

THE
Young Convert's Companion:

BEING

A COLLECTION OF

H Y M N S

FOR THE USE OF CONFERENCE MEETINGS.

==
ORIGINAL AND SELECTED.
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PREFACE.

IT has been justly remarked, that in times of religious declension and prevailing infidelity but little use is made of devotional and experimental poetry : on the contrary, the effusions of genius, embellished with classical literature, are never more current, though a denial of the atonement and of the demerit of sin be their most prominent characteristics.

Whether these days will return or not, God knows ; but the present is a time of comfort and great expectation to the friends of evangelical truth. The divine purpose of grace is daily unfolding, and the effects are the same as in ages past. Many centuries before the advent of the Redeemer we are particularly told, that they who feared the Lord spake often one to another ; and in the apostles' day Christians were distinguished by their frequent associations for spiritual exercises. Among others, it was an apostolic injunction to speak to one another in psalms and hymns and spiritual songs.

At this time meetings for religious conversation and social private worship are more numerous and frequent than in any preceding



PREFACE.

age of the church. Personal religion has become an important consideration. Few are saying, We have Abraham to our father ; but the general inquiry is, How shall *I* find acceptance with God ? Those exercises of devotion, and those compositions, which exalt the Saviour, and humble the sinner, are therefore received with avidity, however contrary to the carnal heart.

In the following pages, nothing will be found to flatter the creeds, capacity or acquirements of men ; but something, it is hoped, to edify and animate the humble believer, to direct and encourage the penitent inquirer, and to honour the God-Man Mediator.

HYMNS.

HYMN I. *At the Opening of Worship.* *Sevens*

- 1 LORD, we come before thee now,
At thy feet we humbly bow :
O ! do not our suit disdain ;
Shall we seek thee, Lord, in vain ?
- 2 Lord, on thee our souls depend,
In compassion now descend ;
Fill our hearts with thy rich grace,
Tune our lips to sing thy praise.
- 3 In thine own appointed way
Now we seek thee—here we stay ;
Lord, we know not how to go,
Till a blessing thou bestow.
- 4 Send some message from thy word,
That may joy and peace afford ;
Let thy Spirit now impart
Full salvation to each heart.
- 5 Comfort those who weep and mourn,
Let the time of joy return ;
Those who are cast down, lift up ;
Make them strong in faith and hope.
- 6 Grant that those who seek, may find
Thee a gracious God, and kind ;
Heal the sick, the captives free,
Let us all rejoice in thee.

II. C. M. *For Help.*

- 1 FATHER, to thee my soul I lift,
My soul on thee depends ;
Convinc'd that ev'ry perfect gift
From thee alone descends.
- 2 Mercy and grace are thine alone,
And pow'r and wisdom too ;
Without the Spirit of thy Son,
We nothing good can do.
- 3 We cannot speak one useful word,
One holy thought conceive,
Unless, in answer to our Lord,
Thyself the blessing give.
- 4 From thee, thro' Jesus, we receive
The pow'r on thee to call,
In whom we are, and move, and live :
Our God is all in all !

III. *The Effects of the Fall lamented.* L. M.

- 1 ARISE, my tend'rest thoughts, arise,
To torrents melt my streaming eyes !
And thou, my heart, with anguish feel
Those evils, which thou canst not heal !
- 2 See human nature sunk in shame !
See scandals pour'd on Jesu's name !
The Father wounded through the Son !
The world abus'd, the soul undone !
- 3 See the short course of vain delight
Closing in everlasting night !
In flames, that no abatement know,
The briny tears forever flow.
- 4 My God, I feel the mournful scene ;
My bowels yearn o'er dying men ;

And fain my pity would reclaim,
And snatch the firebrands from the flame !

- 5 But feeble my compassion proves,
And can but weep where most it loves ;
Thine own all-saving arm employ,
And turn thofe drops of grief to joy.

IV. *Affliction fanctified.* Sevens.

- 1 'TIS my happinefs below,
Not to live without the crofs ;
But, the Saviour's pow'r to know,
Sanctifying ev'ry lofs :
- 2 Trials muft and will befall ;
But, with humble faith, to fee
Love infcrib'd upon them all,
This is happinefs to me.
- 3 God, in *Ifr'el*, fows the feeds
Of affliction, pain, and toil ;
Thefe fpring up, and choke the weeds,
Which would elfe o'erspread the foil.
- 4 Trials make the promise fweet,
Trials give new life to pray'r ;
Trials bring me to his feet,
Lay me low, and keep me there.
- 5 Did I meet no trials here,
No chaftifement by the way ;
Might I not, with reason, fear
I fhould prove a caft-away ?
- 6 Baftards may efcape the rod,
Sunk in earthly, vain delight ;
But the true-born child of God
Muft not, would not, if he might.

V. *The Christian's Wants.* S. M.

- 1 JESUS, my strength, my hope,
On thee I cast my care ;
With humble confidence look up,
And know thou hearest pray'r.
- 2 I want an heart to pray,
To pray, and never cease ;
Never to murmur at thy stay,
Or wish my suff'rings less.
- 3 I want a sober mind,
A self-renouncing will,
That tramples down and casts behind
The baits of pleasing ill.
- 4 I want a godly fear,
A quick discerning eye,
That looks to thee, when sin is near,
And sees the tempter fly.
- 5 I want a true regard,
A single steady aim,
(Unmov'd by threat'ning or reward)
To thee and thy great name.
- 6 I want a just concern
For thine immortal praise,
A pure desire that all may learn
And glorify thy grace.
- 7 I want, with all my heart,
Thy pleasure to fulfil ;
To know myself, and what thou art,
And what thy perfect will.
- 8 I want, I know not what ;
I want my wants to see :
I want—alas ! what want I not,
When thou art not with me !

VI. *Refuge in Trouble.* C. M.

- 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 ev'ry pain I feel.
- 3 Hast thou not bid me seek thy face ?
And shall I seek in vain ?
And can the ear of sov'reign grace,
Be deaf when I complain ?
- 4 No ; still the ear of sov'reign grace
Attends the mourner's prayer ;
O 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.

VII. *Mary's Choice.* L. M.

- 1 BESET with snares on ev'ry hand,
In life's uncertain path I stand ;
Saviour, divine ! diffuse thy light,
To guide my doubtful footsteps right.
- 2 Engage this roving, treach'rous heart,
Great God, to choose the better part ;
To scorn the trifles of a day,
For joys that none can take away.

- 3 Then let the wildest storms arise ;
 Let tempests mingle earth and skies ;
 No fatal shipwreck shall I fear,
 But all my treasures with me bear.
- 4 If thou, my Jesus, still art nigh,
 Cheerful I live, and cheerful die :
 Secure, when mortal comforts flee,
 To find ten thousand worlds in thee.

VIII. *Walking with God.* C. M.

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

- 6 So shall my walk be close with God ;
 Calm and serene my frame ;
 So purer light shall mark the road
 That leads me to the Lamb.

IX. *Humility.* L. M.

- 1 WHEN, gracious Lord, when shall it be,
 That I shall find my all in thee ;
 The fullness of thy promise prove,
 The seal of thine eternal love ?
- 2 Thee, only thee, I fain would find,
 And cast the world and flesh behind ;
 An helpless soul, I come to thee,
 With only sin and misery.
- 3 Lord, I am sick, my sickness cure :
 I want to do thou enrich the poor :
 Under thy mighty hand I stoop,
 O lift the abject sinner up.
- 4 Lord, I am blind, be thou my sight ;
 Lord, I am weak, be thou my might ;
 An helper of the helpless be,
 And let me find my all in thee.

X. *Will ye also go away ?* L. M.

- 1 THOU only sov'reign 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 wo,
One glimpse of happiness afford ?

- 3 Eternal life, thy words impart ;
On these my fainting spirit lives :
Here sweeter comforts cheer my heart,
Than the whole 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 !

XI. *Brotherly Love.* L. M.

- 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 To you and me by grace 'tis giv'n
To know the Saviour's precious name,
And shortly we shall meet in heav'n,
Our hope, our way, our end the same.
- 3 May he, by whose kind care we meet,
Send his good Spirit from above ;
Make our communication sweet,
And cause our heart to burn with love.

- 4 Forgotten be each worldly theme,
When Christians meet together thus;
We only wish to speak of him,
Who liv'd, and dy'd, and reigns for us.
- 5 We'll talk of all he did, and said,
And suffer'd for us here below ;
The path he mark'd for us to tread,
And what he's doing for us now.
- 6 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.

XII. *Divine Love.* Sevens.

- 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,
Lov'd 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,
Liv'd and dy'd to save our race.
- 4 Sing we too, the Spirit's love ;
With our wretched hearts he strove ;
Things of precious Christ he took,
Gave us hearts and eyes to look.
- 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.

XIII. C. M. *The Joy of the Lord is our strength.*
Nehem. viii. 10.

- 1 JOY is a fruit, that will not grow
In nature's barren soil ;
All we can boast, till Christ we know,
Is vanity and toil.
- 2 But where the Lord has planted grace,
And made his glories known,
There fruits of heavenly joy and peace
Are found, and there alone.
- 3 A bleeding Saviour, seen by faith—
A sense of pardoning love ;—
A hope that triumphs over death,
Give joys like those above.
- 4 To take a glimpse within the veil,
To know that God is mine ;
Are springs of joy that never fail,
Unspeakably divine !
- 5 These are the joys that satisfy,
And *sanctify* the mind ;
Which make the spirit mount on high,
And leave the world behind.
- 6 No more, believers, mourn your lot ;
But if you are the Lord's,
Resign to them, that know him not,
Such joys as earth affords.

XIV. *Looking to Christ.* P. M.

- 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.

Here I'll sit forever viewing
 Mercy's streams, in streams of blood ;
 Precious drops my soul bedewing,
 Plead and claim my peace with God.

- 2 Truly blessed is this station,
 Low before his cross to lie :
 While I see divine compassion
 Floating in his languid eye.
 Here it is I find my heaven,
 While upon the Lamb I gaze ;
 Love I much ? I've much forgiven ;
 I'm a miracle of grace !
- 3 Love and grief my heart dividing,
 With my tears his feet I'll bathe ;
 Constant still in faith abiding,
 Life deriving from his death.
 May I still enjoy this feeling,
 In all need to Jesus go !
 Prove his wounds each day more healing,
 And himself more deeply know.

XV. *Gratitude.* L. M.

- 1 LORD, when my thoughts, delighted, rove
 Amid the wonders of thy love ;
 The sight revives my drooping heart,
 And bids invading fears depart.
- 2 Guilty and weak, to thee I fly,
 On thy atoning blood rely,
 And on thy righteousness depend ;
 My Lord, my Saviour, and my Friend.
- 3 Be all my heart, be all my days
 Devoted to thy single praise !
 And let my glad obedience prove
 How much I owe, how much I love.

XVI. *Converting Grace.* P. M.

- 1 WHEN, with my mind devoutly prest,
Dear Saviour, my revolving breast
Would past offences trace,
Trembling I make the black review ;
Yet pleas'd, behold, admiring too,
The pow'r of changing grace !
- 2 This *Tongue*, with blasphemies defil'd,
These *Feet*, to erring paths beguil'd,
In heav'nly league agree ;
Who could believe such *Lips* could praise,
Or think my dark and winding *Ways*
Should ever lead to thee ?
- 3 These *Eyes*, that once abus'd their sight,
Now lift to thee their wat'ry light,
And weep a silent flood.
These *Hands* ascend in ceaseless pray'r ;
O wash away the stains they wear,
In pure redeeming blood !
- 4 These *Ears*, that pleas'd could entertain
The midnight oath, the lustful strain,
When round the festal board ;
Now, deaf to all th' enchanting noise,
Avoid the throng, detest the joys,
And press to hear thy word.
- 5 Thus art thou serv'd in every part ;
And now thou dost transform my *Heart*,
That drossy thing refine :
Now grace doth nature's strength control,
And a new creature—body—soul,
Are, Lord, forever thine !

XVII. *Love of Christ.* C. M.

- 1 TO our Redeemer's glorious name
 Awake the sacred song !
 O may his love (immortal flame !)
 'Tune ev'ry heart and tongue !
- 2 His love, what mortal thought can reach !
 What mortal tongue display !
 Imagination's utmost stretch
 In wonder dies away.
- 3 Let wonder still with love unite,
 And gratitude and joy ;
 Jesus be our supreme delight,
 His praise our best employ.
- 4 Jesus, who left his throne on high,
 Left the bright realms of bliss,
 And came to earth to bleed and die :—
 Was ever love like this ?
- 5 Dear Lord, while we adoring pay
 Our humble thanks to thee ;
 May ev'ry heart with rapture say,
 " The Saviour dy'd for *me* !"
- 6 O may the sweet, the blissful theme,
 Fill ev'ry heart and tongue !
 Till strangers love thy charming name,
 And join the sacred song.

XVIII. *There is Room.* P. M.

- 1 YE dying sons of men,
 Immerg'd in sin and wo,
 The gospel's voice attend,
 Which Jesus sends to you :
 Ye perishing and guilty, come,
 In Jeshu's arms there yet is room.

- 2 No longer now delay,
Nor vain excuses frame ;
He bids you come to-day,
Tho' poor, and blind, and lame :
All things are ready, finner, come,
For ev'ry trembling soul there's room.
- 3 Believe the heav'nly word
His messengers proclaim ;
He is a gracious Lord,
And faithful is his name :
Backsliding souls, return and come,
Cast off despair, there yet is room.
- 4 Compell'd by bleeding love,
Ye wand'ring sheep draw near,
Christ calls you from above,
His charming accents hear !
Let whosoever will, now come :
In mercy's breast there yet is room.

XIX. *Prayer for a Blessing.* S. M.

- 1 WITH heart and lips unfeign'd,
We praise thee for thy word ;
We bless thee for the joyful news
Of our redeeming Lord.
- 2 [Like as the kindly rain
Returns not back to heav'n,
But cheers, and fruitful makes the earth,
The end for which 'twas giv'n :
- 3 So let thy present voice
Accomplish thy design ;
Distil on all our thirsty souls,
And consecrate us thine.]
- 4 Water thy sacred seed,
And give it great increase ;

Let neither fowls, nor rocks, nor thorns,
Hinder the fruits of peace.

- 5 Then tho' we weeping sow,
And tears our hours employ :
We know we shall return again,
And bring our sheaves with joy.

XX. Common Metre.

Divine Sovereignty ; or, God's Dominion and Decrees.

- 1 KEEP silence all created things,
And wait your Maker's nod :
My soul stands trembling while she sings
The honours of her God.
- 2 Life, death, and hell, and worlds unknown
Hang on his firm decree :
He sits on no precarious throne,
Nor borrows leave to be.
- 3 Chain'd to 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 councils shine ;
Each opening leaf, and ev'ry stroke
Fulfils some deep design.
- 5 Here, he exalts neglected worms
To sceptres and a crown ;
And there, the following page, he turns,
And treads the monarch down.
- 6 Not *Gabriel* asks the reason why,
Nor God the reason gives ;

Nor dares the favourite angel pry
Between the folded leaves.

7 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.

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

XXI. *Indwelling Sin lamented.* C. M.

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 My reason tells me thy commands
Are holy, just, and true;
Tells me whate'er my GOD demands
Is his most righteous due.

4 Reason I hear, her counsels weigh,
And all her words approve:
But still I find it hard t' obey,
And harder yet to love.

5 How long, dear Saviour, shall I feel
These struggles in my breast?
When wilt thou bow my stubborn will,
And give my conscience rest?

- 6 Break, sov'reign grace, O break the charm,
 And set the captive free :
 Reveal, Almighty God, thine arm,
 And haste to rescue me.

XXII. *An Evening Hymn. L. M.*

- 1 GLORY to thee, my God, this night,
 For all the blessings of the light ;
 Keep me, O keep me, *King of kings*,
 Beneath thy own almighty wings.
- 2 Forgive me, LORD, for thy dear Son,
 The ill that I this day have done :
 That with the world, myself and thee,
 I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.
- 3 Teach me to live, that I may dread
 The grave as little as my bed ;
 Teach me to die, that so I may
 Rise glorious at the awful day.
- 4 O let my soul on thee repose !
 And may sweet sleep mine eye-lids close ;
 Sleep that shall me more vigorous make,
 To serve my God, when I awake.
- 5 If in the night I sleepless lie,
 My soul with heavenly thoughts supply ;
 Let no ill dreams disturb my rest,
 No power of darkness me molest.

XXIII. *L. M. The Gospel is the Power of God to
 Salvation.*

- 1 WHAT shall the dying sinner do,
 That seeks relief for all his wo ?
 Where shall the guilty conscience find
 Ease for the torment of the mind ?

- 2 How shall we get our crimes forgiv'n,
Or form our natures fit for heaven?
Can souls, all o'er defil'd with sin,
Make their own powers and passions clean?
- 3 In vain we search, in vain we try,
Till JESUS brings his gospel nigh;
'Tis there that power and glory dwell
That save rebellious souls from hell.
- 4 This is the pillar of our hope
That bears our fainting spirits up;
We read the grace, we trust the word,
And find salvation in the LORD.
- 5 Let men or angels dig the mines
Where nature's golden treasure shines;
Brought near the doctrine of the cross,
All nature's gold appears but dross.
- 6 Should vile blasphemers, with disdain,
Pronounce the truths of JESUS vain,
We'll meet the scandal and the shame,
And sing and triumph in his name.

XXIV. *Pleading the Atonement.* Sevens.

- 1 FATHER, God, who seest in me
Only sin and misery,
Turn on the anointed One,
Look on thy beloved Son!
Him, and then the sinner see:
Look through JESUS' wounds on me.
- 2 Heavenly *Father*, Lord of all,
Hear, and show thou hear'st my call;
Bow thine ear, in mercy bow,
Smile on me a sinner now!

Now the stone to flesh convert ;
Cast a look and melt my heart.

- 3 LORD, I cannot let thee go,
Till a blessing thou bestow ;
Hear my advocate divine,
Lo ! to his, my suit I join ;
Join'd with his, it cannot fail :
Let me now with thee prevail !
- 4 Turn from me thy glorious eyes
To his bloody sacrifice,
To the full atonement made,
To the utmost ransom paid ;
And, if mine, through him thou art,
Speak thy mercy to my heart.
- 5 JESUS, answer from above ;
Is not all thy nature love ?
Pity from thine eye let fall :
Bless me, whilst on thee I call.
Am I thine, thou Son of GOD ?
Take the purchase of thy blood.
- 6 *Father*, see the victim slain,
Offer'd up for guilty man ;
Hear his blood's prevailing cry,
Let thy bowels then reply !
Then through him the sinner see ;
Then, in JESUS, look on me !

XXV. S. M. *The Security of CHRIST'S Sheep.*

John x. 27—29.

- 1 MY soul, with joy attend,
While JESUS silence breaks ;
No angel's harp such music yields,
As what my Shepherd speaks.

- 2 " I know my sheep," he cries,
 " My soul approves them well :
 Vain is the treacherous world's disguise,
 And vain the rage of hell.
- 3 " I freely feed them now
 With tokens of my love,
 But richer pastures I prepare,
 And sweeter streams above.
- 4 " Unnumber'd years of bliss
 I to my sheep will give ;
 And, while my throne unshaken stands,
 Shall all my chosen live.
- 5 " This tried almighty hand
 Is rais'd for their defence :
 Where is the power shall reach them there ?
 Or what shall force them thence ?"
- 6 Enough, my gracious LORD,
 Let faith triumphant cry ;
 My heart can on this promise live,
 Can on this promise die.

XXVI. *Distinguishing Grace*, Jer. xxxi. 3.

- 1 IN songs of sublime adoration and praise,
 Ye pilgrims for Sion who prels,
 Break forth, and extol the great Ancient of
 His rich and distinguishing grace. (Days,
- 2 His love from eternity fix'd upon you,
 Broke forth and discover'd its flame, (drew,
 When each with the cords of his kindness he
 And brought you to love his great name.
- 3 O had he not pitied the state you were in,
 Your bosoms his love had ne'er felt ;

You all would have liv'd, would have dy'd too
And sunk with the load of your guilt. [in sin,

4 What was there in you that could merit esteem,
Or give the Creator delight ?

'Twas "even so, Father," you ever must sing,
"Because it seem'd good in thy sight."

5 'Twas all of thy grace we were brought to obey,
While others were suffer'd to go

'The road which by nature we chose as our way,
Which leads to the regions of wo. ;

6 Then give all the glory to his holy name ;
To him all the glory belongs ; (fame,
Be yours the high joy still to sound forth his
And crown him in each of your songs.

XXVII. C. M. *Fear not, it is your Father's good
pleasure to give you the Kingdom. Luke xii. 32.*

1 YE little flock, whom Jesus feeds,
Dismiss your anxious cares ;
Look to the Shepherd of your souls,
And smile away your fears.

2 Tho' wolves and lions prowl around,
His staff is your defence :
'Midst sands and rocks, your Shepherd's voice
Calls streams and pastures thence,

3 Your Father will a kingdom give,
And give it with delight ;
His feeblest child his love shall call
To triumph in his fight.

4 Ten thousand praises, LORD, we bring
For sure supports like these :

And o'er the pious dead we sing
Thy loving promises:

- 5 For all we hope, and they enjoy,
We bless a Saviour's name ;
Nor shall that stroke disturb the song,
Which breaks this mortal frame.

XXVIII. C. M. CHRIST'S *Intercession Prevalent.* John xvii. 24.

- 1 AWAKE, sweet gratitude, and sing
Th' ascended SAVIOUR'S love ;
Sing how he lives to carry on
His people's cause above.
- 2 With cries and tears he offer'd up
His humble suit below ;
But with authority he asks,
Enthron'd in glory now.
- 3 For all that came to God by him,
Salvation he demands ;
Points to their names upon his breast,
And spreads his wounded hands.
- 4 His sweet atoning sacrifice
Gives sanction to his claim :
" Father, I will that all my faints
Be with me where I am :
- 5 " By their salvation, recompense
The sorrows I endur'd ;
Just to the merits of thy Son,
And faithful to thy word."
- 6 Eternal life, at his request,
To every faint is given :
Safety below, and, after death,
The plenitude of heaven.

- 7 Founded on right, thy prayer prevails,
The Father smiles on thee ;
And now thou in thy kingdom art,
Dear LORD remember me..
- 8 Let the sweet incense of thy prayer
In my behalf ascend ;
And as its virtue, so my praise,
Shall never, never end.

XXIX. L. M. CORNER-STONE. I Pet. ii. 6,
Isa. xxviii. 16, 17.

- 1 LORD, dost thou shew a Corner-Stone,
For us to build our hope upon,
That the fair edifice may rise
Sublime in light beyond the skies ?
- 2 We own the work of sovereign love,
Nor death nor hell the hopes shall move,
Which fix'd on this foundation stand,
Laid by thine own almighty hand.
- 3 Thy people long this Stone have tried,
And all the powers of hell defy'd ;
Floods of temptation beat in vain ;
Well doth this Rock the house sustain.
- 4 When storms of wrath around prevail,
Whirlwind and thunder, fire and hail,
'Tis here our trembling souls shall hide,
And here securely they abide :
- 5 While they that scorn this precious Stone,
Fond of some quicksand of their own,
Borne down by weighty vengeance die,
And bury'd deep in ruin lie.

XXX. *Our Example.* John xiii. 15. L. M.

- 1 AND is the gospel peace and love ?
Such let our conversation be :
'The serpent blended with the Dove,
Wisdom and meek simplicity.
- 2 Whene'er the angry passions rise,
And tempt our thoughts or tongues to strife,
To JESUS let us lift our eyes,
Bright pattern of the Christian life.
- 3 O how benevolent and kind !
How mild ! how ready to forgive !
Be this the temper of our mind,
And these the rules by which we live.
- 4 To do his heavenly Father's will,
Was his employment and delight ;
Humility and holy zeal
Shone thro' his life, divinely bright !
- 5 Dispensing good where'er he came,
The labours of his life were love ;
O, if we love the Saviour's name,
Let his divine example move.
- 6 But ah, how blind ! how weak we are !
How frail ! how apt to turn aside !
LORD, we depend upon thy care,
And ask thy Spirit for our guide.
- 7 Thy fair example may we trace,
'To teach us what we ought to be ;
Make us by thy transforming grace,
Dear Saviour, daily more like thee.

XXXI. L. M. *Gift of God.* John iii. 16. 2
Cor. ix. 15.

- 1 JESUS, my love, my chief delight,
For thee I long, for thee I pray ;
Amid the shadows of the night,
Amid the business of the day.
- 2 When shall I see thy smiling face,
That face which I have often seen ?
Arise, thou Sun of Righteousness,
Scatter the clouds that intervene.
- 3 Thou art the glorious gift of God,
To sinners weary and distressed ;
The first of all his gifts bestow'd,
And certain pledge of all the rest.
- 4 Could I but say this gift is mine,
I'd tread the world beneath my feet ;
No more at poverty repine,
Nor envy the rich sinner's state.
- 5 The precious jewel I would keep,
And lodge it deep within my heart ;
At home, abroad, awake, asleep,
It never should from thence depart !

XXXII. *KING of Saints.* C. M.

- 1 COME, ye that love the Saviour's name,
And joy to make it known,
The sovereign of your heart proclaim,
And bow before his throne.
- 2 Behold your King, your Saviour crown'd
With glories all divine ;
And tell the wondering nations round,
How bright those glories shine.

- 3 Infinite power, and boundless grace,
In him unite their rays ;
You that have e'er beheld his face,
Can you forbear his praise ?
- 4 When in his earthly courts we view
The glories of our King ;
We long to love as angels do,
And wish like them to sing.
- 5 And shall we long and wish in vain ?
LORD, teach our songs to rise !
Thy love can animate the strain,
And bid it reach the skies.
- 6 O happy period ! glorious day !
When heaven and earth shall raise,
With all their powers the raptur'd lay,
To celebrate thy praise.

XXXIII. C. M. *The Spiritual Coronation.*
Cant. iii. 11.

ANGELS.

- 1 ALL hail the power of JESUS' name !
Let angels prostrate fall :
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown him LORD of all.

MARTYRS.

- 2 (Crown him, ye martyrs of our God,
Who from his altar call ;
Extol the Stem of *Jesse's* rod,
And crown him LORD of all.)

CONVERTED JEWS.

- 3 (Ye chosen seed of *Isr'el's* race,
A remnant weak and small ;

Hail him who saves you by his grace,
And crown him LORD of all.)

BELIEVING GENTILES.

- 4 Ye Gentile sinners, ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall ;
Go, spread your trophies at his feet,
And crown him LORD of all.

SINNERS OF EVERY AGE.

- 5 (Babes, men, and fires, who know his love,
Who feel your sin and thrall ;
Now join with all the hosts above,
And crown him LORD of all.)

SINNERS OF EVERY NATION.

- 6 Let every kindred, every tribe
On this terrestrial ball,
To him all majesty ascribe,
And crown him LORD of all.

OURSELVES.

- 7 O that, with yonder sacred throng,
We at his feet may fall ;
We'll join the *everlasting* song,
And crown him LORD of all.

XXXIV. *Sevens. Rock smitten ; or, The Rock
of Ages. Isa. xxvi. 4.*

- 1 ROCK of ages, shelter me,
Let me hide myself in thee !
Let the water and the blood,
From thy wounded side which flow'd,
Be of sin the double cure,
Cleanse me from its guilt and power.

2 Not the labour of my hands
 Can fulfil the law's demands ;
 Could my zeal no respite know,
 Could my tears forever flow,
 All for sin could not atone,
 Thou must save, and thou alone.

3 Nothing in my hand I bring,
 Simply to thy cross I cling ;
 Naked come to thee for dress,
 Helpless look to thee for grace ;
 Black, I to the fountain fly,
 Wash me, SAVIOUR, or I die !

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

XXXV. SHEPHERD. Pf. xxiii. 1—3. S. M.

1 WHILE my Redeemer's near,
 My shepherd and my guide,
 I bid farewell to anxious fear,
 My wants are all supply'd.

2 To ever fragrant meads
 Where rich abundance grows,
 His gracious hand indulgent leads,
 And guards my sweet repose.

3 Along the lovely scene
 Cool waters gently roll,
 Transparent, sweet, and all serene,
 To cheer my fainting soul.

- 4 Here let my spirit rest,
How sweet a lot is mine !
With pleasure, food, and safety blest ;
Beneficence divine.
- 5 Dear Shepherd, if I stray,
My wandering feet restore ;
To thy fair pastures guide my way,
And let me rove no more.
- 6 Unworthy as I am,
Of thy protecting care,
JESUS, I plead thy gracious name,
For all my hopes are there.

XXXVI. SUN. Ps. lxxxiv. 11. L. M.

- 1 GREAT God, amid the darksome night,
Thy glories dart upon my sight,
While, wrapt in wonder, I behold
The silver moon, and stars of gold.
- 2 But when I see the sun arise,
And pour his glories o'er the skies,
In most stupendous forms I view
Thy greatness and thy goodness too.
- 3 Thou Sun of suns, whose dazzling light
Tries and confounds an angel's sight,
How shall I glance mine eye at thee
In all thy vast immensity ?
- 4 Yet I may be allow'd to trace
The distant shadow of thy face,
As in the pale and sickly moon
We trace the image of the sun.
- 5 In every work thy hands have made
Thy power and wisdom are display'd ;

But, O ! what glories all divine
In my incarnate SAVIOUR shine !

6 He is my Sun ; beneath his wings
My soul securely fits and sings ;
And there enjoys, like those above,
The balmy influence of thy love.

7 O may the vital strength and heat
His cheering beams communicate,
Enable me my course to run
With the same vigour as the sun !

XXXVII. C. M. *Being in the Fear of God all
the day long. Prov. xxiii. 17.*

1 THRICE happy souls, who, born from heaven,
While yet they sojourn here,
Humbly begin their days with God,
And spend them in his fear.

2 So may our eyes with holy zeal
Prevent the dawning day ;
And turn the sacred pages o'er,
And praise thy name and pray !

3 'Midst hourly care may love present
Its incense to thy throne :
And, while the world our hands employs,
Our hearts be thine alone !

4 As sanctify'd to noblest ends,
Be each refreshment sought ;
And by each various providence
Some wise instruction brought.

5 When to laborious duties call'd,
Or by temptations try'd,
We'll seek the shelter of thy wings,
And in thy strength confide.

- 6 As different scenes of life arise,
Our grateful hearts would be
With thee, amidst the social band,
In solitude with thee.
- 7 At night we lean our weary heads
On thy paternal breast ;
And, safely folded in thine arms,
Reign our powers to rest.
- 8 In solid, pure delights, like these,
Let all my days be past ;
Nor shall I then impatient wish,
Nor shall I fear the last.

XXXVIII. *Gravity and Decency.* L. M.

- 1 BEHOLD the sons, the heirs of God,
So dearly bought with Jesu's blood !
Are they not born to heavenly joys,
And shall they stoop to earthly toys ?
- 2 Can laughter feed th' immortal mind ?
Were spirits of celestial kind
Made for a jest, for sport and play,
To wear out time and waste the day ?
- 3 Doth vain discourse, or empty mirth,
Well suit the honours of their birth ?
Shall they be fond of gay attire,
Which children love, and fools admire ?
- 4 What if we wear the richest vest ?
Peacocks and flies are better drest ;
This flesh, with all its gaudy forms,
Must drop to dust, and feed the worms.
- 5 Lord, raise our hearts and passions higher ;
Touch our vain souls with sacred fire :

Then, with a heaven-directed eye,
We'll pass these glittering trifles by.

- 6 We'll look on all the toys below
With such disdain as angels do ;
And wait the call that bids us rise
To mansions promis'd in the skies.

XXXIX. 8s. *Supreme Love to Christ.*

- 1 MY gracious Redeemer I love,
His praises aloud I'll proclaim,
And join with the armies above
To shout his adorable name.
To gaze on his glories divine
Shall be my eternal employ,
And feel them incessantly shine,
My boundless ineffable joy.
- 2 He freely redeem'd with his blood,
My soul from the confines of hell,
To live on the smiles of my God,
And in his sweet presence to dwell ;
To shine with the angels of light,
With saints and with seraphs to sing,
To view, with eternal delight,
My Jesus, my Saviour, my King.
- 3 In *Mesbech*, as yet, I reside,
A darksome and restless abode !
Molested with foes on each side,
And longing to dwell with my God.
O when shall my spirit exchange
This cell of corruptible clay,
For mansions celestial ! and range
'Through realms of ineffable day !

- 4 My glorious Redeemer, I long
 To see thee descend on the cloud,
 Amidst the bright numberless throng,
 And mix with the triumphing crowd.
 O, when wilt thou bid me ascend,
 To join in thy praises above,
 To gaze on thee, world without end,
 And feast on thy ravishing love?
- 5 Nor sorrow, nor sickness, nor pain,
 Nor sin, nor temptation, nor fear,
 Shall ever molest me again ;
 Perfection of glory reigns there.
 This soul and this body shall shine
 In robes of salvation and praise,
 And banquet on pleasures divine,
 Where God his full beauty displays.
- 6 Ye palaces, sceptres, and crowns,
 Your pride with disdain I survey ;
 Your pomps are but shadows and sounds
 And pass in a moment away ;
 The crown that my Saviour bestows
 Yon permanent sun shall outshine ;
 My joy everlastingly flows,
 My God, my Redeemer is mine.

XL. Unsettledness. L. M.

- 1 LORD, what a riddle is my soul !
 Alive when wounded, dead when whole.
 Fondly I flee from pain ; yet ease
 Cannot content, nor pleasure please.
- 2 Thou hid'st thy face ; my sins abound,
 World, flesh, and Satan, all surround ;

Fain would I find my God ; but fear
The means, perhaps, may prove severe.

3 If thou the least displeasure shew,
And bring my vileness to my view,
Tim'rous and weak, I shrink and say,
" Lord, keep thy chastening hand away."

4 If reconcil'd I see thy face,
Thy matchless mercy, boundless grace ;
Tortur'd with blifs, I cry, " Remove
That killing fight ; I die with love."

5 My dear Redeemer, purge this dross ;
Teach me to hug and love the cross ;
Teach me thy chastening to sustain ;
Discern the love, and bear the pain.

6 Nor spare to make me clearly see
The sorrows thou hast felt for me :
If death must follow, I comply :
Let me be sick with love and die.

XLI. *Christ very God and Man.* C. M.

1 A MAN there is, a real man,
With wounds still gaping wide,
(From which rich streams of blood once ran)
In hands, and feet, and side.

2 ('Tis no wild fancy of our brains,
No metaphor we speak ;
The same dear man in heav'n now reigns,
That suffer'd for our sake.)

3 This wondrous man of whom we tell,
Is true Almighty God :
He bought our souls from death and hell ;
The price, his own heart's blood.

4 That human heart he still retains,
 Though thron'd in highest bliss,
 And feels each tempted member's pains :
 For our affliction's his.

5 Come then, repenting sinner, come ;
 Approach with humble faith :
 Owe what thou wilt, the total sum
 Is cancell'd by his death.

6 His blood can cleanse the blackest soul,
 And wash our guilt away :
 He shall present us sound and whole
 In that tremendous day.

XLII. *Salvation by Christ alone.* C. M.

1 HOW can ye hope, deluded souls,
 To see what none e'er saw,
 Salvation by the works obtain'd
 Of Sinai's fiery law ?

2 There ye may toil, and weep, and fast,
 And vex your heart with pain ;
 And when ye've ended, find at last
 That all your toil was vain.

3 That law but makes your guilt abound ;
 Sad help ! and (what is worse)
 All souls who under that are found,
 By God himself are curst.

4 This curse pertains to those who break
 One precept, e'er so small ;
 And where's the man, in thought or deed,
 That has not broken all ?

5 Fly then, awaken'd sinner, fly ;
 Your case admits no stay :

The fountain's open'd now for sin,
Come wash your guilt away.

6 See how from Jesu's wounded side
The water flows, and blood ;
If you but touch that purple tide,
You make your peace with God.

7 Only by faith in Jesu's wounds
The sinner gets release :
No other sacrifice for sin
Will God accept but this.

XLIII. Sevens. *Behold and see if there be any sorrow like unto my sorrow.* LAM. i. 12.

1 MUCH we talk of Jesu's blood,
But how little's understood !
Of his suff'rings, so intense,
Angels have no perfect sense.
Who can rightly comprehend
Their beginning or their end !
'Tis to God, and God alone,
That their weight is fully known.

2 O thou hideous monster, sin,
What a curse hast thou brought in !
All creation groans through thee,
Pregnant cause of misery !
Thou hast ruin'd wretched man,
Ever since the world began ;
Thou hast God afflicted too ;
Nothing less than that would do.

3 Would we then rejoice indeed ?
Be it that from thee we're freed.
And our justest cause to grieve
Is, that thou wilt to us cleave.

Faith relieves us from thy guilt :
 But we think whose blood was spilt.
 All we hear, or feel, or see,
 Serves to raise our hate to thee.

- 4 Dearly are we bought ; for God
 Bought us with his own heart's blood :
 Boundless depths of love divine !
 Jesus, what a love was thine !
 'Though the wonders thou hast done
 Are as yet so little known ;
 Here we fix and comfort take ;
 Jesus died for sinners' sake.

XLIV. *Election.* P. M.

- 1 BRETHREN, would you know your stay ?
 What it is supports you still ?
 Why, though tempted ev'ry day,
 Yet you stand ; and stand you will ?
 Long before our birth,
 Nay, before Jehovah laid
 The foundations of the earth,
 We were chosen in our Head.
- 2 God's election is the ground
 Of our hope to persevere.
 On this rock your building found ;
 And preserve your title clear.
Infidels may laugh ;
Pharisees gain say, or rail :
 Here's your tenure (keep it safe)
God's elect can never fail.

XLV. L. M. *Heaven and earth shall pass away,
but my word shall not pass away. Matt. xxiv. 35.*

- 1 THE moon and stars shall lose their light,
The sun shall sink in endless night ;
Both heav'n and earth shall pass away,
The works of nature all decay :
- 2 But they that in the Lord confide,
And shelter in his wounded side,
Shall see the danger overpast—
Stand ev'ry storm, and live at last.
- 3 What Christ has said *must be* fulfill'd—
On this firm rock believers build ;
His word shall stand, his truth prevail,
And not one jot or tittle fail.
- 4 His word is this (poor sinners, hear)
“ Believe on me, and banish fear :
Cease from your own works, bad or good,
And wash your garments in my blood.”

XLVI. C. M. *And when they had nothing to pay,
he frankly forgave them both. Luke vii. 42.*

- 1 MERCY is welcome news indeed,
To those that *guilty* stand ;
Wretches, that *feel* what help they need,
Will bless the helping hand.
- 2 Who rightly would his alms dispose,
Must give them to the *poor* ;
None but the *wounded* patient knows
The comforts of his cure.
- 3 We all have sinn'd against our God,
Exception none can boast :
But he that feels the heaviest load,
Will prize forgiveness most.

- 4 No reck'ning can we rightly keep,
 For who the sums can know ?
 Some souls are fifty pieces deep,
 And some five hundred owe.
- 5 But let our debts be what they may,
 However great, or small :
 As soon as we have *nought* to pay,
 Our Lord forgives us all.
- 6 'Tis perfect poverty alone,
 That sets the soul at large ;
 While we can call one mite our own,
 We have no full discharge.

XLVII. *The Wish.*

- 1 IF dust and ashes might presume,
 Great God, to talk to thee ;
 If in thy presence can be room
 For crawling worms like me :
 I humbly would my *wish* present,
 For *wishes* I have none ;
 All my desires are now content
 To be compris'd in one.
- 2 The single boon I would entreat
 Is to be led by thee,
 To gaze upon thy bloody sweat
 In sad *Gethsemane*.
 To view (as I could bear at least)
 Thy tender broken heart,
 Like a rich olive, bruis'd and prest
 With agonizing smart.
- 3 To see thee bow'd beneath my guilt,
 Intolerable load !

To see thy blood for sinners spilt,
 My groaning, gasping God !
 With sympathizing grief to mourn
 The sorrows of thy soul ;
 The pangs and tortures by thee borne
 In some degree condole.

4 There musing on thy mighty love,
 I always would remain :
 Or but to *Galgotha* remove,
 And thence return again.
 In each dear place, the same rich scene
 Should ever be renew'd :
 No object else should intervene,
 But all be love and blood.

5 For this one favour oft I've sought ;
 And if this one be given,
 I seek on earth no happier lot ;
 And hope the like in heaven.
 Lord, pardon what I ask amiss ;
 For knowledge I have none.
 I do but humbly speak my wish ;
 And may thy will be done.

XLVIII. *But it is good for me to draw near to God,*
 Psalm lxxiii. 28.

1 AS when a child secure of harms
 Hangs at the mother's breast,
 Safe folded in her anxious arms,
 Receiving food and rest :
 And while thro' many a painful path
 The trav'ling parent speeds,
 The fearless babe, with passive faith,
 Lies still, and yet proceeds.

- 2 Should some short start his quiet break,
 He fondly strives to fling
 His little arms about her neck,
 And seems to closer cling.
 Poor child, maternal love alone
 Preserves thee first and last ;
 Thy parent's arms and not thy own,
 Are those that hold thee fast.
- 3 So souls that would to Jesus cleave,
 And hear his secret call,
 Must ev'ry fair pretension leave,
 And let the Lord be all.
 "Keep close to me, thou helpless sheep,"
 The Shepherd softly cries,
Lord tell me what 'tis close to keep ?
 The list'ning sheep replies.
- 4 "Thy whole dependence on me fix ;
 Nor entertain a thought,
 Thy worthless schemes with mine to mix,
 But venture to be *nought*.
 Fond self-direction is a shelf,
 Thy strength, thy wisdom flee :
 When thou art *nothing* in thyself,
 'Thou then art close to me."

XLIX. S. M. *I am the Way, and the Truth,
 and the Life.* John xiv: 6.

- 1 I AM, saith Christ, *the Way*.
 Now if we credit *Him*,
 All other paths must lead astray,
 How fair soe'er they seem.
- 2 I am, saith Christ, *the Truth*.
 Then all that lacks this test.
 Proceed it from an angel's mouth,
 Is but a lie at best.

- 3 I am, faith Christ, *the Life*.
 Let this be seen by faith,
 It follows without further strife,
 That all besides is death.
- 4 If what those words aver,
 The Holy Ghost apply ;
 The simplest Christian shall not *err*,
 Nor be *deceiv'd*, nor *die*.

L. *Thou shalt guide me with thy counsel.* C. M.
 Psalm lxxiii. 24.

- 1 WHENE'ER I make some sudden stop,
 (For many such I make)
 And cannot see the cloud clear'd up,
 Nor know which path to take :
- 2 I to my Saviour speed my way,
 To tell my dubious state :
 Then listen what the Lord will say,
 And hope to follow that.
- 3 If Jesus seem to hide his face,
 What anxious fears I feel !
 But if he deign to whisper peace,
 I'm happy, all is well.
- 4 Confirm'd by one soft secret word,
 I seek no further light ;
 But walk, depending on my Lord,
 By faith, and not by sight.
- 5 Of friends and counsellors bereft,
 I often hear him say ;
 " Decline not to the right nor left,
 Go on, lo, here's the way."
- 6 Weak in myself, in him I'm strong,
 His Spirit's voice I hear :

The way I walk cannot be wrong,
If Jesus be but there.

- 7 He is my helper and my guide ;
I trust to him alone ;
No other helps have I beside,
I venture all on ONE.

LI. C. M. *Because thou sayest I am rich, and
increased with goods. Revelation iii. 17.*

- 1 WHAT makes mistaken men afraid
Of sov'reign grace to preach ?
The reason is (if truth be said)
Because they are so *rich*.
- 2 Why so offensive in their eyes
Doth God's election seem ?
Because they think themselves so wise,
That they have chosen *Him*.
- 3 Of perseverance why so loth
Are some to speak or hear ?
Because, as masters over sloth,
They vow to persevere.
- 4 Whence is imputed righteousness,
A point so little known ?
Because men think they all possess
Some righteousness their own.
- 5 Not so the needy helpless soul
Prefers his humble pray'r :
He looks to him that works the whole ;
And seeks his treasure there.
- 6 His language is, " Let *me*, my God,
On sovereign grace rely ;
And own 'tis free, because bestow'd
On one so vile as I.

- 7 “ *Election!* ’Tis a word divine ;
 For, Lord, I plainly see,
 Had not thy choice prevented mine,
 I ne’er had chosen *thee*.
- 8 “ For *perseverance*, strength I’ve none,
 But would on this depend,
 That *Jesus* having lov’d his own,
 He lov’d them to the end.
- 9 “ Empty and bare I come to thee,
 For righteousness divine :
 O may thy matchless merits be,
 By *imputation* mine ;”
- 10 Thus differ these, yet hoping each,
 To make salvation sure :
 Now most men would approve the *rich*,
 But Christ has blest the *poor*.

LII. *Desertion.* P. M.

- 1 DEEP in a cold, a joyless cell,
 A doleful gulph of gloomy care !
 Where dismal doubts and darkness dwell,
 The dang’rous brink of black despair ;
 Chill’d by the icy damps of death,
 I feel no firm support of faith.
- 2 How can a burden’d cripple rise ?
 How can a fetter’d captive flee ?
 Ah ! Lord, direct my wishful eyes ;
 And let me look, at least, to thee.
 Alas ! my sinking spirits droop,
 I scarce perceive a glimpse of hope.
- 3 Extend thy mercy, gracious God,
 Thy quick’ning Spir’t vouchsafe to send ;

Apply thy reconciling blood,
 And kindly call thy foe thy friend.
 Or if rich cordials thou deny,
 Let patience comfort's place supply.

- 4 Let hope survive, tho' damp't by doubt,
 Do thou defend my shatter'd shield,
 Oh! let me never quite give out,
 Help me to keep the bloody field.
 Lord, look upon th' unequal strife,
 Delay not, lest I lose my life.

LIII. *Repentance.* C. M.

- 1 REPENTANCÉ is a gift bestow'd,
 To save a soul from death :
 Gospel repentance towards God
 Is always join'd to faith.
- 2 Not for an hour, a day, a week,
 Do faints repentance own ;
 But all the time the Lord they seek,
 At sin they grieve and groan.
- 3 Nor is it such a dismal thing,
 As 'tis by some men nam'd :
 A sinner may repent and sing,
 Rejoice and be asham'd.
- 4 'Tis not the fear of hell alone,
 For that may prove extreme ;
 Repenting faints the Saviour own,
 And grieve for grieving him.
- 5 If penitence be quite left out,
 Religion is but halt,
 And hope, though e'er so clear of doubt,
 Like off'rings without salt.

LIV. L. M. *I will say unto God, Do not condemn me ; shew me wherefore thou contendest with me.*

JOB. x. 2.

- 1 CONDEMN me not, most gracious God,
Let not thy fore displeasure burn :
Do not destroy me with thy rod,
Nor at my feeble offerings spurn.
- 2 Give me the knowledge of my heart,
Release me from this heavy yoke ;
Shew me the cause of all my smart,
Why must I bear this cutting stroke ?
- 3 What is it that provokes thine ire ?
Is there some idol I must yield ?
Sure in my heart some base desire,
Some dreadful evil lies conceal'd.
- 4 There's surely some beloved sin,
Could I but find the deadly foe,
Has crept and lurks securely in,
Fain would I mourn, and hate it too.
- 5 Lest it should sink my soul to hell,
Search me, O God, in every part ;
Let not one sin in secret dwell,
Search me and shew me all my heart.
- 6 Let me be stripp'd of all my pride,
I'll not regard how coarse my fare ;
Let me with Christ be crucified
If but his favour I may share.
- 7 Though pinching poverty prevail,
Although the fields should yield no meat,
The labour of the olive fail,
If Christ is mine my joy's complete.

LIV. L. M. *God thundereth marvellously with his voice.* JOB xxxvii. 5.

- 1 THE rain descends, the tempests rise,
My soul, his majesty adore !
Jehovah's voice sounds through the skies,
While lightnings flash, and thunders roar.
- 2 I sit becalm'd while others fear,
The God of thunder is my all ;
It is my Father's voice I hear,
Nor shall I by his thunder fall.
- 3 No : while his lightnings flash around,
Although the earth's foundations move,
I stand secure on faith's firm ground,
I rest in his unchanging love.
- 4 Nothing shall fright my soul from God,
Should he the skies this moment rend,
He is my only safe abode :
My rock, my refuge, and my friend.

LVI. C. M. *The heart is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked ; who can know it ?*

- 1 THIS wretched heart will still backslide,
O what deceit is treasur'd here !
'Tis made of vanity and pride ;
What fruits of unbelief appear !
- 2 My base ingratitude I mourn,
My stubborn will, my earthly mind,
My thoughts how vain, to rove how prone,
To ev'ry evil how inclin'd !
- 3 Who can, amongst the sons of men,
Find out the vileness of my heart ?
None can the depths of guilt explain,
'Tis all corrupt through every part.

- 4 Could creatures look into my breast,
How would they gaze with strange surprise!
They'd hate me with a fore detest,
And turn away their frightened eyes.
- 5 But what are creatures, Lord, to Thee!
They can't forgive one single sin,
Were they dispos'd to pity me,
They could not work one grace within.
- 6 To Jesus then I'll make my moan,
O cleanse this filthy sink of sin!
Jesus, thou canst, and thou alone,
O condescend to make me clean.
- 7 I plead for mercy at Thy feet,
Make me inflexibly sincere;
Purge me from guile,—from all deceit,
And fill my soul with holy fear.

LVII. *By grace are ye saved.* EPH. ii. 8. C.M.

- 1 NO more of works I vainly boast,
Nor so employ my tongue;
Jesus alone is all my trust,
Free grace my only song.
- 2 'Twas not in me to seek his face,
Nor did I ask his love,
Till he by his all-powerful grace
First drew my thoughts above.
- 3 My free will chose the beaten road
That leads to endless pain,
I walk'd with pleasure there, till God
Inclin'd me to refrain.
- 4 He saw me helpless and undone,
A rebel dark and blind,
And led me to his blessed Son,
A better way to find.

- 5 By whose rich grace alone I stand,
Kept by his mighty power,
Through which I trust e'er long to land
On the celestial shore.
- 6 Then shall I leave all sin's remains,
And view his glorious face,
And sing in more exalted strains
The freedom of his grace.

LVIII. S. M. *O that I knew where I might find
Him, that I might come even to His seat; I would
order my cause before Him, and fill my mouth with
arguments. JOB xxiii. 3, 4.*

- 1 I LANGUISH for a sight
Of Him who reigns on high;
Jesus, my soul's supreme delight,
For Him alone I sigh.
- 2 O that I knew the place
Where I might find my God,
And make the arms of his embrace
My soul's secure abode!
- 3 Near to his mercy's seat,
Where grace triumphant reigns,
I'd come and worship at His feet,
And tell him all my pains.
- 4 The arguments I'd use
My troubles shall suggest:
Nor can my blessed Lord refuse
The cause of the distress'd.
- 5 O Jesus, bring me near,
New life, new strength impart,
Banish at once my slavish fear,
And dwell within my heart.

LIX. L. M. *I will love the Lord, because He hath heard my voice, and my supplications.* Ps. cxvi. 1.

- 1 THEE will I love, my dearest Lord,
For thou hast heard my mournful cries,
My soul shall live upon thy word,
For thou hast sent me fresh supplies.
- 2 When I was overwhelm'd with grief,
Mourning, I sought thee all in tears,
And thou hast been my sure relief,
And thou hast sweetly calm'd my fears.
- 3 Why, O my God, why should'st thou be
To me so infinitely kind?
Why such regard,—such love to me?
The reason, Lord, I fain would find.
- 4 'Tis to exalt thy sov'reign grace,
Thy condescension and thy care;
To lay me low before thy face;
That I thy goodness might declare.
- 5 O may thy love be still my song,
Thy honour be my sole employ,
Jesus, whilst thou my life prolong,
Till I in heaven my God enjoy.

LX. L. M. *I will remember the works of the Lord, surely I will remember thy wonders of old.* Psalm lxxvii. 11. *Miss Harrison*

- 1 AWAY, my doubts, be gone, my fear,
The wonders of the Lord appear,
The wonders that my Saviour wrought;
O how delightful is the thought!
- 2 The wonders of redeeming love,
When first my heart was drawn above;
When first I saw my Saviour's face,
And triumph'd in His pard'ning grace.

- 3 Pursue, my thoughts, this pleasing theme,
'Twas not a fancy nor a dream;
'Twas grace descending from the skies,
And shall be marv'llous in my eyes.
- 4 Long had I mourn'd, like one forgot,
Long had my soul for comfort fought,
Jesus was witness to my tears,
And Jesus sweetly calm'd my fears.
- 5 He cleans'd my soul, he chang'd my dress,
And cloth'd me with his righteousness:
He spoke at once my sins forgiven,
And I rejoic'd as if in heaven.
- 6 How was I struck with sweet surprise,
While glory shone before my eyes!
How did I sing from day to day,
And wish'd to sing my soul away!
- 7 The world with all its pomp withdrew,
'Twas less than nothing in my view;
Redeeming love was all my theme,
And life appear'd an idle dream.
- 8 I gloried in my Saviour's grace;
'I sang my great Redeemer's praise;
My soul now long'd to soar away,
And leave her tenement of clay.
- 9 The powers of hell in vain combin'd
To tempt or interrupt my mind;
I saw, and sung in joyful strains
The monster satan held in chains.
- 10 These are the wonders I record,
The marv'llous goodness of the Lord;
O for a tongue to speak his praise,
To tell the triumphs of his grace!

LXI. C. M. *I will look to the Lord, I will wait
for the God of my salvation, my God will hear
me. Mic. vi. 7.*

- 1 MY God!—for I can call thee MINE,
My father and my friend ;
Am I not thine, forever thine ?
To thee my groans ascend.
- 2 My God!—How pleasing is the sound !
What can I wish for more ?
In thee, my God, my soul has found
An everlasting store.
- 3 My God,—I still repeat the cry,
Bring thy salvation near :
My God, do thou my wants supply,
And manifest thy care.
- 4 This word can lighten every care !
While I can say,—My God,
Fulness in poverty I share,
And satisfying food.
- 5 Eternal thanks to thy great name,
Whose grace hath made me thine :
Nothing shall put my soul to shame
While I can call thee MINE.
- 6 Let grateful thanks to Jesus rise,
Who bought me with his blood,
Who gave his life a sacrifice
Ere I could say,—My God.
- 7 Joyful in tribulation now
I bless my God and King ;
Of mercy, and of judgment too,
With cheerful voice I sing.

LXII. *Renouncing the World.* P. M.

- 1 TELL me no more of earthly toys,
Of sinful mirth, and carnal joys,
The things I lov'd before ;
Let me but view my Saviour's face,
And feel his animating grace,
And I desire no more.
- 2 Tell me no more of praise and wealth,
Tell me no more of ease and health,
For these have all their snares ;
Let me but know my sins forgiven,
But see my name enroll'd in heaven,
And I am free from cares.
- 3 Tell me no more of lofty tow'rs,
Delightful gardens, fragrant bow'rs,
For these are trifling things ;
The little room for me design'd
Will suit as well my easy mind,
As palaces of kings.
- 4 Tell me no more of crowding guests,
Of sumptuous feasts and gaudy dresses,
Extravagance and waste ;
My little table, only spread
With wholesome herbs and wholesome bread,
Will better suit my taste.
- 5 Give me the Bible in my hand,
A heart to read and understand,
And faith to trust the Lord ;
I'd set alone from day to day,
Or urge my company to stay,
Nor wish to rove abroad.

LXIII. *Why weepst thou?* John xx. 13. C. M.

- 1 WHY, O my soul, why weepst thou?
Tell me from whence arise
Those briny tears that often flow,
Those groans that pierce the skies?
- 2 Is sin the cause of thy complaint,
Or the chastising rod?
Dost thou an evil heart lament,
And mourn an absent God?
- 3 Lord, let me weep for nought but sin,
And after none but thee;
And then, I would, O that I might!
A constant weeper be!

LXIV. *The contrite Heart,* Isaiah lvii. 15. C. M.

- 1 THE Lord will happiness divine
On contrite hearts bestow;
Then tell me, gracious God, is mine
A contrite heart or no?
- 2 I hear, but seem to hear in vain,
Insensible as steel;
If aught is felt, 'tis only pain
To find I cannot feel.
- 3 I sometimes think myself inclin'd
To love thee if I could;
But often feel another mind,
Averse to all that's good.
- 4 My best desires are faint and few,
I fain would strive for more;
But when I cry, "My strength renew,"
Seem weaker than before.
- 5 Thy saints are comforted I know,
And love thy house of prayer;

I sometimes go where others go,
But find no comfort there.

- 6 O make this heart rejoice or ache ;
Decide this doubt for me ;
And if it be not broken, break,
And heal it, if it be.

LXV. *Resignation ; or, God our Portion.* C. M.

- 1 MY times of sorrow and of joy,
Great God, are in thy hand ;
My choicest comforts come from thee,
And go at thy command.
- 2 If thou shouldst take them all away,
Yet would I not repine ;
Before they were possess'd by me,
They were entirely thine.
- 3 Nor would I drop a murmuring word,
Though the whole world were gone,
But seek enduring happiness
In thee, and thee alone.
- 4 What is the world with all its store ?
'Tis but a bitter sweet ;
When I attempt to pluck the rose,
A pricking thorn I meet.
- 5 Here perfect bliss can ne'er be found,
The honey's mix'd with gall ;
Midst changing scenes and dying friends,
Be *thou* my all in all.

LXVI. *Filial Submission, Heb. xii. 7.* C. M.

- 1 AND can my heart aspire so high,
To say, " My Father, God ! "

- Lord, at thy feet I fain would lie,
And learn to kiss the rod.
- 2 I would submit to all thy will,
For thou art good and wise !
Let every anxious thought be still,
Nor one faint murmur rise.
- 3 Thy love can cheer the darksome gloom,
And bid me wait serene ;
Till hopes and joys immortal bloom,
And brighten all the scene.
- 4 " My Father"—O permit my heart
To plead her humble claim,
And ask the bliss those words impart,
In my Redeemer's name.

LXVII. *Self-denial ; or, taking up the Cross.* Mark
viii. 38. Luke ix. 26. C. M.

- 1 ASHAM'D of Christ ! my soul disdain
The mean, ungen'rous thought :
Shall I disown that friend, whose blood
To man salvation brought ?
- 2 With the glad news of love and peace
From heaven to earth he came ;
For us endur'd the painful cross,
For us despis'd the shame.
- 3 At his command we must take up,
Our cross without delay :
Our lives—and thousand lives of ours
His love can ne'er repay.
- 4 Each faithful sufferer Jesus views
With infinite delight ;
Their lives to him are dear, their deaths
Are precious in his sight.

- 5 To bear his name, his cross to bear!
 Our highest honour this!
 Who nobly suffers now for him,
 Shall reign with him in bliss.
- 6 But should we in the evil day
 From our profession fly,
 Jesus the Judge, before the world,
 The traitor will deny.

LXVIII. *Choosing the Better Part, Luke x. 42.*
 L. M.

- 1 BESET with snares on every hand,
 In life's uncertain path I stand:
 Saviour divine, diffuse thy light,
 To guide my doubtful footsteps right.
- 2 Engage this roving treacherous heart,
 To fix on Mary's better part;
 To scorn the trifles of a day
 For joys that none can take away.
- 3 Then let the wildest storms arise;
 Let tempests mingle earth and skies:
 No fatal shipwreck shall I fear,
 But all my treasures with me bear.
- 4 If thou, my Jesus, still be nigh,
 Cheerful I live and joyful die;
 Secure, when mortal comforts flee,
 To find ten thousand worlds in thee.

LXIX. *Complaining of Inconstancy.* L. M.

- 1 THOU wandering star, and fleeting wind
 Represent th' unstable mind:
- 1 THOU morning cloud and early dew
 And our inconstancy to view.

- 2 But cloud, and wind, and dew, and star,
Faint and imperfect emblems are ;
Nor can there aught in nature be,
So fickle and so false as we.
- 3 Our outward walk, and inward frame,
Scarce through a single hour the same ;
We vow, and straight our vows forget,
And then these very vows repeat.
- 4 We sin forsake, to sin return,
Are hot, are cold, now freeze, now burn !
In deep distress, then raptures feel,
We soar to heaven, then sink to hell.
- 5 With flowing tears, Lord, we confess
Our folly and unsteadfastness ;
When shall these hearts more fixed be,
Fix'd by thy grace, and fix'd for thee ?

LXX. *Blessed are the peace-makers, &c.* L. M.

- 1 THE souls, who love and long for *peace*,
Who strive to make contention cease,
Who flee wild passion's wrathful rod,
Are blest'd, for they're the sons of God.
- 2 *Peace*, from the Lord, their souls have felt ;
Peace, and the pardon of their guilt ;
Peace, which this world, do what it may,
Can neither give nor take away.
- 3 A *peace* that's holy, pure, and good ;
A *peace* procur'd by Jesus' blood ;
A *peace* which only he can give ;
A *peace* which shall forever live. .E
- 4 This makes them dread the jars ^{oth}
Of angry and contentious life : ^{The} ^{his}
Bring

- Sweet *peace*, they labour to restore,
 And grieve that they succeed no more.
- 5 The church, the world, their houses too
 Bear witness that they *peace* pursue ;
 'Tis an employ they can't forsake,
 For *peace* on earth they love to make.
- 6 Then, Lord, to prove my heavenly birth,
 May I seek *peace* and truth, on earth ;
 And when upon a dying bed,
 In *peace*, with thee, lay down my head.
- 7 Then shall I flee from every foe,
 From wrath, and strife, and sin below ;
 And, maugre all the rage of hell,
 With thee, in *peace*, forever dwell.

LXXI. *The Request.* C. M.

- 1 FATHER, whate'er of earthly bliss,
 Thy sov'reign will denies,
 Accepted at thy throne of grace,
 Let this petition rise ;
- 2 " Give me a calm, & thankful heart,
 From ev'ry 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."

LXXII. L. M. *Remembering all the Way the Lord
 has led him, Deut. viii. 2.*

- 1 THUS far my God hath led me on,
 And made his truth and mercy known ;

- My hopes and fears alternate rise,
And comforts mingle with my sighs.
- 2 Thro' this wide wilderness I roam,
Far distant from my blissful home ;
Lord, let thy presence be my stay,
And guard me in this dang'rous way.
- 3 Temptations every where annoy,
And sins and snares my peace destroy ;
My earthly joys are from me torn,
And oft an absent God I mourn.
- 4 My soul with various tempests toss'd,
Her hopes o'erturn'd, her projects cross'd,
Sees every day new straits attend,
And wonders where the scene will end.
- 5 Is this, dear Lord, that thorny road,
Which leads us to the mount of God ?
Are these the toils thy people know,
While in the wilderness below ?
- 6 'Tis even so, thy faithful love
Doth all thy children's graces prove ;
'Tis thus our pride and self must fall,
That Jesus may be ALL in ALL.

LXXIII. *Reading the Scriptures.* L. M.

- 1 GREAT God, oppress'd with grief and fear,
I take thy book, and hope to find
Some gracious word of promise there,
To sooth the sorrows of my mind :
- 2 I turn the sacred volume o'er,
And search with care from page to page ;
Of threat'nings find an ample store,
But nought that can my grief assuage.

- 3 And is there nought? forbid, dear Lord,
So base a thought should e'er arise;
I'll search again, and while I search,
O may the scales fall off mine eyes!
- 4 'Tis done: and with transporting joy,
I read the heav'n-inspired lines;
There mercy spreads its brightest beams,
And truth with dazzling lustre shines.
- 5 Here's heav'nly food for hungry souls,
And mines of gold t' enrich the poor:
Here's healing balm for ev'ry wound,
A salve for ev'ry festering sore.

LXXIV. *Self Examination.* Gal. iv. 19, 20. L.M.

- 1 WHAT strange perplexities arise,
What anxious fears and jealousies!
What crowds in doubtful light appear:
How few, alas! approv'd and clear!
- 2 And what am I?—My soul awake,
And an impartial survey take:
Does no dark sign, no ground of fear,
In practice or in heart appear?
- 3 What image does my spirit bear?
Is Jesus form'd and living there?
Say, do his lineaments divine,
In thought, and word, and action shine?
- 4 Searcher of hearts, O search me still;
The secrets of my soul reveal;
My fears remove, let me appear
To God and my own conscience clear.
- 5 Scatter the clouds that o'er my head
Thick glooms of dubious terrors spread;

Lead me into celestial day,
And to myself, myself display.

- 6 May I at that blest world arrive,
Where Christ through all my soul shall live,
And give full proof that he is there,
Without one gloomy doubt or fear.

LXXV. *Lord's Day Evening.* C. M.

- 1 WHEN, O dear Jesus, when shall I
Behold thee all serene ?
Blest in perpetual Sabbath day,
Without a veil between ?
- 2 Assist me while I wander here,
Amidst a world of cares ;
Incline my heart to pray with love,
And then accept my prayers.
- 3 Release my soul from ev'ry chain,
No more hell's captive led ;
And pardon a repenting child,
For whom the Saviour bled.
- 4 Spare me, my God, O spare the soul,
That gives itself to thee ;
Take all that I possess below,
And give thyself to me.
- 5 Thy Spirit, O my Father, give,
To be my guide and friend ;
To light my ways to ceaseless joys,
To Sabbaths without end.

LXXVI. *The Saviour present with two or three.*
Mat. xviii. 20. L. M.

- 1 WHERE two or three with sweet accord,
Obedient to their sov'reign Lord,

Meet to recount his acts of grace,
And offer solemn prayer and praise ;

“ There,” says the Saviour, will I be,
Amidst this little company ;
To them unveil my smiling face,
And shed my glories round the place.”

3 We meet at thy command, dear Lord,
Relying on thy faithful word :
Now send thy Spirit from above,
Now fill our hearts with heav'nly love.

LXXVII. C. M. *The Conversion of Sinners a
Matter for Prayer and Praise.*

1 THERE's joy in heaven and joy on earth,
When prodigals return,
To see desponding souls rejoice,
And haughty sinners mourn.

2 “ Come faints, and hear what God hath done,”
Is a reviving sound ;
O may it spread from sea to sea,
E'en all the globe around.

3 Often, O sovereign Lord, renew
The wonders of this day ;
That Jesus here may see his seed, &
And Satan lose his prey.

4 Great God, the work is all thine own,
Thine be the praises too ;
Let every heart and every tongue
Give thee the glory due.

LXXVIII. C. M. *Difficulties, in the Way of Duty, surmounted—Hinder me not, Gen. xxiv. 56.**

- 1 (WHEN Abram's servant to procure
A wife for Isaac went,
He met Rebecca—told his wish,—
Her parents gave consent.
- 2 Yet for ten days they urg'd the man
His journey to delay ;
" *Hinder me not,*" he quick reply'd,
" Since God has crown'd my way."
- 3 'Twas thus I cry'd, when Christ the Lord,
My soul to him did wed ;
" *Hinder me not,* nor friends nor foes,
Since God my way hath sped."
- 4 " Stay," says the world, " and taste awhile,
My every pleasant sweet ;"
" *Hinder me not,*" my soul replies,
" Because the way is great."
- 5 " Stay," Satan my old master cries,
" Or force shall thee detain ;"
" *Hinder me not,* I will be gone,
My God has broke thy chain.")
- 6 In all my Lord's appointed ways,
My journey I'll pursue ;
Hinder me not, ye much lov'd faints,
" For I must go with you."
- 7 Thro' floods and flames, if Jesus lead,
I'll follow where he goes ;
Hinder me not, shall be my cry,
Tho' earth and hell oppose.

* This hymn may begin at the 6th verse

- 8 Thro' duty, and thro' trials too,
I'll go at his command ;
Hinder me not, for I am bound,
To my Immanuel's land.
- 9 And when my Saviour calls me home,
Still this my cry shall be ;
Hinder me not, come welcome death,
I'll gladly go with thee.

LXIX. *Secret Prayer.* L. M.

- 1 ALL those who seek a throne of grace
Are sure to find in every place ;
To those who love a life of prayer,
Our God is present every where.
- 2 The shady grove or burning plain,
The blooming field or swelling main,
Alike are sweet in *secret prayer,*
For God is present every where.
- 3 In pining sickness, rosy health,
In poverty or growing wealth,
The humble soul delights in prayer,
And God is present every where.
- 4 When Zion mourns and comforts fail,
And all her foes do scoff and rail,
'Tis then a time for *secret prayer,*
For God is present every where.
- 5 When some backslide, and others fall,
And few are found who strive at all ;
The faithful find in *secret prayer,*
That God is present every where.
- 6 Come, then, my soul, in every strait,
To Jesus come, and on him wait ;
He sees and hears each secret sigh,
And brings his own salvation nigh.

LXXX. *Not ashamed of Christ.* L. M.

- 1 JESUS ! and shall it ever be
A mortal man ashamed of thee !
Ashamed of thee, whom angels praise,
Whose glories shine through endless days ?
- 2 Ashamed of Jesus ! sooner far
Let evening blush to own a star ;
He sheds the beams of light divine
O'er this benighted soul of mine.
- 3 Ashamed of Jesus ! just as soon
Let midnight be ashamed of noon ;
'Twas midnight with my soul till he,
Bright morning star ! bid darkness flee.
- 4 Ashamed of Jesus ! that dear friend,
On whom my hopes of heaven depend !
No ; when I blush—be this my shame,
That I no more revere his name.
- 5 Ashamed of Jesus ! yes, I may,
When I've no guilt to wash away,
No tear to wipe, no good to crave,
No fears to quell, no soul to save.
- 6 Till then—nor is my boasting vain—
Till then, I boast a Saviour slain !
And O may this my glory be,
That Christ is not ashamed of me !
- 7 (His institutions would I prize,
Take up my cross—the shame despise ;
Dare to defend his noble cause,
And yield obedience to his laws.)

LXXXI. *The Promised Land.* C. M.

- 1 ON Jordan's stormy banks I stand,
And cast a wishful eye,
To Canaan's fair and happy land,
Where my possessions lie.
- 2 O the transporting, rapturous scene,
That rises to my sight !
Sweet fields array'd in living green,
And rivers of delight !
- 3 There gen'rous fruits that never fail,
On trees immortal grow ;
There rocks and hills, and brooks and vales,
With milk and honey flow.
- 4 All o'er those wide extended plains
Shines one eternal day :
There God the Sun forever reigns,
And scatters night away.
- 5 No chilling winds, or poisonous breath,
Can reach that healthful shore :
Sickness and sorrow, pain and death,
Are felt and fear'd no more.
- When shall I reach that happy place,
And be forever blest ?
When shall I see my Father's face,
And in his bosom rest ?
- 7 Fill'd with delight, my raptur'd soul
Can here no longer stay ;
Tho' Jordan's waves around me roll,
Fearless I'd launch away.

LXXXII. *Social Worship.* L. M.

- 1 JESUS, where'er thy people meet,
Where they behold thy mercy-seat ;
Where'er they seek thee thou art found,
And every place is hallow'd ground.
- 2 For thou, within no walls confin'd,
Inhabitest the humble mind ;
Such ever bring thee where they come,
And going, take thee to their home.
- 3 Dear Shepherd of thy chosen few !
Thy former mercies here renew ;
Here, to our waiting hearts proclaim
The sweetness of thy saving name.
- 4 Here may we prove the power of pray'r,
To strengthen faith and sweeten care ;
To teach our faint desires to rise,
And bring all heaven before our eyes.
- 5 Behold, at thy commanding word,
We stretch the curtain and the cord ;*
Come thou, and fill this humble space,
And bless us with a large increase.
- 6 Lord, we are few, but thou art near ;
Nor short thine arm, nor deaf thine ear ;
Oh, rend the heav'ns, come quickly down,
And make a thousand hearts thine own.

* Isa. liv. 2.

LXXXIII. *Penitence and Hope.* C. M.

- 1 DEAR Saviour, when my thoughts recall
The wonders of thy grace ;
Low at thy feet aham'd I fall,
And hide this wretched face.
- 2 Shall love like thine be thus repaid ?
Ah vile, ungrateful heart !
By earth's low cares detain'd, betray'd,
From Jesus to depart.
- 3 From Jesus, who alone can give
True pleasure, peace, and rest :
When absent from my Lord, I live
Unsatisfy'd, unblest.
- 4 But he, for his own mercy's sake,
My wandering soul restores :
He bids the mourning heart partake
The pardon it implores.
- 5 O, while I breathe to thee, my Lord,
The penitential sigh,
Confirm the kind, forgiving word
With pity in thine eye !
- 6 Then shall the mourner at thy feet,
Rejoice to seek thy face ;
And grateful own how kind ! how sweet !
Thy condescending grace.

LXXXIV. *Devoting the heart to Jesus.* L.M.

- 1 JESUS, what shall I do to show
How much I love thy glorious name ?
Let my whole heart with rapture glow
Thy boundless goodness to proclaim.

- 2 Yes, dearest Lord, my heart is thine,
Sacred to thee be all its powers !
O bid me give to love divine
The little remnant of my hours !
- 3 Thou narrow heart, ye fleeting hours,
How mean the tribute you can raise !
The grace my thankful soul adores,
Claims an eternity of praise !
- 4 Lord, if a distant glimpse of thee
Can give such sweet, such rich delight ;
What must their joy, their transport be,
Who dwell forever in thy sight ?
- 5 To that bright world my heart aspires,
Where all the glories of thy face
Unveil'd, shall fill the soul's desires,
And tune the song to boundless grace !
- 6 O teach my heart, my life, my voice
To celebrate thy wondrous love !
Fulfil my hopes, complete my joys,
And bid me join the songs above.

LXXXV. *Rest and Comfort in Christ alone.* L. M.

- 1 WHERE shall I fly but to thy feet,
My Saviour, my almighty friend ?
Dear names, beyond expression sweet !
On these my hopes of bliss depend.
- 2 Where shall I rest but on thy grace,
Thy boundless grace divinely free ?
On earth I find no resting place ;
Dear Saviour, bid me come to thee !
- 3 Though sin detains me from my Lord,
I long, I languish to be blest :

O speak one soul reviving word,
And bid me come to thee, my rest.

- 4 When I this wretched heart explore,
Here no kind source of hope appears ;
But O my soul, that grace adore,
Free grace, which triumphs o'er my fears.
- 5 Jesus, from thy atoning blood,
My only consolation flows ;
Hope beams from thee, my Saviour God,
My soul no other refuge knows.

LXXXVI. *Breathing after God.* L. M.

- 1 WHERE is my God ? does he retire
Beyond the reach of humble sighs ?
Are these weak breathings of desire
Too languid to ascend the skies ?
- 2 Where is my God ? can he be mine
And yet so long conceal his face ?
And must I every joy resign,
Nor hope for his returning grace ?
- 3 Hence guilty diffidence depart,
His goodness never can decline ;
He sees this weak, this trembling heart,
That yet aspires to call him mine.
- 4 He hears the breathings of desire,
The weak petition, if sincere,
Is not forbidden to aspire,
And hope to reach his gracious ear.
- 5 Look up, my soul, with cheerful eye,
See where the great Redeemer stands,
The glorious advocate on high,
With precious incense in his hands.

- 6 He sweetens every humble groan,
 He recommends each broken prayer ;
 Recline thy hope on him alone,
 Whose power and love forbid despair.

LXXXVII. *Humble Trust.* L. M.

- 1 WHY should my pining spirit be
 So long a stranger to my Lord,
 When promises divinely free,
 Invite me in his sacred word ?
- 2 Does he not bid the weary come,
 And call the wretched sons of grief
 To him their refuge and their home,
 Their heavenly friend, their sure relief ?
- 3 Yes, by the kindest, tenderest names,
 My Lord invites my humble trust ;
 My diffidence he gently blames,
 How soft the censure, and how just.
- 4 This trembling frame, worn out with pains,
 On thee my guardian God depends ;
 And while my fainting heart complains,
 To thee the plaintive groan ascends.
- 5 Though all the powers of nature fail,
 And life's pale trembling lamp decline ;
 Thy grace can bid my faith prevail,
 Can give me fortitude divine.
- 6 That grace which bids my hope aspire
 Can every anxious fear remove,
 Can give me all my soul's desire,
 The full assurance of thy love.

LXXXVIII. C. M. *The Necessity of renewing
Grace.*

- 1 HOW helpless, guilty nature lies,
Unconscious of its load !
The heart unchang'd can never rise
To happiness and God.
- 2 The will perverse, the passions blind,
In paths of ruin stray :
Reason debas'd can never find,
The safe, the narrow way.
- 4 Can ought beneath a power divine
The stubborn will subdue ?
'Tis thine, almighty Saviour, thine
To form the heart anew.
- 5 'Tis thine the passions to recall,
And upwards bid them rise ;
And make the scales of error fall
From reason's darken'd eyes.
- 3 To chase the shades of death away,
And bid the sinner live !
A beam of heaven, a vital ray
'Tis thine alone to give.
- 4 O change these wretched hearts of ours,
And give them life divine !
Then shall our passions and our powers,
Almighty Lord, be thine.

LXXXIX. *The Pearl of Great Price.* C. M.

- 1 YE glittering toys of earth adieu,
A nobler choice be mine ;
A real prize attracts my view,
A treasure all divine.

- 2 Be gone, unworthy of my cares,
Ye specious baits of sense ;
Inestimable worth appears,
The pearl of price immense.
- 3 Jesus, to multitudes unknown,
O name divinely sweet !
Jesus, in thee, in thee alone,
Wealth, honour, pleasure meet.
- 4 Should both the Indies at my call
Their boasted stores resign,
With joy I would renounce them all,
For leave to call thee mine.
- 5 Should earth's vain treasures all depart,
Of this dear gift possess'd,
I'd clasp it to my joyful heart,
And be forever bless'd.
- 6 Dear sov'reign of my soul's desires,
Thy love is bliss divine ;
Accept the with that love inspires,
And bid me call thee mine.

XC. C. M. *The Presence of God the only Comfort
in Affliction.*

- 1 IN vain, while dark affliction spreads
Her melancholy gloom,
Kind providence its blessings sheds
And nature's beauties bloom.
- 2 For all that charms the taste or sight
My heart no wish respire ;
O for a beam of heavenly light
When earthly hope expires.
- 3 Thou only centre of my rest,
Look down with pitying eye,

- While with protracted pain oppress
I breathe the plaintive sigh.
- 4 Thy gracious presence, O my God,
My every wish contains,
With this, beneath affliction's load
My heart no more complains.
- 5 This can my every care control,
Gild each dark scene with light ;
'This is the sunshine of the soul,
Without it all is night.
- 6 My Lord, my life, O cheer my heart
With thy reviving ray,
And bid these mournful shades depart
And bring the dawn of day !
- 7 O happy scenes of pure delight !
Where thy full beams impart
Unclouded beauty to the sight,
And rapture to the heart.
- 8 Her part in those fair realms of bliss,
My spirit longs to know :
My wishes terminate in this,
Nor can they rest below.
- 9 Lord, shall the breathings of my heart
Aspire in vain to thee !
Confirm my hope, that where thou art
I shall forever be.
- 10 Then shall my cheerful spirit sing
The darksome hours away,
And rise on Faith's expanded wing
To everlasting day.

XCI. *Consider the Ravens.* Luke xii. 24.

- 1 KIND Teacher and Lord !
 Thy wisdom we blefs,
 Who doft in thy word
 This precept exprefs ;
 (May we from the heavens
 This counfel receive,)
Consider the ravens,
 And learn to believe.
- 2 Whatever diftrefs,
 Or want may betide,
 The God of all grace
 Will for us provide ;
 Since he, from the heavens,
 Has taught us to fay,
Consider the ravens
 Whenever you pray.
- 3 They fow not, nor reap,
 Nor gather in ftore,
 Have nothing to keep,
 Yet never are poor ;
 If God, in the heavens,
 Made nothing in vain,
Consider the ravens,
 And never complain.
- 4 Your every need
 He'll furely fupply,
 And all his faints feed,
 With bread from the fky ;
 On him, in the heavens,
 Continue to call ;
Consider the ravens,
 And trust him for all.
- 5 Your wants may be great,
 And friends may be few ;

Yet on him still wait
 Whatever you do ;
 For he, in the heavens,
 Well knows what you need,
Consider the ravens
 His children shall feed.

6 Look up to his throne
 Nor ever despair ;
 But thankfully own,
 His fatherly care :
 Your God, in the heavens,
 Forever adore ;
Consider the ravens,
 And doubt him no more.

7 O doubt not his care,
 His truth, or his love,
 Which kindly you share,
 And constantly prove ;
 When you against Heaven
 To murmur begin,
Consider the ravens,
 And blush for your sin.

8 Still, Lord, while below
 A pilgrim I stay,
 Thy bounty bestow,
 Thy kindness display ;
 To thee in the heavens
 I'll lift up my voice,
Consider the ravens,
 And always rejoice.

XCII. *Christ the One Thing Needful.* L. M.

1 ATTEND, my soul, and search, and see
 What's the most needful thing for thee.

- Can earth, with all its painted toys,
Afford thee true and solid joys ?
- 2 Say, could'st thou be completely blest,
Of honours, pleasures, wealth possess'd ?
Could any creature-good below
Sufficient be ?—*No !* Jesus, *no !*
- 3 No, 'tis engraven on my heart,
That thou *the one thing needful art ;*
I could from all t'ings parted be,
But never, never, Lord, from thee !
- 4 *Needful* art thou, to make me live ;
Needful art thou, all grace to give ;
Needful, to guide me, lest I stray ;
Needful, to help me, ev'ry day.
- 5 *Needful*, to clothe my naked soul ;
Needful, to heal and make me whole ;
Needful, my feeble soul to guard ;
Needful, to be my great reward.
- 6 *Needful*, thy presence, dearest Lord,
True peace and comfort to afford ;
Needful, thy promise, to impart
New strength and vigour to my heart.
- 7 *Needful* is thy most precious blood ;
Needful is thy correcting rod ;
Needful is thy indulgent care ;
Needful, thy all-prevailing prayer.
- Needful* art thou, my soul can say,
Through all life's dark and thorny way ;
Nor less in death thou'lt *needful* be,
When I yield up my soul to thee.
- 9 *Needful* art thou, to raise my dust
In shining glory with the just ;

Needful, when I in heaven appear,
To crown, and to present me there.

10 *Needful* art thou, my Lord, my Love,
To tune my golden harp above ;
Needful art thou, my God, my King,
While to eternity I sing.

11 There shall my soul, with joy supreme,
Dwell on the dear, delightful theme ;
(Glory and praise be ever his)
The one thing needful Jesus is.

XCIH. L. M. *Blessed are the pure in heart, &c.*
Mat. v. 8.

1 JESUS, before thee I appear,
My earnest supplication hear ;
Fountain of every grace thou art,
O give me *purity of heart.*

2 The *pure in heart* thy lips have blest'd,
They shall see God and in him rest ;
This blessing, Lord, to me impart,
A real *purity of heart.*

3 I hate, dear Lord, my inbred sin,
It dwells, and oh, it works within ;
I feel its deep envenom'd dart,
Yet long for *purity of heart.*

4 Let all my conduct be sincere ;
Thy grace in heart and life appear ;
Then heart and life shall ever be
An union of praise to thee.

5 Bring me, at last, by sov'reign love,
Safe to the blessed world above,
There to possess the glorious part,
A perfect *purity of heart.*

XCIV. *'Tis All for the Best.* P. M.

- 1 MY soul, now arise,
 My passions take wing,
 Look up to the skies,
 And cheerfully sing ;
 Let God be the object
 In praises address'd,
 And this be my subject,
'Tis all for the best.
- 2 Search all the world through,
 Examine and see,
 And what canst thou view
 More suited to thee,
 Than this declaration,
 In Scripture express'd,
 That God, thy salvation,
Does all for the best ?
- 3 Though here, day by day,
 His love shall see good
 Upon thee to lay
 His fatherly rod ;
 Yet be not dejected,
 However oppress'd,
 Though sorely afflicted,
'Tis all for the best.
- 4 On creatures below
 I'll not set my heart,
 For surely I know
 We shortly must part ;
 For though when God gives them,
 His name's to be bless'd,
 Yet when he removes them,
'Tis all for the best.

5 The beams of his grace
 Are passing all worth ;
 The smiles of his face,
 Are heaven on earth ;
 When to me he shows them,
 What joy fills my breast !
 And when he withdraws them,
'Tis all for the best.

6 When conflicts begin
 From various parts,
 And Satan throws in
 His fiery darts,
 And though often forely
 My soul he'll molest,
 Yet this I know surely,
'Tis all for the best.

7 And thus through the whole
 I meet with, while here,
 I'll comfort my soul,
 And silence my fear ;
 In hoping and praying
 Ere long to be blest,
 In thinking and saying,
'Tis all for the best.

8 But O the blest day !
 And soon 'twill arise,
 When freed from my clay
 I'll mount to the skies ;
 Then shall I recover
 My heavenly rest,
 And there sing forever,
'Twas all for the best.

XCV. *Come see a Man.* John iv. 29. L. M.

- 1 JESU dear Lord, we blefs his name,
And joy'd to fing his glorious fame ;
He laid salvation's wondrous plan :
Come, sinners, come, and see the man.
- 2 He kindly calls the fin-sick soul,
Heals all his wounds, and makes him whole ;
He saves, and none beside him can ;
Come, sinners, come, and see the man.
- 3 He tells them all things they have done,
Shows them what dreadful lengths they've run.
Has he in you this work began ?
Dear souls, then come, and see the man.
- 4 Bow to the sceptre of the Lord,
Trust in his name, receive his word ;
Though from his grace you long have ran,
Now turn, and come, and see the man.
- 5 He calls you still, oh blefs the day !
Nor from him turn your hearts away ;
Your time is short, your life's a span :
Then come, O come, and see the man.
- 6 Come, and receive his precious love,
And all his gracious blessings prove :
Angels his love can never scan,
Oh sinners, come, and see the man.
- 7 Thus Jesus, when at Jacob's well,
Did to the woman all things tell ;
Smit with his love, at once she ran,
And others call'd, come, see the man.
- 8 Gladly she told to all around
What a dear Jesus she had found,
And straight to preach his love began ;
Sure this is Christ, come, see the man.

XCVI. P. M. *Is not this a Brand plucked out of
the Fire? Zech. xix. 2.*

- 1 OF Jesus I sing,
Now reigning above,
And to him I bring
This tribute of love ;
For, O, I desire
His love to commend,
*Who me from the fire
Pluck'd out as a brand.*
- 2 He saw the disgrace
And shame I lay in,
Yet mercy took place,
And pardon'd my sin ;
Sure I must admire
The wonderful hand,
*Which me from the fire
Pluck'd out as a brand.*
- 3 Polluted and black,
With horrible guilt,
Yet he for my sake
His precious blood spilt ;
My soul, now aspire
To praise the dear friend,
*Who thee from the fire
Pluck'd out as a brand.*
- 4 Oh ! what hath he done
My soul to set free !
Of sinners not one
More favour'd than me :
Well may he require
My heart and my hand,
*Who me from the fire
Pluck'd out as a brand.*

- 5 Still, Lord, let me live,
 Thy mercy to prove,
 And still to me give
 Supplies from above ;
 To thee my desire
 Shall daily ascend,
*Who me from the fire
 Pluck'd out as a brand.*
- 6 The time will soon come,
 When I shall appear
 In heaven, my home,
 And worship thee there ;
 In glorious attire
 Before thee I'll stand,
*Who me from the fire
 Pluck'd out as a brand.*

XCVII. *A Mercy-Seat.* C. M.

- 1 NEAR to thy mercy-seat, O God,
 With conscious guilt I come :
 No sacrifice but Jesus' blood
 Can for such guilt atone.
- 2 Nor am I safe with such a plea,
 Though Jesus bled and dy'd ;
 My broken heart must healed be,
 My conscience purify'd.
- 3 Then may I venture near thy throne,
 When mercy points the way ;
 Then, offer incense not my own,
 And humbly dare to pray.
- 4 How did my soul, in seasons past,
 Enjoy thy gracious smiles !
 So sweet thy word, so lov'd thy courts,
 So hateful Satan's wiles.

- 5 But darkness, doubts, and ceaseless grief
 Possess my weary heart :
 When wilt thou come to my relief,
 And bid my foes depart ?
- 6 I cannot bear to wander thus,
 And still thine absence mourn ;
 Assist thy humble penitent
 To make a quick return.
- 7 Into thy blessed arms I fly ;
 Dear Jesus bid me come ;
 My spirit seeks no other rest,
 My soul no other home.

XCVIII. *Lovest thou me ?* Sevens.

- 1 'TIS a point I long to know,
 Oft it causes anxious thought,
 Do I love the Lord, or no ?
 Am I his, or am I not ?
- 2 If I love, why am I thus ?
 Why this dull and lifeless frame ?
 Hardly, sure, can they be worse,
 Who have never heard his name.
- 3 [Could my heart so hard remain,
 Prayer a task and burden prove,
 Every trifle give me pain,
 If I knew a Saviour's love ?
- 4 When I turn my eyes within,
 All is dark, and vain, and wild,
 Fill'd with unbelief and sin,
 Can I deem myself a child ?]
- 5 If I pray, or hear, or read,
 Sin is mix'd with all I do ;

- You that love the Lord indeed,
Tell me, is it thus with you ?
- 6 Yet I mourn my stubborn will,
Find my sin a grief and thrall :
Should I grieve for what I feel,
If I did not love at all ?
- 7 [Could I joy his faints to meet,
Choose the ways I once abhorr'd ;
Find at times the promise sweet
If I did not love the Lord ?]
- 8 Lord, decide the doubtful case !
Thou who art thy people's sun ;
Shine upon thy work of grace,
If it be indeed begun.
- 9 Let me love thee more and more,
If I love at all, I pray ;
If I have not lov'd before,
Help me to begin to-day.

XCIX. *Penitential Prayer.* L. M.

- 1 **WITH** conscious guilt and bleeding heart,
Near to thy throne of grace I fly ;
O ! Friend of friendless sinners, deign
To hear my penitential cry.
- 2 Borne down with sin's tremendous load,
I cannot raise my soul to thee ;
E'en when I would approach thy throne,
Through unbelief I'm kept away.
- 3 O ! sov'reign, gracious, pow'rful God,
Compel my sins to quit their seat :
And, cloth'd with Jesus' finish'd robe,
I'll dare approach my Saviour's feet.

- 4 My first, my only cry shall be,
 " Thy sanctifying grace impart,
 And form my soul alike to thee,
 And dwell forever in my heart."
- 5 Then, when I quit this vale of tears,
 Uncloth'd with flesh, my soul shall rise :
 Adorn'd with ev'ry shining grace,
 Shall reign with God above the skies.

C. *Penitential Sighs.* *Sevens.*

- 1 FATHER at thy call I come :
 In thy bosom there is room
 For a guilty soul to hide,
 Press'd with grief on ev'ry side.
- 2 Here I'll make my piteous moan ;
 Thou canst understand a groan :
 Here my sins and sorrows tell ;
 What I feel thou knowest well.
- 3 Ah ! how foolish I have been,
 To obey the voice of sin,
 To forget thy love to me,
 And to break my vows to thee.
- 4 Darkneſs fills my trembling soul,
 Floods of sorrow o'er me roll :
 Pity, Father, pity me ;
 All my hope's alone in thee.
- 5 But may ſuch a wretch as I,
 Self condemn'd and doom'd to die,
 Ever hope to be forgiv'n,
 And be ſmil'd upon by Heav'n !
- 6 May I round thee cling and twine,
 Call myſelf a child of thine,
 And preſume to claim a part
 In a tender Father's heart ?

- 7 Yes, I may, for I espy,
Pity trickling from thine eye :
'Tis a Father's bowels move,
Move with pardon, and with love.
- 8 Well I do remember too
What his love hath deign'd to do ;
How he sent a Saviour down,
All my follies to atone.
- 9 Has my Elder Brother died ?
And is justice satisfied ?
Why, O why should I despair
Of my Father's tender care.

CI. *Humble Trust.* L.M.

- 1 LORD, didst thou die, but not for me ?
Am I forbid to trust thy blood ?
Is not thy pardon rich and free,
Seal'd in the kind atoning flood ?
- 2 Who then shall drive my trembling soul
From thee to regions of despair !
Who has survey'd the sacred roll,
And found my name not written there ?
- 3 Presumptuous thought ! to fix the bound,
To limit mercy's sovereign reign ;
What other happy souls have found,
I'll seek, nor shall I seek in vain.
- 4 I own my guilt, my sins confess ;
Can men or devils make them more ?
Of crimes, already numberless,
Vain the attempt to swell the score.
- 5 Were the black list before my sight,
While I remember thou hast dy'd,
'Twould only urge my speedier flight,
To seek salvation at thy side.

- 6 Low at thy feet I'll cast me down,
To thee reveal my guilt and fear ;
And, if thou spurn me from thy throne,
I'll be the first who perish there.

CII. *A Throne of Grace.* L. M.

- 1 WHILE journeying through this humble vale,
Expos'd to ev'ry adverse gale ;
If to the throne I could repair,
I should be happy, happy there.
- 2 When doubts and fears my mind perplex,
Or worldly things go wrong and vex,
If to the throne my soul draws near,
Propitious hope removes each fear.
- 3 Lord, this it is which soothes my grief,
And to my soul yields such relief :
I cry, enraptur'd, bid me come,
And near thee find my lasting home.
- 4 How prone to seek my good below !
How much like a deceitful bow
Is my false heart ; though pledg'd to thee,
When first I gave that heart away.
- 5 O never, never can I find
Such joy and transport to the mind,
As when my ardent soul descry'd
The glories of the Man who dy'd.
- 6 The robe my legal soul had wrought
With pray'rs and tears, appear'd as nought :
One view, O Saviour, of thy love,
Forever fix'd my hopes above.
- 7 There let them firm forever rest,
With still increasing radiance blest ;
Till death dissolves this mortal band,
And I arrive in Canaan's land.

CIII. *Praise for Redemption.* C. M.

- 1 COME, ye redeem'd by Jesus' blood,
Your grateful songs employ ;
He brought your wand'ring souls to God,
And turn'd your grief to joy.
- 2 Think, ransom'd sinner, what a price
Was paid to set you free !
Th' Eternal Son was nail'd and dy'd
Upon the bloody tree.
- 3 Our yielding hearts cannot be cold,
While viewing such a scene !
E'en nature trembled to behold
The suff'rings of her King !
- 4 The massy rocks in funder clave,
When Jesus clos'd his eyes ;
The sleeping saints leap'd from their graves,
And darkness spread the skies.
- 5 Mysterious grace ! all-conquering love !
Too deep for angel's ken :
That he whom seraphs praise above,
Should die for guilty men.
- 6 Then join, ye ransom'd, in the song,
And, while ye taste his love,
Let every saint the theme prolong,
Till call'd to praise above.

CIV. *The Convert.* 8s.

- 1 HOW sweet is the language of love,
Which dwells on the penitent's tongue !
The theme of their heavenly joys,
The notes of Immanuel's song !
- 2 'Twas thus with the converts of old,
Though prisons and chains were their lot ;

At midnight, when Jesus appear'd,
They sang, and their bands were forgot.

3 Immanuel's glory the theme,
Our hearts are inflam'd with desire ;
Or while of his suff'rings we tell,
We wonder, repent, and admire.

4 O blessed Redeemer, we come
With panting, and longing to be
Assured of pardon and peace,
And wholly conformed to thee.

CV. *Parting Hymn.* C. M.

1 LORD ! when together here we meet,
And taste thy heav'nly grace,
Thy smiles are so divinely sweet
We're loath to leave the place.

2 Yet, Father, since it is thy will,
That we must part again,
O let thy gracious presence still
With every one remain.

3 Thus let us all in Christ be one,
Bound with the cords of love,
Till we, around thy glorious throne,
Shall joyous meet above :

4 Where sin and sorrow from each heart
Shall then forever fly,
And not one thought that we shall part
Once intercept our joy :

5 Where, void of all distracting pains,
Our spirits ne'er shall tire ;
But in seraphic, heav'nly strains,
Redeeming love admire.

- 6 And thus, through all eternity,
 Upon the heav'nly shore,
 The great mysterious One in Three,
 Jehovah, we'll adore.

CVI. *Union Hymn.* Ss.

- 1 FROM whence does this union arise,
 That hatred is conquer'd by love ?
 It fastens our souls with such ties,
 That distance nor time can't remove.
- 2 It cannot in Eden be found,
 Nor yet in a Paradise lost ;
 It grows on Immanuel's ground,
 And Jesu's dear blood it did cost.
- 3 My friends all so dear are to me,
 Our souls so united in love,
 Where Jesus is gone we shall be,
 In yonder blest mansions above.
- 4 Oh ! why then so loath now to part,
 Since we shall ere long meet again ?
 Engrav'd on Immanuel's heart,
 At a distance we cannot remain.

CVII. *The Believer's Hiding Place.* L. M.

- 1 HAIL, sov'reign love, that first began
 The scheme to rescue fallen man ;
 Hail matchless, free, eternal grace,
 That gave my soul a hiding place.
- 2 Against the God that rules the sky,
 I fought with hands uplifted high ;
 Despis'd the proffers of his grace,
 Too proud to seek a hiding place.

- 3 Enwrap't in dark Egyptian night,
Fonder of darkness than of light,
Madly I ran the sinful race,
Secure, without a hiding place.
- 4 But thus th' eternal council ran,
Almighty love, arrest the man ;
I felt the arrows of distress,
And found I had no hiding place.
- 5 Vindictive justice stood in view ;
To Sinai's fiery mount I flew,
But justice cry'd, with frowning face,
This mountain is no hiding place.
- 6 But lo ! a heavenly voice I heard,
And mercy for my soul appear'd ;
She led me on a pleasant pace,
'To Jesus Christ my hiding place.
- 7 Should storms of seven fold thunder roll,
And shake the globe from pole to pole,
No thunderbolt shall daunt my face,
For Jesus is my hiding place.
- 8 For us he deign'd in flesh to dwell,
For us o'ercome the powers of hell,
He ransom'd all the sinful race,
And made himself a hiding place.
- 9 A few more rolling years at most
Will land me safe on Canaan's coast,
When I shall sing a song of grace,
Safe in my glorious hiding place.

CVIII. *Christian Union.* P. M.

- 1 ATTEND, ye faints, and hear me tell
The wonders of Immanuel,

- Who sav'd me from a burning hell,
 And brought my soul with him to dwell,
 And feel a blessed *Union*.
- 2 When first he view'd me from on high,
 And saw my soul in ruin lie,
 He look'd on me with pitying eye,
 And said to me, as he pass'd by,
 With God you have no *Union*.
- 3 Then I began to mourn and cry ;
 I look'd this way and that to fly ;
 It griev'd me fore that I must die ;
 I strove salvation for to buy,
 But still I had no *Union*.
- 4 But when my Jesus took me in,
 And with his blood did wash me clean,
 'Twas then I hated every sin ;
 And O ! what seasons I have seen
 Since I have felt this *Union*.
- 5 I prais'd the Lord both night and day,
 From house to house I went to pray ;
 And if I met one on the way,
 I always had some word to say
 About this blessed *Union*.
- 6 I wonder why old saints don't sing,
 And praise the Lord upon the wing,
 And make the heavenly arches ring
 With loud hosannas to their King,
 Who brought their souls to *Union*.

- 7 Return, backsliders, come away,
 And learn to do as well as say ;
 Be careful that you watch and pray :
 Come, bear your crosses from day to day,
 And then you'll feel this *Union*.
- 8 We soon shall break all nature's ties,
 On wings of love our souls shall rise,
 And shout salvation through the skies ;
 And gain the mark, and win the prize,
 And feel a heav'nly *Union*.

CIX. *Exhortation to Prayer.* L. M.

- 1 WHAT various hindrances we meet
 In coming to a mercy seat !
 Yet who that knows the worth of pray'r
 But wishes to be often there ?
- 2 Pray'r makes the darken'd cloud withdraw !
 Pray'r climbs the ladder Jacob saw !
 Gives exercise to faith and love,
 Brings ev'ry blessing from above.
- 3 Restraining pray'r we cease to fight ;
 Pray'r makes the Christian's armour bright ;
 And Satan trembles, when he sees
 The weakest faint upon his knees.
- 4 While Moses stood with arms spread wide,
 Success was found on Israel's side ;
 But when through weariness they fail'd,
 That moment Amalek prevail'd.

- 5 Have you no words ? Ah, think again,
Words flow apace when you complain,
And fill your fellow-creature's ear
With the sad tale of all your care.
- 6 Were half the breath, thus vainly spent,
To heav'n in supplication sent ;
Your cheerful song would oft'ner be,
" Hear what the Lord has done for me."

CX. *Prayer answered by Crosses.* L. M.

- 1 I ASK'D the Lord that I might grow
In faith, and love, and every grace ;
Might more of his salvation know,
And seek more earnestly his face.
- 2 'Twas he who taught me thus to pray,
And he, I trust, has answer'd prayer ;
But it has been in such a way
As almost drove me to despair.
- 3 I hop'd that in some favour'd hour,
At once he'd answer my request ;
And, by his love's constraining power,
Subdue my sins, and give me rest.
- 4 Instead of this, he made me feel
The hidden evils of my heart,
And let the angry powers of hell
Assault my soul in every part.
- 5 Yea, more, with his own hand he seem'd
Intent to aggravate my wo ;
Cross'd all the fair designs I schem'd,
Blasted my gourds, and laid me low.
- 6 " Lord, why is this ?" I trembling cry'd,
" Wilt thou pursue thy worm to death ?"
" 'Tis in this way," the Lord reply'd,
" I answer prayer for grace and faith.

7 “ These inward trials I employ,
From self, and pride, to set thee free,
And break thy schemes of earthly joy,
That thou may’st seek thy all in me.”

CXI. *The successful Resolve*, C. M.

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

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

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

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

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

6 “ I can but perish if I go,
I am resolv’d to try ;
For if I stay away, I know
I must forever die.”

CXII. *Vital Union to Christ*. S. M.

1 DEAR Saviour, we are thine
By everlasting bonds ;

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

CXIII. *As thy Days, so shall thy Strength be.* L. M.

- 1 AFFLICTED faint, to Christ draw near,
Thy Saviour's gracious promise hear ;
His faithful word declares to thee,
'That as thy days, thy strength shall be.
- 2 Let not thy heart despond and say,
"How shall I stand the trying day?"
He has engag'd by firm decree,
That as thy days, thy strength shall be.
- 3 Thy faith is weak, thy foes are strong ;
And if the conflict should be long,
Thy Lord will make the tempter flee ;
For as thy days, thy strength shall be.
- 4 Should persecution rage and flame,
Still trust in thy Redeemer's name ;

In fiery trials thou shalt see,
That as thy days, thy strength shall be.

5 When call'd to bear the weighty cross,
Or sore afflictions, pain, or loss,
Or deep distress, or poverty,
Still, as thy days, thy strength shall be.

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

CXIV. *Behold the Man!* L. M.

- 1 YE that pass by, behold the Man!
The Man of grief, condemn'd for you,
The Lamb of God, for sinners slain,
Weeping, to Calvary pursue.
- 2 His sacred limbs they stretch, they tear,
With nails they fasten to the wood;
His sacred limbs, expos'd and bare,
Or only cover'd with his blood.
- 3 See there his temples crown'd with thorns,
His bleeding hands extended wide,
His streaming feet transfix'd and torn,
The fountain gushing from his side.
- 4 Thou dear, thou suff'ring Son of God,
How doth thy heart to sinners move!
Sprinkle on us thy precious blood,
And melt us with thy dying love!
- 5 The earth could to her centre quake,
Convuls'd, when her Creator died;
O may our inmost nature shake,
And bow with Jesus crucified!

- 6 At thy last gasp, the graves display'd
Their horrors to the upper skies ;
O that our souls might burst the shade,
And, quicken'd by thy death, arise !
- 7 The rocks could feel thy powerful death,
And tremble, and asunder part ;
O rend, with thy expiring breath,
The harder marble of our heart.

CXV. *Praise for Conversion.* S. M.

- 1 COME ye that fear the Lord,
And listen while I tell
How narrowly my feet escap'd
The snares of death and hell.
- 2 The flatt'ring joys of sense
Assail'd my foolish heart,
While Satan with malicious skill,
Guided the pois'nous dart.
- 3 I fell beneath the stroke,
But fell to rise again ;
My anguish rous'd me into life,
And pleasure sprung from pain.
- 4 Darkness, and shame, and grief,
Oppress'd my gloomy mind ;
I look'd around me for relief,
But no relief could find.
- 5 At length, to God I cry'd ;
He heard my plaintive sigh :
He heard, and instantly he sent
Salvation from on high.
- 6 My drooping head he rais'd,
My bleeding wounds he heal'd,

Pardon'd my sins, and with a smile
The gracious pardon seal'd.

- 7 O may I ne'er forget
The mercy of my God ;
Nor ever want a tongue to spread
His loudest praise abroad.

CXVI. *Praise for the Fountain opened.* C. M.

- 1 THERE is a fountain fill'd with blood,
Drawn from Immanuel's veins ;
And sinners, plung'd beneath that flood,
Lose all their guilty stains.
- 2 The dying thief rejoic'd to see
That fountain in his day ;
O may I there, though vile as he,
Wash all my sins away !
- 3 Dear dying Lamb, thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransom'd church of God
Be sav'd, to sin no more.
- 4 E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be till I die.
- 5 But when this lisping, stammering tongue
Lies silent in the grave,
Then in a nobler, sweeter song
I'll sing thy power to save.

CXVII. *Compassion.* S. M.

- 1 DID Christ o'er sinners weep,
And shall our cheeks be dry ?

Let floods of penitential grief
Burst forth from every eye.

2 The Son of God in tears,
Angels with wonder see!
Be thou astonish'd, O my soul,
He shed those tears for you.

3 He wept that we might weep,
Each sin demands a tear ;
In heav'n alone no sin is found,
And there's no weeping there.

CXVIII. *Jesus precious to them that believe.* C. M.

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

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

3 All my capacious powers can wish,
In thee doth richly meet ;
Nor to my eyes is light so dear,
Nor friendship half so sweet.

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

5 I'll speak the honours of thy name,
With my last lab'ring breath ;
And dying, clasp thee in my arms,
The antidote of death.

CXIX. *The Year of the Redeemed.* C. M.

- 1 COME, welcome this new year of grace,
Proclaim'd through Jesus' blood ;
The happy year of our release,
To seal our peace with God.
- 2 We early wander'd from our God,
In the dark maze of sin ;
The year of the redeem'd is come,
To bring us back again.
- 3 We once could spurn at offer'd grace,
And slight a Saviour's charms ;
The year of the redeem'd is come,
To call us to his arms.
- 4 We hear the gospel's joyful sound
Proclaim the jubilee :
The year of the redeem'd is come,
To set the ransom'd free.
- 5 Ye aged saints, who long have sigh'd
To see this happy day ;
The year of the redeem'd is come,
To wipe your tears away.
- 6 Ye lovely youth, who late have known
The sweets of pard'ning grace,
The year of the redeem'd demands
Your noblest acts of praise.
- 7 Now you can tell a scoffing world
Their threats are all in vain ;
The year of the redeem'd is come
To recompense your pain.
- 8 But, O ye careless, Christless souls,
Who scorn the happy few !
The year of the redeem'd will come,
And take them all from you.

- 9 Then will you mourn and say at last,
 We did instruction hate ;
 The year of the redeem'd is past,
 And now it is too late.
- 10 When Gabriel bursts the vaulted tomb,
 And bids the dead arise,
 We'll sing the year of the redeem'd,
 And lift our joyful eyes.

CXX. *Looking at the Cross.* C. M.

- 1 IN evil long I took delight,
 Unaw'd by shame and fear ;
 Till a new object struck my sight,
 And stopp'd my wild career.
- 2 I saw one hanging on a tree,
 In agonies and blood ;
 Who fix'd his languid eyes on me,
 As near his cross I stood.
- 3 Sure, never to my latest breath,
 Can I forget that look ;
 It seem'd to charge me with his death,
 Though not a word he spoke.
- 4 My conscience felt, and own'd the guilt,
 And plung'd me in despair ;
 I saw my sins his blood had spilt,
 And help'd to nail him there.
- 5 Alas ! I knew not what I did,
 But now my tears are vain ;
 Where shall my trembling soul be hid ?
 For I the Lord have slain.
- 6 A second look he gave, which said,
 " I freely all forgive ;

“ This blood is for thy ransom paid ;
 “ I die, that thou may'st live.”

7 Thus, while his death my sin displays
 In all its blackest hue,
 (Such is the mystery of grace)
 It seals my pardon too.

8 With pleasing grief and mournful joy
 My spirit now is fill'd,
 That I should such a life destroy,
 Yet live by him I kill'd.

CXX. *Evening Song.* S. M.

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

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

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

4 And if we early rise,
 And view th' unweari'd sun,
 May we set out to win the prize,
 And after glory run.

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

CXXI. *Saul's Armour.* P. M.

- 1 WHEN first my foul enlisted,
My Saviour's foes to fight,
Mistaken friends insisted,
I was not arm'd aright :
So Saul declar'd to David
He certainly would fail ;
Nor could his life be saved
Without a coat of mail.
- 2 But David, tho' he yielded
To put the armour on,
Soon found he could not wield it,
And ventur'd forth with none :
With only sling and pebble,
He fought the fight of faith ;
The weapon seem'd but feeble,
But prov'd Goliath's death.
- 3 Had I by him been guided,
And quickly thrown away
The armour men provided,
I might have gain'd the day ;
But arm'd as they advis'd me,
My expectations fail'd ;
My enemy surpris'd me,
And had almost prevail'd.
- 4 Furnish'd with books and notions,
And arguments and pride,
I practis'd all my motions,
And Satan's power defy'd ;
But soon perceiv'd with trouble
That these would do no good ;
Iron to them is stubble,
And brass but rotten wood.

5 I triumph'd at a distance
 While he was out of fight ;
 But faint was my resistance
 When forc'd to join in fight :
 He broke my sword in shivers,
 And pierc'd my boasted shield,
 Laugh'd at my vain endeavours,
 And drove me from the field.

6 Satan will not be braved
 By such a worm as I ;
 'Then let me learn with David
 To trust in the Most High ;
 To plead the name of Jesus,
 And use the sling of pray'r ;
 Thus arm'd when Satan sees us,
 He'll tremble and despair.

W. H. H. H.
 CXXII. *Grateful Recollection.* P. M.

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—O fix me on it,
 Mount of God's unchanging love.

2 Here I raise my Ebenezer,
 Hither by thy help I'm come ;
 And I hope by thy good pleasure
 Safely to arrive at home.
 Jesus sought me when a stranger
 Wand'ring from the fold of God ;
 He, to save my soul from danger,
 Interpos'd with precious blood.

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

CXXIII. *Humble Confidence.* Sevens.

- 1 LORD, I cannot let thee go,
 Till a blessing thou bestow;
 Do not turn away thy face,
 Mine's an urgent, pressing case.
- 2 Dost thou ask me who I am?
 Ah, my Lord, thou know'st my name!
 Yet the question gives a plea
 To support my suit with thee.
- 3 Thou did'st once a wretch behold,
 In rebellion blindly bold,
 Scorn thy grace, thy power defy,
 That poor rebel, Lord, was I.
- 4 Once a sinner near despair
 Sought thy mercy-seat by pray'r;
 Mercy heard and set him free,
 Lord, that mercy came to me.
- 5 Many days have pass'd since then,
 Many changes I have seen;
 Yet have been upheld till now:
 Who could hold me up but thou?
- 6 Thou hast help'd in every need,
 This emboldens me to plead;

After so much mercy past,
Canst thou let me sink at last ?

- 7 No—I must maintain my hold,
'Tis thy goodness makes me bold ;
I can no denial take
When I plead for Jesus' sake.

CXXIV. *Hope in Darkness.* C. M.

- 1 THE gathering clouds portentous rise,
My feeble bark is tofs'd :
O Saviour, hasten, speak a calm,
Or I'm forever lost.
- 2 Secure upon a fatal coast
My all I did embark ;
Nor once mistrusted how I steer'd
Till shipwreck'd in the dark.
- 3 While thickening tempe^r's fright my soul
And former comforts die ;
Yet still I know my Jesus lives
And intercedes on high.
- 4 Dear Saviour, wake a tuneful note,
And make my heart rejoice :
Dispel the gloom, confirm my hope,
And raise my falt'ring voice.
- 5 On thy dear bosom let me lean,
As one belov'd of thee :
To hear thy voice, to see thy face,
And worship only thee.

CXXV. P.M. *Whosoever denieth me before men,
him will I also deny before my Father and the holy
angels.*

1 **AND** dost thou yet deny him,
Who bought thee with his blood,
And sent his Holy Spirit
To show the path to God ?

2 Why wilt thou crucify him
With sad and useless plaints ?
But rise and glorify him,
And gladden all his saints.

3 When he on high ascended,
He left a chosen few,
Who faithfully defended
The truth which comes to you :

4 And though they all have suffer'd
As martyrs in his cause,
They left a faithful record
Of doctrines and of laws.

5 Add now your ready witness,
And seal that God is true ;
So shall your comforts brighten
As onward you pursue.

CXXVI. C. M. *At the opening of a Conference
Meeting.*

1 **WITHIN** these doors assembled now,
We wait thy blessing Lord ;
Appear within the midst, we pray,
According to thy word.

2 May some sweet promise be apply'd
When we attempt to read :

For this alone can give support
In all our times of need.

3 O breathe upon our lifeless souls
And raise our drooping heart :
That we may see thy smiling face
Ere we from hence depart.

4 And now, dear Saviour, when we pray,
Be thou thyself so near,
If Satan fright our trembling souls,
Thy mercy may appear.

5 Behold thy lambs and bear them, Lord,
Upon thy gracious breast ;
And gently lead inquiring souls
To view the promis'd rest.

6 And now, O blessed Spirit, come,
We long to see thee move :
O north wind blow, and breathe, O south,
And fill the place with love.

CXXVII. S. M. *Now we believe, not because of
thy saying, for we have heard him ourselves.*

1 'TO those who see the Lord
'Tis easy to believe ;
But those who only hear the word
Do not his grace receive.

2 Such was the case with some
Who heard the Saviour's fame ;
They heard in vain, but saw him not,
Till Jesus came to them.

3 " Now we believe," say they,
" For we have *seen* the Lord ;

Thy word alone, though good and true,
Could not such joy afford."

4 How many now are like
Samaritans of old ;
They'll not believe what others say
Though often urg'd and told.

5 Come then, thyself reveal,
Messiah, Prince of Peace :
Display thy mighty power to heal,
Subdue our hearts by grace.

CXXVIII. *The Good Physician.* P. M.

1 HOW lost was my condition,
Till Jesus made me whole !
There is but one Physician
Can cure the sin-sick soul !
At death's dark door he found me,
And snatch'd me from the grave,
To tell to all around me
His wondrous pow'r to save.

2 The worst of all diseases
Is light compar'd to sin ;
On ev'ry part it seizes,
But rages most within.
'Tis palsy, plague and fever,
And madness, all combin'd ;
And none but a believer
The lea't relief can find.

3 From men great skill professing,
I thought a cure to gain ;
But this prov'd more distressing,
And added to my pain.

Some said that nothing ail'd me,
 Some gave up all for lost ;
 Thus ev'ry refuge fail'd me,
 And all my hopes were cross'd.

4 At length this great Physician
 (How matchless is his grace !)
 Accepted my petition,
 And undertook my case :
 First gave me sight to view him,
 For sin my eyes had seal'd ;
 Then bid me look unto him ;
 I look'd, and I was heal'd.

5 A dying, risen Jesus,
 Seen by the eye of faith,
 At once from danger frees us,
 And saves the soul from death.
 Come then to this Physician,
 His help he'll freely give ;
 He makes no hard condition,
 'Tis only look and live.

CXXIX. Sevens. *On presenting an Apple to a young Convert.*

- 1 HAPPY, happy will it be,
 If the fruit that's found in thee
 Is like this, so sweet and fair,
 Ripen'd by the Spirit's care.
- 2 So the orchards all should be
 Like unto the grafted tree,
 Bearing fruit that's always found,
 Giving comfort all around.
- 3 Not the apple or the tree
 Sin and sorrow brought to me ;

But the cunning serpent's art
Drew away my fickle heart.

4 When I lost my innocence,
Then to works I had pretence :
But like fig-leaves they were found
Not to heal, but fret the wound.

5 In the garden's cooling shade
God appear'd in light array'd ;
" Where art thou, why wouldst thou flee ?"
Was his language then to me.

6 By his law my sin appear'd,
But my conscience still was fear'd !
Till the shining beams of grace
Show'd in Christ my hiding place.

7 On this rock my soul relies,
From this hope my comforts rise ;
Praise and glory all shall be
Render'd to the Triune Three.

CXXX. *Looking to Jesus.* S. M.

1 HOW solemn is the hour
Which we devote to God :
We praise his name for mercy past,
And plead his pard'ning blood.

2 The few assembled now
Have seen his goodness here :
When helpers fail'd on ev'ry side,
His mercy did appear.

3 We would make known to God,
Our fears and our request,
Leaning on his almighty arm,
And longing to be blest'd,

- 4 Thy precious name, dear Lord,
Hath charms beyond compare :
Like bleeding myrrh and sweet perfumes
Thy heavenly graces are.
- 5 Upon thy breast and arm
For joy and safety too,
Fain would we lean until we pass
The desert safely through.

CXXXI. *Fear not little Flock.* C. M.

- 1 WHILE thousands scorn the Saviour's name,
A remnant shall be found,
Like corn upon the mountain's top,
To scatter fruit around.
- 2 This precious seed, this little flock,
Are the Redeemer's care :
For them he dy'd—then rose on high,
Still interceding there.
- 3 "Fear not," he cries, "though few and weak,
The kingdom is your own :
My Father's pleasure is to give
Each an immortal crown.
- 4 "Fear not ! the rage of impious foes
Can ne'er effect your fall :
Nor death itself can separate ;
'Tis but your Father's call.
- 5 "Fear not to stand before his bar,
I will thy cause defend :
While years eternal roll their rounds,
Thy joys shall never end."

CXXXII. *Renounce thy Sins.* L. M.

- 1 "RENOUNCE thy sins," the *Gospel* cries,
And pant t' embrace a fairer prize ;
A heaven of joys before thee waits,
Then dare the road to Zion's gates.
- 2 "Renounce thy sins," the *watchmen* cry,
Believe, and you shall never die ;
Fair robes of glory wait above
For all the heirs of *bleeding love*.
- 3 "Renounce thy sins," *God's children* cry,
Repent and soar to worlds on high,
Where streams of living waters roll,
And ceaseless bliss absorbs the soul.
- 4 "Renounce thy sins," thy *reason* cries,
Break from your heart these hateful ties ;
Enlist a soldier of the Lamb,
And joy t' exalt the Saviour's name.
- 5 "Renounce thy sins," the *earth* resounds,
From *hills* and *vales* the cry rebounds ;
Old *ocean* hears the echo bound,
And *spheres remote* approve the sound.

CXXXIII. *A Compassionate Saviour.* Sevens.

- 1 WEEPING sinner, dry your tears,
Jesus on the throne appears ;
Mercy stoops her balmy wing,
Bids you his salvation sing.
- 2 Trembling Mary found a rest ;
Others lean'd upon his breast ;
Surely you may come and find
Jesus never was unkind.

- 3 Pity brought him from on high,
Us he saw in ruin lie ;
God of angels stoop'd to earth,
Seraphs sung a Saviour's birth.
- 4 Shepherds found him where he lay
On his glorious natal day ;
Eastern Magi saw his star,
They to view him came from far.
- 5 In the temple Simeon stands,
Takes the infant in his hands ;
Holy rapture fill'd his tongue
While his Saviour's praise he sung.
- 6 " Let thy servant now depart"
(Was the language of his heart ;)
" Life can yield no more below,
Heaven's my home and there I'll go."
- 7 Weeping sinner, dry your tears ;
Jesus in the heavens appears ;
Once he hung upon the tree,
There he dy'd for you and me.
- 8 Peace he brings you by his death,
Peace, he speaks with every breath ;
Can you slight such heavenly charms ?
Flee, O flee to Jesus' arms.

CXXXIV. *Refuge in Christ.* L. M.

- 1 SOV'REIGN of worlds ! thy law controls,
The angry waters of the sea,
Bound'ries they have, nor can they roll
Beyond the sphere assign'd by thee.
- 2 A sinner vile, with grief oppress'd,
Crimson'd with guilt, o'erwhelm'd with fear,

- Low at thy feet I kneel confess,
For my deliv'rance, Lord, appear.
- 3 I know thy law is just and pur.
Its curses pierce my soul with wo,
Its awful threats vindictive roar,
O where, dread Sov'reign, shall I go ?
- 4 "Ho ! all that thirst," the Saviour cries,
Whose sins are of the darkest hue,
Bow at my feet, suppress your sighs,
I'll be your friend, your Saviour too.
- 5 O, happy soul, what joys divine
Await thee in that fair abode,
Where *Jesus* reigns, where all combine,
Shouting high anthems to their God.

CXXXV. *The Shepherd.* 8s.

- 1 OF shepherds the nations have sung,
Whose flocks were their care and delight,
Who pasture provided by day,
And guarded the fold through the night.
- 2 But *Jesus our Shepherd* we sing,
His flock is secured from harm ;
He laid down his life for the sheep,
And gathers the lambs with his arm.
- 3 In pastures abundant and fair
He leads both the young and the old ;
He strengthens the feeble, and brings
The wanderer home to his fold.
- 4 So gentle and kindly he draws
The humble and penitent heart ;
The cords of his love are so strong,
They wish from him never to part.

- 5 The millions his mercy hath chose
 He ransom'd and cleans'd by his blood :
 His flock is his own, and he'll bring
 His sons and his daughters to God.

CXXXVI. *The Time of Need.* Sevens.

- 1 AT the pool we long have been,
 Angels cannot put us in ;
 We from danger cannot speed,
 'Tis with us a time of need.
- 2 When we press to seek a cure
 Others make the waters sure ;
 Then our aching hearts do bleed ;
 'Tis with us a time of need.
- 3 Let us see thee stand and say,
 " Sinner, rise and come away ;
 I for thee did groan and bleed,
 Help to give in time of need.
- 4 " Healing mercy I bestow ;
 Satan, let the captive go :
 Prison'd sinner, thou art freed,
 All is done in time of need.
- 5 " Rise and walk in my commands ;
 Hatten through these desert lands ;
 Then enjoy th' heavenly meed,
 There shall be no time of need."

CXXXVII. *An Address.* L. M.

- 1 YE, who with grief survey your sin,
 Whose hearts with conscious guilt are fraught,
 View him, who, pierc'd through ev'ry vein,
 Proclaims sweet peace to those he bought.

- 2 Ye, who immers'd in worldly cares,
Unmindful of the source of joys,
Come join with one, who fearless dares
Forfake all worldly carnal toys.
- 3 And ye my friend, whose soul delights,
In paths our heavenly Master trod,
Walk worthy of the sons of light,
And glory in the cause of God.

CXXXVIII. P. M. *Come and welcome, to Jesus Christ.*

- 1 **COME**, ye sinners, poor and wretched,
Weak and wounded, sick and sore,
Jesus ready stands to save you,
Full of pity join'd with pow'r.
He is able,
He is willing : doubt no more.
- 2 Let not conscience make you linger ;
Nor of fitness fondly dream.
All the fitness he requireth
Is, to feel your need of him :
This he gives you,
'Tis the Spirit's rising beam.
- 3 Come ye weary, heavy laden,
Bruis'd and mangled by the fall ;
If you tarry till you're better,
You will never come at all.
Not the righteous,
Sinners Jesus came to call.
- 4 View him groaning in the garden ;
Lo ! your Maker prostrate lies.
On the bloody tree behold him :
Hear him cry, before he dies ;

It is finish'd ;

Sinner, will not this suffice ?

- 5 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.

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

CXXXIX. C. M. *Ye ask, and receive not, because
ye ask amiss.*

- 1 WHEN Jesus stood before the bar
Of Pilate's judgment seat ;
The Roman prince a question ask'd,
A question most discreet :
- 2 What, Sir, is truth ? (if thou canst tell)
But silent he remain'd ;
For Jesus knew his heart full well,
His pride was never stain'd.
- 3 Had he desir'd the truth to know,
He would have ask'd again :
But many ask as Pilate did,
Who never seek t' obtain.
- 4 O may I never, never ask,
Without a wish to have ;
And may I never cease to pray,
Till Jesus deign to save.

CXL. *Behold me !* C. M.

- 1 YE trembling souls, who still decline
To walk in his commands :
Your Jesus chides your ling'ring faith
And says, " behold my hands !
- 2 " These hands were pierc'd and torn for you,
To make your bliss complete ;
For you I trod the place of skulls,
And now, behold my feet !
- 3 " My temples bore the thorny crown
While taunting foes deride,
My vital current ran for you,
And now, behold my side !"
- 4 Amaz'd, we cry, forgive, O Lord,
Forgive our senseless frame ;
May such almighty love as this
Make us to love thy name.

CXLI. *Regeneration.* P. M.

- 1 " O MARVEL not, ye sinners,
Ye must be born again ;
All your self righteous doings
Cannot atone for sin.
- 2 Ye must be born of water
And blood, or ye are lost ;
The Spirit come with power,
T' apply the price ye cost."
- 3 Thus spake the great Redeemer,
When he sojourn'd below ;
This is the Spirit's witness
Where'er his wind doth blow ;
- 4 And this the blest experience
Of all the new-born race ;
They sing with glowing transport
His free and sov'reign grace.

- 5 Come then, ye humble converts,
 Who seek your Lord aright,
 And in his word take comfort—
 He is your shield and light.
- 6 This is his blessed promise,
 And none can make it vain ;
 “ All that the Father gave me,
 With me shall ever reign.”

CXLII. *Take thy Cross and follow me.* **Sevens.**

- 1 WHY of crosses do we talk ?
 Let the world reproach and mock :
 Let them *kill* the *body* too,
 That is *all* that they can do.
- 2 If in Jesus we are found
 To a better world we're bound.
There's the weary pilgrim's home,
 There reproach can never come.
- 3 Ye who suffer for his name,
 Never, never count it shame :
 He has borne the greatest cross,
 He sustain'd infinite loss.
- 4 He our Captain took the field,
 Still the weapons he doth wield ;
 He the conquest gain'd alone,
 Let us boldly follow on.
- 5 Now the conflict is within,
 Here we find the monster sin :
 If our hearts and lives were pure,
 We of glory would be sure,
- 6 Outward crosses lose their pain,
 As our enmity is slain ;
 Let us suffer all his will,
 Jesus loves his children still.

CXLIII. *I will praise the Lord at all times.*

- 1 WINTER has a joy for me,
While the Saviour's charms I read,
Lowly, meek, from blemish free,
In the snow-drop's pensive head.
- 2 Spring returns, and brings along
Life's invigorating suns :
Hark! the turtle's plaintive song
Seems to speak his dying groans !
- 3 Summer has a thousand charms,
All expressive of his worth ;
'Tis his sun that lights and warms,
His the air that cools the earth.
- 4 What, has autumn left to say
Nothing of a Saviour's grace ?
Yes, the beams of milder day
Tell me of his smiling face.
- 5 Light appears with early dawn,
While the sun makes haste to rise,
See his bleeding beauties drawn
On the blushes of the skies.
- 6 Ev'ning, with a silent pace,
Slowly moving in the west,
Shews an emblem of his grace,
Points to an eternal rest.

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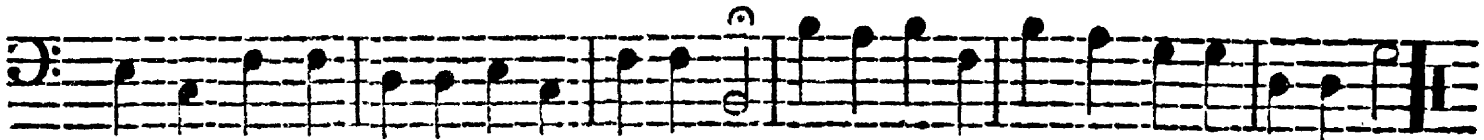
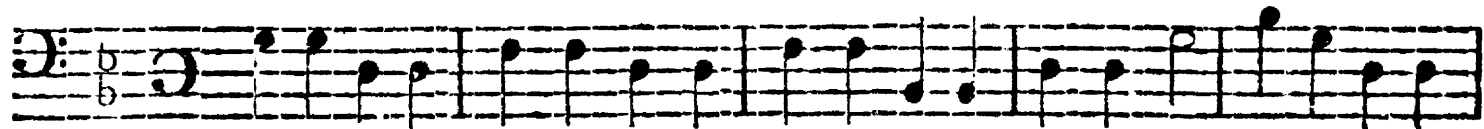
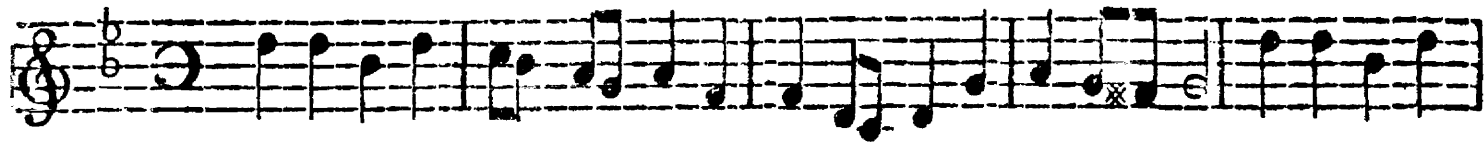
No. I. *Healing Mercy.* 7s. Hymn 136.

Musical score for No. I. *Healing Mercy.* 7s. Hymn 136. The score consists of two staves, Treble and Bass clef, in 2/4 time with a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat). The melody is written in the treble clef, and the bass line is in the bass clef. The piece concludes with a double bar line and repeat dots.

No. II. *Weeping Sinner.* 7s. Hymn 133.

Musical score for No. II. *Weeping Sinner.* 7s. Hymn 133. The score consists of two staves, Treble and Bass clef, in 2/4 time with a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat). The melody is written in the treble clef, and the bass line is in the bass clef. The piece concludes with a double bar line and repeat dots.

No. III. *Welcome.* P. M. · Hymn 138.



No. V. *Fount.* P. M. Hymn 14 and 122.



No. VI. *Sincerity.* 7s. Hymn 98.



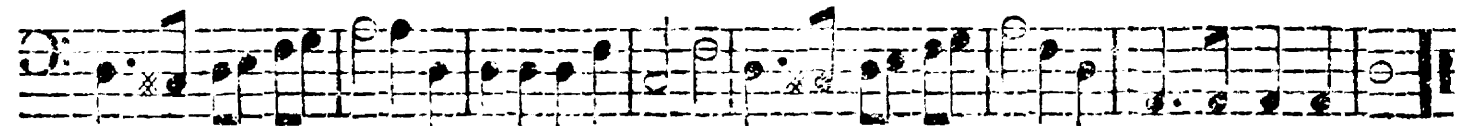
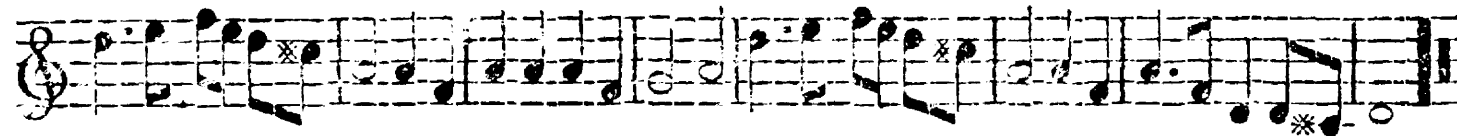
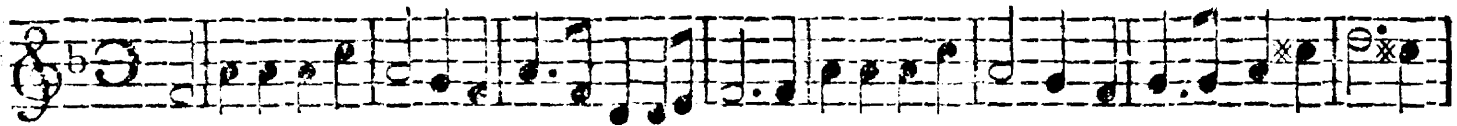
No. VII. *Bensalem.* L. M. Hymn 80.

Musical score for No. VII, *Bensalem*, L. M. Hymn 80. The score consists of two staves: a treble clef staff and a bass clef staff. The key signature is one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is common time (C). The melody in the treble staff begins with a half rest, followed by quarter notes G4, A4, Bb4, and C5. The bass staff begins with a half rest, followed by quarter notes G3, F3, E3, and D3. The piece concludes with a double bar line.

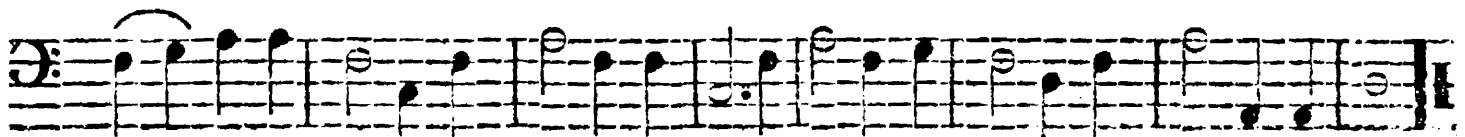
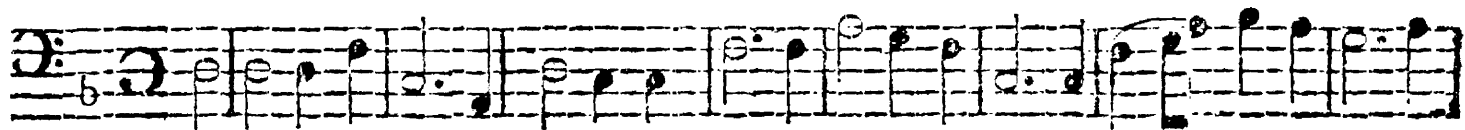
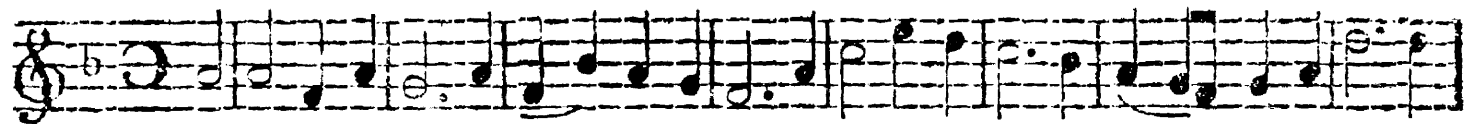
No. VIII. *Phenomena.* P. M. Hymn 101.

Musical score for No. VIII, *Phenomena*, P. M. Hymn 101. The score consists of two staves: a treble clef staff and a bass clef staff. The key signature is one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is common time (C). The melody in the treble staff begins with a half rest, followed by quarter notes G4, A4, Bb4, and C5. The bass staff begins with a half rest, followed by quarter notes G3, F3, E3, and D3. The piece concludes with a double bar line.

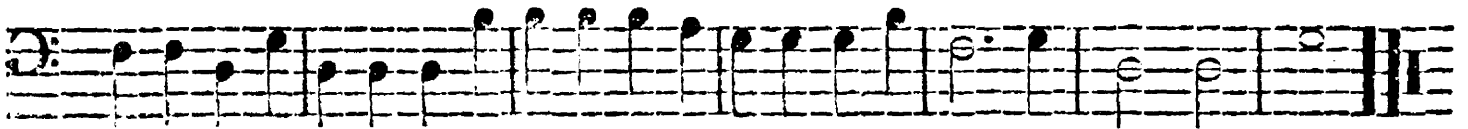
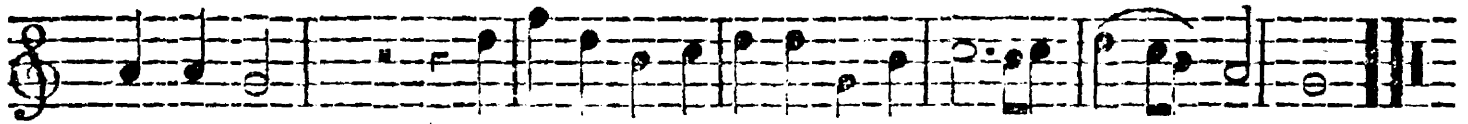
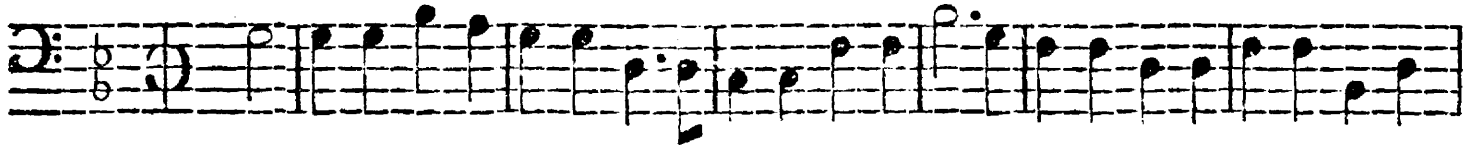
No. IX. *Good Physician.* P. M. Hymn 128.



No. XI, *Gilead.* P. M. Hymn 94.



No. X. *Resolution.* C. M. Hymn III.



No. XII. *Desertion.* P. M. Hy in 52.

The image displays a musical score for a piece titled "Desertion" (No. XII), composed by P. M. Hy in 52. The score is written in G major (one sharp) and 2/4 time. It consists of four staves of music. The first two staves form the first system, and the last two staves form the second system. The notation includes various note values (quarter, eighth, and sixteenth notes), rests, and phrasing slurs. The key signature is G major, and the time signature is 2/4. The piece concludes with a double bar line at the end of the fourth staff.

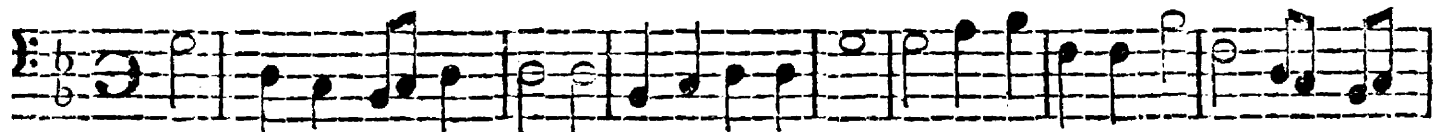
No. XIII. *Compassion.* S. M. Hymn 117.



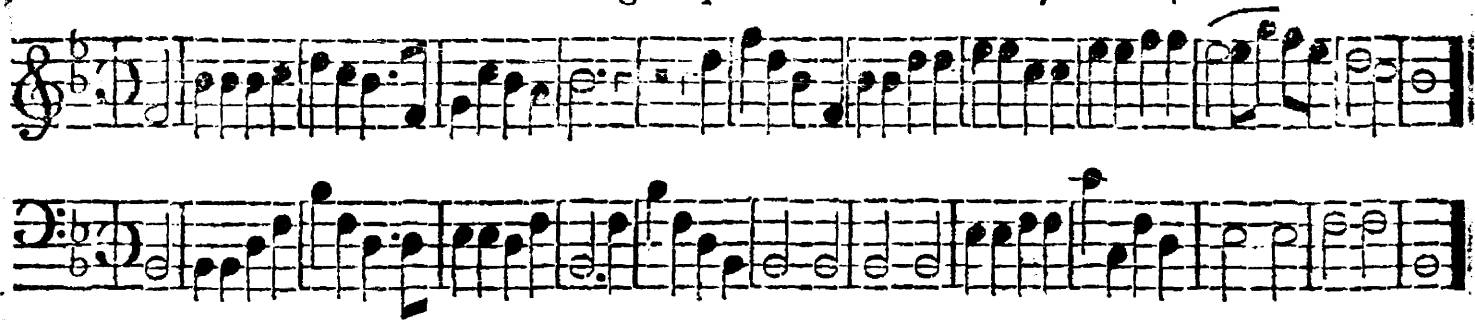
No. XIV. *Rest.* 8s. Hymn 39, 106, and others.



No. XV. *Gospel Voice.* P. M. Hymn 18.



No. XVI. *Reviving Hope.* C. M. Hymn 140.



No. XVII. *Medina.* S. M. Hymn 130.



No. XVIII. *Review.* P. M. Hymn 16.

The image displays a musical score for a hymn, consisting of four staves. The first two staves form the first system, and the last two staves form the second system. Each system contains a treble clef staff on top and a bass clef staff on the bottom. The music is written in a common time signature (C) and features a variety of note values including quarter, eighth, and sixteenth notes, as well as rests. The first system concludes with a double bar line, and the second system concludes with a double bar line and repeat dots. There are two asterisks (*) in the score: one in the first system on the treble staff and one in the second system on the bass staff.