

Rev. H. S. Perkins
Bristol Pa
SONGS FOR THE NEW LIFE

DESIGNED FOR



PUBLIC, SOCIAL AND PRIVATE

CHRISTIAN USES.



EDITED BY ✓
Rev. DARIUS E. JONES.



CHICAGO:
PUBLISHED BY ROOT & CADY,
67 WASHINGTON STREET.

TABLE OF CONTENTS.

| | PAGE. | | PAGE. |
|---|--------------------|--|----------------------|
| I.—WORSHIP: | | | |
| 1. OPENING OF SERVICE..... | 1—20 | 4. GRACES..... | 106—114 |
| 2. CLOSE OF SERVICE..... | 20—23 | 5. FELLOWSHIP..... | 189, 191, 202 |
| 3. PRIVATE, FAMILY AND SOCIAL..... | 172—185 | 6. PRIVILEGES..... | 155—166 |
| | | 7. DUTIES..... | 106—111 |
| | | 8. AFFLICTIONS..... | 186 and 192—194 |
| II.—THE SCRIPTURES..... | | | |
| 24—25 | | VIII.—THE CHURCH: | |
| III.—GENERAL PRAISE: | | | |
| OF GOD: FOR HIS BEING, ATTRI- BUTES AND PROVIDENCE. | | 1. INSTITUTIONS..... | 202—208 |
| | 26—36, and 128—133 | 2. ORDINANCES..... | 206—207, and 250 |
| | | 3. PROGRESS AND MISSIONS.... | 210—216 |
| IV.—JESUS CHRIST: | | IX.—DEATH..... | |
| 1. ADVENT AT BIRTH..... | 37—40 | 226—229 | |
| 2. LIFE AND CHARACTER | 40—43 | X.—THE JUDGMENT..... | |
| 3. SUFFERINGS AND DEATH...43 and 149 | | 230 | |
| 4. RESURRECTION AND ASCENSION.44—47 | | XI.—HEAVEN..... | |
| 5. ADORATION | 48—52 | 227—232 | |
| V.—HOLY SPIRIT..... | | XII.—MISCELLANEOUS..... | |
| 53—58 | | 233—253 | |
| VI.—THE WAY OF SALVATION: | | XIII.—DOXOLOGIES: | |
| 1. LOST STATE OF MAN..... | 59—63 | L. M..1, 15, 46, 107, 120, 123, 202, 206, 215, 238. | |
| 2. ATONEMENT AND PARDON.... | 63—66 | C. M.....8, 31, 37, 41, 48, 49, 61, 193 | |
| 3. INVITATIONS OF THE GOSPEL..67—83 | | S. M..... | 56 |
| 4. REPENTANCE AND RECEPTION OF CHRIST..... | 82—90 | L. P. M..... | 14 |
| | | H. M..... | 7, 44 |
| VII.—THE CHRISTIAN: | | 7s..... | 13, 21, 57 |
| 1. CONFLICT WITH SIN..... | 85—94 | 7s 6 l..... | 151 |
| 2. ENCOURAGEMENTS..... | 95—99 | 8s & 7s..... | 20, 47, 51, 140, 176 |
| 3. LOVE FOR THE SAVIOUR. 100—105, and 120—128, and 136—143 | | 7s & 6s..... | 115 |

PREFACE.

THIS volume is the fruit of a long-cherished desire to help the masses in the use, and real enjoyment and blessing of Sacred Song, not only in the Lord's house, but in their homes, and on all Christian occasions. Hence the tunes on these pages have been selected mainly for their singing qualities, and for their adaptation to the themes of song herein contained. It is believed that they are such as will render the song service in the great congregation at once inviting and effective, while those which have more special adaptation to home and social singing, will greatly enhance the pleasure and profit of song in these departments. Extremes have been avoided. Even the new tunes will be readily learned, and, we think, generally liked for their melodious character.

For the admirable selection of Hymns filling the main body of the book, [say about six hundred] the editor acknowledges his indebtedness to the following well known clergymen: Rev. T. M. Post, D.D., of St. Louis, Mo.; Rev. Lyman Whiting, D.D., of Dubuque, Iowa; Rev. Samuel D. Cochran, D.D., President of Thayer College, Mo.; Rev. Geo. F. Magoun, D.D., President of Iowa College; Rev. Samuel Wolcott, D.D., of Cleveland, Ohio; Rev. Edmund K. Alden, D.D., of South Boston, Mass.; Rev. J. E. Rankin, of Charlestown, Mass.; Rev. Jesse H. Jones, of Antwerp, N. Y.; Rev. H. W. Parker, and Rev. J. M. Chamberlain, of Iowa College; Rev. M. K. Cross, of Waverly, Iowa; Rev. J. A. Hamilton, of Davenport, Iowa; Rev. C. F. Boynton, of Eldora, Iowa; Rev. Edwin Johnson, of Baltimore, Md.; and Rev. J. M. Sturtevant, Jr., of Hannibal, Mo. For the insertion of the rest, (including the original Hymns), the editor is personally responsible.

For the *original* Hymns, the editor is under special obligations to Dr. Ray Palmer, Dr. Wolcott, Rev. J. E. Rankin, and Rev. Edwin Johnson. It is hoped that these new and fresh Hymns will not only be regarded as valuable acquisitions to this volume, but to the current hymnology of the church.

A very few Hymns that were marked for insertion, have been left out for want of room: not because better ones fill the places which they would have occupied, but for the sake of securing that variety which should be found in a book of this sort. Yet, not one that a majority marked for insertion will be found missing. The process of procuring these Hymns has confirmed the conviction that the range of those deemed *essential* is vastly smaller than is generally supposed. Some will not find their special favorites here; but a book made up of specialties of this sort, would be of little value to the churches at large. The editor has aimed to embody what may be fitly termed the "common sense" of our American Christendom, both as to the essential Hymns and the essential Tunes.

It is hoped that the arrangement of the Hymns, with the aid of the running heads, will render the book convenient for the use of ministers, as well as for those who use it in prayer and conference meetings, and in other Christian circles.

A few Hymns will seem out of place, but a little familiarity with the book will prevent any embarrassment from arising on this account. It is quite impracticable, in a book of this kind, (unless nearly every Hymn is married to a separate tune, which would not only double the expense, but also the bulk of the book,) to preserve a perfectly logical or topical arrangement of subjects.

The editor has taken special pains to secure some of the choicest "gems of song," which will be found scattered through the last half of the book, and which will make it specially valuable in the Christian homes of the land.

One Hymn has been repeated, for obvious reasons; while, in another case, two different versions are given to the same piece, many preferring one, and not a few preferring the other.

SUGGESTIONS FOR USEFULNESS.

Congregations desiring the best things in this department, will hold occasional meetings for mass singing. Let there be a little painstaking, and some enthusiasm awakened and expended on this subject. Assemble the people once or twice a month, old and young and middle-aged. Set them to singing. Try a few familiar tunes to begin with, then turn to the new ones. Let every voice in the room—male and female

—sing the leading melody or air first, to the syllable “*la*.” When the air is thus made quite familiar, if there are base voices enough present, capable of sustaining that part, then try it in the same manner. So of the other parts. But if you have not those present who can carry the parts independently, insist most strenuously upon all the voices singing the melody. The organ, if you have one, can sustain the harmony. If you have no organ, you can have capital congregational singing without one, if you succeed in getting *all the voices* to sing the air in a spirited manner. Some of the grandest effects are realized when the male and female voices are all united in carrying the air.

When the air is familiar, call attention to the *spirit of the Hymn*, and kindly and gently lead all present to adopt it. By these mass singing meetings, you will prepare your people to engage universally and heartily in the service of song on the Lord’s day, and thus the interest and value of this part of public worship will be enhanced an hundred fold. Instruct your choir, if you have one, that the highest conceivable dignity of their office is to be found in *aiding and encouraging* the people in their songs, by uniformly singing the tune on the same page with the Hymn, or the one on the opposite page, if there is a choice. The most intelligent and gifted singers in the land, are beginning to see the wickedness of stopping the mouths of the people by singing artistic tunes for merely choral effect. Many of the very best choirs sing an opening piece, and then give all the remaining song service to the congregation. Of course, a good organ, judiciously played, without interludes, greatly helps. We say *without interludes*, because, in most cases, the playing of the interlude only tends to check the current of devotional feeling and destroy the spirit of worship, by calling attention to itself.

CHOICE OF TUNES.

Frequently a choice of tunes is given at the same opening; but in some cases a Hymn will be found on one page, which may be better expressed by the tune on the opposite page; as, *e. g.*, Hymn 237, page 72, would be better interpreted by the tune Dennis on the opposite page. But generally it is intended, where the metres correspond, that one shall be as appropriate as the other, though one may be familiar and the other quite new.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS FOR TUNES.

It will not fail to be noticed that large access has been had to the popular and useful tunes of DR. LOWELL MASON—there being more than sixty on these pages, of which the MASON BROTHERS own the copy-right.

We are also indebted to the generous courtesy of the venerable DR. HASTINGS, for permission to use more than a dozen of his exquisite melodies. For a similar number of the beautiful tunes of the lamented WM. B. BRADBURY, we are indebted to the courtesy of Messrs. BIGLOW & MAIN—the publishers of his works. Special thanks are also due to Mr. GEORGE KINGSLEY, of Northampton, Mass., for several of his popular tunes; also to REV. E. P. PARKER, of Hartford, Conn., for permission to use several popular pieces of his from the “Book of Praise.” For similar favors, acknowledgments are due to Mr. C. C. CONVERSE, Mr. V. C. TAYLOR, Mr. ASA HULL, and REV. R. LOWRY.

We cannot close this friendly enumeration, without calling attention to the fresh and popular music we have been allowed to take from the “TRUMPET,” although in so doing we must praise one of our own publishers. But Mr. GEO. F. ROOR’s music has now a deservedly high place in the hearts of the people, and since he had no voice whatever in deciding what we should use, we feel that it is highly proper that we should here thank him for what he has done, by his music, to enrich the pages of “Songs for the New Life.”

A WORD TO PASTORS.

The usefulness of the song service in your church, will depend not a little upon *variety*. It is therefore suggested that you carefully avoid giving out the same Hymn too frequently for the opening of public worship. And the same suggestion is worthy of some consideration in the other parts of the service.

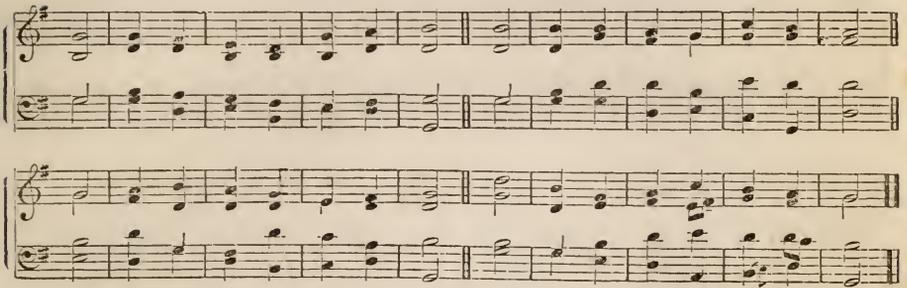
Thanking the American churches for the very hearty welcome given to “Temple Melodies,” the editor would fain hope that this new attempt to aid the people in their sacred songs, may meet with equal favor, and be greatly instrumental in swelling the anthem of universal praise to our ever blessed and ever glorious Lord.

Grinnell, Iowa, May 10th, 1869.

D. E. JONES.

SONGS FOR THE NEW LIFE.

THE OLD HUNDRETH. L. M.



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

1.

Te Deum.

1. TO THEE all angels cry aloud,
 And ceaseless raise their songs on high;
 Both cherubim and seraphim,
 The heavens and all the pow'rs therein.
2. The apostles join the glorious throng;
 The prophets swell the immortal song;
 The martyrs' noble army raise
 Eternal anthems to thy praise.
3. Thee, holy, holy, holy King,
 Thee, O Lord God of Hosts! they sing;
 Thus earth below, and heaven above,
 Resound thy glory and thy love.
4. Thee we adore, Eternal Lord;
 We praise thy name with one accord;
 Thy saints who here thy goodness see
 Through all the world do worship thee.

2.

PSALM cxvii.

1. FROM all that dwell below the skies,
 Let the Creator's praise arise;
 Let the Redeemer's name be sung,
 Through every land, by every tongue.
2. Eternal are thy mercies, Lord;
 Eternal truth attends thy word:
 Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,
 Till suns shall rise and set no more.

3.

"Before Jehovah's awful Throne."
 PSALM c.

1. BEFORE Jehovah's awful throne,
 Ye nations, bow with sacred joy:
 Know that the Lord is God alone;
 He can create, and he destroy.
2. His sovereign power, without our aid,
 Made us of clay, and formed us men;
 And when, like wand'ring sheep, we
 strayed,
 He brought us to his fold again.
3. We are his people, we his care,
 Our souls, and all our mortal frame:
 What lasting honors shall we rear,
 Almighty Maker, to thy name?
4. We'll crowd thy gates with thankful
 songs,
 High as the heaven our voices raise;
 And earth, with her ten thousand tongues,
 Shall fill thy courts with sounding
 praise.

Doxology.

PRAISE God, from whom all blessings flow!
 Praise him, all creatures here below!
 Praise him above, ye heavenly host!
 Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost!

*Make us the world of thy command
 Just as gloriously thy name
 From sea to sea, thy praise shall sound
 Till suns shall rise and set no more*

WEBB, 7s & 6s.

GEO. J. WEBB.

4. *The Sabbath.*

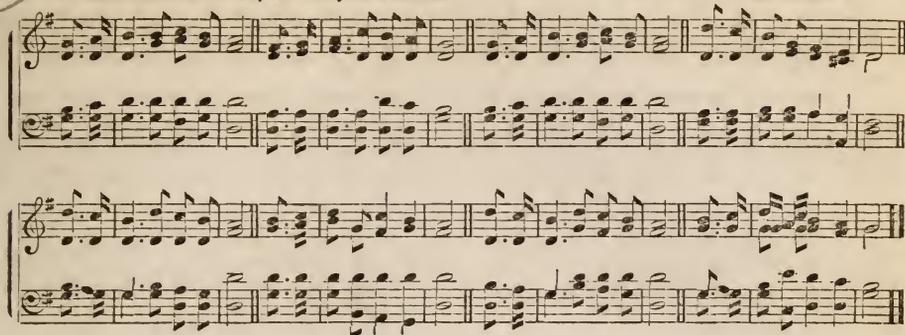
1. O DAY of rest and gladness,
O day of joy and light;
O balm of care and sadness,
Most beautiful, most bright!
On thee, the high and lowly,
Bending before the throne,
Sing, Holy, Holy, Holy,
To the Great Three in One!
2. On thee, at the creation,
The light first had its birth;
On thee, for our salvation,
Christ rose from depths of earth;
On thee, our Lord, victorious,
The Spirit sent from Heaven,
And thus on thee, most glorious,
A triple light was given.
3. To-day on weary nations
The heavenly manna falls;
To holy convocations
The silver trumpet calls,
Where gospel light is glowing
With pure and radiant beams,
And living water flowing
With soul-refreshing streams.
4. New graces ever gaining
From this our day of rest,
We reach the rest remaining
To spirits of the blest:
To Holy Ghost be praises,
To Father and to Son;
The Church her voice upraises
To thee, blest Three in One.

5. "All Nations shall be blest in Him."
PSALM lxxii.

1. Hail to the Lord's Anointed,
Great David's greater Son!
Hail, in the time appointed,
His reign on earth begun!
He comes to break oppression,
To set the captive free;
To take away transgression,
And rule in equity.
2. He shall come down like showers
Upon the fruitful earth;
And love, joy, hope, like flowers,
Spring in his path to birth;
Before him, on the mountains,
Shall Peace, the herald, go;
And Righteousness, in fountains,
From hill to valley flow.
3. Kings shall fall down before him,
And gold and incense bring;
All nations shall adore him,
His praise all people sing:
For he shall have dominion
O'er river, sea and shore,
Far as the eagle's pinion
Or dove's light wing can soar.
4. For him shall prayer unceasing
And daily vows ascend;
His kingdom still increasing—
A kingdom without end:
O'er every foe victorious,
He on his throne shall rest;
From age to age more glorious,
All blessing and all blest!

SABBATH. 7s, 6 lines, or Double.

Dr. L. MASON.



6.

The Lord's Day.

1. SAFELY through another week
 God has brought us on our way;
 Let us now a blessing seek,
 Waiting in his courts to-day:
 Day of all the week the best,
 Emblem of eternal rest.

2. While we pray for pard'ning grace,
 Thro' the dear Redeemer's name,
 Show thy reconciling face;
 Take away our sin and shame:
 From our worldly care set free,
 May we rest this day in thee.

3. Here we come, thy name to praise;
 Let us feel thy presence near;
 May thy glories meet our eyes,
 While we in thy house appear:
 Here afford us, Lord, a taste
 Of our everlasting feast.

4. May the gospel's joyful sound
 Conquer sinners, comfort saints;
 Make the fruits of grace abound;
 Bring relief for all complain'ts:
 Thus let all our Sabbaths prove,
 Till we rest in thee above.

7.

*"All the sons of God shouted for joy."**

1. SONGS of praise the angels sang,
 Heaven with hallelujahs rang,
 When Jehovah's work begun,
 When he spake, and it was done.

2. Songs of praise awoke the morn,
 When the Prince of Peace was born:
 Songs of praise arose, when he
 Captive led captivity.

3. Heaven and earth must pass away;
 Songs of praise shall crown that day:
 God will make new heavens and earth;
 Songs of praise shall hail their birth.

4. Saints below, with heart and voice,
 Still in songs of praise rejoice;
 Learning here, by faith and love,
 Songs of praise to sing above.

5. Borne upon their latest breath
 Songs of praise shall conquer death;
 Then, amid eternal joy,
 Songs of praise their powers employ.

8.

*"Within the veil."**

1. To THY temple I repair;
 Lord, I love to worship there,
 When within the veil I meet
 Thee before the mercy-seat.

2. While thy glorious praise is sung,
 Touch my lips, unloose my tongue;
 That my joyful soul may bless
 Thee, the Lord, my Righteousness.

3. While the prayers of saints ascend
 God of love! to mine attend:
 Hear me, for thy Spirit pleads;
 Hear, for Jesus intercedes.

4. While I hearken to thy law,
 Fill my soul with humble awe,
 Till thy gospel bring to me
 Life and immortality.

5. From thine house when I return,
 May my heart within me burn;
 And at evening let me say,
 "I have walked with God to-day."

* Use last half of the tune for the fifth verse of this hymn.

OAKLAND. L. M.

P. P. BLISS. From "Triumph," by permission.

Sweet is the work, my God, my King, To praise thy name, give thanks, and sing;

To show thy love by morning light, And talk of all thy truth at night.

9. "Thou, Lord, hast made me glad."
PSALM xcii.

1. SWEET is the work, my God, my King,
To praise thy name, give thanks, and sing;
To show thy love by morning light,
And talk of all thy truth at night.
2. Sweet is the day of sacred rest;
No mortal cares shall seize my breast:
Oh, may my heart in tune be found,
Like David's harp of solemn sound!
3. My heart shall triumph in my Lord,
And bless his works, and bless his word;
Thy works of grace, how bright they shine!
How deep thy counsels, how divine!
4. But I shall share a glorious part,
When grace hath well refined my heart;
And fresh supplies of joy are shed,
Like holy oil, to cheer my head.
5. Then shall I see, and hear, and know
All I desired or wished below;
And every power find sweet employ
In that eternal world of joy.

10. *The Heavenly Rest.*

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

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

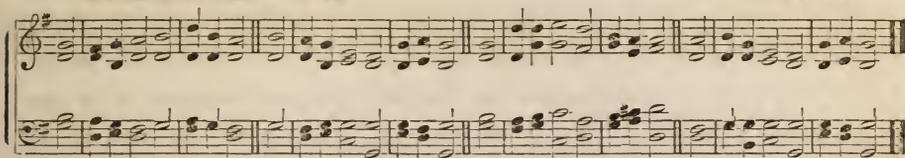
4. Thine earthly Sabbaths, Lord, we love—
But there's a nobler rest above;
To that our longing souls aspire,
With cheerful hope and strong desire.

11. "Blessed are they that dwell in Thy House."

1. How pleasant, how divinely fair,
O Lord of hosts, thy dwellings are!
With long desire my spirit faints,
To meet th' assemblies of thy saints.
2. Blest are the saints, who sit on high,
Around thy throne above the sky:
Thy brightest glories shine above,
And all their work is praise and love.
3. Blest are the souls, who find a place
Within the temple of thy grace;
There they behold thy gentler rays,
And seek thy face, and learn thy praise.
4. Blest are the men whose hearts are set
To find the way to Zion's gate,
God is their strength; and thro' the road
They lean upon their helper, God.
5. Cheerful they walk with growing strength,
Till all shall meet in heaven at length;
Till all before thy face appear,
And join in nobler worship there.

ROCKINGHAM. L. M.

Dr. L. MASON.



12.

Joy in the House of God.
PSALM lxxxiv.

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

13.

Watchfulness and Prayer.
PSALM cxli.

1. MY God, accept my early vows,
Like morning incense in thy house;
And let my nightly worship rise
Sweet as the evening sacrifice.
2. Watch o'er my lips, and guard them,
Lord,
From every rash and heedless word;
Nor let my feet incline to tread
The guilty path where sinners lead.
3. O, may the righteous, when I stray,
Smite and reprove my wandering way!
Their gentle words, like ointment shed,
Shall never bruise, but cheer my head.

4. When I behold them pressed with grief,
I'll cry to heaven for their relief;
And, by my warm petitions, prove
How much I prize their faithful love.

14.

"Return, O God of Hosts."

1. LORD, in the temples of thy grace
Thy saints behold thy smiling face;
And oft have seen thy glory shine,
With power and majesty divine.
2. Come, dearest Lord, thy children cry,
Our graces droop, our comforts die;
Return, and let thy glories rise
Again to our admiring eyes:
3. Till, filled with light, and joy and love,
Thy courts below, like those above,
Triumphant hallelujahs raise,
And heaven and earth resound thy
praise.

15.

PSALM lvi.

1. BE thou exalted, O my God!
Above the heavens where angels dwell;
Thy power on earth be known abroad,
And land to land thy wonders tell.
2. My heart is fixed, my song shall raise
Immortal honors to thy name;
Awake my tongue to sound his praise,
My tongue, the glory of my frame.
3. High o'er the earth his mercy reigns,
And reaches to the utmost sky;
His truth to endless years remains,
When lower worlds dissolve and die.
4. Be thou exalted, O my God!
Above the heavens where angels dwell;
Thy power on earth be known abroad,
And land to land thy wonders tell.

EL PARAN. L. M.

Arranged from SCHULTZ, by DR. MASON.

1. An - oth - er six days' work is done; An - oth - er Sab-bath is be - gun :

Re - turn, my soul, un - to thy rest; En-joy the day thy God hath blest.

16.

2. OH, that our tho'ts and thanks may rise,
As grateful incense to the skies!
And draw from heaven that calm repose,
Which none but he who feels it knows.
3. That heavenly calm within the breast!
It is the pledge of that dear rest
Which for the church of God remains,—
The end of cares, the end of pains.
4. In holy duties let the day,
In holy pleasures, pass away.
How sweet a Sabbath thus to spend,
In hope of one that ne'er shall end!

17. *Communion with Christ in Worship.*

1. FAR from my tho'ts, vain world, begone!
Let my religious hours alone:
Fain would mine eyes my Saviour see;
I wait a visit, Lord, from thee.
2. My heart grows warm with holy fire,
And kindles with a pure desire:
Come, my dear Jesus! from above,
And feed 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:
Thou brightest, sweetest, fairest One
That eyes have seen, or angels known!

18.

"Who is this King of glory?"
PSALM XXIV.

1. OH, hallowed is the land, and blest,
Where Christ, the Ruler, is confessed!
Oh, happy hearts and happy homes,
To whom the great Redeemer comes!
2. Lift up your heads, ye mighty gates!
Behold, the King of glory waits:
The King of kings is drawing near;
The Saviour of the world is here.
3. Fling wide the portals of your heart:
Make it a temple set apart
From earthly use for heaven's employ,
Adorned with prayer, and love, and joy!
4. Redeemer, come! I open wide
My soul to thee; here, Lord, abide!
Thankful and glad my song I raise,
And give to thee a life of praise.

19.

"I will that men pray everywhere."

1. JESUS, where'er thy people meet,
There they behold thy mercy-seat;
Where'er they seek thee, thou art found,
And every place is hallowed ground.
2. For thou, within no walls confined,
Inhabitest the humble wind;
Such ever bring thee where they come,
And going, take thee to their home.
3. Great Shepherd of thy chosen few!
Thy former mercies here renew;
Here to our waiting hearts proclaim
The sweetness of thy saving name.

LISCHER. H. M.

MOZART. Arranged by DR. MASON.

20. *"Welcome, delightful Morn."*
1. WELCOME, delightful morn,
Thou day of sacred rest!
I hail thy kind return—
Lord, make these moments blest:
From the low train of mortal toys,
I soar to reach immortal joys.
 2. Now may the King descend,
And fill his throne of grace;
Thy scepter, Lord, extend,
While saints address thy face:
Let sinners feel thy quickening word,
And learn to know and fear the Lord.
 3. Descend, celestial Dove,
With all thy quickening powers;
Disclose a Saviour's love,
And bless the sacred hours:
Then shall my soul new life obtain,
Nor Sabbaths be enjoyed in vain.

21. *"The Day that God hath Blessed."*
1. AWAKE, ye saints, awake!
And hail this sacred day;
In loftiest songs of praise
Your joyful homage pay:
Come bless the day that God hath blest,
The type of heaven's eternal rest.
 2. On this auspicious morn
The Lord of life arose;
He burst the bars of death,
And vanquished all our foes:
And now he pleads our cause above,
And reaps the fruit of all his love.
 3. All hail, triumphant Lord!
Heaven with hosannas rings;
And earth in humbler strains,
Thy praise responsive sings:

Worthy the Lamb that once was slain,
Thro' endless years to live and reign.

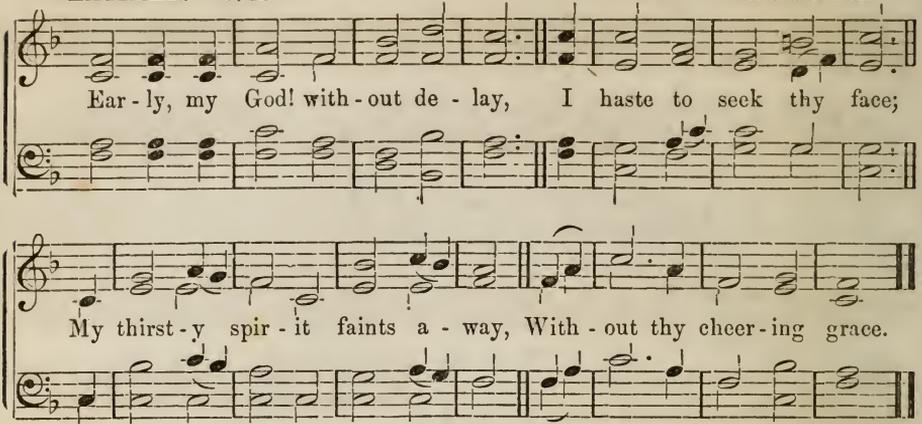
22. *"A Day in thy Courts,"*
PSALM LXXXIV.
1. LORD of the worlds above,
How pleasant and how fair,
The dwellings of thy love,
Thine earthly temples are!
To thine abode my heart aspires,
With warm desires to see my God.
 2. O, happy souls that pray
Where God appoints to hear!
O, happy men that pay
Their constant service there!
They praise thee still; and happy they
Who love the way to Zion's hill.
 3. They go from strength to strength,
Through this dark vale of tears,
Till each arrives at length,
Till each in heaven appears:
O, glorious seat, when God our King
Shall thither bring our willing feet!
 4. The Lord his people loves;
His hand no good withholds
From those his heart approves,
From pure and upright souls:
Thrice happy he, O God of hosts,
Whose spirit trusts alone in thee.

Doxology.

To God the Father's throne
Your highest honors raise;
Glory to God the Son,
To God the Spirit praise:
With all our powers, eternal King!
Thy name we sing, while faith adores.

LATIMER. C. M.

O. C. CONVERSE.



Ear-ly, my God! with-out de-lay, I haste to seek thy face;
My thirst-y spir-it faints a-way, With-out thy cheer-ing grace.

23.

"Early will I seek Thee."
PSALM lxxiii.

1. EARLY, my God! without delay,
I haste to seek thy face;
My thirsty spirit faints away,
Without thy cheering grace.
2. So pilgrims on the scorching sand,
Beneath a burning sky,
Long for a cooling stream at hand,
And they must drink or die.
3. I've seen thy glory and thy power
Through all thy temple shine:
My God! repeat that heavenly hour,
That vision so divine.
4. Not life itself, with all its joys,
Can my best passions move,
Or raise so high my cheerful voice,
As thy forgiving love.
5. Thus, till my last, expiring day,
I'll bless my God and King:
Thus will I lift my hands to pray,
And tune my lips to sing.

24.

"Peace be within thee."
PSALM cxxii.

1. How did my heart rejoice to hear
My friends devoutly say:
"In Zion let us all appear,
And keep the solemn day."
2. I love her gates, I love the road;
The church, adorned with grace,
Stands like a palace, built for God,
To show his milder face.

3. Up to her courts, with joys unknown,
The holy tribes repair;
The Son of David holds his throne,
And sits in judgment there.
4. Peace be within this sacred place,
And joy a constant guest!
With holy gifts and heavenly grace
Be her attendants blest!
5. My soul shall pray for Zion still,
While life or breath remains:
There my best friends, my kindred dwell;
There God, my Saviour, reigns.

25.

"Increase our faith."

1. FREQUENT the day of God returns
To shed its quickening beams;
And yet how slow devotion burns!
How languid are its flames!
2. Accept our faint attempts to love;
Our follies, Lord, forgive:
We would be like thy saints above,
And praise thee while we live.
3. Increase, O Lord, our faith and hope,
And fit us to ascend
Where the assembly ne'er breaks up,
And Sabbaths never end.

Doxology.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
One God, whom we adore,
Be glory as it was, is now,
And shall be evermore!

VALENTIA. C. M.

Arranged by DR. L. MASON.

With joy we hail the sacred day Which God hath call'd his own; With joy the summons

we obey, To worship at his throne.

26. "Peace be within thy walls."

PSALM cxxiii.

1. WITH joy we hail the sacred day
Which God hath called his own;
With joy the summons we obey
To worship at his throne.
2. Thy chosen temple, Lord, how fair!
Where willing votaries throng
To breathe the humble, fervent prayer,
And pour the choral song.
3. Let peace within her walls be found;
Let all her sons unite
To spread, with grateful zeal, around
Her clear and shining light.
4. Great God! we hail the sacred day
Which thou hast called thine own;
With joy the summons we obey
To worship at thy throne.

27. "The day the Lord hath made."

PSALM cxviii.

1. THIS is the day the Lord hath made;
He calls the hours his own:
Let heaven rejoice, let earth be glad,
And praise surround the throne.
2. To-day he rose, and left the dead,
And Satan's empire fell;
To-day the saints his triumph spread,
And all his wonders tell.
3. Hosanna to th' anointed King,
To David's holy Son:
Help us, O Lord! descend, and bring
Salvation from thy throne.

4. Blest be the Lord who comes to men
With messages of grace;
Who comes, in God his Father's name,
To save our sinful race.

5. Hosanna in the highest strains
The church on earth can raise;
The highest heavens, in which he reigns,
Shall give him nobler praise.

28. "My voice shalt Thou hear in the morning."

PSALM v.

1. 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 his 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. But 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! = *in ways of love*
Make every path of duty straight
And plain before my face. = *in peace*

29.

The Throne of Love.

1. COME, let us lift our joyful eyes
Up to the courts above;
And smile to see our Father there,
Upon a throne of love.
2. The peaceful gates of heavenly bliss
Are opened by the Son;
High let us raise our notes of praise,
And reach th' almighty throne.

LISBON. S. M.

REMIND.

1. Welcome, sweet day of rest, That saw the Lord a - rise! Wel - come to this re -

viving breast, And these rejoicing eyes!

30. "Welcome, sweet day of rest."

2. THE King himself comes near,
And feasts his saints to-day;
Here may we sit, and see him here,
And love, and praise, and pray.
3. One day, amid the place
Where my dear Lord hath been,
Is sweeter than ten thousand days
Within the tents of sin.
4. My willing soul would stay
In such a frame as this,
And sit and sing herself away
To everlasting bliss.

31. "Give thanks unto the Lord."

PSALM xcii.

1. SWEET is the work, O Lord,
Thy glorious acts to sing,
To praise thy name, and hear thy word,
And grateful offerings bring.
2. Sweet, at the dawning light,
Thy boundless love to tell; [night,
And, when approach the shades of
Still on the theme to dwell.
3. Sweet, on this day of rest,
To join in heart and voice [best,
With those who love and serve thee
And in thy name rejoice.
- 4 To songs of praise and joy
Be every Sabbath given,
That such may be our blest employ
Eternally in heaven.

32. "The place where Thine honor dwelleth."

1. How charming is the place
Where my Redeemer, God,
Unveils the glories of his face,
And sheds his love abroad!
2. Here, on the mercy-seat,
With radiant glory crowned,
Our joyful eyes behold him sit,
And smile on all around.
3. To him our prayers and cries
Our humble souls present;
He listens to our broken sighs,
And grants us every want.
4. Give me, O Lord, a place
Within thy blest abode,
Among the children of thy grace,
The servants of my God.

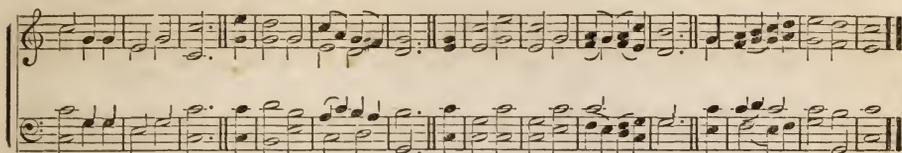
33. "Make a joyful noise unto Him with psalms."

PSALM xciv.

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

SILVER STREET. S. M.

I. SMITH.



34.

Call to Praise.

1. STAND up, and bless the Lord,
Ye people of his choice ;
Stand up and bless the Lord your God,
With heart, and soul and voice.
2. O, for the living flame
From his own altar brought,
To touch our lips, our souls inspire,
And wing to heaven our thought !
3. God is our strength and song,
And his salvation ours :
Then be his love in Christ proclaimed,
With all our ransomed powers.
- 4 Stand up and bless the Lord ;
The Lord your God adore :
Stand up and bless his glorious name,
Henceforth, for evermore.

35.

"The Head-stone of the Corner."
PSALM cxviii.

1. SEE what a living stone
The builders did refuse !
Yet God hath built his church thereon,
In spite of envious Jews.
2. The scribe and angry priest
Reject thine only Son ;
Yet on this rock shall Zion rest,
As the chief corner-stone.
3. The work, O Lord, is thine,
And wondrous in our eyes :
This day declares it all divine,
This day did Jesus rise.
4. This is the glorious day
That our Redeemer made :
Let us rejoice, and sing, and pray ;
Let all the church be glad.

5. Hosanna to the King,

Of David's royal blood !

Bless him, ye saints ! he comes to bring
Salvation from your God.

36.

"The Mountain of his Holiness."
PSALM xlviii.

1. GREAT is the Lord our God,
And let his praise be great ;
He makes his churches his abode,
His most delightful seat.
 2. These temples of his grace—
How beautiful they stand !
The honors of our native place,
And bulwarks of our land.
 3. In Zion God is known
A refuge in distress ;
How bright has his salvation shone
Through all her palaces !
 4. Oft have our fathers told,
Our eyes have often seen,
How well our God secures the fold
Where his own sheep have been.
 5. In every new distress
We'll to his house repair ;
We'll think upon his wondrous grace,
And seek deliverance there.
37. *Brief Ascription of Praise, from*
PSALM cxvii.
1. THY name, almighty Lord,
Shall sound through distant lands ;
Great is thy grace, and sure thy word ;
Thy truth forever stands.
 2. Far be thine honor spread,
And long thy praise endure,
Till morning light and evening shade
Shall be exchanged no more.

DALSTON. S. P. M.

WILLIAMS.



38. "Let us go into the house of the Lord."
PSALM cxxii.

" 1. How pleased and blest was I
To hear the people cry,
"Come, let us seek our God to-day!"
Yes, with a cheerful zeal
We haste to Zion's hill,
And there our vows and honors pay.

2. Zion, thrice happy place,
Adorned with wondrous grace,
And walls of strength embrace thee round!
In thee our tribes appear
To pray, and praise, and hear
The sacred Gospel's joyful sound.

3. May peace attend thy gate,
And joy within thee wait
To bless the soul of every guest:
The man who seeks thy peace,
And wishes thine increase,
A thousand blessings on him rest!

4. My tongue repeats her vows,
"Peace to this sacred house!"
For here my friends and kindred dwell;
And since my glorious God
Makes thee his blest abode,
My soul shall ever love thee well.

39. "Jehovah reigns."

" 1. THE Lord Jehovah reigns,
And royal state maintains,
His head with awful glories crowned;
Arrayed in robes of light,
Begirt with sovereign might,
And rays of majesty around.

2. Upheld by thy commands,
The world securely stands,
And skies and stars obey thy word:
Thy throne was fixed on high
Before the starry sky:
Eternal is thy kingdom, Lord!

3. Let floods and nations rage,
And all their powers engage:
Let swelling tides assault the sky:
The terrors of thy frown
Shall beat their madness down:
Thy throne for ever stands on high.

4. Thy promises are true;
Thy grace is ever new;
There fixed, thy church shall ne'er remove:
Thy saints, with holy fear,
Shall in thy courts appear.
And sing thine everlasting love.

40.

Christian Concord.
PSALM cxxxiii.

1. How pleasant 'tis to see
Kindred and friends agree;—
Each in his proper station move,
And each fulfill his part,
With sympathizing heart,
In all the cares of life and love!

2. Like fruitful showers of rain,
That water all the plain,
Descending from the neighboring hills,
Such streams of pleasure roll
Through every friendly soul,
Where love, like heavenly dew, distills.

NUREMBURG. 7s.

Arranged from the German, by DR. MASON.

Joy-ful be the hours to-day; Joy-ful let the sea-sons be;

Let us sing, for well we may: Je-sus! we will sing of thee.

41. *Joyful be the Hours to-day.*

1. JOYFUL be the hours to-day;
Joyful let the seasons be;
Let us sing, for well we may:
Jesus! we will sing of thee.
2. Should thy people silent be,
Then the very stones would sing:
What a debt we owe to thee,
Thee our Saviour, thee our King!
3. 'Tis thy grace alone can save;
Every blessing comes from thee—
All we have, and hope to have,
All we are, and hope to be.
4. Thine the Name to sinners dear!
Thine the Name all names before!
Blesséd here and everywhere;
Blesséd now and evermore!

42. *"The Heavenly theme."*

- 1 Now begin the heavenly theme,
Sing aloud of Jesus' name;
Ye who his salvation prove,
Triumph in redeeming love.
2. Mourning souls, dry up your tears,
Banish all your guilty fears:
See your guilt and curse remove,
Canceled by redeeming love.
3. Welcome, all by sin oppressed,
Welcome to his sacred rest:
Nothing brought him from above,
Nothing but redeeming love.

4. Hither, then, your music bring,
Strike aloud each joyful string:
Mortals, join the hosts above,
Join to praise redeeming love!

43. *"Her saints shall shout aloud for joy."*

1. SWEET the time, exceeding sweet!
When the saints together meet,
When the Saviour is the theme,
When they join to sing of him.
2. Sing we then eternal love,
Such as did the Father move:
He beheld the world undone,
Loved the world, and gave his Son.
3. Sing the Son's amazing love;
How he left the realms above,
Took our nature and our place,
Lived and died to save our race.
4. Sing we, too, the Spirit's love;
With our stubborn hearts he strove,
Filled our minds with grief and fear,
Brought the precious Saviour near.
5. Sweet the place, exceeding sweet,
Where the saints in glory meet;
Where the Saviour's still the theme,
Where they see and sing of him

Doxology.

SING we to our God above
Praise eternal as his love;
Praise him, all ye heavenly host—
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

PETERSBURGH. L. M. 6 lines.

RUSSIAN.

I'll praise my Maker with my breath; And when my voice is lost in death. }
Praise shall employ my nobler powers: My days of praise shall ne'er be past, }

While life and tho't and be-ing last, Or im-mor-tal-i-ty en-dures.

44.

PSALM cxlvi.

1. I'll praise my Maker with my breath;
And when my voice is lost in death,
Praise shall employ my nobler powers:
My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
While life and thought and being last,
Or immortality endures.
2. Happy the man whose hopes rely
On Israel's God; he made the sky,
And earth, and seas, with all their train:
His truth for ever stands secure;
He saves th' oppressed, he feeds the poor,
And none shall find his promise vain.
3. The Lord hath eyes to give the blind;
The Lord supports the sinking mind;
He sends the lab'ring conscience peace;
He helps the stranger in distress,
The widow and the fatherless,
And grants the pris'ner sweet release.
4. He loves his saints, he knows them well,
But turns the wicked down to hell:
Thy God, O Zion, ever reigns!
Let every tongue, let every age,
In this exalted work engage:
Praise him in everlasting strains.
5. I'll praise him while he lends me breath;
And when my voice is lost in death,
Praise shall employ my nobler powers:

My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
While life and thought and being last.
Or immortality endures.

45.

PSALM xix.

1. I LOVE the volume of thy word.
What light and joy those leaves afford
To souls benighted and distressed!
Thy precepts guide my doubtful way,
Thy fear forbids my feet to stray,
Thy promise leads my heart to rest.
2. Thy threat'nings wake my slumb'ring eyes
And warn me where my danger lies;
But 'tis thy blessed gospel, Lord,
That makes my guilty conscience clean,
Converts my soul, subdues my sin,
And gives a free, but large reward.
3. Who knows the errors of his thoughts?
My God! forgive my secret faults,
And from presumptuous sins restrain.
Accept my poor attempts of praise,
That I have read thy book of grace,
And book of nature not in vain.

Doxology.

Now to the great and sacred Three,
The Father, Son, and Spirit, be
Eternal praise and glory given,—
Thro' all the worlds where God is known,
By all the angels near the throne,
And all the saints in earth and heaven!

MENDON. L. M.

Arranged by DR. MASON.

Ye nations round the earth, re-joice Before the Lord, your sovereign King;

Serve him with cheerful heart and voice; With all your tongues his glo-ry sing.

46. "Enter into His gates with thanksgiving."
PSALM c.

1. YE nations round the earth, rejoice
Before the Lord, your sovereign King;
Serve him with cheerful heart and voice;
With all your tongues his glory sing.
2. The Lord is God; 'tis he alone
Doth life, and breath, and being give:
We are his work, and not our own;
The sheep that on his pastures live.
3. Enter his gates with songs of joy,
With praises to his courts repair;
And make it your divine employ
To pay your thanks and honors there.
4. The Lord is good, the Lord is kind,
Great is his grace, his mercy sure;
And the whole race of men shall find
His truth from age to age endure.

47. The Glory of Jehovah.
PSALM xcvi.

1. JEHOVAH reigns; his throne is high,
His robes are light and majesty;
His glory shines with beams so bright,
No mortal can sustain the sight.
2. His terrors keep the world in awe;
His justice guards his holy law;
His love reveals a smiling face;
His truth and promise seal the grace.
3. Thro' all his works what wisdom shines!
He baffles Satan's deep designs;
His power is sovereign to fulfill
The noblest counsels of his will.

4. And will this glorious Lord descend
To be my Father and my Friend?
Then let my songs with angels' join;
Heaven is secure, if God is mine.

48. Providence and Grace of God.
PSALM xxxvi.

1. 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. For ever firm thy justice stands,
As mountains their foundations keep;
Wise are the wonders of thy hands;
Thy judgments are a mighty deep.
3. My God, how excellent thy grace!
Whence all our hope and comfort
The sons of Adam, in distress, [springs;
Fly to the shadow of thy wings.
4. From the provisions of thy house
We shall be fed with sweet repast;
There mercy, like a river, flows,
And brings salvation to our taste.
5. Life, like a fountain rich and free,
Springs from the presence of my Lord;
And in thy light our souls shall see
The glories promised in thy word.

Doxology.

To God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Spirit, Three in One,
Be honor, praise, and glory given,
By all on earth, and all in heaven!

MIGDOL. L. M.

Dr. L. MASON.

Now to the Lord a no - ble song, A - wake, my soul! a - wake, my tongue!

Ho - san - na to th' e - ter - nal Name, And all his bound - less love pro - claim.

49.

Glory to the Grace of God.

1. Now to the Lord a noble song:
Awake, my soul! awake, my tongue!
Hosanna to th' eternal Name,
And all his boundless love proclaim!
2. See where it shines in Jesus' face,
The brightest image of his grace:
God, in the person of his Son,
Has all his mightiest works outdone.
3. Grace!—'tis a sweet, a charming theme;
My thoughts rejoice at Jesus' name:
Ye angels, dwell upon the sound;
Ye heavens, reflect it to the ground!
4. O, may I live to reach the place
Where he unveils his lovely face!
Where I his beauties shall behold,
And sing his name to harps of gold!

50.

"Bless the Lord, O my Soul!"

PSALM ciii.

1. BLESS, O my soul, the living God:
Call home thy tho'ts that rove abroad:
Let all the powers within me join
In work and worship so divine.
2. Bless, O my soul! the God of grace;
His favors claim thy highest praise:
Why should the wonders he hath
wrought
Be lost in silence, and forgot?
3. 'Tis he, my soul, that sent his Son
To die for crimes which thou hast done;
He owns the ransom, and forgives
The hourly follies of our lives.
4. Let every land his power confess;
Let all the earth adore his grace:
My heart and tongue with rapture join
In work and worship so divine.

51.

"Who can show forth His Praise?"

PSALM cvii.

1. O, RENDER thanks to God above,
The fountain of eternal love;
Whose mercy firm, thro' ages past,
Hath stood, and shall forever last.
2. Who can his mighty deeds express—
Not only vast, but numberless!
What mortal eloquence can raise
His tribute of immortal praise!
3. Extend to me that favor, Lord,
Thou to thy chosen dost afford;
When thou return'st to set them free,
Let thy salvation visit me.
4. O, render thanks to God above,
The fountain of eternal love:
His mercy firm, through ages past,
Hath stood, and shall forever last.

52.

"Loud Hallelujahs to the Lord."

PSALM cxlviii.

1. LOUD hallelujahs to the Lord,
From distant worlds where creatures
dwell!
Let heaven begin the solemn word,
And sound it dreadful down to hell.
2. Wide as his vast dominion lies,
Make the Creator's name be known,
Loud as his thunder, shout his praise,
And sound it lofty as his throne.
3. Jehovah—'tis a glorious word!
O, may it dwell on every tongue!
But saints who best have known the Lord
Are bound to raise the roblest song.
4. Speak of the wonders of that love
Which Gabriel plays on every chord:
From all below, and all above,
Loud hallelujahs to the Lord!

PARK STREET. L. M.

VENUE.

Awake, my tongue, thy tribute bring To Him who gave thee pow'r to sing: Praise Him who has all praise above, The source of wisdom and of love, The source of wisdom and of love.

53.

"God only Wise."

1. AWAKE, my tongue, thy tribute bring To Him who gave thee power to sing; Praise Him, who has all praise above, The source of wisdom and of love.
2. How vast his knowledge! how profound! A depth where all our thoughts are drowned! The stars he numbers, and their names He gives to all those heavenly flames.
3. Thro' each bright world above, behold Ten thousand thousand charms unfold; Earth, air and mighty seas combine, To speak his wisdom all divine.
4. But in redemption, O, what grace! Its wonders, O, what tho't can trace! Here wisdom shines forever bright: Praise Him, my soul, with sweet delight.

54.

"Every Day will I Bless Thee."
PSALM cxlv.

1. MY GOD, my King, thy various praise Shall fill the remnant of my days; Thy grace employ my humble tongue, Till death and glory raise the song.
2. The wings of every hour shall bear Some thankful tribute to thine ear; And every setting sun shall see New works of duty done for thee.
3. Let distant times and nations raise The long succession of thy praise; And unborn ages make my song The joy and triumph of their tongue.
4. But who can speak thy wondrous deeds? Thy greatness all our thoughts exceeds; Vast and unsearchable thy ways! Vast and immortal be thy praise!

55.

JOHN iv. 21-25.

1. O THOU to whom, in ancient time, The psalmist's sacred harp was strung, Whom kings adored in song sublime, And prophets praised with glowing tongue.
2. Not now on Zion's height alone, The favored worshiper may dwell; Nor where, at sultry noon, thy Son Sat, weary, by the patriarch's well.
3. From every place below the skies, The grateful song, the fervent prayer, The incense of the heart may rise To heaven, and find acceptance there.
4. O Thou to whom, in ancient time, The holy prophet's harp was strung, To thee at last, in every clime, Shall temples rise, and praise be sung.

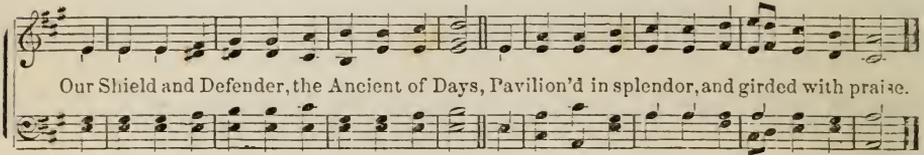
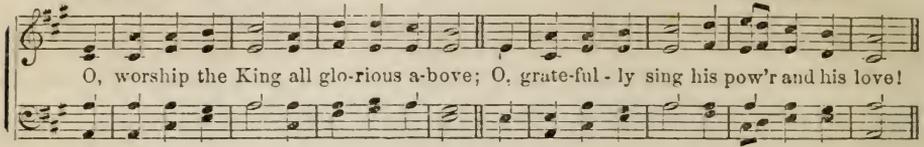
56.

The Glory of God.

1. COME, O my soul! in sacred lays, Attempt thy great Creator's praise: But, O, what tongue can speak his fame! What mortal verse can reach the theme!
2. Enthroned amid the radiant spheres, He glory, like a garment, wears; To form a robe of light divine, Ten thousand suns around him shine.
3. In all our Maker's grand designs, Almighty power, with wisdom, shines; His works, thro' all his wondrous frame, Declare the glory of his name.
4. Raised on devotion's lofty wing, Do thou, my soul, his glories sing; And let his praise employ thy tongue, Till listening worlds shall join the song.

LYONS. 10s & 11s. Or 5s & 6s.

JOSEPH HAYDN.



57. "Who is like unto the Lord our God?"

1. O, WORSHIP the King all glorious above;
O, gratefully sing his power and his love!
Our Shield and Defender, the Ancient of
Days,
Pavilioned in splendor, and girded with
praise.

2. O, tell of his might, O, sing of his grace,
Whose robe is the light, whose canopy,
space!
His chariots of wrath the deep thunder
clouds form,
And dark is his path on the wings of the
storm.

3. Thy bountiful care what tongue can recite?
It breathes in the air, it shines in the
light,
It streams from the hills, it descends to
the plains,
And sweetly distills in the dew and the
rains.

4. Frail children of dust, and feeble as frail,
In thee do we trust, nor find thee to fail;
Thy mercies how tender! how firm to
the end!
Our Maker, Defender, Redeemer and
Friend.

58.

"Salvation to our God."
REV. vii. 10.

1. YE servants of God, your Master proclaim,
And publish abroad his wonderful name;
The name all-victorious of Jesus extol;
His kingdom is glorious, he rules over all.

2. God ruleth on high, almighty to save;
And still he is nigh—his presence we have;

The great congregation his triumph shall
sing,
Ascribing salvation to Jesus our King.

3. Salvation to God, who sits on the throne,
Let all cry aloud, and honor the Son;
The praises of Jesus the angels proclaim,
Fall down on their faces, and worship
the Lamb.

4. Then let us adore, and give him his
right,
All glory and power, and wisdom and
might;
All honor and blessing, with angels above,
And thanks never ceasing, for infinite
love.

59.

"O, Praise ye the Lord."

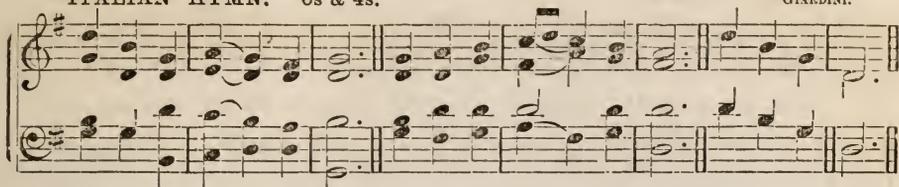
1. O, PRAISE ye the Lord! prepare your glad
voice
His praise in the great assembly to sing;
In their Creator let all men rejoice,
And heirs of salvation be glad in their
King.

2. Let them his great name devoutly adore;
In loud-swalling strains his praises ex-
press,
Who graciously opens his bountiful store,
Their wants to relieve, and his children
to bless.

3. With glory adorned, his people shall sing
To God, who defence and plenty sup-
plies;
Their loud acclamations to him, their great
King,
Through earth shall be sounded, and reach
to the skies.

ITALIAN HYMN. 6s & 4s.

GIARDINI.



60.

1. COME, thou almighty King,
Help us thy name to sing,
Help us to praise :
Father ! all-glorious,
O'er all victorious,
Come and reign over us,
Ancient of Days !
2. 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.
3. Come, holy Comforter !
Thy sacred witness bear,
In this glad hour :
Thou, who almighty art,
Now rule in every heart,
And ne'er from us depart,
Spirit of power !
4. To the great One in Three,
The highest praises be,
Hence evermore !
His sovereign majesty
• May we in glory see,
And to eternity
Love and adore.

61.

1. God of the morning ray,
God of the rising day,
Glorious in power !

1. In thee we live and move,
And thus we daily prove
Thy condescending love
Each passing hour.
2. God of our feeble race,
God of redeeming grace,
Spirit all-blest !
Our own eternal Friend,
Thy guardian influence lend,
From every snare defend—
In thee we rest.

62.

PSALM cl.

1. PRAISE ye Jehovah's name ;
Praise through his courts proclaim ;
Rise and adore ;
High o'er the heavens above,
Sound his great acts of love,
While his rich grace we prove,
Vast as his power.
2. Now let the trumpet raise
Sounds of triumphant praise,
Wide as his fame ;
There let the harp be found ;
Organs, with solemn sound,
Roll your deep notes around,
Filled with his name.
3. While his high praise you sing,
Shake every sounding string ;
Sweet the accord !
He vital breath bestows ;
Let every breath that flows,
His noblest fame disclose :
Praise ye the Lord.

SICILY. 8s & 7s.

ITALIAN.

Blest be thou, O God of Is-rael! Thou, our Fa-ther and our Lord!

Ma-jes-ty is thine for-ev-er; Ev-er be thy name a-dored.

63. *And David said, "Blessed be Thou."*
1 CHRON. xxix; 10-23.

1. BLEST be thou, O God of Israel!
Thou, our Father and our Lord!
Majesty is thine for ever;
Ever be thy name adored.
2. Thine, O Lord, are power and greatness;
Glory, victory, are thine own;
All is thine in earth and heaven,
Over all thy boundless throne.
3. Riches come of thee, and honor:
Power and might to thee belong;
Thine it is to make us prosper,
Only thine to make us strong.
4. Lord, our God, for these thy bounties,
Hymns of gratitude we raise;
To thy name, for ever glorious,
Ever we address our praise.

64. *Praise to Jehovah.*

1. PRAISE to thee, thou great Creator!
Praise to thee from every tongue:
Join, my soul, with every creature,
Join the universal song.
2. Father, Source of all compassion,
Pure, unbounded grace is thine:
Hail the God of our salvation!
Praise him for his love divine.
3. For ten thousand blessings given,
For the hope of future joy,
Sound his praise thro' earth and heaven,
Sound Jehovah's praise on high.

4. Joyfully on earth adore him,
Till in heaven our song we raise;
There, enraptured, fall before him,
Lost in wonder, love, and praise.

65. *Prayer for the Saviour's guidance.*

1. GENTLY, Lord! oh, gently lead us
Through this lonely vale of tears;
Through the changes thou'st decreed us,
Till our last great change appears.
2. When temptation's darts assail us,
When in devious paths we stray,
Let thy goodness never fail us;
Lead us in thy perfect way.
3. In the hour of pain and anguish,
In the hour when death draws near,
Suffer not our hearts to languish,
Suffer not our souls to fear.
4. And, when mortal life is ended
Bid us on thy bosom rest;
Till, by angel-bands attended,
We awake among the blest.

Doxology.

PRAISE the God of our salvation,
Praise the Father's boundless love
Praise the Lamb, our expiation;
Praise the Spirit from above:
Praise the Fountain of salvation,
Him by whom our spirits live;
Undivided adoration
To the one Jehovah give!

HOLLEY. 7s.

Geo. Hews.

Soft - ly now the light of day Fades up - on my sight a - way;

Free from care, from la - bor free, Lord, I would commune with thee.

66.

Close of the Sabbath.

1. SOFTLY fades the twilight ray
Of the holy Sabbath day;
Gently as life's setting sun,
When the Christian's course is run.
2. Peace is on the world abroad;
'Tis the holy peace of God;
Symbol of the peace within,
When the spirit rests from sin.
3. Still the Spirit lingers near,
Where the evening worshiper
Seeks communion with the skies,
Pressing onward to the prize.
4. Saviour, may our Sabbaths be
Days of peace and joy in thee!
Till in heaven our souls repose.
Where the Sabbath ne'er shall close.

67.

1. THOU, from whom we never part,
Thou, whose love is everywhere,
Thou, who seest every heart,
Listen to our evening prayer.
2. Father, fill our hearts with love,
Love unfailling, full and free;
Love that no alarm can move,
Love that ever rests on thee.
3. Heavenly Father! thro' the night
Keep us safe from every ill;
Cheerful as the morning light,
May we wake to do thy will.

68.

1 CORINTHIANS ii : 4.

1. FATHER, bless thy word to all,
Quick and powerful let it prove;
Oh, may sinners hear thy call,
Let thy people grow in love.
2. Thine own gracious message bless,
Follow it with power divine:
Give the gospel great success.
Thine the work, the glory thine.
3. Father, bid the world rejoice,
Send, oh, send thy truth abroad;
Let the nations hear thy voice,
Hear it and return to God.
4. Sing we to our God above
Praise eternal as his love:
Praise him, all ye heavenly host—
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

69.

1. SOFTLY now the light of day
Fades upon my sight away;
Free from care, from labor free,
Lord, I would commune with thee.
2. Soon, for me, the light of day
Shall for ever pass away:
Then, from sin and sorrow free,
Take me, Lord, to dwell with thee.

Doxology.

SING we to our God above
Praise eternal as his love:
Praise him, all ye heavenly host—
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.



70. "Lord, dismiss us with thy Blessing?"

1. LORD, dismiss us with thy blessing,
Fill our hearts with joy and peace;
Let us each thy love possessing;
Triumph in redeeming grace:
O, refresh us,
Trav'ling through this wilderness!
2. Thanks we give, and adoration,
For thy Gospel's joyful sound;
May the fruits of thy salvation
In our hearts and lives abound;
May thy presence
With us evermore be found.

71. "Keep us, Lord."

1. KEEP us, Lord, O, keep us ever!
Vain our hope, if left by thee;
We are thine; O, leave us never,
Till thy glorious face we see!
Then to praise thee
Through a bright eternity.
2. Precious is thy word of promise,
Precious to thy people here;
Never take thy presence from us,
Jesus, Saviour, still be near:
Living, dying,
May thy name our spirits cheer.

72.

1. GUIDE me, O thou great Jehovah,
Pilgrim through this barren land;
I am weak, but thou art mighty;
Hold me with thy powerful hand:
Bread of heaven,
Feed me till I want no more.
2. Open thou the crystal fountain,
Whence the healing streams do flow;
Let the fiery, cloudy pillar
Lead me all my journey through:

Strong Deliverer,
Be thou still my strength and shield.

3. When I tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid my anxious fears subside;
Death of death! and hell's Destruction,
Land me safe on Canaan's side
Songs of praises
I will ever give to thee.

73. *The Pilgrim's Prayer.*

[Another form of the preceding Hymn.]

1. SHEPHERD of thine Israel! lead us,
Pilgrims o'er this barren sand;
Thou who hast from bondage freed us,
Guard us by thine outstretched hand
Guide thy chosen
Safely to the promised land
2. Feed us with the heavenly manna;
Fainting, may we feel thy might;
Go before us as our banner,
Cloud by day and fire by night:
Great Redeemer,
Shine around us—thou art light
3. When we come to death's dark river,
Bid the swelling stream divide;
Thou who canst our life deliver,
Bear us through the sundered tide:
Praises, praises
Will we sing on Canaan's side!

74. *Parting Hymn.*

GOD of our salvation, hear us;
Bless, O, bless us, ere we go;
When we join the world, be near us,
Lest we cold and careless grow:
Saviour, keep us,
Keep us safe from every foe.

THE LAST BEAM.

HYMN 75.



1. Fading, still fading, the last beam is shin - ing, Father in heaven! the
 2. Father in heaven! O hear when we call; Hear, for Christ's sake, who is



day is de - clin - ing, Safety and in - no - cence fly with the light, Temptation and
 Sav - iour of all; Fee - ble and faint - ing, we trust in Thy might, In doubt - ing and



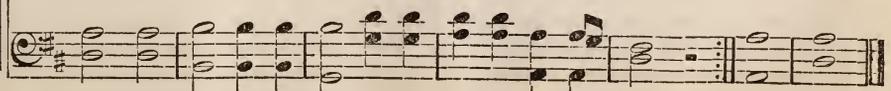
danger walk forth with the night; From the fall of the shade till the morning bells
 darkness Thy love be our light; Let us sleep on Thy breast while the night taper



chime, Shield me from danger, save me from crime. Father, have mercy, Father, have
 burns, Wake in Thy arms when morning re - turns. Father, &c.



mer - cy, Father, have mercy thro' Jesus Christ our Lord. A - men.



UXBRIDGE. L. M.

DR. L. MASON.

1. The heavens declare thy glo - ry, Lord; In ev - 'ry star thy wis - dom shines;

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

76. *The Works and the Word of God.*
PSALM XIX.

2. THE rolling sun, the changing light,
And night, and day, thy power confess;
But the blest volume thou hast writ
Reveals thy justice and thy grace.
3. Sun, moon, and stars convey thy praise
Round the whole earth, and never stand;
So when thy truth began its race,
It touched and glanced on every land.
4. Nor shall thy spreading gospel rest,
Till thro' the world thy truth hath run;
Till Christ hath all the nations blest
That see the light, or feel the sun.

77. *The Gospel.*

1. GOD, in the gospel of his Son,
Makes his eternal counsels known:
Here love in all its glory shines,
And truth is drawn in fairest lines.
2. Here sinners, of an humble frame,
May taste his grace and learn his name;
May read, in characters of blood,
The wisdom, power, and grace of God.
3. Here faith reveals to mortal eyes
A brighter world beyond the skies;
Here shines the light which guides our way
From earth to realms of endless day.
4. Oh, grant us grace, almighty Lord!
To read, and mark thy holy word:
Its truths with meekness to receive,
And by its holy precepts live.

78.

1. GREAT Sun of Righteousness, arise!
Bless the dark world with heavenly
Thy gospel makes the simple wise, [light:
Thy laws are pure, thy judgments right
2. Thy noblest wonders here we view
In souls renewed, and sins forgiven,
Lord, cleanse my sins, my soul renew,
And make thy word my guide to heaven.

79.

1. Now let my soul, eternal King,
To thee its grateful tribute bring;
My knee with humble homage bow,
My tongue perform its solemn vow.
2. All nature sings the boundless love,
In worlds below, and worlds above;
But in thy blesséd word I trace
Diviner wonders of thy grace.
3. Here what delightful truths I read!
Here I behold the Saviour bleed;
His name salutes my listening ear,
Revives my heart and checks my fear.
4. Here Jesus bids my sorrows cease,
And gives my laboring conscience peace,
Here lifts my grateful passions high,
And points to mansions in the sky.
5. For love like this, oh, let my song
Thro' endless years, thy praise prolong;
Let distant climes thy name adore,
Till time and nature are no more.

MARLOW. C. M.

ENGLISH.

1. How shall the young se - cure their hearts, And guard their lives from sin ?

Thy word the choicest rules imparts, To keep the conscience clean.

80.

The Bible for the Young.
PSALM cxix.

2. 'Tis like the sun, a heavenly light,
That guides us all the day;
And, through the dangers of the night,
A lamp to lead our way.
3. Thy precepts make me truly wise :
I hate the sinners' road ;
I hate my own vain thoughts that rise,
But love thy law, my God !
4. Thy word is everlasting truth,
How pure is every page !
Thy holy book shall guide our youth,
And well support our age.

81.

Delight in the Scriptures.

1. FATHER of mercies, in thy word
What endless glory shines !
For ever be thy name adored
For these celestial lines.
2. Here my Redeemer's welcome voice
Spreads heavenly peace around ;
And life and everlasting joys
Attend the blissful sound.
3. Oh, may these heavenly pages be
My ever dear delight ;
And still new beauties may I see,
And still increasing light !
4. Divine Instructor, gracious Lord,
Be thou for ever near ;
Teach me to love thy sacred word,
And view my Saviour there.

82.

"Thy Word is a lamp unto my feet."

1. How precious is the book divine,
By inspiration given !
Bright as a lamp its doctrines shine,
To guide our souls to heaven.
2. It sweetly cheers our drooping hearts,
In this dark vale of tears ;
Life, light, and joy it still imparts,
And quells our rising fears.
3. This lamp, through all the tedious night
Of life, shall guide our way ;
Till we behold the clearer light
Of an eternal day.

83.

The Bible the Light of the World.

1. A GLORY gilds the sacred page,
Majestic, like the sun :
It gives a light to every age ;
It gives, but borrows none.
2. The hand that gave it still supplies
The gracious light and heat ;
Its truths upon the nations rise ;
They rise, but never set.
3. Let everlasting thanks be thine
For such a bright display,
As makes a world of darkness shine
With beams of heavenly day.
4. My soul rejoices to pursue
The steps of him I love,
Till glory breaks upon my view
In brighter worlds above !

STONEFIELD. L. M.

STANLEY.

King - doms and thrones to God be - long; Crown him, ye na - tions, in your song:

His won - drous name and pow'r re - hearse; His hon - ors shall en - rich your verse.

84.

The Majesty of Jehovah.
PSALM lxxviii.

1. KINGDOMS and thrones to God belong;
Crown him, ye nations, in your song;
His wondrous name and pow'r rehearse;
His honors shall enrich your verse.
2. He rides and thunders thro' the sky;
His name, Jehovah, sounds on high:
Praise him aloud, ye sons of grace;
Ye saints, rejoice before his face.
3. God is our shield, our joy, our rest;
God is our King, proclaim him blest:
When terrors rise, when nations faint,
He is the strength of every saint.

85.

The All-seeing God.
PSALM cxxxix.

1. LORD, thou hast searched and seen me
through;
Thine eye commands with piercing view,
My rising and my resting hours,
My heart and flesh with all their pow'rs.
2. My thoughts, before they are my own,
Are to my God distinctly known;
He knows the words I mean to speak,
Ere from my opening lips they break.
3. Within thy circling pow'r I stand;
On every side I find thy hand:
Awake, asleep, at home, abroad,
I am surrounded still with God.
4. Amazing knowledge, vast and great!
What large extent! what lofty height!
My soul, with all the powers I boast,
Is in the boundless prospect lost.
5. O, may these thoughts possess my breast,
Where'er I rove, where'er I rest!
Nor let my weaker passions dare
Consent to sin, for God is there.

86.

"Be still, and know that I am God."

1. WAIT, O my soul, thy Maker's will!
Tumultuous passions, all be still;
Nor let a murmur'ing thought arise:
His ways are just, his counsels wise.
2. He in the thickest darkness dwells,
Performs his work, the cause conceals;
And, tho' his footsteps are unknown,
Judgment and truth support his throne.
3. In heaven, and earth, and air, and seas,
He executes his firm decrees;
And by his saints it stands confessed,
That what he does is ever best.
4. Wait, then, my soul, submissive wait,
With reverence bow before his seat;
And, 'mid the terrors of his rod,
Trust in a wise and gracious God.

87.

"I sought the Lord, and He Heard Me."
PSALM xxxiv.

1. LORD, I will bless thee all my days,
Thy praise shall dwell upon my
tongue:
My soul shall glory in thy grace,
While saints rejoice to hear the song.
2. Come, magnify the Lord with me;
Come, let us all exalt his name:
I sought th' eternal God, and he
Has not exposed my hope to shame.
3. I told him all my secret grief,
My secret groaning reached his ears;
He gave my inward pains relief,
And calmed the tumult of my fears.
4. His holy angels pitch their tents
Around the men who serve the Lord;
O, fear and love him, all ye saints!
Taste of his grace and trust his word

LOUVAN. L. M.

V. C. TAYLOR.

Lord, how mys-te-rious are thy ways! How blind are we! how mean our praise!

Thy steps, can mor-tal eyes explore? 'Tis ours to won-der and a-dore.

88.

Incomprehensibility.

1. LORD, how mysterious are thy ways!
How blind are we! how mean our praise!
Thy steps, can mortal eyes explore?
'Tis ours to wonder and adore.
2. Great God! I would not ask to see
What in my coming life shall be;
Enough for me, if love divine
At length thro' every cloud shall shine.
3. Are darkness and distress my share?
Then let me trust thy guardian care;
If light and bliss attend my days,
Then let my future hours be praise.
4. Yet this my soul desires to know,
Be this my only wish below,
That Christ be mine;—this great request
Grant, bounteous God, and I am blest!
4. When doubts disturb my troubled breast,
And all is dark as night to me,
Here, as on solid rock, I rest;
That so it seemeth good to thee.
5. Be this my joy, that evermore
Thou rulest all things at thy will;
Thy sovereign wisdom I adore,
And calmly, sweetly, trust thee still.

89.

"How unsearchable are Thy judgments!"

1. LORD, my weak tho't in vain would climb
To search the starry vault profound:
In vain would wing her flight sublime,
To find creation's outmost bound.
2. But weaker yet that thought must prove
To search thy great eternal plan,—
Thy sovereign counsels, born of love
Long ages ere the world began.
3. When my dim reason would demand
Why that, or this, thou dost ordain,
By some vast deep I seem to stand,
Whose secrets I must ask in vain.
90. *Omnipresence.*
PSALM lxxxiv: 11.
1. LORD of all being! throned afar,
Thy glory flames from sun and star;
Center and soul of every sphere,
Yet to each loving heart how near!
2. Sun of our life, thy quickening ray
Sheds on our path the glow of day;
Star of our hope, thy softened light
Cheers the long watches of the night.
3. Our midnight is thy smile withdrawn,
Our noontide is thy gracious dawn;
Our rainbow arch thy mercy's sign;
All, save the clouds of sin, are thine!
4. Lord of all life, below, above, [love,
Whose light is truth, whose warmth is
Before thy ever-blazing throne
We ask no luster of our own.
5. Grant us thy truth to make us free,
And kindling hearts that burn for thee,
Till all thy living altars claim
One holy light, one heavenly flame!

BRATTLE STREET. C. M. D.

PLEVEL.

1st time. 2d time. FINE. D. C.

91.

Habitual Devotion.

1. WHILE thee I seek, protecting Power !
Be my vain wishes stilled ;
And may this consecrated hour
With better hopes be filled !
Thy love the power of thought bestow'd,
To thee my thoughts would soar .
Thy mercy o'er my life has flow'd ;
That mercy I adore.
2. In each event of life, how clear
Thy ruling hand I see !
Each blessing to my soul more dear,
Because conferred by thee :
In every joy that crowns my days,
In every pain I bear,
My heart shall find delight in praise,
Or seek relief in prayer.
3. When gladness wings my favored hour,
Thy love my thoughts shall fill ;
Resigned, when storms of sorrow lower,
My soul shall meet thy will :
My lifted eye, without a tear,
The gathering storm shall see ;
My steadfast heart shall know no fear,
That heart will rest on thee.

92.

The God of my Life.

1. FATHER of mercies ! God of love !
My Father and my God !
I'll sing the honors of thy name,
And spread thy praise abroad :
In every period of my life
Thy thoughts of love appear ;
Thy mercies gild each transient scene,
And crown each passing year.
2. Why should we doubt a Father's love,
So constant and so kind !
To his unerring, gracious will,
Be every wish resigned.
In thy fair book of life divine,
My God, inscribe my name ;
There let it fill some humble place
Beneath my Lord the Lamb !

2.

In all thy mercies, may my soul
A Father's bounty see ;
Nor let the gifts thy grace bestows
Estrange my heart from thee :
Teach me, in times of deep distress,
To own thy hand, O God !
And in submissive silence learn
The lessons of thy rod.

3.

Through every period of my life,
Each bright, each clouded scene,
Give me a meek and humble mind
Still equal and serene :
Then may I close my eyes in death,
Redeemed from anxious fear ;
For death itself, my God, is life,
If thou be with me there.

93.

Benevolence of God's Decrees.

1. SINCE all the varying scenes of time
God's watchful eye surveys,
O, who so wise to choose our lot,
Or to appoint our ways !
Good, when he gives, supremely good ;
Nor less when he denies ;
Ev'n crosses from his sovereign hand,
Are blessings in disguise.

BROWN. C. M.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. When all thy mer-cies, O my God, My ris-ing soul sur-veys,

Trans-port-ed with the view, I'm lost In won-der, love, and praise!

94. *Remembrance of Divine Mercies.*

2. UNNUMBERED comforts on my soul
Thy tender care bestowed,
Before my infant heart conceived
From whence those comforts flowed.
3. When, in the slippery paths of youth,
With heedless step I ran,
Thine arm, unseen, conveyed me safe,
And led me up to man.
4. Ten thousand, thousand precious gifts
My daily thanks employ;
Nor is the least a cheerful heart,
That tastes those gifts with joy.
5. Through every period of my life
Thy goodness I'll pursue;
And, after death, in distant worlds,
The glorious theme renew.
6. Through all eternity to thee
A joyful song I'll raise;
But, oh! eternity's too short
To utter all thy praise.

95. *"How are thy servants blest, O Lord!"*

1. How are thy servants blest, O Lord!
How sure is their defense!
Eternal wisdom is their guide,
Their help, omnipotence.
2. In foreign realms, and lands remote,
Supported by thy care,
Thro' burning climes they pass unhurt,
And breathe in tainted air.
3. When by the dreadful tempest borne
High on the broken wave,

They know thou art not slow to hear,
Nor impotent to save.

4. The storm is laid, the winds retire,
Obedient to thy will;
The sea, that roars at thy command,
At thy command is still.
5. In midst of dangers, fears, and dea:ths,
Thy goodness I'll adore;
I'll praise thee for thy mercies past,
And humbly hope for more.
6. My life, while thou preserv'st that life,
Thy sacrifice shall be;
And death, when death shall be my lot,
Shall join my soul to thee.

96. *"Thrice Holy Lord."*

1. HOLY and reverend is the name
Of our eternal King;
"Thrice holy Lord!" the angels cry;
"Thrice holy!" let us sing.
2. The deepest reverence of the mind,
Pay, O my soul! to God;
Lift, with thy hands, a holy heart,
To his sublime abode.
3. With sacred awe pronounce his name,
Whom words nor thoughts can reach;
A broken heart shall please him more
Than noblest forms of speech.
4. Thou holy God! preserve my soul
From all pollution free;
The pure in heart are thy delight,
And they thy face shall see.

WINDSOR. C. M.

SCOTCH PSALTER.

1. O God, our help in a - ges past, Our hope for years to come,
Our shel - ter from the storm - y blast, And our e - ter - nal home!

97. "Our dwelling place in all generations."
PSALM xc.

2. BEFORE the hills in order stood,
Or earth received her frame,
From everlasting thou art God,
To endless years the same.
- 3 Thy word commands our flesh to dust:
"Return, ye sons of men;"
All nations rose from earth at first,
And turn to earth again.
4. Time, like an ever-rolling stream,
Bears all its sons away;
They fly, forgotten, as a dream
Dies at the opening day.
5. O God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Be thou our guard while troubles last,
And our eternal home!

98. "The Living God."

1. GREAT God! how infinite art thou!
What worthless worms are we!
Let the whole race of creatures bow,
And pay their praise to thee.
2. Thy throne eternal ages stood,
Ere seas or stars were made;
Thou art the ever-living God,
Were all the nations dead.
- 3 Eternity, with all its years,
Stands present in thy view;
To thee there's nothing old appears,
Great God! there's nothing new.

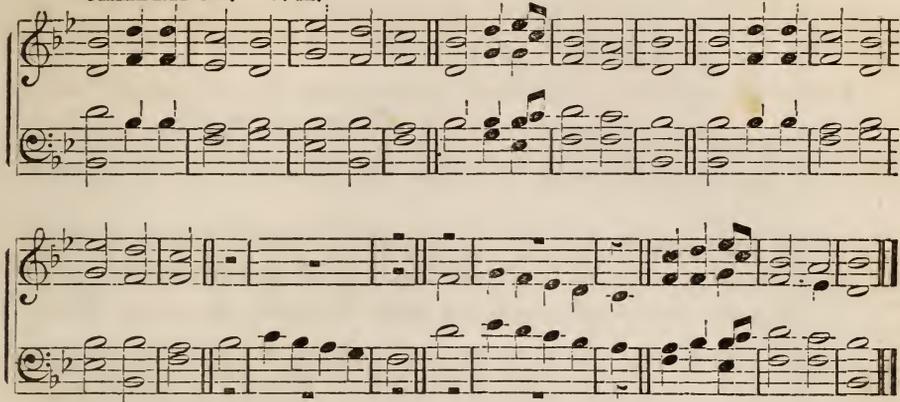
4. Our lives thro' various scenes are drawn,
And vexed with trifling cares;
While thine eternal thoughts move on
Thine undisturbed affairs.
5. Great God! how infinite art thou!
What worthless worms are we!
Let the whole race of creatures bow,
And pay their praise to thee.

99. "Eternity of God."
PSALM cii.

1. THRO' endless years thou art the same,
O thou eternal God!
Ages to come shall know thy name,
And tell thy works abroad.
2. The strong foundations of the earth
Of old by thee were laid;
By thee the beauteous arch of heaven
With matchless skill was made.
3. Soon shall this goodly frame of things,
Formed by thy powerful hand,
Be, like a vesture, laid aside,
And changed at thy command.
4. But thy perfections all divine,
Eternal as thy days,
Through everlasting ages shine,
With undiminished rays.
5. Our children's children, still thy care,
Shall own their father's God;
To latest times thy favor share,
And spread thy praise abroad.

CAMBRIDGE, C. M.

DR. RANDALL.



100. "Canst thou, by searching, find out God?"

1. How wondrous great, how glorious bright
Must our Creator be,
Who dwells amid the dazzling light
Of an eternal day!
2. Our soaring spirits upward rise,
Toward the celestial throne;
Fain would we see the blesséd Three
And the almighty One.
3. Our reason stretches all its wings,
And climbs above the skies;
But still, how far beneath thy feet
Our grov'ling reason lies!
4. Lord, here we bend our humble souls,
In awe and love adore:
For the weak pinions of our mind
Can stretch a thought no more.
5. Thy glories infinitely rise
Above our lab'ring tongue;
In vain the highest seraph tries
To form an equal song.
6. In humble notes our faith adores
The great mysterious King;
While angels strain their nobler powers
And sweep th' immortal string.

101. "Thy judgments are a great deep."

1. THY way, O Lord, is in the sea;
Thy paths I cannot trace,
Nor comprehend the mystery
Of thine unbounded grace.
2. 'Tis but in part I know thy will;
I bless thee for the sight:

When will thy love the rest reveal,
In glory's clearer light?

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

102. "He bowed the heavens, and came down."

PSALM xviii.

1. THE Lord descended from above,
And bowed the heavens most high;
And underneath his feet he cast
The darkness of the sky.
2. On cherub and on cherubim,
Full royally, he rode;
And on the wings of mighty winds
Came flying all abroad.
3. He sat serene upon the floods,
Their fury to restrain;
And he, as Sovereign, Lord, and King,
For evermore shall reign.
4. The Lord will give his people strength,
Whereby they shall increase;
And he will bless his chosen flock
With everlasting peace.
5. Give glory to his awful name,
And honor him alone;
Give worship to his majesty
Upon his holy throne.

Doxology.

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

HERMON. C. M.

DR. L. MASON.

1. Keep silence, all cre - a - ted things, And wait your Ma - ker's nod!

My soul stands trembling while she sings The honors of her God.

103. *"Keep silence, all created things."*

2. LIFE, death and hell, and worlds unknown,
Hang on his firm decree;
He sits on no precarious throne,
Nor borrows leave to be.
3. Before his throne a volume lies,
With all the fates of men;
With every angel's form and size,
Drawn by th' eternal pen.
4. His providence unfolds the book,
And makes his counsels shine;
Each opening leaf, and every stroke,
Fulfills some deep design.
5. My God, I would not long to see
My fate with curious eyes;—
What gloomy lines are writ for me,
Or what bright scenes may rise.
6. In thy fair book of life and grace,
May I but find my name
Recorded in some humble place,
Beneath my Lord, the Lamb!

104. *"God moves in a mysterious way."*

1. GOD moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform;
He plants his footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.
2. Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never-failing skill,
He treasures up his bright designs,
And works his sovereign will.
3. Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take:
The clouds ye so much dread

Are big with mercy, and shall break
In blessings on your head.

4. Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust him for his grace:
Behind a frowning providence
He hides a smiling face.
5. His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding every hour;
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flower.
6. Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan his work in vain;
God is his own interpreter,
And he will make it plain.

105. *The Tempest stilled.*

1. GREAT Ruler of all nature's frame!
We own thy power divine;
We hear thy breath in every storm,
For all the winds are thine.
2. Wide as they sweep their sounding way
They work thy sovereign will;
And, awed by thy majestic voice,
The tempest shall be still.
3. Thy mercy tempers every blast
To those who seek thy face:
And mingles with the tempest's roar
The whispers of thy grace.
4. Those gentle whispers let me hear,
Till all the tumults cease;
And gales of paradise shall soothe
My weary soul to peace.

CLARENDON. C. M.

TUCKER.

1. What shall I ren-der to my God For all his kind-ness shown?

My feet shall vis-it thine a-bode, My songs ad-dress thy throne.

106. "What shall I render unto the Lord?"

PSALM cxvi.

2. AMONG the saints that fill thy house,
My offerings shall be paid;
There shall my zeal perform the vows
My soul in anguish made.
3. Now I am thine, forever thine,
Nor shall my purpose move;
Thy hand hath loosed my bonds of pain,
And bound me with thy love.
4. Here in thy courts I leave my vow,
And thy rich grace record;
Witness, ye saints, who hear me now,
If I forsake the Lord.

107.

"A God doing wonders."

1. I SING th' almighty power of God,
That made the mountains rise,
That spread the flowing seas abroad,
And built the lofty skies.
2. I sing the wisdom that ordained
The sun to rule the day;
The moon shines full at his command,
And all the stars obey.
3. I sing the goodness of the Lord,
That filled the earth with food;
He formed the creatures with his word,
And then pronounced them good.
4. Lord, how thy wonders are displayed,
Where'er I turn mine eye;
If I survey the ground I tread,
Or gaze upon the sky!
5. There's not a plant or flower below
But makes thy glories known;

And clouds arise, and tempests blow,
By order from thy throne.

6. Creatures that borrow life from thee
Are subject to thy care:
There's not a place where we can flee,
But God is present there.

108.

The Seasons ordained by God.
PSALM cxlvii.

1. WITH songs and honors sounding loud,
Address the Lord on high;
Over the heavens he spreads his cloud,
And waters veil the sky.
2. He sends his showers of blessings down
To cheer the plains below;
He makes the grass the mountains crown,
And corn in valleys grow.
3. His steady counsels change the face
Of the declining year;
He bids the sun cut short his race,
And wint'ry days appear.
4. His hoary frost, his fleecy snow.
Descend and clothe the ground;
The liquid streams forbear to flow,
In icy fetters bound.
5. He sends his word, and melts the snow,
The fields no longer mourn;
He calls the warmer gales to blow,
And bids the spring return.
6. The changing wind, the flying cloud,
Obey his mighty word;
With songs and honors sounding loud,
Praise ye the sovereign Lord!

DENFIELD. C. M.

Arranged by DR. MASON.

1. Ye hum-ble souls, ap-proach your God With songs of sa - cred praise;

For he is good, su-preme-ly good, And kind are all his ways.

109.

God a Sure Defense.

2. ALL nature owns his guardian care ;
In him we live and move ;
But nobler benefits declare
The wonders of his love.
3. He gave his well-belovéd Son,
To save our souls from sin :
'Tis here he makes his goodness known,
And proves it all divine.
4. To this dear Refuge, Lord, we come,
And here our hope relies ;
A safe defense, a peaceful home,
When storms of trouble rise.
5. Great God ! to thine almighty love
What honors shall we raise ?
Not all the raptured songs above
Can render equal praise.

110. "*Faithful is He that calleth you.*"

1. BEGIN, my tongue, some heavenly theme,
And speak some boundless thing :
The mighty works, or mightier name,
Of our eternal King.
2. Tell of his wondrous faithfulness,
And sound his power abroad ;
Sing the sweet promise of his grace,
And the performing God.
3. His very word of grace is strong,
As that which built the skies ;
The voice that rolls the stars along
Speaks all the promises.

4. Oh, might I hear thy heavenly tongue
But whisper, "Thou art mine !"
Those gentle words should raise my song
To notes almost divine.

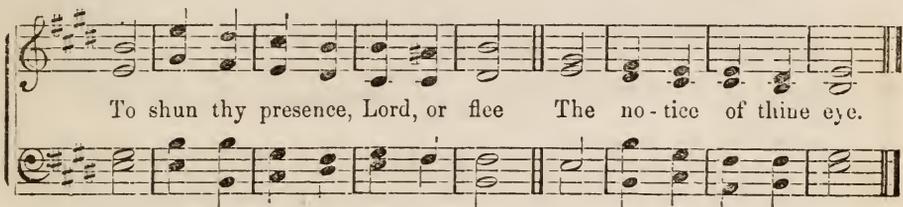
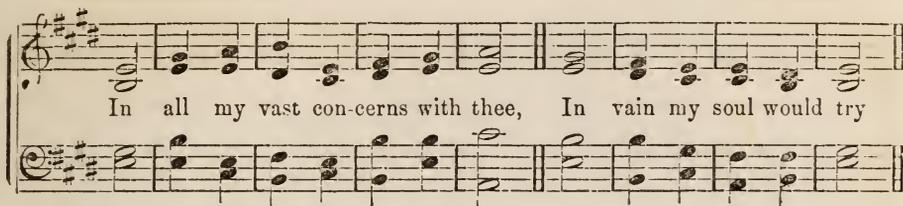
111. ✓

God revealed in the Atonement.

1. FATHER, how wide thy glory shines !
How high thy wonders rise !
Known thro' the earth by thousand signs,
By thousand 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. But when we view thy strange design
To save rebellious worms,
Where vengeance and compassion join
In their divinest forms,—
4. Here the whole Deity is known ;
Nor dares a creature guess
Which of the glories brightest shone,
The justice, or the grace.
5. Now the full glories of the Lamb
Adorn the heavenly plains ;
Bright seraphs learn Immanuel's name,
And try their choicest strains.
6. Oh, may I bear some humble part
In that immortal song !
Wonder and joy shall tune my heart,
And love command my tongue.

DUNDEE. C. M.

SCOTTISH.



112. "Whither shall I flee from Thy presence?"
PSALM CXXXIX.

1. In all my vast concerns with thee,
In vain my soul would try
To shun thy presence, Lord, or flee
The notice of thine eye.
2. Thine all-surrounding sight surveys
My rising and my rest;
My public walks, my private ways,
The secrets of my breast.
3. My thoughts lie open to the Lord,
Before they're formed within;
And ere my lips pronounce the word,
He knows the sense I mean.
4. Oh, wondrous knowledge, deep and high!
Where can a creature hide?
Within thy circling arms I lie,
Beset on every side.
5. So let thy grace surround me still,
And like a bulwark prove,
To guard my soul from every ill,
Secured by sovereign love.

113. "Whither shall I go from Thy Spirit?"
PSALM CXXXIX.

1. LORD, where shall guilty souls retire,
Forgotten and unknown?
In hell they meet thy dreadful fire,
In heaven, thy glorious throne.
2. Should I suppress my vital breath,
T' escape the wrath divine,
Thy voice would break the bars of death,
And make the grave resign.

3. If, winged with beams of morning light,
I fly beyond the west,
Thy hand, which must support my flight,
Would soon betray my rest.
4. If o'er my sins I think to draw
The curtains of the night,
Those flaming eyes that guard thy law
Would turn the shades to light.
5. The beams of noon, the midnight hour,
Are both alike to thee:
Oh, may I ne'er provoke that power
From which I cannot flee!

114. "The Lord searcheth all hearts."

1. GOD is a Spirit, just and wise;
He sees our inmost mind:
In vain to heaven we raise our cries,
And leave our hearts behind.
2. Nothing but truth before his throne
With honor can appear;
The painted hypocrites are known
Through the disguise they wear.
3. Their lifted eyes salute the skies;
Their bended knees the ground;
But God abhors the sacrifice,
Where not the heart is found.
4. Lord, search my tho'ts, and try my ways,
And make my soul sincere;
Then shall I stand before thy face,
And find acceptance there.

BOYLSTON. S. M.

DR. L. MASON.

O Lord, our heavenly King, Thy name is all di - vine; Thy glories round the

earth are spread, And o'er the heavens
[they shine.]

115.

"Lord, what is man!"
PSALM viii.

1. O LORD, our heavenly King,
Thy name is all divine:
Thy glories round the earth are spread,
And o'er the heavens they shine.
2. When I survey the stars,
And all their shining forms,
Lord, what is man, that worthless thing,
Akin to dust and worms!
3. Lord, what is worthless man,
That thou shouldst love him so!
Next to thine angels is he placed
And lord of all below.
4. O Lord, our heavenly King,
Thy name is all divine;
Thy glories round the earth are spread,
And o'er the heavens they shine.

116.

"He hath not dealt with us after our sins."
PSALM ciii.

1. MY soul, repeat his praise,
Whose mercies are so great:
Whose anger is so slow to rise,
So ready to abate.
2. God will not always chide;
And when his wrath is felt,
Its strokes are fewer than our crimes,
And lighter than our guilt.
3. His power subdues our sins,
And his forgiving love,
Far as the east is from the west
Doth all our guilt remove.

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

117.

"As a father pitieth his children."
PSALM ciii.

1. THE pity of the lord
To those who fear his name,
Is such as tender parents feel:
He knows our feeble frame.
2. He knows we are but dust,
Scattered with every breath:
His anger, like a rising wind,
Can send us swift to death.
3. Our days are as the grass,
Or like the morning flower;
If one sharp blast sweep o'er the field,
It withers in an hour.
4. But thy compassions, Lord,
To endless years endure;
And children's children ever find
Thy words of promise sure.

118.

*"Beautiful for situation, the joy of the
whole earth."* PSALM xlviii.

1. FAR as thy name is known,
The world declares thy praise;
Thy saints, O Lord, before thy throne,
Their songs of honor raise.
2. With joy thy people stand
On Zion's chosen hill,
Proclaim the wonders of thy hand,
And counsels of thy will.
3. How decent, and how wise!
How glorious to behold!
Beyond the pomp that charms the eyes,
And rites adorned with gold.
4. The God we worship now
Will guide us till we die;
Will be our God, while here below,
And ours above the sky.

ANTIOCH. C. M.

MOZART. Arranged by DR. MASON.

Joy to the world! the Lord is come! Let earth receive her King, Let ev-'ry heart pro-

pare him room, And heav'n and na-ture sing, And heav'n and na-ture sing, And
And heav'n and na-ture sing, And heav'n and na-ture

heav'n, And heav'n and na - ture sing.
sing,

119.

"Joy to the World."

1. Joy to the world! the Lord is come!
Let earth receive her King;
Let every heart prepare him room,
And heaven and nature sing.
2. Joy to the world! the Saviour reigns!
Let men their songs 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,
And wonders of his love.

120.

Object of Christ's Advent.
LUKE II.

1. HARK, the glad sound! the Saviour
comes,
The Saviour promised long:
Let every heart prepare a throne,
And every voice a song.
2. He comes, the prisoner to release,
In Satan's bondage held;
The gates of brass before him burst,
The iron fetters yield.

3. He comes, from thickest films of vice
To clear the mental ray,
And on the eyes long closed in night
To pour celestial day.
4. He comes, the broken heart to bind,
The bleeding soul to cure;
And, with the treasures of his grace,
Enrich the humble poor.

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

121.

"Unto us a Child is born."
ISAIAH ix. 6, 7.

1. To us a Child of hope is born,
To us a Son is given;
Him shall the tribes of earth obey,
Him all the hosts of heaven.
2. His name shall be the Prince of Peace
For evermore adored;
The Wonderful, the Counselor,
The great and mighty Lord!
3. His power, increasing, still shall sprea
His reign no end shall know;
Justice shall guard his throne above,
And peace abound below.
4. To us a Child of hope is born,
To us a Son is given;
The Wonderful, the Counselor,
The mighty Lord of heaven.

Doxology.

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

FOLSOM. 11s & 10s.

Arranged from MOZART.

Brightest and best of the sons of the morning! Dawn on our darkness, and lend us thine aid;

Star of the East, the ho - ri - zon a - dorn - ing, Guide where our in - fant Re - deem - er is laid.

122.

The Star in the East.

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

123.

"Arise, shine, for thy Light is come."

1. DAUGHTER of Zion! awake from thy sadness;
Awake, for thy foes shall oppress thee no more:
Bright o'er thy hills dawns the day-star of gladness;
Arise! for the night of thy sorrow is o'er.
2. Strong were thy foes, but the arm that subdued them,
And scattered their legions, was mightier far;
They fled, like the chaff, from the scourge that pursued them;
For vain were their steeds and their chariots of war!
3. Daughter of Zion! the Power that hath saved thee,
Extolled with the harp and the timbrel should be.
Shout! for the foe is destroyed that enslaved thee,
Th' oppressor is vanquished and Zion is free!

WARE. L. M.

GEO. KINGSLEY.

1. When marshal'd on the nightly plain, The glitt'ring host be - stud the sky,

One star a - lone, of all the train, Can fix the sinner's wand'-ring eye.

124.

The Star of Bethlehem.

2. HARK! hark! to God the chorus breaks,
From every host, from every gem;
But one alone the Saviour speaks:
It is the Star of Bethlehem.
3. Once on the raging seas I rode: [dark;
The storm was loud, the night was
The ocean yawned, and rudely blowed
The wind that tossed my foundering
bark.
4. Deep horror then my vitals froze;
Death-struck, I ceased the tide to stem;
When suddenly a star arose!
It was the Star of Bethlehem.
5. It was my guide, my light, my all;
It bade my dark forebodings cease;
And thro' the storm, and danger's thrall,
It led me to the port of peace.
6. Now safely moored, my perils o'er,
I'll sing, first in night's diadem,
For ever and for evermore,
The Star—the Star of Bethlehem!

125.

"His Loving-Kindness."

1. AWAKE, my soul, to joyful lays,
And sing the great Redeemer's praise;
He justly claims a song from me:
His loving-kindness, oh, how free!
2. He saw me ruined in the fall,
Yet loved me, notwithstanding all;
He saved me from my lost estate:
His loving-kindness, oh, how great!
3. Though numerous hosts of mighty foes,
Though earth and hell my way oppose,
He safely leads my soul along:
His loving-kindness, oh, how strong!
4. When trouble, like a gloomy cloud,
Has gathered thick and thundered loud,
He near my soul hath always stood:
His loving-kindness, oh, how good!
5. Soon shall I pass the gloomy vale;
Soon all my mortal powers must fail:
Oh, may my last expiring breath
His loving-kindness sing in death!
6. Then let me mount and soar away
To the bright world of endless day;
And sing, with rapture and surprise,
His loving-kindness in the skies!

126.

LUKE ii:14.

1. WAKE, O my soul, and hail the morn,
For unto us a Saviour's born;
See, how the angels wing their way
To usher in the glorious day!
2. Hark! what sweet music, what a song,
Sounds from the bright, celestial throng!
Sweet song, whose melting sounds impart
Joy to each raptured, listening heart!
3. Come, join the angels in the sky:
Glory to God, who reigns on high;
Let peace and love on earth abound,
While time revolves and years roll round.

WILMOT. 8s & 7s.

VEN WEBER.

1. Hark! what mean those ho - ly voices, Sweetly sounding through the skies?

Lo, th' an - gel - ic host re - joic - es; Heavenly hal - le - lu - jahs rise.

127.

LUKE II : 14.

2. HEAR them tell the wondrous story,
Hear them chant in hymns of joy:
Glory in the highest, glory!
Glory be to God most high!
3. Peace on earth, good will from heaven,
Reaching far as man is found;
Souls redeemed, and sins forgiven;
Loud our golden harps shall sound.
4. Christ is born, the Great Anointed;
Heaven and earth his praises sing;
Oh, receive whom God appointed.
For your Prophet, Priest, and King.
5. Haste, ye mortals, to adore him;
Learn his name, and taste his joy;
Till in heaven ye sing before him,
"Glory be to God most high."

128.

Praise for a Saviour.

1. LET our songs of praise ascending,
Rise to thee, O God most high;
While before thee, humbly bending,
Glory to thy name we cry.
2. With the shepherds in the story,
Let our hearts to Bethlehem go,
Where the Lord of life and glory
In a manger lieth low.
3. With the angels, filled with wonder,
Let us praise him in the height!
With the blesséd Virgin ponder
All love's mystery and might.

4. Age to age thy glory beareth
On the stream of time abroad;
Race to race thy name declareth,
Son of Mary! Son of God!
5. Heaven exults and earth rejoices
In the work that thou hast wrought;
Lord, attune our trembling voices,
Let us praise thee as we ought.

129.* "Christ is born in Bethlehem."

LUKE II.

1. HARK! the herald angels sing,
"Glory to the new-born King!
Peace on earth, and mercy mild;
God and sinners reconciled."
2. Joyful, all ye nations, rise;
Join the triumphs of the skies;
With th' angelic hosts proclaim,
"Christ is born in Bethlehem."
3. Mild he lays his glories by;
Born that man no more may die;
Born to raise the sons of earth;
Born to give them second birth.
4. Hail, the heaven-born Prince of Peace!
Hail, the Sun of Righteousness!
Light and life to all he brings,
Ris'n with healing in his wings.
5. Let us, then, with angels sing,
"Glory to the new-born King!
Peace on earth, and mercy mild;
God and sinners reconciled!"

* For this hymn, omit the *last note* in the first and third lines.

HEBER. C. M.

GEO. KINGSLEY.

1. Be - hold, where, in a mor - tal form, Ap - pears each grace di - vine ;
The vir - tues, all in Je - sus met, With mild - est ra - diance shine.

130. *All Virtues seen in Christ.*

2. To spread the rays of heavenly light,
To give the mourner joy,
To preach glad tidings to the poor,
Was his divine employ.
3. 'Mid keen reproach, and cruel scorn,
Patient and meek he stood:
His foes, ungrateful, sought his life;
He labored for their good.
4. In the last hour of deep distress,
Before his Father's throne,
With soul resigned, he bowed, and said,
"Thy will, not mine, be done!"
5. Be Christ our pattern and our guide;
His image may we bear;
Oh, may we tread his holy steps,
His joy and glory share!

131. *"He reviled not again."*

1. WHAT grace, O Lord, and beauty shone
Around thy steps below!
What patient love was seen in all
Thy life and death of woe!
2. For, ever on thy burdened heart
A weight of sorrow hung;
Yet no ungentle, murm'ring word
Escaped thy silent tongue.
3. Thy foes might hate, despise, revile,
Thy friends unfaithful prove;
Unwearied in forgiveness still,
Thy heart could only love.

4. Oh, give us hearts to love like thee!
Like thee, O Lord, to grieve
Far more for others' sins than all
The wrongs that we receive.
5. One with thyself, may every eye,
In us, thy brethren, see
The gentleness and grace that spring
From union, Lord! with thee.

132. *The Way, and the Truth, and the Life.*
JOHN xiv: 6.

1. THOU art the Way: to thee alone
From sin and death we flee;
And he who would the Father seek,
Must seek him, Lord, by thee.
2. Thou art the Truth: thy word alone
True wisdom can impart;
Thou only canst instruct the mind,
And purify the heart.
3. Thou art the Life: the rending tomb
Proclaims thy conqu'ring arm;
And those who put their trust in thee
Nor death nor hell shall harm.
4. Thou art the Way, the Truth, the Life:
Grant us to know that Way;
That Truth to keep, that Life to win,
Which leads to endless day.

Doxology.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
One God, whom we adore,
Be glory as it was, is now,
And shall be evermore!

WARD. L. M.

SCOTTISH.

My dear Redeemer, and my Lord, I read my du - ty in thy word;

But in thy life the law ap-pears, Drawn out in liv - ing char - ac - ters.

133.

Christ our Example.

1. MY dear Redeemer, and my Lord,
I read my duty in thy word;
But in thy life the law appears,
Drawn out in living characters.
2. Such was thy truth, and such thy zeal,
Such deference to thy Father's will,
Such love and meekness so divine,
I would transcribe and make them mine.
3. Cold mountains and the midnight air
Witnessed the fervor of thy prayer:
The desert thy temptation knew,
Thy conflict, and thy victory, too.
4. Be thou my pattern; make me bear
More of thy gracious image here:
Then God, the Judge, shall own my name
Among the followers of the Lamb.

134.

'He so loved the world.'

JOHN xvi: 17.

1. NOT to condemn the sons of men,
Did Christ, the Son of God, appear;
No weapons in his hands are seen,
No flaming sword, nor thunder there.
2. Such was the pity of our God,
He loved the race of men so well,
He sent his Son to bear our load
Of sins, and save our souls from hell.
3. Sinners, believe the Saviour's word;
Trust in his mighty name, and live:
A thousand joys his lips afford,
His hands a thousand blessings give.

135.

'Thy throne, O God, is forever and ever.'

PSALM xiv.

1. Now be my heart inspired to sing
The glories of my Saviour King:
Jesus, the Lord, how heavenly fair
His form! how bright his beauties are!
2. O'er all the sons of human race
He shines with a superior grace;
Love from his lips divinely flows,
And blessings all his state compose.
3. Thy throne, O God, for ever stands!
Grace is the scepter in thy hands:
Thy laws and works are just and right,
Justice and grace are thy delight.
4. God, thine own God, has richly shed
His oil of gladness on thy head;
And with his sacred Spirit blest
His first-born Son above the rest.

136.

Invitations of Christ.

1. How sweetly flowed the gospel sound
From lips of gentleness and grace,
When list'ning thousands gathered round,
And joy and reverence filled the place!
2. From heaven he came, of heaven he spoke,
To heaven he led his followers' way;
Dark clouds of gloomy night he broke,
Unveiling an immortal day.
3. "Come, wanderers, to my Father's home,
Come, all ye weary ones, and rest;"
Yes, sacred Teacher, we will come,
Obey thee, love thee, and be blest.

OLIVES' BROW. L. M.

W. B. BRADBURY.

1. How beauteous were the marks divine, That in thy meekness used to shine,

That lit thy lonely path-way, trod In wondrous love, O Son of God!

137.

"Oh, who like Thee!"

2. Oh, who like thee, so calm, so bright,
So pure, so made to live in light?
Oh, who like thee did ever go
So patient through a world of woe?
3. Oh, who like thee so humbly bore
The scorn, the scoffs of men, before?
So meek, forgiving, godlike, high,
So glorious in humility?
4. Ev'n death, which sets the pris'ner free,
Was pang, and scoff, and scorn to thee;
Yet love through all thy torture glowed,
And mercy with thy life-blood flowed.
5. Oh, in thy light be mine to go,
Illuming all my way of woe!
And give me ever on the road
To trace thy footsteps, Son of God!

138.

The Conflict.

1. 'Tis midnight, and, on Olives' brow,
The star is dimmed that lately shown;
'Tis midnight; in the garden now
The suffering Saviour prays alone.
2. 'Tis midnight; and, from all removed.
The Saviour wrestles lone with fears;
Ev'n that disciple whom he loved
Heeds not his Master's griefs and tears.
3. 'Tis midnight; and, for others' guilt,
The Man of sorrows weeps in blood;
Yet he, who 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.

139.

"When I survey the wondrous Cross."

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

140.

"I would forever speak His name."

1. Oh, the sweet wonders of that cross
Where my Redeemer loved and died!
Her noblest life my spirit draws
From his dear wounds and bleeding side.
2. I would for ever speak his name,
In sounds to mortal ears unknown;
With angels join to praise the Lamb,
And worship at his Father's throne.

LENOX. H. M.

EDSON.

Yes, the Re-deem-er rose; The Sav-iour left the dead; And o'er our hell-ish

foes High raised his con-qu'ring head: In wild dis-may, the guards a-round

Fall to the ground, and sink a-way, Fall to the ground, and sink a-way.

141. "Thou Rising, Reigning God."

1. YES, the Redeemer rose;
The Saviour left the dead;
And o'er our hellish foes
High raised his conqu'ring head:
In wild dismay, the guards around
Fall to the ground, and sink away.
2. Lo! the angelic bands
In full assembly meet,
To wait his high commands,
And worship at his feet:
Joyful they come, and wing their way
From realms of day to Jesus' tomb.
3. Then back to heaven they fly,
And the glad tidings 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.

142. "The debt of Love."

1. COME, every pious heart
That loves the Saviour's name,
Your noblest powers exert
To celebrate his fame:
Tell all above, and all below,
The debt of love to him you owe.
2. He left his starry crown,
And laid his robes aside;
On wings of love came down,
And wept, and bled, and died!
What he endured, O, who can tell?
To save our souls from death and hell!
3. From the dark grave he rose,
The mansions of the dead;
And thence his mighty foes
In glorious triumph led:
Up thro' the sky the Conqu'ror rode,
And reigns on high, the Saviour-God.
4. From thence he'll quickly come—
His chariot will not stay—
And bear our spirits home
To realms of endless day
There shall we see his lovely face
And ever be in his embrace.

Doxology.

To GOD, the Father, Son,
And Spirit ever blest,
Eternal Three in One,
All worship be addressed:
As heretofore it was, is now,
And shall be so for evermore.

143. "Good tidings of great joy."
LUKE ii.

1. HARK! hark! the notes of joy
Roll o'er the heavenly plains,
And seraphs find employ
For their sublimest strains:
Some new delight in heaven is known;
Loud sound the harps around the throne.
2. Hark! hark! the sound draws nigh,—
The joyful host descends;
Jesus forsakes the sky,
To earth his footsteps bend;
He comes to bless our fallen race;
He comes with messages of grace.
3. Bear, bear the tidings round!
Let every mortal know
What love in God is found,
What pity he can show:
Ye winds that blow, ye waves that roll,
Bear the glad news from pole to pole.
4. Strike, strike the harps again,
To great Immanuel's name!
Arise, ye sons of men,
And all his grace proclaim:
Angels and men, wake every string,
'Tis God the Saviour's praise we sing.

144. *The Year of Jubilee.*

1. Blow ye the trumpet, blow,
The gladly solemn sound!
Let all the nations know,
To earth's remotest bound:
The year of jubilee has come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.
2. Jesus, our great High Priest,
Hath full atonement made:
Ye weary spirits, rest;
Ye mournful souls, be glad:
The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.
3. Exalt the Lamb of God,
The sin-atonement Lamb;
Redemption in his blood
To all the world proclaim:
The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.
4. The gospel trumpet hear,—
The news of heavenly grace;
And, saved from earth, appear
Before your Saviour's face:
The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

145. "Chosen of God and precious."

1. JOIN all the glorious names
Of wisdom, love, and power,
That ever mortals knew,
That angels ever bore:
All are too mean to speak his worth,
Too mean to set my Saviour forth.
2. Great Prophet of our God!
My tongue would bless thy name;
By thee the joyful news
Of our salvation came:
The joyful news of sins forgiven,
Of hell subdued, and peace with heaven.
3. Jesus, our great High Priest,
Offered his blood and died;
My guilty conscience seeks
No sacrifice beside;
His powerful blood did once atone,
And now it pleads before the throne.
4. O thou almighty Lord!
My Conqueror and my King!
Thy scepter and thy sword,
Thy reigning grace I sing:
Thine is the power; behold, I sit,
In willing bonds, beneath thy feet.

146. "Rejoice, the Lord is King!"

1. REJOICE! the Lord is King;
Your Lord and King adore:
Mortals, give thanks and sing,
And triumph evermore!
Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice;
Rejoice!—again I say, rejoice!
2. Jesus, the Saviour, reigns,
The God of truth and love;
When he had purged our stains,
He took his seat above:
Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice;
Rejoice!—again I say, rejoice!
3. His kingdom cannot fail;
He rules o'er earth and heaven;
The keys of death and hell
Are to our Jesus given:
Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice;
Rejoice!—again I say, rejoice!
4. Rejoice in glorious hope:
Jesus, the Judge, shall come,
And take his servants up
To their eternal home:
We soon shall hear th' archangel's voice
The trump of God shall sound, Rejoice!

DUKE STREET. L. M.

HATTON.

Our Lord is ris - en from the dead, Our Jesus is gone up on high;

The pow'rs of hell are cap - tive led, Dragged to the por - tals of the sky.

147.

The King of Glory.
PSALM xxiv.

1. OUR Lord is risen from the dead,
Our Jesus is gone up on high;
The powers of hell are captive led,
Dragged to the portals of the sky.
2. There his triumphal chariot waits,
And angels chant the solemn lay:
Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates!
Ye everlasting doors, give way!
3. Loose all your bars of massy light,
And wide unfold th' ethereal scene:
He claims these mansions as his right;
Receive the King of glory in.
4. Who is the King of glory—who?
The Lord who all our foes o'ercame;
Who sin, and death, and hell o'erthrew;
And Jesus is the Conqueror's name.
5. Lo! his triumphal chariot waits,
And angels chant the solemn lay:
Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates!
Ye everlasting doors, give way!
6. Who is the King of glory—who?
The Lord, of boundless power possessed;
The King of saints and angels too,
God over all, for ever blessed.

148.

"O Death, where is thy sting?"

1. HE dies! the Friend of sinners dies!
Lo! Salem's daughters weep around:
A solemn darkness veils the skies;
A sudden trembling shakes the ground.

2. Here's love and grief beyond degree:
The Lord of glory dies for men!
But, lo! what sudden joys we see,
Jesus, the dead, revives again!
3. The rising God forsakes the tomb;
Up to his Father's courts he flies:
Cherubic legions guard him home,
And shout him welcome to the skies.
4. Say, "Live for ever, glorious King,
Born to redeem, and strong to save!
Where now, O Death, where is thy sting?
And where thy victory, boasting Grave?"

149.

"Unto the Lamb for ever."
REV. v.

1. WHAT equal honors shall we bring
To thee, O Lord our God, the Lamb,
When all the notes that angels sing
Are far inferior to thy name?
2. Worthy is he who once was slain, [died:
The Prince of Peace, who groaned and
Worthy to rise, and live, and reign
At his almighty Father's side.
3. Blessings for ever on the Lamb,
Who bore the curse for wretched men.
Let angels sound his sacred name,
And every creature say, Amen!

Doxology.

PRaise God, from whom all blessings flow:
Praise him, all creatures here below!
Praise him above, ye heavenly host!
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost!

HARWELL. 8s & 7s. Double.

DR. L. MASON. FIN.

Hark! ten thousand harps and voices Sound the note of praise above:
 Je - sus reigns, and heaven rejoices; Je - sus reigns, the God of love:
 See, he sits on yonder throne; Je - sus rules the world alone.

See, he sits..... on yonder throne; Je - sus rules..... the world a - lone.

150.

Joy in Christ's Reign.

1. HARK! ten thousand harps and voices
 Sound the note of praise above:
 Jesus reigns, and heaven rejoices;
 Jesus reigns, the God of love:
 See, he sits on yonder throne;
 Jesus rules the world alone.
2. King of glory, reign forever!
 Thine an everlasting crown:
 Nothing from thy love shall sever
 Those whom thou hast made thine own:
 Happy objects of thy grace,
 Destined to behold thy face.
3. Saviour, hasten thine appearing;
 Bring, oh, bring the glorious day,
 When the awful summons hearing,
 Heaven and earth shall pass away!
 Then, with golden harps, we'll sing,
 "Glory, glory to our King!"

151.

Worship of the living Christ.

1. JESUS, hail! enthroned in glory,
 There for ever to abide;
 All the heavenly hosts adore thee,
 Seated at thy Father's side.
2. There for sinners thou art pleading,
 There thou dost our place prepare;
 Ever for us interceding,
 Till in glory we appear.
3. Worship, honor, power, and blessing,
 Thou art worthy to receive;
 Loudest praises, without ceasing,
 Meet it is for us to give.

4. Help, ye bright angelic spirits!
 Bring your sweetest, noblest lays:
 Help to sing our Saviour's merits;
 Help to chant Immanuel's praise

152.

"The Desire of all Nations."

1. COME, thou long expected Jesus,
 Born to set thy people free;
 From our fears and sins release us;
 Let us find our rest in thee.
2. Israel's strength and consolation,
 Hope of all the earth thou art;
 Dear desire of every nation,
 Joy of every longing heart.
3. Born, thy people to deliver;
 Born a child, and yet a King;
 Born to reign in us for ever,
 Now thy gracious kingdom bring.
4. By thine own eternal Spirit,
 Rule in all our hearts alone;
 By thine all-sufficient merit,
 Raise us to thy glorious throne.

Doxology.

PRAISE the God of our salvation,
 Praise the Father's boundless love;
 Praise the Lamb, our expiation;
 Praise the Spirit from above;
 Praise the Fountain of salvation,
 Him by whom our spirits live;
 Undivided adoration
 To the one Jehovah give!

CORONATION. C. M.

O. HOLDEN.

All hail, the pow'r of Je-sus' name! Let angels prostrate fall: Bring forth the royal di-a-dem,

And crown him Lord of all! Bring forth the royal di - a - dem, And crown him Lord of all!

153.

The Coronation.

1. 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,
A remnant weak and small,
Hail him who saves you by his grace,
And crown him Lord of all!
3. Sinners, whose love can ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall,
Go, spread your trophies at his feet,
And crown him Lord of all!
4. Let every kindred, every tribe,
On this terrestrial ball,
To him all majesty ascribe,
And crown him Lord of all!
5. Oh, that with yonder sacred throng,
We at his feet may fall!
We'll join the everlasting song,
And crown him Lord of all!

154.

The Voice of many Angels.
REV. V.

1. COME, let us join our cheerful songs
With angels round the throne;
Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,
But all their joys are one.
2. "Worthy the Lamb that died," they cry,
"To be exalted thus!"
"Worthy the Lamb!" our lips reply,
"For he was slain for us."
3. Jesus is worthy to receive
Honor and power divine;
And blessings, more than we can give,
Be, Lord, forever thine!

4. Let all that dwell above the sky,
And air, and earth, and seas,
Conspire to lift thy glories high,
And speak thine endless praise.

5. The whole creation join in one,
To bless the sacred name
Of him who sits upon the throne,
And to adore the Lamb!

155.

"Thou shalt call his name Jesus."

1. OH, for a thousand tongues to sing
My dear Redeemer's praise
The glories of my God and King,
The triumphs of his grace.
 2. My gracious Master and my God,
Assist me to proclaim,
To spread through all the earth abroad
The honors of thy name.
 3. Jesus! the name that calms our fears,
That bids our sorrows cease—
'Tis music to my ravished ears,
'Tis life, and health, and peace.
 4. He breaks the pow'r of reigning sin,
He sets the prisoner free;
His blood can make the foulest clean;
His blood availed for me.
 5. He speaks; and, listening to his voice,
New life the dead receive;
The mourning, broken hearts rejoice,
The humble poor believe.
- Doxology.*
- To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
One God, whom we adore,
Be glory as it was, is now,
And shall be evermore!

ORTONVILLE. C. M.

DR. HASTINGS.

1. Ma - jes - tic sweetness sits en - throned Up - on the Saviour's brow; His

head with radiant glories crown'd, His lips with grace o'erflow.

156.

"This is my Friend."
CANT. v : 10-16.

2. No mortal can with him compare,
Among the sons of men;
Fairer is he than all the fair
That fill the heavenly train.
3. He saw me plunged in deep distress,
He flew to my relief;
For me he bore the shameful cross,
And carried all my grief.
4. To him I owe my life and breath,
And all the joys I have;
He makes me triumph over death,
He saves me from the grave.
5. To heaven, the place of his abode,
He brings my weary feet;
Shows me the glories of my God,
And makes my joy complete.
6. Since from his bounty I receive
Such proofs of love divine,
Had I a thousand hearts to give,
Lord! they should all be thine.

157. "The unsearchable riches of Christ."

1. To our Redeemer's glorious name
Awake the sacred song;
Oh, may his love—immortal flame!—
Tune every heart and tongue.
2. His love, what mortal thought can reach!
What mortal tongue display!
Imagination's utmost stretch
In wonder dies away.
3. Dear Lord, while we, adoring, pay
Our humble thanks to thee,

May every heart with rapture say,
"The Saviour died for me!"

4. Oh, may the sweet, the blissful theme,
Fill every heart and tongue!
Till strangers love thy charming name,
And join the sacred song.

158.

The New Song.
REV. v.

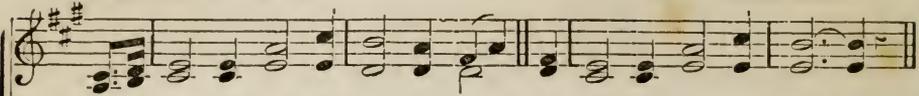
1. BEHOLD the glories of the Lamb,
Amid his Father's throne;
Prepare new honors for his name,
And songs before unknown.
2. Let elders worship at his feet,
The church adore around,
With vials full of odors sweet,
And harps of sweeter sound.
3. Those are the prayers of all the saints,
And these the hymns they raise:
Jesus is kind to our complaints,
He loves to hear our praise.
4. Now to the Lamb that once was slain,
Be endless blessings paid!
Salvation, glory, joy, remain
For ever on thy head!
5. Thou hast redeemed our souls with blood,
Hast set the prisoners free,
Hast made us kings and priests to God,
And we shall reign with thee.

Doxology.

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

MAITLAND, C. M.

G. N. ALLEN.



1. The head that once was crown'd with thorns Is crown'd with glory now ;



A roy - al di - a - dem a - dorns The might-y Vic - tor's brow.



159.

HEBREWS ii : 9.

2. THE highest place that heaven affords
Is his by sovereign right ;
The King of kings, and Lord of lords,
He reigns in glory bright.
3. Jesus, the joy of all above !
The joy of all below,
To whom he manifests his love,
And grants his name to know
4. To them the cross, with all its shame,
With all its grace is given ;
Their name—an everlasting name,
Their joy—the joy of heaven.
5. To them the cross is life and health,
Though shame and death to him :
His people's hope, his people's wealth,
Their everlasting theme.

160.

The Love of Christ.

1. THE Saviour ! Oh, what endless charms
Dwell in the blissful sound !
Its influence every fear disarms,
And spreads sweet comfort round.
2. Wrapped in the gloom of dark despair,
We helpless, hopeless lay ;
But sovereign mercy reached us there,
And smiled despair away.
3. Th' almighty Former of the skies
Stooped to our vile abode ;
While angels viewed with wondering eyes,
And hailed th' incarnate God.

4. Here pardon, life, and joys divine,
In rich effusion flow,
For guilty rebels lost in sin,
And doomed to endless woe.
5. Come, heavenly love, inspire my song,
With thy immortal flame,
And teach my heart, and teach my tongue,
The Saviour's lovely name.

161.

The Suffering Saviour exalted.

1. HE, who on earth as man was known,
And bore our sins and pains,
Now, seated on th' eternal throne,
The God of glory reigns.
2. His hands the wheels of nature guide
With an unerring skill ;
And countless worlds, extended wide,
Obey his sovereign will.
3. While harps unnumbered sound his praise
In yonder world above,
His saints on earth admire his ways,
And glory in his love.
4. When troubles, like a burning sun,
Beat heavy on their head,
To this almighty Rock they run,
And find a pleasing shade.
5. How glorious he ! how happy they,
In such a glorious friend !
Whose love secures them all the way,
And crowns them at the end.

BARTIMEUS. 8s & 7s.

American Melody.

1. Look, ye saints, the sight is glo-rious! See the Man of sor-rows now

From the fight re-tur'n'd vic-to-rious; Ev-'ry knee to him shall bow.

162.

HEB. xii. 2.

2. Crown the Saviour! angels, crown him!
Rich the trophies Jesus brings;
In the seat of power enthroned him,
Crown the Saviour King of kings!
3. Sinners in derision crowned him,
Mocking thus the Saviour's claim;
Saints and angels! crowd around him,
Own his title, praise his name.
4. Hark, those bursts of acclamation,
Hark, those loud, triumphant chords!
Jesus takes the highest station;
King of kings, and Lord of lords!

163.

"Over all, God blessed forever."

1. CROWN his head with endless blessing,
Who, in God the Father's name,
With compassions never ceasing,
Comes salvation to proclaim.
2. Lo! Jehovah, we adore thee;
Thee, our Saviour; thee, our God!
From his throne his beams of glory
Shine through all the world abroad.
3. Jesus, thee our Saviour hailing
Thee, our God, in praise we own;
Highest honors, never failing,
Rise eternal round thy throne.
4. Now, ye saints, his power confessing,
In your grateful strains adore;
For his mercy, never ceasing,
Flows, and flows for evermore.

164.

Glorying in the Cross.

11

1. IN the cross of Christ I glory,
Towering o'er the wrecks of time;
All the light of sacred story
Gathers round its head sublime.
2. When the woes of life o'ertake me,
Hopes deceive, and fears annoy,
Never shall the cross forsake me:
Lo! it glows with peace and joy.
3. When the sun of bliss is beaming
Light and love upon my way,
From the cross the radiance streaming,
Adds new luster to the day.
4. Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure,
By the cross are sanctified;
Peace is there, that knows no measure,
Joys that through all time abide.
5. In the cross of Christ I glory,
Towering o'er the wreck of time;
All the light of sacred story
Gathers round its head sublime.

Doxology.

PRAISE the God of our salvation,
Praise the Father's boundless love;
Praise the Lamb, our expiation;
Praise the Spirit from above:

Praise the Fountain of salvation,
Him by whom our spirits live;
Undivided adoration
To the one Jehovah give!

AMERICA. 6s & 4s.

ENGLISH.

Glo-ry to God on high! Let heav'n and earth re-ply. "Praise ye his name!" His love and
 grace a-dore, Who all our sor-rows bore; Sing loud for ev-er-more, "Wor-thy the Lamb."

165. "The Lamb that was Slain."
REV. V.

1. GLORY to God on high!
 Let heaven and earth reply,
 "Praise ye his name!"
 His love and grace adore,
 Who all our sorrows bore;
 Sing loud for evermore,
 "Worthy the Lamb!"
2. While they around the throne
 Cheerfully join in one,
 Praising his name,
 Ye, who have felt his blood
 Sealing your peace with God,
 Sound his dear name abroad,
 "Worthy the Lamb!"
3. Join, all ye ransomed race,
 Our Lord and God to bless:
 Praise ye his name!
 In him we will rejoice,
 And make a joyful noise,
 Shouting with heart and voice,
 "Worthy the Lamb!"
4. Soon must we change our place;
 Yet we will never cease
 Praising his name:
 To him our songs we bring;
 Hail him our gracious King;
 And, through all ages sing,
 "Worthy the Lamb!"

166. "Worthy is the Lamb."
REV. V.

1. COME, all ye saints of God,
 Wide through the earth abroad
 Spread Jesus' fame:
 Tell what his love hath done;
 Trust in his name alone;
 Shout to his lofty throne,
 "Worthy the Lamb!"
2. Hence, gloomy doubts and fears!
 Dry up your mournful tears;
 Swell the glad theme:

To Christ, our gracious King,
 Strike each melodious string,
 Join heart and voice to sing,
 "Worthy the Lamb!"

3. Hark! how the choirs above,
 Filled with the Saviour's love,
 Dwell on his name!
 There, too, may we be found,
 With light and glory crowned,
 While all the heavens resound,
 "Worthy the Lamb!"

167. "That at the name of Jesus every knee
should bow."

1. LET us awake our joys;
 Strike up with cheerful voice;
 Each creature sing:
 Angels! begin the song;
 Mortals! the strain prolong,
 In accents sweet and strong,
 "Jesus is King!"
2. Proclaim abroad his name;
 Tell of his matchless fame;
 What wonders done!
 Above, beneath, around,
 Let all the earth resound,
 Till heaven's high arch rebound,
 "Vict'ry is won!"
3. He vanquished sin and hell,
 And our last foe will quell;
 Mourners, rejoice!
 His dying love adore;
 Praise him, now raised in power:
 Praise him for evermore,
 With joyful voice.
4. All hail the glorious day,
 When, thro' the heavenly way,
 Lo, he shall come!
 While they who pierced him wail,
 His promise shall not fail;
 Saints, see your King prevail:
 Great Saviour, come!

ROSEDALE. L. M.

GEO. F. ROOR.

1. E - ter - nal Spir - it, we con - fess And sing the wonders of thy grace,

Thy power conveys our blessings down From God the Fa - ther and the Son.

168. *The power of the Holy Spirit.*

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

169. *Prayer for the Teaching of the Spirit.*

1. COME, blesséd Spirit! Source of light,
Whose power and grace are unconfined,
Dispel the gloomy shades of night,
The thicker darkness of the mind.
2. To mine illumined eyes display
The glorious truths thy word reveals;
Cause me to run the heavenly way;
The book unfold, and loose the seals.
3. Thine inward teachings make me know
The myst'ries of redeeming love,
The vanity of things below,
And excellence of things above.
4. While thro' this dubious maze I stray,
Spread, like the sun, thy beams abroad;
Oh, show the dangers of the way,
And guide my feeble steps to God!

170.

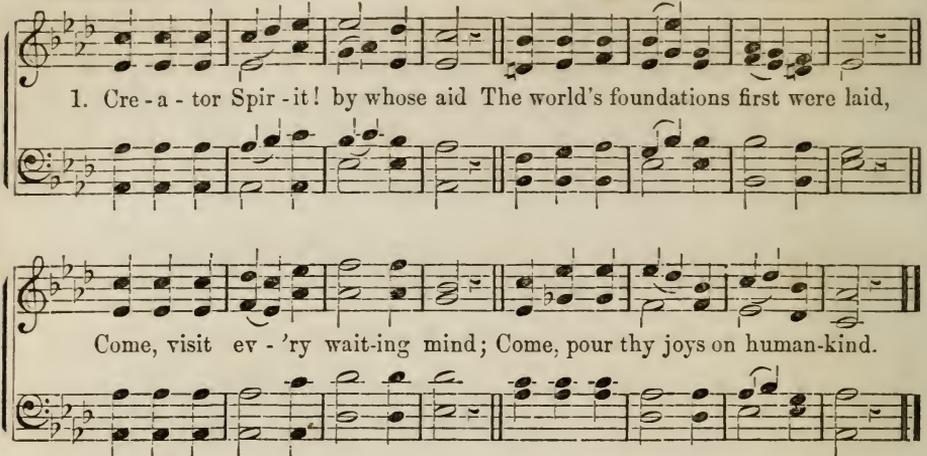
1. COME, Holy Spirit! calm my mind,
And fit me to approach my God;
Remove each vain, each worldly thought,
And lead me to thy blest abode.
2. Hast thou imparted to my soul
A living spark of holy fire?
Oh, kindle now the sacred flame;
Make me to burn with pure desire.
3. A brighter faith and hope impart,
And let me now my Saviour see;
Oh, soothe and cheer my burdened heart,
And bid my spirit rest in thee.

171. *Prayer for the Guidance of the Spirit.*

1. COME, gracious Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With light and comfort from above;
Be thou our guardian, thou our guide,
O'er every thought and step preside.
2. The light of truth to us display,
And make us know and choose thy way;
Plant holy fear in every heart,
That we from God may ne'er depart.
3. Lead us to holiness—the road
Which we must take to dwell with God;
Lead us to Christ, the living way,
Nor let us from his pastures stray.
4. Lead us to God, our final rest,
To be with him for ever blest;
Lead us to heaven, its bliss to share—
Fullness of joy for ever there!

ROSE HILL. L. M.

From Root & Sweetzer's Collection.



1. Cre-a - tor Spir - it! by whose aid The world's foundations first were laid,
Come, visit ev - 'ry wait-ing mind; Come, pour thy joys on human-kind.

172.

Invocation of the Spirit.

2. THRICE holy Fount, thrice holy Fire,
Our hearts with heavenly love inspire;
Come, and thy sacred unction bring
To sanctify us, while we sing.
3. Make us eternal truths receive,
And practice all that we believe;
Give us thyself, that we may see
The Father and the Son, by thee.
2. Whene'er to call the Saviour mine,
With ardent wish my heart aspires,
Can it be less than power divine
That animates these strong desires?
3. And when my cheerful hope can say
I love my God, and taste his grace,
Lord, is it not thy blissful ray
That brings this dawn of sacred peace?

173.

Creator-Spirit.

1. COME, O Creator-Spirit blest!
And in our souls take up thy rest;
Come, with thy grace and heavenly aid,
To fill the hearts which thou hast made.
2. Great Comforter, to thee we cry;
O highest gift of God most high!
O fount of life! O fire of love!
And sweet anointing from above!
3. Kindle our senses from above,
And make our hearts o'erflow with love;
With patience firm, and virtue high,
The weakness of our flesh supply.
4. Far from us drive the foe we dread,
And grant us thy true peace instead;
So shall we not, with thee for guide,
Turn from the path of life aside.
4. Let thy kind Spirit in my heart
For ever dwell, O God of love;
And light and heavenly peace impart,
Sweet earnest of the joys above.

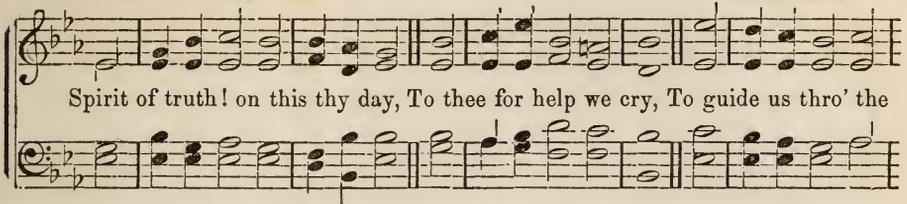
175.

Prayer for the continuance of the Spirit.

1. STAY, thou insulted Spirit, stay!
Though I have done thee such despite,
Cast not a sinner quite away,
Nor take thine everlasting flight.
2. 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;
3. Yet, oh, the chief of sinners spare,
In honor of my great High Priest!
Nor, in thy righteous anger, swear
I shall not see thy people's rest.
1. SURE the blest Comforter is nigh;
'Tis he sustains my fainting heart:
Else would my hope for ever die,
And every cheering ray depart.
4. O Lord, my weary soul release,
Upraise me by thy gracious hand;
Guide me into thy perfect peace,
And bring me to the promised land.

DOWNS. C. M.

DR. L. MASON.



Spirit of truth! on this thy day, To thee for help we cry, To guide us thro' the
dreary way Of dark mortal-i - ty.

176. "To Thee for help we cry."

1. SPIRIT of truth! on this thy day,
To thee for help we cry,
To guide us through the dreary way
Of dark mortality.
2. We ask not, Lord, the cloven flame,
Or tongues of various tone;
But long thy praises to proclaim
With fervor in our own.
3. No heavenly harpings soothe our ear,
No mystic dreams we share;
Yet hope to feel thy comfort near,
And bless thee in our prayer.
4. When tongues shall cease, and pow'r decay,
And knowledge empty prove,
Do thou thy trembling servants stay,
With faith, and hope, and love.

177. "Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove."

1. COME, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With all thy quickening powers,
Kindle a flame of sacred love
In these cold hearts of ours.
2. Dear Lord! and shall we ever live
At this poor, dying rate?
Our love so faint, so cold to thee,
And thine to us so great?
3. Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove!
With all thy quickening powers!
Come, shed abroad a Saviour's love,
And that shall kindle ours.

178. *Prayer for the Witness of the Spirit.*

1. WHY should the children of a King
Go mourning all their days?
Great Comforter! descend and bring
Some tokens of thy grace.
2. Dost thou not dwell in all thy saints,
And seal them heirs of heaven?
When wilt thou banish my complaints,
And show my sins forgiven?
3. Assure my conscience of her part
In my Redeemer's blood;
And bear thy witness with my heart
That I am born of God.
4. Thou art the earnest of his love,
The pledge of joys to come;
And thy soft wings, celestial Dove,
Will safe convey me home.

179. *Adoration.*

1. O HOLY, holy, holy Lord!
Jehovah! King of kings!
To thee, exalted and adored,
Thy church her homage brings.
2. O Father! hallowed be thy name!
The pure shall see thy face,
Thy justice and thy love proclaim,—
Thy grandeur and thy grace.
3. O Son! with matchless glory crowned!
Anointed Conqu'ror thou!
Above all names in heaven renowned,
To thee all knees shall bow.
4. O Spirit! infinite in might!
Illumined by thy ray,
The world, reclaimed from nature's night,
Shall own thy gracious sway.
5. O holy, holy, holy Lord!
Jehovah! God alone!
O'er all exalted and adored!
Eternal is thy throne!

BADEA. S. M.

GERMAN

Come, Ho - ly Spir - it, come! Let thy bright beams a - rise:
Dis - pel the sor - row from our minds, The darkness from our eyes.

180. *Prayer for the sanctifying Influence of the Spirit.*

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

181. *Blest Comforter Divine.*

1. BLEST Comforter divine!
Let rays of heavenly love
Amid our gloom and darkness shine,
And guide our souls above.
2. Turn us, with gentle voice,
From every sinful way,
And bid the mourning saint rejoice,
Though earthly joys decay

3. By thine inspiring breath
Make every cloud of care,
And ev'n the gloomy vale of death,
A smile of glory wear.
4. Oh! fill thou every heart
With love to all our race;
Great Comforter, to us impart
These blessings of thy grace.

182. *The Spirit's presence.*

1. THE Comforter has come,
We feel his presence here,
Our hearts would now no longer roam,
But bow in filial fear.
2. This tenderness of love,
This hush of solemn power,—
'Tis heaven descending from above,
To fill this favored hour.
3. Earth's darkness all has fled,
Heaven's light serenely shines,
And every heart, divinely led,
To holy thought inclines.
4. No more let sin deceive,
Nor earthly cares betray,
Oh, let us never, never grieve
The Comforter away!

Doxology.

THE Father and the Son
And Spirit we adore;
We praise, we bless, we worship thee,
Both now and evermore!

ELYRIA. 7s.

From CHERUBINI.

Ho - ly Ghost, with light di - vine, Shine up - on this heart of mine!

Chase the shades of night a - way, Turn my dark - ness in - to day.

183. "Holy Spirit, all Divine!"

1. HOLY GHOST, with light divine,
Shine upon this heart of mine!
Chase the shades of night away,
Turn my darkness into day.
2. Holy Ghost, with power divine,
Cleanse this guilty heart of mine;
Long hath sin, without control,
Held dominion o'er my soul.
3. Holy Ghost, with joy divine,
Cheer this saddened heart of mine;
Bid my many woes depart,
Heal my wounded, bleeding heart!
4. Holy Spirit, all divine,
Dwell within this heart of mine;
Cast down every idol-throne;
Reign supreme, and reign alone!

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

185. "It is God that worketh in you."

1. HOLY GHOST, thou Source of light!
We invoke thy kindling ray;
Dawn upon our spirits' night,
Turn our darkness into day.
2. To the anxious soul impart
Hope, all other hopes above;
Stir the dull and hardened heart
With a longing and a love.
3. Give the struggling peace for strife,
Give the doubting light for gloom;
Speed the living into life,
Warn the dying of their doom.
4. Work in all, in all renew,
Day by day, the life divine;
All our wills to thee subdue,
All our hearts to thee incline.

Life of all that lives below!
Let thy Spirit in us flow;
Let us all thy life receive,
From thee, in thee, ever live.

Doxology.

SING we to our God above
Praise eternal as his love;
Praise him, all ye heavenly host—
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

184.

2 COR. i: 22.

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

BLATCHFORD. 7s & 5s.

D. E. JONES.

Ho-ly Ghost, the In-fin-ite! Shine up-on our nature's night With thy blessed

in-ward light, Comforter Divine!

186. "The Comforter, which is the Holy Ghost."
JOHN xiv: 26.

1. HOLY GHOST, the Infinite!
Shine upon our nature's night
With thy blessed inward light,
Comforter Divine!
2. We are sinful: cleanse us, Lord;
We are faint; thy strength afford;
Lost—until by thee restored,
Comforter Divine!
3. Like the dew, thy peace distill;
Guide, subdue our wayward will,
Things of Christ unfolding still,
Comforter Divine!
4. In us, for us, intercede,
And, with voiceless groaning, plead
Our unutterable need,
Comforter Divine!
5. In us "Abba Father," cry—
Earnest of our bliss on high,
Seal of immortality—
Comforter Divine!
6. Search for us the depths of God;
Bear us up the starry road,
To the height of thine abode,
Comforter Divine!

187. "Touched with the feeling of our infirmities."

1. WHEN our heads are bowed with woe;
When our bitter tears o'erflow;
When we mourn the lost, the dear,
Gracious Saviour, hear!

2. Thou our feeble flesh hast worn;
Thou our mortal griefs hast borne;
Thou hast shed the human tear:
Gracious Saviour, hear!
3. When the heart is sad within,
With the thought of all its sin;
When the spirit shrinks with fear,
Gracious Saviour, hear!
4. Thou the shame, the grief, hast known;
Though the sins were not thine own,
Thou hast deigned their load to bear;
Gracious Saviour, hear!
5. When our eyes grow dim in death;
When we heave the parting breath;
When our solemn doom is near,
Gracious Saviour, hear!
6. Thou hast bowed the dying head;
Thou the blood of life hast shed;
Thou hast filled a mortal bier:
Gracious Saviour hear!

188. *Christ our Life.*

1. LORD of mercy and of might,
Of mankind the life and light,
Maker, Teacher, Infinite—
Jesus, hear and save!
2. Strong Creator, Saviour mild,
Humbled to a little child,
Captive, beaten, bound, reviled—
Jesus, hear and save!
3. Borne aloft on angels' wings,
Throned above celestial things,
Lord of lords, and King of kings—
Jesus, hear and save!
4. Soon to come to earth again,
Judge of angels and of men,
Hear us now, and hear us then;
Jesus, hear and save!

HAMBURG. L. M.

Arranged by DR. L. MASON.

1. Great God! create my heart a - new, And form my spir-it pure and true:

Behold, I fall be - fore thy face: My on - ly ref - uge is thy grace.

189. "Create in me a clean heart."
PSALM 51.

2. No bleeding bird, nor bleeding beast,
Nor hyssop branch, nor sprinkling priest,
Nor running brook, nor flood, nor sea,
Can wash the dismal stain away.
3. Jesus, my God! thy blood alone:
Hath power sufficient to atone:
Thy blood can make me white as snow;
No Jewish types could cleanse me so.
4. 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 bones rejoice.

190. Probation in this Life only.
ECCLES. ix: 10.

1. LIFE is the time to serve the Lord,
The time t' insure the great reward;
And while the lamp holds out to burn,
The vilest sinner may return.
2. Life is the hour that God has given
T' escape from hell and fly to heaven;
The day of grace,—and mortals may
Secure the blessings of the day.
3. 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.
4. 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.

191. "The Narrow Way."
MATT. vii: 13, 14.

1. BROAD is the road that leads to death,
And thousands walk together there;

But wisdom shows a narrow path,
With here and there a 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 this heavenly land.
3. The fearful soul that tires and faints,
And walks the ways of God no more,
Is but esteemed almost a saint,
And makes his own destruction sure.
4. Lord! let not all my hopes be vain;
Create my heart entirely new;
Which hypocrites could ne'er attain;
Which false apostates never knew

192. JER. viii: 22.

1. DEEP are the wounds which sin has made;
Where shall the sinner find a cure?
In vain, alas, is nature's aid;
The work exceeds all nature's power.
2. And can no sovereign balm be found?
And is no kind physician nigh,
To ease the pain and heal the wound,
Ere life and hope forever fly?
3. There is a great physician near,
Look up, O fainting soul, and live;
See, in his heavenly smiles appear
Such ease as nature cannot give!
4. See, in the Saviour's dying blood,
Life, health, and bliss abundant flow!
'Tis only this dear sacred flood
Can ease thy pain, and heal thy woe.

SOUTHPORT. C. M.

Templi Carmina.

How sad our state by na-ture is! Our sin—how deep it stains!
 And Sa-tan holds our cap-tive minds Fast in his slav-ish chains.

193.

Man Sinful by Nature.

1. How sad our state by nature is!
 Our sin—how deep it stains!
 And Satan holds our captive minds
 Fast in his slavish chains.
2. But there's a voice of sovereign grace
 Sounds from the sacred word:
 "Ho! ye despairing sinners, come,
 And trust upon the Lord."
3. My soul obeys th' almighty call,
 And runs to this relief;
 I would believe thy promise, Lord:
 O, help my unbelief!
4. A guilty, weak, and helpless worm,
 On thy kind arms I fall:
 Be thou my strength and righteousness,
 My Saviour and my All.

194.

*Conviction by the Law.
 Rom. vii: 9.*

1. LORD, how secure my conscience was,
 And felt no inward dread!
 I was alive without the law,
 And thought my sins were dead.
2. My hopes of heaven were firm and bright;
 But since the precept came
 With such convincing power and light,
 I find how vile I am.
3. My guilt appeared but small before,
 Till I with terror saw
 How perfect, holy, just, and pure
 Is thine eternal law.
4. Then felt my soul the heavy load;
 My sins revived again:
 I had provoked a dreadful God,
 And all my hopes were slain.
5. My God! I cry with every breath,
 For some kind power to save;
 O, break the yoke of sin and death,
 And thus redeem the slave.

195.

Need of Regeneration.

1. How helpless guilty nature lies,
 Unconscious of her load!
 The heart unchanged can never rise
 To happiness and God.
2. Can aught beneath a power divine
 The stubborn will subdue?
 'Tis thine, almighty Saviour, thine,
 To form the heart anew.
3. 'Tis thine the passions to recall,
 And upward bid them rise;
 To make the scales of error fall
 From reason's darkened eyes;—
4. To chase the shades of death away,
 And bid the sinner live:
 A beam of heaven, a vital ray,
 'Tis thine alone to give.
5. O, change these wretched hearts of ours,
 And give them life divine;
 Then shall our passions and our powers,
 Almighty Lord, be thine.

STEPHENS. C. M.

W. JONES.

Plunged in a gulf of dark des-pair, We wretched sin - ners lay,

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

196. *"Greater love hath no man than this."*

1. PLUNGED in a gulf of dark despair,
We wretched sinners lay,
Without one cheerful beam of hope,
Or spark of glimmering day.
2. With pitying eyes the Prince of Grace
Beheld our helpless grief:
He saw, and, oh, amazing love!—
He ran to our relief.
3. Down from the shining seats above,
With joyful haste he fled,
Entered the grave in mortal flesh,
And dwelt among the dead.
4. Oh, 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.

197. *"By Thy death we live."*

1. IN vain we seek for peace with God
By methods of our own:
Blest Saviour! nothing but thy blood
Can bring us near the throne.
2. The threatenings of thy broken law
Impress the soul with dread:
If God his sword of vengeance draw,
It strikes the spirit dead.

3. But thine atoning sacrifice
Hath answered all demands;
And peace and pardon from the skies.
Are offered by thy hands.
4. 'Tis by thy death we live, O Lord!
'Tis on thy cross we rest.
Forever be thy love adored,
Thy name forever blest.

198. *"It is God which worketh in you."*

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

Doxology.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
One God, whom we adore,
Be glory as it was, is now,
And shall be evermore!

BRIGGS. S. M.

D. E. JONES.

1. Ah, how shall fall - en man Be just be - fore his God!
If he con - tend in right-ous - ness, We fall be - neath his rod.

199. 'How should man be just with God?'

JOB ix : 2.

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

200.

The Sacrifice.

1. Not all the blood of beasts,
On Jewish altars slain,
Could give the guilty conscience peace,
Or wash away the stain.
2. But Christ, the heavenly Lamb,
Takes all our sins away,—
A sacrifice of nobler name,
And richer blood than they.
3. My faith would lay her hand
On that dear head of thine,
While like a penitent I stand,
And there confess my sin.

4. My soul looks back to see
The burdens thou didst bear.
When hanging on the curséd tree,
And hopes her guilt was there.
5. Believing, we rejoice
To see the curse remove;
We bless the Lamb with cheerful voice,
And sing his bleeding love

201.

"In Christ Jesus."

1 Cor. i : 30.

1. How heavy is the night
That hangs upon our eyes,
Till Christ, with his reviving light,
Upon our souls arise!
2. Our guilty spirits dread
To meet the wrath of Heaven;
But in his righteousness arrayed,
We see our sins forgiven.
3. Unholy and impure
Are all our thoughts and ways;
His hands infected nature cure
With sanctifying grace.
4. The powers of hell agree
To hold our souls in vain:
He sets the sons of bondage free,
And breaks th' accurséd chain.
5. Lord, we adore thy ways,
To bring us near to God,—
Thy sovereign power, thy healing grace,
And thine atoning blood.

BRADEN. S. M.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

My former hopes are fled, My terror now begins: I feel, al - as! that I am

dead In tres-pass-es and sins.

202. *Hope in the Cross.*

1. My former hopes are fled,
My terror now begins:
I feel, alas! that I am dead
In trespasses and sins.
2. Ah! whither shall I fly?
I hear the thunder roar:
The law proclaims destruction nigh,
And vengeance at the door.
3. When I review my ways,
I dread impending doom;
But sure a friendly whisper says,
"Flee from the wrath to come"
4. I see, or think I see,
A glimmering from afar;
A beam of day that shines for me,
To save me from despair.
5. Forerunner of the sun,
It marks the pilgrim's way;
I'll gaze upon it while I run,
And watch the rising day.

203. *JOHN x: 11.*

1. LIKE sheep we went astray,
And broke the fold of God;
Each wandering in a different way,
But all the downward road.
2. How dreadful was the hour,
When God our wanderings laid,
And did at once his vengeance pour
Upon the shepherd's head!

3. How glorious was the grace,
When Christ sustained the stroke!
His life and blood the Shepherd pays,
A ransom for the flock.
4. But God shall raise his head
O'er all the sons of men,
And make him see a numerous seed,
To recompense his pain.

204. *Self-renunciation.*

PHIL III: 9.

1. MAN'S wisdom is to seek
His strength in God alone;
And ev'n an angel would be weak,
Who trusted in his own.
2. Retreat beneath his wings,
And in his grace confide;
This more exalts the King of kings,
Than all your works beside.
3. In Jesus is our store;
Grace issues from his throne;
Whoever says,—"I want no more,"
Confesses he has none.

205. *"By the grace of God, I am what I am."*

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

HIDING PLACE. L. M.

Spiritual Songs.

1. Hail, sovereign Love! that formed the plan To save re - bell - ious, ruined man;

Hail, matchless, free, e - ter - nal grace, That gave my soul a hid - ing - place,

That gave my soul a hid - ing - place.

206.

The Hiding-place.

2. AGAINST the God who rules the sky
I fought, with hand uplifted high;
I madly ran the sinful race,
Regardless of a hiding-place.
3. Indignant Justice stood in view;
To Sinai's burning mount I flew:
But Justice cried, with frowning face,
"This mountain is no hiding-place."
4. Ere long a heavenly voice I heard;
A bleeding Saviour then appeared:
Led by the Spirit of his grace,
I found in him a hiding-place.
5. On him the weight of vengeance fell,
That else had sunk a world to hell;
Then, O my soul! for ever praise
Thy Saviour God, thy hiding-place!

207.

"Not by works of righteousness which we have done."

1. Now to the power of God supreme
Be everlasting honors given;
He saves from hell—we bless his name,—
He guides our wandering feet to heaven.
2. Not for our duties or deserts,
But of his own abundant grace,

He works salvation in our hearts,
And forms a people for his praise

3. 'Twas his own purpose that begun
To rescue rebels doomed to die;
He gave us grace in Christ his Son,
Before he spread the starry sky.
4. Jesus, the Lord, appears at last,
And makes his Father's counsels known,
Declares the great transaction past,
And brings immortal blessings down.
5. He dies,—and, in that dreadful night,
Did all the powers of hell destroy;
He rose, and brought our heaven to light,
And took possession of the joy.

208. *"A Name which is above every name."*

PHIL. ii. 9.

1. THERE is none other name than thine,
Jehovah Jesus! Name divine!
On which to rest for sins forgiven—
For peace with God, for hope of heaven.
2. There is none other name than thine,
When cares, and fears, and griefs are mine,
That, with a gracious power, can heal
Each care, and fear, and grief I feel.
3. There is none other name than thine,
When called my spirit to resign,
To bear me through that latest strife,
And ev'n in death to be my life.
4. Name, above every name! thy praise
Shall fill the remnant of my days:
Jehovah Jesus! Name divine!
Rock of salvation! thou art mine.

ANVERN. L. M.

Dr. L. MASON.

How shall the sons of men appear, Great God! before thine awful bar? How may the guilty hope to find Accept-ance with th' e-ter-nal mind, Ac-cept-ance with th' e-ter-nal mind.

209. "Neither is there Salvation in any other."

1. How shall the sons of men appear,
Great God! before thine awful bar?
How may the guilty hope to find
Acceptance with th' eternal Mind?
2. Not vows, nor groans, nor broken cries,
Not the most costly sacrifice,
Not infant blood, profusely spilt,
Will expiate a sinner's guilt.
3. Thy blood, dear Jesus, thine alone,
Hath sovereign virtue to atone;
Here will we rest our only plea,
When we approach, great God, to thee.

210. *The Song of Songs.*
REV. V.

1. COME, let us sing the song of songs—
The saints in heav'n began the strain—
The homage which to Christ belongs:
"Worthy the Lamb, for he was slain!"
2. Slain to redeem us by his blood,
To cleanse from every sinful stain,
And make us kings and priests to God—
"Worthy the Lamb, for he was slain!"
3. To him who suffered on the tree,
Our souls, at his soul's price, to gain,
Blessing, and praise, and glory be:
"Worthy the Lamb, for he was slain!"
4. To him, enthroned by filial right,
All power in heav'n and earth pro-
claim,
Honor, and majesty, and might:
"Worthy the Lamb, for he was slain!"
5. Long as we live, and when we die,
And while in heav'n with him we reign;
This song our song of songs shall be:
"Worthy the Lamb, for he was slain!"

211. "It is Finished."
JOHN XIX. 30.

1. "Tis finished!"—so the Saviour cried,
And meekly bowed his head, and died:
"Tis finished!"—yes, the race is run,
The battle fought, the victory won.
2. "Tis finished!"—all that heaven foretold
By prophets in the days of old;
And truths are opened to our view,
That kings and prophets never knew.
3. "Tis finished!"—Son of God, thy power
Hath triumphed in this awful hour;
And yet, our eyes with sorrow see
That life to us was death to thee.
4. "Tis finished!"—let the joyful sound
Be heard through all the nations round;
"Tis finished!"—let the echo fly
Through heaven and hell, through earth
and sky.

212. "Unto Him that Loved Us."
REV. I. 5-7.

1. Now to the Lord, who makes us know
The wonders of his dying love,
Be humble honors paid below,
And strains of nobler praise above!
2. 'Twas he who cleansed our foulest sins,
And washed us in his precious blood;
'Tis he who makes us priests and kings,
And brings us rebels near to God.
3. Behold! on flying clouds he comes,
And every eye shall see him move;
Tho' with our sins we pierced him once,
He now displays his pard'ning love.
4. The unbelieving world shall wail,
While we rejoice to see the day;
Come, Lord! nor let thy promise fail,
Nor let thy chariot long delay.

COWPER. C. M.

DR. L. MASON.

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

sinner, plung'd beneath that flood, Lose all their guilty stains, Lose all their guilty stains.

213. "There is a fountain filled with blood."

2. THE dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day;
And there may I, though vile as he,
Wash all my sins away.
3. Dear, dying Lamb! thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransomed church of God
Are saved, to sin no more.
4. Since first, by faith, I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be till I die.
5. And when this feeble, stammering tongue
Lies silent in the grave,
Then, in a nobler, sweeter song,
I'll sing thy power to save.

214. "His own self bare our sins."

1. AND did the Holy and the Just,
The Sovereign of the skies,
Stoop down to wretchedness and dust
That guilty man might rise?
2. Yes: the Redeemer left his throne,
His radiant throne on high—
Surprising mercy! love unknown!—
To suffer, bleed, and die.
3. He took the dying traitor's place,
And suffered in his stead;
For man—oh, miracle of grace!—
For man the Saviour bled.

4. Dear Lord, what heavenly wonders dwell
In thine atoning blood!
By this are sinners saved from hell,
And rebels brought to God.

215. *The Love of the Father.*

1. COME, happy souls, approach your God
With new, melodious songs;
Come, render to almighty Grace
The tribute of your tongues.
2. So strange, so boundless was the love
That pitied dying men,
The Father sent his equal Son
To give them life again.
3. Thy hands, dear Jesus, were not armed
With a revenging rod;
No hard commission to perform
The vengeance of a God.
4. But all was mercy, all was mild,
And wrath forsook the throne,
When Christ on the kind errand came,
And brought salvation down.
5. Here, sinners, come and heal your wounds;
Come, wipe your sorrows dry:
Come, trust the mighty Saviour's name,
And you shall never die.
6. See, dearest Lord, our willing souls
Accept thine offered grace;
We bless the great Redeemer's love,
And give the Father praise.

LEON. C. M.

DR. L. MASON.

Let ev - ery mor - tal ear at - tend, And ev - ery heart re - joice;
 The trum - pet of the Gos - pel sounds With an in - vit - ing voice.

216. "Ho! every one that thirsteth."
ISAIAH lv : 1, 2.

1. LET every mortal ear attend,
 And every heart rejoice;
 The trumpet of the Gospel sounds
 With an inviting voice.
2. Ho! all ye hungry, starving souls,
 That feed upon the wind,
 And vainly strive with earthly toys
 To fill an empty mind:
3. Eternal wisdom has prepared
 A soul-reviving feast,
 And bids your longing appetites
 The rich provision taste.
4. Ho! ye that pant for living streams,
 And pine away and die:
 Here you may quench your raging thirst
 With springs that never dry.
5. Rivers of love and mercy here
 In a rich ocean join;
 Salvation in abundance flows,
 Like floods of milk and wine.
6. The happy gates of gospel-grace
 Stand open night and day:
 Lord, we are come to seek supplies,
 And drive our wants away.

217.

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

2. For every thirsty, longing heart
 Here streams of bounty flow;
 And life, and health, and bliss impart
 To banish mortal woe.
3. Here springs of sacred pleasure rise
 To ease your every pain—
 Immortal fountain! full supplies!—
 Nor shall you thirst in vain.
4. Dear Saviour, draw reluctant hearts!
 To thee let sinners fly,
 And take the bliss thy love imparts,
 And drink and never die.

218. "Return, O Wanderer."

1. RETURN, O wanderer, now return,
 And seek thy Father's face!
 Those new desires, which in thee burn,
 Were kindled by his grace.
2. Return, O wanderer, now return!
 He hears thy humble sigh;
 He sees thy softened spirit mourn,
 When no one else is nigh.
3. Return, O wanderer, now return!
 Thy Saviour bids the live!
 Go to his bleeding feet, and learn
 How freely he'll forgive.
4. Return, O wanderer, now return,
 And wipe the falling tear!
 Thy Father calls—no longer mourn;
 His love invite: thee near.

EFFINGHAM. L. M.

1. "Come hith-er, all ye wea-ry souls; Ye heav-y-lad-en sinners, come!

I'll give you rest from all your toils, And raise you to my heav-en-ly home.

219.

"Come, ye heavy-laden."
MATT. XI : 28.

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

220.

"Fear not ; I have redeemed thee."

1. COME, weary souls, with sin distressed,
Come, and accept the promised rest ;
The Saviour's gracious call obey,
And cast your gloomy fears away.
2. Oppressed with guilt,—a painful load,—
Oh, come and bow before your God !
Divine compassion, mighty love,
Will all the painful load remove.
- 3 Here mercy's boundless ocean flows,
To cleanse your guilt and heal your woes ;
Pardon, and life, and endless peace—
How rich the gift ! how free the grace !
4. Dear Saviour ! let thy powerful love
Confirm our faith, our fears remove ;
Oh, sweetly reign in every breast,
And guide us to eternal rest.

221.

One thing needful.

1. WHY will ye waste on trifling cares
That life which God's compassion spares ?
While, in the various range of thought,
The one thing needful is forgot ?
2. Shall God invite you from above ?
Shall Jesus urge his dying love ?
Shall troubled conscience give you pain ?
And all these pleas unite in vain ?
3. Not so your eyes will always view
Those objects which you now pursue ;
Not so will heaven and hell appear,
When death's decisive hour is near.
4. Almighty God ! thy grace impart ;
Fix deep conviction on each heart :
Nor let us waste on trifling cares
That life which thy compassion spares.

222.

An Evening Expostulation.

1. OH, do not let the word depart,
And close thine eyes against the light ;
Poor sinner, harden not thy heart :
Thou wouldst be saved ; why not to-night ?
2. To-morrow's sun may never rise
To bless thy long deluded sight ;
This is the time ; oh, then be wise !
Thou wouldst be saved ; why not to-night ?
3. Our God in pity lingers still ;
And wilt thou thus his love requite ?
Renounce at length thy stubborn will ;
Thou wouldst be saved ; why not to-night ?
4. Our blessed Lord refuses none
Who would to him their souls unite ;
Then be the work of grace begun :
Thou wouldst be saved ; why not to-night ?

PALACE. L. M.

Gzo. F. Root. From “The Triumph,” by permission.

Andantino.

1. Be - hold a Stranger at the door: He gently knocks, has knocked before;
 Has wait - ed long, is waiting still: You treat no oth-er friend so ill.

223. “Behold, I stand at the door, and knock.”
REV. iii : 20.

2. OH, lovely attitude! he stands
 With melting heart and open hands:
 Oh, matchless kindness!—and he shows
 This matchless kindness to his foes!
3. Rise, touched with gratitude divine,
 Turn out his enemy and thine;
 Turn out thy soul-enslaving sin,
 And let the heavenly Stranger in.
4. Oh, welcome him, the Prince of Peace!
 Now may his gentle reign increase!
 Throw wide the door, each willing mind;
 And be his empire all mankind.

224. *No Hope in the Grave.*

1. 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, oh, haste away,
 While yet a pardoning God he’s 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,
 Nor Saviour call you to the skies.

5. Now God invites—how blest the day!
 How sweet the gospel’s charming
 sound!
 Come, sinners, haste oh, haste away,
 While yet a pardoning God is found.

225. “Come to Me.”
MATT. xi : 28—30.

1. WITH tearful eyes I look around;
 Life seems a dark and stormy sea!
 Yet, ’mid the gloom, I hear a sound,
 A heavenly whisper, “Come to me.”
2. It tells me of a place of rest;
 It tells me where my soul may flee:
 Oh, to the weary, faint, oppressed,
 How sweet the bidding, “Come to me!”
3. “Come, for all else must fail and die;
 Earth is no resting-place for thee;
 To heaven direct thy weeping eye,
 I am thy portion; come to me.”
4. O voice of mercy! voice of love!
 In conflict, grief, and agony,
 Support me, cheer me from above!
 And gently whisper, “Come to me.”

226. *Give all to Christ.*

1. 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.
2. Too much to thee I cannot give;
 Too much I cannot do for thee;
 Let all thy love, and all thy grief
 Grav’n on my heart forever be.

BALERMA. C. M.

H. WILSON.

1. Come, trembling sin - ner, in whose breast A thousand tho'ts re-volve;

Come, with your guilt and fear oppressed And make this last re - solve;

227.

The Resolve.
EST. IV: 16.

2. "I'LL go to Jesus, though my sin
High as the mountains rose;
I know his courts, I'll enter in,
Whatever may oppose.
3. "Prostrate I'll lie before his throne,
And there my guilt confess;
I'll tell him I'm a wretch undone,
Without his sovereign grace.
4. "I can but perish if I go;
I am resolved to try;
For if I stay away, I know
I must for ever die."

228.

Come now.

1. COME, sinner, to the gospel feast;
O, come without delay;
For there is room in Jesus' breast
For all who will obey.
2. There's room in God's eternal love
To save thy precious soul;
Room in the Spirit's grace above
To heal and make thee whole.
3. There's room within the church, redeemed
With blood of Christ divine;
Room in the white-robed throng, convened
For that dear soul of thine.
4. There's room in heaven among the choir,
And harps and crowns of gold,
And glorious palms of victory there,
And joys that ne'er were told.
5. There's room around thy Father's board
For thee and thousands more:

O, come and welcome to the Lord;
Yea, come this very hour.

229.

"Come—without money and without price."—ISAIAH IV: 1, 2.

1. YE wretched, hungry, starving poor,
Behold a royal feast!
Where mercy spreads her bounteous stor.
For every humble guest.
2. See, Jesus stands with open arms;
He calls, he bids you come;
Guilt holds you back, and fear alarms;
But see, there yet is room—
3. Room in the Saviour's bleeding heart:
There love and pity meet:
Nor will he bid the soul depart
That trembles at his feet.
4. Oh, come, and with his children taste
The blessings of his love;
While hope attends the sweet repast
Of nobler joys above.

230.

LUKE XV: 18.

1. RETURN, O wanderer, to thy home
Thy Father calls for thee:
No longer now an exile roam
In guilt and misery.
2. Return, O wanderer, to thy home,
Thy Saviour calls for thee:
"The Spirit and the Bride say, come;"
Oh, now for refuge flee!
3. Return, O wanderer, to thy home,
'Tis madness to delay;
There are no pardons in the tomb;
And brief is mercy's day!

EVAN. C. M.

Arranged by DR. L. MASON.

Ye hearts with youthful vig - or warm, In smiling crowds draw near,

And turn from ev - ery mor-tal charm A Saviour's voice to hear.

231.

PROV viii : 17.

1. YE hearts with youthful vigor warm,
In smiling crowds draw near,
And turn from every mortal charm
A Saviour's voice to hear.
2. He, Lord of all the worlds on high,
Stoops to converse with you,
And lays his radiant glories by,
Your friendship to pursue.
3. "The soul that longs to see my face
Is sure my love to gain;
And those that early seek my grace
Shall never seek in vain."
4. What object, Lord, my soul should move,
If once compared with thee?
What beauty should command my love,
Like what in Christ I see?
5. Away, ye false, delusive toys,
Vain tempters of the mind!
'Tis here I fix my lasting choice,
For here true bliss I find.

232.

"He will abundantly pardon."
ISAIAH lv : 7, 8.

1. SINNERS, the voice of God regard;
His mercy speaks to-day:
He calls you, by his sovereign word,
From sin's destructive way.
2. Why will you in the crooked ways
Of sin and folly go?
In pain you travel all your days,
To reap eternal woe!

3. But he that turns to God shall live,
Through his abounding grace;
His mercy will the guilt forgive
Of those who seek his face.
4. His love exceeds your highest thoughts;
He pardons like a God:
He will forgive your numerous faults
Through a Redeemer's blood.

233.

"Oh, how shall I appear?"

1. WHEN, rising from the bed of death,
O'erwhelmed with guilt and fear,
I see my Maker face to face—
Oh, how shall I appear!
2. If now, while pardon may be found,
And mercy may be sought,
My heart with inward horror shrinks,
And trembles at the thought;
3. When thou, O Lord! shall stand disclosed
In majesty severe,
And sit in judgment on my soul,
Oh, how shall I appear!
4. Then, see my sorrows, gracious Lord!
Let mercy set me free,
While in the confidence of prayer
My heart takes hold of thee.
5. For never shall my soul despair
Thy mercy to procure,
Since thy beloved Son hath died
To make that mercy sure.

OLNEY. S. M.

DR. L. MASON.

1. The Spir - it, in our hearts, Is whispering, "Sin - ner, come;"

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

234. "The Spirit and the Bride say, Come."
REV. xxii : 17.

2. LET him that heareth say
To all about him, "Come;"
Let him that thirsts for righteousness,
To Christ, the Fountain, come :
3. Yes, whosoever will,
Oh, let him freely come,
And freely drink the stream of life ;
'Tis Jesus bids him come.
4. Lo! Jesus, who invites,
Declares, "I quickly come ;"
Lord, even so; we wait thine hour;
O blest Redeemer, come !

235. Now the accepted Time.
1 COR. vi. 2.

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

236. "So run that ye may obtain."

1. MY soul, it is thy God
Who calls thee by his grace ;

Now loose thee from each cumbering load,
And bend thee to the race.

2. Make thy salvation sure ;
All sloth and slumber shun ;
Nor dare a moment rest secure,
Till thou the goal hast won.
3. Thy crown of life hold fast ;
Thy heart with courage stay ;
Nor let one trembling glance be cast
Along the backward way.
4. Thy path ascends the skies,
With conquering footsteps bright ;
And thou shalt win and wear the prize
In everlasting light.

237. Invitation from Heaven to Earth.

1. COME to the land of peace ;
From shadows come away ;
Where all the sounds of weeping cease,
And storms no more have sway.
2. Fear hath no dwelling here ;
But pure repose and love
Breathe thro' the bright, celestial air
The spirit of the dove.
3. Come to the bright and blest,
Gathered from every land ;
For here thy soul shall find its rest,
Amid the shining band.
4. In this divine abode
Change leaves no saddening trace ;
Come, trusting spirit, to thy God,
Thy holy resting-place.

DENNIS. S. M.

NAGELL.

1. Oh, where shall rest be found— Rest for the wea - ry soul? 'T were
vain the o - cean depths to sound, Or pierce to ei - ther pole.

238 "Where shall rest be found?"

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

239. *Gentleness of God's Commands.*
PSALM LV.

1. How gentle God's commands!
How kind his precepts are!
Come, cast your burdens on the Lord,
And trust his constant care.
2. Beneath his watchful eye
His saints securely dwell;
That hand which bears all nature up,
Shall guard his children well.
3. Why should this anxious load
Press down your weary mind?
Haste to your heavenly Father's throne,
And sweet refreshment find.
4. His goodness stands approved,
Unchanged from day to day:

I'll drop my burden at his feet,
And bear a song away.

240. *Rest in God.*
GENESIS viii : 9.

1. OH, cease, my wandering soul,
On restless wing to roam;
All this wide world, to either pole,
Hath not for thee a home.
2. Behold the ark of God!
Behold the open door!
Oh, haste to gain that dear abode,
And rove, my soul, no more.
3. There safe thou shalt abide,
There sweet shall be thy rest,
And every longing satisfied,
With full salvation blest.

241. "Create in me a clean heart."

1. Is this the kind return?
Are these the thanks we owe?
Thus to abuse eternal Love,
Whence all our blessings flow?
2. To what a stubborn frame
Hath sin reduced our mind!
What strange, rebellious wretches we!
And God as strangely kind!
3. Turn, turn us, mighty God!
And mold our souls afresh; [stone,
Break, sovereign Grace! these hearts of
And give us hearts of flesh.
4. Let past ingratitude
Provoke our weeping eyes,
And hourly, as new mercies fall,
Let hourly thanks arise.

HORTON. 7s.

Arranged from VON WARTENSER.

1. Come, said Je - sus' sa - cred voice, Come, and make my paths your choice ;
I will guide you to your home ; Wea - ry wand'rer, hith - er come !

242.

The Voice of Jesus.
MATT. xi : 28-30.

2. HITHER come! for here is found
Balm that flows for every wound;
Peace that ever shall endure,
Rest eternal, sacred, sure.

243.

ISAIAH liii : 4.

1. WEARY sinner! keep thine eyes
On th' atoning Sacrifice;
View him bleeding on the tree,
Pouring out his life for thee.
2. Surely, Christ thy griefs hath borne;
Weeping soul, no longer mourn:
Now by faith the Son embrace,
Plead his promise, trust his grace.
3. Cast thy guilty soul on him;
Find him mighty to redeem:
At his feet thy burden lay;
Look thy doubts and care away.
4. Lord, come thou with power to heal;
Now thy mighty arm reveal:
At thy feet myself I lay;
Take, oh, take my sins away!

244. "*Now is the day of salvation.*"

1. HASTE, O sinner! now be wise;
Stay not for the morrow's sun:
Wisdom if you still despise,
Harder is it to be won.
2. Haste, and mercy now implore;
Stay not for the morrow's sun,
Lest thy season should be o'er
Ere the morrow is begun.

3. Haste, O sinner! now return;
Stay not for the morrow's sun,
Lest thy lamp should cease to burn
Ere salvation's work is done.
4. Lord! do thou the sinner turn—
Turn him from his fearful state;
Let him not thy counsel spurn,
Nor lament his choice too late.

245.

"*Why will ye die?*"
EZEK. xxxiii : 11.

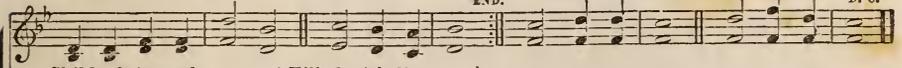
1. SINNERS, turn : why will ye die ?
God, your Maker, asks you why—
God, who did your being give,
Made you with himself to live.
2. Sinners, turn! why will ye die ?
God, your Saviour, asks you why—
He who did your souls retrieve,
He who died, that ye might live.
3. Will you let him die in vain ?
Crucify your Lord again ?
Why, ye ransomed sinners, why
Will ye slight his grace, and die ?
4. Sinners, turn! why will ye die ?
God, the Spirit, asks you why—
He who all your lives hath strove,
Wooed you to embrace his love.
5. Will ye not his grace receive ?
Will ye still refuse to live ?
Oh! ye dying sinners, why
Will ye grieve your God, and die ?

AVA. 6s & 4s.

DR. HASTINGS.

END.

D. C.



1. Child of sin and sor-row! Filled with dis-may, } Heav'n bids thee come While yet there's room
 Wait not for to-mor-row, Yield thee to - day: }

D. C. Child of sin and sor-row! Hear, and o - bey.

246.

HEB. iii. 13-15.

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.
3. Child of sin and sorrow!
 Thy moments glide,
 Like the flitting arrow,
 Or rushing tide;
 Ere time is o'er,
 Heaven's grace implore;
 Child of sin and sorrow,
 In Christ confide.

247.

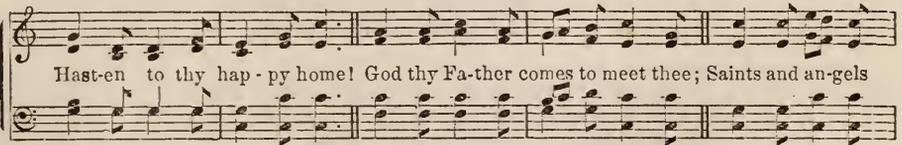
1. Child of sin and sorrow!
 Where wilt thou flee?
 Through that long to-morrow,
 Eternity?
 Exiled from home,
 Darkly to roam,
 Child of sin and sorrow!
 Where wilt thou flee?
2. Child of sin and sorrow!
 Lift up thine eye!
 Heirship thou canst borrow,
 In worlds on high:
 In that high home,
 Graven thy name;
 Child of sin and sorrow!
 Swift homeward fly.

GENTLE CALL.

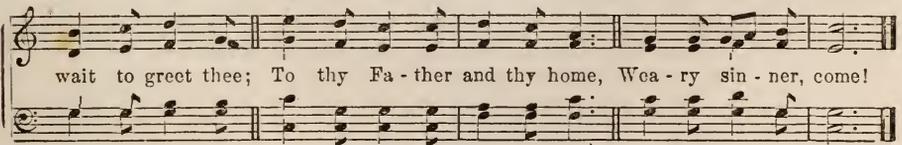
E. P. PARKER.



Je - sus gen - tly calls, Wea - ry sin - ner, come! Leave the land of sin and want,



Hast - en to thy hap - py home! God thy Fa - ther comes to meet thee; Saints and an - gels



wait to greet thee; To thy Fa - ther and thy home, Wea - ry sin - ner, come!

248.

1. JESUS gently calls!
 Weary sinner, come!
 Leave the land of sin and want,
 Hasten to thy happy home!
 God thy Father comes to meet thee;
 Saints and angels wait to greet thee;
 To thy Father and thy home,
 Weary sinner, come!

2. Jesus, thy sweet call
 Falls like evening dew
 On our weary, thirsty souls,
 Shedding life and strength anew:
 Though to-day be full of sorrow,
 Thy sweet smile can make to-morrow
 Bright and clear; O Saviour dear,
 Let thy smile appear!

EXPOSTULATION. 11s.

1. Oh, turn ye, oh, turn ye, for why will ye die, When God in great mer-cy is com-ing so nigh?

Now Je - sus in-vites you, the Spirit says, Come, And angels are waiting to welcome you home.

249.

EZEK. xxxiii. 11.

2. And now Christ is ready your souls to receive,
Oh! how can you question, if you will believe?
If sin is your burden, why will ye not come?
'Tis you he bids welcome; he bids you come home.

250.

1. DELAY not, delay not, O sinner, draw near,
The waters of life are now flowing for thee;
No price is demanded, the Saviour is here;
Redemption is purchased, salvation is free.
2. Delay not, delay not, why longer abuse
The love and compassion of Jesus thy God?
A fountain is open, how canst thou refuse
To wash and be cleansed in his pardoning blood!
3. Delay not, delay not, O sinner, to come,
For Mercy still lingers and call thee to-day:
Her voice is not heard in the vale of the tomb;
Her message unheeded will soon pass away.
4. Delay not, delay not, the Spirit of grace
Long grieved and resisted may take its sad flight,
And leave thee in darkness to finish thy race,
To sink into gloom of eternity's night.
5. Delay not, delay not, the hour is at hand,
The earth shall dissolve, and the heavens shall fade;
The dead, small and great, in the judgment shall stand:
What power then, O sinner, will lend thee its aid!

251.

JOB xxii. 21.

1. ACQUAINT thyself quickly, O sinner, with God,
And joy, like the sunshine, shall beam on thy road;
And peace, like the dewdrop, shall fall on thy head,
And sleep, like an angel, shall visit thy bed.
2. Acquaint thyself quickly, O sinner, with God,
And he shall be with thee when fears are abroad;
Thy Safeguard in danger that threatens thy path;
Thy Joy in the valley and shadow of death.

COME, YE DISCONSOLATE. 11s & 10s.

Choir.

Come, ye dis-con-sol-ate, where'er ye languish; Come to the mer-cy-seat, fer-vent-ly kneel:

Congregation.

Here bring your wounded hearts, here tell your anguish, Earth has no sorrow that heav'n cannot heal

252.

1. 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 comfortless, 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.

TO-DAY. 6s & 4s.

Dr. L. MASON.

To-day the Sav-iour calls! Ye wand'ers, come; Oh, ye benighted souls, Why lon-ger roam?

253.

HEB. iii. 15.

- | | |
|---|--|
| <ol style="list-style-type: none"> 1. To-day the Saviour calls ! Ye wand'ers, come ; Oh, ye benighted souls, Why longer roam ? 2. To-day the Saviour calls ; Oh, hear him now ; Within these sacred walls To Jesus bow. | <ol style="list-style-type: none"> 3. To-day the Saviour calls ; For refuge fly ! The storm of justice falls, And death is nigh. 4. The Spirit calls to-day ; Yield to his power : Oh, grieve him not away— 'Tis mercy's hour. |
|---|--|

WILL YOU GO? 8s & 3s.

END.

We're trav-ling home to heav'n a - bove, Will you go? will you go? } Mil-
 To sing the Sav-iour's dy-ing love, Will you go? will you go? }

d. c. And mil - lions more are on the road, Will you go? will you go?

D. C.

lions have reach'd that blest a - bode, A - noint - ed kings and priests of God.

254.

1. WE'RE trav'ling home to heaven above,
 Will you go?
 To sing the Saviour's dying love,
 Will you go?
 Millions have reached that blest abode,
 Anointed kings and priests to God,
 And millions more are on the road,
 Will you go?
2. We're going to see the bleeding Lamb,
 Will you go?
 In rapturous strains to praise his name,
 Will you go?

- The crown of life we there shall wear,
 The conqueror's palms our hands shall
 bear,
 And all the joys of heaven we'll share,
 Will you go?
3. We're going to join the heavenly choir,
 Will you go?
 To raise our voice and tune the lyra,
 Will you go?
 There saints and angels gladly sing
 Hosanna to their God and King,
 And make the heavenly arches ring,
 Will you go?

INVITATION. 6s.

Sinner! come, 'mid thy gloom, All thy guilt confessing; Trembling now, contrite bow, Take the offered blessing.

255.

1. SINNER! come, 'mid thy gloom,
 All thy guilt confessing;
 Trembling now, contrite bow,
 Take the offered blessing.
2. Sinner! come, while there's room—
 While the feast is waiting;

- While the Lord, by his word,
 Kindly is inviting.
3. Sinner! come, ere thy doom
 Shall be sealed forever;
 Now return, grieve and mourn,
 Flee to Christ, the Saviour.

LIFE. 8s. 7s & 7s.

DR. HASTINGS.

Choir.

Come to Calvary's holy mountain, Sinners, ruined by the fall! Here a pure and healing fountain Flows to you to

Congregation.

me, to all— In a full, per-pet-ual tide, Opened when our Saviour died, Opened when our Saviour die.

256.

1. COME to Calvary's holy mountain,
Sinners, ruined by the fall!
Here a pure and healing fountain
Flows to you, to me, to all—
In a full, perpetual tide,
Opened when our Saviour died.
2. Come, in sorrow and contrition,
Wounded, impotent and blind!
Here the guilty, free remission,
Here the troubled, peace may find;
Health this fountain will restore,
He that drinks shall thirst no more.
3. He that drinks shall live forever;
'Tis a soul-renewing flood:
God is faithful; God will never
Break his covenant in blood,
Signed when our Redeemer died,
Sealed when he was glorified.

257

1. LOOK to Jesus! till, reviving,
Faith and love thy life-springs swell,
Strength for all good things deriving;
Jesus hath done all things well:
Work, while it is called to-day,
Works which shall not fade away.
2. Look to Jesus, prayerful waking
Where thy feet on roses tread;
Follow, worldly pomp forsaking,
With thy cross, where he hath led:
Baffled shall the tempter flee,
And God's angels come to thee.

3. Look to Jesus, when, dark lowering,
Perils thy horizon dim;
Once from him a band fell covering;
Calm in tempest, look on him:
Wind and billow, fire and flood—
Forward! brave by trusting God.
4. Look to Jesus still to shield thee,
When no longer thou may'st live;
In that last need, he will yield thee
Peace the world can never give:
He who finished all for thee
Takes thee, then, with him to be.

258. *"Neither shall any man pluck them out of My hand."—JOHN x. 28.*

1. CLOUDS and darkness round about thee
For a season veil thy face;
Still I trust and cannot doubt thee,
Jesus, full of truth and grace:
Resting on thy word I stand:
None shall pluck me from thy hand.
2. Oh, rebuke me not in anger;
Suffer not my faith to fail;
Let not pain, temptation, languor
O'er my struggling heart prevail!
Holding fast thy word I stand:
None shall pluck me from thy hand.
3. In my heart thy word I cherish;
Though unseen, thou still art near;
Since thy sheep shall never perish,
What have I to do with fear?
Trusting in thy word I stand:
None shall pluck me from thy hand.

SCOTLAND 12s.

DR. CLARK.

Hal-le-lu-jah to the Lamb, who hath bought us a par-don! We'll praise him a-gain, when we
pass o-ver Jor-dan; We'll praise him a-gain, when we pass o-ver Jor-dan.

259.

The Voice of Free Grace.
GEN. xix. 17.

1. THE voice of free grace cries, "Escape to the mountain,"
For Adam's lost race Christ hath opened a fountain;
For sin and uncleanness, and every transgression,
His blood flows most freely in streams of salvation.
Hallelujah to the Lamb, &c.
2. Ye souls that are wounded, oh, flee to the Saviour;
He calls you in mercy—'t is infinite favor:
Your sins are increasing, escape to the mountain;
His blood can remove them, it flows from the fountain.
Hallelujah to the Lamb, &c.
3. When Zion we see, having gained the blest shore,
With harps in our hands, we will praise him the more;
We'll range the sweet plains on the banks of the river,
And sing of salvation for ever and ever!
Hallelujah to thr Lamb, &c.

260*.

"We will not Deplore Thee."

1. THOU art gone to the grave! but we will not deplore thee,
Though sorrows and darkness encompass the tomb;
The Saviour hath passed through its portals before thee,
And the lamp of his love is thy guide through the gloom.
2. Thou art gone to the grave! we no longer behold thee,
Nor tread the rough paths of the world by thy side;
But the wide arms of mercy are spread to enfold thee,
And sinners may hope, for the Sinless hath died.
3. Thou art gone to the grave! and, its mansions forsaking,
Perchance thy weak spirit in doubt lingered long:
But the sunshine of glory beamed bright on thy waking,
And full on thine ear burst 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, for the Saviour hath died.

* Sing the small note (half note) only in the last measure.

BELMONT. 8s 7s & 4.

PIZZ.

1. Sin-ners, will you scorn the message Sent in mer-cy from a-bove?
Hear, oh, hear it! Hear, oh, hear it! Ev-'ry line is full of love.

Ev-'ry sentence, oh, how ten-der! Ev-'ry line is full of love;

261.

Free Forgiveness.

2. HEAR the heralds of the gospel
News from Zion's King proclaim:
"To each rebel sinner pardon,
Free forgiveness in his name :"
||: Oh, receive it ! :||
"Free forgiveness in his name."
3. Now, ye angels, hovering round us,
Waiting spirits speed your way ;
Hast ye to the court of heaven,
Tidings bear without delay :
||: Rebel sinners :||
Glad the message will obey.

262.

"Look unto me and be ye saved."

1. COME, ye sinners, poor and wretched,
This is your accepted hour :
Jesus ready stands to save you,
Full of pity, love, and power :
||: He is able, :||
He is willing ; doubt no more.
2. Agonizing in the garden,
Lo ! the Saviour prostrate lies ;
On the bloody tree behold him !
Hear his cry, before he dies,
||: "It is finished !" :||
Sinners, will not this suffice ?
3. Lo ! th' incarnate God ascended
Pleads the merit of his blood ;

Venture on him, venture wholly,
Let no other trust intrude :
||: None but Jesus :||
Can do helpless sinners good !

263.

Haste to the Saviour.

1. HEAR, O sinner ! mercy hails you ;
Now with sweetest voice she calls ;
Bids you haste to seek the Saviour,
Ere the hand of justice falls :
||: Hear, O sinner ! :||
'Tis the voice of mercy calls.
2. Haste, O sinner, to the Saviour !
Seek his mercy while you may ;
Soon the day of grace is over ;
Soon your life shall pass away :
||: Haste, O sinner ! :||
You must perish if you stay.

264.

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

LOWRY. L. M.

Geo. F. Root, by permission.

Je-sus, my all, to heaven is gone— He whom I fix my hopes up - on ;

His track I see, and I'll pur - sue The narrow way, till him I view.

265.

Christ the Way to God.

1. 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 way 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 had sought,
And mourned because I found it not ;
Till late I heard my Saviour say,
" Come hither, soul ; I am the way."
4. Lo ! glad I come ; and thou, blest Lamb !
Wilt take me, guilty as I am :
Nothing but sin I thee can give ;
Nothing but love shall I receive.
5. Now 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 !"
3. God calling yet !—and shall he knock,
And I my heart the closer lock ?
He still is waiting to receive,
And shall I dare his Spirit grieve ?
4. God calling yet !—and shall I give
No heed, but still in bondage live ?
I wait, but he does not forsake ;
He calls me still !—my heart, awake !
5. God calling yet !—I cannot stay.
My heart I yield without delay :
Vain world, farewell ! from thee I part ;
The voice of God hath reached my heart !

267.

Repentance at the Cross.

1. HERE, at thy cross, my gracious Lord,
I lay my soul beneath thy love :
Oh, cleanse me with atoning blood,
Nor let me from thy feet remove !
2. Should worlds conspire to drive me thence,
Moveless and firm this heart should lie ;
Resolved, for that's my last defense,
If I must perish, there to die.
3. But speak, my Lord, and calm my fear ;
Am I not safe beneath thy shade ?
Thy vengeance will not strike me here,
Nor Satan dare my soul invade.
4. Yes, I'm secure beneath thy blood,
And all my foes shall lose their aim :
Hosanna to my Saviour God !
And loudest praises to his name.

266.

" God calling yet."

1. GOD calling yet !—shall I not hear ?
Earth's pleasures shall I still hold dear ?
Shall life's swift passing years all fly,
And still my soul in slumbers lie ?
2. God calling yet !—shall I not rise ?
Shall I his loving voice despise,
And basely his kind care repay ?
He calls me still : can I delay ?

WARE. L. M

GEO. KINGSLEY.

1. See a poor sin-ner, dear-est Lord, Whose soul, encouraged by thy word,
At mer-cy's footstool would remain, And then would look—and look again.

268.

Unto Jesus.

2. AH! bring a wretched wanderer home,
Now to thy footstool let me come,
And tell thee all my grief and pain,
And wait and look,—and look again!
3. Take courage, then, my trembling soul;
One look from Christ will make thee
whole:
Trust thou in him, 'tis not in vain,
But wait and look,—and look again.
4. Look to the Lord, his word, his throne;
Look to his grace, and not your own;
There wait and look, and look again;
You shall not wait, nor look in vain.
5. Ere long that happy day will come,
When I shall reach my blissful home;
And when to glory I attain,
Oh, then I'll look,—and look again!

269.

None but Christ.

1. THOU only Sovereign of my heart,
My Refuge, my almighty friend!
And can my soul from thee depart,
On whom alone my hopes depend?
2. Whither, ah! whither shall I go,
A wretched wand'rer from my Lord?
Can this dark world of sin and woe
One glimpse of happiness afford?
3. Eternal life thy words impart;
On these my fainting spirit lives:
Here sweeter comforts cheer my heart,
Than all the round of nature gives.

4. Let earth's alluring joys combine;
While thou art near, in vain they call;
One smile, one blissful smile of thine,
My dearest Lord! outweighs them all.
5. Thy name my inmost powers adore;
Thou art my life, my joy, my care:
Depart from thee! 'tis death, 'tis more—
'Tis endless ruin—deep despair!
6. Low at thy feet my soul would lie;
Here safety dwells, and peace divine:
Still let me live beneath thine eye,
For life, eternal life, is thine.

270.

Longing to follow Christ.

1. O THOU, to whose all-searching sight
The darkness shineth as the light,
Search, prove my heart; it pants for thee;
Oh, burst these bonds, and set it free!
2. Wash out its stains, refine its dross;
Nail my affections to the cross;
Hallow each thought; let all within
Be clean as thou, my Lord, art clean.
3. While in this darksome wild I stray,
Be thou my light, be thou my way:
No foes, no danger will I fear,
While thou, Almighty God, art near.
4. When rising floods my soul o'erflow,
When sinks my heart in waves of woe,
Jesus, thy timely aid impart,
And raise my head, and cheer my heart.
5. Saviour, where'er thy steps I see;
Dauntless, untired, I follow thee;
Oh, let thy hand support me still,
And lead me to thy holy hill!

BHAINARD. C. M.
With tender and deep feeling.

D. E. JONES.

1. O Je - sus, sweet the tears I shed, While at the cross I kneel,
Gaze on thy wounded, fainting head, And all thy sor - rows feel.

AT THE CROSS.

271. "I am crucified with Christ."

GAL. ii : 20.

2. MY heart dissolves to see thee bleed,
This heart so hard before;
I hear thee for the guilty plead,
And grief o'erflows the more.
3. 'Twas for the sinful thou didst die,
And I a sinner stand;
What love speaks from thy dying eye,
And from each piercéd hand!
4. I know this cleansing blood of thine
Was shed, dear Lord, for me;
For me, for all—oh, grace divine!—
Who look by faith on thee.
5. O Christ of God! O spotless Lamb!
By love my soul is drawn;
Henceforth for ever thine I am,
Here life and peace are born.
6. In patient hope the cross I'll bear,
Thine arm shall be my stay;
And thou, enthroned, my soul shalt spare,
On thy great judgment-day.

272. "Alas! and did my Saviour bleed?"

1. ALAS! and did my Saviour bleed?
And did my Sovereign die?
Would he devote that sacred head
For such a worm as I?
2. Was it for crimes that I had 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 God, 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.

273. *Forgiveness from the Cross.*

1. I SAW One hanging on a tree,
In agony and blood,
Who fixed his languid eyes on me,
As near the cross I stood.
2. Sure, never, till my latest breath,
Can I forget that look;
It seemed to charge me with his death,
Though not a word he spoke.
3. Alas! I knew not what I did,
But now my tears are vain;
Where shall my trembling soul be hid?
For I the Lord have slain.
4. A second look he gave, that said,
"I freely all forgive:
This blood is for thy ransom paid;
I die that thou may'st live."

FREELAND. C. M.

From a Western Air.

Oh, for that ten - der-ness of heart Which bows before the Lord! Own -

ing how just and good thou art, And tremb-ling at thy word.

274. *Prayer for a Sense of Sin.*

1. OH, for that tenderness of heart
Which bows before the Lord!
Owing how just and good thou art,
And trembling at thy word.
2. Oh, for those humble, contrite tears
Which from repentance flow!
Oh, for that sense of guilt which fears
The long-suspended blow!
3. Saviour, to me in pity give,
For sin, the deep distress—
The pledge thou wilt at last receive;
And bid me die in peace.
4. Oh, fill my soul with faith and love,
And strength to do thy will!
Raise my desires and hopes above;
Thyself to me reveal.

275. *“Turn Thee unto me, and have mercy upon me.”*

1. O THOU, whose tender mercy hears
Contrition’s humble sigh;
Whose hand indulgent wipes the tears
From sorrow’s weeping eye;
2. See, Lord, before thy throne of grace,
A wretched wanderer mourn:
Hast thou not bid me seek thy face?
Hast thou not said—“Return”?
3. And shall my guilty fears prevail
To drive me from thy feet?
Oh, let not this dear refuge fail,
This only safe retreat!

4. Absent from thee, my Guide! my Light!
Without one cheering ray,
Thro’ dangers, fears, and gloomy night,
How desolate my way!
5. Oh, shine on this benighted heart,
With beams of mercy shine!
And let thy healing voice impart
A taste of joy divine.

276. *Pleading the Promise.*

1. LORD, I approach the mercy-seat,
Where thou dost answer prayer;
There humbly fall before thy feet,
For none can perish there.
2. Thy promise is my only plea;
With this I venture nigh:
Thou callest burdened souls to thee,
And such, O Lord, am I.
3. Bowed down beneath a load of sin,
By Satan sorely pressed,
By war without, and fear within,
I come to thee for rest.
4. Be thou my shield and hiding-place;
That, sheltered near thy side,
I may my fierce accuser face,
And tell him thou hast died.
5. Oh, wondrous love!—to bleed and die,
To bear the cross and shame,
That guilty sinners, such as I,
Might plead thy gracious name.

FEDERAL STREET. L. M.

H. K. OLIVER.

Show pit-y, Lord! O Lord, for-give; Let a re-pent-ing reb-el live;

Are not thy mei-cies large and free? May not a sin-ner trust in thee?

277. "Show pity, Lord! O Lord forgive."
PSALM. li.

1. Show pity, Lord! O Lord, forgive;
Let a repenting rebel live;
Are not thy mercies large and free?
May not a sinner trust in thee?
2. My crimes are great, but ne'er surpass
The power and glory of thy grace:
Great God! thy nature hath no bound,
So let thy pard'ning love be found.
3. Oh, wash my soul from every sin,
And make my guilty conscience clean!
Here on my heart the burden lies,
And past offenses pain mine eyes.
4. My lips with shame my sins confess,
Against thy law, against thy grace;
Lord, should thy judgment grow severe,
I am condemned, but thou art clear.
5. 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 hovering round thy
word,
Would light on some sweet promise there,
Some sure support against despair.

278. "Restore unto me the joy of Thy salvation."
PSALM. li.

1. A BROKEN heart, my God, my King,
Is all the sacrifice I bring;
The God of grace will ne'er despise
A broken heart for sacrifice.

2. My soul lies humbled in the dust,
And owns thy dreadful sentence just;
Look down, O Lord, with pitying eye,
And save the soul condemned to die.
3. Then will I teach the world thy ways;
Sinners shall learn thy sovereign grace:
I'll lead them to my Saviour's blood,
And they shall praise a pard'ning God.
4. Oh, may thy love inspire my tongue!
Salvation shall be all my song;
And all my power shall join to bless
The Lord, my Strength and Righteous-
ness.

279. "Blot out my transgressions."
PSALM. li.

1. O THOU that hear'st when sinners cry,
Though all my crimes before thee lie,
Behold me not with angry look,
But blot their mem'ry from thy book.
2. Create my nature pure within,
And form my soul averse to sin;
Let thy good Spirit ne'er depart,
Nor hide thy presence from my heart.
3. I cannot live without thy light,
Cast out and banished from thy sight;
Thy holy joys, my God, restore,
And guard me that I fall no more.
4. Tho' I have grieved thy Spirit, Lord,
His help and comfort still afford;
And let a sinner seek thy throne,
To plead the merits of thy Son.

280. "Who shall deliver me?"

1. Oh that my load of sin were gone!
Oh 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 stained with hallowed 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!

281. *Searching the Heart.*

1. RETURN, my roving heart, return,
And life's vain shadows chase no more;
Seek out some solitude to mourn,
And thy forsaken God implore.
2. O thou great God! whose piercing eye
Distinctly marks each deep retreat,
In these sequestered hours draw nigh,
And let me here thy presence meet.
3. Through all the windings of my heart,
My search let heavenly wisdom guide;
And still its beams unerring dart,
Till all be known and purified.
4. Then let the visits of thy love,
My inmost soul be made to share,
Till every grace combine to prove
That God has fixed his dwelling there.

282. "My soul waiteth for Thee."
PSALM CXXX.

1. FROM deep distress and troubled thoughts,
To thee, my God, I raise my cries;
If thou severely mark our faults,
No flesh can stand before thine eyes.
2. But thou hast built thy throne of grace,
Free to dispense thy pardons there;
That sinners may approach thy face,
And hope and love, as well as fear.

3. As the benighted pilgrims wait,
And long and wish for breaking day,
So waits my soul before thy gate;
When will my God his face display?
4. My trust is fixed upon thy word,
Nor shall I trust thy word in vain;
Let mourning souls address the Lord,
And find relief from all their pain.
5. Great is his love, and large his grace,
Through the redemption of his Son;
He turns our feet from sinful ways,
And pardons what our hands have done.

283. *The Joy unknown in Heaven.*

1. TREMBLING, before thine awful throne,
O Lord, in dust my sins I own.
Justice and mercy for my life
Contend: oh, smile, and heal the strife!
2. The Saviour smiles—upon my soul!
New tides of hope tumultuous roll
His voice proclaims my pardon found;
Seraphic transport wings the sound!
3. Earth has a joy unknown in heaven—
The new-born peace of sins forgiven:
Tears of such pure and deep delight,
Ye angels! never dimmed your sight.
4. Ye know where morn' exulting springs,
And evening folds her drooping wings;
Loud is your song: the heavenly plain
Is shaken by your choral strain.
5. But I amid your choir shall shine,
And all your knowledge will be mine;
Ye on your harps must lean to hear
A secret chord which mine will bear!

284. *The Only Plea.*

1. JESUS, the sinner's Friend, to thee,
Lost and undone, for aid I flee;
Weary of earth, myself, and sin,
Open thine arms and take me in.
2. Pity and save my ruined soul;
'Tis thou alone canst make me whole;
Dark, till in me thine image shine,
And lost I am, till thou art mine.
3. At last I own it cannot be
That I should fit myself for thee:
Here, then, to thee I all resign;
Thine is the work, and only thine.
4. What can I say thy grace to move?
Lord, I am sin,—but thou art love:
I give up every plea beside,
Lord, I am lost,—but thou hast died!

MERIBAH. C. P. M.

DR. L. MASON.

1. When thou, my righteous Judge, shalt come To bring thy ransomed people home, Shall

I among them stand? { Shall such a worthless worm as I, } Be found at thy right hand? { Who sometimes am a-fraid to die, }

285.

MATT. XXV : 46.

1. I LOVE to meet thy people now,
Before thy feet with them to bow,
Though vilest of them all;
But, can I bear the piercing thought,
What if my name should be left out,
When thou for them shalt call?
3. O Lord, prevent it by thy grace,
Be thou my only hiding-place,
In this the accepted day;
Thy pardoning voice, oh, let me hear,
To still my unbelieving fear,
Nor let me fall, I pray.
4. Among thy saints let me be found,
Whene'er th'archangel's trump shall
To see thy smiling face; [sound,
Then loudest of the throng I'll sing,
While heaven's resounding mansions ring
With shouts of sovereign grace.

286

"No Refuge of my own."

1. O THOU who hear'st the prayer of faith,
Wilt thou not save a soul from death,
That casts itself on thee?
I have no refuge of my own,
But fly to what my Lord hath done,
And suffered once for me.
2. Slain in the guilty sinner's stead,
His spotless righteousness I plead,
And his availing blood;
Thy merit, Lord, my robe shall be;
Thy merit shall atone for me,
And bring me near to God.

3. Then save me from eternal death,
The Spirit of adoption breathe,
His consolations send:
By him some word of life impart,
And sweetly whisper to my heart,
"Thy Maker is thy Friend."

287.

The Two Worlds.

1. 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, my 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. O Saviour, then my soul receive,
Then bid me in thy presence live,
And reign with thee above;
Where faith is sweetly lost in sight,
And hope in full, supreme delight,
And everlasting love.

288.

JOHN iii. 3.

1. AWAKED by Sinai's awful sound,
My soul in bonds of guilt I found,
And knew not where to go;
One solemn truth increased my pain,
"The sinner must be born again,"
Or sink to endless woe.
2. I heard the law, its thunders roll,
While guilt lay heavy on my soul—
A vast oppressive load;
All creature-aid I saw was vain:
"The sinner must be born again,"
Or drink the wrath of God.
3. The saints I heard with rapture tell,
How Jesus conquered death and hell,
To bring salvation near;
Yet still I found this truth remain—
"The sinner must be born again,"
Or sink in deep despair.
4. But while I thus in anguish lay,
The bleeding Saviour passed that way,
My bondage to remove:
The sinner, once by justice slain,
Now by his grace is born again,
And sings redeeming love.

GANGES. C. P. M.



290.

Battle-Song of the Reformation.

1. FEAR not, O little flock, the foe
Who madly seeks your overthrow;
Dread not his rage and power:
What tho' your courage sometimes faints!
This seeming triumph o'er God's saints
Lasts but a little hour.
2. Fear not! be strong! your cause belongs
To him who can avenge your wrongs;
Leave all to him, your Lord;
Though hidden yet from mortal eyes,
Salvation shall for you arise:
He girdeth on his sword!
3. As sure as God's own promise stands,
Not earth, nor hell, with all their bands,
Against us shall prevail: [throne;
The Lord shall mock them from his
God is with us, we are his own;
Our vict'ry cannot fail!
4. Amen! Lord Jesus, grant our prayer;
Great Captain! now thine arm make bare,
Thy church with strength defend:

289.

Surrender to the Love of God.

1. LORD, thou hast won—at length I yield;
My heart, by mighty grace compelled,
Surrenders all to thee:
Against thy terrors long I strove,
But who can stand against thy love?—
Love conquers even me.
2. Yes, since thou hast thy love revealed,
And shown my soul a pardon sealed,
I can resist no more;
Couldst thou for such a sinner bleed?
Canst thou for such a rebel plead?
I wonder and adore!
3. If thou hadst bid thy thunders roll,
And lightnings flash to blast my soul,
I still had stubborn been;
But mercy has my heart subdued,
A bleeding Saviour I have viewed,
And now, I hate my sin.
4. Now, Lord, I would be thine alone—
Come, take possession of thine own,
For thou hast set me free;
Released from Satan's hard command,
See all my powers in waiting stand,
To be employed by thee.

So shall all saints and martyrs raise
A joyful chorus to thy praise,
Through ages without end!

291.

1. THE mind was formed to mount sublime,
Beyond the narrow bounds of time,
To everlasting things;
But earthly vapors dim her sight,
And hang, with cold oppressive weight,
Upon her drooping wings.
2. Bright scenes of bliss—unclouded skies,
Invite my soul;—oh, could I rise,
Nor leave a thought below,
I'd bid farewell to anxious care,
And say, to every tempting snare—
Heaven calls, and I must go!
3. Heaven calls—and can I yet delay?
Can aught on earth engage my stay?
Ah! wretched lingering heart!
Come, Lord! with strength, and life and
light,
Assist and guide my upward flight,
And bid the world depart.

ALETTA. 7s.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

Depth of mer - cy!—can there be Mer - cy still re-served for me?
 Can my God his wrath for-bear? Me, the chief of sin - ners spare?

✓ 292. *Mercy for the Chief of Sinners.*

1. DEPTH of mercy!—can there be
 Mercy still reserved for me?
 Can my God his wrath forbear?
 Me, the chief of sinners, spare?
2. I have scorned the Son of God,
 Trampled on his precious blood,
 Would not harken to his calls,
 Grieved him by a thousand falls.
3. Lord, incline me to repent;
 Let me now my fall lament—
 Deeply my revolt deplore,
 Weep, believe, and sin no more.
4. Still 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.
4. These, and every secret fault,
 Filled with grief and shame, we own:
 Humbled at thy feet we lie,
 Seeking pardon from thy throne.
5. God is mercy! God of grace!
 Hear our sad, repentant songs;
 Oh, restore thy suppliant race,
 Thou to whom all praise belongs.

294. ✓ *"Lovest thou Me?"*

1. GOD of mercy! God of love!
 Hear our sad, repentant song;
 Sorrow dwells on every face,
 Penitence on every tongue.
2. Deep regret for follies past,
 Talents wasted, time misspent;
 Hearts debased by worldly cares,
 Thankless for the blessings lent;
3. Foolish fears and fond desires,
 Vain regrets for things as vain;
 Lips too seldom taught to praise,
 Oft to murmur and complain;
1. COULD my heart so hard remain,
 Prayer a task and burden prove,
 Every trifle give me pain,
 If I knew a Saviour's love?
2. When I turn my eyes within,
 All is dark, and vain, and wild;
 Filled with unbelief and sin,
 Can I deem myself a child!
3. Yet I mourn my stubborn will,
 Find my sin a grief and thrall;
 Should I grieve for what I feel,
 If I did not love at all?
4. Lord, decide the doubtful case;
 Thou who art thy people's Sun,
 Shine upon thy work of grace,
 If it be indeed begun.
5. Let me love thee more and more,
 If I love at all, I pray;
 If I have not loved before,
 Help me to begin to-day.

SEYMOUR. 7s.

VON WEBER.

Sovereign Ru-ler, Lord of all! Prostrate at thy feet we fall;

Hear, oh, hear our earn-est cry! Frown not, lest we faint and die.

295. *"Humbled in the dust."*

1. SOVEREIGN Ruler, Lord of all!
Prostrate at thy feet we fall;
Hear, oh, hear our earnest cry!
Frown not, lest we faint and die.
2. Vilest of the sons of men,
Chief of sinners we have been:
Oft have sinned before thy face;
Trampled on thy richest grace.
3. Justly might the fatal dart
Pierce our guilty, broken heart;
Justly might thy righteous breath
Doom us to eternal death.
4. Jesus! save our dying soul;
Make our broken spirit whole:
Humbled in the dust we lie;
Saviour! leave us not to die.

296.

1. PRINCE of Peace, control my will;
Bid this struggling heart be still;
Bid my fears and doubtings cease;
Hush my spirit into peace.
2. Thou hast bought me with thy blood,
Opened wide the gate of God:
Peace I ask—but peace must be,
Lord, in being one with thee.
3. May thy will, not mine, be done;
May thy will and mine be one;
Chase those doubtings from my heart,
Now thy perfect peace impart.

4. Saviour! at thy feet I fall;
Thou my life, my God, my all!
Let thy happy servant be
One forevermore with thee.

297.

MATT. v : 3.

1. WHEN, my Saviour, shall I be
Perfectly resigned to thee?
Poor and vile in mine own eyes,
Only in thy wisdom wise?
2. Only thee content to know,
Ignorant of all below?
Only guided by thy light,
Only mighty in thy might?
3. Fully in thy life express
All the heights of holiness?
Sweetly let my spirit prove
All the depths of humble love.

298.

PSALM vi: 1, 2.

1. GENTLY, gently, lay the rod
On my sinful head, O God!
Stay the wrath, in mercy stay,
Lest I sink beneath its sway.
2. Heal me, for my flesh is weak;
Heal me, for thy grace I seek;
This my only plea I make,—
Heal me for thy mercy's sake.
3. Lo! he comes—he heeds my plea;
Lo! he comes—the shadows flee;
Glory round me dawns once more;
Rise, my spirit! and adore.

MADAN. C. M.

W. B. BRADBURY.

How oft al-as! this wretched heart Has wandered from the Lord!

How oft my roving tho'ts de-part, For-get-ful of his word!

299.

Wanderings from God.

1. How oft, alas! this wretched heart
Has wandered from the Lord!
How oft my roving thoughts depart,
Forgetful of his word!
2. Yet sovereign mercy calls—"Return!"
Dear Lord, and may I come?
My vile ingratitude I mourn:
Oh, take the wanderer home!
3. And canst thou,—wilt thou yet forgive,
And bid my crimes remove?
And shall a pardoned rebel live,
To speak thy wondrous love?
4. Almighty grace, thy healing power,
How glorious, how divine!
That can to life and bliss restore
A heart so vile as mine.
5. Thy pard'ning love, so free, so sweet,
Dear Saviour, I adore;
Oh, keep me at thy sacred feet,
And let me rove no more!

300.

"Oh, wretched man that I am!"

1. WITH tears of anguish I lament,
Here, at thy feet, my God,
My passion, pride, and discontent,
And vile ingratitude.
2. Sure, there was ne'er a heart so base,
So false as mine has been;
So faithless to its promises,
So prone to every sin!

3. How long, dear Saviour, shall I feel
These struggles in my breast?
When wilt thou bow my stubborn will,
And give my conscience rest.
4. Break, sovereign Grace, oh, break t'
charm,
And set the captive free!
Reveal, almighty God, thine arm,
And haste to rescue me.

301.

"Oh, that I were as in months past!"
Job xxix: 2.

1. SWEET was the time when first I felt
The Saviour's pardoning blood
Applied to cleanse my soul from guilt,
And bring me home to God.
2. Soon as the morn the light revealed,
His praises tuned my tongue;
And, when the evening shade prevailed,
His love was all my song.
3. In prayer, my soul drew near the Lord,
And saw his glory shine;
And when I read his holy word,
I called each promise mine.
4. But now, when evening shade prevails,
My soul in darkness mourns;
And when the morn the light reveals,
No light to me returns.
5. Rise, Saviour! help me to prevail,
And make my soul thy care;
I know thy mercy cannot fail;
Let me that mercy share.

MAGOUN. C. M.

D. E. JONES.

1. Oh, for a clos - er walk with God, A calm and heaven - ly frame, —

A light to shine up - on the road That leads me to the Lamb!

302. "Oh, for a closer walk with God."

2. RETURN, O holy Dove! return,
Sweet messenger of rest!
I hate the sins that made thee mourn,
And drove thee from my breast.
3. The dearest idol I have known,
Whate'er that idol be,
Help me to tear it from thy throne,
And worship only thee.
4. 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.

303. "Wilt not Thou deliver my feet
from falling?"

1. ALAS! what hourly dangers rise,
What snares beset my way!
To heaven, oh, let me lift mine eyes,
And hourly watch and pray.
2. How oft my mournful thoughts complain,
And melt in flowing tears!
My weak resistance, ah, how vain!
How strong my foes and fears!
3. O gracious God! in whom I live,
My feeble efforts aid;
Help me to watch, and pray, and strive,
Though trembling and afraid.
4. Increase my faith, increase my hope,
When foes and fears prevail;
And bear my fainting spirit up,
Or soon my strength will fail.

5. When'er temptations fright my heart,
Or lure my feet aside,
My God, thy powerful aid impart,
My Guardian and my Guide.
6. Oh, keep me in thy heavenly way,
And bid the tempter flee!
And let me never, never stray
From happiness and thee.

304. "Oh, that I knew where I might find Him!"
JOB xxiii: 3, 4.

1. OH, that I knew the secret place
Where I might find my God!
I'd spread my wants before his face,
And pour my woes abroad.
2. I'd tell him how my sins arise,
What sorrows I sustain;
How grace decays, and comfort dies,
And leaves my heart in pain.
3. He knows what arguments I'd take
To wrestle with my God:
I'd plead for his own mercy's sake—
I'd plead my Saviour's blood.
4. My God will pity my complaints,
And drive my foes away;
He knows the meaning of his saints,
When they in sorrow pray.
5. Arise, my soul! from deep distress,
And banish every fear;
He calls thee to his throne of grace,
To spread thy sorrows there.

ST. ANN'S. C. M.

DR. CROFT.

1. My God, my Por - tion, and my Love, My ev - er - last - ing All,
I've none but thee in heaven a - bove, Or on this earth - ly ball.

305. "There is none like unto the Lord our God."

2. To thee I owe my wealth and friends,
My health, and safe abode;
Thanks to thy name for meaner things,
But they are not my God.
3. How vain a toy is glittering wealth,
If once compared with thee!
Or what's my safety or my health,
Or all my friends to me!
4. Were I possessor of the earth,
And called the stars my own,
Without thy graces and thyself,
I were a wretch undone.
5. Let others stretch their arms like seas,
And grasp in all the shore;
Grant me the visits of thy face,
And I desire no more.

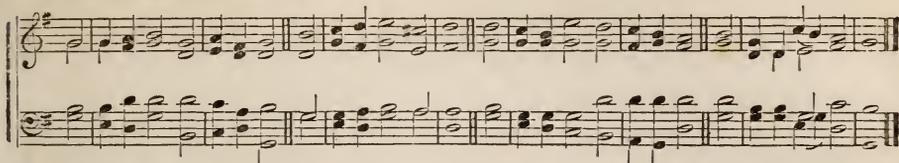
306. *Prayer for a Tender Conscience.*

1. OH for a principle within
Of jealous, godly fear!
Oh for a tender dread of sin—
A pain to feel it near!
2. That I from thee no more may part,
No more thy goodness grieve;
The filial awe, the fleshly heart,
The tender conscience, give.
3. Quick as the apple of the eye,
O God! my conscience make;
Awake my soul when sin is nigh,
And keep it still awake.
4. If to the right or left I stray,
That moment, Lord, reprove;
And let me weep my life away,
For having grieved thy love.
5. Oh, may the least omission pain
My well-instructed soul;
And drive me to the blood again,
Which makes the wounded whole!

307. "I abhor myself, and repent in dust and ashes."

1. DEAR Saviour. when my thoughts recall
The wonders of thy grace,
Low at thy feet, ashamed, I fall,
And hide this wretched face.
2. Shall love like thine be thus repaid?
Ah, vile, ungrateful heart!
By earth's low cares so oft betrayed
From Jesus to depart.
3. But he, for his own mercy's sake,
My wandering soul restores;
He bids the mourning heart partake
The pardon it implores.
4. Oh, while I breathe to thee, my Lord,
The deep repentant sigh,
Confirm the kind, forgiving word,
With pity in thine eye!
5. Then shall the mourner at thy feet
Rejoice to seek thy face;
And, grateful, own how kind, how sweet
Thy condescending grace!

ROCHESTER. C. M.



308. "I was brought low, and He helped me."
PSALM cxvi.

1. I LOVE the Lord; he heard my cries,
And pitied every groan:
Long as I live, when troubles rise,
I'll hasten to his throne.
2. I love the Lord; he bowed his ear,
And chased my grief away:
O let my heart no more despair,
While I have breath to pray!
3. The Lord beheld me sore distressed,
He bade my pains remove:
Return, my soul, to God, thy rest,
For thou hast known his love!
4. My God hath saved my soul from death,
And dried my falling tears;
Now to his praise I'll spend my breath,
And my remaining years.

309. "When shall I come and appear before God?"
PSALM xliii.

1. 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;
Oh! when shall I behold thy face,
Thou Majesty divine?
3. Why restless, why cast down, my soul?
Trust God; and he'll employ
His aid for thee, and change these sighs
To thankful hymns of joy.
4. Why restless, why cast down, my soul?
Hope still; and thou shalt sing
The praise of him who is thy God,
Thy health's eternal spring.

310. "No joy without God."
PSALM lxxiii.

1. God, my supporter and my hope,
My help forever near,
Thine arm of mercy held me up,
When sinking in despair.

2. Thy counsels, Lord, shall guide my feet,
Through this dark wilderness;
Thy hand conduct me near thy seat,
To dwell before thy face.
3. Were I in heaven without my God,
'T would be no joy to me;
And while this earth is my abode,
I long for none but thee.
4. What if the springs of life were broke,
And flesh and heart should faint,
God is my soul's eternal rock,
The strength of every saint.
5. Then, to draw near to thee, my God,
Shall be my sweet employ;
My tongue shall sound thy works abroad,
And tell the world my joy.

311. "Filled with all the fullness of God."

1. O LORD, I would delight in thee,
And on thy care depend;
To thee in every trouble flee,
My best, my only Friend.
2. When all created streams are dried,
Thy fullness is the same:
May I with this be satisfied,
And glory in thy name.
3. No good in creatures can be found,
But what is found in thee;
I must have all things and abound,
While God is God to me.
4. Oh, that I had a stronger faith,
To look within the veil,
To credit what my Saviour saith,
Whose word can never fail.
5. He who has made my heaven secure,
Will here all good provide:
While Christ is rich, can I be poor?
What can I want beside?
6. O Lord, I cast my care on thee;
I triumph and adore:
Henceforth my great concern shall be
To love and please thee more.

TALLIS, C. M.

THOS. TALLIS.

1. No change of time shall ev - er shock My trust, O Lord, in thee;

For thou hast al - ways been my Rock A sure de - fense to me.

312.

Unchanging Trust.
PSALM XVIII.

2. Thou my deliv'rer, art, O God;
My trust is in thy power :
Thou art my shield from foes abroad,
My safeguard, and my tower.
3. To thee will I address my prayer,
To whom all praise I owe ;
So shall I, by thy watchful care,
Be saved from every foe.
4. Then let Jehovah be adored,
On whom my hopes depend ;
For who, except the mighty Lord,
His people can defend ?

313.

Happiness in God only.

1. IN vain I trace creation o'er,
In search of solid rest :
The whole creation is too poor,
Too mean, to make me blest.
2. Let earth and all her charms depart,
Unworthy of the mind :
In God alone this restless heart
Enduring bliss can find.
3. Thy favor, Lord, is all I want ;
Here would my spirit rest ;
Oh, seal the rich, the boundless grant,
And make me fully blest !

314. "Dear Refuge of my weary soul."

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

2. To thee I tell each rising grief,
For thou alone canst heal ;
Thy word can bring a sweet relief
For every pain I feel.
3. Hast thou not bid me seek thy face ?
And shall I seek in vain ?
And can the ear of sovereign grace
Be deaf when I complain ?
4. No: still the ear of sovereign grace.
Attends the mourner's prayer ;
Oh, may I ever find access
To breathe my sorrows there !
5. Thy mercy-seat is open still ;
Here let my soul retreat,
With humble hope attend thy will,
And wait beneath thy feet.

315.

Not my will, but Thine.

1. AUTHOR of good ! to thee we turn :
Thine ever-wakeful eye
Alone can all our wants discern—
Thy hand alone supply.
2. Oh, let thy love within us dwell,
Thy fear our footsteps guide ;
That love shall vainer loves expel,
That fear all fears beside.
3. And since, by passion's force subdued,
Too oft with stubborn will
We blindly shun the latent good,
And grasp the specious ill ;—
4. Not what we wish, but what we want,
Let mercy still supply :
The good we ask not, Father, grant ;
The ill we ask, deny.

316.

"Wait, I say, on the Lord."
PSALM XXVII.

1. SOON as I heard my Father say,
"Ye children, seek my grace,"
My heart replied, without delay,
"I'll seek my Father's face."
2. Let not thy face be hid from me,
Nor frown my soul away;
God of my life! I fly to thee
In each distressing day.
3. Should friends and kindred, near and
Leave me to want, or die, [dear,
My God would make my life his care,
And all my need supply.
4. My fainting flesh had died with grief,
Had not my soul believed
To see thy grace provide relief;
Nor was my hope deceived.
5. Wait on the Lord, ye trembling saints,
And keep your courage up;

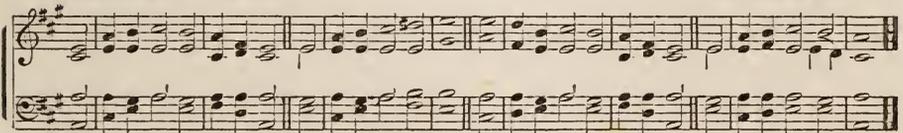
He'll raise your spirit when it faints,
And far exceed your hope.

318. *"Teach me the Way of thy Statutes."*
PSALM CXIX.

1. OH, that the Lord would guide my ways
To keep his statutes still!
Oh, that my God would grant me grace
To know and do his will!
2. Oh, send thy Spirit down, to write
Thy law upon my heart;
Nor let my tongue indulge deceit,
Nor act the liar's part.
3. Order my footsteps by thy word,
And make my heart sincere;
Let sin have no dominion, Lord,
But keep my conscience clear.
4. Make me to walk in thy commands—
'Tis a delightful road;
Nor let my head, nor heart nor hands
Offend against my God.

MELODY. C. M.

American Melody.



317.

Trustful Christian Victorious.

1. My God! the spring of all my joys,
The life of my delights,
The glory of my brightest days,
And comfort of my nights!
2. In darkest shades if he appear,
My dawning is begun;
He is my soul's sweet morning star,
And he my rising sun.
3. The opening heavens around me shine
With beams of sacred bliss,
While Jesus shows his heart is mine,
And whispers, I am his!
4. My soul would leave this heavy clay
At that transporting word,
Run up with joy the shining way,
T' embrace my dearest Lord.
5. Fearless of hell, and ghastly death,
I'd break through every foe;
The wings of love and arms of faith
Should bear me conqu'ror through.

319. *"More and More unto the Perfect Day."*
PROV. IV. 18.

1. OH, for a gracious growth, in faith,
In knowledge and in power!
A soul, whose life through toil and strife,
Moves onward hour by hour!
2. Where is the growing blessedness
Of those who love the Lord!
The ever new and clearer view
Of Jesus and his word!
3. Through hearts renewed, the new-born
In streams of rapture, flow; [joys,
But does my peace, each day, increase,
As rills, to rivers, grow?
4. O Holy Spirit, send thy grace
To rouse my sluggish soul!
With tireless pace, to run the race,
Until I reach the goal!
5. Help me, with eager feet to climb
The straight, but upward way,
That like the morn, from purple dawn,
Grows bright to golden day!

ELEALEH. S. M.

D. E. JONES.

1. Fa - ther, I own thy voice, I seek thy lov - ing face ;

The foun-tain of my sweet - est joys Is thine a - bounding grace.

320.

Trust and Aspiration.

2. SAVIOUR, I cling to thee,
Thou victor in the strife ;
Thy blood-paid ransom set me free,
My peace, my hope, my life.
3. Father, behold thy child ;
Guide me, and guard from ill ;
In dangers thick, thro' deserts wild,
Be my protector still.
4. Saviour, gird me with power
For thee the cross to bear ;
Victorious in temptation's hour,
Safe from the secret snare.
5. Ancient of days, to thee
By love celestial drawn,
My soul thy majesty shall see,
And greet her glory's dawn.

321.

Jesus our Living Head.

1. OUR heavenly Father calls,
And Christ invites us near ;
With both, our friendship shall be sweet,
And our communion dear.
2. God pities all our griefs ;
He pardons every day,—
Almighty to protect our souls,
And wise to guide our way.
3. How large his bounties are !
What various stores of good,
Diffused from our Redeemer's hand,
And purchased with his blood !

4. Jesus, our living Head !
We bless thy faithful care,—
Our Advocate before the throne,
And our Forerunner there .
5. Here fix, my roving heart !
Here wait, my warmest love !
Till the communion be complete,
In nobler scenes above.

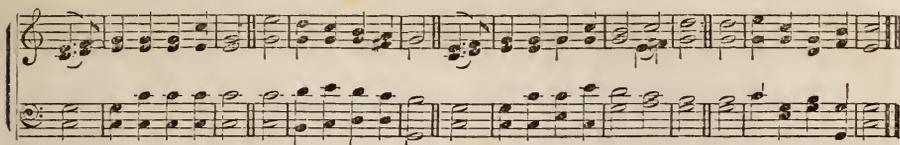
322.

God All and in All.

1. My God, my Life, my Love,
To thee, to thee I call ;
I cannot live, if thou remove,
For thou art all in all.
2. To thee, and thee alone,
The angels owe their bliss ;
They sit around thy gracious throne,
And dwell where Jesus is.
- 3 Not all the harps above
Can make a heavenly place,
If God his residence remove,
Or but conceal his face.
4. Nor earth, nor all the sky,
Can one delight afford—
No, not a drop of real joy—
Without thy presence, Lord.
5. Thou art the sea of love,
Where all my pleasures roll ;
The circle where my passions move,
And center of my soul.

LABAN. S. M.

L. MASON. 1830.



323.

Perfect Peace in Christ.
ISAIAH XXVI.

1. THOU very present aid
In suffering and distress,
The soul which still on thee is stayed,
Is kept in perfect peace.
2. The soul, by faith reclined
On the Redeemer's breast,
'Mid raging storms exults to find
An everlasting rest.
3. Sorrow and fear are gone,
Whene'er thy face appears :
It stills the sighing orphan's moan,
And dries the widow's tears.
4. It hallows every cross ;
It sweetly comforts me ;
Makes me forget my every loss,
And find my all in thee.
5. Jesus, to whom I fly,
Doth all my wishes fill :
What tho' created streams are dry ;
I have the fountain still.
6. Stripped of my earthly friends,
I find them all in One ;
And peace, and joy that never ends,
And heaven in Christ begun.

324.

"Mine Eyes are ever toward the Lord."
PSALM XXV.

1. MINE eyes and my desire
Are ever to the Lord ;
I love to plead his promises,
And rest upon his word.
2. Lord, turn thee to my soul ;
Bring thy salvation near :
When will thy hand release my feet
From sin's destructive snare ?
3. When shall the sovereign grace
Of my forgiving God
Restore me from those dangerous ways
My wandering feet have trod ?
4. O keep my soul from death,
Nor put my hope to shame !

For I have placed my only trust
In my Redeemer's name.

5. With humble faith I wait
To see thy face again :
Of Israel it shall ne'er be said,
He sought the Lord in vain.

325.

"Watch and Pray."

1. MY soul ! be on thy guard ;
Ten thousand foes arise :
The hosts of sin are pressing hard
To draw thee from the skies.
2. Oh, watch, and fight and pray !
The battle ne'er give o'er ;
Renew it boldly every day,
And help divine implore.
3. Ne'er think the victory won,
Nor once at ease sit down ;
Thy arduous work will not be done
Till thou obtain thy crown.
4. Fight on, my soul, till death
Shall bring thee to thy God !
He'll take thee, at thy parting breath,
Up to his blest abode.

326.

Energy of Zeal. 2 PETER iii. 11, 12.

1. MAKE haste, O man, to live,
For thou so soon must die :
Time hurries past thee like the breeze ;
How swift its moments fly !
2. To breathe, and wake, and sleep,
To smile, to sigh, to grieve ;
To move in idleness through earth—
This, this is not to live.
3. Make haste, O man, to do
Whatever must be done ;
Thou hast no time to use in sloth,
Thy day will soon be gone.
4. Up, then, with speed, and work ;
Fling ease and self away—
This is no time for thee to sleep—
Up, watch, and work and pray !

MARTYN. 7s. Double,

MARSH.

1. Je - sus, lov - er of my soul, Let me to thy bo - som fly, }
 While the wa - ters near me roll, While the tem - pest still is high: }
 d.c. Safe in - to the ha - ven guide; O, re - ceive my soul at last!

Hide me, O my Sav - iour, hide, Till the storm of life is past; ^{d. c.}

327.

"Jesus, Lover of my soul."

2. OTHER refuge have I none;
 Hangs my helpless soul on thee:
 Leave, ah! leave me not alone;
 Still support and comfort me:
 All my trust on thee is stayed,
 All my help from thee I bring;
 Cover my defenseless head
 With the shadow of thy wing.

328

Christ a sufficient Saviour.

1. 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.

2. 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.

329.

The Good Shepherd.

1. JESUS, Shepherd of the sheep!
 Powerful is thine arm to keep
 All thy flocks with safest care,
 Fed in pastures large and fair.

2. Thee their guide and guard they own;
 Thee they love, and thee alone;
 Thee they follow day by day,
 Fearful lest their feet should stray.

3. Lord, thy helpless sheep behold;
 Gather all unto thy fold;
 Gently lead the wanderers home;
 Watch them, lest again they roam.

4. Bring thy sheep, now far astray,
 Lost in Satan's evil way;
 Then, the fold and Shepherd one,
 We shall praise thee round the throne.

330.

"For to me to live is Christ."

PHIL i: 21.

1. CHRIST, of all my hopes the Ground,
 Christ, the Spring of all my joy,
 Still in thee let me be found,
 Still for thee my powers employ.

2. Fountain of o'erflowing grace,
 Freely from thy fullness give;
 Till I close my earthly race,
 Be it "Christ for me to live."

3. When I touch the blesséd shore,
 Back the closing waves shall roll;
 Death's dark stream shall never more
 Part from thee my ravished soul.

4. Thus, oh, thus an entrance give
 'To the land of cloudless sky!
 Having known it "Christ to live,"
 Let me know it "gain to die."

HENDON. 7s.

DR. MALAN.

Cast thy burden on the Lord; Lean thou only on his word: Ev-er will he

be thy stay, Tho' the heavens shall melt away, Tho' the heavens shall melt away.

331. “Cast thy burden upon the Lord.”
PSALM IV.

1. CAST thy burden on the Lord;
Lean thou only on his word:
Ever will he be thy stay,
Though the heavens shall melt away.
2. Ever in the raging storm,
Thou shalt see his cheering form,
Hear his pledge of coming aid:
“It is I, be not afraid.”
3. Cast thy burden at his feet;
Linger near his mercy-seat:
He will lead thee by the hand
Gently to the better land.
4. He will gird thee by his power,
In thy weary fainting hour;
Lean, then, loving, on his word;
Cast thy burden on the Lord.

332. ISAIAH vii: 14.

1. SWEETER sounds than music knows
Charm me in Immanuel's name;
All her hopes my spirit owes
To his birth and cross and shame.
2. When he came, the angels sung,
“Glory be to God on high!”
Lord! unloose my stammering tongue;
Who should louder sing than I?
3. Did the Lord a man become
That he might the law fulfill,
Bleed and suffer in my room,
And canst thou, my tongue, be still?

4. No, I must my praises bring,
Though they worthless are and weak;
For should I refuse to sing,
Sure the very stones would speak.
5. O my Saviour, Shield, and Sun,
Shepherd, Brother, Lord, and Friend
Every precious name in one!
I will love thee without end.

333. I COR, xv: 10.

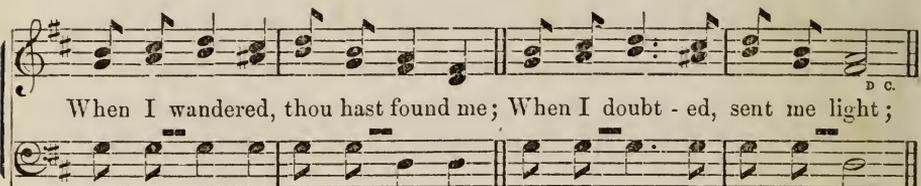
1. BLESSED fountain, full of Grace!
Grace for sinners, grace for me;
To this source alone I trace
What I am and hope to be.
2. What I am, as one redeemed,
Saved and rescued by the Lord;
Hating what I once esteemed,
Loving what I once abhorred.
3. What I hope to be ere long,
When I take my place above,
When I join the heavenly throng,
When I see the God of Love,
4. Then I hope like him to be,
Who redeemed his saints from sin,
Whom I now obscurely see,
Through a veil that stands between
5. Blessed fountain, full of grace!
Grace for sinners, grace for me;
To this source alone I trace
What I am and hope to be.

SPENCER. 8s & 7s. Double:

D. E. JONES.



Ho-ly Fa-ther, thou hast taught me I should live to thee a - lone;
Year by year thy hand hath brought me On thro' dangers oft un - known. }
d.c. Still thine arm has been a - round me, All my paths were in thy sight.



When I wandered, thou hast found me; When I doubt - ed, sent me light;

334.

1. HOLY Father, thou hast taught me
I should live to thee alone;
Year by year thy hand hath brought me
On through dangers oft unknown.
When I wandered, thou hast found me;
When I doubted, sent me light,
Still thine arm has been around me,
All my paths were in thy sight.
2. In the world will foes assail me,
Craftier, stronger far than I;
And the strife may never fail me,
Well I know, before I die.
Therefore, Lord, I come believing
Thou canst give the power I need;
Through the prayer of faith receiving
Strength, the Spirit's strength, indeed.
3. I would trust in thy protection,
Wholly rest upon thine arm;
Follow wholly thy direction,
Thou, mine only guard from harm!
Keep me from my own undoing,
Help me turn to thee when tried,
Still my footsteps, Father, viewing,
Keep me ever at thy side!

335.

All vain, without God's Blessing.
PSALM CXXVII.

1. VAINLY through night's weary hours,
Keep we watch, lest foes alarm;
Vain our bulwarks, and our towers,
But for God's protecting arm.
2. Vain were all our toil and labor,
Did not God that labor bless;

Vain, without his grace and favor
Every talent we possess.

3. Vainer still the hope of heaven,
That on human strength relies;
But to him shall help be given,
Who in humble faith applies.
4. Seek we, then, the Lord's Anointed;
He shall grant us peace and rest:
Ne'er was suppliant disappointed,
Who to Christ his prayer addressed

336.*

Self-Surrender.

1. TAKE me, O my Father, take me!
Take me, save me through thy Son;
That which thou wouldst have me, make
Let thy will in me be done. [me,
2. Long from thee my footsteps straying,
Thorny proved the way I trod;
Weary come I now, and praying—
Take me to thy love, my God!
3. Fruitless years with grief recalling,
Humbly I confess my sin;
At thy feet, O Father, falling,
To thy household take me in.
4. Freely to thee now I proffer
This relenting heart of mine;
Freely life and soul I offer,—
Gift unworthy love like thine.
5. Father, take me! all forgiving,
Fold me to thy loving breast;
In thy love forever living,
I must be forever blest.

* For the fifth verse begin at the Trio.

BAVARIA. 8s & 7s.

German Air. FINE.

Hail, my ev - er bless - ed Je - sus! On - ly thee I wish to sing; }
 To my soul thy name is pre - cious, Thou my Prophet, Priest, and King; }
 D.C. Love I much? I've much for - giv - en— I'm a mir - a - cle of grace!

Oh, what mer - cy flows from heaven! Oh, what joy and hap - pi - ness!

337

"I am a miracle of grace."

1. HAIL, my ever blessed Jesus!
 Only thee I wish to sing;
 To my soul thy name is precious,
 Thou my Prophet, Priest and King:
 Oh, what mercy flows from heaven!
 Oh, what joy and happiness!
 Love I much? I've much forgiven—
 I'm a miracle of grace!
2. Once with Adam's race in ruin,
 Unconcerned in sin I lay;
 Swift destruction still pursuing,
 Till my Saviour passed that way:
 Witness, all ye hosts of heaven,
 My Redeemer's tenderness:
 Love I much? I've much forgiven—
 I'm a miracle of grace!
3. Shout, ye bright angelic choir!
 Praise the Lamb enthroned above!
 While, astonished, I admire
 God's free grace and boundless love:
 That blest moment I received him
 Filled my soul with joy and peace:
 Love I much? I've much forgiven—
 I'm a miracle of grace!

338.

"From grace to glory."

1. KNOW, my soul, 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 Jesus died to win thee:
 Child of heaven, canst thou repine?

2. Haste thee on from grace to glory,
 Armed by faith, and winged by prayer;
 Heaven's eternal day 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.

339.

1. JESUS, full of all compassion,
 Hear thine humble suppliant's cry:
 Let me know thy great salvation;
 See! I languish, faint, and die.
 Guilty, but with heart relenting,
 Overwhelmed with helpless grief,
 Prostrate at thy feet repenting—
 Send, oh, send me quick relief!
2. Whither should a wretch be flying,
 But to him who comfort gives?
 Whither, from the dread of dying,
 But to him who ever lives?
 While I view thee, wounded, grieving,
 Breathless on the cursed tree,
 Fain I'd feel my heart believing
 Thou didst suffer thus for me.

CHRISTMAS. C. M.

HANDEL.

1. A - wake, my soul! stretch every nerve, And press with vigor on: A heavenly

race demands thy zeal, A bright, im - mor - tal crown, A bright im - mortal crown.

340.

The Heavenly Race.

2. A CLOUD of witnesses around
Hold thee in full survey;
Forget the steps already trod,
And onward urge thy way.
3. 'Tis God's all animating voice,
That calls thee from on high;
'Tis his own hand presents the prize
To thine aspiring eye,—
4. That prize with peerless glories bright,
Which shall new luster boast,
When victor's wreaths and monarch's
gems
Shall blend in common dust.
5. Blest Saviour, introduced by thee,
Have I my race begun;
And, crowned with victory, at thy feet
I'll lay my honors down.

341

"Am I a soldier of the Cross?"

1. AM I a soldier of the cross,
A follower of the Lamb?
And shall I fear to own his cause,
Or blush to speak his name?
2. Must I be carried to the skies
On flowery beds of ease,
While others fought to win the prize,
And sailed through bloody seas?
3. Are there no foes for me to face?
Must I not stem the flood?
Is this vile world a friend to grace,
To help me on to God?

4. Sure I must fight, if I would reign:
Increase my courage, Lord!
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
Supported by the word.
5. Thy saints, in all this glorious war,
Shall conquer, though they die;
They view the triumph from afar,
And seize it with their eye.
6. When that illustrious day shall rise,
And all thine armies shine
In robes of vict'ry through the skies,
The glory shall be thine.

342.

"I'm not ashamed to own my Lord."
2 TIM. 1; 12.

1. I'M not ashamed to own my Lord,
Or 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.

ARNOLD. C. M.

D. E. JONES.

A - mazing grace! how sweet the sound, That saved a wretch like me!

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

343. "His grace was not in vain."

1. AMAZING grace! (how sweet the sound!)
That saved a wretch like me:
I once was lost, but now am found,
Was blind, but now I see.
2. 'T was grace that taught my heart to fear,
And grace my fears relieved:
How precious did that grace appear,
The hour I first believed.
3. Through many dangers, toils, and snares,
I have already come;
'T is grace has brought me safe thus far,
And grace will lead me home.

344. "He, being dead yet speaketh."
Heb. xi.

1. RISE, O my soul, pursue the path
By ancient worthies trod;
Aspiring, view those holy men,
Who lived and walked with God.
2. Though dead, they speak in reason's ear,
And in example live;
Their faith, and hope and mighty deeds
Still fresh instruction give.
3. 'T was through the Lamb's most precious
blood.
They conquered every foe:
And to his power and matchless grace
Their crowns of life they owe.
4. Lord! may I ever keep in view
The patterns thou hast given,
And ne'er forsake the blessed road
That led them safe to heaven.

345. "Let the children of Zion be joyful in their King."

1. SING, ye redeemed of the Lord,
Your great Deliverer sing;
Pilgrims for Zion's city bound,
Be joyful in your King.
2. His hand divine shall lead you on
Through all the blissful road,
Till to the sacred mount you rise,
And see your smiling God.
3. There garlands of immortal joy
Shall bloom on every hand;
While sorrow, sighing and distress,
Like shadows, all are fled.
4. March on in your Redeemer's strength:
Pursue his footsteps still;
And let the prospect cheer your eye,
While lab'ring up the hill.

346. "Blessed is he whose transgression is forgiven."

1. SALVATION! oh, the joyful sound!
'T is pleasure to our ears;
A sovereign balm for every wound,
A cordial for our fears!
2. Buried in sorrow and in sin,
At hell's dark door we lay!
But we arise by grace divine,
To see a heavenly day.
3. Salvation! let the echo fly
The spacious earth around,
While all the armies of the sky
Conspire to raise the sound.

WARNER. L. M.

Arranged by GAO. KINGSLEY.

1. My God, per-mit me not to be A stran-ger to my-self and thee;

A - mid a thous-and tho'ts I rove, For-get-ful of my high-est love.

347. "With my soul have I desired Thee."

2. WHY should my passions mix with earth,
And thus debase my heavenly birth?
Why should I cleave to things below,
And let my God, my Saviour, go?
3. Call me away from flesh and sense;
One sovereign word can draw me thence;
I would obey the voice divine,
And all inferior joys resign.
4. Be earth, with all her scenes, withdrawn;
Let noise and vanity be gone:
In secret silence of the mind
My heaven, and there my God, I find.

348. "While I live will I praise the Lord."

PSALM cxlvi.

1. God of my life! through all my days
My grateful powers shall sound thy praise;
The song shall wake with opening light,
And warble to the silent night.
2. When anxious care would break my rest,
And grief would tear my throbbing breast,
Thy tuneful praises raised on high,
Shall check the murmur and the sigh.
3. When death o'er nature shall prevail,
And all my powers of language fail,
Joy thro' my swimming eyes shall break,
And mean the thanks I cannot speak.
4. But, oh! when that last conflict's o'er,
And I am chained to flesh no more,
With what glad accents shall I rise
To join the music of the skies!

349. "When I am weak, then am I strong."

2 COR. xii: 7.

1. Let me but hear my Saviour say,
"Strength shall be equal to thy day,"
Then I rejoice in deep distress,
Leaning on all-sufficient grace.
2. I can do all things—or can bear
All suffering, if my Lord be there;
Sweet pleasures mingle with the pains,
While he my sinking head sustains.
3. I glory in infirmity,
That Christ's own power may rest on me:
When I am weak, then am I strong,
Grace is my shield, and Christ my song.

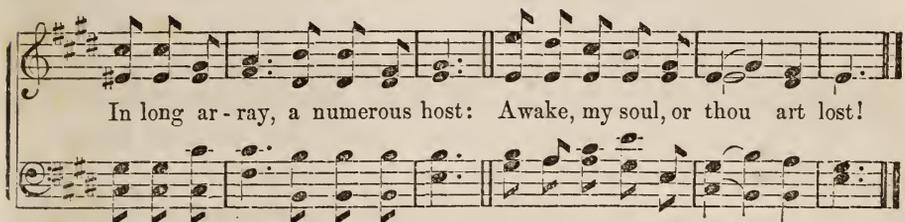
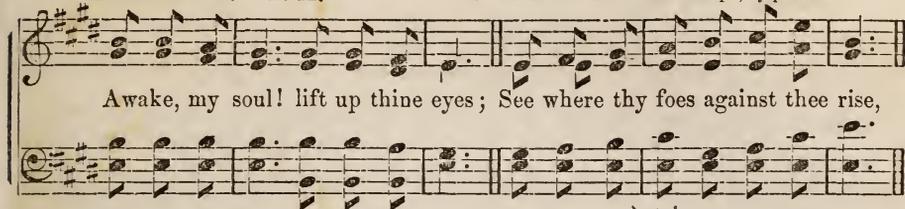
350.

"Go, labor on."

1. Go, labor on; spend and be spent,—
Thy joy to do the Father's will:
It is the way the Master went;
Should not the servant tread it still?
2. Go, labor on; 'tis not for naught;
Thine earthly loss is heavenly gain:
Men heed thee, love thee, praise thee not;
The Master praises,—what are men?
3. Go, labor on; enough, while here,
If he shall praise thee, if he deign
Thy willing heart to mark and cheer:
No toil for him shall be in vain.
4. Toil on, and in thy toil rejoice;
For toil comes rest, for exile home;
Soon shalt thou hear the Bridegroom's
voice,
The midnight peal: "Behold, I come!"

MIRABELLE. L. M.

Geo. F. Root. From the Triumph, by permission.



351. “Stand therefore—taking the shield of faith.”

1. AWAKE, my soul! lift up thine eyes;
See where thy foes against thee rise,
In long array, a numerous host:
Awake, my soul, or thou art lost!
2. Thou tread'st upon enchanted ground;
Perils and snares beset thee round;
Beware of all; guard every part;
But most, the traitor in thy heart.
3. Come then, my soul! now learn to wield
The weight of thine immortal shield;
Put on the armor, from above,
Of heavenly truth, and heavenly love.
4. The terror and the charm repel,
And powers of earth, and powers of hell;
The Man of Calv'ry triumphed here:
Why should his faithful followers fear?

352. “Stand up, my soul! shake off thy fears.”

1. STAND up, my soul! shake off thy fears,
And gird the gospel armor on;
March to the gates of endless joy,
Where Jesus thy great Captain's gone.
2. Hell and thy sins resist thy course:
But hell and sins are vanquished foes:
Thy Jesus nailed them to the cross,
And sung the triumph when he rose.
3. Then let my soul march boldly on;
Press forward to the heavenly gate:
There peace and joy eternal reign,
And glittering robes for conquerors wait.

4. There shall I wear a starry crown,
And triumph in almighty grace,
While all the armies of the skies
Join in my glorious Leader's praise.

353. “They shall mount up with wings, as eagles.”
ISAIAH xl: 31.

1. AWAKE, our souls! away, our fears!
Let every trembling thought be gone;
Awake, and run the heavenly race,
And put a cheerful courage on!
2. True, 'tis a straight and thorny road,
And mortal spirits tire and faint;
But they forget the mighty God,
Who feeds the strength of every saint—
3. The mighty God whose matchless power
Is ever new and ever young,
And firm endures, while endless years
Their everlasting circles run.
4. From thee, the overflowing spring,
Our souls shall drink a fresh supply;
While such as trust their native strength
Shall melt away, and droop, and die.
5. Swift as an eagle cuts the air
We'll mount aloft to thine abode;
On wings of love our souls shall fly,
Nor tire amid the heavenly road!

Doxology.

PRAISE God, from whom all blessings flow!
Praise him, all creatures here below!
Praise him above, ye heavenly host!
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost!

WEBB. 7s & 6s.

Geo. J. WEBB.

1. Stand up! stand up for Jesus! Ye soldiers of the cross; Lift high his royal banner,
D.S. Till every foe is vanquished,

It must not suffer loss: From vic'try unto vic'try His army shall he lead,
And Christ is Lord indeed. D.S.

354. "Stand, therefore, having your loins girt about."

2. STAND up!—stand up for Jesus!
Stand in his strength alone;
The arm of flesh will fail you—
Ye dare not trust your own;
Put on the Gospel armor,
And, watching unto prayer,
Where duty calls or danger,
Be never wanting there!
3. Stand up!—stand up for Jesus!
The strife will not be long;
This day the noise of battle,
The next the victor's song:
To him that overcometh,
A crown of life shall be;
He with the King of Glory
Shall reign eternally!

355. "Fear not, little flock."

LUKE xii: 32.

1. IN heavenly love abiding,
No change my heart shall fear,
And safe is such confiding,
For nothing changes here:
The storm may roar without me,
My heart may low be laid,
But God is round about me,
And can I be dismayed?
2. Wherever he may guide me,
No want shall turn me back;
My Shepherd is beside me,
And nothing can I lack:

His wisdom ever waketh,
His sight is never dim:
He knows the way he taketh,
And I will walk with him.

3. Green pastures are before me,
Which yet I have not seen;
Bright skies will soon be o'er me,
Where darkest clouds have been;
My hope I cannot measure;
My path to life is free;
My Saviour has my treasure,
And he will walk with me.

356

PSALM xxvii.

1. GOD is my strong salvation;
What foe have I to fear?
In darkness and temptation,
My Light, my Help is near:
Though hosts encamp around me,
Firm in the fight I stand;
What terror can confound me,
With God at my right hand?
2. Place on the Lord reliance;
My soul with courage wait;
His truth be thine affiance,
When faint and desolate:
His might thy heart shall strengthen,
His love thy joy increase;
Mercy thy day shall lengthen;
The Lord will give thee peace!

CONSECRATION HYMN. C. M. D.

Dedicated to Christian Conventions and Associations.

Words written expressly for this work, by REV. RAY PALMER, D. D.

Lord, thou hast taught our hearts to glow With love's undying flame; But more of thee we

Chorus.

long to know, And more would love thy name. All thy dear will Would we ful - fill, Till

life's last toil is o'er; And when we rise, Beyond the skies, We'll serve thee evermore.

CONSECRATION AND WORK.

357. "Thou knowest that I love thee."
"Go work to-day in my vineyard."

1. LORD, thou hast taught our hearts to glow
With love's undying flame;
But more of thee we long to know,
And more would love thy name.

Chorus. All thy dear will
Would we fulfill,
Till life's last toil is o'er;
And when we rise
Beyond the skies,
We'll serve thee evermore.

2. Thy life, thy death, inspire our song,
Thy Spirit breathes through all:
And here our feet would linger long,
But we obey thy call.

Chorus. All thy dear will, &c.

3. Thou bid'st us go, with thee to stand
Against hell's marshaled powers;
And heart to heart and hand to hand,
To make thine honor ours.

Chorus. All thy dear will, &c.

4. With thine own pity, Saviour, see
The thronged and dark'ning way!
We go to win the lost to thee:
Oh, help us, Lord, we pray!

Chorus. All thy dear will, &c.

5. Teach thou our lips of thee to speak,
Of thy sweet love to tell;
Till they who wander far shall seek,
And find and serve thee well.

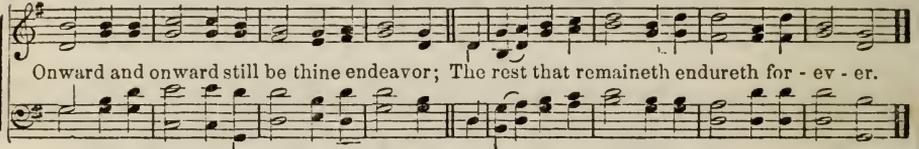
Chorus. All thy dear will, &c.

6. O'er all the world thy Spirit send,
And make thy goodness known,
Till earth and heaven together blend
Their praises at thy throne!

Chorus. All thy dear will
Would we fulfill,
Till life's last toil is o'er;
And when we rise
Beyond the skies,
We'll serve thee evermore.

PAUL. 10s, 11s & 12s.
Bold and decided.

From "Sabbath Hymn and Tune Book,"



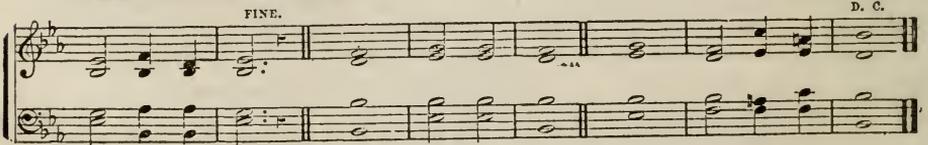
358.

"I press toward the Mark."
PHIL. iii. 13, 14.

1. BREAST the wave, Christian, when it is strongest;
Watch for day, Christian, when night is longest;
Onward and onward still be thine endeavor;
The rest that remaineth, endureth forever.
2. Fight the fight, Christian, Jesus is o'er thee;
Run the race, Christian, heaven is before thee;
He who hath promised faltereth never;
O, trust in his love that endureth forever.
3. Lift the eye, Christian, just as it closeth;
Raise the heart, Christian, ere it reposeth:
Nothing thy soul from the Saviour shall sever;
Soon shalt thou mount upward to praise him forever.

THY WILL BE DONE.

Dr. L. MASON.



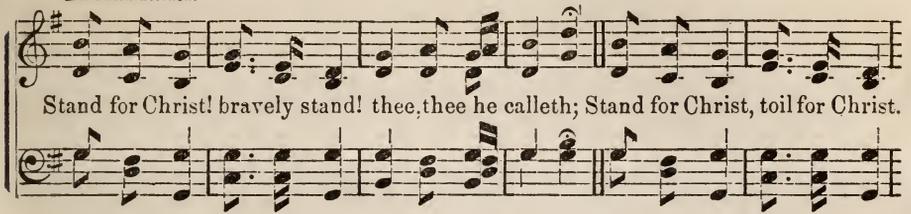
359.

"Thy Will be done."

1. "THY will be | done!" || In devious way
The hurrying stream of | life may | run;||
Yet still our grateful hearts shall say, |
"Thy will be | done."
2. "Thy will be | done!"|| if o'er us shine
A gladening and a | prosperous | sun,||
This prayer will make it more divine; |
"Thy will be | done."
3. "Thy will be | done!"|| though shrouded o'er
Our | path with | gloom,|| one comfort, one
Is ours:—to breathe, while we adore, |
"Thy will be | done."

BURNELL. 11s & 12s
Bold and decided.

D. E. JONES.



Stand for Christ! bravely stand! thee, thee he calleth; Stand for Christ, toil for Christ.



till the night fall - eth; Fal - ter not, win the crown, ere day de -



clin - eth, The crown nev - er fad - ing—be - hold, how it shin - eth!

STAND FOR CHRIST.

360.

"Stand, therefore, having your loins girt about with truth."
EPHESIANS vi; 14.

1. STAND for Christ! bravely stand! thee, thee he calleth;
Stand for Christ, toil for Christ, till the night fall eth;
Falter not, win the crown, ere day declineth,—
The crown never fading—behold, how it shineth!
2. Follow Christ! take the cross, all uncomplaining;
'Mid the strife thou shalt find strong arms sustaining;
When the foe onward sweeps, like a flood swelling,
Thy Lord shall defend thee, his madness all quelling.
3. Watch and pray, faithful one, Hell would confound thee;
Shafts of death ever fly thick all around thee;
Christ in love evermore o'er thee is bending,
And thou shalt go safely, his might thee defending.
4. Be thy heart warm with love, faithfully beating;
Be thy heart dead to joys empty and fleeting;
Up to yon City fair always be climbing,
Where hymns of the holy for ever are chiming.

GRINNELL. 10s.

J. R. MURRAY. From the "Triumph," by permission.

Chris-tian! walk care-ful-ly, dan-ger is near! On, in thy jour-ney, with trembling and fear;

Snares from without, and temptation with-in, Seek to en-tice thee a-gain in-to sin:

Chris-tian! walk cheerfully, tho' the fierce storm Dark-en thy sky with the clouds of a-larm;

Soon will those clouds and the tempest be past, And thou dwell safe-ly with Je-sus at last.

361.

Walk Steadfastly, Christian.

1. CHRISTIAN! walk carefully, danger is near!
On, in thy journey, with trembling and fear;
Snares from without, and temptation within,
Seek to entice thee again into sin:
Christian! walk cheerfully, though the fierce storm
Darken thy sky with the cloud of alarm;
Soon will those clouds and the tempest be past,
And thou dwell safely with Jesus at last.
2. Christian! walk humbly, exult not in pride;
All that thou hast is by Jesus supplied;
Holding thee up he directeth thy ways,
To him be ever the glory and praise:
Christian! walk steadfastly, while it is light;
Swift are approaching the shadows of night;
All that thy Master hath bidden thee do,
Haste to perform, for thy moments are few.
3. Christian! walk prayerfully, oft wilt thou fall,
If thou forget on thy Saviour to call;
Safe shalt thou walk through each trial and care,
If thou art clad in the armor of prayer:
Christian! walk hopefully, trouble and pain
Cease when the haven of rest thou dost gain;
This from the lips of the Judge, thy reward,
"Enter forever the joy of thy Lord!"

MOUNT PISGAH. C. M.

Familiar Melody.

Moderato.

When I can read my ti - tle clear To man - sions in the skies,
 I bid fare - well to ev - 'ry fear, And wipe my weep - ing eyes,
 And wipe my weep - ing eyes, And wipe my weep - ing eyes;
 I bid fare - well to ev - 'ry fear, And wipe my weep - ing eyes.

362. "In my Father's house are many mansions."

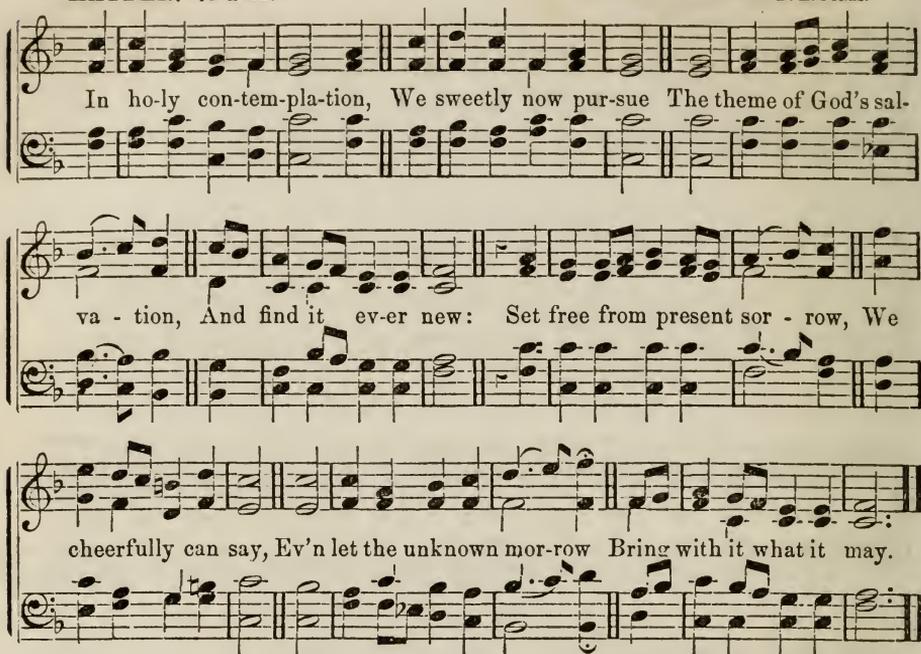
1. WHEN I can read my title clear
 To mansions in the skies,
 I bid farewell to every fear,
 And wipe my weeping eyes.
2. Should earth against my soul engage,
 And hellish darts be hurled,
 Then I can smile at Satan's rage,
 And face a frowning world.
3. Let cares like a wild deluge come,
 And storms of sorrow fall;
 May I but safely reach my home,
 My God, my heaven, my all,—
4. There shall I bathe my weary soul
 In seas of heavenly rest,
 And not a wave of trouble roll
 Across my peaceful breast.

363. "Now they desire a better country."

1. OH! could our thoughts and wishes fly
 Above these gloomy shades,
 To those bright worlds beyond the sky,
 Which sorrow ne'er invades!
2. There joys unseen by mortal eyes,
 Or reason's feeble ray,
 In ever-blooming prospect rise,
 Unconscious of decay.
3. Lord! send a beam of light divine
 To guide our upward aim;
 With one reviving touch of thine
 Our languid hearts inflame.
4. Then shall, on faith's sublimest wing,
 Our ardent wishes rise
 To those bright scenes, where pleasures
 Immortal in the skies. [spring

HAYDEN. 7s & 6s.

D. E. JONES.



In ho-ly con-tem-pla-tion, We sweetly now pur-sue The theme of God's sal-
va-tion, And find it ev-er new: Set free from present sor-row, We
cheerfully can say, Ev'n let the unknown mor-row Bring with it what it may.

364. "Take no thought for the morrow."

MATT. VI: 25-34

1. IN holy contemplation,
We sweetly now pursue
The theme of God's salvation,
And find it ever new;
Set free from present sorrow,
We cheerfully can say,
"Ev'n let the unknown morrow
Bring with it what it may."
2. It can bring with it nothing
But he will bear us through;
Who gives the lilies clothing
Will clothe his people too:
Beneath the spreading heavens
No creature but is fed;
And he who feeds the ravens
Will give his children bread.
365. *An ancient Sacramental Hymn.*
1. O BREAD to pilgrims given,
O food that angels eat,
O Manna sent from heaven,
For heaven-born natures meet!
Give us, for thee long pining,
To eat till richly filled;
Till, earth's delights resigning,
Our every wish is stilled!

2. O water, life-bestowing,
From out the Saviour's heart,
A fountain purely flowing,
A fount of love thou art!
O let us, freely tasting,
Our burning thirst assuage!
Thy sweetness, never wasting,
Avails from age to age.
3. Jesus, this feast receiving,
We thee unseen adore;
Thy faithful word believing,
We take—and doubt no more
Give us, thou true and loving,
On earth to live in thee;
Then, death the veil removing,
Thy glorious face to see!
- 366.
1. O LAMB of God! still keep me
Near to thy wounded side;
'Tis only there in safety
And peace I can abide!
What foes and snares surround me!
What doubts and fears within!
The grace that sought and found me,
Alone can keep me clean.

2. 'Tis only in thee hiding,
 I feel my life secure—
 Only in thee abiding,
 The conflict can endure :
 Thine arm the victory gaineth
 O'er every hateful foe ;
 Thy love my heart sustaineth
 In all its care and woe.

3. Soon shall my eyes behold thee.
 With rapture face to face ;
 One half hath not been told me
 Of all thy power and grace :
 Thy beauty, Lord, and glory,
 The wonders of thy love,
 Shall be the endless story
 Of all thy saints above.

TULLY. 7s & 6s.

From "Sabbath Hymn and Tune Book."

367. "To Him that sitteth upon the Throne."

1. TO THEE, my God, my Saviour,
 My soul, exulting, sings,
 Rejoicing in thy favor,
 Almighty King of kings !
 I'll celebrate thy glory,
 With all the saints above,
 And tell the joyful story
 Of thy redeeming love.

2. Soon as the morn with roses
 Bedecks the dewy east,
 And when the sun reposes
 Upon the ocean's breast,
 My voice in supplication,
 My Saviour, thou shalt hear :
 O, grant me thy salvation,
 And to my soul draw near !

3. By thee through life supported,
 I pass the dangerous road,
 With heavenly hosts escorted
 Up to their bright abode :
 There cast my crown before thee,
 And, all my conflicts o'er,
 Unceasingly adore thee :
 What would an angel more ?

368.

PSALM XX.

1. THE Lord in trouble hear thee,
 And help from Zion send ;
 The God of grace be near thee
 To comfort and befriend !
 Thy human weakness strengthen,
 Thy earthly wants supply,
 Thy span of nature lengthen
 To endless life on high !

2. Above his own anointed
 His banner bright shall wave ;
 Their times are all appointed ;
 The Lord his flock will save :
 Through life's deceitful mazes,
 Their steps will safely bear ;
 Accept their feeble praises,
 And hear their every prayer.

Doxology.

TO THEE be praise forever,
 Thou glorious King of kings !
 Thy wondrous love and favor
 Each ransomed spirit sings :
 We'll celebrate thy glory
 With all thy saints above,
 And shout the joyful story
 Of thy redeeming love.

OLMUTZ. S. M.

GREGORIAN.

Your harps, ye trem-bling saints, Down from the wil - lows take:

Loud to the praise of love di - vine Bid ev - ery string a - wake.

369.

"Not far from home."

1. YOUR harps, ye trembling saints,
Down from the willows take:
Loud to the praise of love divine
Bid every string awake.
2. Though in a foreign land,
We are not far from home:
And nearer to our house above
We every moment come.
3. His grace will to the end
Stronger and brighter shine;
Nor present things, nor things to come,
Shall quench the spark divine.
4. When we in darkness walk,
Nor feel the heavenly flame,
Then is the time to trust our God,
And rest upon his name.
5. Soon shall our doubts and fears
Subside at his control;
His loving-kindness shall break through
The midnight of the soul.

370.

"Wait thou His time."

PSALM 30.

1. GIVE to the winds thy fears:
Hope on, be not dismayed:
God hears thy sighs and counts thy tears;
God shall lift up thy head.
2. Through waves, and clouds and storms,
He gently clears thy way;
Wait thou his time! the darkest night
Shall end in brightest day.

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

371.

"I stand on Zion's Mount."

1. I STAND on Zion's mount,
And view my starry crown;
No power on earth my hope can shake,
Nor hell can thrust me down.
2. The lofty hills and towers,
That lift their heads on high,
Shall all be leveled low in dust—
Their very names shall die.
3. The vaulted heavens shall fall,
Built by Jehovah's hands;
But firmer than the heavens, the Rock
Of my salvation stands.

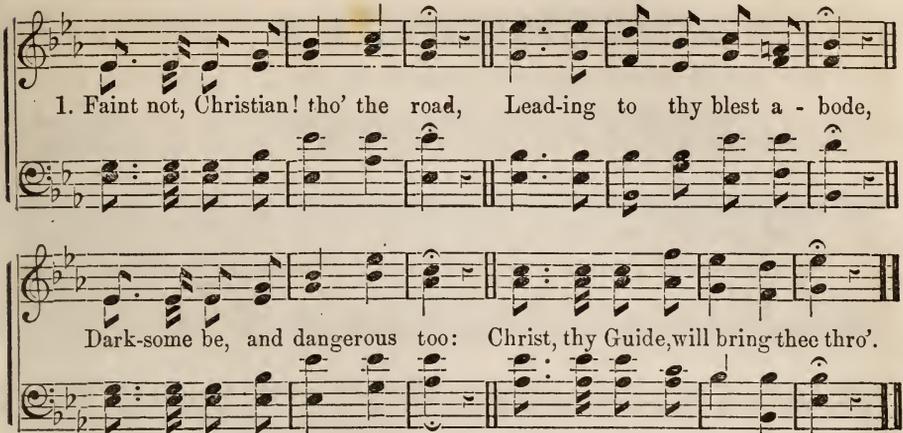
372.

PSALM CXXVI; 5.

1. THE harvest dawn is near,
The year delays not long;
And he who sows with many a tear,
Shall reap with many a song.
2. Sad to his toil he goes,
His seed with weeping leaves;
But he shall come, at twilight's close,
And bring his golden sheaves.

TELEMANN'S CHANT. 7s.

CH. ZEUNER.



1. Faint not, Christian! tho' the road, Lead-ing to thy blest a - bode,
Dark-some be, and dangerous too: Christ, thy Guide, will bring thee thro'.

373. "Faint not, Christian!"

2. FAINT not Christian! though in rage
Satan would thy soul engage;
Gird on faith's anointed shield,—
Bear it to the battle-field.
3. Faint not, Christian! though the world
Hath its hostile flag unfurled:
Hold the cross of Jesus fast;
Thou shalt overcome at last.
4. Faint not, Christian! though within
There's a heart so prone to sin;
Christ, the Lord, is over all;
He'll not suffer thee to fall.
5. Faint not, Christian! Jesus near
Soon in glory will appear;
And his love will then bestow
Power to conquer every foe.
6. Faint not, Christian! look on high;
See the harpers in the sky:
Patient wait, and thou wilt join—
Chant with them of love divine.

374.

1 TIM. VI : 12.

1. MUCH in sorrow, oft in woe,
Onward, Christians, onward go;
Fight the fight; and worn with strife,
Steep with tears the bread of life.
2. Onward, Christians, onward go;
Join the war and face the foe;
Faint not: much doth yet remain;
Dreary is the long campaign.

3. Shrink not, Christians—will ye yield?
Will ye quit the battle-field?
Fight till all the conflict's o'er,
Nor your foes shall rally more.
4. But, when loud the trumpet blown,
Speaks their forces overthrown,
Christ, your Captain, shall bestow
Crown's to grace the conqueror's brow.

375.

ISAIAH XXXV : 8-10.

1. CHILDREN of the heavenly King,
As ye journey, sweetly sing;
Sing your Saviour's worthy praise,
Glorious in his works and ways.
2. Ye are traveling home to God,
In the way the fathers trod;
They are happy now, and ye
Soon their happiness shall see.
3. Shout, ye little flock, and blest!
You on Jesus' throne shall rest;
There your seat is now prepared;
There your kingdom and reward.
4. Fear not, brethren; joyful stand
On the borders of your land;
Jesus Christ, your Father's Son,
Bids you undismayed go on.
5. Lord, submissive make us go,
Gladly leaving all below;
Only thou our Leader be,
And we still will follow thee.

PORTUGUESE HYMN. 11s.

1. How firm a found-a-tion, ye saints of the Lord, Is laid for your faith in his

ex-cel-lent word! What more can he say than to you he hath said, Who un-to the

Sav-iour for ref-uge have fled, Who un-to the Sav-iour for ref-uge have fled.

376.

"How Firm a Foundation!"

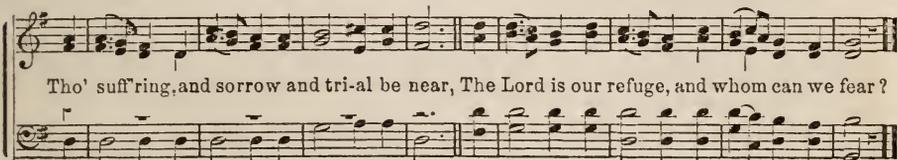
2. "Fear not, I am with thee, oh, be not dismayed;
For I am thy God, I will still give thee aid:
I'll strengthen thee, help thee and cause thee to stand,
Upheld by my righteous, omnipotent hand.
3. "When through the deep waters I call thee to go,
The rivers of sorrow shall not overflow;
For I will be with thee thy troubles to bless,
And sanctify to thee thy deepest distress.
4. "The soul that on Jesus hath leaned 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!"

377.

Looking Off

1. O EYES that are weary, and hearts that are sore!
Look off unto Jesus, now sorrow no more!
The light of his countenance shineth so bright,
That here, as in heaven, there need be no night.
2. While looking to Jesus my heart cannot fear;
I tremble no more when I see Jesus near:
I know that his presence my safeguard will be,
For, "Why are ye troubled?" he saith unto me.
3. Still looking to Jesus, oh, may I be found,
When Jordan's dark waters encompass me round:
They bear me away in his presence to be;
I see him still nearer whom always I see.
4. Then, then shall I know the full beauty and grace
Of Jesus, my Lord, when I stand face to face;
Shall know how his love went before me each day,
And wonder that ever my eyes turned away.

GOSHEN. 11s.



378.

"Faint, yet pursuing."
JUDGES viii. 4.

2. He raiseth the fallen, he cheereth the faint:
The weak, and oppressed—he will hear their complaint;
The way may be weary, and thorny the road,
But how can we falter? our help is in God!
3. And to his green pastures our footsteps he leads;
His flock in the desert how kindly he feeds!
The lambs in his bosom he tenderly bears,
And brings back the wanderers all safe from the snares.
4. Though clouds may surround us, our God is our light;
Though storms rage around us, our God is our might:
So faint, yet pursuing, still onward we come;
The Lord is our leader, and heaven is our home!

379.

"He shall be called the Lord our Righteousness."
JER. xxiii. 6.

1. I ONCE was a stranger to grace and to God;
I knew not my danger, and felt not my load:
Though friends spoke in rapture of Christ on the tree,
Jehovah, my Saviour, seemed nothing to me.
2. When free grace awoke me by light from on high,
Then legal fears shook me—I trembled to die:
No refuge, no safety, in self could I see;
Jehovah, thou only my Saviour must be.
3. My terrors all vanished before his sweet name;
My guilty fears banished, with boldness I came
To drink at the fountain, so copious and free:
Jehovah, my Saviour, is all things to me.
4. Jehovah, the Lord, is my treasure and boast;
Jehovah my Saviour—I ne'er can be lost:
In thee I shall conquer, by flood and by field,
Jehovah my anchor, Jehovah my shield!
5. Ev'n treading the valley, the shadow of death,
This watchword shall rally my faltering breath;
For, while from life's fever my God set me free,
Jehovah, my Saviour, my death-song shall be.

BADEN. L. M.

DR. HASTINGS.

Oh that I could for ev - er dwell, De-lighted at the Saviour's feet;
Behold the form I love so well, And all His tender words re - peat.

380.

The Hidden Life.

1. OH that I could forever dwell,
Delighted, at the Saviour's feet;
Behold the form I love so well,
And all his tender words repeat!
2. The world shut out from all my soul,
And heaven brought in with all its
bliss—
Oh! is there aught, from pole to pole,
One moment to compare with this?
3. This the hidden life I prize—
A life of penitential love;
When most my follies I despise,
And raise my highest thoughts above;
4. When all I am I clearly see,
And freely own with deepest shame;
When the Redeemer's love to me
Kindles within a deathless flame.
5. Thus would I live till nature fail,
And all my former sins forsake;
Then rise to God within the veil,
And of eternal joys partake.

381.

"Return unto thy rest, O my soul!"

PSALM CXVI.

1. RETURN, my soul, and sweetly rest
On thy almighty Father's breast;
The bounties of his grace adore,
And count his wondrous mercies o'er.
2. Thy mercy, Lord, preserved my breath,
And snatched my fainting soul from
death;
Removed my sorrows, dried my tears,
And saved me from surrounding snares.

3. What shall I render to the Lord?
Or how his wondrous grace record?
To him my grateful voice I'll raise,
With just thanksgiving to his praise.
4. O Zion! in thy sacred courts,
Where glory dwells, and joy resorts,
To notes divine I'll tune the song,
And praise shall flow from every tongue.

382.

PSALM CXIX: 151.

1. O LOVE Divine! that stooped to share
Our sharpest pang, our bitterest tear,
On thee we cast each earth-born care,
We smile at pain while Thou art near.
2. Though long the weary way we tread,
And sorrow crown each lingering year,
No path we shun, no darkness dread,
Our hearts still whispering, Thou art
near.
3. When drooping pleasure turns to grief,
And trembling faith is changed to fear,
The murmuring wind, the quivering leaf,
Shall softly tell us Thou art near.
4. On thee we fling our burdening woe,
O Love Divine, forever dear;
Content to suffer while we know,
Living or dying, Thou art near!

Doxology.

PRAISE God, from whom all blessings flow!
Praise him, all creatures here below!
Praise him above, ye heavenly host!
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost!

DE VERE. L. M.

Geo. F. Root. From "The Triumph" by permission.

Moderato.

1. Jes - us! and shall it ev - er be, A mor - tal man ashamed of thee?

Ashamed of thee, whom an - gels praise, Whose glories shine thro' endless days?

383.

"Ashamed of Jesus."

2. ASHAMED of Jesus! sooner far
Let evening blush to own a star;
He sheds the beams of light divine
O'er this benighted soul of mine.
3. Ashamed of Jesus! 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.
4. Ashamed of Jesus! yes, I may,
When I've no guilt to was away;
No tear to wipe, no good to crave,
No fears to quell, no soul to save.
5. Till then—nor is my boasting vain—
Till then I boast a Saviour slain!
And, oh, may this my glory be,
That Christ is not ashamed of of me!

384.

"Because I live, ye shall live also."
JOHN xiv: 19.

1. WHEN sins and fears prevailing rise,
And fainting hope almost expires,
Jesus, to thee I lift mine eyes,
To thee I breathe my soul's desires.
2. If my immortal Saviour lives,
Then my immortal life is sure;
His word a firm foundation gives;
Here let me build, and rest secure.
3. Here let my faith unshaken dwell;
Immovable the promise stands;
Not all the powers of earth or hell
Can e'er dissolve the sacred bands.

4. Here, O my soul! thy trust repose:
If Jesus is forever mine,
Not death itself, that last of foes,
Shall break a union so divine.

385.

"I send the joys of earth away."

1. I SEND the joys of earth away;
Away, ye tempters of the mind,
False as the smooth, deceitful sea,
And empty as the whistling wind!
2. Your streams were floating me along,
Down to the gulf of black despair;
And while I listened to your song,
Your streams had e'en conveyed me there.
3. Lord! I adore thy matchless grace,
Which warned me of that dark abyss,
Which drew me from these treacherous seas,
And bade me seek superior bliss.
4. Now to the shining realms above
I stretch my hand and glance my eyes;
Oh for the pinions of a dove,
To bear me to the upper skies!

386.

Brief Call to praise Christ.

1. WORTHY the Lamb of boundless sway,
In earth and heaven the Lord of all:
Let all the powers of earth obey,
And low before his footstool fall.
2. Higher, still higher, swell the strain;
Creation's voice the note prolong!
Jesus, the Lamb, shall ever reign:
Let hallelujahs crown the song!

ARLINGTON. C. M.

DR. ARNE.

1. Dear - est of all the names a - bove, My Je - sus and my God,

Who can re - sist thy heavenly love, Or tri - fle with thy blood?

387.

"My Jesus and my God."

2. 'Tis by the merits of thy death
Thy Father smiles again;
'Tis by thine interceding breath
The Spirit dwells with men.
3. Till God in human flesh I see,
My thoughts no comfort find:
The holy, just, and sacred Three
Are terror to my mind.
4. But if Immanuel's face appear,
My hope, my joy, begin:
His name forbids my slavish fear;
His grace removes my sin.
5. While Jews on their own law rely,
And Greeks of wisdom boast,
I love th' incarnate Mystery,
And there I fix my trust.

388.

The Name of Jesus.

1. How sweet the name of Jesus sounds
In a believer's ear!
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
And drives away his fear.
2. It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast;
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary rest.
3. By thee, my prayers acceptance gain,
Although with sin defiled;
Satan accuses me in vain,
And I am owned a child.
4. Jesus! my Shepherd, Guardian, Friend—
My Prophet, Priest, and King;

My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End,
Accept the praise I bring.

5. Weak is the effort of my heart,
And cold my warmest thought;
But when I see thee as thou art,
I'll praise thee as I ought.
6. Till then I would thy love proclaim,
With every fleeting breath;
And may the music of thy name
Refresh my soul in death.

389.

Christ our only Joy.

1. JESUS! the very thought of thee
With gladness fills my breast;
But dearer far thy face to see.
And in thy presence rest.
2. Nor voice can sing, nor heart can frame,
Nor can the memory find
A sweeter sound than thy blest name,
O Saviour of mankind!
3. O Hope of every contrite heart,
O Joy of all the meek!
To those who fall, how kind thou art,
How good to those who seek!
4. And those who find thee, find a bliss
Nor tongue, nor pen can show:
The love of Jesus—what it is,
None but his loved ones know.
5. Jesus, our only joy be thou!
As thou our prize wilt be;
Jesus, be thou our glory now,
And through eternity.

390.

"Elect, precious."

1. JESUS ! I love thy charming name ;
'Tis music to mine ear :
Fain would I sound it out so loud,
That earth and heaven should hear.
2. All that my loftiest powers can wish,
In thee doth richly meet ;
Not to mine eyes is light so dear,
Nor friendship half so sweet.
3. Thy grace still dwells upon my heart,
And sheds its fragrance there—
The noblest balm of all my wounds,
The cordial of my care.
4. I'll speak the honors of thy name
With my last lab'ring breath ;
Then, speechless, clasp thee in mine arms,
The Conqueror of death.

391.

JOHN vi: 68.

1. To whom, my Saviour, shall I go,
If I depart from thee ?
My guide through all this vale of woe,
And more than all to me.
2. The world reject thy gentle reign,
And pay thy death with scorn ;
Oh ! they could plait thy crown again,
And sharpen every thorn.
3. But I have felt thy dying love
Breathe gently through my heart,
To whisper hope of joys above—
And can we ever part ?
4. Ah ! no, with thee I'll walk below,
My journey to the grave :
To whom, my Saviour, shall I go,
When only thou canst save ?

392.

"And I will sup with him, and he with me."

1. COME in, come in, thou waiting One,
Thou man with Kingly mien ;
I open now this heart of stone :
How patient hast thou been !
2. I heard thee knocking long ago,
But there were guests within,
Thy voice right well my heart did know,
But loved each bosom sin.
3. But, now, come in, the table spread,
Come in, I'll sup with thee ;
Pour out the wine thy soul hath bled,
And break love's bread for me,
4. I eat, I drink, and I am blest !
Oh, never more depart ;
I lean upon thy shelt'ring breast,
And feel thy breaking heart.

5. I charge you, tempters, never more
Invade this sacred place ;
Since Jesus has passed through the door,
And I have seen his face.

393.

"Thou knowest that I love Thee."
JOHN xxi: 15—17.

1. Do not I love thee, O my Lord ?
Behold my heart and see ;
And turn the dearest idol out
That dares to rival thee.
2. Do not I love thee from my soul ?
Then let me nothing love :
Dead be my heart to every joy
When Jesus cannot move.
3. Is not thy name melodious still
To mine attentive ear ?
Doth not each pulse with pleasure bound
My Saviour's voice to hear ?
4. Hast thou a lamb in all thy flock
I would disdain to feed ?
Hast thou a foe before whose face
I fear thy cause to plead ?
5. Would not my heart pour forth its blood
In honor of thy name ?
And challenge the cold hand of death
To damp th' immortal flame ?
6. Thou know'st I love thee, dearest Lord ;
But, oh ! I long to soar
Far from the sphere of mortal joys,
And learn to love thee more.

394.

The Good Shepherd.

1. To thee, my Shepherd, and my Lord,
A grateful song I'll raise ;
Oh, let the feeblest of thy flock
Attempt to speak thy praise !
2. But how shall mortal tongue express
A subject so divine ?
Do justice to so vast a theme,
Or praise a love like thine ?
3. My life, my love, my hope, I owe
To thine amazing love ;
Ten thousand thousand comforts here,
And nobler bliss above.
4. To thee my trembling spirit flies,
With sin and grief oppressed ;
Thy gentle voice dispels my fears,
And lulls my cares to rest.
5. Lead on, dear Shepherd !—led by thee,
No evil shall I fear ;
Soon shall I reach thy fold above,
And praise thee better there.

DOWNS. C. M.

DR. L. MASON.

1. Je - sus, these eyes have nev - er seen That ra - diant form of thine!

The veil of sense hangs dark between Thy bless - ed face and mine!

395.

Christ loved Unseen.
1 PETER 1:7.

2. I SEE thee not, I hear thee not,
Yet art thou oft with me;
And earth hath ne'er so dear a spot,
As where I meet with thee.
3. Like some bright dream that comes un-
sought,
When slumbers o'er me roll,
Thine image ever fills my thought,
And charms my ravished soul.
4. Yet though I have not seen, and still
Must rest in faith alone;
I love thee, dearest Lord!—and will,
Unseen, but not Unknown.
5. When death these mortal eyes shall seal,
And still this throbbing heart,
The rending veil shall thee reveal,
All glorious as thou art!

396.

Memory of Christ's Love precious.
JOHN xv: 13.

1. MY blesséd Saviour, is thy love
So great, so full, so free?
Behold! I give my love, my heart,
My life, my all to thee.
2. I love thee for the glorious worth
In thy great self I see;
I love thee for that shameful cross
Thou hast endured for me.
3. No man of greater love can boast
Than for his friend to die;
But for thy foes, Lord, thou wast slain:
What love with thine can vie!
4. Though in the very form of God,
With heavenly glory crowned,

Thou wouldst partake of human flesh,
Beset with troubles round.

5. Thou wouldst, like wretched man, be
made
In everything but sin;
That we as like thee might become,
As we unlike have been.
6. O Lord, I'll treasure in my soul
The memory of thy love;
And thy dear name shall still to me
A grateful odor prove.

397.

LUKE xxiii: 42.

1. JESUS! thou art the sinner's Friend;
As such I look to thee;
Now, in the fullness of thy love;
O Lord! remember me.
2. Remember thy pure word of grace,—
Remember Calvary;
Remember all thy dying groans,
And then remember me.
3. Thou wondrous Advocate with God!
I yield myself to thee;
While thou art sitting on thy throne,
Dear Lord! remember me.
4. Lord! I am guilty—I am vile,
But thy salvation's free;
Then, in thine all-abounding grace,
Dear Lord! remember me.
5. And, when I close my eyes in death,
When earthly helps all flee,
Then, O my dear Redeemer God!
I pray, remember me.

CADDO. C. M.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

Allegretto.—Cheerful.

1. Blest Je - sus! when my soar - ing thoughts O'er all thy gra - ces rove,
How is my soul in trans - port lost,— In won - der, joy, and love!

398.

The Beloved Name.

2. NOT softest strains can charm my ears,
Like thy beloved name;
Nor aught beneath the skies inspire
My heart with equal flame.
3. Where'er I look, my wondering eyes
Unnumbered blessings see;
But what is life, with all its bliss,
If once compared with thee?
4. Hast thou a rival in my breast?
Search, Lord, for thou canst tell
If aught can raise my passions thus,
Or please my soul so well.
5. No; thou art precious to my heart,
My portion and my joy:
Forever let thy boundless grace
My sweetest thoughts employ.

399.

Christ above all else.

1. COMPARED with Christ, in all beside
No comeliness I see;
The one thing needful, dearest Lord,
Is to be one with thee.
2. The sense of thine expiring love
Into my soul convey;
Thyself bestow! for thee alone,
My All in All, I pray.
3. Less than thyself will not suffice
My comfort to restore;
More than thyself I cannot crave,
And thou canst give no more.

4. Whate'er consists not with thy love,
Oh, teach me to resign!
I'm rich to all th' intents of bliss,
If thou, O Lord, art mine.

400.

Living with Jesus.

1. OH, could I find, from day to day,
A nearness to my God!
Then should my hours glide sweet away,
While leaning on his word.
2. Lord, I desire with thee to live
Anew from day to day;
In joys the world can never give,
Nor ever take away.
3. Blest Jesus! come and rule my heart,
And make me wholly thine,
That I may never more depart,
Nor grieve thy love divine.
4. Thus, till my last, expiring breath,
Thy goodness I'll adore;
And when my frame dissolves in death,
My soul shall love thee more.

401.

A Weeping Saviour.

1. AND can mine eyes, without a tear,
A weeping Saviour see?
Shall I not weep his groans to hear
Who groaned and died for me?
2. Blest Jesus! let those tears of thine:
Subdue each stubborn foe;
Come, fill my heart with love divine,
And bid my sorrows flow.

MANOAH. C. M.

From Greatorex's Collection.

1. My Saviour! my al-might-y Friend! When I be-gin thy praise,

Where will the grow-ing num-bers end, The num-bers of thy grace?

402. "Thy righteousness, even Thine only."

PSALM LXXI.

2. THOU art my everlasting trust;
Thy goodness I adore:
And since I knew thy graces first,
I speak thy glories more.
3. My feet shall travel all the length
Of the celestial road;
And march with courage in thy strength,
To see my Father, God.
4. When I am filled with sore distress
For some surprising sin,
I'll plead thy perfect righteousness,
And mention none but thine.
5. How will my lips rejoice to tell
The vict'ries of my King!
My soul, redeemed from sin and hell,
Shall thy salvation sing.
6. Awake, awake, my tuneful powers!
With this delightful song
I'll entertain the darkest hours,
Nor think the season long.

403. "Thou dear Redeemer, dying Lamb."

1. THOU dear Redeemer, dying Lamb,
I love to hear of thee;
No music's like thy charming name,
Nor half so sweet can be.
2. Oh, may I ever hear thy voice
In mercy to me speak;
In thee, my Priest, will I rejoice,
And thy salvation seek.

3. My Jesus shall be still my theme,
While on this earth I stay;
I'll sing my Jesus' lovely name,
When all things else decay.
4. When I appear in yonder cloud,
With all his favored throng,
Then will I sing more sweet, more loud,
And Christ shall be my song.

404 "That every tongue should confess."

PHIL. II: 5-11.

1. JESUS! exalted far on high, ✓
To whom a name is given—
A name surpassing every name,
That's known in earth or heaven!
2. Before thy throne shall every knee
Bow down with one accord;
Before thy throne shall every tongue
Confess that thou art Lord.
3. Jesus! thou, in the form of God,
Didst equal honor claim;
Yet, to redeem our guilty souls,
Didst stoop to death and shame!
4. Oh, may that mind in us be formed,
Which shone so bright in thee—
An humble, meek, and lowly mind,
From pride and envy free!
5. To others we would stoop, and learn
To emulate thy love;
So shall we bear thine image here,
And share thy throne above.

405.

In the Universe.

1. ETERNAL Wisdom! thee we praise,
Thee the creation sings;
With thy loved name, rocks, hills, and
And heaven's high palace rings. [seas,
2. How wide thy hand hath spread the sky!
How glorious to behold!
Tinged with a blue of heavenly dye,
And starred with sparkling gold.
3. Infinite strength and equal skill,
Shine through the worlds abroad,
Our souls with vast amazement fill,
And speak the builder, God.
4. But still the wonders of thy grace
Our softer passions move;
Pity divine in Jesus' face
We see, adore, and love.

✓ 406.

"I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills."

PSALM CXXI.

1. UP to the hills I lift mine eyes,
There all my hope is laid;
The Lord who built the earth and skies—
From him will come mine aid.
2. Thy foot unmoved he ever keeps,
And all thy ways will guard;
He slumbers not, and never sleeps—
Thy keeper is the Lord.
3. The Lord, thy keeper, shades the way,
Preserves thee in his sight;
Nor shall the sun smite thee by day,
Nor shall the moon by night.
4. The Lord preserves thy soul from sin,
From evils great and sore—
Thy going out and coming in,
Now and forever more.

✓ 407.

Divine Providence and Grace.

1. ALMIGHTY Father! gracious Lord!
Kind Guardian of my days!
Thy mercies let my heart record
In songs of grateful praise.
2. In life's first dawn, my tender frame
Was thine indulgent care,
Long ere I could pronounce thy name,
Or breathe the infant prayer.
3. Each rolling year new favors brought
From thine exhaustless store;
But, ah! in vain my lab'ring thought
Would count thy mercies o'er.

4. Still I adore thee, gracious Lord!
For favors more divine—
That I have known thy sacred word,
Where all thy glories shine.
5. Lord, when this mortal frame decays,
And every weakness dies,
Complete the wonders of thy grace,
And raise me to the skies.

✓ 408.

Prayer for Divine Guidance.

1. O GOD of Bethel! by whose hand
Thy people still are fed;
Who through this weary pilgrimage
Hast all our fathers led;—
2. Our vows, our prayers, we now present
Before thy throne of grace;
God of our fathers! be the God
Of their succeeding race.
3. Through each perplexing path of life
Our wand'ring footsteps guide;
Give us, each day, our daily bread,
And raiment fit provide.
4. Oh, spread thy covering wings around,
Till all our wand'rings cease,
And at our Father's loved abode,
Our souls arrive in peace.
5. Such blessings from thy gracious hand
Our humble prayers implore;
And thou shalt be our chosen God,
Our portion evermore.

409.

"Beside the still waters."

PSALM XXIII.

1. THE Lord himself, the mighty Lord,
Vouchsafes to be my guide;
The Shepherd by whose constant care
My wants are all supplied.
2. In tender grass he makes me feed,
And gently there repose;
Then leads me to cool shades, and where
Refreshing water flows.
3. He does my wand'ring soul reclaim,
And, to his endless praise,
Instruct with humble zeal to walk
In his most righteous ways.
4. I pass the gloomy vale of death,
From fear and danger free;
For there his aiding rod and staff
Defend and comfort me.
5. Since God doth thus his wondrous love
Through all my life extend,
That life to him I will devote,
And in his temple spend.

CONTENT. L. M.

From BRICCIALDI, by J. R. MURRAY.

Moderato.

O Lord, how full of sweet content Our years of pil - grim-age are spent!

Where'er we dwell, we dwell with thee, In heav'n, in earth, or on the sea.

410.

God with us everywhere.

1. O LORD, how full of sweet content
Our years of pilgrimage are spent!
Where'er we dwell, we dwell with thee,
In heaven, in earth, or on the sea.
2. To us remains nor place nor time;
Our country is in every clime:
We can be calm and free from care
On any shore, since God is there.
3. While place we seek, or place we shun,
The soul finds happiness in none;
But with our God to guide our way,
'Tis equal joy to go or stay.
4. Could we be cast where thou art not
That were indeed a dreadful lot;
But regions none remote we call,
Secure of finding God in all.

411.

God's Eternity, and Man's Immortality.

PSALM xc.

1. THROUGH every age, eternal God,
Thou art our rest, our safe abode:
High was thy throne ere heaven was made,
Or earth thy humble footstool laid.
2. Long hadst thou reigned ere time began,
Or dust was fashioned into man;
And long thy kingdom shall endure,
When earth and time shall be no more.
3. But man, weak man, is born to die,
Made up of guilt and vanity:
Thy dreadful sentence, Lord, was just—
"Return, ye sinners, to your dust."

4. Death, like an overflowing stream,
Sweeps us away: our life's a dream—
An empty tale—a morning flower,
Cut down and withered in an hour!
5. Teach us, O Lord, how frail is man;
And kindly lengthen out our span,
Till, by thy grace, we all may be
Prepared to die, and dwell with thee.

412.

"Thou art from everlasting."

PSALM xciii.

1. JEHOVAH reigns! He dwells in light,
Girded with majesty and might;
The world, created by his hands,
Still on its firm foundation stands.
2. But ere this spacious world was made,
Or had its first foundation laid,
Thy throne eternal ages stood,
Thyself the ever-living God.
3. Like floods the angry nations rise;
And aim their rage against the skies:
Vain floods, that aim their rage so high!
At thy rebuke the billows die.
4. For ever shall thy throne endure:
Thy promise stand for ever sure;
And everlasting holiness
Becomes the dwelling of thy grace.

Doxology.

PRAISE God, from whom all blessings flow,
Praise him, all creatures here below;
Praise him above, ye heavenly host!
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost!

413. "Oh, that men would praise the Lord!"
PSALM cvii.

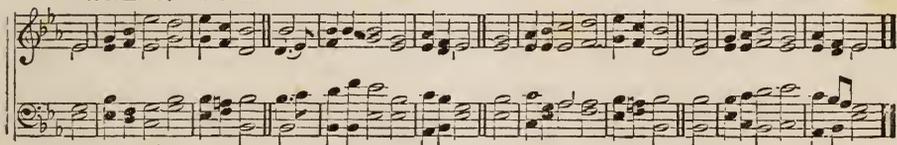
1. GIVE thanks to God : he reigns above ;
Kind are his thoughts, his name is love ;
His mercy ages past have known,
And ages long to come shall own.
2. Let the redeemed of the Lord
The wonders of his grace record ;
Israel, the nation whom he chose,
And rescued from their mighty foes.
3. He feeds and clothes us all the way,
He guides our footsteps lest we stray ;
He guards us with a powerful hand,
And brings us to the heavenly land.
4. Oh, let the saints with joy record
The truth and goodness of the Lord !
How great his works ! how kind his ways !
Let every tongue pronounce his praise.

414. God a faithful Creator.

1. PRAISE, everlasting praise be paid
To him who earth's foundations laid :
Praise to the God, whose strong decrees
Sway the creation as he please.
2. Praise to the goodness of the Lord,
Who rules his people by his word ;
And there, as strong as his decrees,
Reveals his kindest promises.
3. Oh, for a strong, a lasting faith,
To credit what th' Almighty saith !
T' embrace the message of his Son,
And call the joys of heaven our own.
4. Then, should the earth's foundations
shake,
And all the wheels of nature break,
Our steady souls shall fear no more
Than solid rocks when billows roar.

WELLS. L. M.

ISRAEL HOLDROYD.



415. "His mercy endureth forever."
PSALM cxxvi.

1. GIVE to our God immortal praise ;
Mercy and truth are all his ways :
Wonders of grace to God belong ;
Repeat his mercies in your song.
2. Give to the Lord of lords renown,
The King of kings with glory crown :
His mercies ever shall endure,
When lords and kings are known no more.
3. He built the earth, he spread the sky,
And fixed the starry lights on high :
Wonders of grace to God belong ;
Repeat his mercies in your song.
4. He fills the sun with morning light,
He bids the moon direct the night :
His mercies ever shall endure,
When suns and moons shall shine no more.
5. He sent his Son with power to save
From guilt, and darkness, and the grave :
Wonders of grace to God belong ;
Repeat his mercies in your song.
6. Through this vain world he guides our
And leads us to his heavenly seat ; [feet,

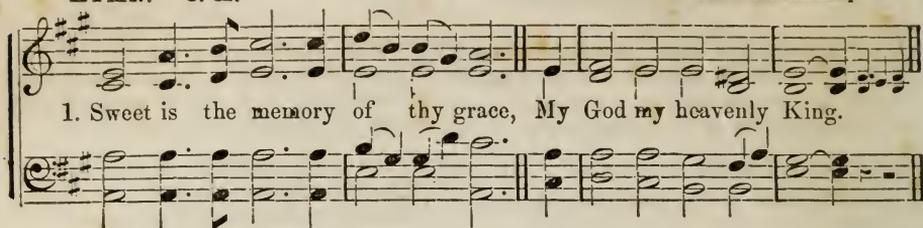
His mercies ever shall endure,
When this vain world shall be no more.

416. "He raiseth up the poor out of the dust."

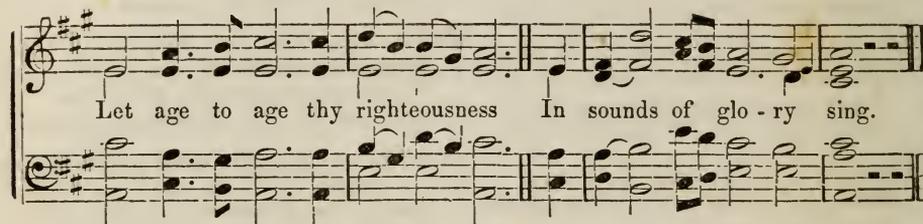
1. Up to the Lord, who reigns on high,
And views the nations from afar,
Let everlasting praises fly,
And tell how large his bounties are.
2. God, who must stoop to view the skies,
And bow to see what angels do,—
Down to our earth he casts his eyes,
And bends his footsteps downward too.
3. He overrules all mortal things,
And manages our mean affairs ;
On humble souls, the King of kings
Bestows his counsels and his cares.
4. Our sorrows and our tears we pour
Into the bosom of our God ;
He hears us in the mournful hour,
And helps to bear the heavy load.
5. Oh ! could our thankful hearts devise
A tribute equal to thy grace,
To the third heaven our song should rise,
And teach the golden harps thy praise.

HYMN. C. M.

From "Modern Harp."



1. Sweet is the memory of thy grace, My God my heavenly King.



Let age to age thy righteousness In sounds of glo-ry sing.

417. "The memory of Thy great goodness."
PSALM cxiv.

- 2 God reigns on high; but ne'er confines
His goodness to the skies;
Thro' the whole earth his bounty shines,
And every want supplies.
3. With longing eyes thy creatures wait
On thee for daily food;
Thy liberal hand provides their meat,
And fills their mouth with good.
4. How kind are thy compassions, Lord!
How slow thine anger moves!
But soon he sends his pardoning word,
To cheer the souls he loves.
5. Sweet is the memory of thy grace,
My God, my heavenly King;
Let age to age thy righteousness
In sounds of glory sing.

418. "I will praise Thy name forever and ever."
PSALM cxiv.

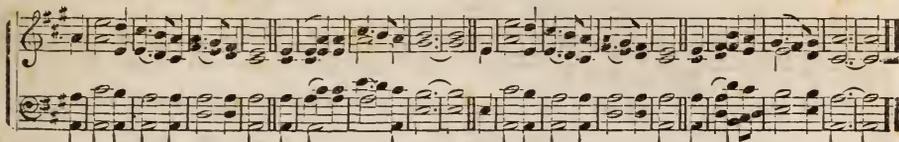
1. LONG as I live, I'll bless thy name,
My King, my God of love;
My work and joy shall be the same
In the bright world above.
2. Great is the Lord, his power unknown;
Oh, let his praise be great!
I'll sing the honors of thy throne;
Thy works of grace repeat.
3. Thy grace shall dwell upon my tongue;
And while my lips rejoice,
The men who hear my sacred song
Shall join their cheerful voice.

4. Fathers to sons shall teach thy name,
And children learn thy ways;
Ages to come thy truth proclaim,
And nations sound thy praise.

419. "I will sing praise to my God, while I have
my being."

1. YES, I will bless thee, O my God!
Through all my earthly days;
And to eternity prolong
Thy vast, thy boundless praise.
2. In every smiling, happy hour;
Be this my sweet employ:
Thy praise refines my earthly bliss,
And doubles all my joy.
3. When gloomy care and keen distress
Afflict my throbbing breast,
Thy praise shall mingle with my tears,
And lull each pain to rest.
4. Nor shall my tongue alone proclaim
The honors of my God:
My life, with all its active powers,
Shall spread thy praise abroad.
5. Nor death itself shall stop my song,
Though it will close my eyes;
My thoughts shall then to nobler heights,
And sweeter raptures rise.
6. There shall my lips in endless praise
Their grateful tribute pay;
The theme demands an angel's tongue,
And an eternal day.

BOARDMAN. C. M.

420. *Sovereignty of God in his gift of grace.*

1. O GIFT of gifts! O Grace of faith!
My God, how can it be
That thou, who hast discerning love,
Shouldst give that gift to me!
2. How many hearts thou might'st have had
More innocent than mine!
How many souls more worthy far
Of that pure touch of thine!
3. Ah, Grace! into unlikeliest hearts
It is thy boast to come;
The glory of thy light to find
In darkest spots a home.
4. Thy choice, O God of goodness! then
I lovingly adore;
Oh, give me grace to keep thy grace,
And grace to long for more!

421. *"Under the shadow of the Almighty."*
PSALM XXXIV.

1. THROUGH all the changing scenes of life
In trouble and in joy,
The praises of my God shall still
My heart and tongue employ.
2. Of his deliverance I will boast,
Till all who are distressed
From my example comfort take,
And charm their griefs to rest.
3. Oh, magnify the Lord with me,
With me exalt his name!
When in distress to him I called,
He to my rescue came
4. The hosts of God encamp around
The dwellings of the just;
Deliverance he affords to all
Who on his succor trust.
5. Oh, make but trial of his love:
Experience will decide
How blest are they, and only they,
Who in his truth confide.

6. Fear him, ye saints, and ye will then
Have nothing else to fear;
Make ye his service your delight,
He'll make your wants his care

422.

The pearl of great price.
MATT. xiii: 46.

1. YE glittering toys of earth, adieu!
A nobler choice be mine;
A real prize attracts my view,
A treasure all divine.
2. Jesus, to multitudes unknown,
O name divinely sweet!
Jesus, in thee, in thee alone,
Wealth, honor, pleasure meet.
3. Should earth's vain treasures all depart
Of this dear gift possessed,
I'd clasp it to my joyful heart,
And be forever blest.
4. Dear Sovereign of my soul's desires,
Thy love is bliss divine;
Accept the gift that love inspires,
And bid me call thee mine.

423.

"The Voice of Praise."

1. LIFT up to God the voice of praise,
Whose breath our souls inspired;
Loud and more loud the anthems raise,
With grateful ardor fired.
2. Lift up to God the voice of praise,
Whose goodness, passing thought,
Loads every moment, as it flies,
With benefits unsought.
3. Lift up to God the voice of praise,
From whom salvation flows;
Who sent his Son our souls to save
From everlasting woes.
4. Lift up to God the voice of praise,
For hope's transporting ray,
Which lights through darkest shades of death
To realms of endless day.

ST. MARTIN'S. C. M.

TANSUL

1. O thou, to whom all crea - tures bow With - in this earth - ly frame,

Through all the world, how great art thou! How glo - rious is thy name!

424.

Condescension of God.
PSALM viii.

2. WHEN heaven, thy beauteous work on high,
Employs my wondering sight;
The moon that nightly rules the sky,
With stars of feebler light;—
3. Lord, what is man that thou shouldst
To bear him in thy mind! [deign
Or what his race, that thou shouldst prove
To them so wondrous kind!
4. O thou, to whom all creatures bow
Within this earthly frame,
Through all the world, how great art thou!
How glorious is thy name!
5. Heaven, earth, and air, and sea are thine,
And the dark world of hell;
How did thine arm in vengeance shine,
When Egypt durst rebel!
6. Justice and judgment are thy throne,
Yet wondrous is thy grace;
While truth and mercy joined in one,
Invite us near thy face.

425. "Who can be compared unto the Lord?"

PSALM lxxxix.

1. WITH reverence let the saints appear,
And bow before the Lord;
His high commands with reverence hear,
And tremble at his word.
2. Great God! how high thy glories rise;
How bright thine armies shine!
Where is the power with thee that vies,
Or truth compared to thine!
3. The northern pole, and southern, rest
On thy supporting hand;
Darkness and day, from east to west,
Move round at thy command.
4. Thy words the raging winds control,
And rule the boisterous deep;
Thou mak'st the sleeping billows roll,
The rolling billows sleep.
1. THE Lord our God is full of might,
The winds obey his will;
He speaks, and, in his heavenly height,
The rolling sun stands still.
2. Rebel, ye waves, and o'er the land
With threatening aspect roar:
The Lord uplifts his awful hand,
And chains you to the shore.
3. Howl winds of night, your force combine;
Without his high behest
Ye shall not, in the mountain-pine,
Disturb the sparrow's nest.
4. His voice sublime is heard afar,
In distant peals it dies:
He yokes the whirlwind to his car,
And sweeps the howling skies.
5. Ye nations, bend—in reverence bend;
Ye monarchs wait his nod,
And bid the choral song ascend
To celebrate our God.

427. "Sow in tears—reap in joy."

PSALM CXXVI.

1. WHEN God revealed his gracious name,
And changed my mournful state,
My rapture seemed a pleasing dream,
The grace appeared so great.
2. The world beheld the glorious change,
And did thy hand confess;
My tongue broke out in unknown strains,
And sung surprising grace.
3. The Lord can clear the darkest skies,
Can give us day for night;
Make drops of sacred sorrow rise
To rivers of delight.
4. Let those that sow in sadness wait
Till the fair harvest come;
They shall confess their sheaves are great,
And shout the blessings home.

428. "I know that my Redeemer liveth."

JOB XIX : 25.

1. I know that my Redeemer lives;
He lives who once was dead:
To me in grief he comfort gives;
With peace he crowns my head.
2. He lives, triumphant o'er the grave,
At God's right hand on high,
My ransomed soul to keep and save,
To bless and glorify.
3. He lives to fill my breast with love,
With joy my heart to feed;
He lives to plead for me above,
To succor me in need.
4. He lives that I may also live,
And now his grace proclaim;
He lives that I may honor give
To his most holy name.
5. Let strains of heavenly music rise,
While all their anthem sing
To Christ, my precious sacrifice,
And ever-living King.

429. "His tender mercies are over all

His works."

1. THY goodness, Lord, our souls confess;
Thy goodness we adore;
A spring, whose blessings never fail;
A sea without a shore!
2. Sun, moon, and stars, thy love attest
In every golden ray;
Love draws the curtains of the night,
And love brings back the day.

3. Thy bounty every season crowns
With all the bliss it yields;
With joyful clusters loads the vines,
With strengthening grain, the fields.
4. But chiefly thy compassion, Lord,
Is in the gospel seen;
There, like a sun, thy mercy shines,
Without a cloud between.
5. There pardon, peace, and holy joy,
Through Jesus' name are given;
He on the cross was lifted high,
That we might reign in heaven.

430.

"Give thy heart."

1. WHEN, as returns this solemn day,
Man comes to meet his God,
What rites, what honors shall he pay?
How spread his praise abroad?
2. From marble domes and gilded spires
Shall clouds of incense rise?
And gems, and gold, and garlands deck
The costly sacrifice!
3. Vain, sinful man!—creation's Lord
Thine off'rings well may spare;
But give thy heart, and thou shalt find,
Thy God will hear thy prayer.

431.

"How precious are thy thoughts unto me."

PSALM CXXXIX.

1. JEHOVAH, God! thy gracious power
On every hand we see;
Oh, may the blessings of each hour
Lead all our thoughts to thee!
2. If, on the wings of morn, we speed
To earth's remotest bound,
Thy hand will there our footsteps lead,
Thy love our path surround.
3. Thy power is in the ocean deeps,
And reaches to the skies;
Thine eye of mercy never sleeps,
Thy goodness never dies.
4. From morn till noon—till latest eve,
Thy hand, O God, we see;
And all the blessings we receive,
Proceed alone from thee.
5. In all the varying scenes of time,
On thee our hopes depend;
Through every age, in every clime,
Our Father and our Friend.

PATTON. S. M. D.

D. E. JONES.

1. I was a wandering sheep, I did not love the fold, I did not love my

Shepherd's voice, I would not be controlled. 2. I was a way-ward child, I

did not love my home, I did not love my Father's voice; I loved afar to roam.

432.

"Lost, but Found."
1 Pet. ii : 26.

3. THE Shepherd sought his sheep,
The Father sought his child;
They followed me o'er vale and hill,
O'er deserts waste and wild.
4. They found me nigh to death,
Famished, and faint, and lone;
They bound me with the bands of love;
They saved the wandering one.
5. Jesus my Shepherd is,
'Twas he that loved my soul,
'Twas he that washed me in his blood,
'Twas he that made me whole.
6. 'Twas he that sought the lost,
That found the wandering sheep;
'Twas he that brought me to the fold,
'Tis he that still doth keep.
7. I was a wandering sheep,
I would not be controlled;
But now I love my Shepherd's voice,
I love, I love the fold!

8. I was a wayward child;
I once preferred to roam;
But now I love my Father's voice,—
I love, I love his home!

433.

PML. i ; 21.

1. FOR me to live is Christ,
To die is endless gain,
For him I gladly bear the cross,
And welcome grief and pain.
Faithful may I endure,
And hear my Saviour say,
Thrice welcome home, beloved child,
Inherit endless day!
2. A pilgrimage my lot,
My home is in the skies,
I nightly pitch my tent below,
And daily higher rise:
My journey soon will end,
My scrip and staff laid down:
Oh, tempt me not with earthly toys,
I go to wear a crown.

434. "The Lord is my Shepherd,"

PSALM XXIII.

1. THE Lord my Shepherd is;
I shall be well supplied;
Since he is mine, and I am his,
What can I want beside?
- 2 He leads me to the place
Where heavenly pasture grows;
Where living waters gently pass,
And full salvation flows.
3. If e'er I go astray,
He doth my soul reclaim;
And guides me, in his own right way,
For his most holy name.
4. While he affords his aid,
I cannot yield to fear;
Though I should walk through death's
dark shade.
My Shepherd's with me there.
5. In spite of all my foes,
Thou dost my table spread;
My cup with blessings overflows,
And joy exalts my head.
6. The bounties of thy love
Shall crown my future days;
Nor from thy house will I remove,
Nor cease to speak thy praise.

435.

The Song of the Lamb.

REV. XV : 3, 4.

1. AWAKE, and sing the song
Of Moses and the Lamb!
Wake, every heart, and every tongue,
To praise the Saviour's name!
2. Sing of his dying love;
Sing of his rising power;
Sing how he intercedes above,
For those whose sins he bore.
3. Sing, till we feel our hearts
Ascending with our tongues;
Sing, till the love of sin departs,
And grace inspires our songs.
4. Sing on your heavenly way,
Ye ransomed sinners, sing!
Sing on, rejoicing every day
In Christ th' exalted King.
5. Soon shall we hear him say,
"Ye blessed children, come!"
Soon will he call us hence away
To our eternal home.

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

436.

"Bless the Lord, O my soul."

PSALM ciii.

1. OH, bless the Lord, my soul!
Let all within me join,
And aid my tongue to bless his name,
Whose favors are divine.
2. Oh bless the Lord, my soul!
Nor let his mercies lie
Forgotten in unthankfulness,
And without praises die.
3. 'Tis he forgives thy sins;
'Tis he relieves thy pain;
'Tis he that heals thy sicknesses,
And makes thee young again.
4. He crowns thy life with love,
When ransomed from the grave;
He, who redeemed my soul from hell,
Hath sovereign power to save.
5. He fills the poor with good;
He gives the sufferers rest:
The Lord hath judgments for the proud,
And justice for th' oppressed.
6. His wondrous works and ways
He made by Moses known;
But sent the world his truth and grace
By his beloved Son.

437.

Boldness in Prayer.

1. BEHOLD the throne of grace!
The promise calls me near;
There Jesus shows a smiling face,
And waits to answer prayer.
2. That rich atoning blood,
Which sprinkled round I see,
Provides for those who come to God
An all-prevailing plea.
3. My soul! ask what thou wilt;
Thou canst not be too bold:
Since his own blood for thee he spilt,
What else can he withhold!
4. Thine image, Lord, bestow,
Thy presence and thy love;
I ask to serve thee here below,
And reign with thee above.
5. Teach me to live by faith;
Conform my will to thine;
Let me victorious be in death,
And then in glory shine.

ARIEL. C. P. M

DR. L. MASON.

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

438. "The unsearchable riches of Christ.

1. OH, could I speak the 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 precious blood he spilt,
My ransom from the dreadful guilt
Of sin and wrath divine:
I'd sing his glorious righteousness,
In which all perfect, heavenly dress,
My soul shall ever shine.
3. I'd sing the characters he bears,
And all the forms of love he wears,
Exalted on his throne:
In loftiest songs of sweetest praise,
I would to everlasting days
Make all his glories known.
4. Well, 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.

439. The Fullness of Christ's Love.

1. O LOVE divine, how sweet thou art!
When shall I find my willing heart
All taken up by thee?
I thirst, I faint, I die to prove
The greatness of redeeming love,—
The love of Christ to me.
2. Stronger his love than death or hell,
No mortal can its riches tell,
Nor first-born sons of light:
In vain they long its depths to see;
They cannot reach the mystery,—
The length, the breadth, the height.
3. God only knows the love of God;
Oh that it now were shed abroad
In this poor, stony heart!
For love I sigh, for love I pine;
This only portion, Lord, be mine—
Be mine this better part.
4. Oh that I could forever sit
In transport at my Saviour's feet!
Be this my happy choice:
My only care, delight, and bliss,
My joy, my heaven on earth, be this,
To hear my Saviour's voice.

440. "Our feet shall stand within thy gates."
PSALM CXXII.

1. THE festal morn, my God, is come,
That calls me to thy sacred dome,
Thy presence to adore :
My feet the summons shall attend,
With willing steps thy courts attend,
And tread the hallowed floor.
2. With holy joy I hail the day
That warns my thirsting soul away
To dwell among the blest !
For, lo ! my great Redeemer's power
Unfolds the everlasting door,
And leads me to his rest !
3. Hither, from earth's remotest end,
Lo ! the redeemed of God ascend,
Their tribute hither bring ;
Here, crowned with everlasting joy,
In hymns of praise their tongues employ,
And hail th' immortal King.

441. Col. II : 10.

1. COME join, ye saints, with heart and voice,
Alone in Jesus to rejoice,
And worship at his feet ;
Come, take his praises on your tongues,
And raise to him your thankful songs,
" In him ye are complete !"
2. In him, who all our praise excels,
The fullness of the Godhead dwells,
And all perfections meet :
The head of all celestial powers,
Divinely theirs, divinely ours
" In him ye are complete !"
3. Still onward urge your heavenly way,
Dependent on him day by day,
His presence still entreat ;
His precious name forever bless,
Your glory, strength and righteousness,
" In him ye are complete !"
4. Nor fear to pass the vale of death ;
In his dear arms resign your breath,
He'll make the passage sweet ;
The gloom and fears of death shall flee,
And your departing souls shall see
" In him ye are complete !"

442. "The earth is full of Thy riches."

1. THY mighty working, mighty God !
Wakes all my powers ; I look abroad,
And can no longer rest ;
I, too, must sing when all things sing,
And from my heart the praises ring
The Highest loveth best.
2. If thou, in thy great love to us,
Wilt scatter joy and beauty thus
O'er this poor earth of ours ;
What nobler glories shall be given
Hereafter in thy shining heaven,
Set round with golden towers !
3. What thrilling joy, when on our sight
Christ's garden beams in cloudless light,
Where all the air is sweet ;
Still laden with th' unwearied hymn
From all the thousand seraphim
Who God's high praise repeat !
4. Oh, were I there ! oh that I now
Before thy throne, my God, could bow.
And bear my heavenly palm !
Then, like the angels, would I raise
My voice, and sing thine endless praise
In many a sweet-toned psalm.

443. MATT. I : 21.

1. OH, let your mingling voices rise
In grateful rapture to the skies,
And hail a Saviour's birth ;
Let songs of joy the day proclaim,
When Jesus all-triumphant came
To bless the sons of earth.
2. He came to bid the weary rest ;
To heal the sinner's wounded breast ;
To bind the broken heart ;
To spread the light of truth around ;
And to the world's remotest bound,
The heavenly gift impart.
3. He came our trembling souls to save,
From sin, from sorrow, and the grave,
And chase our fears away ;
Victorious over death and time,
To lead us to a happier clime,
Where reigns eternal day.

MIDDLETON. 8s & 7s. Double.

Je - sus, I my cross have taken, All to leave and fol - low thee ; }
Na - ked, poor, de - spised, for-sak-en, Thou, from hence, my all shalt be : }
D.C. Yet how rich is my con-di - tion! God and heaven are still my own.

Per - ish ev - 'ry fond am - bi - tion, All I've sought, or hoped, or known ; }
D. C.

444. "Jesus, I my cross have taken."

1. 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 may scorn me ;
Show thy face, and all is bright.
3. 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 ! 'tis 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.

445.

Pressing Forward.

1. PILGRIMS in this vale of sorrow
Pressing onward toward the prize,
Strength and comfort here we borrow
From the Hand that rules the skies.

2. 'Mid these scenes of self-denial,
We are called the race to run ;
We must meet full many a trial
Ere the victor's crown is won.
3. Love shall every conflict lighten,
Hope shall urge us swifter on,
Faith shall every prospect brighten,
Till the morn of heaven shall dawn.
4. On the eternal arm reclining,
We, at length, shall win the day ;
All the powers of earth combining
Shall not snatch our crown away.

446.

MATT. XVII : 8.

1. JESUS only, when the morning
Beams upon the path I tread ;
Jesus only, when the darkness
Gathers round my weary head.
2. Jesus only, when the billows
Cold and sullen o'er me roll ;
Jesus only, when the trumpet
Rends the tomb and wakes the soul.
3. Jesus only, when in judgment
Boding fears my heart appall ;
Jesus only, when the wretched
On the rocks and mountains call.
4. Jesus only, when, adoring,
Saints their crowns before him bring ;
Jesus only, I will, joyous,
Through eternal ages sing.

AUTUMN. 8s & 7s D.

1. Love di - vine, all love ex - cel - ling, Joy of heav'n, to earth come down! Fix in
D. S. Vis - it

us thy hum-ble dwell-ing; All thy faith-ful mer-cies crown: Je - sus, thou art all com-
us with thy sal - va-tion; En - ter ev - 'ry long-ing heart.

passion; Pure, unbounded love thou art:

447. "Ye are Temples of the Living God."

2. Come, Almighty to deliver,
Let us all thy grace receive;
Hasten thy return, and never,
Never more thy temples leave!
Dwell in us with thy rich blessing,
Dwell in us with all thy love;
We will praise thee without ceasing,
Serve thee as thy hosts above.

3. Finish, Lord, thy new creation;
- Pure and spotless may we 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.

448.

The Elder Brother.

I. YES, for me, for me he careth
With a brother's tender care;
Yes, with me, with me he shareth
Every burden, every fear:
Yes, o'er me, o'er me he watcheth,
Ceaseless watcheth, night and day;
Yes, ev'n me, ev'n me he snatcheth
From the perils of the way.

2. Yes, for me he standeth pleading.
At the mercy-seat above;
Ever for me interceding,
Constant in untiring love:
Yes, in me abroad he sheddeth
Joys unearthly, love and light;
And to cover me he spreadeth
His paternal wing of might.

3. Yes, in me, in me he dwelleth;
I in him, and he in me!
And my empty soul he filleth,
Here and through eternity:
Thus I wait for his returning,
Singing all the way to heaven;
Such the joyful song of morning,
Such the tranquil song of even.

449.

Our Friend, above all others.

1. ONE there is, above all others,
Well deserves the name of Friend;
His is love beyond a brother's,
Costly, free, and knows no end:
Which of all our friends, to save us,
Could or would have shed his blood?
But our Jesus died to have us
Reconciled in him to God.

4. When he lived on earth abaséd,
Friend of sinners was his name;
Now, above all glory raised,
He rejoices in the same:
Oh, for grace our hearts to soften!
Teach us, Lord, at length to love;
We, alas! forget too often
What a Friend we have above.

WORTHING. 8s & 7s.

SHULTZ.

1. Glo - rious things of thee are spo - ken, Zi - on, cit - y of our God!

He whose word can ne'er be bro - ken Chose thee for his own a - bode.

450.

"Zion, city of our God."

2. LORD, thy church is still thy dwelling,
Still is precious in thy sight;
Judah's temple far excelling,
Beaming with the gospel's light.
3. On the Rock of Ages founded,
What can shake her sure repose?
With salvation's wall surrounded,
She can smile at all her foes.
4. Glorious things of thee are spoken,
Zion, city of our God;
He whose word can ne'er be broken
Chose thee for his own abode.

451.

"I would love Thee."

1. I WOULD love thee, God and Father!
My Redeemer, and my King!
I would love thee; for, without thee,
Life is but a bitter thing.
2. I would love thee; every blessing
Flows to me from out thy throne:
I would love thee—he who loves thee
Never feels himself alone.
3. I would love thee; look upon me,
Ever guide me with thine eye:
I would love thee; if not nourished
By thy love, my soul would die.
4. I would love thee; may thy brightness
Dazzle my rejoicing eyes!
I would love thee; may thy goodness
Watch from heaven o'er all I prize.

5. I would love thee, I have vowed it,
On thy love my heart is set:
While I love thee, I will never
My Redeemer's blood forget.

452.

Giving the Heart.

1. TAKE my heart, O Father, take it!
Make and keep it all thine own;
Let thy Spirit melt and break it—
This proud heart of sin and stone.
2. Father, make it pure and lowly,
Fond of peace, and far from strife;
Turning from the paths unholy
Of this vain and sinful life.
3. Ever let thy grace surround it;
Strengthen it with power divine,
Till thy cords of love have bound it:
Make it to be wholly thine.
4. May the blood of Jesus heal it,
And its sins be all forgiven;
Holy Spirit, take and seal it,
Guide it in the path to heaven.

Doxology.

PRAISE the God of our salvation,
Praise the Father's boundless love;
Praise the Lamb, our expiation;
Praise the Spirit from above:
Praise the Fountain of salvation,
Him by whom our spirits live;
Undivided adoration
To the one Jehovah give!

453. "Under His wings shalt thou trust."

PSALM XCI.

1. CALL the Lord thy sure salvation,
Rest beneath th' Almighty's shade ;
In his secret habitation
Dwell, and never be dismayed !
2. There no tumult can alarm thee,
Thou shalt dread no hidden snare ;
Guile nor violence can harm thee,
In eternal safeguard there.
3. Thee, though winds and waves are swell-
ing,
God, thy Hope, shall bear through all ;
Plague shall not come nigh thy dwelling,
Thee no evil shall befall.
4. He shall charge his angel legions
Watch and ward o'er thee to keep,
Though thou walk through hostile regions,
Though in desert wilds thou sleep.
5. Since, with firm and pure affection,
Thou on God hast set thy love,
With the wings of his protection
He shall shield thee from above.

454. "Bring ye all the tithes into the store-house."

1. WITH my substance I will honor
My Redeemer and my Lord ;
Were ten thousand worlds my manor,
All were nothing to his word.
2. While the heralds of salvation
His abounding grace proclaim,
Let his friends, of every station,
Gladly join to spread his fame.
3. Be his kingdom now promoted,
Let the earth her Monarch know ;
Be my all to him devoted ;
To my Lord my all I owe.
4. Praise the Saviour, all ye nations !
Praise him, all ye hosts above !
Shout, with joyful acclamations,
His divine, victorious love !

455. "Remember not against us former iniquities."

1. DREAD Jehovah ! God of nations !
From thy temple in the skies,
Hear thy people's supplications ;
Now for their deliverance rise.

2. Though our sins, our hearts confounding,
Long and loud for vengeance call,
Thou hast mercy more abounding :
Jesus' blood can cleanse them all.

3. Let that love veil our transgression ;
Let that blood our guilt efface :
Save thy people from oppression ;
Save from spoil thy holy place.

4. Lo ! with deep contrition turning,
Humbly at thy feet we bend ;
Hear us, fasting, praying, mourning,
Hear us, spare us, and defend !

456. "Abide with us for it is now toward evening."

1. TARRY with me, O my Saviour !
For the day is passing by ;
See ! the shades of evening gather,
And the night is drawing nigh.
2. Deeper, deeper grow the shadows,
Paler now the glowing west,
Swift the night of death advances ;
Shall it be the night of rest ?
3. Feeble, trembling, fainting, dying,
Lord, I cast myself on thee ;
Tarry with me through the darkness ;
While I sleep, still watch by me.
4. Tarry with me, O my Saviour !
Lay my head upon thy breast ;
Till the morning ; then awake me—
Morning of eternal rest !

457. "I am with you always."

MATT. XXVIII . 20.

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

NEW HAVEN. 6s & 4s.

DR. HASTINGS.

Jesus, thy name I love, All other names above, Jesus, my Lord! Oh, thou art

all to me! Nothing to please I see, Nothing apart from thee, Jesus, my Lord!

458.

1 JOHN iv: 19.

1. JESUS, thy name I love,
All other names above,
Jesus, my Lord!
Oh! thou art all to me!
Nothing to please I see,
Nothing apart from thee,
Jesus, my Lord!
2. Thou blesséd Son of God,
Hast bought me with thy blood,
Jesus, my Lord!
Oh! how great is thy love,
All other loves above,
Love that I daily prove,
Jesus, my Lord!
3. When unto thee I flee,
Thou wilt my refuge be,
Jesus, my Lord!
What need I now to fear?
What earthly grief or care,
Since thou art ever near?
Jesus, my Lord!
4. Soon thou wilt come again!
I shall be happy then,
Jesus, my Lord!
Then thine own face I'll see,
Then I shall like thee be,
Then evermore with thee,
Jesus, my Lord!

459.

PSALM xxxvii: 25. ✓

1. Now I have found a Friend
Whose love shall never end;
Jesus is mine.
Though earthly joys decrease,
Though human friendships cease,
Now I have lasting peace;
Jesus is mine.
2. Though I grow poor and old,
He will my faith uphold;
Jesus is mine.
He shall my wants supply;
His precious blood is nigh,
Naught can my hope destroy;
Jesus is mine.
3. When earth shall pass away,
In the great judgment day,
Jesus is mine.
Oh, what a glorious thing
Then to behold my King,
On tuneful harps to sing,
Jesus is mine.
4. Father! thy name I bless;
Thine was the sovereign grace;
Praise shall be thine;
Spirit of holiness!
Sealing the Father's grace,
Thou mad'st my soul embrace
Jesus as mine.

SHEPHERD. Ms & Mts.

Dr. Estlin.

The Lord is my Shepherd, he makes me repose
Where the pastures in beauty are growing;

He leads me safe from the world and its woes
Where in peace the still waters are flowing.

460.

Psalm cxiii.

1. The Lord is my Shepherd, he makes me repose
Where the pastures in beauty are growing,
He leads me safe from the world and its woes,
Where in peace the still waters are flowing.
2. He strengthens my spirit, he shows me the path
Where the horns of his love shall unfold me,
And when I walk through the dark valley of death,
His rod and his staff will uphold me!

461.

Psalm cxxxv.

1. Oh, tell me about Life and Delight of my soul,
Where the flocks of thy pasture are feeding;
I seek thy protection, I need thy control,
I would go where my Shepherd is leading.
2. Oh, tell me the place where thy flock are at rest,
Where the mountains will find them reposing;
The tempest now rages, my soul is distressed,
And the pathway of peace I am losing.
3. And why should I stray with the flocks of thy foes,
In the desert where now they are roaming;
Where hunger and thirst, where enemies and woes
And fierce conflicts their ruin are proving.
4. Ah, when shall my woes and my wandering cease,
And the folds that I see with weeping?
O Shepherd of Israel, I trust in thee for peace,
Thou dost give us the flock thou art keeping!
5. A voice from the Shepherd now bids me return,
By the way where my four-pieces are lying;
No longer to wander, no longer to mourn,
And homeward my path is flying.

OLIVET. 6s & 4s.

DR. L. MASON.

My faith looks up to thee, Thou Lamb of Calvary, Saviour divine! Now hear me

while I pray, Take all my guilt a-way, O let me from this day Be whol-ly thine!

462.

ISAIAH xiv : 22.

1. MY faith looks up to thee,
Thou Lamb of Calvary,
Saviour divine!
Now hear me while I pray,
Take all my guilt away,
Oh, 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,
Oh, 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 distrust remove;
Oh, bear me safe above,
A ransomed soul!

463.

HEB. xii : 2.

1. SAVIOUR, I look to thee,
Be not thou far from me,
'Mid storms that lower:
On me thy care bestow,
Thy loving kindness show,
Thine arms around me throw,
This trying hour.
2. Saviour, I look to thee,
Feeble as infancy,
Gird up my heart:
Author of life and light,
Thou hast an arm of might,
Thine is the sovereign right,
Thy strength impart.
3. Saviour, I look to thee,
Let me thy fullness see,
Save me from fear;
While at thy cross I kneel,
All my backslidings heal,
And a free pardon seal,
My soul to cheer.
4. Saviour, I look to thee,
Thine shall the glory be,
Hearer of prayer:
Thou art my only aid,
On thee my soul is stayed,
Naught can my heart invade,
While thou art near.

464. "What have I done for Thee?"
ACTS ix : 6.

1. O THOU best gift of heaven,
Thou who thyself hast given,—
For thou hast died!
This thou hast done for me;
What have I done for thee,
What have I done for thee,
Thou crucified?
2. I long to serve thee more;
Reveal an open door,
Saviour, to me:
Then, counting all but loss,
I'll glory in the cross,
I'll glory in the cross,
And follow thee.
3. Do thou but point the way,
And give me strength t' obey;
Thy will be mine:
Then can I think it joy
To suffer or to die,
To suffer or to die,
Since I am thine.

ITALIAN HYMN. Gs & 4s.

GIARDINI.

466. *Christ for all the World, and all
the World for Christ.*

1. CHRIST for the world we sing;
The world to Christ we bring,
With loving zeal—
The poor, and them that mourn,
The faint and overborne,
Sin-sick and sorrow-worn,
Whom Christ doth heal.
2. Christ for the world we sing;
The world to Christ we bring,
With fervent prayer,—
The wayward and the lost,
By restless passions toss'd,
Redeemed, at countless cost,
From dark despair.
3. Christ for the world we sing;
The world to Christ we bring,
With one accord,—
With us the work to share,
With us reproach to dare,
With us the cross to bear,
For Christ our Lord.
4. Christ for the world we sing;
The world to Christ we bring,
With joyful song,—
The new-born souls, whose days,
Reclaimed from error's ways,
Inspired with hope and praise,
To Christ belong.

465. *Prayer for Divine efficiency and grace.*

1. BE with me through life's day;
Be my resource and stay;
My shield and ward:
To wisdom's searching sight,
To duty's leading light,
To constant course of right,
Hold me, O Lord.
2. The want which craves relief,
The woe of friendless grief,
Bid me assuage.
The fight with passions strong,
The war with tumult's throng,
The battle with the wrong,
Help me to wage.
3. With awe of God the Just,
With faith's inspiring trust,
To thee I pray:
Let gracious gentleness,
Let sainted loveliness,
Let heavenly holiness,
My soul array!

BETHANY. 6s & 4s.

DR. L. MASON.

Nearer, my God, to thee, Nearer to thee : Ev'n tho' it be a cross That raiseth me,

Still all my song shall be, Nearer, my God, to thee, Nearer, my God, to thee, Nearer to thee.

467. "Nearer, my God to Thee."

1. NEARER, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee :
Ev'n 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.

468. "Strangers and pilgrims on the earth."

1. 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 fatherland—
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 win'try blast
Soon will be overpast ;
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,
And there, I, too, shall rest ;—
Heaven is my home !

ROY. 6s & 4s.

Arranged by D. E. J.

Sav-iour! I fol-low on, Guid-ed by thee, } [still
See-ing not yet the hand That lead-eth me; } Hushed be my heart and

Fear I no further ill, On-ly to meet thy will My will shall be.

469.

1. SAVIOUR! I follow on,
Guided by thee,
Seeing not yet the hand
That leadeth me;
Hushed be my heart and still,
Fear I no further ill,
Only to meet thy will
My will shall be.
2. Riven the rock for me
Thirst to relieve,
Manna from heaven falls
Fresh every eve;
Never a want severe
Causeth my eye a tear,
But thou art whispering near,
"Only believe!"
3. Often to Marah's brink
Have I been brought;
Shrinking the cup to drink,
Help I have sought;
And with the prayer's ascent,
Jesus the branch has rent;—
Quickly relief he sent,
Sweetening the draught.
4. Saviour! I long to walk
Closer with thee;
Led by thy guiding hand,
Ever to be;
Constantly near thy side,
Quickened and purified.
Living for him who died
Freely for me!

470.

1. FADE, fade, each earthly joy;
Jesus is mine!
Break, every tender tie;
Jesus is mine.
Dark is the wilderness;
Earth has no resting-place;
Jesus alone can bless;
Jesus is mine.
2. Tempt not my soul away;
Jesus is mine:
Here would I ever stay;
Jesus is mine:
Perishing things of clay
Born but for one brief day,
Pass from my heart away;
Jesus is mine.
3. Farewell, ye dreams of night,
Jesus is mine:
Lost in this dawning bright,
Jesus is mine:
All that my soul has tried
Left but a dismal void:
Jesus has satisfied:
Jesus is mine.
4. Farewell, mortality;
Jesus is mine:
Welcome, eternity;
Jesus is mine:
Welcome, O loved and blest!
Welcome, sweet scenes of rest;
Welcome, my Saviour's breast;
Jesus is mine!

GERMANIA. 7s & 6s.

E. P. PARKER, by permission.

1. O Christ, I long to know thee, As thou art known a - bove; Long, face to face, to
show thee, In faultless praise my love. But thou thyself now hidest Beyond my feeble
sense; Tho' all my steps thou guid - est, Thine arm my sure de - fense.

471.

Longing to see Christ.

2. O'erpowering is the splendor
Of thy pure unveiled throne,
Where bright archangels render
A service all their own;
That glory, sight-confounding,
Those wonders rich and rare,
The anthems high-resounding,
This mortal could not bear.
3. Yet, Lord, to see thee, pining,
In thought I oft ascend,
And where thy hosts are shining,
I, too, before thee bend.
As one all sweetly dreaming,
Celestial bliss I feel;
And in that moment's seeming,
Glow with a seraph's zeal.
4. When from this dream awaking,
A weary pilgrim still,
Sloth from my spirit shaking,
With fixed, unflinching will,
My soul, in courage stronger,
Holds on her toilsome way,
Content to watch yet longer,
Till dawns the wished-for day.

472.

MATT. xxv. 6.

1. REJOICE, rejoice, believers!
And let your lights appear;
The shades of eve are thickening,
And darker night is near;
The watchers on the mountains
Proclaim the Bridegroom near;
Go, meet him, as he cometh,
With hallelujahs clear.
2. The saints, who here in patience
Their cross and sufferings bore,
With him shall reign forever,
When sorrow is no more:
Around the throne of glory
The Lamb shall they behold,
Adoring cast before him
Their diadems of gold.
3. Our hope and expectation,
O Jesus, now appear!
Arise, thou Sun, so looked-for,
O'er this benighted sphere!
With hearts and hands uplifted,
We plead, O Lord, to see
The day of our redemption,
And ever be with thee.

473. "O Sacred Head, now wounded."

- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>1. O SACRED Head, now wounded! With grief and shame weighed down; O sacred brow, surrounded With thorns, thine only crown! Once on a throne of glory, Adorned with light divine, Now all despised and gory, I joy to call thee mine.</p> <p>2. On me, as thou art dying, O, turn thy pitying eye! To thee for mercy crying, Before thy cross I lie. Thine, thine the bitter passion, Thy pain is all for me; Mine, mine the deep transgression, My sins are all on thee.</p> | <p>3. What language can I borrow To thank thee, dearest Friend, For all this dying sorrow, Of all my woes the end? Oh, can I leave thee ever? Then do not thou leave me; Lord, let me never, never Outlive my love to thee.</p> <p>4. Be near when I am dying; Then close beside me stand; Let me, while faint and sighing, Lean calmly on thy hand: These eyes new faith receiving, From thine eye shall not move; For he who dies believing, Dies safely in thy love.</p> |
|---|---|

HARTWELL. 6s & 4s.
 With tender and devout feeling.

D. E. JONES.

1. Yes, kind Saviour, grieving O'er the sad past, All my vain hopes leaving, Come I at last; Thine, thine I am, O bleeding Lamb; To thy heart receiving, Hold thou me fast.

474.

"Come unto me."
 MATT. XI: 28.

- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>2. ON thy word relying, Safe let me rest, All my tears now drying On thy dear breast; Dawns the sweet day, Bright o'er my way, Foes and fears all flying, Here I am blest.</p> <p>3. All my footsteps heeding, Shield me from ill, In green pastures feeding, By waters still;</p> | <p>Always with thee, Lord, let me be; Thou all kindly leading, Thine be my will.</p> <p>4. When—life's last day ending— Dark death is nigh, Jesus, o'er me bending, Note my last sigh; In that dread hour, Strong in thy power, On swift wing ascending, Home let me fly!</p> |
|---|---|

TOPLADY. 7s. 6 lines.

DR. HASTINGS.

Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in thee!
 D. C. Be of sin the doub - le cure—Cleanse me from its guilt and power.

Let the wa - ter and the blood, From thy riv - en side that flowed,
 D. C.

475. "Rock of Ages."—1 Cor. x: 4.

1. ROCK of ages! cleft for me,
 Let me hide myself in thee!
 Let the water and the blood,
 From thy riven side that flowed,
 Be of sin the double cure—
 Cleanse me from its guilt and power.
2. Could my zeal no respite know,
 Could my tears for ever flow—
 All for sin could not atone:
 Thou must have, and thou alone!
 Nothing in my hand I bring;
 Simply to thy cross I cling.
3. While I draw this fleeting breath,
 When my eyelids close in death,
 When I soar to worlds unknown,
 See thee on thy judgment throne,—
 Rock of Ages! cleft for me,
 Let me hide myself in thee!

476. *Blessedness of Trust in Christ.*

1. SAVIOUR! happy would I be,
 If I could but trust in thee;
 Trust thy wisdom me to guide;
 Trust thy goodness to provide;
 Trust thy saving love and power;
 Trust thee every day and hour:
2. Trust thee as the only light
 In the darkest hour of night;
 Trust in sickness, trust in health;
 Trust in poverty and wealth;
 Trust in joy, and trust in grief;
 Trust thy promise for relief:

3. Trust thy blood to cleanse my soul;
 Trust thy grace to make me whole;
 Trust thee living, dying, too;
 Trust thee all my journey through;
 Trust thee till my feet shall be
 Planted on the crystal sea!

477. "Only Thee." ✓ "

1. BLESSED Saviour! thee I love,
 All my other joys above;
 All my hopes in thee abide,
 Thou my hope, and naught beside:
 Ever let my glory be
 Only, only, only thee.
2. Once again beside the cross,
 All my gain I count but loss;
 Earthly pleasures fade away,—
 Clouds they are that hide my day:
 Hence, vain shadows! let me see
 Jesus crucified for me.
3. From beneath that thorny crown
 Trickle drops of cleansing down;
 Pardon from thy pierced hand
 Now I take, while here I stand;
 Only then I live to thee,
 When thy wounded side I see.
4. Blesséd Saviour! thine am I,
 Thine to live, and thine to die;
 Height, or depth, or earthly power
 Ne'er shall hide my Saviour more:
 Ever shall my glory be
 Only, only, only thee!

LORAINÉ. 7s. 6 Lines.

DR. L. MASON.

Je - sus, hail! thou great I AM! High and ho - ly is thy name: }
An - gel-harps re - sound thy praise; Saints a-dore thy sav-ing grace; }

Ev - ery crea - ture bows the knee, Wor-ship-ing thy ma - jes - ty.

478.

Jesus.—I am.—The Word.

1. JESUS, hail! thou great I AM!
High and holy is thy name;
Angel-harps resound thy praise;
Saints adore thy saving grace;
Every creature bows the knee,
Worshipping thy majesty.
2. Hail, thou everlasting Lord!
"God with us!" incarnate Word!
Glory of thy church thou art,
Life and light of every heart:
Angels, saints, below, above,
Join to praise thy boundless love.

479.

The Peace of Christ.

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

Doxology.

PRAISE the name of God most high;
Praise him, all below the sky;
Praise him, all ye heavenly host—
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost!
As through countless ages past,
Evermore his praise shall last.

480.

Welcome!

1. FROM the cross uplifted high,
Where the Saviour deigns to die,
What melodious sounds we hear,
Bursting on the ravished ear!—
"Love's redeeming work is done;
Come and welcome, sinner, come!"
2. "Spread for thee, the festal board
See with richest dainties stored;
To thy Father's bosom pressed,
Yet again a child confessed,
Never from his house to roam:
Come and welcome, sinner, come!"
3. "Soon the days of life shall end;
Lo, I come, your Saviour, Friend:
Safe your spirits to convey
To the realms of endless day,
Up to my eternal home:
Come and welcome, sinner, come!"

481.

"My flesh is meat, indeed.

1. BREAD of heaven! on thee I feed,
For thy flesh is meat, indeed;
Ever may my soul be fed
With this true and living Bread;
Day by day with strength supplied
Through the life of him who died.
2. Vine of heaven! thy blood supplies
This blest cup of sacrifice;
'Tis thy wounds my healing give;
To thy cross I look, and live;
Thou, my Life, oh, let me be
Rooted, grafted, built on thee!

ALTAR. 7s & 6s.

From the "CASKEE" by permission.

I lay my sins on Je-sus, The spotless Lamb of God; }
He bears them all and frees us, From the ac-cur-sed load. } I bring my guilt to Je-sus,
To wash my crimson stains White in his blood most precious, Till not a stain re-mains.

482.

ISAIAH liii: 3.

1. I LAY my sins on Jesus,
The spotless Lamb of God;
He bears them all and frees us,
From the accursed load.
I bring my guilt to Jesus,
To wash my crimson stains
White in his blood most precious,
Till not a stain remains.
2. I lay my wants on Jesus,
All fullness dwells in him;
He heals all my diseases,
He doth my soul redeem:
I lay my griefs on Jesus,
My burdens and my cares;
He from them all releases,
He all my sorrow shares.
3. I rest my soul on Jesus,
This weary soul of mine;
His right hand me embraces,
I on his breast recline.
I love the name of Jesus,
Immanuel, Christ, the Lord;
Like fragrance on the breezes,
His name abroad is poured.
4. I long to be like Jesus,
Meek, loving, lowly, mild;
I long to be like Jesus,
The Father's holy Child:

I long to be with Jesus
Amid the heavenly throng,
To sing with saints his praises,
To learn the angel's song.

483.

JOHN vi: 68.

1. WE stand in deep repentance
Before thy throne of love;
O God of grace, forgive us,
The stain of guilt remove;
Behold us while with weeping
We lift our eyes to thee;
And all our sins subduing,
Our Father, set us free.
2. Oh! shouldst thou from us fallen
Withhold thy grace to guide,
Forever we should wander
From thee, and peace, aside;
But thou to spirits contrite
Dost light and life impart,
That man may learn to serve thee
With thankful, joyous heart.
3. Our souls, on thee we cast them,
Our only refuge thou!
Thy cheering words revive us,
When pressed with grief we bow:
Thou bear'st the trusting spirit
Upon thy loving breast,
And givest all thy ransomed
A sweet, unending rest.

JESUS, MOST HOLY.

E. P. PARKER.

Je - sus, most ho - ly, Pray I to thee; My sin - ful
fet - ters, Lord, break from me: Take this sad spir - it
Mourn - ing for sin, Back to thy bo - som, Lord, take me in!

484.

1. JESUS, most holy,
Pray I to thee;
My sinful fetters,
Lord, break from me;
Take this sad spirit,
Mourning for sin,
Back to thy bosom,—
Lord, take me in!
2. Over the mountains,
Long have I strayed;
Cold winds of sorrow
Round me have played;

None to bring comfort,
None have I found;
While tears of anguish
Watered the ground.

3. To this dear refuge,
Now have I fled;
Jesus, thy kind heart
For me hath bled;
Take now the wanderer
Home to thy rest,
Under thy kind wings,
Sheltered and blest.

GENTLE SHEPHERD.

German.

Gen - tle Shepherd, grant thy blessing On us now, While before thy throne we bow.

485.

1. GENTLE Shepherd, grant thy blessing
On us now,
While before thy throne we bow.
2. Gentle Shepherd, we thy children
Seek thy face:
Give us now thy heavenly grace.

3. Gentle Shepherd, bless the children
Of this fold:
Cleanse the hearts of young and old.
4. Gentle Shepherd, when life's ended,
Take us home,
Never from thy side to roam.

AGNES. L. M.

GEO. F. ROOZ. From the "Triumph," by permission.

1. When inward turns my searching gaze, And stains of sin deep fixed I see,

When doubt and fear my soul a - maze, O Je - sus! come to com - fort me.

486.

"I will come unto you."

2. WHEN heavenward, o'er the flinty way,
I tread with faltering feet and sore,
And need some arm of strength to stay,
O Jesus! help me evermore.
3. When faded, like autumnal leaves,
My heart's best hopes all withered lie,
And o'er the lost for earth it grieves,
O Jesus! wipe the tearful eye.
4. When in the still retreat I kneel,
To tell thee all I hope or fear,
Let no thick cloud thy face conceal:
O Jesus! lend a listening ear.
5. When glows with joy my throbbing heart,
And light and gladness round me fall,
The sunshine of thy smile impart,
O Jesus! brightest, best of all!
6. When springs my glad, unfettered soul,
To seek her home beyond the spheres,
Thee will I praise while ages roll,
O Jesus! mine to endless years.

487.

A Hymn of Confession.

1. DEAR Lord! to thee alone I dare
The record of my sins repeat;
Thou knowest all before my prayer
Is breathed in sorrow at thy feet.
2. My newest griefs to thee are old;
My last transgression of thy law,
Tho' wrapped in thought's most secret fold,
Thine eyes with pitying sadness saw.
3. Not thine omniscience, but thy grace,
Leads me to seek thee day and night,
When I should shrink from human face,
Were this frail heart in human sight.
4. Hope that thy love will hide my shame
With pardon tender, full and sweet,
Bestowed when asked in Jesus' name,—
This bows me, Father! at thy feet.

488. *"My Beloved is mine, and I am His."*

1. JESUS! my heart within me burns
To tell thee all its conscious love;
And from earth's low delights it turns,
To taste a joy like that above.
2. When thou to meet me dost descend,
In love divine, thou blesséd One,
The moments that with thee I spend
Seem e'en as heaven itself, begun!
3. Though oft these lips my love have told,
They still the story would repeat;
To me the rapture ne'er grows old
That thrills me, bending at thy feet.
4. I breathe my words into thine ear;
I seem to fix my eyes on thine;
And sure that thou dost wait to hear,
I dare in faith to call thee mine!
5. Reign thou sole Sovereign of my heart!
My all I yield to thy control;
Oh, let me never from thee part,
Thou best Belovéd of my soul!

ZEPHYR. L. M.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

I. O God, thou art my God a-lone: Ear-ly to thee my soul shall cry—

A pilgrim in a land un-known, A thirsty land, whose springs are dry.

489. "Thou art my God; early will I seek Thee."

2. O THAT it were as it hath been,
When, praying in the holy place,
Thy power and glory I have seen,
And marked the footsteps of thy grace!
3. Yet through this rough and thorny maze.
I follow hard on thee my God:
Thy hand unseen upholds my ways;
I safely tread where thou hast trod.
4. Thee, in the watches of the night,
When I remember on my bed,
Thy presence makes the darkness light;
Thy guardian wings are round my head.
5. Better than life itself thy love,
Dearer than all beside to me;
For whom have I in heaven above,
Or what on earth, compared with thee?

490. *Rest in God's Wisdom.*

1. WHITHER, oh, whither should I fly,
But to my loving Father's breast!
Secure within thine arms to lie,
And safe beneath thy wings to rest!
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. I have no skill the snare to shun;
But thou, O God my wisdom art;
I ever into ruin run;
But thou art greater than my heart.
4. 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.

491. *Looking to God in trouble.*

1. God of my life! to thee I call;
Afflicted at thy feet I fall;
When high the water-floods prevail,
Leave not my trembling heart to fail.
2. Friend of the friendless and the faint,
Where should I lodge my deep complaint—
Where but with thee, whose open door
Invites the helpless and the poor?
3. Did ever mourner plead with thee,
And thou refuse that mourner's plea?
Doth not the word still fixed remain,
That none shall seek thy face in vain?
4. Poor though I am—despised, forgot,
Yet God, my God forgets me not;
And he is safe, and must succeed,
For whom the Lord vouchsafes to plead.

492. *Hope through the Sorrows of Christ.*
PSALM LIX.

1. DEEP in our hearts let us record
The deeper sorrows of our Lord;
Behold the rising billows roll,
To overwhelm his holy soul!
2. Yet, gracious God, thy power and love
Have made the curse a blessing prove;
Those dreadful sufferings of thy Son
Atoned for crimes which we had done.
3. Oh, for his sake, our guilt forgive,
And let the mourning sinner live!
The Lord will hear us in his name,
Nor shall our hopes be turned to shame.

SELVIN. S. M.

Arranged by DR. L. MASON.

If through unruffled seas Toward heaven we calmly sail, With grateful hearts, O God, to thee,

We'll own the fostering gale ; With grateful hearts, O God, to thee, We'll own the fostering gale.

493.

Living by Faith only.

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

494.

"The Rock that is higher than I."

PSALM lxi.

1. WHEN overwhelmed with grief,
My heart within me dies,
Helpless, and far from all relief,
To heaven I lift mine eyes.
2. Oh, lead me to the Rock,
That's high above my head !
And make the covert of thy wings
My shelter and my shade.
3. Within thy presence, Lord,
For ever I'll abide :
Thou art the tower of my defense,
The refuge where I hide.

4. Thou givest me the lot,
Of those that fear thy name ;
If endless life be their reward,
I shall possess the same.

495.

"Still with Thee."

PSALM cxxxix.

1. STILL with thee, O my God,
I would desire to be ;
By day, by night, at home, abroad,
I would be still with thee :
2. With thee, when dawn comes in,
And calls me back to care ;
Each day returning to begin
With thee, my God, in prayer :
3. With thee, amid the crowd
That throngs the busy mart,
To hear thy voice, 'mid clamor loud,
Speak softly to my heart :
4. With thee, when day is done,
And evening calms the mind :
The setting as the rising sun
With thee my heart would find :
5. With thee, when darkness brings
The signal of repose ;
Calm in the shadow of thy wings,
Mine eyelids I would close :
6. With thee, in thee, by faith
Abiding I would be ;
By day, by night, in life, in death,
I would be still with thee.

HOLBROOK. S. M.

Dear Sav - iour! we are thine By ev - er - last - ing bonds;

Our hearts, our souls, we would re - sign En - tire - ly to thy hands.

496. "I in them, and Thou in me."

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

497. "Father, forgive them."

1. O SAD, reproachful Face,
How can I look and live!
O pierced hands outstretched to save!
O Voice that pleads, "Forgive!"
2. "Forgive!" though crowned with thorns,
And mocked with many a jeer:
"Forgive!" though tortured by the nails,
And wounded by the spear.

3. O crimson tide of love
Out-gushing from His side,
Flow down, and wash the guilty earth
Where He is still denied!
4. In penitence my soul
Takes up that cry, "Forgive!"
Flow down, and wash away my sins
That I may look and live!

498. "How shall we sing—in a strange land?"
PSALM cxxxvii.

1. FAR from my heavenly home,
Far from my Father's breast,
Fainting, I cry, "Blest Spirit, come,
And speed me to my rest!"
2. Upon the willows long
My harp has silent hung;
How should I sing a cheerful song,
Till thou inspire my tongue?
3. My spirit homeward turns,
And fain would thither flee:
My heart, O Zion, droops and yearns,
When I remember thee.
4. To thee, to thee I press—
A dark and toilsome road:
When shall I pass the wilderness,
And reach the saints' abode?
5. God of my life, be near;
On thee my hopes I cast:
Oh, guide me through the desert here,
And bring me home at last!

PENITENCE. 7s, 6s & 8s.

W. H. OAKLEY.

1. Je - sus, let thy pity - ing eye Call back a wandering sheep;

False to thee, like Pe - ter, I Would fain like Pe - ter weep!
D. s. Turn, and look up - on me, Lord! And break my heart of stone.

Let me be by grace re - stored, On me be all long-suffering shown,

499.

MATT. xxvi: 75.

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. See me, Saviour, from above,
Nor suffer me to die;
Life, and happiness, and love
Beam from thy gracious eye;
If thy mercies now are stirred,
If now I do myself bemoan,
Turn, and look upon me, Lord!
And break my heart of stone.

500.

1 COR. ii: 2.

1. VAIN, delusive world, adieu,
With all of creature good!
Only Jesus I pursue,
Who bought me with his blood:

- | | |
|---|--|
| <ol style="list-style-type: none"> 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 will I know, And Jesus, crucified. 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 will I know, And Jesus crucified. | <p>All thy pleasures I forego; I trample on thy wealth and pride; Only Jesus will I know, And Jesus crucified.</p> |
|---|--|

SEVERN. 6s & 5s.

From "Sabbath Hymn and Tune Book."

1. Pur - er yet and pur - er I would be in mind,

Dearer yet and dear - er Every du - ty find ; 2. Hoping still and trusting

God without a fear, Pa - tient - ly be - liev - ing He will make all clear ;

501. "I have longed for thy salvation, O Lord."

3. Calmer yet and calmer
Trial bear and pain,
Surer yet and surer
Peace at last to gain ;
4. Suff'ring still and doing,
To his will resigned,
And to God subduing
Heart and will and mind.
5. Higher yet and higher
Out of clouds and night,
Nearer yet and nearer
Rising to the light—
6. Light serene and holy,
Where my soul may rest,
Purified and lowly,
Sanctified and blest ;
7. Quicker yet and quicker
Ever onward press,
Firmier yet and firmer
Step as I progress :
8. Oft these earnest longings
Swell within my breast,
Yet their inner meaning
Ne'er can be expressed.

502. "I am thy God ; I will strengthen thee."

1. Oh, let him whose sorrow
No relief can find,
Trust in God, and borrow
Ease for heart and mind !
Where the mourner, weeping,
Sheds the sacred tear,
God his watch is keeping,
Though none else is near.
2. God will never leave us ;
All our wants he knows ;
Feels the pains that grieve us,
Sees our cares and woes :
When in grief we languish,
He will dry the tear
Who his children's anguish
Soothes with succor near.
3. All our woe and sadness
In this world below,
Equal not the gladness
We in heaven shall know,—
When our gracious Saviour,
In the realms above,
Crowns us with his favor,
Fills us with his love.

EVAN. C. M.

Arranged by DR. L. MASON.

1. I heard the voice of Je - sus say, "Come un - to me and rest;
Lay down, thou wea-ry one, lay down Thy head up - on my breast:"

503. *"I heard the voice of Jesus."*

2. I CAME to Jesus as I was,
Weary, and worn, and sad;
I found in him a resting-place,
And he has made me glad.
3. I heard the voice of Jesus say,
"Behold, I freely give
The living-water! thirsty one,
Stoop down, and drink, and live."
4. I came to Jesus, and I drank
Of that life-giving stream:
My thirst was quenched, my soul revived,
And now I live in him.
5. I heard the voice of Jesus say,
"I am this dark world's light:
Look unto me; thy morn shall rise,
And all thy day be bright."
6. I looked to Jesus and I found
In him my Star, my Sun;
And in that light of life I'll walk
Till all my journey's done.

504. *Inconstancy Lamented.*

1. LONG have I sat beneath the sound
Of thy salvation, Lord;
Yet still how weak my faith is found,
And knowledge of thy word!
2. How cold and feeble is my love!
How negligent my fear!
How low my hope of joy above!
How few affections there!

3. Great God! thy sovereign power impart,
To give thy word success;
Write thy salvation in my heart,
And make me learn thy grace.
4. Show my forgetful feet the way
That leads to joys on high;
Where knowledge grows without decay,
And love shall never die.

505.

Prayer in extreme Distress.
PSALM cii.

1. HEAR me. O God, nor hide thy face,
But answer, lest I die!
Hast thou not built a throne of grace,
To hear when sinners cry?
2. As on some lonely building's top
The sparrow tells her moan,
Far from the tents of joy and hope,
I sit and grieve alone.
3. But thou forever art the same,
O my Eternal God!
Ages to come shall know thy name,
And spread thy works abroad.
4. Thou wilt arise, and show thy face,
Nor will my Lord delay,
Beyond th' appointed hour of grace,
That long expected day.
5. He hears his saints, he knows their cry;
And by mysterious ways
Redeems the prisoners doomed to die,
And fills their tongues with praise.

506. "To heaven I lift my waiting eyes."
PSALM CXXI.

1. To heaven I lift my waiting eyes :
There all my hopes are laid ;
The Lord that built the earth and skies,
Is my perpetual aid.
2. Their steadfast feet shall never fall
Whom he designs to keep ;
His ear attends the softest call,
His eyes can never sleep.
3. Israel, rejoice, and rest secure ;
Thy keeper is the Lord :
His wakeful eyes employ his power
For thine eternal guard.
4. He guards thy soul, he keeps thy breath,
Where thickest dangers come ;
Go and return, secure from death,
Till God commands thee home.

507. *Sympathy with Christ.*

1. How wondrous was the burning zeal
Which filled the Master's breast,
When, all his suff'rings full in view,
To Salem's towers he pressed !
2. Dear Lord ! no tongue can duly tell
Thy love's prevailing might ;
No thought can comprehend its length
And breadth and depth and height !
3. Yet grant that we may follow thee
Through all thine hours of scorn ;
And learn with thee to watch and pray,—
With thee to weep and mourn.
4. And still O blessed Jesus Christ !
The more thy cross we see,
The more may each exclaim with joy,
The Saviour died for me !

508. *Mine—Thine.—1 COR. XV: 10.*

1. ALL that I was, my sin, my guilt,
My death was all my own :
All that I am I owe to thee,
My gracious God, alone.
2. The evil of my former state
Was mine, and only mine ;
The good in which I now rejoice
Is thine, and only thine.

3. The darkness of my former state,
The bondage—all was mine :
The light of life in which I walk,
The liberty—is thine.
4. Thy grace first made me feel my sin,
And taught me to believe :
Then, in believing, peace I found,
And now, I live, I live !
5. All that I am ev'n here on earth,
All that I hope to be
When Jesus comes and glory dawns,—
I owe it, Lord, to thee.

509. *Fullness of Redemption.*

1. If thou impart thyself to me,
No other good I need :
If thou, the Son, shalt make me free,
I shall be free indeed.
2. I cannot rest till in thy blood
I full redemption have ;
But thou, through whom I come to God,
Canst to the utmost save.
3. From sin,—the guilt, the power, the pain,
Thou wilt redeem my soul :
Lord, I believe—and not in vain ;
My faith shall make me whole.
4. I, too, with thee, shall walk in white ;
With all thy saints shall prove
The length, and breadth, and depth and
height
Of everlasting love.

510. "Lord, I believe; help thou my unbelief."
MARK IX: 24.

1. LORD, I believe ; thy power I own,
Thy word I would obey ;
I wander comfortless and lone,
When from thy truth I stray.
2. Lord, I believe ; but gloomy fears
Sometimes bedim my sight ;
I look to thee with prayers and tears,
And cry for strength and light.
3. Lord, I believe ; but oft, I know,
My faith is cold and weak ;
My weakness strengthen, and bestow
The confidence I seek !
4. Yes ! I believe ; and only thou
Canst give my soul relief :
Lord ! to thy truth my spirit bow ;
"Help thou my unbelief !"

MAITLAND. C. M.

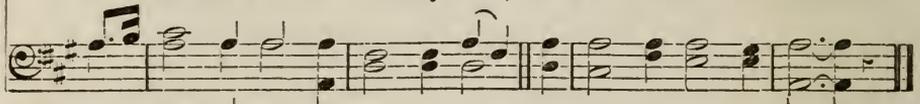
G. N. ALLEN.



Must Je - sus bear the cross a - lone, And all the world go free?



No: there's a cross for ev - 'ry one, And there's a cross for me.



511. *The Cross and the Crown.*

1. MUST Jesus bear the cross alone,
And all the world go free?
No: there's a cross for every one,
And there's a cross for me.
2. How happy are the saints above
Who once went sorrowing here;
But now they taste unmingled love,
And joy without a tear.
3. The consecrated cross I'll bear,
Till death shall set me free,
And then go home my crown to wear—
For there's a crown for me!

512. *Prayer for strong Faith.*

1. OH for a faith that will not shrink
Though pressed by every foe;
That will not tremble on the brink
Of any earthly woe!—
2. That will not murmur nor complain
Beneath the chastening 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. A faith that keeps the narrow way
Till life's last hour is fled,
And with a pure and heavenly ray
Light's up a dying bed!

5. Lord, give us such a faith as this,
And then, what'er may come,
We'll taste, ev'n here, the hallowed bliss
Of an eternal home.

513. *"Casting all your care upon Him."*

1. LORD, it belongs not to my care
Whether I die or live;
To love and serve thee is my share,
And this thy grace must give.
2. If life be long, I will be glad
That I may long obey;
If short, yet why should I be sad
To soar to endless day?
3. Christ leads me through no darker rooms
Than he went through before;
No one into his kingdom comes,
But through his opened door.
4. Come, Lord, when grace has made me meet
Thy blessed face to see;
For if thy work on earth be sweet,
What will thy glory be?
5. There shall I end my sad complaints,
And weary, sinful days,
And join with all triumphant saints
Who sing Jehovah's praise.
6. My knowledge of that life is small;
The eye of faith is dim;
But 'tis enough that Christ knows all,
And I shall be with him.

514. *An ancient Hymn on Christ as our Model.*

1. O JESUS ! King most wonderful,
Thou Conqueror renowned ;
Thou sweetness most ineffable,
In whom all joys are found !—
2. When once thou visitest the heart,
Then truth begins to shine,
Then earthly vanities depart,
Then kindles love divine.
3. O Jesus, light of all below !
Thou Fount of life and fire !
Surpassing all the joys we know,
All that we can desire,—
4. May every heart confess thy name,
And ever thee adore ;
And, seeking thee, itself inflame
To seek thee more and more.
5. Thee may our tongues forever bless ;
Thee may we love alone ;
And ever in our life express
The image of thine own.

515. *“Now, Lord, I would be thine alone.”*

- 1 As by the light of opening day
The stars are all concealed,
So earthly pleasures fade away
When Jesus is revealed.
2. These pleasures now no longer please,
No more content afford ;
Far from my heart be joys like these,
For I have seen the Lord.
3. Now, Lord ! I would be thine alone,
And wholly live to thee ;
But may I hope that thou wilt own
A worthless one like me ?
4. Yes ; though of sinners I'm the worst,
I cannot doubt thy will ;
For if thou hadst not loved me first,
I had refused thee still.

516. *“Thine, wholly Thine, oh, let us be.”*

1. ETERNAL Father, God of love,
To thee our hearts we raise ;
Thy all-sustaining power we prove,
And gladly sing thy praise.

2. Thine, wholly thine, oh, let us be !
Our sacrifice receive ;
Made and preserved and saved by thee,
To thee ourselves we give.
3. Come, Holy Ghost ! the Saviour's love
Shed in our hearts abroad ;
So shall we ever live and move,
And be, with Christ, in God.

517. *“I suffer ; nevertheless, I am not ashamed.”*

1. DIDST thou, dear Jesus, suffer shame,
And bear the cross for me ?
And shall I fear to own thy name,
Or thy disciple be ?
2. Inspire my soul with life divine,
And make me truly bold ;
Let knowledge, faith, and meekness shine,
Nor love, nor zeal grow cold.
3. Let mockers scoff, the world defame,
And treat me with disdain ;
Still may I glory in thy name,
And count reproach my gain.
4. To thee I cheerfully submit,
And all my powers resign ;
Let wisdom point out what is fit,
And I'll no more repine.

518. *Blessing of the Sanctuary.*

1. AGAIN our earthly cares we leave,
And in thy courts appear ;
Again with joyful feet we come
To meet our Saviour here.
2. Within these walls let holy peace,
And love, and concord dwell :
Here give the troubled conscience ease,
The wounded spirit heal.
3. The feeling heart, the melting eye,
The humble mind bestow ;
And shine upon us from on high
To make our graces grow.
4. In faith may we receive thy word,
In faith present our prayers ;
And in the presence of our Lord
Unbosom all our cares.
5. Show us some token of thy love,
Our fainting hope to raise ;
And pour thy blessings from above,
That we may render praise.

LYRA. C. M.

Geo. F. Root. From "The Sabbath Bell," by permission.

Slowly and Reverentially.

1. Dear Fath-er, to thy mer-cy - seat My soul for shel-ter flies:

'Tis here I find a safe re - treat When storms and tempests rise.

519.

The Safe Retreat.

2. My cheerful hope can never die,
If thou, my God, art near;
Thy grace can raise my comforts high,
And banish every fear.
3. My great Protector and my Lord,
Thy constant aid impart;
Oh, let thy kind, thy gracious word
Sustain my trembling heart!
4. Oh, never let my soul remove
From this divine retreat!
Still let me trust thy power and love,
And dwell beneath thy feet.

520.

"Thou art my portion, O Lord!"

PSALM CXIX.

1. THOU art my portion, O my God;
Soon as I know thy way,
My heart makes haste t' obey thy word,
And suffers no delay.
2. I choose the path of heavenly truth,
And glory in my choice;
Not all the riches of the earth
Could make me so rejoice.
3. The testimonies of thy grace
I set before mine eyes;
Thence I derive my daily strength,
And there my comfort lies.
4. If once I wander from thy path,
I think upon my ways;
Then turn my feet to thy commands,
And trust thy pard'ning grace.

5. Now I am thine—forever thine—
Oh, save thy servant, Lord!

Thou art my shield, my hiding-place;
My hope is in thy word.

521.

Giving all to God.

1. How can I sink with such a prop
As my eternal God,
Who bears the earth's huge pillars up,
And spreads the heavens abroad?
- 2, How can I die while Jesus lives,
Who rose and left the dead?
Pardon and grace my soul receives
From my exalted Head.
3. All that I am, and all I have,
Shall be forever thine;
Whate'er my duty bids me give,
My cheerful hands resign.
4. Yet, if I might make some reserve,
And duty did not call,
I love my God with zeal so great,
That I should give him all.

522.

"I will pay my vows unto the Lord."

PSALM CXVI.

1. Thou God of covenanted grace!
Hear and record my vow,—
While in thy courts I seek thy face,
And at thine altar bow.
2. Henceforth myself to thee I give,
With single heart and eye.
To walk before thee while I live,
And bless thee when I die.

523. *"In all points tempted like as we are."*

1. WITH joy we meditate the grace
Of our High Priest above :
His heart is made of tenderness—
It melts with pitying love.
2. Touched with a sympathy within,
He knows our feeble frame ;
He knows what sore temptations mean,
For he hath felt the same.
3. He, in the days of feeble flesh,
Poured out his cries and tears ;
And, 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 delivering grace
In the distressing hour.

524. *"I welcome all Thy sovereign will.*

1. MY God ! the cov'nant of thy love
Abides forever sure ;
And in its matchless grace I feel
My happiness secure.
2. Since thou, the everlasting God,
My Father art become,
Jesus my Guardian and my Friend,
And heaven my final home,—
3. I welcome all thy sovereign will,
For all that will is love ;
And when I know not what thou dost,
I wait the light above.
4. Thy cov'nant in the darkest gloom
Shall heavenly rays impart,
And when my eyelids close in death,
Sustain my fainting heart.

525. *"Whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth."*

1. O THOU whose mercy guides my way,
Though now it seems severe,
Forbid my unbelief to say
There is no mercy here !
2. Oh ! may I, Lord, desire the pain
That comes in kindness down,

Far more than sweetest earthly gain,
Succeeded by a frown.

3. Then, though thou bend my spirit low,
Love only shall I see ;
The gracious hand that strikes the blow
Was wounded once for me.

526. *The Power of Man in Prayer.*

1. THERE is an eye that never sleeps
Beneath the wing of night ;
There is an ear that never shuts,
When sink the beams of light.
2. There is an arm that never tires,
When human strength gives way ;
There is a love that never fails,
When earthly loves decay.
3. That eye is fixed on seraph throngs ;
That arm upholds the sky ;
That ear is filled with angel songs ;
That love is throned on high.
- 4 But there's a power which man can wield
When mortal aid is vain,
That eye, that arm, that love to reach,
That listening ear to gain.
5. That power is prayer, which soars on high,
Through Jesus, to the throne ;
And moves the hand which moves the
To bring salvation down ! [world,

527. *"Happy is the man that findeth wisdom."*
PROV. iii : 13.

1. OH, happy is the man who hears
Instruction's warning voice ;
And who celestial wisdom makes
His early only choice.
2. For she hath treasures greater far
Than east and west unfold :
And her rewards more precious are
Than all their stores of gold.
3. She guides the young with innocence
In pleasure's path to tread ;
A crown of glory she bestows
Upon the hoary head.
4. According as her labors rise,
So her rewards increase ;
Her ways are ways of pleasantness,
And all her paths are peace.

BERA. L. M.

J. B. GOULD.

My dearest Lord, whose changeless love To me, nor earth nor hell can part;

When shall my feet for - get to rove? Ah! what shall fix this faith-less heart?

528. "Give me Thyself—I ask no more,"

1. My dearest Lord whose changeless love
To me, nor earth nor hell can part;
When shall my feet forget to rove?
Ah! what shall fix this faithless heart?
2. Why do these cares my soul divide,
If thou indeed hast set me free?
Why am I thus, if thou hast died,
If thou hast died to ransom me?
4. Great God! thy sovereign aid impart,
And guard the gifts thyself hast given;
My portion thou, my treasure art,
And life, and happiness, and heaven.
4. Would aught with thee my wishes share.
Though dear as life the idol be,
That idol from my breast I'll tear,
Resolved to seek my all from thee.
5. Whate'er I fondly counted mine,
To thee, my Lord, I here restore;
I gladly all for thee resign:
Give me thyself,—I ask no more.

529.

A good Conscience.
1 PETER iii: 16.

1. SWEET peace of conscience, heavenly
guest,
Come, fix thy mansion in my breast;
Dispel my doubts, my fears control,
And heal the anguish of my soul.
2. Come, smiling hope, and joy sincere,
Come, make your constant dwelling here;
Still let your presence cheer my heart,
Nor sin compel you to depart.

3. O God of hope and peace divine!
Make thou these secret pleasures mine;
Forgive my sins, my fears remove,
And fill my heart with joy and love.

530. "I delight to do thy will, O my God."

1. O LORD, thy heavenly grace impart,
And fix my frail, inconstant heart;
Henceforth my chief delight shall be
To dedicate myself to thee.
2. Whate'er pursuits my time employ,
One thought shall fill my soul with joy;
That silent, secret thought shall be,
That all my hopes are fixed on thee.
3. Thy glorious eye pervadeth space;
Thy presence, Lord fills every place;
And wheresoe'er my lot may be,
Still shall my spirit cleave to thee.
4. Renouncing every worldly thing,
And safe beneath thy sheltering wing,
My sweetest thought henceforth shall be,
That all I want I find in thee.

531.

"Bid us all depart in peace."

1. DISMISS us with thy blessing, Lord;
Help us to feed upon thy word;
All that has been amiss forgive,
And let thy truth within us live.
2. Though we are guilty, thou art good:
Wash all our works in Jesus' blood;
Give every burdened soul release,
And bid us all depart in peace.

WARD, L. M.

SCOTCH. Arranged by DR. L. MASON.

God is the ref - uge of his saints, When storms of sharp dis - tress in - vade ;

Ere we can of - fer our complaints, Be - hold him pres - ent with his aid.

532.

God our Refuge.
PSALM XLVI.

1. GOD is the refuge of his saints,
When storms of sharp distress invade;
Ere we can offer our complaints,
Behold him present with his aid.
2. Let mountains from their seats be hurled
Down to the deep, and buried there,
Convulsions shake the solid world ;
Our faith shall never yield to fear.
3. Loud may the troubled ocean roar ;
In sacred peace our souls abide ;
While every nation, every shore,
Trembles and dreads the swelling tide.
4. There is a stream, whose gentle flow
Supplies the city of our God,
Life, love, and joy, still gliding through,
And watering our divine abode.
5. That sacred stream, thine holy word,
Our grief allays, our fear controls ;
Sweet peace thy promises afford,
And give new strength to fainting souls.
6. Zion enjoys her Monarch's love,
Secure against a threatening hour ;
Nor can her firm foundations move,
Built on his truth and armed with power.

533.

Aspiring after God.

1. UP to the fields where angels lie,
And living waters gently roll,
Fain would my thoughts leap out and fly !
But sin hangs heavy on my soul.

2. Oh ! might I once mount up and see
The glories of th' eternal skies,
What little things these worlds would be !
How despicable to my eyes !
3. Had I a glance of thee, my God,
Kingdoms and men would vanish soon--
Vanish as though I saw them not,
As a dim candle dies at noon.
4. Great All in All, eternal King !
Let me but view thy lovely face,
And all my powers shall bow and sing
Thine endless grandeur and thy grace.

534.

Worship of Christ upon his Throne.

1. JESUS, thou everlasting King !
Accept the tribute which we bring ;
Accept the well-deserved renown,
And wear our praises as thy crown.
2. Let every act of worship be
Like our espousals, Lord, to thee--
Like that dear hour, when from above
We first received thy pledge of love.
3. The gladness of that happy day,
Our hearts would wish it long to stay ;
Nor let our faith forsake its hold,
Nor comfort sink, 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.

LOUVAN. L. M.

V. C. TAYLOR.

Where high the heavenly temple stands, The house of God not made with hands,

A great High Priest our nature wears,— The guardian of mankind appears.

535. "In whom we have boldness."

1. WHERE high the heavenly temple stands,
The house of God not made with hands,
A great High Priest our nature wears,—
The Guardian of mankind appears.
2. Though now ascended up on high,
He bends on earth a brother's eye;
Partaker of the human name,
He knows the frailty of our frame.
3. Our Fellow-sufferer yet retains
A fellow-feeling of our pains;
And still remembers, in the skies,
His tears, his agonies, and cries.
4. In every pang that rends the heart
The Man of sorrows had a part;
He sympathizes in our grief,
And to the sufferer sends relief.
5. With boldness, therefore, at the throne,
Let us make all our sorrows known;
And ask the aid of heavenly power,
To help us in the evil hour

536. *Living to the Glory of God.*

1. O THOU, who hast at thy command
The hearts of all men in thy hand!
Our wayward, erring hearts incline
To know no other will but thine.
2. Our wishes, our desires, control;
Mold every purpose of the soul;
O'er all may we victorious be
That stands between ourselves and thee.
3. Thrice blest will all our blessings prove,
When through them all we see thy love;
When each glad heart its tribute pays
Of humble gratitude and praise.
4. And while we to thy glory live,
May we to thee all glory give;
Until the joyful summons come,
That calls thy willing servants home.

537. "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?"

1. MY gracious Lord, I own thy right
To every service I can pay,
And call it my supreme delight
To hear thy dictates and obey.
2. What is my being, but for thee,
Its sure support, its noblest end?
Thine ever smiling face to see,
And serve the cause of such a Friend.
3. I would not breathe 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 the bowers of Eden give
Such bliss as blossoms 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 dying love, his saving power.

538.

Joy in Christ's Intercession.

1. HE lives,—the great Redeemer lives :
What joy the blest assurance gives !
And now, before his Father, God,
Pleads the full merit of his blood.
2. Repeated crimes awake our fears,
And justice armed with frowns appears ;
But in the Saviour's lovely face,
Sweet mercy smiles, and all is peace.
3. Hence, then, ye black, despairing
thoughts ;
Above our fears, above our faults,
His powerful intercessions rise,
And guilt recedes, and terror dies.
4. In every dark, distressful hour,
When sin and Satan join their power,
Let this dear hope repel the dart.
That Jesus bears us on his heart.
5. Great Advocate ! almighty Friend !
On thee our humble hopes depend :
Our cause can never, never fail,
For thou dost plead, and must prevail.

539.

"Jesus, and can I call Thee Mine.

1. LORD, when my thoughts delighted rove
Amid the wonders of thy love,
Sweet hope revives my drooping heart,
And bids intruding fears depart.
2. For mortal crimes a sacrifice,
The Lord of life, the Saviour, dies !
What love ! what mercy ! how divine !
Jesus,—and can I call thee mine ?
3. Repentant sorrow fills my heart,
But mingling joy allays the smart ;
Oh, may my future life declare
The sorrow and the joy sincere !
4. Be all my heart and all my days
Devoted to my Saviour's praise ;
And let my glad obedience prove
How much I owe, how much I love.

540.

The Blessed Hour.

1. BLEST hour ! when mortal man retires
To hold communion with his God,
To send to heaven his warm desires,
And listen to the sacred word.
2. Blest hour ! when God himself draws nigh,
Well pleased his people's voice to hear,
To hush the penitential sigh,
And wipe away the mourner's tear.

3. Blest hour ! for, where the Lord resorts,
Foretastes of future bliss are given,
And mortals find his earthly courts
The house of God,—the gate of heaven !
4. Hail, peaceful hour ! supremely blest,
Amid the hours of worldly care ;
The hour that yields the spirit rest,
That sacred hour—the hour of prayer.
5. And when my hours of prayer are past,
And this frail tenement decays,
Then may I spend in heaven at last
A never-ending hour of praise.

541.

The Mercy-seat.

1. 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 sundered far, by faith they meet
Around one common mercy-seat !
4. There, there, on eagle wings we soar,
And sense and sin molest no more,
And heaven comes down our souls to
greet,
And glory crowns the mercy-seat !
5. Oh ! let my hand forget her skill,
My tongue be silent, cold, and still,
This throbbing heart forget to beat,
If I forget the mercy-seat.

542.

With Christ in Heaven.

1. As when the weary traveler gains
The height of some o'erlooking hill,
His heart revives, if o'er the plains
He sees his home, though distant still,—
2. So when the Christian pilgrim views,
By faith, his mansion in the skies,
The sight his fainting strength renews,
And wings his speed to reach the prize.
3. "'Tis there, he says, " I am to dwell
With Jesus in the realms of day ;
Then shall I bid my cares farewell
And he will wipe my tears away."

BERRY. L. M.

DR. L. MASON.

Je-sus, thou Joy of lov-ing hearts! Thou fount of Life! thou light of men!

From the best bliss that earth imparts, We turn un-filled to thee a-gain.

543.

Delight in Christ.

1. JESUS, thou Joy of loving hearts!
Thou Fount of Life! Thou Light of men!
From the best bliss that earth imparts,
We turn unfilled to thee again.
2. Thy truth unchanged hath ever stood;
Thou savest those that on thee call;
To them that seek thee, thou art good,
To them that find thee—All in All!
3. We taste thee, O thou Living Bread,
And long to feast upon thee still;
We drink of thee, the Fountain Head,
And thirst our souls from thee to fill.
4. Our restless spirits yearn for thee,
Where'er our changeful lot is cast;
Glad, when thy gracious smile we see,
Blest, when our faith can hold thee fast.
5. O Jesus, ever with us stay!
Make all our moments calm and bright;
Chase the dark night of sin away.—
Shed o'er the world thy holy light!
3. Oh, for that grace which springs from thee,
And quickens all things where it flows;
Which makes a wretched thorn like me,
Bloom as the myrtle or the rose!
4. For sure, of all the plants that share,
The notice of thy Father's eye,
None proves less grateful to his care,
Or yields him meaner fruit than I.

545.

It was for me

1. JESUS, whom angel-hosts adore,
Became a man of griefs for me;
In love, though rich, becoming poor,
That I through him enriched might be.
2. Though Lord of all, above, below,
He went to Olivet for me;
There drank my cup of wrath and woe,
When bleeding in Gethsemane.
3. The ever-blesséd Son of God
Went up to Calvary for me;
There paid my debt, there bore my load,
In his own body on the tree.
4. Jesus, whose dwelling is the skies,
Went down into the grave for me;
There overcame my enemies,
There won the glorious victory.
5. 'Tis finished all: the vail is rent,
The welcome sure, the access free;—
Now then, we leave our banishment,
O Father, to return to thee!

544.

Sight of the Cross.

1. I THIRST, but not as once I did,
The vain delights of earth to share;
Thy wounds, Immanuel, all forbid
That I should seek my pleasures there,
2. It was the sight of thy dear cross
First weaned my heart from earthly things,
And taught me to esteem as dross
The mirth of fools and pomp of kings.

546. "All things but loss for Christ."
PHIL. III: 7, 8.

1. No more, my God, I boast no more
Of all the duties I have done;
I quit the hopes I held before,
To trust the merits of thy Son.
2. Now, for the love I bear his name,
What was my gain I count my loss;
My former pride I call my shame,
And nail my glory to his cross.
3. Yes; and I must and will esteem
All things but loss for Jesus' sake;
Oh, may my soul be found in him,
And of his righteousness partake!
4. The best obedience of my hands
Dares not appear before thy throne;
But faith can answer thy demands
By pleading what my Lord has done.

547. "Lord, save us; we perish!"

1. THE billows swell, the winds are high;
Clouds overcast my wintry sky:
Out of the depths to thee I call;
My fears are great, my strength is small.
2. O Lord, the pilot's part perform,
And guide and guard me thro' the storm;
Defend me from each threatening ill;
Control the waves; say, "Peace! be still."
3. Amid the roaring of the sea,
My soul still hangs her hope on thee;
Thy constant love, thy faithful care,
Is all that saves me from despair.
4. Though tempest-tossed and half a wreck,
My Saviour through the floods I seek:
Let neither winds nor stormy main
Force back my shattered bark again.

548. "The faith of joys to come."

1. 'Tis by the faith of joys to come
We walk through deserts dark as night;
Till we arrive at heaven our home,
Faith is our guide, and faith our light.
2. The want of sight she well supplies;
She makes the pearly gates appear;
Far into distant worlds she pries,
And brings eternal glories near.
3. Cheerful we tread the desert through,
While faith inspires a heavenly ray;
Though lions roar, and tempests blow,
And rocks and dangers fill the way.

549. Christ present in the Sanctuary

1. How sweet to leave the world awhile,
And seek the presence of our Lord!
Dear Saviour, on thy people smile,
And come, according to thy word.
2. From busy scenes we now retreat
That we may here converse with thee;
Ah, Lord, behold us at thy feet!
Let this the "gate of heaven" be.
3. "Chief of ten thousand!" now appear,
That we by faith may see thy face;
Oh, speak, that we thy voice may hear,
And let thy presence fill this place!

550. "How blest the sacred tie."

1. How blest the sacred tie that binds,
In union sweet, according minds!
How swift the heavenly course they run,
Whose hearts and faith and hopes are one!
2. To each the soul of each how dear!
What jealous care, what holy fear!
How doth the generous flame within,
Refine from earth and cleanse from sin!
3. Their streaming tears together flow
For human guilt and human woe;
Their ardent prayers united rise,
Like mingling flames in sacrifice.
4. Together oft they seek the place
Where God reveals his awful face;
How high, how strong their raptures swell
There's none but kindred minds can tell.
5. Nor shall the glowing flame expire
Mid nature's drooping, sickening fire:
Soon shall they meet in realms above,
A heaven of joy, because of love.

551. "The love of Christ, which passeth knowledge."

1. COME, dearest Lord! descend and dwell
By faith and love in every breast:
Then shall we know, and taste, and feel
The joys that cannot be expressed.
2. Come, fill our hearts with inward strength,
Make our enlargéd souls possess,
And learn the height, and breadth and
length,
Of thine immeasurable grace.
3. Now to the God whose power can do
More than our thoughts and wishes
know,
Be everlasting honors done
By all the church, through Christ his
Son!

552.

The Morning Sacrifice.

1. AWAKE, my soul, and with the sun
Thy daily stage of duty run ;
Shake off dull sloth, and joyful rise
To pay thy morning sacrifice.
2. Awake, lift up thyself, my heart,
And with the angels bear thy part,
Who all night long unwearied sing
High praises to th' eternal King.
3. Glory to thee, who safe hast kept,
And hast refreshed me while I slept ;
Grant, Lord, when I from death shall
wake,
I may of endless life partake.
4. Lord, I my vows to thee renew :
Scatter my sins as morning dew ; [will,
Guard my first springs of thought and
And with thyself my spirit fill.
5. Direct, control, suggest, this day,
All I design, or do, or say ;
That all my powers, with all their might,
In thy sole glory may unite.

553.

"New-born, I bless the waking hour."

1. IN sleep's serene oblivion laid,
I safely passed the silent night ;
Again I see the breaking shade,
And drink again the morning light.
2. New-born, I bless the waking hour,
Once more with awe rejoice to be ;
My conscious soul resumes her power,
And springs, my guardian God, to
thee.
3. Oh, guide me through the various maze
My doubtful feet are doomed to tread ;
And spread thy shield's protecting blaze
Where dangers press around my head.
4. A deeper shade shall soon impend,
A deeper sleep mine eyes oppress ;
Yet then thy strength shall still defend,
Thy goodness still delight to bless.
5. That deeper shade shall break away,
That deeper sleep shall leave mine eyes ;
Thy light shall give eternal day ;
Thy love, the rapture of the skies.

TALLIS' EVENING HYMN. L. M.



554.

An ancient Psalm of the Morning.

1. O CHRIST ! with each returning morn
Thine image to our heart be borne ;
And may we ever clearly see
Our God and Saviour, Lord, in thee !
2. All hallowed be our walk this day ;
May meekness form our early ray,
And faithful love our noontide light,
And hope our sunset, calm and bright.
3. May grace each idle thought control,
And sanctify our wayward soul ;
May guile depart, and malice cease,
And all within be joy and peace.
4. Our daily course, O Jesus, bless ;
Make plain the way of holiness :

From sudden falls our feet defend,
And cheer at last our journey's end.

555.

1. MY God, how endless is thy love !
Thy gifts are every evening new ;
And morning mercies from above,
Gently distill, like early dew.
2. Thou spread'st the curtains of the night,
Great Guardian of my sleeping hours !
Thy sovereign word restores the light,
And quickens all my drowsy powers.
3. I yield my powers to thy command ;
To thee I consecrate my days :
Perpetual blessings from thy hand
Demand perpetual songs of praise.

556. "Hide me under the shadow of thy wings."

1. GLORY to thee, my God, this night,
For all the blessings of the light :
Keep me, oh, keep me, King of kings !
Beneath the shadow of thy wings.
2. Forgive me, Lord ! through thy dear Son,
The ill 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 thy judgment day.
4. Praise God, from whom all blessings flow ;
Praise him, all creatures here below ;
Praise him above, ye heavenly host !
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost !

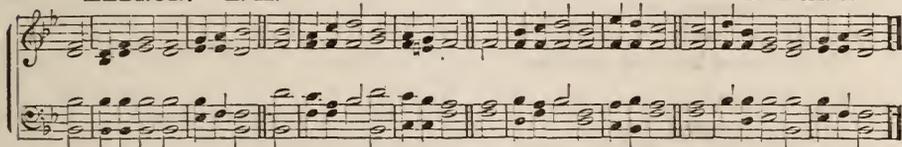
557.

"Abide with us."

1. SUN of my soul ! thou Saviour dear,
It is not night if thou be near :
Oh, may no earth-born cloud arise
To hide thee from thy servant's eyes !
2. When soft the dews of kindly sleep
My wearied eyelids gently steep,
Be my last thought—how sweet to rest
For ever on my Saviour's breast !
3. Abide with me from morn till eve,
For without thee I cannot live ;
Abide with me when night is nigh,
For without thee I dare not die.
4. Be near to bless me when I wake,
Ere through the world my way I take .
Abide with me till in thy love
I lose myself in heaven above.

HEBRON. L. M.

Dr. L. MASON.



558.

Evening Confession.

1. GREAT God ! to thee my evening song
With humble gratitude I raise :
Oh, let thy mercy tune my tongue,
And fill my heart with lively praise.
2. My days, unclouded as they pass,
And every gently rolling hour,
Are monuments of wondrous grace,
And witness to thy love and power.
3. And yet this thoughtless, wretched heart,
Too oft regardless of thy love,
Ungrateful, can from thee depart,
And, fond of trifles, vainly rove.
4. Seal my forgiveness in the blood
Of Jesus ; his dear name alone
I plead for pardon, gracious God !
And kind acceptance at thy throne.
5. Let this blest hope mine eyelids close ;
With sleep refresh my feeble frame ;
Safe in thy care may I repose,
And wake with praises to thy name !

559.

"I will both lay me down in peace and sleep."

1. THUS far the Lord has led me on ;
Thus far his power prolongs my days ;
And every evening shall make known
Some fresh memorial of his grace.
2. Much of my time has run to waste,
And I, perhaps, am near my home ;
But he forgives my follies past :
He gives me strength for days to come.
3. I lay my body down to sleep ;
Peace is the pillow for my head ;
While well-appointed angels keep
Their watchful stations round my bed.
4. Faith in thy name forbids my fear ;
Oh, may thy presence ne'er depart !
And in the morning make me hear
The love and kindness of thy heart.
5. Thus, when the night of death shall come,
My flesh shall rest beneath the ground,
And wait thy voice to rouse my tomb,
With sweet salvation in the sound.

WOODSTOCK. C. M.

GEO. DUTTON.

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

And spend the hours of sett - ing day In hum - ble, grate - ful prayer.

560.

Evening Twilight.

2. I LOVE, in solitude, to shed
The penitential tear;
And all his promises to plead,
Where none but God can hear.
3. I love to think on mercies past,
And future good implore;
And all my cares and sorrows cast
On him whom I adore.
4. I love, by faith, to take a view
Of brighter scenes in heaven,
The prospect doth my strength renew,
While here by tempests driven.
5. Thus, when life's toilsome day is o'er,
May its departing ray
Be calm as this impressive hour,
And lead to endless day!

561.

"Thou, Lord, only makest me dwell in safety."

1. LORD, thou wilt hear me when I pray;
I am for ever thine;
I fear before thee all the day,
Nor would I dare to sin.
2. And while I rest my weary head,
From cares and business free,
'Tis sweet conversing on my bed
With my own heart and thee.
3. I pay this evening sacrifice;
And when my work is done,
Great God! my faith and hope relies
Upon thy grace alone.

4. Thus, with my thoughts composed to
I give mine eyes to sleep; [peace
Thy hand in safety keeps my days
And will my slumbers keep.

562.

"I lay me down to rest."

1. DREAD Sovereign! let my evening song
Like holy incense rise;
Assist the off'ring of my tongue
To reach the lofty skies.
2. Through all the dangers of the day
Thy hand was still my guard;
And still to drive my wants away
Thy mercy stood prepared.
3. Perpetual blessings from above
Encompass me around;
But, oh, how few returns of love
Hath my Redeemer found!
4. What have I done for him who died
To save my guilty soul?
How are my follies multiplied,
Fast as the minutes roll!
5. Lord, with this sinful heart of mine,
To thy dear cross I flee,
And to thy grace my soul resign,
To be renewed by thee.
6. Sprinkled afresh with pardoning blood,
I lay me down to rest,
As in th' embraces of my God,
Or on my Saviour's breast.

563. "I dwell with him that is of a humble spirit."

1. THY home is with the humble, Lord!
The simplest are the best:
Thy lodging is in child-like hearts:
Thou makest there thy rest.
2. Dear Comforter! eternal Love!
If thou wilt stay with me,
Of lowly thoughts and simple ways
I'll build a house for thee.
3. Who made this beating heart of mine
But thou, my heavenly Guest?
Let no one have it, then, but thee,
And let it be thy rest!

564.

1. I WORSHIP thee, sweet will of God!
And all thy ways adore;
And every day I live, I long
To love thee more and more.
2. Man's weakness, waiting upon God,
Its end can never miss,
For men on earth no work can do
More angel-like than this.
3. He always wins who sides with God,
To him no chance is lost;
God's will is sweetest to him when
It triumphs at his cost.
4. Ill, that God blesses, is our good,
And unblest good is ill;
And all is right that seems most wrong,
If it be His dear will!
5. When obstacles and trials seem
Like prison-walls to be,
I do the little I can do,
And leave the rest to thee.
6. I have no cares, O blessed Will!
For all my cares are thine;
I live in triumph, Lord! for thou
Hast made thy triumphs mine.

565. *Communion with God in Retirement.*

1. FAR from the world, O Lord, I flee,
From strife and tumult far;
From scenes where Satan wages still
His most successful war.

2. The calm retreat, the silent shade,
With prayer and praise agree;
And seem by thy sweet bounty made
For those who follow thee.
3. There, if thy Spirit touch the soul,
And grace her mean abode,
Oh, with what peace, and joy, and love,
Does she commune with God!
4. There, like the nightingale she pours
Her solitary lays;
Nor asks a witness of her song,
Nor thirsts for human praise.
5. Author and Guardian of my life!
Sweet Source of light divine,
And—all harmonious names in one—
My Saviour!—thou art mine!
6. What thanks I owe thee, and what love—
A boundless, endless store—
Shall echo through the realms above,
When time shall be no more.

566. "Make thy pleasure mine."

1. O LORD, my best desire fulfill,
And help me to resign
Life, health, and comfort to thy will,
And make thy pleasure mine.
2. Why should I shrink at thy command,
Whose love forbids my fears?
Or tremble at the gracious hand
That wipes away my tears?
3. No: rather let me freely yield
What most I prize to thee,
Who never hast a good withheld,
Or wilt withhold, from me.
4. Thy favor, all my journey through,
Thou art engaged to grant:
What else I want, or think I do,
'Tis better still to want.
5. Wisdom and mercy guide my way:
Shall I resist them both?
A poor, blind creature of a day,
And crushed before the moth!
6. But ah! my inward spirit cries,
Still bind me to thy sway;
Else the next cloud that veils my skies
Drives all these thoughts away.

SOUTH CHURCH. 8s & 7s.

E. P. PARKER.

Let thy grace, Lord, make me low - ly; Hum - ble all my swelling pride:

Fall - en, guilt - y, and un - ho - ly, Greatness from my eyes I'll hide.

567. *Prayer for a lowly Heart.*

PSALM CXXXI.

1. LET thy grace, Lord, make me lowly;
Humble all my swelling pride:
Fallen, guilty, and unholy,
Greatness from my eyes I'll hide.
2. I'll forbid my vain aspiring,
Nor at earthly honors aim;
No ambitious heights desiring,
Far above my humble claim.
3. Weaned from earth's vexatious pleasures,
In thy love I'll seek for mine;
Placed in heaven my nobler treasures,
Earth I quietly resign.
4. Israel, thus the world despising,
On the Lord alone rely;
Then from him thy joys arising,
Like himself shall never die.

568. *"And the Light shineth in darkness."*

1. LIGHT of those whose dreary dwelling
Borders on the shades of death!
Rise on us, thyself revealing,
Rise and chase the clouds beneath.
2. Thou, of heaven and earth Creator!
In our deepest darkness rise;
Scatter all the night of nature;
Pour the day upon our eyes.
3. Still we wait for thine appearing;
Life and joy thy beams impart,
Chasing all our fears, and cheering
Every poor, benighted heart.

4. By thine all-sufficient merit,
Every burdened soul release;
Every weary, wandering spirit
Guide into thy perfect peace.

569.

ROMANS x: 20.

1. SAVIOUR, source of every blessing,
Tune my heart to grateful lays;
Streams of mercy, never ceasing,
Call for ceaseless songs of praise.
2. Teach me some melodious measure,
Sung by raptured saints above;
Fill my soul with sacred pleasure,
While I sing redeeming love.
3. Thou didst seek me when a stranger,
Wandering from the fold of God;
Thou, to save my soul from danger,
Didst redeem me with thy blood.
4. By thy hand restored, defended,
Safe through life, thus far, I'm come;
Safe, O Lord, when life is ended,
Bring me to thy heavenly home.

Doxology.

PRAISE the God of all creation,
Praise the Father's boundless love;
Praise the Lamb, our expiation;
Priest and King enthroned above:
Praise the Fountain of salvation,
Him by whom our spirits live;
Undivided adoration
To the one Jehovah give!

STOCKWELL. 8s & 7s.

D. E. JONES.

1. Saviour, breathe an evening blessing, Ere re- pose our spir-its seal :

Sin and want we come con- fess-ing, Thou canst save, and thou canst heal.

570. *The Evening Blessing.**

2. **THOUGH** destruction walk around us,
Though the arrow near us fly,
Angel-guards from thee surround us ;
We are safe, if thou art nigh.
3. Though the night be dark and dreary,
Darkness cannot hide from thee :
Thou art he who, never weary,
Watcheth where thy people be.
4. Should swift death this night o'ertake us,
And our couch become our tomb,
May the morn in heav'n awake us,
Clad in light and deathless bloom !

571. *"God is Love."*
1 JOHN IV : 8.

1. **GOD** is love ; his mercy brightens
All the path in which we rove ;
Bliss he wakes, and woe he lightens :
God is wisdom, God is love.
2. Chance and change are busy ever ;
Man decays, and ages move :
But his mercy waneth never ;
God is wisdom, God is love.
3. Ev'n the hour that darkest seemeth
Will his changeless goodness prove ;
From the gloom his brightness streameth :
God is wisdom, God is love.
4. He with earthly cares entwineth
Hope and comfort from above :
Every where his glory shineth ;
God is wisdom, God is love.

572. *Apostolic Benediction.*

1. **MAY** the grace of Christ the Saviour,
And the Father's boundless love,
With the Holy Spirit's favor,
Rest upon us from above.
2. Thus may we abide in union
With each other and the Lord,
And possess, in sweet communion,
Joys which earth cannot afford.

573. *"Before the Cross."*

1. **SWEET** the moments, rich in blessing,
Which before the cross I spend ;
Life, and health, and peace possessing,
From the sinner's dying Friend.
2. Truly blessed is this station,
Low before his cross to lie ;
While I see divine compassion
Beaming in his gracious eye.
3. Here it is I find my heaven,
While upon the cross I gaze ;
Love I much ! I've much forgiven ;
I'm a miracle of grace.
4. Love and grief my heart dividing,
With my tears his feet I'll bathe ;
Constant still, in faith abiding,
Life deriving from his death.
5. Here in tender, grateful sorrow,
With my Saviour will I stay ;
Here new hope and strength will borrow,
Here will love my fears away.

ROSEBANK. 8s, 7s & 4s.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. { Sav - iour, like a shepherd lead us, Much we need thy tend'rest care; }
 { In thy pleasant pastures feed us, For our use thy folds pre- pare. }
 2. { We are thine, do thou be - friend us, Be the guardian of our way; }
 { Keep thy flock, from sin de - fend us, Seek us when we go a - stray. }

Blesséd Je - sus, blesséd Je - sus, Thou hast bought us, thine we are,
 Blesséd Je - sus, blesséd Je - sus, Hear young children when they pray,

Blesséd Je - sus, blesséd Je - sus, Thou hast bought us, thine we are.
 Blesséd Je - sus, blesséd Je - sus, Hear young children when they pray.

574.

ISAIAH xl: 11.

1. SAVIOUR, like a shepherd lead us,
 Much we need thy tender care;
 In thy pleasant pastures feed us;
 For our use thy folds prepare:
 Blesséd Jesus!
 Blesséd Jesus!
 Thou hast bought us, thine we are.
2. Thou hast promised to receive us,
 Poor and sinful though we be;
 Thou hast mercy to relieve us,
 Grace to cleanse and power to free:
 Blesséd Jesus!
 Blesséd Jesus!
 Let us early turn to thee.
3. Early let us seek thy favor;
 Early let us learn thy will;
 Do thou, Lord, our only Saviour.
 With thy love our bosoms fill:
 Blesséd Jesus!
 Blesséd Jesus!
 Thou hast loved us,—love us still!

575.

Prayer for Guidance, Pardon, and Joy

1. LEAD us, heavenly Father! lead us
 O'er the world's tempestuous sea;
 Guard us, guide us, keep us, feed us,
 For we have no help but thee.
 Yet possessing
 Every blessing,
 If our God our Father be.
2. Saviour! breathe forgiveness o'er us;
 All our weakness thou dost know;
 Thou didst tread this earth before us,
 Thou didst feel its keenest woe.
 Lone and dreary,
 Faint and weary,
 Through the desert thou didst go.
3. Spirit of our God descending!
 Fill our hearts with heavenly joy;
 Love with every passion blending,
 Pleasures that can never cloy.
 Thus provided,
 Pardoned, guided,
 Nothing can our peace destroy.

576.

"Rejoice Always."

1. O MY soul! what means this sadness?
Wherefore art thou thus cast down?
Let thy griefs be turned to gladness,
Bid thy restless fears be gone;
Look to Jesus,
And rejoice in his dear name.
2. Though distresses now attend thee,
And thou tread'st the thorny road;

- His right hand shall still defend thee;
Soon he'll bring thee home to God.
Therefore praise him,
Praise the great Redeemer's name.
3. Oh that I could now adore him
Like the heavenly host above,
Who forever bow before him,
And unceasing sing his love!
Happy songsters!
When shall I your chorus join?

ROSEFIELD. 7s. 6 lines.

1. Blesséd are the sons of God! They are bought with Je-sus' blood; }
They are ransomed from the grave; Life e - ter - nal they shall have: }

With them numbered may we be, Here, and in e - ter - ni - ty.

577.

"The precious Sins of Zion."

2. GOD did love them in his Son
Long before the world begun;
All their sins are washed away;
They shall stand in God's great day:
With them numbered may we be,
Here, and in eternity!
3. They are harmless, meek, and mild,
Holy, humble, undefiled;
They are by the Spirit sealed,
They with love and peace are filled:
With them numbered may we be,
Here, and in eternity!
4. They are lights upon the earth,
Children of a heavenly birth;
One with God, with Jesus one,
Glory is in them begun:
With them numbered may we be,
Here, and in eternity!

578.

The Childlike Heart.

1. QUIET, Lord, my forward heart;
Make me teachable and mild,
Upright, simple, free from art;
Make me as a weaned child,—
From distrust and envy free,
Pleased with all that pleases thee.
2. What thou shalt to-day provide,
Let me as as child receive;
What to-morrow may betide,
Calmly to thy wisdom leave:
'Tis enough that thou wilt care;
Why should I the burden bear?
3. As a little child relies
On a care beyond his own,
Knows he's neither strong nor wise,
Fears to stir a step alone;
Let me thus with thee abide,
As my Father, Guard and Guide.

SWEET HOUR OF PRAYER. L. M. D.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

Sweet hour of pray'r! sweet hour of pray'r! That calls me from a world of care,
D. C. And oft es-caped the tempt-er's snare By thy re-turn, sweet hour of pray'r;

And bids me at my Fa-ther's throne, Make all my wants and wish-es known:
And oft es-cape the tempt-er's snare By thy re-turn, sweet hour of pray'r.

In sea-sons of dis-tress and grief My soul has of-ten found re-lief,
D. C.

579.

Sweet hour of prayer.

1. SWEET hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer!
2. Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer!

That calls me from a world of care,
And bids me at my Father's throne,
Make all my wants and wishes known.
In seasons of distress and grief,
My soul has often found relief,
||:And oft escaped the tempter's snare
By thy return, sweet hour of prayer.:||

Thy wings shall my petition bear,
To him whose truth and faithfulness
Engage the waiting soul to bless;
And since he bids me seek his face,
Believe his word, and trust his grace,
||:I'll cast on him my every care,
And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer.:||

REST OF THE WEARY.

Andantino.

From the "Triumph," by permission.

END.

Rest of the wea-ry, Joy of the sad; Hope of the drear-y, Light of the glad:

Home of the stranger, Strength to the end; Ref-uge from dan-ger, Sav-iour and Friend.
D. C.

580.

Saviour and Friend.

1. Rest of the weary,
Joy of the sad:
Hope of the dreary,
Light of the glad:
Home of the stranger,
Strength to the end;
Refuge from danger,
Saviour and Friend.
Cho.—Rest of the weary, &c.

2. Pillow where lying
Love rests its head;
Peace of the dying,
Life of the dead:
Path of the lowly,
Prize at the end;
Truer and fonder
Saviour and Friend.
Cho.—Rest of the weary, &c.

"MASTER, WHERE DWELLEST THOU?"

With tender, gentle, yet impassioned utterance.

In the closet's hushed seclusion, Where, the strife of pas - sion quelling,
Breathes the Spirit's warm effusion, There, O Master, thou art dwelling.

581. "Master, where dwellest Thou?"

- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>1. In the closet's hushed seclusion, Where, the strife of passion quelling, There, O Master, thou art dwelling.</p> <p>2. In the hallowed place of meeting, Where, with love and rapture swelling, Longing hearts are heav'nward beating, There, O Master, thou art dwelling.</p> | <p>3. In the home of anguish mortal, Where, the fear of death dis- pelling, Faith describes the beaming portal, There, O Master, thou art dwelling.</p> <p>4. In the realms of bliss supernal, [pelling, Praise from heav'n of heav'ns com- Crowned with majesty eternal, There, O Master, thou art dwelling.</p> |
|--|---|

JESUS, OUR FRIEND.

Geo. F. Root. From the "Diapason," by permission.

With expression.

Sweet 'tis to sing of thee, Je - sus, our friend; Of thy great love so free, Je - sus, our friend:
O, for a heart to praise, Thro' all our earthly days, Thy wondrous works and ways, Jesus our friend.

582. *Jesus, our Friend.*

- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>1. SWEET 'tis to sing of thee, Jesus, our friend; Of thy great love so free, Jesus, our friend: O, for a heart to praise, Through all our earthly days, Thy wondrous works and ways, Jesus, our friend.</p> <p>2. When thou wert here below, Jesus, our friend, Thou didst our sorrow know, Jesus, our friend: Grant to each heart to feel That thou hast power to heal, And, O, thyself reveal, Jesus, our friend.</p> | <p>3. Tender and patient thou, Jesus, our friend; To thy dear love we bow, Jesus, our friend: O, in thy Spirit pure, May we our ills endure, Trusting thy promise sure, Jesus, our friend.</p> <p>4. By thy redeeming grace, Jesus, our friend, We hope to see thy face, Jesus, our friend: Then will we joyful praise, Throughout eternal days, Thy wondrous works and ways, Jesus, our friend.</p> |
|--|--|

MORNING PRAISES. 11s & 5s.

Arranged by D. E. JONES.

Do not hurry the time.

583.

LAUDES AD MATUTINUM.

From Gregory the Great.

- 1 BEHOLD! the shade of night is now receding;
Kindling with splendors, fair the dawn is glowing;
With fervent hearts, O let us all implore Him—
Ruler Almighty!
2. That He, our God, will look on us in pity,
Send strength for weakness, grant us his salvation,
And with a Father's pure affection give us
Glory eternal.
3. This grace O grant us, God-head ever-blesséd,
Of Father, Son and Holy Ghost in union,
Whose praises be through earth's most distant regions
Ever resounding.

584.

LAUDES AD NOCTURNUM.

From Gregory the Great.

1. 'MID evening shadows, let us all be watching—
Ever in psalms our deep devotion waking,
And with one voice hymns to the Lord, the Saviour,
Sweetly be singing.
2. That to the holy King our songs ascending,
We worthily with all his saints may enter
The heavenly Temple, joyfully partaking
Life everlasting.
- 3 This grace O grant us, God-head ever-blesséd,
Of Father, Son, and Holy Ghost in union,
Whose praises be through earth's most distant regions
Ever resounding!

BLUMENTHAL. 7s & 6s.

From the Triumph. Arranged by F. W. Roor.

When the morn is bright and fair, When sweet songsters charm the air,

I will lift my heart in prayer, I will seek my Fa - ther ;

Lest my feet should go a - stray From his pure and per - fect way,

Lest I grieve him, as I may, I will seek my Fa - ther.

585.

I will Seek my Father.

1. WHEN the morn is bright and fair,
When sweet songsters charm the air,
I will lift my heart in prayer,
I will seek my Father ;
Lest my feet should go astray
From His pure and perfect way,
Lest I grieve him as I may,
I will seek my Father.
- 2 In the solitude apart,
In the wilderness or mart,
Oh ! my sorely tempted heart,
I will seek my Father ;

- In the darkness as the day,
He shall be my Guide and stay,
I will lean on Him alway—
I will seek my Father.
3. When the ev'ning sun is red,
When each blossom droops its head,
Kneeling low beside my bed,
I will seek my Father ;
That I slumber in His care,
Shielded from each harmful snare,
And for life or death prepare ;
I will seek my Father.

BALCH. 7s. Double.

GEO. KINGSLEY.

Moderato.

Ho-ly Lamb! who Thee receive, Who in thee be-gin to live, Day and night they cry to
Thee, As thou art so let us be. Je-sus, see my lab'ring breast, See, I pant in thee to
rest; Gladly now would I be clean; Cleanse me now from ev'ry sin, Cleanse me now from ev'ry sin.

586.

1. HOLY Lamb! who thee receive,
Who in thee begin to live,
Day and night they cry to thee
As thou art so let us be.
Jesus, see my lab'ring breast,
See, I pant in thee to rest;
Gladly now would I be clean;
Cleanse me now from every sin.
2. Fix, oh fix my wavering mind!
To thy cross my spirit bind;
Earthly passions far remove,
Fill my soul with holy love.
Dust and ashes though I be,
Full of sin and misery,
Thine I am, thou Son of God:
Take the purchase of thy blood!

587.

1. FATHER of eternal grace,
Glorify thyself in me;
Meekly beaming in my face,
May the world thine image see.

2. Happy only in thy love,
Poor, unfriended, or unknown,
Fix my thoughts on things above,
Stay my heart on thee alone.
3. Humble, holy, all resigned
To thy will—thy will be done!
Give me, Lord, the perfect mind
Of thy well-beloved Son.
4. Counting gain and glory lost,
May I tread the path he trod—
Die with Jesus on the cross,
Rise with Him to Thee, my God.

588. *Prayer for the Indwelling of the Spirit.*

1. HOLY Spirit! Love Divine!
Let thy light within me shine;
Breathe thyself into my breast:
Earnest of immortal rest.
2. Let me never from thee stray,
Keep me in the narrow way;
Keep me thine, forever thine;
Let thy love and joy be mine.

EVENING. S. M.

D. E. JONES.

The day is past and gone; The eve - ning shades ap - pear;
Oh, may I ev - er keep in mind The night of death draws near.

589.

1. THE day is past and gone;
The evening shades appear;
O, may I ever keep in mind
The night of death draws near.
2. Lord, keep me safe this night,
Secure from all my fears;
May angels guard me while I sleep,
Till morning light appears.

3. And when I early rise,
To view th' unwearied sun,
May I set out to win the prize,
And after glory run—
4. That when my days are past,
And I from time remove,
I then may in thy bosom rest,
The bosom of thy love.

SAYLES. S. M.

In a gentle, subdued and tender manner.

Ritard.

590. *"Now is our salvation nearer than when we believed."*

1. ONE sweetly solemn thought
Comes to me o'er and o'er:
Nearer my parting hour am I
Than e'er I was before.
2. Nearer my Father's house,
Where many mansions be;
Nearer the throne where Jesus reigns—
Nearer the crystal sea.
3. Nearer my going home,
Laying my burden down,

- Leaving my cross of heavy grief,
Wearing my starry crown.
4. Nearer that hidden stream,
Winding through shades of night,
Rolling its cold, dark waves between
Me and the world of light.
 5. Jesus! to thee I cling:
Strengthen my arm of faith;
Stay near me while my way-worn feet
Press through the stream of death.

STOCKWELL. 8s & 7s.

D. E. JONES.

1. Si - lent - ly the shades of even - ing Gath - er round my low - ly door :

Si - lent - ly they bring be - fore me Fa - ces I shall see no more.

591.

Sacred Memories.

2. OH! the lost, the unforgotten,
Though the world be oft forgot;
Oh! the shrouded and the lonely!
In our hearts they perish not.
3. Living in the silent hours
Where our spirits only blend;
They, unlinked with earthly troubles;
We, still hoping for its end.
4. How such holy memories cluster
Like the stars when storms are past;
Pointing up to that far heaven
We may hope to gain at last.

MOUNT VERNON. 8s & 7s.

1. Sis - ter, thou wast mild and love - ly, Gen - tle as the sum - mer breeze,

Pleas - ant as the air of even - ing, When it floats a - mong the trees.

593.

"Weep not; she is not dead, but sleepeth."

2. PEACEFUL be thy silent slumber—
Peaceful in the grave so low:
Thou no more wilt join our number;
Thou no mere our songs shalt know.
3. Dearest sister! thou hast left us;
Here thy loss we deeply feel;

592.

The Dead in Christ.

1. CEASE, ye mourners, cease to languish
O'er the grave of those you love;
Pain, and death, and night, and anguish,
Enter not the world above.
2. While our silent steps are straying
Lonely thro' night's deepening shade,
Glory's brightest beams are playing
Round the happy Christian's head.
3. Light and peace at once deriving
From the hand of God most high,
In his glorious presence living,
They shall never, never die.

DR. L. MASON.

- But 'tis God that hath bereft us,
He can all our sorrows heal.
4. Yet again we hope to meet thee,
When the day of life is fled;
Then in heaven with joy to greet thee,
Where no farewell tear is shed!

I'M A PILGRIM. P. M.

Musical score for "I'm a Pilgrim" in G major, 2/4 time. The score consists of two systems of music, each with a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The first system ends with the word "END." and the second system ends with "D. C." (Da Capo).

I'm a pil-grim, and I'm a stran-ger; I can tar-ry, I can tar-ry but a night.

Do not de-tain me, for I am go-ing To where the foun-tains are ev-er flow-ing.

594.

- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>1. 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 fountains are ever flowing.</p> <p>2. There the glory is ever shining! [there; O, my longing heart, my longing heart is</p> | <p>Here in this country so dark and dreary, I long have wandered forlorn and weary.</p> <p>3. There's the city to which I journey; My Redeemer, my Redeemer is its light! There is no sorrow, nor any sighing, Nor any tears there, nor any dying!</p> |
|--|--|

MERDIN. 7s, 6s & 7s.

Dr. L. MASON.

Musical score for "Merdin" in G major, 2/4 time. The score consists of two systems of music, each with a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The first system includes a large bracketed section for the lyrics.

Burst, ye em'rald gates, and bring To my raptur'd vision
All the ecstatic joys that spring Round the bright elysian; } Lo! we lift our long-ing eyes,

Break, ye in-ter-ven-ing skies! Sons of righteous-ness arise, Ope the gates of Par-a-dise.

595.

- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>1. BURST, ye emerald gates, and bring To my raptured vision, All the ecstatic joys that spring Round the bright elysian: Lo! we lift our longing eyes, Break, ye intervening skies! Sons of righteousness, arise, Ope the gates of Paradise.</p> <p>2. Floods of everlasting light! Freely flash before him; Myriads, with supreme delight, Instantly adore him; Angel trumpets resound his fame; Lutes of lucid gold proclaim All the music of his name; Heaven echoing the theme.</p> | <p>3. Four and twenty elders rise From their princely station; Shout his glorious victories, Sing the great salvation; Cast their crowns before his throne, Cry, in reverential tone, Glory be to God alone, Holy! Holy! Holy One.</p> <p>4. Hark! the thrilling symphonies Seem, methinks, to seize us; Join we too the holy lays— Jesus, Jesus, Jesus! Sweetest sound in seraph's song, Sweetest note on mortal tongue, Sweetest carol ever sung— Jesus, Jesus, flow along.</p> |
|--|---|

GOLDEN HILL. S. M.

Western Tune.

1. My Mak - er and my King! To thee my all I owe;

Thy sovereign boun-ty is the spring, Whence all my bless - ings flow.

596.

God our Benefactor.

2. THE creature of thy hand,
On thee alone I live;
My God! thy benefits demand
More praise than I can give.
3. Lord, what can I impart,
When all is thine before?
Thy love demands a thankful heart:
The gift, alas, how poor!
4. Shall I withhold thy due?
And shall my passions rove?
Lord, form this wretched heart anew,
And fill it with thy love.

597.

"I love thy kingdom, Lord."

- 1 I LOVE thy kingdom, Lord—
The house of thine abode,
The church our blest Redeemer saved
With his own precious blood.
2. I love thy church, O God!
Her walls before thee stand,
Dear as the apple of thine eye,
And graven on thy hand.
3. For her my tears shall fall,
For her my prayers ascend;
To her my cares and toils be given,
Till toils and cares shall end.
4. Beyond my highest joy
I prize her heavenly ways,
Her sweet communion, solemn vows,
Her hymns of love and praise.
5. Jesus, thou Friend divine,
Our Saviour and our King,

Thy hand from every snare and foe
Shall great deliverance bring.

6. Sure as thy truth shall last,
To Zion shall be given
The brightest glories earth can yield,
And brighter bliss of heaven.

598.

"There is laid up for me a crown."

1. IF Jesus be my friend,
And I to him belong,
I care not what my foes intend,
Though fierce they be, and strong.
2. I rest upon the ground
Of Jesus and his blood;
For I in him alone have found
The true eternal good.
3. He whispers in my breast
Sweet words of holy cheer,
How all who seek in God their rest
Shall ever find him near.
4. How God hath built above
A city fair and new,
Where eye and heart shall see and prove
What faith has counted true.
5. My heart for gladness springs;
It cannot more be sad;
For very joy it smiles and sings,—
Sees naught but sunshine glad.
6. The sun that lights mine eyes,
Is Christ, the Lord I love;
I sing for joy of that which lies
Stored up for me above.

IOWA. S. M.

Old popular Melody.

A charge to keep I have, A God to glo - ri - fy,

A nev - er - dy - ing soul to save, And fit it for the sky.

599. "Help me to watch and pray."

1. A CHARGE to keep I have,
A God to glorify;
A never-dying soul to save,
And fit it for the sky;
2. To serve the present age,
My calling to fulfill;—
Oh, may it all my powers engage
To do my Master's will.
3. Arm me with jealous care,
As in thy sight to live;
And oh! thy servant, Lord, prepare
A strict account to give.
4. Help me to watch and pray,
And on thyself rely;
Assured if I my trust betray,
I shall forever die.

600. *Christian Fellowship.*

1. BLEST be the tie that binds
Our hearts in Christian love:
The fellowship of kindred minds
Is like to that above.
2. Before our Father's throne
We pour our ardent prayers;
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one,
Our comforts and our cares.
3. We share our mutual woes,
Our mutual burdens bear,
And often for each other flows
The sympathizing tear.

4. When we asunder part,
It gives us inward pain;
But we shall still be joined in heart,
And hope to meet again.
5. This glorious hope revives
Our courage by the way;
While each in expectation lives,
And longs to see the day.
6. From sorrow, toil, and pain,
And sin, we shall be free,
And perfect love and friendship reign,
Through all eternity.

601. "The Spirit of God dwelleth in you."

1. BLEST are the pure in heart,
For they shall see their God;
The secret of the Lord is theirs;
Their soul is Christ's abode.
2. The Lord, who left the heavens,
Our life and peace to bring;
To dwell in lowliness with men,
Their pattern and their King;—
3. He to the lowly soul
Doth still himself impart,
And for his dwelling, and his throne,
Chooseth the pure in heart.
4. Lord, we thy presence seek:
May ours this blessing be;
Oh, give the pure and lowly heart
A temple meet for thee!

ELIZABETHTOWN. C. M.

GREATORIX.

Je - sus, my Lord, how rich thy grace! Thy boun - ties how com - plete!

How shall I count the matchless sum? How pay the might-y debt?

602.

"Ye have done it unto Me."
MATT. XXV: 40.

1. JESUS, my Lord, how rich thy grace!
Thy bounties how complete!
How shall I count the matchless sum?
How pay the mighty debt?
2. High on a throne of radiant light
Dost thou exalted shine;
What can my poverty bestow,
When all the worlds are thine?
3. But thou hast brethren here below,
The partners of thy grace;
And wilt confess their humble names
Before thy Father's face.
4. In them thou may'st be clothed and fed
And visited and cheered;
And, in their accents of distress,
My Saviour's voice is heard.
5. Thy face, with reverence and with love,
I in thy poor would see;
Oh, rather let me beg my bread,
Than keep it back from thee!

603.

"Blessed are the merciful."

1. BLEST is the man whose softening heart
Feels all another's pain;
To whom the supplicating eye
Was never raised in vain:—
2. Whose breast expands with generous
A stranger's woe to feel: [warmth,
And bleeds in pity o'er the wound
He wants the power to heal.
3. He spreads his kind, supporting arms
To every child of grief;
His secret bounty largely flows,
And brings unasked relief.
4. To gentle offices of love
His feet are never sold;
He views, through mercy's melting eye,
A brother in a foe.
5. He hears the Saviour's cheering word,
"My peace to him I give;"
And when he kneels before the throne,
His trembling soul shall live.

604.

"The secret place of the Most High."
PSALM XCI.

1. THERE is a safe and secret place
Beneath the wings divine,
Reserved for all the heirs of grace:
Oh, be that refuge mine!
2. The least and feeblest there may bide,
Uninjured and unawed;
While thousands fall on every side,
He rests secure in God.
3. He feeds in pastures large and fair,
Of love and truth divine;
O child of God, O glory's heir!
How rich a lot is thine!
4. A hand almighty to defend,
An ear for every call,
An honored life, a peaceful end,
And heaven to crown it all!

605.

Brotherly Kindness.

1. FATHER of mercies! send thy grace,
All powerful from above,
To form, in our obedient souls,
The image of thy love.
- 2 Oh, may our sympathizing breasts
The generous pleasure know,
Kindly to share in others' joy,
And weep for others' woe!
3. When the most helpless sons of grief
In low distress are laid,
Soft be our hearts their pains to feel,
And swift our hands to aid.

606.

"Love as Brethren."

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

607.

The Chief Grace.

1. HAPPY the heart where graces reign,
Where love inspires the breast:
Love is the brightest of the train,
And strengthens all the rest.
2. Knowledge—alas! 'tis all in vain,
And all in vain our fear;
Our stubborn sins will fight and reign,
If love be absent there.

3. This is the grace that lives and sings,
When faith and hope shall cease;
'Tis this shall strike our joyful strings,
In realms of endless peace.
4. Before we quite forsake our clay,
Or leave this dark abode,
The wings of love bear us away,
To see our smiling God.

608.

*And Jesus went before them.
MARK x : 32.*

1. THE Saviour—what a noble flame
Was kindled in his breast,
When, hasting to Jerusalem,
He marched before the rest!
2. Good will to men, and zeal for God,
His every thought engross;
He longs to be baptized with blood,
He pants to reach the cross.
- 3 With all his sufferings full in view,
And woes to us unknown,
Forth to the task his spirit flew:
'Twas love that urged him on.
4. Lord, we return thee what we can;
Our hearts shall sound abroad
Salvation to the dying Man,
And to the rising God!
5. And while thy bleeding glories here
Engage our wondering eyes,
We learn our lighter cross to bear,
And hasten to the skies.

609.

The one Petition.

1. FATHER! whate'er of earthly bliss
Thy sovereign hand denies,
Accepted at thy throne of grace,
Let this petition rise:
2. "Give me a calm, a thankful heart,
From every murmur free;
The blessings of thy grace impart,
And make me live to thee.
3. "Let the sweet hope that thou art mine
My life and death attend;
Thy presence through my journey shine,
And crown my journey's end."

UNWIN. 8s & 4s.

From S. H. & T. Book.

1. I can-not al-ways trace the way Where thou, al-might-y

One, dost move, But I can al-ways, al-ways say That God is love.

610. "God is Love."—1 JOHN iv: 8.

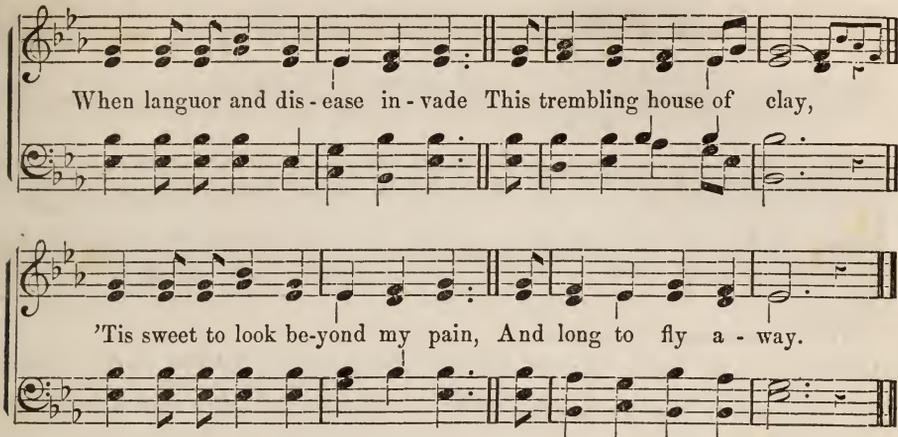
2. When fear her chilling mantle flings
O'er earth, my soul to heaven above,
As to her native home, upsprings;
For God is love.
3. When myst'ry clouds my darkened path,
I'll check my dread, my doubts reprove;
In this my soul sweet comfort hath,
That God is love.
4. Oh may this truth my heart employ,
Bid every gloomy thought remove,
And turn all tears, all woes to joy,—
Thou, God, art Love.
5. Renew my will from day to day;
Blend it with thine, and take away
Whate'er now makes it hard to say,
"Thy will be done!"
6. Then when on earth I breathe no more,
The prayer oft mixed with tears before,
I'll sing upon a happier shore:
"Thy will be done!"

611. "Thy will be done."—MATT. vi: 10.

1. My God, my Father, while I stray
Far from thy home, on life's rough way,
Oh, teach me from my heart to say,
"Thy will be done!"
2. What though in lonely grief I sigh
For friends beloved no longer nigh;
Submissive still would I reply,
"Thy will be done!"
3. If thou shouldst call me to resign
What most I prize,—it ne'er was mine;
I only yield thee what was thine:
"Thy will be done!"
4. If but my fainting heart be blest
With thy sweet Spirit for its guest,
My God, to thee I leave the rest:
"Thy will be done!"
1. THERE is a calm for those who weep,
A rest for weary pilgrims found;
They softly lie, and sweetly sleep,
Low in the ground.
2. The storm that racks the wint'ry sky,
No more disturbs their deep repose
Than summer evening's latest sigh,
That shuts the rose.
3. I long to lay this painful head
And aching heart beneath the soil;
To slumber, in that dreamless bed,
From all my toil.
4. The soul, of origin divine,
God's glorious image, freed from clay,
In heaven's eternal sphere shall shine,
A star of day.
5. The sun is but a spark of fire,
A transient meteor in the sky;
The soul immortal as its Sire,
Shall never die.

SWEET THOUGHTS. C. M.

WM. B. BRADBURY.



When languor and dis - ease in - vade This trembling house of clay,
 'Tis sweet to look be - yond my pain, And long to fly a - way.

613.

1. WHEN languor and disease invade
 This trembling house of clay,
 'Tis sweet to look beyond my pain,
 And long to fly away ;—
2. Sweet to look inward, and attend
 The whispers of his love ;
 Sweet to look upward to the place
 Where Jesus pleads above ;—
3. Sweet on his faithfulness to rest,
 Whose love can never end ;
 Sweet on his covenant of grace
 For all things to depend ;—
4. Sweet, in the confidence of faith,
 To trust his firm decrees ;
 Sweet to lie passive in his hands,
 And know no will but his.
5. If such the sweetness of the streams,
 What must the fountain be,
 Where saints and angels draw their bliss
 Immediately from thee !

614.

PHIL. 1 : 23.

1. WHEN musing sorrow weeps the past,
 And mourns the present pain ;
 How sweet to think of peace at last,
 And feel that death is gain !
2. 'Tis not that murmuring thoughts arise,
 And dread a Father's will ;
 'Tis not that meek submission flies,
 And would not suffer still.

3. It is that heaven-born faith surveys
 The path that leads to light,
 And longs her eagle plumes to raise,
 And lose herself in sight.
4. Oh ! let me wing my hallowed flight
 From earth-born woe and care,
 And soar above these clouds of night,
 My Saviour's bliss to share.

615. "Let me know my Father reigns."

1. My God, my Father, blissful name !
 Oh, may I call thee mine ?
 May I with sweet assurance claim
 A portion so divine ?
2. Whate'er thy providence denies
 I calmly would resign ;
 For thou art good, and just and wise :
 Oh, bend my will to thine !
3. Whate'er thy sacred will ordains,
 Oh, give me strength to bear !
 And let me know my Father reigns,
 And trust his tender care.
4. Thy sovereign ways are all unknown
 To my weak, erring sight ;
 Yet let my soul adoring own
 That all thy ways are right.

Doxology.

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

HENLEY. 11s & 10s.

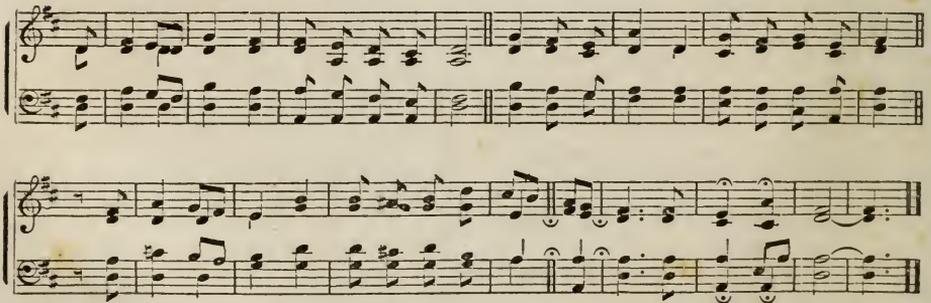
Dr. L. MASON.

616. *When Shadows Darkly Gather.*

- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>1. COME unto me when shadows darkly gather, When the sad heart is weary and distress'd, Seeking for comfort from your Heavenly Father, Come unto me, and I will give you rest.</p> <p>2. Ye who have mourned when the spring-flowers were taken, When the ripe fruit fell richly to the ground, When the loved slept in brighter homes to waken, Where their pale brows with spirit-wreaths are crowned.</p> | <p>3. Large are the mansions in thy Father's dwelling, Glad are the homes that sorrows never dim; Sweet are the harps in holy music swelling, Soft are the tones which raise the heavenly hymn.</p> <p>4. There, like an Eden, blossoming in gladness, Bloom the fair flowers the earth too rudely pressed; Come unto me all ye who droop in sadness, Come unto me, and I will give you rest.</p> |
|---|---|

CONFIDENCE. 10s & 6s.

Melody by J. K. N. Harmonized by D. E. J.

617. *"Thou Knowest all Things."*

- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>1. My God, whose gracious pity I may claim, Calling thee Father—sweet, endearing name, The sufferings of this weak and weary frame, All, all are known to thee.</p> <p>2. From human eye 'tis better to conceal Much that I suffer, much I hourly feel;</p> | <p>But, O, this thought does tranquilize and heal, All, all is known to thee.</p> <p>3. Yea, all by Thee is ordered, chosen, planned; Each drop that fills my daily cup, thy hand Prescribes, for ills none else can understand: All, all is known to thee.</p> |
|--|---|

WAITING. 8s & 7s D.

HUBERT P. MAIN.

I am wait-ing by the riv - er, And my heart has wait-ed long; Now I think I hear the

cho - rus Of the an-gel's wel-come song: Oh, I see, the dawn is break-ing On the

hill-tops of the blest, "Where the wicked cease from troubling. And the weary are at rest."

618. *I am waiting by the river.*

- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>1. I AM waiting by the river; And my heart has waited long; Now I think I hear the chorus Of the angel's welcome song. O. I see the dawn is breaking On the hill-tops of the blest, "Where the wicked cease from troubling, And the weary are at rest."</p> <p>2. Far away beyond the shadows, Of this weary vale of tears; There the tide of bliss is sweeping Thro' the bright and changeless years.</p> | <p>O, I long to be with Jesus, In the mansions of the blest, "Where the wicked cease from troubling, And the weary are at rest."</p> <p>3. They are launching on the river, From the calm and quiet shore, And they soon will bear my spirit, Where the weary sigh no more. For the tide is swiftly flowing, And I long to greet the blest, "Where the wicked cease from troubling, And the weary are at rest."</p> |
|---|---|

"I WILL LIFT UP MINE EYES."

Dr. L. MASON.

619. PSALM cxxi.

- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>1. I WILL lift up mine eyes unto the hills, From whence cometh my help.</p> <p>2. My help cometh from the Lord, Which made heaven and earth.</p> <p>3. He will not suffer thy foot to be moved: He that keepeth thee will not slumber.</p> <p>4. Behold, he that keepeth Israel, Shall not slumber nor sleep.</p> | <p>5. The Lord is thy keeper; The Lord is thy shade upon thy right— hand.</p> <p>6. The sun shall not smite thee by day, Nor the moon by night.</p> <p>7. The Lord shall preserve thee from all evil. He shall pre- serve thy soul.</p> <p>8. The Lord shall preserve thy going out, and thy coming in. From this time forth, and even forever— more A— men.</p> |
|--|--|

AMBER. L. M. 6 Lines.

From the "Plymouth Collection."

{ Would Je - sus have the sinner die? Why hangs He then on yon - der tree?
What means that strange expir - ing cry? Sin - ners, He prays for you and me;

For - give them, Father, O for - give! They know not that by Me they live.

620.

1. WOULD Jesus have the sinner die!
Why hangs he then on yonder tree!
What means that strange expiring cry!
Sinners, he prays for you and me;
Forgive them, Father, O forgive!
They know not that by Me they live.
2. Thou loving, all-atoning Lamb—
Thee, by thy painful agony,
Thy bloody sweat, thy grief and shame,
Thy cross and passion on the tree,
Thy precious death and life—I pray,
Take all, take all my sins away.

621.

1. WEARY of wandering from my God,
And now made willing to return,
I hear, and bow me to the rod:
Yet not in hopeless grief I mourn;
I have an Advocate above,
A Friend before the throne of love.
2. O Jesus, full of truth and grace—
More full of grace than I of sin;
Yet once again I seek thy face,
Open thine arms, and take me in!
And freely my backslidings heal,
And love thy faithless servant still.
3. Thou know'st the way to bring me back,
My fallen spirit to restore;
O, for thy truth and mercy's sake,
Forgive, and bid me sin no more:
The ruins of my soul repair,
And make my heart a house of prayer.

622.

1. LOOSED from my God and far removed,
Long have I wandered to and fro;
O'er earth in endless circles roved,
Nor found whereon to rest below:
But now, my God, to thee I fly,
For, oh! estranged from thee, I die.
2. Selfish pursuits, and nature's maze,
The things of sense, for thee I leave:
Put forth thy hand, thy hand of grace;
Into the ark of love receive;
Take my poor, fluttering soul to rest,
And still it, Father, on thy breast.
3. Endow me with my Saviour's peace,
Confirm and keep my longing heart;
In thee may all my wanderings cease;
From thee may I no more depart:
Never again from thee remove,
Loved with an everlasting love!

623.

JER. viii: 22.

1. PEACE, troubled soul, whose plaintive
moan
Hath taught each scene the notes of
woe;
Cease thy complaint, suppress thy groan,
And let thy tears forget to flow;
Behold, the precious balm is found,
To lull thy pain, to heal thy wound.
2. Come, freely come, by sin oppressed;
On Jesus cast thy weighty load;
In him thy refuge find, thy rest,
Safe in the mercy of thy God;
Thy God's thy Saviour—glorious word!
Forever love and praise the Lord.

624.*

LUKE vi. 21.

1. OH, deem not they are blest alone,
Whose lives a peaceful tenor keep;
For God, who pities man, hath 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 toubled night;
And grief may bide an evening guest,
But 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 spurned of men, he goes to die.
5. For God has marked each sorrowing day,
And numbered every secret tear,
And heaven's long age of bliss shall pay
For all his children suffer here.

625.

"Flow fast, my tears!"
LUKE xxii: 62.

1. FLOW fast, my tears! the cause is great;
This tribute claims an injured Friend—
One whom I long pursued with hate,
And yet he loved me to the end.
2. Fast flow my tears,—yet faster flow!
Stream copious as yon purple tide:
'Twas I that dealt the deadly blow;
I urged the hand that pierced his side.
3. Fast, and yet faster flow my tears!
Love breaks the heart, and drowns
the eyes;
His visage marred toward heaven he rears,
And, pleading for his murderers, dies!

626.

Sabbath Evening.

1. SWEET is the light of Sabbath eve,
And soft the sunbeams ling'ring there;
For these blest hours the world I leave,
Wafted on wings of faith and prayer.
2. Season of rest! the tranquil soul
Feels the sweet calm, and melts in love;
And while these sacred moments roll,
Faith see a smiling heaven above.
3. Nor will our days of toil be long:
Our pilgrimage will soon be trod,
And we shall join the ceaseless song,
The endless Sabbath of our God.

* The Hymns on this page may be sung to Amber, on the opposite page, by omitting the repeat.

627.

"The Word was God."
JOHN i: 4.

1. ERE the blue heavens were stretched
abroad,
From everlasting was the Word:
With God he was; the Word was God,
And must divinely be adored.
2. By his own power were all things made;
By him supported, all things stand:
He is the whole creation's head,
And angels fly at his command.
3. But, lo! he leaves those heavenly forms:
The Word descends and dwells in clay,
That he may hold converse with worms,
Dressed in such feeble flesh as they.
4. Mortals with joy behold his face,
Th' eternal Father's only Son;
How full of truth, how full of grace,
When through his eyes the Godhead
shone!
5. Archangels leave their high abode
To learn new myst'ries here, and tell
The love of our descending God,
The glories of Immanuel.

628.

"Forgiving one another."
EPA. iv: 30—32.

1. THE Spirit, like a peaceful dove,
Flies from the realms of noise and strife:
Why should we vex and grieve his love,
Who seals our souls to heavenly life!
2. Tender and kind be all our thoughts:
Through all our lives let mercy run:
So God forgives our numerous faults
For the dear sake of Christ, his Son.

629.

All things the Gift of God.

1. GREAT God! let all my tuneful powers
Awake, and sing thy mighty name:
Thy hand revolves my circling hours—
Thy hand, from whence my being came.
2. Seasons and moons, still rolling round
In beauteous order, speak thy praise;
And years, with smiling mercy crowned,
To thee successive honors raise.
3. My life, my health, my friends, I owe,
All to thy vast, unbounded love;
Ten thousand precious gifts below,
And hope of nobler joys above.
4. Thus will I sing till nature cease,
Till sense and language are no more;
And, after death, thy boundless grace,
Through everlasting years adore.

JUST AS I AM. 8s & 6s.

***.

Tenderly.

Just as I am, with - out 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!

630.

"Just as I am."

1. 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!
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!
3. Just as I am, though tossed about
With many a conflict, many a doubt,
Fightings within, and fears without,
O Lamb of God, I come!
4. 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!
5. Just as I am—thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve;
Because thy promise I believe,
O Lamb of God, I come!
6. Just as I am—thy love unknown
Hath broken every barrier down;
Now, to be thine, yea, thine alone,
O Lamb of God, I come!

631.

"If any man thirst, let him come unto Me."

1. BURDENED with guilt, wouldst thou be blest?
Trust not the world; it gives no rest:
I bring relief to hearts oppressed;
O weary sinner, come!
2. Come, leave thy burden at the cross;
Count all thy gains but empty dross;
My grace repays all earthly loss:
O needy sinner, come!
3. Come, hither bring thy boding fears,
Thine aching heart, thy bursting tears;
'Tis mercy's voice salutes thine ears:
O trembling sinner, come!
4. "The Spirit and the bride say, Come!"
Rejoicing saints reëcho, Come!
Who faints, who thirsts, who will, may come;
Thy Saviour bids thee come.

632.

Prayer for Christ's Intercession.

1. O THOU, the contrite sinners' Friend!
Who, loving, lov'st them to the end,
On this alone my hopes depend,
That thou wilt plead for me.
2. When weary in the Christian race,
Far off appears my resting place,
And, fainting, I mistrust thy grace,
Then, Saviour, plead for me.
3. When I have erred and gone astray,
Afar from thine and wisdom's way,
And see no glimmering, guiding ray,
Still, Saviour, plead for me.
4. When Satan, by my sins made bold,
Strives from thy cross to loose my hold,
Then with thy pitying arms enfold,
And plead, oh, plead for me!

WISNER. 8s & 6s. Or 8s & 3s.

From "Sabbath Hymn and Tune Book."

O ho-ly Saviour! Friend unseen, Since on thine arm thou bid'st me

lean, Help me, thro'-out life's changing scene, By faith to cling to thee!

5. And when my dying hour draws near,
Darkened with anguish, guilt, and fear,
Then to my fainting sight appear,
Pleading in heaven for me.

6. When the full light of heavenly day,
Reveals my sins in dread array,
Say thou hast washed them all away;
Oh, say thou plead'st for me!

633.

The unseen Friend.

1 O HOLY Saviour! Friend unseen,
Since on thine arm thou bid'st me lean,
Help me throughout life's changing scene,
By faith to cling to thee!

2. Blest with this fellowship divine,
Take what thou wilt, I'll not repine;
For, as the branches to the vine,
My soul would cling to thee.

3. Tho' far from home, fatigued, oppressed,
Here have I found a place of rest;
An exile still, yet not unblest,
Because I cling to thee.

4. What though the world deceitful prove,
And earthly friends and hopes remove:
With patient, uncomplaining love
Still would I cling to thee.

5. Though oft I seem to tread alone
Life's dreary waste, with thorns o'ergrown,
Thy voice of love, in gentle tones,
Still whispers, "Cling to me!"

6. Though faith and hope are often tried,
I ask not, need not aught beside;
So safe, so calm, so satisfied,
The soul that clings to thee!

634.*

The hour of Prayer.

1. My God! is any hour so sweet,
From blush of morn to evening star,
As that which calls me to thy feet—
The hour of prayer?

2. Blest is the tranquil hour of morn,
And blest that hour of solemn eve,
When, on the wings of prayer up-borne,
The world I leave.

3. Then is my strength by thee renewed;
Then are my sins by thee forgiven;
Then dost thou cheer my solitude
With hopes of heaven.

4. No words can tell what sweet relief
There for my every want I find;
What strength for warfare, balm for grief,
What peace of mind!

5. Hushed is each doubt, gone every fear;
My spirit seems in heaven to stay;
And ev'n the penitential tear
Is wiped away.

6. Lord! till I reach that blissful shore,
No privilege so dear shall be
As thus my inmost soul to pour
In prayer to thee.

* Observe the tie for this Hymn.

JEWETT. 6s. Double.

Arranged by J. P. HOLBROOK.

My Je - sus, as thou wilt! Oh, may thy will be mine; In - to thy hand of love

I would my all re - sign; Thro' sor - row or thro' joy, Con - duct me

as thine own, And help me still to say, My Lord, thy will be done.

635.

MARK. xiv : 36.

1. My Jesus, as thou wilt!
Oh! may thy will be mine;
Into thy hand of love
I would my all resign;
Through sorrow, or through joy,
Conduct me as thine own,
And help me still to say,
My Lord, thy will be done!
2. My Jesus, as thou wilt!
Though seen through many a tear,
Let not my star of hope
Grow dim or disappear:
Since thou on earth hast wept,
And sorrowed oft alone,
If I must weep with thee,
My Lord, thy will be done!
3. My Jesus, as thou wilt!
All shall be well for me;
Each changing future scene
I gladly trust with thee:
Straight to my home above
I travel calmly on,
And sing, in life or death,
My Lord, thy will be done!

636.

JOB xxiii : 10.

1. THY way, not mine, O Lord,
However dark it be!
Lead me by thine own hand;
Choose out the path for me.
I dare not choose my lot:
I would not, if I might;
Choose thou for me, my God,
So shall I walk aright.
2. The kingdom that I see
Is thine: so let the way
That leads to it be thine,
Else I must surely stray.
Take thou my cup, and it
With joy or sorrow fill,
As best to thee may seem;
Choose thou my good and ill.
3. Choose thou for me my friends,
My sickness or my health;
Choose thou my cares for me,
My poverty or wealth.
Not mine, not mine the choice,
In things or great or small;
Be thou my Guide, my Strength;
My Wisdom and my All.

NETTLETON. 8s & 7s. Double.

637.

1 SAM. vii : 12.

1. COME, thou Fount of every blessing,
Tune my heart to sing thy grace;
Streams of mercy, never ceasing,
Call for songs of loudest praise;
Teach me some melodious sonnet,
Sung by flaming tongues above;
Praise the mount—I'm fixed upon it!—
Mount of thy redeeming love.
2. Here I'll raise 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,
Wandering from the fold of God;
He, to rescue me from danger,
Interposed his precious blood.
3. Oh, to grace how great a debtor
Daily I'm constrained to be!
Let thy goodness, like a fetter,
Bind my wandering heart to thee;
Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it;
Prone to leave the God I love;
Here's my heart; oh, take and seal it;
Seal it for thy courts above.

638

HEB. 1: 3.

1. MIGHTY God! while angels bless thee,
May a mortal lisp thy name?
Lord of men, as well as angels!
Thou art every creature's theme:

- Lord of every land and nation!
Ancient of eternal days!
Sounded through the wide creation,
Be thy just and awful praise.
2. For the grandeur of thy nature,—
Grand, beyond a seraph's thought;
For the wonders of creation,
Works with skill and kindness wrought;
For thy providence that governs
Through thine empire's wide domain.
Wings an angel, guides a sparrow;
Blesséd be thy gentle reign.
3. For thy rich, thy free redemption,
Bright, tho' veiled in darkness long,
Thought is poor, and poor expression;
Who can sing that wondrous song?
Brightness of the Father's glory!
Shall thy praise unuttered lie?
Break, my tongue! such guilty silence,
Sing the Lord who came to die:—
4. From the highest throne of glory,
To the cross of deepest woe,
Came to ransom guilty captives!—
Flow, my praise! forever flow:
Re-ascend, immortal Saviour!
Leave thy footstool, take thy throne;
Thence return and reign forever:—
Be the kingdom all thine own!

ERNAN. L. M.

DR. L. MASON.

We bid thee welcome in the name Of Je-sus, our ex - al - ted Head ;

Come as a servant: so he came, And we re-ceive thee in his stead.

639.

Welcoming a Pastor.

1. We bid thee welcome in the name
Of Jesus, our exalted Head ;
Come as a servant : so he came,
And we receive thee in his stead.
2. Come as a shepherd ; guard and keep
This fold from hell, and earth, and sin ;
Nourish the lambs, and feed the sheep,
The wounded heal, the lost bring in.
3. Come as a teacher, sent from God,
Charged his whole counsel to declare ;
Lift o'er our ranks the prophet's rod,
While we uphold thy hands with prayer.
4. Come as a messenger of peace,
Filled with the Spirit, fired with love !
Live to behold our large increase,
And die to meet us all above.

640.

Convocation of Ministers

1. POUR out thy Spirit from on high ;
Lord ! thine assembled servants bless ;
Graces and gifts to each supply,
And clothe thy priests with righteousness.
2. Wisdom, and zeal, and faith impart,
Firmness and meekness from above,
To bear thy people on our heart,
And love the souls whom thou dost love :
3. To watch and pray, and never faint ;
By day and night strict guard to keep ;
To warn the sinner, cheer the saint,
Nourish thy lambs, and feed thy sheep :

4. Then, when our work is finished here,
In humble hope our charge resign :
When the chief Shepherd shall appear
O God ! may they and we be thine !

641.

"Kindred in Christ.

1. KINDRED in Christ, for his dear sake,
A hearty welcome here receive ;
May we together now partake
The joys which only he can give.
2. May he, by whose kind care we meet,
Send his good Spirit from above,
Make our communications sweet,
And cause our hearts to burn with love.
3. Forgotten be each worldly theme,
When Christians see each other thus ;
We only wish to speak of him
Who lived, and died, and reigns for us.
4. We'll talk of all he did and said,
And suffered for us here below ;
The path he marked for us to tread,
And what he's doing for us now.
5. Thus, as the moments pass away,
We'll love, and wonder, and adore ;
And hasten on the glorious day
When we shall meet to part no more.

Doxology.

O LORD ! all Glory be to thee !
We praise the Father's majesty ;
The Son, the Spirit, we adore,
Thou God Most High for evermore !

MEAS. C. M.

1. Build - er of migh - ty worlds on worlds, How poor the house must be

That with our hu - man, sin - ful hands, We may e - rect for thee.

642. *For Laying a Corner Stone.*

2. YET wilt thou not the work reject,
If wrought in humble part;
The heavens no more thyself contain,
Than doth the lowly heart.
3. O Christ, thou art our corner-stone,
On thee our hopes are built;
Thou art our Lord, our Light, our Life,
Our Sacrifice for guilt.
4. In thy blest name we gather here,
And consecrate the ground:
The walls that on this rock shall rise,
Thy praises shall resound.
5. May many a soul, from death redeemed,
In heavenly regions fair,
With joy exclaim, "I learned the path
To God and glory there."
6. Bring us where shadows fall no more,
Nor narrow walls confine;
Thyself the everlasting light,
The all-embracing shrine.

643. *For Dedication.*

1. Another house of prayer and praise;
Another heavenly door,
Thro' which the angels may come down,
And human souls may soar.
2. Father, who art our help and hope,
Make this Thy resting place:
And oft as we assemble here,
Reveal Thy loving face.

3. Come, Saviour, breathe on us, and say
"Receive the Holy Ghost:"
Most needy, and unworthy we,
O, love and bless us most.

4. Come, Dove divine, and bring with thee
Some token fresh and fair
From Paradise, to make us know
Our home is ready there.

5. Sweet, then, will our communions be,
And dear our Sabbath days;
And for the house Thou gavest us
We'll give Thee constant praise.

644. *For Dedication.*

1. O THOU, whose own vast temple stands,
Built over earth and sea,
Accept the walls that human hands
Have raised to worship thee.
2. Lord, from thine inmost glory send,
Within these courts to bide,
The peace that dwelleth without end,
Serenely by thy side!
3. May erring minds that worship here
Be taught the better way;
And they who mourn, and they who fear,
Be strengthened as they pray.
4. May faith grow firm, and love grow warm,
And pure devotion rise,
While round these hallowed walls the
storm
Of earth-born passion dies,

SENTINEL. S. M.

From Templi Carmina.

How beau-teous are their feet Who stand on Zi - on's hill!

Who bring sal - va - tion on their tongues, And words of peace re - veal.

645. *Ministry.—ISAIAH III: 7.*

1. How beauteous are their feet
Who stand on Zion's hill!
Who bring salvation on their tongues,
And words of peace reveal.
2. How charming is their voice!
How sweet their tidings are!
"Zion, behold thy Saviour King;
He reigns and triumphs here."
3. How happy are our ears,
That hear this joyful sound!
Which kings and prophets waited for,
And sought, but never found.
4. How blessed are our eyes,
That see this heavenly light!
Prophets and kings desired it long,
But died without the sight.
5. The watchmen join their voice,
And tuneful notes employ;
Jerusalem breaks forth in songs,
And deserts learn the joy.
6. The Lord makes bare his arm
Through all the earth abroad;
Let every nation now behold
Their Saviour and their God!

646. *Fasting and Prayer for a Revival of Religion.*

1. O LORD, thy work revive,
In Zion's gloomy hour;
And make her dying graces live
By thy restoring power.

2. Awake thy chosen few
To fervent, earnest prayer;
Again their sacred vows renew;
Thy blessed presence share.
3. Thy Spirit then will speak
Through lips of feeble clay,
And hearts of adamant will break,
And rebels will obey.
4. Lord! lend thy gracious ear;
Oh, listen to our cry!
Oh, come and bring salvation here!
Our hopes on thee rely.

647. *"Thou shalt arise, and have mercy upon Zion."*

1. O LORD our God! arise;
The cause of truth maintain;
And wide o'er all the peopled world
Extend her blessed reign.
2. Thou Prince of life! arise,—
Nor let thy glories cease;
Far spread the conquests of thy grace,
And bless the earth with peace.
3. Thou Holy Ghost! arise,
Extend thy healing wing,
And o'er a dark and ruined world
Let light and order spring.
4. O all ye nations! rise,—
To God the Saviour sing;
From shore to shore, from earth to heaven,
Let echoing anthems ring!

648.

"Watch ye, therefore."

1. YE servants of the Lord,
Each in his office wait,
Observant of his heavenly word,
And watchful at his gate.
2. Let all your lamps be bright,
And trim the golden flame;
Gird up your loins as in his sight,
For awful is his name.
3. Watch! 'tis your Lord's command;
And while we speak, he's near:
Mark the first signal of his hand,
And ready all appear.
4. Oh, happy servant he
In such a posture found!
He shall his Lord with rapture see,
And be with honor crowned.

649.

*"Salvation will God appoint for walls
and bulwarks."—ISAIAH XXVI: 1-6.*

1. How honored is the place,
Where we adoring stand—
Zion! the glory of the earth,
And beauty of the land!
2. Bulwarks of grace defend
The city where we dwell:
The walls, of strong salvation made,
Defy th' assaults of hell.
3. Lift up the glorious gates!
The doors wide open fling!
Enter, ye nations that obey
The statutes of the King!
4. Here taste unmingled joys,
And live in perfect peace;
You who have known Jehovah's name,
And ventured on his grace.
5. Trust in the Lord, ye saints!
And banish all your fears:
Strength in the Lord Jehovah dwells,
Eternal as his years.

650.

Prayer for Likeness to Christ.
JOHN XIV: 6.

1. THOU art, O Christ, the Way:
Thyself reveal to me;
And let me humbly, day to day,
Live, move, and walk in thee.
2. THOU art the Truth divine:
Its fulness let me see;
Believe, and find the promise mine,—
"The Truth shall make you free."

3. THOU art the Life of God;
By thee the dying live:
In me diffuse thyself abroad,
And life eternal give.
4. Thus by thyself, the Way,
I to the Father come;
Led by the Truth, I can not stray;
The Life and I are one.

651.

"To the only wise God, our Saviour."
JUDE XXIV: 25.

1. To God, the only wise,
Our Saviour and our King,
Let all the saints below the skies
Their humble praises bring.
2. 'Tis his almighty love,
His counsel and his care,
Preserves us safe from sin and death,
And every hurtful snare.
3. He will present our souls,
Unblemished and complete,
Before the glory of his face,
With joys divinely great.
4. Then all the chosen seed
Shall meet around the throne,
Shall bless the conduct of his grace,
And make his wonders known.
5. To our Redeemer, God,
Wisdom and power belong,
Immortal crowns of majesty,
And everlasting song.

652.

Blessings of Christian Unity.
PSALM CXXXIII.

1. BLEST are the sons of peace
Whose hearts and hopes are one;
Whose kind designs to serve and please
Through all their actions run.
2. Blest is the pious house
Where zeal and friendship meet:
Their songs of praise, their mingled vows
Make their communion sweet.
3. From those celestial springs
Such streams of pleasure flow,
As no increase of riches brings,
Nor honor can bestow.
4. Thus on the heavenly hills
The saints are blest above;
Where joy, like morning dew, distills,
And all the air is love!

SILOAM. C. M.

I. B. WOODBURY

I. By cool Si-lo-am's sha-dy rill How sweet the li-ly grows;
How sweet the breath, be-neath the hill, Of Sha-ron's dew-y rose!

653.

2. Lo! such the child whose early feet
The paths of peace have trod,
Whose secret heart, with influence sweet,
Is upward drawn to God.
3. By cool Siloam's shady rill
The lily must decay;
The rose that blooms beneath the hill,
Must shortly fade away.
4. And soon, too soon, the wintry hour
Of man's maturer age
Will shake the soul with sorrow's power,
And stormy passion's rage.
5. O thou who givest life and breath,
We seek thy grace alone,
In childhood, manhood, age, and death,
To keep us still thine own.

654.

GEN. xvii: 7.

1. How large the promise! how divine
To Abr'ham and his seed:
"Ill be a God to thee and thine,
Supplying all their need."
2. The words of his extensive love
From age to age endure:
The Angel of the covenant proves,
And seals the blessings sure.
3. Jesus the ancient faith confirms,
To our great fathers given;
He takes young children to his arms,
And calls them heirs of heaven.

4. Our God!—how faithful are his ways!
His love endures the same;
Nor from the promise of his grace
Blots out the children's name.

655.

MATT. xix: 14.

1. SEE Israel's gentle Shepherd stand,
With all-engaging charms;
Hark! how he calls the tender lambs,
And folds them in his arms!
2. "Permit them to approach," he cries,
"Nor scorn their humble name;
It was to bless such souls as these
The Lord of angels came."
3. We bring them, Lord, with fervent prayer,
And yield them up to thee;
Joyful that we ourselves are thine,
Thine let our offspring be!

656.

PSALM ciii: 17, 18.

1. O LORD, thy covenant is sure
To all who fear thy name;
Thy mercies age on age endure,
Eternally the same.
2. In thee our fathers put their trust;
Thy ways they humbly trod;
Honored and sacred is their dust,
And still they live to God.
3. Heirs in their faith, their hope, their
We the same path pursue; [prayer
Entail the blessing to our heirs;
Lord, show thy promise true.

657.

JER. xxxi : 3.

- 1 How sweet and awful is the place,
With Christ within the doors,
While everlasting love displays
The choicest of her stores!
2. While all our hearts, and all our songs,
Join to admire the feast,
Each of us cries, with thankful tongue,—
“ Lord, why was I a guest ?”
3. “ Why was I made to hear thy voice,
And enter while there's room,
When thousands make a wretched choice,
And rather starve than come ?”
4. 'T was the same love that spread the feast,
That sweetly drew us in ;
Else we had still refused to taste,
And perished in our sin.
5. Pity the nations, O our God !
Constrain the earth to come :

Send thy victorious word abroad,
And bring the strangers home.

658.

1. If human kindness meets return,
And owns the grateful tie ;
If tender thoughts within us burn,
To feel a friend is nigh ;—
2. Oh, shall not warmer accents tell
The gratitude we owe
To him, who died our fears to quell—
Who bore our guilt and woe!
3. While yet in anguish he surveyed
Those pangs he would not flee,
What love his latest words displayed,—
“ Meet and remember me !”
4. Remember thee—thy death, thy shame,
Our sinful hearts to share !—
O memory ! leave no other name
But his recorded there.

BAPTISMAL CHANT.

{ And Jesus said, Suffer little children, and
forbid them not to } come unto me;

For of . . . such is the king - dom of heaven. A - men.

659.

1. AND Jesus said, Suffer little children, and
forbid them not to | come unto | me ;
For of | such is the | kingdom of | heaven.
- 2 He shall feed His | flock-like a | shepherd ;
He shall gather the lambs with His arm
and | carry them | in His | bosom.
3. I will pour My Spirit upon thy seed, and
my blessing up- | on thine | offspring ;
And they shall spring up as among the
grass, as | willows by the | water |
courses.

4. Go ye, therefore, and teach all nations,
baptizing them in the name of the Fa-
ther, and of the Son, and of the | Holy |
Ghost ;
Teaching them to observe all things what-
soever I have commanded you, and lo !
I am with you always | even unto the |
end of the | world. Amen.
5. Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and
to the | Holy | Ghost ;
As it was in the begining, is now, and
ever | shall be, | world without | end. ||
Amen.

BARSTOW. L. M.

C. M. WYMAN. From the "Triumph," by permission.

Lord, I am thine, en-tire-ly thine, Purchased and saved by blood di-vine;

With full con-sent I thine would be, And own thy sovereign right in me.

660. "Lord, I am Thine, entirely Thine."

1. LORD, I am thine, entirely thine,
Purchased and saved by blood divine;
With full consent I thine would be,
And own thy sovereign right in me.
2. Here, O my Lord, my soul, my all,
I yield to thee beyond recall;
Accept thine own,—so long withheld,
Accept what I so freely yield.
3. Grant one poor sinner more a place
Among the children of thy grace;
A wretched sinner lost to God,
But ransomed by Immanuel's blood.
4. The vow is past beyond repeal;
Now will I set the solemn seal,
Thine would I live, thine would I die,
Be thine through all eternity.

661. Joy of Consecration to Christ.

1. OH, sweetly breathe the lyres above,
When angels touch the quivering string,
And wake, to chant Immanuel's love,
Such strains as angel-lips can sing!
2. And sweet, on earth, the choral swell,
From mortal tongues, of glad some lays;
When pardoned souls their raptures tell,
And, grateful, hymn Immanuel's praise.
3. Jesus, thy name our souls adore;
We own the bond that makes us thine;
And carnal joys, that charmed before,
For thy dear sake we now resign.

4. Our hearts, by dying love subdued,
Accept thine offered grace to-day;
Beneath the cross, with blood bedewed,
We bow and give ourselves away.
5. In thee we trust—on thee rely;
Though we are feeble, thou art strong;
Oh, keep us till our spirits fly
To join the bright, immortal throng!

662. "Oh, happy day, that fixed my choice."

1. OH, happy day, that fixed my choice
On thee, my Saviour, and my God!
Well may this glowing heart rejoice,
And tell its raptures all abroad.
2. Oh, 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 followed on,
Charmed to confess the voice divine.
4. Now, rest, my long-divided heart!
Fixed on this blissful center, rest;
With ashes who would grudge to part,
When called on angels' bread to feast.
5. High Heaven, that heard the solemn vow,
That vow renewed shall daily hear;
Till in life's latest hour I bow,
And bless in death a bond so dear.

AMSTERDAM. 7s & 6s.

DR. NARES.

1. Rise, my soul, and stretch thy wings, Thy better portion trace; }
 Rise from transitory things Toward 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.

663. "I press toward the mark for the prize."

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 your Saviour will return
 Triumphant in the skies:
 Yet a season, and you know
 Happy entrance will be given,
 All your sorrows left below,
 And earth exchanged for heaven.

664. "We all do fade as a leaf"

1. TIME is winging us away
 To our eternal home;
 Life is but a winter's day—
 A journey to the tomb;
 Youth and vigor soon will flee,
 Blooming beauty lose its charms;
 All that's mortal soon shall be
 Enclosed in death's cold arms.
2. Time is winging us away
 To our eternal home;
 Life is but a winter's day—
 A journey to the tomb;

But the Christian shall enjoy
 Health and beauty, soon, above,
 Far beyond the world's alloy,
 Secure in Jesus' love.

665. "My peace I give unto you."

1. LAMB of God! whose bleeding love
 We now recall to mind,
 Send the answer from above,
 And let us mercy find;
 Think on us, who think on thee;
 Every burdened soul release;
 Oh, remember Calvary,
 And bid us go in peace!
2. By thine agonizing pain,
 And bloody sweat, we pray—
 By thy dying love to man,
 Take all our sins away:
 Burst our bonds and set us free,
 From our crime and guilt release;
 Oh, remember Calvary,
 And bid us go in peace!
3. Through thy blood, by faith applied,
 Do thou our pardon seal;
 Speak us freely justified,
 Our wounded spirits heal;
 By thy passion on the tree,
 Let our griefs and troubles cease;
 Oh, remember Calvary,
 And bid us go in peace!

MORNING STAR. 7s. Double.

DR. L. MASON.

Watchman, tell us of the night, What its signs of promise are. Traveler, o'er yon mountain's

height, See that glo-ry-beam-ing star! 2. Watchman, does its beauteous ray Aught of

joy or hope fore-tell? Traveler, yes: it brings the day, Promised day of Is-ra-el.

666. "Watchman, what of the night."
ISAIAH XXI: 11.

1. WATCHMAN, tell us of the night,
What its signs of promise are.
Traveler o'er yon mountain's height,
See that glory-beaming star!
2. Watchman, does its beauteous ray
Aught of joy or hope foretell?
Traveler, yes: it brings the day,
Promised day of Israel.
3. Watchman, tell us of the night:
Higher yet that star ascends.
Traveler, blessedness and light,
Peace and truth, its course portends.
4. 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!
5. Watchman, tell us of the night,
For the morning seems to dawn.
Traveler, darkness takes its flight,
Doubt and terror are withdrawn.
6. Watchman, let thy wanderings cease;
Hie thee to thy quiet home.
Traveler, lo! the Prince of Peace,
Lo! the Son of God is come!

667.

1. HOLY Spirit! Lord of Light!
From thy clear celestial height,
Come, thou Light of all that live!
Thy pure beaming radiance give!
2. Come, thou Father of the poor!
Come with treasures which endure;
Thou, of all consolers best,
Visiting the troubled breast.
3. Thou in toil art comfort sweet;
Pleasant coolness in the heat;
Solace in the midst of woe;
Dost refreshing peace bestow.
4. Light immortal! light divine!
Visit thou these hearts of thine;
If thou take thy grace away,
Nothing pure in man will stay.
5. Heal our wounds—our strength renew;
On our dryness pour thy dew;
Wash the stains of guilt away;
Guide the steps that go astray.
6. Give us comfort when we die;
Give us life with thee on high;
In thy seven-fold gifts descend;
Give us joys which never end.

668.

Confidence in God's Care.
PSALM XXIII.

1. To thy pastures fair and large,
Heavenly Shepherd, lead thy charge;
And my couch, with tenderest care,
'Mid the springing grass prepare.
2. When I faint with summer's heat,
Thou shalt guide my weary feet
To the streams that, still and slow,
Through the verdant meadows flow.
3. Safe the dreary vale I tread,
By the shades of death o'spread,
With thy rod and staff supplied—
This my guard, and that my guide.
4. Constant to my latest end,
Thou my footsteps shall attend;
Thou shalt bid thy hallowed dome
Yield me an eternal home.

669.

*"Thy people shall be my people and thy
God my God."*

1. PEOPLE of the living God,
I have sought the world around,
Paths of sin and sorrow trod,
Peace and comfort nowhere found.
2. Now to you my spirit turns—
Turns, a fugitive unblest;
Brethren! where your altar burns,
Oh, receive me into rest!
3. Lonely I no longer roam,
Like the cloud, the wind, the wave:
Where you dwell shall be my home,
Where you die shall be my grave;
4. Mine the God whom you adore,
Your Redeemer shall be mine;
Earth can fill my soul no more,
Every idol I resign.

670.

ACTS x : 33.

1. STEALING from the world away,
We are come to seek thy face;
Kindly meet us, Lord, we pray,
Grant us thy reviving grace.
2. Yonder stars that gild the sky
Shine but with a borrowed light;
We, unless thy light be nigh,
Wander, wrapped in gloomy night.
3. Sun of righteousness! dispel
All our darkness, doubts, and fears;
May thy light within us dwell,
Till eternal day appears.
4. Warm our hearts in prayer and praise,
Lift our every thought above;
Hear the grateful songs we raise,
Fill us with thy perfect love.

671.

"I lay down my life for the Sheep."

1. SHEPHERD of the ransomed flock,
Lead us to the shadowing rock,
Where the cooling waters flow,
Where the freshening pastures grow.
2. Grant, O Lord, that we may be
Ever glad to follow thee;
And with thankful hearts rejoice,
When we hear thy gracious voice.
3. Saviour, when thy loved ones stray
From the new and living way,
Gently call thine own by name;
All our wand'ring steps reclaim.
4. Through the hours of darksome night
Keep us in thy watchful sight;
O'er each deadly foe prevail,
Let no harm thy fold assail.
5. Jesus, who thy life didst give,
Dying that thy sheep might live;
Let us in thy presence rest,
With eternal comfort blest.

672.

My Bible.

1. HOLY Bible! book divine!
Precious treasure! thou art mine:
Mine to tell me whence I came;
Mine to tell me what I am;
2. Mine to chide me when I rove;
Mine to show a Saviour's love;
Mine thou art to guide and guard;
Mine to punish or reward;
3. Mine to comfort in distress,
If the Holy Spirit bless;
Mine to show, by living faith,
Man can triumph over death;
4. Mine to tell of joys to come,
And the rebel sinner's doom:
O thou holy book divine!
Precious treasure, thou art mine!

673.

ACTS iv : 19, 20.

1. THEY are slaves who will not choose
Hatred, scoffing, and abuse,
Rather than, in silence shrink
From the truth they needs must think.
2. They are slaves, who fear to speak
For the fallen and the weak;
They are slaves, who dare not be
In the right with two or three.

MISSIONARY CHANT. L. M.

ZEUNER.

Soon may the last glad song a - rise Thro' all the millions of the skies—

That song of triumph which records That all the earth is now the Lord's.

674.

The Song of Triumph.

1. SOON may the last glad song arise
Through all the millions of the skies—
That song of triumph which records
That all the earth is now the Lord's!
2. Let thrones and powers and kingdoms be
Obedient, mighty God, to thee!
And over land, and stream, and main,
Wave thou the scepter of thy reign!
3. Oh, let that glorious anthem swell,
Let host to host the triumph tell,
That not one rebel heart remains,
But over all the Saviour reigns!
2. For him shall endless prayer be made,
And praises throng to crown his head;
His name, like sweet perfume, shall rise
With every morning sacrifice.
3. People and realms of every tongue
Dwell on his love with sweetest song;
And infant voices shall proclaim
Their early blessings on his name.
4. Blessings abound where'er he reigns,
The prisoner leaps to loose his chains;
The weary find eternal rest,
And all the sons of want are blest.

675.

"Go ye into all the world.

1. YE Christian heralds! go, proclaim
Salvation through Immanuel's name;
To distant climes the tidings bear,
And plant the rose of Sharon there.
2. He'll shield you with a wall of fire,
With flaming zeal your breasts inspire,
Bid raging winds their fury cease,
And hush the tempest into peace.
3. And when our labors all are o'er,
Then we shall meet to part no more,—
Meet with the blood-bought throng, to fall,
And crown our Jesus—Lord of all!
5. Let every creature rise, and bring
Peculiar honors to our King:
Angels descend with songs again,
And earth repeat the long amen.

677. *"All Nations shall Praise Thee."*

1. THOUGH now the nations sit beneath
The darkness of o'erspreading death,
God will arise with light divine,
On Zion's holy towers to shine.
2. That light shall shine on distant lands,
And wandering tribes, in joyful bands,
Shall come, thy glory, Lord, to see,
And in thy courts to worship thee.
3. O light of Zion, now arise!
Let the glad morning bless our eyes!
Ye nations, catch the kindling ray,
And hail the splendors of the day.

676.

PSALM lxxii.

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

ZION. 8s, 7s & 4s.

DR. HASTINGS.

1. On the mountain's top ap-pear-ing, Lo! the sac-red herald stands, }
 Welcome news to Zi - on bearing, Zi - on, long in hostile lands; } Mourning

captive! God himself shall loose thy bands, Mourning captive! God himself shall loose thy bands.

678.

ISAIAH lli: 7.

2. HAS thy night been long and mournful?
 Have thy friends unfaithful proved?
 Have thy foes been proud and scornful,
 By thy sighs and tears unmoved?
 Cease thy mourning;
 Zion still is well beloved.
3. God, thy God, will now restore thee;
 He himself appears thy friend;
 All thy foes shall flee before thee;
 Here their boasts and triumphs end:
 Great deliverance
 Zion's King will surely send.
4. Peace and joy shall now attend thee;
 All thy warfare now is past;
 God thy Saviour will defend thee;
 Victory is thine at last;
 All thy conflicts
 End in everlasting rest.

679.

PSALM cxxv: 2.

1. ZION stands with hills surrounded,—
 Zion kept by power divine;
 All her foes shall be confounded,
 Though the world in arms combine;
 Happy Zion,
 What a favored lot is thine!
2. Every human tie may perish;
 Friend to friend unfaithful prove;
 Mothers cease their own to cherish;
 Heaven and earth at last remove:

But no changes
 Can attend Jehovah's love.

3. In the furnace God may prove thee,
 Thence to bring thee forth more bright,
 But can never cease to love thee;
 Thou art precious in his sight;
 God is with thee,—
 God, thine everlasting light.

680.

The Fountain of Salvation.

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

MISSIONARY HYMN. 7s & 6s. Double.

DR. L. MASON.

1. From Greenland's icy mountains, From India's co-ral strand, Where Afric's sunny

fountains Roll down their golden sands, From many an ancient riv - er, From

many a palmy plain, They call us to de - liv - er Their land from error's chain.

681. "Waft, waft, ye winds, his story."

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, oh, salvation !
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till each remotest nation
Has learned Messiah's name.
4. Waft, waft, ye winds, his story,
And you, ye waters, roll,
Till, like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole ;
Till o'er our ransomed nature
The Lamb for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss returns to reign !

682.

ISAIAH LXVI: 8.

1. THE morning light is breaking ;
The darkness disappears ;
The sons of earth are waking
To penitential tears ;
Each breeze that sweeps the ocean
Brings tidings from afar,
Of nations in commotion,
Prepared for Zion's war.
2. See heathen nations bending
Before the God we love,
And thousand hearts ascending
In gratitude above ;
While sinners, now confessing,
The gospel call obey,
And seek the Saviour's blessing,—
A nation in a day.
3. Blest river of salvation !
Pursue thine onward way ;
Flow thou to every nation,
Nor in thy richness stay :
Stay not till all the lowly
Triumphant reach their home :
Stay not till all the holy
Proclaim—"The Lord is come !"

AUTUMN. 8s & 7s D.

Hark! the voice of Je - sus cry - ing, Who will go and work to - day? Fields are

D. S. Who will

white, and harvests waiting, Who will bear the sheaves away? Loud and long the Mas - ter

an - swer, glad - ly say - ing, " Here am I, send me, send me?"

D. S.

call - eth, Rich re - ward he of - fers free;

While the souls of men are dying,
And the Master calls for you:
Take the task he gives you gladly,
Let his work your pleasure be;
Answer quickly when he calleth,
" Here am I, send me, send me."

683.

Your Mission.

1. HARK! the voice of Jesus, crying,
Who will go and work to-day?
Fields are white, and harvests waiting,
Who will bear the sheaves away?
Loud and long the Master calleth,
Rich reward he offers free;
Who will answer, gladly saying,
" Here am I, send me, send me?"
2. If you cannot cross the ocean,
And the heathen lands explore,
You can find the heathen nearer,
You can help them at your door:
If you cannot give your thousands,
You can give the widow's mite;
And the least you give for Jesus
Will be precious in his sight.
3. If you cannot speak like angels,
If you cannot preach like Paul,
You can tell the love of Jesus,
You can say he died for all;
If you cannot rouse the wicked
With the judgment's dread alarms,
You can lead the little children
To the Saviour's waiting arms.
4. Let none hear you idly saying,
" There is nothing I can do,"

684.

Brief Ascription of Praise.

WORSHIP, honor, glory, blessing,
Lord, we offer to thy name;
Young and old their thanks expressing,
Join thy goodness to proclaim:
As the hosts of heaven adore thee,
We, too, bow before thy throne;
As the angels serve before thee,
So on earth thy will be done

685.

Reform.

1. We are living, we are dwelling,
In a grand and awful time,
In an age on ages telling—
To be living is sublime!
Hark! the waking up of nations,
Gog and Magog to the fray!
Hark! what soundeth? is creation
Groaning for its latter day!
2. Worlds are charging, heaven beholding,
Thou hast but an hour to fight;
Now the blazoned cross unfolding,
On—right onward, for the right!
On! let all the soul within you
For the truth's sake go abroad!
Strike! let every nerve and sinew
Tell on ages—tell for God!

ANVERN. L. M.

Dr. L. MASON.

Triumphant Zion! lift thy head From dust and darkness, and the dead; Tho' humbled long, awake at length. And gird thee with thy Saviour's strength, And gird thee with thy Saviour's strength.

686. "Awake! put on thy strength, O Zion."
ISAIAH lii. 1.

1. TRIUMPHANT ZION! lift thy head
From dust and darkness and the dead;
Though humbled long, awake at length,
And gird thee with thy Saviour's
strength.
2. Put all thy beauteous garments on,
And let thy various charms be known;
Then, decked in robes of righteousness,
The world thy glories shall confess.
3. No more shall foes unclean invade,
And fill thy hallowed walls with dread,
No more shall hell's insulting host
Their vict'ry and thy sorrows boast.
4. God, from on high, thy groans will hear;
His hand thy ruins shall repair:
Nor will thy watchful Monarch cease
To guard thee in eternal peace.

687. "Up to the Hills I lift mine Eyes."
PSALM cxxi.

1. Up to the hills I lift mine eyes,
Th' eternal hills beyond the skies;
Thence all her help my soul derives,
There my almighty Refuge lives.
2. He lives—the everlasting God [flood;
That built the world, that spread the
The heav'ns with all their hosts he made,
And the dark regions of the dead.
3. He guides our feet, he guards our way;
His morning smiles bless all the day:
He spreads the evening veil, and keeps
The silent hours, while Israel sleeps.
4. Israel, a name divinely blest,
May rise secure, securely rest;
Thy holy Guardian's wakeful eyes
Admit no slumber, nor surprise.

688. PSALM lxxii.

1. GREAT God, whose universal sway
The known and unknown worlds obey,
Now give the kingdom to thy Son,
Extend his power, exalt his throne.
2. Thy scepter well becomes his hands,
All heaven submits to his commands;
His justice shall avenge the poor,
And pride and rage prevail no more.
3. With power he vindicates the just,
And treads th' oppressor in the dust;
His worship and his fear shall last,
Till hours, and years, and time be past.
4. The heathen lands that lie beneath
The shades of overspreading death,
Revive at his first dawning light,
And deserts blossom at the sight.
5. The saints shall flourish in his days,
Dressed in the robes of joy and praise;
Peace, like a river from his throne,
Shall flow to nations yet unknown.

689. "The World shall hear thy Voice."

1. SOVEREIGN of worlds! display thy power;
Be this thy Zion's favored hour:
Bid the bright Morning Star arise,
And point the nations to the skies.
2. Set up thy throne where Satan reigns—
On Afric's shore, on India's plains,
On wilds and continents unknown—
And make the nations all thine own.
3. Speak! and the world shall hear thy
voice;
Speak! and the desert shall rejoice:
Scatter the gloom of heathen night,
And bid all nations hail the light.

690.

"While I live will I praise the Lord."
PSALM cxlvi.

1. PRAISE ye the Lord! my heart shall join,
In work so pleasant, so divine;
My days of praise shall ne'er be passed,
While life, and thought, and being last.
2. Happy the man, whose hopes rely
On Israel's God: he made the sky,
And earth, and seas, with all their train;
And none shall find his promise vain.
3. His truth forever stands secure;
He saves th' oppressed, he feeds the poor;
He helps the stranger in distress,
The widow and the fatherless.
4. He loves his saints, he knows them well,
But turns the wicked down to hell:
Thy God, O Zion, ever reigns;
Praise him in everlasting strains!

691.

New Year.

1. GREAT God, we sing that mighty hand,
By which supported still we stand;
The opening year thy mercy shows;
Let mercy crown it till it close.
2. By day, by night—at home, abroad,
Still we are guarded by our God;
By his incessant bounty fed,
By his unerring counsel led.
3. With grateful hearts the past we own;
The future—all to us unknown—
We to thy guardian care commit,
And peaceful leave before thy feet.
4. In scenes exalted or depressed,
Be thou our joy, and thou our rest;
Thy goodness all our hopes shall raise,
Adored, through all our changing days.
5. When death shall close our earthly songs,
And seal, in silence, mortal tongues,
Our Helper, God, in whom we trust,
Shall keep our souls and guard our dust.

692.

"And dying is but going home."

1. Now let our souls, on wings sublime,
Rise from the vanities of time,
Draw back the parting veil, and see
The glories of eternity.
2. Born by a new, celestial birth,
Why should we grovel here on earth?
Why grasp at vain and fleeting toys,
So near to heaven's eternal joys?

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

4. Welcome sweet hour of full discharge,
That sets our longing souls at large,
Unbinds our 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 heaven enjoyed above;
And the sweet expectation now
Is the young dawn of heaven below.

693.

Seamen.

1. WHILE o'er the deep thy servants sail,
Send thou, O Lord, the prosperous gale;
And on their hearts where'er they go,
Oh, let thy heavenly breezes blow!

2. If on the morning's wings they fly,
They will not pass beyond thine eye;
The wanderer's prayer thou bend'st to
hear,
And faith exults to know thee near.

3. When tempests rock the groaning bark,
Oh, hide them safe in Jesus' ark!
When in the tempting port they ride,
Oh, keep them safe at Jesus' side!

4. If life's wide ocean smile or roar,
Still guide them to the heavenly shore;
And grant their dust in Christ may sleep,
Abroad, at home, or in the deep.

694.

1. OH, for a sight, a pleasing sight,
Of our almighty Father's throne!
There sits our Saviour, crowned with light,
Clothed in a body like our own.

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

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

4. When shall the day, dear Lord, appear,
That I shall mount, to dwell above;
And stand, and bow, and worship there,
And view thy face, and sing, and love?

JORDAN. C. M.

ABNER JONES.

Let Zi - on and her sons re - joice— Be - hold the prom - ised hour!

Her God hath heard her mourning voice, And comes t'ex-alt his power.

695. "The time to favor her is come,"

PSALM cii.

1. LET Zion and her sons rejoice—
Behold the promised hour!
Her God hath heard her mourning voice,
And comes t' exalt his power.
2. He sits a sovereign on his throne,
With pity in his eyes;
He hears the dying prisoners' groan,
And sees their sighs arise.
3. He frees the soul condemned to death,
Nor, when his saints complain,
Shall it be said that praying breath
Was ever spent in vain.
4. This shall be known when we are dead,
And left on long record,
That nations yet unborn may read,
And trust and praise the Lord.

696. "Spirit of Power and Might.

1. SPIRIT of power and might, behold
A world by sin destroyed!
Creator Spirit, as of old,
Move on the formless void.
2. Give thou the word: the healing sound
Shall quell the deadly strife,
And earth again, like Eden crowned,
Produce the tree of life.
3. If sang the morning stars for joy
When nature rose to view,
What strains will angel harps employ
When thou shalt all renew!

4. And if the sons of God rejoice
To hear a Saviour's name,
How will the ransomed raise their voice,
To whom that Saviour came!
5. Lo! every kindred, tongue, and tribe,
Assembling round the throne,
The new creation shall ascribe
To sovereign love alone.

697. The Cloud of Witnesses.

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

698. "When shall I see my Father's face?"

1. ON Jordan's stormy banks I stand,
And cast a wishful eye
To Canaan's fair and happy land,
Where my possessions lie.
2. Oh, the transporting, rapturous scene,
That rises to my sight!
Sweet fields arrayed in living green,
And rivers of delight!
3. O'er all those wide extended plains
Shines one eternal day;
There God, the Sun, forever reigns,
And scatters night away.
4. No chilling winds, no poisonous breath
Can reach that healthful shore;
Sickness and sorrow, pain and death
Are felt and feared no more.
5. When shall I reach that happy place,
And be forever blest?
When shall I see my Father's face,
And in his bosom rest?
6. Filled with delight my raptured soul
Can here no longer stay;
Though Jordan's waves around me roll,
Fearless I'd launch away.

699. "Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood."

1. THERE is a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign;
Infinite day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain.
2. There everlasting spring abides,
And never withering flowers:
Death, like a narrow sea, divides
This heavenly land from ours.
3. Sweet fields, beyond the swelling flood,
Stand dressed in living green;
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
While Jordan rolled between.
4. But timorous mortals start and shrink,
To cross this narrow sea;
And linger, shivering, on the brink,
And fear to launch away.
5. Oh, could we make our doubts remove,
Those gloomy doubts that rise,
And see the Canaan that we love
With unobscured eyes!—
6. Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er,
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood
Should fright us from the shore.

700. *The New Jerusalem.*

1. JERUSALEM! my happy home!
Name ever dear to me!
When shall my labors have an end,
In joy, and peace, and thee?
2. Oh, when, thou city of my God,
Shall I thy courts ascend,
Where evermore the angels sing,
Where Sabbaths have no end?
3. There happier bowers, than Eden's bloom,
Nor sin nor sorrow know; [scenes,
Blest seats! through rude and stormy
I onward press to you.
4. 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.
5. Jerusalem, my glorious home!
My soul still pants for thee;
Then shall my labors have an end,
When I thy joys shall see.

701. "I saw a new Heaven and a new Earth."
REV. xxi : 1-5.

1. Lo! what a glorious sight appears
To our believing eyes!
The earth and seas are passed away,
And the old rolling skies.
2. From the third heaven, where God re-
sides,
That holy, happy place,
The New Jerusalem comes down,
Adorned with shining grace.
3. Attending Angels shout for joy,
And the bright armies sing:
"Mortals! behold the sacred seat
Of your descending King.
4. "The God of glory down to men
Removes his blest abode,—
Men the dear objects of his grace,
And he the loving God.
5. "His own soft hands shall wipe the tears
From every weeping eye:
And pains, and groans, and griefs, and
fears,
And death itself shall die."
6. How long, dear Saviour! oh, how long
Shall this bright hour delay?
Fly swifter round, ye wheels of time,
And bring the welcome day!

SHINING SHORE. P. M.

Geo. F. Root.

My days are gliding swiftly by, And I, a pilgrim stranger, Would not detain them as they fly,
Those hours of toil and danger: For O, we stand on Jordan's strand, Our friends are passing over; And
We may almost discover!

D. S. just before, the Shining Shore,

Those hours of toil and danger: For O, we stand on Jordan's strand, Our friends are passing over; And
We may almost discover!

702.

1. My days are gliding swiftly by,
And I, a pilgrim stranger,
Would not detain them as they fly,
Those hours of toil and danger.
For oh, we stand, etc.
2. We'll gird our loins, my brethren dear,
Our heavenly home discerning;
Our absent Lord has left us word,
Let every lamp be burning.
For oh, we stand, etc.

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.
For oh, we stand, etc.
4. Let sorrow's rudest tempest blow,
Each chord on earth to sever;
Our King says, Come, and there is our
home,
Forever, oh, forever!
For oh, we stand, etc.

RHINE. C. M.

German.

O moth-er dear, Je - ru - sa - lem, When shall I come to thee? When shall my sor-rows
have an end? Thy joys when shall I see? Thy joys when shall I see?

703.

REV. XXI: 10.

1. O MOTHER dear, Jerusalem,
When shall I come to thee?
When shall my sorrows have an end?
Thy joys when shall I see?
2. O happy harbor of God's saints!
O sweet and pleasant soil!
In thee no sorrow can be found,
Nor grief, nor care, nor toil.

3. No dimly cloud o'ershadows thee,
Nor gloom, nor darksome night;
But every soul shines as the sun,
For God himself gives light.
4. Thy walls are made of precious stone,
Thy bulwarks diamond-square,
Thy gates are all of orient pearl,—
O God! if I were there!

REST FOR THE WEARY. 8s & 7s.

DADMCN.

In the Chris-tian's home in glo - ry There re - mains a land of rest;

There my Sav - iour's gone be - fore me, To ful - fill my soul's re - quest.

Chorus.

There is rest for the wea-ry, There is rest for the wea-ry, There is rest for the

wea-ry, There is rest for you— On the oth - er side of Jor - dan, In the

sweet fields of E - den, Where the tree of life is bloom - ing, There is rest for you!

704.

HEB. iv : 9.

- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>1. 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. There is rest, etc.</p> <p>2. He is fitting up my mansion, Which eternally shall stand; For my stay shall not be transient In that holy, happy land. There is rest, etc.</p> | <p>3. Death itself shall then be vanquished, And his sting shall be withdrawn; Shout for gladness, O ye ransomed! Hail with joy the rising morn. There is rest, etc.</p> <p>4. Sing, oh, sing, ye heirs of glory! Shout your triumphs as you go; Zion's gates will open for you, You shall find an entrance through. There is rest, etc.</p> |
|--|--|

BEAUTIFUL ZION.

WM. B. BRADBURY.



705.

- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>1. BEAUTIFUL Zion built above, Beautiful city that I love, Beautiful gates of pearly white, Beautiful temple—God its light; He who was slain on Calvary, Opens those pearly gates to me.</p> <p>2. Beautiful heaven, where all is light, Beautiful angels, clothed in white, Beautiful strains that never tire, Beautiful harps through all the choir; There shall I join the chorus sweet, Worshipping at the Saviour's feet</p> | <p>3. Beautiful crowns on every brow, Beautiful palms the conquerors show, Beautiful robes the ransomed wear, Beautiful all who enter there: Thither I press with eager feet, There shall my rest be long and sweet.</p> <p>4. Beautiful throne of Christ our King, Beautiful songs the angels sing, Beautiful rest, all wanderings cease, Beautiful home of perfect peace; There shall my eyes the Saviour see; Haste to this heavenly home with me!</p> |
|--|---|

BEAUTIFUL RIVER.

REV. R. LOWRY.



706.

- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>1. SHALL we gather at the river Where bright angel feet have trod; With its crystal tide forever Flowing by the throne of God? Yes, we'll gather at the river, The beautiful, the beautiful river— Gather with the saints at the river, That flows by the throne of God.</p> | <p>2. On the margin of the river, Washing up its silver spray, We will walk and worship ever, All the happy golden day; Yes, we'll gather, etc.</p> <p>3. Ere we reach the shining river, Lay we every burden down; Grace our spirits will deliver, And provide a robe and crown. Yes, we'll gather, etc.</p> |
|--|---|

4. At the smiling of the river,
 Mirror of the Saviour's face,
 Saints whom death will never sever,
 Lift their songs of saving grace.
 Yes, we'll gather, etc.

5. Soon we'll reach the silver river,
 Soon our pilgrimage will cease;
 Soon our happy hearts will quiver
 With the melody of peace.
 Yes, we'll gather, etc.

A THOUSAND YEARS.

H. C. WORK, by permission.

Maestoso.

Lift up your head, de-spond-ing Chris-tian, Fling to the winds your need-less fears;

Zi-on's bright King, your Guide and Sav-iour, Says you shall reign a thou-sand years.

Chorus.

A thou-sand years, my own be - lov - ed! 'Tis the bright day from heav'n un - roll'd;

'Tis the glad morn, whose fade-less glo - ry, Proph-ets and bards so long fore - told.

707.

"And they lived and reigned with Christ a thousand years."—REV. XX: 4.

1. LIFT up your head, desponding Christian,
 Fling to the winds your needless fears;
 Zion's bright King, your Guide and
 Saviour,
 Says you shall reign a thousand years.
 A thousand years, my own beloved!
 'Tis the bright day from heaven
 unroll'd;
 'Tis the glad morn, whose fadeless
 glory,
 Prophets and bards so long fore-
 told.

2. What if the clouds, one little moment.
 Hide the sweet light where morn
 appears?

Bright is the day, where Christ in glory,
 Says you shall reign a thousand years.
 A thousand years, etc.

3. Strong are the foes thy path surrounding,
 Scorning alike thy prayers and tears;
 Sweet is the voice of Him whose promise
 Says you shall reign a thousand years.
 A thousand years, etc.

4. A thousand years! O day of glory!
 'Tis the bright star when morn appears;
 The herald dawn of blissful ages,
 And every day a thousand years.
 A thousand years, etc.

HARDY. C. M.

"Sabbath Tune Book."

There is an hour of peaceful rest, To mourning wand'ers given; There is a tear for

souls distressed, A balm for every wounded breast: 'Tis found above—in heaven.

708.

Home for the Weary.

1. THERE is an hour of peaceful rest,
To mourning wanderers given;
There is a tear for souls distressed,
A balm for every wounded breast:
'Tis found above—in heaven.
2. There is a home for weary souls,
By sin and sorrow driven,—
When tossed on life's tempestuous shoals,
Where storms arise, and ocean rolls,
And all is drear—but heaven.
3. There faith lifts up her cheerful eye
To brighter prospects given;
And views the tempest passing by,
The evening shadows quickly fly,
And all serene—in heaven.
4. There fragrant flowers immortal bloom,
And joys supreme are given;
There rays divine disperse the gloom;
Beyond the confines of the tomb
Appears the dawn of heaven!

709.

Faith's Vision.

1. I do not see, O Saviour dear,
As they of old did see,
Thy loving glance, and pitying tear,
Thy sweet benignity.
2. I do not hear, as they did hear,
Thy calm, majestic voice,
In soothing tones, in words of cheer,
Bid sorrow's heart rejoice.
3. But in the dimness of my sight,
The eye of faith is clear,

And in the realm of fadeless light
I see that vision dear.

4. And 'mid earth's discord and its din,
The voice which calmed the sea,
In whispered tones, I hear within:
"My peace I give to thee!"

710.

"Ye are all one in Christ Jesus."

1. LET saints below in concert sing
With those to glory gone:
For all the servants of our King,
In earth and heaven, are one.
2. One family—we dwell in him—
One church above, beneath,
Though now divided by the stream—
The narrow stream of death;
3. One army of the living God,
To his command we bow;
Part of the host have crossed the flood,
And part are crossing now.
4. Ev'n now to their eternal home
Some happy spirits fly;
And we are to the margin come,
And soon expect to die.
5. Ev'n now, by faith, we join our hands
With those that went before,
And greet the ransomed blessed bands
Upon th' eternal shore.
6. Lord Jesus! be our constant guide;
And, when the word is given,
Bid death's cold flood its waves divide,
And land us safe in heaven.

HOME ABOVE.

Mrs. T. J. Cook.

Oh, how my spirit longs for thee, Beautiful home a-bove, Where I may rest from sorrow free,

Beautiful home above; Within the golden gates of light, Arrayed in garments pure and white,

Chorus.

I'll walk with an-gels fair and bright, In my home a - bove. Beau-ti - ful home a - bove!

Beau-ti-ful home a-bove! Oh, come and take me, Saviour, come, To my beautiful home above.

711. *Beautiful Home above.*

1. O, how my spirit longs for thee,
 Beautiful home above,
 Where I may rest from sorrow free,
 Beautiful home above ;
 Within the golden gates of light,
 Arrayed in garments pure and white,
 I'll walk with angels fair and bright,
 In my home above.
 Beautiful home, etc.

2. To reach thee safe I daily pray, ✓
 Beautiful home above,
 And travel in the toilsome way,
 Beautiful home above ;

My weary feet are bruised and sore,
 But Jesus' feet were bruised before,
 To bring me to the open door,
 Of my beautiful home.
 Beautiful home, etc.

3. Thy shining walls by faith I see,
 Beautiful home above,
 The mansions fair prepared for me,
 Beautiful home above ;
 O, let me keep my longing eyes
 Intently fixed upon the prize,
 Till angels bear me to the skies,
 In my home above.
 Beautiful home, etc.

REST. L. M.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

Asleep in Je - sus! blesséd sleep! From which none ever wake to weep;

A calm and un - dis - turb'd re-pose, Un-brok-en by the last of foes.

712.

"Asleep in Jesus.."

1. ASLEEP in Jesus! blesséd sleep!
From which none ever wake to weep;
A calm and undisturbed repose,
Unbroken by the last of foes.
2. Asleep in Jesus! oh, how sweet
To be for such a slumber meet!
With holy confidence to sing
That death hath lost its venom'd sting!
3. Asleep in Jesus! peaceful rest!
Whose waking is supremely blest;
No fear, no woe, shall dim that hour
Which manifests the Saviour's power.
4. Asleep in Jesus! oh, for me
May such a blissful refuge be!
Securely shall my ashes lie,
And wait the summons from on high.

713.

"Blessed—who die in the Lord."
REV. xiv. 13.

1. How blest the righteous when he dies!
When sinks a weary soul to rest!
How mildly 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 unfettered soul enjoys.

4. Farewell, conflicting hopes and fears,
Where lights and shades 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 blest the righteous when he
dies!"

714.

"So He giveth his beloved sleep."

1. WHY should we start, and fear to die!
What timorous worms we mortals are!
Death is the gate of endless joy,
And yet we dread to enter there.
2. The pains, the groans, and dying strife
Fright our approaching souls away;
We still shrink back again to life,
Fond of our prison and our clay.
3. Oh, if my Lord would come and meet,
My soul should stretch her wings in
haste,
Fly fearless through death's iron gate,
Nor feel the terrors as she passed!
4. Jesus can make a dying bed
Feel soft as downy pillows are,
While on his breast I lean my head,
And breathe my life out sweetly there:

Doxology.

GLORY to thee, O God, most high!
Father, we praise thy majesty!
The Son, the Spirit, we adore,
One Godhead blest for evermore!

715.

Be with thee where thou art.

1. BE with thee, Jesus, where thou art,
And drink my fill of heavenly love,
Lean my poor head upon thy heart,
With that dear visage marred above?
2. Wilt hide me in thy riven side,
Close to thy wounded, human heart;
And there, where sin cannot divide,
Shall I be with thee where thou art?
3. With thee, with thee, O Blessed One,
Have an unbroken, sweet repose;
As when through storms a bark has won
The haven where no tempest blows?
4. With thee at rest, with thee alone?
How can my soul so tranquil be?
The very word is bliss unknown;
With thee, O Lord, and thou with me!

716.

ECCLES. xii ; 7.

1. UNVAIL thy bosom, faithful tomb!
Take this new treasure to thy trust:
And give these sacred relics room
To slumber in the silent dust.
2. Nor pain, nor grief, nor anxious fear,
Invade thy bounds; no mortal woes
Can reach the peaceful sleeper here,
While angels watch the soft repose.
3. So Jesus slept; God's dying Son
Passed thro' the grave and blessed the bed:
Rest here, blest saint, till from his throne
The morning break, and pierce the shade.
4. Break from his throne, illustrious morn!
Attend, O earth! his sovereign word:
Restore thy trust: a glorious form
Shall then ascend to meet the Lord!

FREDERICK. 11s.

GEO. KINGSLEY.

I would not live alway: I ask not to stay Where storm after storm rises dark o'er the way:

The few lurid mornings that dawn on us here Are enough for life's woes, full enough for its cheer.

717.

"I would not live alway;"
JOB vii. 16.

1. I WOULD not live alway: I ask not to stay
Where storm after storm rises dark o'er the way;
The few lurid mornings that dawn on us here
Are enough for life's woes, full enough for its cheer.
2. I would not live alway: 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 the rivers of pleasure flow o'er the bright plains,
And the noontide of glory eternally reigns;
4. Where the saints of all ages in harmony meet,
Their Saviour and brethren transported to greet;
While the anthems of rapture unceasingly roll,
And the smile of the Lord is the feast of the soul!

CHINA. C. M.

SWAN.

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

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

718. *"Having a desire to depart, and to be with Christ."*

2. ARE we not tending upward, too,
As fast as time can move?
Nor would we wish the hours more slow
To keep us from our love.
3. Why should we tremble to convey
Their bodies to the tomb?
There the dear flesh of Jesus lay,
There hopes unfading bloom.
4. The graves of all his saints be blessed,
And softened every bed;
Where should the dying members rest,
But with the dying Head?
5. Thence he arose, ascending high,
And showed our feet the way;
Up to the Lord our souls shall fly,
At the great rising day.
6. Then let the last loud trumpet sound,
And bid our kindred rise;
Awake! ye nations under ground;
Ye saints! ascend the skies.

719. *"Turn us again, O Lord God of hosts."*

1. SEE, gracious God! before thy throne
Thy mourning people bend;
'Tis on thy sovereign grace alone
Our humble hopes depend.
2. Dark, frowning judgments from thy hand
Thy dreadful power display;
Yet mercy spares this guilty land,
And still we live to pray.
3. How changed, alas! are truths divine,
For error, guilt and shame!

What impious numbers, bold in sin,
Disgrace the Christian name!

4. Oh, turn us, turn us, mighty Lord,
By thy resistless grace;
Then shall our hearts obey thy word,
And humbly seek thy face.

720. *"Behold, I show you a mystery."*

1. THROUGH sorrow's night, and danger's
path,
Amid the deepening gloom,
We, followers of our suffering Lord,
Are marching to the tomb.
2. There, when the turmoil is no more,
And all our powers decay,
Our cold remains in solitude
Shall sleep the years away.
3. Our labors done, securely laid
In this our last retreat,
Unheeded, o'er our silent dust,
The storms of earth shall beat.
4. Yet not thus buried, or extinct,
The vital spark shall lie;
For, o'er life's wreck that spark shall rise,
To seek its kindred sky.
5. These ashes too, this little dust,
Our Father's care shall keep,
Till the last angel rise and break
The long and dreary sleep.
6. Then love's soft dew o'er every eye
Shall shed its mildest rays;
And the long silent voice awake
With shouts of endless praise.

DAWN. S. M.

E. P. PARKER.

For - ev - er with the Lord! So, Je - sus! let it be;

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

721.

1 THESS. iv : 17.

1. "FOREVER with the Lord!"
So, Jesus! let it be;
Life from the dead is in that word;
'Tis immortality.
2. Here, in the body pent,
Absent from thee I roam:
Yet nightly pitch my moving tent
A day's march nearer home.
3. My Father's house on high,
Home of my soul! how near,
At times, to faith's aspiring eye,
Thy golden gates appear!
4. "Forever with the Lord!"
Father, if 'tis thy will,
The promise of thy gracious word
Ev'n here to me fulfill.
5. So, when my latest breath
Shall rend the vail in twain,
By death I shall escape from death,
And life eternal gain.
6. Knowing as I am known,
How shall I love that word.
And oft repeat before the throne,
"Forever with the Lord!"

722.

NUM. xxiii : 10.

1. OH, for the death of those
Who slumber in the Lord!
Oh, be like theirs my last repose,
Like theirs my last reward!

2. Their bodies in the ground,
In silent hope may lie,
Till the last trumpet's joyful sound
Shall call them to the sky.
3. Their ransomed spirits soar
On wings of faith and love,
To meet the Saviour they adore,
And reign with him above.
4. With us their names shall live
Through long succeeding years,
Embalmed with all our hearts can give,
Our praises and our tears.

723.

ZECH. i : 5.

1. How swift the torrent rolls,
That bears us to the sea!
The tide which hurries thoughtless souls
To vast eternity!
2. Our fathers, where are they,
With all they called their own?
Their joys and griefs, and hopes and cares,
And wealth and honor gone!
3. God of our fathers hear,
Thou everlasting Friend!
While we, as on life's utmost verge,
Our souls to thee commend.
4. Of all the pious dead
May we the footsteps trace,
Till with them, in the land of light,
We dwell before thy face.

DUNLAP'S CREEK. C. M.

Western Melody.

1. That aw - ful day will sure - ly come, Th'ap - pointed hour makes haste,

When I must stand be - fore my Judge, And pass the sol - emn test.

724. *The Judgment-seat of Christ.*

2. Thou lovely Chief of all my joys,
Thou Sovereign of my heart!
How could I bear to hear thy voice
Pronounce the sound "Depart!"
3. Jesus, I throw my arms around,
And hang upon thy breast:
Without a gracious smile from thee,
My spirit cannot rest.
4. Oh, tell me that my worthless name
Is graven on thy hands!
Show me some promise in thy book,
Where my salvation stands.
5. Give me one kind, assuring word,
To sink my fears again;
And cheerfully my soul shall wait
Her threescore years and ten,

725. *"On what a slender thread hang everlasting things."*

1. **THEE** we adore, eternal Name!
And humbly own to thee
How feeble is our mortal frame,
What dying worms are we!
2. The year rolls round, and steals away
The breath that first it gave;
Whate'er we do, whate'er we be,
We're traveling to the grave.
3. Great God! on what a slender thread
Hang everlasting things!
Th' eternal state of all the dead
Upon life's feeble strings!

4. Infinite joy, or endless woe
Attends on every breath;
And yet, how unconcerned we go
Upon the brink of death!
5. Waken, O Lord, our drowsy sense,
To walk this dangerous road!
And if our souls are hurried hence,
May they be found with God.

726.

MATT. xxiv: 44.

1. **THERE** is an hour when I must part
With all I hold most dear;
And life, with its best hopes, will then
As nothingness appear.
2. There is an hour when I must sink
Beneath the stroke of death;
And yield to him who gave it first,
My struggling vital breath.
3. There is an hour when I must stand
Before the judgment-seat;
And all my sins, and all my foes,
In awful vision meet.
4. There is an hour when I must look
On one eternity;
And nameless woe, or blissful life,
My endless portion be.
5. O Saviour, then, in all my need
Be near, be near to me:
And let my soul, by steadfast faith,
Find life and heaven in thee.

BONAR. S. M. D.

S:

Dr. L. MASON.

1. A few more years shall roll, A few more seasons come; And we shall be with those that rest
 D. S. wash me in thy precious blood,

END. Refrain. D. S.

Asleep within the tomb: Then, O my Lord, prepare My soul for that great day; Oh,
 And take my sins a - way!

727.

The Pilgrim's Song.

2. A few more storms shall beat
 On this wild, rocky shore;
 And we shall be where tempests cease,
 And surges swell no more:
 Then, O my Lord, prepare
 My soul for that calm day;
 Oh, wash me in thy precious blood,
 And take my sins away!
3. A few more struggles here,
 A few more partings o'er,
 A few more toils, a few more tears,
 And we shall weep no more:
 Then, O my Lord, prepare
 My soul for that blest day;
 Oh, wash me in thy precious blood,
 And take my sins away!

4. A few more Sabbaths here
 Shall cheer us on our way;
 And we shall reach the endless rest,
 Th' eternal Sabbath-day:
 Then, O my Lord, prepare
 My soul for that sweet day;
 Oh, wash me in thy precious blood,
 And take my sins away!
5. 'Tis but a little while,
 And he shall come again,
 Who died that we might live, who lives
 That we with him may reign:
 Then, O my Lord, prepare
 My soul for that glad day;
 Oh, wash me in thy precious blood,
 And take my sins away!

WAITING BY THE RIVER.*

From the "Casket," by permission.

1. We are waiting by the riv-er. We are watching on the shore, On-ly wait-ing for the

boat-man, Soon he'll come to, bear us o'er.

Of its towers like dazzling sunlight,
 With its sweet and peaceful streams
 We are waiting, &c.

728.

2. Though the mist hang o'er the river,
 And its billows loudly roar;
 Yet we hear the song of angels,
 Wafted from the other shore.
 We are waiting, &c.
3. And the bright celestial city!
 We have caught such radiant gleams,

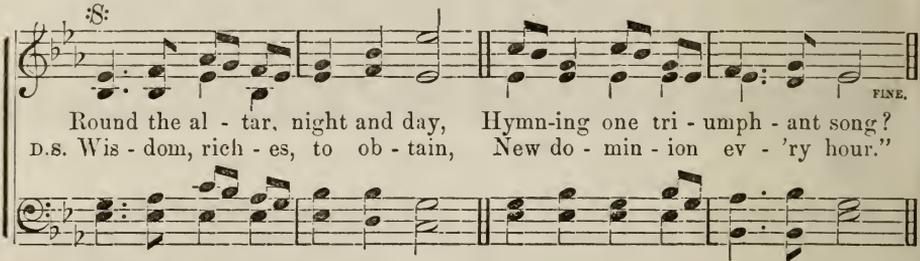
4. He has called for many a loved one,
 We have seen them leave our side;
 With our Saviour we shall meet them,
 When we too have crossed the tide.
 We are waiting, &c.
5. When we've passed that vale of shadows,
 With its dark and chilling tide;
 In that bright and glorious city
 We shall evermore abide.
 We are waiting, &c.

* Let each verse be sung first as a duet, then repeat the first verse, each time, in full chorus.

IVES. 7s. Double.

E. IVES.

1. Who are these in bright ar - ray— This in - nu - mer - a - ble throng,



Round the al - tar, night and day, Hymn - ing one tri - umph - ant song?
D.S. Wis - dom, rich - es, to ob - tain, New do - min - ion ev - 'ry hour."

"Wor - thy is the Lamb once slain, Bless - ing, hon - or, glo - ry, power,

729.

REV. vii : 13.

2. These through fiery trials trod ;
These from great affliction came :
Now, before the throne of God,
Sealed with his almighty name,
Clad in raiment pure and white,
Victor-palms in every hand,
Through their dear Redeemer's might,
More than conquerors they stand.
3. Hunger, thirst, disease unknown,
On immortal fruits they feed ;
Them the Lamb, amid the throne,
Shall to living fountains lead :
Joy and gladness banish sighs ;
Perfect love dispel all fears ;
And forever from their eyes
God shall wipe away the tears.

730.

ISAIAH ix : 20.

1. HIGH in yonder realms of light,
Dwell the raptured saints above ;
Far beyond our feeble sight,
Happy in Immanuel's love :

Pilgrims in this vale of tears,
Once they knew, like us below,
Gloomy doubts, distressing fears,
Torturing pain and heavy woe.

2. But these days of weeping o'er,
Passed this scene of toil and pain,
They shall feel distress no more—
Never, never weep again :
'Mid the chorus of the skies,
'Mid the angelic lyres above,
Hark, their songs melodious rise,
Songs of praise to Jesus' love !

3. All is tranquil and serene,
Calm and undisturbed repose :
There no cloud can intervene,
There no angry tempest blows :
Every tear is wiped away,
Sighs no more shall heave the breast,
Night is lost in endless day,
Sorrow, in eternal rest.

COME, LET US ANEW.

WEDDE.

1. Come, let us a - new our jour-ney pur-sue—Roll round with the year, And nev-er stand

still till the Mas-ter ap-pear; His a - dor - a - ble will let us glad-ly ful - fill, And our

tal - ents im - prove By the pa - tience of hope, and the la - bor of love.

731. "He shall fly away as a dream."

3. Oh, that each, in the day of his coming,
 may say,
 "I have fought my way through;
 I have finished the work thou didst give
 me to do;" [the glad word,
 Oh, that each from the Lord may receive
 "Well and faithfully done!
 Enter into my joy, and sit down on my
 throne!"

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
 near.

BILLOW. 8s, 7s & 4s.

Dr. L. MASON.

Star of peace! to wan-d'ers wea-ry, Bright the beams that smile on me;

Cheer the pi - lot's vis - ion dreary, Far, far at sea.

732. *The guiding Star.*

1. STAR of peace! to wanderers weary,
 Bright the beams that smile on me;
 Cheer the pilot's vision dreary,
 Far, far at sea.
2. Star of hope! gleam on the billow,
 Bless the soul that sighs for thee;
 Bless the sailor's lonely pillow,
 Far, far at sea.
3. Star of faith! when winds are mocking,
 All his toil, he flies to thee;
 Save him, on the billows rocking,
 Far, far at sea.
4. Star divine! oh, safely guide him,—
 Bring the wanderer home to thee!
 Sore temptations long have tried him,
 Far, far at sea.

AMERICA. 6s & 4s.

My country, 'tis of thee, Sweet land of lib-er-ty, Of thee I sing: Land where my
fathers died, Land of the pilgrims' pride, From every ountain side Let freedom ring!

733. *The Voice of National Joy.*

1. MY country, 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
Of thee I sing:
Land where my fathers died,
Land of the pilgrims' pride,
From every mountain side
Let freedom ring!
2. My native country, thee—
Land of the noble free—
Thy name I love:
I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills;
My heart with rapture thrills
Like that above.
3. 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 sound 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!

734. *"God save the State!"*

1. God bless our native land!
Firm may she ever stand,
Through storm and night.

When the wild tempests rave,
Ruler of winds and wave,
Do thou our country save
By thy great might.

2. For her our prayer shall rise
To God, above the skies;
On him we wait:
Thou who art ever nigh,
Guarding with watchful eye,
To thee aloud we cry,
God save the State!

735. *"The God of harvest praise."*

1. THE God of harvest praise;
In loud thanksgiving raise
Hand, heart, and voice!
The valleys laugh and sing;
Forests and mountains ring;
The plains their tribute bring;
The streams rejoice.
2. Yea, bless his holy name,
And joyous thanks proclaim
Through all the earth;
To glory in your lot
Is comely; but be not
God's benefits forgot
Amid your mirth.
3. The God of harvest praise:
Hands, hearts, and voices raise,
With sweet accord;
From field to garner throng,
Bearing your sheaves along,
And in your harvest song
Bless ye the Lord.

736.

National.

1. GREAT God of nations! now to thee —
Our hymn of gratitude we raise ;
With humble heart, and bending knee,
We offer thee our song of praise.
2. Thy name we bless, Almighty God !
For all the kindness thou hast shown,
To this fair land the Pilgrims trod,—
This land we fondly call our own.
3. Here, freedom spreads her banner wide,
And casts her soft and hallowed ray ;—
Here, thou our fathers' steps didst
guide
In safety, through their dangerous way.
4. We praise thee, that the gospel's light,
Through all our land, its radiance
sheds ;
Dispels the shades of error's night,
And heavenly blessings round us spreads.

OLD HUNDREDTH. L. M.



738.

Thanksgiving.

1. ETERNAL source of every joy,
Well may thy praise our lips employ,
While in thy temple we appear,
To hail thee, Sovereign of the year !
2. Wide as the wheels of nature roll,
Thy hand supports and guides the whole,
The sun is taught by thee to rise,
And darkness when to vail the skies.
3. The flowery spring at thy command,
Perfumes the air, adorns the land ;
The summer rays with vigor shine,
To raise the corn, to cheer the vine.
4. Thy hand, in autumn, richly pours,
Through all our coasts redundant stores :
And winters, softened by thy care,
No more the face of horror wear.
5. Seasons and months, and weeks, and days,
Demand successive songs of praise ;
And be the grateful homage paid,
With morning light and evening shade.
6. Here in thy house let incense rise,
And circling Sabbaths bless our eyes,
Till to those lofty heights we soar,
Where days and years revolve no more.

737.

National.

1. O GOD, beneath thy guiding hand,
Our exiled fathers crossed the sea ;
And when they trod the wintry strand,
With prayer and psalm they worshiped
thee.
2. Thou heard'st, well-pleased, the song,
the prayer ;
Thy blessing came ; and still its power
Shall onward through all ages bear
The memory of that holy hour.
3. Laws, freedom, truth, and faith in God
Came with those exiles o'er the waves ;
And where their pilgrim feet have trod,
The God they trusted guards their graves.
4. And here thy name, O God of love,
Their children's children shall adore,
Till these eternal hills remove,
And spring adorns the earth no more.

739.

Prayer for the Republic.

1. GOD of our fathers, let thy face
Toward the Republic ever be !
Encompass it with strength and grace,
And law combine with liberty.
2. Unto our President impart
Sustaining trust, discerning sight,
The homage of the loyal heart,
The steadfast courage for the right.
3. Within our Congress let the fire
Of patriotic love abide ;
Its counsels lead, its acts inspire,
And in the nation's halls preside.
4. Upon our Judges let the seal
Of thy divine anointing be,—
The wisdom calm, the righteous zeal,
The robes of truth and equity.
5. God of our fathers, let thy face
Toward the Republic ever be !
Encompass it with strength and grace,
And law combine with liberty.

Doxology.

PRAISE God, from whom all blessings flow !
 Praise him, all creatures here below !
 Praise him above, ye heavenly host !
 Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost !

HERITAGE. 8s & 6s. Double.

SCOTCH.

Clear, strong and vigorous enunciation.

From foes that would the land devour; From guilt-y pride, and lust of power;

From wild se - di - tion's law - less hour; From yoke of slav - e - ry;

From blinded zeal, by fac-tion led; From gid-dy change, by fan-cy bred;

From poisoned er - ror's ser-pent head, Good Lord, preserve us free!

740.

The Patriot's Prayer.

- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>1. From foes that would the land devour; From guilty pride, and lust of power; From wild sedition's lawless hour: From yoke of slavery; From blinded zeal, by faction led; From giddy change, by fancy bred; From poisoned error's serpent head, Good Lord, preserve us free!</p> | <p>2. Defend, O God, with guardian hand, The laws and rulers of our land, And grant thy churches grace to stand In faith and unity; Thy Spirit's help of thee we crave, That thy Messiah, sent to save, Returning to the world, might have A people serving thee!</p> |
|--|---|

STILES. 8s & 7s D.

D. E. JONES.

Clear and strong enunciation.

On the works of his cre - a - tion, God hath traced his glorious name; With unceasing ador-

a - tion, Nature chants Jehovah's fame: Earth, with beauty o-ver-flow-ing; O - cean,

grand in storm and calm; Heav'n, with cloudless luster glowing. Are her great Creator's psalm.

741.

God the Creator.

1. ON the works of his creation,
 God hath traced his glorious name;
 With unceasing adoration,
 Nature chants Jehovah's fame:
 Earth, with beauty overflowing;
 Ocean, grand in storm and calm;
 Heaven, with cloudless luster glowing—
 Are her great Creator's psalm.
2. Down the rivers, seaward rushing,
 Floats the murmur of the song;
 Up the heights, with sunlight flushing,
 Mounts the chorus, full and strong:
 Through the groves, with praise re-
 sounding,
 Over wide and waving plains,
 O'er the main, with billows bounding—
 Peal the thrilling anthem-strains.
3. God, who setteth fast the mountain,
 Girded with almighty power;
 God, whose voice is in the fountain,
 And his beauty in the flower;
 God, who on the tempest rideth,
 King upon the sea and shore;
 God, who over all presideth—
 Is our God for evermore.

742.

"Thou shalt call thy Walls Salvation."
 ISAIAH LX. 18—20.

1. HEAR what God, the Lord, hath spoken:
 O my people, faint and few,
 Comfortless, afflicted, broken,
 Fair abodes I build for you;
 Scenes of heartfelt tribulation
 Shall no more perplex your ways;
 You shall name your walls "Salvation,"
 And your gates shall all be "Praise."
2. Ye no more your suns descending,
 Waning moons no more shall see;
 But your griefs forever ending,
 Find eternal noon in me:
 God shall rise, and, shining o'er you,
 Change to day the gloom of night;
 He, the Lord, shall be your Glory,
 God your everlasting Light.

Doxology.

PRAISE the God of our salvation,
 Praise the Father's boundless love;
 Praise the Lamb, our expiation;
 Praise the Spirit from above;
 Praise the Fountain of salvation,
 Him by whom our spirits live;
 Undivided adoration
 To the one Jehovah give!

KULP. L. M.

Geo. F. Root.

1. O thou, whose chosen place of birth Was 'mid the humblest scenes of earth, }
Who didst all scorn and pain en-dure, To save the lost and bless the poor: }

Our du - ty in thy life we see, And pray for grace to fol - low thee.

743.

2. THOU, who hast taught us by thy word,
The servant's not above his lord,
Give us the courage which we need,
To follow thee in word and deed:
The highest honor that we crave,
Be this: the lost to seek and save.
3. Where'er the wine-cup's deadly blight,
Has shrouded hearts in sorrow's night;
Our eyes to all its evils ope,
Inspire our souls with Faith and Hope,
And may our charity extend
As thine—alike to foe and friend.
4. Where'er a tempted brother falls,
Make quick our ear to hear his calls,
Make swift our feet to reach the spot;
Make true our hearts to leave him not,
Make strong and willing every hand,
To lift him up and help him stand!

744.*

1. SLAVERY and death the cup contains;
Dash to the earth the poisoned bowl!
Softer than silk are iron chains,
Compared with those that chafe the soul.
2. Hosannas, Lord! to thee we sing,
Whose power the giant fiend obeys:
What countless thousands tribute bring,
For happier homes and brighter days!
3. Thou wilt not break the bruised reed,
Nor leave the broken heart unbound;

The wife regains a husband freed!
The orphan clasps a father found!

4. Spare, Lord! the thoughtless; guide the
blind;
Till man no more shall deem it just
To live, by forging chains to bind
His weaker brother in the dust.

745.*

For Dedication.

1. THE perfect world, by Adam trod,
Was the first temple built by God;
His fiat laid the corner-stone,
And heaved its pillars one by one.
2. He hung its starry roof on high—
The broad, illimitable sky;
He spread its pavement, green and bright,
And curtained it with morning light.
3. The mountains in their places stood,
The sea—the sky—and "all was good;"
And when its first pure praises rang,
The "morning stars together sang."
4. Lord, 'tis not ours to make the sea,
And earth, and sky, a house for thee;
But in thy sight our offering stands—
An humbler temple, "made with hands."

Doxology.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God whom earth and heaven adore,
Be glory as it was of old,
Is now, and shall be evermore!

* Omit the repeat for this Hymn.

ORIOLA. C. M. D.

Dear Saviour, ever at my side, How loving thou must be, To leave thy home in heaven to guard
D. S. The sweetness of thy soft, low voice

A lit - tle child like me ! Thy beau-ti-ful and shining face I see not, tho' so near ;
I am too deaf to hear.

746.

1. DEAR Saviour, ever at my side,
How loving thou must be,
To leave thy home in heaven to guard
A little child like me !

Thy beautiful and shining face
I see not, though so near ;
The sweetness of thy soft, low voice
I am too deaf to hear.

2. I cannot feel thee touch my hand
With pressure light and mild,
To check me, as my mother doth,
While I am but a child ;
But I have felt thee in my thoughts
Fighting with sin for me ;
And when my heart loves God, I know
The sweetness is from thee.

3. And when, dear Saviour ! I kneel down
Morning and night to prayer,
Something there is within my heart
Which tells me thou art there ;
Yes ! when I pray, thou prayest too—
Thy prayer is all for me ;
But when I sleep, thou sleepest not,
But watchest patiently

747.

ECCLES. xii: 1.

1. REMEMBER thy Creator now,
In these thy youthful days ;
He will accept thine earliest vow,
And listen to thy praise.

2. Remember thy Creator now,
Seek him while he is near ;
For evil days will come, when thou
Shalt find no comfort here.

3. Remember thy Creator now ;
His willing servant be :
Then, when thy head in death shall bow,
He will remember thee.

4. Almighty God ! our hearts incline
Thy heavenly voice to hear ;
Let all our future days be thine,
Devoted to thy fear.

748.

1 SAM. iii: 10.

1. DEAR Jesus, let thy pitying eye
Look kindly down on me :
A sinful, weak, and helpless child,
I come thy child to be.

2. O blesséd Saviour ! take my heart,
This sinful heart of mine,
And wash it clean in every part ;
Make me a child of thine.

3. My sins, though great, thou canst forgive
For thou hast died for me ;
Amazing love ! help me, O God,
Thine own dear child to be.

4. For thou hast said, " Forbid them not
Let children come to me :"
I hear thy voice, and now, dear Lord,
I come thy child to be.

MIRA. 8s & 7s D.

Geo. F. ROEZ.

Andantino.

We are sailing o'er an o-ccean. To a far and foreign shore; And the waves are dashing round us,

And we hear the breakers roar: But we look above the billows, In the darkness of the night,

Chorus.

And we see the steady gleaming Of our changeless beacon light. O, the light is flashing brightly,

From a calm and stormless shore, Where we hope to cast our anchor, When our voyaging is o'er.

749.

1. WE are sailing o'er an ocean,
To a far and foreign shore;
And the waves are dashing 'round us,
And we hear the breakers roar;
But we look above the billows,
In the darkness of the night,
And we see the steady gleaming
Of our changeless beacon light.

CHORUS.

O, the light is flashing brightly,
From a calm and stormless shore,
Where we hope to cast our anchor,
When our voyaging is o'er.

2. Though the skies are dark above us,
And the waves are dashing high,

Let us look toward the beacon,
We shall reach it by and by:
'Tis the light of God's great mercy,
And he holds it up in view,
As a guide-star to his children,
As a guide to me and you.
O, the light, etc.

3. He will keep it ever burning,
From the light-house of his love;
And it always shines the brightest
When the skies are dark above:
If we keep our eyes upon it,
And we steer our course aright,
We shall reach the harbor safely,
By the blessed beacon light.
O, the light, etc.

GENESARETH.

Gzo. F. Root.

Reverentially.

Oh, I love to think of Je-sus, As he sat be-side the sea; Where the waves were only murm'ring on the

strand; When he sat with-in the boat, On the sil-ver wave a-float, While he taught the waiting people on the

Chorus.

land. Oh, I love to think of Je-sus by the sea, Oh, I love to think of Je-sus by the sea;

And I love the precious word Which he spake to them that heard, While he taught the waiting people by the sea.

750.

1. O I LOVE to think of Jesus
As he sat beside the sea;
Where the waves were only murmuring on
the strand;
When he sat within the boat,
On the silver wave afloat
While he taught the waiting people on the
land.

O I love to think of Jesus by the sea;
O I love to think of Jesus by the sea,
And I love the precious Word,
Which he spake to them that heard,
While he taught the waiting people by the
sea.

2. O I love to think of Jesus
As he walked upon the sea;
When the waves were rolling fearfully
and grand;
How the winds and waves were still,

At the bidding of his will,
While he brought his loved disciples safe
to land.

O I love to think of Jesus by the sea;
O I love to think of Jesus by the sea,
How he walked upon the wave,
His beloved ones to save,
While he brought them safely o'er the
stormy sea.

3. O I love to think of Jesus
As he walked beside the sea;
Where the fishers spread their nets upon
the shore;
How he bade them follow him,
And forsake the paths of sin,
And to be his true disciples evermore.

O I love to think of Jesus by the sea;
O I love to think of Jesus by the sea,
And I long to leave my all,
At the dear Redeemer's call,
And his true disciple evermore to be.

SABBATH MORNING.

GEO. F. ROOT.

1. Oh, the Sabbath morning, beautiful and bright, Joy-ful-ly we hail its gold-en light;

All the gloom-y shad-ows chas-ing far a-way, Bring-ing us the pleas-ant day.

d. s. Oh, the Sab-bath morn-ing, beau-ti-ful and bright, Glad we hail its gold-en light.

Day calm and ho-ly, day near-est heav'n, Day which a Fa-ther's love has giv'n.

751.

2. All the days of labor ended one by one,
Glad are we the six day's work is done;
Glad to have a day of sweet and holy rest;
'Tis the day that God has blest.
Day calm and holy, etc.

3. Let us spend the moments of this holy day,
So that when they all have passed away,
Sweet 'twill be think, the quiet Sabbath even
Brings us one day nearer heaven.
Day calm and holy, etc.

EVEN ME. 8s & 7s.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

E-ven me, e-ven me. Let some droppings fall on me.

752.

Prayer for Blessing.

1. LORD, I hear that showers of blessing
Thou art scattering, full and free,—
Showers the thirsty land refreshing;
Let thy blessing fall on me.
Even me, etc.
2. Long have I in sin been straying,
Long been grieving, slighting thee;
Slight me not as I stand praying;
Oh, forgive and comfort me!
Even me, etc.
3. Pass me not, O gracious Saviour,
Sinful though my heart may be;

Give me tokens of thy favor,
Speak some word of grace to me.
Even me, etc.

4. Love of God, so pure and changeless,
Blood of Christ, so rich and free,
Grace of God, so strong and boundless,—
Magnify it all to me!
Even me, etc.
5. Pass me not; thy lost one bringing,
Bind my heart, O Lord, to thee:
While the streams of life are springing,
Blessing others, oh, bless me!
Even me, etc.

ZELLA. 7s & 6s.

G. F. Root, by permission.

1. I love to hear the sto-ry Which an-gel voic-es tell, How once the King of
 glo-ry Came down on earth to dwell: I am both weak and sin-ful, But
 this I sure-ly know, The Lord came down to save me, Because he loved me so.

753.

I love to hear the story.

2. I'm glad my blessed Saviour
 Was once a child like me,
 To show how pure and holy
 His little ones might be:
 And if I try to follow
 His foot-steps here below,
 He never will forget me,
 Because he loves me so.
3. To sing His love and mercy
 My sweetest songs I'll raise,
 And though I cannot see him
 I know he hears my praise!
 For he has kindly promised
 That I shall surely go
 To sing among his angels,
 Because he loves me so.

754.

We love to sing of Jesus.

1. COME, let us sing of Jesus,
 While hearts and accents blend;
 Come, let us sing of Jesus,
 The sinner's only friend;
 His holy soul rejoices,
 Amid the choirs above,
 To hear our youthful voices
 Exulting in his love.

2. We love to sing of Jesus,
 Who wept our path along;
 We love to sing of Jesus,
 The tempted and the strong;
 None who besought his healing,
 He passed unheeded by:
 And still retains his feeling
 For us above the sky.
3. We love to sing of Jesus,
 Who died our souls to save;
 We love to sing of Jesus,
 Triumphant o'er the grave;
 And in our hour of danger,
 We'll trust his love alone,
 Who once slept in a manger,
 And now sits on the throne.
4. Then let us sing of Jesus,
 While yet on earth we stay,
 And hope to sing of Jesus,
 Throughout eternal day;
 For those, who here confess him,
 He will in Heaven confess;
 And faithful hearts that bless him,
 He will forever bless.

JEWELS.

Geo. F. Root.

Moderato.

When He com-eth, when He com-eth To make up his jew-els, All his jew-els, pre-cious

Chorus.

jew - els, His lov'd and his own. Like the stars of the morn-ing, His

bright crown a - dorn - ing, They shall shine in their beau-ty, Bright gems for his crown.

755. "And they shall be mine, saith the Lord of hosts, in that day when I make up my jewels."

1. WHEN he cometh, when he cometh,
To make up his jewels,
All his jewels, precious jewels,
His loved and his own :
Like the stars of the morning,
His bright crown adorning,
They shall shine in their beauty,
Bright gems for his crown.

2. He will gather, he will gather
The gems for his kingdom,
All the pure ones, all the bright ones,
His lov'd and his own.
Like the stars, etc.
3. Little children, little children,
Who love their Redeemer,
Are the jewels, precious jewels,
His loved and his own.
Like the stars, etc.

NOW TO JESUS CHRIST THE GLORY. HY. 756.

GEO. F. ROOT.

Moderato.

Now to Je - sus Christ, the glo - ry And do - min - ion shall be giv'n;

He is Al - pha and O - me - ga, First and last in earth and heav'n.

MOODY. C. M.

Revival Melody.

A - las! and did my Sav - iour bleed, And did my Sov - 'reign die? Would

Chorus.

he de-vote that sa-cred head For such a worm as I? O, how I love Je - sus!

O, how I love Je - sus! O, how I love Je - sus! Be-cause he first loved me.

757.

Matt. xxvii. 45.

1. ALAS! and did my Saviour bleed,
And did my Sovereign die?
Would he devote that sacred head
For such a worm as I?
2. Was it for crimes that I had 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 God, 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 my eyes to tears.
5. But drops of grief can ne'er repay
The debt of love I owe;
Here, Lord, I give myself away,
'Tis all that I can do.

758.

"Against Thee, Thee only, have I sinned."

1. PROSTRATE, dear Jesus, at thy feet,
A guilty rebel lies;
And upward to thy mercy-seat
Presumes to lift his eyes.
2. If tears of sorrow would suffice
To pay the debt I owe,

Tears should from both my weeping eyes
In ceaseless torrents flow.

3. But no such sacrifice I plead
To expiate my guilt;
No tears, but those which thou hast
shed,
No blood, but thou hast spilt.
4. Think of thy sorrow, dearest Lord!
And all my sins forgive:
Justice will well approve the word
That bids the sinner live.

759. "Oh, for a lowly, contrite Heart."

1. Oh, for a heart to praise my God!
A heart from sin set free;
A heart that's sprinkled with the blood
So freely shed for me.
2. A heart resigned, submissive, meek,
My dear Redeemer's throne;
Where only Christ is heard to speak,
Where Jesus reigns alone.
3. Oh, for a lowly, contrite heart,
Believing, true and clean;
Which neither life nor death can part
From him that dwells within!
4. Thy nature, gracious Lord, impart;
Come quickly from above:
Write thy new name upon my heart,
Thy new, best name of Love.

UNITY. 6s & 5s.

Dr. L. MASON.

When shall we meet a - gain, Meet ne'er to sev - er? When will peace wreathe her chain Round us forever?

Our hearts will ne'er repose, Safe from each blast that blows, In this dark vale of woes, Nev - er—no, nev - er!

760.

Parting Hymn.

- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>1. WHEN shall we meet again, Meet ne'er to sever? When will peace wreathe 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!</p> <p>2. When shall love freely flow Pure as life's river? When shall sweet friendship glow Changeless forever? Where joys celestial thrill, Where bliss each heart shall fill, And fears of parting chill Never—no, never!</p> | <p>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!</p> <p>4. Soon shall we meet again, Meet ne'er to sever; Soon shall peace wreathe her chain Round us forever; Our hearts will then repose Secure then from worldly woes; Our songs of praise shall close Never—no, never!</p> |
|--|---|

"THE LORD IS MY SHEPHERD."

A - men.

761.

PSALM xxiii.

1. The Lord is my shepherd;
I | shall not | want.
2. He maketh me to lie down in green pastures;
He leadeth me beside the still | wa - | ters.
3. He restoreth my soul; he leadeth me
In the paths of righteousness for his | name's | sake.
4. Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death,
I will fear no evil: for thou art with me;
Thy rod and thy staff they | comfort | me.
5. Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies,
Thou anointest my head with oil; my | cup runneth | over.
6. Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life;
And I will dwell in the house of the | Lord, for - | ever.||A - | men.

BENEVENTO. 7s. Double.



While, with ceaseless course, the sun Hasted thro' the former year, Many souls their race have run,
D. S. We a lit - tle longer wait;



Never more to meet us here: Fixed in an e-ter-nal state, They have done with all below:
But how lit-tle none can know.



762.

New Year.

1. WHILE, with ceaseless course, the sun
Hasted through the former year,
Many souls their race have run,
Nevermore to meet us here :
Fixed in an eternal state,
They have done with all below ;
We a little longer wait ;
But how little none can know.
2. As the wingéd arrow flies
Speedily the mark to find ;
As the lightning from the skies
Darts and leaves no trace behind,—
Swiftly thus our fleeting days
Bear us down life's rapid stream ;
Upward, Lord, our spirits raise,
All below is but a dream.
3. Thanks for mercies past receive ;
Pardon of our sins renew ;
Teach us henceforth how to live,
With eternity in view :
Bless thy word to old and young ;
Fill us with a Saviour's love ;
When our life's short race is run,
May we dwell with thee above.

God our Maker doth provide
For our wants to be supplied :
Come to God's own temple, come,
Raise the song of Harvest Home !

2. We ourselves are God's own field,
Fruit unto his praise to yield :
Wheat and tares together sown,
Unto joy or sorrow grown ;
First the blade, and then the ear,
Then the full corn shall appear :
Grant, O Harvest-Lord, that we
Wholesome grain and pure may be !

3. For the Lord our God shall come,
And shall take his harvest home :
From his field shall in that day
All offences purge away :
Give his angels charge at last
In the fire the tares to cast :
But the fruitful ears to store
In his garner evermore.

4. Then, thou Church Triumphant, come,
Raise the song of Harvest Home !
All are safely gathered in,
Free from sorrow, free from sin :
There, forever purified,
In God's garner to abide :
Come, ten thousand angels, come,
Raise the glorious Harvest Home !

763.

Harvest.

1. COME, ye thankful people, come,
Raise the song of Harvest Home !
All is safely gathered in.
Ere the winter storms begin :

MESSIAH. 7s D.

Arranged by GEO. KINGSLEY.

Brethren, while we sojourn here, Fight we must, but sho'd not fear; Foes we have, but we've a Friend

One that loves us to the end: For-ward, then, with courage go; Long we shall not

dwell be - low; Soon the joy - ful news will come, "Child, your Father calls—come home!"

764.

1. BRETHREN, while we sojourn here,
Fight we must, but should not fear;
Foes we have, but we've a Friend,
One that loves us to the end:
Forward, then, with courage go;
Long we shall not dwell below;
Soon the joyful news will come,
"Child, your Father calls—come home!"
2. In the way a thousand snares
Lie, to take us unawares;
Satan, with malicious art,
Watches each ungarded part:
But, from Satan's malice free,
Saints shall soon victorious be;
Soon the joyful news will come,
"Child, your Father calls—come home!"
3. But of all the foes we meet,
None so oft mislead our feet,
None betray us into sin
Like the foes that dwell within;
Yet let nothing spoil our peace,
Christ shall also conquer these;
Soon the joyful news will come,
"Child, your Father calls—come home!"

765.

The Song of Jubilee.

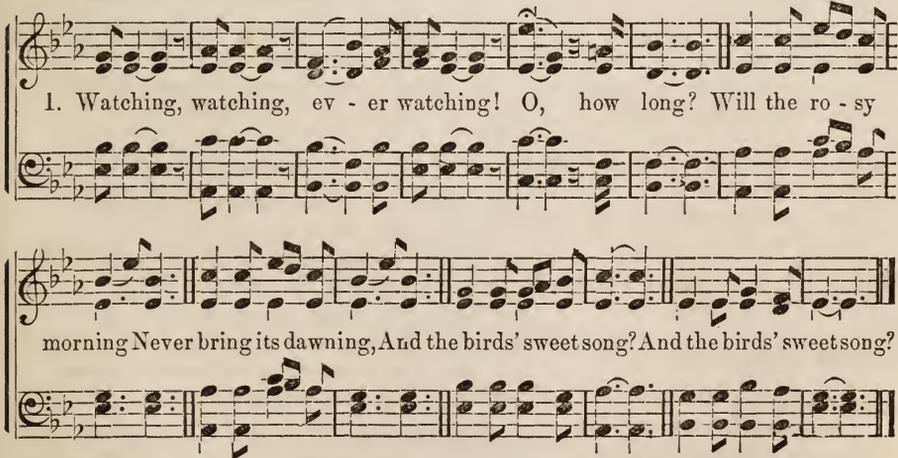
1. HARK! the song of jubilee;
Loud as mighty thunders roar,
Or the fullness of the sea,
When it breaks upon the shore:
Hallelujah! for the Lord
God omnipotent shall reign;
Hallelujah! let the word
Echo round the earth and main.
2. Hallelujah!—hark! the sound,
From the depths unto the skies,
Wakes above, beneath, around,
All creation's harmonies:
See Jehovah's banner furled; [done!
Sheathed his sword: he speaks—'tis
And the kingdoms of the world
Are the kingdoms of his Son.
3. He shall reign from pole to pole,
With supreme, unbounded sway;
He shall reign when, like a scroll,
Yonder heavens have passed away:
Then the end;—beneath his rod
Man's last enemy shall fall;
Hallelujah! Christ in God,
God in Christ is all in all!

766. "Lord, Thou hast been favorable unto Thy land."

1. PRAISE to God, immortal praise,
For the love that crowns our days!
Bounteous Source of every joy,
Let thy praise our tongues employ!
2. For the blessings of the field,
For the stores the gardens yield,
For the joy which harvests bring,
Grateful praises now we sing.
3. Clouds that drop refreshing dews;
Suns that genial heat diffuse;
Flocks that whiten all the plain;
Yellow sheaves of ripened grain;
4. All that Spring, with bounteous hand,
Scatters o'er the smiling land;
All that liberal Autumn pours
From her overflowing stores;
5. These, Great God, to thee we owe,
Source whence all our blessings flow;

MARTINA. Peculiar.

D. E. JONES.



1. Watching, watching, ev - er watching! O, how long? Will the ro - sy
morning Never bring its dawning, And the birds' sweet song? And the birds' sweetsong?

768. "Watching, ever watching."

2. ||:HOPING:| ever hoping!
Though the heart
Weary oft times groweth,
And God only knoweth
||:All its bitter smart:|
3. ||:PRAYING:| ever praying
Let me be!
Saviour, thou wilt hear me,
Succor, bless, and cheer me,
||:Cheer me tenderly:|
4. ||:WORKING:| ever working
I would be!
O, when I am weary,
And my work is dreary,
||:Father, strengthen me!:|
5. ||:DYING:| surely dying
I shall be!
When the foe prevaleth,
And my spirit faileth,
||:Come and set me free:|

And, for these, our souls shall raise
Grateful vows, and solemn praise.

767. "Sing unto Him a new song."

1. SWELL the anthem, raise the song;
Praises to our God belong;
Saints and angels! join to sing
Praises to the heavenly King.
2. Blessings from his liberal hand
Flow around this happy land:
Kept by him, no foes annoy;
Peace and freedom we enjoy.
3. Here, beneath a virtuous sway,
May we cheerfully obey;
Never feel oppression's rod,
Ever own and worship God.
4. Hark! the voice of nature sings
Praises to the King of kings;
Let us join the choral song,
And the grateful notes prolong.

COMMUNION. C. M.

S. HILL

1. Ac - cord - ing to thy gra - cious word, In meek hu - mil - i - ty,

This will I do, my dy - ing Lord! I will re - mem - ber thee.

769. "This do in remembrance of Me."

LUKE xxii. 19.

2. THY body, broken for my sake,
My bread from heaven shall be;
Thy testamental cup I take,
And thus remember thee.
3. Gethsemane can I forget?
Or there thy conflict see,
Thine agony and bloody sweat—
And not remember thee?
4. When to the cross I turn my eyes,
And rest on Calvary,
O Lamb of God! my Sacrifice,
I must remember thee!
5. Remember thee, and all thy pains,
And all thy love to me—
Yea, while a breath, a pulse remains,
Will I remember thee!
6. And when these failing lips grow dumb,
And mind and memory flee,
When thou shalt in thy kingdom come,
Jesus, remember me!

770. "Ten thousand tongues should join the harmony."

1. LORD, at thy table I behold
The wonders of thy grace;
But most of all admire that I
Should find a welcome place.
2. What strange, surprising grace is this,
That such a soul has room!
My Saviour takes me by the hand,
My Jesus bids me come.

3. Ye saints below, and hosts of heaven!
In praise join all your powers:
No theme is like redeeming love!
No Saviour is like ours!
4. Had I ten thousand hearts, dear Lord!
I'd give them all to thee;
Had I ten thousand tongues, they all
Should join the harmony.

771. "Even the death of the cross."

1. How condescending and how kind
Was God's eternal Son!
Our misery reached his heavenly mind,
And pity brought him down.
2. He sank beneath our heavy woes,
To raise us to his throne;
There's ne'er a gift his hand bestows,
But cost his heart a groan.
3. This was compassion like a God—
That, when the Saviour knew
The price of pardon was his blood,
His pity ne'er withdrew.
4. Now, though he reigns exalted high
His love is still as great;
Well he remembers Calvary,
Nor let his saints forget.
5. Here let our hearts begin to melt,
While we his death record,
And with our joy for pardoned guilt,
Mourn that we pierced the Lord.

HOW CALM AND BEAUTIFUL! C. L. M.

DR. HASTINGS.

1. How calm and beau - ti - ful the morn That gilds the sa - cred tomb,

Where once the Cru - ci - fied was borne, And veill'd in mid-night gloom!

Oh, weep no more the Sav-iour slain; The Lord is ris'n, he lives a - gain.

772.

LUKE xxiv: 5.

2. YE mourning saints, dry every tear
For your departed Lord,
"Behold the place, he is not here!"
The tomb is all unbarred:
The gates of death were closed in vain,
The Lord is risen, he lives again.
3. Now cheerful to the house of prayer,
Your early footsteps bend;
The Saviour will himself be there,
Your Advocate and Friend:
Once by the law your hopes were slain,
But now, in Christ, ye live again.
4. How tranquil now the rising day!
'Tis Jesus still appears,
A risen Lord, to chase away
Your unbelieving fears:
Oh, weep no more your comfort slain,
The Lord is risen, he lives again.
5. And when the shades of evening fall,
When life's last hour dawns nigh,
If Jesus shines upon the soul,
How blissful then to die!
Since he hath risen that once was slain,
Ye die in Christ to live again.

773.

MATT. xxvi: 36-46.

1. HE knelt: the Saviour knelt and prayed,
When but his Father's eye
Looked thro' the lonely garden's shade,
On that dread agony;
The Lord of all above, beneath,
Was bowed with sorrow unto death.
2. He knew them all; the doubt, the strife,
The faint, perplexing dread;
The mists that hang o'er parting life,
All darkened round his head;
And the Deliverer knelt to pray;—
Yet passed it not, that cup, away.
3. It passed not, though the stormy wave
Had sunk beneath his tread;
It passed not, though to him the grave
Had yielded up its dead:
But there was sent him from on high,
A gift of strength for man to die.
4. And was his mortal hour beset
With anguish and dismay?
How may we meet our conflict yet
In the dark, narrow way?
How but thro' him, that path who trod?
Save or we perish, Son of God?

ANGELS' SONG. 10s.

Geo. F. Root.

Con Amina.

Oh, we are the reapers that garner in The sheaves of the good from the fields of sin;

With sick - les of truth must the work be done, And no one may rest till the "harvest home."

Chorus.

We are the reapers! oh, who will come, And share in the glo - ry of the "har-vest home?"

Oh, who will help us to gar - ner in The sheaves of good from the fields of sin!

774.

"And the Reapers are the Angels."
 MATT. xiii. 39.

1. OH, we are the reapers that garner in
 The sheaves of the good from the fields of sin;
 With sickles of truth must the work be done,
 And no one may rest till the "harvest home."
 We are the reapers, &c. ..
2. Go out in the by-ways, and search them all;
 The wheat may be there, though the weeds are tall
 Then search in the highway, and pass none by,
 But gather from all for the home on high.
 We are the reapers, &c. ..
3. The fields all are rip'ning, and far and wide
 The world now is waiting the harvest tide:
 But reapers are few, and the work is great,
 And much will be lost should the harvest wait.
 We are the reapers, &c.
4. So come with your sickles, ye sons of men,
 And gather together the golden grain:
 Toil on till the sheaves of the Lord are bound,
 And joyfully borne from the harvest ground.
 We are the reapers, &c.

775. *Prayer for the Jews.*

TUNE—Lowan, page 168.

L. M.

- 1 DISOWNED of heaven, by man oppressed,
Outcasts from Zion's hallowed ground,
O, why should Israel's sons, once blest,
Still roam the scorning world around?
2. Lord, visit thy forsaken race,
Back to thy fold the wanderer's bring;
Teach them to seek thy slighted grace,
And hail, in Christ, their promised King.
3. The veil of darkness rend in twain,
Which hides their Shiloh's glorious light;
The severed olive branch, again
Firm to its parent stock unite.
4. Hail, glorious day! expected long,
When Jew and Greek one prayer shall
pour;
With eager feet one temple throng;
With grateful praise one God adore.

776. *Fruits of the Spirit.—GAL. v: 22*

TUNE—Patton, page 134.

S. M.

- 1 JESUS, my strength, my hope,
On thee I cast my care,
With humble confidence look up,
And know thou hear'st my prayer.
2. Give me on thee to wait,
Till I can all things do;
On thee, almighty to create,
Almighty to renew.
3. I want a sober mind,
A self-renouncing will,
That tramples down, and casts behind
The lures of pleasing ill;—
4. A soul inured to pain,
To hardship, grief and loss,
Bold to take up, firm to sustain
The consecrated cross;—
5. I want a godly fear,
A quick-discerning eye,
That looks to thee when sin is near,
And sees the tempter fly;
- 6 A spirit still prepared,
And armed with jealous care,
Forever standing on its guard,
And watching unto prayer.

777.

TUNE—Patton, page 134.

S. M.

1. I WANT a heart to pray—
To pray, and never cease;
Never to murmur at thy stay,
Or wish my sufferings less.
This blessing, above all—
Always to pray—I want;
Out of the deep on thee to call,
And never, never faint.
 2. I want a true regard,
A single, steady aim—
Unmoved by threatening or reward,
To thee and thy great name;
A jealous, just concern,
For thine immortal praise;
A pure desire that all may learn
And glorify thy grace.
 3. I rest upon thy word—
The promise is for me;
My succor and salvation, Lord,
Shall surely come from thee;
But let me still abide,
Nor from my hope remove,
Till thou my patient spirit guide
Into thy perfect love.
778. "Singing in the Ways of the Lord."
TUNE—Elealeh, page 98. S. M.
1. COME, ye that love the Lord,
And let your joys be known;
Join in a song of sweet accord,
And thus surround the throne.
 2. Let those refuse to sing
Who never knew our God;
But children of the heavenly King
May speak their joys abroad.
 3. The men of grace have found
Glory begun below;
Celestial fruits on earthly ground
From faith and hope may grow.
 4. The hill of Zion yields
A thousand sacred sweets
Before we reach the heavenly fields,
Or walk the golden streets.
 5. Then let our songs abound,
And every tear be dry;
We're marching through Immanuel's
To fairer worlds on high. [ground

Index of First Lines.

| | PAGE. | | PAGE. |
|---|-------------------|--|-------------------|
| A broken heart, my God, my King.... | Watts. 86 | Call the Lord thy sure salvation..... | Montgomery. 141 |
| According to thy gracious..... | Montgomery. 250 | Cast thy burden on the Lord..... | 101 |
| A charge to keep I have..... | Wesley. 189 | Cease, ye mourners, cease to languish..... | Colyer. 186 |
| Acquaint thyself quickly, O sinner!..... | Knox. 76 | Child of sin and sorrow! Where..... | 75 |
| A few more years shall roll..... | Bonar. 231 | Child of sin and sorrow, Filled..... | Hastings. 75 |
| Again our earthly cares we leave..... | 163 | Children of the heavenly King..... | Cennick. 117 |
| A glory gilds the sacred page..... | Cowper. 25 | Christ for the world we sing..... | S. Wolcott. 145 |
| Ah! how shall fallen man..... | Watts. 62 | Christ of all my hopes the ground..... | Windham. 100 |
| Alas! and did my Saviour bleed..... | Watts. 84 | Christian, walk carefully..... | 112 |
| Alas! what hourly dangers rise..... | Mrs. Steele. 93 | Clouds and darkness round about thee..... | 79 |
| All hail the power of Jesus' name..... | Duncan. 48 | Come all ye saints of God..... | 52 |
| All that I was, my sin, my guilt..... | Bonar. 161 | Come, blessed Spirit, Source of..... | Beddome. 53 |
| Almighty Father! gracious Lord!..... | Mrs. Steele. 127 | Come, dearest Lord, descend and dwell..... | Watts. 171 |
| Always with us, always with us..... | Nevin. 141 | Come, every pious heart..... | Stennett. 44 |
| Am I a soldier of the cross..... | Watts. 104 | Come, gracious Spirit, heavenly dove..... | Browne. 53 |
| Amazing grace how sweet the sound..... | Newton. 105 | Come, happy souls, approach your God..... | Watts. 66 |
| And can mine eyes without..... | Heginbotham. 125 | Come hither, all ye weary souls..... | Watts. 68 |
| And did the holy and the just..... | Mrs. Steele. 66 | Come, Holy Spirit, calm my mind..... | Burder. 53 |
| And Jesus said, suffer little children (Chant)..... | 207 | Come, Holy Spirit, come..... | Hart. 56 |
| Another house of prayer and..... | E. Johnson. 203 | Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly dove..... | Watts. 55 |
| Another six days' work is done..... | Stennett. 6 | Come in, come in, thou..... | J. E. Rankin. 123 |
| As by the light of opening day..... | 163 | Come join, ye saints, with heart..... | 137 |
| As pants the hart for cooling..... | Tate & Brady. 95 | Come, let us join our cheerful song..... | Watts. 48 |
| As when the weary traveler gains..... | Newton. 169 | Come let us anew, our journey..... | C. Wesley. 233 |
| Asleep in Jesus, blessed sleep..... | Mrs. Mackay. 226 | Come let us lift our joyful eyes..... | Watts. 9 |
| Author of good! to thee we turn..... | Merrick. 96 | Come, let us sing the song of..... | Montgomery. 65 |
| Awake, and sing the song..... | Hammond. 135 | Come, let us sing of Jesus..... | Bethune. 243 |
| Awake my soul, lift up thine eyes..... | Barbauld. 107 | Come, O Creator, Spirit blest..... | Lyra Cath. 54 |
| Awake, my soul, and with the sun..... | Watts. 172 | Come, O my soul, in sacred lays..... | Blacklock. 17 |
| Awake, my soul, stretch every..... | Doddridge. 104 | Come, said Jesus' sacred voice..... | L. Barbauld. 74 |
| Awake, my soul, to joyful lays..... | Medley. 39 | Come, sinner, to the gospel feast..... | Huntingdon. 70 |
| Awake, my tongue, thy tribute bring..... | 17 | Come, sound his praise abroad..... | Watts. 10 |
| Awaked by Sinai's awful sound..... | Ockum. 89 | Come, thou Almighty King..... | Madan. 19 |
| Awake, our souls, away our fears..... | Watts. 107 | Come, thou Fount of every blessing..... | Robinson. 201 |
| Awake, ye saints, awake..... | Cotterill. 7 | Come, thou long expected Jesus..... | 47 |
| Baptismal Chant..... | 207 | Come to Calvary's holy..... | Montgomery. 79 |
| Beautiful Zion, built above..... | 222 | Come to the land of peace..... | 72 |
| Before Jehovah's awful throne..... | Watts. 1 | Come, trembling sinner, in whose..... | Jones. 70 |
| Be thou exalted, O my God!..... | Watts. 5 | Come unto me when shadows darkly..... | 194 |
| Begin my tongue, some heavenly..... | Watts. 34 | Come, weary souls, with sin..... | Mrs. Steele. 68 |
| Behold a stranger at the door..... | Gregg. 69 | Come, ye disconsolate..... | Moore. 77 |
| Behold the glories of the Lamb..... | Watts. 49 | Come, ye sinners, poor and wretched..... | Hart. 81 |
| Behold the throne of grace..... | Newton. 135 | Come ye that love the Lord..... | Watts. 253 |
| Behold! the shade of night, Tr. by Palmer..... | 182 | Come ye thankful people, come..... | Alford. 247 |
| Behold where in a mortal form..... | Enfield. 41 | Compared with Christ in all beside..... | Toplady. 125 |
| Be with me through life's day..... | S. Wolcott. 145 | Could my heart so hard remain..... | Newton. 90 |
| Be with thee, Jesus, where..... | J. E. Rankin. 227 | Creator Spirit, by whose aid..... | Dryden's Tr. 54 |
| Bless, O my soul, the living God..... | Watts. 16 | Crown his head with endless blessing..... | 51 |
| Blessed are the sons of God..... | Humphries. 179 | Daughter of Zion, awake from thy..... | 38 |
| Blessed fountain, full of grace..... | Kelly. 101 | Dear Father, to thy mercy-seat..... | Mrs. Steele. 164 |
| Blessed Saviour! thee I love..... | Duffield. 150 | Dear Jesus, let thy pitying eye..... | 239 |
| Blest are the pure in heart..... | Keble. 189 | Dear Lord! to thee alone I..... | Miss Kimball. 154 |
| Blest are the sons of peace..... | Watts. 205 | Dear refuge of my weary soul..... | Mrs. Steele. 96 |
| Blest be the tie that binds..... | Fawcett. 189 | Dear Saviour, ever at my side..... | Fuber. 239 |
| Blest be thou, O God of Israel..... | 20 | Dear Saviour, we are thine..... | Dodridge. 157 |
| Blest Comforter Divine..... | 56 | Dear Saviour when my thoughts..... | Mrs. Steele. 94 |
| Blest Jesus! when my..... | Heginbotham. 125 | Dearest of all the names above..... | Watts. 122 |
| Blest hour when mortal man retires..... | Raffles. 169 | Deep are the wounds which sin has..... | Mrs. Steele. 59 |
| Blest is the man whose..... | Barbauld. 190 | Deep in our hearts let us record..... | Watts. 155 |
| Blow ye the trumpet, blow..... | C. Wesley. 45 | Delay not, delay not, O sinner..... | Hastings. 76 |
| Bread of heaven! on thee I feed..... | Condor. 151 | Depth of mercy can there be..... | Wesley. 90 |
| Bread the wave, Christian..... | 110 | Didst thou, dear Jesus, suffer shame..... | Kirkham. 163 |
| Brethren, while we sojourn here..... | 248 | Dismiss us with thy blessing, Lord..... | Hart. 166 |
| Brightest and best of the sons of..... | Heber. 38 | Disowned of heaven, by man oppressed..... | 253 |
| Broad is the road that leads to death..... | Watts. 59 | Do not I love thee, O my Lord..... | Doddridge. 123 |
| Builder of mighty worlds on..... | E. Johnson. 203 | Dread Jehovah! God of nations..... | 141 |
| Burdened with guilt wouldst thou..... | 198 | Dread Sovereign! let my evening song..... | Watts. 174 |
| Burst ye emerald gates and bring..... | 187 | Early, my God, without delay..... | Watts. 8 |
| By cool Siloam's shady rill..... | Heber. 206 | | |

| | PAGE. | | PAGE. |
|---|---------------------|--|------------------------|
| Ere the blue heavens were stretched.. | Watts. 197 | Hail, my ever blessed Jesus..... | Wingrove. 108 |
| Eternal Father, God of love..... | 163 | Hail, sovereign love that formed..... | Breuer. 64 |
| Eternal source of every joy..... | Doddridge. 235 | Hail to the Lord's anointed.... | Montgomery. 2 |
| Eternal Spirit, we confess..... | Watts. 53 | Happy the heart where graces reign.. | Watts. 191 |
| Eternal Wisdom! thee we praise..... | Watts. 127 | Hark, hark! the notes of joy..... | 45 |
| Faded, fade, each earthly joy..... | Bonar. 147 | Hark! ten thousand harps and voices.. | Kelly. 47 |
| Fading, still fading, the last beam..... | 23 | Hark! the glad sound, the Saviour | Doddridge. 37 |
| Faint not Christian! though the..... | 117 | Hark! the herald angels sing..... | Wesley. 40 |
| Far as thy name is known..... | Watts. 36 | Hark! the song of Jubilee..... | Montgomery. 248 |
| Far from my heavenly home..... | Lyte. 157 | Hark! the voice of Jesus crying.... | D. March. 215 |
| Far from my thoughts, vain world be..... | 6 | Hark! what mean those holy voices.. | Cawood. 40 |
| Far from the world, O Lord, I flee... | Cowper. 175 | Haste, O sinner, to be wise..... | T. Scott. 74 |
| Father, bless thy word to all..... | Kelly. 21 | He dies, the Friend of sinners dies... | Watts. 46 |
| Father, how wide thy glory shines..... | Watts. 34 | He knelt, the Saviour knelt..... | Mrs. Hemans. 251 |
| Father, I own thy voice..... | S. Wolcott. 98 | He lives, the great Redeemer lives.. | Mrs. Steele. 169 |
| Father of eternal grace..... | Montgomery. 184 | He, who on earth as man was known.. | Newton. 50 |
| Father of mercies! God of..... | Heginbotham. 28 | Hear me, O God, nor hide thy face... | Watts. 160 |
| Father of mercies in thy word..... | Mrs. Steele. 25 | Hear, O sinner, mercy hails you..... | Reed. 81 |
| Father of mercies, send thy grace | Doddridge. 191 | Hear what God the Lord hath..... | Cowper. 237 |
| Father! whate'er of earthly bliss.. | Mrs. Steele. 191 | Here at thy cross my gracious Lord.. | Watts. 82 |
| Fear not, O little flock, the foe..... | German. 89 | High in the heavens, eternal God..... | Watts. 15 |
| Flow fast, my tears! the cause is great.. | 197 | High in yonder realms of light..... | Raffles. 232 |
| For me to live in Christ..... | 134 | Holy and reverend is the name..... | Needham. 29 |
| Forever with the Lord..... | Montgomery. 229 | Holy Bible! book divine..... | 11 |
| Frequent the day of God returns..... | Browne. 8 | Holy Father, thou hast taught me..... | 102 |
| From all that dwell below the skies... | Watts. 1 | Holy Ghost the Infinite!..... | 58 |
| From deep distress and troubled..... | Watts. 87 | Holy Ghost! the Source of light..... | 57 |
| From every stormy wind that blows.. | Stowell. 169 | Holy Ghost! with light divine..... | Reed. 57 |
| From foes that would the land devour... | 236 | Holy Lamb! who thee receive..... | 184 |
| From Greenland's icy mountains..... | Heber. 214 | Holy Spirit! Lord of light..... | Lyra Cath. 210 |
| From the cross uplifted high..... | Haweis. 151 | Holy Spirit! Love divine..... | 184 |
| | | How are thy servants blest..... | Addison. 29 |
| Gentle Shepherd, grant thy blessing.... | 153 | How beautiful are their feet..... | Watts. 204 |
| Gently, gently lay thy rod..... | Lyte. 91 | How beautiful were the marks.. | A. C. Coxe. 43 |
| Gently, Lord, O gently lead us..... | Hastings. 20 | How blest the righteous when.. | L. Barbauld. 226 |
| Give me the wings of faith to rise..... | Watts. 218 | How blest the sacred tie that binds.. | Barbauld. 171 |
| Give to the winds thy fears..... | Gerhardt. 116 | How calm and beautiful the morn.. | Hastings. 251 |
| Give thanks to God, he reigns above.. | Watts. 129 | How can I sink with such a prop..... | Watts. 164 |
| Give to our God immortal praise..... | Watts. 129 | How condescending and how kind..... | Watts. 250 |
| Glorious things of thee are spoken.. | Newton. 140 | How charming is the place..... | Stennett. 12 |
| Glory to God on high..... | 52 | How did my heart rejoice to hear..... | Watts. 8 |
| Glory to thee, my God, this night.... | Kenn. 173 | How firm a foundation, ye saints..... | Kirkham. 118 |
| Go, labor on, spend and be spent..... | Bonar. 106 | How gentle God's commands..... | Doddridge. 73 |
| God bless our native land..... | J. S. Dwight. 234 | How heavy is the night..... | Watts. 62 |
| God calling yet! shall I..... | From the German. 82 | How helpless guilty nature lies.. | Mrs. Steele. 60 |
| God did love them in his Son..... | 179 | How honored is the place..... | Watts. 205 |
| God in the Gospel of his Son..... | Beddome. 24 | How large the promise! how divine.. | Watts. 206 |
| God is a Spirit, just and wise..... | Watts. 35 | How oft, alas, this wretched..... | Mrs. Steele. 92 |
| God is love, his mercy brightens.... | Bowring. 177 | How pleased and blest was I..... | Watts. 12 |
| God is the refuge of his saints..... | Watts. 167 | How pleasant, how divinely fair..... | Watts. 4 |
| God is my strong salvation..... | Montgomery. 108 | How pleasant 'tis to see..... | Watts. 12 |
| God moves in a mysterious way..... | Cowper. 32 | How precious is the book divine.... | Fawcett. 25 |
| God my supporter and my hope.... | Watts. 95 | How sad our state by nature is..... | Watts. 60 |
| God of mercy! God of love!..... | J. Taylor. 90 | How shall the young secure their.... | Watts. 25 |
| God of my life, through all my..... | Doddridge. 106 | How shall the sons of men appear..... | 65 |
| God of my life, to thee I call..... | Cowper. 155 | How sweet and awful is the place.... | Watts. 207 |
| God of our fathers, let thy face..... | S. Wolcott. 235 | How sweet, how heavenly is the..... | Steain. 191 |
| God of our salvation, hear us..... | 22 | How sweet the name of Jesus sounds.. | Newton. 122 |
| God of the morning ray..... | Hastings. 19 | How sweet to leave the world awhile.. | Kelly. 171 |
| Grace, 'tis a charming sound..... | Doddridge. 63 | How sweetly flowed the gospel..... | Bowring. 42 |
| Gracious Spirit, love divine..... | Stocker. 57 | How swift the torrent rolls..... | Doddridge. 229 |
| Great God, attend while Zion sings... | Watts. 59 | How wondrous great, how glorious... | Watts. 31 |
| Great God, create my heart anew..... | Watts. 59 | How wondrous was the burning zeal.. | 161 |
| Great God, how infinite art thou.... | Watts. 30 | I am waiting by the river..... | W. O. Cushing. 195 |
| Great God, let all my tuneful..... | Heginbotham. 197 | I cannot always trace the way..... | 192 |
| Great God of nations, now to thee..... | 235 | I do not see, O Saviour dear..... | S. Wolcott. 224 |
| Great God, to thee my evening song.. | Mrs. Steele. 173 | I heard the voice of Jesus say..... | Bonar. 160 |
| Great God, we sing the mighty..... | Doddridge. 217 | I know that my Redeemer lives.... | C. Wesley. 133 |
| Great God, whose universal sway..... | Watts. 261 | I lay my sins on Jesus..... | Bonar. 152 |
| Great is the Lord our God..... | Watts. 11 | I love the Lord, he heard my cries.. | Watts. 95 |
| Great ruler of all nature's..... | Doddridge. 32 | I love the volume of thy word..... | Watts. 18 |
| Great Sun of righteousness, arise..... | Watts. 24 | I love thy kingdom, Lord..... | Dwight. 144 |
| Guide me, O thou great Jehovah..... | Oliver. 22 | I love to hear the story..... | Mrs. E. H. Miller. 243 |
| | | I love to steal awhile away..... | Mrs. Brown. 174 |

| | PAGE. | | PAGE. |
|--|---------------------------------|--|----------------------------------|
| I once was a stranger to grace and <i>McCheyne</i> . | 119 | Let every mortal ear attend..... | Watts. 67 |
| I saw one hanging on a tree..... | <i>Newton</i> . 84 | Let me but hear my Saviour say..... | Watts. 106 |
| I send the joys of earth away..... | Watts. 121 | Let our songs of praise ascending..... | 40 |
| I sing th' Almighty power of God..... | Watts. 33 | Let thy grace, Lord, make me lowly..... | 176 |
| I stand on Zion's inmount..... | <i>Swain</i> . 116 | Let saints below in concert sing..... | Wesley 224 |
| I thirst, but not as once I did..... | <i>Cowper</i> . 170 | Let us awake our joys..... | <i>Kingsbury</i> . 52 |
| I want a heart to pray..... | <i>C. Wesley</i> . 253 | Let Zion and her sons rejoice..... | Watts. 218 |
| I was a wandering sheep..... | <i>Bonar</i> . 134 | Life is the time to serve the lord..... | Watts. 59 |
| I will lift up mine eyes unto..... | <i>Palm</i> exxi. 195 | Life of all that lives below..... | 57 |
| I worship thee sweet, will of God..... | <i>Lyra Cath.</i> 175 | Light of those whose dreary..... | Wesley 176 |
| I would love thee, God and Father..... | <i>French</i> . 140 | Like sheep we went astray..... | Watts. 63 |
| I would not live away, I ask..... | <i>Muhlenburg</i> . 227 | Lift up to God the voice of..... | <i>Wardlaw</i> . 131 |
| If human kindness meets return..... | <i>Noel</i> . 207 | Lift up your head, desponding <i>W. O. Cushing</i> . | 223 |
| If Jesus be my friend..... | 188 | Lo! God is here! let us adore..... | <i>J. Wesley</i> . 4 |
| If through unruffled seas..... | 156 | Lo! on a narrow neck of land..... | Wesley. 88 |
| If thou impart thyself to me..... | <i>C. Wesley</i> . 161 | Lo! what a glorious sight appears..... | Watts. 219 |
| I'll praise my Maker with my breath..... | Watts. 14 | Long as I live I'll bless thy name..... | Watts. 130 |
| I'm a pilgrim, and I'm a stranger..... | 187 | Long have I sat beneath..... | Watts. 160 |
| I'm but a stranger here..... | <i>T. R. Taylor</i> . 146 | Look to Jesus I till reviving..... | <i>Swedish</i> . 79 |
| I'm not ashamed to own my Lord..... | Watts. 104 | Look, ye saints, the sight is glorious..... | <i>Kelly</i> . 51 |
| In all my vast concerns with thee..... | Watts. 35 | Loosed from my God, and far..... | <i>Moravian</i> . 196 |
| In heavenly love abiding..... | <i>Mrs. Waring</i> . 108 | Lord at thy table I behold..... | <i>Stennett</i> . 250 |
| In holy contemplation..... | <i>Cowper</i> . 114 | Lord dismiss us with thy blessing..... | <i>Burder</i> . 22 |
| In sleep's serene oblivion laid..... | <i>Hawthornth</i> . 172 | Lord, how mysterious are thy..... | <i>Mrs. Steele</i> . 27 |
| In the Christian's home in glory..... | 221 | Lord, how secure my conscience was..... | Watts. 60 |
| In the closet's hushed seclusion..... | <i>S. Wolcott</i> . 181 | Lord, I approach the mercy-seat..... | <i>Newton</i> . 85 |
| In the cross of Christ I glory..... | <i>Bowring</i> . 51 | Lord, I believe, thy power I own..... | <i>Wrexford</i> . 161 |
| In vain I trace creation o'er..... | <i>Mrs. Steele</i> . 96 | Lord, I hear that showers of blessing..... | 242 |
| In vain we seek for peace with God..... | Watts. 61 | Lord, I am thine, entirely thine..... | <i>Davies</i> . 208 |
| Is this the kind return..... | Watts. 73 | Lord, I will bless thee all my days..... | Watts. 26 |
| Jehovah God! thy gracious power..... | <i>Thomson</i> . 133 | Lord, in the morning, thou shalt..... | Watts. 9 |
| Jehovah reigns; he dwells in light..... | Watts. 128 | Lord, it belongs not to my care..... | <i>Baxter</i> . 162 |
| Jehovah reigns; his throne is high..... | Watts. 15 | Lord, my weak thought in vain..... | <i>Ray Palmer</i> . 27 |
| Jerusalem, my happy home..... | 219 | Lord of all being, throned afar..... | <i>O. W. Holmes</i> . 27 |
| Jesus, and shall it ever be..... | <i>Gregg</i> . 121 | Lord of mercy and of might..... | <i>Heber</i> . 58 |
| Jesus, exalted far on high..... | 126 | Lord of the worlds above..... | Watts. 7 |
| Jesus, full of all compassion..... | <i>Turner</i> . 103 | Lord, thou hast searched, and seen..... | Watts. 26 |
| Jesus gently calls..... | <i>E. P. Parker</i> . 75 | Lord, thou hast taught our..... | <i>Ray Palmer</i> . 109 |
| Jesus, hail! enthroned in glory..... | <i>Bakewell</i> . 47 | Lord, thou hast won at length..... | <i>Newton</i> . 89 |
| Jesus, hail! thou great I Am..... | 151 | Lord, thou wilt hear me when..... | Watts. 174 |
| Jesus, I love thy charming name..... | <i>Doddridge</i> . 123 | Lord, when my thoughts..... | <i>Mrs. Steele</i> . 169 |
| Jesus, I my cross have taken..... | <i>Lyte</i> . 138 | Lord where shall guilty souls retire..... | Watts. 35 |
| Jesus, let thy pitying eye..... | Wesley. 158 | Loud hallelujahs to the Lord..... | Watts. 16 |
| Jesus, Lover of my soul..... | Wesley. 100 | Love divine, all love excelling..... | Wesley. 139 |
| Jesus, my all, to heaven is gone..... | <i>Cennick</i> . 82 | Majestic sweetness sits enthroned..... | <i>Stennett</i> . 49 |
| Jesus, most holy, pray I to thee..... | 153 | Make haste, O man, to live..... | 99 |
| Jesus, my heart within me..... | <i>Ray Palmer</i> . 154 | Man's wisdom is to seek..... | <i>Cowper</i> . 63 |
| Jesus, only when the morning..... | <i>Nason</i> . 138 | May the grace of Christ our Saviour..... | <i>Newton</i> . 177 |
| Jesus, my Lord, how rich thy grace..... | <i>Doddridge</i> . 190 | 'Mid evening shadows..... | <i>Tr. by Ray Palmer</i> . 183 |
| Jesus shall reign where'er the sun..... | Watts. 212 | Mine eyes and my desires..... | Watts. 99 |
| Jesus, shepherd of the sheep..... | 100 | Mighty God! while angels bless..... | <i>Robinson</i> . 201 |
| Jesus, my strength, my hope..... | <i>C. Wesley</i> . 253 | Much in sorrow, oft in woe..... | <i>H. K. White</i> . 117 |
| Jesus, the sinner's friend, to thee..... | <i>C. Wesley</i> . 87 | Must Jesus bear the cross alone..... | <i>Allen</i> . 162 |
| Jesus, the very thought of thee..... | <i>Bernard</i> . 122 | My blessed Saviour, is thy love..... | 124 |
| Jesus, these eyes have never..... | <i>Ray Palmer</i> . 124 | My country, 'tis of thee..... | <i>S. F. Smith</i> . 234 |
| Jesus, thou art the sinner's friend..... | <i>Parkinson</i> . 124 | My days are gliding swiftly by..... | 220 |
| Jesus, thou everlasting King..... | Watts. 167 | My dearest Lord, whose changeless love..... | 166 |
| Jesus, thou joy of loving..... | <i>Bernard, by Palmer</i> . 170 | My dear Redeemer and my Lord..... | Watts. 42 |
| Jesus, 'by name I love..... | 142 | My faith looks up to thee..... | <i>Ray Palmer</i> . 144 |
| Jesus, where'er thy people meet..... | <i>Cowper</i> . 6 | My former hopes are fled..... | <i>Cowper</i> . 63 |
| Jesus, whom angel hosts adore..... | <i>Bonar</i> . 170 | My God, accept my early vows..... | Watts. 5 |
| Join all the glorious names..... | Watts. 45 | My God, how endless is thy love..... | Watts. 172 |
| Joy to the world, the Lord is come..... | Watts. 37 | My God, is any hour so..... | <i>Charlotte E. Elliot</i> . 199 |
| Joyful be the hours to-day..... | <i>Kelly</i> . 13 | My God, my Father, blissful..... | <i>Mrs. Steele</i> . 193 |
| Just as I am without one..... | <i>Charlotte Elliot</i> . 198 | My God, my Father, while I stray..... | <i>C. Elliot</i> . 192 |
| Keep silence, all created things..... | Watts. 32 | My God, my King, thy various praise..... | Watts. 17 |
| Keep us Lord, O keep us ever..... | 22 | My God, my life, my love..... | Watts. 98 |
| Kindred in Christ! for his dear..... | <i>Newton</i> . 232 | My God, my portion, and my love..... | Watts. 94 |
| Kingdoms and thrones to God belong..... | Watts. 26 | My God, permit me not to be..... | Watts. 106 |
| Know, my soul, thy full salvation..... | <i>Lyte</i> . 103 | My God, the covenant of thy love..... | <i>Doddridge</i> . 165 |
| Lamb of God! whose bleeding..... | <i>C. Wesley</i> . 209 | My God, the spring of all my joys..... | Watts. 97 |
| Lead us, Heavenly Father, lead us..... | 178 | My God, whose gracious pity..... | 194 |
| | | My gracious Lord, I own thy..... | <i>Doddridge</i> . 163 |

| | PAGE. | | PAGE. |
|---|------------------------|--|-------------------------|
| My Jesus, as thou wilt..... | Schmolk. 200 | O praise ye the Lord..... | Tate & Brady. 18 |
| My Maker and my King..... | Mrs. Steele. 188 | O render thanks to God above..... | Tate & Brady. 16 |
| My Saviour, how shall I proclaim..... | J. Wesley. 69 | O sacred Head, now wounded..... | Gerhardt. 149 |
| My Saviour, my almighty Friend..... | Watts. 126 | O sad reproachful face..... | Miss H. M. Kimball. 157 |
| My soul, be on thy guard..... | Heath. 99 | O sweetly breathe the lyres..... | Ray Palmer. 208 |
| My soul, it is thy God..... | — 72 | O tell me thou Life and delight..... | Hastings. 143 |
| My soul, repeat his praise..... | Watts. 36 | O that I could forever dwell..... | Reed. 120 |
| Nearer, my God, to thee..... | S. F. Adams. 146 | O that I knew the secret place..... | Watts. 93 |
| No change of time shall ever..... | Tate & Brady. 96 | O that my load of sin were gone..... | Wesley. 87 |
| No more, my God, I boast no more..... | Watts. 171 | O that the Lord would guide my ways..... | Watts. 97 |
| Not all the blood of beasts..... | Watts. 62 | O the sweet wonders of that cross..... | Watts. 43 |
| Not all the outward forms on earth..... | Watts. 61 | O the Sabbath morning..... | Miss J. W. Sampson. 242 |
| Not to condemn the sons of men..... | Watts. 42 | O thou best gift of heaven..... | — 145 |
| Now be my heart inspired to sing..... | Watts. 43 | O thou, that hear'st when sinners..... | Watts. 86 |
| Now begin the heavenly theme..... | Langford. 13 | O thou, the contrite sinner's friend..... | C. Elliot. 193 |
| Now I have found a Friend..... | — 142 | O thou to whom all creatures..... | Tate & Brady. 132 |
| Now let my soul, eternal..... | Heginbotham. 24 | O thou to whose all searching sight..... | C. Wesley. 82 |
| Now is th' accepted time..... | Dobell. 72 | O thou to whom in ancient time..... | Ware. 17 |
| Now let our souls on wings..... | Gibbons. 217 | O thou who hast at thy..... | Mrs. Cotterill. 163 |
| Now to Jesus Christ the glory..... | — 244 | O thou who hear'st the prayer of..... | Toplady. 88 |
| Now to the Lord a noble song..... | Watts. 16 | O thou whose chosen place of birth..... | — 238 |
| Now to the Lord who makes us know..... | Watts. 65 | O thou whose mercy guides..... | Edmeston. 165 |
| Now to the power of God supreme..... | Watts. 64 | O thou whose own vast temple..... | Bryant. 203 |
| O bless the Lord my soul..... | Watts. 135 | O thou whose tender mercy hears..... | Mrs. Steele. 85 |
| O Bread to pilgrims..... | Tr. by Ray Palmer. 114 | O turn ye, O turn ye, for why..... | — 76 |
| O cease my wandering soul..... | Muhlenburg. 73 | O we are the reapers that..... | E. E. R. & G. F. R. 252 |
| O Christ! I long to know thee..... | Ray Palmer. 148 | O where shall rest be found..... | Montgomery. 73 |
| O Christ! with each returning morn..... | Latin. 172 | O worship the King, all glorious..... | Grant. 18 |
| O could I find from day to day..... | — 125 | On Jordan's stormy banks I stand..... | Stennett. 219 |
| O could I speak the matchless..... | Medley. 136 | On the mountain's top appearing..... | Kelly. 213 |
| O could our thoughts and wishes..... | Mrs. Steele. 113 | On the works of his creation..... | S. Wolcott. 237 |
| O day of rest and gladness..... | Wordsworth. 2 | One sweetly solemn thought..... | Phæbe Cary. 185 |
| O deem not they are blest alone..... | Bryant. 197 | One there is above all others..... | Newton. 139 |
| O do not let the word depart..... | — 68 | Our heavenly Father calls..... | Doddridge. 98 |
| O eyes that are weary and hearts..... | — 118 | Our Lord is risen from the dead..... | Wesley. 46 |
| O for a closer walk with God..... | Couper. 93 | Peace, troubled soul, whose plaintive..... | — 196 |
| O for a faith that will not shrink..... | — 162 | People of the living God!..... | Montgomery. 211 |
| O for a gracious growth in faith..... | A. T. Pierson. 97 | Pilgrims in this vale of sorrow..... | Hastings. 138 |
| O for a heart to praise my God..... | C. Wesley. 245 | Plunged in a gulf of dark despair..... | Watts. 61 |
| O for a principle within..... | Wesley. 94 | Pour out thy spirit from on high..... | Montgomery. 202 |
| O for a sight, a pleasing sight..... | Watts. 217 | Praise, everlasting praise, be paid..... | Watts. 129 |
| O for a thousand tongues to sing..... | Wesley. 48 | Praise to God, immortal praise..... | L. Barbauld. 249 |
| O for that tenderness of heart..... | C. Wesley. 85 | Praise to thee, thou great Creator..... | Fawcett. 20 |
| O for the death of those..... | — 229 | Praise ye Jehovah's name..... | Goode. 19 |
| O gift of gifts! O grace of faith..... | Lyra Cath. 131 | Praise ye the Lord, my heart shall..... | Watts. 217 |
| O God! beneath thy guiding hand..... | L. Bacon. 235 | Prince of peace, control my will..... | — 91 |
| O God of Bethel, by whose hand..... | Doddridge. 127 | Prostrate dear Jesus at thy feet..... | Stennett. 245 |
| O God! our help in ages past..... | Watts. 30 | Purer yet, and purer..... | — 159 |
| O God! thou art my God alone..... | Montgomery. 155 | Quiet, Lord, my forward heart..... | Newton. 179 |
| O hallowed is the land and blest..... | — 6 | Rejoice, rejoice, believers..... | Laurenti. 148 |
| O happy day that fixed my choice..... | Doddridge. 208 | Rejoice, the Lord is King..... | Wesley. 45 |
| O happy is the man who hears..... | — 165 | Remember thy Creator now..... | — 239 |
| O holy, holy, holy Lord..... | S. Wolcott. 55 | Rest of the weary..... | — 180 |
| O holy Saviour! Friend unseen..... | — 199 | Return, my roving heart, return..... | Doddridge. 87 |
| O how my spirit longs for thee..... | — 225 | Return my soul and sweetly rest..... | Latrobe. 120 |
| O I love to think of Jesus as he sat..... | Cushing. 241 | Return, O wanderer, now return..... | Collyer. 67 |
| O Jesus, King most wonderful..... | — 163 | Return, O wanderer, to thy home..... | Hastings. 70 |
| O Jesus, sweet the tears I shed..... | Ray Palmer. 84 | Rise, my soul, and stretch thy wings..... | Cennick. 209 |
| O Lamb of God, still keep me..... | — 114 | Rise, O my soul, pursue the path..... | Needham. 105 |
| O let him whose sorrow..... | — 159 | Rock of Ages! cleft for me..... | Toplady. 150 |
| O let your mingling voices rise..... | Roscoe. 137 | Safely through another week..... | Newton. 3 |
| O Lord, how full of sweet..... | Mad. Guion. 128 | Salvation! O the joyful sound..... | Watts. 105 |
| O Lord, I would delight in thee..... | Ryland. 95 | Saviour breathe an evening..... | Edmeston. 177 |
| O Lord, my best desires fulfill..... | Cowper. 175 | Saviour, happy would I be..... | Nevin. 150 |
| O Lord our God arise..... | — 204 | Saviour, I follow on..... | C. S. Robinson. 147 |
| O Lord our heavenly King..... | Watts. 36 | Saviour, I look to thee..... | Hastings. 144 |
| O Lord, thy covenant is sure..... | Conder. 206 | Saviour, like a Shepherd lead us..... | — 178 |
| O Lord thy heavenly grace impart..... | Oberlin. 166 | Saviour, source of every blessing..... | Robinson. 176 |
| O Lord, thy work revive..... | Broune. 204 | See a poor sinner, dearest Lord..... | Medley. 88 |
| O love divine, how sweet thou art..... | Wesley. 136 | See from Zion's sacred mountain..... | Kelly. 213 |
| O love divine, that stooped..... | O. W. Holmes. 120 | See, gracious God before thy..... | Mrs. Steele. 238 |
| O mother dear, Jerusalem..... | Quarles. 220 | | |
| O my soul what means this sadness..... | Fawcett. 179 | | |

| | PAGE. | | PAGE. |
|--|------------------------|--|--------------------|
| See Israel's gentle Shepherd..... | Doddridge. 206 | The voice of free grace cries..... | Thornly. 80 |
| See what a living stone..... | Watts. 11 | Thou we adore, Eternal Name..... | Watts. 230 |
| Shall we gather at the river..... | R. Lowry. 222 | There is a calm for those..... | Montgomery. 192 |
| Shepherd of the ransomed flock..... | — 211 | There is a fountain filled with blood..... | Couper. 66 |
| Shepherd of thine Israel! lead us..... | — 22 | There is a land of pure delight..... | Watts. 219 |
| Show pity, Lord, O Lord forgive..... | Watts. 86 | There is a safe and secret place..... | — 190 |
| Silently the shades of evening..... | C. C. Cox. 186 | There is an eye that never sleeps..... | — 165 |
| Since all the varying scenes of time..... | Hervey. 28 | There is an hour of peaceful rest.... | Tappan. 224 |
| Sing, ye redeemed of the Lord..... | Doddridge. 105 | There is an hour when I must part.... | — 230 |
| Sinner, come, 'mid thy gloom..... | — 76 | There is none other name than thine.... | 64 |
| Sinners, the voice of God regard..... | Fawcett. 71 | They are slaves who will not choose.... | Lowell. 211 |
| Sinners, turn, why will ye die..... | Wesley. 4 | Thine earthly Sabbaths, Lord, we love.... | Watts. 74 |
| Sinners, thou wilt scorn the message.... | Allen. 81 | This is the day the Lord hath made.... | Watts. 9 |
| Sister thou wast mild and lovely..... | S. F. Smith. 186 | Thou art gone to the grave, but we.... | Heber. 80 |
| Slavery and death the cup contain.... | Sargent. 238 | Thou art my portion, O my God..... | Watts. 164 |
| Softly fades the twilight ray..... | S. F. Smith. 21 | Thou art, O Christ, the way..... | G. Smith. 205 |
| Softly now the light of day..... | Doane. 21 | Thou art the Way to thee alone..... | Doane. 41 |
| Songs of praise the angels sang..... | Montgomery. 3 | Thou dear Redeemer, dying Lamb.... | Cernick. 126 |
| Soon as I heard my Father say..... | Watts. 97 | Thou God of covenant grace..... | — 164 |
| Soon may the last glad song arise..... | — 212 | Thou, O Christ, art all I want..... | Wesley. 100 |
| Sovereign of worlds, display thy power.... | — 216 | Thou from whom we never part..... | — 21 |
| Sovereign Ruler, Lord of all..... | Raffles. 91 | Thou only sovereign of my heart.... | Mrs. Steele. 83 |
| Spirit of power and might..... | Montgomery. 218 | Thou very present aid..... | Wesley. 99 |
| Spirit of truth, on this thy day..... | Heber. 55 | Though faint, yet pursuing..... | — 119 |
| Stand for Christ, bravely stand..... | Ray Palmer. 111 | Though now the nations sit..... | L. Bacon. 212 |
| Stand up and bless the Lord..... | Montgomery. 11 | Through all the changing..... | Tate & Brady. 131 |
| Stand up, my soul, shake off thy fears.... | Watts. 107 | Through endless years thou..... | Tate & Brady. 30 |
| Stand up, stand up for Jesus..... | Duffield. 108 | Through every age, Eternal God..... | Watts. 123 |
| Star of peace! to wanderers weary..... | — 233 | Through sorrows night and..... | H. K. White. 228 |
| Stay, thou insulted spirit, stay..... | Wesley. 54 | Thus far the Lord has led me on..... | Watts. 173 |
| Stealing from the world a way..... | Ray Palmer. 211 | Thy goodness, Lord, our souls..... | Gibbons. 133 |
| Still with thee, O my God..... | — 156 | Thy home is with the humble, Lord.... | — 175 |
| Sun of my soul, thou Saviour dear..... | Keble. 173 | Thy mighty working, mighty God..... | — 137 |
| Sure the blest Comforter is..... | Mrs. Steele. 54 | Thy name, Almighty Lord..... | Watts. 11 |
| Sweet hour of prayer..... | Fanny Crosby. 180 | Thy way, not mine, O Lord..... | Bonar. 200 |
| Sweet is the light of Sabbath eve..... | Edmeston. 197 | Thy way, O Lord, is in the sea..... | Fawcett. 31 |
| Sweet is the memory of thy grace..... | Watts. 130 | Thy will be done (Hymn Chant).... | Bowring. 110 |
| Sweet is the work, my God, my King.... | Watts. 4 | 'Tis by the faith of joys to eome..... | Watts. 171 |
| Sweet is the work, O Lord..... | Lyte. 10 | 'Tis finished! so the Saviour cried.... | Stennett. 65 |
| Sweet peace of conscience..... | Heginbotham. 166 | 'Tis midnight, and on Olive's brow.... | Tappan. 43 |
| Sweet the moments, rich in blessing.... | — 177 | Time is winging us away..... | J. Burton. 209 |
| Sweet the time, exceeding sweet..... | Burder. 13 | To-day the Saviour calls..... | — 77 |
| Sweet 'tis to sing of thee..... | Geo. F. Root. 181 | To God the only wise..... | Watts. 205 |
| Sweet was the time when first I..... | Newton. 92 | To heaven I lift my waiting eyes..... | Watts. 161 |
| Sweeter sounds than music knows..... | Newton. 101 | To our Redeemer's glorious name.... | Mrs. Steele. 49 |
| Swell the anthem, raise the song..... | — 249 | To thee all angels cry aloud..... | — 1 |
| Take me, O my Father, take me..... | Ray Palmer. 102 | To thee my God and Saviour..... | Haweis. 115 |
| Take my heart, O Father, take it..... | — 140 | To thee my Shepherd and..... | Heginbotham. 123 |
| Tarry with me, O my Saviour..... | — 141 | To thy pastures fair and large..... | Merrick. 211 |
| That awful day will surely eome..... | Watts. 230 | To thy temple I repair..... | Montgomery. 3 |
| The billows swell, the winds are high.... | Couper. 171 | To us a child of hope is born..... | — 37 |
| The Comforter has eome..... | — 56 | To whom, my Saviour, shall I go..... | — 123 |
| The day is past and gone..... | Leland. 185 | Trembling, before thine awful..... | Hillhouse. 87 |
| The festal morn, my God, is eome..... | Merrick. 137 | Triumphant Zion, lift thine head.... | Doddridge. 216 |
| The God of harvest praise..... | Montgomery. 234 | Unvail thy bosom, faithful tomb.... | Watts. 227 |
| The harvest dawn is near..... | Burgess. 116 | Up to the fields where angels..... | Watts. 107 |
| The head that once was erowned..... | Kelly. 50 | Up to the hills I lift mine eyes.... | There. Watts. 127 |
| The heavens declare thy glory, Lord.... | Watts. 24 | Up to the hills I lift mine eyes Th' eternal.... | — 216 |
| The Lord himself, the mighty..... | Tate & Brady. 127 | Up to the Lord who reigns on high.... | Watts. 129 |
| The Lord descended from above..... | Sternhold. 31 | Vain, delusive world, adieu..... | C. Wesley. 153 |
| The Lord in trouble hear thee..... | Lyte. 115 | Vainly through night's weary hours.... | Lyte. 102 |
| The Lord Jehovah reigns..... | Watts. 12 | Wait, O my soul, thy maker's will.... | Beddome. 26 |
| The Lord is my Shepherd, he makes..... | Knox. 143 | Wake, O my soul, and hail the morn.... | — 39 |
| The Lord is my Shepherd..... | (Ps. xxiii. Chant) 246 | Watchman, tell us of the night.... | Bowring. 210 |
| The Lord my Shepherd is..... | Watts. 135 | Watching, ever watching..... | — 249 |
| The Lord our God is full of might.... | H. K. White. 132 | We are living, we are dwelling..... | A. C. Cox. 215 |
| The mind was formed to mount..... | Mrs. Steele. 89 | We are sailing o'er an ocean..... | E. E. Rexford. 240 |
| The morning light is breaking..... | S. F. Smith. 214 | We are waiting by the river..... | — 231 |
| The perfect world by Adam trod..... | Willis. 238 | We stand in deep repentance.... | Ray Palmer. 152 |
| The pity of the Lord..... | Watts. 36 | Weary of wandering from my God.... | C. Wesley. 196 |
| The Saviour calls, let every ear..... | Mrs. Steele. 67 | Weary sinner, keep thine eye..... | — 74 |
| The Saviour! O what endless..... | Mrs. Steele. 50 | We bid thee welcome in the..... | Montgomery. 302 |
| The Saviour! what a noble flame.... | Couper. 191 | | |
| The Spirit in our hearts..... | — 72 | | |
| The Spirit like a peaceful dove..... | Watts. 197 | | |

| | PAGE. | | PAGE. |
|---|--------------------|--|-------------------------|
| Welcome, delightful morn | <i>Hayward.</i> 7 | Who are these in bright array.. | <i>Montgomery.</i> 232 |
| Welcome, sweet day of rest..... | <i>Watts.</i> 10 | Why do we mourn departing..... | <i>Watts.</i> 228 |
| Welcome, welcome, dear Redeemer..... | 81 | Why should the children of a King.... | <i>Watts.</i> 55 |
| We're traveling home to heaven..... | 78 | Why should we start, and fear to die. | <i>Watts.</i> 226 |
| What equal honors shall we bring..... | <i>Watts.</i> 46 | Why will ye waste on trifling..... | <i>Doddridge.</i> 68 |
| What grace, O Lord, and beauty..... | 41 | With joy we hail the sacred day..... | <i>Lyte.</i> 9 |
| What shall I render to my God..... | 33 | With joy we meditate the grace..... | <i>Watts.</i> 165 |
| When all thy mercies, O my God... <i>Addison.</i> | 29 | With my substance I will honor..... | <i>Francis.</i> 141 |
| When, as returns the solemn day.. <i>Barbault.</i> | 133 | With reverence let the saints appear.. | <i>Watts.</i> 132 |
| When God revealed his gracious name. | <i>Watts.</i> 133 | With songs and honors sounding loud. | <i>Watts.</i> 33 |
| When he cometh to make up. <i>W. O. Cushing.</i> | 244 | With tearful eyes I look around..... | 69 |
| When I can read my title clear..... | <i>Watts.</i> 113 | With tears of anguish I lament..... | <i>Stennett.</i> 92 |
| When I survey the wondrous cross..... | <i>Watts.</i> 43 | Worship, honor, glory, blessing..... | 215 |
| When inward turns my..... <i>Ray Palmer.</i> | 154 | Worthy the Lamb of boundless..... | <i>Shirley.</i> 121 |
| When languor and disease invade... <i>Toplady.</i> | 193 | Would Jesus have the sinner die..... | <i>Wesley.</i> 196 |
| When marshalled on the nightly. <i>H. K. White.</i> | 39 | Ye Christian heralds, go proclaim..... | 212 |
| When musing sorrow weeps the past... <i>Noel.</i> | 193 | Ye glittering tears of earth..... | <i>Mrs. Steele.</i> 131 |
| When, my Saviour, shall I be..... | <i>Wesley.</i> 91 | Ye hearts with youthful vigor.... | <i>Doddridge.</i> 71 |
| When our heads are bowed with..... | <i>Heber.</i> 58 | Ye humble souls approach your.. | <i>Mrs. Steele.</i> 34 |
| When everwhelmed with grief..... | <i>Watts.</i> 156 | Ye nations, round the earth rejoice... <i>Watts.</i> | 15 |
| When rising from the bed of death.. <i>Addison.</i> | 71 | Ye servants of God your Master proclaim— | 18 |
| When shall we meet again..... | 246 | Ye servants of the Lord..... | <i>Doddridge.</i> 205 |
| When sins and fears prevalling... <i>Mrs. Steele.</i> | 121 | Ye who in these courts are found..... | 151 |
| When the morn is bright and fair... <i>Paulina.</i> | 183 | Ye wretched, hungry, starving... <i>Mrs. Steele.</i> | 70 |
| When thou, my righteous judge shall .. | 88 | Your harps ye trembling saints.... | <i>Toplady.</i> 116 |
| Where high the heavenly temple.... <i>Logan.</i> | 168 | Yes for me, for me he careth..... | <i>Bonar.</i> 139 |
| While life prolongs its precious..... <i>Dwight.</i> | 69 | Yes, I will bless thee, O my..... | <i>Heginbotham.</i> 130 |
| While o'er the deep thy servant's... <i>Burgess.</i> | 217 | Yes, kind Saviour, grieving..... | <i>Ray Palmer.</i> 149 |
| While thee I seek protecting... <i>Miss Williams.</i> | 28 | Yes, the Redeemer rose..... | <i>Doddridge.</i> 44 |
| While with ceaseless course the sun. <i>Newton.</i> | 247 | Zion stands with hills surrounded..... | <i>Kelly.</i> 213 |
| Whither, O whither should I fly..... | <i>Wesley.</i> 155 | | |

INDEX OF SUBJECTS.

[The figures refer to the numbers of the Hymns.]

I. GOD:

- 1.—*His Being, Attributes and Works* :
2, 15, 34, 37, 52, 57, 64, 85, 97—99, 112—114,
179, 410—412, 431, 684, 690.
- 2.—*Creator and Governor* :
39, 56, 102, 105, 107, 425, 426, 741.
- 3.—*Moral Attributes* :
48—51, 87, 96, 110, 115—117, 376, 413—417,
424, 427, 429, 571, 610.
- 4.—*Protector and Refuge* :
84, 109, 406, 494, 532.
- 5.—*Providence* :
44, 91, 92, 94, 95, 103—105, 381, 407—409, 419,
421, 434, 436, 506, 596, 629, 668, 687, 741,
Goodness in—106, 108.
- 6.—*Sovereignty and Decrees* :
86, 88, 89, 93, 103, 104, 420.
- 7.—*Wisdom Incomprehensibility and Majesty* :
39, 47, 53, 88, 89, 96, 101, 102, 110, 405.
- 8.—*Omnipresence* :
85, 90, 93, 581.
- 9.—*Eternity* :
97, 99.

II. CHRIST:

- 1.—*As God* :
39, 135, 155, 163, 478, 627, 638, 651.
- 2.—*Advent* :
5, 19, 120, 121, 122, 127, 129, 134, 143, 666.
- 3.—*Life and Example* :
130, 131, 133, 137, 608.

4.—*Atoning Pains and Death* :
138, 139, 164, 197, 200, 201, 208, 209, 211, 213,
214, 473, 573, 773.

5.—*Atoning Love—Praise for* :
58, 140, 142, 149, 154, 156—158, 160, 163, 165
—167, 210, 212, 367, 386, 387, 403, 435, 458,
459, 462, 463, 473—481.

6.—*Our Friend and Brother* :
187, 269, 327, 328, 331, 448, 449, 457, 459, 460
523, 547, 633.

7.—*Our Shepherd, Guardian, Refuge and Support* :
270, 329, 394, 461, 463, 465, 485, 574, 575, 668.

8.—*Origin of His Mission* :
42, 111, 196, 215, 423.

6.—*Preciousness of His Offices* :
125, 132, 145, 188, 332, 388, 390, 422, 438, 449,
465, 466, 637, 773.

10.—*Resurrection, Ascension and Exaltation* :
111, 141, 147—149, 151, 159, 161, 94, 428,
772.

11.—*Reign—Mediatorial* :
146, 150, 152, 153, 161, 404, 534, 765.

III. HOLY SPIRIT:

168—186, 588, 667.

IV. THE SCRIPTURES:

45, 76—83, 672.

V. MAN:

1.—*Condition—Lost* :
189, 193—199, 201, 209, 224, 238, 287.

2.—*The Deliverer Comes* :
196, 200, 201, 205, 206, 208, 211, 213, 214, 223.

3.—*Calls to immediate Repentance* :
136, 144, 190, 191, 216, 218—251, 262, 263,
480, 623, 631.

4.—*Unrest* :
238, 240, 288.

5.—*Expostulation and Entreaty* :
222, 230, 242, 253, 263.

6.—*Conversion and Regeneration* :
195, 198, 202, 226, 227, 241, 265—289, 336, 339,
422, 452, 474, 503, 630, 757, 758.

VI. THE CHRISTIAN:

1.—*Known by Faith in Christ's Atonement* :
206, 265, 284, 286, 384, 462, 464, 475, 482—
484, 486—489, 509, 542, 546, 548, 598.

2.—*By Gratitude and Love to Christ* :
389, 393, 395, 396, 398, 399, 400, 401, 439, 473,
477, 507, 508, 543—545, 582, 586, 625.

3.—*By Humility and Penitence* :
274—276, 279—285, 292—298, 300, 301, 504,
505, 567, 759.

4.—*By Love to God* :
304, 305, 308—311, 322, 451, 489, 569, 587,
637.

5.—*By the choice of Spiritual rather than
Earthly Good.*
347, 385, 467, 470, 500, 515, 533.

6.—*By Struggles Against Relaps* :
274—276, 296—299, 300—309, 325, 621, 764.

7.—*By Trust in God and Christ* :
65, 268, 312—316, 320, 323, 324, 331, 334, 335,
355, 364, 369, 370, 371, 377, 410, 446, 453,
476, 490, 491, 493, 502, 510, 709.

8.—*By Union and Communion with Christ* :
32, 342, 380—383, 466, 495, 496, 510—517,
633.

9.—*By Personal Consecration to God* :
54, 106, 226, 330, 357, 418, 421, 516, 520, 522,
528, 530, 536, 537, 539, 660—662.

10.—*By Various Characteristics; as, e. g.,*

(1). *Mutual Love* :
40, 600, 603, 605—607, 628, 652.

(2). *Activity and Boldness for Christ* :
340, 341, 349, 350—361, 373, 374, 433, 764, 768,
774.

(3). *Faithfulness and Steadfastness* :
318, 354, 360, 361, 464, 469, 599, 650.

(4). *Mild Virtues* :
296, 563, 565, 578.

(5). *Submission to God* :
359, 524, 566, 609, 611, 635, 636.

(6). *Blessedness* :
338, 345, 348, 364, 375, 444, 527, 529, 577, 604,
613, 742, 778.

(7). *Progress and Perseverance* :
358, 373, 378, 501, 587, 647.

(8). *Peace with God—is Justified* :
379, 387.

(9). *Saved—by Grace* :
41, 205, 207, 337, 343, 346.

(10). *Trials—Afflictions* :
252, 298, 359, 367, 368, 382, 467, 526, 580, 616,
617, 623, 624.

(11). *Prayerful* :
437, 519, 526, 535, 540, 541, 579, 634.

(12). *Has high Privileges—is an Adopted Son
of God* :
615, 447, 601.

VII. THE CHURCH:

1.—*Delight in* :
597.

2.—*Enlarged* :
5, 677, 695.

3.—*Joining* :
641, 660, 662, 669.

4.—*God the Strength of* :
35, 56, 123, 450, 649, 678—380, 686, 742.

5.—*Triumph of* :
707, 742.

6.—*Unity of* :
710.

VIII. ORDINANCES:

1.—*Baptism* :
654, 655, 656, 659

2.—*Lord's Supper* :
365, 481, 657, 658, 665, 769, 770, 771.

IX. MINISTRY:

- 1.—*A Pastor's Welcome* :
639.
- 2.—*Convention of Ministers* :
640.
- 3.—*Messengers of Christ* :
645.
- 4.—*Watchmen* :
648.

X. LAYING A CORNER STONE:
63, 642.

XI. DEDICATION:
63, 644, 745.

XII. WORSHIP:

- 1.—*General* :
1, 3, 7, 9—14, 18—24, 27—64, 91, 118, 179,
430, 523.
- 2.—*Morning Worship* ;
4—16, 20—24, 26—30, 41—44, 340, 552, 554,
583.
- 3.—*Evening Worship* :
25, 66—69, 555—562, 570, 579, 584, 626, 634,
670.
- 4.—*Opening of Worship* :
1—15, 518, 549, 641, 670.
- 5.—*Close of Worship* :
70—75, 531, 551.
- 6.—*Benediction* :
572.

XIII. CONQUESTS OF THE GOSPEL—CONVERSION OF THE WORLD:
647, 674, 675, 676, 681, 682, 688, 689, 765.

XIV. CHILDREN AND YOUTH:
653, 746—755.

XV. TEMPERANCE:
743, 744.

XVI. NATIONAL:
445, 719, 733, 740, 767.

XVII. THE SEASONS:
108, 691, 725, 731, 735, 742, 762.

XVIII. SEAMEN:
693, 732.

XIX. JEWS:
775.

XX. DEATH:
1.—*Meditations on* :
456, 590, 664, 717, 723, 726.

2.—*Christian Dying* :
612, 699, 712—714.

3.—*Burial of the Dead* :
591, 593, 716.

4.—*Consolations in view of Death of Friends* :
260, 592, 718, 722.

XXI. RESURRECTION OF THE SAINTS:
701, 720.

XXII. JUDGMENT AND ETERNITY:
233, 724.

XXIII. IMMORTALITY:
72, 73, 468, 702, 727.

XXIV. HEAVEN:
1.—*Aspirations Toward* :
333, 344, 362, 363, 375, 467, 498, 614, 663, 692,
697, 698, 700—728.

2.—*Blessedness of Heaven* :
362, 363, 708, 715, 721, 729, 730.

GENERAL INDEX OF TUNES.

| | PAGE. |
|--|----------|
| Agnes.....Geo. F. Root..... | 164 |
| Aletta.....Wm. B. Bradbury..... | 90 |
| Altar..... | 152 |
| Amber..... | 196 |
| America..... | 52, 234 |
| Amsterdam.....Nares..... | 209 |
| Angel's Song.....Geo. F. Root..... | 252 |
| Antioch.....Arr. by Dr. Mason..... | 37 |
| Anvern.....Dr. L. Mason..... | 65, 216 |
| Ariel.....Dr. L. Mason..... | 136 |
| Arlington.....Arne..... | 122 |
| Arnold.....D. E. Jones..... | 105 |
| A Thousand Years.....H. C. Work..... | 223 |
| Autumn, Arr. by Geo. F. Root..... | 139, 215 |
| Ava.....Dr. Hastings..... | 73 |
| Badea.....German..... | 56 |
| Baden.....Dr. Hastings..... | 120 |
| Balch.....George Kingsley..... | 184 |
| Palerma.....H. Wilson..... | 70 |
| Baptismal Chant..... | 207 |
| Barstow.....C. M. Wyman..... | 208 |
| Bartimeus, Am. Melody..... | 51 |
| Bavaria..... | 103 |
| Beautiful River.....Rev. R. Lowry..... | 223 |
| Beautiful Zion.....W. B. Bradbury..... | 22 |
| Belmont..... | 81 |
| Benevento.....Webbe..... | 247 |
| Bera.....Root's & Sweetser's Col. 160 | 160 |
| Bery.....Dr. L. Mason..... | 170 |
| Bethany.....Dr. L. Mason..... | 146 |
| Billow.....Dr. L. Mason..... | 233 |
| Blatchford.....D. E. Jones..... | 58 |
| Blumenthal.....Arr. by F. W. Root..... | 183 |
| Boardman..... | 131 |
| Bonar.....Dr. L. Mason..... | 231 |
| Boylston.....Dr. L. Mason..... | 36 |
| Braden.....Wm. B. Bradbury..... | 63 |
| Brainard.....D. E. Jones..... | 84 |
| Brattle Street.....Pleyel..... | 28 |
| Briggs.....D. E. Jones..... | 62 |
| Brown.....Wm. B. Bradbury..... | 29 |
| Burnell.....D. E. Jones..... | 111 |
| Cambridge.....Randall..... | 31 |
| Caído.....Wm. B. Bradbury..... | 123 |
| China.....Swan..... | 104 |
| Christmas.....Handel..... | 128 |
| Clarendon.....Tucker..... | 33 |
| Come let us Anew.....Webbe..... | 273 |
| Come, ye Disconsolate..... | 193 |
| Communion.....S. Hill..... | 150 |
| Confidence..... | 194 |
| Consecration Hymn.....D. E. Jones..... | 103 |
| Content.....Arr. by J. B. Murray..... | 128 |
| Coronation.....O. Holden..... | 48 |
| Cowper.....Dr. L. Mason..... | 66 |
| Dawn.....Rev. E. P. Parker..... | 229 |
| Dalstou.....A. Williams..... | 12 |
| Denfield.....Gläser..... | 74 |
| D-unis.....H. G. Nägeli..... | 33 |
| De Vere.....Geo. F. Root..... | 121 |
| Downs.....Dr. L. Mason..... | 55, 124 |
| Dunlap's Creek..... | 230 |
| Duke Street.....J. Hatton..... | 46 |
| Dundee.....Psalter..... | 35 |
| Effingham..... | 63 |
| Elealeh.....D. E. Jones..... | 98 |
| Elizabethtown.....Greatorex..... | 190 |
| El Paran.....Arr. by Dr. L. Mason..... | 6 |
| Elyria.....from Cherubini..... | 57 |
| Ernan.....Dr. L. Mason..... | 202 |
| Evan.....Arr. by Dr. Mason..... | 71, 160 |
| Evening.....D. E. Jones..... | 183 |
| Even Me.....Wm. B. Bradbury..... | 242 |
| Expostulation..... | 76 |
| Federal Street.....H. K. Oliver..... | 86 |
| Freeland.....Western Mel..... | 85 |
| Folsom.....Arr. by Dr. L. Mason..... | 38 |
| Frederick.....Geo. Kingsley..... | 227 |

| | |
|--|---------|
| Ganges.....Old Melody..... | 89 |
| Gentle Call.....E. P. Parker..... | 75 |
| German Shepherd.....German..... | 153 |
| Geseheret.....Geo. F. Root..... | 241 |
| Germania.....Rev. E. P. Parker..... | 148 |
| Golden Hill..... | 188 |
| Goshen..... | 119 |
| Greenville.....Rousseau..... | 22 |
| Grinnell.....J. R. Murray..... | 112 |
| Hamburg, Arr. by Dr. L. Mason..... | 59 |
| Hardy..... | 224 |
| Hartwell.....D. E. Jones..... | 149 |
| Harwell.....Dr. L. Mason..... | 47 |
| Hayden.....D. E. Jones..... | 114 |
| Heber.....Geo. Kingsley..... | 41 |
| Hebron.....Dr. L. Mason..... | 173 |
| Hendon.....Dr. Malan..... | 101 |
| Henley.....Dr. L. Mason..... | 194 |
| Heritage.....Scotch..... | 236 |
| Hermion.....Dr. L. Mason..... | 32 |
| Hiding Place.....Dr. Hastings..... | 64 |
| Holbrook..... | 157 |
| Holley.....Geo. Hews..... | 21 |
| Horton.....Von Wartensee..... | 74 |
| How Calm and Beautiful.....Hastings..... | 251 |
| Hymn..... | 130 |
| Invitation..... | 78 |
| Iowa.....Am. Tune..... | 189 |
| I'm a Pilgrim..... | 187 |
| Italian Hymn.....Giardini..... | 19, 145 |
| Ives.....E. Ives..... | 232 |
| Jesus Most Holy.....E. P. Parker..... | 153 |
| Jesus our Friend.....Geo. F. Root..... | 181 |
| Jewels.....Geo. F. Root..... | 244 |
| Jewett.....Arr. by J. P. Holbrook..... | 200 |
| Jordan.....Abner Jones..... | 218 |
| Just as I am.....D. E. Jones..... | 198 |
| Kulp.....Geo. F. Root..... | 238 |
| Laban.....Dr. L. Mason..... | 99 |
| Latimer.....C. C. Converse..... | 8 |
| Lenox.....Edson..... | 41 |
| Leon.....Dr. L. Mason..... | 67 |
| Life.....Dr. Hastings..... | 79 |
| Lisbon.....D. Reed..... | 10 |
| Lischer.....Arr. by Dr. L. Mason..... | 151 |
| Lorraine.....Dr. L. Mason..... | 151 |
| Lowry.....Geo. F. Root..... | 82 |
| Louvan.....V. C. Taylor..... | 27, 168 |
| Lyons.....Joseph Haydn..... | 160 |
| Lyra.....Geo. F. Root..... | 164 |
| Madan.....Wm. B. Bradbury..... | 92 |
| Magoun.....D. E. Jones..... | 93 |
| Maitland.....Am. Tune..... | 50, 162 |
| Manoah.....Greatorex Col..... | 126 |
| Marlow.....English..... | 25 |
| Martina.....D. E. Jones..... | 249 |
| Martyn.....S. B. Marsh..... | 100 |
| Master, Where &c.....D. E. Jones..... | 181 |
| Mear.....Unknown..... | 203 |
| Melody.....Am. Tune..... | 97 |
| Mendon.....Ger. Melody..... | 157 |
| Merdin.....Dr. L. Mason..... | 18 |
| Meribah.....Dr. L. Mason..... | 85 |
| Messiah.....Arr. by Geo. Kingsley..... | 248 |
| Middleton..... | 138 |
| Migdol.....Dr. L. Mason..... | 16 |
| Mira.....Geo. F. Root..... | 240 |
| Mirabelle.....Geo. F. Root..... | 107 |
| Missionary Chant.....C. Zeuner..... | 212 |
| Missionary Hymn.....Dr. L. Mason..... | 214 |
| Moody, Arr.....Am. Tune..... | 245 |
| Morning Praises, Arr..... | 182 |
| Morning Star.....Dr. L. Mason..... | 210 |
| Mount Pisgah.....Am. Tune..... | 113 |
| Mount Vernon.....Dr. L. Mason..... | 186 |
| Nettleton..... | 201 |
| New Haven.....Dr. Hastings..... | 142 |
| Nuremberg.....Ahle..... | 13 |

| | PAGE. |
|---|----------|
| Oakland.....P. P. Bliss..... | 4 |
| Old Hundredth.....Wm. Franc..... | 1, 235 |
| Olive's Brow.....Wm. B. Bradbury..... | 43 |
| Olivet.....Dr. L. Mason..... | 144 |
| Olmutz.....Arr. by Dr. L. Mason..... | 116 |
| Olney.....Dr. L. Mason..... | 72 |
| Oriola..... | 239 |
| Ortonville.....Dr. Hastings..... | 49 |
| Palace.....Geo. F. Root..... | 69 |
| Park Street.....Venua..... | 17 |
| Patton.....D. E. Jones..... | 134 |
| Paul.....Dr. L. Mason..... | 110 |
| Penitence.....Wm. H. Oakley..... | 158 |
| Petersburgh.....Russian..... | 14 |
| Portuguese Hymn.....Romish Mel..... | 118 |
| Rest.....Wm. B. Bradbury..... | 226 |
| Rest for the Weary.....Dadmun..... | 221 |
| Rest of the Weary..... | 180 |
| Rhine.....German..... | 220 |
| Rochester.....English..... | 95 |
| Rockingham.....Dr. L. Mason..... | 5 |
| Rosebank.....Wm. B. Bradbury..... | 178 |
| Rosedale.....Geo. F. Root..... | 53 |
| Rosefield.....From Dr. C. Malan..... | 179 |
| Rose Hill Root & Sweetser's Col..... | 54 |
| Roy.....Arr. by D. E. Jones..... | 147 |
| Sabbath.....Dr. L. Mason..... | 3 |
| Sabbath Morning.....Geo. F. Root..... | 242 |
| Sayles.....D. E. Jones..... | 185 |
| Scotland.....Dr. J. Clarke..... | 80 |
| Selvin.....Arr. by Dr. L. Mason..... | 156 |
| Sentinel..... | 204 |
| Severn..... | 159 |
| Seymour.....Greatorex Col..... | 91 |
| Shepherd.....Dr. Hastings..... | 143 |
| Shining Shore.....Geo. F. Root..... | 220 |
| Sicily.....Italian..... | 20 |
| Siloam.....I. B. Woodbury..... | 206 |
| Silver Street.....I. Smith..... | 11 |
| South Church.....Rev. E. P. Parker..... | 176 |
| Southport..... | 60 |
| Spencer.....D. E. Jones..... | 102 |
| Stephens.....W. Jones..... | 61 |
| Stiles.....D. E. Jones..... | 237 |
| Stockwell.....D. E. Jones..... | 177, 186 |
| Stonefield.....Stanley..... | 26 |
| St. Ann's.....Dr. Wm. Croft..... | 94 |
| St. Martin's.....Tansur..... | 132 |
| Sweet Hour of Prayer.....Bradbury..... | 180 |
| Sweet Thoughts, Wm. B. Bradbury..... | 193 |
| Tallis.....Thos. Tallis..... | 96 |
| Tallis Evening Hymn.....Tallis..... | 172 |
| Teleman's Chant.....C. Zeuner..... | 117 |
| The Last Beam..... | 23 |
| Thy Will be Done..... | 110 |
| To-Day.....Dr. L. Mason..... | 77 |
| Toplady.....Dr. Hastings..... | 160 |
| Tully.....Dr. L. Mason..... | 115 |
| Unity.....Dr. L. Mason..... | 246 |
| Unwin..... | 192 |
| Uxbridge.....Dr. L. Mason..... | 24 |
| Valentia.....Arr. by Dr. Mason..... | 9 |
| Waiting.....H. P. Main..... | 195 |
| Waiting by the River..... | 231 |
| Ward.....Arr. by Dr. L. Mason..... | 167 |
| Ware.....Geo. Kingsley..... | 39, 83 |
| Warner.....Arr. by Geo. Kingsley..... | 106 |
| Webb.....Geo. J. Webb..... | 2, 108 |
| Wells.....Israel Holdroyd..... | 129 |
| Windsor.....Scotch Psalter..... | 30 |
| Will you Go!..... | 78 |
| Willmot.....Carl Von Weber..... | 40 |
| Wisner..... | 199 |
| Woodstock.....Geo. Dutton..... | 174 |
| Worthing.....Shultz..... | 140 |
| Zella.....Geo. F. Root..... | 243 |
| Zephyr.....Wm. B. Bradbury..... | 155 |
| Zion.....Dr. Hastings..... | 213 |

METRICAL INDEX OF TUNES.

| L. M. | PAGE. | PAGE. | PAGE. | PAGE. | |
|--------------------------------|---------|--------------------------|-----------------|---------------------------------------|----------|
| Agnes | 154 | Denfield | 34 | Benevento | 247 |
| Amber, 6 lines | 196 | Downs | 55, 124 | Elyria | 57 |
| Anvern | 65, 216 | Dunlap's Creek | 230 | Hendon | 101 |
| Baden | 120 | Dundee | 35 | Holley | 21 |
| Barstow | 208 | Elizabethtown | 19 ⁰ | Horton | 74 |
| Bera | 166 | Evans | 71, 160 | Ives | 232 |
| Berry | 170 | Freeland | 85 | Loraine | 151 |
| Content | 128 | Hardy | 224 | Martyn | 100 |
| De Vere | 121 | Heber | 41 | Messiah | 248 |
| Duke Street | 46 | Hermon | 32 | Morning Star | 210 |
| Effingham | 68 | Hymn | 130 | Nuremberg | 13 |
| El Paran | 6 | Jordan | 218 | Rosefield, 6 lines | 179 |
| Ernan | 202 | Latimer | 8 | Sabbath, 6 lines | 3 |
| Federal Street | 86 | Leon | 67 | Seymour | 91 |
| Hamburg | 59 | Lyra | 164 | Teleman's Chant | 117 |
| Hebron | 173 | Madan | 92 | Toplady, 6 lines | 150 |
| Hiding Place | 64 | Magoun | 93 | 8s & 7s. | |
| Kulp | 238 | Maitland | 50, 162 | Autumn | 139, 215 |
| Lowry | 82 | Manoah | 126 | Bartimeus | 51 |
| Louvan | 27, 168 | Marlow | 25 | Bavaria | 103 |
| Mendon | 15 | Mear | 203 | Beautiful River | 222 |
| Migdol | 16 | Melody | 97 | Even Me | 242 |
| Mirabelle | 107 | Moody | 245 | Harwell | 47 |
| Missionary Chant | 212 | Mount Pisgah | 113 | Middleton | 38 |
| Oakland | 4 | Oriola | 239 | Mount Vernon | 186 |
| Old Hundredth | 1, 235 | Ortonville | 49 | Nettleton | 201 |
| Olive's Brow | 43 | Rhine | 220 | Rest for the Weary | 221 |
| Palace | 69 | Rochester | 95 | Sicily | 20 |
| Park Street | 17 | Siloam | 206 | South Church | 176 |
| Petersburgh, 6 lines | 14 | Southport | 60 | Spencer | 102 |
| Rest | 226 | Stephens | 61 | Stiles | 237 |
| Rockingham | 5 | St. Ann's | 94 | Stockwell | 177, 186 |
| Rosedale | 53 | St. Martin's | 132 | Waiting | 195 |
| Rose Hill | 54 | Sweet Thoughts | 193 | Wilmot | 40 |
| Stonefield | 26 | Tallis | 96 | Worthing | 140 |
| Sweet hour of Prayer | 180 | Valentia | 9 | 8s, 7s & 4s. | |
| Tallis Evening Hymn | 172 | Windsor | 30 | Belmont | 81 |
| Uxbridge | 24 | Woodstock | 174 | Billow | 233 |
| Ward | 42, 167 | S. M. | | Greenville | 22 |
| Ware | 39, 83 | Badea | 56 | Rosebank | 178 |
| Warner | 106 | Bonar | 231 | Zion | 213 |
| Wells | 129 | Boylston | 36 | H M. | |
| Zephyr | 155 | Braden | 63 | Lenox | 44 |
| C. M. | | Brigs | 62 | Lischer | 7 |
| Antioch | 37 | Dawn | 229 | 8s, 7s & 7s. | |
| Arlington | 122 | Dennis | 73 | Life | 79 |
| Arnold | 105 | Elealeh | 98 | How Calm and Beau- tiful | 251 |
| Balerna | 70 | Evening | 185 | C. L. M. | |
| Boardman | 131 | Golden Hill | 188 | Ariel | 136 |
| Brainard | 84 | Holbrook | 157 | Ganges | 89 |
| Brattle Street | 28 | Iowa | 189 | Meribah | 88 |
| Brown | 29 | Laban | 99 | S. P. M. | |
| Cambridge | 31 | Lisbon | 10 | Dalston | 12 |
| Caddo | 125 | Olmutz | 116 | 6s. | |
| China | 228 | Olney | 72 | Invitation | 78 |
| Christmas | 104 | Patton | 134 | Jewett | 200 |
| Clarendon | 33 | Sayles | 185 | 6s & 4s. | |
| Communion | 250 | Selvin | 156 | America | 52, 234 |
| Consecration Hymn | 109 | Sentinel | 204 | Ava | 75 |
| Coronation | 48 | Silver Street | 11 | Bethany | 146 |
| Cowper | 66 | 7s. | | Hartwell | 149 |
| | | Aletta | 90 | Italian Hymn | 19, 145 |
| | | Balch | 184 | | |
| | | | | New Haven | 142 |
| | | | | Olivet | 144 |
| | | | | Roy | 147 |
| | | | | To-Day | 77 |
| | | | | 6s & 5s. | |
| | | | | Severn | 159 |
| | | | | 7s & 5s. | |
| | | | | Blatchford | 58 |
| | | | | 7s & 6s. | |
| | | | | Altar | 152 |
| | | | | Amsterdam | 209 |
| | | | | Blumenthal | 183 |
| | | | | Germania | 148 |
| | | | | Hayden | 114 |
| | | | | Missionary Hymn | 214 |
| | | | | Tully | 115 |
| | | | | Webb | 2, 108 |
| | | | | Zella | 243 |
| | | | | 8s & 6s. | |
| | | | | Heritage | 236 |
| | | | | Just as I am | 198 |
| | | | | Wisner | 199 |
| | | | | 10s. | |
| | | | | Angel's Song | 252 |
| | | | | Grinnell | 112 |
| | | | | 11s. | |
| | | | | Expostulation | 76 |
| | | | | Frederick | 227 |
| | | | | Goshen | 119 |
| | | | | Portuguese Hymn | 118 |
| | | | | 11s & 10s. | |
| | | | | Come ye disconsolate | 77 |
| | | | | Folsom | 38 |
| | | | | Henley | 194 |
| | | | | Lyons | 18 |
| | | | | Shepherd | 143 |
| | | | | 11s & 12s. | |
| | | | | Burnell | 111 |
| | | | | 12s. | |
| | | | | Scotland | 80 |
| | | | | P. M. | |
| | | | | Beautiful Zion | 222 |
| | | | | Come, let us Anew | 233 |
| | | | | Confidence | 194 |
| | | | | Gentle Call | 75 |
| | | | | Home Above | 225 |
| | | | | I'm a Pilgrim | 187 |
| | | | | Jesus Most Holy | 153 |
| | | | | Jesus our Friend | 181 |
| | | | | Jewels | 244 |
| | | | | Martina | 249 |
| | | | | Master, Where | 181 |
| | | | | Merdin | 187 |
| | | | | Mira | 240 |
| | | | | Morning Praises | 182 |
| | | | | Paul | 110 |
| | | | | Penitence | 158 |
| | | | | Rest of the Weary | 180 |
| | | | | Sabbath Morning | 242 |
| | | | | Shining Shore | 220 |
| | | | | The Last Beam | 23 |
| | | | | Unity | 246 |
| | | | | Unwin | 192 |
| | | | | Will you Go | 78 |
| | | | | Waiting at the river | 231 |

A Brief Statement OF THE CONGREGATIONAL POLITY.

BY

REV. JESSE GUERNSEY.

ORIGIN. Congregationalism, in its essential principles, was recognized and practiced in the Apostolic Churches. In the Acts of the Apostles, and the Epistles, the word "church" most frequently designates a *local assembly of believers*. It primarily means a congregation or assembly, and is occasionally used to designate the whole company of believers on earth, but *never* in the sense of a provincial, national, or more general organization, embracing, and exercising authority over local churches. "*The Churches*" of Judea, Asia, Macedonia, etc., are spoken of, but never *the church* of this country or that. The Apostolic Churches *chose their own officers*. The Church at Jerusalem elected Matthias to the vacant Apostleship, and Stephen and his associates to the office of Deacon. The Macedonian churches appointed delegates to travel with Paul, and to be the bearers of their contributions to the poor. The obligation to exercise needed discipline was enjoined *upon the whole membership*, which implies, of course, the power to admit, exclude, and restore members. The duty of mutual fellowship and help between churches was recognized; as when the church at Antioch called to its aid the counsel of the Apostles, elders and *brethren* at Jerusalem. Finding its principles and its warrant in the Divine Word, Congregationalism recognizes no "Book" of ecclesiastical law but the Bible.

THE CHURCH. A Congregational Church is a body of believers in Christ in one place, associated for Christian worship, the mutual edification of its members, and the advancement of the Redeemer's Kingdom; claiming and exercising the right of self government, recognizing no authority but that of Christ, outside of its own membership, while at the same time it accepts as a privilege and duty, that communion and fellowship between sister churches which finds expression in welcoming their members to the Lord's Table, in the interchange of letters of dismission and recommendation, and in the rendering, through Associations and Councils, and by all other fitting methods, mutual care, reproof, advice, and helpfulness.

HOW TO ORGANIZE A CHURCH. A company of Christians in a given place, having, if members of churches, obtained letters of dismission, or, if not members of churches, having satisfactorily evidenced to each other their discipleship, and having formally resolved to associate themselves together as a Church of Christ, adopted a fitting Confession of Faith, and entered into solemn covenant with God and each other, *are a Christian Church*. When practicable however, a Council should be called to advise as to the expediency of the organization, and its proposed basis of Faith and Covenant, and to recognize it as a church, should they see fit, with appropriate public services. When this cannot be done, the aid of one or more ministers may be wisely secured.

OFFICERS. The *essential* officers of a church are a Pastor or Pastors, and Deacons. They are sometimes chosen for a specified, and sometimes for an indefinite period; though the best and most time honored usage favors their choice without limitation of time. To the Pastor is committed the spiritual care of the flock, while the Deacons are to look after its temporal concerns, and exercise a general helpfulness in the work of the church. Both Pastors and Deacons should, in conformity with Apostolic example, be ordained to their work. A Clerk and Treasurer are annually chosen in many churches, in some a standing Committee for stated consultation with the Pastor and Deacons, and occasional suggestion to the brotherhood, and in others, whose number it may be hoped will increase, a Superintendent of the Sabbath School, and a Leader in "the Service of song in the Sanctuary."

ADMISSION OF MEMBERS. This is always by vote of the church. The condition of membership is the life of Christ in the soul, or spiritual regeneration evinced by a satisfactory statement of Christian experience, a manifested purpose to live a Christian life, and an acceptance and hearty belief, of at least, what are known as the fundamental doctrines of evangelical religion.

CREED. Every Congregational Church forms its own creed. No general creed is recognized as binding upon the churches. In their Confessions of Faith there is great diversity as to form and fullness of expression, and at the same time a striking and substantial unity of doctrine. The Faith of the Congregational Churches as a body, embraces the truths, that the Scriptures are inspired of God, that they reveal Him as the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, that man was created upright, and fell by disobedience, that by the fall all mankind became sinners, and are exposed

to the wrath of God. That God so loved the world that he gave His Son to die for it, that by His death a sufficient atonement was made for all men, that all who repent and believe on Him are, according to God's sovereign purpose of grace, regenerated and sanctified by the Holy Ghost, and kept by the power of God through faith unto salvation, and that at the final judgment the wicked will go into everlasting punishment, and the righteous into life eternal.

ORDINANCES. These are Baptism and the Lord's Supper—the former for believers and their households, and the latter for believers only. While the Congregational Churches believe in, and practice household baptism as a duty and privilege of Divine appointment, they do not generally require it as a condition of membership.

DISCIPLINE. The exercise of discipline is not delegated to one or more individuals in the church, whether officers or otherwise. The duty rests upon the whole church. Its purpose is the purification of the church, and the reclaiming of offenders. The mode is that enjoined in Matt. xviii: 15-17. A brother goes alone to the offender. Failing to obtain Christian satisfaction he takes another with him. Failing still, he tells it to the church, presenting charges in due form with proper specifications, and naming witnesses by whose testimony they are to be sustained. The church must then furnish the accused with a copy of charges and the names of witnesses, cite him to appear before it for trial, and bring the matter to a just issue. In the case of private offences, when one member has wronged another, or when a wrong is known only to one member besides the doer of it, the preliminary steps enjoined by Christ should be taken by the person wronged, or knowing the wrong. In all other cases, it is the duty of any member cognizant of the offence to take them, and especially of the Deacons, or Standing Committee, if, as in many churches, there be one. The *Censures* of the church are, Admonition, Suspension, and Excommunication or withdrawal of Fellowship. *Admonition* has no effect upon the church privileges of the admonished, and may or may not be followed by further disciplinary action at the discretion of the church. *Suspension* cuts off from all the privileges of the church, and if the offender is not reclaimed, must be followed by excommunication. Excommunication is the last resort, to be adopted only after kind and patient effort has failed to restore the offender. Congregationalism knows no egress from the church but by death, by letter, or by excommunication.

THE FELLOWSHIP OF THE CHURCHES. While every Congregational church is a self-governed body, complete in itself, and independent of external control, Congregationalism recognizes a community of interests and a duty of fellowship between churches. This it does by the interchange of letters of dismission and recommendation, by welcoming members of one church to the Lord's Table in another, by a ready recognition, sympathy, and mutual helpfulness, in all fitting methods, and especially through the bodies known as Associations, Conferences, and Councils.

ASSOCIATIONS AND CONFERENCES are *local* and *general*. The former embrace the churches and ministers of a comparatively small district; the latter those of a State. The churches are represented in them ordinarily by one delegate, sometimes by more than one. Through these bodies the statistics of the churches are annually gathered, plans of benevolence and Christian work devised, matters of doctrine and life discussed, and suggestions to the churches made, but no ecclesiastical authority is vested in them. There are also *Ministerial* Associations for mutual improvement. These are also at the *East*, local and general. Local Associations examine and approve candidates for the ministry. *Councils* are convened for *advice only*, on important occasions, such as the ordination, installation or dismission of a minister, the organization of a church, or the existence of embarrassing church difficulties. They are composed of churches represented by pastors and delegates "with the occasional addition of persons whose advice is especially desired." * invited by a "letter missive" in which is *specified* the matter or matters in relation to which advice is sought. The letter missive sent to each church states what churches, and individuals, if any, are invited; and a council has no power to add to, or subtract from its membership as thus indicated. Councils are limited in their action to the subject matter named in the letter missive. They may be *Mutual* or *Ex-parte*. In case of serious difference between a church and its Pastor, or a church and some other member or members of it, if a Council is desired by both parties, the churches, and individuals, if any of which it is to be composed are mutually agreed upon, and invited by letters missive from the church. This is a *Mutual* Council. If either party refuses to unite in such a council, the other may invite an *ex-parte* council. The proper sources of a call for a council are, a church, an aggrieved member or members of a church to whom after due effort on their part, a council has been refused, and a company of believers preparing to organize themselves into a church.

In the history of Congregationalism in this country, there have been three general Synods or Councils:—that at Cambridge in 1643, that at Boston in 1680, and "The National Council" at Boston in 1865.

* Report of Drs. Bacon and Quint to the National Council in 1865.

FORMULAS.

To the foregoing admirable statement by Mr. Guernsey, a few forms are here added simply by way of example.*

I. CONFESSION OF FAITH.†

STAND fast in the faith.—1 Cor. xvi: 13.

As a Church of Jesus Christ, associated in accordance with the teachings of the New Testament, for the public worship of God, for the observance of Gospel Sacraments and Ordinances, for mutual edification and encouragement in the Christian life, and for the advancement of the Redeemer's Kingdom, we declare our union in Faith and Love with all who love our Lord Jesus Christ.

Receiving the Scriptures of the Old and New Testaments as the Word of God and the only infallible rule of religious faith and practice, we confess our faith in the one living and true God, revealed as the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost; the Creator and Preserver of all things, whose purposes and providence extend to all events, and who exercise a righteous government over all his creatures.

We believe in the universal sinfulness and ruin of our race, since "By one man sin entered into the world, and death by sin, and so death passed upon all men, for that all have sinned."

We believe that the Lord Jesus Christ, the son of God, having taken upon Himself our nature, has, by his obedience, sufferings, and death, provided a way of salvation for all mankind; and that through faith in his name, whosoever will, may be saved.

We believe that although salvation is offered freely to all, they only repent and believe in Christ, who, in thus obeying the Gospel, are regenerated by the Holy Spirit; and that all who are thus regenerated are "kept by the power of God, through faith, unto salvation."

We believe that the Christian Sabbath, the Ministry of the Word, the Visible Church, and the Ordinances of Baptism and the Lord's Supper, are divinely appointed, and are binding on the followers of Christ until his coming.

We believe that there is a Day appointed, in which God will raise the dead, and judge the world; that the wicked shall "go away into everlasting punishment, and the righteous into life eternal."

Do you thus solemnly profess to believe?

BAPTISM.

[The Pastor will first address those who come by profession, and who have been baptized in infancy, as follows:]

You, who were dedicated to God in your childhood in the ordinance of Infant Baptism, by your believing parents, do hereby declare your personal acceptance of the same, and your belief that the regeneration hereby signified has been wrought within your soul by the Holy Spirit.

[Then to the others the Pastor will say:]

You, who trust that your hearts have been renewed by the Holy Spirit, but who have never received the outward seal of the covenant, will now upon this profession of your faith, present yourselves for the ordinance of Baptism.

[When baptism has been administered, the Pastor will then say:]

Attend now to the Covenants into which you are to enter with God and this Church.

COVENANT.

LET us give ourselves unto the Lord in a perpetual covenant, never to be broken.—Jer. i: 5.

Accepting this as the faith of this Church, you who now present yourselves to be received into its fellowship, do by this act avow your personal sense of the love of God in the forgiveness of your sins; and, trusting that He who hears and answers prayer, will uphold and strengthen you, you do give yourselves to the Lord Jesus Christ, and covenant to be His disciples, receiving Him as your only Priest and Propitiation, your great Teacher, Lawgiver and King; you dedicate yourselves to God as the object of your highest love, and to His service as your highest joy; engaging to walk with us in the due observance of Christian ordinances, and that, by the aid of the Divine Spirit, you will honor your profession by a constant Christian life.

Do you thus covenant with God and with this Church?

[Here the members of the Church will stand up, and the Pastor will read the following:]

RESPONSE OF THE CHURCH.

We then, the members of this Church, in view of these your professions and engagements, do joyfully and affectionately receive you to this Communion, and welcome you to this fellowship with us in the blessings of the Gospel and in the service of our Divine Redeemer. We covenant to love and watch over you, and in Christian fidelity to seek your advancement in the life and likeness of Him whose name we bear. And now, beloved of the Lord, let it be impressed upon your minds that you have entered into solemn engagements, from which you can never escape. Wherever you go, these vows will be upon you. They will follow you to the bar of God, and abide upon you to eternity. May you walk worthy of God, and of your profession! May the Lord guide and preserve you till death; and at last receive you and us to that blessed world, where our love and joy shall be forever perfect! And unto Him who is able to keep us from falling, and to present us faultless before the presence of His glory with exceeding joy, to the only wise God our Saviour, be glory and majesty, dominion and power, both now and forever. Amen.

[Here the Pastor may give the Right Hand to each person, with such words as he may be pleased to add.]

* We advise every one to procure a copy of Rev. J. E. Roy's neat little pamphlet of 48 pages. It is one of the best compends of the principles, doctrines and usages of Congregational Churches that has been published. No Congregationalist should be without it. Send a dime to Rev. J. E. Roy, 84 Washington St., Chicago, with your address, and it will be mailed to you post-paid.

† From the Manual of Dr. J. P. Thompson's Broadway Tabernacle Church, New York.

There'll be no sorrow there

Oh sing to me of heaven
When I am called to die
Sing songs of sweetest ecstasy
To lift my soul on high.

Sweet is the work my God - 9th Hymn -
I was a wandering sheep Hy 432

- Hymn 219. "Lord I hear that showers & c"
Hymn 752 "O. could I speak the matchless
" 438 "O. could I speak the matchless
" 97. "Oh God our help
725. "Thee we adore eternal name
108 "With songs & honors Sunday
land"