;
And firm as our Redeemer's love
That heavenly fabric stands.

3 It stands securely high,
Indissolubly sure:
Our glorious mansion in the sky,
Shall evermore endure.

4 Full of immortal hope,
We urge the restless strife,
And hasten to be swallow'd up
Of everlasting life.

5 Lord, let us put on thee
In perfect holiness,
And rise, prepared to see thy face
Thy bright, unclouded face.

6 Thy grace with glory crown,
Who hast the earnest given;
And then triumphantly come down,
And take us up to heaven

332.—P. M.

Beautiful world.

WE'RE going home; we've had visions bright
Of that holy land, that world of delight,
Where the long, dark night of time is past,
And the morn of eternity dawns at last;
Where the weary saint no more shall roam,
But dwell in a happy, peaceful home:
Where the brow with sparkling gems is crowned,
And the waves of bliss are flowing around.
O, that beautiful world! O, that beautiful world.

- 2 We're going home, we soon shall be
 Where the sky is clear and all are free;
 Where the victor's song floats o'er the plain,
 And the seraph's anthems blend with its strain;
 Where the sun rolls down its beautiful flood,
 And beams on a world that is fair and good:
 Where stars, once dimmed at nature's doom,
 Will ever shine, o'er the new earth-bloom.
- 3 Where tears and sighs which here were given,
 Are changed for the gladsome song of heaven;
 Where the beautiful forms which sing and shine,
 Are guarded well by a hand divine;
 Where the banner of love and friendship's wand
 Are waving above that princely band,
 And the glory of God, like a boundless sea,
 Will cheer that immortal company.
- 4 'Mid the ransomed throng, 'mid the sea of bliss,
 'Mid the holy city's gorgeousness,
 'Mid the verdant plains, 'mid the angel's cheer,
 'Mid the saints that round the throne appear:
 Where the conqueror's song, as it sounds afar,
 Is wafted on the ambrosial air;
 Through endless years we then shall prove
 The depth of a Saviour's matchless love.

333. — P. M.

The Eden above.

WE'RE bound for the land of the pure and the holy,
 The home of the happy, the kingdom of love;
 Ye wanderers from God in the broad road of folly,
 O say, will you go to the Eden above?

CHORUS:—

Will you go, will you go, will you go, will you go
 O say, will you go to the Eden above?

- 2 In that blessed land, neither sighing nor anguish
 Can breathe in the fields where the glorified rove;
 Ye heart-burdened ones, who in misery languish,
 O say, will you go to the Eden above?

CHORUS:—

- 3 Nor fraud nor deceit nor the hand of oppression
Can injure the dwellers in that holy grove;
No wickedness there, not a shade of transgression,—
O say, will you go to the Eden above.

CHORUS:—

- 4 Methinks thou art now in thy wretchedness saying,—
O who can this guilt from my conscience remove?
No other but Jesus; then come to him praying,—
Prepare me, O Lord, for the Eden above.

CHORUS:—

334.—P. M.

Oh! I want to cross over!

Words and music by Rev. L. HARTSOUGH.

[TUNE No. 46.]

O HAVE you not heard of that realm of delight,
To which the blessed Saviour doth each one invite?
'Tis prepared for the good and the pure and the blessed;
'Tis over the river, where the weary find rest.

CHORUS:—

Oh! I want to cross over, to dwell where he reigns,
And join the glad angels on Eden's fair plains;
I want to be gathered with all the redeemed;
Yes: over the river where the fields are all green.

- 2 Tho' death's foaming billows are rolling between,
Yet glories are there such as eye hath not seen,
And songs are there sung such as ear hath not caught,
And the way o'er the river the Saviour hath taught.

CHORUS:—

- 3 'Tis a land of rare beauty,—a realm of delight,
O'erflowing with gladness, refulgent with light;
Its verdure ne'er withers, its flowers ne'er die:
Oh! I long to pass over with Jesus on high.

CHORUS:—

- 4 Its fountains are pure, and its pleasures untold;
Its fulness of rapture no tongue can unfold;
Its life-breathing zephyrs float gently along
O'er the river, enticing a purified throng.

CHORUS:—

6 There the weary may rest, and the wicked ne'er come;
 There the saints are all safe in their heavenly home;
 With their harps and their crowns they for ever are
 seen, —

Away o'er the river, where the valleys are green.

CHORUS:—

6 'T is Jesus invites me this glory to see,
 To reign with him ever, all happy and free;
 I'll join with the ransomed, and with them abide;
 I'll cross the dark river, — bright angels will guide.

CHORUS;—

335. — P. M.

Pilgrim near the crossing.

How happy is the pilgrim's lot!
 How free from every anxious thought,
 From worldly hope and fear!
 Confined to neither court nor cell,
 His soul disdains on earth to dwell, —
 He only sojourns here.

2 This happiness in part is mine,
 Already saved from low design,
 From every creature-love;
 Blest with the scorn of infinite good,
 My soul is lighten'd of its load,
 And seeks the things above.

3 There is my house and portion fair,
 My treasure and my heart are there,
 And my abiding home;
 For me my elder brethren stay,
 And angels beckon me away,
 And Jesus bids me come.

4 I come, thy servant, Lord, replies,
 I come to meet thee in the skies,
 And claim my heavenly rest:
 Soon will the pilgrim's journey end;
 Then, O my Saviour, Brother, Friend,
 Receive me to thy breast.

336. — C. M.*The goodly city in prospect.*

JERUSALEM, my happy home!
Name ever dear to me;
When shall my labors have **an end**,
In joy, and peace in thee?

2 O when, thou city of my God,
Shall I thy courts ascend,
Where congregations ne'er **break up**,
And sabbath has no end?

3 Why should I shrink at pain and woe,
Or feel at death dismay?
I've Canaan's goodly land in view,
And realms of endless day.

4 Apostles, martyrs, prophets there,
Around my Saviour stand;
And soon my friends in Christ below
Will join the glorious band.

5 Jerusalem, my happy home,
My soul still pants for thee;
Then shall my labors have **an end**,
When I thy joys shall see.

SECTION XXVI.

MISCELLANEOUS.

337.—P. M.

Burial of Mrs. Judson.

[TUNE No. 47.]

MOURNFULLY, tenderly, bear on the dead;
Where the warrior has lain let the Christian be laid:
No place more befitting,—O, Rock of the sea,
Never such treasure was hidden in thee.

2 Mournfully, tenderly, solemn, and slow
Tears are bedewing the path as we go;
Kindred and strangers are mourners to-day,—
Gently, so gently, O, bear her away:

3 Mournfully, tenderly, gaze on that brow,—
Beautiful is it in quietude now;
One look, and then settle the loved to her rest,
The ocean beneath her, the turf on her breast.

4 So have ye buried her up, and depart
To life and to duty, with undismayed heart;
Fear not: for the love of the stranger shall keep
The casket that lies in the Rock of the deep.

5 Peace to thy bosom, thou servant of God,
The vale thou art treading, before thou hast trod.
Precious dust, thou hast laid by the Hopia tree,
And treasure as precious in the Rock of the sea.

238.—L. M.

The joy of salvation.

LORD, how secure and blest are they
Who feel the joys of pardon'd sin;
Should storms of wrath shake earth and sea,
Their minds have heaven and peace within.

- 2 The day glides sweetly o'er their heads,
 Made up of innocence and love;
 And soft, and silent as the shades,
 Their nightly minutes gently move.
- 3 Quick as their thoughts, their joys come on,
 But fly not half so swift away:
 Their souls are ever bright as noon,
 And calm as summer evenings be.
- 4 How oft they look to the heavenly hills,
 Where groves of living pleasures grow;
 And longing hopes and cheerful smiles
 Sit undisturbed upon their brow.
- 5 They scorn to seek earth's golden toys,
 But spend the day, and share the night,
 In numb'ring o'er the richer joys
 That heaven prepares for their delight.

339.—P. M.

The orphan's prayer.

[TUNE No. 48.]

- I LOVE to stay where my mother sleeps,
 And gaze on each star as it twinkling peeps
 Through that bending willow, which lonely weeps
 O'er my mother's grave,
 O'er my mother's grave;
 Through that bending willow
 O'er my mother's grave.
- 2 I love to kneel on the green turf there,
 Afar from the scene of my daily care,
 And breathe to Jesus my evening prayer,
 O'er my mother's grave.
- 3 I still remember how oft she led
 And knelt me by her, as with God she plead,
 That I might be his when the clods were spread
 O'er my mother's grave, &c.;
 'Neath that bending willow
 O'er, &c.

- 4 I love to think how, 'neath the ground,
 She sleeps in death as a captive bound;
 She'll sleep no more when the trump shall sound
 O'er my mother's grave.

340.—P. M.

The infant's dream of heaven.

[TUNE No. 49.]

THE STORY.—A little girl fell asleep on her mother's lap while the latter was smiling on her, through her tears, and singing a sweet strain. The child dreamed that she wandered away in the forest, and died, and was carried by a beautiful angel to heaven. Mixing with the heavenly throng, she soon saw among them a man "walking with the patriarchs, clothed in white," whom she remembered as the once poor old man who came, a beggar, one stormy night, to her father's door, and who sat in her father's arm-chair, overwhelmed with his sorrows, and died before morning. Next day after the dream she came and besought her mother to lull her to sleep again in precisely the same manner, so she might be sure and have the same dream again.

- O, CRADLE me on thy knee, Mamma,
 And sing me that holy strain
 Which soothed me last, as you fondly press'd
 My glowing cheek to your loving breast;
 For I saw a scene when I slumbered last
 That I fain would see again.
- 2 And smile as you then did smile, Mamma,
 And weep as you then did weep:
 Then fix on me your tearful eye,
 And gaze and gaze till the tears be dry.
 Then rock me gently, and sing, and sigh,
 Till you lull me fast asleep.
- 3 For I dreamed a heavenly dream, mamma,
 While slumbering on your knee:
 I lived in a land where forms divine,
 In kingdoms of glory eternally shine,
 And the world I'd give, if the world were mine,
 Again that land to see.

- 4 I fancied we roamed through a wood, Mamma,
And we rested us under a bough;
Then near me a butterfly flaunted in pride,
And I chased it away through the forest wide,
And the night came on and I lost my guide,
And I knew not what to do.
- 5 My heart grew chill with fear, Mamma,
And I loudly called for thee,—
When a white-robed maiden appeared in the air,
And she flung back the locks of her golden hair,
And she kissed me so sweetly ere I was aware,
Saying “Come, pretty babe, with me.”
- 6 My tears, my fears, she beguiled, Mamma,
And she led me far away:
We enter’d the door of the dark, dark tomb,
Then pass’d through a long, long vault of gloom,
Then open’d our eyes on a world of bloom,
And a sky of cloudless day.
- 7 I mixed with the heavenly throng, Mamma,
With cherno and seraphim fair;
And I saw, as I roamed the regions of bliss,
The spirits which came from a world such as this;
And theirs was the joy no tongue can express,
For they know no sorrow there.
- 8 Do you think of that poor old man, Mamma,
Who came so late to our door?
And the night was dark, and the storm was loud,
And his heart was weak, and his soul was bowed,
And his ragged old mantle became his shroud,
Ere the midnight watch was o’er.
- 9 And O what a weight of woe, Mamma,
Made heavy each long-drawn sigh,
As the good man sat in papa’s old chair,
And the rain-drops fell from his thin, grey hair,
And then the big tear of speechless care
Ran down from his aged eye.
- 10 My heart was full of grief, Mamma,
And my eyes were full of tears
As he told how he went to the Baron’s strong-hold,
Saying, “O, let me in, for the night is cold:”
But the rich man said, “Go sleep in the fold,
For we shield no beggars here.”

- 11 Well, he was in glory too, Mamma,
 And as safe as the blest can be :
 He needed no alms in that land of light,
 For he walked with the patriarchs, clothed in white,
 And no seraph there had a crown more bright,
 Nor a costlier robe than he.
- 12 Let me go once more to that land, Mamma,
 While slumbering on your knee.
 I would live in the land where forms divine
 In kingdoms of glory eternally shine :
 For the world I'd give, if the world were mine,
 Again that land to see.

341.—P. M.

Lullaby.

[TUNE No. 57.]

Sleep, baby, sleep :
 Thy Father watches his sheep ;
 Thy mother is shaking the dream-land tree,
 And down falls a little dream on thee..
 Sleep, baby, sleep.

2 Sleep, baby, sleep :
 The large stars are the sheep ;
 The little stars are the lambs, I guess,
 And the bright moon is the shepherdess :
 Sleep, baby, sleep.

3 Sleep, baby, sleep :
 The Saviour loves his sheep ;
 He is the Son of God on high,
 Who for our sakes came down to die.
 Sleep, baby, sleep.

4 Sleep, baby, sleep :
 The morning light will peep ;
 The sun will come to see my dear ;
 The birds will sing, her heart to cheer.
 Sleep, baby, sleep.

342.—P. M.

*But know thou, that for all these things, God will bring thee
into judgment.*

[TUNE No. 51.]

YOUNG man, indulge thy passion,
And squander all thy youth
In every foolish fashion,
Regardless of the truth;
Nor heed God's threat'ning ensign,
And what thou list that do;
Yet know that this is seed-time,—
There comes a harvest, too.

2 When God shall send his angels
To reap the harvest down,
The tares they 'll bind in bundles,
The flames shall clasp them round,
The pit shall close upon them,
And shut them in despair,
And not a ray of morning
Shall ever enter there.

3 Or, are you at agreement,
At league with death and hell?
And do your great achievements
Assure you all is well?
If you, like God, can thunder,
And have the keys of hell,
I'll own you need not wonder,
If all at last goes well.

4 But still your glass is running,
And vengeance still doth wait;
But soon the time is coming,
When it will be too late.
The jubilee is sounding;
Then do n't be found at last
God's holy Spirit wounding,
And you in darkness cast.

5 Wisdom hath spread her table,—
A dying Saviour's love;
The feast is not a fable,
As, coming, you may prove.

Its joys are living fountains
 Of overflowing grace,
 From Zion's fragrant mountains,
 Where God unveils his face.

- 6 Come, then, receive instruction,
 Ye children, and be wise,
 Before the threatening storm comes
 To sweep away your lies;
 Lest you should sigh, lamenting,
 When in a damned state,
 I long delayed repenting,
 And now it is too late.

343. — P. M.

America.

[TUNE No. 32.]

MY country, 'tis of thee,
 Sweet land of liberty,
 Of thee I sing.
 Land where my fathers died,
 Land of the pilgrim's pride;
 From every mountain side
 Let freedom ring.

- 2 My native country! thee,
 Land of the noble free,
 Thy name I love:
 I love thy rocks and rills,
 Thy woods and templed hills;
 My heart with rapture thrills
 Like that above.

- 3 Let music swell the breeze
 And ring from all the trees
 Sweet freedom's song:
 Let mortal tongues awake,
 Let all that breathe partake;
 Let rocks their silence break, —
 The sounds prolong.

4 Our Fathers' God, to thee,
 Author of liberty,
 To thee we sing:
 Long may our land be bright
 With freedom's holy light;
 Protect us by thy might,
 Great God, our King.

344.—C. M.

The child's faith in God.

[TUNE No. 52.]

I KNEW a widow, very poor,
 Who four small children had;
 The eldest was but six years old,—
 A gentle, modest lad.
And very hard that widow toiled
 To feed her children four;
 An honest heart the woman had,
 But she was very poor.

2 To labor hard she left her home,
 For children must be fed,
And very glad was she to get
 A shilling's worth of bread:
 And this was all those children had
 On any day to eat;
 They drank cold water, ate their bread,
 But never tasted meat.

3 One day, when snow was falling fast,
 And piercing was the air,
I thought that I must go and see
 How those poor children were:
Ere long I reached their wretched home,
 'T was pierced by every breeze;
 When looking in, that eldest boy
 I saw upon his knees.

4 I paused to listen at the door,—
 He never raised his head,
But still went on, and said, "Give us
 This day our daily bread."

I waited till the child was done,
 Still list'ning as he prayed,
 And when he rose, I asked him why
 The Lord's prayer he had said.

5 "Why, sir," said he, "this morning, when
 My mother went away,
 She wept, and told us that she had
 No food for us to-day :
 She said we children now must starve,
 Our father being dead :
 But, then I told her, 'Don't you cry;
 For I can get some bread.'

6 "'Our Father,' sir, the prayer begins,
 Which makes me think that he,
 Since we have lost our father dear,
 Will our kind father be :
 And then the prayer asks God to give
 Us food for every day;
 So in the corner there I went,—
 And that's what made me pray."

7 I quickly left that cheerless house
 And ran with fleeting feet,
 But soon was coming back again,
 With food enough to eat.
 "I knew God heard me," said the boy.
 I answered with a nod :
 I could not speak, but oft I've thought
 Of that child's faith in God.

345.—P. M.

Pentecostal power.

[TUNE No. 53.]

'Tis the very same power, the very same power :
 'Tis the very same power that they had at Pen-
 tecost.

CHORUS :—

'Tis the power, the power :
 'Tis the power that
 Jesus promised should come down.

- 2 While with one accord assembled;
 Wsth one accôrd assembled
 All in an upper room,
 CHORUS :— Came the power, &c.
- 3 With cloven tongues of fire,
 And a rushing, mighty wind
 CHORUS :— Came the power, &c.
- 4 'T was while they all were praying,
 And believing it would come
 CHORUS :— Came the power, &c.
- 5 Some thought they were fanatics,
 Or were drunken with new wine.
 CHORUS :— 'T was the power, &c.
- 6 Three thousand were converted,
 And were added to the church,
 CHORUS :— By the power, &c.
- 7 The martyrs had this power
 As they triumphed in the flame.
 CHORUS :— 'T was the power, &c.
- 8 Our fathers had this power,
 And we may have it too.
 CHORUS :— 'T was the power, &c.
- 9 Lord, send us down the power
 That they had at Pentecost.
 CHORUS :— Send the power, &c.

346.—P. M.

Hushed be my murmurings.

[TUNE No. 54.]

HUSHED be my murmurings, let cares depart;
 Jesus is near me to cheer my heart :
 He's near to help me while life's hours remain;
 He speaks to cheer me in toil and in pain.

CHORUS :—

Gentle angels near me glide,
 Hopes of glory round me 'bide,
 And there lingers by my side
 A Saviour, a Saviour, a Saviour ever near;
 A Saviour, a Saviour, a Saviour ever near.

- 2 Why should I languish, — why should I fear?
 In sorrow and anguish he's ever near;
 Sleeping or waking, in pleasure or pain,
 Roaming or resting, he'll near me remain.

CHORUS:—

- 3 Scenes that will vanish smile on me now,
 Joys of a moment play round my brow,
 But soon in heaven he'll meet me again,
 There'll end my sorrow, and there'll end my pain.

CHORUS:

347.—P. M.

Zion's hill.

[TUNE No. 55.]

A LITTLE longer here below,
 Climbing up Zion's hill,
 And then to glory I shall go,
 And stand on Zion's hill.

CHORUS:—

We're almost there,
 We're almost there,
 We're almost there, my Lord,
 Climbing up Zion's hill.

- 2 I have some friends before me gone,
 They've gone to Zion's hill;
 And I'm resolved to travel on,
 Till I reach Zion's hill.

CHORUS:—

- 3 Go on, go on, my brethren dear,
 Go on to Zion's hill;
 Soon we shall meet together there,
 And stand on Zion's hill.

CHORUS:—

- 4 Amen, amen, my soul replies,
 Climbing up Zion's hill;
 I'm bound to meet you in the skies,
 And stand on Zion's hill.

CHORUS:—

5 Now here's my heart, and here's my hand,
 Climbing up Zion's hill;
 To meet you in that heavenly land,
 And stand on Zion's hill.

CHORUS :—

348.—P. M.

Let us walk in the light.

'T is religion that can give
 In the light, in the light,
 Sweetest pleasures while we live
 In the light of God.

'T is religion must supply
 In the light, in the light,
 Solid comfort when we die,
 In the light of God.

CHORUS :—

Let us walk in the light,
 Walk in the light;
 Let us walk in the light,
 In the light of God.

2 After death its joys shall be
 In the light, in the light,
 Lasting as eternity,
 In the light of God.
 Be the living God my friend,
 In the light, in the light;
 Then my bliss shall never end,
 In the light of God.

CHORUS :—

349.—P. M.

Jesus paid it all.

[TUNE No. 56.]

NOTHING either great or small
 Remains for me to do,
 Jesus died and paid it all,—
 All the debt I owe.

CHORUS:—

Jesus paid it all,
All the debt I owe,
And nothing either great or small
Remains for me to do.

2 When he from his lofty throne
Stoop'd to do and die,
Every thing was fully done;
“'Tis finish'd,” was his cry.

CHORUS:—

3 Weary, working, plodding one,
Wherefore toil you so?
Cease your “doing;” all was done
Long, long ago.

CHORUS:—

4 Till to Jesus' work you cling,
By a simple faith,
“Doing” is a deadly thing,
“Doing” ends in death.

CHORUS:—

5 Cast your deadly “doing” down,
Down at Jesus' feet;
Stand in him, in him alone,
Glorious and complete.

CHORUS:—

350.—L. M.

What is man, that thou shouldst magnify him.

INFINITE God, thy greatness spann'd
These heavens, and meted out the skies:
Lo! in the hollow of thy hand
The measured waters sink and rise!

2 Thee to perfection who can tell?
Earth and her sons beneath thee, lie
Lighter than dust within thy scale,
And less than nothing in thine eye.

3 Yet, in thy Son, divinely great,
We claim thy providential care;
Boldly we stand before thy seat,—
Our advocate hath placed us there.

- 4 With him we are gone up on high,
 Since he is ours, and we are his;
 With him we reign above the sky,—
 We walk upon our subject seas.
- 5 We boast of our recover'd powers,
 Lords are we of the lands and floods;
 And earth and heaven and all is ours,
 And we are Christ's, and Christ is God's.

351.—P. M.

Doxology.

- I GIVE immortal praise
 To God, the Father's love,
 For all my comforts here,
 And better hopes above;
 He sent his own eternal Son,
 To die for sins that man hath done.
- 2 To God, the Son, belongs
 Immortal glory too,
 Who bought us with 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's name,
 Immortal 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 honors done;
 The undivided Three,
 And the mysterious One:
 Where reason fails with all her powers,
 There faith prevails, and love adores.

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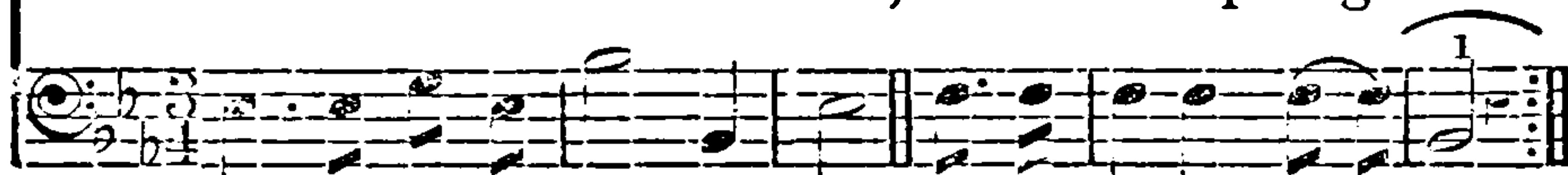
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1. The Omnipresent God.

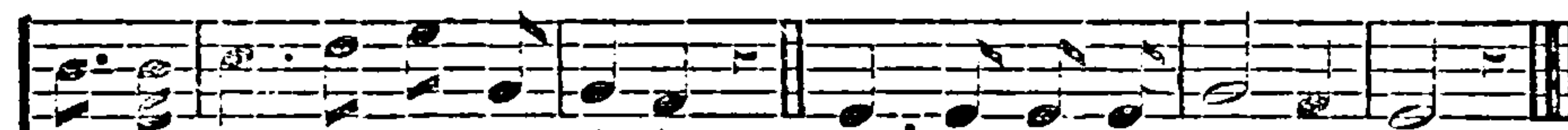
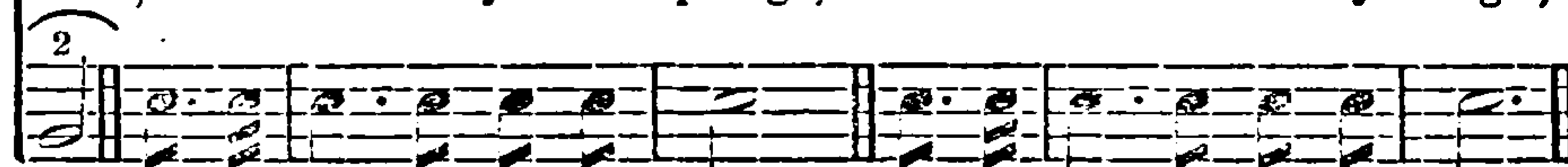
LOWELL MASON.



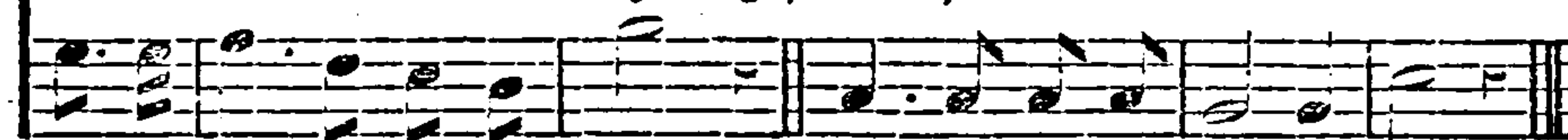
God is in the torrent's fall, In the sum - mer breeze ;
God is in the thunder's call, In the whisp'ring



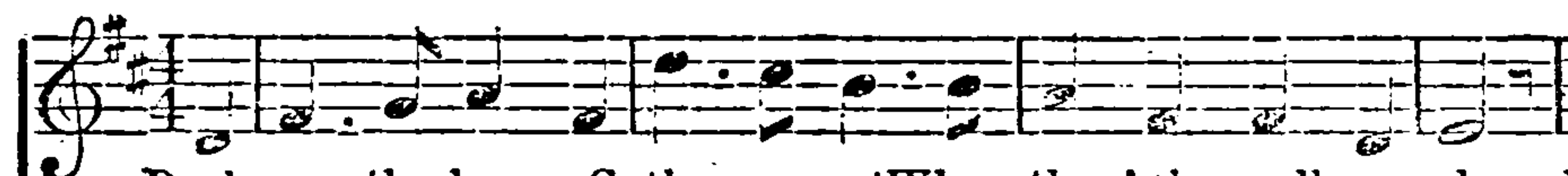
trees, Where the lowly violet springs, Where the faithful i - vy clings ;



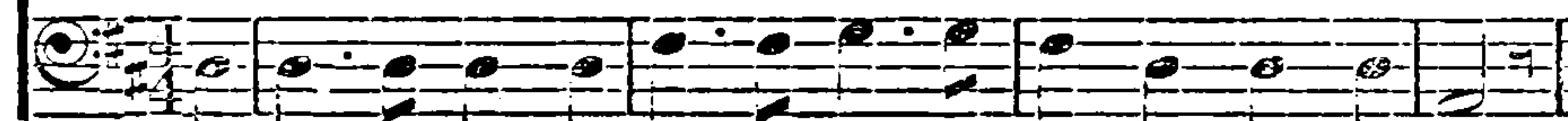
Where the small bird sweetly sings, There, for-ev-er there is God.



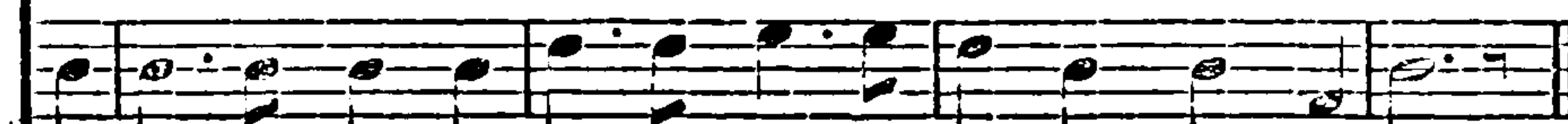
2. Down in the Garden.



Dark was the hour, Gethsema-ne! When thro' thy walks was heard

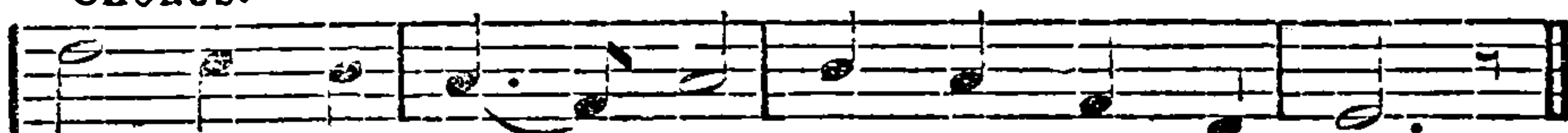


The low - ly man of Gal - i - lee, Still pleading with the Lord.

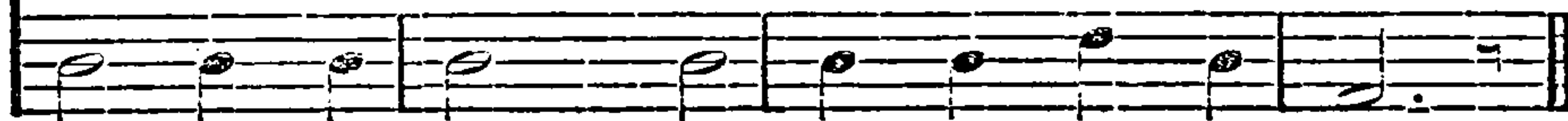


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CHORUS.



Down in the gar - den, Hear that mourn-ful sound;

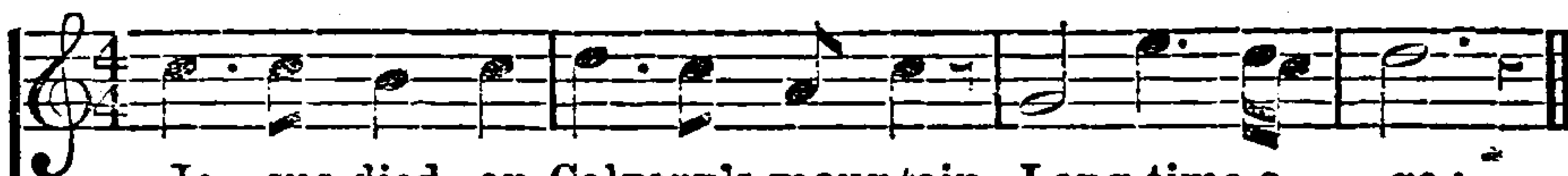


There behold the Saviour weeping, Praying on the cold, damp ground.

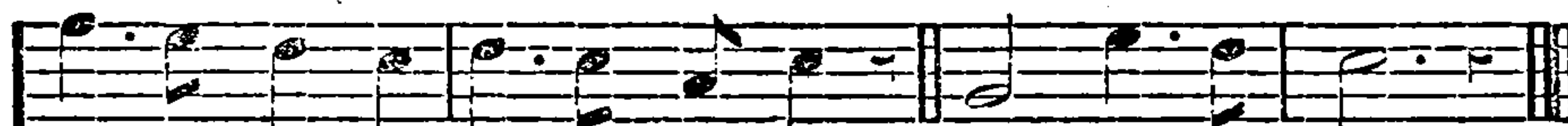
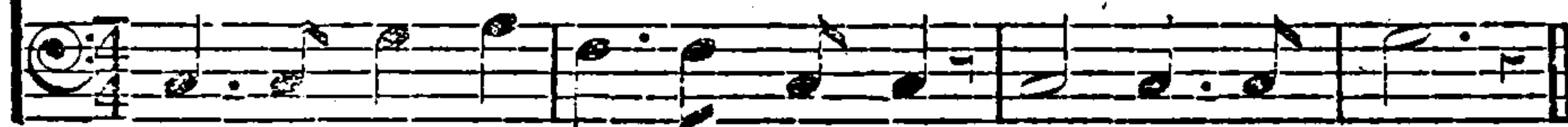


3.

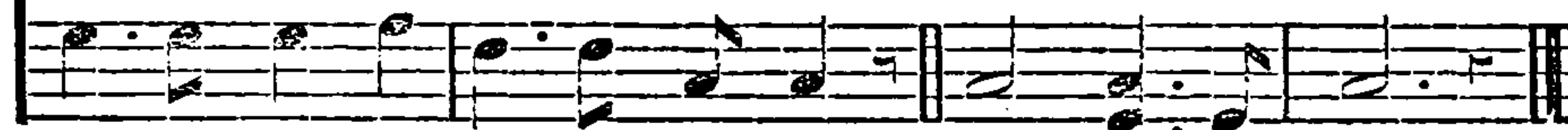
Long Time Ago.



Je - sus died on Calvary's mountain, Long time a - go;



And sal-va-tion's healing fountain Now free - ly flows.

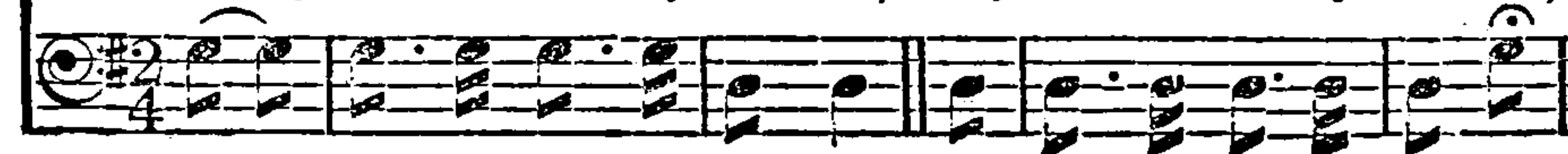


4.

The Ascension.



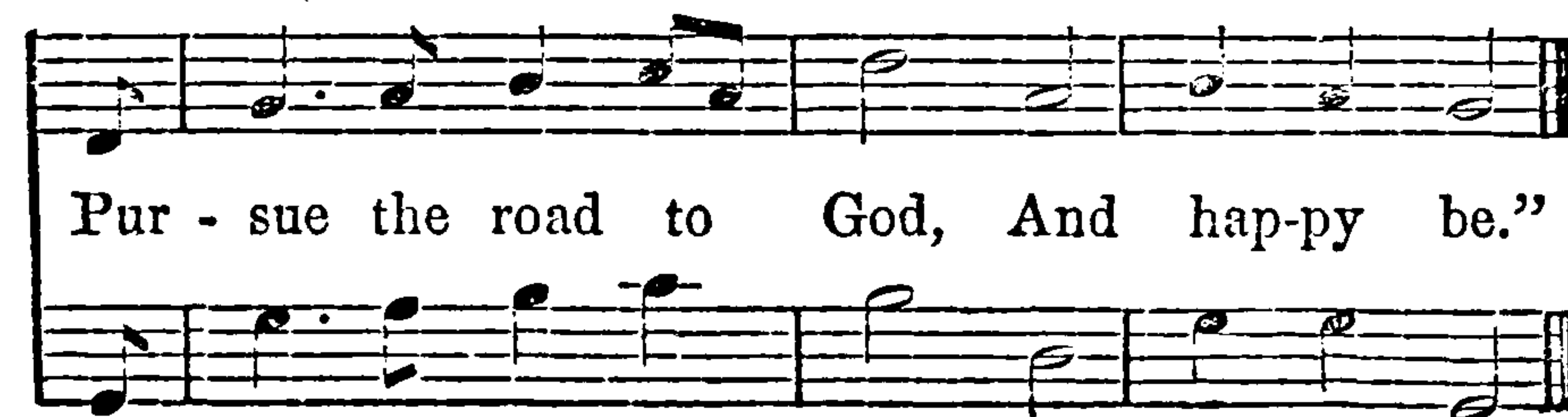
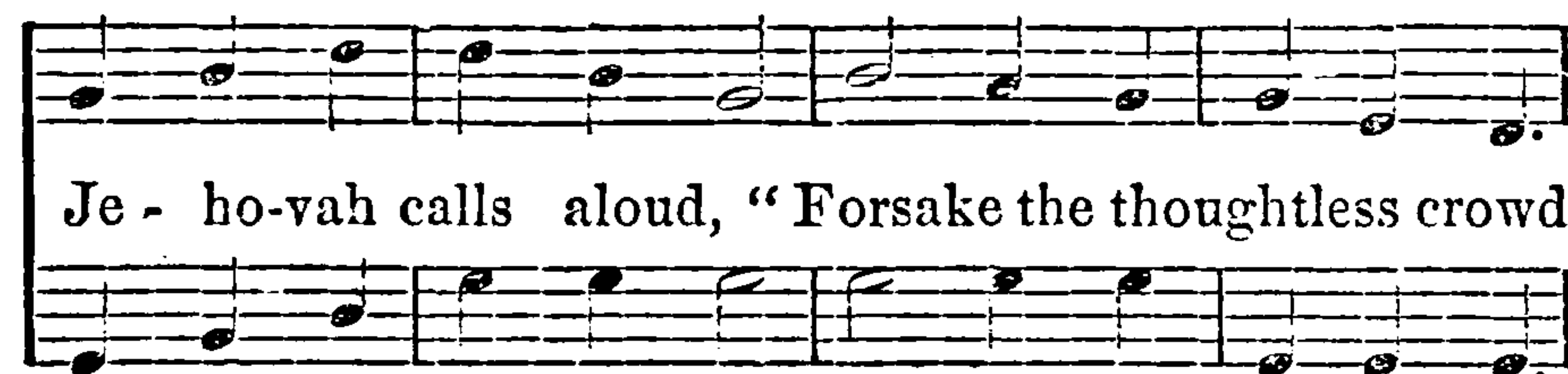
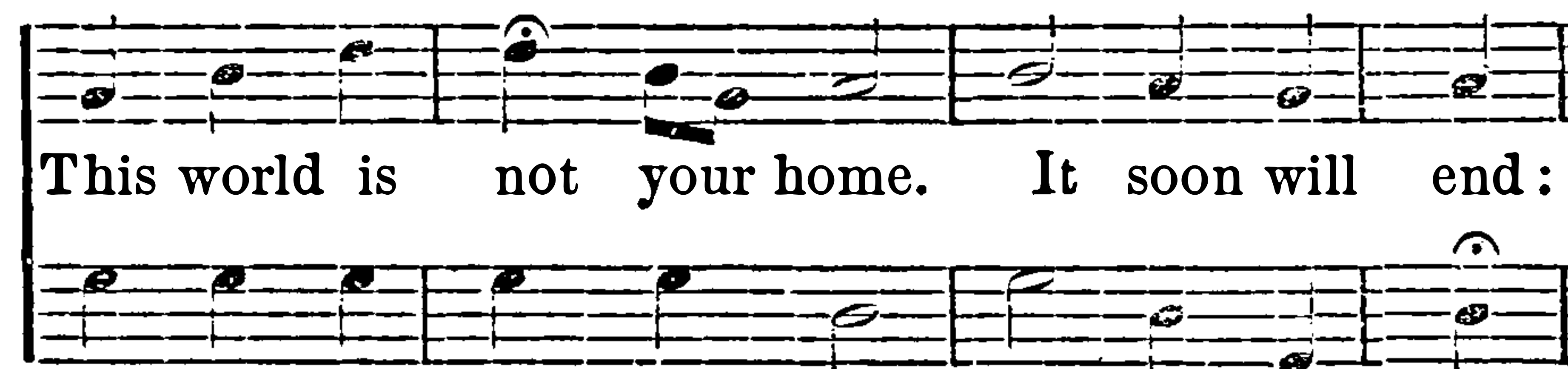
O they cru - ci-fied my Saviour, They cru - ci-fied my Saviour,



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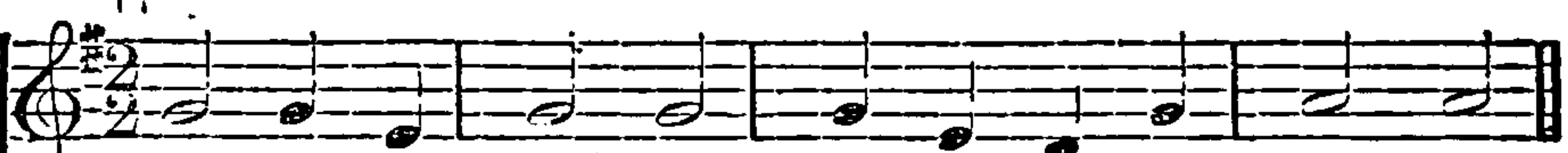


5. "O Careless Sinner, Come."



6.

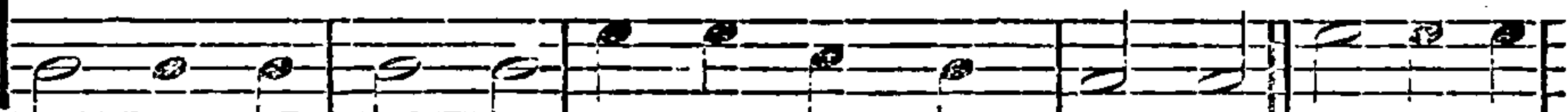
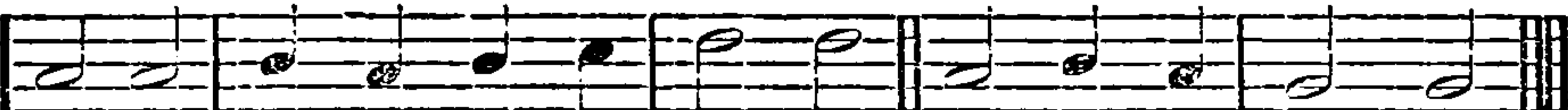
Lamentation.



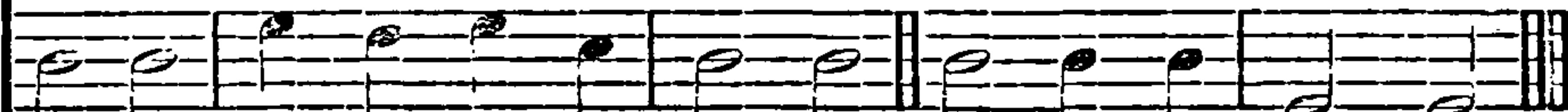
Hearken, ye spright-ly, and at-tend, ye vain ones;



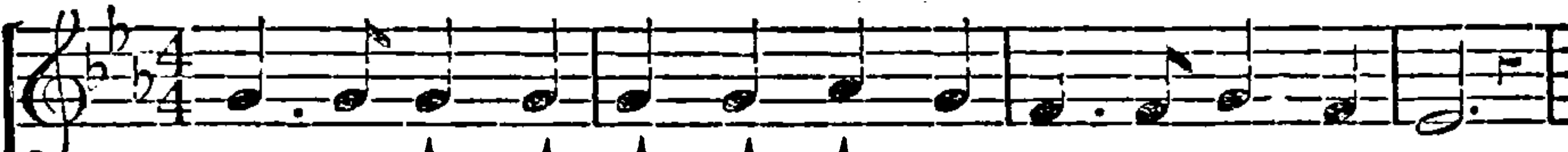

Pause in your mirth, ad-ver-si-ty con-sid-er: Learn from a

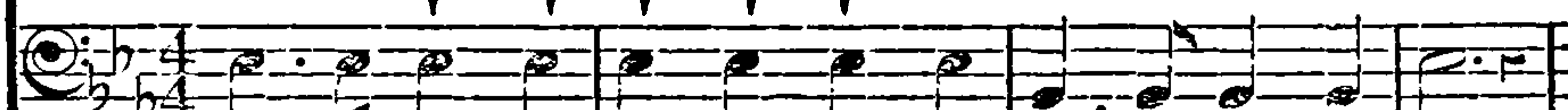
friend's pen truths that are most painful, Sick bed re-flec-tions.



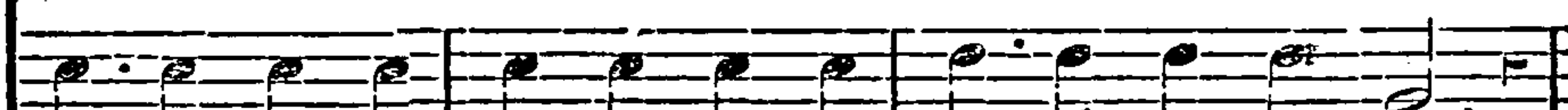
7. In the Silent Midnight Watches.



In the si-lent midnight watches, List! thy bosom's door;



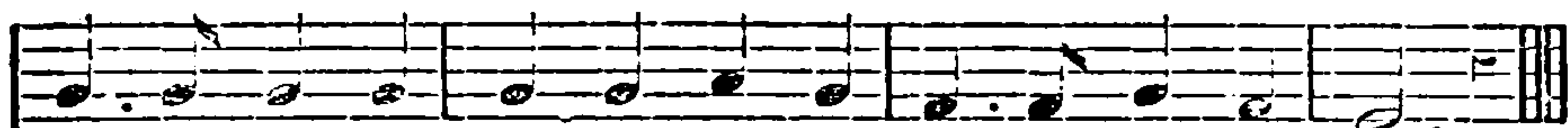
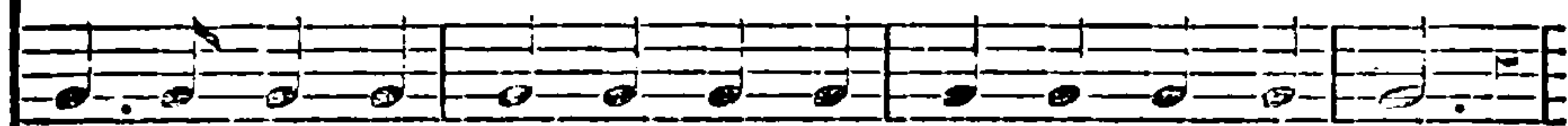

How it knocketh, knocketh, knocketh, Knocketh ev-er-more.



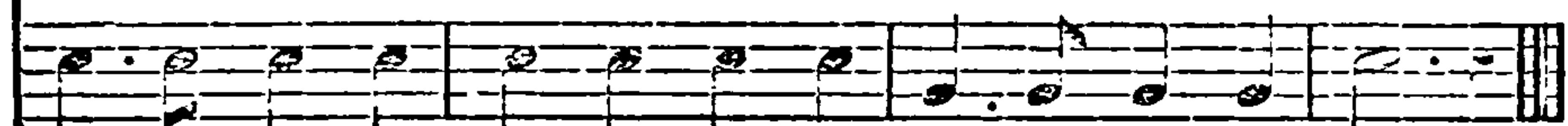
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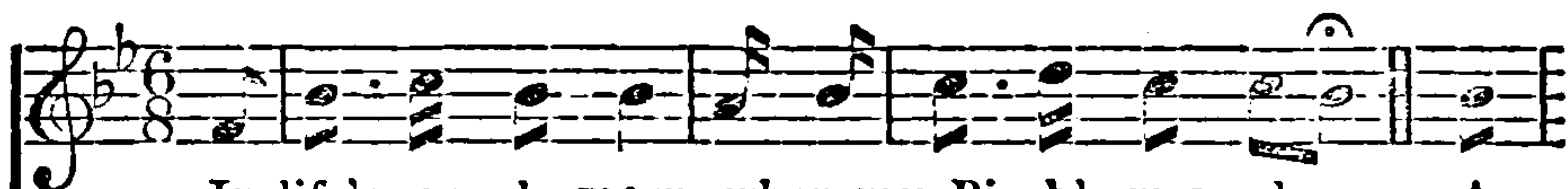
Say not 'tis thy pulse's beat-ing, 'Tis thy heart of sin,



Where thy Saviour stands en-treat-ing, Rise and let me in.



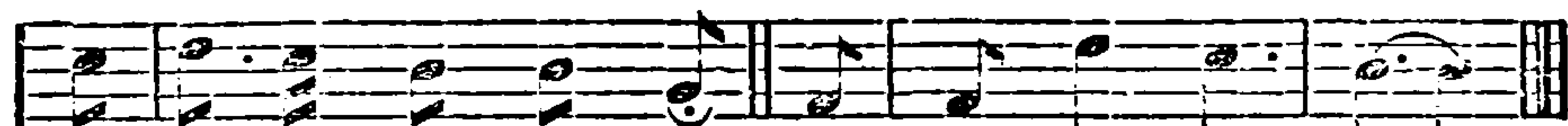
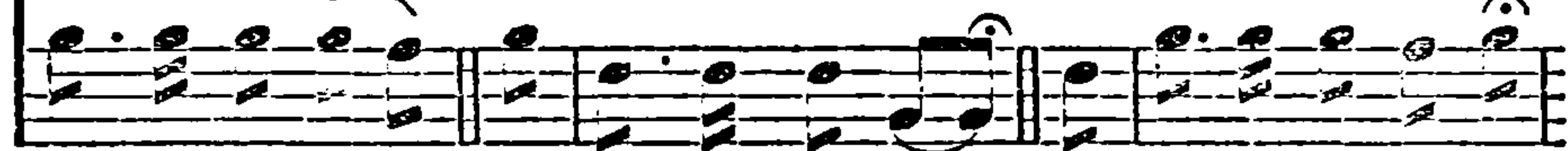
8. Grieve not the Spirit.



In life's ear - ly morn, when my Bi - ble was dear, A



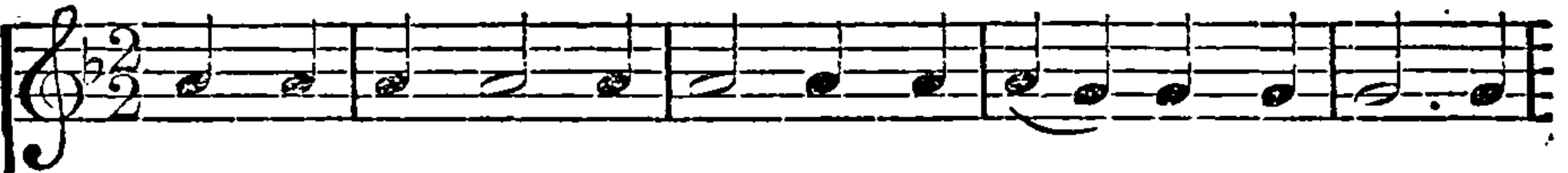
voice from its pages Oft breathed in my ear, O grieve not the Spirit,



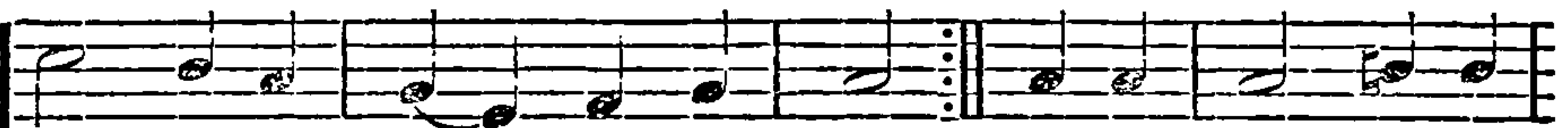
O grieve not the Spir - it, The Spir - it of love.



9. When the Harvest is Past.



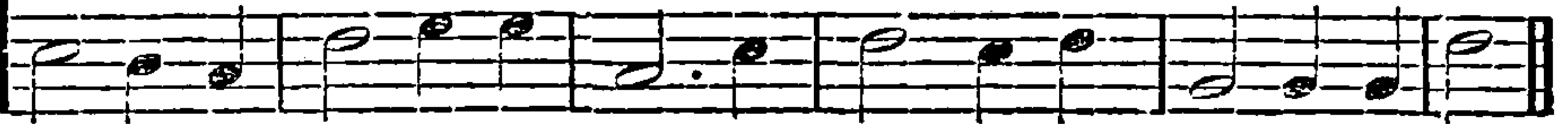
When the har-vest is past, and the Sum - mer is gone, And
When the beams cease to break of the sweet Sabbath morn, And



ser-mons and prayers shall be o'er ; } When the rich gales of
Je - sus in - vites thee no more ; }



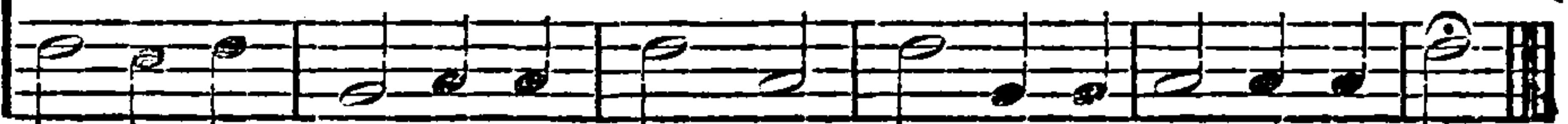
mer-cy no longer shall blow, The gos - pel no message declare,



Sin-ner, how canst thou bear the deep wailings of woe? How



suffer the night of des - pair? How suffer the night of des - pair?

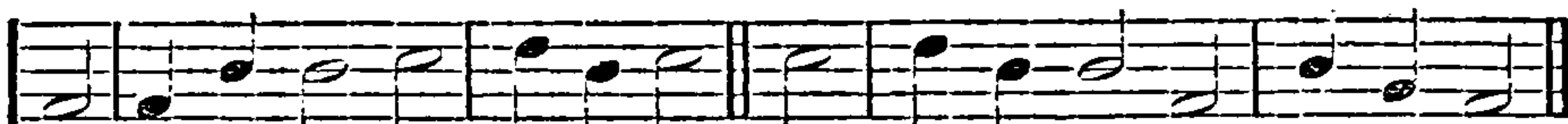


10.

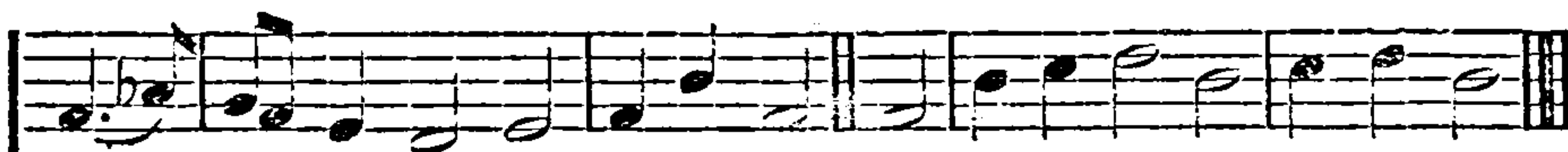
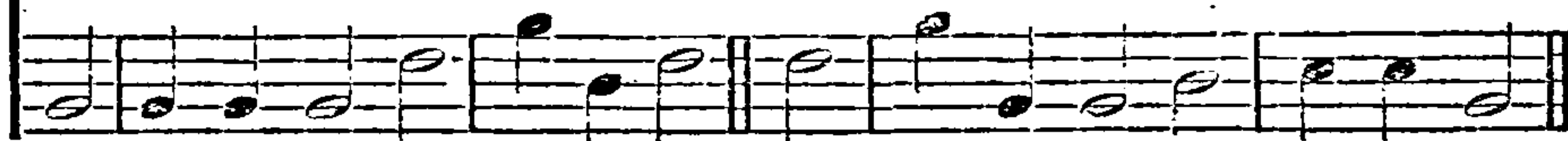
Harvest Home.



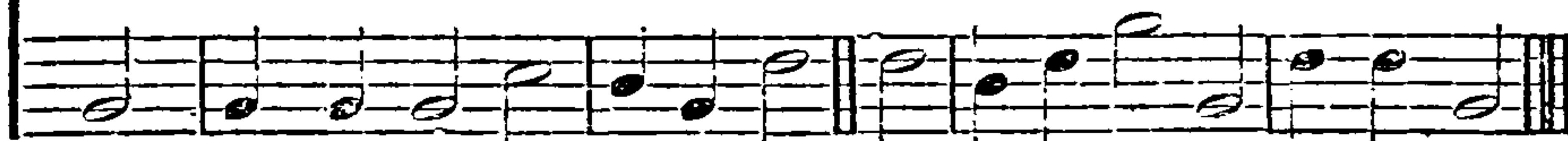
Tho' in the outward church below, The wheat and tares together grow;



Angels, ere long, will reap the crop, And burn the tares in an-ger up.



For soon the reaping time will come, And angels shout the harvest home.



11.

Go Watch and Pray.



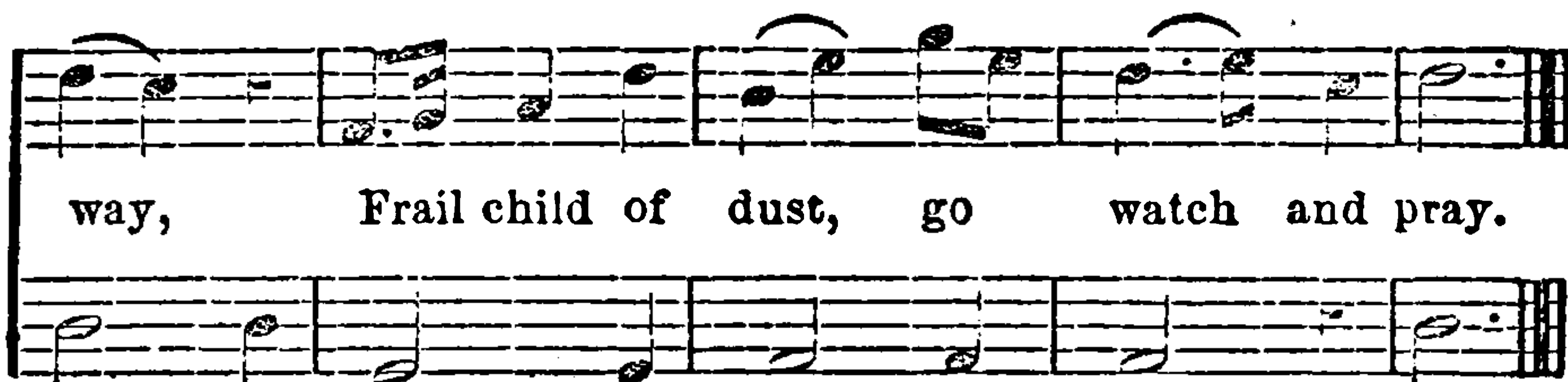
{ Go watch and pray: thou canst not tell How near thine
Thou canst not know how soon the bell May toll its



hour may be; } Death's countless snares be - set thy
notes for thee. }



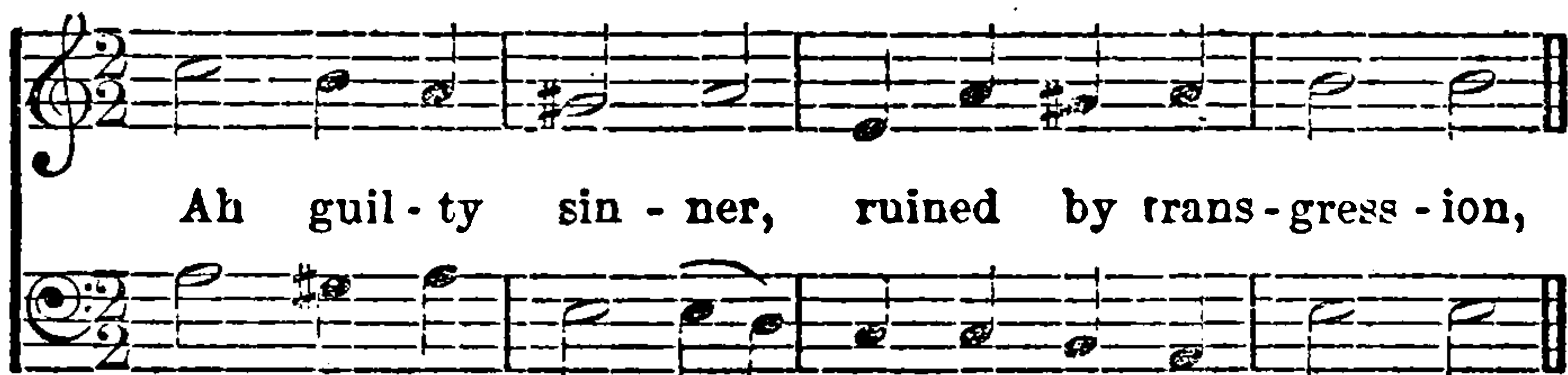
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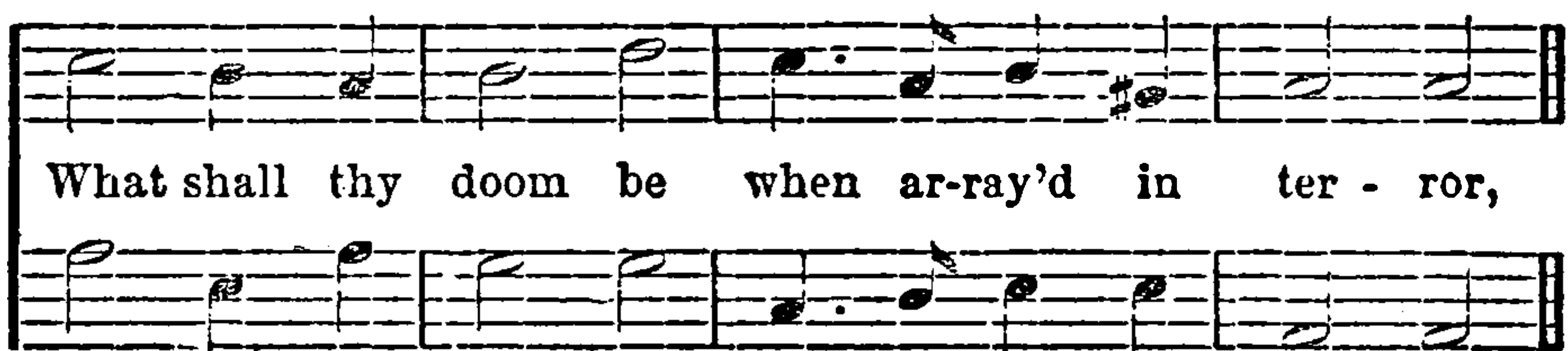
way, Frail child of dust, go watch and pray.

12.

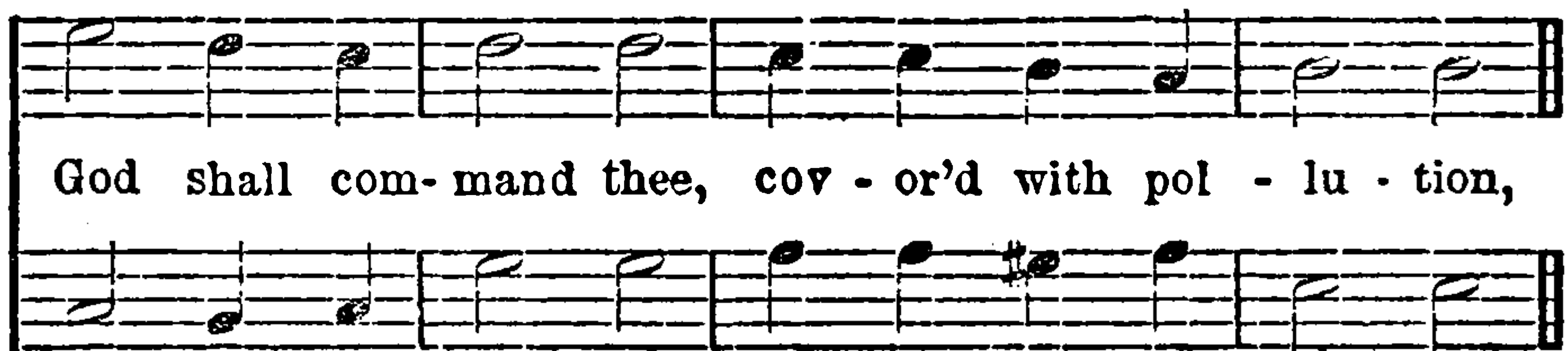
The Warning.



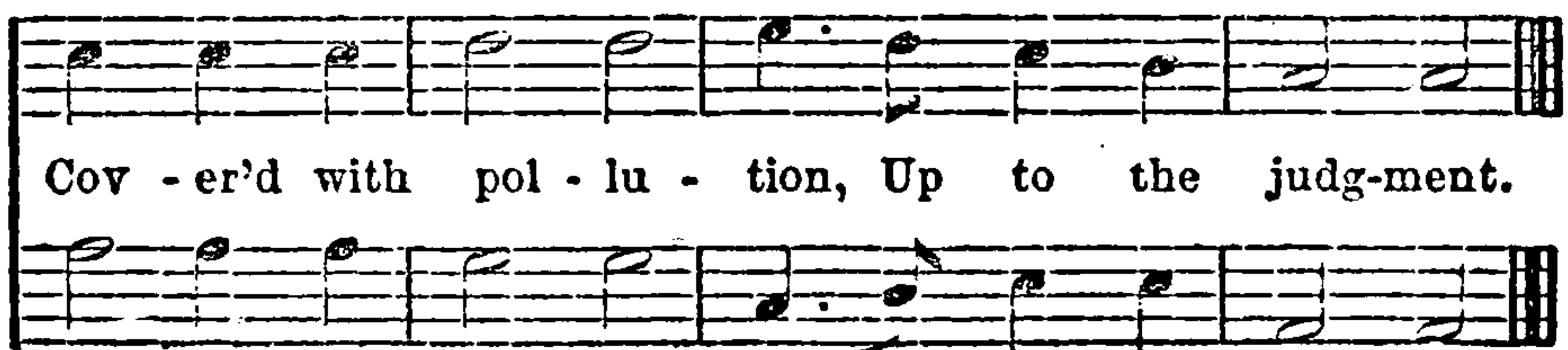
Ah guil - ty sin - ner, ruined by trans - gress - ion,



What shall thy doom be when ar-ray'd in ter - ror,



God shall com-mand thee, cov - er'd with pol - lu - tion,



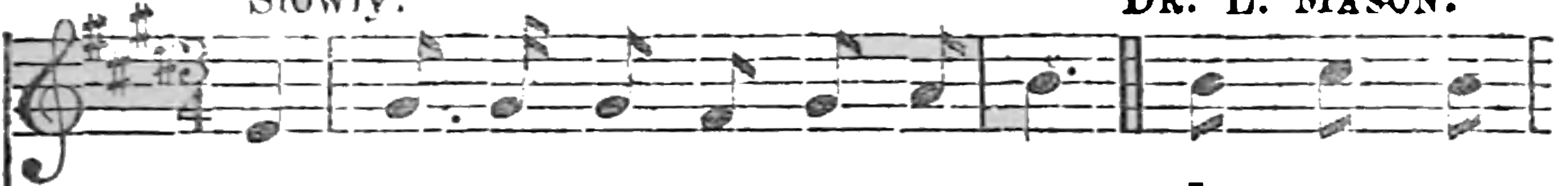
Cov - er'd with pol - lu - tion, Up to the judg-ment.

13.

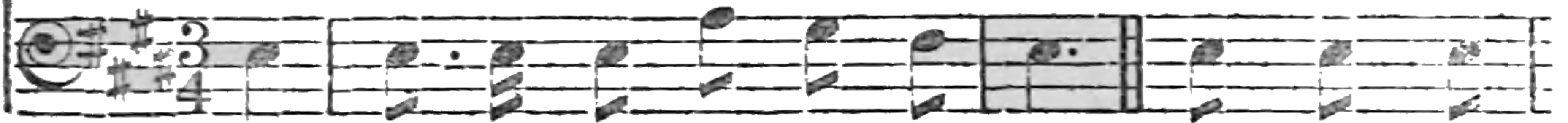
Hartell. L. M.

Slowly.

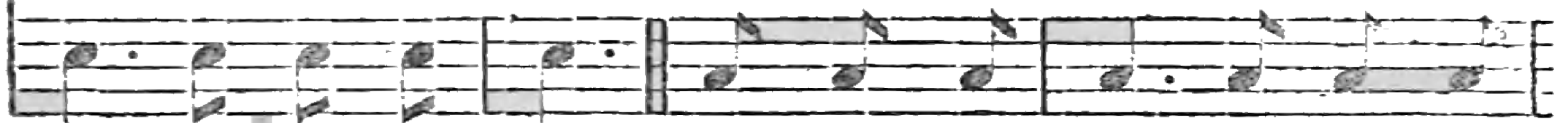
DR. L. MASON.



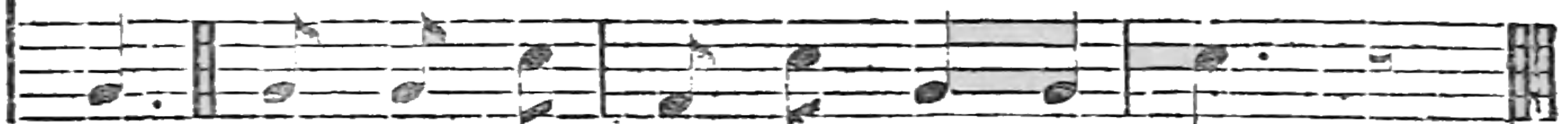
Be - hold a stranger at the door; He gent - ly



knocks, has knocked before; Has wait - ed long, has wait - ed



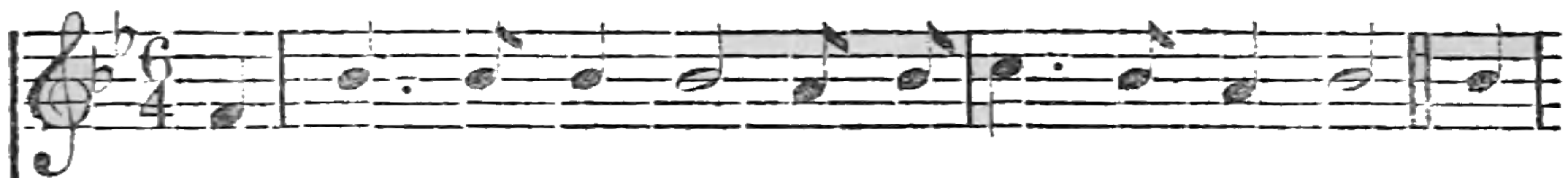
still, You treat no oth - er friend so ill.



14.

The Beautiful River.

A. HULL.



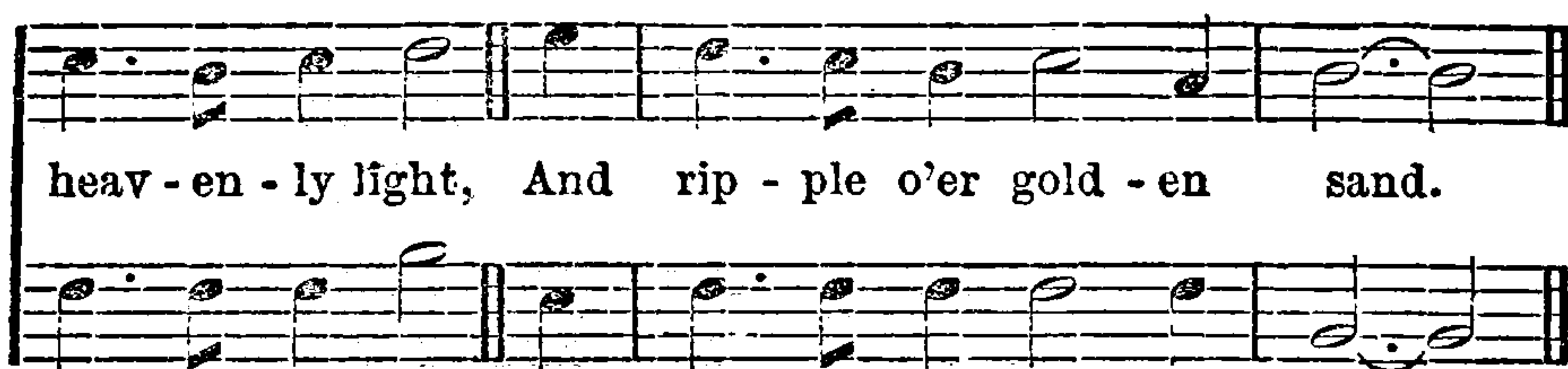
O have you not heard of a beau - ti - ful stream, That



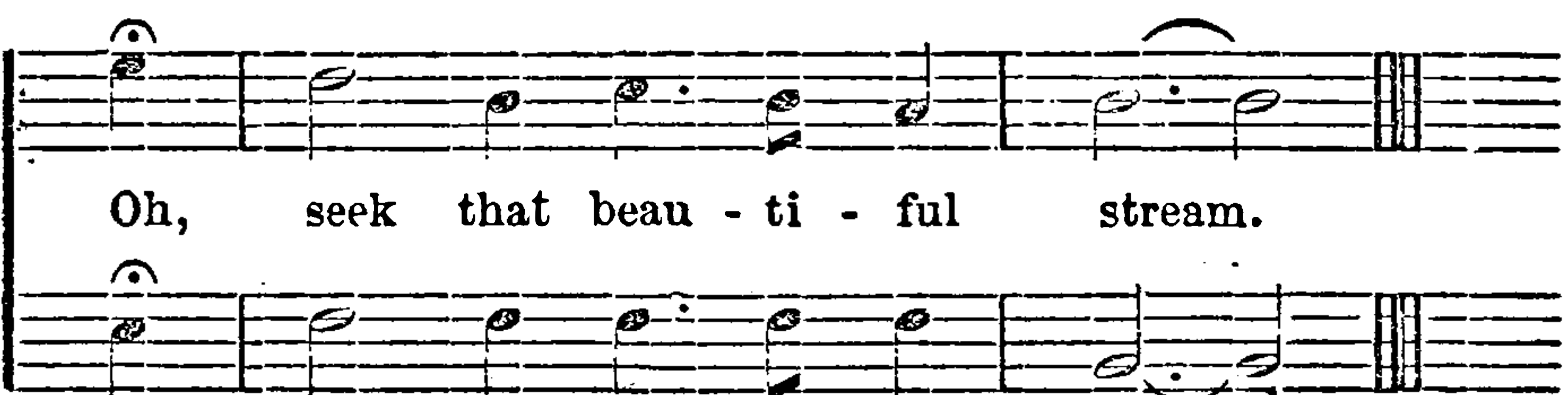
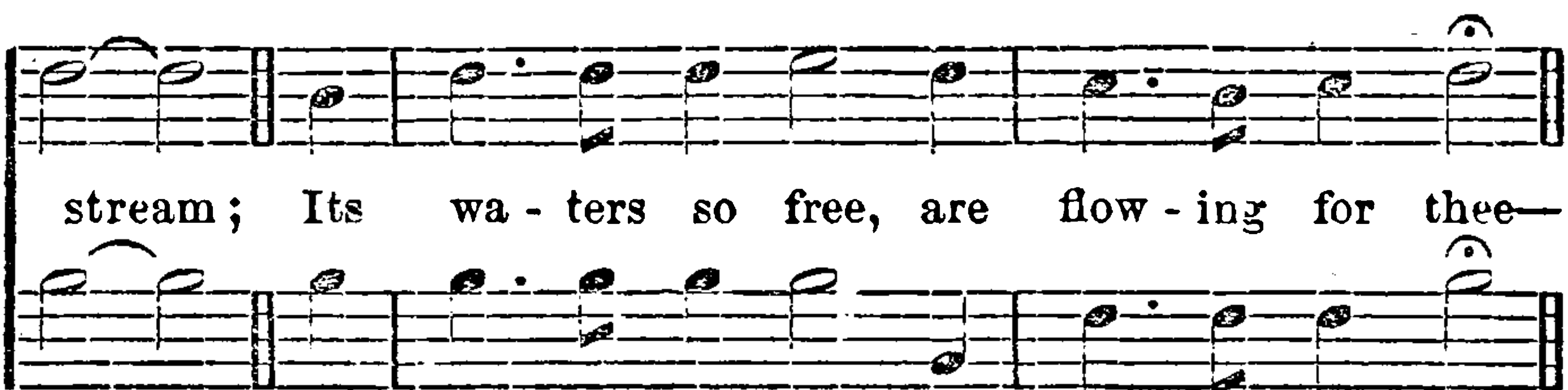
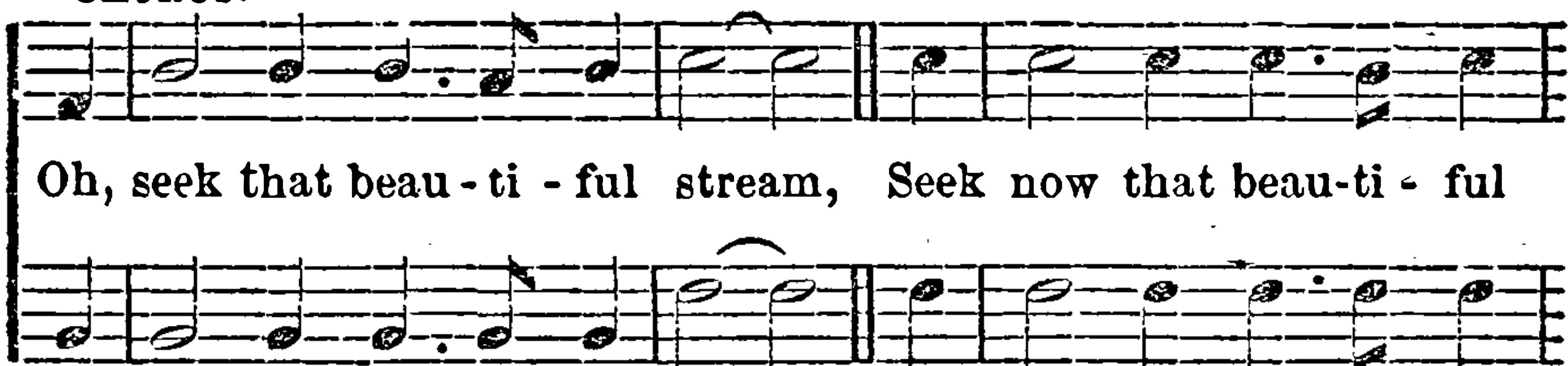
flows thro' our Fa - ther's land? Its waters gleam bright in the



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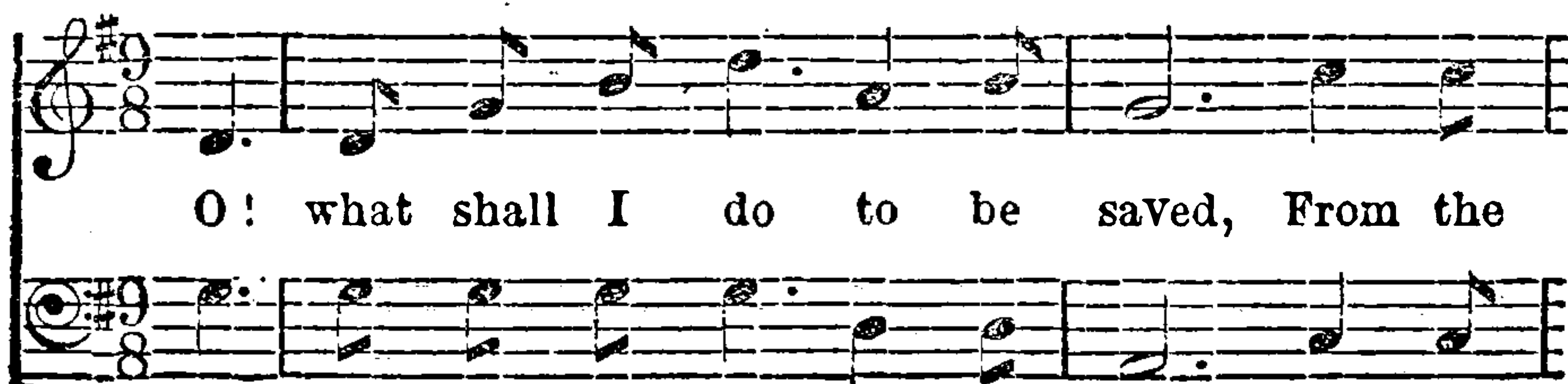


CHORUS.

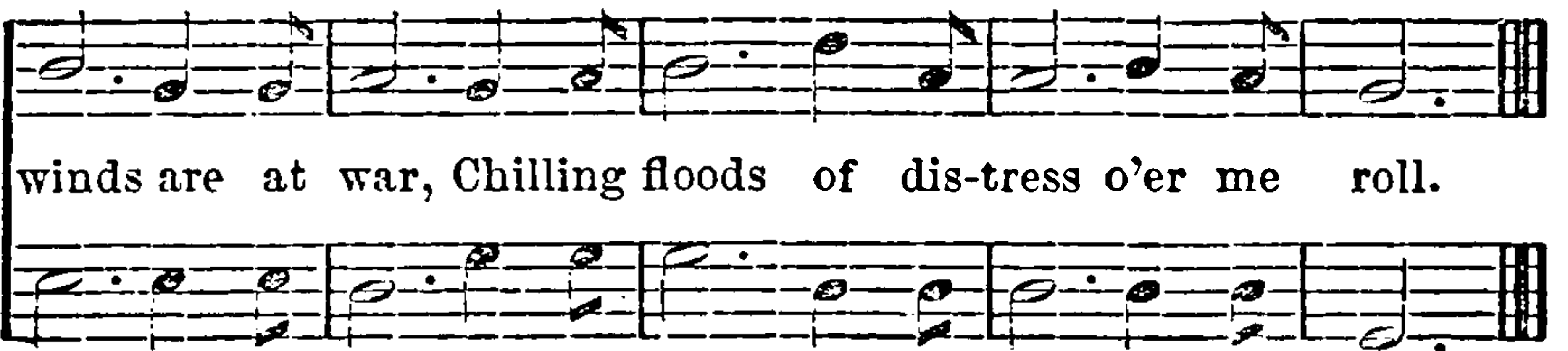
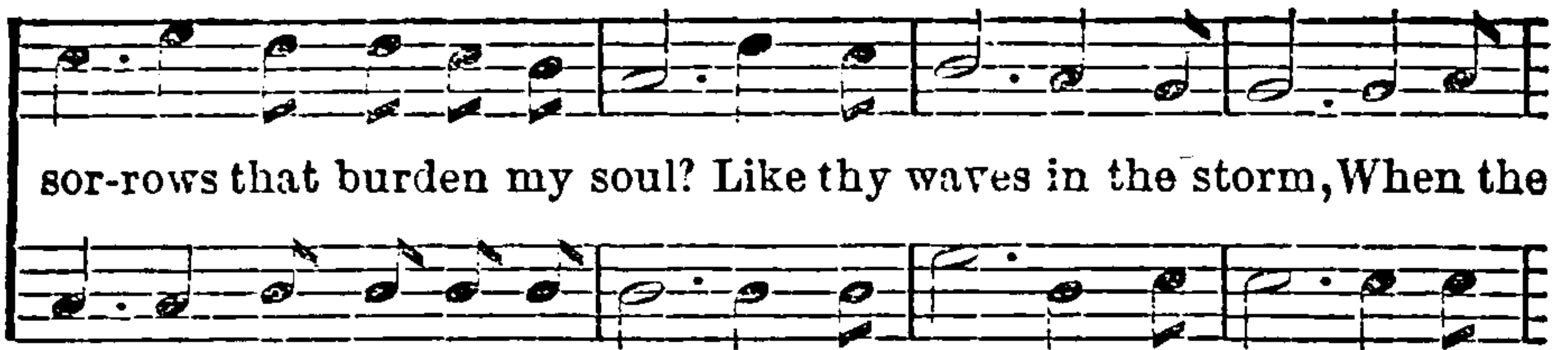


15.

Inquiry.

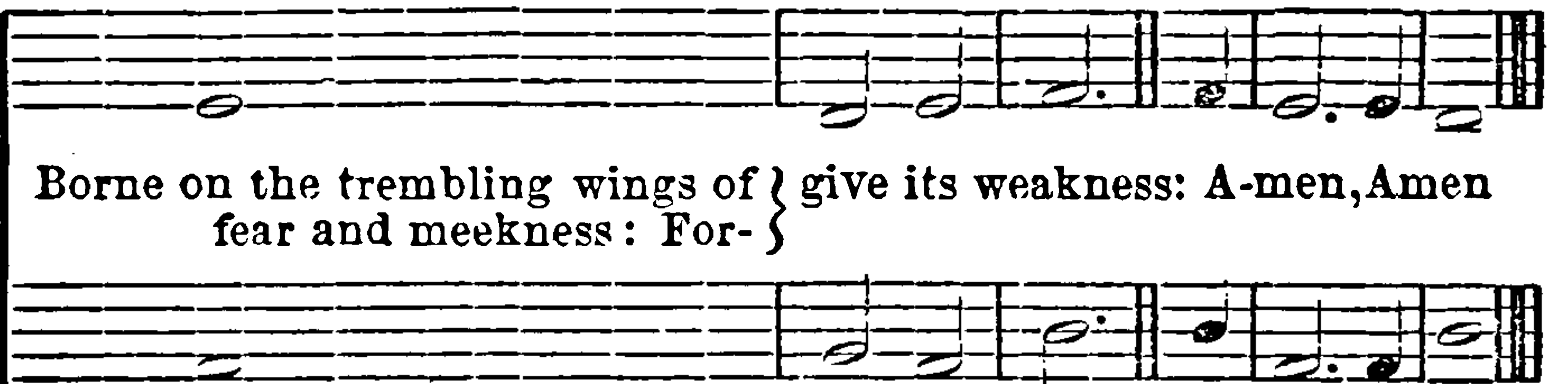
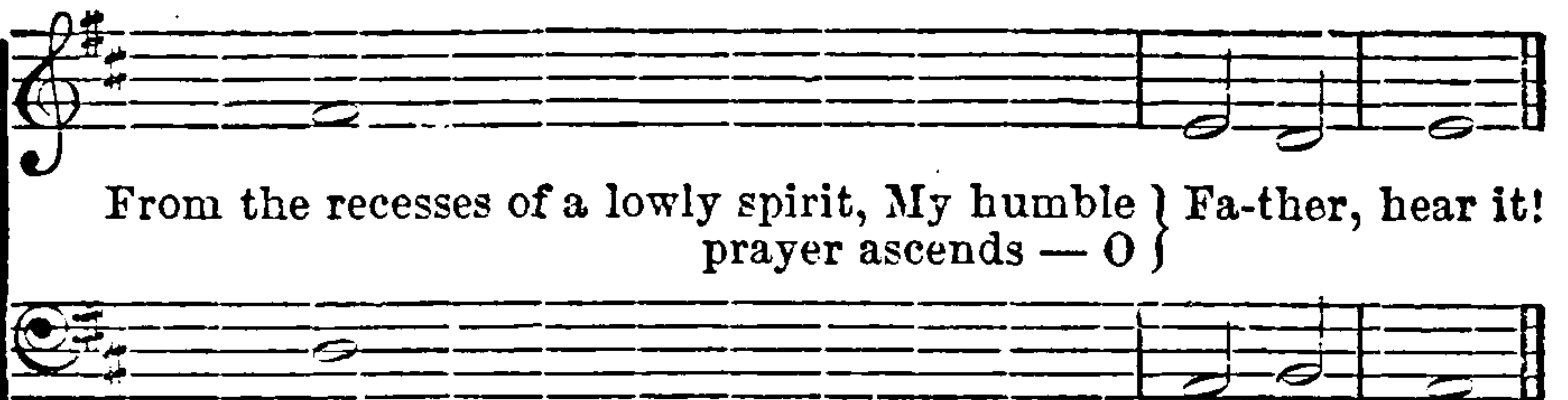


CONTINUED.



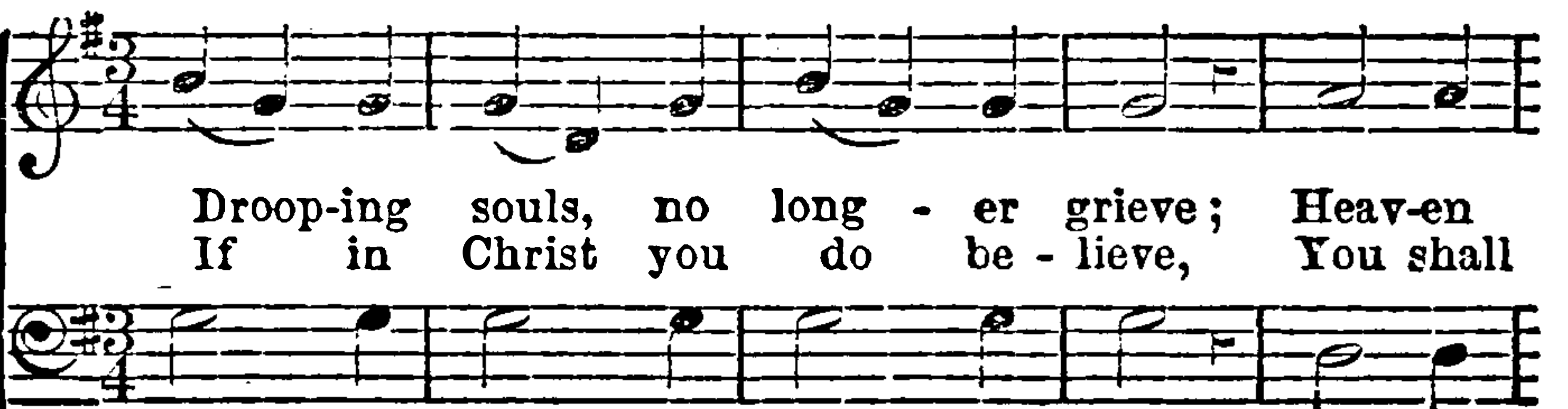
16.

Chant.



17.

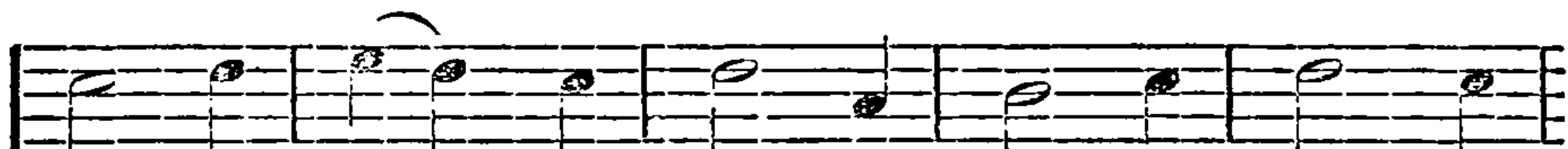
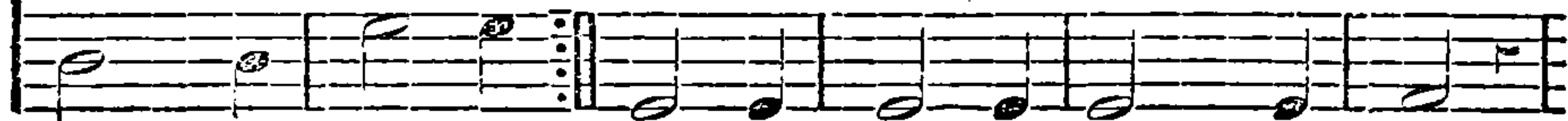
Free Salvation.



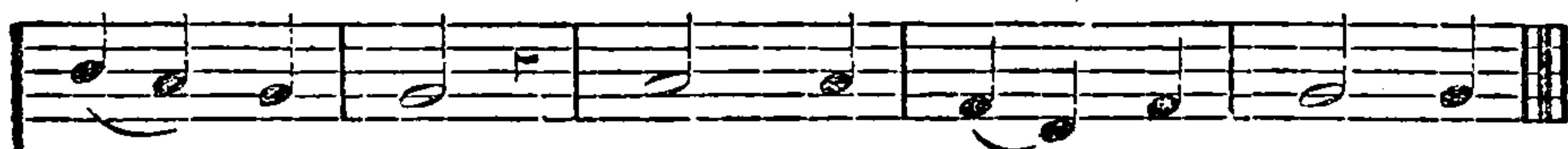
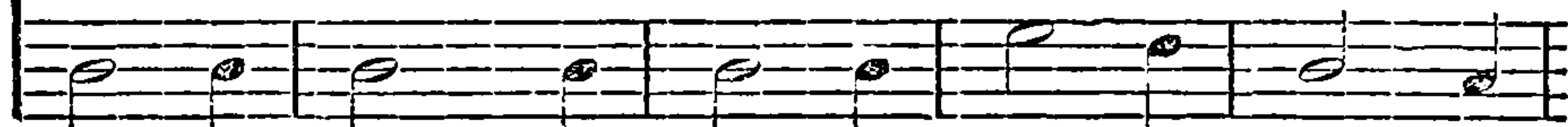
CONTINUED.



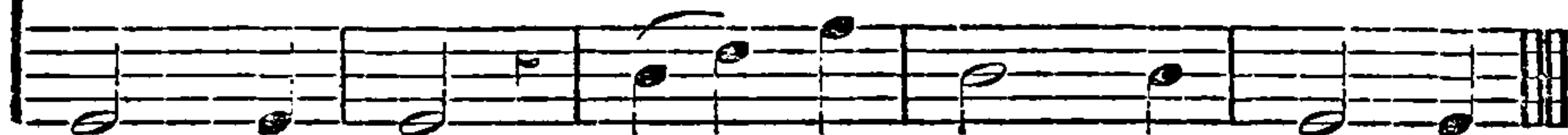
is pro - pi - tious : } Je - sus now comes near to thee,
find him pre - cious. }



Calls the mourn - er to him : He has died for



you and me ; Now look up and view him.

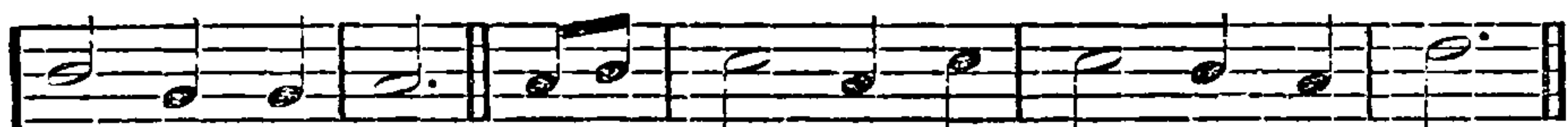


18.

Joy.



Ye an - gels who mor - tals at - tend, And min - is - ter



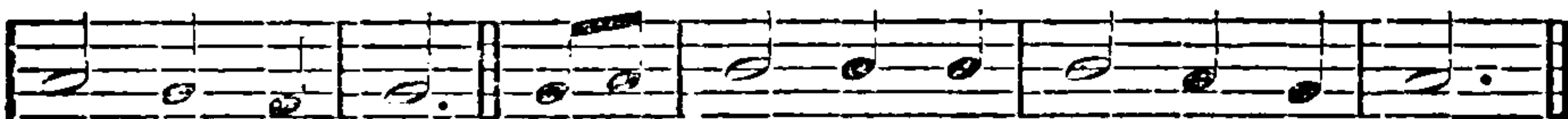
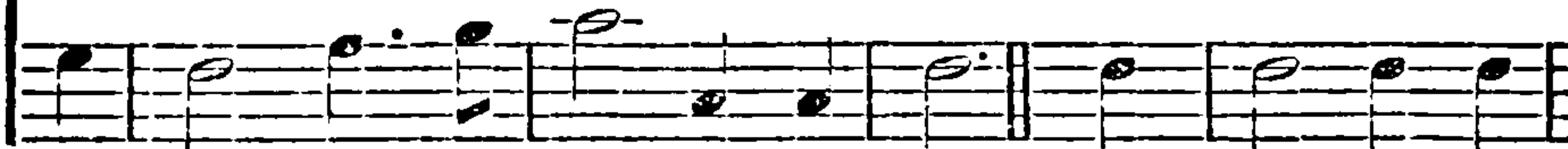
com - fort in woe, Come lis - ten, ye heav - en - ly friends,



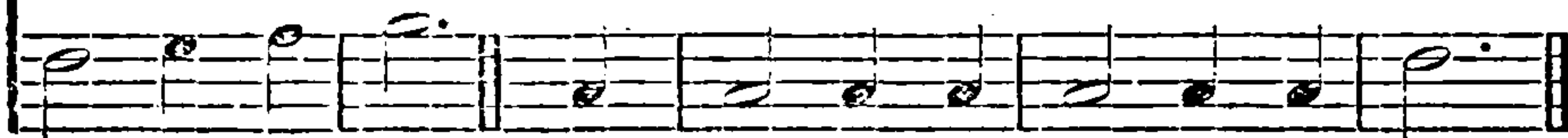
CONTINUED.



My hap - pi - er sto - ry to know. I sing of a



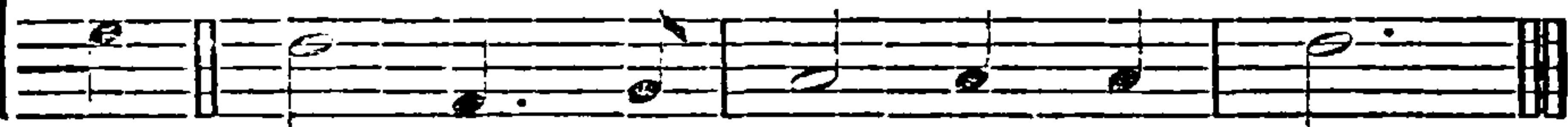
theme most sublime, No sorrow my song can con-trol,



I sing of a rap - tur - ous time,



When Je - sus spoke peace to my soul.

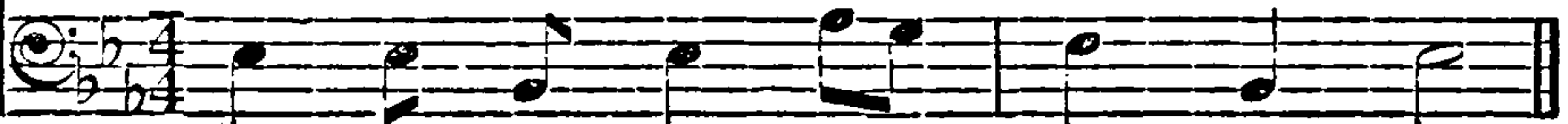


19.

Hamburg.



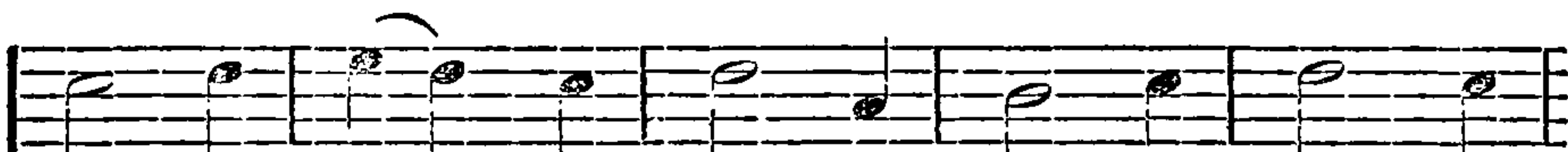
Just as I am, with - out one plea,
And that thou bidst me come to thee,



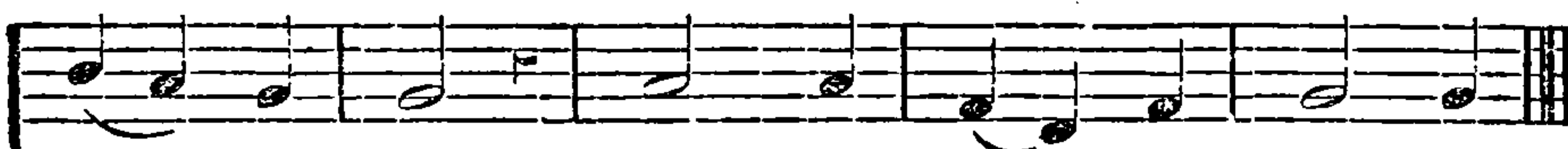
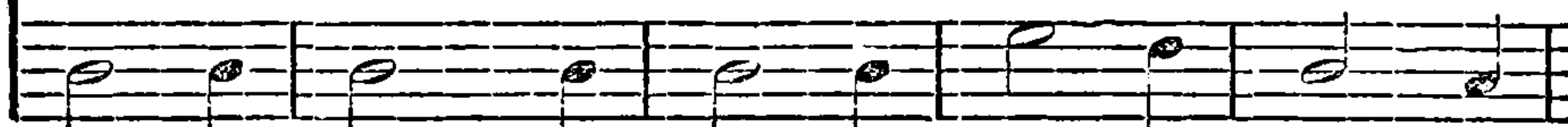
CONTINUED.



is pro - pi - tious : } Je - sus now comes near to thee,
find him pre - cious. }



Calls the mourn - er to him : He has died for



you and me ; Now look up and view him.

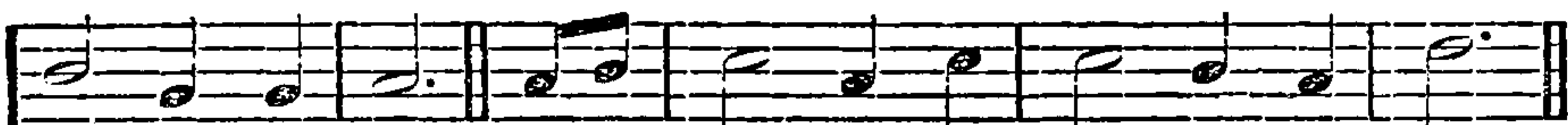


18.

Joy.



Ye an - gels who mor - tals at - tend, And min - is - ter



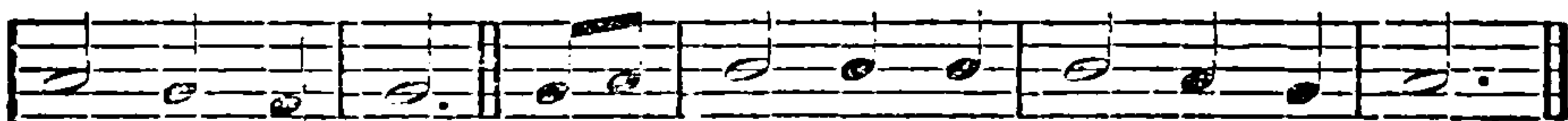
com - fort in woe, Come lis - ten, ye heav - en - ly friends,



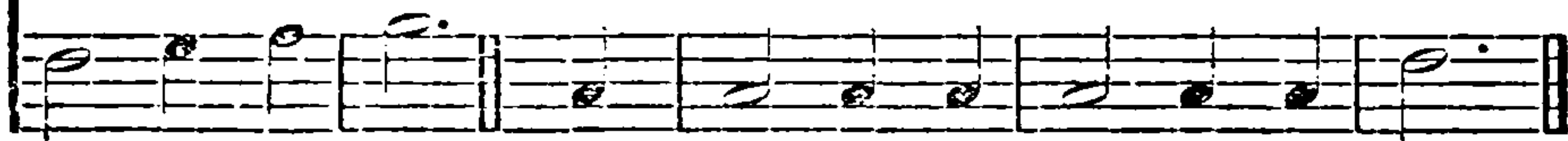
CONTINUED.



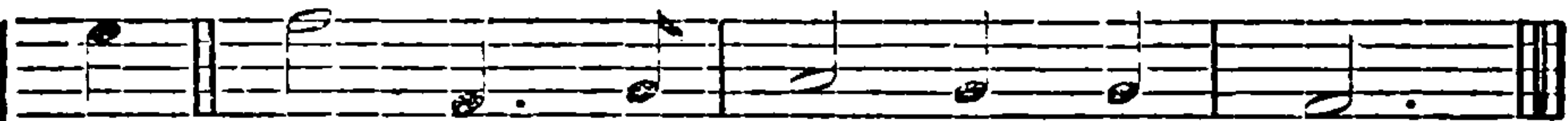
My hap - pi - er sto - ry to know. I sing of a



theme most sublime, No sorrow my song can con-trol,



I sing of a rap - tur - ous time,



When Je - sus spoke peace to my soul.

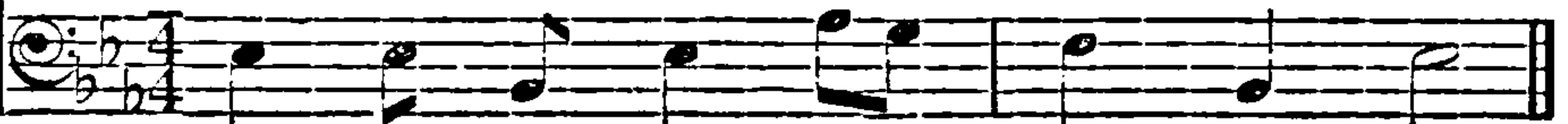


19.

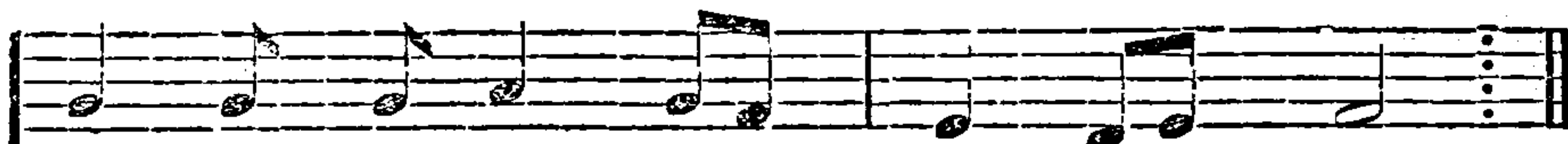
Hamburg.



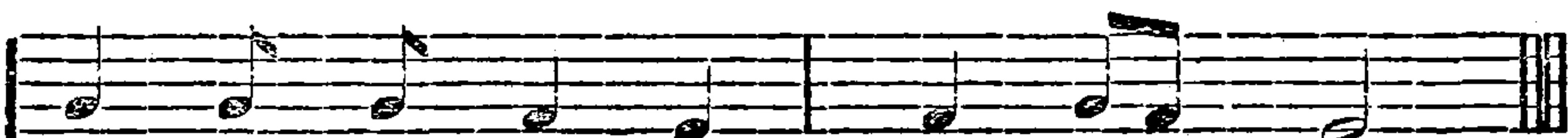
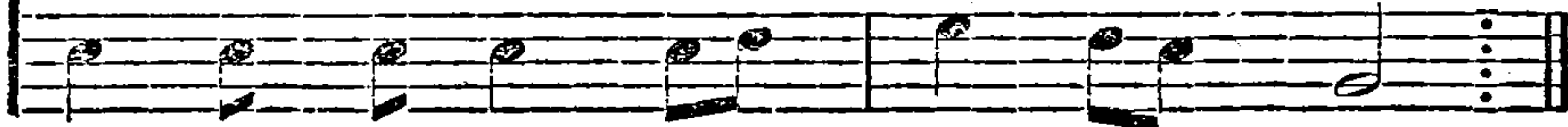
Just as I am, with - out one plea,
And that thou bidst me come to thee,



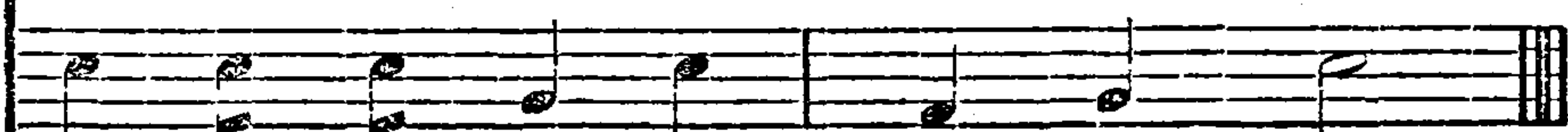
CONTINUED.



But that thy blood was shed for me ; }
[OMIT.] - - - - - }



O Lamb of God, I come, I come.



20.

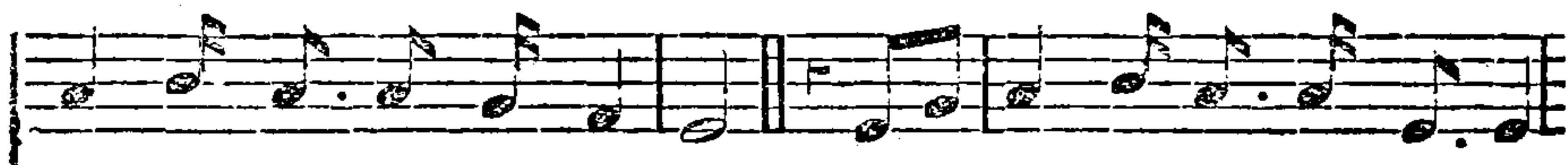
Aspiration.

Key of A Minor.

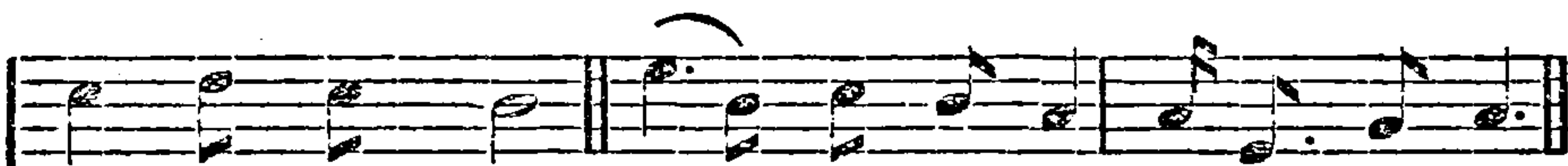
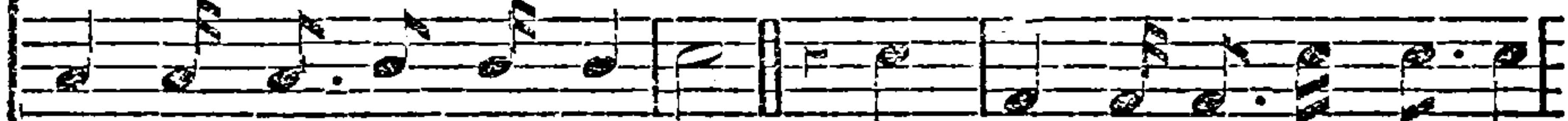
Arr. and har by Rev. W. F. Farrington.



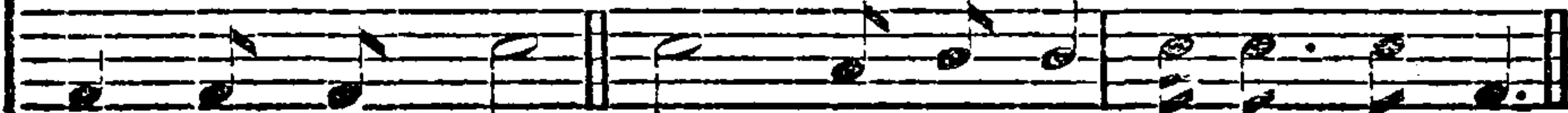
If I in thy likeness, O Lord, may a-wake, And



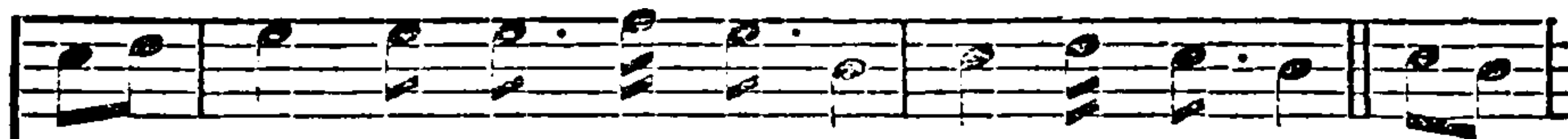
shine a pure im-age of thee ; Then I shall be sat - is-fied



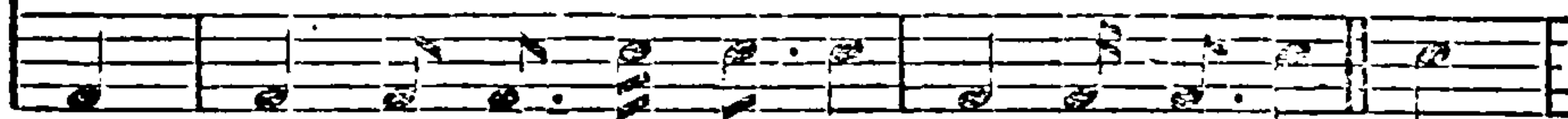
when I can break The fet - ters of flesh, and be free.



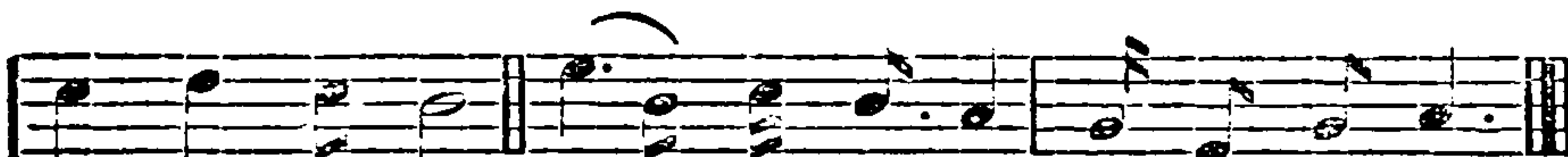
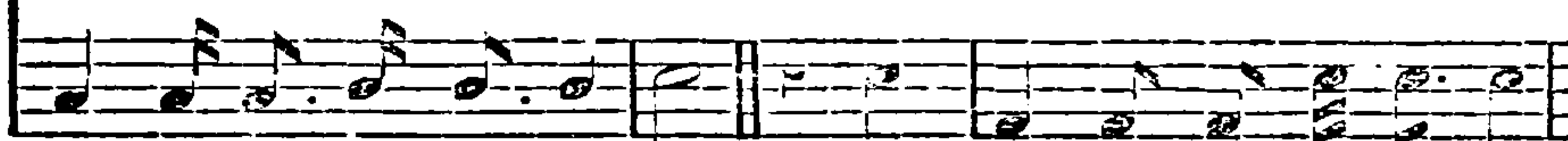
CONTINUED.



I know this stained tablet must first be washed white, To



let thy bright features be drawn. I know I must suffer the



darkness of night, To wel-come the com-ing of dawn.

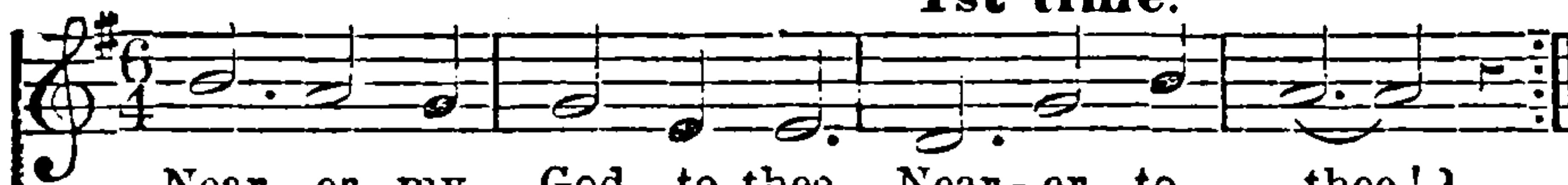


21.

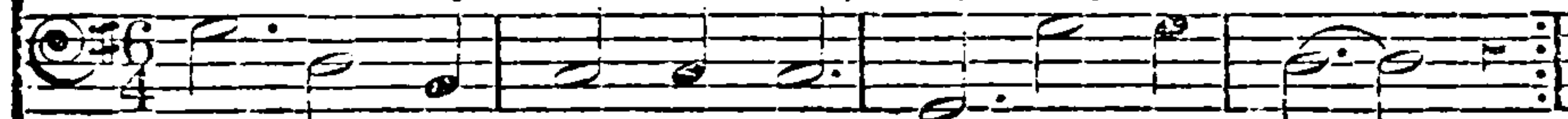
Bethany.

DR. L. MASON.

1st time.



Near - er my God, to thee, Near - er to thee! }
 Ev'n though it be a cross, [OMIT.] }
 D.C. Near - er my God, to thee, (OMIT.)



2d time.

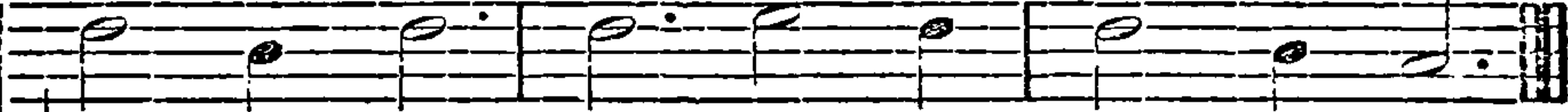


That rais - eth me; Still all my
 Near - er to thee.



CONTINUED.

D. C.



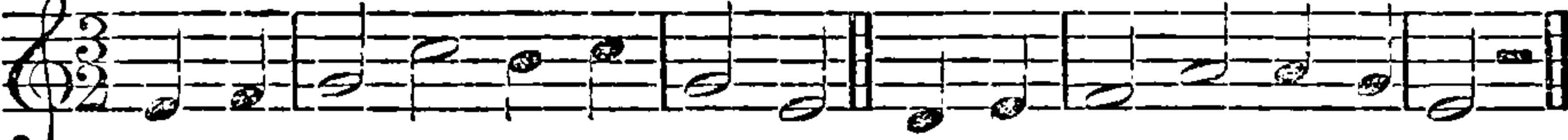
song shall be, Near - er my God to thee;



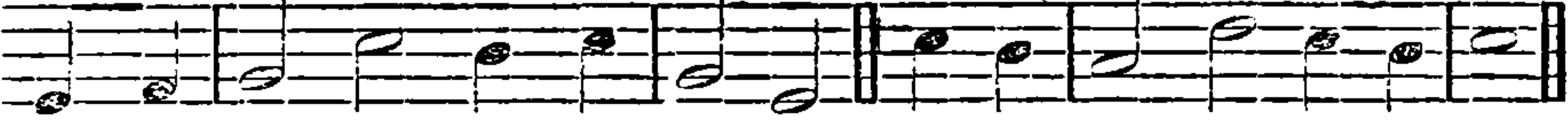
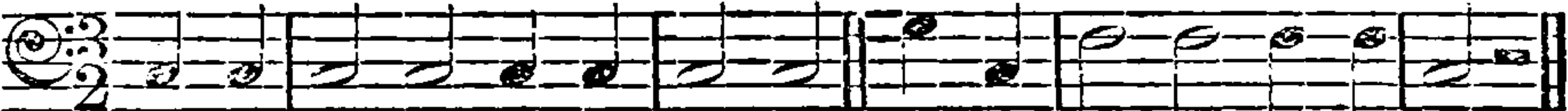
22.

Perfect Love.

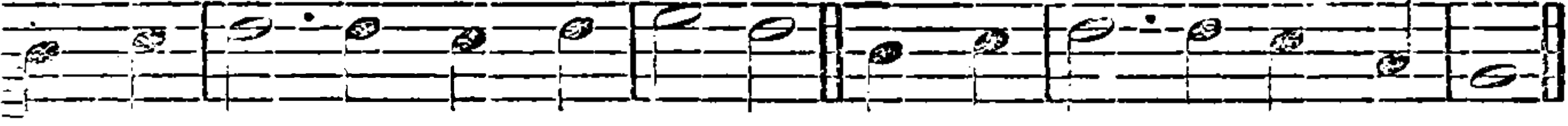
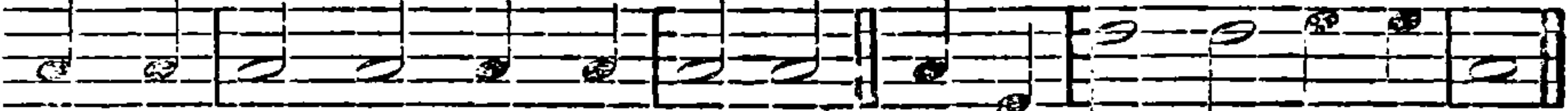
Arranged by W. Mc DONALD.



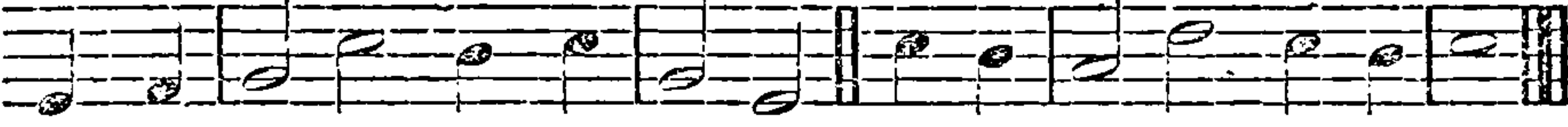
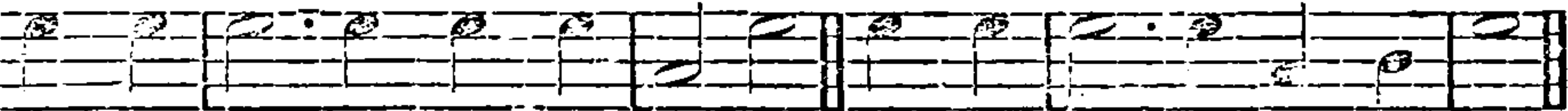
Ye who know your sins forgiven, And are happy in the Lord;



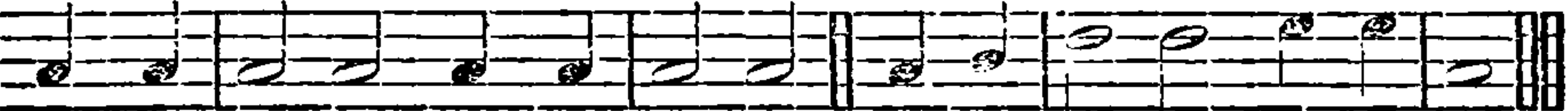
Have you read that gracious promise, Which is left you in his Word?



I will sprinkle you with wa-ter, I will cleanse you from all sin,



Sanc-ti - fy and make you ho - ly; I will dwell and reign within.



23.

Glory to the Lamb.

B. W. G.



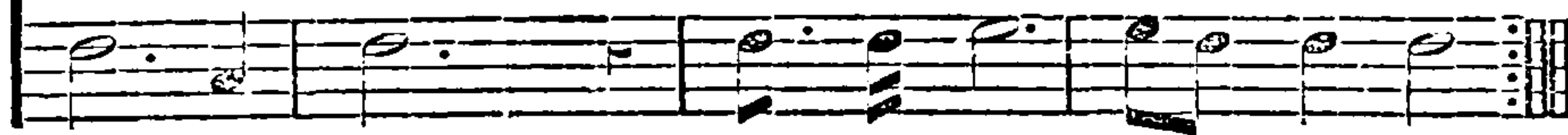
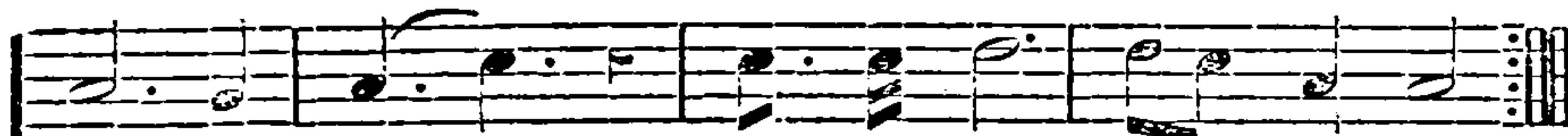
Glo - ry to the Lamb, Glo - ry to the



Lamb, Glo - ry to the Lamb : The world is

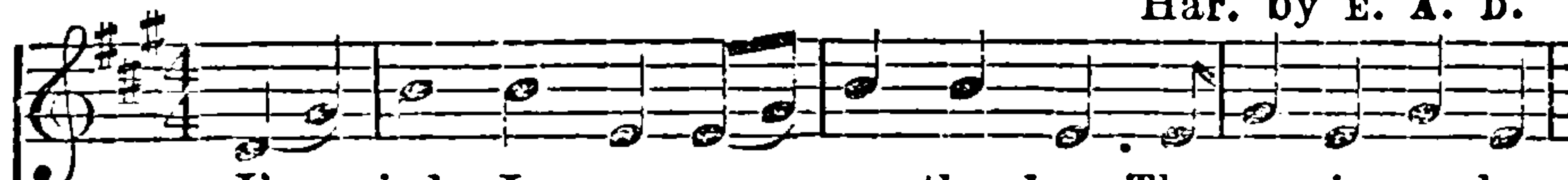


o - ver - come, By the blood of the Lamb.

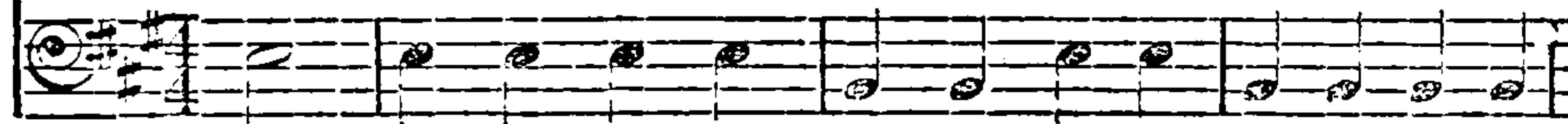


24. "The way is so delightful."

Har. by E. A. D.



I'm giad I ev - er saw the day, The way is so de-
I found the pilgrim's narrow way, The way is so de-



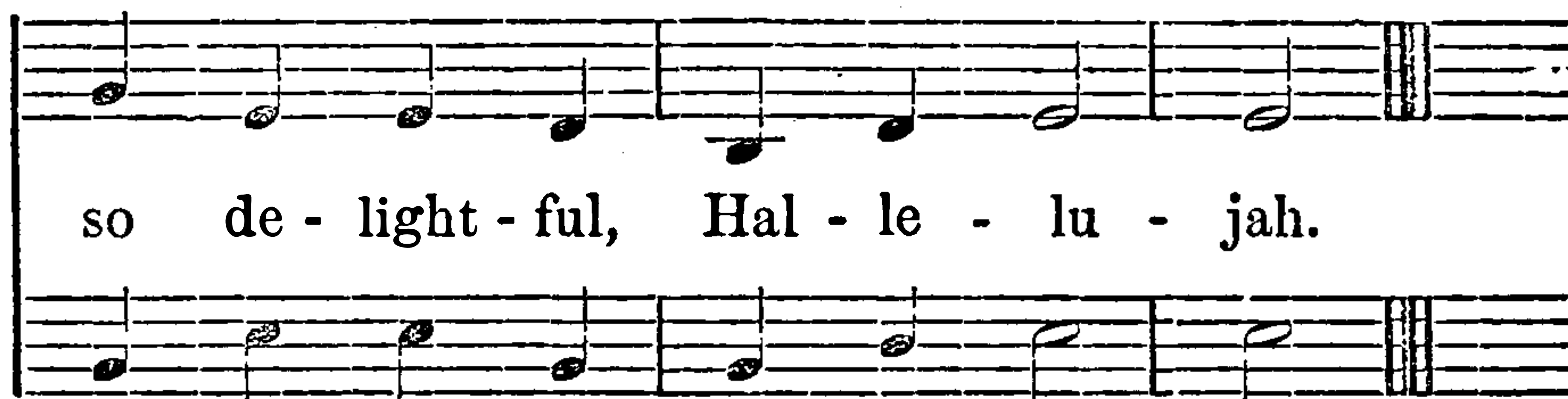
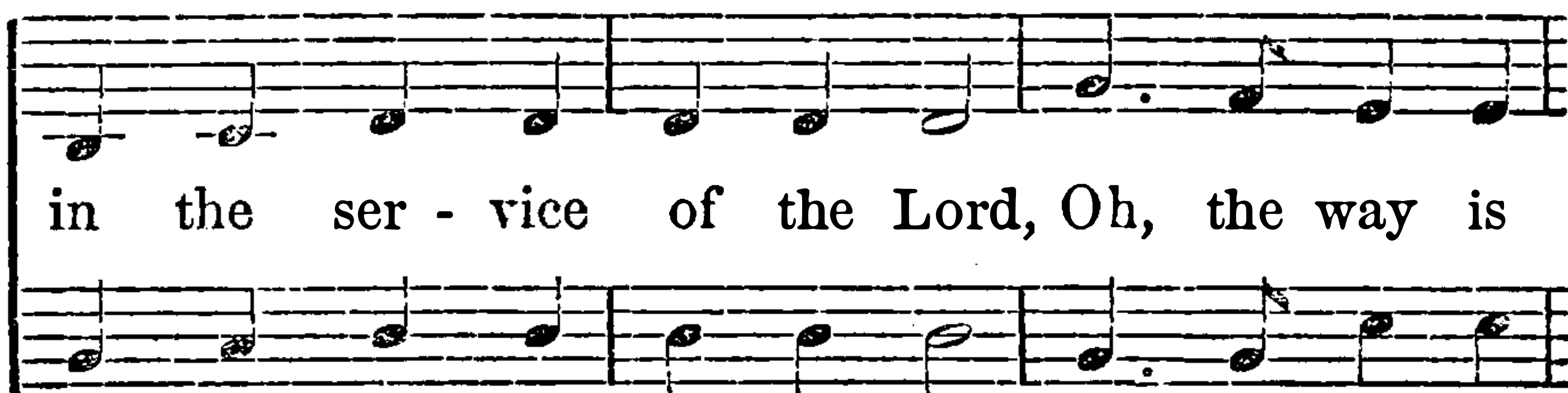
CHORUS.



light-ful, Hal - le - lu - jah ; }
light-ful, Hal - le - lu - jah : } Oh, the way is so de - lightful,

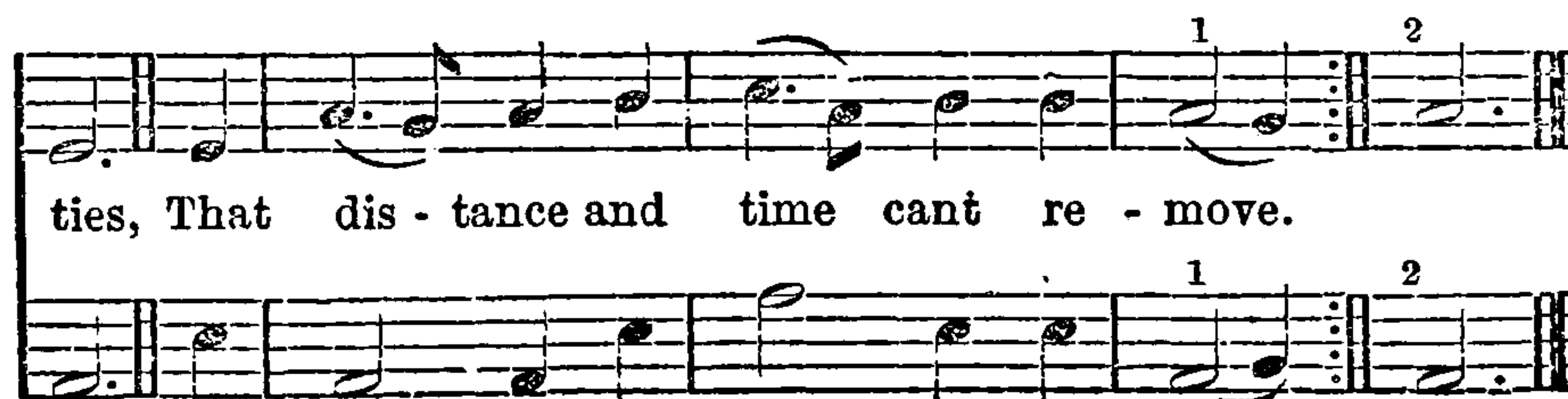
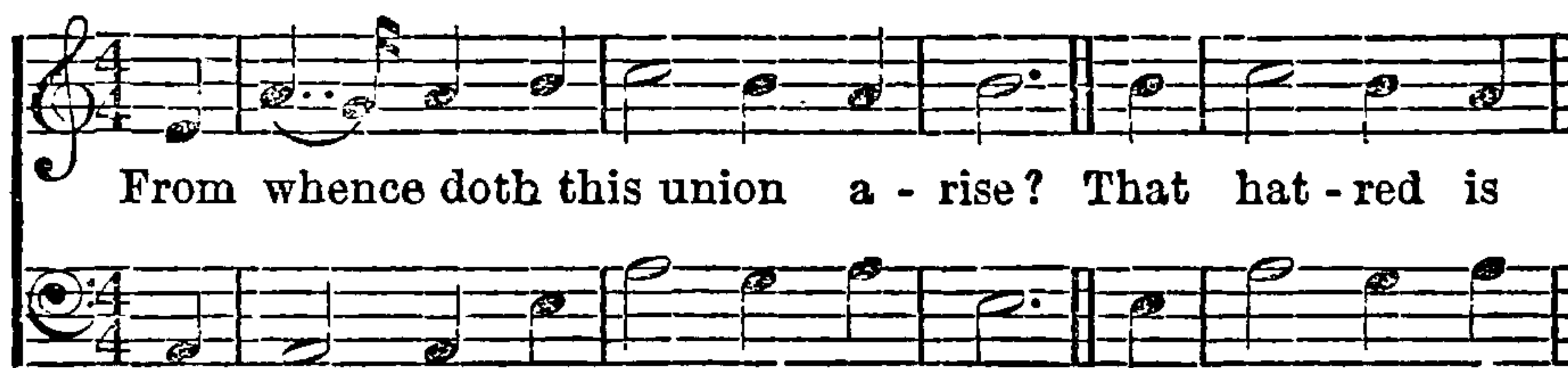


CONTINUED.



25.

Union.

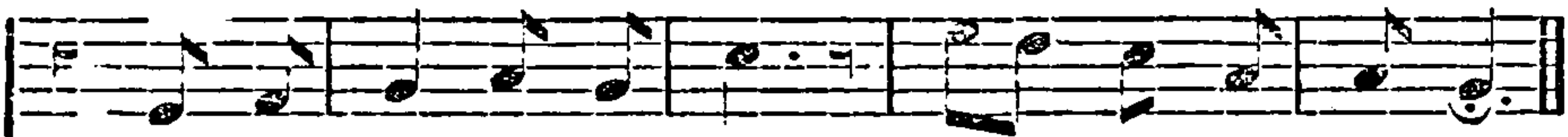
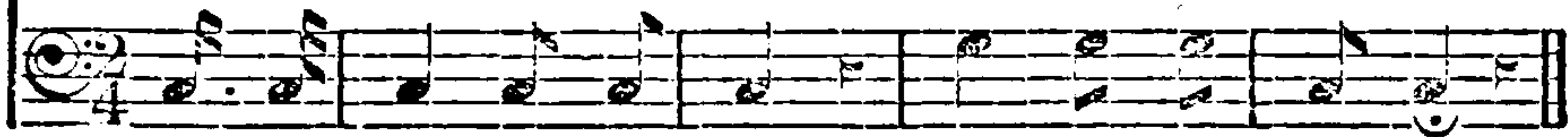


26.

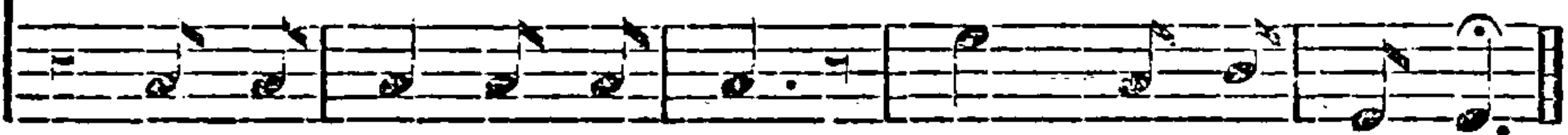
Adieu.



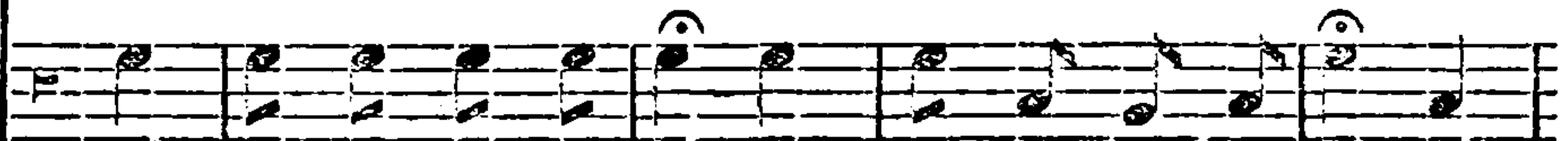
When shall we meet a - gain, Meet ne'er to sev - er,



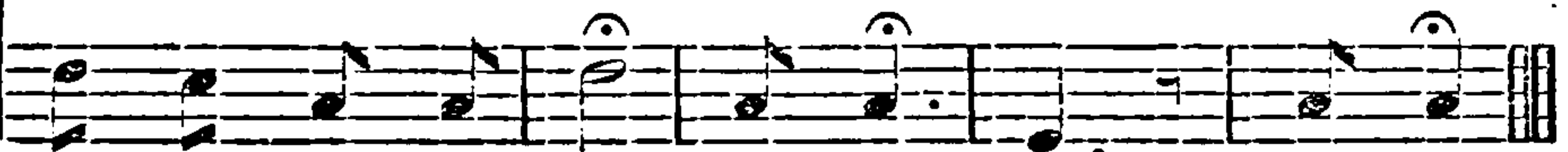
When will peace wreathe her chain, Round us for - ev - er;



Our hearts will ne'er re-pose, Safe from each blast that blows, In



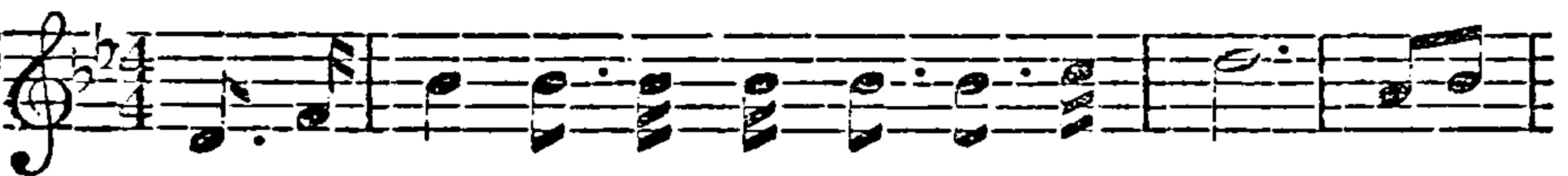
this dark vale of woes; Nev - er, no nev - er.



27.

We will Pray.

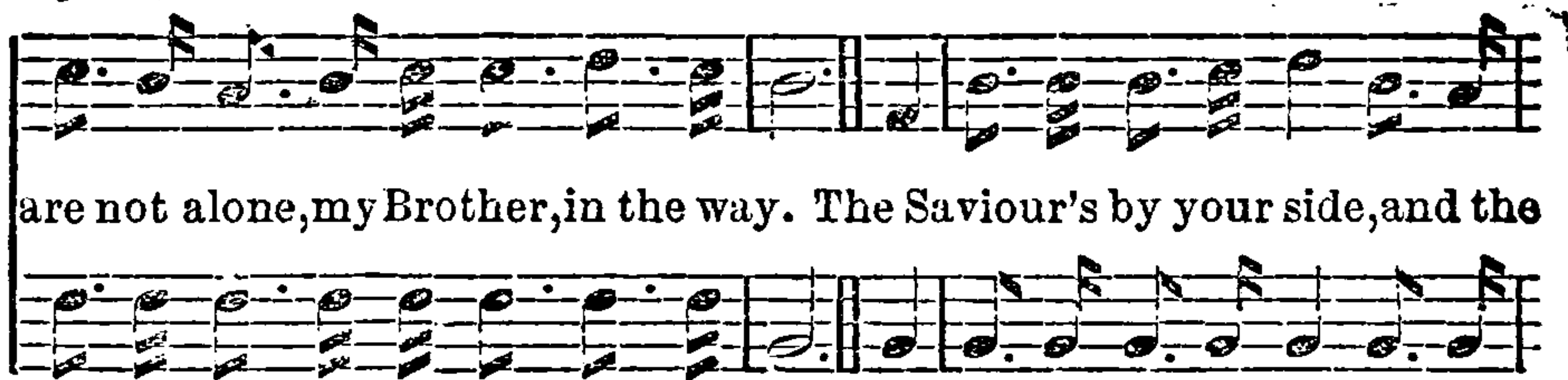
WM. L. WOODCOCK.



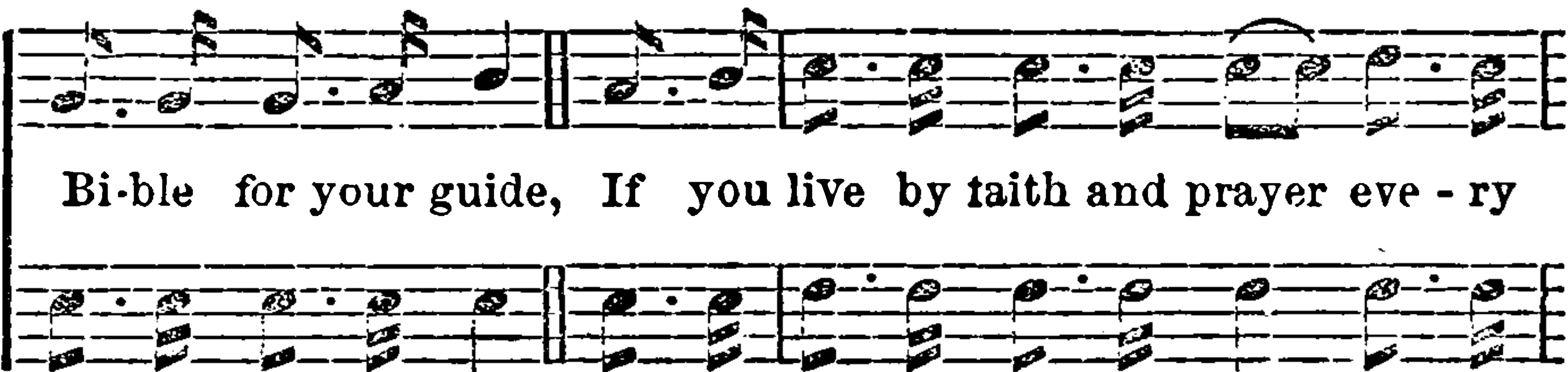
We will pray for our Brother, we will pray; You



CONTINUED.

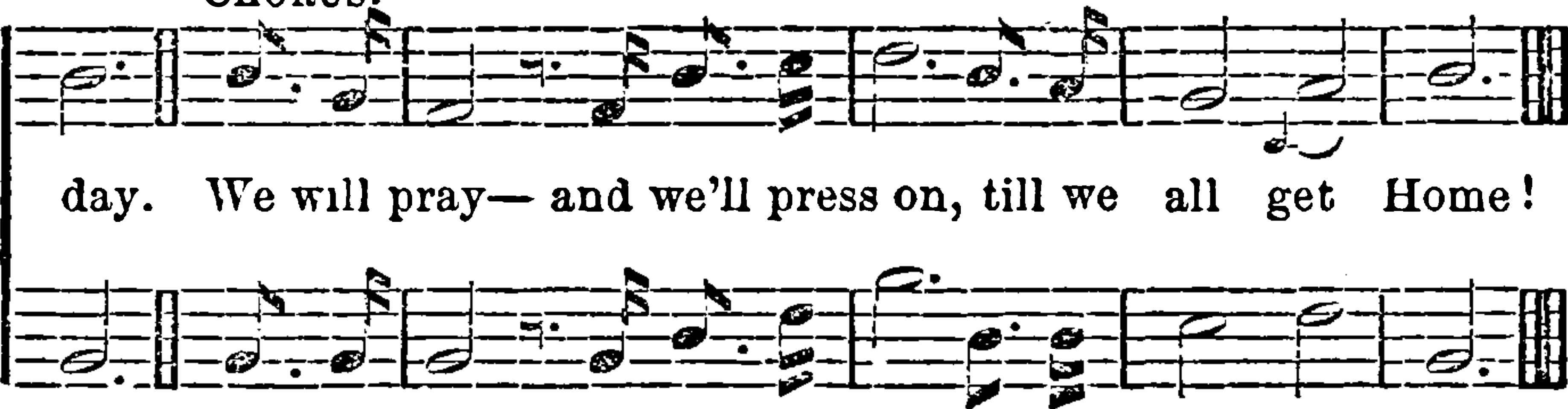


are not alone, my Brother, in the way. The Saviour's by your side, and the



Bi-ble for your guide, If you live by faith and prayer eve - ry

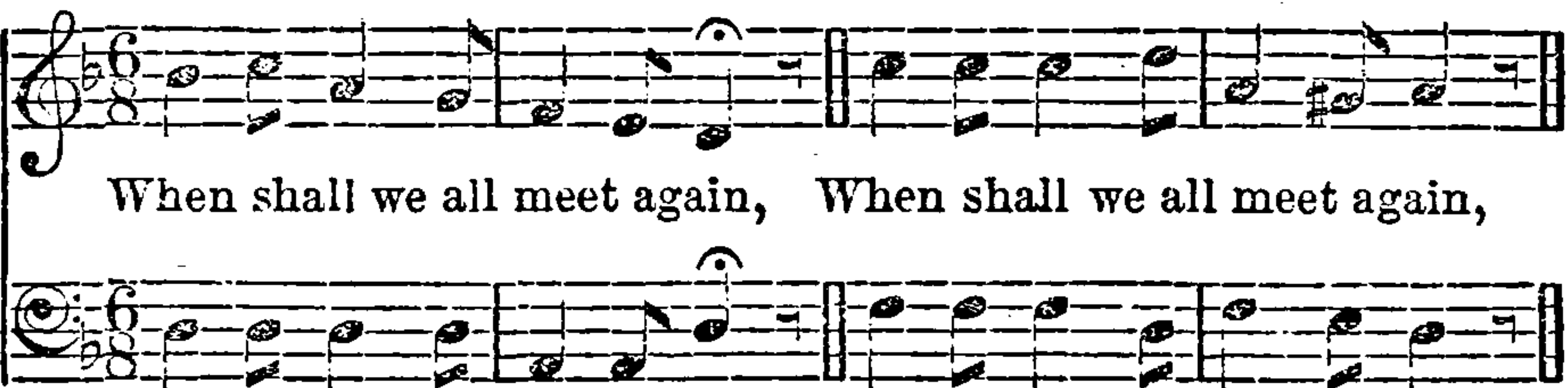
CHORUS.



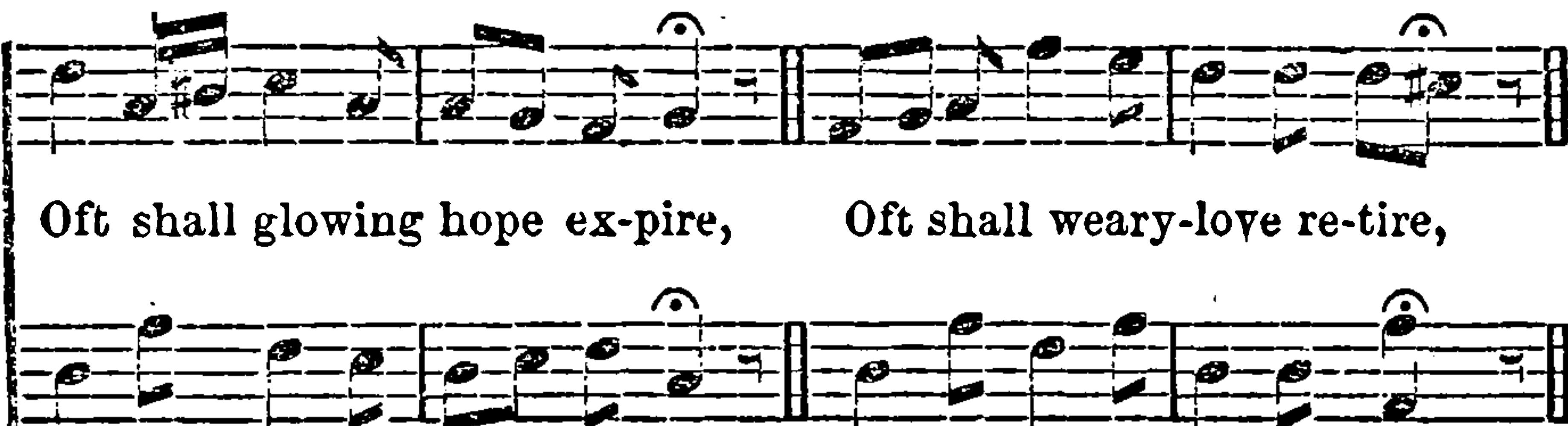
day. We will pray— and we'll press on, till we all get Home!

28.

Parting Friends.

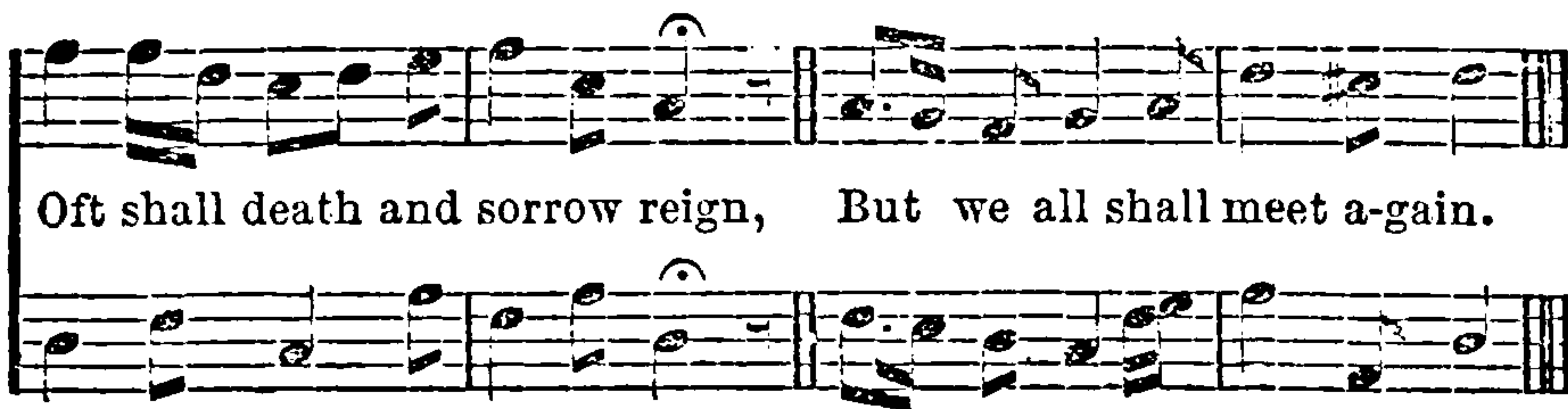


When shall we all meet again, When shall we all meet again,



Oft shall glowing hope ex-pire, Oft shall weary-love re-tire,

CONTINUED.

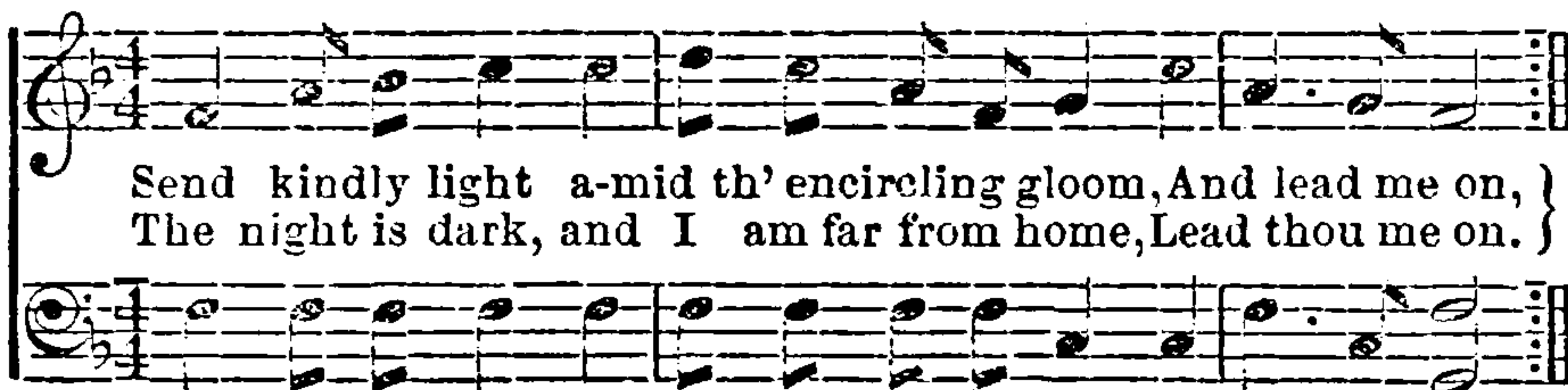


Oft shall death and sorrow reign, But we all shall meet a-gain.

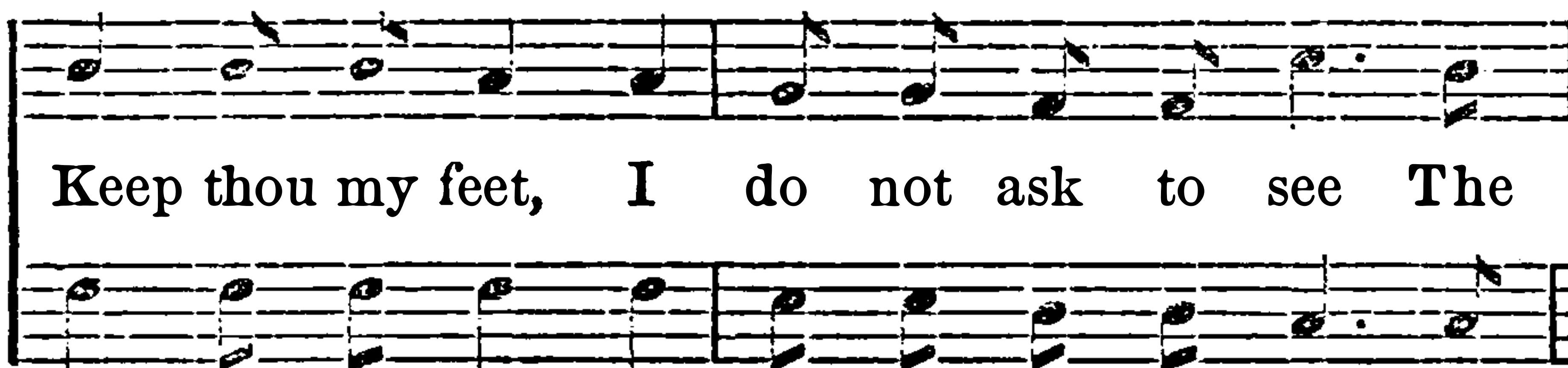
29.

Lead Thou me on.

From "Choral Echoes."



Send kindly light a-mid th' encircling gloom, And lead me on, }
The night is dark, and I am far from home, Lead thou me on. }



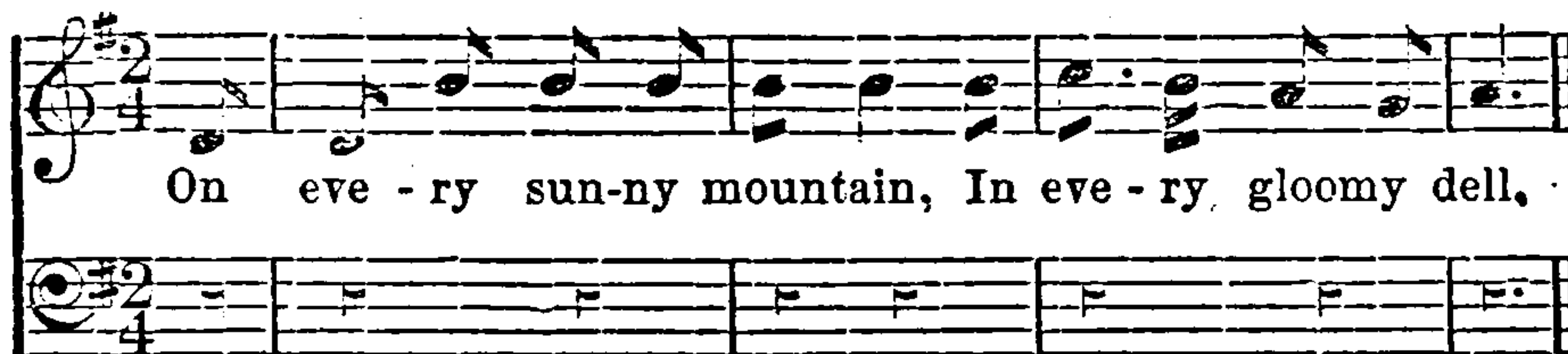
Keep thou my feet, I do not ask to see The



dis - tant scene, One step e-nough for me.

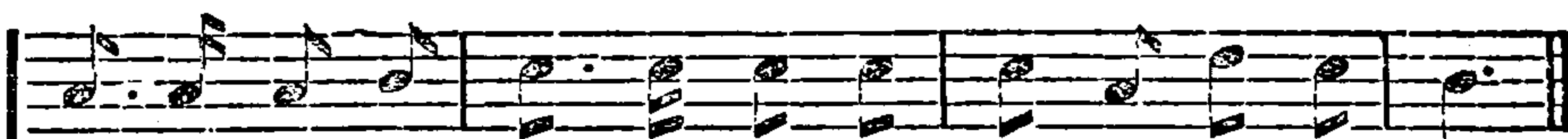
30.

Sunny Mountains.

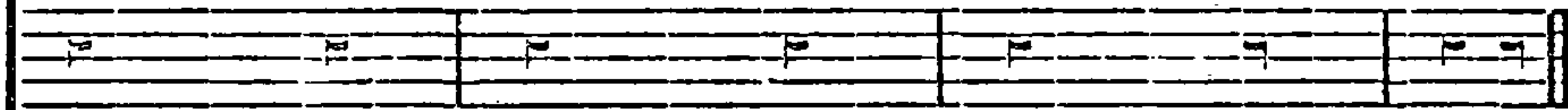


On eve - ry sun-ny mountain, In eve - ry gloomy dell,

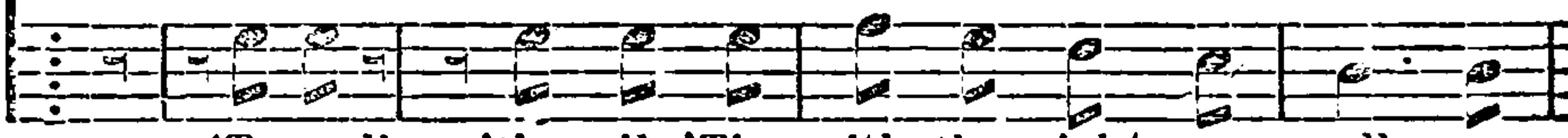
CONTINUED.



Whate'er the robe that wraps the heart, 'Tis with the righteous well.

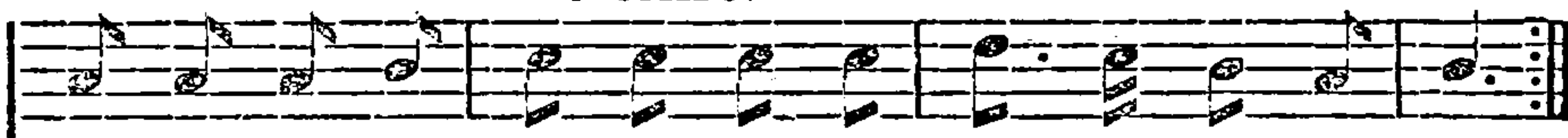


'Tis well, 'tis well, 'Tis with the righteous well; In



'Tis well, 'tis well, 'Tis with the righteous well;

1st time.

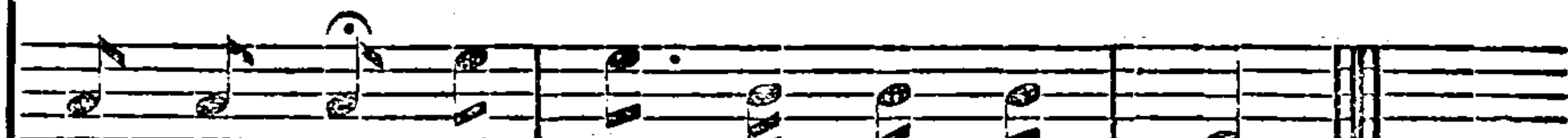


pleasure's light and sorrow's night, 'Tis with the righteous well.



2d time.

Ritard.

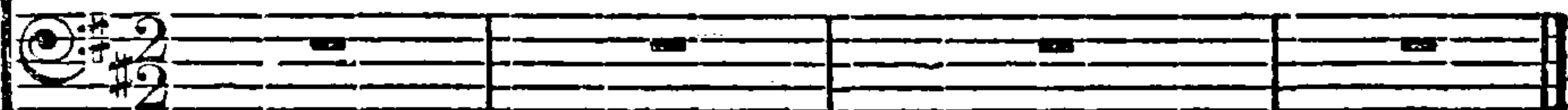


31.

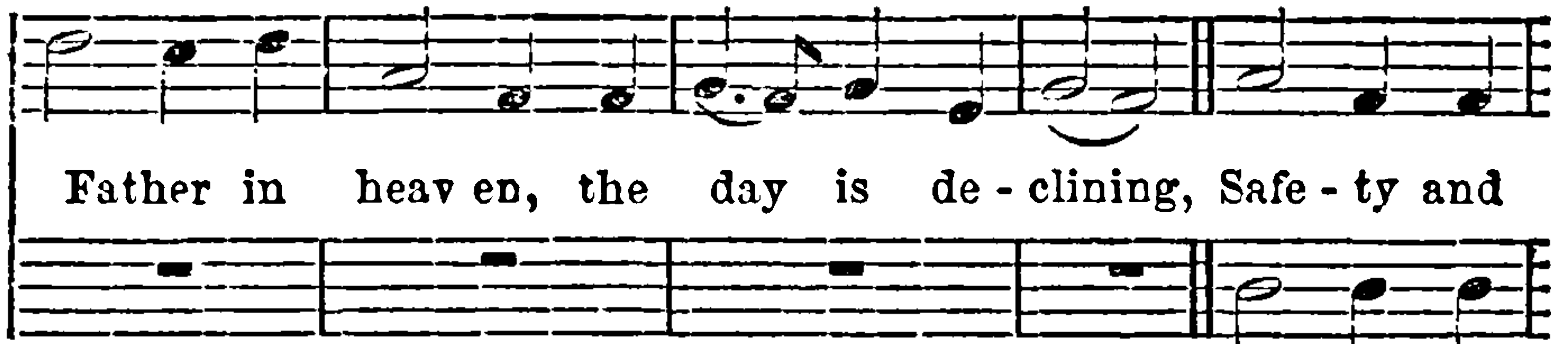
Twilight.



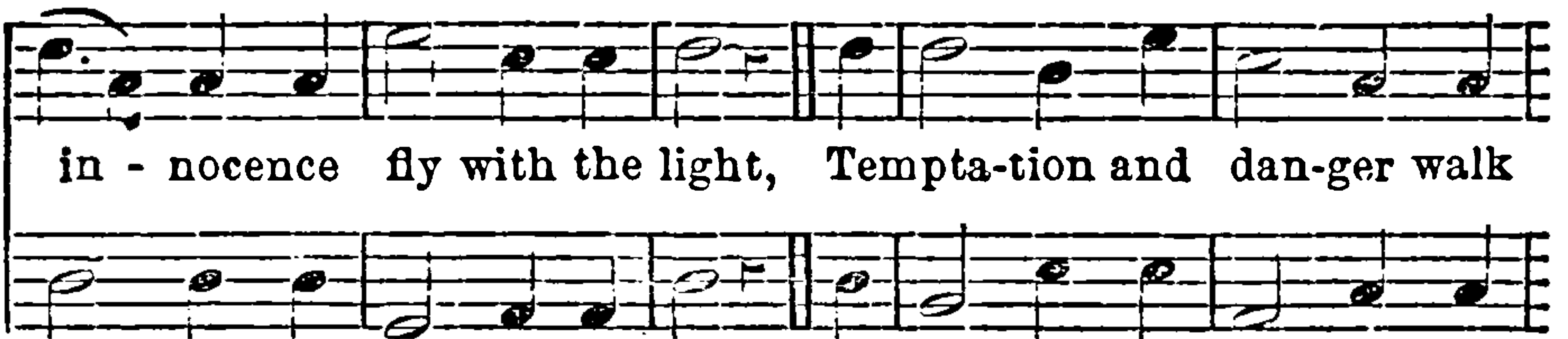
Fad-ing, still fad-ing, the last beam is shin-ing,



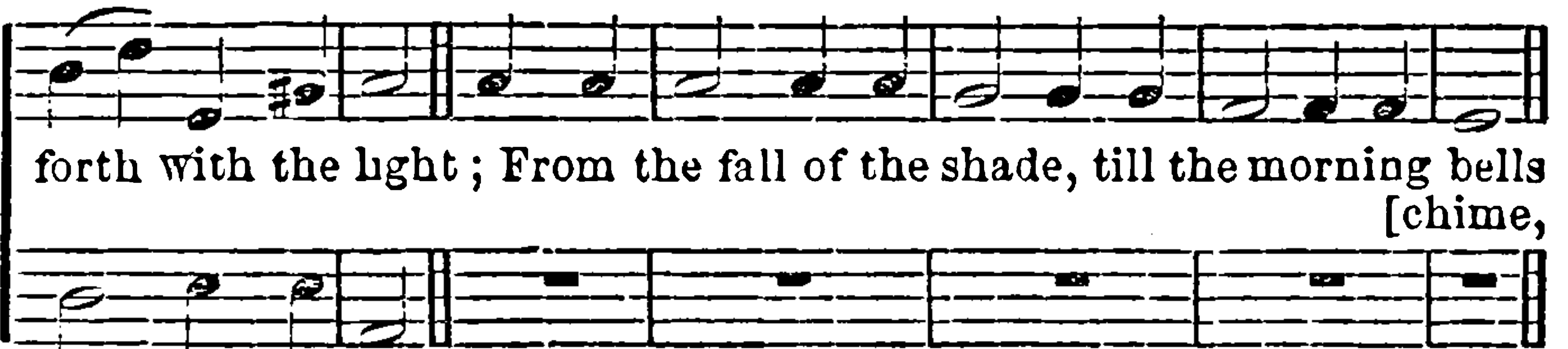
CONTINUED.



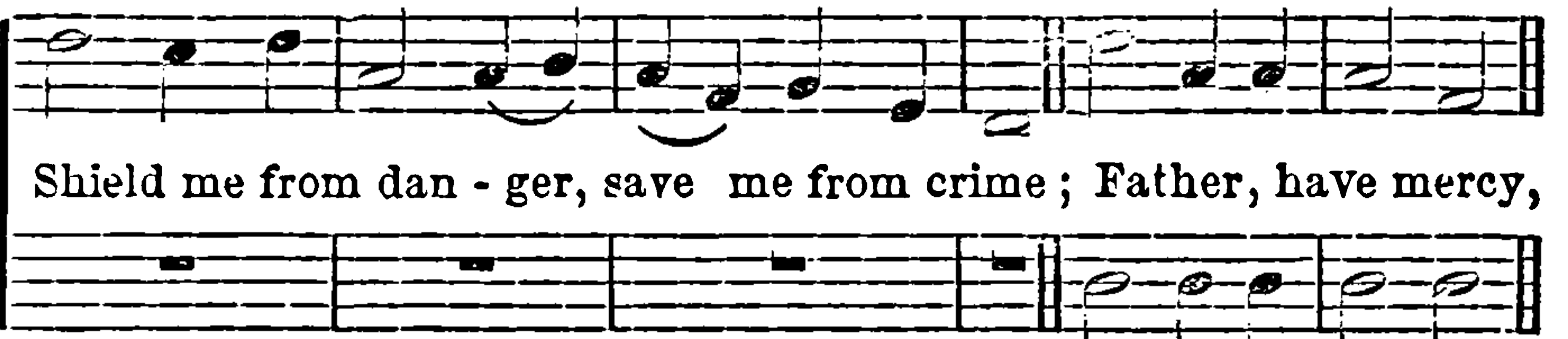
Father in heav en, the day is de - clining, Safe - ty and



in - nocence fly with the light, Tempta-tion and dan-ger walk



forth with the light ; From the fall of the shade, till the morning bells
[chime,



Shield me from dan - ger, save me from crime ; Father, have mercy,



Fa-ther, have mer - cy, Fa-ther, have mer - cy, thro'



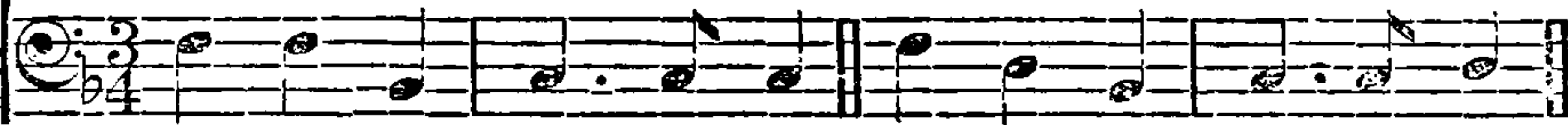
Je - sus Christ our Lord. A - - men.

32.

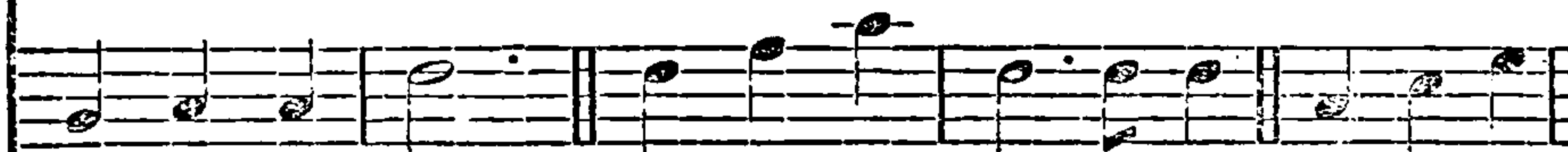
America.



My country? 'tis of thee, Sweet land of lib - er ty,



Of thee I sing; Land where my fathers died; Land of the

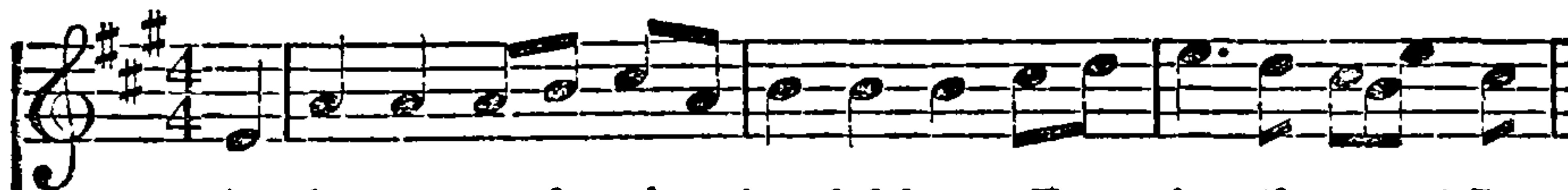


pilgrim's pride; From every mountain-side, Let freedom ring.



33.

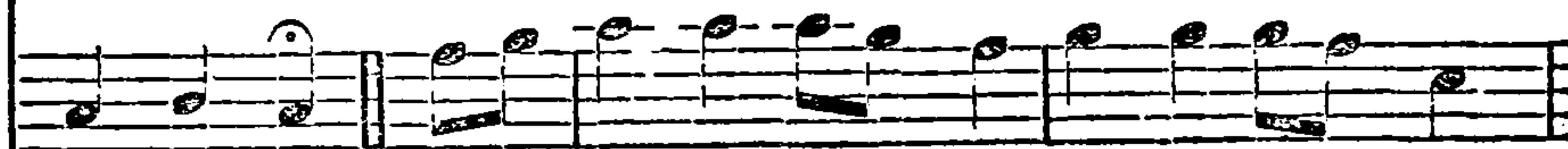
Loving Kindness.



Awake, my soul, in joy-ful lays, To sing the great Re-



deemer's praise; He just - ly claims a song from thee, His

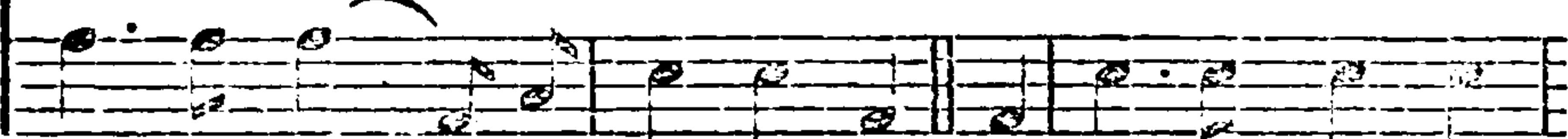


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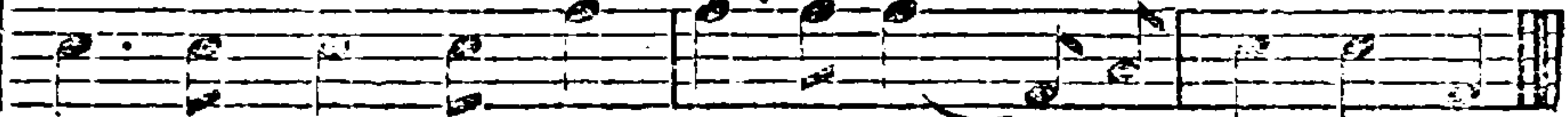
CHORUS.



lov - ing kind - ness Oh, how free, His lov - ing kindness,



Lov-ing kindness, His lov-ing kind - ness Oh, how free.



34.

Fellowship.



From all that's mortal, all that's vain, And from this earthly clod,



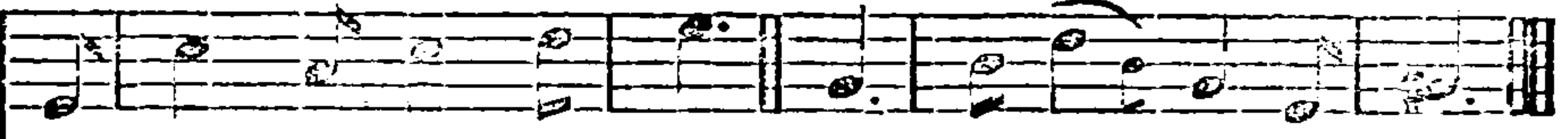
END.



Arise, my soul, and strive to gain. }
Arise, my soul, and strive to gain, } Some fellowship with God,



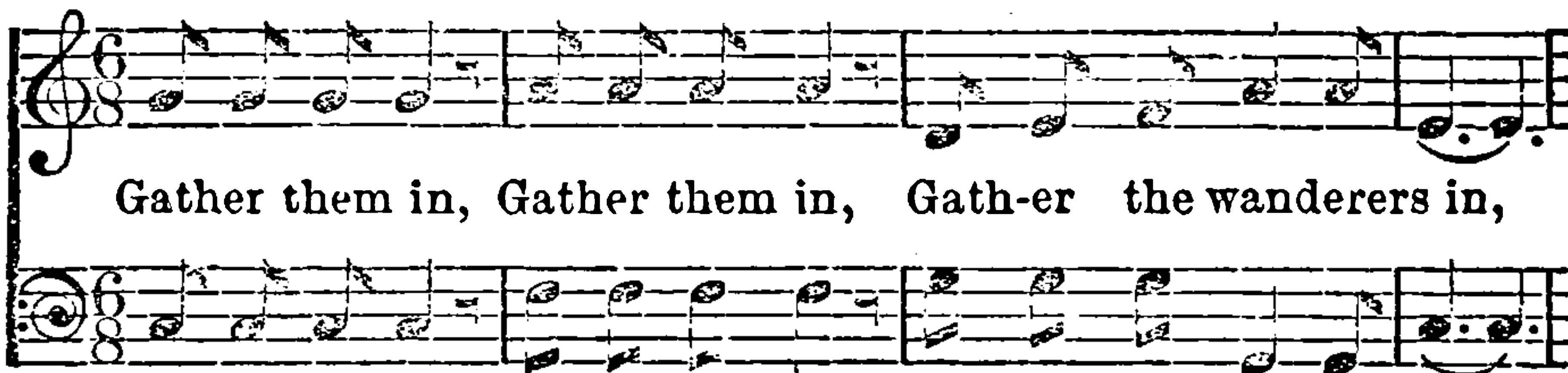
D. C.



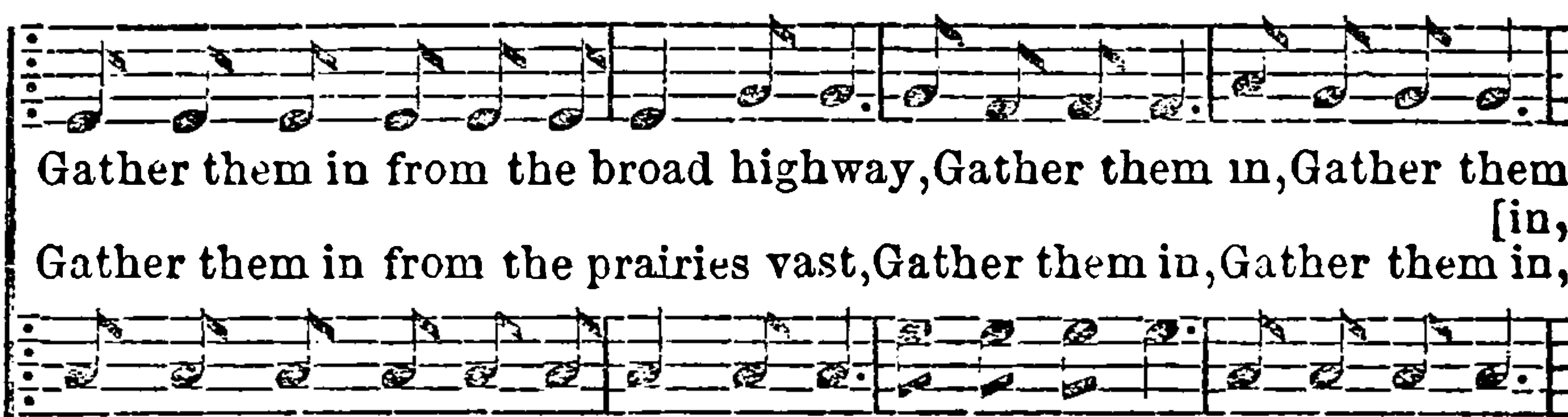
Some fel - low-ship with God, Some fel - low-ship with God.



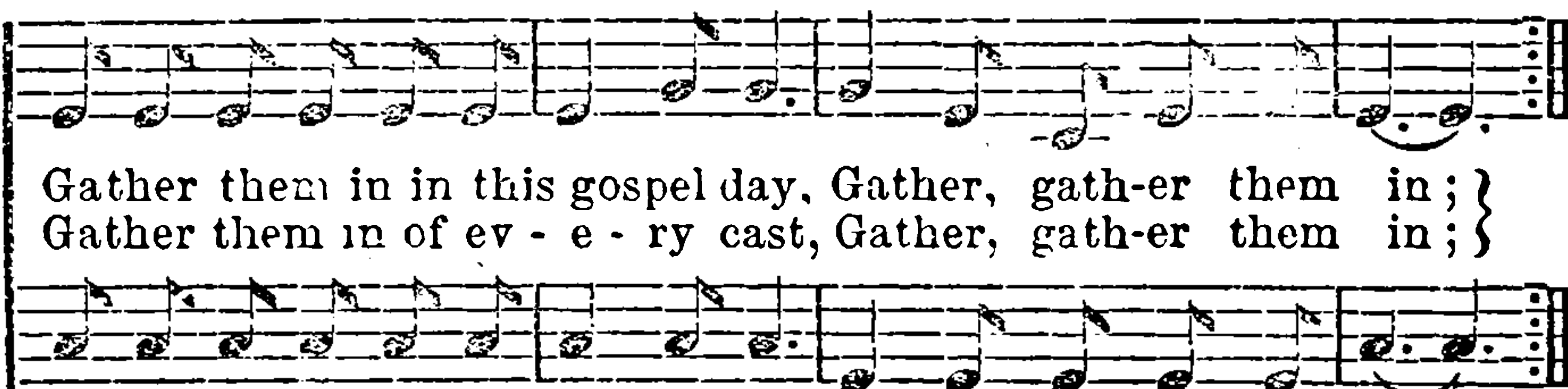
Music by BRADBURY, by permission.



Gather them in, Gather them in, Gath-er the wanderers in,

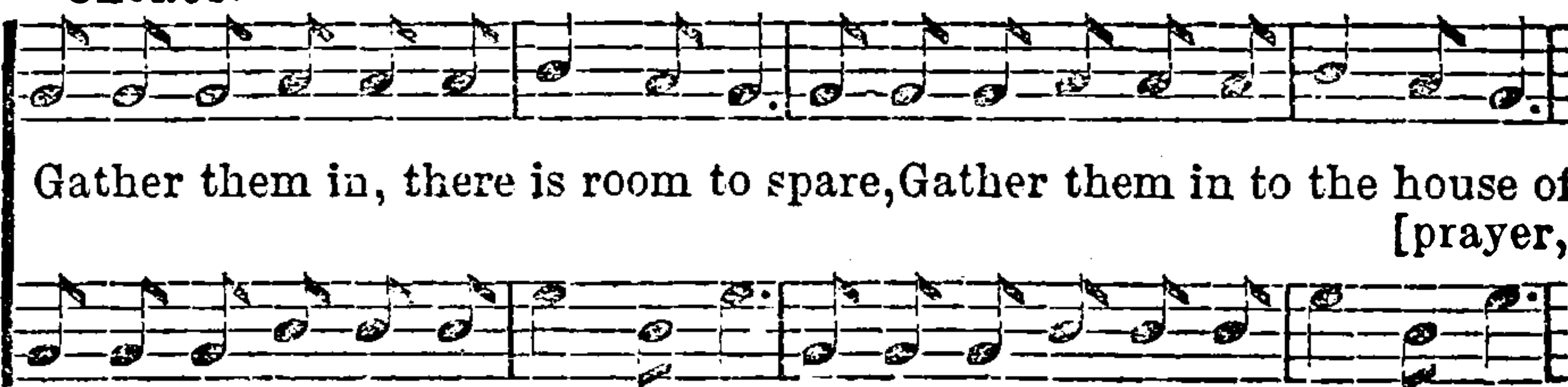


Gather them in from the broad highway, Gather them in, Gather them
[in,
Gather them in from the prairies vast, Gather them in, Gather them in,

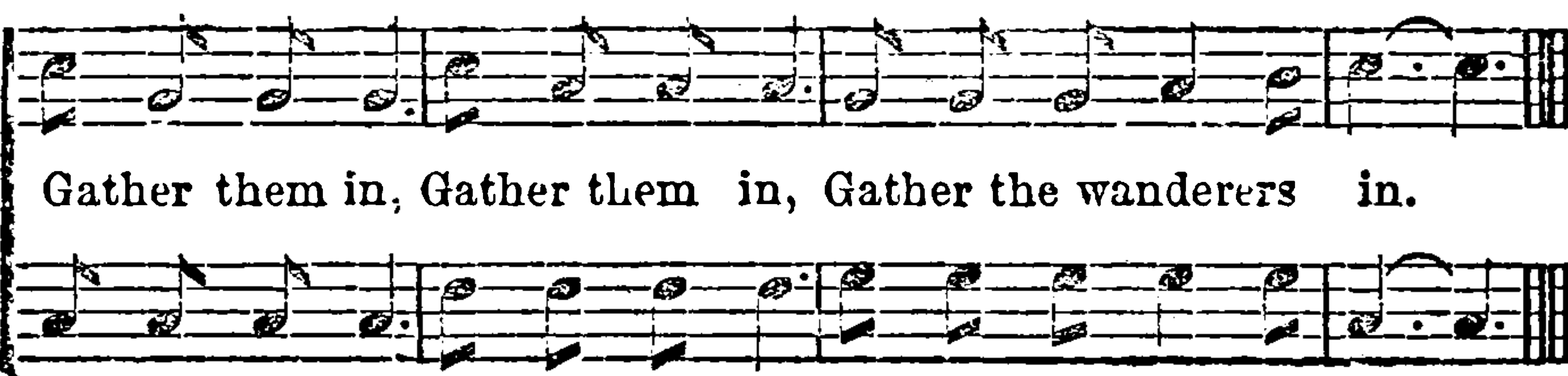


Gather them in in this gospel day, Gather, gath-er them in ; }
Gather them in of ev - e - ry cast, Gather, gath-er them in ; }

CHORUS.



Gather them in, there is room to spare, Gather them in to the house of
[prayer,



Gather them in, Gather them in, Gather the wanderers in.

36.

Palestine.



They have gone to the land where the pa - triarchs rest,



Where the bones of the prophets are laid ; Where the chosen of



Is-rael the promise possess'd, And Je-ho-vah his wonders displayed.



37.

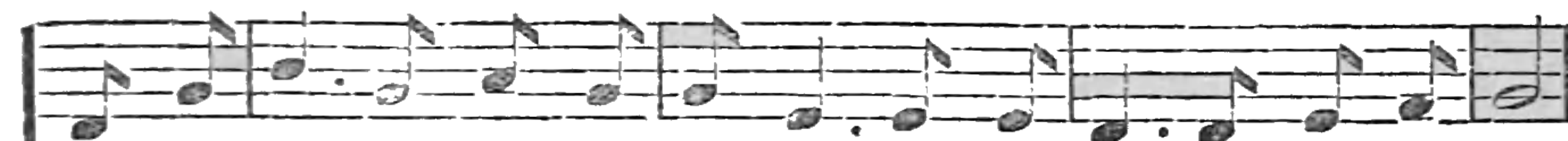
Watchman.

Ritard.

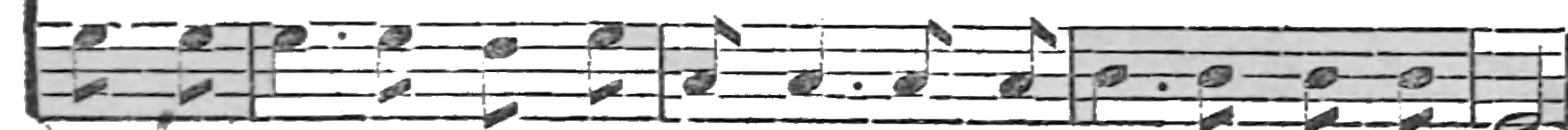
Fine.



Watchman, tell me, does the morning Of fair Zion's glory dawn ?

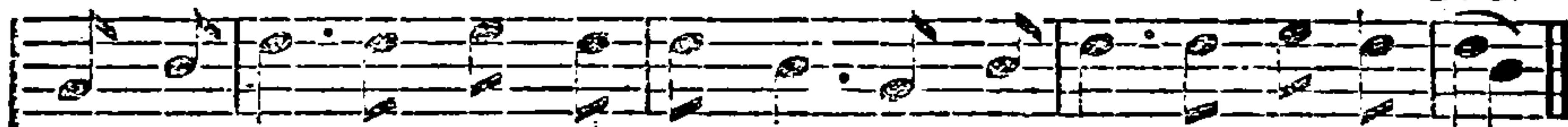


Have the signs that mark its coming, Yet up-on my pathway shone ?

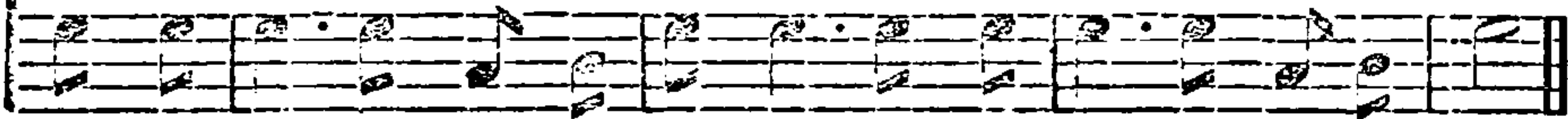


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D. C.

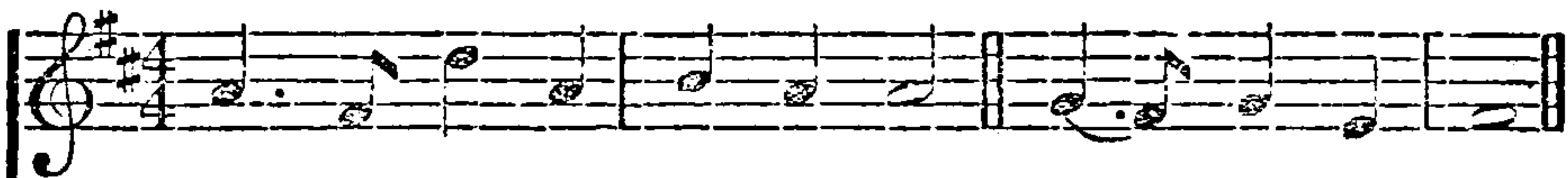


Pilgrim, yes; a - rise, look round thee! Light is breaking in the skies.

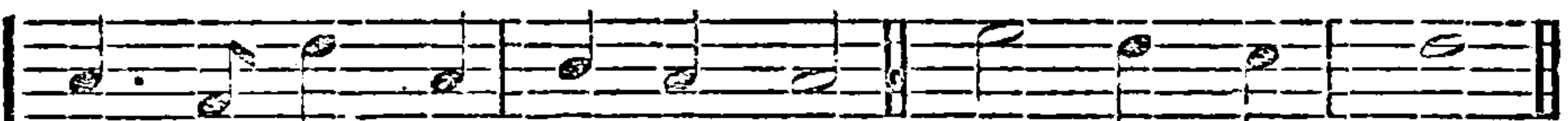
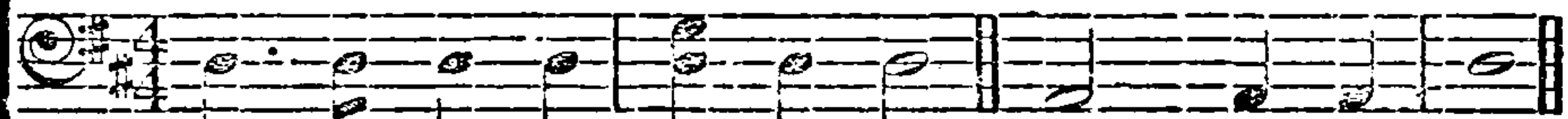


38.

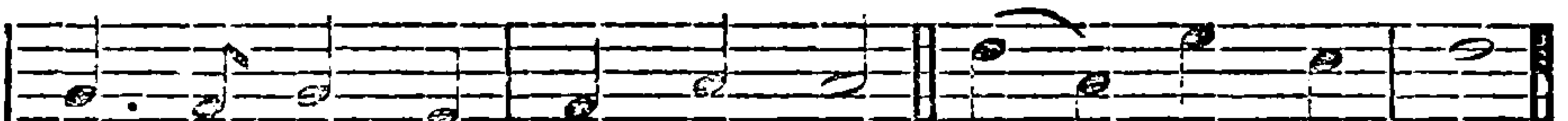
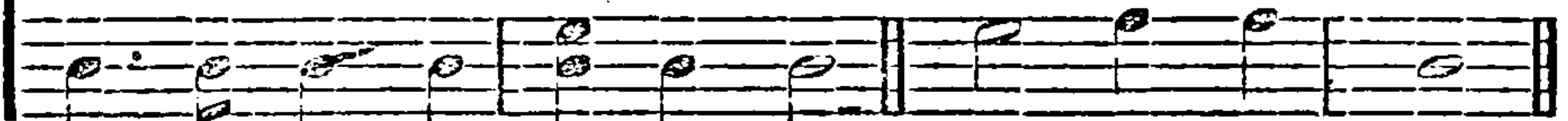
Traveller.



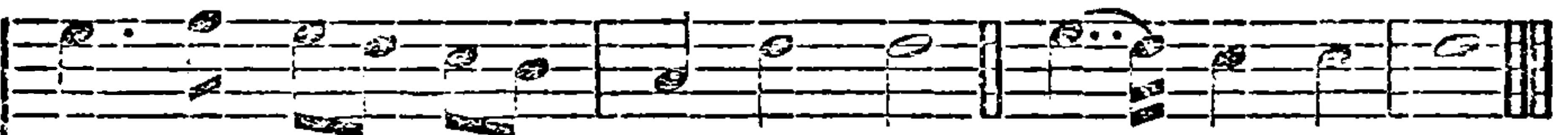
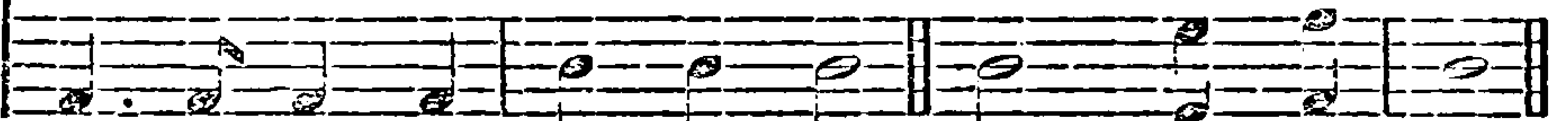
I'm a lone - ly trav'ler here, Wea - ry, oppress'd,



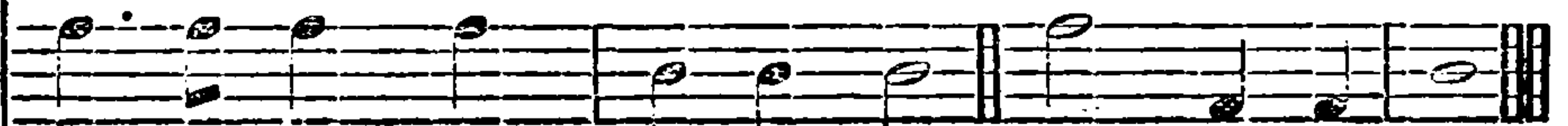
But my journey's end is near, Soon I shall rest;



Dark and dreary is the way, Toil - ing I've come,



Ask me not with you to stay, Yonder's my home.

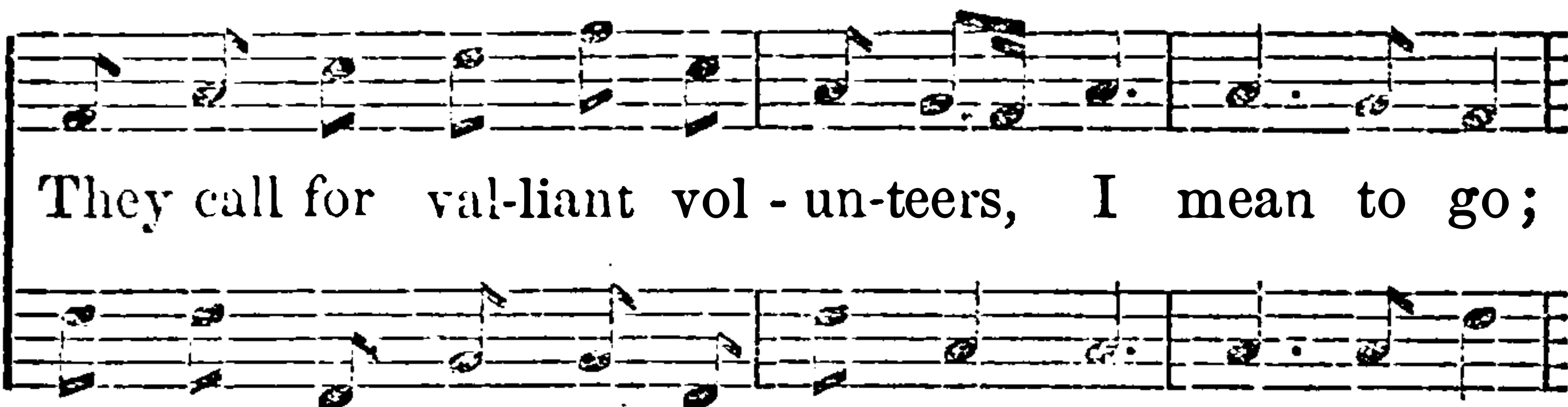


39.

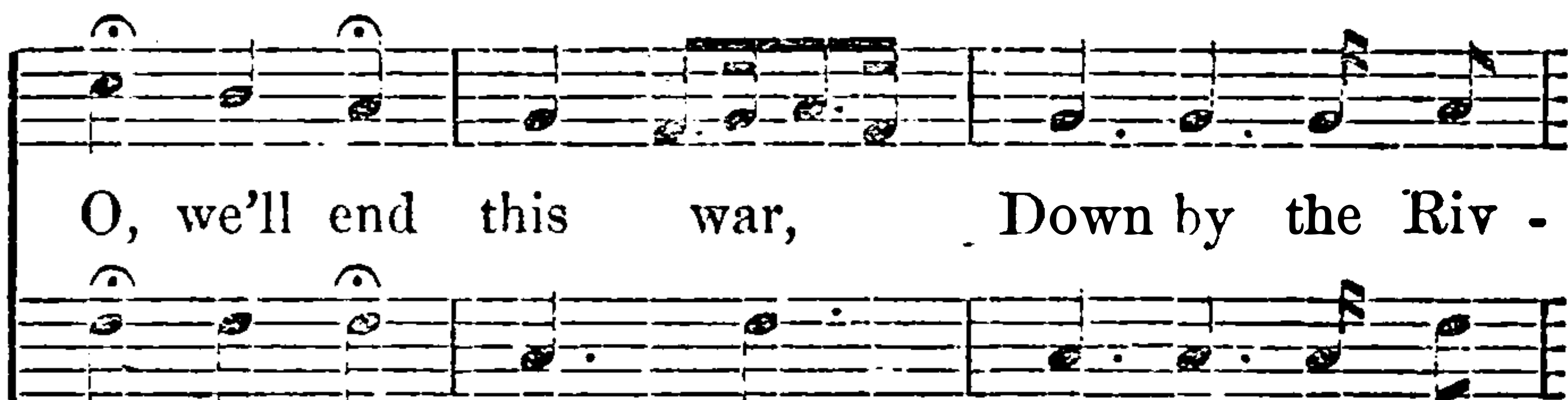
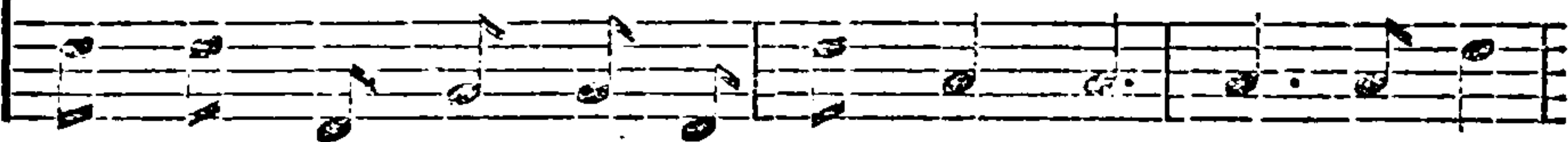
Down by the River.



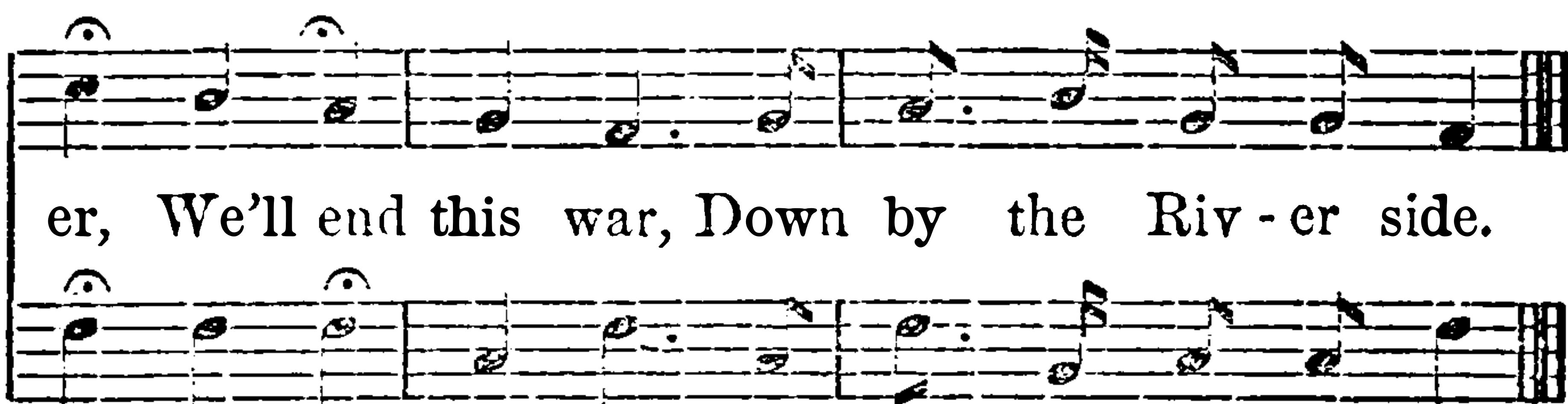
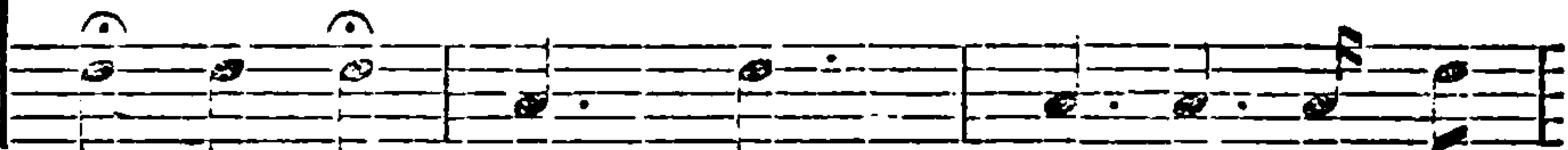
Hark! lis-ten to the trumpet - ers, I mean to go;



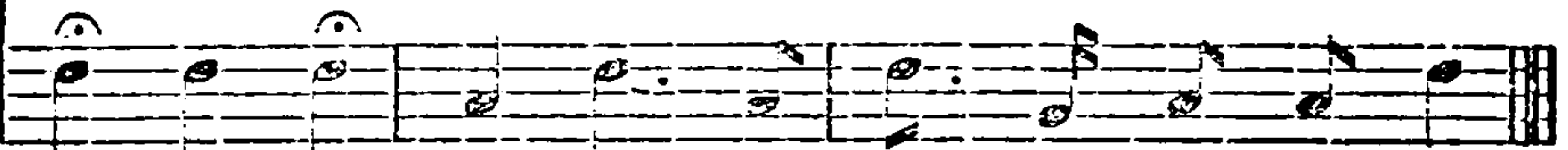
They call for val-liant vol - un-teers, I mean to go;



O, we'll end this war, Down by the Riv -

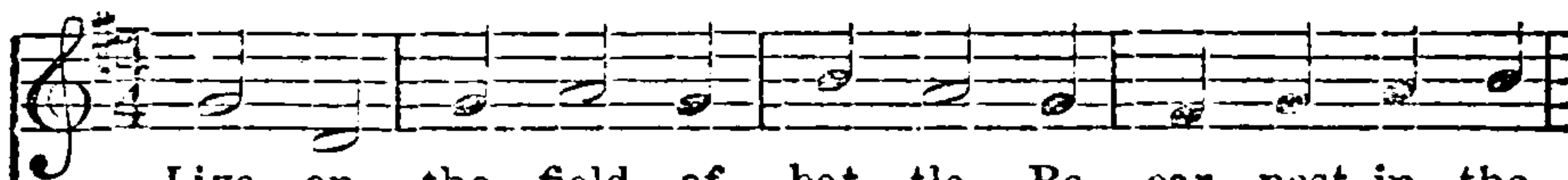


er, We'll end this war, Down by the Riv - er side.

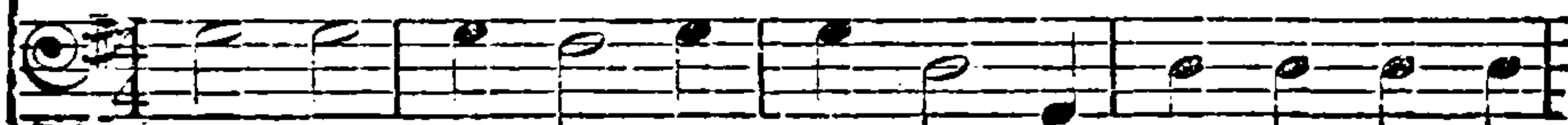


40.

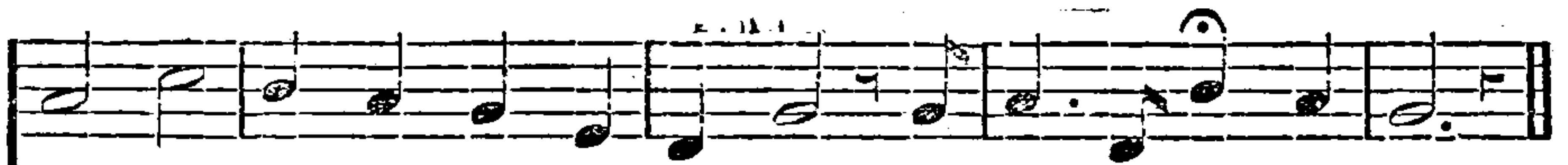
Battle Field.



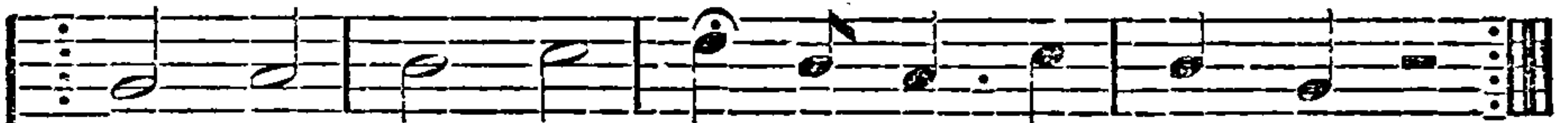
Live on the field of bat - tle, Be ear - nest in the



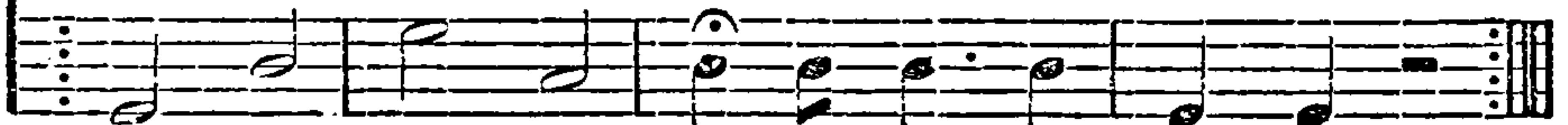
CONTINUED.



fight; Stand forth with manly courage, And struggle for the right;



Live! live! live! live! on the field of bat - tle.

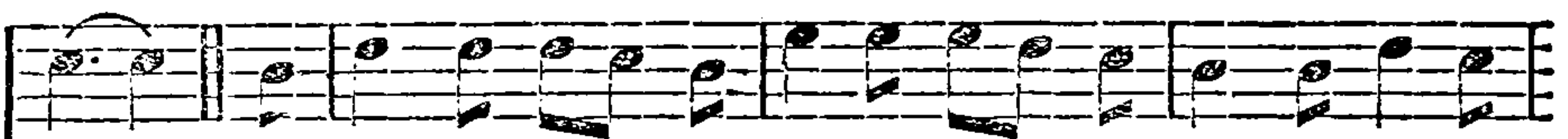
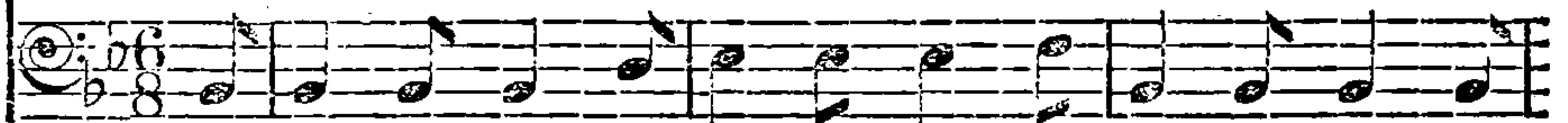


41.

Soldier.



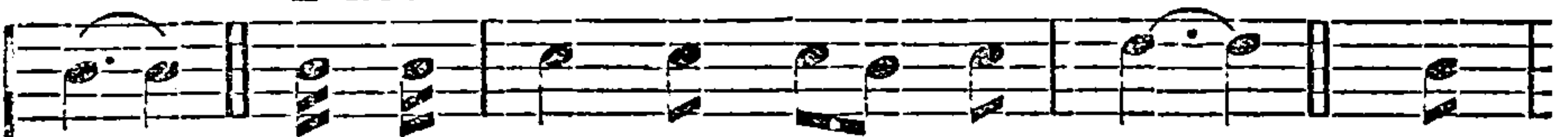
Am I a sol-dier of the cross, A follower of the



Lamb, And shall I fear to own his cause, Or blush to speak his



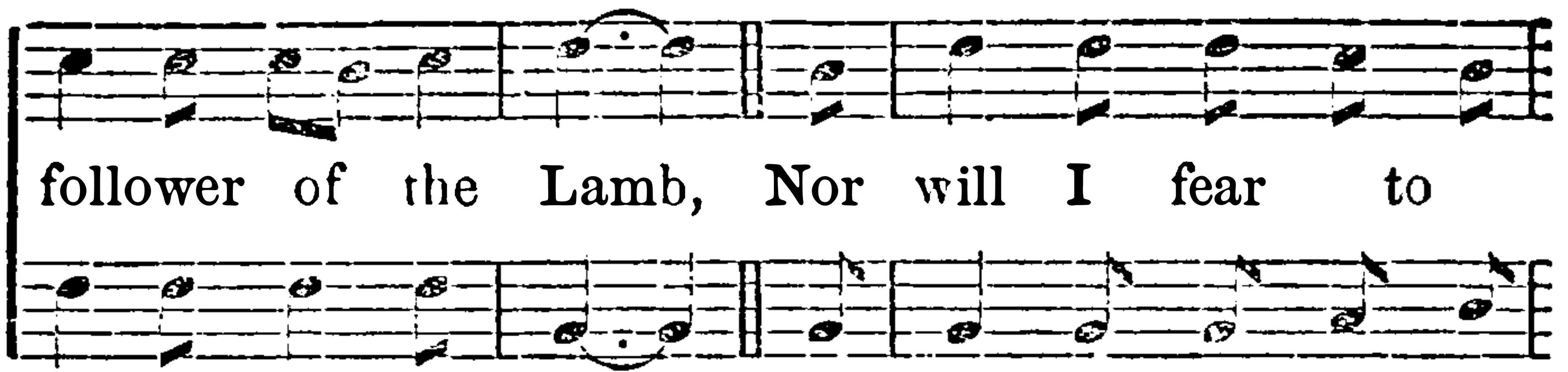
CHORUS.



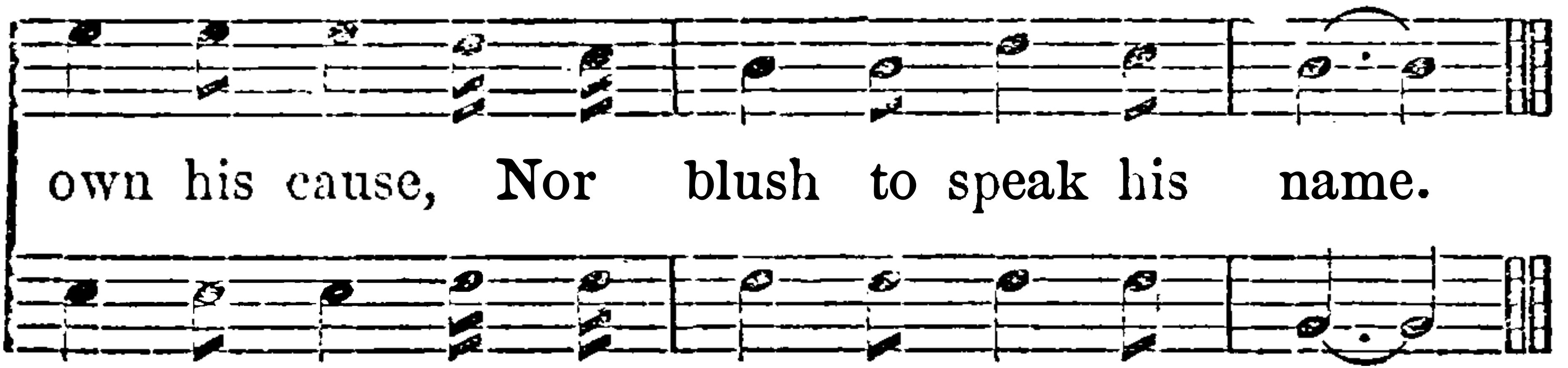
name; I'll be a sol - dier of the cross, A



CONTINUED.



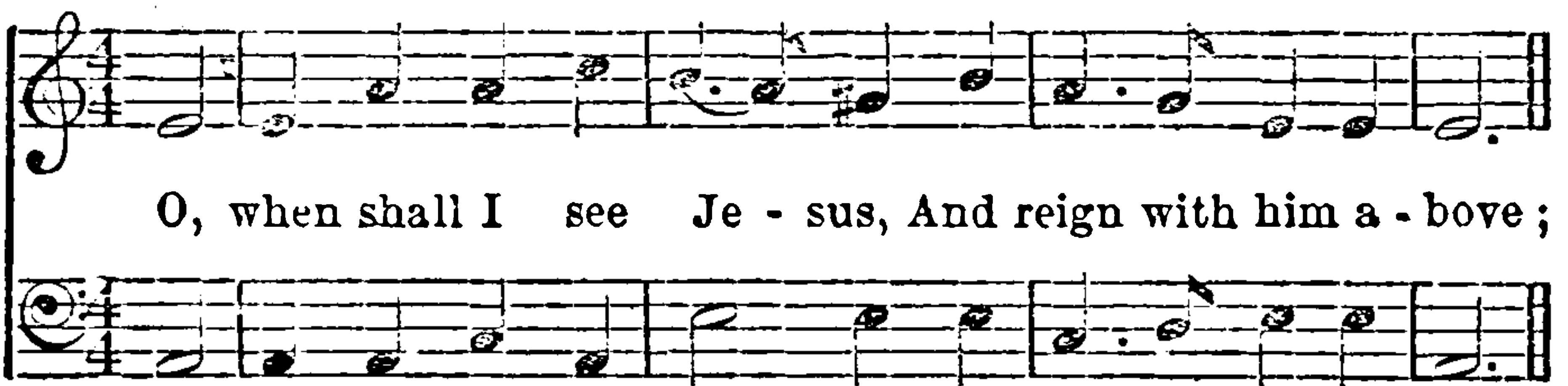
follower of the Lamb, Nor will I fear to



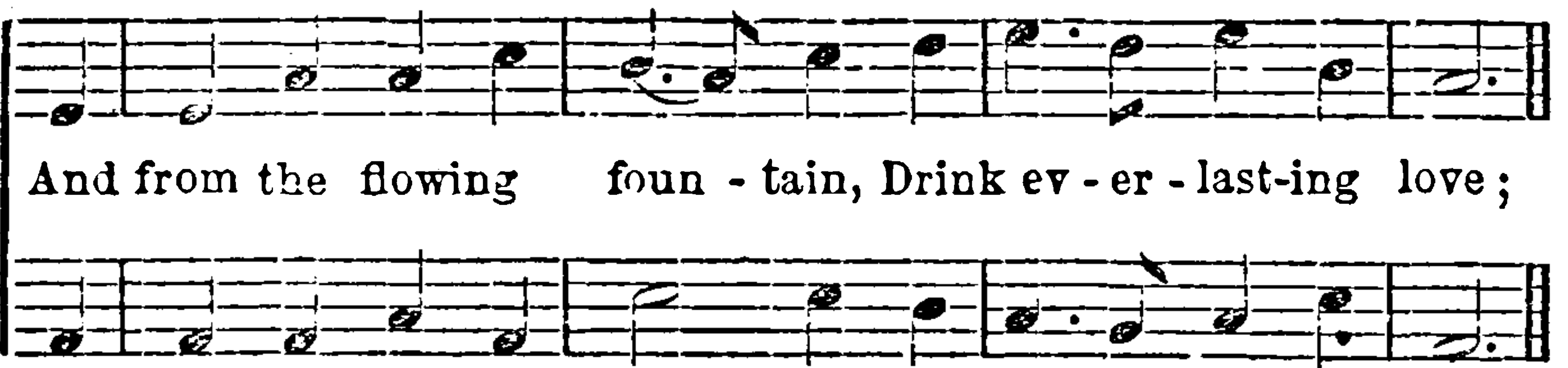
own his cause, Nor blush to speak his name.

42.

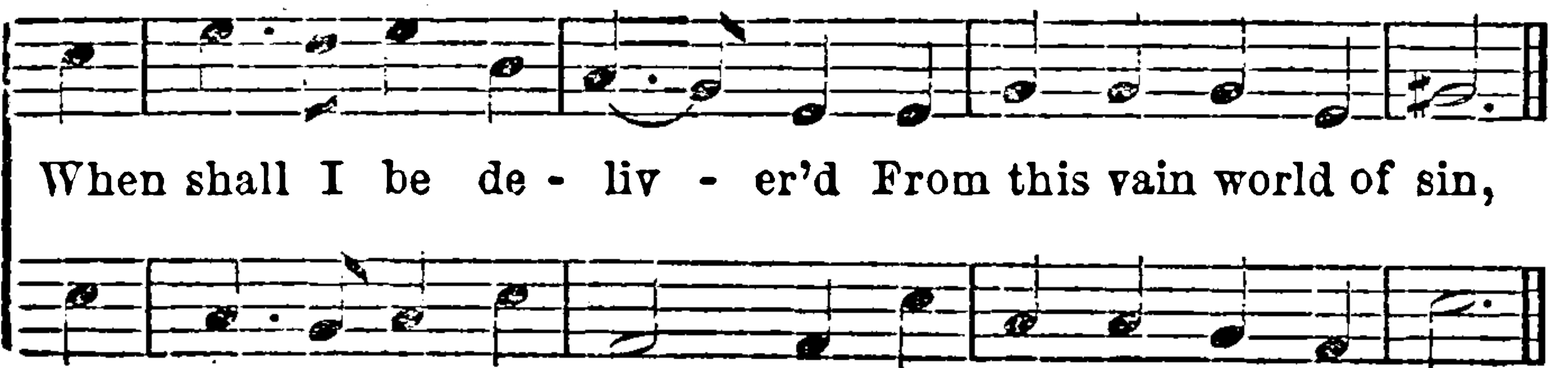
Perseverance.



O, when shall I see Je - sus, And reign with him a - bove ;



And from the flowing foun - tain, Drink ev - er - last-ing love ;

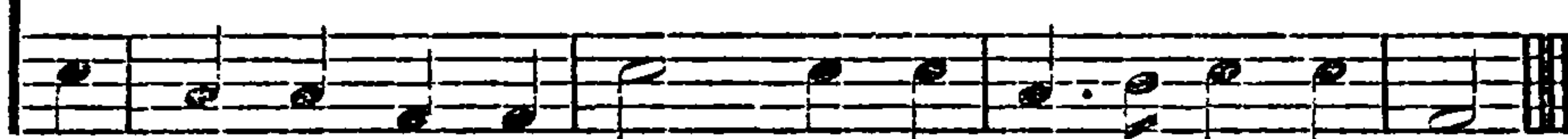


When shall I be de - liv - er'd From this vain world of sin,

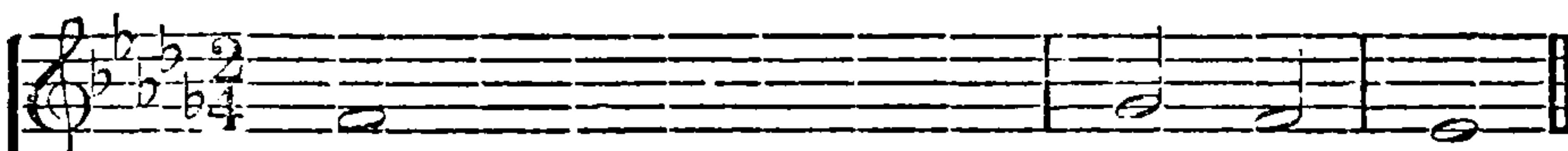
CONTINUED.



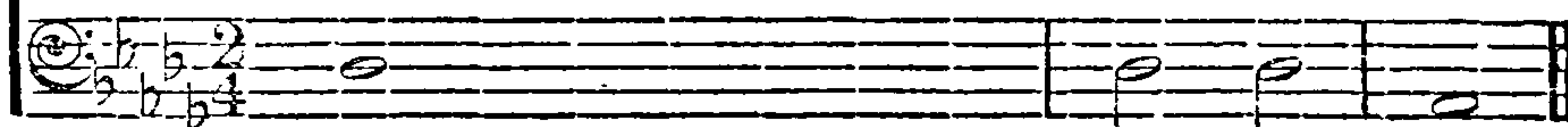
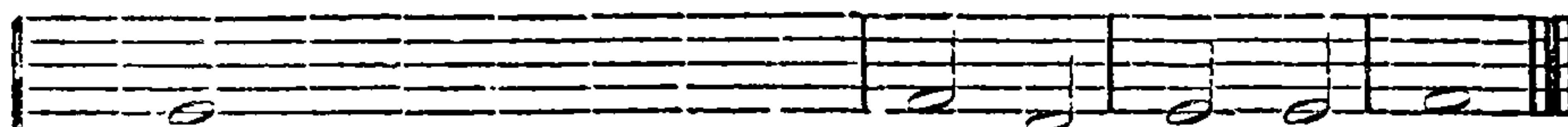
And with my bless-ed Je - sus, Drink endless pleasures in.



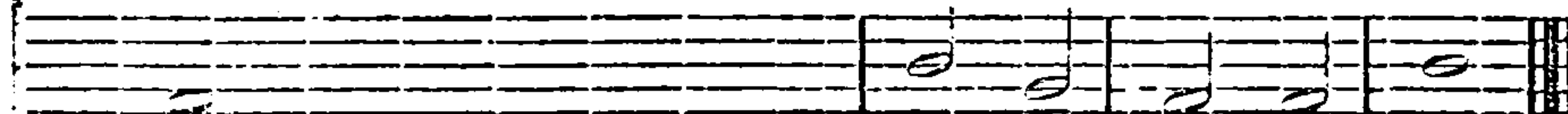
43. CHANT. The Reaper. 293



There is a reaper whose name is Death, And }
with his } sick - le keen,

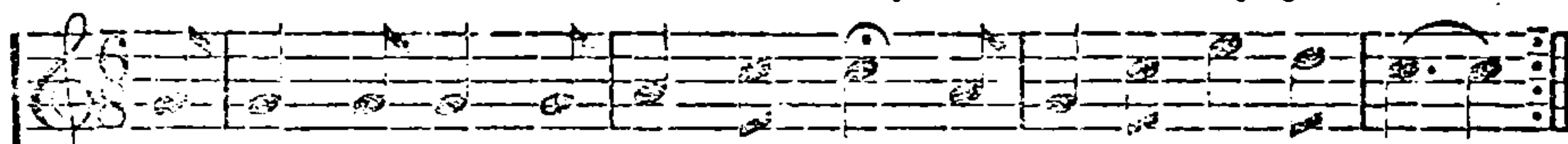



He reaps the bearded grain at a }
breath, And the } flow'rs that grow be - tween.

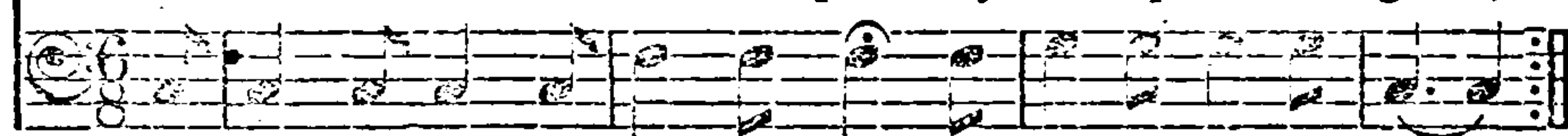


44. Angel Band.

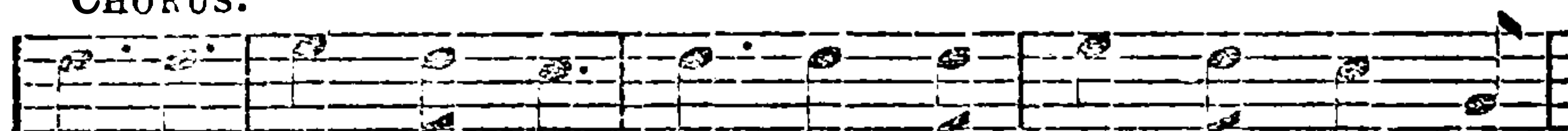
Music by BRADBURY, by permission.



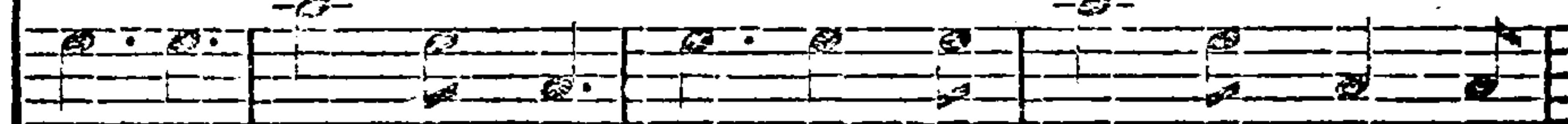
My lat - est sun is set - ting fast, My race is nearly run, }
My sor - est tri - als now are past, My triumph is be - gun. }



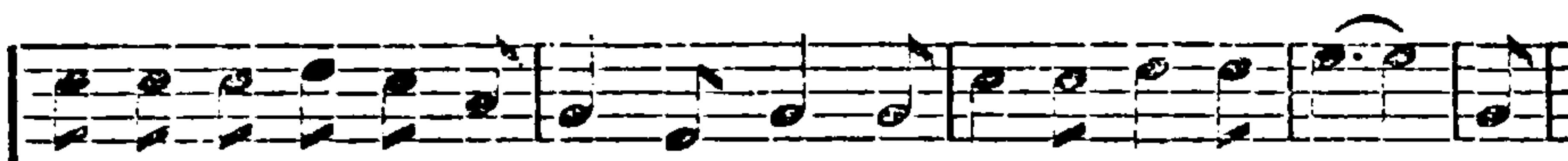
CHORUS.



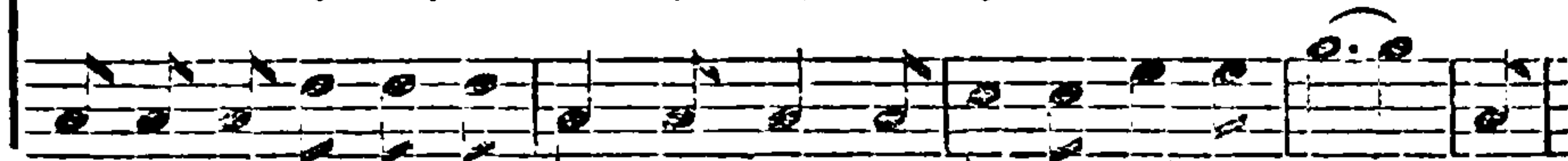
O, come, an-gel band, Come, and a-round me stand ; O,



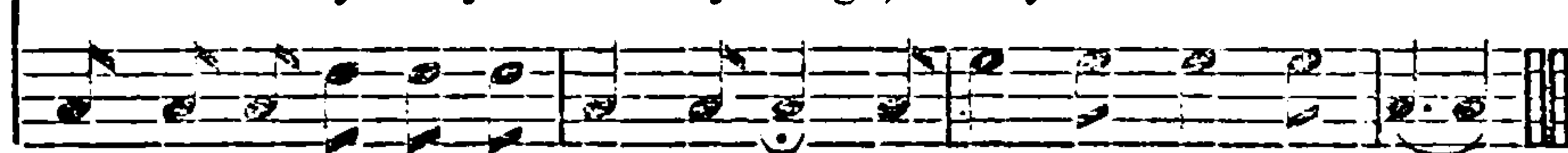
CONTINUED.



bear me away on your snowy wings, To my immor-tal home, O,



bear me away on your snowy wings, To my im-mor-tal home.



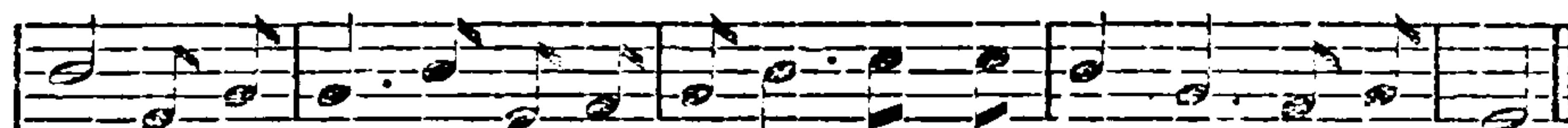
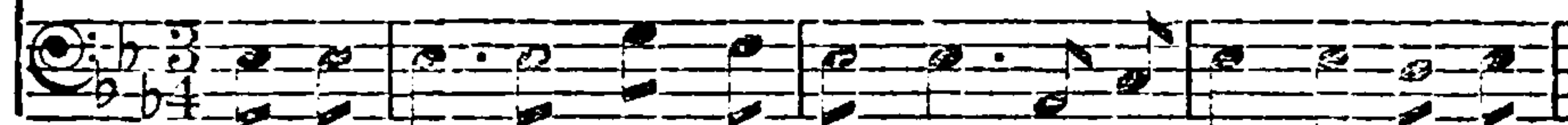
45.

Let me go.

Words and Music by Rev. L. HARTSOUGH, Oneida Conference.



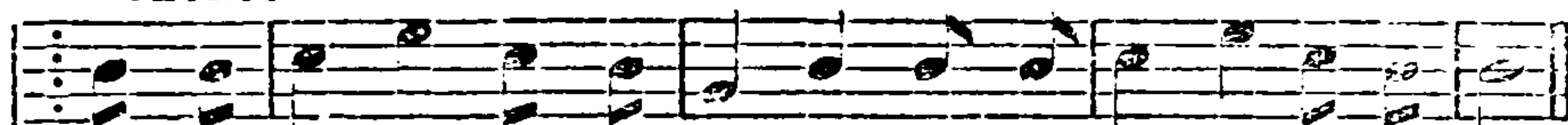
Let me go where saints are go-ing, To the mansions of the



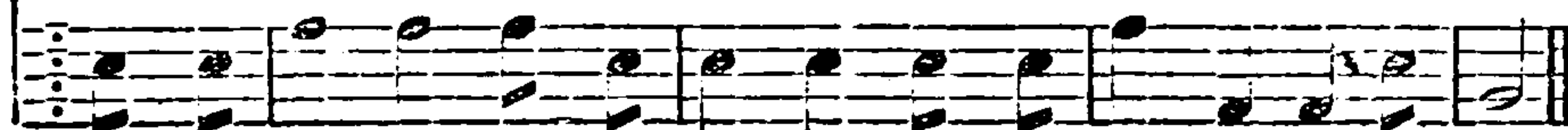
blest; Let me go where my Redeemer, Has prepared his people's rest.



CHORUS.



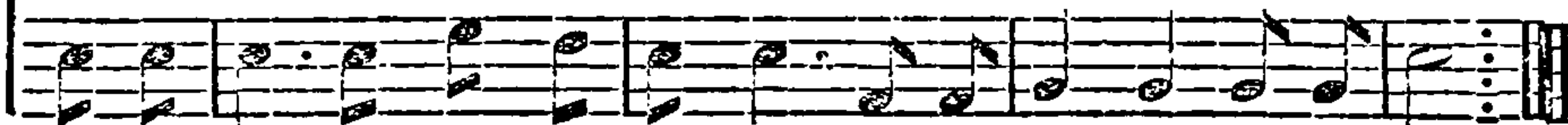
I would gain the realms of brightness, Where they go out nevermore,



CONTINUED.



I would join the friends that wait me, Over on the other shore.

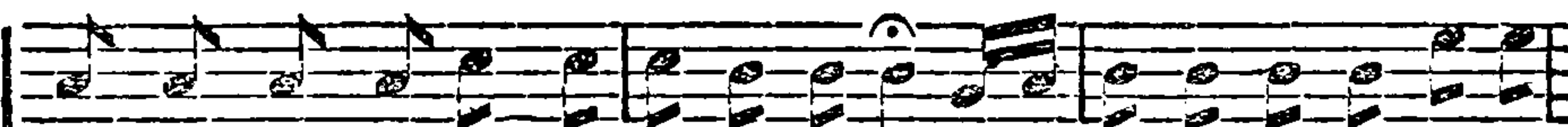
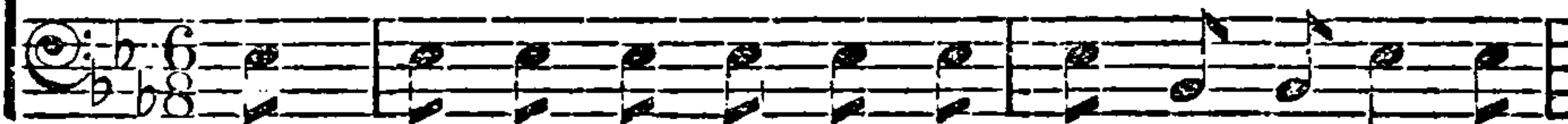


46. O! I want to cross over!

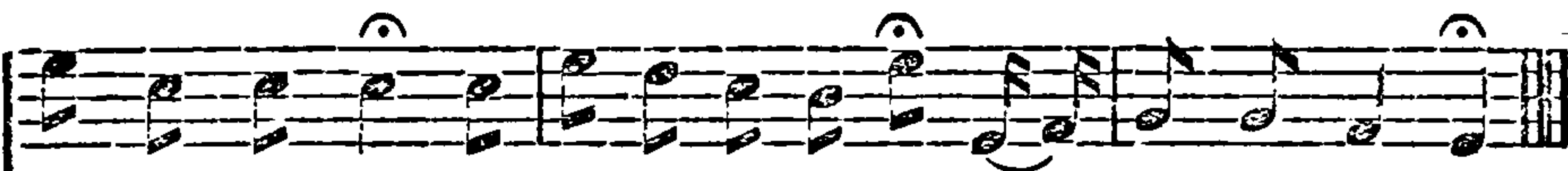
Words and Music by Rev. L. HARTSOUGH.



O, have you not heard of that realm of delight, To



which the blessed Saviour doth each one invite; 'Tis prepared for the
[good and the



pure and the blessed; 'Tis over the River where the weary find rest.



47.

Helena.

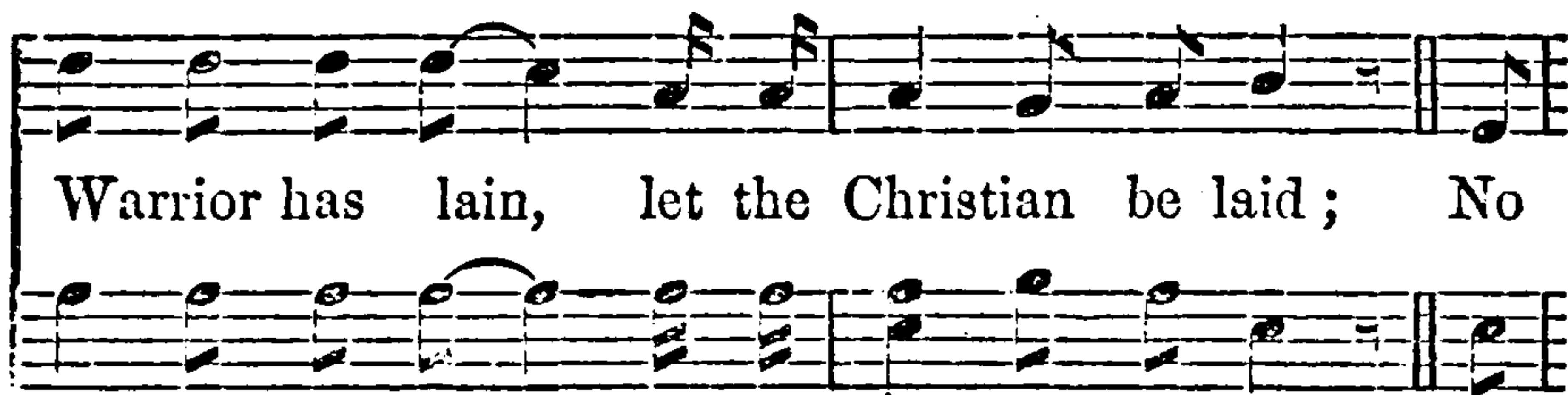
OLIVER DITSON.



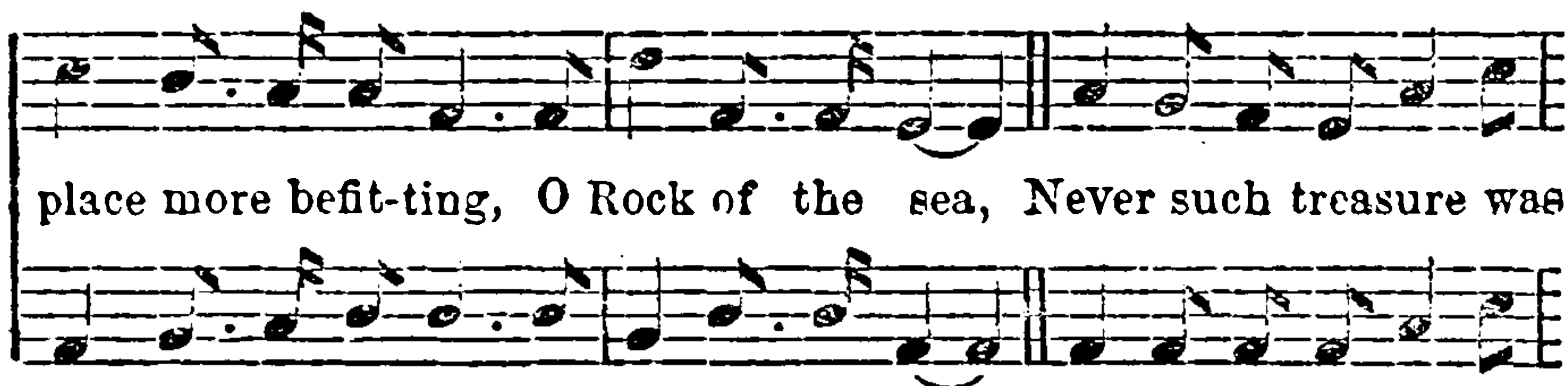
Mournfully, ten - der - ly, bear on the dead, Where the



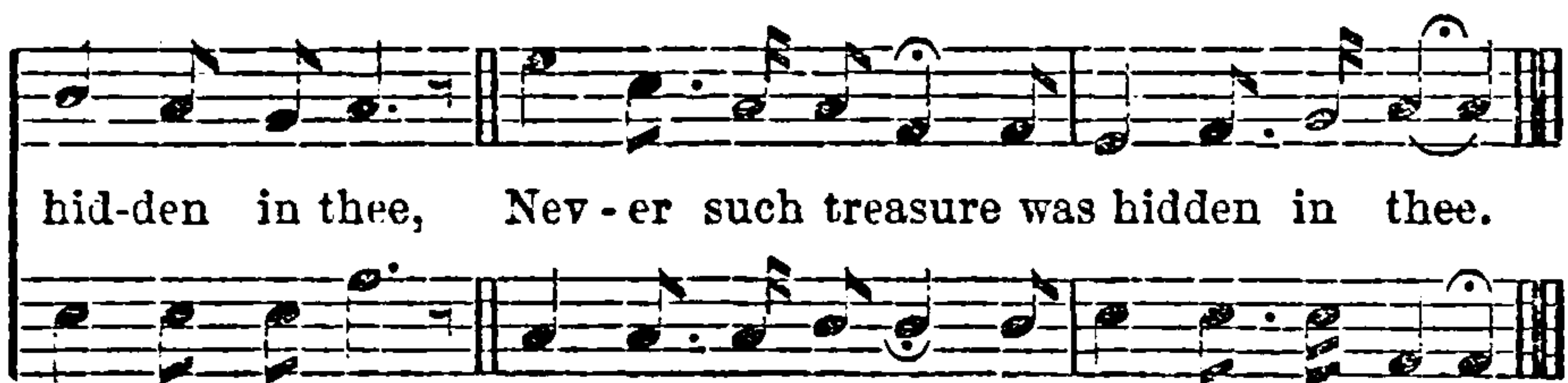
CONTINUED.



Warrior has lain, let the Christian be laid; No



place more befit-ting, O Rock of the sea, Never such treasure was

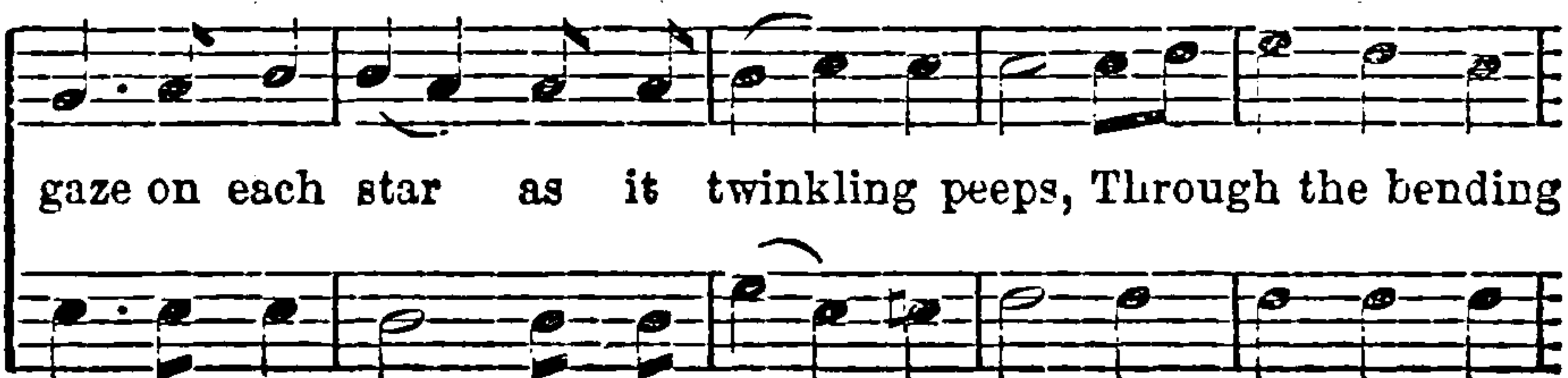


hid-den in thee, Nev - er such treasure was hidden in thee.

48. My Mother's Grave.

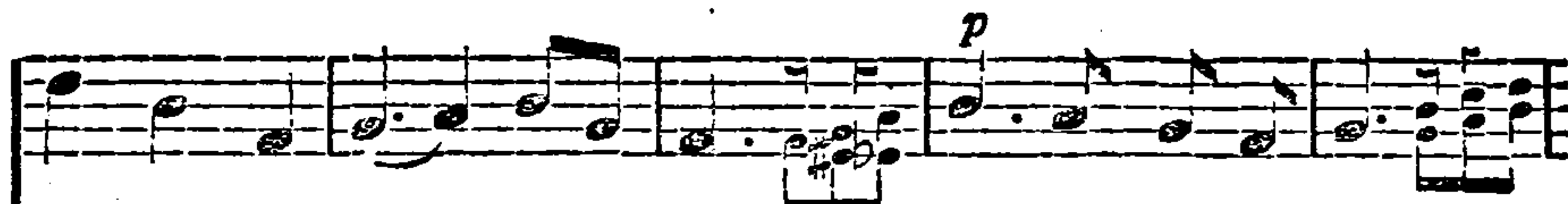


I love to stay where my moth - er sleeps, And



gaze on each star as it twinkling peeps, Through the bending

CONTINUED.



willow which lone - ly weeps, O'er my mother's grave,

Cres. *f* Dim. *pp*



O'er my mother's grave, Thro' that bending willow, O'er my mother's [grave.

Cres. *f* *pp*

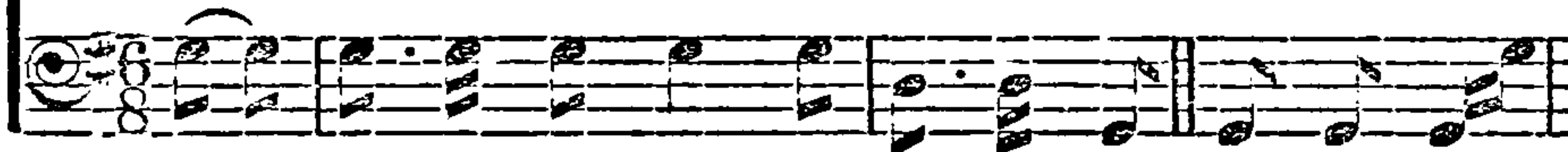


49. The Infant's Dream of Heaven.

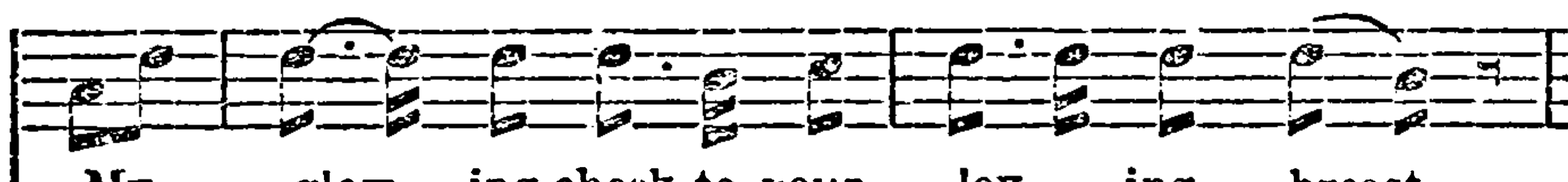
Harmonized by S. B.



O cra - dle me on your knee, Mamma, And sing that



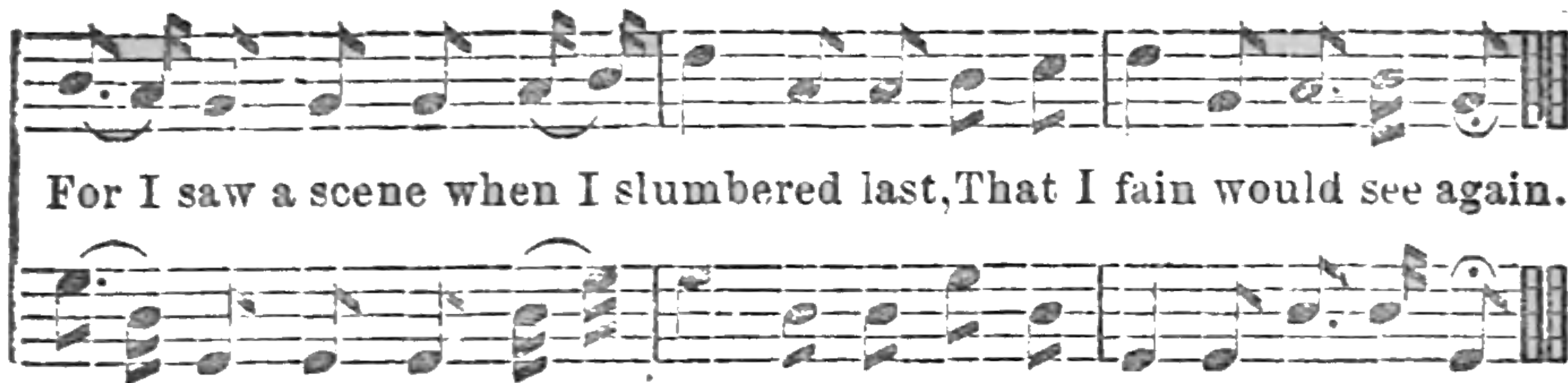

ho - ly strain, Which soothed me last as you fond-ly press'd

My glow - ing cheek to your lov - ing breast,



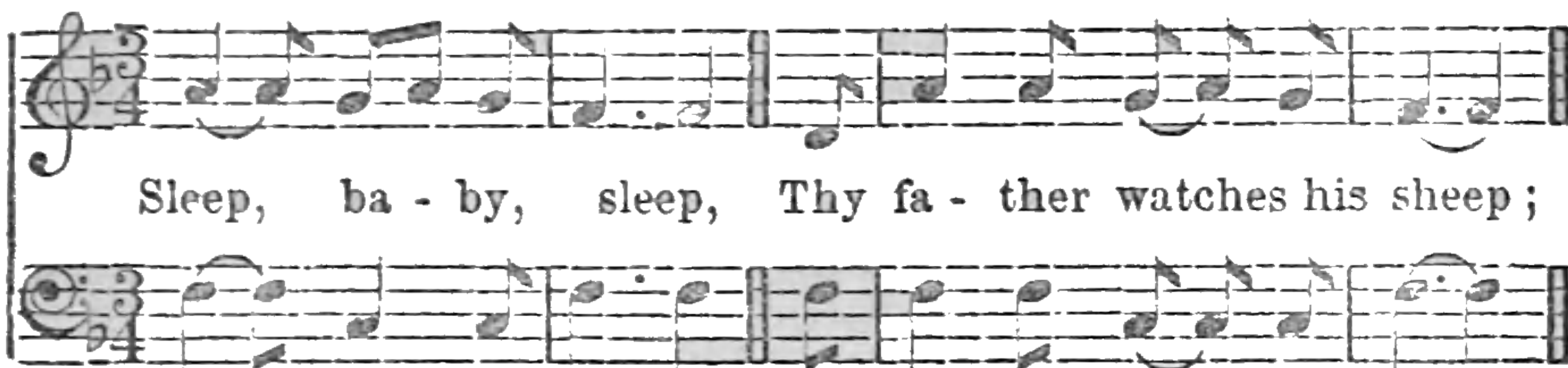
CONTINUED.



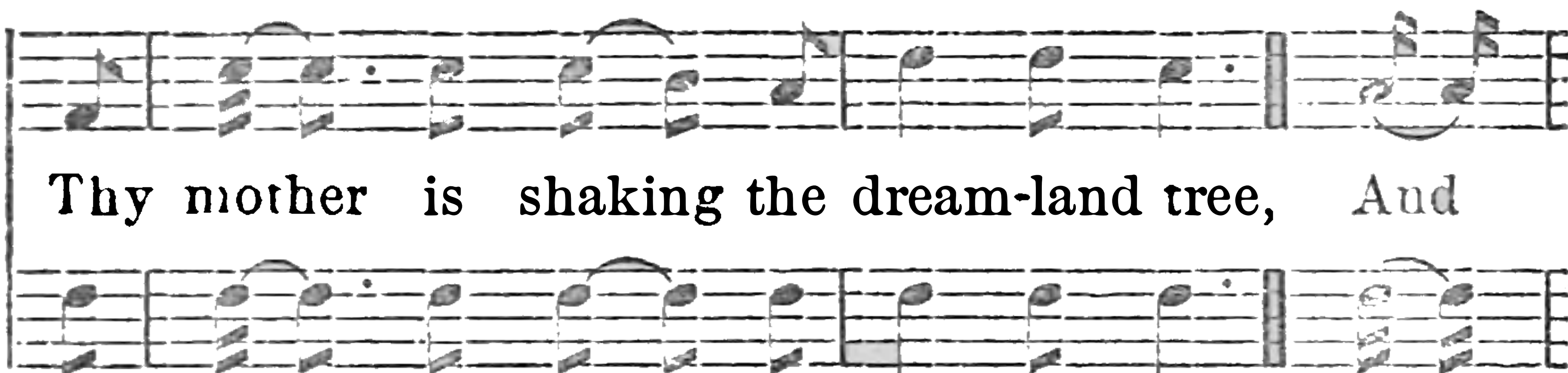
For I saw a scene when I slumbered last, That I fain would see again.

50.

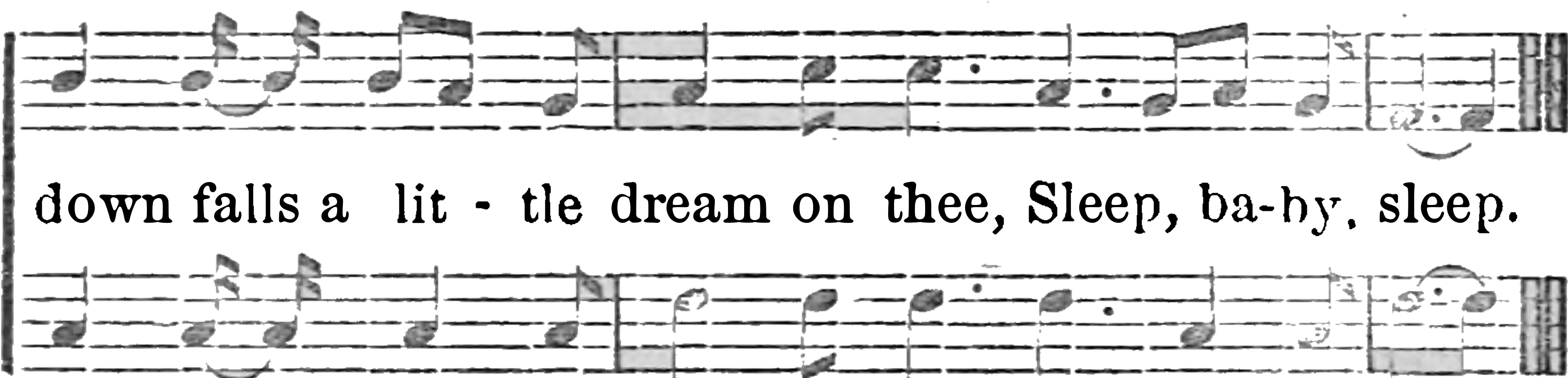
Lullaby. P. M.



Sleep, ba-by, sleep, Thy fa-ther watches his sheep;



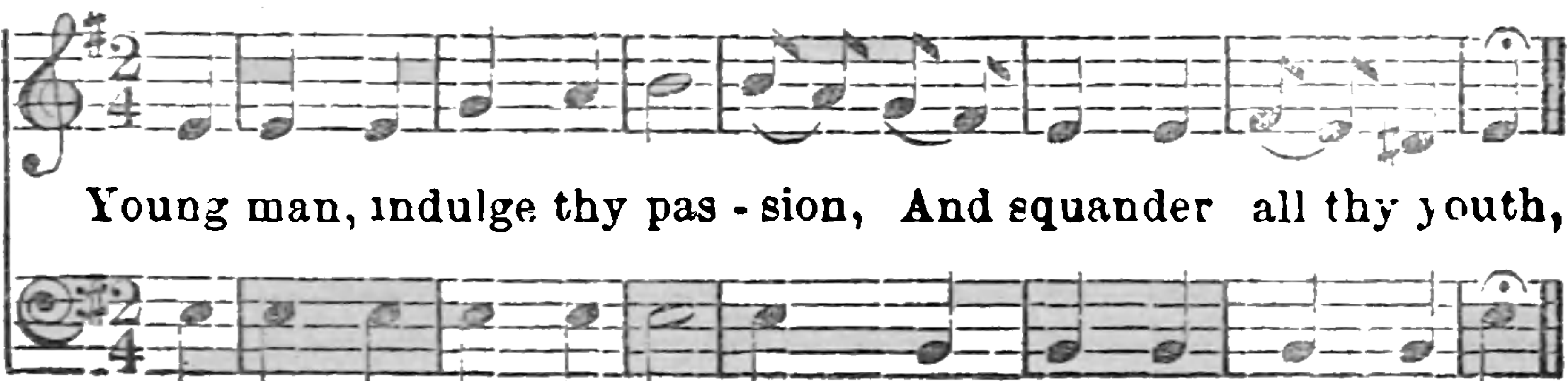
Thy mother is shaking the dream-land tree, And



down falls a lit-tle dream on thee, Sleep, ba-by, sleep.

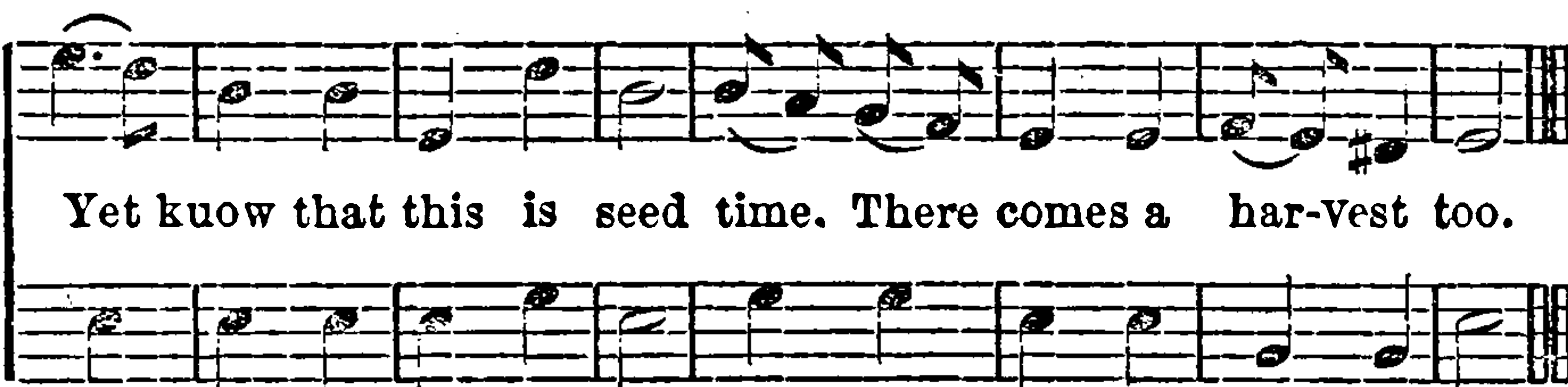
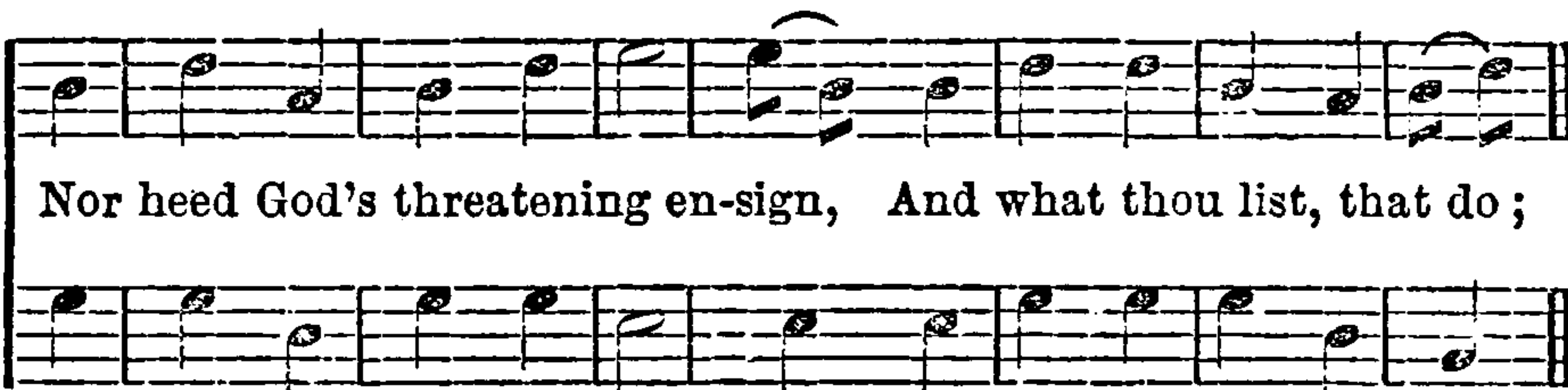
51.

Holcomb.

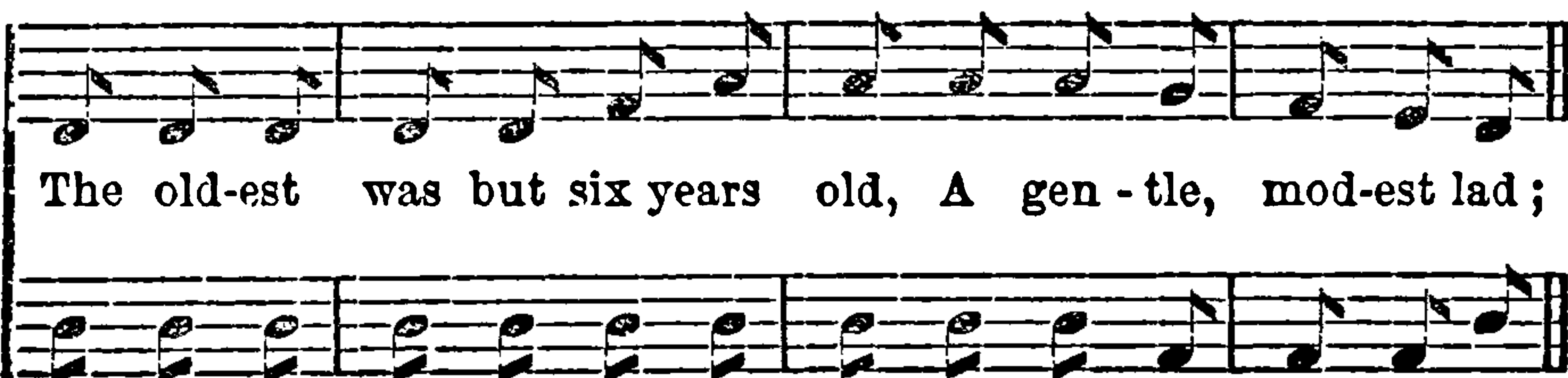
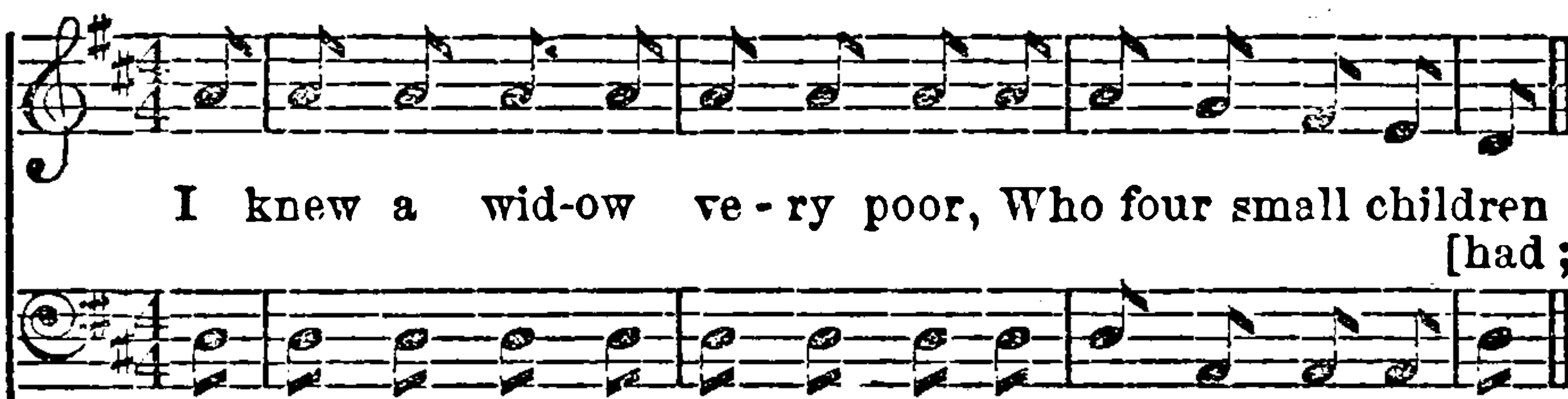


Young man, indulge thy pas-sion, And squander all thy youth,

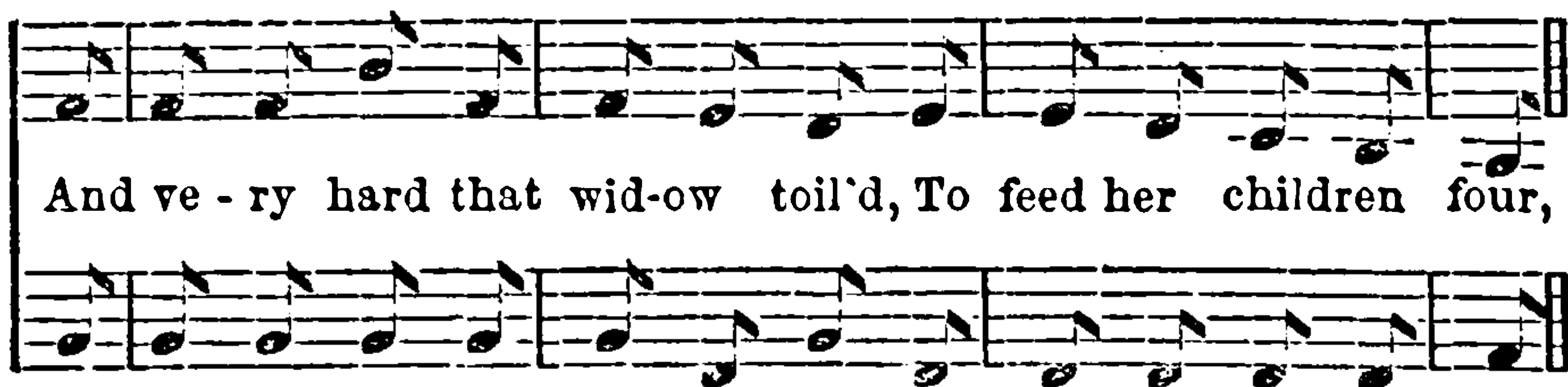
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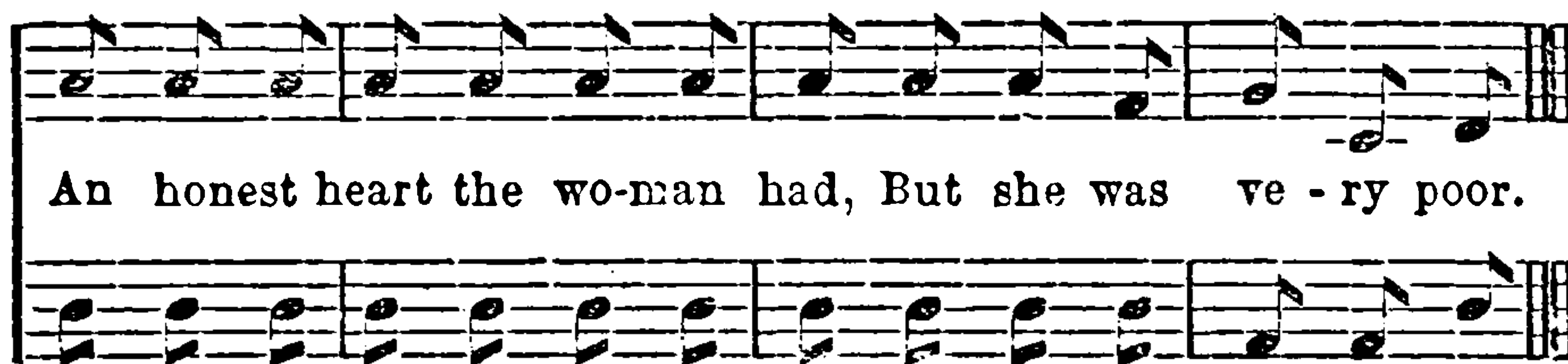
52. Child's Faith in God.



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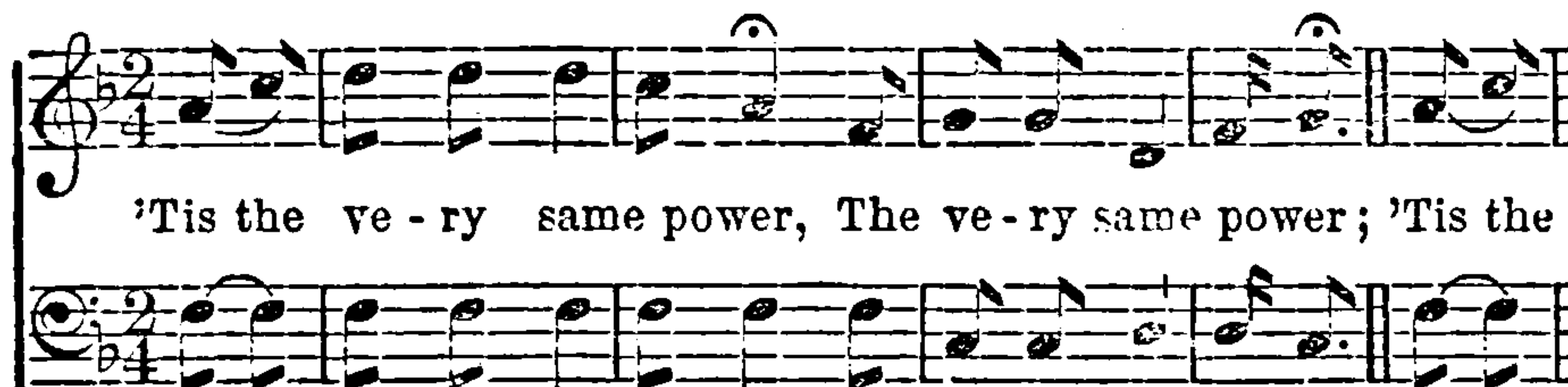


And ve - ry hard that wid-ow toil'd, To feed her children four,

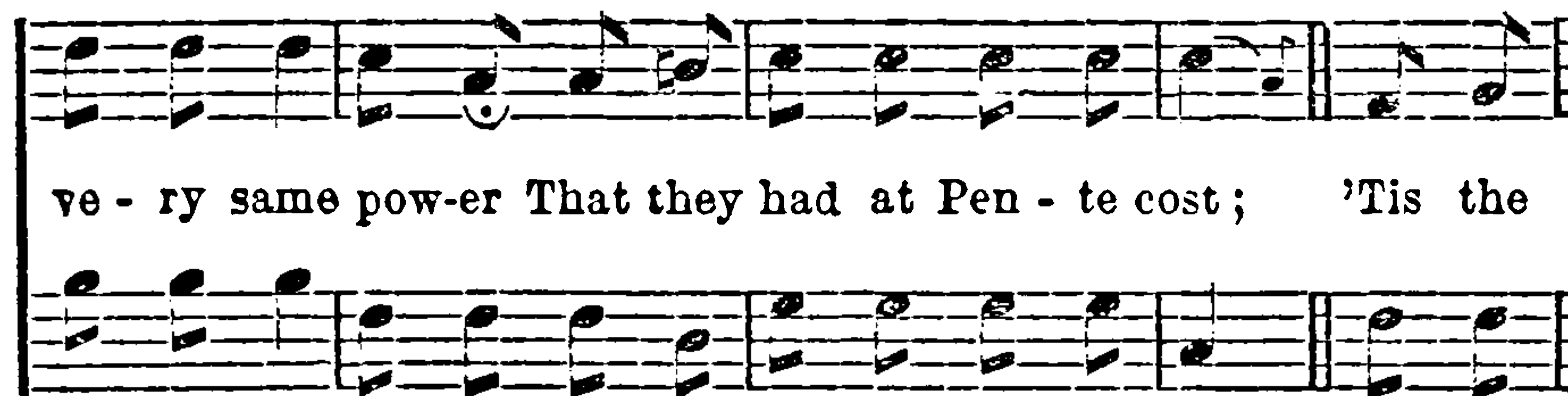


An honest heart the wo-man had, But she was ve - ry poor.

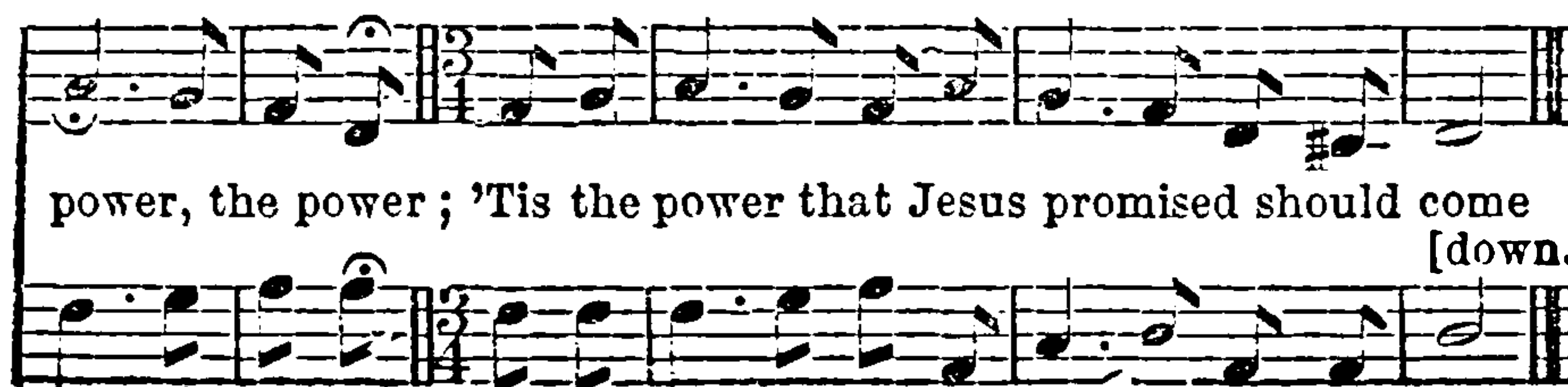
53. Pentecostal Power.



'Tis the ve - ry same power, The ve - ry same power; 'Tis the



ve - ry same pow-er That they had at Pen - te cost; 'Tis the

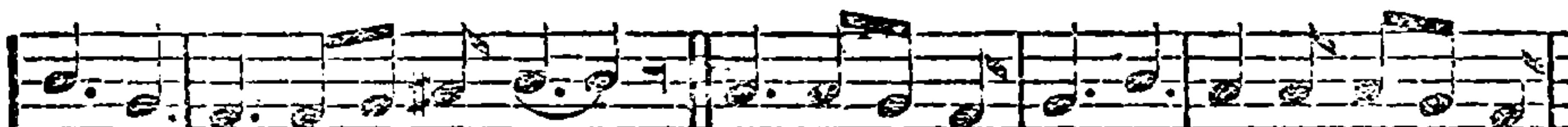


power, the power; 'Tis the power that Jesus promised should come
[down.]

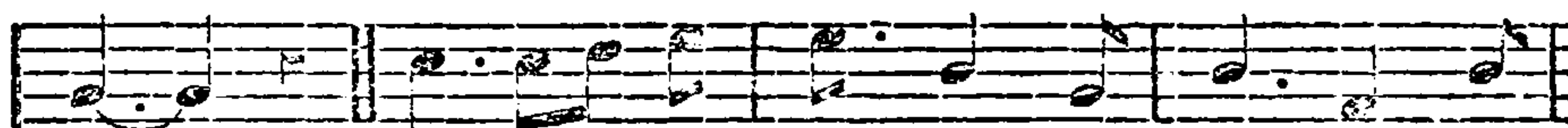
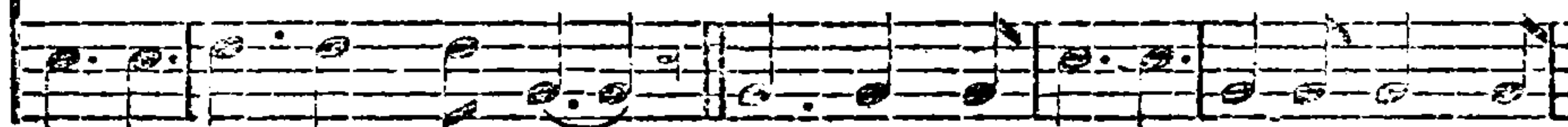
Music by BRADBURY, by permission.



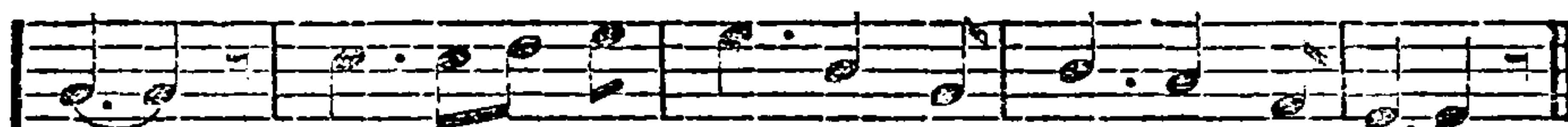
Hush'd be my murmurings, let cares depart, Je - sus is



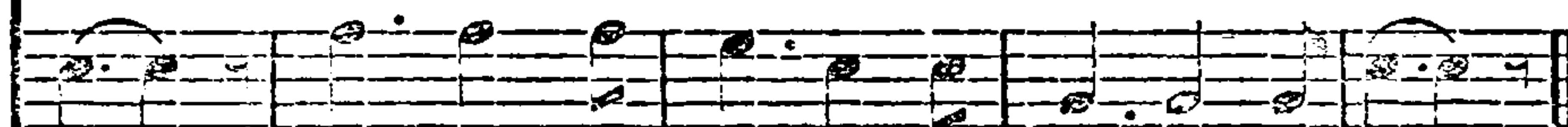
near me, to cheer my heart, He's near to help whilst life's hours re-



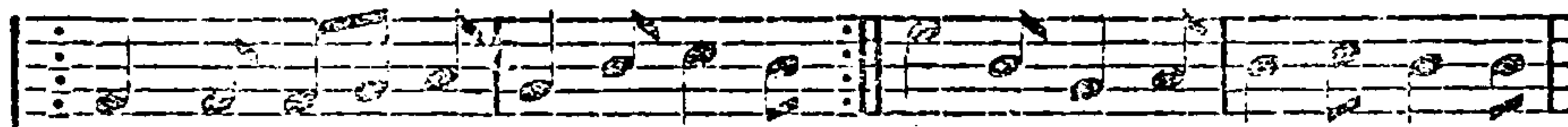
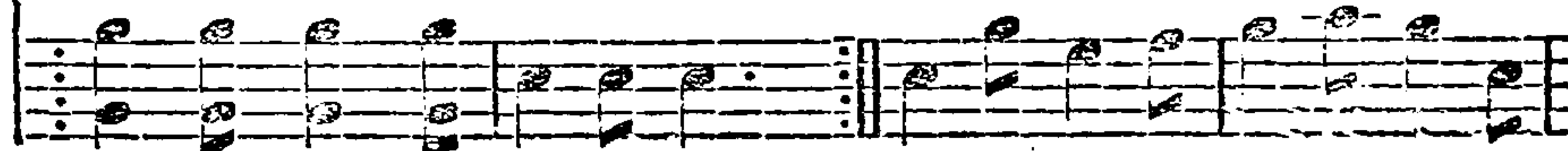
main; He speaks to cheer me in toil and in



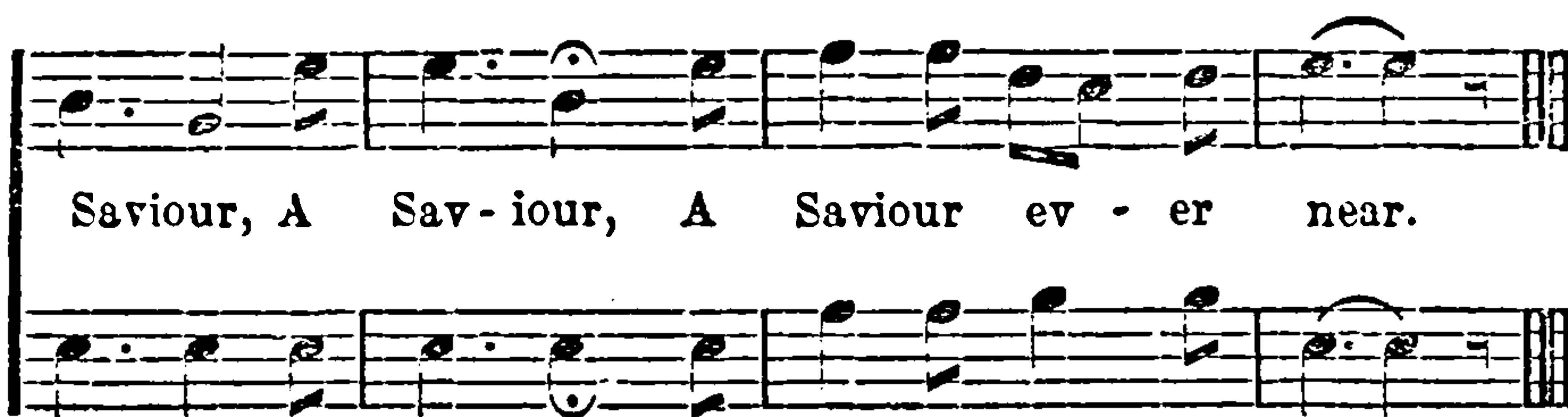
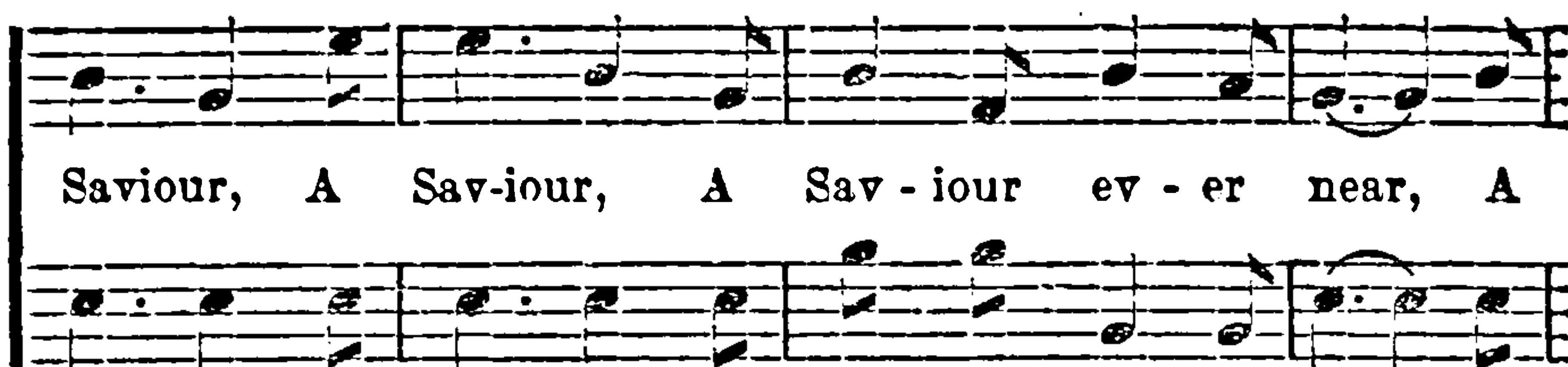
pain, He speaks to cheer me in toil and in pain.



CHORUS.

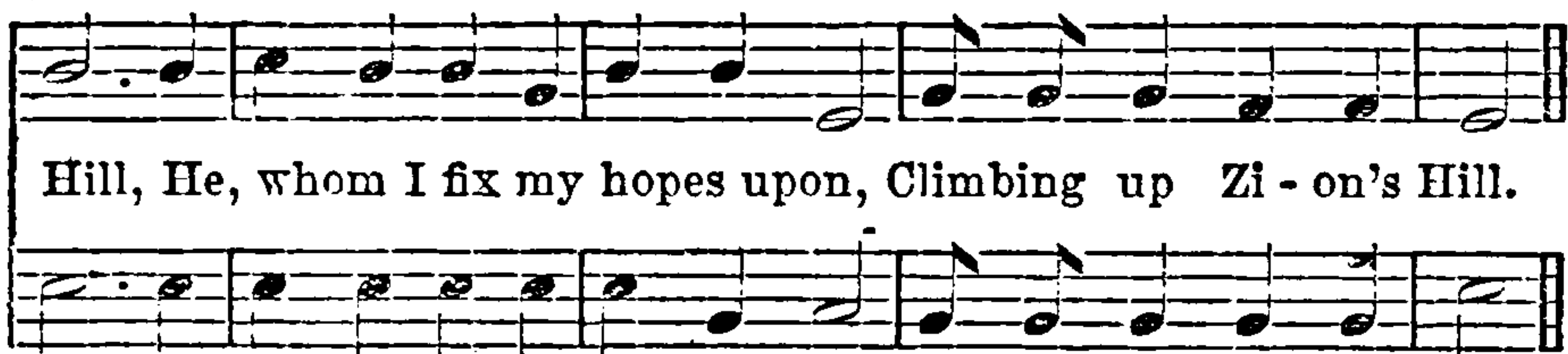
{ Gen-tle an - gels near me glide, }
{ Hopes of glo - ry round me bide, } And there lingers by my side, A

CONTINUED.

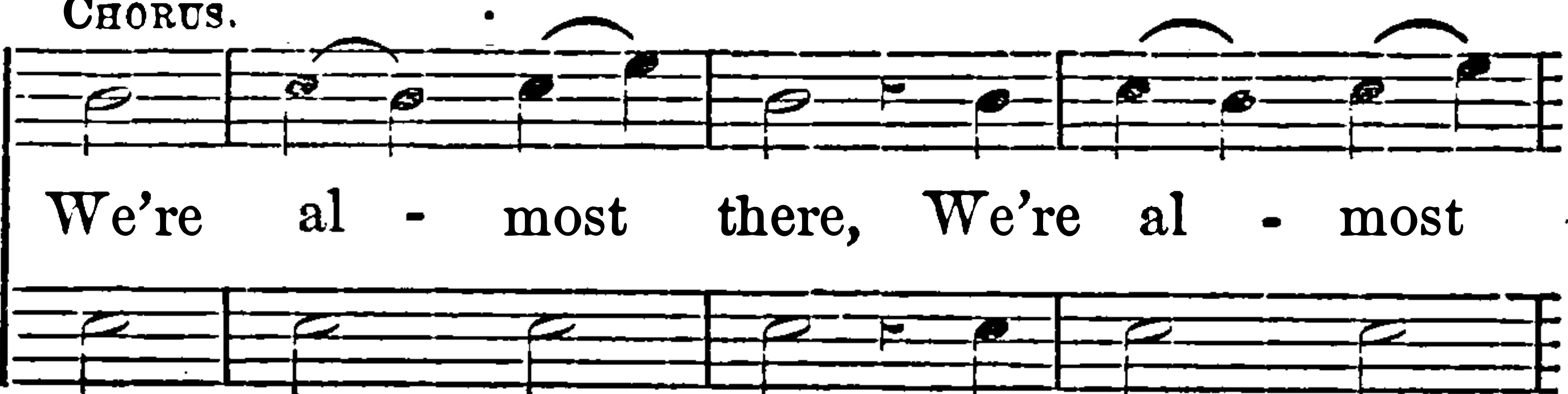


55.

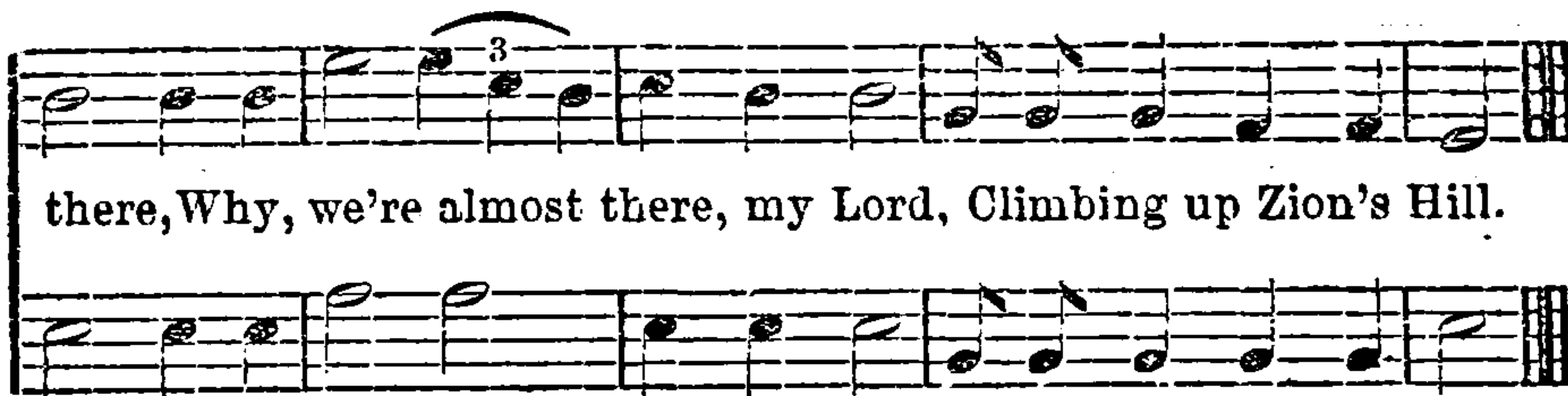
Zion's Hill.



CHORUS.



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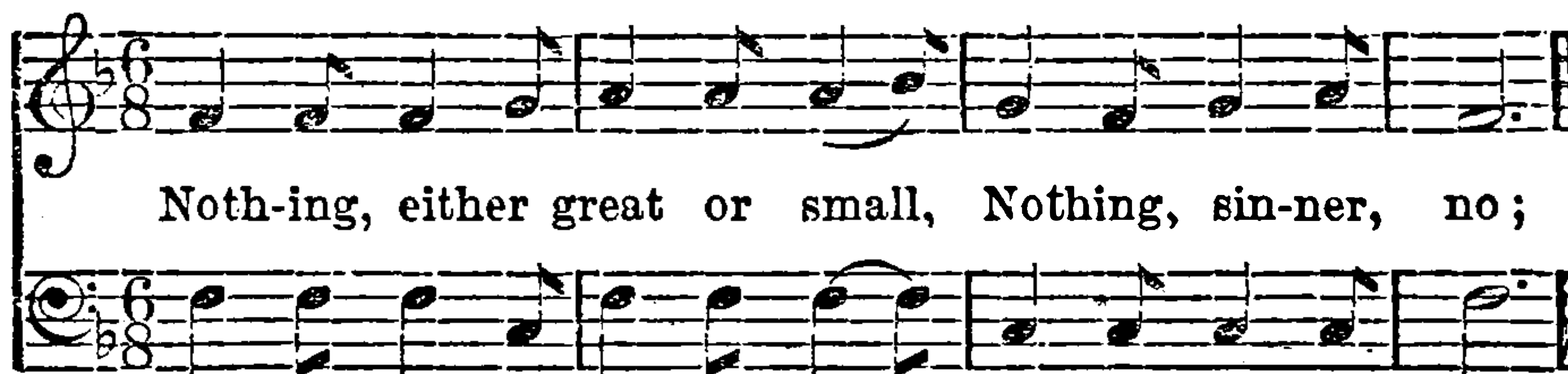


there, Why, we're almost there, my Lord, Climbing up Zion's Hill.

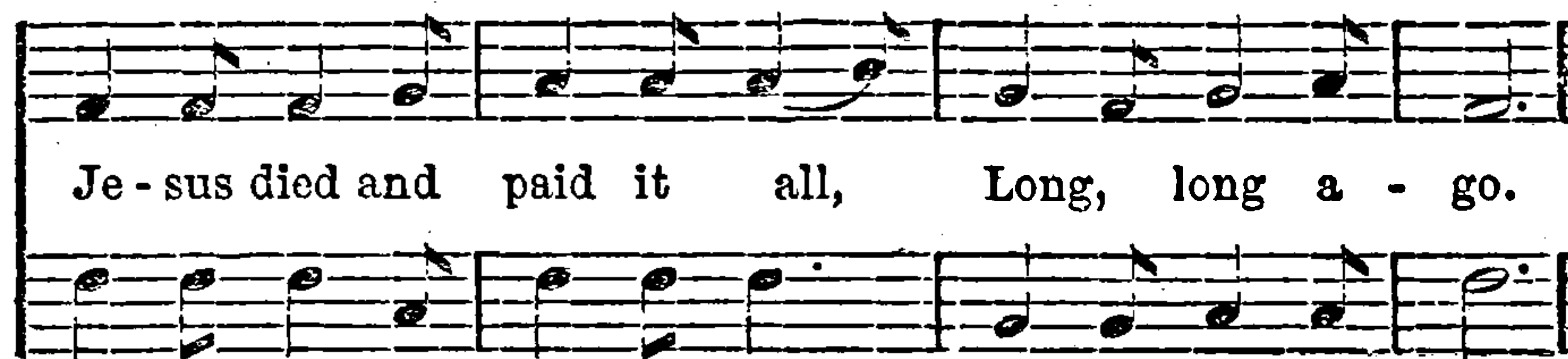
56.

Jesus Paid it All.

From "Revival Melodist," by E. P. HAMMOND.

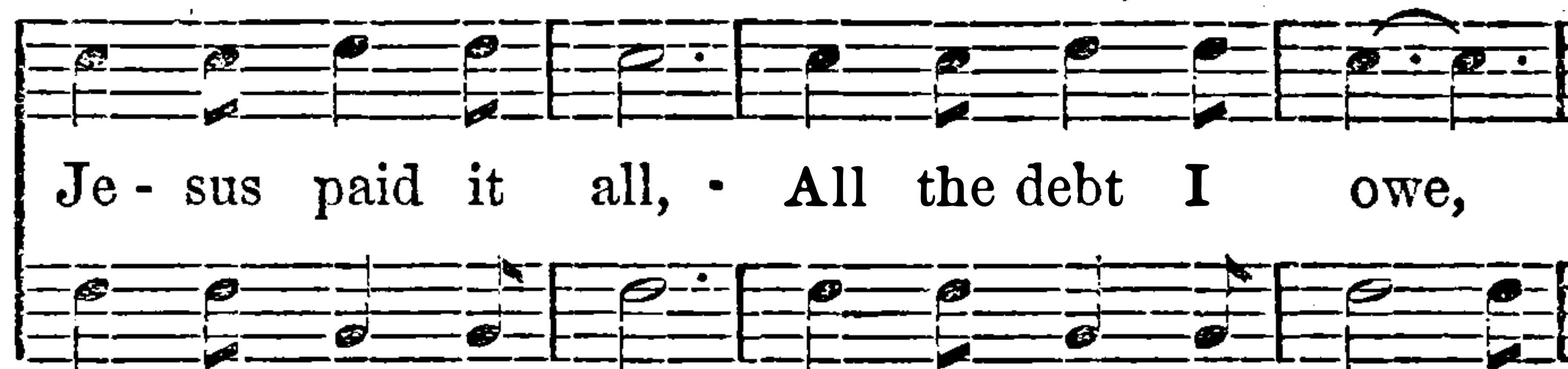


Noth-ing, either great or small, Nothing, sin-ner, no;

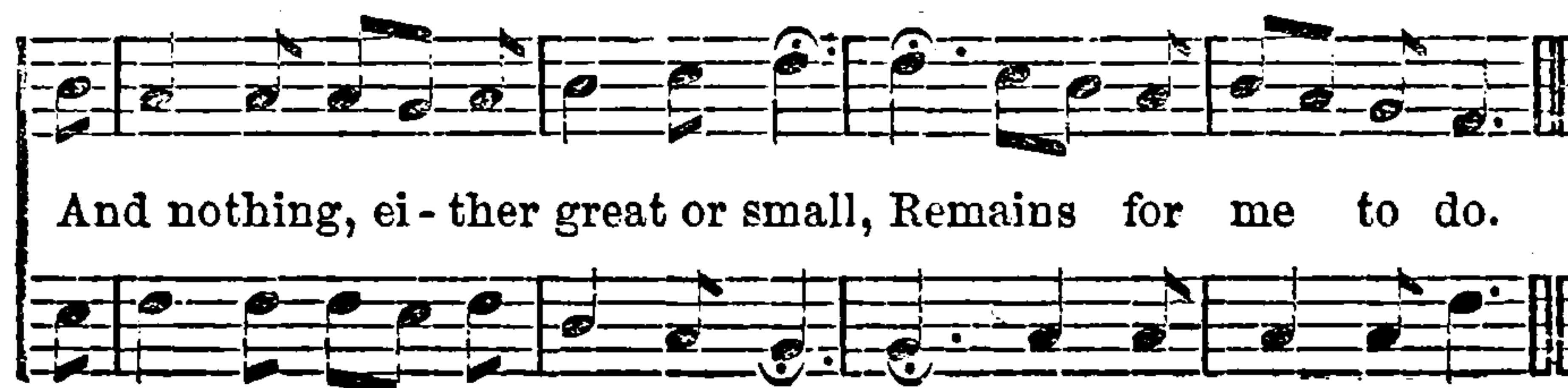


Je - sus died and paid it all, Long, long a - go.

CHORUS.



Je - sus paid it all, - All the debt I owe,



And nothing, ei - ther great or small, Remains for me to do.