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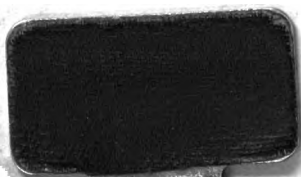
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CHRISTIAN PSALMODY:

A COLLECTION OF ABOVE 800

PSALMS, HYMNS, AND SPIRITUAL SONGS;

SELECTED AND ARRANGED

FOR

PUBLIC, SOCIAL, FAMILY AND PRIVATE WORSHIP.

BY THE REV. EDWARD BICKERSTETH,
RECTOR OF WATTON, HERTS.

"THOU art Holy, O THOU that inhabitest the praises of Israel..

PSALM xxii. 3.

"IN PSALMS, and HYMNS, and SPIRITUAL SONGS, singing with grace
in your hearts to the Lord"—COLOSSIANS, iii. 16

TWELFTH THOUSAND.

LONDON:

PUBLISHED BY L. B. SEELEY AND SONS,

169, FLEET STREET;

AND BY STAUGHTON, HERTFORD.

Price Two Shillings each, bound in Sheep or Cloth;

12 Copies for £1., or 25 for £2.

Bound in Embossed Roan, 2s. 6s., and Calt 2s. 9d. each.

1834.

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TO
HIS RESPECTED DIOCESAN,
THE
RIGHT REV. JOHN,
LORD BISHOP OF LINCOLN,
THIS COLLECTION
OF
Psalms and Hymns
IS,
WITH HIS LORDSHIP'S PERMISSION,
INSCRIBED BY
HIS FAITHFUL AND OBLIGED SERVANT,
THE EDITOR.

P R E F A C E.

I.—REMARKS RESPECTING THE PRESENT COLLECTION.

REASONS FOR THIS COLLECTION.—The increase of valuable hymns is a refreshing sign of our times, and furnishes a reason for compiling a fresh collection. The advantage of having many preceding labourers has, it is hoped, enabled the Compiler to combine in one volume several of the various improvements in Hymn Books, and to give some of the most generally useful of recent hymns.

But he can truly say, that it was with fear and trembling that he went on with this work, feeling the awful responsibility of seeking to direct the devotions of the Church of Christ, in some of the highest and sweetest acts of fellowship with the Father and with his Son Jesus Christ, and the danger of sentiments in any hymns that might leave an unscriptural impression on the mind. Let all be tried by the Divine word, and may the sprinkling of the blood of Christ obtain pardon for every thing not according to the Divine mind.

OBJECTS DESIGNED.—It was the Editor's wish, in compiling the present Collection,

1.—To admit only those versions of Psalms and Hymns which appeared of a superior character, as calculated to promote evangelical and devotional feelings.

2.—To classify them so as to assist in readily finding those suitable for any required occasion.—Considerable help for the arrangement was obtained from the American Episcopal Hymn Book.

3.—To bring both Psalms and Hymns under one arrangement, so as to preserve the unity of the whole book, and yet intersperse the fuller light of the New Testament, with the rich experience of the sweet Psalmist of Israel.

4.—To furnish a sufficient supply of hymns for the varied circumstances of public, social, family, and private worship, printed in a good type, and at as cheap a rate as practicable.

5.—To prefix a text of Scripture, embodying the leading idea of the hymn, that might direct the reader to the clearer and fuller light of the word of God (the only infallible truth and sure warrant of faith), and also might assist ministers in appointing hymns adapted to their discourses.

6.—To give full tables and indexes of the first lines, the Scriptures, and the subjects; with a table of those which might be taken for every Sunday and holy day in the service of the Church of England through the year, and a table to assist in choosing appropriate tunes. In the table of first lines, the name of the original author, where known, has been inserted.

IN CARRYING THESE WISHES INTO EFFECT, the Editor has been throughout greatly indebted to his friend, the Rev. Bernard Gilpin, Rector of St. Andrew's, Hertford, for much kind and valuable assistance. He has freely taken from his books whatever might assist him, assured that every one will be thankful to help his fellow Christians in

praising the common Saviour. Several beautifully simple and devotional hymns are taken from the recently published Psalms and Hymns of the Rev. W. Bathurst. There are also a few original hymns, chiefly on subjects for which appropriate hymns could not be found.

Alterations in the hymns were occasionally necessary, either to correct an unscriptural or a harsh expression. Many have been made that an impression not according to the general bearing of evangelical truth might not be left on the mind; an impression calculated to lead either to self-complacency, or to confidence in a method of salvation not wholly of grace, or to needless despondency.

Considerable hesitation was felt in giving the names of the authors of the hymns; partly from the desire that the one name of Christ should only be known; partly from the fear that it might be a hindrance to devotional feeling to find a name attached as author to a hymn with which prejudice was either justly or unjustly connected, and partly as alterations have been sometimes made in the hymns, which would lead the author to disown them.

But while the name of Jesus is alone to be exalted, he bears the names of his people on his breast, and they are graven on the palms of his hands. It was to the Compiler peculiarly delightful to bring together so many names of the followers of Christ, of varied ages, denominations, powers, and rank, all combined in accomplishing one blessed result, the exaltation of the one God and Father of all, the one Lord and Saviour, and the one Spirit, the Comforter, and to furnish the one Church bought with the blood of Christ, with an earthly help to the sweetest earthly, or rather heavenly, employment of the Church here below. The prejudice to which allusion has been made, if just, need not interfere with our profit in the use of a hymn truly valuable in itself; and if unjust, the sooner it is dispelled the better, and may the hymns here given help to dispel all such prejudices. As alterations have been made probably by every collector of hymns, the only effective way of enabling the reader to know what the hymn originally was, is to give the name of the author, by which reference may be made to it, as first written.

FARTHER HYMNS WANTED.—The Church of Christ in this country might yet be greatly enriched by fresh hymns, and the following remarks are added, in hope of calling attention to the increasing the stores of Christian Psalmody. There are those living who, with the Divine blessing, might greatly help to supply our deficiencies. We still want a better version than we have of the Psalms, bringing out their testimony to the Saviour's trials, conflicts, and triumphs, the temptations and experience of individual Christians, and the warfare and deliverances of the Church, and its ultimate glories, in a way calculated to promote edification. There is ample room for enlargement on the various heads under which hymns have been given in this book. God, as *our portion, our shield, and exceeding great reward*, and his glorious attributes and his manifestations of himself, as Father, Son, and Holy Spirit, might be much

more fully, practically, and experimentally illustrated. Practical duties, on Gospel principles, in the Christian life, have been but little brought before the Church in hymns, though the Scriptures lead to it by the exhortation, *teaching, and admonishing one another in psalms and hymns and spiritual songs*. Hymns for Baptism and the Lord's Supper might be profitably multiplied. The Christian's hope of the second advent of his Lord, might be brought with much more advantage into the devout singing of the Church. Revivals of grace in churches have been too much disregarded.

THE SCRIPTURES ARE THE INEXHAUSTIBLE TREASURES from which every really valuable hymn must be taken. If hymns speak not according to God's word, we may say of them, as of every other pretence to divine instruction, *it is because there is no light in them*. The Father's sovereignty and love, the Saviour's grace and glory, the Spirit's light and energy, brought into every truth and every duty, every experience and every blessing, every work of creation, providence, and grace, form unsearchable riches for profitable hymns; and thus all the powers and gifts which God bestows on man may be most happily employed for the highest good of others.

II.—REMARKS ON THE DUTY, PRIVILEGE, AND PRACTICE OF SINGING.

THE DUTY OF SINGING praises and hymns to God is very clearly expressed in the Scriptures. It is a reasonable duty (Rev. iv. 11, Ps. cxli. 1). It is plainly and often commanded (Isa. xli. 4, 5, xxxv. 10, and the Psalms throughout). It is one end of our very calling as Christians (1 Pet. ii. 9, 1 Cor. xiv. 15), and it is a duty in which we hope to spend a happy eternity (Ps. cxliv. 3, Rev. v. ix).

It is a duty at all times, (1 Thess. v. 18) in public worship, in the social circle, and in private. Let it be seen that *the voice of rejoicing and salvation is in the tabernacles of the righteous* (Ps. cxviii. 15). The practice of singing in family worship is heartily recommended, from experience that difficulties in it may be overcome, and many blessings are connected with it.

THE PRIVILEGE OF SINGING is as great as the duty is clear. It tends to store the memory with the precious truths of God's word, and thus assists in maintaining spirituality of mind and constant communion with our God. It greatly helps the poor to acquire the knowledge of the things of Christ. It furnishes constant subjects of devout meditation. The heart is prepared for and supported under trials, and many a vital and precious truth is received and expressed in a hymn, which the unhealthy moral atmosphere of the world would otherwise quench and suppress. What holy feelings, what heavenly desires, what sublime joys, what nearness to God and all holy things, have experienced Christians thus enjoyed! They can enter into the language of him who, after one of his beautiful Psalms, says, *I will sing unto the Lord as long as I live, I will sing praise unto my God while I have my*

being. My meditation of him shall be sweet: I will be glad in the Lord. Singing is the suitable expression of holy joy (Ps. xxxiii. 1, 2 Chron. v. 13). It realizes God's presence (Ps. xxii. 3, St. James, v. 13), and edifies our fellow Christians (Col. iii. 16). We in it glorify God (Ps. l. 23), and enjoy the communion of saints (Ephes. v. 19).

THE PRACTICE OF THIS DUTY by the servants of God has been constant. The Church of God under the Old Testament abounded in this. Our Saviour himself sung a hymn after instituting his supper, (Matt. xxvi. 30.) Paul and Silas in prison sang praises to God, (Acts, xvi. 25.) Christians have from the beginning been marked for their attention to this. Pliny, describing the customs of Christians about the year 106, tells the Roman Emperor Trajan "They are accustomed to repeat among themselves a hymn to Christ as to a God." An early Christian writer says, "The psalms and the hymns of the brethren written at the beginning do set forth the praises of Christ the word of God as God," (Eusebius, b. vii. c. 28.) Another early writer (Clemens) says, "A good Christian's life is a continual festival, his sacrifices are prayers and praises, reading the scriptures before meat, and singing psalms and hymns at meat." St. Jerome tells us that in the place where he lived "you could not go into the fields, but you might hear the ploughman at his hallelujah's, the mower at his hymns, and the vine-dresser singing David's Psalms.

Singing greatly promoted the cause of the Reformation. Beza says, "When I came into the assembly where they were singing the praises of God, I found myself suddenly inspired with a divine warmth, and strangely affected with love and joy, so that the assembly appeared to me as the gate of heaven, or an entrance into glory.

The increased attention paid to Psalmody is one of those gratifying marks of revived religion, which we trust will increase and spread, till not only in every Church, but in every family, *both young men and maidens, old men and children, yea, every thing that hath breath praise the Lord.*

III.—DIRECTIONS FOR SINGING.

To sing with the spirit and with the understanding, (1 Cor. xiv. 15.) will be the desire of every real Christian.

The grace of God is here as in every holy duty, the first and all-essential requisite. *To sing with the spirit,* we need the power from on high; grace in the heart, and the present exercise of that grace, by the immediate and direct aid of the holy Spirit, communicating, and exciting, and stirring up holy affections within, (Col. iii. 16., Ephes. v. 18, 19.) The sweetness of the music may be rather a hindrance than a help, if it engross our minds, or turn them away from the thoughts of prayer and praise. Augustine says, "When the tune has moved me more than the subject I feel guilty."

It is much to be desired that, as far as practicable, the congregation should join in the act of singing; those who can sing well doing so aloud, (Ps. cviii. 1—3) those whose voice or ear is not good, joining in a lower tone, and those

unable to sing remaining silent, yet joining in heart and affection.

The whole congregation ought to stand up during the singing. (2 Chron. vii. 6., Neh. ix. 5., Isa. vi. 2, 3., Rev. vii. 9, 10; xv. 2—4.)

May Augustine's experience of the benefit of singing be realized by multitudes in our days. "Oh how much have I wept, how exceedingly moved and affected I have been, at the hymns, songs, and harmonious voices of the Church. Those voices pierced my ears, thy truth entered my soul, and devout affections were raised within me." And may many a heart in the use of the hymns here gathered together, be enabled to anticipate the songs of the redeemed above, till they at length join that only perfectly happy choir.

EDWARD BICKERSTETH.

Watton Rectory, March 13, 1833.

ADVERTISEMENT TO THE THIRD THOUSAND.

The Editor, finding his HYMN-BOOK likely to have a larger circulation than he anticipated, has endeavoured to make the present Edition as complete as it was in his power to do, adding several Hymns, and making such corrections as appeared desirable. He was the more induced to do this now, as the extensive use of the book, and his having now had the whole stereotyped, will tend to preclude alterations hereafter. His friend, Mr. JAMES MONTGOMERY, has favoured him with several original Hymns.

The numbers remain the same as in the former Edition. The fresh Hymns are distinguished by second, third, &c., prefixed before the numbers, except in some Children's Hymns, which come at the close of the book. The additional Hymns have been printed separately. The First Edition will thus retain its original value for use in the congregation. The Clerk, when there is more than one Hymn under any number, should, when he gives out any of the additional Hymns, after mentioning the number, add second, or third, as it may be.

WATTON RECTORY, *Sept.* 18, 1833.

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EXPLANATION OF A FEW DIFFICULT WORDS.

ADOPTION , being made a child of God by his grace.	a blast of a trumpet or a bringing back) a Jewish Festival, which was a figure of our recovered blessings in Christ.
ADVENT , coming, applied to the coming of Christ.	JUSTIFICATION , being accounted righteous through Christ.
AFTISM , washing, the sacrament by which we are admitted into the Church.	LENT , the Spring, a fast of forty days before Easter
CHRISTMAS , Christ's service, a festival on his birth.	ORDINANCE , a commanded religious duty.
CHERUBIM , one of the orders of angels.	PAGANS , idolaters.
COVENANT , an agreement, divine promise, or appointment.	PASSION , suffering.
DOXOLOGY , a song ascribing glory to God.	REDEMPTION , our deliverance from sin and ruin at the costly price of Christ's death.
EASTER , Day of rising.	REGENERATION , being born again of the Holy Spirit.
EBENEZER , stone of help, or witness of divine help received.	SERAPHIM , one of the orders of angels.
ELECT , chosen.	SACRAMENT , a holy sign of a spiritual blessing; applied to Baptism and the Lord's supper, which were ordained by Christ as signs, means and pledges of his grace.
EMBER , ashes, ember week so called from the ancient custom of putting ashes on the head in token of humiliation.	SANCTIFICATION , being made holy by the Spirit of Christ.
EPIPHANY , making known, Christ's being made known to the Gentiles.	TRINITY , Three in one, the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, three persons in one Godhead.
GENTILES , nations in general as distinguished from the Jews.	WHIT SUNDAY , so called from the white garments in which those admitted to baptism were once clothed. The day on which we commemorate the descent of the Holy Ghost on the Christian Church;
GRACE , free favour to the unworthy.	
HARBINGER , a forerunner.	
HEATHEN , unchristian nations.	
HOSANNA save now I beseech thee; and it is also used as a form of wishing success.	
INCARNATE , having our flesh, applied to our Lord Jesus Christ.	
JUBILEE , (a word signifying either	

PSALMS AND HYMNS.

I. The Holy Scriptures.

1 *The heavens declare, &c.* Ps. xix. 1.; L. M.

- 1 THE heavens declare thy glory, Lord,
In ev'ry star thy wisdom shines;
But, when our eyes behold thy word,
We read thy name in fairer lines.
- 2 The rolling sun, the changing light,
And nights and days thy power confess;
But the blest volume Thou hast writ
Reveals thy justice and thy grace.
- 3 Nor shall thy spreading gospel rest,
Till through the earth thy truth has run,
Till Christ has all the nations blest
Which see the light, or feel the sun.
- 4 Great Sun of Righteousness, arise!
Bless the dark world with heavenly light;
Thy gospel makes the simple wise,
Thy laws are pure, thy judgments right.
- 5 Thy noblest wonders here we view
In souls renew'd and sins forgiven;—
Lord, cleanse *our* sins, *our* souls renew,
And make thy word *our* guide to heaven.

2 *Rejoicing the heart.* Ps. xix. 8. C. M.

- 1 GREAT God, with wonder and with praise
On all thy works we look;
But still thy wisdom, power, and grace,
Shine brightest in thy book.
- 2 Here are our choicest treasures hid,
Here our best comfort lies;
Here our desires are satisfied,
And hence our hopes arise.

3 Lord, make us understand thy law,
 Show what our faults have been ;
 And from thy gospel let us draw
 The hope of pardon'd sin.

3 *Give me understanding, &c. Ps. cxix. 34. C. M.*

- 1 JESUS, my Saviour and my Lord,
 To Thee I lift mine eyes,
 Teach and instruct me by thy word,
 And make me truly wise.
- 2 Make me to know and understand
 Thy whole revealed will ;
 Fain would I learn to comprehend
 Thy love more clearly still.
- 3 Oh may thy word my thoughts engage
 In each perplexing case !
 Help me to feed on ev'ry page,
 And grow in ev'ry grace.
- 4 Oh let it purify my heart,
 And guide me all my days !
 Thy wonders, Lord, to me impart,
 And Thou shalt have the praise.

4 *The entrance of thy word, &c. Ps. cxix. 130. C. M.*

- 1 THE Spirit breathes upon the word,
 And brings the truth to sight ;
 Precepts and promises afford
 A sanctifying light.
- 2 A glory gilds the sacred page,
 Majestic as the sun ;
 It gives a light to ev'ry age ;—
 It gives, but borrows none.
- 3 The hand that gave it still supplies
 The gracious light and heat ;
 His truths upon the nations rise ;—
 They rise, but never set.
- 4 Eternal thanks, O Lord ! be thine,
 For such a bright display,

As makes a world of darkness shine
With beams of heavenly day.

5 Oh may our souls with joy pursue
The paths of truth and love,
Till glory break upon our view
In brighter worlds above!

5 *Thy statutes have been my songs.* Ps. cxix. 54. C. M.

1 FATHER of Mercies, in thy word
What endless glory shines!
For ever be thy name ador'd
For these celestial lines.

2 Here the Redeemer's welcome voice
Spreads heavenly peace around;
And life and everlasting joys
Attend the blissful sound.

3 Here springs of consolation rise,
To cheer the fainting mind:
And thirsty souls receive supplies,
And sweet refreshment find.

4 Oh may these heavenly pages be
Our ever dear delight!
And still new beauties may we see,
And still increasing light.

5 Divine Instructor, gracious Lord,
Be thou for ever near;
Teach us to love thy sacred word,
And view a Saviour there!

6 *Teach me thy statutes.* Ps. cxix. 12. C. M.

1 BEFORE thy mercy-seat, O Lord!
Behold thy servants stand,
To ask the knowledge of thy word,
The guidance of thy hand.

2 Let thy eternal truths, we pray,
Dwell richly in each heart;
That from the safe and narrow way
We never may depart.

- 3 Lord, from thy word remove the seal,
 Unfold its hidden store ;
 And teach us, as we read, to feel
 Its value more and more.
- 4 Help us to see a Saviour's love
 Shining in ev'ry page ;
 And let the thought of joys above
 Our inmost souls engage.
- 5 Thus, while thy word our footsteps guides,
 Oh may we safely go
 To those fair realms where love provides
 A final rest from woe !

- 1 DOES the Lord of glory speak
 To his creatures here below ?
 And may souls so frail and weak
 All his gracious dealings know ?
 Does the blessed Bible bring
 Tidings from our heavenly King ?
- 2 Oh with what intense desire
 Should we search that sacred book !
 Here our zeal should never tire ;
 Here we should delight to look
 For the rules by mercy given,
 To conduct our souls to heaven.
- 3 Shall not he that humbly seeks
 All the light of truth discern ?
 Do we not, when Jesus speaks,
 Feel our hearts within us burn ?
 For his soul-reviving voice
 Bids the mourner to rejoice.
- 4 Lord, thy teaching grace impart,
 That we may not read in vain ;
 Write thy precepts on our heart,
 Make thy truths and doctrines plain :
 Let the message of thy love
 Guide us to thy rest above.

I. **The Attributes of God, the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost.**

3 • PSALM C. First Version. L. M.

1 ALL people that on earth do dwell,
Sing to the Lord with cheerful voice :
Him serve with fear, his praise forth tell,
Come ye before him and rejoice.

2 The Lord ye know is God indeed ;
Without our aid he did us make :
We are his flock, he doth us feed ;
And for his sheep he doth us take.

3 Oh! enter then his gates with praise :
Approach with joy his courts unto :
Praise, laud, and bless his name always ;
For it is seemly so to do.

4 For why ? The Lord our God is good ;
His mercy is for ever sure ;
His truth at all times firmly stood ;
And shall from age to age endure.

9 PSALM C. Second Version. L. M.

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

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

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

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

10 *The grace, &c.* 2 Cor. xiii. 14.

L. M.

- 1 FATHER of Heaven, whose love profound
A ransom for our souls hath found,
Before thy throne we sinners bend ;
To us thy pard'ning love extend.
- 2 Almighty Son, Incarnate Word,
Our Prophet, Priest, Redeemer, Lord,
Before thy throne we sinners bend ;
To us thy saving grace extend.
- 3 Eternal Spirit, by whose breath
The soul is rais'd from sin and death,
Before thy throne we sinners bend ;
To us thy quick'ning power extend.
- 4 Jehovah ! Father, Spirit, Son !
Mysterious Godhead ! Three in One !
Before thy throne we sinners bend ;
Grace, pardon, life, to us extend.

11 PSALM VIII.

C. M.

- 1 O THOU to whom all creatures bow
Within this earthly frame,
Through all the world how great art Thou !
How glorious is thy name !
- 2 In heaven thy wondrous acts are sung,
Nor fully reckon'd there ;
And yet Thou mak'st the infant tongue
Thy boundless praise declare.
- 3 When heaven, thy beauteous work on high,
Employs my wond'ring sight ;
The moon, that nightly rules the sky,
With stars of feebler light ;
- 4 Lord, what is man, that Thou should'st deign
To bear him in thy mind ?
Or condescend to visit him,
In human flesh enshrin'd ?
- 5 O Thou to whom all creatures bow
Within this earthly frame,

Through all the world how great art Thou!
How glorious is thy name!

12 *Holy, Holy, Holy, is the Lord, &c. Isa. vi. 3. C. M.*

- 1 THOUGH Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord,
Seraph to seraph sings;
And angel-choirs with one accord
Worship with veiled wings;—
- 2 Tho' earth thy footstool, heaven thy throne,
Thy way amidst the sea,
Thy path deep floods, thy steps unknown,
Thy counsels mystery:—
- 3 Yet wilt Thou look on him who lies
A suppliant at thy feet,
And listen to the feeblest cries
That reach thy mercy-seat.
- 4 Between the cherubim of old
Thy glory was express'd;
But God through Christ we now behold,
In flesh made manifest.
- 5 Through Him who all our sickness felt,
Who all our sorrows bare,
Through Him in whom thy fulness dwelt,
We offer up our prayer.
- 6 Touch'd with a feeling of our woes,
Jesus our High Priest stands:
All our infirmities He knows,
Our souls are in his hands.
- 7 He bears them up with strength divine,
When at thy feet we fall:—
Lord, cause thy face on us to shine,
Hear us—on Thee we call.

13 PSALM CXXXIX. L. M.

- 1 LORD, Thou hast search'd and seen me thro';
Thine eye commands with piercing view
My rising and my resting hours,
My heart and flesh, with all their powers.

- 2 My thoughts, before they are my own,
Are to my God distinctly known ;
He knows the words I mean to speak,
Ere from my op'ning lips they break.
- 3 Within thy circling power I stand ;
On ev'ry side I find thy hand :
Awake, asleep, at home, abroad,
I am surrounded still with God.
- 4 Amazing knowledge, vast and great !
What large extent ! what lofty height !
My soul, with all the powers I boast,
Is in the boundless prospect lost.
- 5 Search me, O Lord ! and know my heart ;
Try me, and prove each inward part ;
Show me my sin, and by thy grace
Lead me in thine eternal ways.

14 PSALM XC. 1—6.

C. M.

- 1 O God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Our shelter from the stormy blast,
And our eternal home !
- 2 Under the shadow of thy throne
Thy saints have dwelt secure :
Sufficient is thine arm alone,
And our defence is sure.
- 3 Before the hills in order stood,
Or earth receiv'd her frame,
From everlasting Thou art God,
To endless years the same.
- 4 A thousand ages in thy sight
Are like an ev'ning gone ;
Short as the watch that ends the night,
Before the rising sun.
- 5 Time, like an ever-rolling stream,
Bears all its sons away :
They fly, forgotten, as a dream
Dies at the op'ning day.

- 6 O God, our help in ages past,
 Our hope for years to come !
 Be thou our guard while life shall last,
 And our eternal home.

15 PSALM XCIII. L. M.

- 1 WITH glory clad, with strength array'd,
 The Lord, that o'er all nature reigns,
 The world's foundation firmly laid,
 And the vast fabric still sustains.
- 2 How surely 'stablish'd is thy throne,
 Which shall no change nor period see ;
 For Thou, O Lord, and Thou alone,
 Art God from all eternity.
- 3 The floods, O Lord ! lift up their voice,
 And toss the troubled waves on high ;
 But God alone can still their noise,
 And make the angry sea comply.
- 4 The testimonies of thy word
 Faithful and sure shall still remain ;
 And in thy house, Almighty Lord,
 Eternal holiness shall reign.

16 PSALM XVIII. C. M.

- 1 THE Lord descended from above,
 And bow'd the heavens most high ;
 And underneath his feet He cast
 The darkness of the sky.
- 2 On cherubim and seraphim
 Full royally He rode,
 And on the wings of mighty winds
 Came flying all abroad.
- 3 He sat serene upon the floods,
 Their fury to restrain ;
 And He, as Sov'reign Lord and King,
 For evermore shall reign.
- 4 O God, my strength and fortitude !
 Of force I must love Thee ;

Thou art my castle and defence
In my necessity !

17

PSALM CIV.

104th M.

- 1 OH worship the King, all glorious above !
Oh gratefully sing his unchangeable love !
Our shield and defender, the Ancient of days,
Pavilion'd in splendour, and girded with praise.
- 2 Oh, tell of his might ! oh sing of his grace !
Whose robe is the light, whose canopy space ;
His chariots of wrath the deep thunder-clouds
form,
And dark is his path on the wings of the storm.
- 3 The earth, with its store of wonders untold,
Almighty ! thy power hath founded of old,
Hath establish'd it fast by a changeless decree,
And round it hath cast like a girdle, the sea.
- 4 Thy bountiful care what tongue can recite ?
It breathes in the air, it shines in the light,
It streams from the hills, it descends to the
plain,
And sweetly distils in the dew and the rain.
- 5 Frail children of dust, and feeble as frail,
In Thee do we trust, nor find Thee to fail ;
Thy mercies how tender ! how firm to the end !
Our Maker, Defender, Redeemer, and Friend !
- 6 O Lord of all might, how boundless thy love !
While angels delight to hymn Thee above,
The humbler creation, tho' feeble their lays,
With true adoration shall lisp to thy praise.

18

Who is a God like, &c. Micah vii. 18.

112th M.

- 1 GREAT God of wonders, all thy ways
Display thine attributes divine ;
But the fair glories of thy grace
Beyond thine other wonders shine :
Who is a pard'ning God like Thee ?
Or who has grace so rich and free ?

- 2 Such deep transgressions to forgive,
Such guilty daring worms to spare ;
This is thine own prerogative,
And in the honour none shall share :
Who is a pard'ning God like thee ?
Or who has grace so rich and free ?
- 3 Pardon—from an offended God !
Pardon—for sins of deepest dye :
Pardon—bestow'd through Jesu's blood
Pardon—that brings the rebel nigh !
Who is a pard'ning God like Thee ?
Or who has grace so rich and free ?

19 *Thou, God, seest me.* Gen. xvi. 13. C. M.

- 1 ALMIGHTY God, thy piercing eye
Strikes through the shades of night ;
And our most secret actions lie
All open to thy sight.
- 2 There's not a sin that we commit,
Nor wicked word we say,
But in thy dreadful book 'tis writ,
Against the judgment day.
- 3 And must the crimes that I have done
Be read and publish'd there ?
Be all expos'd before the sun,
While men and angels hear ?
- 4 Lord, at thy foot asham'd I lie,
Upward I dare not look ;
Pardon my sins before I die,
And blot them from thy book.
- 5 Remember all the dying pains
That my Redeemer felt,
And let his blood wash out my stains,
And answer for my guilt.
- 6 Oh ! put within my heart thy fear,
Grant me from sin to fly,
At all times to behold Thee near,
And on thy grace rely.

- 1 BLESS, O my soul ! the living God ;
 Call home thy thoughts that rove abroad :
 Let all the powers within me join
 In work and worship so divine.
- 2 Bless, O my soul ! the God of grace ;
 His favours claim thy highest praise ;
 Why should the wonders He hath wrought
 Be lost in silence, and forgot ?
- 3 'Twas He, my soul, that sent his Son
 To die for crimes which thou hast done ;
 He owns the ransom, and forgives
 The hourly follies of our lives.
- 4 Not half so high his power hath spread
 The starry heavens above our head,
 As his rich love exceeds our praise,—
 Exceeds the highest hopes we raise.
- 5 Not half so far hath nature plac'd
 The rising morning from the west,
 As his forgiving grace removes
 The many sins of those He loves.
- 6 Then, O my soul ! with joyful tongue,
 Proclaim his mercies in thy song ;
 Let not the wonders He hath wrought
 Be lost in silence, and forgot.

- 1 O LORD ! I would delight in Thee,
 And on thy care depend ;
 To Thee in ev'ry trouble flee,
 My best and only Friend.
- 2 When all created streams are dried,
 Thy fulness is the same ;
 May I with this be satisfied,
 And glory in thy Name.
- 3 No good in creatures can be found
 But may be found in Thee :

I must have all things, and abound,
If God be God to me.

22

The Lord is my light, &c. Ps. xxvii. 1.

C. M.

- 1 My God, the spring of all my joys,
The life of my delights ;
The glory of my brightest days,
And comfort of my nights ;
- 2 In darkest shades if Thou appear,
My dawning is begun :
Thou art my soul's sweet morning star,
And Thou my rising sun.
- 3 The op'ning heavens around me shine,
With beams of sacred bliss,
While Jesus shows his love is mine,
And tells me I am his.
- 4 My soul would leave this heavy clay,
At that transporting word ;
Run up with joy the shining way,
To meet and praise my Lord.
- 5 Fearless of hell and ghastly death,
I break through ev'ry foe :
The wings of love and arms of faith
Shall bear me conq'ror through.

23

Rejoice, again I say, &c. Phil. iv. 4.

148th M.

- 1 REJOICE, the Lord is King,
Your Lord and King adore ;
Mortals, give thanks and sing,
And triumph evermore :
Lift up the heart, lift up the voice ;
" Rejoice ; again I say, rejoice."
- 2 The Mighty Saviour reigns,
The God of truth and love ;
When He had purg'd our stains,
He took his seat above. Lift up, &c.

3 His kingdom cannot fail,
 He rules o'er earth and heaven ;
 The keys of death and hell
 Are to our Saviour given. Lift up, &c.

4 He sits at God's right hand,
 Till all his foes submit,
 And bow to his command,
 And fall beneath his feet. Lift up, &c.

5 Rejoice in glorious hope,
 Jesus the Judge shall come,
 And take his servants up
 To their eternal home.

We soon shall hear th' archangel's voice ;
 The trump of God shall sound " Rejoice."

24 *Canst thou by searching, &c.* Job xi. 7. C. M.

1 SHALL foolish, weak, short-sighted man
 Beyond archangels go ?
 The great Almighty God explain,
 Or to perfection know ?
 His attributes divinely soar
 Above the creature's sight,
 And prostrate seraphim adore
 The glorious Infinite.

2 Jehovah's everlasting days,
 They cannot number'd be,
 Incomprehensible the space
 Of thine immensity :
 Thy wisdom's depths by reason's line
 In vain we strive to sound,
 Or stretch our lab'ring thought t' assign
 Omnipotence a bound.

3 The brightness of thy glories leaves
 Description far below,
 Nor man, nor angel's heart conceives
 How deep thy mercies flow :
 Thy love is most unsearchable,
 And dazzles all above ;

They gaze, but cannot count or tell
The treasures of thy love.

25

PSALM XXXVI. v. 5—9.

L. M.

- 1 O LORD, thy mercy, my sure hope,
The highest orb of heaven transcends ;
Thy sacred truth's unmeasur'd scope
Beyond the spreading skies extends.
- 2 Thy justice like the hills remains ;
Unfathom'd depths thy judgments are ;
Thy providence the world sustains ;
The whole creation is thy care.
- 3 Since of thy goodness all partake,
How safely may thy children, Lord,
Thy sheltring wings their refuge make,
And find salvation in thy word !
- 4 Such guests shall to thy courts be led,
To banquet on thy love's repast ;
And drink, as from a fountain head,
Of joys that shall for ever last.
- 5 With Thee the springs of life remain,
Thy presence is eternal day ;
Oh let thy saints thy favour gain !
To contrite hearts thy truth display.

26

Christ the Wisdom, &c. Prov. viii. 22—31.

7-6.

- 1 "ERE God had built the mountains,
Or rais'd the fruitful hills ;
Before He fill'd the fountains
That feed the running rills ;
In Me, from everlasting,
The wonderful I AM
Found pleasures never wasting,
And Wisdom is my name.
- 2 When, like a tent to dwell in,
He spread the skies abroad,
And swath'd about the swelling
Of ocean's mighty flood ;

He wrought by weight and measure ;
 And I was with Him then :
 Myself the Father's pleasure,
 And mine, the sons of men."

- 3 Thus Wisdom's words discover
 Thy glory and thy grace,
 Thou everlasting Lover
 Of our unworthy race !
 Thy gracious eye survey'd us
 Ere stars were seen above ;
 In wisdom thou hast made us,
 And died for us in love.
- 4 And couldst thou be delighted
 With creatures such as we,
 Who, when we saw thee, slighted,
 And nail'd thee to a tree ?
 Unfathomable wonder,
 And mystery divine !
 The voice that speaks in thunder
 Says, " Sinner, I am thine !"

27

His name shall be called, &c. Is. ix. 6.

L. M.

- 1 My song shall bless the Lord of all ;
 My praise shall climb to his abode :
 Thee, Saviour, by that name I call,
 The Great, Supreme, Almighty God.
- 2 Without beginning or decline,
 Object of faith, and not of sense ;
 Eternal ages saw Him shine ;—
 He shines eternal ages hence.
- 3 As much when in the manger laid
 Almighty Ruler of the sky,
 As when the six-days' work He made
 Fill'd all the morning stars with joy.
- 4 Of all the crowns Jehovah bears,
 Salvation is his dearest claim ;
 That gracious sound well-pleas'd He hears,
 And owns Emmanuel for his name.

5 A cheerful confidence I feel ;
 My well-plac'd hopes with joy I see ;
 My bosom glows with heavenly zeal,
 To worship Him who died for me.

6 As Man, He pities my complaint ;
 His power and truth are all divine ;
 He will not fail, he cannot faint ;
 Lord, make thy full salvation mine !

28 *A name above every name.* Phil. ii. 9. 148th M.

1 JOIN all the glorious names
 Of wisdom, love, and power,
 That ever mortals knew,
 That angels ever bore :
 All are too mean to speak his worth,
 Too mean to set my Saviour forth.

2 But oh what gentle terms,
 What condescending ways,
 Doth our Redeemer use
 To teach his heavenly grace !
 Mine eyes with joy and wonder see
 What forms of love He bears for me.

3 Array'd in mortal flesh,
 The Covenant Angel stands,
 And holds the promises
 And pardons in his hands :
 Commission'd from his Father's throne
 To make his grace to mortals known.

4 Great Prophet of my God,
 My tongue would bless thy name ;
 By Thee the joyful news
 Of our salvation came—
 The joyful news of sins forgiven,
 Of hell subdued, and peace with heaven.

5 Be Thou my counsellor,
 My pattern, and my guide ;
 And through this desert land
 Still keep me near thy side :

Oh let my feet ne'er run astray,
Nor rove, nor seek the crooked way !

6 I love my Shepherd's voice ;
His watchful eyes shall keep
My wand'ring soul among
The thousands of his sheep :
He feeds his flock, He calls their names,
His bosom bears the tender lambs.

7 To this dear Surety's hand
Will I commit my cause ;
He answers and fulfils
His Father's broken laws :
Behold my soul at freedom set !
My Surety paid the dreadful debt.

8 Jesus, my great High Priest,
Offer'd his blood and died ;
My guilty conscience seeks
No sacrifice beside :
His powerful blood did once atone,
And now it pleads before the throne.

9 My Advocate appears
For my defence on high :
His plea the Father hears,
And lays his thunder by.
Not all that hell or sin can say
Shall turn his heart, his love, away.

10 Divine Almighty Lord,
My Conqu'ror and my King,
Thy sceptre and thy sword,
Thy reigning grace, I sing :
Thine is the power ; behold I sit
In willing bonds beneath thy feet !

11 Should all the hosts of death,
And powers of hell unknown,
Put their most dreadful forms
Of rage and mischief on,
I shall be safe, for Christ displays
Superior power, and guardian grace.

12 Now let my soul arise,
 And tread the tempter down ;
 My Captain leads me forth
 To conquest and a crown :
 A feeble saint shall win the day,
 Though death and hell obstruct the way.

29 *I am the way, &c.* St. John xiv. 6. O. M.

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

30 *Praying in the Holy Ghost.* St. Jude 20. 113th. M.

- 1 CREATOR Spirit, by whose aid
 The world's foundations first were laid,
 Come visit ev'ry humble mind,
 Come pour thy joys on all mankind ;
 From sin and sorrow set us free,
 And make us temples meet for Thee.
- 2 Thou strength of his Almighty hand
 Whose power doth heaven & earth command,
 Thrice holy fount! thrice holy fire!
 Our hearts with heavenly love inspire ;
 Come, and thy sacred unction bring,
 To sanctify us while we sing.

3 Plenteous of grace, descend from high
 Rich in thy seven-fold energy ;
 Give us thyself, that we may see
 The Father and the Son. by Thee ;
 Make us eternal truths receive
 And practise all that we believe.

4 Immortal honour, endless fame,
 Attend the Almighty Father's name ;
 Let God the Son be glorified,
 Who for lost man's redemption died ;
 And equal adoration be,
 Eternal Spirit, paid to Thee.

31 *He shall guide you.* St. John xvi. 13. c. m.

1 ETERNAL Spirit, by whose power
 Are burst the bands of death,
 Be this for us a favour'd hour :
 Oh give us living faith !

2 'Tis thine to cheer us when distress'd,
 To raise us when we fall,
 To calm the doubting troubled breast,
 And aid when sinners call.

3 'Tis thine to bring God's sacred word,
 And write it on our heart ;
 There its reviving truths record,
 And there its peace impart.

4 Almighty Spirit, visit thus
 Our hearts, and guide our ways ;
 Pour down thy quick'ning grace on us,
 And tune our lips to praise.

32 *I am the First and the Last.* Rev. i. 17. 8s.

THIS God is the God we adore,
 Our faithful unchangeable Friend,
 Whose love is as great as his power,
 And neither knows measure nor end.
 'Tis Jesus, the First and the Last,
 Whose Spirit shall guide us safe home ;

We'll praise Him for all that is past,
And trust Him for all that's to come.

III. Creation and Providence.

33

PSALM XIX. 1—3.

L. M.

- 1 THE spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue ethereal sky,
And spangled heavens, a shining frame,
Their great original proclaim.
- 2 Th' unwearied sun, from day to day,
Does his Creator's power display,
And publishes to ev'ry land
The work of an almighty hand.
- 3 Soon as the ev'ning shades prevail
The moon takes up the wondrous tale,
And nightly, to the list'ning earth,
Repeats the story of her birth ;
- 4 While all the stars that round her burn,
And all the planets, in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.
- 5 What though in solemn silence all
Move round this dark terrestrial ball!—
What though no real voice nor sound
Amid their radiant orbs be found!—
- 6 In Reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice ;
For ever singing, as they shine,
“ The hand that made us is divine.”

34

Bless the Lord, &c. Ps. ciii. 22.

G. M.

- 1 I SING th' almighty power of God,
That made the mountains rise,
That spread the flowing seas abroad,
And built the lofty skies.
- 2 I sing the wisdom that ordain'd
The sun to rule the day ;

- The moon shines full at his command,
And all the stars obey.
- 3 I sing the goodness of the Lord,
That fill'd the earth with food :
He form'd the creatures with his word,
And then pronounc'd them good.
- 4 Lord, how thy wonders are display'd
Where'er I turn mine eye ;
If I survey the ground I tread,
Or gaze upon the sky !
- 5 There's not a plant nor flower below
But makes thy glories known ;
And clouds arise, and tempests blow,
By order from thy throne.
- 6 Creatures (as num'rous as they be)
Are subject to thy care :
There's not a place where we can flee
But God is present there.
- 7 In heaven He shines with beams of love,
With wrath in hell beneath :
'Tis on his earth I stand or move,
And 'tis his air I breathe.
- 8 His hand is my perpetual guard—
He keeps me with his eye :
Why should I, then, forget the Lord,
Who is for ever nigh ?

- 1 YE boundless realms of joy,
Exalt your Maker's name ;
In praise your songs employ
Above the starry frame ;
Your voices raise, ye cherubim
And seraphim, to sing his praise.
- 2 Thou moon, the queen of night,
Thou sun, the orb of day,
Ye glitt'ring stars of light,
To Him your homage pay :

His praise declare, ye heavens above,
And clouds that move in liquid air.

- 3 Let them adore the Lord,
And praise his holy name,
By whose almighty word
They all from nothing came ;
And all shall last, from changes free :—
His firm decree stands ever fast.
- 4 His chosen saints by grace
He lifts to thrones on high ;
And favours Israel's race,
Who still to Him are nigh :
Oh therefore raise your grateful voice,
And still rejoice the Lord to praise !

Second 35. The Sea Shore.

P. M.

Isaiah lvii. 20. Ps. cxxxix. 18.

- 1 IN ev'ry object, here, I see
Something, my heart, that points at thee :
Hard as the rocks that bound the strand,
Unfruitful as the barren sand,
Deep and deceitful as th' ocean,
And, like the tides, in constant motion.
- 2 In ev'ry object, here, I see
Something, O Lord ! that leads to Thee :
Firm as the rocks thy promise stands,
Thy mercies countless as the sands,
Thy love a sea immensely wide,
Thy grace an overflowing tide.

36 Give unto the Lord, &c. Ps. xxix. 1.

C. M.

- 1 THE Lord our God is full of might,
The winds obey his will ;
He speaks, and in his heavenly height
The rolling sun stands still.
- 2 Rebel, ye waves, and o'er the land
With threat'ning aspect roar ;
The Lord uplifts his awful hand,
And chains you to the shore.

- 3 Howl winds of night, your force combine,
Without his high behest
Ye shall not in the mountain pine
Disturb the sparrow's nest.
- 4 His voice sublime is heard on high
When dreadful thunders roll ;
Through heaven and earth his lightnings fly,
Restrain'd by his control.
- 5 Ye nations bend, in rev'rence bend,
Ye kings obey his word,
And bid the grateful song ascend
To celebrate the Lord.

37

The earth is full, &c. Ps. xxxiii. 5.

L. M.

- 1 THERE'S not a bird (with lonely nest
In pathless wood, or mountain crest),
Nor meaner thing, which does not share,
O God! in thy paternal care.
- 2 There's not a being now accurst
Who did not taste thy goodness first ;
And ev'ry joy the wicked see
Receiv'd its origin from Thee.
- 3 Each barren crag, each desert rude,
Holds Thee within its solitude ;
And Thou dost bless the wand'rer there
Who makes his solitary prayer.
- 4 In busy mart and crowded street,
No less than in the still retreat,
Thou, Lord, art near, our souls to bless
With all a parent's tenderness.
- 5 And ev'ry moment still doth bring
Thy blessings on its loaded wing ;
Widely they spread through earth and sky,
And last to all eternity.
- 6 Through all creation let thy name
Be echoed with a glad acclaim ;

Thy praise let grateful churches sing,
With praise let heaven for ever ring.

- 7 And we, where'er our lot is cast,
While life, and thought, and feeling last,
Through all our years, in ev'ry place,
Will bless Thee for thy boundless grace.

38 *Surely goodness and mercy, &c.* Ps. xxiii. 6. O. M.

- 1 **WHEN** all thy mercies, O my God!
My rising soul surveys,
Transported with the view I'm lost
In wonder, love, and praise.
- 2 Ten thousand thousand precious gifts
My daily thanks employ;
Nor is the least a cheerful heart,
To taste those gifts with joy.
- 3 Unnumber'd comforts to my soul
Thy tender care bestow'd,
Before my infant heart conceiv'd
From whom those comforts flow'd.
- 4 When in the slippery paths of youth,
With heedless steps, I ran,
Thine arm, unseen, convey'd me safe,
And led me up to man.
- 5 Through hidden dangers, toils, and deaths,
It gently clear'd my way,
And through the pleasing snares of vice,
More to be fear'd than they.
- 6 When worn with sickness, oft hast Thou
With health renew'd my face;
And, when in sins and sorrows sunk,
Reviv'd my soul with grace.
- 7 Through every period of my life
Thy goodness I'll pursue;
And after death, in distant worlds,
The glorious theme renew.

- 8 Through all eternity to Thee,
A joyful song I'll raise ;
But oh ! eternity's too short
To utter all thy praise.

39

My times are in thy hand. Ps. xxxi. 15.

6a.

- 1 SOV'REIGN Ruler of the skies,
Ever gracious, ever wine,
All my times are in thy hand,
All events at thy command.
- 2 His decree who fram'd the earth,
Fix'd my first and second birth ;
Parents, native place, and time,
All appointed were by Him.
- 3 He that form'd me in the womb,
He shall guide me to the tomb ;
All my time shall ever be
Order'd by his wise decree.
- 4 Times of sickness, times of health,
Times of penury and wealth,
Times of trial and of grief,
Times of triumph and relief ;
- 5 Times the tempter's power to prove,
Times to taste a Saviour's love ;
All must come, and last, and end,
As shall please my heavenly Friend.
- 6 Plagues and death around me fly ;
Till He bids I cannot die ;
Not a single shaft can hit,
Till the God of love sees fit.
- 7 O Thou gracious, wise, and just !
Unto Thee my life I trust ;
May I always own thy hand,
Still to the surrender stand.
- 8 Thee at all times will I bless ;
Having Thee, I all possess :

How can I bereaved be,
Since I cannot part with Thee ?

40 *Thy footsteps are not known.* Ps. lxxvii. 19. C. M.

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

IV. Redemption and Intercession of Christ.

41 *God so loved the world, &c.* John iii. 16. C. M.

- 1 BLEST be the wisdom and the power,
The justice and the grace,
Which join'd in council to restore
And save our ruin'd race.
- 2 Our father ate forbidden fruit,
And from his glory fell ;

And we, his children, thus were brought
To death, and near to hell.

- 3 Blest be the Lord, who sent his Son
To take our flesh and blood :
He for our lives gave up his own,
To make our peace with God.
- 4 He honour'd all his Father's laws,
Which we have disobey'd :
He bore our sins upon the cross,
And our full ransom paid.
- 5 Behold him rising from the grave,
Behold him raised on high :
He pleads his merits there, to save
Transgressors doom'd to die.
- 6 There on a glorious throne He reigns,
And, by his power divine,
Redeems us from the slavish chains
Of Satan and of sin.
- 7 Thence shall the Lord to judgment come,
And, with a sov'reign voice,
Shall call, and break up every tomb,
While waking saints rejoice.
- 8 Oh may we then with joy appear
Before the Judge's face ;
And, with the bless'd assembly there,
Sing his redeeming grace !

42 *He that believeth, &c.* St. John xi. 25, 26. C. M.

- 1 BLEST be the Everlasting God,
The Father of our Lord ;
Be his abounding mercy prais'd,
His Majesty ador'd.
- 2 When from the dead He raised his SON,
And call'd Him to the sky,
He gave our souls a lively hope
That they should never die.

- 3 What though our inbred sins require
Our flesh to see the dust ;
Yet, as the Lord our Saviour rose,
So all his followers must.
- 4 There's an inheritance divine
Reserv'd against that day ;
'Tis uncorrupted, undefil'd,
And cannot fade away.
- 5 Saints by the power of God are kept,
Till their salvation come ;
We walk by faith as pilgrims here,
Till Christ shall call us home.

43 *In His pity, &c.* Isa. lxiii. 9. C. M.

- 1 How condescending and how kind
Was God's eternal Son !
Our mis'ry reach'd his heavenly mind,
And pity brought Him down.
- 2 This was compassion like a God,
That when the Saviour knew
The price of pardon was his blood,
His pity ne'er withdrew.
- 3 Now, though He reigns exalted high,
His love is still as great :
Well He remembers Calvary,
Nor lets his saints forget.
- 4 Here let our hearts begin to melt,
While we his death record,
And with our joy for pardon'd guilt,
Mourn that we pierc'd the Lord.

44 *By grace ye are saved.* Eph. ii. 8. C. M.

- 1 THE gospel comes with welcome news
To sinners lost like me :
Their various schemes while others choose,
Saviour, I come to Thee.
- 2 Of merit now I cannot speak,
For merit I have none ;

I'm justified for Jesus' sake,
I'm sav'd by grace alone.

3 'Twas grace my wayward heart first won ;
'Tis grace that holds me fast :
Grace will complete the work begun,
And save me to the last.

4 Then shall my soul with rapture trace
What God hath done for me,
And celebrate redeeming grace
Throughout eternity.

45 *According to his mercy, &c. Titus iii. 5. c. m.*

1 LORD, we confess our num'rous faults ;
How great our guilt has been !
Foolish and vain were all our thoughts,
And all our lives were sin.

2 But, O my soul ! for ever praise,
For ever love his name,
Who turns thy feet from dang'rous ways
Of folly, sin, and shame.

3 'Tis not by works of righteousness
Which our own hands have done ;
But we are sav'd by sov'reign grace
Abounding through the Son.

4 'Tis from the mercy of our God
That all our hopes begin ;
'Tis by the water, and the blood,
Our souls are washed from sin.

5 'Tis through the purchase of his death
Who hung upon the tree,
The Spirit is sent down to breathe
On such dry bones as we.

6 Rais'd from the dead, we live anew ;
And, justified by grace,
We shall appear in glory too,
And see our Father's face.

46 *My heart shall rejoice, &c. Ps. xlii. 5. O. M.*

1 SALVATION! oh the joyful sound!
 'Tis pleasure to our ears,
 A sov'reign balm to every wound,
 A cordial for our fears.

2 Buried in sorrow and in sin,
 In death's dark gloom we lay;
 But we arise, by grace divine,
 To see a heavenly day.

3 Salvation! let the echo fly
 The spacious earth around,
 While all the armies of the sky
 Conspire to raise the sound.

4 Salvation! O Thou bleeding Lamb!
 To Thee the praise belongs:
 Salvation shall inspire our hearts,
 And dwell upon our tongues.

47 *A Man shall be a hiding, &c. Is. xxii. 2. O. M.*

1 HE who on earth as Man was known,
 And bore our sins and pains,
 Now, seated on th' eternal throne,
 The Lord of glory reigns.

2 His righteousness, to faith reveal'd,
 Wrought out for guilty worms,
 Affords a hiding-place and shield
 From enemies and storms.

3 When troubles, like a burning sun,
 Their fainting souls invade,
 To this eternal Rock they run,
 And find a welcome shade.

4 How glorious He! how happy they,
 In their Almighty Friend!
 His love secures them all the way,
 And crowns them at the end.

48 *It is not possible, &c.* Heb. x. 4. s. m.

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

49 *The blood of Jesus Christ, &c.* 1 John i. 7. c. m.

- 1 FROM Calvary's cross a fountain flows
Of water and of blood,
More healing than Bethesda's pool,
Or fam'd Siloam's flood.
- 2 The dying thief rejoic'd to see
This fountain in his day ;
And there would I, though vile as he,
Wash all my sins away.
- 3 Dear dying Lamb ! thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the 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 Then in a nobler, sweeter song,
I'll sing thy power to save ;
When this poor lisping, stamm'ring, tongue
Lies silent in the grave.
- 6 [Lord, I believe thou hast prepar'd
(Unworthy though I be)
For me a blood-bought, free reward,
A golden harp for me.
- 7 'Tis strung, and tun'd for endless years,
And form'd by power divine,
To sound, in God the Father's ears,
No saving name but thine.]

50 *Moses wrote of Me.* St. John v. 46. 148th M.

- 1 ISRAEL, in ancient days,
Not only had a view
Of Sinai in a blaze,
But learn'd the gospel too :
The types and figures were a glass,
In which they saw a Saviour's face.
- 2 The paschal sacrifice,
And blood-besprinkled door,
Seen with enlightened eyes,
And once applied with power,
Would teach the need of other blood
To reconcile a holy God.
- 3 The lamb, the dove, set forth
His perfect innocence,
Whose blood of matchless worth
Should be the soul's defence ;
For he who can for sin atone
Must have no failings of his own.
- 4 The scape-goat on his head
The people's trespass bore,
And, to the desert led,
Was to be seen no more :

In him our Surety seem'd to say,
 "Behold I bear your sins away."

5 Dipp'd in his fellow's blood,
 The living bird went free ;
 The type, well understood,
 Express'd the sinner's plea,—
 Describ'd a guilty soul enlarg'd,
 And by a Saviour's death discharg'd.

6 Jesus, I love to trace,
 Throughout the sacred page,
 The footsteps of thy grace,
 The same in every age :
 Oh grant that I may faithful be
 To clearer light vouchsaf'd to me !

51 *The year of my, &c. Is. lxiii. 4.* 148th M.

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

2 Jesus, our great High Priest,
 Hath full atonement made ;
 Ye weary spirits, rest,
 Ye mournful souls, be glad. The Year, &c.

3 Extol the Lamb of God,
 The sin-atonng Lamb ;
 Redemption by his blood
 Through all the world proclaim. The Year, &c.

4 Ye slaves of sin and hell,
 Your liberty receive,
 And safe in Jesus dwell,
 And blest in Jesus live. The Year, &c.

5 Ye who have sold for nought
 Your heritage above,
 Shall have it back unbought,
 The gift of Jesu's love. The Year, &c.

6 The gospel trumpet hear,
 The news of heavenly grace ;
 And, sav'd from earth, appear
 Before your Saviour's face. The Year, &c.

52 *His mercy endureth, &c.* Ps. cxviii. 1. S. M.

- 1 RAISE your triumphant songs
 To an immortal tune,
 Let the wide earth resound the deeds
 Celestial grace hath done.
- 2 Sing how eternal Love
 His chief beloved chose,
 And bid Him raise our wretched race
 From their abyss of woes.
- 3 His hand no thunder bears,
 No terrors clothe his brow,
 No bolts to drive our guilty souls
 To fiercer flames below.
- 4 'Twas mercy fill'd the throne,
 And wrath stood silent by,
 When Christ was sent with pardons down
 To rebels, doom'd to die.
- 5 Now, sinners, dry your tears,
 Let helpless sorrows cease,
 Bow to the sceptre of his love,
 And take the offer'd peace.
- 6 Lord, we obey thy call,
 We lay a humble claim
 To the salvation Thou hast brought,
 And love and praise thy Name.

53 *In whom we have, &c.* Eph. i. 7. Ss. 7s.

- 1 LAMB of God, we fall before Thee,
 Humbly trusting in thy cross :
 That alone be all our glory ;
 All things else we count but loss.

- 2 Thee we own a perfect Saviour,
 Only source of all that's good :
 Every grace and every favour
 Comes to us through Jesu's blood.
- 3 Jesus gives us true repentance,
 By his Spirit sent from heaven ;
 He pronounces the sweet sentence,
 " Son, thy sins are all forgiven."
- 4 Faith He gives us, to believe it ;
 Grateful hearts, his love to prize ;
 Want we wisdom ? He must give it ;
 Hearing ears, and seeing eyes.
- 5 Jesus gives us pure affections,
 Wills to do what He requires,
 Makes us follow his directions ;
 And what He commands inspires.
- 6 All our prayers and all our praises,
 Humbly offer'd in his Name—
 He that dictates them is Jesus ;
 He that answers is the same.
- 7 When we live on Jesu's merit,
 Then we worship God aright ;
 Father, Son, and Holy Spirit,
 Then we savingly unite.
- 8 Every grace and every favour,
 Great or good whate'er we call,
 Have we only in the Saviour :
 Jesus Christ is all in all.

54

Mine own arm, &c. Isa. lxiii. 5.

78.

- 1 CROWNS of glory ever bright
 Rest upon the Victor's head :
 Crowns of glory are his right,
 His who liveth and was dead ;
- 2 Jesus fought and won the day ;
 Such a day was never fought ;
 Well his people now may say,
 See what God, our God, has wrought !

- 3 He subdu'd the powers of hell,
In the fight He stood alone ;
All his foes before him fell,
By his single arm o'erthrown.
- 4 They have fall'n to rise no more ;
Final is the foe's defeat ;
Jesus triumph'd by his power,
And his triumph is complete.
- 5 His the fight, the arduous toil ;
His the honours of the day ;
His the glory and the spoil ;
Jesus bears them all away.
- 6 Now proclaim his deeds afar,
Fill the world with his renown ;
His alone the victor's car,
His the everlasting crown.

Second 54 *To make intercession, &c.* Heb. vii. 25. 148th M.

- 1 **ARISE**, my soul, arise,
Shake off thy guilty fears ;
The bleeding sacrifice
In my behalf appears ;
Before the throne my Surety stands ;
My name is written on his hands.
- 2 He ever lives above,
For me to intercede ;
His all-redeeming love,
His precious blood, to plead :
His blood aton'd for all our race,
And sprinkles now the throne of grace.
- 3 The Father hears Him pray,
His dear Anointed One ;
He cannot turn away
The presence of his Son :
His Spirit answers to the blood,
And tells me I am born of God.
- 4 My God is reconcil'd ;
His pard'ning voice I hear ;

He owns me for his child ;
 I can no longer fear ;
 With confidence I now draw nigh,
 And Father, Abba Father, cry.

V. *The Work of the Spirit.*

55

Grieve not the Holy, &c. Eph. iv. 30.

S. M.

- 1 FORBID it, Lord, that we,
 Who from thy hand receive
 The Spirit's power to make us free,
 Should e'er that Spirit grieve.
- 2 Oh keep our faith alive,
 Help us to watch and pray ;
 Lest by our carelessness we drive
 The sacred guest away.
- 3 How can we bear to lose
 Our best and kindest friend,
 Life, health, and happiness refuse,
 And joys that never end !
- 4 Are Satan's chains so light,
 So easy to be borne,
 That we thy tender love should slight,
 Thy glorious freedom scorn ?
- 5 Lord, make us wholly thine ;
 And in our hearts of stone
 Let grace with purer lustre shine,
 To mark us for thine own.

56

Perfect that which, &c. Ps. cxxxviii. 8.

C. M.

- 1 SPIRIT of holiness, look down,
 Our fainting hearts to cheer ;
 And, when we tremble at thy frown,
 Oh bring thy comforts near !
- 2 The fear which thy convictions wrought,
 Oh let thy grace remove !
 And may the souls which Thou hast taught
 To weep, now learn to love.

- 3 Now let thy saving mercy heal
The wounds it made before ;
Now on our hearts impress thy seal,
That we may doubt no more.
- 4 Complete the work Thou hast begun,
And make our darkness light ;
That we a glorious race may run,
Till faith be lost in sight.
- 5 Then, as our wond'ring eyes discern
The Lord's unclouded face,
In fitter language we shall learn
To sing triumphant grace.

57 *The Holy Ghost, &c.* St. John xiv. 26, &c. L. M.

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

58 *Through sanctification, &c.* 1 Peter i. 2. C. M.

- 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.

- 3 Can aught, beneath a power divine,
The stubborn will subdue ?
'Tis thine, Eternal Spirit, thine,
To form the heart anew.
- 4 'Tis thine the passions to recal,
And upward bid them rise,
And make the scales of error fall
From reason's darken'd eyes,—
- 5 To chase the shades of night away,
And bid the sinner live :
A beam of heaven, a vital ray,
'Tis thine alone to give.

59

I will lead them, &c. Is. xlii. 16.

S. M.

- 1 'Tis God the Spirit leads,
In paths before unknown,
The work to be perform'd is ours,
The strength is all his own.
- 2 Assisted by his grace,
We still pursue our way,
And hope at last to reach the prize,
Secure in endless day.
- 3 'Tis He that works to will,
'Tis He that works to do ;
His is the power by which we act,
His be the glory too.

60

The love of God, &c. Rom. v. 5.

C. M.

- 1 COME, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With all thy quick'ning powers ;
Kindle a flame of sacred love
In these cold hearts of ours.
- 2 See how we grovel here below,
Fond of these earthly toys ;
Our souls—how heavily they go
To reach eternal joys !

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

4 Dear Lord ! and shall we ever be
 In this poor dying state—
 Our love so faint, so cold to Thee,
 And thine to us so great ?

5 Come, Holy Spirit, from above,
 With thine all-quickening powers ;
 Come, shed abroad a Saviour's love,
 And that shall kindle ours.

61 *Christ is All and in All.* Col. iii. 11. 113th M.

1 COME, Holy Spirit, from above,
 Eternal source of heavenly love,
 Our hearts attune, our tongues inspire,
 That we may emulate the choir,
 That, without ceasing, hymn his praise,
 The Ancient of eternal days.

2 Lo ! when we lay in guilt and sin,
 Deform'd without, defil'd within,
 From heaven He look'd with pitying eye,
 From heaven He came to bring us nigh,
 And, through the merit of his blood,
 To give us free access to God.

3 Hosannas, then, to Christ be rais'd ;
 For ever be the Saviour prais'd ;
 Be honour, power, and glory given,
 By all on earth, and all in heaven ;
 For He is worthy to receive
 More praise than heaven and earth can give.

4 To Thee, Thou bleeding Lamb, to Thee,
 For pardon, peace, and life we flee ;
 The shelter of thy cross we claim ;
 Thy righteousness alone we name :
 Now at thy feet we suppliant fall,
 Our Lord, our Life, our All in All !

62 *Led by the Spirit of God.* ROM. viii. 14. L. M.

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

63 *Thou hast wrought, &c.* Isaiah xxvi. 12. C. M.

- 1 FATHER, to Thee my soul I lift,
On Thee my hope depends,
Convinc'd that every perfect gift
From Thee alone descends.
- 2 Mercy and grace are thine alone,
And power and wisdom too ;
Without the Spirit of thy Son,
We nothing good can do.
- 3 We cannot speak one gracious word,
One holy thought conceive,
Unless, in answer to our Lord,
Thyself the blessing give.
- 4 Thou all our works in us hast wrought ;
Our good is all divine ;
The praise of ev'ry holy thought
And righteous word is thine.
- 5 From Thee, through Jesus, we receive
The power on Thee to call ;
In Thee, our God, we move and live :
Thou art our All in All.

64 *Uphold me by thy free Spirit.* Ps. li. 12. 7s.

- 1 **HOLY** Spirit, from on high,
Bend on us a pitying eye ;
Animate the drooping heart,
Bid the power of sin depart :
- 2 Light up every dark recess
Of our heart's ungodliness ;
Show us every devious way,
Where our steps have gone astray :
- 3 Teach us with repentant grief
Humbly to implore relief :
Then the Saviour's blood reveal,
All our deep disease to heal.
- 4 Other groundwork should we lay,
Sweep those empty hopes away ;
Make us feel that Christ alone
Can for human guilt atone.
- 5 May we daily grow in grace,
And pursue the heavenly race,
Train'd in wisdom, led by love
Till we reach our rest above.

65 *Until the Spirit, &c.* Isaiah xxxii. 15. L. M.

- 1 **BREATHE**, Holy Spirit, from above,
Until our hearts with fervour glow :
Oh kindle there a Saviour's love,—
True sympathy with human woe !
- 2 Bid our conflicting passions cease,
And terror from each conscience flee ;
Oh speak to every bosom peace,
Unknown to all who know not thee !
- 3 Give us to taste of heavenly joy,
While here we celebrate thy praise ;
Guide us to wealth without alloy ;
Our hopes to cloudless glory raise.
- 4 Extend thy power to every place
Where Christ is nam'd, but not ador'd ;

And teach each church, thro' sov'reign grace,
Once more to seek and serve the Lord.

- 5 Pour forth thy light on heathen lands,
Which under Satan's thralldom groan ;
Turn them from idols made with hands,
To bow before Immanuel's throne.

VI. The Christian Life.

1. THE PRIVILEGES OF CHRISTIANS.

66 *Now are we, &c.* 1 John iii. 1—4. C. M.

- 1 BEHOLD the amazing gift of love
— The Father hath bestow'd
On us, the sinful sons of men,
To call us sons of God !
- 2 Conceal'd as yet this honour lies,
By this dark world unknown,—
A world that knew not when He came,
E'en God's eternal Son.
- 3 High is the rank we now possess ;
But higher we shall rise ;
Though what we shall hereafter be
Is hid from mortal eyes :
- 4 Our souls, we know, when He appears,
— Shall bear his image bright ;
For all his glory, full disclos'd,
Shall open to our sight.
- 5 A hope so great, and so divine,
May trials well endure ;
And purge the soul from sense and sin,
As Christ himself is pure.

67 *Blessed is the people, &c.* Ps. lxxxix. 15—18. C. M.

- 1 BLEST are the souls that hear and know
The gospel's joyful sound ;
Peace shall attend the path they go,
And light their steps surround.

- 2 Their faith shall bear their spirits up,
Through their Redeemer's Name;
His righteousness exalts their hope,
Nor Satan dares condemn.
- 3 They glory in his cross alone;
They conquer by his grace;
And near the King's eternal throne
Will soon possess a place.
- 4 The Lord, our glory and defence,
Strength and salvation gives;
Israel, thy King for ever reigns,
Thy God for ever lives.

68

Your life is hid, &c. Col. iii. 3.

C. M.

- 1 O HAPPY soul that lives on high,
While men lie grov'ling here,
Whose hopes are fix'd above the sky,
And faith forbids his fear!
- 2 His conscience cleans'd from all his sins,
Love, peace, and joy combine,
To form a life whose holy springs
Are hidden and divine.
- 3 He waits in secret on his God,
His God in secret sees;
Let earth be all in arms abroad,
He dwells in heavenly peace.
- 4 No earthly wealth, nor joy, nor throne,
Is his ambition here;
Content and pleas'd to live unknown,
Till Christ his life appear.
- 5 He looks to Heaven's eternal hill,
To meet that glorious day;
But patient waits his Saviour's will,
To fetch his soul away.

69 *A covenant ordered in, &c.* 2 Sam. xxiii. 5. C. M.

- 1 My God, the covenant of thy love,
Abides for ever sure;

And in its matchless grace, I feel
My happiness secure.

- 2 What though my house be not with Thee
As thy commands require ;
That covenant is all my hope,
Salvation, and desire.
- 3 Since Thou, the everlasting God,
My Father art become,
Jesus my guardian and my friend,—
And heaven my final home.
- 4 I welcome all thy sov'reign will,
For all that will is love ;
And, when I know not what Thou dost,
I wait the light above :

70 *Joy over one sinner, &c.* St. Luke xv. 7. L. M.

- 1 WHO can describe the joys which rise
Through all the courts of Paradise,
To see a prodigal return !
To see an heir of glory born !
- 2 With joy the Father doth approve
The fruit of his own grace and love ;
With joy the Son looks down and sees
The purchase of his agonies ;
- 3 The Spirit takes delight to view
The soul which He has form'd anew :
And saints and angels join to sing
The growing empire of their King.

71 *The Lord is the portion, &c.* Ps. xvi. 5. L. M.

- 1 JEHOVAH, Wonderful his name !
My vast inheritance I claim :
The eternal God Himself bestows,
And with his grace my cup o'erflows.
- 2 My portion God, I earth resign ;
I am the Lord's, the Lord is mine,
Where'er his presence shines around,
A Paradise below is found.

3 And in his heaven, and near his seat,
My soul's best heritage I wait ;
Where joy's full flood, a boundless store,
At God's right hand flows evermore.

72 *I will never leave thee, &c.* Heb. xiii. 5. C. M.

1 THE world can neither give nor take,
Nor even comprehend,
That peace of God which Christ hath bought,
That peace which knows no end.

2 The burning bush was not consum'd
While God remained there ;
The three, when Jesus made a fourth,
Found fire as soft as air.

3 God's furnace doth in Zion stand,
But Zion's God is by ;
As the refiner views his gold
With an observant eye.

4 His thoughts are high, his love is wise,
His wounds a cure intend ;
And, though He doth not always smile,
He loves unto the end.

5 His love is constant as the sun,
Though clouds oft come between ;
And, could our faith but pierce those clouds,
It might be always seen.

6 Then shall I ever, ever sing,
And Thou for ever shine ;
I have thine own dear pledge for this,
Lord, Thou art ever mine.

73 *An anchor of the soul, &c.* Heb. vi. 19. 113th M.

1 Now I have found the ground wherein
Sure my soul's anchor may remain,
The Lamb of God, for all my sin,
Before the world's foundation, slain,
Whose mercy shall unshaken stay,
When heaven and earth are fled away.

- 2 O Saviour ! Refuge ! Hiding-place
 My sins are cancell'd all by Thee ;
 Cover'd is my unrighteousness,
 No spot of guilt remains on me :
 Thy blood divine—through earth and skies,
 Mercy, free boundless mercy, cries !
- 3 Though waves and storms go o'er my head,
 Though strength, and health, and friends
 be gone,
 Though joys be wither'd all, and dead,
 Though every comfort be withdrawn ;
 On this my steadfast hope relies,
 Father, thy mercy never dies.
- 4 Fix'd on this ground will I remain,
 Though my heart fail and flesh decay ;
 This anchor shall my soul sustain,
 Though earth's foundations melt away ;
 Mercy's full power I then shall prove,
 Lov'd, with an everlasting love.

74

He hath covered me, &c. Isa. lxii. 10.

L. M.

- 1 JESUS, thy blood and righteousness
 My beauty are, my glorious dress ;
 'Midst flaming worlds, in these array'd,
 With joy shall I lift up my head.
- 2 When from the dust of death I rise,
 To take my mansion in the skies,
 E'en then shall this be all my plea,
 Jesus hath lived and died for me.
- 3 Bold shall I stand in that great day ;
 For who aught to my charge shall lay,
 While, through thy blood, absolv'd I am
 From sin's tremendous curse and shame ?
- 4 Thus Abraham, the friend of God,
 Thus all the armies bought with blood,
 Saviour of sinners Thee proclaim—
 Sinners, of whom the chief I am.

- 5 This spotless robe the same appears,
When ruin'd nature sinks in years ;
No age can change its glorious hue ;
The robe of Christ is ever new.
- 6 Oh let the dead now hear thy voice !
Bid, Lord, thy banish'd ones rejoice ;
Their beauty this, their glorious dress,
Jesus, The Lord our righteousness.

75

Your life is hid, &c. Col. iii. 3.

C. M.

- 1 REJOICE, believer, in the Lord,
Who makes your cause his own ;
The hope that's built upon his word
Can ne'er be overthrown.
- 2 Though many foes beset your road,
And feeble is your arm,
Your life is hid with Christ in God,
Beyond the reach of harm.
- 3 Weak as you are, you shall not faint,
Or, fainting, shall not die ;
Jesus, the strength of every saint,
Will aid you from on high.
- 4 Though sometimes unperceiv'd by sense,
Faith sees Him always near,
A guide, a glory, a defence,—
Then what have you to fear ?
- 5 As surely as He overcame,
And triumph'd once for you ;
So surely you that love his name
Shall triumph in Him too.

Second 75

PSALM XCI.

C. M.

- 1 INCARNATE God, the soul that knows
Thy name's mysterious power,
Shall dwell in undisturb'd repose,
Nor fear the trying hour.
- 2 Thy wisdom, faithfulness, and love,
To feeble helpless worms,

D

A buckler and a refuge prove
From enemies and storms.

- 3 Angels, unseen, attend the saints,
And bear them in their arms,
To cheer the spirit when it faints,
And guard their life from harms.
- 4 The angels' LORD himself is nigh
To them that love his name ;
Ready to save them when they cry,
And put their foes to shame.
- 5 Crosses and changes are their lot,
Long as they sojourn here ;
But, since their Saviour changes not,
What have the saints to fear ?

76

PSALM XXIII.

C. M.

- 1 MY Shepherd will supply my need,
JEHOVAH is his name ;
In pastures fresh He makes me feed,
Beside the living stream.
- 2 He brings my wand'ring spirit back,
When I forsake his ways ;
And leads me, for his mercy's sake,
In paths of truth and grace.
- 3 Yea, when through death's dark vale I pass,
Thy presence is my stay :
Thy power and thy supporting grace
Drive all my fears away.
- 4 Thy hand in sight of all my foes
Doth still my table spread ;
My cup with blessings overflows,
Thine oil anoints my head.
- 5 The sure provisions of my God
Attend me all my days :
Oh may thy house be my abode,
And all my works be praise !

7 *Old things are passed away, &c.* 2 Cor. v. 17. C. M.

- 1 As by the light of op'ning day
The stars are all conceal'd;
So earthly pleasures fade away,
When Jesus is reveal'd.
- 2 Creatures no more divide my choice,
I bid them all depart;
His name, and love, and gracious voice,
Have fix'd my roving heart.
- 3 Now, Lord, I would be thine alone,
And wholly live to Thee;
'Tis grace indeed that Thou should'st own
A worthless worm like me.

78 *Sit with me on, &c.* Rev. iii. 21. L. M.

- 1 How can it be, Thou heavenly King,
That Thou should'st man to glory bring—
Make slaves the partners of thy throne,
And give them an immortal crown!
- 2 Oh, Lord! enlarge our scanty thought
To know the wonders Thou hast wrought;
Unloose our stamm'ring tongues to tell
Thy love immense, unsearchable.
- 3 First-born of many brethren Thou,
To Thee both earth and heaven must bow;
Help us to Thee our all to give;
Thine may we die, thine may we live.

79 *O Death, &c.* 1 Cor. xv. 52, to the end. C. M.

- 1 WHEN the last trumpet's awful voice
This rending earth shall shake,
When op'ning graves shall yield their charge,
And dust to life awake,—
- 2 Those bodies that corrupted fell
Shall incorrupted rise,
And mortal forms shall spring to life
Immortal in the skies

- 3 Behold! what heavenly prophets sung
Is now at last fulfill'd,—
That Death should yield his ancient reign,
And, vanquish'd, quit the field.
- 4 Let Faith exalt her joyful voice,
And thus begin to sing;
O Grave! where is thy triumph now?
And where, O Death! thy sting?
- 5 Thy sting was sin, and conscious guilt;
'Twas this that arm'd thy dart;
The law gave sin its strength and force
To pierce the sinner's heart:
- 6 But God (whose name be ever bless'd!)
Disarms that foe we dread;
And makes us conqu'rors when we die,
Through Christ our living head.
- 7 Then steadfast let us still remain,
Though dangers rise around,
And in the work prescrib'd by God
Yet more and more abound,—
- 8 Assured that, though we labour now,
We labour not in vain;
But, thro' the grace of heav'n's great Lord,
Th' eternal crown shall gain.
- 9 Thanks be to God for Jesus Christ:
Thanks for his boundless love;
Through which, o'er sin, and death, and hell,
We more than conqu'rors prove.

2. GRACES AND DUTIES DESCRIBED.

80

The law is holy. Romans vii. 12.

c. M.

- 1 HOLY and good I own the law,
And all its precepts right;
The sinner's soul it fills with awe,
The saint's with pure delight.
- 2 I cannot reach its vast extent,
For 'tis exceeding broad:

But give the whole my full consent,
And own my righteous God.

3 Its holiness my soul desires ;
My failings I bemoan ;
But the perfection it requires
I find in Christ alone.

4 For this He liv'd, for this He died,
And took the curse away :
And thus the law He magnified,
And taught us to obey.

5 Jesus the holy law fulfill'd,
To be our righteousness ;
And we to Him obedience yield
Who is our life and peace.

6 His bright example shows the way ;
His grace the power imparts ;
His love constrains us to obey :
His law is in our hearts.

31 *Let your light shine, &c.* St. Matt. v. 16. L. M.

1 So let our lips and lives express
The holy gospel we profess,
That men may see our virtues shine,
And own the doctrine is divine.

2 Thus shall we best proclaim abroad
The honour of our Saviour God,
While the salvation reigns within,
And grace subdues the power of sin

3 Our flesh and sense must be denied,
Passion and envy, lust and pride ;
While justice, temp'rance, truth, and love,
Our inward piety approve.

4 Thy promise bears our spirit up,
While we expect that blessed hope—
The bright appearance of the Lord,
And Faith stands leaning on his word.

82 *All things are possible, &c.* St. Mark ix. 23.

8s.

- 1 **WHEN** truly a sinner believes,
And trusts in his crucified God,
His pardon at once he receives,
Redemption through Jesus's blood.
The faith that unites to the Lamb,
And brings a salvation like this,
Is more than a notion or name ;
The work of the Spirit it is.
- 2 It treads on the world and on hell ;
It vanquishes death and despair ;
And, oh let us wonder to tell !
It overcomes heaven by prayer,
Permits a vile worm of the dust
To commune with God as a Friend,
To hope his forgiveness as just,
And look for his love to the end.
- 3 It says to the mountains, *Depart,*
That stand between God and the soul :
It binds up the broken in heart,
And makes wounded consciences whole ;
Bids sins of a crimson-like dye
Be transient as snow, and as white ;
And raises poor sinners on high,
To dwell with the angels in light.

83 *Praying always, &c.* Eph. vi. 18.

C. M.

- 1 **PRAYER** is the soul's sincere desire,
Utter'd or unexpress'd ;
The motion of a hidden fire,
That trembles in the breast.
- 2 Prayer is the burthen of a sigh,
The falling of a tear,
The upward glancing of an eye,
When none but God is near.
- 3 Prayer is the simplest form of speech
That infant lips can try ;

Prayer the sublimest strains that reach
The Majesty on high.

4 Prayer is the Christian's vital breath,
The Christian's native air,
His watchword at the gates of death;
He enters heaven with prayer.

5 Prayer is the contrite sinner's voice,
Returning from his ways;
While angels in their songs rejoice,
And cry, "Behold he prays!"

6 The saints in prayer appear as one,
In word, and deed, and mind;
While with the Father and the Son
Their fellowship they find.

7 Nor prayer is made on earth alone,
The Holy Spirit pleads;
And Jesus on th' eternal throne
For sinners intercedes:—

8 O Thou by whom we come to God,
The Life, the Truth, the Way!
The path of prayer Thyself hast trod;
Lord, teach us how to pray.

84 *Faith which worketh, &c.* Gal. v. 6. L. M.

1 THE prayer that flows from hearts sincere
Is pleasing to the Lord above;
While empty words offend his ear,
And his almighty vengeance move.

2 To walk as children of the day,—
To mark the precept's holy light,—
To wage the warfare, watch and pray,—
Show who are pleasing in his sight.

3 Not words alone it cost the Lord
To purchase pardon for his own;
Nor will a soul by grace restor'd
Return the Saviour words alone.

4 To us then, gracious Lord, impart
A living faith that works by love;

A faith that purifies the heart,
And makes us meet for joys above.

85 *Ask, and it shall be given you.* St. Matt. vii. 7. L. M.

- 1 **WHAT** various hindrances we meet,
In coming to the mercy-seat!
Yet who that knows the worth of prayer
But wishes to be often there?
- 2 Prayer makes the darken'd cloud withdraw;
Prayer climbs the ladder Jacob saw,
Gives exercise to faith and love,
Brings every blessing from above.
- 3 Restraining prayer, we cease to fight:
Prayer keeps the Christian's armour bright;
And Satan trembles when he sees
The weakest saint upon his knees.
- 4 Have we no words? ah! think again:
Words flow apace when we complain,
And fill our fellow-creature's ear
With the sad tale of all our care.
- 5 Were half the breath that's vainly spent
To heaven in supplication sent,
Our cheerful songs would oft'ner be,
"Hear what the Lord has done for me!"

86 *How dreadful is this place!* Genesis xxviii. 17. L. M.

- 1 **WHEN** to the house of God we go
To hear his praise and sing his love,
We ought to worship Him below
As saints and angels do above.
- 2 They stand before his presence now,
And praise Him better far than we,
Who only at his footstool bow,
And love Him, though we cannot see.
- 3 But God is present every where,
And watches all our thoughts and ways;
He marks who humbly join in prayer,
And who sincerely sing his praise.

- 4 The triflers, too, his eye can see,
 Who only seem to take a part ;
 They move the lip, and bend the knee,
 But do not seek Him with the heart.
- 5 Oh ! may we never trifle so,
 Nor lose the days which God has given ;
 But so improve them here below
 That we may live with God in heaven.

87 *Shall we continue in sin.* Rom. vi. 1. S. M.

- 1 SHALL we go on to sin,
 Because thy grace abounds ?
 Or crucify the Lord again,
 And open all his wounds ?
- 2 Forbid it, mighty God :
 Nor let it e'er be said
 That we, whose sins are crucified,
 Should raise them from the dead.
- 3 We will be slaves no more,
 Since Christ has made us free,
 Has nail'd our tyrants to his cross,
 And bought our liberty.

88 *Faith without works, &c.* St. James ii. 26. C. M.

- 1 MISTAKEN souls, that dream of heaven,
 And make their empty boast
 Of inward joys, and sins forgiven,
 While they are slaves to lust.
- 2 Vain are our fancies, airy flights,
 If faith be cold and dead ;
 None but a living power unites
 To Christ the living head.
- 3 'Tis faith that changes all the heart ;
 'Tis faith that works by love,
 That bids all sinful joys depart,
 And lifts the thoughts above.
- 4 'Tis faith that conquers earth and hell,
 By a celestial power ;

This is the grace that shall prevail
In the decisive hour.

- 5 This faith obeys her Father's will,
As well as trusts his grace ;
A pard'ning God is jealous still
For his own holiness.

89

Love as brethren, &c. 1 Pet. iii. 8.

S. M.

- 1 BLEST be the tie that binds
Our hearts in Christian love !
The fellowship of kindred minds
Is like to that above.

- 2 Before our Father's throne
We pour our ardent prayers ;
Our fears, our hopes, our aims, are one,—
Our comforts, and our cares.

- 3 We share our mutual woes ;
Our mutual burdens bear ;
And often for each other flows
The sympathizing tear.

- 4 When we asunder part,
It gives us inward pain ;
But we shall still be join'd in heart,
And hope to meet again.

- 5 This glorious hope revives
Our courage by the way ;
While each in expectation lives,
And longs to see the day.

- 6 From sorrow, toil, and pain,
And sin, we shall be free ;
And perfect love and friendship reign
Through all eternity.

90

Love one another, &c. 1 John iii. 11.

8.7.4.

- 1 BRETHREN, let us walk together
In the bonds of love and peace ;
Can it be a question whether
Brethren should from conflict cease ?
'Tis in union, hope, and joy, and love increase.

- 2 While we journey homeward, let us
 Help each other in the road ;
 Foes on every side beset us,
 Snares through all the way are strew'd :
 It behoves us each to bear a brother's load.
- 3 When we think how much our Father
 Has forgiven, and does forgive,
 Brethren, we should learn, the rather,
 Free from wrath and strife to live,
 Far removing all that might offend or grieve.
- 4 Then let each esteem his brother
 Better than himself to be ;
 And let each prefer another,
 Full of love, from envy free :
 Happy are we, when in this we all agree.

91 *There is one body.* Eph. iv. 4. S. M.

- 1 LET party names no more
 The Christian world o'erspread ;
 Gentile and Jew, and bond and free,
 Are one in Christ their Head.
- 2 Among the saints on earth,
 Let mutual love be found ;
 Heirs of the same inheritance,
 With heavenly blessings crown'd.
- 3 Let envy, born of hell,
 Be banish'd far away ;
 Those should in holy friendship dwell,
 Who the same Lord obey.
- 4 Thus will the church below
 Resemble that above,
 Where streams of pleasure ever flow,
 And ev'ry heart is love.

Second 91 *Ye are complete in him.* Col. ii. 10. C. M.

- 1 WHEN is it Christians all agree,
 And let distinctions fall ?
 When, nothing in themselves,—they see
 That Christ is all in all.

- 2 But strife and difference will subsist
While men will something seem :
Let them but singly look to Christ,
And all are one in Him—
- 3 The infant, and the aged saint
The worker, and the weak,
They who are strong and seldom faint,
And they who scarce can speak.
- 4 Eternal life's the gift of God ;
It comes through Christ alone :
'Tis his ; He bought it with his blood
And therefore gives his own.
- 5 We have no life, no power, no faith,
But what by Christ is given ;
We all deserve eternal death,
And thus we all are even.

Third 91 *If God so loved us, &c.* 1 John iv. 10. C. M.

- 1 OUR God is love ; and all his saints
His image bear below :
The heart with love to God inspir'd
With love to man will glow.
- 2 Teach us to love each other, Lord,
As we are lov'd of thee ;
For none who're truly born of God
Can live in enmity.
- 3 Heirs of the same immortal bliss,
Our hopes and fears the same,
With bonds of love our hearts unite,
With mutual love inflame.
- 4 So may the vain contentious world
See how true Christians love ;
And glorify our Saviour's grace,
And seek that grace to prove.

- 1 WHO can tell how good and pleasant
'Tis when brethren all agree ?

Then it is the Lord is present,
Then He meets his family.

- 2 Let the world dispute and cavil,
Brethren should abide in peace ;
While to Jesus still they travel,
From contention let them cease.
- 3 Love is more than mere appearance,
Let us learn to love indeed ;
Patience, kindness, and forbearance,
Well become our state and need.

93 *The fruit of the Spirit, &c.* Gal. v. 22. C. M.

- 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 pard'ning love,
A hope that triumphs over death,
Give joys like those above.
- 4 To take a glimpse within the veil,
To know that God is mine,—
Are springs of joy that never fail,
Unspeakable, divine.
- 5 These are the joys which satisfy
And sanctify the mind,
Which make the spirit mount on high,
And leave the world behind.

94 *Faith overcometh, &c.* 1 John v. 4. G. M.

- 1 FAITH adds new joy to earthly bliss,
And saves us from its snares ;
Fresh aid in every duty brings,
And softens all our cares.

- 2 Faith mortifies the love of sin,
Kindles the sacred fire
Of love to God and heavenly things,
And feeds the pure desire.
- 3 The wounded conscience knows its power
The healing balm to give,
Which e'en the saddest heart can cheer,
And make the dying live.
- 4 Faith draws aside the veil of heaven,
Where unknown glories reign ;
And bids us seek our portion there ;
Nor bids us seek in vain.
- 5 Faith holds to view the promise, seal'd
With the Redeemer's blood ;
And helps our feeble hope to rest
Upon a faithful God.
- 6 There, there unshaken may we rest,
Till this vile body dies ;
And then, on Faith's triumphant wings,
To endless glory rise.

95

In quietness, &c. Isa. xxx. 15.

6-7s.

- 1 QUIET, Lord, my froward heart,
Make me teachable and mild,
Humble, upright, free from art ;
Make me as a little child,
From distrust and envy free,
Pleas'd with all that pleases Thee.
- 2 What Thou shalt to-day provide
Let me thankfully receive ;
What to-morrow may betide
Calmly to thy wisdom leave :
'Tis enough that Thou wilt care—
Why should I the burden bear?
- 3 As a little child relies
On a care beyond his own,—
Knows he's neither strong nor wise,
Fears to stir a step alone,—

Let me thus with Thee abide,
As my Father, guard, and guide.

96

PSALM XV.

78.

- 1 WHO, great God, with favour blest,
Shall within thy temple rest?
Who, protected by thy love,
Dwell on Zion's mount above?
- 2 He who with a heart sincere
Walks directed by thy fear;
Rules of righteousness divine
Daily in his practice shine;
- 3 Ne'er from truth his lips depart,
Sacred held within his heart;
Slanders ne'er his tongue employ,
Nor another's fame destroy;—
- 4 He will not his neighbour wrong
By his actions or his tongue;
He whose ways are truth and love
From thy favour shall not move:
- 5 He, great God, a welcome guest,
On thy holy hill shall rest:
Jesu's glories here we see,
Teach us, Lord, to copy Thee.

97

Ye should follow his steps. 1 Peter ii. 21.

L. M.

- 1 My bless'd Redeemer and my Lord,
I read my duty in thy word;
But in thy life the law appears
Drawn out in living characters.
- 2 What truth and love thy bosom fill!
What zeal to do thy Father's will!
Such zeal, and truth, and love divine,
I would transcribe, and make them mine.
- 3 Cold mountains, and the midnight air,
Witness'd the fervour of thy prayer:
The desert thy temptations knew,
Thy conflict, and thy vict'ry too.

- 4 Be Thou my pattern ; make me bear
More of thy gracious image here ;
Then God shall own my humble name
Among the foll'wers of the Lamb.

98 *Renewed after the image of, &c.* Col. iii. 10. 7s.

- 1 FATHER of eternal grace,
Glorify Thyself in me ;
Meekly beaming in my face,
May the world thine image see.
- 2 Happy only in thy love,
Poor, unfriended, or unknown,
Fix my thoughts on things above,
Stay my heart on Thee alone.
- 3 Humble, holy, all resign'd
To thy will (thy will be done !)
Give me, Lord, the perfect mind
Of thy well-beloved Son.
- 4 Counting gain and glory loss,
May I tread the path He trod,
Bear with Him on earth my cross,
Rise with Him to Thee, my God.

3. FAITH DESIRED.

99 *It is the gift of God.* Ephesians ii. 8. 8. M.

- 1 FAITH is a precious grace,
Where'er it is bestow'd ;
It boasts of a celestial birth,
And is the gift of God.
- 2 Jesus it owns as King,
And all-atoning Priest ;
It claims no merit of its own,
But looks for all in Christ.
- 3 To Him it leads the soul,
When fill'd with deep distress,
Flies to the fountain of his blood,
And trusts his righteousness.

4 All through the wilderness,
It is our strength and stay ;
Nor can we miss the heavenly road,
If faith direct our way.

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

100 *Help Thou mine, &c.* Mark ix. 24. L. M.

1 OH may we with a steady faith
Believe whate'er Jehovah saith !
Then shall we glorify him more,
And his unbounded love adore.

2 Did we but trust our heav'nly Friend,
And on his faithful word depend,
Then should we fearless view the grave,
And death itself no sting would have.

3 This faith would cheer our gloomiest way,
And turn our darkness into day ;
While still our constant aim would be,
O God ! to live or die to Thee.

Second 100 *I am the Lord that healeth, &c.* Ex. xv. 26. C. M.

1 HEAL us, Emmanuel ; here we are,
Waiting thy power to feel ;
Deep-wounded souls to Thee repair,
That Thou their wounds may'st heal.

2 Our faith is feeble, we confess ;
We faintly trust thy word ;
But wilt Thou pity us the less ?
Be that far from Thee, Lord !

3 Remember him who once applied,
With trembling, for relief ;
" Lord, I believe," with tears he cried,
" Help Thou mine unbelief."

4 She, too, who touch'd Thee in the press,
And healing virtue stole,

Was answer'd, " Daughter, go in peace,
 " Thy faith hath made thee whole."

- 5 Like her, with hopes and fears, we come
 To touch Thee, if we may :
 Oh! send us not despairing home ;
 Send none unheal'd away.

101 *Be not afraid : only believe.* Mark v. 36. c. M.

- 1 OH for an overcoming faith,
 To cheer my dying hours,
 To triumph o'er the monster Death,
 And all his frightful powers !
- 2 Joyful, with all the strength I have,
 My quiv'ring lips should sing,
 Where is thy boasted vict'ry, Grave?
 And where the monster's sting?
- 3 If sin be pardon'd, I'm secure,
 Death hath no sting beside ;
 The law gives sin its damning power,
 But Christ, my ransom, died.
- 4 Now to the God of victory,
 Immortal thanks be paid,
 Who makes us conqu'rors while we die,
 Through Christ our living head.

Second **101** *Lord increase our faith.* Luke xvii. 5. c. M.

- 1 OH! for a faith that will not shrink
 Though press'd by many a foe ;
 That will not tremble on the brink
 Of poverty or woe ;—
- 2 That will not murmur nor complain
 Beneath the chast'ning rod ?
 But, in the hour of grief or pain,
 Can lean upon its God ;—
- 3 A faith that shines more bright and clear
 When tempests rage without ;
 That when in danger knows no fear,
 In darkness feels no doubt ;—

- 4 That bears unmov'd the world's dread frown,
Nor heeds its scornful smile ;
That sin's wild ocean cannot drown,
Nor its soft arts beguile ;—
- 5 A faith that keeps the narrow way
Till life's last spark is fled,
And with a pure and heavenly ray
Lights up a dying bed.
- 6 Lord, give me such a faith as this,
And then, whate'er may come,
I'll taste e'en here the hallow'd bliss
Of an eternal home.

Third **101** *Christ in you the hope.* Col. i. 7. C. M.

- 1 O SAVIOUR, may we never rest
Till Thou art form'd within ;
Till Thou hast calm'd our troubled breast,
And crush'd the power of sin !
- 2 Oh may we gaze upon thy cross,
Until the wondrous sight
Makes earthly treasures seem but dross,
And earthly sorrows light !
- 3 Until, releas'd from carnal ties,
Our spirit upward springs,
And sees true peace above the skies,
True joy in heavenly things.
- 4 There as we gaze may we become
United, Lord, to Thee ;
And in a fairer, happier home
Thy perfect beauty see.

102 *Being fully persuaded, &c.* Rom. iv. 21. C. M.

- 1 THY promises surpass my thought,
But faithful is my Lord ;
In unbelief I stagger not,
For God hath spoke the word.
- 2 Faith lends her realizing light,
And clouds and shadows fly ;

Th' Invisible appears in sight,
Distinct to mortal eye.

- 3 Faith, mighty faith, the promise sees,
And looks to that alone,
Laughs at impossibilities,
And says, "It shall be done."

4. REPENTANCE DESIRED.

103 *Without Me ye can, &c.* St. John xv. 5. L. M.

- 1 FROM my own works at last I cease,
For God alone can give me peace ;
Fruitless my toil, and vain my care,
Of my own strength I must despair.
- 2 Lord, I despair myself to heal,
I see my sins, but cannot feel
True sorrow, till thy Spirit show
My unbelief, the source of woe.
- 3 'Tis thine alone to change the heart ;
Thou only can'st good gifts impart ;
I therefore will my heart resign
To Thee ; oh cleanse, and seal it thine !
- 4 With humble faith on Thee I call,
My Light, my Life, my Lord, my All ;
I wait the moving of the pool ;
I wait the word that speaks me whole.
- 5 Speak, gracious Lord, my sickness cure,
Make my infected nature pure ;
Peace, righteousness, and joy impart,
And give Thyself unto my heart.

Second 103 *Draw me.* Cant. i. 4. C. M.

- 1 O THOU whose tender care supplies
Strength to support the weak,
Who wilt not slight the feeblest cries
Of those who scarce can speak,—
- 2 See low before thy throne of grace
A guilty rebel mourn !

Wilt Thou despise my piteous case,
My weak petitions scorn?

- 3 Shall my distressing fears prevail
To fill me with despair?
Lord, can thy sov'reign mercy fail
To listen to my prayer?
- 4 Do I not seek thy face aright?
Then teach me how to come;
And guide with thy refreshing light
A wretched wand'rer home.
- 5 In trembling sorrow I draw near
To tell Thee all my woe;
And, till thy quick'ning grace appear,
I cannot let Thee go.
- 6 Oh hear me for my Saviour's sake!
This is my only plea;
And let redeeming mercy make
My sin-bound spirit free.

104

Sin revived, and I died. Rom. vii. 9.

7s.

- 1 LORD, a better heart bestow,
Hear a sinner's broken prayer;
Full of weariness and woe,
To thy mercies I repair.
- 2 Once I thought I could amend
All the evil of my ways,
To thy throne my steps could bend,
Do thy will, and gain thy praise.
- 3 But in vain I toil'd and pray'd,
Still I did but sin the more;
All the efforts that I made
Show'd me weaker than before.
- 4 Now I find no hand but one
Can deliver me from guilt;
On the merits of thy Son
All my confidence is built.
- 5 Ruin'd, helpless, and forlorn,
To the Saviour's cross I flee;

Oh, since Christ my sins hath borne,
Let my burden'd soul go free!

105 *Jesus, Master, have, &c.* St. Luke xvii. 13. L. M.

- 1 O JESUS! full of truth and grace,
More full of grace than I of sin,
Yet once again I seek thy face,
In mercy look and take me in.
- 2 Thou know'st the way to bring me back,
My fallen spirit to restore:
Oh, for thy truth and mercy's sake,
Forgive, and bid me sin no more!
- 3 The stone to flesh, O Lord! convert;
The veil of sin once more remove:
Sprinkle thy blood upon my heart,
And melt it by thy dying love.
- 4 Give to mine eyes refreshing tears,
And kindle my relentings now:
Fill my whole soul with filial fears,
And to thy yoke my spirit bow.

106 *He shall bear their, &c.* Isa. liii. 11. 8s. 7s.

- 1 GREAT High Priest, we see Thee stooping,
With our names upon thy breast;
In the garden groaning, drooping,
To the ground with horrors prest:
Wond'ring angels stood confounded,
To behold their Maker thus;
And can we remain unwounded,
When we know 'twas all for us?
- 2 Nothing but thy blood, O Jesus!
Can relieve us from our smart;
Nothing else from guilt release us,
Nothing else can melt the heart:
Law and terrors do but harden
All the while they work alone;
But the sense of blood-bought pardon
Can dissolve a heart of stone.

- 3 Jesus, all our consolations
 Flow from Thee, the sov'reign good ;
 Love, and faith, and hope, and patience,
 All are purchas'd by thy blood :
 From thy fulness we receive them ;
 We have nothing of our own ;
 Freely Thou delight'st to give them
 To the needy who have none.

5. CONVICTION OF SIN.

107

Fled for refuge, &c. Heb. vi. 18.

S. M.

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

108

I was alive without the, &c. Rom. vii. 9.

C. M.

- 1 I WAS alive without the law,
 In fancied peace secure,
 I felt no fear, no danger saw,
 And thought salvation sure.

- 2 But when, to my awaken'd soul,
The law its power applied,
Then sin reviv'd before my eyes,
And I, beholding, died.
- 3 Death is the wages I have earn'd,
The just desert of sin ;
Alas ! my life is vile without,
And vile my heart within.
- 4 Oh ! who can free my troubled mind
From sin's oppressive load ?
O wretched man ! how shall I find
Acceptance with my God ?
- 5 My soul with transport turns to Thee,
To Thee, my Saviour, turns ;
Cleans'd by thy blood, and sav'd by grace,
My soul no longer mourns.

109 *Ask, and it shall be given you.* Matt. vii. 7. c. m.

- 1 **APPROACH**, my soul, the mercy-seat
Where Jesus answers prayer ;
There humbly fall before his feet,
For none can perish there.
- 2 Thy promise is my only plea,
With this I venture nigh ;
Thou callest burden'd souls to Thee,
And such, O Lord ! am I.
- 3 Bow'd down beneath a load of sin,
By Satan sorely prest,
Fightings without, and fears within,
I come to Thee for rest.
- 4 Be Thou my shield and hiding-place,
That, shelter'd near thy side,
I may my fierce accuser face,
And tell him, "Thou hast died."
- 5 Oh wondrous love ! to bleed and die,
To bear the cross and shame,
That guilty sinners, such as I,
Might plead thy gracious name.

110

PART I. PSALM LI.

L. M.

- 1 **SHOW** pity, Lord; O Lord, forgive!
Let a repenting sinner live:
Are not thy mercies large and free?
May not the guilty trust in Thee?
- 2 My crimes, though great, do not surpass
The power and glory of thy grace;
Oh! wash my soul from e'ry sin,
And make my guilty conscience clean.
- 3 My lips with shame my sins confess
Against thy law, against thy grace:
Lord, should thy judgment grow severe,
I am condemn'd, but Thou art clear.
- 4 Yet save a trembling sinner, Lord,
Whose hope, still hov'ring round thy word,
Would light on some sweet promise there,
Some sure support against despair.

111

PART 2. PSALM LI.

L. M.

- 1 **LORD**, I am vile, conceiv'd in sin,
And born unholy and unclean;
Sprung from the man whose guilty fall
Corrupts his race, and taints us all.
- 2 Soon as we draw our infant breath,
The seeds of sin grow up for death:
The law demands a perfect heart,
But we're defil'd in every part.
- 3 Great God, create my heart anew,
And form my spirit pure and true;
Oh! make me wise, betimes to spy
My danger and my remedy.
- 4 Behold, I fall before thy face;
My only refuge is thy grace:
No outward forms can make me clean,
The leprosy lies deep within.
- 5 Jesus, my God, thy blood alone
Hath power sufficient to atone:

Thy blood can make me white as snow ;
 No Jewish types could cleanse me so.

- 6 While guilt disturbs and breaks my peace,
 Nor flesh nor soul hath rest or ease,
 Lord, let me hear thy pard'ning voice,
 And make my broken bones rejoice

112

PART 3. PSALM LI.

L. M.

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

113

PART 4. PSALM LI.

L. M.

- 1 A BROKEN heart, my God, my King,
 Is all the sacrifice I bring :
 The God of grace will ne'er despise
 A broken heart for sacrifice.
- 2 My soul lies humbled in the dust,
 And owns thy dreadful sentence just :
 Look down, O Lord ! with pitying eye,
 And save the soul condemn'd to die.
- 3 Then will I teach the world thy ways ;
 Sinners shall learn thy sov'reign grace
 I'll lead them to my Saviour's blood,
 And they shall praise a pard'ning God.

4 Oh may thy love inspire my tongue !
 Salvation shall be all my song ;
 And all my powers shall join to bless
 The Lord, my strength and righteousness.

114 *Return unto thy rest, &c.* Ps. cxvi. 7. L. M.

1 RETURN, my roving heart, return ;
 And life's vain shadows chase no more ;
 Seek out some solitude to mourn,
 And thy forsaken God implore.

2 O Thou great God whose piercing eye
 Distinctly marks each deep retreat !
 In these sequester'd hours draw nigh,
 And let me here thy presence meet.

3 Through all the windings of my heart,
 My search let heavenly wisdom guide ;
 And truth its beams unerring dart,
 Till all be known and purified.

4 Then let the visits of thy love
 My inmost soul be call'd to share,
 Till ev'ry grace combine to prove
 That God has fix'd his dwelling there.

115 *His own self bare our sins, &c.* 1 Pet. ii. 24. C. M.

1 ONE glance of thine, eternal Lord,
 Pierces all nature through ;
 Nor heaven, nor earth, nor hell, afford
 A shelter from thy view.

2 The mighty whole, each smaller part,
 At once before Thee lies ;
 And ev'ry thought of ev'ry heart
 Is open to thine eyes.

3 Though greatly from myself conceal'd,
 Thou seest my inward frame ;
 To Thee I always stand reveal'd,
 Exactly as I am.

4 Since, therefore, I can hardly bear
 What in myself I see ;

How vile and base must I appear,
Most holy God, to Thee!

- 5 But, since my Saviour stands between
In garments dyed in blood,
'Tis He, instead of me, is seen,
When I approach to God.
- 6 Thus, though a sinner, I am safe ;
He pleads before the throne
His life and death in my behalf,
And calls *my sins his own*.
- 7 What wondrous love, what mysteries,
In this appointment shine !
My breaches of the law are his,
And his obedience mine.

116

Leadeth thee to, &c. Rom. ii. 4.

C. M.

- 1 How strange that souls whom Jesus feeds
With manna from above
Should grieve Him by their evil deeds,
And sin against such love!
- 2 But 'tis a greater wonder still
That He from whom they stray
Should bear with their rebellious will,
And wash their sins away.
- 3 Lord, has not yet my stubborn heart
Exhausted all thy grace ?
Kind and forgiving as Thou art,
Can I behold thy face ?
- 4 Can such a rebel be receiv'd
Into thy blest abode ?
Have not my sins too often griev'd
The Spirit of my God ?
- 5 Lord, in thy love I yet behold
An undiminish'd store,
A depth unmeasur'd and untold,
A sea without a shore.

6. AFFLICTION AND CONFLICT.

117 *Whom the Lord loveth, &c.* Heb. xii. 6. 7s.

- 1 'Tis my happiness below
Not to live without the cross ;
But the Saviour's power to know,
Sanctifying every loss.
- 2 Trials must and will befall
But with humble faith to see
Love inscrib'd upon them all,
This is happiness to me.
- 3 God in Israel sows the seeds
Of affliction, pain, and toil ;
These spring up and choke the weeds,
Which would else o'erspread the soil.
- 4 Trials make the promise sweet ;
Trials give new life to prayer ;
Trials bring me to his feet,
Lay me low, and keep me there.
- 5 Did I meet no trials here,
No correction by the way,
Might I not, with reason, fear
I should prove a cast-away ?
- 6 Others may escape the rod,
Sunk in earthly, vain, delight ;
But the true-born child of God
Must not, would not if he might.

118 *The Lord will command, &c.* Ps. xlii. 8. C. M.

- 1 AFFLICTION is a stormy deep,
Where wave succeeds to wave ;
Though o'er my head the billows roll,
I know the Lord can save.
- 2 The hand that now withholds my joys
Can yet restore my peace ;
And He who bids the tempest roar
Can bid the tempest cease.

- 3 In the dark watches of the night,
I'll count his mercies o'er ;
I'll praise Him for ten thousand past,
And humbly beg for more.
- 4 There will I rest and build my hopes,
Nor murmur at his rod ;
He's more than all the world to me,
My Saviour and my God.

119 *Wait thou only upon, &c.* Ps. lxii. 5. L. M.

- 1 WAIT, O my soul ! thy Maker's will ;
Tumultuous passions, all be still ;
Nor let a murm'ring thought arise ;
His ways are just, his counsels wise.
- 2 In heaven, and earth, and air, and seas,
He executes his firm decrees ;
And by his saints it stands confess'd
That what He does is ever best.
- 3 Wait then, my soul, submissive wait,
Prostrate before his awful seat ;
Beneath the terrors of his rod,
Trust in a wise and gracious God.

120 *It is the Lord, &c.* 1 Sam. iii. 18. C. M.

- 1 "It is the Lord," my covenant God—
Thrice blessed be his name !—
Whose gracious promise, seal'd with blood,
Must ever be the same.
- 2 "It is the Lord ;" shall I distrust
Or contradict his will,
Who cannot do but what is just,
And must be righteous still ?
- 3 "It is the Lord," who gives me all
My wealth, my friends, my ease ;
And of his bounty may recal
Whatever part He please.
- 4 "It is the Lord," who can sustain
Beneath the heaviest load,

From whom assistance I obtain
To tread the thorny road.

5 "It is the Lord," whose matchless skill
Can from afflictions raise
Blessings, eternity to fill
With ever-glowing praise.

6 Can I, with hopes so firmly built,
Be sullen, or repine?
No, gracious Lord; take what Thou wilt;
To Thee I all resign.

7 Let not my will but thine be done,
For all that will is love;
Thy purposes, though here unknown,
Shall be reveal'd above.

121 *Lord, remember me.* Luke xxiii. 42. C. M.

1 O THOU from whom all goodness flows!
I lift my soul to Thee;
In all my sorrows, conflicts, woes,
Jesus, remember me.

2 When on my aching burden'd heart
My sins lie heavily,
Thy pardon grant, new peace impart,
In love remember me.

3 When trials sore obstruct my way,
And ills I cannot flee,
Oh! let my strength be as my day,
For good remember me.

4 If, for thy sake, upon my name
Shame and reproach shall be,
All hail, reproach, and welcome shame,
If Thou remember me.

5 When worn with pain, disease, and grief,
This feeble body see,
Grant patience, rest, and kind relief;
And, Lord, remember me.

6 When in the solemn hour of death
I wait thy just decree,

Be this the prayer of my last breath,
O Lord, remember me !

- 7 And when before thy throne I stand,
And lift my soul to Thee,
Then with the saints, at thy right hand,
Still, Lord, remember me.

Second **121** *Our salvation in trouble.* Isa. xxxiii. 2. 8s.

- 1 O THOU whose compassionate care
Forbids my fond heart to complain !
Now graciously teach me to bear
The weight of affliction and pain.
- 2 Though cheerless my days seem to flow,
Though weary and wakeful my nights,
What comfort it gives me to know
'Tis the hand of a Father that smites !
- 3 A tender physician Thou art,
Who woundest in order to heal ;
And comfort divine dost impart
To soften the anguish we feel.
- 4 Oh ! let this correction be blest,
And answer thy gracious design ;
'Then grant that my soul may find rest
In comforts so healing as thine.

122 *Not my will, but thine, &c.* Luke xxii. 42. c. m.

- 1 O LORD, my best desire fulfil,
And help me to resign
Life, health, and comfort to thy will,
And make thy pleasure mine.
- 2 Why should I shrink at thy command,
Whose love forbids my fears ?
Or tremble at the gracious hand
That wipes away my tears ?
- 3 No ; let me rather freely yield
What most I prize to Thee,
Who never hast a good withheld,
Or wilt withhold from me.

- 4 Thy favour, all my journey through,
 Thou art engag'd to grant :
 What else I want, or think I do,
 'Tis better still to want.
- 5 Wisdom and mercy guide my way:
 Shall I resist them both,
 A poor blind creature of a day,
 And crush'd before the moth ?
- 6 But ah ! mine inward spirit cries,
 " Still bind me to thy sway, "
 Else the next cloud that veils my skies
 Drives all these thoughts away.

123

To die is gain. Phil. i. 21.

C. M.

- 1 WHEN musing sorrow weeps the past,
 And mourns the present pain,
 How sweet to think of peace at last,
 And feel that death is gain !
- 2 'Tis not that murm'ring thoughts arise,
 And dread a father's will,
 'Tis not that meek submission flies,
 And would not suffer still.
- 3 It is that heaven-taught faith surveys
 The paths to realms of light,
 And longs her eagle plume to raise,
 And lose herself in sight.
- 4 It is that hope with ardour glows
 To see Him face to face,
 Whose dying love no language knows
 Sufficient art to trace.
- 5 It is that harass'd conscience feels
 The pangs of struggling sin—
 Sees, though afar, the hand that heals,
 And ends her war within.
- 6 Oh let me wing my hallow'd flight
 From earth-born woe and care,
 And soar beyond the realms of night,
 My Saviour's bliss to share !

124 *It is I; be not afraid.* Mat. xiv. 27. 8. 7. 4.

- 1 WHY those fears?—Behold, 'tis Jesus
 Holds the helm, and guides the ship :
 Spread the sails, and catch the breezes
 Sent to waft us through the deep [weep.
 To the regions where the mourners cease to
- 2 Led by Christ, we brave the ocean ;
 Led by Him, the storm defy ;
 Calm amidst tumultuous motion,
 Knowing that our Lord is nigh : [fly.
 Waves obey Him, and the storms before Him
- 3 Render'd safe by his protection,
 We shall pass the wat'ry waste ;
 Trusting to his wise direction,
 We shall gain the port at last ; [past.
 And with wonder think on toils and dangers
- 4 Oh what pleasures there await us !
 There the tempests cease to roar ;
 There it is that those who hate us
 Shall molest our peace no more ;
 Trouble ceases on that tranquil, happy shore.

Second 124 *When, &c.* 2 Chron. xxxiii. 12, 13. 8. 7. 4.

- 1 IN the floods of tribulation,
 While the billows o'er me roll,
 Jesus whispers consolation,
 And supports my sinking soul :
 Sweet affliction! that brings Jesus to my soul.
- 2 Thus the lion yields me honey,
 From the eater food is given ;
 Strengthen'd thus, I still press forward,
 Singing on my way to heaven,
 Sweet affliction! and my sins are all forgiven.
- 3 'Mid the gloom, the vivid lightnings
 With increasing brightness play ;
 'Mid the thornbrake, sweetest flow'rets
 Look more beautiful and gay :
 Sweet affliction! that brings Jesus to my soul.

4 So in darkest dispensations
Doth my faithful Lord appear,
With his richest consolations,
To re-animate and cheer :

Sweet affliction! thus to bring my Saviour near.

5 All I meet shall still assist me
In my path to heavenly joy,
Where, though trials now attend me,
Trials never more annoy :

Sweet affliction! ev'ry promise gives me joy.

6 Wearing there a weight of glory,
Still the path I'll ne'er forget,
But exulting cry, It led me
To my blessed Saviour's seat : [feet

Sweet affliction! which has brought me to his

125

Why art thou cast down? Ps. xlii. 5. L. M.

1 BE still, my heart, these anxious cares
To thee are burdens, thorns, and snares ;
They cast dishonour on thy Lord,
And contradict his gracious word.

2 Brought safely by his hand thus far,
Why wilt thou now give place to fear ?
How canst thou want if He provide ?
Or lose thy way with such a guide ?

3 When first, before his mercy seat,
Thou didst to Him thy all commit ;
He gave thee warrant from that hour
To trust his wisdom, love, and power.

4 Did ever trouble yet befall,
And He refuse to hear thy call ?
And has He not his promise pass'd
That thou shalt overcome at last ?

5 He who has help'd me hitherto
Will help me all my journey through,
And give me daily cause to raise
New ebenezers to his praise.

- 6 Though rough and thorny be the road,
It leads thee home, apace, to God ;
Then count thy present trials small,
For heaven will make amends for all.

126

PSALM CXXX.

C. M.

- 1 Out of the depths of guilt and fear
I cried unto the Lord ;
In mercy lend a gracious ear,
And timely help afford.
Freely permit my soul to tell
Her ev'ry care and want ;
And let thine ears consider well
The voice of my complaint.
- 3 Should'st Thou, in justice, Lord, severe
Each secret action try,
Who may abide that awful hour,
Or stand the scrutiny ?
- 4 But Thou art plenteous in thy grace,
And ready to forgive,
That such as humbly seek thy face
May fear thy name, and live.
- 5 Then patiently, from day to day,
I wait upon the Lord :
For Him my soul doth humbly stay ;
My hope is in his word.
- 6 My longing soul desires his aid
More earnestly than they
Who, tempest-beaten and dismay'd,
Watch for the dawn of day.
- 7 O Israel ! place thy confidence
And only stay in God ;
His mercy is a sure defence
To such as trust his word.
- 8 His ready help is ever near ;
And they that seek his face
Shall be redeem'd from guilt and fear,
Through his abounding grace.

127 *Such a high priest, &c.* Heb. vii. 26. 8s. 7s.

- 1 FULL of trembling expectation,
Feeling much, and fearing more,
Mighty God of my salvation,
I thy timely aid implore.
Suff'ring Son of Man be near me,
All my suff'rings to sustain,
By thy sorer griefs to cheer me,
By thy more than mortal pain.
- 2 Call to mind that unknown anguish,
In thy days of flesh below,
When thy troubled soul did languish
Under a whole world of woe,—
When Thou didst our curse inherit,
Groan beneath our guilty load,
Burden'd with a wounded spirit,
Bruis'd by all the wrath of God.
- 3 By thy most severe temptation,
In that dark satanic hour,
By thy last mysterious passion,
Screen me from the adverse power.
By thy fainting in the garden,
By thy bloody sweat, I pray,
Write upon my heart the pardon,
Take my sins and fears away.
- 4 By the travail of the Spirit,
By thine outcry on the tree,
By thine agonizing merit,
In my pangs remember me.
By thy death, I Thee conjure,
A weak, dying soul befriend,
Make me patient to endure,
Make me faithful to the end.

Second **127** *Put on the whole armour, &c.* Eph. vi. 11. 8s. 7s.

- 1 GIRD thy loins up, Christian soldier,
Lo! thy Captain calls thee out :

- Let the danger make thee bolder ;
War in weakness, dare in doubt ;
Buckle on thy heavenly armour ;
Yield to no inglorious peace ;
Let thy courage wax the warmer
As thy foes and fears increase.
- 2 Bind thy golden girdle round thee,
Truth, to keep thee firm and tight :
Never shall the foe confound thee
While the truth maintains thy fight.
Righteousness within thee rooted
Cannot be thy confidence ;
For Christ's righteousness imputed
Is thy breastplate and defence.
- 3 Shod with gospel preparation,
In the paths of promise tread ;
Let the hope of free salvation
As a helmet guard thy head.
When beset with various evils
Wield the Spirit's two-edg'd sword :
It prevails o'er men and devils ;
They shall fall before the word.
- 4 But when dangers closer threaten,
And thy soul draws near to death,
When assaulted sore by Satan,
Then present the shield of faith :
Fiery darts of fierce temptations,
Intercepted by thy God,
There shall lose their force in patience,
Sheath'd in love, and quench'd in blood.
- 5 Though to speak thou be not able,
Always pray, and never rest :
Prayer's a weapon for the feeble ;
Weakest souls can wield it best.
Ever on thy Captain calling,
Make thy worst condition known ;
He shall hold thee up when falling,
Or shall lift thee up when down.

128

PSALM CXIX. 25—82.

C. M.

- 1 My soul lies cleaving to the dust,
Lord, give me life divine:
From vain desires, and every lust,
Turn off these eyes of mine.
- 2 I need the influence of thy grace
To speed me in thy way,
Lest I should loiter in my race,
Or turn my feet astray.
- 3 When sore afflictions press me down,
I need thy quick'ning powers;
Thy word, that I have rested on,
Shall help my heaviest hours.
- 4 Are not thy mercies sov'reign still?
And Thou a faithful God?
Wilt Thou not grant me warmer zeal
To run the heavenly road?
- 5 Does not my heart thy precepts love,
And long to see thy face?
And yet how slow my spirits move,
Without enliv'ning grace!
- 6 Then shall I love thy gospel more,
And ne'er forget thy word,
When I have felt its quick'ning power
To draw me near the Lord.

129

Cause thy face to shine. Ps. lxxx. 3.

8s.

- 1 SHINE, Lord, and temptation shall cease,
The blood of atonement apply;
Oh lead me to Jesus for peace,
The rock that is higher than I!
- 2 Speak, Saviour, for sweet is thy voice;
Thy presence is fair to behold;
I thirst for thy Spirit with cries
And groanings that cannot be told.

130

PSALM LXI. 1—6.

S. M.

- 1 WHEN, overwhelm'd with grief,
My heart within me dies,

Helpless and far from all relief,
To heaven I lift mine eyes.

2 Oh lead me to the rock
That's high above my head,
And make the covert of thy wings
My shelter and my shade!

3 Within thy presence, Lord,
For ever I'll abide ;
Thou art the tower of my defence,
The refuge where I hide.

131

Let the peace, &c. Col. iii. 15.

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 and thankful heart,
From ev'ry murmur free ;
The blessings of thy grace impart,
And let 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.

132

God is our refuge, &c. Ps. xlvi. 1.

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 When hope revives, tho' press'd with fears,
And I can say " My God !"
Beneath thy feet I spread my cares,
And pour my woes abroad.

3 To Thee I tell each rising grief,
For Thou alone can'st heal ;
Thy word can bring a sweet relief
For ev'ry pain I feel.

- 4 But ah! when gloomy doubts prevail,
I fear to call Thee mine;
The springs of comfort seem to fail,
And all my hopes decline.
- 5 Yet, gracious God, where can I flee?
Thou art my only trust;
And still my soul will cleave to Thee,
Though prostrate in the dust.
- 6 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?
- 7 No: still the ear of sov'reign grace
Attends the mourner's prayer;
Oh, may I ever find access
To breathe my sorrows there!
- 8 Thy mercy-seat is open still,
There let my soul retreat;
With humble hope attend thy will,
And wait beneath thy feet.

7. HOLINESS.

133 *Faith worketh by love, &c.* Gal. v. 6. L. M.

- 1 IN vain men talk of living faith,
When all their works exhibit death,
When they indulge some sinful view
In all they say, and all they do.
- 2 The true believer fears the Lord,
Obeys his precepts, keeps his word,
Commits his works to God alone,
And seeks God's will before his own.
- 3 Never did men by faith divine
To selfishness or sloth incline:
The Christian works with all his power,
And grieves that he can work no more.

Second **133** *Let this mind be in you, &c.* Phil. ii. 5. C. M.

- 1 BEHOLD where, in a mortal form,
Appears each grace divine,

- The virtues all in Jesus meet,
 With mildest radiance shine.
- 2 The largest love of human-kind
 Inspir'd his godlike breast ;
 In deeds of mercy, words of peace,
 His kindness was express'd.
- 3 To spread the rays of heavenly light,
 To give the mourner joy,
 To preach glad tidings to the poor,
 Was his divine employ.
- 4 Lowly and meek, in Him his friends
 A friend and servant found ;
 He wash'd their feet, reliev'd their tears,
 And heal'd each bleeding wound.
- 5 'Midst deep distress and cruel scorn,
 Patient, resign'd, He stood ;
 His foes ungrateful sought his life ;
 He labour'd for their good.
- 6 Devoted to his Father's will,
 He glorified his name,
 And, finishing the work assign'd,
 He died, despising shame.
- 7 Be Christ my pattern and my guide,
 His image may I bear,
 Oh may I tread his sacred steps,
 And his bright glories share!

134 *Ye are my friends, &c.* John xv. 14. L. M.

- 1 WHO are the friends of Jesus here,
 And make their love to him appear ?
 They who with cheerful hearts and hands
 Will do whate'er the Lord commands.
- 2 The Lord's commands are just and good,
 And sweet to souls by grace renew'd ;
 'Tis their obedience to his laws
 That shows them friendly to his cause.
- 3 Helpless themselves, their gracious Lord
 Will ev'ry needful aid afford ;

And, when in Jesus' strength they go,
All duties they with ease can do.

- 4 Then let us rise in Jesus' name,
His arm our stay, his praise our aim.
Let unreserv'd obedience prove
The truth and ardour of our love.

135

PSALM XXIV.

L. M.

- 1 Who shall ascend where Jesus is,
Behold his face, and taste his bliss?
Or who is now accepted here,
And finds his God and Saviour near?
- 2 The man whose hands and heart are clean
From lawless gain, and reigning sin,
Who turns from impious paths his feet,
And fears an oath, and hates deceit.
- 3 This man the Lord will surely bless,
And be his strength and righteousness:
His hope in God is bright and sure,
And his salvation stands secure.
- 4 Such are the favour'd chosen race,
Who seek the Lord, and know his grace;
His word they keep, his praise they sing,
And triumph in their heavenly king.

136

Holiness, without which, &c. Heb. xii. 14.

L. M.

- 1 How blest the state of saints above,
Perfect in righteousness and love;
Where all is purity and peace,
And holy joys, which never cease!
- 2 There reigns the Lord whom we adore,
Glorious in holiness and power,
Array'd in majesty so bright
No mortal eye could bear the sight.
- 3 Know, O my soul! that blissful scene
Can ne'er admit a mind unclean:
None but the holy shall appear,
And see the Lord with comfort there.

- 4 Our Saviour by a heavenly birth
Calls us to holiness on earth,
Bids us our former follies hate,
And from the wicked separate.
- 5 We must have holy hearts and hands,
And feet that go where He commands ;
A holy will to keep his ways,
And holy lips to speak his praise.
- 6 Then let our first, our chief pursuit,
Be holiness in all its fruit :
Oh! seek it in the Saviour's grace,
And thus prepare to see his face.

Second **136** *Followed me fully.* Numb. xiv. 24. C. M.

- 1 OH for a single heart for God!
To follow Him alone,
Wholly and fully Him to serve
Who did for sin atone.
- 2 Why should my heart divided be?
Thou art my only Lord,
Who didst create me, hast redeem'd,
And wilt thy help afford.
- 3 I cannot serve the Lord and sin ;
I must decided be ;
Though shame, reproach, and loss attend,
By grace I will serve Thee.
- 4 Unite my heart to fear thy name,
Let all its powers be one ;
Let love and hope, desire and joy,
Be fix'd for Christ alone.

137 *It is good to be zealously, &c.* Gal. iv. 18. C. M.

- 1 INSPIRE my soul with holy zeal,
Great God, my love inflame ;
Religion without zeal and love
Is but an empty name.
- 2 If duty call, and suff'ring too,
My Lord, I'd follow Thee ;

- As Thou hast done, so would I do,
 As Thou art, would I be.
- 3 With zeal inflam'd, 'twas thy delight
 To do thy Father's will ;
 May the same zeal my soul excite
 Thy precepts to fulfil.
- 4 Enlarge my heart by sov'reign grace
 To run the heavenly road,
 With willing mind thy steps to trace,
 And climb to thine abode.

8. JOY.

138

Serve the Lord with, &c. Ps. c. 2.

. S. M.

- 1 COME, ye who love the Lord,
 And let your joys be known ;
 Join in a song, with sweet accord,
 While we surround the throne.
- 2 The sorrows of the mind
 Be banish'd from this place ;
 Religion never was design'd
 To make our pleasures less
- 3 Let those refuse to sing
 Who never knew our God ;
 But children of the heavenly King
 May speak their joys abroad.
- 4 The men of grace have found
 Glory begun below ;
 Celestial fruits on earth'y ground
 From faith and hope may grow.
- 5 The God that rules on high,
 Whose thunders roll above,
 Who rides upon the stormy sky,
 Whose throne shall ne'er remove,—
- 6 This awful God is ours,
 Our Father and our Friend ;
 His care shall guard life's fleeting hours ;
 His love shall never end.
- 7 The hill of Zion yields
 A thousand sacred sweets,

Before we reach the heavenly fields,
Or walk the golden streets.

8 There shall we see his face,
And never, never sin ;

There, from the rivers of his grace,
Drink endless pleasures in.

9 Then let our songs abound,
And ev'ry tear be dry; [ground,
We're marching through Immanuel's
To fairer worlds on high

139

Joy cometh in the, &c. Ps. xxx. 5.

7a. 6s.

1 **SOMETIMES** a light surprises
The Christian while he sings,
It is the Lord who rises
With healing in his wings ;
When comforts are declining,
He grants the soul again
A season of clear shining,
To cheer it after rain.

2 In holy contemplation,
We sweetly then pursue
The theme of God's salvation,
And find it ever new ;
Set free from present sorrow,
We cheerfully can say,—
E'en let th' unknown to-morrow
Bring with it what it may,

3 It can bring with it nothing
But He will bear us through ;
Who gives the lilies clothing
Will clothe his people too ;
Beneath the spreading heavens,
No creature but is fed ;
And He who feeds the ravens
Will give his children bread.

4 Though vine nor fig-tree neither
Their wonted fruit shall bear,

Though all the field should wither,
 Nor flocks nor herds be there,
 Yet God the same abiding,
 His praise shall tune my voice ;
 For, while in Him confiding,
 I cannot but rejoice.

140

PSALM XXXII.

S. M.

- 1 O BLESSED souls are they
 Whose sins are cover'd o'er !
 Divinely blest, to whom the Lord
 Imputes their guilt no more !
- 2 They mourn their follies past,
 And keep their hearts with care ;
 Their lips and lives, without deceit,
 Shall prove their faith sincere.
- 3 While I conceal'd my guilt,
 I felt the fest'ring wound,
 Till I confess'd my sins to Thee,
 And ready pardon found.
- 4 Let sinners learn to pray ;
 Let saints keep near the throne :
 Our help, in times of deep distress,
 Is found in God alone.

141

I will trust, &c. Isa. xii. 2.

104th M.

- 1 BEGONE, unbelief, my Saviour is near,
 And for my relief will surely appear :
 By prayer let me wrestle, and He will perform :
 With Christ in the vessel, I smile at the storm.
- 2 Though dark be my way, since He is my guide,
 'Tis mine to obey, 'tis his to provide ; [fail,
 Though cisterns be broken, and creatures all
 The word He has spoken shall surely prevail.
- 3 His love in time past forbids me to think
 He'll leave me at last in trouble to sink ;
 Each sweet ebenezer I have in review
 Confirms his good pleasure to help me quite
 through.

- 4 Determin'd to save, He watch'd o'er my path;
 When, Satan's blind slave, I sported with
 death; [name,
 And can He have taught me to trust in his
 And thus far have brought me, to put me to
 shame?
- 5 Why should I complain of want or distress,
 Temptation or pain?—He told me no less:
 The heirs of salvation, I know from his word,
 Through much tribulation must follow their
 Lord.
- 6 How bitter that cup no heart can conceive
 Which He drank quite up, that sinners might
 live: [mine;
 His way was much rougher and darker than
 Did Jesus thus suffer, and shall I repine?
- 7 Since all that I meet shall work for my good,
 The bitter is sweet, the med'cine is food;
 Though painful at present, 'twill cease before
 long, [song!
 And then, oh how pleasant the conqueror's

142 *Seek ye, &c.* St. Matt. vi. 33. 104th. M.

- 1 **THOUGH** troubles assail, and dangers affright;
 Though friends shall all fail, and foes all unite;
 Yet one thing secures us,—whatever betide,
 The scripture assures us the Lord will provide.
- 2 No strength of our own nor goodness we
 claim; [name,
 Yet, if we have known the Saviour's great
 In Him, our strong tower, we safely may hide;
 The Lord is our power,—the Lord will provide.
- 3 When fled is our youth, and death is in sight,
 The word of his truth shall still be our light;
 Though tempests may lour, with Christ on
 our side, [vide.
 In death's darkest hour the Lord shall pro-

143

PSALM XXIII.

113th m.

- 1 THE Lord my pasture shall prepare,
 And feed me with a shepherd's care ;
 His presence shall my wants supply,
 And guard me with a watchful eye ;
 My noon-day walks He shall attend,
 And all my midnight hours defend.
- 2 When in the sultry glebe I faint,
 Or on the thirsty mountain pant,
 To fertile vales and dewy meads
 My weary wand'ring steps He leads,
 Where peaceful rivers, soft and slow,
 Amid the verdant landscape flow.
- 3 Though in the paths of death I tread,
 With gloomy horrors overspread,
 My steadfast heart shall fear no ill,
 For Thou, O Lord ! art with me still ;
 Thy friendly crook shall give me aid,
 And guide me through the dreadful shade.
- 4 Though in a bare and rugged way,
 Through devious lonely wilds I stray,
 Thy bounty shall my pains beguile,
 The barren wilderness shall smile,
 With sudden greens and herbage crown'd,
 And streams shall murmur all around.

144 *Our conversation is in, &c.* Phil. iii. 20. 8.8.6

- 1 COME on, my partners in distress,
 My comrades through the wilderness,
 Who still your bodies feel ;
 Awhile forget your griefs and fears,
 And look beyond the vale of tears,
 To yon celestial hill.
- 2 Beyond the bounds of time and space
 Look forward to that heavenly place,
 The saints' secure abode ;
 On faith's strong eagle pinion rise,

And force your passage to the skies,
Strong in the strength of God.

- 3 Who suffer with their Master here
Shall soon before his face appear,
And by his side sit down :
To patient faith the prize is sure ;
And all that to the end endure
The cross, shall wear the crown.
- 4 See where the Lamb in glory stands,
Encircled with his radiant bands,
And join th' angelic powers ;
For all that height of glorious bliss
Our everlasting portion is,
And all that heaven is ours.
- 5 Thrice blessed bliss-inspiring hope,
It lifts the fainting spirit up,
It brings to life the dead :
Our conflicts here shall soon be past,
And our triumphant souls at last
Ascend to Christ our Head.

145 *They desire a better, &c.* Heb. xi. 16. Double 7s. 6s.

- 1 RISE, my soul, and stretch thy wings,
Thy better portion trace ;
Rise from transitory things,
Tow'rds heaven, thy native place :
Sun and moon and stars decay,
Time shall soon this earth remove ;
Rise, my soul, and haste away
To seats prepar'd above.
- 2 Rivers to the ocean run,
Nor stay in all their course ;
Fire ascending seeks the sun ;—
Both speed them to their source .
So a soul that's born of God
Pants to view his glorious face,
Upward tends to his abode,
To rest in his embrace.

3 Cease, ye pilgrims, cease to mourn,
 Press upwards to the prize ;
 Soon your Saviour will return,
 Triumphant in the skies :
 Yet a season and ye know
 Happy entrance will be given,
 All your sorrows left below,
 And earth exchange'd for heaven.

146 *The loving-kindnesses of, &c. Isa. lxiii. 7. L. X.*

- 1 AWAKE, my soul, in joyful lays,
 And sing thy great Redeemer's praise ;
 He justly claims a song from me,
 His loving-kindness, oh how free !
- 2 He saw me ruin'd in the fall,
 Yet lov'd me notwithstanding all ;
 He sav'd me from my lost estate,
 His loving-kindness, oh how great !
- 3 Though num'rous hosts of mighty foes,
 Though earth and hell my way oppose,
 He safely leads my soul along,
 His loving-kindness, oh how strong !
- 4 When trouble, like a gloomy cloud,
 Has gather'd thick and thunder'd loud,
 He near my soul has always stood,
 His loving-kindness, oh how good !
- 5 Often I feel my sinful heart
 Prone from my Saviour to depart ;
 But, though I have Him oft forgot,
 His loving-kindness changes not.
- 6 Soon shall I pass the gloomy vale,
 Soon all my mortal powers must fail ;
 Oh may my last expiring breath
 His loving-kindness sing in death !
- 7 Then let me mount and soar away
 To the bright world of endless day,
 And sing with rapture and surprise
 His loving-kindness in the skies.

147 *That I may know, &c.* Phil. iii. 10. Double 7s.

- 1 **HAPPINESS!** delightful name!
Where's its place? Oh tell me where!
Learning, pleasure, wealth, and fame,
All cry out, It is not here.
Not the wisdom of the wise
Can inform me where it lies;
Not the grandeur of the great
Can the bliss I seek create.
- 2 Object of my first desire,
Jesus, crucified for me,
All to happiness aspire,
Only to be found in Thee.
Thee to praise, and Thee to know,
Constitute our bliss below;
Thee to see, and Thee to love,
Constitute our bliss above.
- 3 Lord, it is not life to live,
If thy presence Thou deny;
Lord, if Thou thy presence give,
'Tis no longer death to die.
Source and giver of repose,
Singly from thy smile it flows,
Peace and happiness are thine,
Mine they are if Thou art mine.

148 *Glory in the Lord.* 1 Cor. i. 31. 104th. M.

- 1 **OH!** what shall I do my Saviour to praise,
So faithful and true, so plenteous in grace;
So strong to deliver, so good to redeem,
The weakest believer that hangs upon him?
- 2 How happy the man whose heart is set free!
The people that can be joyful in Thee!
Their joy is to walk in the light of thy face,
And still they are talking of Jesus's grace.
- 3 Their daily delight shall be in thy name;
They shall, as their right, thy righteousness
claim;

- And having thy Spirit, and cleans'd by thy
blood,
Bold shall they appear in the presence of God.
- 4 For Thou art their boast, their glory, and
power ;
And I also trust to see the glad hour,
My soul's new creation, a life from the dead,
The day of salvation that lifts up my head.
- 5 For Jesus, my Lord, is now my defence ;
I trust in his word ; none plucks me from
thence ; [do ;
Since I have found favour, He all things will
My King and my Saviour shall make me anew.
- 6 Yes, Lord, I shall see the bliss of thine own ;
Thy secret to me shall soon be made known ;
For sorrow and sadness, I joy shall receive,
And share in the gladness of all that believe.

149 *Jesus departed into, &c. Mark i. 35.* C. M.

- 1 FAR from the world, O Lord ! I flee,
From strife and tumult far ;
From scenes where Satan wages still
His most successful war.
- 2 The calm retreat, the silent shade,
With praise and prayer agree ;
And seem by thy rich bounty made
For those who follow Thee.
- 3 There, if thy Spirit touch the soul,
And grace her mean abode,
Oh with what peace, and joy, and love,
She communes with her God !
- 4 There, like the nightingale, she pours
Her solitary lays ;
Nor asks a witness of her song ;
Nor thirsts for human praise.
- 5 Author and guardian of my life,
Sweet source of life divine,

And (all harmonious names in one)
Redeemer, Thou art mine.

6 What thanks I owe Thee, and what love ;
A boundless, endless, store,
Shall echo through the realms above,
When time shall be no more.

150 *Hitherto the, &c.* 1 Sam. vii. 12. Double 8s. 7s.

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, Lord, the rapt'rous measures
Sung by flaming hosts above ;
Bid me tell the countless treasures
Of my 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 his precious blood.

3 Oh to grace how great a debtor
Daily I'm constrain'd to be !
Let that grace break every fetter
That withholds my heart from Thee.
Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it ;
Prone to leave the God I love :
Saviour, take my heart and seal it,
Seal it for thy courts above.

151 *Thy name is as ointment, &c.* Canticles i. 3. c. m.

1 How sweet the name of Jesus sounds
In a believer's ear !
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
And drives away his fear.

- 2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast ;
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary rest.
- 3 Dear name, the rock on which I build,
My shield and hiding-place ;
My never-failing treas'ry, fill'd
With boundless stores of grace.
- 4 By Thee my prayers acceptance gain,
Although with sin defil'd ;
Satan accuses me in vain,
And I am own'd thy child.
- 5 Jesus, my shepherd, husband, friend,
My prophet, priest, and king,
My Lord, my life, my way, my end,—
Accept the praise I bring.
- 6 Weak is the effort of my heart,
And cold my warmest thought ;
But, when I see Thee as Thou art,
I'll praise Thee as I ought.
- 7 Till then I would thy love proclaim
With ev'ry fleeting breath ;
And may the mem'ry of thy name
Refresh my soul in death.

9. PRAYER.

152

Watch and pray. Matt. xxiv. 41.

C. M.

- 1 ALAS! what hourly dangers rise!
What snares beset my way!
To heaven oh let me lift mine eyes,
And hourly watch and pray!
- 2 How oft my mournful thoughts complain,
And melt in flowing tears!
My weak resistance, ah! how vain!
How strong my foes and fears!
- 3 O gracious God! in whom I live,
My feeble efforts aid ;

Help me to watch, and pray, and strive,
Though trembling and afraid.

- 4 Increase my faith, increase my hope,
When foes and fears prevail ;
And bear my fainting spirit up,
Or soon my strength will fail.
- 5 Whene'er temptations fright my heart
Or lure my feet aside,
My God, thy powerful aid impart,
My guardian and my guide.
- 6 Oh! keep me in thy heavenly way,
And bid the tempter flee ;
And let me never never stray,
From happiness and Thee.

153 *Ask what I shall, &c.* 1 Kings iii. 5. L. M.

- 1 AND dost thou say, Ask what thou wilt ?
Lord, I would seize the golden hour ;
I pray to be releas'd from guilt,
And freed from sin and Satan's power.
- 2 More of thy presence, Lord, impart,
More of thine image let me bear ;
Erect thy throne within my heart,
And reign without a rival there.
- 3 Give me to read my pardon seal'd,
And from thy joy to draw my strength,
To have thy boundless love reveal'd
In all its height, and breadth, and length.
- 4 Grant these requests, I ask no more,
But to thy care the rest resign ;
Living or dying, rich or poor,
All shall be well if Thou art mine.

154 *The throne of grace, &c.* Heb. iv. 16. S. M.

- 1 BEHOLD the throne of grace !
The promise calls me near ;
There Jesus shows a smiling face,
And waits to answer prayer.

- 2 That rich atoning blood,
Which sprinkled round I see,
Provides for those who come to God
An all-prevailing plea.
- 3 Beyond our utmost wants
His love and power can bless ;
To praying souls He always grants
More than they can express.
- 4 Thine image, Lord, bestow,
Thy presence and thy love ;
I ask to serve Thee here below,
And reign with Thee above.
- 5 Teach me to live by faith,
Conform my will to thine ;
Let me victorious be in death,
And then in glory shine.

155 *O my God, be not, &c.* Ps. xxxviii. 21. 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,
O Lord ! to choose the better part—
To scorn the trifles of a day,
For joys that none can take away.
- 3 Then, should the wildest storms arise,
And tempests mingle seas and skies,
No fatal shipwreck shall I fear,
But all my treasures with me bear.
- 4 If Thou, my Saviour, still art nigh,
Cheerful I live, and joyful die ;
Secure, when mortal comforts flee,
To find ten thousand worlds in Thee.

156 *The Sun of Righteousness, &c.* Mal. iv. 2. 6-7s.

- 1 CHRIST, whose glory fills the skies,
Christ the true and only light,

Sun of righteousness, arise,
Triumph o'er the shades of night :
Day-spring from on high, be near ;
Day-star, in my heart appear.

- 2 Dark and cheerless is the morn
Unaccompanied by Thee ;
Joyless is the day's return
Till thy mercy's beams I see—
Till they inward light impart,
Glad my eyes, and warm my heart.
- 3 Visit then this soul of mine,
Pierce the gloom of sin and grief ;
Fill me, Radiance divine!
Scatter all my unbelief :
More and more Thyself display,
Shining to the perfect day.

157

The Lord shall, &c. Ps. lxxxv. 12.

C. M.

- 1 **AUTHOR** of good, to Thee I turn ;
Thy ever-wakeful eye,
Alone can all my wants discern,
Thy hand alone supply.
- 2 Oh! let thy fear within me dwell,
Thy love my footsteps guide ;
That love, shall all vain loves expel,
That fear, all fear besides.
- 3 Alas! by error's force subdued,
Too oft my stubborn will
Most blindly shuns the latent good,
And grasps the specious ill.
- 4 Not what I wish, but what I want,
Oh! let thy grace supply ;
The good, unask'd, in mercy grant,
The ill, though ask'd, deny.

158

In thy light shall, &c. Ps. xxxvi. 9.

G. M.

- 1 **ETERNAL** Sun of Righteousness,
Display thy beams divine ;

And cause the glory of thy face
Upon my heart to shine.

- 2 Light, in thy light, oh may I see.
Thy grace and mercy prove;
Receiv'd and comforted by Thee,
The God of pard'ning love.
- 3 Lift up thy countenance serene,
Let thine adopted child
Behold, without a cloud between,
The Father reconcil'd.

159 *Study to be quiet, &c.* 1 Thess. iv. 11. L. M.

- 1 FORTH in thy name, O Lord! I go,
My daily labour to pursue;
Thee, only Thee, resolv'd to know,
In all I think, or speak, or do.
- 2 The task thy wisdom has assign'd
Oh! let me cheerfully fulfil;
In all thy works thy presence find,
And prove thine acceptable will.
- 3 Thee may I set at my right hand,
Whose eyes my inmost substance see,
And labour on at thy command,
And offer all my works to Thee.
- 4 Give me to bear thy easy yoke,
And ev'ry moment watch and pray,
And still to things eternal look,
And hasten to thy glorious day.
- 5 For Thee delightfully employ
Whate'er thy bounteous grace hath given;
And run my course with even joy,
And closely walk with Thee to heaven.

160 *Lord I, &c.* St. Mark ix. 24. Double 7s. 6s.

- 1 GOD of my salvation, hear,
And help me to believe,
Simply do I now draw near,
Thy blessing to receive:

Full of sin, alas! I am,
 But to thy cross for refuge flee :
 Friend of sinners, spotless Lamb,
 Thy blood was shed for me.

2 Lamb of God, for sinners slain,
 To Thee I lift mine eye ;
 Balm of all my grief and pain,
 Thy grace is always nigh :
 Now, as yesterday, the same
 Thou art, and wilt for ever be : Friend, &c.

3 Nothing, Lord, have I to pay,
 Nor can thy grace procure ;
 Yet empty send me not away,
 For I, Thou know'st, am poor :
 Dust and ashes is my name,
 My all is sin and misery : Friend, &c.

4 No good word, or work, or thought,
 Bring I to buy thy grace ;
 Pardon I accept unbought,
 Thy promise I embrace,
 Coming, as at first I came,
 To take, and not bestow on Thee : Friend, &c.

161 *Confessed that they were, &c.* Heb. xi. 13. 8. 7. 4.

1 **GUIDE** us, O Thou great Jehovah !
 Pilgrims through this barren land ;
 We are weak, but Thou art mighty,
 Hold us with thy powerful hand :
 Bread of heaven, feed us till we want no more.

2 **Open** Thou the living fountain,
 Whence the healing waters flow ;
 Let the fiery cloudy pillar
 Lead us all our journey through :
 Strong deliv'rer, be Thou still our strength
 and shield.

3 **When** we tread the verge of Jordan,
 Bid our anxious fears subside :
 Bear us through the swelling torrent,

Land us safe on Canaan's side :
Songs of praises, we will ever give to Thee.

162 *The Lord, &c.* Luke xxii. 61. Double 7s. 6s.

- 1 JESUS, let thy pitying eye
Call back a wand'ring sheep ;
False to thee, like Peter, I
Would fain, like Peter, weep ;
Let me be by grace restor'd,
On me be all long-suff'ring shown :
Turn and look upon me, Lord,
And break my heart of stone.
- 2 Saviour, Prince, enthron'd above,
Repentance to impart,
Give me, through thy dying love,
The humble contrite heart,
Give, most earnestly implor'd,
A portion of thy love unknown ;
Turn and look upon me, Lord,
And break my heart of stone.
- 3 See me, Saviour, from above,
Nor suffer me to die ;
Life, and happiness, and love,
Fall from thy gracious eye :
Speak the reconciling word,
And let thy mercy melt me down ;
Turn and look upon me, Lord,
And break my heart of stone.

163 *Let this mind be in, &c.* Phil. ii. 5—11. C. M.

- 1 JESUS, exalted far on high,
To whom a name is given—
A name surpassing every name
That's known in earth and heaven ;—
- 2 Jesus, who, in the form of God,
Didst equal honour claim ;
Yet, to redeem our guilty souls,
Didst stoop to death and shame ;—

- 3 Oh! may that mind in us be form'd
Which shone so bright in Thee—
A humble, meek, and lowly mind,
From pride and envy free.
- 4 May we to others stoop, and learn
To emulate thy love;
So shall we bear thine image here,
And share thy throne above.

164 *My grace is, &c.* 2 Cor. xii. 9. Double s. m.

- 1 JESUS, my strength, my hope,
On Thee I cast my care;
With humble confidence look up,
And know Thou hear'st my prayer:
Give me on Thee to wait
Till I can all things do—
On Thee, almighty to create,
Almighty to renew.
- 2 I want a sober mind,
A self-renouncing will,
That tramples down and casts behind
The baits of pleasing ill—
A soul inur'd to pain,
To hardship, grief, and loss;
Bold to take up, firm to maintain
The consecrated cross.
- 3 I want a godly fear,
A quick discerning eye,
That looks to Thee when sin is near,
And sees the tempter fly,—
A spirit still prepar'd,
And arm'd with jealous care,
For ever standing on its guard,
And watching unto prayer.
- 4 I rest upon thy word,
Thy promise is for me;
My succour and salvation, Lord,
Shall surely come from Thee.

But let me still abide,
 Nor from my hope remove,
 Till Thou my waiting soul shalt guide
 Unto thy perfect love.

165

A covert from, &c. Isa. xxxii. 2. Double 7s.

- 1 JESUS, refuge of my soul,
 Let me to thy bosom fly,
 While the raging billows roll,
 While the tempest still is high :
 Hide me, O my Saviour ! hide,
 Till the storm of life be past ;
 Safe into the haven guide,
 Oh receive my soul at last !
- 2 Other refuge have I none,
 Hangs my helpless soul on Thee :
 Leave, ah ! leave me not alone,
 Still support and comfort me :
 All my trust on Thee is stay'd ;
 All my help from Thee I bring ;
 Cover my defenceless head
 With the shadow of thy wing.
- 3 Thou, O Christ ! art all I want ;
 More than all in Thee I find :
 Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
 Heal the sick, and lead the blind.
 Just and holy is thy name ;
 I am all unrighteousness :
 Vile and full of sin I am ;
 Thou art full of truth and grace.
- 4 Plenteous grace with Thee is found,
 Grace to pardon all my sin ;
 Let the healing streams abound,
 Make and keep me pure within :
 Thou of life the fountain art,
 Freely let me take of Thee :
 Spring Thou up within my heart,
 Rise to all eternity.

166

I am the good, &c. John x. 1.

78.

- 1 JESUS, shepherd of the sheep,
Powerful is thine arm to keep
All thy flocks with safest care,
Fed in pastures large and fair.
- 2 Thee their guide and guard they own ;
Thee they love, and Thee alone ;
Thee they follow day by day,
Fearful lest their feet should stray.
- 3 Lord, thy helpless sheep behold ;
Gather all into thy fold ;
Gently lead the wand'ers home ;
Watch them, lest again they roam.
- 4 Bring thy sheep, now far astray,
Lost in Satan's evil way ;
Then (the fold and shepherd one)
We shall praise Thee round the throne.

167

My sheep hear my, &c. John x. 27.

L. M.

- 1 JESUS, the shepherd of the sheep,
Thy " little flock " in safety keep,—
The flock for which Thou cam'st from heaven,
The flock for which thy life was given.
- 2 Thou saw'st them wand'ring far from Thee,
Secure as if from danger free ;
Thy love did all their wand'rings trace,
And bring them to " a wealthy place."
- 3 Oh! guard thy sheep from beasts of prey,
And keep them that they never stray ;
Cherish the young ; sustain the old ;
Let none be feeble in thy fold.
- 4 Secure them from the scorching beam,
And lead them to the living stream ;
In verdant pastures let them lie,
And watch them with a shepherd's eye.
- 5 Oh! may the sheep discern thy voice,
And in its sacred sound rejoice ;

From strangers may they ever flee,
And know no other guide but Thee.

- 6 Lord, bring thy sheep that wander yet,
And let the number be complete ;
Then let thy flock from earth remove,
And occupy the fold above.

168 *Thou shalt guide me, &c.* Ps. lxxiii. 24. 7s.

- 1 LAMB of God, who Thee receive,
And in Thee begin to live,
Day and night will cry to Thee,
" As Thou art, so let us be."
- 2 Fix, oh! fix, each wav'ring mind ;
To thy sway our spirits bind ;
Earthly passions far remove ;
Fill our hearts with fervent love.
- 3 Dust and ashes though we be,
Full of guilt and misery,
Thine we are, Thou Son of God,
Take the purchase of thy blood.
- 4 May we in thy name believe,
Of thy fulness now receive,
Die to sin and live to Thee ;
Then we shall indeed be free.
- 5 Lamb of God, for sinners slain,
Saviour of offending man,
Endless praise to Thee be given
By thy saints, in earth and heaven.

169 *To give light, &c.* Luke i. 79. Double 8s. 7s.

- 1 LIGHT of those whose dreary dwelling
Borders on the shades of death,
Come, and all thy love revealing
Dissipate the clouds beneath.
The new heaven and earth's Creator,
In our deepest darkness rise ;
Scatt'ring all the night of nature,
Pouring day upon our eyes.

- 2 Still we wait for thine appearing ;
 Life and joy thy beams impart ;
 Chasing all our fears, and cheering
 Every meek and contrite heart.
 Come and manifest the favour
 Thou hast for thy ransom'd race ;
 Come, Thou kind and tender Saviour,
 Manifest thy gospel grace.
- 3 Help us in thy great compassion,
 Oh Thou Prince of peace and love ;
 Show us all thy great salvation,
 Raise our hearts to things above !
 By thine all-sufficient merit
 Ev'ry burden'd soul release ;
 By the influence of thy Spirit
 Guide us into perfect peace.

170

PSALM CXXXI.

7s

- 1 LORD, for ever at thy side
 May my place and portion be ;
 Strip me of the robe of pride ;
 Clothe me with humility.
- 2 Meekly may my soul receive
 All thy Spirit hath reveal'd ;
 Thou hast spoken,—*I* believe,
 Though the prophecy were seal'd.
- 3 Quiet as a weaned child,
 Weaned from the mother's breast,
 By no subtlety beguil'd,
 On thy faithfulness I rest.
- 4 Saints, rejoicing evermore,
 In the Lord Jehovah trust ;
 Him in all his ways adore,
 Wise, and wonderful, and just.

171

Keep thy heart with, &c. Prov. iv. 23.

C. M.

- 1 LORD, grant a principle within
 Of jealous godly fear,

- A sensibility of sin,
A pain to feel it near.
- 2 Grant me the first approach to feel
Of pride, or vain desire,
To catch the wand'ring of my will,
And quench the kindling fire.
- 3 From Thee that I no more depart,
No more thy goodness grieve;
The filial awe, the contrite heart,
The tender conscience give.
- 4 Quick as the apple of an eye,
O God! my conscience make;
Waken my soul, when sin is nigh,
And keep it still awake.
- 5 If to the right or left I stray,
That moment, Lord, reprove;
Restore me to thy narrow way;
Uphold me with thy love.

172

Be ye clothed with, &c. 1 Peter v. 5.

7s.

- 1 LORD, if Thou thy grace impart,
Poor in spirit, meek in heart,
I shall as my Master be,
"Clothed with humility."
- 2 Simple, teachable, and mild,
Chang'd into a little child;
Pleas'd with all the Lord provides,
Wean'd from all the world besides.
- 3 Father, fix my soul on Thee,
Ev'ry evil let me flee,
Nothing seek but things above,
Happy, happy, in thy love.
- 4 Oh that all may seek and find
Every good in Jesus join'd!
Him let Israel still adore,
Trust Him, praise Him evermore.

173

PART 1. PSALM V.

C. M.

- 1 LORD, in the morning Thou shalt hear
 My voice ascending high ;
 To Thee will I direct my prayer,
 To Thee lift up mine eye.
- 2 Oft to thy house will I resort,
 To taste thy mercies there ;
 I will frequent thy holy court,
 And worship in thy fear.
- 3 Oh ! may thy Spirit guide my feet
 In ways of righteousness,
 Make every path of duty straight
 And plain before my face.
- 4 The men that love and fear thy name
 Shall see their hopes fulfill'd ;
 The mighty God shall compass them
 With favour as a shield.

174

PART 2. PSALM V.

C. M.

- 1 ON Thee, O God of purity !
 I wait for hallowing grace :
 None without holiness shall see
 The glories of thy face.
- 2 In souls unholy and unclean
 Thou never canst delight,
 Nor shall they, if enslav'd by sin,
 Appear before thy sight.
- 3 But, as for me, with humble fear
 I will approach thy gate,
 Though most unworthy to draw near,
 Or in thy courts to wait.
- 4 I trust in thine unbounded grace,
 To all so freely given ;
 And worship in thine holy place,
 And lift my soul to heaven.
- 5 Lead me in all thy righteous ways,
 Nor suffer me to slide ;

Point out thy path before my face :
My God, be Thou my guide.

- 6 Oh! may I ne'er to evil yield,
Defended from above,
And kept and cover'd with the shield
Of thine almighty love.

175 *The preparations, &c.* Prov. xvi. 1. Double c. m.

- 1 LORD, teach us how to pray aright,
With rev'rence and with fear ;
Though dust and ashes in thy sight,
We may—we must draw near :
We perish if we cease from prayer ;
Oh grant us power to pray !
And, when to meet Thee we prepare,
Lord, meet us by the way.
- 2 Burthen'd with guilt, convinc'd of sin,
In weakness, want, and woe,
Fightings without, and fears within,
Lord, whither shall we go ?
God of all grace, we come to Thee,
For broken, contrite hearts :
Give, what thine eye delights to see,
Truth in the inward parts.
- 3 Give deep humility,—the sense
Of godly sorrow give,—
A strong desiring confidence
To see thy face and live,—
Faith in the only sacrifice
That can for sin atone,
To cast our hopes, to fix our eyes,
On Christ—on Christ alone,—
- 4 Patience to watch, and wait, and weep,
Though mercy long delay,—
Courage our fainting souls to keep,
And trust Thee, though Thou slay ;—
Give these,—and then thy will be done ;
Thus strengthen'd with all might,

We, by thy Spirit through thy Son,
Shall pray, and pray aright.

176 *Not in word only, &c.* 1 John iii. 18. C. M.

- 1 LORD, when we bend before thy throne,
And our confessions pour,
Teach us to feel the sins we own,
And shun what we deplore.
- 2 Our fallen spirits pitying see,
True penitence impart ;
And let a healing ray from Thee
Beam hope upon our heart.
- 3 When our responsive tongues essay
Their grateful songs to raise,
Grant that our souls may join the lay,
And rise to Thee in praise.
- 4 When we disclose our wants in prayer,
May we our wills resign ;
And not a thought our bosoms share
Which is not wholly thine.
- 5 Let faith each weak petition fill,
And waft it to the skies ;
And teach our hearts 'tis goodness still
That grants it, or denies.

177 *That Christ, &c.* Ephes. iii. 17. Double 8s. 7s.

- 1 LOVE divine, all love excelling,
Joy of heaven, to earth come down,
Fix in us thy humble dwelling,
All thy faithful mercies crown :
Jesus, thou art all compassion,
Pure unbounded love Thou art ;
Visit us with thy salvation,
Enter ev'ry waiting heart.
- 2 Breathe, oh ! breathe, thy loving Spirit
Into every troubled breast ;
Let us all in Thee inherit,
Let us find thy promis'd rest ;

Take away the love of sinning,
Alpha and Omega be ;
End of faith, as its beginning,
Set our souls at liberty.

- 3 Come, almighty to deliver,
Let us all thy grace receive ;
Suddenly return—and never,
Never more thy temple leave :
Thee may we be always blessing,
Serve Thee as thy hosts above,
Pray and praise Thee without ceasing,
Triumph in redeeming love.
- 4 Finish then thy new creation ;
Pure, unspotted may we be,
Let us see our full salvation,
Perfectly secur'd in Thee :
Chang'd from glory into glory,
Till in heaven we take our place :
Till we cast our crowns before Thee,
Lost in wonder, love, and praise.

178

PSALM XXV.

S. M.

- 1 MINE eyes and my desire
Are ever with the Lord ;
I love to plead his promises,
And rest upon his word.
- 2 When shall the sov'reign grace
Of my forgiving God
Restore me from those dang'rous ways
My wand'ring feet have trod ?
- 3 Thy mercies and thy love,
O Lord! recal to mind,
And graciously continue still
As Thou wert ever kind.
- 4 Let all my youthful sins
Be blotted out by Thee ;
And, for thy wondrous goodness' sake,
In mercy think on me.

5 Oh! keep my soul from death,
Nor put my hope to shame,
For I have fix'd my only trust
In my Redeemer's Name.

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

179

PSALM LXIII.

S. M.

- 1 My God, permit my tongue
This joy—to call Thee mine ;
And let my early cries prevail,
To taste thy love divine.
- 2 My thirsty fainting soul
Thy mercy doth implore ;
Not travellers in desert lands
Can pant for water more.
- 3 For life without thy love
No relish can afford :
No joy can be compar'd to this—
To serve and please the Lord.
- 4 In wakeful hours of night
I call my God to mind ;
I think how wise thy counsels are,
Thy dealings all how kind.
- 5 Since Thou hast been my help,
To Thee my spirit flies ;
And on thy watchful providence
My cheerful hope relies.
- 6 The shadow of thy wings
My soul in safety keeps :
I follow where my Father leads,
And He supports my steps.

180

Renew a right spirit, &c. Ps. li. 10.

C. M.

- 1 OH! for a heart that knows the worth
Of Jesu's dying love,

- Wean'd from the vanities of earth,
To seek true joys above ;—
- 2 A heart no longer rudely toss'd
On error's restless tide ;
Its prospects drear, its wishes cross'd,
Its hopes unsatisfied ;
- 3 But taught to trace the unseen hand
Of an almighty Lord ;
Meekly to bow to his command,
And trust his faithful word ;—
- 4 A heart that has renounc'd the world
And burst its galling chain,
Where Satan from his seat is hurl'd,
And sin has ceas'd to reign ;—
- 5 A heart that will not fail to keep
The glorious prize in view,
Though weary, will not yield to sleep,
Though faint, will yet pursue ;—
- 6 A heart with holiest fervour warm'd,
Faithful, resign'd, and pure,
Where God's own image has been form'd,
For ever to endure.
- 7 Oh ! grant me, Lord, with such a heart
To run the heavenly race ;
That, when I'm summon'd to depart,
I may behold thy face.

181 *My son, give me, &c.* Prov. xxiii. 26. C. M.

- 1 OH ! for a heart to praise my God,
A heart from sin set free,
A heart that's sprinkled with the blood
So freely shed for me ;—
- 2 A heart resign'd, submissive, meek,
My dear Redeemer's throne,
Where only Christ is heard to speak,
Where Jesus reigns alone ;—
- 3 A humble, lowly, contrite heart,
Believing, true, and clean,

- Which neither life nor death can part
From Him that dwells within ;—
- 4 A heart in ev'ry thought renew'd,
And fill'd with love divine,
Perfect, and right, and pure, and good,
A copy, Lord, of thine.
- 5 Thy nature, gracious Lord, impart;
Come quickly from above ;
Write thy new name upon my heart,
Thy new best name of love.

182

Ye shall be free, &c. John viii. 36.

L. M.

- 1 OH! from the world's vile slavery,
Almighty Saviour, set me free ;
And, as my treasure is above,
Be there my thoughts, be there my love.
- 2 But oft, alas! too well I know,
My thoughts, my love, are fix'd below ;
In every lifeless prayer I find
The heart unmov'd, the absent mind.
- 3 Oh! what that frozen heart can move
That melts not at a Saviour's love ?
What can that sluggish spirit raise
That will not sing a Saviour's praise ?
- 4 Lord, draw my best affections hence,
Above this world of sin and sense ;
Cause them to soar beyond the skies,
And rest not till to Thee they rise.

183

PSALM IV.

C. M.

- 1 O LORD! the guardian of my life,
To my request give ear :
Thou, who dost keep thy saints from harm,
Have mercy, Lord, and hear.
- 2 While worldly minds impatient grow
More prosp'rous times to see,
Still let the glories of thy face
Shine brightly, Lord, on me.

- 3 So shall my heart o'erflow with joy,
 More lasting and more true
 Than theirs who stores of corn and wine
 Successively renew.
- 4 Then down in peace I'll lay my head,
 And take my needful rest :
 No other guard, O Lord ! I need,
 Of thy defence possess'd.

184

PSALM CXIX.

C. M.

- 1 OH that the Lord would guide my ways
 To keep his statutes still !
 Oh that my God would grant me grace
 To know and do his will !
- 2 Oh send thy Spirit down to write
 Thy law upon my heart !
 Nor let my tongue indulge deceit,
 Nor act the liar's part.
- 3 From vanity turn off my eyes :
 Let no corrupt design,
 Nor covetous desires, arise
 Within this soul of mine.
- 4 Order my footsteps by thy word,
 And make my heart sincere :
 Let sin have no dominion, Lord,
 But keep my conscience clear.
- 5 My soul hath gone too far astray, ^
 My feet too often slip ;
 Yet, since I've not forgot thy way,
 Restore thy wand'ring sheep.
- 6 Make me to walk in thy commands—
 'Tis a delightful road ;
 Nor let my head, nor heart, nor hands,
 Offend against my God.

185

I will put thee in, &c. Exod. xxxiii. 22.

6-7s.

- 1 Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
 Let me hide myself in Thee ;

- Let the water and the blood,
 From thy riven side which flow'd,
 Be of sin the double cure,
 Cleanse me from its guilt and power.
- 2 Not the labours of my hands
 Can fulfil thy law's demands ;
 Could my zeal no respite know,
 Could my tears for ever flow,
 All for sin could not atone,
 Thou must save, and Thou alone.
- 3 Nothing in my hand I bring ;
 Simply to thy cross I cling ;
 Naked, come to Thee for dress,
 Helpless, look to Thee for grace,
 Vile, I to the fountain fly ;
 Wash me, Saviour, or I die.
- 4 While I draw this fleeting breath,
 When my eyelids close in death,
 When I soar to worlds unknown,
 See Thee on thy judgment-throne,—
 Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
 Let me hide myself in Thee.

186 *Thou shalt guide me, &c.* Ps. lxxiii. 24. L. M.

- 1 O THOU to whose all searching sight
 The darkness shineth as the light,
 Try us and prove our treach'rous heart,
 And bid the power of sin depart.
- 2 As through the wilderness we stray,
 Be Thou our light, be Thou our stay ;
 Mark out the pilgrim's heavenly road,
 That leads unto the mount of God.
- 3 If storms and tempests cloud our way,
 Our strength proportion to our day ;
 Nor storms nor tempests need we fear,
 If God, our sun and shield, be near.
- 4 Guide and uphold us with thy hand,
 Till we arrive at Canaan's land—

The land where sin and death shall cease,
The land of rest, and joy, and peace.

187

When ye pray, &c. Luke xi. 2.

S. M.

- 1 OUR Heavenly Father, hear
The prayer we offer now ;
Thy name be hallow'd far and near,
To Thee all nations bow.
- 2 Thy kingdom come, thy will
On earth be done in love,
As saints and seraphim fulfil
Thy perfect law above.
- 3 Our daily bread supply,
While by thy word we live ;
The guilt of our iniquity
Forgive, as we forgive.
- 4 From dark temptation's power,
From Satan's wiles defend ;
Deliver in the evil hour,
And guide us to the end.
- 5 Thine then for ever be
Glory and power divine ;
The sceptre, throne, and majesty
Of heaven and earth are thine.

188

I will love thee, &c. Ps. xviii. 1. 113th \times

- 1 THEE will I love, my strength, my tower,
Thee will I love, my joy, my crown,
Thee will I love with all my power,
In all thy works, and Thee alone ;
Thee will I love till the pure fire
Fill my whole soul with strong desire.
- 2 Thee will I love, my joy, my crown,
Thee will I love, my Lord, my God,
Thee will I love, beneath thy frown
Or smile, thy sceptre or thy rod :
What though my flesh and heart decay !
Thee will I love in endless day.

189 *God that performeth, &c.* Ps. lvii. 2. C. M.

- 1 THOU boundless source of ev'ry good,
Our best desires fulfil;
And help us to adore thy grace,
And mark thy sov'reign will.
- 2 In all thy mercies may our souls
Thy bounteous goodness see;
Nor let the gifts thy grace imparts
Estrange our hearts from Thee.
- 3 Teach us, in time of deep distress,
To own thy hand, O God!
And in submissive silence learn
The lessons of thy rod.
- 4 In ev'ry changing scene of life,
Whate'er that scene may be,
Give us a meek and humble mind,—
A mind at peace with Thee.
- 5 Do Thou direct our steps aright;
Help us thy name to fear;
And give us grace to watch and pray,
And strength to persevere.
- 6 Then may we close our eyes in death,
Free from distracting care;
For death is life, and labour rest,
If Thou art with us there.

190 *Whom have I in, &c.* Ps. lxxiii. 25. 113th M.

- 1 THOU hidden love of God, whose height
Whose depth unfathom'd no man knows,
I see from far the beauteous light,
And inly sigh for thy repose:
My heart is pain'd, nor can it be
At rest, till it find rest in Thee.
- 2 Is there a thing beneath the sun
That strives with Thee my heart to share?
Ah! tear it thence, and reign alone
The Lord of every motion there.

Then shall my heart from earth be free,
When it has found its all in Thee.

3 Oh! crucify this self, that I
No more, but Christ in me, may live;
Bid all my vile affections die,
Nor let one hateful lust survive:
In all things nothing may I see,
Or aught desire, or seek, but Thee.

4 Lord, draw my heart from earth away,
And make it only know thy call;
Speak to my inmost soul, and say,
I am thy Saviour, God, thine all:
Oh! dwell in me, fill all my soul;
And all my powers by grace control.

191

PSALM LXVII.

S. M.

1 To bless thy chosen race,
In mercy, Lord, incline;
And cause the brightness of thy face
On all thy saints to shine:

2 That so thy wondrous way
May through the world be known;
While distant lands their tribute pay,
And thy salvation own.

3 Let differing nations join
To celebrate thy fame;
Let all the world, O Lord! combine
To praise thy glorious name.

4 Oh let them shout and sing
With joy and holy mirth!
For Thou, the righteous Judge and King,
Shalt govern all the earth.

192

Bear ye one another's, &c. Gal. vi. 2.

C. M.

1 TRY us, O God! and search the ground
Of ev'ry evil heart:
Whate'er of sin in us is found,
Oh! bid it all depart.

- 2 When to the right or left we stray,
Pity thy helpless sheep;
Bring back our feet into the way,
And there thy wand'ers keep,
- 3 Help us to help each other, Lord;
Each other's burdens bear:
Let each his friendly aid afford
To sooth his brother's care.
- 4 Help us to build each other up;
Help us ourselves to prove;
Increase our faith, confirm our hope,
And perfect us in love.
- 5 Complete at length thy work of grace,
And take us to thy rest,
Among the saints, who see thy face,
To be for ever blest.

193 *Behold we come unto, &c.* Jer. iii. 22. 113th M.

- 1 WEARY of wand'ring from my God,
And now made willing to return,
I hear and bow me to the rod;
For Thee, not without hope, I mourn:
I have an advocate above,
A friend before the throne of love.
- 2 'Oh! give me, Lord, the tender heart,
That trembles at th' approach of sin;
A godly fear of sin impart,
Implant and root it deep within:
That I may dread thy gracious power,
And never dare t' offend Thee more.

194 *The fire shall ever, &c.* Lev. vi. 13. L. M.

- 1 O THOU who camest from above
The pure celestial fire t' impart!
Kindle a flame of sacred love
On the mean altar of my heart.
- 2 There let it for thy glory burn,
With inextinguishable blaze,

And, rising to its source, return
In humble prayer and fervent praise.

- 3 Jesus, confirm my heart's desire,
To work, and speak, and think for Thee ;
Still do Thou guard the holy fire,
And still stir up thy gift in me.
- 4 Teach me to do thy perfect will,
And acts of faith and love repeat ;
Till death thy endless mercies seal,
And make my happiness complete.

10. PRAISE.

195 *He is King of kings, &c.* Rev. xvii. 14. C. M.

- 1 ALL hail the great Emmanuel's name !
Ye angels, prostrate fall :
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown Him Lord of all.
- 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.
- 3 Ye saints, redeem'd of Adam's race,
Ye ransom'd from the fall,
Hail Him who saves you by his grace,
And crown Him Lord of all.
- 4 Ye realms of every tongue and name,
Ye nations great and small,
Your mighty Saviour's praise proclaim,
And crown Him Lord of all.
- 5 Oh ! that with yonder sacred throng
We at his feet may fall,
Join in the everlasting song,
And crown Him Lord of all.

196 *The song of Moses, &c.* Rev. xv. 3. S. M.

- 1 AWAKE, and sing the song
Of Moses and the Lamb ;

- Wake ev'ry heart and ev'ry tongue
To praise the Saviour's name.
- 2 Sing of his dying love ;
Sing of his rising power ;
Sing how He intercedes above
For those whose sins He bore.
- 3 Sing till we feel the heart
Ascending with the tongue :
Let every meaner joy depart,
And grace inspire the song.
- 4 Sing on your heavenly way,
Ye ransom'd sinners, sing ;
Sing on, rejoicing ev'ry day
In Christ, th' eternal King.
- 5 Soon shall we hear Him say—
“ Ye blessed children, come : ”
Soon will He call us hence away,
And take his pilgrims home.
- 6 Soon shall th' enraptured tongue
His endless praise proclaim,
And sweeter voices swell the song
Of Moses and the Lamb.

197

Unto him that loved, &c. Rev. i. 5, 6.

7s.

- 1 BRETHREN, let us join and bless
Christ, the Lord our righteousness ;
Let our praise to Him be given,
High at God's right hand in heaven.
- 2 Son of God, to Thee we bow :
Thou art Lord, and only Thou ;
Thou the blessed virgin's seed,
Glory of thy church, and head.
- 3 Thee the angels ceaseless sing ;
Thee we praise, our priest and king ;
Worthy is thy name of praise,
Full of glory, full of grace.
- 4 Thou hast the glad tidings brought
Of salvation by Thee wrought ;—

Wrought to set thy people free ;
Wrought to bring our souls to Thee.

- 5 May we follow and adore
Thee, our Saviour, more and more ;
Guide and bless us with thy love,
Till we join thy saints above.

198

Worthy the Lamb. Rev. v. 12.

6. 4. P. M.

- 1 COME, all ye saints of God,
Publish through earth abroad,
Jesus's fame :
Tell what his love has done ;
Trust in his Name alone ;
Shout to his lofty throne,
" Worthy the Lamb ! "
- 2 Hence, gloomy doubts and fears,
Dry up your mournful tears ;
Swell the glad theme :
To Christ, our gracious king,
Strike each melodious string,
Join heart and voice to sing,
" Worthy the Lamb ! "
- 3 Hark, how the choirs above,
Fill'd with the Saviour's love,
Dwell on his Name !
There, too, may we be found,
With light and glory crown'd ;
While all the heavens resound,
" Worthy the Lamb ! "

199

Every creature, &c. Rev. v. 13.

O. M.

- 1 COME, let us join our cheerful songs
With angels round the throne ;
Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,
But all their joys are one.
- 2 " Worthy the Lamb that died," they cry,
" To be exalted thus : "
" Worthy the Lamb," our lips reply,
" For He was slain for us. "

3 Jesus is worthy to receive
Honour and power divine ;
And blessings more than we can give
Be, Lord, for ever thine.

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

5 Let all creation join in one,
To bless the sacred name
Of Him that sits upon the throne,
And to adore the Lamb.

200 *Blessing and, &c.* Rev. v. 13. 104th M.

1 COME, saints, and adore Him ; come bow at
his feet ; [meet ;

Come, give Him the glory, the praise that is
Let joyful hosannas unceasing arise, [skies.

And join the full chorus that gladdens the

2 To the Lamb that was slain all honour be paid ;
Let crowns without number encircle his head ;
Let blessing, and glory, and riches, and might,
Be ascrib'd evermore by angels of light.

Come, saints, and adore Him, &c.

201 PSALM XCV. s. M., with chorus.

1 COME, sound his praise abroad,

And hymns of glory sing ;

Jehovah is the sov'reign God,

The universal king.

Praise ye the Lord. *Hallelujah.*

2 He form'd the deeps unknown ;

He gave the seas their bound ;

The wat'ry worlds are his alone,

And his the solid ground. Praise, &c.

3 Come, worship at his throne ;

Come, bow before the Lord ;

We are his work, and not our own ;

He form'd us by his word. Praise, &c.

- 4 To-day obey his voice,
Nor dare provoke his rod ;
Come as the people of his choice,
And own your gracious God. Praise, &c.

202 *In every thing give, &c.* 1 Thess. v. 18. C. M.

- 1 FATHER of mercies, let our songs
With Thee acceptance find :
Thy loving-kindness we confess
To us and all mankind.
- 2 Thanks for creation are thy due,
For life preserv'd by Thee,
And all the blessings life affords,
So great and yet so free ;—
- 3 Thanks for redemption, above all,
To us in Jesus given ;—
Thanks for the means of grace on earth,
And for the hope of heaven.
- 4 Oh ! let a sense of this thy grace
Our best affections move,
That, while our lips thy praise proclaim,
Our hearts may feel thy love.

203 *What shall I, &c.* Psal. cxvi. 12, 13. C. M.

- 1 FOR mercies, countless as the sands,
Which daily I receive
From Jesus, my Redeemer's hands,
My soul, what canst thou give ?
- 2 Alas ! from such a heart as mine,
What can I bring Him forth ?
My best is stain'd and dyed with sin,
My all is nothing worth.
- 3 Yet this acknowledgment I'll make
For all He has bestow'd,
Salvation's sacred cup I'll take,
And call upon my God.
- 4 The best return for one like me,
So wretched and so poor,

Is from his gifts to draw a plea,
And ask Him still for more.

204 *Praise ye the Lord.* Ps. cxvii. L. M.

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

205 PART 1. PSALM CVII. L. M.

- 1 GIVE thanks to God, He reigns above;
Kind are his thoughts; his name is love;
His mercy ages past have known,
And ages long to come shall own.
- 2 Let the redeemed of the Lord
The wonders of his grace record;
Israel, the people whom he chose,
And rescued from their mighty foes.
- 3 Like them enslav'd, we too must gain
Release from sin's severer chain;
And, while to happier realms we press,
Must pass a gloomier wilderness.
- 4 Yet bold we may our way pursue,
For Israel's God shall guide us too,
Shall guard us with almighty hand,
And bring us to the promis'd land.

206 PART 2. PSALM CVII. L. M.

- 1 FROM age to age exalt his name;
God and his grace are still the same;
His mercy ages past have known,
And ages long to come shall own.
- 2 When to the Lord we raise our cries,
He makes the dawning light arise,

And scatters all the dismal shade
That hangs so heavy round our head.

- 3 He fills the hungry soul with food,
And feeds the poor with ev'ry good,
Takes off the load of guilt and grief,
And gives the lab'ring soul relief.
- 4 Oh! may the sons of men record
The wondrous goodness of the Lord;
How great his works! how kind his ways!
Let ev'ry tongue pronounce his praise.

207

PSALM CXXXVI.

L. M.

- 1 GIVE to our God immortal praise;
Mercy and truth are all his ways;
Wonders of grace to God belong;
Repeat his mercies in your song.
- 2 He fills the sun with morning light;
He bids the moon direct the night:
His mercies ever shall endure,
When sun and moon shall shine no more.
- 3 He sent his Son with power to save
From guilt, and darkness, and the grave:
Wonders of grace to God belong;
Repeat his mercies in your song.
- 4 Through this vain world He guides our feet,
And leads us to his heavenly seat:
His mercies ever shall endure,
When this vain world shall be no more.

208

By grace ye are saved, &c. Ephes. ii. 5. S. M.

- 1 GRACE! 'tis a joyful sound,
Harmonious to the ear;
Heaven with the echo shall resound,
And all the earth shall hear.
- 2 Grace first contriv'd a way
To save rebellious man;
And all the steps that grace display
Which drew the wondrous plan.

- 3 Grace led my roving feet
To tread the heavenly road ;
And new supplies each hour I meet,
While pressing on to God.
- 4 Grace all the work shall crown,
Through everlasting days :
It lays in heaven the topmost stone,
And well deserves the praise.

209

Praise ye the Lord. Ps. cxlvi. 1.

7s.

- 1 GRATEFUL notes and numbers bring,
While Jehovah's praise we sing ;
Holy, holy, holy Lord,
Be thy glorious name ador'd.
- 2 Though unworthy of thine ear,
Still our hallelujahs hear :
Purer praise we hope to bring,
When with saints above we sing.
- 3 Lead us to that blissful state
Where Thou reign'st supremely great ;
Look with pity from thy throne ;
Send thy Holy Spirit down.
- 4 While on earth ordain'd to stay,
Guide our footsteps in the way ;
Till we come to reign with Thee,
And thy glorious greatness see.
- 5 Then in joyful songs of praise
We'll our grateful voices raise ;
Lord, thy mercies never fail ;
Hail, celestial goodness, hail !

210

PSALM CXLVI.

113th M.

- 1 I'LL praise my Maker while I've breath,
And, when my voice is lost in death,
Praise shall employ my nobler powers :
My days of praise shall ne'er be past
While life, and thought, and being last,
Or immortality endures.

- 2 Happy the man whose hopes rely
On Israel's God : He made the sky,
And earth, and seas, with all their train :
His truth for ever stands secure ;
He saves th' opprest, He feeds the poor,
And none shall find his promise vain.
- 3 The Lord pours eye-sight on the blind ;
The Lord supports the fainting mind ;
He sends the lab'ring conscience peace ;
He helps the stranger in distress,
The widow, and the fatherless,
And grants the pris'ner sweet release.
- 4 I'll praise Him while He lends me breath,
And, when my voice is lost in death,
Praise shall employ my nobler powers :
My days of praise shall ne'er be past
While life, and thought, and being last,
Or immortality endures.

211

PART I. PSALM CXVI.

C. M.

- 1 I LOVE the Lord, for He hath heard
My supplicating voice ;
I love the Lord, and in his love
Will evermore rejoice.
- 2 Now, O my soul ! from all thy woes
Return to God, thy rest,
Who graciously hath dealt with thee,
And bountifully blest.
- 3 What shall I render to the Lord,
Whose love is still the same ?
Salvation's sacred cup I'll take,
And call upon his name.
- 4 For all thy benefits, O Lord !
To Thee I pay my vows,
Now, in the presence of thy saints,
Here in thy sacred house.

212

PART 2. PSALM CXVI.

L. M.

- 1 I LOVE the Lord, his gracious ear
Inclin'd and listen'd to my prayer ;
He heard my supplicating voice,
And bade my fainting soul rejoice.
- 2 'Twas in the depth of my distress
I call'd upon the God of grace
(Whose power can death and hell control),
" Lord, I beseech Thee, save my soul."
- 3 For ever gracious is the Lord,
For ever faithful is his word ;
By sweet experience now I prove
His mercy, his unchanging love.
- 4 For this, when future sorrows rise,
To Him will I direct my cries ;
For this, through all my future days,
Adore his name, and sing his praise.

213

ISAIAH XII.

7s.

- 1 I WILL praise Thee ev'ry day
Now thine anger's turn'd away ;
Comfortable thoughts arise
From the bleeding sacrifice.
- 2 Jesus is become at length
My salvation and my strength ;
And his praises shall prolong,
While I live, my pleasant song.
- 3 Praise ye then his glorious name ;
Publish his exalted fame ;
Still his worth your praise exceeds ;
Excellent are all his deeds.
- 4 Raise again the joyful sound ;
Let the nations roll it round ;
Zion shout, for this is He,
God the Saviour dwells in Thee.

214 *Nevertheless I am not, &c.* 2 Tim. i. 12. L. M.

- 1 JESUS, and shall it ever be,
A mortal man asham'd of Thee?
Asham'd of Thee, whom angels praise,
Whose glories shine through endless days!
- 2 Asham'd of Jesus, that dear friend
On whom my hopes of heaven depend!
No; when I blush, be this my shame—
That I no more revere his name.
- 3 Asham'd of Jesus!—Yes I may
When I've no guilt to wash away,
No tear to wipe, no good to crave,
No fears to quell, no soul to save.
- 4 Till then—nor is my boasting vain—
Till then I boast a Saviour slain;
And oh may this my glory be,
• That Saviour's not asham'd of me!

215 *None other name, &c.* Acts iv. 12. O. M.

- 1 JESUS, I love thy saving name,
'Tis music to mine ear,
Fain would I sound it out so loud
That earth and heaven might hear.
- 2 Yes, Thou art precious to my soul,
My transport and my trust;
Jewels to Thee are vanity,
And gold but sordid dust.
- 3 All that my largest thoughts can wish
In Thee doth richly meet;
Not to mine eyes is light so dear,
Nor friendship half so sweet.
- 4 Thy grace still dwells within my heart,
And sheds 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, glory in thy love,
The antidote of death.

216 *Salvation to our, &c.* Rev. vii. 10. 148th m.

- 1 LET heaven and earth unite ;
Angels and men be join'd,
To celebrate with us
The Saviour of mankind,—
To fall before th' atoning Lamb,
And praise the blessed Jesus' name.
- 2 Jesus, transporting sound !
The joy of earth and heaven ;
No other help is found,
No other name is given,
By which we can salvation have ;
But Thou didst come the world to save.
- 3 Thy name the sinner hears,
And is from sin set free ;
'Tis music in his ears,
'Tis life and victory :
New songs of praise his lips employ,
And leaps his heart with holy joy.
- 4 Oh, unexampled love !
Oh, rich redeeming grace !
How swiftly didst Thou move
To save a fallen race !
How shall we make the tidings known
Of what thy love, thy grace, has done ?
- 5 Oh for a trumpet's voice,
On the whole world to call,
To bid their hearts rejoice
In Him who "died for all !"
Let each the joyful news proclaim,
Till ev'ry sinner hears his name.

Second 216 *Praise ye the Lord.* Ps. cxiii. 1. 8. 7. 7.

- 1 LET us sing, for we have reason ;
Let us join with those above ;

- Praise is never out of season ;
 Let us praise the God of love :
 We have cause, indeed, to sing,
 Jesus is our glorious King.
- 2 When we reach the full enjoyment
 Of the state where sorrows end ;
 Praise will be our sweet employment,
 We shall praise the sinner's friend ;
 Him who wash'd us with his blood,
 Sav'd, and brought us nigh to God.
- 3 But how diff'rent then our praises
 From the thanks we render now !
 Well our coldness may amaze us,
 When we think how much we owe :
 But no coldness will remain
 When that glorious state we gain.
- 4 Yet our Lord accepts our praises,
 Offer'd while we sojourn here ;
 He on whom th' archangel gazes
 With delight and holy fear,
 Hears his people when they sing,
 And accepts the praise they bring.

217

Praise is comely. Ps. cxlvii. 1.

7s.

- 1 MEET and right it is to sing
 Glory to our God and King ;
 Meet in ev'ry time and place
 To rehearse his solemn praise.
- 2 Join, ye saints, the song around,
 Angels, help the solemn sound ;
 Publish through the world abroad
 Glory to th' eternal God.
- 3 Praises here to Thee we give,
 Gracious, Thou our thanks receive ;
 Holy Father, sov'reign Lord,
 Ev'ry where be Thou ador'd

218

Whom having not, &c. 1 Peter i. 8.

C. M.

- 1 My blessed Saviour, is thy love
So great, so full, so free?
Behold I give my love, my heart,
My life, my all, to Thee.
- 2 I love Thee for the glorious worth
Which in Thyself I see ;
I love Thee for that shameful cross
Thou hast endur'd for me.
- 3 Though in the very form of God,
With heavenly glory crown'd,
Thou would'st partake of human flesh
Beset with troubles round.
- 4 Thou would'st like wretched man be made
In ev'ry thing but sin,
That we as like Thee might become
As we unlike had been.
- 5 Like Thee in faith, in meekness, love,
In ev'ry beauteous grace ;
From glory thus to glory chang'd,
As we behold thy face.
- 6 O Lord ! I'll treasure in my soul
The mem'ry of thy love,
And thy dear name shall still to me
A grateful odour prove.

219

PSALM LXXI.

C. M.

- 1 My God, my everlasting hope,
I live upon thy truth ;
Thy hands have held my childhood up,
And strengthen'd all my youth.
- 2 Still has my life new wonders seen
Repeated ev'ry year :
Behold, my days that yet remain,
I trust them to thy care.
- 3 Cast me not off when strength declines,
When hoary hairs arise ;

And round me let thy glory shine
 Whene'er thy servant dies.

- 4 Let me thy power and truth proclaim,
 Supported still by Thee,
 And leave a savour of thy name
 To those who follow me.

220

PSALM CXLV.

L. M.

- 1 My God, my King, thy various praise
 Shall fill the remnant of my days ;
 Thy grace employ my humble tongue,
 Till death and glory raise the song.
- 2 May ev'ry hour successive bear
 Some thankful tribute to thine ear ;
 And by thy grace accepted be
 My works of love perform'd for Thee.
- 3 Thy truth shall be my constant theme,
 Thy bounty flows an endless stream ;
 Thy mercy swift, thine anger slow,
 But dreadful to the stubborn foe.
- 4 But who can speak thy wondrous deeds ?
 Thy greatness all our thoughts exceeds ;
 Vast and unsearchable thy ways,
 Vast and immortal be thy praise.

221

PSALM LXXI.

G. M.

- 1 My Saviour, my almighty friend,
 When I begin thy praise,
 Where will the growing numbers end—
 The numbers of thy grace ?
- 2 Thou art my everlasting trust,
 Thy goodness I adore ;
 And since I knew thy grace at first
 I speak thy glories more.
- 3 When I am fill'd with sore distress,
 Under my load of sin,
 I'll plead thy perfect righteousness,
 And mention none but thine.

- 4 My feet shall travel all the length
Of the celestial road,
And march with courage in thy strength,
To see my Father, God.

222

PSALM CIV.

104th m.

- 1 My soul, praise the Lord, speak good of his
name, [might ;
With majesty cloth'd, with honour and
O Lord, let our praises thy greatness pro-
claim, [light !
Whose throne is in heaven, whose robe is the
- 2 As curtains, the sky Thou spreadest out wide ;
Within the great deep thy chambers retire ;
The clouds are thy chariots ; on winds Thou
dost ride ;
Thine angels are spirits ; thy ministers fire .
- 3 How manifold, Lord, the works Thou hast
wrought !
In earth and in heaven thy glory we see :
Thy wisdom and riches surpass all our
thought ;
Such wisdom as only belongeth to Thee.
- 4 By angels in heaven, of ev'ry degree,
And saints upon earth, all praise be address'd
(As it has been, now is, and always shall be)
To God in Three Persons, one God ever blest.

223

PSALM CIII.

s. m.

- 1 My soul repeat his praise
Whose mercies are so great,
Whose anger is so slow to rise,
So ready to abate.
- 2 High as the heavens are rais'd
Above the ground we tread,
So far the riches of his grace
Our highest thoughts exceed.

- 3 His power subdues our sins,
And his forgiving love,
Far as the east is from the west,
Doth all our guilt remove.
- 4 The pity of the Lord,
To those that fear his name,
Is such as tender parents feel ;
He knows our feeble frame.
- 5 Our days are as the grass,
Or like the morning flower ;
If one sharp blast sweep o'er the field,
It withers in an hour.
- 6 But thy compassions, Lord,
To endless years endure ;
And children's children ever find
Thy words of promise sure.

224

Let us exalt, &c. Ps. xxxiv. 3.

7s.

- 1 Now begin the heavenly theme,
Sing aloud the Saviour's name :
Ye who Jesu's kindness prove,
Sing of his redeeming love.
- 2 Ye who see the Father's grace
Beaming in the Saviour's face,
As to Canaan on ye move,
Praise and bless redeeming love.
- 3 Mourning souls, refrain your tears ;
Trembling hearts, dismiss your fears .
See the guilt and curse remove,
Cancell'd by redeeming love.
- 4 Ye, alas ! who long have been
Willing slaves of death and sin,
Now from bliss no longer rove,
Listen to redeeming love.
- 5 Welcome all by sin opprest,
Welcome all to Jesu's rest,
Who descended from above,
Promoted by redeeming love.

H

6 He subdued th' infernal powers,
His insulting foes, and ours :
These He from their empire drove,
Mighty in redeeming love.

7 Hither, then, your tribute bring;
Strike aloud each joyful string :
Saints below, and saints above,
Join to praise redeeming love.

225

PSALM CIII.

Double s. m.

1 OH ! bless the Lord, my soul,
His grace to thee proclaim,
And all that is within me join
To bless his holy name.
Oh ! bless the Lord, my soul,
His mercies bear in mind,
Forget not all his benefits :
The Lord to thee is kind.

2 He will not always chide ;
He will with patience wait :
His wrath is ever slow to rise,
And ready to abate.
He pardons all thy sins,
Prolongs thy feeble breath,
He healeth thine infirmities,
And ransoms thee from death.

3 He clothes thee with his love,
Upholds thee with his truth,
And like the eagle He renews
The vigour of thy youth.
Then bless his holy name,
Whose grace hath made thee whole,
Whose loving-kindness crowns thy days ;
Oh ! bless the Lord, my soul.

226

My spirit hath, &c. Luke i. 47.

C. M.

1 OH for a thousand tongues to sing
The great Redeemer's praise,

- The glories of our God and King,
The triumphs of his grace !
- 2 Jesus! the name that soothes our fears,
That bids our sorrows cease ;
'Tis music in the sinner's ears ;
'Tis life, and health, and peace.
- 3 He breaks the power of cancell'd sin,
And sets the pris'ners free :
His blood can make the foulest clean ;
His blood avail'd for me.
- 4 He speaks ; and, list'ning to his voice,
New life the dead receive ;
The broken contrite hearts rejoice ;
The humble poor believe.
- 5 Hear Him, ye deaf ; his praise, ye dumb,
Your loosen'd tongues employ ;
Ye blind, behold your Saviour come ;
And leap, ye lame, for joy.
- 6 Look unto Him, ye nations ;—own
Your God, ye fallen race ;
Be justified through faith alone ;
Be sav'd by sovereign grace.

227

PSALM CVIII.

C. M.

- 1 O GOD! my heart is fully bent
To magnify thy name ;
My tongue, with cheerful songs of praise,
Shall celebrate thy fame.
- 2 To all the list'ning tribes, O Lord!
Thy wonders I will tell ;
And to those nations sing thy praise
That round about us dwell ;
- 3 Because thy mercy's boundless height
The highest heaven transcends ;
And far beyond th' aspiring clouds
Thy faithful truth extends.
- 4 Be Thou, O God! exalted high
Above the starry frame ;

H 2

And let the world, with one consent,
Confess thy glorious name.

228

PSALM CVI.

L. M.

- 1 OH! render thanks to God above,
The fountain of eternal love,
Whose mercy firm through ages past
Has stood, and shall for ever last.
- 2 Who can his mighty deeds express,
Not only vast, but numberless?
What mortal eloquence can raise
A tribute equal to his praise?
- 3 Happy are they, and only they,
Who from his judgments fear to stray,
Who know and love his perfect will,
And all his righteous laws fulfil.
- 4 Extend to me that favour, Lord,
Thou to thy chosen dost afford;
When Thou return'st to set them free,
Let thy salvation visit me.

229

PSALM CL.

7s.

- 1 PRAISE, oh! praise, the name divine,
Praise it at the hallow'd shrine;
Let the firmament on high
To its Maker's praise reply.
- 2 Let each tongue, and let each chord,
Praise the name of Jacob's Lord;
Let his acts and power supreme,
To your songs suggest a theme.
- 3 Be the harp no longer mute;
Sound the trumpet, touch the lute;
Wake to life each tuneful string;
Bring the pipe, the timbrel bring.
- 4 Let the organ in his praise
Learn its loudest notes to raise;
And the cymbal's varying sound
From the vaulted roof rebound.

- 5 All who vital breath enjoy,
 In his praise that breath employ ;
 And in one great chorus join ;—
 Praise, oh praise! the name divine.

230 *Who remembered us.* Ps. cxxxvi. 23. C. M.

- 1 PLUNG'D in a gulf of dark despair,
 We wretched sinners lay,
 Without one cheerful beam of hope,
 Or spark of glimm'ring day.
- 2 With pitying eyes, the Prince of grace
 Beheld our helpless grief,
 He came, and (oh amazing love!)
 He died for our relief.
- 3 Oh! for this love let rocks and hills
 Their lasting silence break,
 And all harmonious human tongues
 The Saviour's praises speak.
- 4 Angels, assist our mighty joys,
 Strike all your harps of gold ;
 But, when you raise your highest notes,
 His love can ne'er be told.

231 PSALM CL. 7s. 6s.

- 1 PRAISE the Lord who reigns above,
 And keeps his courts below ;
 Praise Him for his boundless love,
 And all his greatness show :
 Praise Him for his noble deeds,
 Praise Him for his matchless power ;
 Him, from whom all good proceeds,
 Let earth and heaven adore.
- 2 Publish, spread to all around,
 The great Immanuel's name :
 Let the gospel-trumpet sound,
 Him Prince of Peace proclaim.
 Praise Him ev'ry tuneful string :
 All the reach of heavenly art.

All the power of music bring,
The music of the heart.

- 3 Him, in whom they move and live,
Let ev'ry creature sing;
Glory to our Saviour give,
And homage to our King.
Hallow'd be his name beneath,
As in heaven on earth ador'd;
Praise the Lord in ev'ry breath;
Let all things praise the Lord.

232

PSALM XLVIII.

8s. 7s.

- 1 PRAISE the Lord : ye heavens, adore Him ;
Praise Him, angels, in the height ;
Sun and moon rejoice before Him ;
Praise Him all ye stars and light.
- 2 Praise the Lord ; for He hath spoken,
Worlds his mighty voice obey'd ;
Laws that never shall be broken
For their guidance He hath made.
- 3 Praise the Lord ; for He is glorious ;
Never shall his promise fail :
God hath made his saints victorious ;
Sin and death shall not prevail.
- 4 Praise the God of our salvation ;
Hosts on high, his power proclaim ;
Heaven and earth, and all creation,
Laud and magnify his name.

233

All nations shall call, &c. Ps. lxxii. 17. S. M.

- 1 PREPARE a thankful song
To the Redeemer's name :
His praises should employ each tongue,
And ev'ry heart inflame.
- 2 He laid his glories by,
And shame and death endur'd,
That guilty rebels, doom'd to die,
From wrath might be secur'd.

- 3 And now He pleading stands
 Before his Father's throne,
 And satisfies the law's demands
 With what Himself hath done.
- 4 The Holy Ghost He sends,
 Our stubborn wills to move,
 To make his enemies his friends,
 And conquer them by love.
- 5 Oh! may we not refuse
 Such rich unbounded grace,
 Nor Satan's bondage longer choose,
 But seek the Saviour's face.

234 *The sons of God, &c.* Job xxxviii. 7. 7s.

- 1 SONGS of praise the angels sang,
 Heaven with hallelujahs rang,
 When Jehovah's work begun,
 When He spake, and it was done.
- 2 Songs of praise awoke the morn
 When the Prince of Peace was born;
 Songs of praise arose when He
 Captive led captivity.
- 3 Heaven and earth must pass away;
 Songs of praise shall crown that day.
 God will make new heavens and earth.
 Songs of praise shall hail their birth.
- 4 And shall man alone be dumb
 Till that glorious kingdom come?
 No: the church delights to raise
 Psalms, and hymns, and songs of praise.
- 5 Saints below, with heart and voice,
 Still in songs of praise rejoice;
 Learning here, by faith and love,
 Songs of praise to sing above.
- 6 Borne upon their latest breath,
 Songs of praise shall conquer death;
 Then, amidst eternal joy,
 Songs of praise their powers employ.

235

My spirit hath, &c. Luke i. 47.

7s.

- 1 SWEETER sounds than music knows
Charm me in Emmanuel's name :
All her hopes my spirit owes
To his birth, his cross, and shame.
- 2 When He came, the angels sung,
" Glory be to God on high."
Lord, unloose my falt'ring tongue ;
Who should louder sing than I ?
- 3 Did the Lord a man become,
That He might the law fulfil,
Bleed and suffer in my room ;
And canst thou, my tongue, be still ?
- 4 No : I must my praises bring,
Worthless though they are, and weak ;
For, should I refuse to sing,
Sure the very stones would speak.
- 5 Oh ! my Saviour, shield, and sun,
Lord and master, brother, friend,—
Ev'ry precious name in one,—
May I love Thee to the end.

236

PSALM CXLVI.

L. M.

- 1 THE praises of my God, my King,
While I have life or breath to sing,
Shall fill my heart, or tune my tongue,
Till heaven improve the blissful song.
- 2 Happy the man whose hopes divine
On Israel's guardian God recline,
Who can with sacred transport say,
" This God is mine, my help, my stay."
- 3 The Lord shall reign for ever king,
And age to age his glory sing ;
Thy God, O happy Zion ! reigns ;
Resound his praise in joyful strains.

237

PSALM XCII.

Double 7s.

- 1 THOU who art enthron'd above,
Thou by whom we live and move,

Oh how sweet, with joyful tongue,
 To resound thy praise in song !
 When the morning paints the skies,
 When the sparkling stars arise,
 All thy favours to rehearse,
 And give thanks in grateful verse.

- 2 Sweet the day of sacred rest,
 When devotion fills the breast,
 When we dwell within thy house,
 Hear thy word and pay our vows ,
 Notes to heaven's high mansions raise,
 Fill its courts with joyful praise ;
 With repeated hymns proclaim
 Great Jehovah's awful name.
- 3 From thy works our joys arise,
 O Thou' only good and wise !
 Who thy wonders can declare ?
 How profound thy counsels are !
 Warm our hearts with sacred fire,
 Grateful fervours still inspire ;
 All our powers, with all their might,
 Ever in thy praise unite.

238

PSALM XXXIV.

C. M.

- 1 THROUGH all the changing scenes of life,
 In trouble and in joy,
 The praises of my God shall still
 My heart and tongue employ.
- 2 Of his deliv'rance I will boast,
 Till all that are distress'd
 From my example comfort take,
 And soothe their griefs to rest.
- 3 Oh ! magnify the Lord with me,
 With me exalt his name ;
 When in distress to Him I call'd,
 He to my rescue came.
- 4 Oh ! make but trial of his love,
 Experience will decide

How blest they are, and only they,
Who in his truth confide.

- 5 Fear Him, ye saints; and you will then
Have nothing else to fear:
Make you his service your delight,
He'll make your wants his care.

239

PSALM IX.

C. M.

- 1 To celebrate thy praise, O Lord!
I will my heart prepare,
To all the list'ning world thy works—
Thy wondrous works—declare.
- 2 The thought of them shall to my soul
Exalted pleasure bring;
While to thy name, O Thou most high!
Triumphant praise I sing.
- 3 God is a constant sure defence
Against oppressive rage;
As troubles rise, his needful aids
In our behalf engage.
- 4 All those who have his goodness prov'd
Will on his truth confide,
Whose mercy ne'er forsook the man
Who on his help relied.
- 5 Sing praises, therefore, to the Lord,
From Zion, his abode;
Proclaim his deeds, till all the world
Confess no other God.

240

The only wise God. Jude 24, 25.

S. M.

- 1 To God the only wise,
Our Saviour and our King,
Let all the saints below the skies
Their humble praises bring.
- 2 'Tis his almighty love,
His conduct, and his care,
Preserve us safe from sin and death,
And ev'ry hurtful snare.

- 3 He will present our souls
Unblemish'd and complete,
Before the glory of his face,
With joys divinely great.
- 4 Then all the chosen seed
Shall meet around the throne,
Shall bless the conduct of his grace,
And make his wonders known.
- 5 To our Redeemer, God,
Wisdom and power belongs,
Immortal crowns of majesty,
And everlasting songs.

241

PSALM CVII.

148th M.

- 1 WITH songs of grateful praise
Surround Jehovah's seat,
His goodness and his ways
Through all the earth repeat :
His mercy rose ere time was known,
And from his throne eternal flows.
- 2 Ye ransom'd of the Lord,
To you the strains belong ;
His boundless grace record,
In a triumphal song :
That mercy tell, whose power display'd
Your ransom paid from death and hell.
- 3 He bade his light arise,
And sent his gospel forth :
From east to west it flies,
And fills the south and north :
His mighty grace its power imparts,
And willing hearts his truth embrace.
- 4 Oh, then, that men would raise
Their tribute to his name,
Would speak Jehovah's praise,
His goodness to proclaim,
His wonders show, and deeds of grace,
Which to our race abundant flow !

242

PSALM CXIII.

113th M.

- 1 YE saints and servants of the Lord,
The triumphs of his name record ;
His sacred name for ever bless :
Where'er the rising sun displays
His rising beams or setting rays,
Due praise to his great name address.
- 2 God through the world extends his sway ;
The regions of eternal day
But shadows of his glory are :
With Him whose majesty excels,
Who made the heaven wherein He dwells,
Let no created power compare.
- 3 Though 'tis beneath his state to view
In highest heaven what angels do,
Yet He to earth vouchsafes his care ;
He takes the needy from his cell,
Advancing him in courts to dwell,
Companion to the greatest there.

243

PSALM XCIII.

104th M.

- 1 YE servants of God, your master proclaim,
And publish abroad his wonderful name ;
The name all-victorious of Jesus extol,
His kingdom is glorious and reigns over all.
- 2 God ruleth on high, almighty to save,
And still He is nigh ; his presence we have :
The great congregation his triumph shall sing,
Ascribing salvation to Jesus our king.
- 3 Salvation to God, who sits on the throne,
Let all cry aloud, and honour the Son ;
The praises of Jesus all angels proclaim,
Fall down on their faces, and worship the Lamb.
- 4 Then let us adore, and give Him his right ;
All glory, and power, and wisdom, and might ;
All honour and blessing, with angels above,
And thanks never ceasing, and infinite love.

Second **243** *Rejoice in his salvation.* Isa. xxv. 9. C. M.

- 1 YE servants of the living God,
Let praise your hearts employ;
And, as you tread salvation's road,
Lift up the voice of joy.
- 2 Have they not reason to rejoice
Whose sins have been forgiven,
Call'd by a gracious Father's choice
To be the heirs of heaven?
- 3 How do the captive's transports flow
When rescued from his chains!
And how must sinners joy to know
Their own Messiah reigns!
- 4 Oh! grant us, Lord, to feel and own
The power of love divine,
The blood which doth for sin atone,
The grace which makes us thine.
- 5 The Spirit of adoption give;
Teach us, with ev'ry breath,
To sing thy mercies while we live,
And praise thy name in death.

VII. *The Church of Christ.*

244 *Glorious things, &c.* Ps. lxxxvii. 3. 8s. 7s.

- 1 GLORIOUS things of thee are spoken,
Zion, city of our God;
He whose word can ne'er be broken
Form'd thee for his own abode:
On the rock of ages founded,
What can shake thy sure repose?
With salvation's walls surrounded,
Thou art safe from all thy foes.
- 2 Here the streams of living waters,
Springing from eternal love,
Well supply thy sons and daughters,
And all dread of want remove:
Who can faint, while such a river
Ever flows, their thirst t' assuage

Grace, which like the Lord, the giver,
 Never fails from age to age.

- 3 Saviour, if in Zion's city
 Thou record our worthless name,
 Let the world deride or pity,
 We may well endure the shame ·
 Fading is the sinner's pleasure,
 All his boasted pomp and show :
 Solid joy and lasting treasure,
 None but Zion's children know.

245

I will make thee, &c. Isa. lx. 15.

8s. 7s.

- 1 HEAR what God the Lord hath spoken,
 " O! my people, faint and few,
 Comfortless, afflicted, broken,
 Fair abodes, I build for you ;
 Thorns of heart-felt tribulation
 Shall no more perplex your ways ;
 You shall name your walls Salvation,
 And your gates shall all be praise.
- 2 There, like streams that feed the garden,
 Pleasures without end shall flow :
 For the Lord, your faith rewarding,
 All his bounty shall bestow :
 Still in undisturb'd possession
 Peace and righteousness shall reign ;
 Never shall you feel oppression,
 Hear the voice of war again.
- 3 Ye no more your suns descending,
 Waning moons no more shall see ;
 But, your griefs for ever ending,
 Find eternal noon in Me :
 God shall rise, and, shining o'er you,
 Change to day the gloom of night :
 He, the Lord, shall be your glory,
 God your everlasting light."

246

With loving kindness, &c. Jer. xxxi. 3.

L. M.

- 1 THE God of truth his church has bless'd,
 And lov'd with an eternal love ;

- Hence we are drawn to Christ our rest,
And from his grace shall ne'er remove.
- 2 The heavens and earth shall pass away,
And be to dissolution brought;
But Zion's strength shall ne'er decay,
For her Redeemer changeth not
- 3 This love in ev'ry trying hour,
O Lord! will cheer the trembling saint;
Oh! draw us with increasing power,
That we may run and never faint.
- 4 Here would I dwell, and ne'er remove;
Here I am safe from all alarms;
My rest is everlasting love,
My refuge—everlasting arms.

Second 246

PSALM CXXII.

C. M.

- 1 How did my heart rejoice to hear
My friends devoutly say,
"In Zion let us all appear,
And keep the solemn day."
- 2 I love her gates, I love the road;
The church, adorn'd with grace,
Stands like a palace built for God,
To show his milder face.
- 4 Peace be within this sacred place,
And joy a constant guest;
With holy gifts and heavenly grace
Be her attendants blest.
- 5 My soul shall pray for Zion still,
While life or breath remains;
There my best friends, my kindred dwell;
There God, my Saviour, reigns.

247

They sing the song, &c. Rev. xv. 3.

P. M.

- 1 SOUND the loud timbrel o'er Egypt's dark sea,
Jehovah hath triumph'd, his people are free;
Sing, for the pride of the tyrant is broken:
His chariots and horsemen, all splendid and
brave,

How vain was their boasting ! the Lord hath
 but spoken,
 And chariots and horsemen are sunk in the
 wave. Sound, &c.

2 Praise to the conqueror, praise to the Lord ;
 His word was our arrow—his breath was
 our sword :

Who shall return to tell Egypt the story
 Of those she sent forth in the hour of her
 pride? [glory,
 The Lord hath look'd out from his pillar of
 And all her brave thousands are dash'd in
 the tide. Sound, &c.

248 *The angel of his, &c.* Isa. lxiii. 9. S. M.

1 THOU very paschal Lamb
 Whose blood for us was shed,
 Through whom we out of Egypt came ;
 Thy ransom'd people lead.

2 Angel of gospel-grace,
 Fulfil thy character ;
 To guard and feed thy chosen race,
 In Israel's camp appear.

3 Throughout the desert way
 Conduct us by thy light ;
 Be Thou a cooling cloud by day,
 A cheering fire by night.

4 Our fainting souls sustain
 With blessings from above ;
 And ever on thy people rain
 The manna of thy love.

249 *I the Lord do keep, &c.* Isa. xxvii. 3. 8s. 7s.

1 LORD, what blessed consolation
 Do thy promises supply !
 In the season of temptation
 Is not thy assistance nigh ?

2 Art Thou not a strong defender
 Of thy church from all her foes ?

Shall the citadel surrender,
Though assail'd by rudest blows ?

3 No : the rock on which she's founded
Stands immovably secure ;
Though by enemies surrounded,
She shall flourish and endure.

4 Vain are all their boasted numbers,
Marshall'd forth in stern array ;
For thine eye, that never slumbers,
Keepeth her by night and day.

5 Lord, our resolution's taken ;
Let us share the lot of those
Who, though by the world forsaken,
On thy constant love repose.

6 May thy Spirit safely guide us
Through the dangers of our road ;
And in happier realms provide us
With a peaceable abode.

250

The Lord God, &c. Rev. xix. 6.

7s.

1 HARK ! the song of Jubilee,
Loud as mighty thunders roar ;
Or the fulness of the sea,
When it breaks upon the shore.

2 Hallelujah ! for the Lord
God omnipotent shall reign :
Hallelujah ! let the word
Echo round the earth and main.

3 Hallelujah !—hark ! the sound,
From the centre to the skies,
Wakes above, beneath, around,
All creation's harmonies.

4 See Jehovah's banners furl'd,
Sheath'd his sword : He speaks—'tis done,
And the kingdoms of the world
Are the kingdoms of his Son.

5 He shall reign from pole to pole
With illimitable sway :

He shall reign when, like a scroll,
Yonder heavens have pass'd away.

- 6 Then the end—beneath his rod
Man's last enemy shall fall :
Hallelujah ! Christ in God,
God in Christ, is all in all.

251

We, being many, &c. 1 Cor. x. 17.

C. M.

- 1 THE saints on earth, and those above,
But one communion make ;
Join'd to their Lord in bonds of love,
All of his grace partake.
- 2 One family, we dwell in Him :
One church, above, beneath ;
Though now divided by the stream—
The narrow stream—of death.
- 3 One army of the living God,
To his command we bow ;
Part of the host have cross'd the flood,
And part are crossing now.
- 4 Lo ! thousands to their endless home
Are swiftly borne away ;
And we are to the margin come,
And soon must launch as they.
- 5 Lord Jesus, be our constant guide ;
Then, when the word is given,
Bid death's cold flood its waves divide,
And land us safe in heaven.

Second 251 *Thro' much tribulation.* Acts xiv. 22. P. M.

- 1 HEAD of the church triumphant,
We joyfully adore Thee ;
Till Thou appear, thy members here
Shall sing like those in glory :
We lift our hands and voices,
With blest anticipation,
And cry aloud, and give to God
The praise of our salvation.

- 2 While in affliction's furnace,
And passing through the fire,
Thy love we praise, in grateful lays,
Which ever brings us nigher :
We clap our hands, exulting
In thine almighty favour,
The love divine that made us thine
Shall keep us thine for ever.
- 3 Thou dost conduct thy people
Through torrents of temptation ;
Nor will we fear, while Thou art near,
The fire of tribulation :
The world, with sin and Satan,
In vain our march opposes,
By Thee we shall break through them all
And sing the song of Moses.
- 4 By faith we see the glory
To which Thou shalt restore us,
The shame despise, for that high prize
Which Thou hast set before us.
And, if Thou count us worthy,
We each, with dying Stephen,
Shall see Thee stand at God's right hand.
To call us up to heaven.

252 *What are these, &c.* Rev. vii. 13. Double 7s

- 1 WHAT are these in bright array ?
This innumerable throng,
Round the altar, night and day,
Tuning their triumphant song ?
" Worthy is the Lamb once slain,
Blessing, honour, glory, power,
Wisdom, riches, to obtain ;
New dominion, ev'ry hour."
- 2 These through fiery trials trod ;
These from great affliction came ;
Now before the throne of God,
Seal'd with his almighty name ;

Clad in raiment pure and white,
Victor-palms in ev'ry hand,
Through their dear Redeemer's might,
More than conquerors they stand.

- 3 Hunger, thirst, disease, unknown,
On immortal fruits they feed ;
Them the Lamb amidst the throne
Shall to living fountains lead :
Joy and gladness banish sighs,
Perfect love dispels all fears,
And for ever from their eyes
God shall wipe away the tears.

253

Awake, O arm, &c. Isa. li. 9.

L. M.

- 1 ARM of the Lord, awake, awake,
Put on thy strength, the nations shake ;
And let the world adoring see
Triumphs of mercy wrought by Thee.
- 2 Say to the heathen, from thy throne,
" I am Jehovah, God alone :"
Thy voice their idols shall confound,
And cast their altars to the ground.
- 3 No more let human blood be spilt
(Vain sacrifice for human guilt) ;
But to each conscience be applied
The blood that flow'd from Jesu's side.
- 4 Arm of the Lord, thy power extend ;
Let Mahomet's imposture end :
Break superstition's papal chain,
And the proud scoffer's rage restrain.
- 5 Let Zion's time of favour come :
Oh bring the tribes of Israel home !
And let our wond'ring eyes behold
Gentiles and Jews in Jesu's fold.
- 6 Almighty God, thy grace proclaim
In ev'ry clime, of ev'ry name ;
Let adverse powers before Thee fall,
And crown the Saviour Lord of all.

254

Shine upon us. Ps. lxxvii. 1.

148th M.

- 1 RISE, gracious God, and shine,
 In all thy saving might ;
 And prosper each design
 To spread thy glorious light :
 Let healing streams of mercy flow,
 That all the earth thy truth may know.
- 2 Oh! bring the nations near,
 That they may sing thy praise :
 Let all the people hear,
 And learn thy holy ways :
 Reign, mighty God, assert thy cause,
 And govern by thy righteous laws.
- 3 Put forth thy glorious power :
 The nations then will see,
 And earth present her store
 In converts born of Thee :
 God, our own God, his church will bless,
 And earth shall yield her full increase.

255

As birds flying, so, &c. Isaiah xxxi. 5.

L. M.

- 1 As birds their infant brood protect,
 And spread their wings to shelter them,
 Thus saith the Lord to his elect,
 " So will I guard Jerusalem."
- 2 And what then is Jerusalem,
 This favour'd object of his care?
 Where is its worth in God's esteem?
 Who built it? who inhabits there?
- 3 Jehovah founded it in blood,
 The blood of his incarnate Son ;
 There dwell the saints, once foes to God,
 The sinners whom He calls his own.
- 4 There, though besieg'd on ev'ry side,
 Yet much belov'd and guarded well,
 From age to age they have defied
 The utmost force of earth and hell.

- 5 Let earth repent, and hell despair :
 This city hath a sure defence ;
 Her name is call'd " The Lord is there,"
 And who has power to drive Him thence ?

VIII. *F*asts.

I. LENT.

256 *My hope is even, &c.* Ps. xxxix. 7. C. M.

- 1 O LORD ! turn not thy face away
 From them who prostrate lie,
 Lamenting sore their sinful lives
 With tears and bitter cry.
- 2 Thy mercy gates are open wide
 To all who mourn their sin,
 Oh ! shut them not against us, Lord,
 But let us enter in.
- 3 Thou know'st, O Lord ! what things be past,
 And all the things that be ;
 Thou know'st also what is to come :
 Nothing is hid from Thee.
- 4 We come, Lord, to thy throne of grace,
 Where mercy does abound,
 Desiring mercy for our sin,
 To heal our sin's deep wound.
- 5 O Lord ! we need not to repeat
 What we do beg and crave ;
 For Thou dost know before we ask
 The thing which we would have.
- 6 Mercy, O Lord ! mercy we ask :
 This is the total sum ;
 For mercy, Lord, is all our prayer :
 Oh let thy mercy come !

257 *Spare thy people, &c.* Joel ii. 17. Double 7s.

- 1 By thy birth and early years ;
 By thy griefs, and sighs, and tears ;
 By thy fasting and distress
 In the lonely wilderness ;

- By thy vict'ries in the hour
Of the subtle tempter's power ;
Jesus, look with pitying eye,
Hear and spare us when we cry.
- 2 By thy woe intensely great,
Agony, and bloody sweat ;
By thy robe and crown of scorn,
Rudely offer'd, meekly worn ;
By the scandal and the shame
Cast upon thy honour'd name ;
Jesus, look with pitying eye,
Hear and spare us when we cry.
- 3 By thy passion, cross, and cries ;
By thy perfect sacrifice ;
By thy power from death to save ;
By thy triumph o'er the grave ;
Jesus, Saviour of the lost,
Giver of the Holy Ghost,
Look on us with pitying eye,
Hear and spare us when we cry.

2. PASSION WEEK.

258

Jesus went before, &c. Mark x. 32.

O. M.

- 1 THE Saviour! what a noble flame
Was kindled in his breast,
When steadfast tow'rd Jerusalem
His urgent way He press'd!
- 2 Good-will to man, and zeal for God,
His holy soul engross :
He longs to be baptiz'd in blood ;
He pants to reach the cross.
- 3 With all his suff'rings full in view,
And woes to us unknown,
Forth to the work his spirit flew ;
'Twas love which urg'd Him on.
- 4 Lord, we return Thee what we can ;
Our hearts shall sound abroad
Salvation to the dying man,
And to the rising God.

- 5 And, while thy bleeding glories here
Engage our wond'ring eyes,
We learn our lighter cross to bear,
And hasten to the skies.

259 *The fellowship of his, &c.* Phil. iii. 10. 6-7s.

- 1 Go to dark Gethsemane,
Ye that feel the tempter's power ;
Your Redeemer's conflict see,
Watch with Him one bitter hour ;
Turn not from his griefs away ;
Learn of Jesus Christ to pray.
- 2 Follow to the judgment-hall,
View the Lord of Life arraign'd ;
Oh the wormwood and the gall !
Oh the pangs his soul sustain'd !
Shun not suff'ring, shame, nor loss,
Learn of Him to bear the cross.
- 3 Calvary's mournful mountain climb ;
There, adoring at his feet,
Mark that miracle of time,
God's own sacrifice complete :
" It is finish'd ! " hear the cry ;
Learn of Jesus Christ to die.
- 4 Early hasten to the tomb,
Where they laid his breathless clay ;
All is solitude and gloom ;
Who hath taken Him away ?
Christ is ris'n !—He meets our eyes !
Saviour, teach us so to rise.

260 *In the midst of the, &c.* Rev. v. 6. 8. 7. 7.

- 1 HOPE in Christ our Lord possessing,
Let us raise to Him a psalm :
Glory, honour, power, and blessing,
Be for ever to the Lamb :
In the midst of yonder throne,
Lo ! He stands, He reigns alone.

- 2 Praise the Lamb ; his love unbounded
 Is the theme of praise in heaven :
 On his death our hopes are founded ;
 For our sins his life was given :
 His the sceptre ; his the crown :
 His yon bright eternal throne.
- 3 Praise the Lamb ; repeat his praises ;
 'Tis a theme, ye saints, for you :
 When our Lord to heaven shall raise us,
 There the subject we'll renew ;
 And, in yonder glorious place,
 We shall see the Saviour's face.
- 4 There, with all who liv'd as strangers
 While on earth, we hope to be :
 Free from toil, from fear, from dangers,
 Happy through eternity :
 There we hope to see the Lamb,
 And for ever praise his name.

261 *To receive glory, &c.* Rev. iv. 11. 8. 7. 4.

- 1 GLORY, glory everlasting,
 Be to Him who bore the cross,
 Who redeem'd our souls by tasting
 Death, the death deserv'd by us : [glows.
 Sound his glory, while the soul with transport
- 2 Jesu's love is love unbounded,
 Without measure, without end ;
 Human thought is here confounded,
 'Tis too vast to comprehend ; [friend.
 Praise the Saviour ; magnify the sinner's
- 3 While we hear the wondrous story
 Of the Saviour's cross and shame,
 Sing we, " Everlasting glory
 Be to God and to the Lamb :"
 Saints and angels, give ye glory to his name.

262 *Christ hath once, &c.* 1 Pet. iii. 18. c. m.

- 1 To our Redeemer's glorious name
 Awake the sacred song,

Oh! may his love (immortal flame)
Tune ev'ry heart and tongue.

- 2 He left his radiant throne on high,
Forsook the realms of bliss,
And came as man to bleed and die :
Was ever love like this ?
- 3 He took the dying traitor's place,
And suffer'd in his stead
For man (O miracle of grace !)
For sinful man He bled.
- 4 Oh! may the sweet, the blissful theme,
Inspire each heart and tongue,
All nations know thy saving name,
And join the sacred song.

263

They shall mourn, &c. Zech. xii. 10.

86. 7s.

- 1 O! my Lord, I've often mused
On thy wondrous love to me,
How I have the same abused,
Slighted, disregarded Thee.
- 2 But unwearied Thou pursu'dst me,
Still thy calls repeated came,
Till on Calvary's mount I view'd Thee,
Bearing my reproach and shame.
- 3 I no more at Mary wonder,
Dropping tears upon the grave,
Earnest asking all around her,
Where is He that died to save ?
- 4 Dying love her heart attracted ;
Soon she felt his rising power ;
He who Mary thus affected,
Bids his mourners weep no more.

3. GOOD FRIDAY.

264

The cross of our Lord, &c. Gal. vi. 14.

L. M.

- 1 How great the wonders of the cross,
Where our Redeemer bled and died !
Its noblest life our spirit draws
From his deep wounds and pierced side.

- 2 Let this world's joys be all forgot,
Its gain be loss in our esteem,
Christ and his love fill ev'ry thought,
And faith and hope be fix'd on Him.

265

Christ died for the, &c. Rom. v. 6.

C. M.

- 1 ALAS! and did my Saviour bleed?
And did my sovereign die?
Would He devote that sacred head
For such a worm as I?
- 2 Was it for sins that I had done
He groan'd upon the tree?
Amazing pity! grace unknown!
And love beyond degree!
- 3 Well might the sun in darkness hide,
And shut his glories in,
When God, the mighty Maker, died,
For man, the creature's sin.
- 4 So be my boastings silenc'd too,
And humbled be my pride;
When faith holds out before my view
The Saviour crucified.
- 5 Though neither tears nor zeal can pay
The debt of love I owe;
Yet, Lord, I give myself away;
'Tis all that I can do.

266

The cross of our Lord, &c. Gal. vi. 14.

L. M.

- 1 WHEN I survey the wondrous cross,
On which the Prince of glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride.
- 2 Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
Save in the death of Christ, my God;
All the vain things which charm me most,
I sacrifice them to his blood.
- 3 See from his head, his hands, his feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down;

Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

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

267

It is finished, &c. John xix. 30.

8. 7. 4.

- 1 HARK! the voice of love and mercy
Sounds aloud from Calvary;
See! it rends the rocks asunder,
Shakes the earth, and veils the sky.
"It is finish'd;" Hear the dying Saviour cry.
- 2 "It is finish'd." Oh what pleasure
Do the wondrous words afford!
Heavenly blessings without measure
Flow to us through Christ the Lord.
"It is finish'd." Saints, the dying words record.
- 3 Finish'd all the types and shadows
Of the ceremonial law,
Finish'd what our God had promis'd:
Death and hell no more need awe.
"It is finish'd." Saints, from hence your comfort draw.
- 4 Tune your harps anew, ye seraphs;
Strike them to Immanuel's name:
All on earth, and all in heaven,
Join the triumph to proclaim.
"It is finish'd." Glory to the bleeding Lamb.
- 5 Ye on earth who humbly call him
Your beloved, and your friend,
Highest raise your grateful voices,
Yours these blessings without end.
"It is finished." On his grace and power depend.

268

Forgive them. Luke xxiii. 34.

7a.

- 1 THE Saviour's blood, for sinners spilt,
Shows my sin in all its guilt:

Ah! my soul, He bore thy load ;
Thou hast slain the Lamb of God.

- 2 Hark! his dying word, " Forgive ;
Father, let the sinner live :
Sinner, wipe thy tears away,
I thy ransom freely pay."
- 3 Farewell, world ; thy gold is dross,
Now I see the bleeding cross ;
Jesus died to set me free
From the law, and sin, and thee.
- 4 He has dearly bought my soul ;
Lord, accept and claim the whole :
To thy will I all resign,
Now no more my own, but thine.

260

Behold the Lamb, &c. John i. 36.

C. M.

- 1 BEHOLD the Lamb of God, who bore
Thy burdens on the tree ;
And paid in blood the dreadful score,
The ransom due for thee.
- 2 Look to Him till the sight endears
The Saviour to thy heart ;
His pierced feet bedew with tears,
Nor from his cross depart.
- 3 Look to Him till his dying love
Thy ev'ry thought control ;
Its vast constraining influence prove
O'er body, spirit, soul.
- 4 Look to Him, as the race you run,
Your never-failing friend ;
Finish He will the work begun,
And grace in glory end.

270

The Lord hath laid, &c. Isa. liii. 6. Double 8. 7.

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

- Hail thou agonizing Saviour,
 Bearer of our sin and shame!
 By thy merits we find favour;
 Life is given through thy name.
- 2 Paschal Lamb, by God appointed,
 All our sins on Thee were laid:
 By almighty love anointed,
 Thou hast full atonement made:
 All thy people are forgiven
 Through the virtue of thy blood;
 Open'd is the gate of heaven;
 Peace is made 'twixt man and God.
- 3 Jesus, hail! enthron'd in glory,
 There for ever to abide;
 All the heavenly hosts adore Thee,
 Seated at thy Father's side.
 There for sinners Thou art pleading;
 There Thou dost our place prepare,
 Ever for us interceding,
 Till in glory we appear.
- 4 Worship, honour, power, and blessing,
 Thou art worthy to receive;
 Loudest praises, without ceasing,
 Meet it is for us to give:
 Help, ye bright angelic spirits;
 Bring your sweetest, noblest, lays;
 Help to sing our Saviour's merits,
 Help to chant Immanuel's praise.

271

Christ died for, &c. 1 Cor. xv. 3.

L. M.

- 1 HE dies! the friend of sinners dies!
 Lo! Salem's daughters weep around:
 A solemn darkness veils the skies,
 A sudden trembling shakes the ground.
- 2 Draw near, and trace in sad review
 His grief who groan'd beneath your load:
 He gave his precious life for you,
 The ransom of your soul. to God.

- 3 But, lo! the Lord forsakes the tomb :
 In vain his foes forbid his rise ;
 Angelic legions guard Him home,
 And shout Him welcome to the skies.
- 4 Cease, cease your tears, ye saints, and tell
 How high our great deliv'rer reigns ;
 Sing how He spoil'd the hosts of hell,
 And led his captive, death, in chains.
- 5 Say, " Live for ever, wondrous king,
 Born to redeem, and strong to save :"
 Then ask of death, Oh ! where's thy sting?
 And where thy victory, boasting grave ?

272 *The blood of sprinkling.* Heb. xii. 24. L. M.

- 1 SPRINKLED with reconciling blood,
 I dare approach thy throne, O God !
 Thy face no frowning aspect wears :
 Thy hand no vengeful weapon bears.
- 2 Let me my grateful homage pay,
 With courage sing, with freedom pray ;
 And, though myself a wretch undone,
 Hope for acceptance through thy Son,—
- 3 Thy Son who on th' accursed tree
 Expir'd to set the vilest free ;
 On this I build my only claim,
 And all I ask is in his name.

4. PUBLIC FAST.

273 *Is not this the fast, &c.* Isa. lviii. 6. L. M.

- 1 THE fast which is the Lord's delight
 Is not a mere external rite ;
 But 'tis to mortify our sin,
 To be sincere and pure within.
- 2 And 'tis to break the captive's chain,
 The proud oppressor to restrain ;
 To clothe the naked, feed the poor,
 And bring the friendless to thy door.
- 3 Come let us our offences own,
 With grief, before th' eternal throne ;

Sin is the deadliest of our foes,
The dreadful source of all our woes.

- 4 Hence discord, strife, and war arise,
Famine, disease, and dying cries :
Hence men disclaim their brotherhood,
And burn to shed each other's blood.
- 5 When will these deeds of horror cease,
And Christians walk in love and peace ?
Almighty Lord, our hearts are thine,
Oh ! turn us by thy power divine.
- 6 The God of love will scatter far
The people who delight in war ;
But all who walk in righteousness
He loves, and will exalt and bless.

274 *Turn us again, &c.* Ps. lxxx. 3. G. M.

- 1 ALMIGHTY God, before thy throne
Thy mourning people bend ;
'Tis on thy sov'reign grace alone
Our humble hopes depend.
- 2 Tremendous judgments from thy hand
Thy dreadful power display ;
Yet mercy spares this guilty land,
And still we live to pray.
- 3 Great God, and why is Britain spar'd,
Ungrateful as we are ?
Oh ! make thy awful warnings heard,
While mercy cries, " Forbear."
- 4 What num'rous crimes increasing rise
Through this apostate isle !
What land so favour'd of the skies,
And yet what land so vile ?
- 5 Oh ! turn us, turn us, mighty Lord,
By thy all-powerful grace ;
Then shall our hearts obey thy word,
And humbly seek thy face.
- 6 'Then, should disease or foes invade,
We shall not sink in fear ;

Secure of never-failing aid,
If God, our God, is near.

275

O Lord hear, &c. Dan. ix. 19.

8s. 7s.

- 1 DREAD Jehovah, God of nations,
From thy temple in the skies,
Hear thy people's supplications,
Now for their deliv'rance rise.
- 2 Lo! with deep contrition turning,
Humbly at thy feet we bend;
Hear us fasting, praying, mourning;
Hear us, spare us, and defend.
- 3 Though our sins, our hearts confounding,
Long and loud for vengeance call,
Thou hast mercy more abounding,
Jesus' blood can cleanse them all.
- 4 Let that love veil our transgression;
Let that blood our guilt efface;
Save thy people from oppression;
Save from spoil thy holy place.

276

PSALM LX. *National distress.*

L. M.

- 1 REPULS'D, dispers'd, chastis'd by Thee,
Oh! grant us, Lord, thy face to see;
And let thy people, once thy care,
Again thy fav'ring presence share.
- 2 How trembles this divided land,
Beneath the terrors of thy hand!
Oh! Thou, the God whom we adore,
Its breaches heal, its peace restore.
- 3 Our hopes in man repos'd in vain,
Oh! let thy strength, great God, sustain;
And let us, on thy aid reclin'd,
In Thee our firm protection find.

277

Turn ye even unto, &c. Joel ii. 12.

L. M.

- 1 WHILE through our guilty land, O Lord!
These awful judgments are abroad;

- Oh! whither shak' the helpless fly?
To whom but Thee direct their cry?
- 2 The contrite sinner's cries and tears,
O Lord! have often reach'd thine ears;
Oft has thy mercy sent relief,
When all was fear and hopeless grief.
- 3 On Thee our cov'nant God we call;
Before thy throne of grace we fall;
And is there no deliv'rance there?
And must we perish in despair?
- 4 See, we repent, we weep, we mourn;
To our forsaken God we turn:
Oh! spare our guilty country, spare
The church which Thou hast planted here
- 5 We plead thy grace, indulgent God;
We plead thy Son's atoning blood;
We plead thy gracious promises;
And are they unavailing pleas?
- 6 These pleas, presented at thy throne,
Have brought ten thousand blessings down
On guilty lands in helpless woe;
Let them prevail to save us too.

Second **277** *It is the Lord.* 1 Sam. iii. 18. L. M.

- 1 "It is the Lord:" behold his hand,
Outstretch'd with an afflictive rod;
And, hark! a voice goes through the land,
"Be still, and know that I am God."
- 2 Shall we, like guilty Adam, hide
In darkest shades our darker fears?
For who his coming may abide?
Or who shall stand when He appears?
- 3 No, let us throng around his seat;
No, let us meet Him face to face;
Prostrate our spirits at his feet,
Confess our sins, and sue for grace.
- 4 Who knows but God will hear our cries,
Turn swift destruction from our path,

Restrain his judgments, or chastise
In tender mercy, not in wrath?

- 5 He will, He will; for Jesus pleads;
Let heaven and earth such love record;
For us, for us, He intercedes;
Our help is nigh—"it is the Lord."

5. EMBER WEEKS.

278 *They watch for your, &c.* Heb. xiii. 17. C. M.

- 1 LET Zion's watchmen all awake,
And take th' alarm they give;
Now let them from the mouth of God
Their awful charge receive.
- 2 'Tis not a cause of small import
The pastor's care demands;
It occupies the Saviour's heart;
It fills angelic minds.
- 3 They watch for souls, for which the Lord
Did heavenly bliss forego,
For souls which must for ever live,
In happiness or woe.
- 4 May they that Jesus whom they preach
Their own Redeemer see;
And watch Thou daily for their souls,
That they may watch for Thee.

279 *Feed the flock, &c.* 1 Pet. v. 2. C. M.

- 1 CHIEF shepherd of thy chosen sheep,
From death and sin set free:
May ev'ry under-shepherd keep
His eye intent on Thee.
- 2 With plenteous grace their hearts prepare
To execute thy will;
Compassion, patience, love, and care,
And faithfulness, and skill.
- 3 Intiame their minds with holy zeal,
Their flocks to feed and teach;
And let them live, and let them feel,
The sacred truths they preach.

Festivals.

1. THE LORD'S DAY.

280 *Remember the sabbath day.* Exod. xx. 8. L. M.

- 1 ANOTHER six days' work is done,
Another sabbath is begun :
Return, my soul ; enjoy thy rest ;
Improve the day thy God hath bless'd.
- 2 Come, bless the Lord, whose love assigns
So sweet a rest to wearied minds,
Provides an antepast of heaven,
And gives this day the food of seven.
- 3 Oh! that our thoughts and thanks may rise
As grateful incense to the skies ;
And draw from heaven that sweet repose
Which none but he that feels it, knows.
- 4 In holy duties let the day,
In holy pleasures, pass away :
How sweet, a sabbath thus to spend,
In hope of one that ne'er shall end !

281 *Call the sabbath, &c.* Isa. lviii. 13. 148th M.

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

“Worthy the Lamb, that once was slain,
Through endless years to live and reign.”

- 4 Great king, gird on thy sword,
Ascend thy conqu'ring car,
While justice, truth, and love,
Maintain thy glorious war :
This day let sinners own thy sway,
And rebels cast their arms away.

282 *The first day of the week.* Acts xx. 7. C. M.

- 1 BLESS'D day of God, how calm, how bright
A day of joy and praise ;
The lab'rer's rest, the saint's delight,
The first and best of days.
- 2 This day the Lord our Saviour rose
Victorious from the dead ;
And, as a conqueror, his foes
In glorious triumph led.
- 3 This day believers doth enrich ;
May grace rest on them all ;
It is their Pentecost, on which
The Holy Ghost doth fall.
- 4 As the first fruits an earnest prove
Of all the sheaves behind,
So they who do the sabbath love
A happy week shall find.

283 *Oh, send out thy light!* Ps. xliii. 3. C. M.

- 1 FREQUENT the day of God returns,
To shed its quick'ning beams ;
And yet how slow devotion burns !
How languid are its flames !
- 2 Accept our faint attempts to love ;
Our frailties, Lord, forgive ;
We would be like thy saints above,
And praise Thee while we live.
- 3 Increase, O Lord ! our faith and hope,
And fit us to ascend

- Where the assembly ne'er breaks up,
 Where sabbaths never end,—
 4 Where we shall breathe in heavenly air,
 With heavenly lustre shine,
 Before the throne of God appear,
 And feast on love divine.

284 *I was in the Spirit, &c.* Rev. i. 10. L. M.

- How welcome to the saints, when press'd
 With six days' noise, and care, and toil,
 Is the returning day of rest,
 Which hides them from the world awhile!
 2 Now, from the throng withdrawn away,
 They seem to breathe a diff'rent air;
 Compos'd and soften'd by the day,
 All things another aspect wear.
 3 Though pinch'd with poverty at home,
 Or with afflictions daily fed;
 It makes amends if they can come
 To God's own house for heavenly bread.
 4 With joy they hasten to the place
 Where they the Saviour oft have met;
 And, while they feast upon his grace,
 Their burdens and their griefs forget.
 5 We thank Thee for thy day, O Lord!
 Here we thy promis'd presence seek;
 Open thy hand, with blessings stor'd,
 And give us manna for the week.

285 *There remaineth, &c.* Heb. iv. 9. L. M.

- 1 LORD of the sabbath, hear us pray,
 In this thy house, on this thy day;
 Accept, as grateful sacrifice,
 The songs which from thy temple rise.
 2 Now met to pray and bless thy name,
 Whose mercies flow each day the same,
 Whose kind compassions never cease,
 We seek instruction, pardon, peace.
 3 Thine earthly sabbaths, Lord, we love;
 But there's a nobler rest above;

- Oh that we might that rest attain
 From sin, from sorrow, and from pain !
- 4 In thy blest kingdom we shall be
 From ev'ry mortal trouble free ;
 No sighs shall mingle with the songs
 Resounding from immortal tongues,—
- 5 No rude alarm of raging foes,
 No cares to break the long repose,
 No midnight shade, no clouded sun,
 But sacred, high, eternal noon.
- 6 Oh ! long-expected day, begin ;
 Dawn on this world of woe and sin :
 Fain would we leave this weary road,
 To sleep in death, and rest in God.

286

PSALM XCII.

L. M.

- 1 SWEET is the work, my God, my king,
 To praise thy name, give thanks, and sing ;
 To show thy love by morning light,
 And talk of all thy truth at night.
- 2 Sweet is the day of sacred rest ;
 No earthly cares shall vex my breast ;
 Oh ! may my heart in tune be found,
 Like David's harp of solemn sound.
- 3 My heart shall triumph in the Lord,
 And bless his works, and bless his word ;
 His works of grace, how bright they shine !
 How deep his counsels ! how divine !
- 4 And I shall share a glorious part,
 When grace has purified my heart :
 My inward foes shall all be slain,
 Nor Satan break my peace again.
- 5 Then shall I see, and hear, and know
 All I desir'd, or wish'd, below ;
 And ev'ry power find sweet employ
 In that eternal world of joy.

287

The day which the, &c. Ps. cxviii. 24.

C. M.

- 1 THIS is the day the Lord hath made :
 He calls the hours his own ;

Let heaven rejoice, let earth be glad,
And praise surround the throne.

- 2 To-day He rose and left the dead,
And Satan's empire fell ;
To-day the saints his triumphs spread,
And all his wonders tell.
- 3 Hosanna to th' anointed king,
To David's holy Son ;
Help us, O Lord ! descend and bring
Salvation from thy throne.
- 4 Blest be the Lord, who comes to men
With messages of grace—
Who comes in God his Father's name,
To save our sinful race.
- 5 Hosanna in the highest strains
The church on earth can raise ;
The highest heavens, in which He reigns,
Shall give Him nobler praise.

288 *Seek ye my face, &c.* Ps. xxvii. 8. C. M.

- . To-day God bids his people rest ;
To-day He showers his grace :
" Seek ye my face," the Lord hath said ;
Lord, we will seek thy face.
- 2 Thee may we serve and please to-day ;
Be this our one employ ;
No worldly cares, no vain delights,
Disturb our hallow'd joy.
- 3 Among th' assembly of thy saints
May we be faithful found
Together join in humble prayer,
And in thy praise abound.
- 4 Let thy good Spirit help our souls,
With faith thy word to hear :
Be with us in thy temple, Lord,
And let us find Thee near.

289 *A day in thy courts. &c.* Ps. lxxxiv. 10. S. M.

- 1 WELCOME, sweet day of rest,
That saw the Lord arise ;

Welcome to this reviving breast,
And these rejoicing eyes.

2 The King himself comes near
And feasts his saints to-day ;
And we by faith may see Him here,
And love, and praise, and pray.

3 One day within the place
Where Thou, my God, art seen,
Is better than ten thousand days
Spent in the joys of sin.

4 My willing soul would stay
In such a frame as this ;
And wait to hail the brighter day
Of everlasting bliss.

290 *Not doing thine own ways.* Isa. lviii. 13. 113th M.

1 YE vain engrossing thoughts, away :
The Lord demands our hearts this day ;
From earthly trifles bids us fly,
And seek the glories of the sky ;
We come, O Lord ! at thy decree,
To yield our willing hearts to Thee.

2 Oft as these sabbath-hours return,
Fresh proofs of mercy we discern,
And joy to see thy grace bestow'd
To light the darkness of our road :
Oh ! let that light direct our way
To regions of eternal day.

3 Now let our souls in Thee repose
The burden of their wants and woes :
And from thy word new power derive
To keep our feeble faith alive
Thy blessing, Lord, we long to gain ;
Let us not seek thy face in vain.

4 While here we dwell, with cares oppress'd,
Few are the hours of perfect rest :
But heaven will all our loss repair,
Each day will be a sabbath there :

Lord, by the teaching of thy grace
Prepare us for that holy place.

Second **290** *The evening to rejoice.* Ps. lxxv. 8. 7s.

- 1 **ERE** another sabbath's close,
Ere again we seek repose,
Lord, our song ascends to Thee,
At thy feet we bow the knee.
- 2 **FOR** the mercies of the day,
For this rest upon our way,
Thanks to Thee alone be given,
Lord of earth and King of heaven.
- 3 **COLD** our services have been,
Mingled every prayer with sin ;
But Thou canst and wilt forgive ;
By thy grace alone we live.
- 4 **WHILST** this thorny path we tread,
May thy love our footsteps lead ;
When our journey here is past,
May we rest with Thee at last.
- 5 **LET** these earthly sabbaths prove
Foretastes of our joys above ;
While their steps thy pilgrims bend
To the rest which knows no end.

2. ADVENT.

291 *He hath visited and, &c.* Luke i. 68. C. M.

- 1 **HARK** the glad sound ! the Saviour comes,
The Saviour promis'd long :
Let ev'ry heart prepare a throne,
And ev'ry voice a song.
- 2 **HE** comes the pris'ners to release
In Satan's bondage held ;
The gates of brass before Him burst,
The iron fetters yield.
- 3 **HE** comes, from thickest films of vice
To clear the mental ray,
And on the eye long clos'd in night
To pour celestial day.

- 4 He comes, the broken heart to bind,
The bleeding soul to cure ;
And, with the riches of his grace,
To bless the humble poor.
- 5 Our glad hosannas, Prince of peace,
Thy welcome shall proclaim ;
And heaven's eternal arches ring
With thy beloved name.

292

PSALM XCVIII.

C. M.

- 1 Joy to the world—the Lord is come—
Let earth receive her King ;
Let ev'ry heart prepare Him room,
Let ev'ry creature sing.
- 2 Joy to the earth—the Saviour reigns—
Let men their songs employ ;
While seas, and shores, rocks, hills, and plains,
Repeat the sounding joy.
- 3 Let the whole earth his love proclaim,
With all her diff'rent tongues ;
And spread the honour of his name
In melody and songs.
- 4 No more let sins and sorrows grow,
Nor thorns infest the ground ;
He comes to make his blessing flow
Far as the curse is found.
- 5 He rules the world with truth and grace,
And makes the nations prove
The glories of his righteousness,
And wonders of his love.

293

Behold thy King cometh. Zech. ix. 9.

C. M.

- 1 COME ye that love the Saviour's name
And joy to make it known,
The sov'reign of your heart proclaim,
And bow before his throne.
- 2 Behold your King, your Saviour, crown'd
With glories all divine,

- And tell the wond'ring 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 While 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 O happy period ! glorious day !
When heaven and earth shall raise
With all their powers the raptur'd lay,
To celebrate thy praise.

3. CHRISTMAS.

294 *Unto you is born, &c.* Luke ii. 8—45. C. M.

- 1 WHILE shepherds watch'd their flocks by
night,
All seated on the ground,
The angel of the Lord came down,
And glory shone around.
- 2 "Fear not," said he (for mighty dread
Had seiz'd their troubled mind),
"Glad tidings of great joy I bring
To you and all mankind :
- 3 To you in David's town this day
Is born, of David's line,
A Saviour, who is Christ the Lord,
And this shall be the sign,—
- 4 The heavenly babe you there shall find,
To human view display'd,
All meanly wrapt in swathing bands,
And in a manger laid."
- 5 Thus spake the seraph, and forthwith
Appear'd a shining throng
Of angels, praising God, and thus
Address'd their joyful song :—

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

295

Unto you is born, &c. Luke ii. 11. Double 7s.

- 1 HARK ! the herald angels sing,
 " Glory to the new-born King ;
 Glory in the highest heaven,
 Peace on earth, and man forgiven."
 Joyful all ye nations, rise,
 Join the triumph of the skies ;
 With th' angelic host proclaim,
 " Christ is born in Bethlehem !"
- 2 Christ, by highest heaven ador'd,
 Christ, the everlasting Lord ;
 Late in time behold Him come,
 Offspring of a virgin's womb !
 Veil'd in flesh the Godhead see,
 Hail th' incarnate Deity !
 Pleas'd as man with men to dwell,
 Jesus our Immanuel.
- 3 Hail the heaven-born Prince of peace !
 Hail the Sun of righteousness !
 Light and life to all He brings,
 Ris'n with healing in his wings.
 Mild, He lays his glory by,
 Born that man no more may die ;
 Born to raise the sons of earth,
 Born to give them second birth.
- 4 Come, " Desire of Nations," come,
 Fix in us thy humble home ;
 Rise, the woman's conqu'ring seed,
 Bruise in us the serpent's head.
 Sing we then, with angels sing,
 Glory to the new-born king :
 Glory in the highest heaven,
 Peace on earth, and sins forgiven.

296 *A Saviour, which is, &c.* Luke ii. 11. C. M.

- 1 LET Christians all with one accord
Their loud hosannas sing,
To Him who on this day was born,
Their Saviour and their king.
- 2 In lowest state, the Lord of heaven
His pilgrimage began ;
Fit lesson of humility
To his proud creature—man.
- 3 Behold the child, the holy child,
Born to atone for sin ;
And let each ransom'd sinner's song
In gratitude begin.
- 4 Glory to God on high, on earth
Peace, and good-will to men ;
And let the angels round the throne
Join in a loud Amen.*

297 *Good tidings of, &c.* Luke ii. 10. 8. 7. 4.

- 1 ANGELS, from the realms of glory,
Wing your flight o'er all the earth ;
Ye who sang creation's story,
Now proclaim Messiah's birth :
Come and worship—worship Christ, the new-
born king.
- 2 Shepherds, in the field abiding,
Watching o'er your flocks by night ;
God with man is now residing,
Yonder shines the infant-light · Come, &c.
- 3 Sages, leave your contemplations ;
Brighter visions beam afar :
Seek the great Desire of nations,
We have seen his natal star : Come, &c.
- 4 Saints, before the altar bending,
Watching long in hope and fear,
Suddenly the Lord, descending,
In his temple shall appear : Come, &c.

* See chorus to this hymn in the Doxologies.

5 Sinners, wrung with true repentance,
 Doom'd for guilt to endless pains,
 Justice now revokes the sentence,
 Grace is given to break your chains :

Come, &c

298

Unto us a child, &c. Isa. ix. 6.

S. M.

- 1 REJOICE in Jesu's birth,
 To us a son is given,
 To us a child is born on earth,
 Who made both earth and heaven.
- 2 He reigns above the sky,
 This universe sustains ;
 The God supreme, the Lord most high,
 The king Messiah reigns.
- 3 Our counsellor we praise,
 Our advocate above ;
 Who daily in his church displays
 His miracles of love.
- 4 Th' almighty God is He,
 Author of heavenly bliss ;
 The Father of eternity,
 The glorious prince of peace.
- 5 Wider and wider still
 He will his sway extend ;
 With peace divine his people fill,
 And joys that never end.
- 6 His government shall grow,
 From strength to strength proceed ;
 His righteousness the church o'erflow,
 And all the earth o'erspread.
- 7 Now, for thy promise' sake,
 O'er earth exalted be ;
 The kingdom, power, and glory take,
 Which all belong to Thee.
- 8 In zeal for God and man,
 Thy full salvation bring ;
 The universal monarch reign,
 The saints' eternal king.

299 *Mercy and truth, &c.* Ps. lxxxv. 10. 148th m.

- 1 THE long-expected morn
 Has dawn'd upon the earth ;
 The Saviour, Christ, is born,
 And angels sing his birth :
 We'll join the bright seraphic throng ;
 We'll share their joys, and swell their song.
- 2 Oh! 'tis a lofty theme,
 Supplied by angels' tongues ;
 All other subjects seem
 Unworthy of our songs :
 This sacred theme has boundless charms ;
 It fills, it captivates, it warms.
- 3 Now sing of peace divine,
 Of grace to guilty man ;
 No wisdom, Lord, but thine,
 Could form the wondrous plan :
 Where peace and righteousness embrace,
 And justice goes along with grace.
- 4 Give praise to God on high,
 With angels round his throne ;
 Give praise to God with joy ;
 Give praise to God alone :
 'Tis meet his saints their songs should raise,
 And give the Saviour endless praise.

300 *The desire of all nations, &c.* Hag. ii. 7. 8s. 7s.

- 1 COME, Thou long-expected Jesus,
 Born to set thy people free ;
 From our fears and sins release us ;
 Let us find our rest in Thee.
- 2 Israel's strength and consolation,
 Hope of all the saints Thou art ;
 Bless'd desire of ev'ry nation,
 Joy of ev'ry faithful heart.
- 3 Born thy people to deliver ;
 Born their Saviour and their king

Born to reign in us for ever ;
 Now thy gracious kingdom bring.

- 4 By thine own eternal Spirit
 Rule in all our hearts alone :
 By thine all-sufficient merit
 Raise us to thy glorious throne.

301 *The Word was made, &c.* John i. 14. C. M.

- 1 O SAVIOUR ! whom this joyful morn
 Gave to our world below,
 To wand'ring and to danger born,
 To weakness, toil, and woe ;—
- 2 Incarnate Word, by ev'ry grief,
 By each temptation tried ;
 Who liv'd to yield our ills relief,
 And, to redeem us, died ;—
- 3 If gaily cloth'd and richly fed,
 In dang'rous wealth we dwell,
 Remind us of thy manger-bed,
 And lowly cottage cell.
- 4 But, if it be thy blessed will
 In poverty we pine,
 Make us content, rememb'ring still
 A poorer lot was thine.
- 5 Through this world's fickle various scene,
 From sin preserve us free ;
 Like us, Thou hast a mourner been,
 May we rejoice with Thee.

4. END OF THE YEAR.

302 *Into thine hands I commit, &c.* Ps. xxxi. 5. L. M.

- 1 How many kindred souls are fled
 To the vast regions of the dead,
 Since from this day the changing sun
 Through his last yearly course has run !
- 2 We yet survive ;—but who can say,
 Or through this year, or month, or day,
 I will retain this vital breath,
 Thus far, at least, in league with death ?

- 3 That breath is thine, eternal God ;
 'Tis thine to fix the soul's abode ;
 It holds its life from Thee alone,
 On earth, or in the worlds unknown.
- 4 To Thee our spirits we resign ;
 Make them and own them still as thine :
 So shall they rest secure from fear,
 Though death should blight the rising year.

303 *Commit thy way to, &c.* Ps. xxxvii. 5. S. M.

- 1 LET hearts and tongues unite,
 And loud thanksgivings raise ;
 'Tis duty mingled with delight
 To sing the Saviour's praise.
- 2 Now through another year,
 Supported by his care,
 We raise our Ebenezer here ;
 " The Lord hath help'd thus far."
- 3 Our state in future years
 Since we cannot foresee,
 He kindly, to prevent our fears,
 Says, " Leave it all to me."
- 4 Oh ! may we all then cast
 Our care upon the Lord,
 Praise Him for all his mercies past,
 And trust his promis'd word.

304 *The time is short.* 1 Cor. vii. 29. C. M.

- 1 AND now, my soul, another year
 Of thy short life is past,
 I cannot long continue here,
 The next may be my last.
- 2 Much of my dubious life is gone,
 Nor will return again ;
 And swift my passing moments run—
 The few that yet remain.
- Awake, my soul, with utmost care,
 The true condition learn ;

What are thy hopes, how sure, how fair ;
And what thy great concern.

- 4 Now a new scene of time begins,
Now fix thy hopes on heaven ;
Seek pardon for thy former sins,
In Christ so freely given.
- 5 Now seek to yield thyself to God ;
And on his power depend,
For grace to guide thee in that road
Which shall in glory end.

305 *Teach us to number our days.* Ps. xc. 12. Dble. 7s.

1 **TIME** by moments steals away,
First the hour and then the day ;
Small the daily loss appears,
Yet it soon amounts to years.
Thus another year is flown,
And is now no more our own
(Though it brought or promis'd good)
Than the years beyond the flood.

2 But each year, let none forget,
Finds and leaves us deep in debt ;
Favours from the Lord receiv'd,
Sins that have the Spirit griev'd,
Mark'd by God's unerring hand,
In his book recorded stand :
Who can tell the vast amount
Plac'd to each of our account ?

3 We have nothing, Lord, to pay ;
Take, oh ! take, our guilt away :
Self-condemn'd, on Thee we call,
Freely, Lord, forgive us all.
If we see another year,
May we spend it in thy fear ;
All its days devote to Thee,
Living for eternity.

5. NEW YEAR.

306 *Man is of a few days.* Job xiv. 1. C. M.

1 **REMARK**, my soul, the narrow bounds
Of the revolving year ;

How swift the weeks complete their rounds !
How short the months appear !

- 2 So fast eternity comes on,
And that important day
When all that mortal hand has done
God's judgment shall survey.
- 3 Waken, O God! my trifling heart,
Its great concern to see ;
Thy Spirit to my soul impart,
To give myself to Thee.
- 4 So shall their course more fruitful roll,
If future years arise ;
Or this shall bear my happy soul
To joy that never dies.

307 *Thou carriest them away, &c.* Ps. xc. 5. Double 7s.

- 1 WHILE with ceaseless course the sun
Hasted through the former year,
Many souls their race have run,
Never more to meet us here :
Fix'd in an eternal state,
They have done with all below ;
We a little longer wait,
But how little none can know.
- 2 As the winged arrow flies,
Speedily the mark to find ;
As the lightning from the skies
Darts, and leaves no trace behind ;
Swiftly thus our fleeting days
Bear us down life's rapid stream ;
Upwards, Lord, our spirits raise.
All below is but a dream.
- 3 Thanks for mercies past receive,
Pardon of our sins renew ;
Teach us, henceforth, how to live
With eternity in view :
Bless thy word to young and old,
Fill us with a Saviour's love ;

And, when life's short tale is told,
May we dwell with Thee above.

308 *Let it alone this year also.* Luke xiii. 8. 148th. m.

- 1 THE Lord of earth and sky,
The God of ages, praise,
Who reigns enthron'd on high,
Ancient of endless days,
Who lengthens out our trial here,
And spares us yet another year.
- 2 Barren and wither'd trees,
We cumber'd long the ground ;
No fruit of holiness
On our dead souls was found :
Yet doth He us in mercy spare,
Another, and another year.
- 3 When justice rais'd the sword
To cut the fig-tree down,
The pity of our Lord
Cried, " Let it still alone :"—
The Father mild inclines his ear,
And spares us yet another year.
- 4 Jesus, thy speaking blood
From God obtain'd the grace,
Who, therefore, hath bestow'd
On us a longer space :
Thou didst in our behalf appear,
And, lo ! we see another year.
- 5 Then dig about our root,
Break up our fallow ground ;
And let our holy fruit
To thy great praise abound :
So shall we all thy blessings share,
And fruit unto perfection bear.

309 *Perfect that which, &c.* Ps. cxxxviii. 8. 7s.

- 1 BLESS, O Lord ! the op'ning year
To the souls assembled here :

Clothe thy word with power divine ;
Make us willing to be thine.

2 Shepherd of thy blood-bought sheep,
Teach the harden'd soul to weep ;
Let the blind have eyes to see,
See their sins, and look on Thee.

3 Where Thou hast thy work begun,
Give new strength the race to run ;
Scatter darkness, doubts, and fears,
Wipe away the mourner's tears.

4 Bless us all, both old and young,
Call forth praise from ev'ry tongue ;
Let our whole assembly prove
Thy power, thy mercy, and thy love.

310 *Oh that thou wouldst, &c.* Isa. lxiv. 1. C. M.

1 Now, gracious Lord, thine arm reveal,
And make thy glory known :
Now let us all thy presence feel,
And soften hearts of stone.

2 Help us to venture near thy throne,
And plead a Saviour's name ;
For all that we can call our own
Is vanity and shame.

3 From all the guilt of former sin
Let mercy set us free ;
And let the year we now begin
Begin and end with Thee.

4 Send down thy Spirit from above,
That saints may love Thee more ;
And sinners now may learn to love,
Who never lov'd before.

5 And when before Thee we appear,
In our eternal home,
May growing numbers worship here,
And praise Thee in our room.

6. EPIPHANY.

311 *We have seen his star, &c.* Matt. ii. 2. 7s.

1 Sons of men, behold from far,
Hail the long expected star.—

Jacob's star that gilds the night,
Guides bewilder'd nature right.

- 2 Mild it shines on all beneath,
Piercing through the shades of death;
Scatt'ring error's wide-spread night,
Kindling darkness into light.
- 3 Nations all, remote and near,
Haste to see your God appear;
Haste, for Him your hearts prepare;
Meet Him manifested there.
- 4 Sing, ye morning stars, again,
God descends to dwell with men,
Deigns for man his life t' employ;
Shout, ye sons of God, for joy.

312

How beautiful, &c. Isa. lii. 7.

S. M.

- 1 How beauteous are their feet
Who stand on Zion's hill,
Who bring salvation on their tongues,
And words of peace reveal!
- 2 How blessed are our ears,
That hear this joyful sound,
Which kings and prophets wish'd to hear,
And sought, but never found!
- 3 How blessed are our eyes,
That see this heavenly light,
Which kings and prophets wish'd to see,
But died without the sight!
- 4 Make bare thine arm, O Lord!
Send forth thy truth abroad:
Let sinners every where behold
Their Saviour and their God.

313

Breathe upon these, &c. Ezekiel xxxvii. 9. 7s.

- 1 COME, Thou mighty King of kings,
Rise with healing in thy wings,
Bare thine arm and ride on high,
Glorious in thy majesty.

K 4

- 2 North and south, and east and west,
All are waiting to be blest ;
Come and bless them, Prince of peace,
Give their fetter'd souls release.
- 3 Thus shall earth's extended frame
Swell the trophies of thy name,
And redeemed souls confess
" Jesus is our righteousness."
- 4 Saviour, send thy Spirit down,
By his work thy pleasure crown ;
If He breathe not on the slain,
All our efforts are in vain.

314 *Fellow heirs of the same body.* Eph. iii. 6. 8s. 7s.

- 1 HAIL! Thou source of ev'ry blessing,
Sov'reign Father of mankind ;
Gentiles now, thy grace possessing,
In thy courts admission find.
Grateful now we fall before Thee,
In thy church obtain a place ;
Now by faith behold thy glory,
Praise thy truth, adore thy grace.
- 2 Once far off, but now invited,
We approach thy sacred throne :
In thy covenant united,
Reconcil'd, redeem'd, made one.
Now reveal'd to eastern sages,
See the star of mercy shine!
Myst'ry hid in former ages,
Myst'ry great of love divine.
- 3 Hail! Thou all-inviting Saviour ;
Gentiles now their off'rings bring :
In thy temple seek thy favour,
Jesus Christ, our Lord and king.
May we, body, soul, and spirit,
Live devoted to thy praise,
Glorious realms of bliss inherit,
Grateful anthems ever raise.

315 *Blessed be thy glorious name.* Neh. ix. 5. C. M.

- 1 FATHER, how wide thy glory shines!
How high thy wonders rise!
Known through the earth by thousand signs,
By thousand through the skies.
- 2 Those mighty orbs proclaim thy power,
Their motions speak thy skill;
And, on the wings of ev'ry hour,
We read thy patience still.
- 3 But, Father, in thy great design
To save rebellious worms,
We see both truth and mercy shine,
In their divinest forms.
- 4 And thus the glories of the Lamb
Fill heaven and earth with praise;
Archangels learn Immanuel's name,
And celebrate his grace.
- 5 Oh! may I bear some humble part
In that immortal song;
Wonder and joy shall tune my heart,
And love command my tongue.

7. EASTER.

316 *Now is Christ risen, &c.* 1 Cor. xv. 20. C. M.

- 1 AGAIN the Lord of life and light
Awakes the kindling ray,
Unseals the eyelids of the morn,
And pours increasing day.
- 2 Oh what a night was that which wrapt
The heathen world in gloom!
Oh what a sun which broke this day
Triumphant from the tomb!
- 3 The powers of darkness leagued in vain
To bind our Lord in death:
He shook their kingdom, when He fell,
By his expiring breath.
- 4 This day be grateful homage paid,
And loud hosannas sung:

Let gladness dwell in ev'ry heart,
And praise on ev'ry tongue.

- 5 Ten thousand diff'ring lips shall join
To hail this happy morn,
Which scatters blessings from its wings
On nations yet unborn.

317 *The Lord is risen, &c.* Luke xxiv. 34. 7s.

- 1 ANGELS, roll the rock away ;
Death, yield up thy mighty prey ;
See He rises from the tomb,
Rises with immortal bloom !
- 2 'Tis the Saviour ! seraphs, raise
Your eternal songs of praise :
Let the earth's remotest bound
Hear the joy-inspiring sound.
- 3 Lift, ye saints, lift up your eyes ;
Now to glory see Him rise :
Hosts of angels on the road
Hail and sing th' incarnate God.
- 4 Heaven unfolds its portals wide :
Gracious conqu'ror, through them ride ;
King of glory, mount thy throne ;
Boundless empire is thine own.
- 5 Praise Him, all ye heavenly choirs,
Praise, and sweep your golden lyres ;
Praise Him in the noblest songs,
From ten thousand thousand tongues.

318 *He is risen.* Mark xvi. 6. 7s.

- 1 CHRIST, the Lord, is ris'n to-day, *Hal.*
Sons of men, and angels, say :
Raise your songs and triumphs high ;
Sing, ye heavens, and earth reply.
- 2 Love's redeeming work is done,
Fought the fight, the battle won :
Lo ! our Sun's eclipse is o'er ;
Lo ! He sets in blood no more.

- 3 Vain the stone, the watch, the seal ;
Christ hath burst the gates of hell ;
Death in vain forbids his rise ;
Christ hath open'd Paradise.
- 4 Lives again our glorious king !
Where, O death ! is now thy sting ?
Once He died, our souls to save ;
Where's thy victory, O grave ?
- 5 Soar we now where Christ hath led,
Foll'wing our exalted Head :
Made like Him, like Him we rise ;
Ours the cross, the grave, the skies.

319

He is risen. Matt. xxviii. 6.

7s.

- 1 CHRIST, the Lord, is ris'n to-day, *Hal.*
Our triumphant holy day :
He endur'd the cross and grave,
Sinners to redeem and save.
- 2 Lo ! He rises, mighty king ;
Where, O death ! is now thy sting ?
Lo ! He claims his native sky ;
Grave, where is thy victory ?
- 3 Sinners, see your ransom paid,
Peace with God for ever made :
With your risen Saviour rise ;
Claim with Him the purchas'd skies.
- 4 Christ, the Lord, is ris'n to-day,
Our triumphant holy day :
Loud the song of vict'ry raise ;
Shout the great Redeemer's praise.

Second 319 *As Christ was raised up.* Rom. vi. 4. c. n.

- 1 WHEN Christ, victorious from the grave,
Ascended up on high,
He gave to all his saints a pledge
That they should never die.
- 2 Though for a time they sleep in dust,
Each resting in his bed,

Soon the archangel's trump shall sound,
And call them from the dead.

- 3 United to their risen Lord
By true and living faith,
They that are Christ's will persevere,
Obedient unto death.
- 4 For them, unworthy as they are,
Against that joyful day,
A crown of glory is reserv'd,
That fadeth not away.

320 *Thou hast led, &c.* Ps. lxxviii. 18. 148th m.

- 1 THE happy morn is come ;
Triumphant o'er the grave,
The Saviour leaves the tomb,
Omnipotent to save :
Captivity is captive led ;
For Jesus liveth, that was dead.
- 2 Who now accuses them
For whom their surety died ?
Who now shall those condemn
Whom God hath justified ?
Captivity is captive led ;
For Jesus liveth, that was dead.
- 3 Christ hath the ransom paid ;
The glorious work is done ;
On Him our help is laid ;
By Him our vict'ry won :
Captivity is captive led ;
For Jesus liveth, that was dead.

321 *The redemption of, &c.* Ps. xlix. 8. c. m.

- 1 ON this glad day a brighter scene
Of glory was display'd,
By God, the eternal Word, than when
This universe was made :
He rises who mankind has bought
With grief and pain extreme ;

"Twas great to speak a world from nought,
 "Twas greater to redeem.

8. ASCENSION.

322 *The King of glory, &c.* Ps. xxiv. 9. L. M.

- 1 OUR Lord is risen from the dead ;
 Our Jesus is gone up on high ;
 The powers of hell are captive led,
 Dragg'd to the portals of the sky.
- 2 Lo ! his triumphal chariot waits,
 And angels chant the solemn lay ;
 Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates ;
 Ye everlasting doors, give way.
- 3 Loose all your bars of massy light,
 And wide unfold th' ethereal scene ;
 He claims these mansions as his right ;
 Receive the king of glory in.
- 4 " Who is the king of glory, who ?"
 The Lord, that all his foes o'ercame,
 The world, sin, death, and hell o'erthrew ;
 And Jesus is the conqu'ror's name.
- 5 " Who is the king of glory, who ?"
 The Lord, of glorious power possess'd,
 The king of saints and angels too,
 GOD OVER ALL, for ever blest.

323 *Thou hast ascended on, &c.* Ps. lxxviii. 18. 7s.

- 1 HAIL the day that sees Him rise,
 Glorious to his native skies !
 Christ, awhile to mortals given,
 Enters now the gates of heaven.
- 2 There the glorious triumph waits ;
 Lift your heads, eternal gates :
 Christ hath vanquish'd death and sin ;
 Take the king of glory in.
- 3 See the heaven its Lord receives !
 Yet He loves the earth He leaves ;
 Though returning to his throne,
 Still He calls mankind his own.

- 4 Still for us He intercedes ;
His prevailing death He pleads ;
Near Himself prepares our place,
Harbinger of human race.
- 5 What, though parted from our sight,
Far above yon azure height,
Grant our hearts may thither rise,
Seeking Thee above the skies.

324 *King of kings, and, &c.* Rev. xix. 16. C. M.

- 1 WHENCE those unusual bursts of joy,
Whose sound through heaven rings ?
They welcome Jesus to the sky,
And crown Him—King of kings.
- 2 At sight of Him, yon seraphs bright
Exulting clap their wings ;
They hail their Lord with new delight,
And crown Him—King of kings.
- 3 Look up, ye saints, and, while ye gaze,
Forget all earthly things :
Unite to sing the Saviour's praise,
And crown Him—King of kings.
- 4 While here, He bore our sin and shame ;
From this our comfort springs ;
'Tis meet we should exalt his name,
And crown Him—King of kings.
- 5 We hope, ere long, beyond those clouds
To tune celestial strings,
And join with heaven's exulting crowds
To crown Him—King of kings.

325

PSALM XLVII.

C. M.

- 1 OH for a shout of sacred joy
To God the sov'reign King !
Let ev'ry land their tongues employ,
And hymns of triumph sing.
- 2 Jesus, our God, ascends on high ;
His heavenly guards around

Attend Him rising through the sky,
With trumpet's joyful sound.

- 3 While angels shout and praise their King,
Let mortals learn their strains :
Let all the earth his honour sing ;
O'er all the earth He reigns.
- 4 Rehearse his praise with awe profound ;
Let knowledge lead the song ;
Nor mock Him with a solemn sound
Upon a thoughtless tongue.

326 *In all their affliction, &c.* Isa. lxiii. 9. L. M.

- 1 THE Lord who once on Calv'ry bled,
And rose triumphant from the dead,
Pursues in heaven his plan of grace,
The friend of man's apostate race.
- 2 There as our advocate He reigns,
Touch'd with the feeling of our pains ;
And still remembers in the skies
His tears, and groans, and agonies.
- 3 In ev'ry pang that rends the heart,
This man of sorrows bears a part ;
In all our grief, our grief He shares,
And rescues us from Satan's snares.
- 4 Oh ! let us then, before his throne,
With boldness make our sorrows known ;
And seek, from fears distrustful freed,
His grace to help in time of need.

9. WHIT-SUNDAY.

327 *When he is come.* John xvi. 8. S. M.

- 1 COME, Holy Spirit, come ;
Let thy bright beams arise ;
Dispel all sorrow from our minds,
All darkness from our eyes.
- 2 Convince us all of sin,
Then lead to Jesu's blood ;
And to our wond'ring view reveal
The mercies of our God.

- 3 Revive our drooping faith,
Our doubts and fears remove ;
And kindle in our breasts the flame
Of never-dying love.
- 4 'Tis thine to cleanse the heart,
To sanctify the soul,
To pour fresh life on ev'ry part,
And new-create the whole.
- 5 If Thou, celestial Dove,
Thine influence withdraw,
What easy victims soon we fall
To conscience, wrath, and law !
- 6 No longer burns our love ;
Our faith and patience fail ;
Our sin revives ; and death and hell
Our feeble souls assail.
- 7 Dwell, therefore, in our hearts,
Our minds from bondage free ;
Then shall we know, and praise, and love,
The Father, Son, and Thee.

328 *The Spirit helpeth, &c.* Rom. viii. 26. 8s. 7s.

- 1 COME, Thou all-inspiring Spirit,
Into ev'ry longing heart ;
Purchase of the Saviour's merit,
Now thy strength to us impart.
- 2 Keep us from the world unspotted,
From all earthly passions free,
Wholly to Thyself devoted,
Fix'd to live and die for Thee.
- 3 Wrestling on in mighty prayer,
Lord, we will not let Thee go,
Till we Israel's blessing share,
And thy grace Thou dost bestow.
- 4 Peace, the seal of sin forgiven,
Joy, and ardent love impart :
Present, everlasting heaven,
All Thou hast, and all Thou art.

329 *Abound in hope, &c.* Rom. xv. 13. 8. 7. 4.

1 HOLY Ghost, dispel our sadness,
 Pierce the clouds of nature's night :
 Come, Thou source of joy and gladness,
 Breathe thy life, and spread thy light :
 Raise us sinners, from the power of sin and death.

2 Hear, oh ! hear, our supplication,
 Blessed Spirit, God of peace ;
 Rest upon this congregation,
 Great distributor of grace :
 May we ever feel and own thy heavenly sway.

3 Author of our new creation,
 Bid us all thine influence prove ;
 Make our souls thy habitation ;
 Shed abroad the Saviour's love ;
 Heavenly teacher, guide and bless us all our days.

330 *Filled with, &c.* Acts ii. 4. Double s. m.

1 LORD God, the Holy Ghost,
 In this accepted hour,
 As on the day of Pentecost,
 Descend in all thy power :
 We meet with one accord
 In our appointed place,
 And wait the promise of our Lord,
 The Spirit of all grace.

2 Like mighty rushing wind
 Upon the waves beneath,
 Move with one impulse ev'ry mind,
 One soul, one feeling breathe :
 The young, the old, inspire
 With wisdom from above ;
 And give us hearts and tongues of fire,
 To pray, and praise, and love.

3 Spirit of light, explore
 And chase our gloom away,
 With lustre, shining more and more
 Unto the perfect day ;

Spirit of truth, be Thou
 In life and death our guide ;
 O ! Spirit of adoption, now
 May we be sanctified.

331 *Breathe upon these, &c.* Ezek. xxxvii. 9. L. M.

- 1 O SPIRIT of the living God !
 In all the fulness of thy grace,
 Where'er the foot of man hath trod,
 Descend upon our fallen race.
- 2 Give tongues of fire and hearts of love
 To preach the reconciling word :
 Give power and unction from above,
 Whene'er the joyful sound is heard.
- 3 Be darkness, at thy coming, light ;
 Confusion, order, in thy path :
 Souls without strength inspire with might ;
 Bid mercy triumph over wrath.
- 4 Baptize the nations far and nigh ;
 The triumphs of the cross record ;
 The name of Jesus glorify,
 Till ev'ry kindred call Him Lord.
- 5 God from eternity hath will'd,
 " All flesh shall my salvation see : "
 So be the Father's love fulfill'd,
 The Saviour's suff'rings crown'd by Thee.

332 *I will pour out, &c.* Acts ii. 17. L. M.

- 1 SPIRIT of mercy, truth, and love,
 Shed thy sweet influence from above,
 And still from age to age convey
 The wonders of this sacred day.
- 2 In ev'ry clime, by ev'ry tongue,
 Be God's amazing glory sung ;
 Through all the list'ning earth be taught
 The acts our great Redeemer wrought.
- 3 Unfailing Comforter, bless'd guide,
 Still o'er thy favour'd church preside :

Still may mankind thy blessings prove,
Spirit of mercy, truth, and love.

333 *The Spirit of God, &c.* Gen. i. 2. 8. 7. 4.

- 1 **ERE** the world, with light invested,
 Rose from its primeval sleep ;
 Gloom and desolation rested
 On the surface of the deep : [heap.
Earth and ocean form'd one rude and shapeless
- 2 There the Holy Spirit moving,
 Wide his fost'ring pinions spread ;
 Till, beneath his power improving,
 Nature seem'd no longer dead : [head.
Light and beauty rose to crown her radiant
- 3 Blessed Spirit, we implore Thee,
 Yet once more thy succour lend ;
 Scatter the thick clouds before Thee,
 Which through all the earth extend ;
On all nations bid the light of life descend.
- 4 See what sin, and what delusion,
 In this wretched world are found ;
 Stay the torrent of confusion,
 Ère it spread destruction round :
Where sin triumph'd, now let grace and truth
 abound.

10. TRINITY SUNDAY.

334 *Canst thou by, &c.* Job xi. 7. c. M.

- 1 **O SELF-EXISTENT** One in Three,
 Jehovah, God alone,
 In glory wrapt, invisible,
 By revelation known !
- 2 Incomprehensible Thou art,
 And all research is vain ;
 Nor even can the wise in heart
 The mystery explain.
- 3 Yet does thy holy word declare
 That we may learn thy name ;—

That they who worship Thee in truth
Thy praises shall proclaim.

- 4 Then teach us, Lord, thy name of love,
By revelation known :
Hail, Holy, Holy, Holy Lord,
Jehovah, God alone.

335

Blessed be his, &c. Ps. lxxii. 19.

148th M.

- 1 To God the Father yield
Immortal praise and love,
For all our comforts here,
And all our hopes above :
He sent his own eternal Son,
To die for sins which man had done.
- 2 To God th' eternal Son
Let praise immortal flow,
Who bought us with his blood,
Who saves from endless woe :
And now on high He lives and reigns,
And sees the fruits of all his pains.
- 3 To God the Holy Ghost
Immortal honours give,
Whose new-creating power
Can make the dead to live :
His work completes the great design,
And fills the soul with joy divine.
- 4 Immortal praise to Thee,
O Father, Spirit, Son,
The undivided Three,
The great mysterious One :
Where reason fails, with all her powers,
There faith prevails, and love adores.

Second

335

Blessed be he, &c. Ephes. i. 3.

148th M.

- 1 To Him that chose us first,
Before the world began,—
To Him who bore the curse
To save rebellious man,—

To Him that form'd our hearts anew,
Are endless praise and glory due.

- 2 Let ev'ry saint above,
And angels round the throne,
For ever bless and love
The sacred Three in One :
The heavens shall raise his honours high ;
Him all shall praise eternally.

336 *Blessed be thy glorious, &c.* Neh. ix. 5. L. M.

- 1 BLESS'D be the Father and his love,
To whose celestial source we owe
Rivers of endless joy above,
And rills of comfort here below.
- 2 Glory to Thee, great Son of God,
Forth from whose wounded body rolls
A precious stream of vital blood,
Pardon and life for dying souls.
- 3 We give Thee, sacred Spirit, praise,
Who, in our hearts of sin and woe.
Mak'st living springs of grace arise,
And into boundless glory flow.
- 4 Thus God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Spirit, we adore,
That sea of life and love unknown,
Unfathom'd, and without a shore.

337 *The grace of our Lord, &c.* 2 Cor. xiii. 14. 8s.

- 1 O FATHER ! Thou fountain of love,
Which flows to lost sinners below :
O Jesus ! sent down from above,
All blessings on us to bestow ;—
- 2 And O ! Thou bless'd Spirit of God,
Proceeding from Father and Son,
Now fix in our hearts thine abode,
Complete the salvation begun.
- 3 Jehovah, the great One in Three,
Our covenant God, we adore :—

With joy we'll ascribe unto Thee
All glory and praise evermore.

II. PUBLIC THANKSGIVING.

338 *National thanksgiving, &c.* 1 Tim. ii. 1, 2. 8. 7.

- 1 LORD of heaven, and earth, and ocean,
Hear us from thy bright abode,
While our hearts, with deep devotion,
Own their great and gracious God :
Now with joy we come before Thee,
Seek thy face—thy mercies sing :
Lord of life, and light, and glory,
Guard thy church, and guide our king.
- 2 Health and ev'ry needful blessing
Are thy bounteous gifts alone ;
Comforts undeserv'd possessing,
Here we bend before thy throne :
Young and old do now before Thee
Their united tribute bring ;
Lord of life, and light, and glory,
Shield our isle, and save our king.
- 3 Thee, with humble adoration,
Lord, we praise for mercies past ;
Still to this most favour'd nation
May those mercies ever last :
Britons, then, shall still before Thee
Songs of ceaseless praises sing :
Lord of life, and light, and glory,
Bless thy people—bless our king.

339 *He maketh wars, &c.* Ps. xlvi. 9. C. M.

- 1 HELP us, O Lord ! with grateful minds
To bow before thy throne,
And, with united thanks to Thee,
Thy tender mercies own.
- 2 May we, from fear'd destruction sav'd,
Our Ebenezer raise ;
And with our hearts, and lives, and tongues,
Proclaim thy wondrous praise.

- 3 Hasten the glorious time, foretold
 In thine unerring word ;
 When, from the greatest to the least,
 All men shall serve the Lord.
- 4 No more let nations, learning war,
 In hostile rage appear,
 But into plough-shares beat their swords,
 To pruning-hooks the spear.
- 5 From Satan's long usurp'd domain,
 A sinful world release :
 Then with each other all shall dwell
 In universal peace.

340

PSALM CL.

L. M.

- 1 OH ! praise the Lord in that blest place
 From whence his goodness largely flows ;
 Praise Him in heaven, where He his face
 Unveil'd in perfect glory shows.
- 2 Praise Him for all his mighty acts,
 Which He in our behalf has done :
 His kindness this return exacts,
 With which our praise should equal run.
- 3 Let all that vital breath enjoy
 The breath He does to them afford
 In just returns of praise employ ;
 Let ev'ry creature praise the Lord.

341

PSALM CXXXVI.

7s.

- 1 LET us with a gladsome mind,
 Praise the Lord, for He is kind,—
 For his mercies shall endure,
 Ever faithful, ever sure.
- 2 He, with all-commanding might,
 Fill'd the new-made world with light ;
 For his mercies shall endure,
 Ever faithful, ever sure.
- 3 All things living He doth feed ·
 His full hand supplies their need ·

- For his mercies shall endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.
- 4 He his chosen race did bless
In the wasteful wilderness :
For his mercies shall endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.
- 5 He hath with a piteous eye
Look'd upon our misery :
For his mercies shall endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.
- 6 Let us then, with gladsome mind,
Praise the Lord, for He is kind :
For his mercies shall endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

Second **341** *The living, he, &c.* Isa. xxxviii. 19. 7s.

- 1 WALKING on the winged wind,
Fear before Him, death behind,
When the Lord came down in wrath,
Clouds and darkness girt his path.
- 2 Thence abroad his arrows flew ;
Thick and fast they smote and slew ;
We in dust and ashes lay,
None could help, but all could pray.
- 3 Prayer prevail'd amidst despair ;
God delights to honour prayer :
Judgment laid its terrors by,
Mercy beam'd on earth and sky.
- 4 Now be sorrow turned to song,
Let the bruised reed grow strong,
Smoking flax break forth and blaze,
Prayer transform itself to praise.
- 5 Let the living now record
All the goodness of the Lord ;
Him let those He heal'd adore,
" Go in peace, and sin no more."

12. SAINT'S DAY.

342 *Followers of them, &c.* Heb. vi. 12. G. M.

- 1 AUTHOR and finisher of faith,
We praise Thee for the grace

Bestow'd on those who, ages past,
Did thy great name confess.

- 2 They taught and practis'd truths divine,
And seal'd them with their blood ;
And so to us was handed down
The gospel of our God.
- 3 We bless Thee for that saving truth
Thy saints of old have taught :
We bless Thee for those holy works
Thy grace within them wrought.
- 4 May we and all mankind believe
Thy messages of love,
Follow the steps of saints below,
And dwell with them above.

343 *Compassed about with, &c.* Heb. xii. 1. C. M.

- 1 GIVE me the wings of faith, to rise
Within the veil, and see
The saints above, how great their joys,
How bright their glories be.
- ? Once they were mourning here below,
And wet their couch with tears :
They wrestled hard, as we do now,
With sins, and doubts, and fears.
- 3 It was by grace their vict'ries came ;
They with united breath
Ascribe their conquest to the Lamb,
Their triumphs to his death.
- 4 They mark'd the way our Saviour trod ;
His Spirit fill'd their breast ;
And, foll'wing their incarnate God,
They reach'd the promis'd rest.
- 5 Our glorious leader we will praise,
For his own pattern given ;
And, with the cloud of witnesses,
We'll walk the path to heaven.

344 *The saints in light.* Col. i. 12. C. M

- 1 How bright those glorious spirits shine !
Whence all their white array ?

- How came they to the blissful seats
Of everlasting day?
- 2 Lo! these are they from sufferings great,
Who came to realms of light,
And in the blood of Christ have wash'd
Those robes which shine so bright.
- 3 Now with triumphal palms they stand
Before the throne on high;
And serve the God they love, amidst
The glories of the sky.
- 4 The Lamb which dwells amidst the throne
Shall o'er them still preside,
Feed them with nourishment divine,
And all their footsteps guide.
- 5 The Saviour still will feed his flock,
Where living streams appear;
And God, Himself, from every eye
Shall wipe off every tear.

345 *The circumcision of Christ.* Col. ii. 11. C. M.

- 1 THE promise was divinely free,
Extensive was the grace,
"I will the God of Abra'am be,
And of his num'rous race."
- 2 He said, and with a bloody seal
Confirm'd the words He spoke;
That thus the church in youth might feel
A beneficial yoke.
- 3 But God's own Son descended low,
In our behalf to bleed;
And gentiles thus are blessed now,
In Christ, as Abra'am's seed.
- 4 Praise Abra'am's God, who reigns above,
Whose promises endure;
And Christ, the Lord, whose grace and love
Make our salvation sure.

346 *The voice of many angels, &c.* Rev. v. 11. 7s.

- 1 LORD and God of heavenly powers,
Theirs, yet oh! benignly ours,

Glorious King, let earth proclaim ;
Worms attempt to sing thy name.

- 2 Thee to laud in songs divine,
Angels and archangels join ;
We with them our voices raise,
Echoing thine eternal praise.
- 3 Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord,
By all heaven and earth ador'd ;
Infinite thy Majesty,
Glory be to Thee most high.

347 *Of such is the kingdom of, &c.* Mark x. 14. C. M.

- 1 THE tyrant Herod's ruthless sway,
The infants' blood once shed ;
Hoping to take Christ's life away,
He slew them with the sword.
- 2 Unconscious, thus the martyrs' place
As first fruits they did fill ;
And, in the fulness of God's grace,
Were rais'd with Him to dwell.
- 3 Nor deem that precious hope amiss,
That infants live with God ;
Of such his heavenly kingdom is,
Our Lord himself has said.
- 4 May we be like the little child,
Submissive, teachable ;
Confiding in the Saviour mild,
Simple and tractable.
- 5 Lord, in the fulness of thy grace,
Keep us from ev'ry ill ;
And choose for us near Thee a place
Which we may ever fill.

X. The Sacraments.

1. BAPTISM.

348 *Baptizing them in, &c.* Matt. xxviii. 19. L. M

- 1 COME, Holy Ghost, descend from high,
Baptizer of our spirits Thou,

L 2

The sacramental seal apply,
And witness with the water now.

- 2 Pour forth thy energy divine,
And sprinkle the atoning blood ;
May Father, Son, and Spirit join
To seal this child a child of God.

349 *He shall gather the lambs.* Is. xl. 11. C. M.

- 1 Lo! Israel's gracious shepherd stands,
With all-engaging charms :
Behold, He calls the tender lambs,
And folds them to his arms.
- 2 " Permit them to approach," He cries,
" Nor scorn their humble name ;
For 'twas to bless such souls as these
The Lord of glory came."
- 3 We bring them, Lord, by fervent prayer,
And yield them up to Thee ;
Joyful that ~~we ourselves~~ are thine,
Thine let our offspring be.

350 *Suffer the little, &c.* Matt. xix. 14. 7s.

- 1 JESUS, kind, inviting Lord,
We with joy obey thy word,
And in earliest infancy
Bring our little ones to Thee.
- 2 Born they are, as we, in sin,
Make th' unconscious lepers clean ;
Purchase of thy blood they are,
Let them all thy blessing share.

351 *Forbid them not.* Mark x. 14. C. M.

- 1 JESUS, we lift our souls to Thee ;
Thy Holy Spirit breathe ;
And let these little infants be
Baptiz'd into thy death.
- 2 Oh! let thine unction on them rest,
Thy grace their souls renew ;

And write within their tender breast
Thy name and nature too.

- 3 Lord, if Thou lengthen out their race,
Continue still thy care ;
And, should'st Thou quickly end their days,
Their place with Thee prepare.
- 4 Thy faithful servants let them prove,
Begirt with truth divine ;
And sharers in thy dying love,
And followers of thine.
- 5 Lord, plant us all into thy death,
That we thy life may prove ;
Partakers of thy cross beneath,
And of thy crown above.

352 *He shall carry the lambs, &c. Isa. xl. 11. 7s.*

- 1 WELCOME to the Saviour's breast,
Children of the Saviour's love :
By Him may they now be bless'd ;
From Him never, never rove.
- 2 We baptize them at thy word ;
Wash their souls from sin's deep stain
And in thy compassion, Lord,
Grant them to be born again.

353 *Suffer the little children, &c. Mark x. 14. c. x*

- 1 OUR children, Lord, in faith and prayer
We now devote to Thee ;
Let them thy cov'nant mercies share,
And thy salvation see.
- 2 Such helpless babes Thou didst embrace,
While dwelling here below :
To us, and ours, O God of grace !
The same compassion show.
- 3 In early days their hearts secure
From worldly snares, we pray ;
And let them to the end endure
In ev'ry righteous way.

- 4 Grant us before them, Lord, to live
 In holy faith and fear ;
 And then to heaven our souls remove,
 And bring our children there.

354 *Baptized into his death.* Rom. vi. 3. L. M.

- 1 Do we not know that solemn word,
 That we are buried with the Lord,
 Baptiz'd into his death, and then
 Put off the body of our sin ?
- 2 Our souls receive diviner breath,
 Rais'd from corruption, guilt, and death :
 So from the grave did Christ arise,
 And lives to God above the skies.
- 3 No more let sin nor Satan reign
 Over our ransom'd souls again :
 The hateful lusts we serv'd before
 Shall have dominion now no more.

2. LORD'S SUPPER.

(1.) ADMISSION TO THE COMMUNION AFTER
 CONFIRMATION.

355 *Receive ye one another, &c.* Rom. xv. 7. L. M.

- 1 COME in, beloved in the Lord,
 Enter in Jesus' precious name ;
 We welcome you with one accord,
 And trust our Saviour does the same.
- 2 Those joys which earth cannot afford
 We'll hope in fellowship to prove ;
 Join'd in one spirit to our Lord,
 Together bound by mutual love.
- 3 And, while we pass the vale of tears,
 We'll make our joys and sorrows known,
 We'll share each other's hopes and fears,
 And count a brother's cares our own.
- 4 Once more our welcome we repeat,
 Receive assurance of our love ;
 Oh ! may we all together meet,
 Around the throne of God above.

356 *Let us join ourselves, &c.* Jer. i. 5. C. M.

- 1 WE covenant with hand and heart
To follow Christ our Lord,
Satan, the world, and flesh resist,
And to obey the word.
- 2 We'll love each other heartily,
And bear the cross and shame ;
We will confess Christ openly,
And glorify his name.
- 3 O Lord! thy strength in us renew,
Keep us from ev'ry fall ;
Nothing without Thee can we do,
By Thee we can do all.

(2.) CELEBRATION OF THE LORD'S SUPPER.

357 *Eat, O friends.* Cant. v. 1. L. M.

- 1 LORD Jesus, is thy table spread?
And doth thy cup with love o'erflow?
Thither be all thy children led,
And let them all thy bounty know.
- 2 Lord, let thy table honour'd be,
And furnish'd well with joyful guests ;
May ev'ry soul salvation see
Who here its sacred pledges tastes.
- 3 Let crowds approach with hearts sincere,
And round thy holy altar bend ;
And, having felt thy presence here,
Let not the joy nor profit end.
- 4 Revive thy dying churches, Lord,
Bid all our drooping graces live,
More of that energy afford
A Saviour's blood alone can give.

358 *See that ye refuse not.* Heb. xii. 25. 8s. 7s.

- 1 HAST Thou, holy Lord, Redeemer,
Left for man this pledge of love,
Thee to honour, to remember,
When enthron'd in light above?

- 2 Didst Thou quit for him thy glory,
 Sojourn in a vale of tears,
 Realize that bitter story
 Prophesied by holy seers ?
- 3 Didst Thou, pierc'd with keenest anguish,
 Close the great, the gracious, plan,
 Guiltless suffer, guiltless languish,
 To deliver guilty man ?
- 4 And shall the redeem'd, ungrateful,
 Hostile to a Saviour's views,
 Sunk in sin and pleasures hateful,
 This thy dearest pledge refuse ?
- 5 Search, O Lord ! and cleanse and save us ;
 Heal us by thy power divine ;
 Burst the bonds that here enslave us,
 That we may be wholly thine.
- 6 Thus may we, secur'd from sadness,
 All with joy and peace believe,
 Feed on Thee with faith and gladness,
 And thy cup of grace receive.

359

Come thou south, &c. Cant. iv. 16.

C. 31

- 1 To-DAY the Lord of hosts invites
 Unto a costly feast ;
 Oh what a privilege is this,
 To be my Saviour's guest !
- 2 Worldly distractions, stay behind,
 Below the mount abide,
 Be no disturbance to my mind,
 Nor make my Saviour chide.
- 3 While Thou dost at thy table sit,
 Thy Spirit send from heaven,
 To breathe on me, and summon forth
 The graces Thou hast given.
- 4 Awake, repentance, faith, and love,
 Awake, oh ! ev'ry grace ;
 Come, come, attend this glorious king,
 And bring me near his face.

360 *Thou preparest a table, &c.* Ps. xxiii. 5. 8s. 7s.

- 1 ISRAEL'S shepherd, guide me, feed me,
Through my pilgrimage below ;
And beside the waters lead me,
Where thy flock rejoicing go.
- 2 Lest I err, thine aid disdaining,
And forsake thy shelt'ring fold,
Heedless of thy grace constraining,
In the strength of nature bold,—
- 3 Lord, thy guardian presence ever,
Meekly kneeling, I implore ;
Now thy grace hath found me, never
Would I wander from Thee more.
- 4 Oh how sweet, how comfortable,
In the wilderness to see
Rich provisions, and a table
Spread for sinners, spread for me !
- 5 Here thy bounty still partaking,
In these signs of bread and wine,
Freely all things else forsaking,
I behold the Saviour mine.
- 6 In his bruised body broken,
In the shedding of his blood,
See, my soul, a gracious token,
Sure and full for ev'ry good.
- 7 To his cross for refuge flying,
Arm thee for the strife within ;
There from thy Redeemer, dying,
Learn the sinfulness of sin.
- 8 Cleans'd, and wash'd, and freely pardon'd,
By his matchless love and power ;
Hear him say (no longer harden'd)
“ Go in peace, and sin no more.”

361 *Do this in, &c.* Luke xxii. 19. L. M.

- 1 OURS is a rich and royal feast,
Provided by the king of heaven :

- How privileg'd are they, and blest,
To whom the bread of life is given !
- 2 In sacred fellowship we meet,
To celebrate our Saviour's death :
His blood we drink, his flesh we eat ;
His people feed on Him by faith.
- 3 We worship Him who bore the cross ;
We glory in his death alone :
The world itself appears but loss
To those to whom his name is known.
- 4 The blood He shed supplies a stream
That washes all our guilt away ;
How precious, then, the Lord should seem,
Whose death we celebrate to-day !
- 5 On earth his dying love shall be
Our spring of hope, our theme of joy ;
And, when in heaven our Lord we see,
His praise shall all our powers employ.

362 *To save that which, &c.* Luke xix. 10. C. M.

- 1 LORD, at thy table we behold
The wonders of thy grace ;
How great the love, that even we
Should find a welcome place !
- 2 What strange surprising grace is this,
That those so lost have room !
Jesus our weary souls invites,
And freely bids us come.
- 3 Ye saints below, and hosts of heaven,
Join all your praising powers ;
No theme is like redeeming love ;
No Saviour is like ours.

363 *I beheld a Lamb, &c.* Rev. v. 6. 7s. 6s.

- 1 LAMB of God, whose bleeding love
We now recal to mind,
Send thine answer from above,
And let us mercy find :

Let our cry ascend to Thee,
 And ev'ry burden'd soul release ;
 Oh ! remember Calvary,
 And bid us go in peace.

2 By thine agonizing pain,
 And bloody sweat, we pray ;
 By thy dying love to man,
 Take all our sins away :
 Burst our bonds, and set us free,
 From all iniquity release ;
 Oh ! remember Calvary,
 And bid us go in peace.

3 Through thy blood, by faith applied,
 Let sinners pardon feel ;
 Speak us freely justified,
 And all our sickness heal :
 By thy passion on the tree,
 Let all our griefs and troubles cease ;
 Oh ! remember Calvary,
 And bid us go in peace.

Second **363** *Show me a token for, &c.* Ps. lxxxvi. 17. c. m.

1 **FATHER** of heaven, almighty King,
 How wondrous is thy love,
 That worms of dust thy praise should sing,
 And Thou their songs approve !

2 Since by a new and living way
 Access to Thee is given,
 Poor sinners may with boldness pray,
 And earth converse with heaven.

3 Give each some token, Lord, for good ;
 And send the Spirit down
 To feed us with celestial food,
 The body of thy Son.

4 The feast Thou hast been pleas'd to make
 We would by faith receive ;
 That all that come their part may take,
 And all that take may live.

5 Let ev'ry tongue the Father own,
 Who, when we all were lost,
 To seek and save us sent the Son,
 And gives the Holy Ghost.

Third **363** *Faith, hope, and love.* 1 Cor. xiii. 13. C. M.

- 1 THE blest memorials of thy grief,
 Thy suff'rings and thy death,
 We come, dear Saviour, to receive;
 But would receive with faith.
- 2 The tokens sent us to relieve
 Our spirits, when they droop,
 We come, dear Saviour, to receive;
 But would receive with hope.
- 3 The pledges Thou wast pleas'd to leave,
 Our mournful minds to move,
 We come, dear Saviour, to receive;
 But would receive with love.
- 4 Here, in obedience to thy word,
 We take the bread and wine;
 The utmost we can do, dear Lord,
 For all beyond is thine.
- 5 Increase our faith, and hope, and love;
 Lord, give us all that's good:
 We would thy full salvation prove,
 And share thy flesh and blood.

364

This do in, &c. Luke xxii. 19.

C. M.

- 1 ACCORDING to thy gracious word,
 In meek humility,
 This will I do, my dying Lord,
 I will remember Thee.
- 2 Thy body broken for my sake
 My bread from heaven shall be;
 Thy testamental cup I take,
 And thus remember Thee.
- 3 Can I Gethsemane forget?
 Or there thy conflict see,

Thine agony and bloody sweat,
And not remember Thee?

- 4 When to the cross I turn mine eyes,
And rest on Calvary,
O Lamb of God! my sacrifice,
I must remember Thee.
- 5 Remember Thee, and all thy pains,
And all thy love to me!
Yes, while a pulse or breath remains
Will I remember Thee.
- 6 And when these failing lips grow dumb
And thought and mem'ry flee,
When Thou shalt in thy kingdom come,
Jesus, remember me.

365

He humbled himself. Phil. ii. 8.

C. M.

- 1 AND did the holy and the just,
The sov'reign of the skies,
Stoop down to wretchedness and dust,
That guilty worms might rise?
- 2 Yes, the Redeemer left his throne,
His radiant throne on high
(Surprising mercy! love unknown!)
To suffer, bleed, and die.
- 3 Jesus, my soul adoring bends
To love, so full, so free;
And may I hope that love extends
Its saving power to me?
- 4 What glad returns can I impart
For favours so divine?
Oh! take my all—this worthless heart,
And make it only thine.

366

He that eateth, &c. John vi. 58.

L. M.

- 1 COMMUNION of my Saviour's blood,
In Him to have my lot and part,—
To prove the virtue of that flood
Which burst on Calvary from his heart:—

- 2 To feed by faith on Christ, my bread,
His body broken on the tree,—
To live in Him, my living head,
Who died and rose again for me ;—
- 3 Be this my joy and comfort here ;
This pledge of future glory mine :
Jesus, in Spirit now appear,
And break the bread, and pour the wine.
- 4 From thy dear hand may I receive
The tokens of thy dying love ;
And, while I feast on earth, believe
That I shall feast with Thee above.
- 5 Ah ! then, though in the lowest place,
Thee at thy table could I meet,
And see Thee, know Thee, face to face,
For such a moment death were sweet.
- 6 What, then, will their fruition be
Who meet in heaven with one accord ?
A moment ?—No :—eternity !
They are for ever with the Lord.

367 *Show forth the Lord's, &c.* 1 Cor. xi. 26. 6-7s.

- 1 MEETING in the Saviour's name,
Breaking bread by his command,
To the world we thus proclaim
On what ground we hope to stand
When the Lord shall come with clouds,
Join'd by heaven's exulting crowds.
- 2 From the cross our hope we draw ;
'Tis the sinner's bless'd resource :
Jesus magnified the law ;
Jesus bore its awful curse :
What a glorious truth is this !
Oh how full of joy and peace !
- 3 Jesus died, and then arose ;
Yes, He rose, He lives, He reigns :
Jesus vanquish'd all his foes ;
Jesus led them all in chains :

His the triumph and the crown;
His the glory and renown.

- 4 Sing we then of Him who died;
Sing of Him who rose again:
By his blood we're justified,
And with Him we hope to reign:
Soon we hope to see our Lord,
And to share his bright reward.

368 *If any man thirst, &c.* John vii. 37. S. M.—

- 1 JESUS invites his saints
To meet around his board;
Here pardon'd sinners meet and hold
Communion with their Lord.
- 2 Here we survey that love
Which spoke in ev'ry breath,
Which crown'd each action of his life,
And triumph'd in his death.
- 3 Here let our powers unite,
His glorious name to raise:
And holy joy fill ev'ry mind,
And ev'ry voice be praise.

369 *Enemies reconciled, &c.* Rom. v. 10. S. M.

- 1 OH the transcendant love
Which Christ our Saviour shows!
For enemies Himself he gave,
And mercy freely flows.
- 2 His blood to God brings near
The vilest of our race;
He bids stout-hearted sinners hear
The gospel of his grace.
- 3 If pride of man disclaim
And all his grace despise,
Yet let us love the Saviour's name—
'Tis wondrous in our eyes.
Yes: to life's utmost end
Thy grace, Lord, let us show;

And own Thee for the sinner's friend,
But sin's eternal foe.

370 *We will remember thy, &c.* Cant. i. 4. C. M.

- 1 If human kindness meets return,
And owns the grateful tie ;
If tender thoughts within us burn
To feel a friend is nigh ;—
- 2 Oh ! shall not warmer accents tell
The gratitude we owe
To Him who died our fears to quell,
And save from endless woe ?
- 3 While yet in anguish He survey'd
Those pangs he would not flee,
What love his latest words display'd,
“ Meet, and remember me ! ”
- 4 Remember Thee ! thy death, thy shame,
Our sinful hearts to share ;
O mem'ry ! leave no other name
So deeply graven there.

371 *We have such, &c.* Heb. viii. 1. C. M.

- 1 WITH joy we meditate the grace
Of our high priest above ;
His heart o'erflows with tenderness,
And patient faithful love.
- 2 Touch'd with a sympathy within,
He knows our feeble frame ;
He knows what sore temptations mean,
For He has felt the same.
- 3 He in the days of feeble flesh
Pour'd out strong cries and tears,
And still, in glory, feels afresh
What ev'ry member bears.
- 4 He'll never quench the smoking flax,
But raise it to a flame ;
The bruised reed He never breaks,
Nor scorns the meanest name.

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

372 *Come, for all things, &c.* Luke xiv. 17. C. M.

- 1 THE King of heaven prepares a feast,
 The supper of the Lord,
 Not Paradise, with all its joys,
 Could such delight afford.
- 2 Pardon and peace to dying men,
 And endless life are given,
 And the rich blood that Jesus shed
 To raise the soul to heaven.
- 3 Yet are his house and heart so large,
 That millions more may come ;
 Nor could the wide o'erspreading world
 O'erfill the spacious room.
- 4 All things are ready ; come away,
 Nor weak excuses frame ;
 Crowd to your places at the feast,
 And bless our Saviour's name.

Second **372** *Truth, Lord, &c.* Matt. xv. 27. L. M.

- 1 PITY a helpless sinner, Lord,
 Who would believe thy gracious word,
 But own my heart with shame and grief
 The hold of sin and unbelief.
- 2 Lord, in thy house I hear there's room ;
 And, vent'ring hard, behold I come :
 But can there, tell me, can there be,
 Amongst thy children, room for me ?
- 3 I eat the bread, and drink the wine ;
 But, oh ! my soul wants more than sign ;
 I faint unless I feed on Thee,
 And drink thy blood as shed for me.
- 4 For sinners, Lord, thou cam'st to bleed ;
 And I'm a sinner vile indeed :

Lord, I believe thy grace is free :
Oh magnify that grace in me !

XI. Ordinances.

I. ORDINATION.

373 *He shall give you, &c.* John xiv. 16. 112th M.

- 1 **COME**, Holy Ghost, our souls inspire,
And lighten with celestial fire :
Thou the anointing Spirit art,
Who dost thy sevenfold gifts impart ;
Thy blessed unction from above
Is comfort, life, and fire of love.
- 2 Enable with perpetual light
The dulness of our blinded sight ;
Anoint and cheer our soiled face
With the abundance of thy grace ;
Keep far our foes, give peace at home :
Where Thou art guide, no ill can come.
- 3 Teach us to know the Father, Son,
And Thee of both to be but One ;
That, through the ages all along,
This may be our endless song ;
Praise to thy eternal merit,
Father, Son, and Holy Spirit.

374 *I will send the Comforter.* John xvi. 7. C. M.

- 1 **COME**, Holy Ghost, eternal God,
Proceeding from above,
Both from the Father and the Son,
The God of peace and love.
- 2 Visit our minds ; into our hearts
Thy heavenly grace inspire ;
That truth and godliness we may
Pursue with full desire.
- 3 Thou art the very Comforter
In grief and all distress :
The heavenly gift of God most high,
No tongue can it express.

- 4 The fountain and the living spring
Of joy celestial :
The fire so bright, and love so sweet,
The unction spiritual.
- 5 Thou in thy gifts art manifold ;
By them Christ's church doth stand :
In faithful hearts thou writ'st thy law,
The finger of God's hand.
- 6 According to thy promise, Lord,
Thou givest speech with grace ;
That through thy help God's praises may
Resound in ev'ry place.
- 7 O! Holy Ghost, into our minds
Send down thy heavenly light :
Kindle our hearts with fervent zeal,
To serve God day and night.
- 8 Our weakness strengthen and confirm
(For, Lord, Thou know'st us frail),
That neither devil, world, nor flesh,
Against us may prevail.
- 9 Put back our en'mies far from us,
And help us to obtain
Peace in our hearts with God and man,—
The best, the truest gain.
- 10 And grant that Thou being, O Lord !
Our leader and our guide,
We may escape the snares of sin,
And never from Thee slide.
- 11 Such measures of thy powerful grace
Grant, Lord, to us we pray ;
That Thou may'st be our Comforter
At the last dreadful day.
- 12 Of strife and of dissension
Dissolve, O Lord ! the bands,
And knit the knot of peace and love
Throughout all Christian lands.
- 13 Grant us the grace that we may know
The Father of all might ;

- That we of his beloved Son
 May gain the blissful sight :
- 14 And that we may with perfect faith
 Ever acknowledge Thee,
 Spirit of Father, and of Son,
 One God in persons Three.
- 15 To God the Father be all praise,
 And to his blessed Son,
 And to the Holy Spirit of grace,
 Co-equal Three in One.
- 16 And pray we that our only Lord
 Would please his Spirit to send
 On all that shall profess his name,
 From hence to the world's end.

2. PUBLIC WORSHIP.

375 *Where two or three, &c. Matt. xviii. 20.* L. M.

- 1 JESUS, where'er thy people meet,
 ✓ There they behold thy mercy seat ;
 Where'er they seek Thee Thou art found,
 And ev'ry 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 Great shepherd of thy chosen few,
 Thy former mercies here renew ;
 Here to our waiting hearts proclaim
 The glories of thy saving name.
- 4 Here may we prove the power of prayer,
 To strengthen faith, and sweeten care ;
 ✓ To teach our faint desires to rise,
 And bring all heaven before our eyes.
- 5 Lord, we are weak, but Thou art near,
 Nor short thine arm, nor deaf thine ear ;
 Oh ! rend the heavens, come quickly down,
 And make the sinner's heart thine own.

Second **375** *Come ye and let us go, &c.* Isa. ii. 3. 7s

- 1 BRETHREN, let us haste to go
Up to Zion's sacred walls ;
How can we be faint or slow,
When our heavenly Father calls ?
- 2 Let us seek the holy place
Where his glory shines most bright,
Where the Lord unveils his face,
Beaming with immortal light.
- 3 He will teach us of his ways,
He will be our guide and friend ;
Let us, while we sound his praise,
Ever on his grace depend.
- 4 Oh may He, whose hand supports
Nature's universal frame,
Publish in his hallow'd courts
All the glories of his name !
- 5 Here reveal thy mercies, Lord,
When we raise the voice of prayer ;
To our waiting souls afford
Tokens of thy tender care.

376 *Worship God in the, &c.* Phil. iii. 3. 7s.

- 1 IN thy presence we appear ;
Lord, we love to worship here,
When, within the veil, we meet
Thee upon thy mercy-seat.
- 2 Thou through Christ art reconcil'd,
Each in Him is own'd thy child ;
Abba, Father, give us grace
In thy courts to seek thy face.
- 3 While thy glorious name is sung,
Touch our lips, unloose our tongue :
Then our joyful souls shall bless
Thee, " The Lord, our Righteousness."
- 4 While to Thee our prayers ascend,
Let thine ear in love attend ;

Hear us, when thy Spirit pleads :
Hear ; for Jesus intercedes.

- 5 While thy word is heard with awe,
And we tremble at thy law,
Let thy gospel's wondrous love
Ev'ry doubt and fear remove.
- 6 While thy ministers proclaim
Peace and pardon through thy name,
In their voices let us own
Jesus speaking from the throne.
- 7 From thy house when we return,
Let our hearts within us burn ;
That, at evening, we may say—
" We have walk'd with God to-day."

377 *I will satisfy her poor, &c.* Ps. cxxxii. 15. L. M.

- 1 CONFIRM the hope thy word allows ;
Behold us waiting to be fed ;
Bless the provisions of thy house,
And " satisfy her poor with bread."
- 2 Drawn by thine invitation, Lord,
Athirst and hungry we are come ;
Now, from the fuiness of thy word,
Feast us, and send us thankful home.

378 *The Spirit of God, &c.* 1 Cor. iii. 16. L. M.

- 1 COME, sacred Spirit, from above,
And fill the coldest heart with love,
Soften to flesh the rugged stone,
And let thy gracious power be known.
- 2 Oh! let a holy flock await,
Num'rous around thy temple gate,
Each pressing on with zeal to be
A living sacrifice to Thee.

379 *Lo I am with you always.* Matt. xxviii. 20. 7s.

- 1 JESUS, we thy promise claim,
We are gather'd in thy name ;

In the midst do Thou appear,
Manifest thy presence here.

- 2 Sanctify us, Lord, and bless ;
Breathe thy Spirit, give thy peace ;
Come, and dwell within each heart,
Light, and life, and joy impart.
- 3 Make us all in Thee complete,
Make us all for glory meet ;
Meet t' appear before thy sight,
Partners with the saints in light.

380 *Lo! I am with you, &c. Matt. xxviii. 20. O. M.*

- 1 GREAT shepherd of thy people, hear ;
Thy presence now display ;
As Thou hast given a place for prayer,
So give us hearts to pray.
- 2 Show us some token of thy love
Our feeble hope to raise ;
And pour thy blessing from above,
That we may render praise.
- 3 Within these walls let holy peace,
And love, and concord dwell ;
Here give the troubled conscience ease,
The wounded spirit heal.
- 4 The hearing ear, the watchful eye,
The contrite heart bestow ;
And shine upon us from on high,
To make our graces grow.
- 5 May we in faith receive thy word,
In faith address our prayers ;
And in the presence of the Lord
Unbosom all our cares.
- 6 And may thy gospel's joyful sound,
Enforc'd by grace divine,
Awaken many sinners round,
And bend their wills to thine.

381 *Attend upon the Lord, &c. 1 Cor. vii. 35. I. M.*

- 1 THY presence, gracious God, afford ;
Prepare us to receive thy word :

- Now let thy voice engage our ear,
 And faith be mix'd with what we hear.
- 2 Distracting thoughts and cares remove,
 And fix our hearts and hopes above ;
 With food divine may we be fed,
 And satisfied with living bread.
- 3 To each thy sacred word apply,
 With sov'reign power and energy ;
 And may we, in thy faith and fear,
 Reduce to practice what we hear.
- 4 Father, in us thy Son reveal ;
 Teach us to know and do thy will ;
 Thy saving power and love display,
 And guide us to the realms of day.

382

God giveth the, &c. 1 Cor. iii. 7.

8. 7. 4.

- 1 COME, Thou soul-transforming Spirit,
 Bless the sower and the seed ;
 Let each heart thy grace inherit ;
 Raise the weak, the hungry feed :
 From the gospel, now supply thy people's need.
- 2 Oh may all enjoy the blessing
 Which thy word's design'd to give !
 Let us all, thy love possessing,
 Joyfully the truth receive ;
 And for ever to thy praise and glory live.
- 3 Thanks we give, and adoration,
 For thy gospel's joyful sound ;
 May the fruits of thy salvation
 In our hearts and lives abound :
 May thy presence with us evermore be found.
- 4 So, when'er the signal's given
 Us from earth to call away,
 Borne on angels' wings to heaven,
 Glad the summons to obey :
 May we ever reign with Christ in endless day.

383

God is a Spirit. John iv. 24.

c. m.

- 1 God is a Spirit, just and wise ;
 He sees our inmost mind ;

In vain to heaven we raise our cries,
And leave our souls behind.

- 2 In spirit and in truth alone
We must present our prayer ;
The formal and the false are known
Through the disguise they wear.
- 3 Their lifted eyes salute the skies,
Their bended knees the ground ;
But God abhors the sacrifice
Where not the heart is found.
- 4 Through Christ we come before thy face,
And find acceptance there ;
Lord, search our thoughts, and try our ways.
And make our souls sincere.

384 *Hear us from, &c.* 1 Kings viii. 30. L. M.

- 1 **COMMAND** thy blessing from above,
O God ! on all assembled here ;
Behold us with a father's love,
While we look up with filial fear.
- 2 **Command** thy blessing, Jesus, Lord,
May we thy true disciples be ;
Speak to each heart the mighty word ;
Say to the weakest, " Follow me."
- 3 **Command** thy blessing, in this hour,
Spirit of truth, and fill this place
With humbling and exalting power,
With quick'ning and confirming grace.
- 4 O Thou, our Maker, Saviour, Guide !
One true eternal God confess'd,
May nought in life or death divide
The saints in thy communion bless'd.
- 5 With Thee, and these, for ever bound,
May all who here in prayer unite
With harps and songs thy throne surround,
Rest in thy love, and reign in light.

385 *My soul cleaveth, &c.* Ps. cxix. 25. C. M.

- 1 **THOUGH** oft we hear the joyful sound
Of thy salvation, Lord

- How weak in faith we still are found !
 How slow to learn thy word !
- 2 Though we frequent thy holy place,
 We seem to come in vain :
 So small a portion of thy grace
 Our careless hearts retain.
- 3 How cold and feeble is our love !
 How negligent our fear !
 How low our hopes of joys above !
 How few affections there !
- 4 Great God, thy sov'reign power impart,
 To give thy word success ;
 Write thy salvation on our heart,
 And make us learn thy grace.
- 5 Show our forgetful feet the way
 That leads to joys on high ;
 There knowledge grows without decay,
 And love shall never die.

386

PSALM LXXXIV.

148th m.

- 1 LORD of the worlds above,
 How pleasant and how fair
 The dwellings of thy love,
 Thy earthly temples are !
 To thine abode our hearts aspire,
 With warm desire to meet our God.
- 2 Oh happy souls that pray
 Where God appoints to hear !
 Oh happy men that pay
 Their constant service there !
 They praise Thee still : thrice happy they
 That love the way to Zion's hill.
- 3 They go from strength to strength
 Through this dark vale of tears,
 Till each arrives at length,
 Till each in heaven appears :
 To that blest seat, O God our King,
 Direct and bring our willing feet.

387

God be merciful to us. Ps. lxxvii. 1.

112th M.

- 1 LORD, cause thy face on us to shine ;
Give us thy peace, and seal us thine ;
Teach us to prize the means of grace,
And love thy earthly dwelling-place :
May we in truth our sins confess,
Worship the Lord in holiness,
And all thy power and glory see,
Within thy hallow'd sanctuary.
- 2 O! King of Salem, Prince of Peace,
Bid strife among thy subjects cease :
One is our faith, and one our Lord :
One body, spirit, hope, reward ;
One God and Father of us all,
On whom thy church and people call :
Oh! may we one communion be,
One with each other, one in Thee.
- 3 Bless all whose voice salvation brings,
Who minister in holy things :
Our bishops, priests, and deacons bless :
Clothe them with zeal and righteousness ;
Let many in the judgment day,
Turn'd from the error of their way,
Their hope, their joy, their crown appear :
Save those who preach, and those who hear.

388

I am the resurrection, &c. John xi. 25. C. M.

- 1 " I AM (saith Christ, our glorious head,
May we attention give,)
The resurrection of the dead,
The life of all that live.
- 2 By faith in Me the soul receives
New life, though dead before ;
And he that in my name believes
Shall live to die no more."
- 3 Fulfil thy promise, gracious Lord,
On us assembled here ;
Put forth thy Spirit, with the word,
And cause the dead to hear.

- 4 Preserve the power of faith alive
 In those who love thy name ;
 For sin and Satan daily strive
 To quench the sacred flame.
- 5 Thy power and mercy first prevail'd,
 From death to set us free ;
 And, often since, our life had fail'd,
 If not renew'd by Thee.
- 6 To Thee we look, to Thee we bow,
 To Thee for help we call ;
 Our life and resurrection Thou,
 Our hope, our joy, our all.

389 *God giveth the increase.* 1 Cor. iii. 7. C. M.

- 1 ALMIGHTY God, thy word is cast
 Like seed into the ground ;
 Now let the dew of heaven descend,
 And righteous fruits abound.
- 2 Let not the foe of Christ and man
 This holy seed remove ;
 But give it root in ev'ry heart
 To bring forth fruits of love.
- 3 Let not the world's deceitful cares
 The rising plant destroy ;
 But let it yield a hundred-fold
 The fruits of peace and joy.
- 4 Oft as the precious seed is sown,
 Thy quick'ning grace bestow,
 That all, whose souls thy truth receive,
 Its saving power may know.

390 *How amiable are thy, &c.* Ps. lxxxiv. 1. L. M.

- 1 LORD, how delightful 'tis to see
 A whole assembly worship Thee !
 At once they sing, at once they pray ;
 They hear of heaven, and learn the way.
- 2 I have been there, and still would go :
 'Tis like a little heaven below :

Not all that careless sinners say
Shall tempt me to forget this day.

- 3 Oh! write upon my mem'ry, Lord,
The texts and doctrines of thy word,
That I may feel their saving power,
And learn to love Thee more and more.
- 4 With thoughts of Christ and things divine
Fill up this foolish heart of mine,
That, finding pardon through his blood,
I may lie down and wake with God.

391 *And blessed them.* Luke xxiv. 50. 8. 7. 4.

LORD, dismiss us with thy blessing,
Fill our hearts with joy and peace;
Let us all, thy love possessing,
Triumph in redeeming grace: [ness.
Lord, revive us, trav'ling through this wilder-

392 *Go in peace.* 1 Samuel i. 17. L. M.

- 1 DISMISS us with thy blessing, Lord,
Help us to feed upon thy word;
All that has been amiss forgive,
And let thy truth within us live.
- 2 Though we are guilty, Thou art good;
Wash all our works in Jesu's blood:
Give ev'ry troubled soul release;
And bid us all depart in peace.

393 *Go in peace.* Luke vii. 50. 4. 7. 5

SOME sweet savour of thy favour
Shed abroad in ev'ry heart;
Heavenward as to Thee we go,
Leaving guilt and fear below,
Blessing, praising, without ceasing,
Bid us, Lord, depart.

394 *Thy blessing is upon, &c.* Ps. iii. 8. 148th M.

ON what has now been sown,
Thy blessing, Lord, bestow;

The power is thine alone
 To make it spring and grow ;
 O Lord ! th' abundant harvest raise,
 And Thou alone shalt have the praise.

Second **394** *Happy are ye if, &c.* John xiii. 17. C.M.

- 1 AGAIN our ears have heard the voice
 At which the dead shall live :
 Oh may the sound our hearts rejoice,
 And strength immortal give !
- 2 And have we heard the word with joy ?
 And have we felt its power ?
 T' obey through grace be our employ,
 Till life's remotest hour.

395 *They go from, &c.* Ps. lxxxiv. 7. 8s. 7s.

MAY each sabbath bring us nearer
 To our glorious rest above ;
 And our hopes grow brighter, clearer,
 Till we reach the realms of love.

3. MARRIAGE.

396 *Jesus was called to, &c.* John ii. 2. C.M.

- 1 SINCE Jesus freely did appear,
 To grace a marriage feast,
 O Lord ! we ask thy presence here ;
 Be Thou our glorious guest.
- 2 Upon thy servants, Lord, look down ;
 Who now have join'd their hands ;
 Their union with thy favour crown,
 And bless their nuptial bands.
- 3 With gifts of grace their hearts endow,
 Of all rich dowries best ;
 Their substance bless, and peace bestow,
 To sweeten all the rest.
- 4 In purest love their souls unite,
 That they with Christian care
 May make domestic burdens light,
 By taking mutual share.

- 5 True helpers may they prove indeed,
 In prayer, and faith, and hope,
 And see with joy a godly seed,
 To build their household up.
- 6 That love which Jesus Christ displays
 Towards the church, his bride,
 The pattern be to them, always
 Resembling Christ, their head.

4. CONFIRMATION.

397

I will pay my vows. Ps. cxvi. 18.

L. M.

- 1 LOOK down, O Lord! and on our youth
 Bestow thy gifts of heavenly grace,
 And let the seed of sacred truth
 Find in each mind a fruitful place.
- 2 Soon to appear before thy sight,
 Their vow and promise to renew,
 Prepare them for the solemn rite,
 Bid each his heart and life review.
- 3 The cross that mark'd their infant brow,
 May it a faithful emblem prove
 That they shall keep that sacred vow,
 And walk as children of thy love.
- 4 Lord, teach them to remember Thee,
 Their great Creator, from their youth;
 Advancing to maturity,
 In years, in knowledge, grace, and truth.
- 5 Now, in the strength of power divine,
 Oh! may they all, with glad accord,
 In holy covenant combine,
 And join themselves to Christ the Lord.
- 6 Thy sons and daughters may they be,
 Confirm'd and strengthen'd by thy grace;
 And, safe through life preserv'd by Thee,
 In heaven behold Thee face to face.

398

O God, my heart, &c. Ps. lvii. 7.

L. M.

- 1 OH, happy day, that fix'd my choice
 Through grace, on Thee, my Saviour, God!

Well may my grateful heart rejoice,
And tell thy goodness all abroad!

2 Oh, happy bond, that seal'd my vows
To Him who merits all my love!
Here may I dwell within his house,
Then to his heavenly courts remove.

3 Now rest my long-divided heart,
Fix'd on this blissful centre, rest:
Freely with all things earthly part,
With Christ to dwell, with Christ to feast.

4 May God, who heard the solemn vow,
From day to day impart his grace,
To work obedience in me now,
And fit me to behold his face.

XII. Propagation of the Gospel.

I. REVIVAL AT HOME.

399 *Turn us again, &c.* Ps. lxxx. 3. C. M.

1 SHINE, mighty God, on Britain shine,
With beams of heavenly grace;
Reveal thy power through all our coasts,
And show thy gracious face.

2 Amid our isle, exalted high,
Do Thou our glory stand,
And, like a wall of guardian fire,
Surround our favour'd land.

3 May God our Saviour scatter round
His choicest favours here,
And let creation's utmost bound
Behold, adore, and fear.

4 So let thy name, from shore to shore,
Sound all the earth abroad,
And distant nations know and love
Their Saviour and their God.

400 PSALM LXXX. L. M.

1 O ISRAEL'S shepherd, Joseph's guide,
Our prayers to Thee vouchsafe to hear:

Thou that didst on the cherubs ride,
Again in our behalf appear.

- 2 Do Thou convert us, Lord ; do Thou
The lustre of thy face display ;
And all the ills we suffer now
Like scatter'd clouds shall pass away.

401 *Where is the Lord, &c.* 2 Kings ii. 14. L. M.

- 1 OH ! for that flame of living fire
Which shone so bright in saints of old,
Which bade their souls to heaven aspire,
Calm in distress, in danger bold.
- 2 Where is that Spirit, Lord, which dwelt
In Abra'm's breast, and seal'd him Thine,
Which made Paul's heart with sorrow melt,
And glow with energy divine?—
- 3 That Spirit which from age to age
Proclaim'd thy love and taught thy ways,
Brighten'd Isaiah's vivid page,
And breath'd in David's hallow'd lays ?
- 4 Is not thy grace as mighty now
As when Elijah felt its power,
When glory beam'd from Moses' brow,
Or Job endur'd the trying hour ?
- 5 Remember, Lord, the ancient days ;
Renew thy work, thy grace restore ;
Warm our cold hearts to prayer and praise,
And teach us how to love Thee more.

402 *Awake as in the, &c.* Isa. li. 9. 113th M

- 1 LORD, show thy glory, as of old,
The work of heavenly love display ;
And let our longing eyes behold
Another pentecostal day :
Our fervent wishes deign to crown,
And send thy quick'ning Spirit down.
- 2 Thou seest, Lord, how far we stray,
Oppress'd with ills we cannot flee ;

How sin hath drawn our hearts away
 From peace, from happiness, and Thee
 Thy gracious Spirit, Lord, bestow,
 And snatch us from the depth of woe.

3 Encompass'd with a host of foes,
 Our strength is small, our danger nigh ;
 Where can we find some brief repose,
 Or whither for protection fly ?
 O Lord ! thy mighty Spirit send,
 Our hearts to strengthen and defend.

4 Now let a brighter day begin
 Than ever yet was witness'd here ;
 Bid the dark gath'ring clouds of sin
 Before thy presence disappear :
 Reign in each heart ; in ev'ry place
 Set up the empire of thy grace.

403 *I remember the kindness, &c.* Jer. ii 2. L. M.

1 OH ! where is now that glowing love
 That mark'd our union with the Lord ?
 Our hearts were fix'd on things above,
 Nor could the world a joy afford.

2 Where is the zeal that led us then
 To make our Saviour's glory known,
 That freed us from the fear of men,
 And kept our eye on Him alone ?

3 Where are the happy seasons spent
 In fellowship with Him we lov'd ?
 The sacred joy, the sweet content,
 The blessedness that then we prov'd ?

4 Behold, again we turn to Thee,
 Oh ! cast us not away, though vile :
 No peace we have, no joy we see,
 O Lord our God ! but in thy smile.

2. THE JEWS.

404 *Let God arise.* Ps. lxxviii. 1. L. M.

1 **ARISE**, great God, and let thy grace
 Shed its glad beams o' Israel's race ;

Restore the long-lost scatter'd band,
And call them to the promis'd land.

- 2 Their mis'ry let thy mercy heal ;
Their trespass hide ; their mercy seal ;
O God of Israel ! hear their prayer,
And grant them still thy love to share.
- 3 How long shall Jacob's offspring prove
The vast suspension of thy love ?
Say, shall thy wrath perpetual burn,
And wilt Thou ne'er appeas'd return ?
- 4 Thy quick'ning Spirit now impart,
And wake to joy each grateful heart ;
While Israel's rescued tribes in Thee
Their bliss and full salvation see.

405 *Ye shall seek me, &c.* John vii. 34. L. M.

- 1 GREAT God of Abra'am, hear our prayer ;
Let Abra'am's seed thy mercy share :
Oh ! may they now at length return,
And look on Him they pierc'd, and mourn.
- 2 Remember Jacob's flock of old ;
Bring home the wand'ers to thy fold ;
Remember too thy promis'd word,
" Israel at last shall seek the Lord."
- 3 Lord, put thy law within their hearts,
And write it in their inward parts :
The veil of darkness rend in two,
Which hides Messiah from their view.
- 4 Oh ! haste the day, foretold so long,
When Jew and Greek (a glorious throng)
One house shall seek, one prayer shall pour,
And one Redeemer shall adore.

406 *King over all the earth.* Zec. xiv. 9. 8s. 7s.

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

- 2 Nations, now from God estranged,
Then shall see a glorious light ;
Night to day shall then be changed,
Heaven shall triumph in the sight.
- 3 Then shall Israel, long dispersed,
Mourning seek their Lord and God,
Look on Him whom once they pierced,
Own and kiss the chast'ning rod.
- 4 Mighty King, thine arm revealing,
Now thy glorious cause maintain ;
Bring the nations help and healing,
Make them subject to thy reign.

407

O house of Jacob, &c. Isa. ii. 5.

148th M.

- 1 O HOUSE of Jacob! come,
And walk with us in light ;
No more bewilder'd roam,
Like wand'ers in the night :
The hope of Israel calls you near,
And Abra'am's shield, and Isaac's fear.
- 2 Oh! thou by tempests toss'd,
Revil'd, oppress'd, trod down,
In ev'ry region cross'd,
With grief familiar grown ;
Scatter'd, and abject, peel'd, forlorn,
'Thy name a taunt, thyself a scorn.
- 3 Though thou art fill'd, alas !
And drunk with misery,
That cup begins to pass
To them that hated thee :
But know we honour Israel's name,
Our God and Abra'am's is the same.
- 4 Rise, Jacob, from thy woes,
Thine own Messiah see,
He whom thy fathers chose
Waiteth to pardon thee :
At his command we bid thee come ;
Lost Israel, Zion welcomes home.

408 *God is able to graft, &c.* Rom. xi. 23. L. M.

- 1 OH! why should Israel's sons, once bless'd,
Still roam the scorning world around;
Disown'd of heaven, by man oppress'd,
Outcasts from Zion's hallow'd ground?
- 2 O God of Israel! view their race;
Back to thy fold the wand'ers bring,
Teach them to seek thy slighted grace,
To hail, in Christ, their promis'd King.
- 3 The veil of darkness rend in twain,
Which hides their Shiloh's glorious light;
The sever'd olive-branch again
Back to its parent stock unite.
- 4 While Judah views his birth-right gone,
With contrite shame his bosom move,
The Saviour he denied, to own,
The Lord he crucified, to love.
- 5 Haste, glorious day, expected long,
When Jew and Greek one prayer shall raise,
With eager feet one temple throng,
One God with grateful rapture praise.

409 *Speak ye comfortably, &c.* Isa. xl. 2. 8. 7. 4.

- 1 ON the mountain tops appearing,
Lo! the sacred herald stands,
Welcome news to Zion bearing,—
Zion long in hostile lands: [bands.
Mourning captive, God himself will loose thy
- 2 Has thy night been long and mournful?
All thy friends unfaithful prov'd?
Have thy foes been proud and scornful,
By thy sighs and tears unmov'd?
Cease thy mourning; Zion still is well belov'd.
- 3 Lo! thy sun is ris'n in glory;
God Himself appears thy friend,
All thy foes shall flee before thee,
Here their boasts and triumphs end.
Great deliv'rance Zion's King vouchsafes to send.

4 Enemies no more shall trouble ;
 All thy warfare now is pass'd :
 For thy shame thou shalt have double ;
 Days of peace are come at last.
 All thy conflicts end in everlasting rest.

410 *The Lord turned, &c.* Ps. cxxvi. 1. 8. 8. 6.

- 1 OUR songs shall be of Jesu's love,
 Who left the heavenly courts above
 To bear our guilt and shame ;
 Th' eternal uncreated Word,
 Both David's son, and David's Lord,
 Jehovah is his name.
- 2 Thou " King of kings, and Lord of lords,"
 Convert our hearts to hear thy word,
 Thy wondrous grace to tell ;
 Wake, harp of Judah, bear the sound
 Far as creation's utmost bound ;
 All hail ! Immanuel.

3. HEATHEN.

411 *The acceptable year, &c.* Luke iv. 19. 8. 7. 4.

- 1 O'ER the gloomy hills of darkness,
 Look, my soul, be still and gaze ;
 All the promises do travail
 With a glorious day of grace.
 Blessed jubilee ! Let thy glorious morning dawn.
- 2 Let the Indian, let the negro,
 Let the rude barbarian see
 That divine and glorious conquest
 Once obtain'd on Calvary :
 Let the gospel loud resound from pole to pole.
- 3 Kingdoms wide that sit in darkness,
 Grant them, Lord, thy glorious light,
 And from eastern coast to western
 Let the morning chase the night : [eyes.
 Chase the darkness from their long benighted
- 4 Fly abroad, thou mighty gospel,
 Win and conquer, never cease :

So Immanuel's fair dominions
 Shall extend and still increase,
 Till the kingdoms of the world are all his own.

412 *A light to lighten, &c.* Luke ii. 32. 8. 7. 4.

1 O'ER the realms of pagan darkness,
 Let the eye of pity gaze ;
 See the kindreds of the people,
 Lost in sin's bewild'ring maze :
 Darkness brooding on the face of all the earth.

2 Light of them who sit in error,
 Rise and shine ; thy blessings bring :
 Light to lighten all the gentiles,
 Rise with healing in thy wing : [come.
 To thy brightness, let all kings and nations

3 Let the heathen, now adoring
 Idol-gods of wood and stone,
 Come, and, worshipping before Thee,
 Serve the living God alone :
 Let thy glory fill the earth, as floods the sea.

4 Thou to whom all power is given,
 Speak the word ; at thy command,
 Let the company of preachers
 Spread thy name from land to land :
 Lord, be with them always, till time's latest end.

413 *Come over and help us.* Acts xvi. 9. Double 7s. 6s.

1 FROM Greenland's icy mountains,
 From India's coral strands,
 Where Afric's sunny fountains
 Roll down their golden sands,
 From many an ancient river,
 From many a palmy plain,
 They call us to deliver
 Their land from error's chain.

2 What though the spicy breezes
 Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle,
 Though ev'ry prospect pleases,
 And only man is vile !

- In vain with lavish kindness
 The gifts of God are strown ;
 The heathen in his blindness
 Bows down to wood and stone.
- 3 Shall we whose souls are lighted
 With wisdom from on high,
 Shall we to men benighted
 The lamp of life deny ?
 Salvation, oh salvation !
 The joyful sound proclaim,
 Till earth's remotest nation
 Has learnt Messiah's name.
- 4 Waft, waft, ye winds, his story,
 And you, ye waters, roll ;
 Till, like a sea of glory,
 It spread from pole to pole ;
 Till, o'er our ransom'd nature,
 The Lamb for sinners slain,
 Redeemer, King, Creator,
 In bliss return to reign.

Second **413** *He went forth conquering, &c.* Rev. vi. 2. C. M.

- 1 JESUS, immortal King, arise !
 Assume, assert, thy sway ;
 Till earth, subdued, its tribute brings,
 And distant lands obey.
- 2 Ride forth, victorious conqu'ror, ride,
 Till all thy foes submit ;
 And all the powers of hell resign
 Their trophies at thy feet.
- 3 Send forth thy word, and let it fly
 This spacious earth around ;
 Till ev'ry soul beneath the sun
 Shall hear the joyful sound.
- 4 Oh may the great Redeemer's name
 Through ev'ry clime be known !
 And heathen gods, like Dagon, fall,
 And Jesus reign alone.

- 5 From sea to sea, from shore to shore,
 May Jesus be ador'd ;
 And earth, with all her millions, shout
 Hosannas to the Lord.

414 *Pray for us.* 2 Thess. iii. 1. L. M.

- 1 MARK'D, as the purpose of the skies,
 This promise meets our anxious eyes,
 That heathen lands the Lord shall know,
 And, warm with faith, each bosom glow.
- 2 E'en now the hallow'd scenes appear,
 E'en now unfolds the promis'd year ;
 Lo! distant shores thy heralds trace,
 And swell the tidings of thy grace.
- 3 'Mid burning climes and frozen plains,
 Where pagan darkness brooding reigns,
 Oh! mark their steps, their fears subdue,
 And nerve their arm, and clear their view.
- 4 When worn by toil their spirits fail,
 Bid them the glorious future hail ;
 Bid them the crown of life survey,
 And onward urge in faith their way.
- 5 O Lord! amid this gloomy night,
 Appear to bless our aching sight ;
 Turn Thou our darkness into day ;
 Let ev'ry nation own thy sway.

415 *Arise, shine, for thy, &c.* Is. lx. 1. L. M.

- 1 ARISE, arise, with joy survey
 The glory of the latter day ;
 Already is the dawn begun
 Which marks at hand a rising sun.
- 2 " Behold the way ! " ye heralds cry :
 Spare not, but lift your voices high :
 Convey the sound from pole to pole,
 " Glad tidings " to the captive soul.
- 3 " Behold the way to Zion's hill,
 Where Israel's God delights to dwell !

He fixes there his lofty throne,
And calls the sacred place his own."

4 The north gives up ; the south no more
Keeps back her consecrated store ;
From east to west the message runs,
And either India yields her sons.

5 Auspicious dawn, thy rising ray
With joy we view, and hail the day :
Great Sun of Righteousness, arise,
And fill the world with glad surprise.

416 *White already to harvest.* John iv. 35. L. M.

1 BEHOLD th' expected time draw near,
The shades disperse, the dawn appear !
Behold the wilderness assume
The beauteous tints of Eden's bloom !

2 Events with prophecies conspire
To raise our faith, our zeal to fire :
The rip'ning fields, already white,
Present a harvest to the sight.

3 Come, let us, with a grateful heart,
In the bless'd labour share a part ;
Our prayers and off'rings gladly bring,
To aid the triumph of our King.

4 Let us improve the heavenly gale,
Spread to each breeze our hoisted sail ;
Till north, and south, and east, and west,
Shall be with thy salvation bless'd.

5 Where'er thy hand hath spread the skies,
Sweet incense to thy name shall rise ;
And slave and freeman, Greek and Jew,
By sov'reign grace be form'd anew.

417 *Freely ye have, &c.* Matt. x. 8. 113th M.

1 CHRISTIANS, the glorious hope we know,
Which soothes the heart in ev'ry woe ;
While heathen helpless, hopeless, lie,—
No ray of glory meets their eye :

Oh ! give to their desiring sight
The hope that Jesus brought to light.

2 Christians, ye taste the heavenly grace
Which cheers believers in their race :
Uncheer'd by grace, through heathen gloom,
See millions hast'ning to the tomb :
To heathen lands that grace convey
Which trains the soul for endless day.

3 Christians, ye prize the Saviour's blood,
In which the soul is cleans'd for God :
Millions of souls in darkness dwell,
Uncleans'd from sin, expos'd to hell :
Oh ! strive that heathens soon may view
That precious blood which cleanseth you.

418 *The day spring, &c.* Luke i. 78. 8. 7. 4.

1 YES, we trust the day is breaking,
Joyful times are near at hand ;
God, the mighty God, is speaking,
By his word, in ev'ry land : [mand.
Mark his progress ; darkness flies at his com-

2 While the foe becomes more daring,
While he enters like a flood,
God the Saviour is preparing
Means to spread his truth abroad :
Ev'ry language soon shall tell the love of God.

3 God of Jacob, high and glorious,
Let thy people see thy hand,
Make the gospel soon victorious,
Through the world, in ev'ry land :
Perish idols, at Jehovah's dread command.

419 PSALM LXXII. I. M.

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

2 Behold the islands with their kings,
And Europe her best tribute brings.

And crowds of Indian nations meet,
To pay their homage at his feet.

- 3 To Him shall endless prayer be made,
And praises throng to crown his head ;
His name like sweet perfume shall rise
With ev'ry morning sacrifice.
- 4 People and realms of ev'ry tongue
Dwell on his love with sweetest song ;
And infant voices shall proclaim
Their early blessings on his name.
- 5 Blessings abound where'er He reigns :
The pris'ner leaps to lose his chains,
The weary find eternal rest,
And all the sons of want are bless'd.
- 6 Where He displays his healing power,
Death and the curse are known no more ;
In Him the tribes of Adam boast
More blessings than their father lost.
- 7 Let ev'ry creature rise, and bring
Peculiar honours to our King ;
Angels descend with songs again ;
And earth repeat the loud Amen.

Second 419

PSALM LXXII.

148th M.

1 FAR as the isles extend,
To the vast ocean's bound,
Let kings to Jesus bend,
And pour their off'rings round :
Arabia raise the song divine,
And Afric' join t' exalt his praise.

2 All princes shall adore,
And gifts and honours bring,
To hail the Saviour's power,
To crown Immanuel king :
Remotest lands shall homage pay,
And earth obey his high commands.

420

Having no hope. Ephes. ii. 12.

L. M.

1 THE heathen perish ; day by day,
Thousands on thousands pass away :

O! Christians, to their rescue fly;
Preach Jesus to them, ere they die.

- 2 Wealth, labour, talents, freely give,
Yea life if they may also live;
What hath your Saviour done for *you*?
And now your all to Him is due.
- 3 O! Spirit of the Lord, go forth;
Call in the south, wake up the north;
Of ev'ry clime, from sun to sun,
Gather God's children into one.

421 *The mountain of the, &c.* Micah iv. 2. C. M.

- 1 BEHOLD the mountain of the Lord
In latter days shall rise,
Shall tower above the meaner hills,
And draw the wond'ring eyes.
- 2 To this the joyful nations round,
All tribes and tongues, shall flow:
"Ascend the hill of God,"—they say,
"And to his temple go."
- 3 The beam that shines on Sion's hill
Shall lighten every land,
The King that reigns in Sion's towers
Shall all the world command.
- 4 No strife shall vex Messiah's reign,
Or mar the peaceful years; [swords,
To ploughshares shall they beat their
To pruning-hooks their spears.
- 5 No longer, host encount'ring host
Their millions slain deplore;
They hang the useless helm on high,
And study war no more.
- 6 Come then, oh! come, from ev'ry land,
To worship at his shrine;
And, walking in the light of God,
With holy beauty shine.

422 *Go ye unto all, &c.* Mark xvi. 15. 8. 7. 4.

- 1 MEN of God, go take your stations;
Darkness reigns throughout the earth,

Go, proclaim among the nations

Joyful news of heavenly birth : [worth.
Bear the tidings of the Saviour's matchless

2 Of his gospel not ashamed,

As the power of God to save ;

Go where Christ was never named,

Publish freedom to the slave :

Blessed freedom, such as Zion's children have.

3 When expos'd to fears and dangers,

Jesus will his own defend :

Borne afar midst foes and strangers,

Jesus will appear your friend ;

And his presence shall be with you to the end.

423 *Lo I am with you!* Matt. xxviii. 20. S. M.

1 YE messengers of Christ,

His sov'reign voice obey ;

Arise, and follow where He leads,

And peace attend your way.

2 The Master whom you serve

Will needful strength bestow ;

Depending on his promis'd aid,

With sacred courage go.

3 Mountains shall sink to plains,

And hell in vain oppose ;

The cause is God's, and will prevail,

In spite of all his foes.

4 Go, spread a Saviour's love,

And tell his matchless grace

To the most guilty and deprav'd

Of Adam's num'rous race.

5 We wish you in his name

In all your work success ;

We pray that He who sends you forth

May all your labours bless.

424 *Let there be light.* Gen. i. 3. 6. 4.

1 THOU whose almighty word

Chaos and darkness heard, and took their flight,

Hear us, we humbly pray,
 And, where the gospel's day
 Sheds not its glorious ray, let there be light.

2 Thou who didst come to bring,
 On thy protecting wing, healing and sight,
 Sight to the inly blind,
 Health to the sick in mind ;
 Oh! now, to all mankind, let there be light.

3 Spirit of truth and love,
 Life-giving holy Dove, speed forth thy flight ;
 Move o'er the water's face,
 By thine almighty grace,
 And, in earth's darkest place, let there be light.

4 Blessed and holy Three,
 Glorious Trinity, Wisdom, Love, Might,
 Boundless as ocean's tide,
 Rolling in fullest pride,
 O'er the world, far and wide, let there be light.

425 *Until the Spirit be, &c.* Isa. xxxii. 15. L. M.

1 OH! may the Spirit from on high
 Kindle the fire of Christian love ;
 And may the saints' united cry
 Speed swiftly to the throne above.

2 Now do we lift imploring hearts,
 To Thee, our Father and our God ;
 Bless with thy truth earth's darkest parts,
 And send thy gospel all abroad.

3 Expectant wait thy people, Lord,
 Messiah's triumphs now to see ;
 Speak but thy light-imparting word,
 And error's blackest night shall flee.

4 Gird on thy sword, most mighty Prince,
 And ride in prosp'rous majesty ;
 Thy piercing truths shall soon convince
 And bend the people's hearts to Thee.

5 Ascend, O King of saints! thy throne,
 And let thy banners be unfurl'd ;

Demand the nations for thine own ;
Arise, and bless a waiting world.

426 *One is your Master, &c.* Matt. xxiii. 8. C. M.
(The converted Negro's hymn.)

- 1 OUR Master, Jesus, reign'd above,
The Lord of all was He ;
And yet He chose to set his love
(Oh wondrous love !) on me.
- 2 Our Master, Jesus,—bless his name,—
I love to hear the sound,—
When I was lost, to seek me came,
And, oh ! thank God, He found.
- 3 Our Master, Jesus, from his birth,
My sins and sorrows bore ;
And, while He liv'd, like me on earth
A servant's form He wore.
- 4 Our Master, Jesus, oh how kind
Was all He did and said !
He heal'd the sick, the lame, the blind,
And rais'd to life the dead.
- 5 Our Master, Jesus, crucified
By hands of wicked men,
Pray'd for his murd'ers ; then He died—
He died, but rose again.
- 6 Our Master, Jesus, suffer'd this
The souls of men to save,
And bring to heaven's amazing bliss
The freeman and the slave.
- 7 Oh ! Master, Jesus, who didst give
Thyself to die for me,
Grant the poor negro grace to live,
And grace to die to Thee.

Second 426 *Other lords beside, &c.* Isa. xxvi. 13. L. M.
(The converted Hindoo's hymn.)

- 1 O THOU, my soul, forget no more
The FRIEND who all thy mis'ry bore .

- Let ev'ry idol be forgot ;
 But oh ! my soul, forget HIM not.
- 2 Renounce thy works and ways with grief,
 And fly to this most sure relief ;
 Nor Him forget who left his throne,
 And for thy life gave up his own.
- 3 Thy Lord for thee a body takes,
 Thy guilt assumes, thy fetters breaks,
 Discharging all thy dreadful debt ;
 And can'st thou e'er such love forget ?
- 4 Ah ! no : till life itself depart
 His name shall cheer and warm my heart ;
 And, lisp'ing this, from earth I'll rise,
 And join the chorus of the skies.
- 5 Ah ! no : when all things else expire,
 And perish in the gen'ral fire,
 By this name I shall yet survive,
 And through eternity shall live.

4. RELIGIOUS SOCIETIES.

Third 426 *Holding forth the word. Phil. ii. 16. L. M.*
 (For Bible Societies.)

- 1 OH ! send God's holy book where'er
 Or winds can waft, or waters bear ;
 Let India's sons its page revere,
 Let Afric's land the blessing share.
- 2 Send it to where, expanded wide,
 The South Sea rolls its farthest tide ;
 To ev'ry island's distant shore
 Make known the Saviour's grace and power.
- 3 Though scatter'd now from Sion's hill,
 And Jordan's bank, and Siloa's rill,
 To Israel be repaid their book,
 And pray that they to Christ may look.
- 4 Send it to ev'ry dungeon's gloom,
 Send it to ev'ry poor man's room ;
 Nor cease the woe-worn to befriend,
 Nor cease the heavenly gift to send.

- 5 May ev'ry suff'ring child of woe
 Its truth believe, its comforts know ;
 May ev'ry hand the treasure hold,
 And error's cloud away be roll'd.
- 6 O Holy Ghost! who gave the word,
 With thine own truth thy light afford,
 Give Thou the quick'ning, saving, power,
 On all the earth thy blessings shower.
- 7 Let grace thus turn each wand'rer's eye
 To Him who did for sinners die,
 And sin and sorrow hence be driven,
 And earth be chang'd from earth to heaven.

Fourth **426** *Put in trust with, &c.* 1 Thess. ii. 4. L. M.
 (For Religious Book or Tract Societies.)

- 1 OH! if we know the joyful sound,
 And have the only Saviour found,
 Shall we not then his saving name
 Throughout the earth to all proclaim.
- 2 Allow'd of God, we hold in trust
 The gospel light, and it is just
 That we our utmost efforts use,
 And far and wide this light diffuse.
- 3 All those who in this work preside,
 Jesus, by thy good Spirit, guide,
 Instruct, direct, control, sustain,
 That they thy truth may still maintain.
- 4 While we send forth each little book,
 In favour, Lord, upon us look ;
 Let each its message have from Thee,
 To bring some soul thy grace to see.
- 5 Send out thy light and truth, O Lord!
 Scatter thy saving truths abroad ;
 In ev'ry land thy word be sown,
 By ev'ry soul the Saviour known.

XIII. Special Occasions.

1. INSTITUTION OF A MINISTER.

427 *Receive him in the Lord.* Phil. ii. 29. L. M.

- 1 WE bid thee welcome in the name
 Of Jesus, our exalted head :

Come as a servant ; so He came,
And we receive thee in his stead.

- 2 Come as a shepherd :—watch, and keep
His fold from error and from sin ;
Nourish the lambs, and feed the sheep ;
The wounded heal, the lost bring in.
- 3 Come as a teacher sent by God,
Charg'd his whole counsel to declare,
Feeding the church He bought with blood,
While we uphold thy hands with prayer.
- 4 Come as a messenger of peace,
Fill'd with the Spirit, fir'd with love
Live to behold our large increase,
And die to meet us all above.

428 *Pray ye the Lord, &c.* Matt. ix. 38. L. M.

- 1 FATHER of mercies, bow thine ear,
Attentive to our earnest prayer ;
We pray for those who plead for Thee ;
Successful servants may they be.
- 2 Clothe Thou with energy divine
Their words, and let those words be thine ;
To them thy sacred truth reveal,
Dispel their fears, inflame their zeal.
- 3 Teach them to sow the heavenly seed ;
Teach them thy chosen flock to feed ;
Teach them immortal souls to gain,
And thy pure gospel to maintain.
- 4 Let list'ning multitudes around
Hear from their lips the joyful sound,
In humble strains thy grace implore,
And feel thy Spirit's living power.
- 5 Let sinners break their cruel chains,
Distressed souls forget their pains ;
Let light through distant realms be spread,
And Zion rear her drooping head.

429 *Blessed are the eyes, &c.* Luke x. 23. C. M.

- 1 BLESS'D are the feet which bring the news
Of gladness unto us ;

- The messengers of Christ are these,
That show God's grace and peace.
- 2 Thy servants speak, but Thou, Lord, dost
A hearing ear bestow ;
They smite the rock, but Thou, my God,
Dost make the water flow.
- 3 They shoot the arrow, but thy hand
Doth drive the arrow home ;
They call, but only Thou dost draw,
And then thy guests are come.
- 4 As sons of thunder first they speak,
And I the tempest fear ;
But then they bring me to my home,
And sons of comfort are.
- 5 I bless my God, who is my guide ;
I sing in Sion's ways ;
When shall I sing on Sion's hill
Thine everlasting praise ?

2. VISITATION, OR MEETING OF MINISTERS.

Second 429 *Gave gifts unto men.* Ephes. iv. 8. L. M.

- 1 POUR out thy Spirit from on high :
Lord, thine assembled servants bless :
Graces and gifts to each supply,
And clothe thy priests with righteousness.
- 2 Within thy temple when we stand,
To teach the truth, as taught by Thee,
Saviour, like stars in thy right hand,
The angels of the churches be.
- 3 Wisdom, and zeal, and faith impart,
Firmness with meekness, from above,
To bear thy people on our heart,
And love the souls whom Thou dost love.
- 4 To watch and pray, and never faint,
By day and night on guard to keep,
To warn the sinner, cheer the saint,
Nourish thy lambs, and feed thy sheep.
- 5 Then, when our work is finish'd here,
Let us, in hope, our charge resign,

When the good Shepherd shall appear,
That they and we may all be thine.

3. CONSECRATION OF A CHURCH.

430 *Hear thou in, &c.* 1 Kings viii. 39. L. M.

- 1 THIS stone to Thee in faith we lay;
We build the temple, Lord, to Thee;
Thine eye be open night and day,
To guard this house and sanctuary.
- 2 Here, when thy people seek thy face,
And dying sinners pray to live,
Hear Thou in heaven, thy dwelling-place,
And, when Thou hearest, oh! forgive.
- 3 Here, when thy messengers proclaim
The blessed gospel of thy Son,
Still by the power of his great name
Be mighty signs and wonders done.
- 4 Hosanna to their heavenly King,
When children's voices raise that song,
Hosanna let their angels sing,
And heaven with earth the strain prolong.
- 5 But will, indeed, Jehovah deign
Here to abide, no transient guest?
Here will the world's Redeemer reign?
And here the Holy Spirit rest?
- 6 That glory never hence depart;
Yet choose not, Lord, this house alone:
Thy kingdom come to ev'ry heart,
In ev'ry bosom fix thy throne.

431 *The house of God.* Gen. xxviii. 17. 7s.

- 1 LORD of hosts, to Thee we raise
Here a house of prayer and praise;
Thou thy people's hearts prepare
Here to meet for praise and prayer.
- 2 Let the living here be fed
With thy word—the heavenly bread;
Here, in hope of glory bless'd,
May the dead be laid to rest.

- 3 Here to Thee a temple stand,
While the sea shall gird the land ;
Here reveal thy mercy sure,
While the sun and moon endure.
- 4 Hallelujah ! earth and sky,
To the joyful sound reply,
Hallelujah : hence ascend
Prayer and praise, till time shall end.

4. KING'S ACCESSION.

432

God save the king. 1 Sam. xx. 24.

L. M.

- 1 O KING of kings ! thy blessing shed
On our anointed sov'reign's head ;
And, looking from thy holy heaven,
Protect the crown Thyself hast given.
- 2 Him may we honour and obey ;
Uphold his right and lawful sway :
Rememb'ring that the powers that be
Are ministers ordain'd of Thee.
- 3 Him with thy choicest mercies bless ;
To all his counsels give success :
In war, in peace, thy succour bring ;
Thy strength command ;—God save the king.
- 4 And, oh ! when earthly thrones decay,
And earthly kingdoms fade away,
Grant him a throne in worlds on high,
A crown of immortality.

433

The minister of God, &c. Rom. xiii. 4.

C. M.

- 1 SOV'REIGN of all, whose will ordains
The powers on earth that be,
By whom our rightful monarch reigns,
The minister to Thee,—
- 2 Stir up thy power, appear, appear,
And give thy servant grace
Ever to seek thy glory here,
And walk in all thy ways.
- 3 Guard him from all who dare oppose
Thy delegate and Thee—

From open, and from secret foes,
From force and perfidy.

- 4 Let all for conscience' sake revere
Th' appointment of thy hand ;
Honour and love thine image here,
And yield to his command.
- 5 His people, bound in unity,
With ev'ry mercy bless ;
Make us a nation fearing Thee,
And working righteousness.

5. FOR OUR COUNTRY.

434 [Nov. 5.] *Who delivered us, &c.* 2 Cor. i. 10. L. M.

- 1 WHILE Britain, favour'd of the skies,
Recals the wonders God hath wrought,
Let grateful joy adoring rise,
And warm to rapture ev'ry thought.
- 2 When wicked men combin'd their power,
And doom'd these isles their certain prey,
Thy hand forbad the fatal hour ;
Their evil plots in ruin lay.
- 3 Again our restless cruel foes
Resum'd, avow'd, a fresh design ;
Again to save us God arose,
And Britain owns the hand divine.
- 4 Such great deliv'rance God has wrought ;
And still the gracious care of heaven
Has down to us salvation brought :
All praise to God, our God, be giv'n.

435

Not for thy, &c. Deut. ix. 5.

L. M.

- 1 WHY, gracious God, is Britain sav'd ?
Why bless'd with liberty and light ?
Nor by fell tyranny enslav'd,
Nor lost in superstition's night ?
- 2 Not for our sakes, we conscious own,
A sinful, vile, ungrateful race ;
'Tis done to make thy glory known,
To show the wonders of thy grace

- 3 The wonders of that grace complete ;
 Reform this wretched, guilty land ;
 Let thankful love beneath thy feet
 Confess thy kind, thy guardian hand.

436 *Spare thy people, &c.* Joel ii. 17. L. M.

- 1 O! **RIGHTEOUS** God, Thou judge supreme,
 We tremble at thy glorious name ;
 And all our crying guilt we own,
 Humbled before thine awful throne.
- 2 Our land, which oft thine arm hath sav'd,
 That arm most impiously hath brav'd :
 Our land, which still its God hath lov'd,
 Rebellious to that God hath prov'd.
- 3 But hast Thou not a remnant here,
 Whose souls are fill'd with holy fear ?
 Oh! bring thy wonted mercy nigh,
 While prostrate at thy feet they lie.
- 4 Behold their tears, attend their moan ;
 Nor turn away their secret groan :
 To theirs we join our humble prayer—
 Our country shield, our nation spare.

437 *Give thee peace, &c.* Numb. vi. 26. L. M.

- 1 **GIVE** peace in these our days, O Lord !
 Times of great peril are at hand ;
 Thine enemies, with one accord,
 Christ's name blaspheme in ev'ry land.
- 2 Give us that peace that we do lack
 Through unbelief and evil life ;
 Thy word to give Thou dost not slack,
 Which we unkindly use for strife.
- 3 Give peace, O Lord ! thy Spirit send ;
 With grief, and with repentance true,
 Pierce Thou our hearts, our lives amend,
 And by true faith in Christ renew.
- 4 Give peace, and grant that fear and dread
 (Thro' thy sweet mercy, Lord, and grace)

May fly, and truth lift up her head,
And dwell and shine in ev'ry place.

438 *God be merciful unto us.* Ps. lxxvii. 1. C. M.

- 1 THE gath'ring clouds, with aspect dark,
A rising storm presage ;
Oh to be hid within the ark,
And shelter'd from its rage !
- 2 See the commission'd angel frown ;
That vial in his hand,
Fill'd with fierce wrath, is pouring down
Upon our guilty land.
- 3 Ye saints, unite in wrestling prayer,
If yet there may be hope ;
Who knows but mercy yet may spare,
And bid the angel stop ?
- 4 May we at least, with one consent,
Fall low before the throne,
With tears the nation's sins lament,
The church's, and our own.
- 5 The humble souls, who mourn and pray,
The Lord approves and knows ;
His mark secures them in the day
When vengeance strikes his foes.

439 *Supplications, &c.* 1 Tim. ii. 1, 2. C. M.

- 1 LORD, look on all assembled here,
Who in thy presence stand,
To offer up united prayer
For this our sinful land.
- 2 Great God of hosts, deliv'rance bring,
Guide those who rule the helm,
Support the state, preserve the king,
And spare the guilty realm.
- 3 But should the dread decree be pass'd,
And we must feel thy rod,
May steadfast faith still hold us fast
To our offended God.

- 4 Whatever be our destin'd case,
Accept us in thy Son ;
Give us thy gospel and thy grace,
And then thy will be done.

6. SCHOOLS.

440

God is love. 1 John iv. 8.

C. M.

- 1 GREAT God, the guardian of our youth,
In whom we live and move,
Instruct our souls in this great truth,
That Thou, our God, art love.
- 2 Our years are few, but Thou hast seen
Much evil in our ways ;
Oh! turn our hearts, oh! make them clean,
And grant thy pard'ning grace.
- 3 May we the love of Christ discern ;
Teach us thy holy will ;
And let us, through thy Spirit, learn
Thy precepts to fulfil.
- 4 Humble and holy may we be,
And harmless as a dove,
That from our actions all may see
That we our Saviour love.
- 5 Full often have we Thee forgot ;
Yet still thy blessings prove
That, though we change, Thou changest not ;
For Thou, our God, art love.

441

I will pour my, &c. Isa. xlv. 3.

C. M.

- 1 GRACE is a plant, where'er it grows,
Of pure and heavenly root ;
But fairest in the young it shows,
And yields the sweetest fruit.
- 2 Oh! hear, ye young, and heedless ones,
The voice of sov'reign love ;
For you are stain'd with many sins,
But mercy reigns above.
- 3 For you our public prayer is made,
Oh! join yourselves these prayers :

For you the secret tear is shed,
Oh! shed for sin your tears.

- 4 We pray that you may early prove
The Spirit's power to teach;
And, while you're young, that each may love
Jesus, who died for each.

442 *Thou hast taught me, &c.* Ps. lxxi. 17. C. M.

- 1 FROM the first dawn of infant life
Thy goodness we have shar'd;
And still we live to sing thy praise,
By sov'reign mercy spar'd.
- 2 To seek thy grace, to do thy will,
O Lord! our hearts incline;
And o'er the paths of future life
Command thy light to shine.
- 3 While taught to read the word of truth,
May we the word receive;
And, when we hear of Jesu's name,
In that bless'd name believe.
- 4 Let not our feet incline to tread
Sin's broad destructive road;
But trace those holy paths which lead
To glory and to God.

443 *Taught of the Lord.* Is. liv. 13. L. M.

- 1 GREAT God, let children to thy throne
Look up, and trust in Thee alone;
To Thee our health, our lives, belong:
Oh! may we learn thy truth while young.
- 2 Teach us the knowledge of thy Son;
He shows the road which we must run:
It is a thorny path, and yet
It will not hurt our tender feet.
- 3 Jesus and all his saints have trod,
Unhurt, that narrow, rugged road;
And we, if Jesus be our guide,
Shall have our ev'ry want supplied

- 4 He dwells in heaven, and yet below
 He sees and knows what children do ;
 And, when in his dear name they meet,
 He sits upon his mercy-seat.
- 5 Oh may his Spirit now approve
 This work of duty and of love !
 Oh may his Spirit make us still
 Desire and learn to do his will !

444

Give glory to the Lord. Isa. xlii. 12.

7s.

- 1 GLORY to the Father give,
 God in whom we move and live ;
 Children's prayers He deigns to hear ;
 Children's songs delight his ear.
- 2 Glory to the Son we bring,
 Christ our Prophet, Priest, and King ;
 Children, raise your sweetest strain
 To the Lamb, for He was slain.
- 3 Glory to the Holy Ghost,
 He reclaims the sinner lost ;
 Children's minds may He inspire,
 Touch their tongues with holy fire.
- 4 Glory in the highest be
 To the blessed Trinity,
 For the gospel from above,
 For the word that "God is love."

445

From a child thou, &c. 2 Tim. iii. 15.

C. M.

- 1 HAPPY the child whose tender years
 Receive instruction well,
 Who hates the sinner's path, and fears
 The road that leads to hell.
- 2 When we devote our youth to God,
 'Tis pleasing in his eyes ;
 For 'tis his grace, though in the bud,
 And shall to glory rise.
- 3 'Twill save us from a thousand snares
 To mind religion young ;

Grace will preserve our foll'wing years,
And make our virtues strong.

- 4 To Thee, almighty God, to Thee
Our childhood we resign ;
'Twill please us to look back and see
That our whole lives were thine.
- 5 Let the sweet work of prayer and praise
Employ our youngest breath :
Thus we're prepar'd for longer days,
Or fit for early death.

446

Behold I was shapen, &c. Ps. li. 5.

L. M.

- 1 LORD, let a few poor children raise
To Thee a hymn of prayer and praise ;
'Tis by thy great compassion we
Are taught to love and worship Thee.
- 2 What evil hearts we have within,
Shapen in guilt, conceiv'd in sin !
Now we are taught thy heavenly ways ;
But oh! convert us by thy grace.
- 3 Lord, may our lives with Thee begin,
Cleans'd by our Saviour's blood from sin,
Not only taught thy truth to know,
But to believe and feel it too.
- 4 Remember, Lord, we are but dust ;
'Tis to thy grace alone we trust ;
Do Thou instruct and guide us still,
That we may ne'er forget thy will.

447

Gather the lambs, &c. Isa. xl. 11.

7s

- 1 Out of love and boundless grace,
Thou hast brought us to a place,
Jesus, where we oft may hear
Of the suff'rings Thou didst bear.
- 2 Be our shepherd ev'ry day,
That we little lambs ne'er stray :
Whensoe'er we hear thy voice,
To obey may we rejoice.

277

- 3 Thanks to Thee for all the care
That's bestow'd upon us here
May we evermore to Thee
For thy goodness grateful be.

448 *Guide me with thy, &c.* Ps. lxxiii. 24. 7s.

- 1 GOD of mercy, thron'd on high,
Listen from thy lofty seat,
Hear, oh hear! our feeble cry;
Guide, oh guide! our wand'ring feet.
- 2 Young and erring trav'lers, we
All our dangers do not know;
Scarcely fear the stormy sea,
Hardly feel the tempest blow.
- 3 Jesus, lover of the young,
Cleanse us with thy blood divine;
Ere the tide of sin grow strong,
Save us, keep us, make us thine.
- 4 When perplex'd in danger's snare,
Thou alone our guide canst be:
When oppress'd with woe and care,
Whom have we to trust but Thee?
- 5 Let us ever hear thy voice,
Ask thy counsel ev'ry day;
Saints and angels will rejoice,
If we walk in wisdom's way.
- 6 Saviour, give us faith, and pour
Hope and love on ev'ry soul;
Hope—till time shall be no more,
Love—while endless ages roll.

449 *Out of the mouths, &c.* Matt. xxi. 16. 148th M.

(To be sung by the Children and Congregation.)

- Chil.* 1 COME, let our voice ascend,
In one glad song of praise;
To God, the God of love,
Our grateful hearts we raise:
- Cong.* To God alone the praise belongs:
He claims our earliest, latest songs.

- Chil.* 2 Now we are taught to read
The book of life divine ;
Where our Redeemer's love,
And brightest glories shine :
- Cong.* To God alone the praise is due,
Who sends his word to us and you.
- Chil.* 3 Within these hallow'd walls
Our wand'ring feet are brought ;
Where prayer and praise ascend,
And heavenly truths are taught .
- Cong.* To God alone your praises bring ;
Let young and old his praises sing.
- Chorus.* 4 Lord, bid this work of love
Be crown'd with great success :
May thousands, yet unborn,
This institution bless :
Thus shall the praise resound to Thee,
In time and to eternity.

450 *Remember the sabbath day. Exod. xx. 8. 8s. 7s.*

- 1 SABBATH days were ne'er intended
To be spent in idle play :
How the Lord must be offended
When we throw such time away !
Hallow'd day ! by God appointed ;
Let not men the day disown ;
Sacred to the Lord's Anointed,
All its hours are his alone.
- 2 'Tis no time for thoughtless leisure,
Foolish mirth, or busy care ;
Sons of God taste richer pleasure,
With the Lord, in praise and prayer.
'Tis the time of holy resting :
God looks down from heaven above,
Meets his favour'd saints in feasting
'Neath the banners of his love.
- 3 'Tis the time in mercy given
Gospel truth to hear and learn ;

Jesus now invites from heaven
 Wand'ring sinners to return.
 Let us then avoid for ever
 All the sabbath-breaker's ways :
 From them, Lord, our souls deliver
 By thine all-sufficient grace.

451 *Thou hast taught me, &c.* Ps. lxxi. 17. S. M.

- 1 THE praises of my tongue
 I offer to the Lord,
 That I was taught, and learnt so young,
 To read his holy word.
- 2 Dear Lord, this book of thine
 Informs me where to go
 For grace to pardon all my sin,
 And make me holy too.
- 3 Oh! may thy Spirit teach,
 And make my heart receive,
 Those truths which all thy servants preach,
 And all thy saints believe.
- 4 Then shall I praise the Lord,
 In a more cheerful strain,
 That I was taught to read his word,
 And have not learnt in vain.

452 *Train up a child &c.* Prov. xxii. 6. 8s. 7s.

- 1 THE sabbath day is come again,
 The best of all the seven ;
 And we are met, a happy train,
 To hear of God and heaven.
- 2 Lord, send thy grace into our hearts,
 And through the day be near us,
 And make us all fulfil our parts,
 With Thee to help and hear us.
- 3 Keep down each vain and sinful thought,
 Correct our whole behaviour :
 And make us thankful to be taught,
 And lead us to our Saviour.

453

He took them up in, &c. Mark x. 16.

C. M.

- 1 WHEN Jesus left the throne of God,
He chose a humble birth ;
A man of grief,—like us He trod
A lowly path on earth.
- 2 Like Him may we be found below
In wisdom's paths of peace ;
Like Him in grace and knowledge grow,
As years and strength increase.
- 3 Sweet were his words and kind his look,
When mothers round him press'd ;
Their infants in his arms He took,
And on his bosom bless'd.
- 4 Safe from the world's alluring harms,
Beneath his watchful eye,
Thus in the circle of his arms
May we for ever lie.
- 5 When Jesus into Salem rode,
The children sang around ;
For joy they pluck'd the palms, and strow'd
Their garments on the ground.
- 6 Could we forget our Saviour's praise,
The stones themselves would sing ;
Hosanna, our glad voices raise,
Hosanna to our King.

454 CATECHISING.—*Train up, &c.* Prov. xxii. 6. C. M.

- 1 CHRISTIANS, think not heavenly notes
To childish ears are vain,
That the young mind at random floats
And cannot reach the strain.
- 2 Lov'd not the Lord of heav'n to talk
With children in his sight ?
To meet them in his daily walk,
And to his arms invite ?
- 3 And now each little voice in turn
Some glorious truth proclaims :

What sages would have died to learn,
Oh! teach these little lambs.

- 4 Yet, teaching, add your fervent prayers,
God's blessing to obtain,
Since in Christ only, God declares,
Our labour is not vain.

7. CHARITIES.

455 *To do good forget not, &c.* Heb. xiii. 16. C. M.

- 1 BRIGHT source of everlasting love,
To Thee our souls we raise,
And to thy sov'reign bounty rear
A monument of praise.
- 2 Thy mercy gilds the path of life,
With ev'ry cheering ray,
And still restrains the rising tear,
Or wipes that tear away.
- 3 When, sunk in guilt, our souls approach'd
The borders of despair;
Thy grace, through Jesu's blood, proclaim'd
A free salvation near.
- 4 What shall we render, bounteous Lord,
For all the grace we see?
Alas! the goodness worms can yield
Extendeth not to Thee.
- 5 To tents of woe, to beds of pain,
We cheerfully repair;
And, with the gift thy hand bestows,
Relieve the mourner's care.
- 6 The widow's heart shall sing for joy,
The orphan shall be glad;
And hung'ring souls we'll gladly point
To Christ, the living bread.
- 7 Thus, passing through the vale of tears,
Our useful light shall shine;
And others learn to glorify
Our Father's name divine.

456 *Freely give.* Matt. x. 8. C. M.

- 1 FATHER of mercies, send thy grace
All-powerful from above,

To form in our obedient souls
The image of thy love.

- 2 Oh! may our sympathising breast
That gen'rous pleasure know,
Freely to share in others' joy,
And weep for others' woe.
- 3 Whene'er the helpless sons of grief
In low distress are laid,
Soft be our hearts, their pains to feel,
And swift our hands to aid.
- 4 So Jesus look'd on dying men,
Enthron'd above the skies;
And, when he saw their lost estate,
Felt his compassion rise.
- 5 Since Christ, to save our guilty souls,
On wings of mercy flew,
We, whom the Saviour thus hath lov'd,
Should love each other too.

Second 456 *Of thine own have, &c.* 2 Chron. xxix. c. M.

- 1 LORD, when our off'rings we present
Before thy gracious throne,
We but return what Thou hast lent,
And give Thee of thine own.
- 2 Ourselves, our all, to Thee we owe
To us Thou'rt ever kind;
And, while we of thy gifts bestow,
Give Thou the willing mind.
- 3 The power and willingness to give
Alike proceed from Thee;
Debtors we are, and, while we live,
Debtors shall ever be.
- 4 O Lord! our contributions bless,
For their appointed end,
And crown with happiest success
The cause that we befriend.

457 *Ye have done it unto Me.* Matt. xxv. 40. C. M.

- 1 JESUS, our Lord, how rich thy grace!
Thy bounties how complete!

Ne'er shall we count the matchless sum ;
 Ne'er pay the mighty debt.

- 2 High on a throne of radiant light
 Dost Thou exalted shine :
 What can our poverty bestow,
 When all the worlds are Thine ?
- 3 But Thou hast brethren here below,
 The partners of thy grace ;
 And wilt confess their humble names
 Before thy Father's face.
- 4 In them Thou may'st be cloth'd, and fed,
 And visited, and cheer'd :
 And in their accents of distress
 The Saviour's voice is heard.
- 5 Thy face, with rev'ence and with love,
 We in thy poor would see ;
 And by true charity would prove
 That we are own'd of Thee.

458 *More than they all, &c.* Luke **xxi.** 3. S. M.

- 1 REMEMBER, man, thy birth,
 Set not on gold thy heart,
 Naked thou cam'st upon the earth,
 And naked must depart.
- 2 This world's vain wealth despise ;
 Happiness is not here :
 To Jesus lift thy longing eyes,
 And seek thy treasure there.
- 3 Be wise to run thy race,
 And cast off ev'ry load ;
 Strive to be rich in works of grace,
 Be rich toward thy God.
- 4 The poor may thus be rich,
 Their means however small :
 When rich men once gave very much,
 Two mites exceeded all.
- 5 If profit be thy scope,
 Diffuse thine alms about

The worldling prospers laying up,
The Christian, laying out.

- 6 Returns will not be scant,
With honour in the highest;
For who relieves his brother's want,
Bestows his alms on Christ.
- 7 Give gladly to the poor,
'Tis lending to the Lord;
In secret to increase thy store,
And hide in heaven thy hoard.
- 8 There thou may'st fear no thief,
No rankling rust, nor moth;
Thy treasure and thy heart are safe,
Where one is, will be both.

459

Walk in love. Eph. v. 2.

L. M.

- 1 OUR souls shall magnify the Lord;
In Him our spirit shall rejoice:
Assembled here with one accord,
Our hearts shall praise Him, with our voice.
- 2 God of our hope, to Thee we bow;
Thou art our refuge in distress:
The husband of the widow Thou;
The Father of the fatherless.
- 3 May we the law of love fulfil;
Lighten each other's burthens here,
Suffer and do thy righteous will,
And walk in all thy faith and fear.
- 4 Then grant our union, here begun,
May last for ever firm and free:
Around thy throne may we be one;
And dwell for evermore with Thee.

460

Freely ye have, &c. Matt. x. 8.

L. M.

- 1 TEACH us, O Lord! with cheerful hearts,
As Thou hast bless'd our various store,
From our abundance to impart
A lib'ral portion to the poor.

- 2 To Thee our all devoted be,
 In whom we breathe, and move, and live :
 Freely we have receiv'd from Thee ;
 * Freely may we rejoice to give.
- 3 And while we thus obey thy word,
 And ev'ry call of want relieve,
 Oh ! may we find it, gracious Lord,
 More bless'd to give than to receive.

8. CONSECRATION OF A HOSPITAL.

461 *I will have mercy, &c.* Matt. xi. 13. L. M.

- 1 WHEN, like a stranger on our sphere,
 The lowly Jesus wander'd here ;
 Where'er He went, affliction fled,
 And sickness rear'd her fainting head.
- 2 The eye that roll'd in irksome night
 Beheld his face ; for God is light :
 The op'ning ear, the loosen'd tongue,
 His precepts heard, his praises sung.
- 3 With bounding steps, the halt and lame,
 To hail their great deliv'rer, came :
 O'er the cold grave He bow'd his head :
 He spake the word, and rais'd the dead.
- 4 Demoniac madness, dark and wild,
 In his inspiring presence smil'd ;
 The storm of horror ceas'd to roll,
 And reason lighten'd through the soul.
- 5 Through paths of loving-kindness led,
 Where Jesus triumph'd, we would tread ;
 And, where He gives the power, dispense
 The gifts of true benevolence.
- 6 His love constrains our willing mind
 A refuge for distress to find,
 Where helpless poverty and woe
 May friends, and home, and comfort know.
- 7 And Thou, great God, whose sov'reign breath
 Is health or sickness, life or death,
 This favour'd mansion deign to bless ;
 The cause is thine—send Thou success.

9. IN TIME OF PESTILENCE.

462

He is my refuge. Ps. xci. 2.

L. M.

- 1 HE that hath made his refuge God,
Shall find a most secure abode ;
Shall walk all day beneath his shade,
And there at night shall rest his head.
- 2 What though a thousand at their side,
At their right hand ten thousand, died ?
Their God his chosen people saves,
Among the dead, amidst the graves.
- 3 But if the fire, or plague, or sword,
Receive commission from the Lord
To strike his saints among the rest,
Their very pains and death are bless'd.
- 4 The sword, the pestilence, or fire,
Shall but fulfil their best desire ;
From sin and sorrows set them free,
And bring thy children, Lord, to Thee.

10. SICKNESS AND RECOVERY.

463

My meditation of him, &c. Ps. civ. 34.

C. M.

- 1 WHEN languor and disease invade
This trembling house of clay,
'Tis sweet to look beyond our cage,
And long to fly away.
- 2 Sweet to look inward, and attend
The whispers of his love :
Sweet to look upward to the place
Where Jesus pleads above.
- 3 Sweet to look back, and see my name
In life's fair book set down ;
Sweet to look forward, and behold
Eternal joys my own.
- 4 Sweet to reflect how grace divine
My sins on Jesus laid ;
Sweet to remember that his blood
My debt of suff'ring paid.

- 5 Sweet in his righteousness to stand,
Which saves from second death ;
Sweet to experience, day by day,
His Spirit's quick'ning breath.
- 6 Sweet on his faithfulness to rest,
Whose love can never end :
Sweet on his covenant of grace
For all things to depend.
- 7 Sweet in the confidence of faith
To trust his firm decrees ;
Sweet to lie passive in his hands,
And know no will but his.
- 8 Sweet to rejoice in lively hope
That, when my change shall come,
Angels will hover round my bed,
And waft my spirit home.
- 9 If such the sweetness of the streams,
What must the fountain be !
There saints and angels draw their bliss
Immediately from Thee.

464 *O God, forsake me not.* Ps. lxxi. 18. 113th M.

- 1 O! THOU whose wise paternal love
Hath brought my active vigour down,
Thy choice I thankfully approve,
And, prostrate at thy gracious throne,
I offer up my life's remains,
And choose the state my God ordains.
- 2 Cast as a broken vessel by,
Health's work I can no longer do ;
Yet, while a daily death I die,
Thy power I may in weakness show :
My patience may thy glory raise,
My speechless woe proclaim thy praise.
- 3 But since, without thy Spirit's might,
Thou know'st I nothing can endure,
The help I ask in Jesu's right,
The strength He did for me procure,

Father, abundantly impart,
And arm with love my feeble heart.

- 4 Oh! may I live of Thee possess'd,
In weakness, weariness, and pain;
The anguish of my lab'ring breast,
The daily cross I still sustain,
For him that languish'd on the tree,
But liv'd, before He died, for me.

465 *Let patience have, &c.* James i. 4. L. M.

- 1 "O FATHER! glorify thy name:"
So pray'd, at woe's approach, my Lord;
Disease corrodes this mortal frame;
O Father! be thy name ador'd.
- 2 Why fear the path of grief to tread?
Why, Father, shrink from thy decree?
If thus my longing soul be led
A safer, shorter way to Thee?
- 3 On wings of faith, o'er joys of earth,
Thy servant, Father, teach to rise,
And view the blessing's native worth,
Clear'd from affliction's dark disguise.
- 4 Yon clouds, a mass of sable shade
To mortals gazing from below,
By angels from above survey'd,
With universal sunshine glow.

466 *He knoweth our frame, &c.* Ps. ciii. 14. C. M.

- 1 O LORD! whate'er is felt or fear'd,
This thought is our repose,
That He by whom this frame was rear'd
Its various weakness knows.
- 2 Thou view'st us with a pitying eye,
While struggling with our load;
In pains and dangers Thou art nigh,
Our Father and our God.
- 3 Supported by our Saviour's love,
We tend to realms of peace,

Where ev'ry pain shall far remove,
And ev'ry frailty cease.

467 *I had gone to the house, &c. Ps. xlii. 4. C. M.*

- 1 THOUSANDS, O Lord of hosts! to-day
Within thy temple meet;
And tens of thousands throng to pay
Their homage at thy feet.
- 2 They see thy pow'r and glory there,
Where I have seen Thee too;
They read, they hear, they join in prayer,
As I was wont to do.
- 3 They sing thy deeds as I have sung,
In sweet and solemn lays;
Were I among them, my glad tongue
Might learn new themes of praise.
- 4 For Thou art in their midst to teach,
While they look up to Thee;
And Thou hast blessings, Lord, for each,
And blessings too for me.
- 5 The dew lies thick on all the ground,
Shall my poor fleece be dry?
The manna rains from heaven around,
Shall I of hunger die?
- 6 Behold thy pris'ner, loose my bands,
If 'tis thy gracious will:
If not, contented in thy hands,
Behold thy pris'ner still.
- 7 I may not to thy courts repair,
Yet here Thou surely art;
Oh! give me here a house of prayer,
Here sabbath joys impart.
- 8 To faith reveal the things unseen,
To hope the joys untold;
Let love, without a veil between,
Thy glory now behold.

Second 467 *To your old age I am He. Isa. xlvi. L. M.*

- 1 IN age, and feebleness extreme,
Who shall a sinful worm redeem?

'Tis only Jesus, by his blood,
Can raise a sinking soul to God.

- 2 Jesus, my only hope Thou art,
Strength of my failing flesh and heart;
Oh let me catch one smile from Thee,
And drop into eternity!

468

And he recovered. 2 Kings xx. 7.

C. M.

- 1 LORD of my life, length of my days,
Thy hand has rescued me,
Who, lying at the gates of death,
Among the dead was free.
- 2 I thought I stood upon the shore,
And nothing could I see,
But the vast ocean with my eyes,—
A vast eternity.
- 3 I thought I heard the midnight cry,
“Behold the bridegroom comes;”
And I was called to the bar,
Where souls receive their dooms.
- 4 The world was at an end to me,
As if it all did burn;
But, lo! there came a voice from heaven,
Which order'd my return.
- 5 Lord, I return at thy command,
What wilt Thou have me do?
Oh! let me wholly live to Thee,
To whom my life I owe.
- 6 Fain would I dedicate to Thee
The remnant of my days;
Lord, with my life renew my heart,
That both thy name may praise.

469

He helped me. Ps. cxvi. 6.

C. M.

- 1 WHAT shall I render to my God
For all his kindness shown?
My feet shall visit thine abode,
My songs address thy throne.

O 2

- 2 Among the saints that fill thy house
My off'rings shall be paid ;
There shall my zeal perform the vows
My soul in anguish made.
- 3 How happy all thy servants are !
How great thy grace to me !
My life, which Thou hast made thy care,
Lord, I devote to Thee.
- 4 Let me be thine, for ever thine,
Let not my purpose move ;
Thy hand hath loos'd my bands of pain,
Oh ! bind me with thy love.

11. BURIAL OF THE DEAD.

470 *Be ye also ready.* Matt. xxiv. 44. L. M.

- 1 OFT as the bell, with solemn toll,
Speaks the departure of a soul,
Let each one ask himself, "Am I
Prepar'd should I be call'd to die?"
- 2 Only this frail and fleeting breath
Preserves me from the jaws of death ;
Soon as it fails, at once I'm gone,
And plung'd into a world unknown.
- 3 Then, leaving all I lov'd below,
To God's tribunal I must go,
Must hear the Judge pronounce my fate,
And fix my everlasting state.
- 4 Lord Jesus, help me now to flee,
And seek my hope alone in Thee :
Apply thy blood, thy Spirit give,
Subdue my sin, and let me live.
- 5 Then, when the solemn bell I hear,
If sav'd from guilt, I need not fear ;
Nor would the thought distressing be,
"Perhaps it next may toll for me."

471 *We spend our years, &c.* Ps. xc. 9. C. M.

- 1 THEE we adore, eternal name,
And humbly own to Thee

How feeble is our mortal frame,
What dying worms are we.

- 2 The year rolls round, and steals away
The breath that first it gave ;
Whate'er we do, where'er we be,
We're trav'ling to the grave.
- 3 Dangers stand thick through all the ground,
To push us to the tomb ;
And fierce diseases wait around,
To hurry mortals home.
- 4 Infinite joy, or endless woe,
Attends on ev'ry breath ;
And yet how unconcern'd we go
Upon the brink of death !
- 5 Teach us, O blessed Lord ! to run,
In faith, life's dang'rous road ;
And, through the grace of Christ thy Son,
To rise to Thee our God.

472 *Teach us to number, &c.* Ps. xc. 12. c. M.

- 1 **WHEN** youth or age is snatch'd away,
Oh ! may the truth, imprest
With awful power—" I too must die,"
Sink deep in ev'ry breast.
- 2 Let the vain world engage no more,
Behold the yawning tomb !
It bids us seize the present hour,
To-morrow death may come.
- 3 The voice of this alarming scene
May ev'ry heart obey ;
Nor be the heavenly warning vain
Which calls to watch and pray.

473 *Thou hast been our dwelling, &c.* Ps. xc. 1. c. M.

- Must friends and kindred fail and die,
And helpers be withdrawn ;
While sorrow, with a weeping eye,
Counts up our comforts gone ?

- 2 Be Thou our comfort, blessed Lord,
Our helper, and our friend ;
Nor leave us in this dang'rous road,
Till all our trials end.
- 3 Oh may our feet pursue the way
Which Christ before us show'd !
Oh may we by his grace obey
The counsels of his word !
- 4 Let us be wean'd from things below ;
Let hope our grief expel,
Till to our friends above we go,
With Christ in bliss to dwell.

474

Here we have no, &c. Heb. xiii. 14.

L. M.

- 1 WE'VE no abiding city here :
This may distress the worldling's mind ;
But should not cost the saint a tear,
Who hopes a better rest to find.
- 2 " We've no abiding city here : "
Sad truth, were this to be our home ;
But let this thought our spirits cheer,
" We seek a city yet to come. "
- 3 We've no abiding city here : "
Then let us live as pilgrims do ;
Let not this world our rest appear ;
But let us haste from all below.
- 4 " We've no abiding city here : "
We seek a city out of sight ;
Zion its name—" The Lord is there ; "
It shines with everlasting light.
- 5 Zion, Jehovah is her strength,
Secure, she's freed from all her foes :
And weary travellers at length
Within her sacred walls repose.
- 6 Thither our course with joy we bend,
In hope the sacred place to gain,
Where sin, and pain, and sorrow end,
And peace and love for ever reign.

- 7 Oh! sweet abode of peace and love,
Where pilgrims freed from toil are bless'd;
Had I the pinions of a dove,
I'd fly to Thee, and be at rest.
- 8 But hush my soul, nor dare repine;
The time my God appoints is best;
While here, to do his will be mine:
And his to fix my time of rest.

475 *In Christ shall all, &c.* 1 Cor. xv. 22. C. M.

- 1 WHY do we mourn departing friends,
Or shake at death's alarms?
'Tis but the voice that Jesus sends
To call them to his arms.
- 2 Why should we tremble to convey,
Their bodies to the tomb?
There the dear flesh of Jesus lay,
And left a long perfume.
- 3 The graves of all the saints He bless'd,
And soften'd ev'ry bed:
Where should the dying members rest,
But with their dying head?
- 4 Thence He arose ascending high,
And show'd our feet the way;
Up to the Lord our flesh shall fly
At the great rising day.

476 *Because I live, &c.* John xiv. 19. 113th M.

- 1 O YE who with the silent tear,
And sadden'd steps, assemble here,
To bear these cold, these lov'd remains,
Where dark and cheerless silence reigns,—
Your sorrows hush, your griefs dispel,
The Saviour lives, and all is well.
- 2 That eye indeed is rayless now,
And pale that cheek, and chill that brow;
Yet, could the lifeless form declare
The joys its soul is call'd to share

How would our lips rejoice to tell
The Saviour lives, and all is well !

12. TRAVELLING BY SEA OR LAND.

477 *Joined in the same, &c.* 1 Cor. i. 10. Double s. m.

- 1 AND let our bodies part,
To diff'rent scenes repair,
Inseparably join'd in heart
The friends of Jesus are :
Jesus, the corner-stone,
Did first our hearts unite,
And still He keeps our spirits one,
Who walk with Him in white.
- 2 Oh ! let us still proceed
In Jesu's work below ;
And, foll'wing our triumphant Head,
To farther conquests go.
The vineyard of the Lord
Before his lab'ers lies,
And, through his grace, a rich reward
Awaits them in the skies.
- 3 Oh ! let our heart and mind
Continually ascend,
That haven of repose to find
Where all our labours end—
Where all our toil is o'er,
Our suff'rings, and our pain ;
Who meet on that eternal shore
Shall never part again.

478 *Behold I am with, &c.* Gen. xxviii. 15. C. M.

- 1 How are thy servants bless'd, O Lord !
How sure is their defence !
Eternal wisdom is their guide,
Their help Omnipotence.
- 2 In foreign realms, and lands remote,
Supported by thy care,
Through burning climes they pass unhurt,
And breathe in tainted air.

- 3 [Think, O my soul! devoutly think,
How with affrighted eyes
Thou saw'st the wide extended deep
In all its horrors rise.
- 4 Confusion dwelt on ev'ry face,
And fear in ev'ry heart;
When waves on waves, and gulfs on gulfs,
O'ercame the pilot's art.
- 5 Yet then from all my griefs, O Lord!
Thy mercy set me free;
While, in the confidence of prayer,
My soul took hold on Thee.
- 6 The storm was laid, the winds retir'd,
Obedient to thy will;
The sea, that roar'd at thy command,
At thy command was still.]
- 7 In midst of dangers, fears, and deaths,
Thy goodness I'll adore:
And praise Thee for thy mercies past,
And humbly hope for more.
- 8 My life, while Thou preserv'st my life,
Thy sacrifice shall be;
And death, when death shall be my doom,
Shall join my soul to Thee.

Second 478 *Even there, &c.* Ps. cxxxix. 10, 11. c. m.

- 1 ABOVE me hangs the silent sky,
Around me rolls the sea,
The crew is all at rest, and I
Am, Lord, alone with Thee.
- 2 In winds, and waves, and starry sky,
I see Thee present here;
And, looking at myself, I cry,
"Can I be still thy care?"
- 3 I think of days and dangers past,
When I have found Thee nigh;
And wonder how thy love can last
To one so vile as I.

- 4 I think of terrors near at hand,
Of judgment yet to come,
When I before thy face must stand,
And hear my final doom.
- 5 The sense of all I've been and done
Would fill me with despair ;
But to my Saviour's cross I run,
And find a refuge there.
- 6 I know He has the power to aid,
I know He has the will ;
And He who once for sinners bled
Can rescue sinners still.
- 7 Lord, arm my soul with faith in Thee,
And fill my heart with love,
My path from sin and danger free,
And guide me safe above.
- 8 And while the waves around me beat,
Lord, often thus descend,
And grant me here communion sweet
With Thee, the sinner's friend.

479 *My presence shall, &c.* Exod. xxxiii. 14. L. M.

- 1 THAT man no guard nor weapon needs
The power of Jesu's blood who knows ;
But safe may pass, when duty leads,
Through burning sands, or mountain snows.
- 2 Releas'd from guilt, he feels no fear ;
Redemption is his shield and tower ;
He sees the Saviour always near,
To help in ev'ry trying hour.
- 3 Christ's love possessing, he is bless'd,
Secure whatever change may come ;
Whether he go to east or west,
With Christ he always is at home.
- 4 If plac'd beneath the northern pole,
Though winter reigns with rigour there,
Christ's gracious beams will cheer his soul
And make a spring throughout the year.

- 5 Or, if the desert's sun-burnt soil
His lonely dwelling e'er should prove,
Christ's presence will support his soul,
Whose smile is life, whose voice is love.

480 *Thy presence with me.* Exod. xxxiii. 15 L. M.

- 1 O! Thou by long experience tried,
Near whom no grief can long abide,
My Lord, with Thee, in sweet content,
I pass my years of banishment.
- 2 All scenes alike engaging prove
To souls impress'd with sacred love ;
Where'er they dwell, they dwell in Thee,
In heaven, or earth, or on the sea.
- 3 To me remains nor place nor time ;
My country is in ev'ry clime ;
I can be calm, and free from care,
On any shore, since God is there.
- 4 While place we seek, or place we shun,
The soul finds happiness in none ;
But, with my God to guide my way,
'Tis equal joy to go or stay.
- 5 Could I be cast where Thou art not,
That were indeed a dreadful lot ;
But regions none remote I call,
Secure of finding God in all.

13. DIFFERENT TIMES OF THE DAY.

481 *I myself will awake, &c.* Ps. cviii. 2. L. M.

- 1 AWAKE, my soul, and with the sun
Thy daily stage of duty run ;
Shake off dull sloth, and joyful rise
To pay thy morning sacrifice.
- 2 Thy precious time mispent, redeem :
Each present day thy last esteem ;
Improve thy talent with due care ;
For the great day thyself prepare.
- 3 Let all thy converse be sincere,
Thy conscience as the noontide clear ;

Think how th' all-seeing God, thy ways
And all thy secret thoughts, surveys.

- 4 Wake, and lift up thyself, my heart,
And with the angels take thy part,
Who all night long unwearied sing
High praise to the eternal King.
- 5 Awake, awake, ye heavenly choir,
May your devotion mine inspire ;
That I, like you, my age may spend,
Like you, may on my God attend.
- 6 May I, like you, in God delight,
Have all day long my God in sight,
Perform, like you, my Maker's will ;
Oh ! may I never more do ill.
- 7 Glory to God, who safe has kept,
And has refresh'd me while I slept ;
Grant, Lord, when I from death awake,
I may of endless life partake.
- 8 Lord, I my vows to Thee renew,
Scatter my sins as morning dew ;
Guard my first springs of thought and will,
And with Thyself my spirit fill.
- 9 Direct, control, suggest, this day,
All I design, or do, or say ;
That all my powers, with all their might,
In thy sole glory may unite.

Praise God, &c. 727.

482 *The Lord sustained me.* Ps. iii. 5. C. M.

- 1 My God was with me all this night,
And gave me sweet repose ;
My God did watch e'en while I slept,
Or I had never rose.
- 2 How many groan'd and wish'd for sleep,
Until they wish'd for day,
Meas'ring slow hours with their quick pains,
While I securely lay !
- 3 While I did sleep, all dangers slept ;
No thieves did me affright ;

- No cruel foes, no murd'ring band,
Disturb'd me in the night.
- 4 No raging flames nor storms did rend
The house that I was in ;
I heard no dreadful cries without,
No doleful groans within.
- 5 What terrors have I 'scaped, this night,
Which have on others fell !
My body might have slept its last,
My soul have wak'd in hell.
- 6 Sweet rest has gain'd that strength to me
Which labour did devour ;
My body was in weakness sown,
But it is rais'd in power.
- 7 Lord, for the mercies of the night,
My grateful thanks I pay,
And unto Thee I dedicate
The first-fruits of the day.
- 8 Let this day praise Thee, O my God !
And so let all my days ;
And, oh ! let mine eternal day
Be thine eternal praise.

483 *I laid me down and slept.* Ps. iii. 5. L. M.

- 1 MY God, how endless is thy love !
Thy gifts are ev'ry morning new ;
And ev'ning mercies from above
Gently distil, like early dew.
- 2 Thou spread'st the curtains of the night,
Great guardian of my sleeping hours ;
Thy sov'reign word restores the light,
And quickens all my drowsy powers.
- 3 Perpetual blessings from thy hand
Demand perpetual songs of praise :
Help me to yield to thy command,
And in thy service spend my days.

484 *The outgoings of the, &c.* Ps. lxx. 8. C. M.

- 1 God of my life, with grateful heart,
My ev'ning song I raise ;

But, oh! thy thousand, thousand gifts
Exceed my highest praise.

- 2 What shall I render for the care
Which me this day has kept?
A thankful heart, though no return,
Thy grace will still accept.
- 3 The sins, and follies, holy God,
Which I this day have done,
I would confess with grief; and pray
For pardon through thy Son.
- 4 Much of my precious time I've lost,
This sinful waste forgive;
By one day nearer death—to Thee,
Lord, teach me now to live.

485 *I will lay me down in peace.* Ps. iv. 8. L. M.

- 1 GLORY to Thee, my God, this night,
For all the blessings of the light:
Keep me, oh keep me! King of kings,
Beneath thine own almighty wings.
- 2 Forgive me, Lord, for thy dear Son,
The ills 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 judgment-day.
- 4 Oh! may my soul on Thee repose,
And may sweet sleep mine eyelids close—
Sleep which may me more vig'rous make,
To serve my God, when I awake.
- 5 When in the night I sleepless lie,
My soul with heavenly thoughts supply:
Let no ill dreams disturb my rest,
No powers of darkness me molest.*
- 6 Lord, let my soul for ever share
The bliss of thy paternal care:

'Tis heaven on earth, 'tis heaven above,
To see thy face, and sing thy love.

Praise God, &c. 727

486 *The Lord is thy keeper.* Ps. cxxi. 5. 8. 7. 7.

1 THROUGH the day thy love has spar'd us,
Now we lay us down to rest :
Through the silent watches guard us ;
Let no foe our peace molest :
Jesus now our guardian be :
Sweet it is to trust in Thee.

2 Pilgrims here on earth, and strangers,
Dwelling in the midst of foes ;
Us and ours preserve from dangers :
In thine arms may we repose ;
And, when life's short day is past,
Rest with Thee in heaven at last.

487 *Every day will I bless Thee.* Ps. cxlv. 2. C. M.

1 GREAT Sov'reign, let our ev'ning songs
Like holy incense rise :
Assist the off'rings of our tongues
To reach the lofty skies.

2 Through all the dangers of the day
Thy hand was still our guard :
And still to drive our wants away
Thy mercy stood prepar'd.

3 Perpetual blessings from above
Encompass us around ;
But, ah ! how few returns of love
Hath our Redeemer found !

4 What have we done for Him who died
To save our sinful souls ?
Alas ! our sins are multiplied,
Fast as each minute rolls.

5 Yet with these guilty hearts of ours,
Lord, to thy cross we flee ;
And yield them up, with all their powers,
To be renew'd by Thee.

488 *When I remember Thee, &c.* Ps. lxxiii. 6. L. M.

- 1 MY God, I now from sleep awake,
The sole possession of me take ;
From midnight terrors me secure,
And guard my heart from thoughts impure.
- 2 Bless'd angels, while we silent lie,
You hallelujahs sing on high ;
You joyful hymn the ever bless'd,
Before the throne, and never rest.
- 3 I with your choirs celestial join
In off'ring up a hymn divine ;
With you in heaven I hope to dwell,
And bid the night and world farewell.
- 4 My soul, when I shake off this dust,
Lord, in thy arms I will entrust :
Oh ! make me thy peculiar care,
Some mansion for my soul prepare.
- 5 Oh ! may I always ready stand,
With my lamp burning in my hand ;
May I in sight of heaven rejoice,
Whene'er I hear the Bridegroom's voice.
- 6 All praise to Thee, in light array'd,
Who light thy dwelling-place hast made ;
A boundless ocean of bright beams
From thy all-glorious Godhead streams.
- 7 Bless'd Jesus, Thou, on heaven intent,
Whole nights hast in devotion spent :
But I, frail creature, soon am tir'd,
And all my zeal is soon expir'd.
- 8 Shine on me, Lord, new life impart,
Fresh ardours kindle in my heart :
One ray of thy all-quick'ning light
Dispels the sloth and clouds of night.
- 9 Lord, lest the tempter me surprise,
Watch over thy own sacrifice ;
All loose, all idle thoughts cast out,
And make my very dreams devout.

Praise God, &c. 727

PART 1.

489 *At midnight I will rise, &c. Ps. cxix. 62. 7s.*

- 1 INTERVAL of grateful shade,
Welcome to my weary head ;
Welcome slumbers to mine eyes,
Tir'd with glaring vanities :
My great Master still allows
Needful seasons of repose.
- 2 By my heavenly Father bless'd,
Thus I give my powers to rest ;
Heavenly Father, gracious name,—
Night and day his love the same.
Far be each suspicious thought,
Ev'ry anxious care forgot.
- 3 Thou, my ever-bounteous God,
Crown'st my days with various good :
Thy kind eye, that cannot sleep,
These defenceless hours shall keep :
Bless'd vicissitude to me,
Day and night, I'm still with Thee !

PART 2.

490 *At midnight I will rise, &c. Ps. cxix. 62. 7s.*

- 1 WHAT though peaceful slumbers flee,
Strangers to my couch and me !
Sleepless, well I know to rest,
Leaning on my Father's breast.
- 2 While the empress of the night
Scatters mild her silver light ;
While the vivid planets stray
Various through their mystic way ;—
- 3 While the stars unnumber'd roll
Round the ever-constant pole ;
Far above these spangled skies,
All my soul to God shall rise.
- 4 'Midst the silence of the night,
Mingling with those angels bright,
Whose harmonious voices raise
Ceaseless love, and ceaseless praise—

- 5 'Midst the throng his gentle ear
 Shall my tuneless accents hear ;
 From on high, doth He impart
 Secret comfort to my heart.
- 6 He, in these serenest hours,
 Guides my intellectual powers,
 And his Spirit doth diffuse,
 Sweeter far than midnight dews,—
- 7 Lifting all my thoughts above,
 On the wings of faith and love ;
 Bless'd alternative to me,
 Thus to sleep or wake with Thee.

PART 3.

491

At midnight, &c. Ps. cxix. 62.

7s.

- 1 **WHAT** if death my sleep invade !
 Should I be of death afraid ?
 Whilst encircled by thine arm,
 Death may strike, but cannot harm.
- 2 What if beams of op'ning day
 Shine around my breathless clay !
 Brighter visions from on high
 Shall delight my mental eye.
- 3 Tender friends awhile may mourn
 Me from their embraces torn :
 Dearer, better friends I have
 In the realms beyond the grave.
- 4 See the guardian angels nigh,
 Wait to waft my soul on high !
 See the gates of heaven display'd !
 See thy Saviour and thy Head !
- 5 See a flood of sacred light,
 Which no more shall yield to night !
 Transitory world, farewell,
 Jesus calls with Him to dwell !

14. DIFFERENT SEASONS OF THE YEAR.

492

PSALM LXV.

L. M.

- 1 **ETERNAL** source of ev'ry joy,
 Praise shall our hearts and lips employ,

While in thy temple we appear,
To bless Thee, sov'reign of the year.

- 2 Wide as the wheels of nature roll,
Thy hand supports and guides the whole ;
The day is taught by Thee to rise,
The night by Thee to veil the skies.
- 3 The clouds, dispos'd at thy command,
Their fatness drop through ev'ry land :
Her various produce nature yields,
And plenty smiles o'er all her fields.
- 4 Seasons, and months, and weeks, and days,
Demand successive songs of praise :
Oh ! be the grateful homage paid,
With morning light, and ev'ning shade.
- 5 Here in thy house let incense rise,
As circling sabbaths bless our eyes ;
Till to those glorious realms we soar
Where days and years revolve no more.

493 *A sower went forth to sow.* Matt. xiii. 3. C. M.

- 1 YE sons of men, prepare the plough,
Break up your fallow ground ;
The sower is gone forth to sow,
And scatter blessings round.
- 2 The seed that finds a stony soil
Shoots forth a hasty blade,
But ill repays the sower's toil,
Soon wither'd, scorch'd, and dead.
- 3 The thorny ground is sure to balk
All hopes of harvest there :
We find a tall and sickly stalk,
But not the fruitful ear.
- 4 The beaten path and highway-side
Receive the trust in vain ;
The watchful birds the spoil divide,
And pick up all the grain.
- 5 But, where the Lord of grace and power
Has bless'd the happy field,

How plenteous is the golden store
The deep-wrought furrows yield !

- 6 Father of mercies, we have need
Of thy preparing grace ;
Let the same hand that gives the seed
Provide a fruitful place.

494 *The earth bringeth, &c.* Isa. lxi. 11. C. M.

- 1 WHEN beauty clothes the fertile vale,
And birds their chorus bring,
And fragrance breathes in ev'ry gale,
How sweet the day of spring !
- 2 Oh ! let my inmost heart confess,
With grateful joy and love,
The bounteous hand that deigns to bless
The garden, field, and grove.
- 3 Inspir'd to praise, my soul would join
Glad nature's cheerful song ;
While love and gratitude combine
To tune my joyful tongue.
- 4 And faith exults that yet the spring
Of righteousness and praise
Our Saviour God will surely bring,
And in all nations raise.

495 *All flesh is grass.* Isa. xl. 6. C. M.

- 1 THE grass and flowers which clothe the field,
And look so green and gay,
Touch'd by the scythe, defenceless yield,
And fall and fade away.
- 2 Ah ! trust not to your fleeting breath,
Nor call your time your own :
Around you look—the scythe of death
Is mowing thousands down.
- 3 The grass, when dead, revives no more ;
We die, to live again :
But oh ! if death should prove the door
To everlasting pain !

- 4 Lord, help us to obey thy call,
That, from our sins set free,
When, like the grass, our bodies fall,
Our souls may rise to Thee !

496 *The appointed weeks, &c.* Jer. v. 24. Double 7a.

- 1 SEE the corn again in ear !
How the fields and valleys smile !
Harvest now is drawing near,
To repay the farmer's toil :
Gracious Lord, secure the crop,
Satisfy the poor with food :
In thy mercy is our hope ;
We have sinn'd, but Thou art good.
- 2 Let the praise be all the Lord's,
As the benefit is ours ;
He, in season, still affords
Kindly heat, and gentle showers ;
By his care the produce thrives,
Waving o'er the furrow'd lands ;
And, when harvest-time arrives,
Ready for the reaper stands.
- 3 Thus in barren hearts He sows
Precious seeds of heavenly joy ;
Sin and hell in vain oppose,
None can grace's crop destroy :
Threaten'd oft, yet still it blooms,
After many changes past ;
And the reaper, when he comes,
Finds it fully ripe at last.

497 *Seedtime and harvest, &c.* Gen. viii. 22. O. M.

- 1 FOUNTAIN of mercy, God of love,
How rich thy bounties are !
The changing seasons, as they move,
Proclaim thy constant care.
- 2 When in the bosom of the earth
The sower hid the grain,

Thy goodness mark'd its secret birth,
And sent the early rain.

- 3 The spring's sweet influence, Lord, was thine ;
The plants in beauty grew :
Thou gav'st refulgent suns to shine,
And soft, refreshing dew.
- 4 These varied mercies from above
Matur'd the swelling grain ;
A kindly harvest crowns thy love,
And plenty fills the plain.
- 5 We own and bless thy gracious sway ;
Thy hand all nature hails :
Seed-time nor harvest, night nor day,
Summer nor winter fails.

498 *The goodness of the Lord.* Ps. xxxiii. 5. C. M.

- 1 Good is the Lord, our heavenly king,
Who makes the earth his care,
Visits the pastures ev'ry spring,
And bids the grain appear.
- 2 Good is the Lord ; it is his love
Which makes the earth to yield ;
His clouds drop fatness from above ;
He whitens ev'ry field.
- 3 Good is the Lord ; his lib'ral hand
Is daily open'd wide,
To scatter plenty through the land,
That all may be supplied.
- 4 Good is the Lord ; He gives us bread ;
He gives his people more :
By Him their souls with grace are fed,
A boundless, richer store.

499 *The valleys covered, &c.* Ps. lxxv. 13. L. M.

- 1 ONCE more our condescending God
Has sent a harvest rich and good ;
No cank'ring worm, nor hostile band,
Has spoil'd the produce of the land.

- 2 We bless thy name for sun and showers,
 And all the good that nature pours ;
 But thy enriching stores of grace
 Transcend our highest notes of praise.
- 3 Pour out thy Holy Spirit, Lord,
 To clothe with power thy quick'ning word,
 Till saints a richer harvest rise,
 And fill the garner of the skies.

500 *I will joy in the God, &c.* Hab. iii. 17, 18. 74.

- 1 PRAISE to God, immortal praise,
 For the love that crowns our days ;
 Bounteous source of ev'ry joy,
 Let thy praise our tongues employ.
- 2 For the blessings of the field ;
 For the stores the gardens yield ;
 For the vine's refreshing juice ;
 For the gen'rous olive's use ;—
- 3 Flocks that whiten all the plain ;
 Yellow sheaves of ripen'd grain ;
 Clouds that drop their fatt'ning dews ;
 Suns that temp'rate warmth diffuse ;—
- 4 All that spring, with bounteous hand,
 Scatters o'er the smiling land ;
 All that lib'ral autumn pours
 From her rich, o'erflowing stores ;—
- 5 These to that dear source we owe
 Whence our sweetest comforts flow ;
 These, through all my happy days,
 Claim my cheerful songs of praise.
- 6 Yet, should rising whirlwinds tear
 From its stem the rip'ning ear,
 Should the fig-tree's blasted shoot
 Drop her green, untimely fruit,—
- 7 Should the vine bud forth no more,
 Nor the olive yield her store,
 Though the sick'ning flocks should fall,
 And the herds desert the stall,—

8 Still, if given by grace divine,
Saviour, to regard Thee mine,
All my powers with one accord
Shall rejoice in Thee, my Lord.

501 *We all do fade as a leaf.* Isa. lxxiv. 6. 8s. 7s.

- 1 SEE the leaves around us falling,
Dry, and wither'd, to the ground :
Thus to thoughtless mortals calling
In their rustling solemn sound :
“ Sons of Adam, your first father,
Who in Eden blighted fell,
Listen, and instruction gather,
Profit by the truths we tell.
- 2 “ If on length of days presuming,
Think how soon our course has fled :
We were lately fresh and blooming,
Now are wither'd, dry, and dead :
Your short course like ours is flying,
Youth's gay *spring* how soon 'tis past !
Summer next in *autumn* dying ;
Then your *winter* comes at last.”
- 3 Cease we then vain hopes to cherish,
Let us to the Refuge fly,
Since like leaves we rise and flourish,
And like leaves must droop and die.
But to those in Jesus planted,
By a true and living faith,
Shall unfading life be granted,
And full triumph over death.

502 *Thou hast made, &c.* Ps. lxxiv. 17. C. M.

- 1 STERN winter throws his icy chains,
Encircling nature round ;
How bleak, how comfortless the plains,
Late with gay verdure crown'd !
- 2 The sun withdraws his cheering beams,
And light and warmth depart ;

And winter, cold and lifeless, seems
An emblem of my heart.

- 3 Rise, Sun of righteousness, and bring
Thine own reviving ray ;
Turn the soul's winter into spring,
Make darkness cheerful day.
- 4 Great source of light, and warmth, and love,
Our drooping joys restore ;
And guide us to those seats above
Where winter frowns no more.
- 5 Oh! happy state, divine abode,
Region of endless bliss ;
Thy beams enlighten it, O God !
The Lamb its glory is.

503 *He gave us fruitful, &c.* Acts xiv. 17. L. M.

- 1 GREAT God, as seasons disappear,
And changes mark the rolling year,
As time with rapid pinions flies,
May ev'ry season make us wise.
- 2 Long has thy favour crown'd our days,
And summer shed again its rays ;
No deadly cloud our sky has veil'd,
No blasting winds our path assail'd.
- 3 The harvest months have o'er us roll'd,
And fill'd our fields with waving gold ;
Our tables spread, our garners stor'd,
Where are our hearts to praise the Lord ?
- 4 The solemn harvest comes apace,
The closing day of life and grace :
Time of decision, awful hour,
Around it let no tempest lower.
- 5 Prepare us, Lord, by grace divine,
Like stars in heaven to rise and shine ;
Then shall our happy souls above
Reap the full harvest of thy love.

504 *I do set my bow, &c.* Gen. ix. 13. C. M.

- 1 THE rainbow shines : no fabling dreams,
But words of the Most High,

- Have told why first its robe of beams
Was woven in the sky.
- 2 When o'er the green undelug'd earth
Heaven's cov'nant it did shine,
How came the world's gray fathers forth,
To watch the sacred sign !
- 3 And, when its yellow lustre smil'd
O'er mountains yet untrod,
Each mother held aloft her child,
To bless the bow of God.
- 4 How glorious is its girdle, cast
O'er mountain, tower, or town,
Or mirror'd in the ocean vast,
A thousand fathoms down !
- 5 As fresh in yon horizon dark,
As young its beauties seem,
As when the eagle from the ark
First sported in its beam.
- 6 For, faithful to the sacred page,
God still rebuilds its span ;
Nor lets the type grow pale with age
That speaks good will to man.

505

A rainbow round, &c. Rev. iv. 3.

C. M.

- 1 God by his bow vouchsafes to write
His truth in heaven above ;
And shows in lovely hues of light
His covenant to save.
- 2 As in Himself his glories blaze,
No flesh behold Him can ;
But we may on his beauty gaze,
In the mild Son of man.
- 3 In varied beams his glories shine,
But all in Jesus blend ;
And in his covenant combine
To save us to the end.

15. GRACE BEFORE OR AFTER MEAT.

506

He blessed and brake, &c. Matt. xiv. 19.

L. M.

- BE present at our table, Lord,
Be here and ev'ry where ador'd ;

These creatures bless, and grant that we
May feast in paradise with Thee.

507 *Received with thanksgiving.* 1 Tim. iv. 3. L. M.

WE thank Thee, Lord, for this our food,
But bless Thee more for Jesus' blood ;
May manna to our souls be given,
The bread of life sent down from heaven.

508 *Their meat in due season.* Ps. civ. 17. L. M.

- 1 WE praise Thee, Lord, for ev'ry good ;
For life, and health, and daily food :
Oh ! grant us thankful hearts to take
All that Thou giv'st, for Jesus' sake.
- 2 And may our souls be daily fed
With Christ, the true and living bread,
Till in thy presence, Lord, we feast,
With saints above, in endless rest.

XIV. Invitations and Warnings.

509 *Come unto me, &c.* Matt. xi. 28. L. M.

- 1 COME, weary souls, with sin distress'd,
The Saviour offers heavenly rest ;
The kind, the gracious call obey,
And cast your gloomy fears away.
- 2 Oppress'd with guilt, a painful load,
Oh ! come and spread your woes abroad ;
Divine compassion, mighty love,
Will all the painful load remove.
- 3 Here mercy's boundless ocean flows,
To cleanse your guilt, and heal your woes ;
Pardon, and life, and endless peace,
How rich the gift ! how free the grace !
- 4 Lord, we accept, with thankful heart,
The hopes thy gracious word impart :
We come with trembling, yet rejoice,
And bless the kind inviting voice.
- 5 Dear Saviour, let thy powerful love
Confirm our faith, our fears remove ;

And sweetly influence ev'ry breast,
And guide us to eternal rest.

510 *Whosoever will, let, &c.* Rev. xxii. 17. 8. 7. 4.

- 1 **COME**, ye sinners, poor and wretched,
Come in mercy's gracious hour;
Jesus ready stands to save you,
Full of pity, love, and power :
He is able, He is willing : doubt no more.
- 2 **Come**, ye needy, ye are welcome,
God's free bounty glorify :
True belief, and true repentance,
Ev'ry grace which brings us nigh,
Without money, come to Jesus Christ, and buy.
- 3 **Let not** conscience make you linger,
Nor of fitness fondly dream ;
All the fitness He requireth
Is to feel your need of Him :
This He gives you ; 'tis the Spirit's rising beam.
- 4 **Come**, ye weary, heavy-laden,
Lost and ruin'd by the fall ;
If you tarry till you're better,
You will never come at all :
Not the righteous ; sinners, Jesus came to call.
- 5 **Agonizing** in the garden,
Lo ! the Saviour prostrate lies ;
On the bloody cross behold Him,
Hear Him cry, before he dies—
" It is finish'd ! " finish'd the great sacrifice.
- 6 **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.
- 7 **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.

511 *Come unto me, &c.* Matt. xi. 28—30. §. 7. 4.

1 COME, ye souls by sin afflicted,
Bow'd with fruitless sorrow down,
By the broken law convicted,
By the tempter's snares undone :
Look to Jesus ; mercy flows thro' Him alone.

2 Take his easy yoke and wear it,
Love will make obedience sweet ;
Christ will give you grace to bear it,
While his wisdom guides your feet
Safe to glory, where his ransom'd captives meet

3 Sweet as home to pilgrims weary,
Light to newly open'd eyes,
Flowing springs in deserts dreary,
Is the rest the cross supplies :
All who taste it shall to rest immortal rise.

4 But, to sing the rest of glory,
Mortal tongues far short must fall ;
Saints in heaven who taste its fulness,
Not e'en they can utter all : [it ;
Faith believes it, hope expects it, love desires
But it overwhelms them all.

512 *Come, and let us join, &c.* Jer. i. 5. C. M.

1 COME, let us seek the grace of God,
And all, with one accord,
In a perpetual cov'nant join
Ourselves to Christ the Lord.

2 Come, let us join ourselves to Him
Who died our souls to save,
Who died that sinners, such as we,
Eternal life might have.

3 And may we ever, through his grace,
This cov'nant bear in mind ;
No more forsake the Lord our God,
Nor cast his word behind.

4 Oh ! let the days already past
Suffice t' have spent in vain ;

Let Satan's power no more prevail,
Nor in our members reign.

- 5 Thee, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
May we by faith receive ;
And henceforth die to all below,
And to Thee only live.

513 *Come to Zion with, &c.* Isa. xxxv. 10. 7s.

- 1 CHILDREN of the heavenly King,
As ye journey, sweetly sing :
Sing your Saviour's worthy praise,
Glorious in his works and ways.
- 2 We are trav'ling home to God,
In the way the fathers trod ;
They are happy now, and we
Soon their happiness shall see.
- 3 Foes are round us, but we stand
On the borders of our land,
Jesus, God's exalted Son,
Bids us, undismay'd, go on.
- 4 Let us sing ; for, safe and bless'd,
We with Jesus soon shall rest ;
There our home is now prepar'd,
There our kingdom and reward.
- 5 Onward then we'li gladly press,
Through this earthly wilderness ;
Only, Lord, our leader be,
And we still will follow Thee.

514 *Ye that stand in the, &c.* Ps. cxxxv. 2. 7s.

- 1 YE who in his courts are found,
List'ning to the joyful sound,
Lost and helpless as ye are,
Sons of sorrow, sin, and care,
Glorify the King of kings,
Take the peace the gospel brings.
- 2 Turn to Christ your longing eyes,
View his bloody sacrifice ;

See, in Him, your sins forgiven,
 Pardon, holiness, and heaven :
 Glorify the King of kings,
 Take the peace the gospel brings.

515 *Strong in the Lord, &c.* Eph. vi. 10. s. m.

- 1 SOLDIERS of Christ, arise,
 And put your armour on ;
 Strong in the strength which God supplies,
 Through his eternal Son. *
- 2 Strong in the Lord of hosts,
 And in his mighty power ;
 Who in the strength of Jesus trusts
 Is more than conqueror.
- 3 Stand then in his great might,
 With all his strength endued ;
 And take, to arm you for the fight,
 The armour of your God,—
- 4 That having all things done,
 And all your conflicts past,
 Ye may behold your vict'ry won,
 And stand complete at last.

516 *Why will ye die ?* Ezek. xviii. 31. Double 7s.

- 1 SINNERS turn, why will ye die ?
 God, your Maker, asks you why ;
 God, who did your being give,
 Made you with Himself to live :
 He the fatal cause demands,
 Asks the work of his own hands,
 Why, ye thankless creatures, why
 Will you cross his love and die ?
- 2 Sinners turn, why will you die ?
 God, your Saviour, asks you why ;
 God, who did your souls retrieve,
 Died Himself that you might live :
 Will you let Him die in vain ?
 Crucify your Lord again ?

Why, ye ransom'd sinners, why
Will you slight his grace and die?

3 Sinners turn, why will you die?

God, the Spirit, asks you why;
He who all your lives hath strove,
Urg'd you to embrace his love:
Will you not his grace receive?
Will you still refuse to live?

Why, you long-sought sinners, why
Will you grieve your God and die?

4 Dead, already dead, within,

Spiritually dead in sin,
Dead to God while here ye breathe,
Pant ye after *second* death?
Will you still in sin remain,
Greedy of eternal pain?
Oh! you dying sinners, why,
Why will you for ever die?

Second 516 *The salvation of Israel.* Jer. iii. 23. C. M.

1 How long shall dreams of creature-bliss
Our flatt'ring hopes employ,
And mock our fond deluded eyes
With visionary joy?

2 Why from the mountains and the hills
Is our salvation sought,
While our eternal rock's forsook,
And Israel's God forgot?

3 The living spring neglected flows,
Full in our daily view,
Yet we with anxious, fruitless toil,
Our broken cisterns hew.

4 These fatal errors, gracious God,
With gentle pity see:
To Thee our roving eyes direct,
And fix our souls on Thee.

517 *Let the wicked forsake, &c.* Isa. lv. 7.

C. M.

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

He calls you, by his sov'reign word,
From sin's destructive way.

- 2 Like the rough sea that cannot rest,
You live devoid of peace ;
A thousand stings within your breast
Deprive your souls of ease.
- 3 Your way is dark, and leads to hell ,
Why will you persevere ?
Can you in endless torments dwell,
Shut up in black despair ?
- 4 Why will you in the crooked ways
Of sin and folly go ?
In pain you travail all your days,
To reap eternal woe.
- 5 But he that turns to God shall live,
Through his abounding grace ;
His mercy will the guilt forgive
Of those that seek his face.
- 6 Submit, then, to your sov'reign Lord,
Renouncing ev'ry sin ;
Live by each promise of his word,
And learn his will divine.
- 7 His love exceeds your highest thoughts ;
He pardons like a God ;
He will forgive your num'rous faults,
Through a Redeemer's blood.

518 *Now is the accepted, &c.* 2 Cor. vi. 2. C. M.

- 1 COME, guilty souls, and flee away,
To Christ, who heals our wounds ;
This is the welcome gospel day,
Wherein free grace abounds.
- 2 God lov'd the world, and gave his Son,
To drink the cup of wrath ;
And Jesus says He'll cast out none
That come to Him by faith.

519 *They that seek me, &c.* Prov. viii. 17. C. M.

- 1 YE hearts with youthful vigour warm,
In eager crowds draw near,

- And turn from ev'ry mortal charm,
A Saviour's voice to hear.
- 2 He, Lord of all the worlds on high,
Stoops to converse with you ;
And lays his radiant glories by,
Your friendship to pursue.
- 3 "The soul that longs to see my face
Is sure my love to gain :
And those that early seek my grace
Shall never seek in vain."
- 4 What object, Lord, my soul should move,
If once compar'd with Thee ?
What beauty should command my love,
Like what in Christ I see ?
- 5 Away, ye false delusive toys,
Vain tempters of the mind ;
'Tis here I fix my lasting choice,
And here true bliss I find.

XV. *Life, Death, and the Resurrection.*520 *Ye know not what, &c.* James iv. 14. S. M.

- 1 TO-MORROW, Lord, is thine,
Lodg'd in thy sov'reign hand ;
Ald, if its sun arise and shine,
It shines by thy command.
- 2 The present moment flies,
And bears our life away ;
Oh ! make thy servants truly wise,
That they may live to-day.
- 3 Since on this winged hour
Eternity is hung,
Awaken, by thy mighty power,
The aged and the young.
- 4 One thing demands our care—
Be that one thing pursued ;
Lest, slighted once, the season fair
Should never be renew'd.

521 *Do it with thy might.* Eccles. ix. 10. L. M.

- 1 LIFE is the time to serve the Lord,
The time to win the great reward ;

And, while the lamp holds out to burn,
The vilest sinner may return.

- 2 Life is the hour which God has given,
To flee from hell and seek for heaven;
The day of grace, and mortals may
Secure the blessings of thy day.
- 3 Since no device nor work is found,
Nor faith, nor hope, beneath the ground;
My soul in strength divine pursue
The prize thy Lord holds out to view.

522

PSALM XVII.

L. M.

- 1 WHAT sinners value, I resign:
Lord, 'tis enough that Thou art mine:
I shall behold thy blissful face,
And stand complete in righteousness.
- 2 This life's a dream, an empty show,
But the bright world to which I go
Hath joys substantial and sincere:
When shall I wake, and find me there?
- 3 Oh glorious hour! oh bless'd abode!
I shall be near and like my God;
And flesh and sin no more control
The sacred pleasures of the soul.
- 4 My flesh shall slumber in the ground,
Till the last trumpet's joyful sound;
Then burst the chains, with sweet surprise,
And in my Saviour's image rise.

523

To depart and be, &c. Phil. i. 23.

C. M.

- 1 OH most delightful hour by man
Experienc'd here below,
The hour that terminates his span
Of folly and of woe!
- 2 " Worlds should not bribe me back, to tread
Again life's dreary waste,
To see again my day o'erspread
With all the gloomy past.

3 " My home henceforth is in the skies,
 Earth, seas, and sun, adieu,
 All heaven unfolded to my eyes,
 I have no sight for you."

4 So speaks the Christian, firm possess'd
 Of faith's supporting rod ;
 Then breathes his soul into its rest,
 The bosom of his God.

524 *He shall enter into peace.* Isa. lvii. 2. L. M.

1 How sweet the hour of closing day,
 When all is peaceful and serene,
 And the broad sun's retiring ray
 Sheds a mild lustre o'er the scene !

2 Such is the Christian's parting hour,
 So peacefully he sinks to rest ;
 And faith, rekindling all its power,
 Lights up the languor of his breast.

3 There is a radiance in his eye,
 A smile upon his wasted cheek,
 That seems to tell of glory nigh,
 In language that no tongue can speak.

4 A beam from heaven is sent to cheer
 The pilgrim on his gloomy road ;
 And angels are attending near,
 To bear him to their bright abode.

5 Who would not wish to die like those
 Whom God's own Spirit deigns to bless ?
 To sink into that soft repose,
 Then wake to perfect happiness ?

6 O Lord ! that we may thus depart,
 Thy joys to share, thy face to see,
 Impress thine image on our heart,
 And teach us now to walk with Thee.

525 *No need of the sun.* Rev. xxi. 23. C. M.

1 YE golden lamps of heaven, farewell,
 With all your feeble light :

Farewell, thou ever-changing moon,
Pale empress of the night.

- 2 And thou refulgent orb of day,
In brighter flames array'd,
My soul, that springs beyond thy sphere,
No more demands thine aid.
- 3 Ye stars are but the shining dust
Of my divine abode,
The pavement of those heavenly courts
Where I shall reign with God.
- 4 The Father of eternal light
Shall there his beams display ;
Nor shall one moment's darkness mix
With that unvaried day.
- 5 No more the drops of piercing grief
Shall swell into mine eyes ;
Nor the meridian sun decline,
Amid those brighter skies
- 6 There all the millions of his saints
Shall in one song unite,
And each the bliss of all shall view
With infinite delight.

526 *O death, where, &c.* 1 Cor. xv. 55. Double 7s.

- 1 DEATHLESS principle, arise ;
Soar, thou native of the skies ;
Pearl of price, by Jesus bought,
To his glorious likeness wrought,
Go to shine before his throne,
Deck his mediatorial crown ;
Go, his triumphs to adorn ;
Born of God, to God return.
- 2 Lo ! He beckons from on high ;
Fearless to his presence fly ;
Thine the merit of his blood,
Thine the righteousness of God :
Angels, joyful to attend,
Hov'ring round thy pillow, bend ;

Wait to catch the signal given,
And escort thee quick to heaven.

- 3 Is thy earthly house distress'd,
Willing to retain its guest?
'Tis not thou, but it must die—
Fly, celestial tenant, fly :
Burst thy shackles, drop thy clay,
Sweetly breathe thyself away ;
Singing to thy crown remove,
Swift of wing and fir'd with love.
- 4 Shudder not to pass the stream ;
Venture all thy care on Him,—
Him whose dying love and power
Still'd its tossing, hush'd its roar :
Safe as the expanded wave,
Gentle as the summer's eve ;
Not one object of his care
Ever suffer'd shipwreck there.
- 5 See the haven full in view,
Love divine shall bear thee through ;
Trust to that propitious gale,
Weigh thy anchor, spread thy sail :
Saints in glory perfect made
Wait thy passage through the shade ;
Ardent for thy coming o'er,
See they thron'd the blissful shore.
- 6 Mount, their transports to improve,
Join the longing choir above ;
Swiftly to their wish be given,
Kindle higher joy in heaven.
Such the prospects that arise
To the dying Christian's eyes ;
Such the glorious vista, faith
Opens through the shades of death.

- 1 HAPPY soul, thy days are ended,
All thy mourning days below ;

Go, by angel guards attended,
 To the throne of Jesus, go.
 Waiting to receive thy spirit,
 Lo! the Saviour stands above,
 Claims the purchase of his merit,
 Reaches forth the crown of love.

- 2 Struggle through thy latest passion,
 To thy dear Redeemer's breast;
 To his uttermost salvation,
 To his everlasting rest.
 For the joy He sets before thee,
 Bear a momentary pain;
 Die, to live a life of glory,
 Suffer, with thy Lord to reign.

528

I desire to depart. Phil. i. 23.

L. M.

- 1 WHILE on the verge of life I stand,
 And view the scene on either hand,
 My spirit struggles with its clay,
 And longs to wing its flight away.
- 2 Earth, twine no more about my heart,
 For 'tis far better to depart;
 Where Jesus dwells, my soul would be,
 It pants my much-lov'd Lord to see.
- 3 That blessed interview how sweet!
 To fall transported at his feet,
 Rais'd in his arms, to see his face,
 Through the full beamings of his grace!
- 4 To view heaven's shining angels round,
 All with celestial glories crown'd;
 And, while his form in each I trace,
 Belov'd and loving, all t' embrace.
- 5 Then with a seraph's voice I'll sing,
 And fly, as on a cherub's wing,
 Fulfilling, with those glorious bands,
 The present Saviour's high commands.

529

Sorrow not, &c. 1 Thess. iv. 13.

P. M.

- 1 THOU art gone to the grave—but we will not
 deplore thee, [tomb;
 Though sorrows and darkness encompass thee

- The Saviour hath pass'd through its portals
 before thee, [the gloom.
 And the lamp of his love was thy guide through
- 2 Thou art gone to the grave—we no longer
 behold thee, [side ;
 Nor tread the rough path of the world by thy
 But the wide arms of mercy are spread to
 enfold thee, [died.
 And sinners may hope, since the Saviour hath
- 3 Thou art gone to the grave—and, its mansion
 forsaking,
 Perhaps thy tried spirit in doubt linger'd long ;
 But the sunshine of heaven beam'd bright on
 thy waking, [seraphim's song.
 And the song which thou heard'st was the
- 4 Thou art gone to the grave—but 't were wrong
 to deplore thee, [guide ;
 Since God was thy ransom, thy guardian, thy
 He gave thee, He took thee, He soon will re-
 store thee, [has died.
 Where death has no sting, since the Saviour

530 *Blessed are the dead, &c.* Rev. xiv. 13. c. m.

- 1 IN vain our fancy strives to paint
 The moment after death,
 The glories that surround the saint,
 When he resigns his breath.
- 2 One gentle sigh his fetters breaks ;
 We scarce can say, " He's gone,"
 Before the willing spirit takes
 Its mansion near the throne.
- 3 Faith strives, but all its efforts fail,
 To trace her heavenward flight :
 No eye can pierce within the veil
 Which hides that world of light.
- 4 Thus much (and this is all) we know,
 They are supremely bless'd,
 Have done with sin, and care, and woe,
 And with their Saviour rest.

5 On harps of gold his name they praise,
 His presence always view ;—
 And, if we *here* their footsteps trace,
There we shall praise Him too.

531 *The first begotten, &c.* Rev. i. 5. 8. 8. 6.

- 1 "THE first-begotten from the dead,"
 Lo! Jesus ris'n, his people's Head,
 To make their life secure ;
 They too like Him shall yield their breath,
 Like Him, shall burst the bands of death :
 Their resurrection sure.
- 2 Why should his people now be sad?
 None have such reason to be glad,
 As reconcil'd to God :
 Jesus, the mighty Saviour, lives :
 To them eternal life He gives ;
 The purchase of his blood.
- 3 Why should his people fear the grave?
 Since Jesus will their spirits save,
 And raise their bodies too?
 What though this earthly house shall fail!
 Almighty power will yet prevail,
 And build it up anew.
- 4 Ye ransom'd, let your praise resound,
 And in your Master's work abound,
 Steadfast, immovable :
 Be sure your labour's not in vain :
 Your bodies shall be rais'd again,
 No more corruptible.

532 *O death, I will be, &c.* Hos. xiii. 14. c. m.

- 1 OH! for the eye of faith divine,
 To pierce beyond the grave,
 To see that Friend, and call him mine,
 Whose arm is strong to save.
- 2 Behold my glorious leader nigh ;
 My Lord, my Saviour, lives ;

Before Him death's pale terrors fly,
And my faint heart revives.

- 3 Lord, I commit my soul to Thee ;
Accept the sacred trust ;
Receive this nobler part of me,
And watch the sleeping dust ;—
- 4 Till Thou shalt in thy glory come,
When all thy saints shall rise,
And, cloth'd in full immortal bloom,
Attend Thee to the skies.

XVI. The Second Advent.

533 Behold he cometh with, &c. Rev. 1. 7. 8. 7. 4.

- 1 Lo! He comes, with clouds descending,
Once for favour'd sinners slain ;
Thousand thousand saints, attending,
Swell the triumph of his train :
Hallelujah ! God appears, on earth to reign.
- 2 Ev'ry eye shall now behold Him,
Rob'd in dreadful majesty ;
Those who set at nought and sold Him,
Pierc'd and nail'd Him to the tree,
Deeply wailing, shall the true Messiah see.
- 3 Ev'ry island, sea, and mountain,
Heaven and earth, shall flee away ;
All who hate Him must, confounded
Hear the trump proclaim the day ; [away.
Come to judgment—come to judgment—come
- 4 Now redemption, long expected,
See, in solemn pomp, appear !
All his saints, by man rejected,
Now shall meet Him in the air :
Hallelujah ! See the day of God appear !
- 5 Yea, Amen ; let all adore Thee,
High on thine eternal throne :
Saviour, take the power and glory ;
Claim the kingdom for thine own. [come!
Oh ! come quickly ; Hallelujah ! Come, Lord,

534 *Surely I come quickly.* Rev. xxii. 20. C. M.

- 1 OUR Saviour Christ will quickly come,
As lightning shines on high ;
In clouds, with power and glory great,
Be seen by ev'ry eye.
- 2 While sudden terrors seize his foes,
His wrath they can't escape ;
The saints' redemption then appears ;
They realize their hope.
- 3 The dead are rais'd, the living chang'd ;
From ev'ry land they come ;
His church's number all complete,
Th' elect are gather'd home.
- 4 Oh glorious hope ! if Jesus be
Our Saviour and our Friend,
For we shall then be with our Lord,
In joys that never end.
- 5 Oh ! may we wait, and watch, and pray,
Look up, and, free from fear,
Our life be all devotedness,
Till He our Lord appear.

535 *Surely I come quickly.* Rev. xxii. 20. C. M.

- 1 AND dost Thou come, O blessed Lord ?
And dost Thou surely come ?
And dost Thou surely quickly come ?
Then I'm almost at home.
- 2 What have I here ? my thoughts and joys
Are all before me gone ;
My eager soul would follow them
To thine eternal throne.
- 3 What have I in this barren land,
If Jesus be not here ?
My eyes will ne'er be bless'd, until
My Saviour does appear.

536 *Surely I come quickly.* Rev. xxii. 20. C. M.

- 1 MY Saviour is gone up to heaven,
A place to make for me ;

- And will return, that where He is,
There may his servants be.
- 2 The grave is but a fining pot,
Unto believing eyes ;
For there the flesh shall lose its dross,
Till like the sun it rise.
- 3 My dearest friends, they dwell above,
Them will I go to see ;
And all my friends in Christ below
Will soon come after me.
- 4 Fear not the trump's earth-rending sound,
Dread not the day of doom ;
For He that is to be thy Judge,
Thy Saviour is become.

537

Behold the, &c. Matt. xxv. 6.

148th n.

- 1 YE waiting souls, arise,
And with the dead awake ;
Unto salvation wise,
Oil in your vessels take :
Upstarting at the midnight cry,
Behold, the heavenly Bridegroom nigh.
- 2 He comes, He comes to call
The nations to his bar,
And raise to glory all
Who meet for glory are :
Make ready for your full reward,
Go forth with joy to meet your Lord.
- 3 Go, meet Him in the sky,
Your everlasting Friend,
Your Head to glorify,
With all his saints ascend :
The pure in heart obtain the grace
To see without a veil his face.
- 4 Ye saints, rejoice in hope
Of that great day, unknown,
When you shall be caught up,
To stand before his throne :

Call'd to partake the marriage feast,
And lean on your Immanuel's breast.

538 *The memory of thy, &c.* Ps cxlv. 7. 148th m.

- 1 COME ye who love the Lord,
And feel his quick'ning power,
Unite with one accord,
His goodness to adore:
To heaven and earth aloud proclaim
Your great Redeemer's glorious name.
- 2 He left his throne above,
His glory laid aside,
Came down on wings of love,
And wept, and bled, and died:
The pangs He bore, what tongue can tell,
To save our souls from death and hell?
- 3 He burst the grave: He rose
Victorious from the dead;
And thence his vanquish'd foes
In glorious triumph led:
Up through the heavens the conqu'ror rode
Triumphant to the throne of God.
- 4 He soon again will come
(His chariot will not stay),
To take his children home
To realms of endless day:
We there shall see Him face to face,
And sing the triumphs of his grace.

539 *Behold the Lord cometh.* Jude 14. L. M.

- 1 HE reigns, the Lord, the Saviour reigns,
Praise Him in loud angelic strains:
Let the whole earth in songs rejoice,
And distant islands join their voice.
- 2 Deep are his counsels, and unknown,
But grace and truth support his throne;
Though gloomy clouds his way surround,
Justice is their eternal ground.

- 3 In robes of judgment, lo! He comes,
Shakes the wide earth, and rends the tombs;
Before Him burns devouring fire,
The mountains melt, the seas retire.
- 4 His enemies with sore dismay
Fly from the sight, and shun the day:
Then lift your heads, ye saints, on high,
And sing, for your redemption's nigh.

540

PSALM XCVI.

G. M.

- 1 SING to the Lord, ye distant lands,
Ye tribes of ev'ry tongue;
His new-discover'd grace demands
A new and nobler song.
- 2 Heralds, commission'd from the skies,
The glorious name display:
Ye mountains, sink; ye valleys, rise;
Prepare the Lord his way.
- 3 Say to the nations, Jesus reigns,
God's own almighty Son;
His power the sinking world sustains,
And grace surrounds his throne.
- 4 Behold, He comes! He comes to bless
The nations, as their God,
To show the world his righteousness,
And send his truth abroad.
- 5 But when his voice shall raise the dead,
And bid the world draw near,
How will the guilty nations dread
To see their Judge appear!
- 6 Their guilt now let them all confess,
The Saviour's name adore;
His throne with prayer and praise address,
And trust his saving power.

541

Signs in the sun, &c. Luke xxi. 25.

3a.

- 1 IN the sun, and moon, and stars,
Signs and wonders there shall be:

Earth shall quake with inward wars,
Nations with perplexity.

- 2 Soon shall ocean's hoary deep,
Toss'd with stronger tempests, rise;
Darker storms the mountains sweep,
Fiercer lightnings rend the skies.
- 3 Evil thoughts shall shake the proud,
Racking doubt, and restless fear;
And, amid the thunder-cloud,
Shall the Judge of men appear.
- 4 But, though from that awful face
Heaven shall fade and earth shall fly,
Fear not ye, his chosen race,
Your redemption draweth nigh.

542

PSALM XLVI.

L. M.

- 1 God is our strength and refuge found,
A present help in danger near;
Though troubles gather thick around,
He is our stay; we will not fear—
- 2 Not though earth's deep foundations shake,
Or mountains in the sea be hurl'd,
Though tempests roar, and billows break,
And dreadful tumult awe the world.
- 3 There is a river shall make glad
The city of our God most high;
Within her dwells th' eternal Lord;
She stands unmov'd; his help is nigh.
- 4 Earth's raging powers his rule disown;
God speaks; the earth dissolves with fear:
The Lord of hosts is yet our own,
And Jacob's God our refuge near.
- 5 Behold through all the earth, for lo!
'Wide desolation God doth send;
He snaps the spear, He breaks the bow,
He burns the chariot; war shall end.
- 6 "Be still, and know Me God alone,
Through all the earth exalted high:"—

The Lord of hosts is yet our own,
And Jacob's God our refuge nigh.

543 *Let all the angels, &c.* Heb. i. 6. 8. 7. 4.

- 1 MIGHTY God, while angels bless Thee,
May a sinner praise thy name?
Lord of men, as well as angels,
Thou art ev'ry creature's theme:
Hallelujah, hallelujah, hallelujah. Amen.
- 2 Lord of ev'ry land and nation,
"Ancient of eternal days,"
Sounded through the wide creation
Be thy just and lawful praise. Hal.
- 3 "Brightness of the Father's glory,"
Shall thy praise unutter'd lie?
Shun, my tongue, such guilty silence;
Sing the Lord who came to die. Hal.
- 4 Did archangels sing thy coming?
Did the shepherds learn their lays?
Shame would cover me, ungrateful,
Should my tongue refuse to praise. Hal.
- 5 From the highest throne in glory
To the cross of deepest woe,
All to ransom guilty captives—
Flow, my praise, for ever flow. Hal.
- 6 Come, return, immortal Saviour,
Come, Lord Jesus, take thy throne
Quickly come and reign for ever,
Be the kingdom all thine own. Hal.

544 *The day of the Lord; &c.* 1 Thess. v. 2. 8. 7. 4.

- 1 NOTHING know we of the season
When the world shall pass away;
But we know the saints have reason
To expect a glorious day,
When the Saviour will return,
And his people cease to mourn.
- 2 While a careless world is sleeping—
Then it is the day will come;

Mirth shall then be turn'd to weeping ;
 Sinners then must meet their doom ;
 But the people of the Lord
 Shall obtain their bright reward.

3 Oh what sacred joys await them !
 They shall see the Saviour then ;
 Those who now oppose and hate them
 Never can oppose again :
 Brethren, let us think of this ;
 All is ours if we are his.

4 Waiting for our Lord's returning,
 Be it ours his word to keep ;
 Let our lamps be always burning ;
 Let us watch while others sleep :
 We're no longer of the night ;
 We are children of the light.

545 *All them that love, &c.* 2 Tim. iv. 8. 8. 7. 7.

- 1 WELCOME sight, the Lord descending,
 Jesus in the clouds appears ;
 Lo! the Saviour comes, intending
 Now to dry his people's tears.
 Lo! the Saviour comes to reign ;
 Welcome to his waiting train.
- 2 Long they mourn'd their absent Master ;
 Long they felt like men forlorn ;
 Bid the seasons fly still faster,
 While they sigh'd for his return :
 Lo! the period comes at last ;
 All their sorrows now are past.
- 3 Now, from home no longer banish'd,
 They are going to their rest ;
 Though the heavens and earth have vanish'd,
 With their Lord they shall be bless'd .
 Bless'd with Him his saints shall be ;
 Bless'd throughout eternity.
- 4 Happy people, grace unbounded,
 Grace alone, exalts you thus ;

Be asham'd and be confounded ;
 Sing for ever—" Not to us,
 Not to us be glory given ;
 Glory to the God of heaven."

546 *An high priest, &c.* Heb. x. 21. 184th M.

- 1 TH' atoning work is done,
 The victim's blood is shed ;
 And Jesus now is gone,
 His people's cause to plead :
 He stands in heaven their great high priest,
 And bears their names upon his breast.
- 2 And, though awhile He be
 Hid from the eyes of men,
 His people look to see
 Their great high priest again :
 In brightest glory He will come,
 And take his waiting people home.

Second 546 *Them that love his, &c.* 2 Tim. iv. 8.

COME, gracious Lord, thy work fulfil,
 Thy great salvation bring ;
 And reign on Zion's holy hill
 The world's triumphant King.

Third 546 *Even thus shall it be, &c.* Luke xvii. 30. 8. 7. 7.

- 1 WHEN the overwhelming waters
 Once a world of sinners drown'd,
 Eight of Adam's sons and daughters
 In the ark salvation found :
 To the church of Christ may we
 Thus from wrath and peril flee.
- 2 When the fire from God descended
 On the cities of the plain,
 Three alone, by heaven befriended,
 Refuge did in Zoar gain ;
 By his servants led, may we
 'Thus escape to Calvary.

- 3 When the midnight angel number'd
 Egypt's firstborn with the dead,
 Israel's tribes unsmitten slumber'd
 Where the paschal Lamb had bled ;
 By the blood of sprinkling we
 Thus from vengeance are made free.
- 4 When, while quick and dead assemble,
 Flames this universe destroy,
 Though the wicked quake and tremble,
 Saints shall lift their heads with joy :
 Rais'd to life, like them may we
 With the Lord for ever be.

Fourth 546 *As it was in the, &c.* Luke xvii. 26. S. M.

- 1 PREACHING at God's command
 The warning patriarch stood,
 While yet the Lord's long-suffering hand
 Held back th' impending flood.
- 2 But all despis'd God's will,
 And madly in their pride
 They married, builded, planted still,
 And his dread wrath defied.
- 3 The ark complete at last,
 Safe from the doom of sin
 Noah refuge found, and food, and rest ;
 Jehovah shut him in.
- 4 Then God let loose his wrath,
 Op'ning heaven's windows wide,
 While ocean's fountains breaking forth
 Brought in th' o'erwhelming tide.
- 5 Now blackest terrors reign,
 Despair, and wildest grief—
 Sinners, of what can you complain
 But your own unbelief?
- 6 Oh may we hear, and fear,
 And God's prediction see ;
 That " as the days of Noah were,
 The day of Christ shall be."

- 7 Foll'wing each vain desire
Men shall God's truth defy,
Ere floods of wrath, and flames of fire,
Proclaim his advent nigh.
- 8 Now, sinner, hear his voice,
The ark is open still ;
Where, harbour'd safe, thou may'st rejoice
Secur'd from ev'ry ill.
- 9 In Christ that ark is found ;
Sure refuge seek within ;
Nor fear when vengeance gathers round,
The Lord will shut thee in.

XVII. Judgment, Hell, Eternity.

547 *The heavens departed, &c. Rev. vi. 14. L. M.*

- 1 THE day of wrath, that dreadful day,
When heaven and earth shall pass away!—
What power shall be the sinner's stay?
How shall he meet that dreadful day?—
- 2 When, shriv'ling like a parched scroll,
The flaming heavens together roll,
And louder yet, and yet more dread,
Swells the high trump that wakes the dead?
- 3 Oh! on that day, that wrathful day,
When man to judgment wakes from clay,
Be Thou, O Christ! the sinner's stay,
Though heaven and earth shall pass away.

548 *Prepare to meet thy God. Amos iv. 12. C. M.*

- 1 WHEN, rising from the bed of death,
O'erwhelm'd with guilt and fear,
I see my Maker face to face,
Oh! how shall I appear?
- 2 If yet, while pardon may be found,
And mercy may be sought,
My heart with inward horror shrinks,
And trembles at the thought,—
- 3 When Thou, O Lord! shalt stand disclos'd,
In majesty severe,

And sit in judgment on my soul,
Oh! how shall I appear?

4 But Thou hast told the troubled soul
That doth her sins lament,
That Jesus suffer'd unto death,
Her suff'rings to prevent.

5 Then why, my soul, should'st thou despair
Full pardon to procure,
Since Christ, the Lord of glory, died
To make that pardon sure?

549 *Who shall dwell, &c. Isa. xxxiii. 14.* S. M.

1 AND will the Judge descend,
And must the dead arise,
And not a single soul escape
His all-discerning eyes?

2 And from his righteous lips
Shall this dread sentence sound,
And, through the guilty trembling throng,
Spread black despair around?

3 "Depart from me accurs'd,
To everlasting flame,
For rebel angels first prepar'd,
Where mercy never came."

4 How will my heart endure
The terrors of that day,
When earth and heaven, before his face,
Astonish'd shrink away?

5 But, ere the trumpct shakes
The mansions of the dead,
Hark, from the gospel's gentle voice,
What joyful tidings spread!

6 Ye sinners, seek his grace
Whose wrath ye cannot bear;
Fly to the shelter of the cross,
And find salvation there.

7 So shall that curse remove
By which the Saviour bled;

And the last awful day shall pour
Its blessings on your head.

550 *The trumpet shall sound.* 1 Cor. xv. 52. 113th m.

- 1 THE last loud trumpet's wondrous sound .
Does through the rending tombs rebound,
And wakes the nations under ground.
The Judge ascends his awful throne,
He makes each secret sin be known,
And all, with shame, confess their own.
- 2 Thou great Creator of mankind,
Amazing fears o'erwhelm my mind ;
Let my lost soul compassion find :
My sins my heart with anguish rend ;
My God, my Saviour, and my friend,
Do not forsake me in the end.

PART 2.

- 1 FORGET not what my ransom cost,
Nor let my dear-bought soul be lost,
In storms of guilty terror toss'd.
Thou mighty, but most awful King,
Thou mercy's unexhausted spring,
Some comfortable pity bring.
- 2 Thou who for me didst feel such pain,
Whose precious blood the cross did stain,
Let not those agonies be vain.
Thou whom avenging powers obey,
Cancel my debt (too great to pay),
Before the last accounting day.
- 3 Thou who wast mov'd with Mary's grief,
And by absolving of the thief
Hast given me hope, now give relief.
Reject not my unworthy prayer,
Preserve me from that fatal snare
Which death and endless hell prepare.
- 4 From that insatiable abyss
Where flames devour, where Satan is,
Oh! save, and bring me to thy bliss.
Give to my ransom'd soul a place

Among thy chosen right-hand race,
The sons of God and heirs of grace.

551 *All in the graves shall, &c.* John v. 28. 8. 7. 4.

1 DAY of judgment! day of wonders!
Hark! the trumpet's awful sound,
Louder than a thousand thunders,
Shakes the vast creation round: [found!
How the summons will the sinner's heart con-

2 See the Judge, our nature wearing,
Cloth'd in majesty divine!
Ye who long for his appearing
Then shall say, "This God is mine:"
Gracious Saviour, own us in that day for thine.

3 At his call the dead awaken,,
Rise to life from earth and sea;
All the powers of nature, shaken,
From his face prepare to flee:
Careless sinner, what will then become of thee

4 But to those who have confessed,
Lov'd, and serv'd the Lord below,
He will say, "Come near, ye blessed,
See the kingdom I bestow!
You, for ever, shall my love and glory know."

552 *For we shall, &c.* 2 Cor. v. 10. Double s. m.

1 THOU Judge of quick and dead,
Before whose awful bar,
With holy joy or guilty dread,
We all must soon appear.
Our souls by grace prepare
For that tremendous day,
And fill us now with watchful care,
And stir us up to pray;—

2 To pray and wait the hour,
That awful hour unknown,
When, rob'd in majesty and power,
Thou shalt from heaven come down;

The immortal Son of man,
 To judge the human race,
 With all the Father's dazzling train,
 With all thy glorious grace.

- 3 Oh! may we still be found
 Obedient to thy word,
 And waiting for the trumpet's sound,
 Which marks thy coming, Lord.
 Do Thou through grace ensure
 Our lot among the bless'd,
 That, found in Thee, we may secure
 Thine everlasting rest.

553 *Looking for the mercy, &c.* Jude 21. 8. 8. 6.

- 1 THOU God of glorious majesty,
 To Thee, in self despair, to Thee,
 A worm of earth I cry ;
 A half-awaken'd child of man,
 An heir of endless bliss or pain,
 A sinner, born to die.
- 2 Lo! on a narrow neck of land,
 'Twixt two unbounded seas, I stand,
 Secure, insensible.
 A point of time, a moment's space,
 Removes me to yon heavenly place
 Or shuts me up in hell.
- 3 O God! thy saving grace impart,
 And deeply on each treach'rous heart
 Eternal things impress ;
 Give us to feel their solemn weight,
 To tremble at our guilty state,
 And wake to righteousness.
- 4 Before us place, in dread array,
 The pomp of that tremendous day
 When Thou with clouds shalt come !
 Apply the merit of thy blood,
 Convert our inmost souls to God ;
 Reverse sin's dreadful doom.

- 5 Be this our one great object here,
 With godly jealousy and fear,
 To make our calling sure,
 Thy free salvation to embrace,
 To do thy will, renew'd thro' grace,
 And to the end endure.
- 6 Then, gracious Lord, our souls receive,
 Transported from this world, to live
 And reign with Thee above,
 Where faith is lost in perfect sight,
 And hope in full supreme delight,
 And everlasting love.

554 *The heavens shall pass, &c.* 2 Pet. iii. 10. 8. 7. 6.

- 1 STAND th' omnipotent decree,
 Jehovah's will be done :
 Nature's end we wait to see,
 And hear her final groan :
 Let this earth dissolve, and blend
 In death, the wicked and the just ;
 Let those pond'rous orbs descend,
 And grind us into dust.
- 2 Rests secure the righteous man,
 At his Redeemer's beck,
 Sure t' emerge, and rise again,
 And mount above the wreck ;
 Lo ! the heavenly spirit towers,
 Like flames o'er nature's funeral pyre,
 Triumphs in immortal powers,
 And claps her wings of fire.
- 3 Nothing hath the just to lose,
 By worlds on worlds destroy'd,
 Far beneath his feet he views,
 With smiles, the flaming void :
 Sees this universe renew'd ;
 The grand millennial reign begun,
 Shouts, with all the sons of God,
 Around the eternal throne.

- 4 Resting in this glorious hope,
 To be at last restor'd,
 Yield we now our bodies up
 To earthquake, plague, or sword :
 List'ning for the call divine,
 The last trumpet of the seven :
 Soon our soul and dust shall join,
 And both ascend to heaven.

- 1 GREAT God, what do I see and hear !
 The end of things created !
 Behold the Judge of man appear,
 On clouds of glory seated !
 The trumpet sounds, the graves restore
 The dead, which they contain'd before :
 Prepare, my soul, to meet Him.
- 2 The dead in Christ shall first arise,
 At the last trumpet's sounding,
 Caught up to meet Him in the skies,
 With joy their Lord surrounding :
 No gloomy fears their souls dismay ;
 His presence sheds eternal day
 On those prepar'd to meet Him.
- 3 But sinners, fill'd with guilty fears,
 Behold his wrath prevailing ;
 For they shall rise, and find their tears
 And sighs are unavailing :
 The day of grace is past and gone ;
 Trembling they stand before the throne,
 All unprepar'd to meet Him.
- 4 Great God, what do I see and hear !
 The end of things created !
 Behold the Judge of man appear,
 On clouds of glory seated !
 Low at his cross, I view the day
 When heaven and earth shall pass away,
 And thus prepare to meet Him.

556 *Awake, thou that sleepest, &c.* Eph. v. 14. L. M.

- 1 AWAKE, ye sleeping souls, awake,
And hear the God of Israel speak ;
His word is faithful, firm, and true :
Sinners attend, He speaks to you.
- 2 " Mercy and vengeance in Me dwell,
One lifts to heaven, one casts to hell ;
My favour's more than life ; my wrath
Will burn beyond the bounds of death."
- 3 Short is the space, and death must come,
And after death the day of doom ;
When quick and dead the Judge shall call,
And deal their due deserts to all.
- 4 Fix'd is their everlasting state,
Could men repent, 'tis then too late ;
Justice has closed mercy's door,
And God's long-suff'ring is no more.
- 5 'Tis now the gospel message sent,
Commands repentance : now repent ;
Wisely be warn'd, to refuge run,
Obey the Father, kiss the Son.
- 6 In Christ receive the gift of God,
Complete redemption through his blood,
Mercy triumphant, sin forgiven,
And everlasting life in heaven.

557 *Unto Him that loved us.* Rev. i. 5--9. C. M.

- 1 To Him that lov'd the souls of men,
And wash'd us in his blood,
To royal honours rais'd our head,
And made us priests to God,—
- 2 To Him let ev'ry tongue be praise,
And ev'ry heart be love,
All grateful honours paid on earth,
And nobler songs above.
- 3 Behold, on flying clouds He comes !
His saints shall bless the day ;

While they that pierc'd Him sadly mourn,
In anguish and dismay.

- 4 I am the First, and I the Last ;
Time centres all in Me ;
Th' Almighty God, who was, and is,
And evermore shall be.

XVIII. *Heaven.*

558

Made meet for, &c. Col. i. 12.

L. M.

- 1 HEAVEN is a place of rest from sin ;
But all who hope to enter there
Must here that holy course begin
Which shall their souls for rest prepare.
- 2 Clean hearts, O God ! in us create,
Right spirits, Lord, in us renew ;
Commence we now that higher state,
Now do thy will as angels do.
- 3 A life in heaven ! oh what is this ?
The sum of all that faith believ'd,
Fulness of joy, and depths of bliss,
Unseen, unfathom'd, unconceiv'd.
- 4 While thrones, dominions, principedoms,
powers,
And saints made perfect, triumph thus ;
A goodly heritage is ours,
There is a heaven on earth for us.
- 5 The church of Christ, the means of grace,
The Spirit teaching through the word ;
In *those* our Saviour's steps we trace,
By *this* his living voice is heard.
- 6 Firm in his footsteps may we tread,
Learn ev'ry lesson of his love ;
And be from grace to glory led,
From heaven below to heaven above.

559

Earnestly desiring, &c. 2 Cor. v. 2.

L. M.

- 1 As, when the weary trav'ler gains
The height of some o'erlooking hill,

- His heart revives, if cross the plains
 He views his home, though distant still ;—
- 2 So when the Christian pilgrim views,
 By faith, his mansion in the skies,
 The sight his fainting strength renews,
 And wings his speed to reach the prize.
- 3 The thought of home his spirit cheers ;
 No more he grieves for trouble past ;
 Nor any future trial fears,
 So he may safe arrive at last.
- 4 'Tis there, he says, I am to dwell
 With Jesus, in the realms of day :
 Then I shall bid my cares farewell,
 And He shall wipe my tears away.
- 5 Jesus, on Thee our hope depends,
 To lead us on to thine abode ;
 Assur'd our home will make amends
 For all we suffer on the road.

560 *There remaineth, &c.* Heb. iv. 9. C. M.

- 1 **THERE** is a land of pure delight,
 Where saints immortal reign :
 Infinite day excludes the night,
 And pleasures banish pain.
- 2 Lo ! rising from the swelling flood,
 Th' eternal hills are seen ;
 So Canaan's promis'd land was view'd,
 While Jordan roll'd between.
- 3 But tim'rous mortals start and shrink
 To cross the narrow sea,
 And linger shiv'ring on the brink,
 Afraid to launch away.
- 4 Oh ! could we make our doubts remove,
 Those gloomy doubts that rise,
 And see the Canaan that we love,
 With faith's illumin'd eyes ;—
- 5 Could we but climb where Moses stood,
 And view the landscape o'er,

Not Jordan's waves, nor death's cold flood,
Should fright us from the shore.

561 *There shall be no, &c.* Rev. xxii. 5. C. M.

- 1 FAR from these narrow scenes of night,
Unbounded glories rise ;
And realms of infinite delight,
Unknown to mortal eyes.
- 2 Fair distant land ! could mortal eyes
But half its charms explore,
How would our spirits long to rise,
And dwell on earth no more !
- 3 There pain and sickness never come,
And grief no more complains :
Health triumphs in immortal bloom,
And endless pleasure reigns.
- 4 No cloud those blissful regions know,
Realms ever bright and fair ;
For sin, the source of mortal woe,
Can never enter there.
- 5 There all the millions of his saints
Shall in one song unite,
And each the bliss of all shall view
With infinite delight.
- 6 Nor needed is the shining moon,
Nor e'en the sun's bright ray ;
For glory, from the sacred throne,
Spreads everlasting day.

562 PART 2. C. M.

- 1 THE glorious King in heaven displays
His beams of wondrous grace ;
His happy subjects sing his praise,
And bow before his face.
- 2 Oh ! may the heavenly prospect fire
Our hearts with ardent love,
Till wings of faith, and strong desire,
Bear ev'ry thought above.

- 3 Prepare us, Lord, by grace divine
 For thy bright courts on high ;
 Then bid our spirits rise, and join
 The chorus of the sky.

563

The year of Jubilee. Lev. xxv. 13.

L. M.

- 1 LOUD let the tuneful trumpet sound,
 And spread the joyful tidings round ;
 Let ev'ry soul with transport hear,
 And hail the Lord's accepted year.
- 2 The rich inheritance once lost,
 Freely restor'd through Christ, we boast
 Eternal rest, and glorious peace,
 In mansions builded by his grace.
- 3 How bless'd, who know the gospel sound,
 That spreads these joyful tidings round,
 And speaks a Jubilee begun,
 Which through eternal years shall run !
- 4 Pilgrims to Zion's city bound,
 Now passing through the desert ground,
 Urge on with speed your heavenly way,
 And press to realms of endless day.

564

What I shall choose, &c. Phil. i. 22.

C. M.

- 1 YE souls that trust in Christ, rejoice,
 Your sins are all forgiven ;
 Let ev'ry Christian lift his voice,
 And sing the joys of heaven.
- 2 Heaven is that holy happy place
 Where sin no more defiles,
 Where God our Saviour shows his face,
 In endless love and smiles,—
- 3 Where saints are free from ev'ry load
 Of passions or of pains ;
 God dwells in them, and they in God,
 And love for ever reigns.
- 4 Eye hath not seen, nor ear hath heard,
 Nor can the heart conceive,

All that the blood of Christ procur'd,
Or all that God can give.

- 5 Lord, as Thou show'st thy glory there,
Make known thy grace to us ;
And heaven will not be wanting here,
While we can praise Thee thus.

Second **564** *Made an high priest.* Heb. vi. 20. c. m.

- 1 THOU dear Redeemer, dying Lamb,
We love to hear of Thee ;
No music like thy saving name,
Nor half so sweet can be.
- 2 Oh ! may we ever hear thy voice
In mercy to us speak,
And in our priest will we rejoice,
Thou great Melchisedec.
- 3 Our Jesus shall be still our theme
While in the world we stay ;
We'll sing our Saviour's precious name
When all things else decay.
- 4 When we appear in yonder cloud,
With all his favour'd throng,
Then will we sing more sweet, more loud,
And Jesus be our song. .

565 *A crown of life.* Rev. ii. 10. 148th m.

- 1 LOOK up to yonder world,
See myriads round the throne !
Each bears a golden harp,
Each wears a glorious crown :
With zeal they strike the sacred lyre,
And strive to raise their praises higher.
- 2 Believing in his name,
They in his footsteps trod ;
His righteousness their hope,
Their only plea his blood :
Lo ! now they reign with Him above,
Behold his face, and sing his love.

- 3 And shall we not aspire,
 Like them our course to run ?
 The crown if we would wear,
 The cross must first be borne :
 Divinely taught, they show'd the way,
 First to believe, and then obey.

566 *Our conversation is in, &c.* Phil. iii. 20. C. M.

- 1 COME, Lord, and warm each languid heart,
 Inspire each lifeless tongue ;
 And let the joys of heaven impart
 Their influence to our song.
- 2 Sorrow, and pain, and ev'ry care,
 And discord there shall cease ;
 And perfect joy, and love sincere,
 Adorn the realms of peace.
- 3 The soul, from sin for ever free,
 Shall mourn its power no more ;
 But, cloth'd in spotless purity,
 Redeeming love adore.
- 4 There shall the foll'wers of the Lamb
 Join in immortal songs ;
 And endless honours to his name
 Employ their grateful tongues.

567 *Whom having not seen, &c.* 1. Pet. i. 8. L. M.

- 1 To Jesus, the crown of my hope,
 My soul is in haste to be gone ;
 Oh ! bear me, ye cherubim, up,
 And waft me away to his throne.
- 2 My Saviour, whom absent I love,
 Whom not having seen I adore,
 Whose name is exalted above
 All glory, dominion, and power,—
- 3 Dissolve Thou these bonds that detain
 My soul from her portion in Thee
 And strike off this adamant chain,
 And make me eternally free.

- 4 When that happy æra begins,
 When array'd in thy glories I shine,
 Nor grieve any more by my sins
 The bosom on which I recline,—
- 5 Oh! then shall the veil be remov'd,
 And round me thy brightness be pour'd;
 I shall meet Him whom absent I lov'd,
 I shall see whom unseen I ador'd.
- 6 And then never more shall the fears,
 The trials, temptations, and woes,
 Which darken the valley of tears,
 Intrude on my blissful repose.
- 7 Or, if yet remember'd above,
 Remembrance no sadness shall raise;
 They will only be signs of thy love,
 And themes for my wonder and praise.

568

Come out of great, &c. Rev. vii. 14.

L. M.

- 1 Lo! round the throne, at God's right hand,
 The saints, in countless myriads, stand;
 Of ev'ry tongue redeem'd to God,
 Array'd in garments wash'd in blood.
- 2 Through tribulation great they came:
 They bore the cross, despis'd the shame;
 From all their labours now they rest,
 In God's eternal glory bless'd.
- 3 Hunger and thirst they feel no more;
 Nor sin, nor pain, nor death deplore:
 The tears are wip'd from every eye,
 And sorrow yields to endless joy.
- 4 They see their Saviour face to face,
 And sing the triumphs of his grace:
 Him day and night they ceaseless praise,
 To Him their loud hosannas raise—
- 5 "Worthy the Lamb, for sinners slain,
 Through endless years to live and reign:
 Thou hast redeem'd us by thy blood,
 And made us kings and priests to God!"

Second **568** *Clothed in white robes.* Rev. vii. 9. 7s.

- 1 **PALMS** of glory, raiment bright,
Crowns that never fade away,
Gird and deck the saints in light.
Priests, and kings, and conqu'rors they.
- 2 Yet the conqu'rors bring their palms
To the Lamb amidst the throne ;
And proclaim, in joyful psalms,
Vict'ry through his cross alone.
- 3 Kings for harps their crowns resign,
Crying as they strike the chords,
"Take the kingdom, it is thine,
King of kings, and Lord of Lords."
- 4 Round the altar, priests confess,
If their robes are white as snow,
'Twas the Saviour's righteousness
And his blood, that made them so.
- 5 Who were these? On earth they dwelt,
Sinners once of Adam's race,
Guilt, and fear, and suff'ring felt,
But were sav'd by sov'reign grace.
- 6 They were mortal, too, like us :
Ah! when we like them shall die,
May our souls, translated thus,
Triumph, reign, and shine on high.

569 *Oh that I had wings, &c.* Ps. lv. 6. L. M.

- 1 **OH!** had I the wings of a dove,
I'd make my escape and be gone ;
I'd mix with the spirits above,
Who encompass yon heavenly throne ;
- 2 I'd fly from all labour and toil,
To the place where the weary have rest ;
I'd haste from contention and broil,
To the peaceful abode of the bless'd.
- 3 How happy are they who no more
Have to fear the assaults of the foe !

- Arriv'd on the heavenly shore,
They have left all their conflicts below;—
- 4 They are far from all danger and fear,
While remembrance enhances their joys,
As the storm, when escap'd, will endear
The retreat that the haven supplies.
- 5 Around that magnificent throne
Where the Lamb all his glory displays,
United for ever in one,
His people are singing his praise.
- 6 How holy, how happy are they!
No tongue can express their delight;
My soul, now unwilling to stay,
Prepares for her heavenly flight.
- 7 But no, my desire is not good,
Impatience, not faith, is its source,
While He who redeem'd me with blood
Still says to me, "Carry the cross."
- 8 Ah! Lord, let me think of the day
When Thou wast "rejected of men,"
And put the base wish far away,
And never be fearful again.
- 9 Nor less my perverseness forgive,
That, when ease and prosperity come,
Thy servant is willing to live,
And his exile prefers to his home.
- 10 Ah! Lord, what a sinner am I!
My hope is in mercy alone;
Forgive me, forgive me, I cry,
Still count me thro' grace for thine own.

570 *Eye hath not seen, &c.* Isa. lxiv. 4. c. m.

- 1 OH! could we but awake to see
The glories of the skies,
What a mean thing this earth would be,
How worthless in our eyes!
- 2 Remove, O Lord! the veil away,
That hides Thee from our sight;

Shed on our hearts a quick'ning ray,
And make our darkness light.

- 3 Give us the eye of faith, to see
The wonders of thy love ;
And let our souls, renew'd by Thee,
Be fix'd on things above.
- 4 So shall a treach'rous world no more
Our wayward hearts ensnare ;
Above its follies we shall soar,
And breathe a purer air.
- 5 Pressing to reach the heavenly prize,
We will pursue thy way ;
Till the last cloud that dims our eyes
Melts at the op'ning day.

571 *I go to prepare a place, &c.* John xiv. 2. L. M.

- 1 Is there a brighter world than this,
A region of eternal bliss ?
And can it be that man may share,
Vile as he is, a portion there ?
- 2 Can sinful creatures bear to gaze
Upon the full unclouded blaze
That issues from the Fount of Light,
And not be wither'd at the sight ?
- 3 Jesus, 'tis thine alone to bring
Rebellious sinners to their King ;
To clothe them in the glorious dress
Of thy all-perfect righteousness ;—
- 4 The banner of thy love to spread,
To cover their defenceless head ;
And turn the flames of wrath aside,
By the sure plea that Thou hast died.
- 5 Oh ! grant us, Lord, thy love to share ;
Make us the objects of thy care ;
Let grace resist corruption's reign,
Thy blood wash out its crimson stain.
- 6 And, when we're summon'd to appear
Before thy face, remove our fear ;

And let our hearts rejoice to see
An all-sufficient Friend in Thee.

572 *Having a desire to, &c.* Phil. i. 23. 8. 7. 7.

- 1 SEE that glory (how resplendent !)
Brighter far than fancy paints :
Where, in majesty transcendent,
Jesus reigns, the King of saints :
Spread thy wings, my soul, and fly
Straight to yonder world of joy.
- 2 Joyful crowds, his throne surrounding,
Sing with rapture of his love :
Through the heavens his praise is sounding,
Filling all the courts above :
Spread thy wings, my soul, and fly
Straight to yonder world of joy.
- 3 Go, and share his people's glory ;
With the ransom'd host appear ;
Thine a joyful, wondrous story,
One that angels love to hear :
Spread thy wings, my soul, and fly
Straight to yonder world of joy.

573 *I go to prepare a place, &c.* John xiv. 2. 8s.

- 1 O GOD ! O good beyond compare !
If all thy meaner works are fair,
If thy rich bounties gild the span
Of ruin'd earth and sinful man,
How glorious must the mansion be
Where thy redeem'd shall dwell with Thee !

574 *The holy Jerusalem.* Rev. xxi. 10. c. m.

- 1 JERUSALEM, my happy home,
Name ever dear to me,
When shall my labours have an end ?
Thy joys when shall I see ?
- 2 When shall these eyes thy glorious walls,
And gates of pearl behold,

Thy bulwarks with salvation strong,
And streets of purest gold ?

- 3 Oh! when, thou city of my God,
Shall I thy courts ascend,
Where congregations ne'er break up,
And sabbaths never end ?
- 4 Why should I shrink at pain and woe,
Or feel at death dismay ?
I've Canaan's goodly land in view,
And realms of endless day.
- 5 Jesus, my Saviour, dwells therein,
In glorious majesty ;
And Him, through ev'ry stormy scene,
I onward press to see.
- 6 Apostles, martyrs, prophets, there
Around my Saviour stand,
And all I love in Christ below
Shall join the glorious band.
- 7 Jerusalem, my happy home.
My soul still pants for Thee ;
Then shall my labours have an end
When once thy joys I see.

Second 574 *The weary be at rest.* Job. iii. 17. 8s. 7s.

- 1 WHEN the world my heart is rending
With its heaviest storm of care,
My glad thoughts, to God ascending,
Find a refuge from despair.
- 2 There's a hand of mercy near me,
Though the waves of trouble roar ;
There's an hour of rest to cheer me,
When the toils of life are o'er.
- 3 Happy hour ! when saints are gaining
That bright crown they long'd to wear,
Not one spot of sin remaining,
Not one pang of earthly care.
- 4 Oh ! to rest in peace for ever,
Join'd with happy souls above ;

Where no foe my heart can sever
From the Saviour whom I love !

- 5 This the hope that shall sustain me
Til' life's pilgrimage be past ;
Fears may vex, and troubles pain me ;
I shall reach my home at last.

575 *So shall we ever be, &c.* 1 Thess. iv. 17. P. M.

- 1 FOR ever to behold Him shine,
For evermore to call Him mine,
And see Him still before me ;
For ever on his face to gaze,
And meet his full assembled rays,
While all the Father He displays
To all the saints in glory !
- 2 Not all things else are half so dear
As his delightful presence here—
What must it be in heaven !
'Tis heaven on earth to hear Him say,
As now I journey day by day,
“ Poor sinner, cast thy fears away,
Thy sins are all forgiven.”
- 3 But how must his celestial voice
Make my enraptur'd heart rejoice,
When I in glory hear Him !
While I before the heavenly gate
For everlasting entrance wait,
And Jesus on his throne of state
Invites me to come near Him.
- 4 “ Come in, thou blessed, sit by Me ;
With my own life I ransom'd Thee ;
Come, taste my perfect favour :
Come in, thou happy spirit, come ;
Thou now shalt dwell with Me at home ;
Ye blissful mansions, make him room,
For he must stay for ever.”

XIX. Social Meetings.

576 *Jesus stood in the midst.* John xx. 19. L. M.

- 1 COME, condescending Saviour, come,
Almighty from the vanquish'd tomb ;

Here thine assembled servants bless,
And fill our hearts with sacred peace.

- 2 Oh! come Thyself, most gracious Lord,
With all the joy thy smiles afford ;
Reveal the lustre of thy face,
And make us feel thy vital grace.
- 3 Enter our hearts, Redeemer bless'd ;
Enter, Thou ever-honour'd guest,
Not for one transient hour alone,
But there to fix thy lasting throne.
- 4 Enter, and make our hearts thy home ;
And, when our life's last hour is come,
Let us but die as in thy sight,
And death shall vanish in delight.

577 *Is not my word, &c.* Jer. xxiii. 29. C. M.

- 1 COME, O Thou all-victorious Lord !
Thy power to us make known :
Strike with the hammer of thy word,
And break these hearts of stone.
- 2 Oh! that we all might now begin
Our foolishness to mourn :
And turn at once from ev'ry sin,
And to our Saviour turn.
- 3 Give us ourselves and Thee to know,
In this our gracious day ;
Repentance unto life bestow,
And take our sins away.
- 4 Concluded first in unbelief,
Oh! freely us release ;
Fill ev'ry soul with sacred grief,
And then with sacred peace.
- 5 Our desp'rate state through sin declare,
And speak our sins forgiven :
By holiness our souls prepare
To dwell with Thee in heaven.

Second **577** *Gathered together, &c.* Acts xii. 12. L. M.

- 1 FEW are the hours when we can share
The comfort of united prayer ;

R

- In Jesu's name together meet,
And put the world beneath our feet.
- 2 Yet, Lord, thy goodness we adore,
Which now assembles us once more ;
O may we here thy presence find,
And serve Thee with a thankful mind.
- 3 Teach us, though in a world of sin,
Heaven's blest employment to begin,
To speak our great Redeemer's praise,
And love his name, and learn his ways.
- 4 Grant that our souls, renew'd by Thee,
In faith and friendship may agree,
And for thy sake delight to heal,
Or share the pain that others feel.
- 5 Teach us to love as Christians ought,
Nor keep one proud or angry thought ;
And when we meet, or when we part,
O may we still be join'd in heart !
- 6 Father, look down with pitying eye ;
Our sins forgive, our wants supply ;
Through steadfast faith, that works by love,
Prepare us for thy rest above.

578 *We have fellowship, &c.* 1 John i. 7. L. M.

- 1 MAY He by whose kind care we meet
Send his good Spirit from above,
Make our communications sweet,
And cause our hearts to burn with love.
- 2 If unto us by grace 'tis given
To know the Saviour's precious name,
Our souls ere long shall meet in heaven,
Our hope, our way, our end the same.
- 3 Oh ! may we then, for his name's sake,
Out of his fulness all receive ;
And in communion now partake
The joys which only He can give.
- 4 Forgotten be each worldly theme,
When Christians meet together thus ;

Fix'd be our thoughts and hearts on Him
Who liv'd, and died, and reigns for us.

5 O Father! one with Christ thy Son,
As Thou in Him, and He in Thee,
So, by thy Spirit, make us one,
In time and in eternity.

6 Thus, as the moments pass away,
We'll love, and wonder, and adore,
And hasten to the glorious day
When we shall meet to part no more.

579 *Let us exalt his name, &c.* Ps. xxxiv. 3. 7s.

1 GREAT the joy when Christians meet;
Christian fellowship, how sweet!
When (their theme of praise the same)
They exalt Jehovah's name.

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 died to save our race.

4 Sing we too the Spirit's love;
With our stubborn hearts He strove,
Chas'd the mists of sin away,
Turn'd our night to glorious day.

5 Great the joy, the union sweet,
When the saints in glory meet;
Where the theme is still the same,
Where they praise Jehovah's name.

580 *Where two or, &c.* Matt. xviii. 20. c. m.

1 WHERE two or three together meet,
To seek the Lord by prayer,
The Lord is in the midst of these,
And He will surely hear.

- 2 Shine, Lord, on ev'ry soul that comes
 By prayer to seek thy face ;
 Thou know'st our hope, our only hope,
 Is grounded on thy grace.
- 3 Help us, O Lord ! to ask in faith ;
 Take unbelief away,
 And for the blessings that we need
 Give us a heart to pray.

Second 580 *Where two or three.* Matt. xviii. 20. 7s.

- 1 SAVIOUR, at thy feet we bow ;
 O vouchsafe to meet us now !
 At thy people's earnest cry,
 Bring thy loving mercies nigh.
- 2 Thou hast said, where two or three
 In thy worship shall agree,
 That Thou wilt be present there,
 Answering their faithful prayer.
- 3 Lord, we plead thy promise here,
 Let thy presence now appear ;
 On our souls thy Spirit pour,
 Light, and life, and peace restore.
- 4 Raise our thoughts from things below,
 Faith's discerning eye bestow ;
 Let our hearts, from sin made free,
 Hold sweet intercourse with Thee.
- 5 With a beam of living fire
 Purify each low desire ;
 Be Thou, Lord, our aim and end,
 Our best hope, and dearest friend.

581 *There am I in, &c.* Matt. 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,—
- 2 "There," says the Saviour, "will I be,
 Amid 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,
And fill our hearts with heavenly love.

582 *Made perfect in one.* John xvii. 23. C. M.

- 1 BLESS'D be the God of peace and love,
Whose grace won't let us part;
Our bodies may far off remove,
We still are one in heart.
- 2 Join'd in one Spirit to our Head,
Where He appoints we go,
And still in Jesus' footsteps tread,
And spread his praise below.
- 3 Oh! may we ever walk in Him,
And nothing know beside;
Nothing desire, nothing esteem,
But Jesus crucified.
- 4 Nor joy, nor grief, nor time, nor place,
Nor life, nor death, can part,
Those who, enjoying Jesu's grace,
In Him are one in heart.
- 5 Soon will He wipe off ev'ry tear,
On Canaan's blissful shore,
Where all who friends in Jesus are
Shall meet to part no more.

583 *Exhort ye one another.* Heb. x. 25. L. M.

- 1 WHILE in the world we still remain,
We only meet to part again;
But, when we reach the heavenly shore,
We then shall meet to part no more.
- 2 The hope that we shall see that day
Should chase our present griefs away;
A few short years of conflict past,
We meet around the throne at last

- 3 Then let us here improve the hours,
Improve them to a Saviour's praise,
To Him with zeal devote our powers,
And run with joy in wisdom's ways.
- 4 Let all our meetings now be made
Subservient to each other's good,
For worldly joys must quickly fade,
Nor can they yield substantial food.
- 5 Whene'er requir'd to part from those
With whom the truth unites us here,
We'll call to mind the joyful close,
When Christ, the Saviour, will appear.
- 6 Then shall the saints all meet again
(For so the word of promise says),
With Him for ever to remain,
And sing his everlasting praise.

584

I will arise, &c. Luke xv. 18.

10s.

- 1 FATHER, again in Jesus' name we meet,
And bow in penitence beneath thy feet ;
Again to Thee our feeble voices raise,
To sue for mercy, and to sing thy praise.
- 2 Oh! we would bless Thee for thy ceaseless care,
And all thy work from day to day declare :
Is not our life with hourly mercies crown'd ?
Does not thine arm encircle us around ?
- 3 Alas! unworthy of thy boundless love,
Too oft our feet from Thee, our Father, rove :
But now, encourag'd by thy voice, we come,
Returning sinners to a Father's home.
- 4 Oh by that name in whom all fulness dwells!
Oh by that love which ev'ry love excels !
Oh by that blood so freely shed for sin !
Open bless'd mercy's gate, and take us in.

585

Commit thy way, &c. Ps. xxxvii. 5.

7s.

- 1 As the sun's enliv'ning eye
Shines on ev'ry place the same ;

- So the Lord is always nigh
 To the souls that love his name.
- 2 When they move at duty's call,
 He is with them by the way ;
 He is ever with them all,
 Those who go, and those who stay.
- 3 From his holy mercy-seat,
 Nothing can their souls confine ;
 Still in spirit they may meet,
 And in sweet communion join.
- 4 For a season call'd to part,
 Let us now our souls commend
 To the gracious eye and heart
 Of our ever-present friend.
- 5 Jesus, hear our humble prayer ;
 Tender shepherd of thy sheep,
 Let thy mercy and thy care
 All our souls in safety keep.
- 6 In thy strength may we be strong ;
 Sweeten ev'ry cross and pain,
 May we, by thy grace, ere long
 Meet to praise thy name again.

586

We desire a better, &c. Heb. xi. 16.

P. M.

- 1 FROM Egypt's bondage come,
 Where death and darkness reign,
 We seek our new, our better home,
 Where we our rest shall gain :
 Hallelujah ! we are on our way to God.
- 2 To Canaan's sacred ground
 With joyful songs we haste,
 Where light, and love, and peace abound,
 And everlasting rest. *Hal.*
- 3 There sin and sorrow cease,
 And ev'ry conflict's o'er ;
 There we shall dwell in endless peace,
 And never hunger more. *Hal.*
- 4 There, in celestial strains,
 Enraptur'd myriads sing ;

R 4

And love in ev'ry bosom reigns,
For God himself is King.

Hal.

5 We soon shall join the throng ;
Their pleasures we shall share ;
And sing the everlasting song,
With all the ransom'd there.

Hal.

6 How sweet the prospect is !
It cheers the pilgrim's breast :
We're journeying through the wilderness,
But soon shall gain our rest.

Hal.

587

Thy name was, &c. Cant. i. 3.

7. 6.

THOU all-benignant Jesus,
Now magnify thy worth,
And let thy name be precious,
As ointment poured forth.
Unfold the cross's banner
Before the eye of faith,
And get thyself the honour,
Both in our life and death.

588

Let brotherly love, &c. Heb. xiii. 1.

L. M.

- 1 How bless'd the sacred tie that binds
In union sweet according minds !
How swift the heavenly course they run,
Whose faith, whose hopes, whose joys are one !
- 2 To each the soul of each how dear !
What ardent love ! what tender fear !
How doth the fire of grace within
Refine from earth, and cleanse from sin !
- 3 Their hearts with mutual sorrows melt
For human woe, and human guilt ;
Their fervent prayers together rise,
Like mingling flames in sacrifice.
- 4 With eager step they seek the place
Where God reveals his awful face ;
Join with one heart in songs of praise,
And thankful hymns together raise.

- 5 Eternal Spirit, heavenly Dove,
The source of peace, the fount of love,
Thy blessed unction now impart ;
With Christian friendship fill each heart.

589

Fellowship of, &c. Phil. ii. 1.

L. M.

- 1 LED by a Father's gentle hand,
Through this dark wilderness of woe,
We long to reach that peaceful land
Where streams of lasting comfort flow.
- 2 Oh! may our meetings here be bless'd
To fit us for that holy place ;
May faith and love inflame each breast
With zeal to run the heavenly race.
- 3 Here may the Spirit shed the light
Of truth, to guide us on our way,
God's word upon our conscience write,
And teach us how to watch and pray.
- 4 We would dismiss each worldly thought,
When thus we commune with our God ;
Our theme shall be the love that brought
A Saviour from his bless'd abode.
- 5 We'll think how Jesus liv'd and died,
The pains and sorrows that He bore,
The blessing which his love supplied,
The home to which He's gone before.
- 6 There we will hope to rest ere long,
And gladly change, before his throne,
The pilgrim's for the conqu'ror's song,
Sav'd by redeeming grace alone.

590

A friend that, &c. Prov. xviii. 24.

8.7.7.

- 1 ONE there is, above all others,
Well deserves the name of friend ;
His is love beyond a brother's,
Costly, free, and knows no end :
They who once his kindness prove
Find it everlasting love.

- 2 Which of all our friends to save us
 Could or would have shed his blood?
 But our Jesus died to have us
 Reconcil'd, in Him, to God:
 This was boundless love indeed;
 Jesus is a friend in need.
- 3 When He liv'd on earth abased,
 "Friend of Sinners" was his name;
 Now, above all glory raised,
 He rejoices in the same:
 Still He calls them brethren, friends,
 And to all their wants attends.
- 4 Could we bear from one another
 What He daily bears from us?
 Yet this glorious friend and brother
 Loves us, though we treat Him thus:
 Though for good we render ill,
 He accounts us brethren still.
- 5 Oh! for grace our hearts to soften;
 Teach us, Lord, at length to love;
 We, alas! forget too often
 What a friend we have above:
 But, when home our souls are brought,
 We will love Thee as we ought.

591 *An afflicted and poor, &c.* Zeph. iii. 12. L. M.

- 1 "Poor and afflicted," Lord, are thine;
 Among the great they seldom shine;
 But He who saves them by his blood
 Makes ev'ry sorrow yield them good.
- 2 "Poor and afflicted;" 'tis their lot;
 They know it, and they murmur not:
 'Twould ill become them to refuse
 The state their Master deign'd to choose.
- 3 "Poor and afflicted;" yet they sing,
 For Jesus is their glorious King:
 "Through suff'rings perfect," now He reigns,
 And shares in all their griefs and pains.

- 4 "Poor and afflicted;" but ere long
 They'll join the bright celestial throng:
 Their sufferings then will reach a close,
 And heaven afford them sweet repose.
- 5 And, while they walk the thorny way,
 They're often heard to sigh and say,
 "Come, gracious Lord, oh! quickly come;
 And take thy mourning pilgrims home."

592

What do ye more, &c. Matt. v. 47.

L. M.

- 1 AND do we hope to be with Him
 Who on the cross resign'd his breath,
 Who died a victim to redeem
 His people from eternal death?
- 2 Then should the question oft recur,
 What do we more than others do?
 How do we show that we prefer
 The things above to those below?
- 3 Where is that holy walk that suits
 The name and character we bear?
 And where are seen those heavenly fruits
 That show we're not what once we were?
- 4 Allied to Him who bore the cross,
 And call'd the people of the Lord,
 The world to us should seem but loss,
 And worthless all it can afford.
- 5 As pilgrims on their journey home,
 'Tis thus his people should be found,
 Who seek a city yet to come,
 And cannot rest on earthly ground.
- 6 'Tis thus his people prove their birth;
 'Tis thus they glorify their Lord;
 To others they resign the earth,
 And hasten to their bright reward.

593

They shall never perish. John x. 28.

7s.

- 1 God's own promise standeth sure;
 Saints shall to the end endure;

Safely will the shepherd keep
Those He purchas'd for his sheep.

- 2 Known to Him before the sun
First began its course to run ;
Chosen. called from above,
Objects of eternal love.
- 3 Put thy seal upon each heart ;
Thy bless'd image, Lord, impart ;
All Thyself in us reveal,—
We the clay, and Thou the seal.
- 4 Ev'ry evil, Lord, subdue ;
By thy grace our souls renew ;
Then, from base affections free,
Dead to sin, we'll live to Thee.

594 *Sing unto the Lord, &c. Ps. xxx. 4.* 6s.

- 1 ONCE more, before we part,
Bless the Redeemer's name ;
Let ev'ry tongue and heart
Praise and adore the Lamb.

Chorus. Jesus, the sinner's Friend,
Him whom our souls adore ;
His praises have no end :
Praise Him for evermore.

- 2 Lord, in thy grace we came ;
That blessing still impart :
We met in Jesu's name :
In Jesu's name we part. *Jesus, &c.*
- 3 Still on thy holy word
We'll live, and feed, and grow ;
Go on to know the Lord,
And practise what we know. *Jesus, &c.*

595 *Let us exalt his name, &c. Ps. xxxiv. 3.* 7s.

- 1 CHRISTIAN brethren, ere we part,
Let us, each with grateful heart,
Once more to our Father raise
Our united hymn of praise.

- 2 Here perhaps we meet no more,
But we seek a brighter shore ;
Where above all sin and pain,
Brethren, we shall meet again.
- 3 To the Triune God of heaven
Love and praise be ever given ;
Here, and by his hosts above,
Endless praise, adoring love.

596

The gospel preached, &c. Heb. iv. 2.

8. 7.

- 1 PRAISE we Him by whose kind favour
Heavenly truth has reach'd our ears ;
May its sweet reviving savour
Fill our hearts, and quell our fears.
- 2 Truth—how sacred is the treasure !
Teach us, Lord, its worth to know ;
Vain's the hope, and short the pleasure,
Which from other sources flow.
- 3 What of truth we've now been hearing,
Lord, to ev'ry heart apply ;
In the day of thine appearing,
May we share thy people's joy.
- 4 Till Thou take us hence for ever,
Saviour, guide us with thine eye ;
This our aim (oh! leave us never) ;
Thine to live, and thine to die.

Second 596

Unto Him, &c. Rev. i. 5.

8. 7. 7.

- 1 LET us love, and sing, and wonder,
Let us praise the Saviour's name ;
He has hush'd the law's loud thunder ;
He has quench'd mount Sinai's flame ;
He has wash'd us with his blood ;
He has brought us nigh to God.
- 2 Let us love the Lord who bought us,
Pitied us when enemies,
Call'd us by his grace, and taught us,
Gave us ears, and gave us eyes .

He has wash'd us with his blood ;
 He presents our souls to God.

- 3 Let us sing, though fierce temptation
 Threaten hard to bear us down ;
 For the Lord, our strong salvation,
 Holds in view the conqu'ror's crown :
 He that wash'd us with his blood
 Soon will bring us home to God.
- 4 Let us wonder, grace and justice
 Join, and point to mercy's store ;
 When through grace in Christ our trust is,
 Justice smiles and asks no more :
 He who wash'd us with his blood
 Has secur'd our way to God.

597 *Pray ye the Lord, &c.* Matt. ix. 38. L. M.
 (During a vacancy for a faithful minister.)

- 1 LORD of the harvest, hear us now,
 While at thy feet we humbly bow ;
 All means, all hearts, thy will controls,
 Have mercy, Lord, and help our souls.
- 2 All power in heaven and earth is Thine,
 Oh! cause thy face on us to shine ;
 Send us a faithful lab'rer, Lord,
 Who rightly may divide thy word.
- 3 Oh! may he nought regard beside
 The Saviour, and Him crucified ;
 And by his life our pattern prove,
 In spirit, word, and faith, and love.
- 4 Oh! grant him large success, we pray,
 Teach him on grace alone to stay ;
 So in the last great day may he
 Account with joy, not grief, to Thee.

598 *The coats and garments, &c.* Acts ix. 39. G. M.
 (For a party engaged in working for charity.)

- 1 LORD, shed thy grace on ev'ry heart,
 That we with love unfeign'd,
 As Dorcas once, may labour now,
 The needy to befriend.

- 2 If grace divine within us reign,
We shall, for thy name's sake,
Labour that of thy gifts to us
The poor may still partake.
- 3 Thus grant us, Lord, to serve *Thee* too,
Thee, in thy poor, to clothe ;
And, self renouncing, still to show
Thy loving-kindness forth.
- 4 Time, wealth, and strength, all, all is thine,
Nor have we aught our own ;
Then, by thy Spirit, each assist
To live to Thee alone.
- 5 And may we seek each other's good,
While in thy name we meet ;
And talk of all thy faithfulness,
And hold communion sweet.
- 6 For Thou, who from eternity
Wast rich beyond compare,
Once for our sakes becamest poor,
That we thy bliss might share.

599 *He opened to us, &c.* Luke xxiv. 32. C. M.
(For a bible-class meeting.)

- 1 LIGHT of the world, shine on our souls ;
Thy grace to us afford ;
And, while we meet to learn thy truth,
Be Thou our teacher, Lord.
- 2 As once Thou didst thy word expound,
To those that walk'd with Thee ;
So teach us, Lord, to understand,
And its bless'd fulness see ;—
- 3 Its riches, sweetness, power, and depth,
Its holiness discern ;
Its joyful news of saving grace,
By bless'd experience learn.
- 4 Help us each other to assist ;
Thy Spirit now impart ;
Keep humble, but with love inflame,
To Thee and thine, each heart.

5 Thus may thy word be dearer still,
 And studied more each day :
 And, as it richly dwells within,
 Thyself in it display.

Second 599 *He that teacheth, &c.* Rom. xii. 7. 8. 7. 4.
 (For a meeting of school teachers.)

1 At thy footstool lowly bending,
 See a few poor sinners, Lord ;
 Thou art kind and condescending,
 Now thy gracious aid afford :
 Thou hast promis'd ; we rely upon thy word.

2 May we deeply be concerned
 All thy precepts to obey ;
 And, by thy good Spirit turned,
 Jesus make our trust and stay :—
 Thus prepared, lead these children in thy way.

3 Can we tell them of a Saviour
 We ourselves have never known ?
 Can we recommend behaviour
 We ourselves have never shown ?
 Double portions of thy heavenly grace send down.

4 Let our secret chambers witness,
 When no eye but Thine can see,
 That we feel our own unfitness,
 And are seeking help from Thee :
 From declining, by thy grace preserve us free.

5 May we ever be maintaining
 Holy intercourse with heaven ;
 Christian character sustaining,
 Cleans'd from earth's polluting leaven :
 To thy glory, hearts, and lives, and all be given.

6 Let a bond of sacred union
 Mark of our religion prove ;
 And a mutual kind communion
 Edify our souls in love :
 Sweet resemblance to thy family above.

XX. *Family Hymns.*

600

As for me and, &c. Joshua xxiv. 16. 8. 8. 6.

- 1 I AND my house will serve the Lord ;
But first, obedient to his word,
I must myself appear ;
By actions, words, and temper show
That I my heavenly Master know,
And serve with heart sincere.
- 2 I must the fair example set ;
From those that on my pleasure wait
The stumbling-block remove ;
Their duty by my life explain,
And still in all my works maintain
The law of Christian love.
- 3 Easy to be entreated, mild,
Quickly appeas'd and reconcil'd,
A foll'wer of my God ;
A saint indeed I long to be,
And lead a faithful family
In the celestial road.
- 4 As, Lord, Thou dost the wish infuse,
A vessel fitted for thy use
Into thy hands receive ;
Work in me both to will and do,
And show them how believers true
And real Christians live.
- 5 Thy all-sufficient grace supply ;
And then I live to testify
The wonders of that name
Which saves from sin, the world, and hell,
Whose virtue ev'ry heart may feel,
And ev'ry tongue proclaim.
- 6 A sinner sav'd myself from sin,
Grant me, O Lord! their souls to win .
Be all their sins forgiv'n ;
My children, wife, and servants bless,
And through the paths of righteousness
Conduct them all to heaven.

601 *Peace be to this house.* Luke x. 15. 8s. 7s.

- 1 **PEACE** be to this habitation ;
 Peace to all that dwell therein ;
 Peace, the earnest of salvation ;
 Peace, the fruit of pardon'd sin ;
 Peace, that speaks the heavenly Giver,
 Peace to worldly minds unknown ;
 Peace divine, that lasts for ever,
 Peace, that comes from God alone.
- 2 Prince of peace, be present near us,
 Fix in all our hearts thy home ;
 With thy gracious presence cheer us ;
 Let thy sacred kingdom come ;
 Raise to heaven our expectation ;
 Give our favour'd souls to prove
 Glorious and complete salvation,
 In the realms of bliss above.

May the grace, &c. 712.

602 **PSALM CXXXIII.** 148th m.

- 1 **BEHOLD** how good a thing
 It is to dwell in peace !
 How pleasing to our King
 The fruit of righteousness !
 When brethren all in one agree,
 How great the joys of unity !
- 2 When all are sweetly join'd,
 True foll'wers of the Lamb,
 The same in heart and mind,
 In thought and speech the same,
 And all in love together dwell,
 The comfort is unspeakable.
- 3 Where unity takes place,
 The joys of heaven we prove ;
 This is the gospel grace,
 The unction from above :
 Thy Spirit on believers shed,
 Descending swift from Christ our Head.

- 4 Where unity is found,
The sweet anointing grace
Extends to all around,
And consecrates the place ;
To ev'ry waiting soul it comes,
And fills it with divine perfumes.

603 *Have fervent charity, &c.* 1 Pet. iv. 8. 7s.

- 1 JESUS, Lord, we look to Thee,
Let us in thy name agree :
Each to each unite, endear,
Come, and spread thy banner here.
- 2 Make us of one heart and mind,
Courteous, pitiful, and kind ;
Lowly, both in thought and word ;
Altogether like our Lord.
- 3 Let us for each other care,
Each the other's burden bear,
To thy church the pattern give,
Show how true believers live.
- 4 Free from anger and from pride,
Let us still in God abide :
May our daily life express
Constant love and holiness.
- 5 Let us then with joy remove
To the family above :
On the wings of angels fly ;
Show how true believers die.

604 *The Lord is my portion, &c.* Lam. iii. 24. c. m.

- 1 FOOD, raiment, dwelling, health, and friends,
Thou, Lord, hast made our lot ;
With Thee our bliss begins and ends,
As we are thine or not.
- 2 For these we bend the humble knee ;
Our thankful spirits bow ;
Yet from thy gifts we turn to Thee :—
Be Thou our portion, Thou.

605

Praying in the, &c. Jude 20.

6-7s.

- 1 HOLY Lord, our hearts prepare
For the solemn work of prayer ;
Grant that when we bend the knee
All our thoughts may turn to Thee,
And thy presence may be found
Breathing peace and joy around.
- 2 Lord, when we approach thy throne,
Make thy power and glory known ;
Thus may we be taught to call
Humbly on the Lord of all,
And with reverence and fear
At thy footstool to appear.
- 3 Teach us, as we breathe our woes,
On thy promise to repose,
All thy tender love to trace
In the Saviour's work of grace,
And with confidence depend
On a gracious God and friend.

606

Therefore the Lord, &c. Gen. ii. 2.

L. M.

- 1 AGAIN our weekly labours end,
And we the sabbath's call attend :
Improve, our souls, the sacred rest ;
Come, bless the day that God hath bless'd.
- 2 This day may our devotions rise
Through Christ a grateful sacrifice ;
And our bless'd Lord that peace bestow
Which none but they who feel it know.
- 3 That peace of God within the breast
Is the rich foretaste of a rest
Which for the church of Christ remains—
A rest from sin, and guilt, and pains.
- 4 In holy duties let this day,
Heaven's type and emblem, pass away ;
And may we thus each sabbath spend,
In hope of that which shall not end.

607

Where two or, &c. Matt. xviii. 20.

L. M.

- 1 LORD of the sabbath, 'tis thy day :
Now, at its close, thy grace display :
Assembled in thy sacred name,
Lo! two or three thy promise claim.
- 2 Thanks for thy house of prayer, O Lord!
Thanks for thy day, and for thy word,
For all the means which Thou hast given
Of knowing Thee, and gaining heaven.
- 3 The sabbath ended, now we seek
Thy blessing on us through the week ;
Let all its days with Thee begin,
That each may prove a rest from sin.
- 4 Lord of the sabbath, 'tis thy day,
Let sinners feel and own thy sway :
The banner of the cross unfurl'd,
Spread Thou thine empire through the world.

608

Honour him ; not, &c. Is. lviii. 13.

8. 7. 7.

- 1 Ev'RY thought should be directed
Heavenward through this hallow'd day
Worldly themes should be rejected,
Themes that draw the soul away :
'Tis the day of sacred rest ;
'Tis the day the Lord has bless'd.
- 2 Oh what glorious themes invite us,
When we look on mercy's plan !
These are themes may well delight us,
Themes of joy to guilty man ;
Full of sweetness, full of grace,
Suited to the sinner's case.
- 3 Why should we grow weary, thinking
Of the Saviour's grace and love ?
From these springs his people drinking,
Get a taste of joys above :
Oh ! 'tis good the Lord to know ;
'Tis our heaven begun below.

609 *He that keepeth thee, &c.* Ps. cxxi. 4. 8s. 7s.

- 1 SAVIOUR, breathe an ev'ning blessing,
Ere repose our spirits seal;
Sin and want we come confessing,
Thou canst save and Thou canst heal.
- 2 Though destruction walk around us,
Though the arrows past us fly,
Angel-guards from Thee surround us,
We are safe if Thou art nigh.
- 3 Though the night be dark and dreary,
Darkness cannot hide from Thee;
Thou art He who, never weary,
Watchest where thy people be.
- 4 Should swift death this night o'ertake us,
And our couch become our tomb,
May the morn in heaven awake us,
Clad in bright and deathless bloom.

610 *I will walk within, &c.* Ps. ci. 2. C. M.

- 1 O LORD, another day is flown,
And we, a feeble band,
Are met once more before thy throne,
To bless thy fost'ring hand.
- 2 Thy heavenly grace to each impart,
All evil far remove,
And shed abroad in ev'ry heart
Thine everlasting love.
- 3 Our souls, obedient to thy sway,
In Christian bonds unite:
Let peace and love conclude the day,
And hail the morning light.
- 4 Thus cleans'd from sin, and wholly thine,
A flock by Jesus led,
The Sun of righteousness shall shine
In glory on our head.
- 5 Oh! still restore our wand'ring feet,
And still direct our way,

Till worlds shall fail, and faith shall greet
The dawn of endless day.

611 *With our young, &c.* Exodus x. 9. Double 7s.

- 1 GRACIOUS God, our children see ;
We commend them unto Thee
Slaves by birth of Satan's reign,
Let them not his slaves remain.
Israel's young ones when of old
Pharaoh threaten'd to withhold,
Then thy messenger said "No ;
Let the children also go."
- 2 When the angel of the Lord,
Drawing forth his dreadful sword,
Slew, with an avenging hand,
All the first-born of the land,
Then thy people's doors he pass'd,
Where the bloody sign was plac'd :
Hear, oh ! hear us, gracious God,
Plead for these the Saviour's blood.
- 3 Lord, we tremble ; for we know
How the fierce malicious foe,
Wheeling round his watchful flight,
Keeps them ever in his sight :
Spread thy pinions, King of kings,
Hide them safe beneath thy wings,
Lest the rav'nous bird of prey
Stoop, and bear the brood away.

612 *The Lord came, &c.* 1 Sam. iii. 10. L. M.

- 1 O GRACIOUS Saviour ! I believe
Thou wilt a little child receive :
For Thou didst bless them formerly,
And say, Let children come to me.
- 2 Lord Jesus, unto me impart
A humble, meek, and docile heart ;
Oh ! cleanse me in thy precious blood,
Shed in my heart thy love abroad.

- 3 Save me from liking what is ill,
Teach me to do thy holy will ;
Each day prepare me through thy grace
To meet Thee, and behold thy face.

613 *Remember thy Creator, &c.* Ecc. xii. 1. C. M.

- 1 ERE childhood ripen into youth,
Our time may we improve,
To learn the sacred word of truth,
The Saviour's dying love.
- 2 Give us, O Jesus! ears to hear,
And hearts to understand :
Oh may we ever find Thee near,
A Saviour nigh at hand!
- 3 Thus safely through life's rugged road
Conducted, Lord, by Thee,
May heaven at last be our abode,
May we thy glory see.

614 PSALM CXXXIII. S. M.

- 1 BLESS'D are the sons of peace,
Whose hearts and hopes are one ;
Whose kind designs to serve and please
Through all their actions run.
- 2 Bless'd is the pious house,
Where zeal and friendship meet :
The Saviour's grace, in prayers and praise,
Makes their communion sweet
- 3 Thus when on Aaron's head
The rich perfume was pour'd,
Its fragrance o'er his garments spread,
And joy diffus'd abroad.
- 4 Thus on the heavenly hills
The saints are bless'd above ;
Where joy like morning dew distils,
And all the air is love.

615 *Hitherto the Lord, &c.* 1 Sam. vii. 12. 7s.

- 1 I MY Ebenezer raise
To my kind Redeemer's praise ;

With a grateful heart I own,
Hitherto thy help I've known.

- 2 What may be my future lot
Well I know concerns me not :
This should set my heart at rest,
What thy will ordains is best.
- 3 Guard me, Saviour, by thy power ;
Guard me in each trying hour :
Let thine unremitted care
Save me from each lurking snare.
- 4 May thy dealings only prove
Fruits of thy paternal love :
So I all to Thee resign ;
Father let thy will be mine.

second 615 *My praise continually, &c.* Ps. lxxi. 6. L. M.

- 1 THE day of birth, my soul, improve,
And praise thy heavenly Father's love ;
To me, by nature born in sin,
How full of grace my God has been!
- 2 Though call'd to walk the narrow way,
My wayward heart oft goes astray ;
And pride, self-will, and unbelief,
Keep me from Christ, my true relief.
- 3 Th' accepted time, the day of grace,
And for repentance yet the space
Is still prolong'd :—Thy help afford,
And draw my heart to Thee, my Lord.
- 4 Thy Spirit to my soul impart,
Make clear my new birth to my heart ;
From sin a Saviour be to me,
My righteousness, my glory be.
- 5 O Christ, my Saviour, and my God,
Thou didst endure sin's dreadful load,
The law for me Thou didst fulfil,
And, while in Thee, I'm righteous still.
- 6 Thus let me in thy name rejoice,
And praise Thee with my heart and voice,

And to Thee gladly leave the care
Of this and ev'ry coming year.

616

He careth for you. 1 Pet. v. 7.

C. M.

- 1 THE daily favours of my God,
I cannot sing at large :
Yet let me make this holy boast,
I am th' Almighty's charge.
- 2 Lord, in the day Thou art about
The paths wherein I tread,
And in the night, when I lie down,
Thou art about my bed.
- 3 Oh! let my house a temple be,
That I and mine may sing
Hosannas to thy majesty,
And praise our heavenly King.

617

The will of the Lord, &c. Acts xxi. 14.

L. M.

- 1 O THOU who hast at thy command
The hearts of all men in thy hand !
Our wayward erring hearts incline
To have no other will but thine.
- 2 Our wishes, our desires, control ;
Mould ev'ry purpose of the soul ;
O'er all may grace victorious be
That stands between ourselves and Thee.
- 3 Twice bless'd will all our blessings be,
When we can look through them to Thee,
When each glad heart its tribute pays
Of love, and gratitude, and praise.
- 4 Still make us, when temptation's near,
As one great foe, ourselves to fear :
And, each vain-glorious thought to quell,
Teach us how Peter vow'd and fell.
- 5 Yet may we, feeble, weak, and frail,
Against our mightiest foes prevail ;
Thy word our safety from alarm,
Our strength thine everlasting arm.

6 And, while we to thy glory live,
 May we to Thee all glory give,
 Until the joyful summons come
 That calls thy willing servants home.

618 *He blesteth the, &c.* Prov. iii. 33. L. M.
 (Going to a new habitation.)

- 1 ALMIGHTY Lord of earth and skies,
 Supremely good, supremely wise;
 Fix Thou the place of our abode;
 But may we still live near to God.
- 2 Where'er our dwelling shall be found,
 We will thy throne of grace surround,
 An altar to thy name we'll raise,
 With sacrifice of prayer and praise.
- 3 With faith, and with devotion, Lord,
 Teach us, each day, to hear thy word;
 Grant us thy light to learn thy will,
 Grant us thy strength to do it still.
- 4 Give Thou the visits of thy grace;
 Let all our household seek thy face;
 Our circle with thy presence bless;
 Keep out each root of bitterness.
- 5 Thus, while we sojourn here below,
 Let streams of mercy round us flow,
 Till safe all see our Father's face,
 And in his mansions have a place.

619 *It is good for me, &c.* Ps. lxxiii. 28. Double c. m.

- 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 through 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 closer seems to 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 their own strength and wisdom leave,
 And let the Lord be all :
 " Keep near Me, and thou shalt not fear,"
 The gracious Saviour cries ;
 " What is it, Lord, to keep thus near ?"
 The humble soul replies.
- 4 " Thy whole dependence on Me fix,
 Nor entertain a thought
 Thy worthless schemes with mine to mix,
 But venture to be nought :
 Self-confidence, and pride of heart,
 Thou evermore must flee ;
 When nothing in thyself thou art,
 Then thou art near to Me."

620

PSALM CXLV.

C. M.

- 1 SWEET is the mem'ry of thy grace,
 My God, my heavenly King ;
 Let age to age thy righteousness
 In sounds of glory sing.
- 2 God reigns on high, but not confines
 His goodness to the skies ;
 Through the whole earth his bounty shines,
 And ev'ry want supplies.
- 3 With longing eyes thy creatures wait
 On Thee for daily food ;
 Thy lib'ral hand provides their meat,
 And fills their mouths with good.
- 4 How kind are thy compassions, Lord !
 How slow thine anger moves !

But soon He sends his pard'ning word,
To cheer the souls He loves.

- 5 Creatures, with all their endless race,
Thy power and praise proclaim ;
But saints, that taste thy richer grace,
Delight to bless thy name.

621

The sabbath, &c. Luke xxiii. 54.

6-7s.

- 1 SAFELY through another week
God has brought us on our way ;
Let us now a blessing seek,
On th' approaching sabbath day :
Day of all the week the best,
Emblem of eternal rest.
- 2 Mercies multiplied each hour
Through the week our praise demand ;
Guarded by almighty power,
Fed and guided by his hand,
Though ungrateful we have been,
Only made returns of sin.
- 3 While we pray for pard'ning grace,
Through the dear Redeemer's name,
Show thy reconciled face,
Shine away our sin and shame :
From our worldly care set free,
May we rest this night with Thee.
- 4 When the morn shall bid us rise,
May we feel thy presence near ;
May thy glory meet our eyes
When we in thy house appear :
There afford us, Lord, a taste
Of our everlasting feast.
- 5 May the gospel's joyful sound
Conquer sinners, comfort saints ;
Make the fruits of grace abound,
Bring relief for all complaints :
Such may all our sabbaths prove,
Till we join the church above.

s 3

Second 621 *The preparations of, &c.* Prov. xvi. 1. L. M.

- 1 ANOTHER week has pass'd away,
Another sabbath now draws near ;
Lord, with thy blessing crown the day
Which all thy children hold so dear.
- 2 Deliver'd from its weekly load,
How light the happy spirit springs,
And soars to thy divine abode,
With peace and freedom on its wings !
- 3 Now 'tis our privilege to find
A short release from all our care,
To leave the world's pursuits behind,
And breathe a more celestial air.
- 4 O Lord ! that earthly love destroy
Which clings too fondly to our breast ;
Through grace prepare us to enjoy
The coming hours of hallow'd rest :
- 5 And, when thy word shall set us free
From ev'ry burden that we bear,
O may we rise to rest with Thee,
And hail a brighter sabbath there !

622 *Intercessions for all.* 1 Tim. ii. 1. C. M.

- 1 COME, Holy Spirit, God of might,
Comforter of us all ;
Teach us to know thy word aright,
That we may never fall.
- 2 Keep, Lord, our king ; his council guide,
And give them will and might
Thy gospel ever to maintain,
And so put sin to flight.
- 3 Come, Holy Spirit, guide, assist,
All preachers of thy word ;
By them o'erthrow the powers of sin
With this thy two-edg'd sword.
- 4 True faith in us, O Lord ! increase,
And let love so abound

That all at home may live in peace,
And all about us round.

- 5 Convert men that are now thy foes,
And bring them to thy light ;
Till all shall in thy truth agree,
And praise Thee day and night.

623 *Render to all their dues.* Rom. xiii. 7. 8. 8. 7.

- 1 **CHRISTIANS**, in your several stations,
Dutiful to all relations,
Give to each his proper due ;
Let not their unkind behaviour
Make you disobey your Saviour,
His command's the rule for you.
- 2 Parents, be to children tender ;
Children, full obedience render
To your parents in the Lord :
Never slight nor disrespect them,
Nor through pride, when old, reject them ;
'Tis the precept of the word.
- 3 Wives to husbands yield subjection ;
Husbands, with a kind affection,
Cherish as yourselves your wives :
Masters, rule with moderation,
Sway'd by justice, not by passion ;
To the scriptures square your lives.
- 4 Servants, serve your masters truly,
Not unfaithful, nor unruly,
To the good nor to the bad ;
Not refusing what you're bidden,
Nor replying when you're chidden ;
'Tis the ord'nance of the Lord.
- 5 This shall solve th' important question
Whether you're a real Christian,
Better than each golden dream :
Better far than lip expression,
Tow'ring notions, great profession,
This will show your love to Him.

624

PSALM CXVIII.

C. M.

- 1 **BEHOLD** the sure foundation-stone,
Which God in Zion lays,
To build our heavenly hopes upon,
And his eternal praise.
- 2 **Chosen** of God ; to sinners dear ;
And saints adore the name ;
They trust their whole salvation here,
Nor shall they suffer shame.
- 3 **Though** foolish builders, scribe, or priest,
Reject it with disdain ;
Yet on this rock the church shall rest,
And foes shall rage in vain.
- 4 **What** though the gates of hell withstood !
Yet must this building rise ;
'Tis thy own work, almighty God,
And wondrous in our eyes.
- 5 **Lord**, grant thy grace to each of us,
To build on Christ alone ;
And in his church, unto his praise,
To be a lively stone.

625

Because I live, &c. John xiv. 19.

C. M.

(On the death of a minister.)

- 1 **THE** Saviour lives ! our hearts revive,
Let all our tears be dry ;
Why should those eyes be drown'd in grief
Which view a Saviour nigh ?
- 2 **What** though the arm of conqu'ring death
Does God's own house invade !
What though the prophet and the priest
Be number'd with the dead !
- 3 **Though** earthly shepherds dwell in dust,
The faithful pastor's gone,
The watchful eye in darkness clos'd,
And mute th' instructive tongue !
- 4 **The** eternal Shepherd still survives,
New comfort to impart ;

His eye still guides us, and his voice
Still animates our heart.

5 "Lo! I am with you," saith the Lord;
"My church shall safe abide;
For I will ne'er forsake my own,
Whose souls in me confide."

6 Through ev'ry scene of life and death,
Thy promise is our trust:
And it shall be our children's song,
When we are laid in dust.

XXI. Private Hymns.

626 *One thing is needful.* Luke x. 42. S. M.

1 A SAVIOUR is my hope:
He bought me with his blood;
He rose, He reigns, and sends his help,
That I may live to God.

2 His charge to keep I have;
My God to glorify:
To come to Him my soul to save,
And fit me for the sky;

3 Through grace to serve mankind,
My calling to fulfil,
'To be renew'd in heart and mind
To do his holy will.

4 Arm me with jealous care,
As in thy sight to live;
And, oh! thy servant, Lord, prepare
Account with joy to give.

5 Help me to watch and pray,
And on Thyself rely;
Lord Jesus, be my life, my way,
And I shall never die.

627 *The exceeding riches, &c.* Eph. ii. 7. C. M.

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

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

628 *I go to prepare, &c.* John xiv. 2. 113th M

- 1 AND art Thou, gracious Master, gone
 A mansion to prepare for me ?
 Shall I behold Thee on thy throne,
 And there for ever dwell with Thee ?
 Then let the world approve or blame,
 I'll triumph in thy glorious name.
- 2 Should I to gain the world's applause,
 Or to escape its sharpest frown,
 Refuse to countenance thy cause,
 And make thy people's lot my own,
 What shame would fill me in that day
 When Thou thy glory shalt display !
- 3 And what is man, or what his smile ?
 The terror of his anger what ?
 Like grass he flourishes awhile,
 But soon his place shall know him not :
 Through fear of such an one, shall I
 The Lord of heaven and earth deny ?
- 4 No ; let the world cast out my name,
 And vile account me, if it will ;

If to confess the Lord be shame,
 I purpose to be viler still :
 For Thee, my God, I all resign,
 Content, if I can call Thee mine.

629 *What son is he, &c.* 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 ev'ry anxious thought be still,
 And not a 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,"—oh! permit my heart
 To plead its humble claim,
 And ask the bliss those words impart,
 In my Redeemer's name.

630 PSALM XLII. C. M.

- 1 As pants the hart for cooling streams,
 When heated in the chase ;
 So longs my soul, O God! for Thee,
 And thy refreshing grace.
- 2 For Thee, my God, the living God,
 My waiting soul doth pine :
 Oh! when shall I behold thy face,
 Thou majesty divine ?
- 3 Why restless, why cast down, my soul ?
 Hope still, and thou shalt sing
 The praise of Him who is thy God,
 Thy health's eternal spring.

631 *The word of the Lord, &c.* 1 Pet. i. 25. C. M.

- 1 BEGIN, my tongue, the heavenly theme ;
 Awake my heart, and sing

- The gracious work and saving name
Of our eternal King.
- 2 Tell of his wondrous faithfulness,
And sound his power abroad ;
Sing the sweet promise of his grace,
And the performing God.
- 3 Proclaim salvation from the Lord
To wretched dying men ;
His hand hath writ the sacred word
With an immortal pen.
- 4 Engrav'd as in eternal brass,
The mighty promise shines ;
Nor can the powers of darkness rase
Those everlasting lines.
- 5 Yes : ev'ry word of grace is strong
As that which built the skies ;
The voice that rolls the stars along
Speaks all the promises.
- 6 Jesus, unchangeably the same,
My confidence, my boast ;
Thou wilt not put my soul to shame,
Nor let my hope be lost.

632

My soul waiteth, &c. Ps. cxxx. 6.

S. M.

- 1 BESIDE the gospel pool,
Appointed for the poor,
From day to day my helpless soul
Hath waited for a cure.
- 2 How often have I thought
Why should I longer lie ?
Surely the mercy I have sought
Is not for such as I.
- 3 But whither can I go ?
There is no other pool,
Where streams of sov'reign mercy flow,
To make a sinner whole.
- 4 Still then, from day to day,
I'll wait, and hope, and try ;

Can Jesus hear a sinner pray,
Yet suffer him to die?

- 5 No : He is full of grace,
And never will permit
A soul that fain would see his face
To perish at his feet.

633 *All my springs are, &c.* Ps. lxxxvii. 7. P. M.

[If the words in brackets are left out, 7s. 6s.]

- 1 BLESS the Lord, my soul, and raise
A glad and grateful song,
To my dear Redeemer's praise,
For I to Him belong.
He, my goodness, strength, and God,
In whom I live, [and move,] and am,
Paid my ransom with his blood :
My portion is the Lamb.
- 2 Though temptations seldom cease,
Though frequent griefs I feel,
Yet his Spirit whispers peace,
And He is with me still.
Weak of body, sick in soul,
Depress'd [at heart,] and faint with fears,
His dear presence makes me whole,
And with sweet comfort cheers.
- 3 O! my Jesus, Thou art mine,
With all thy grace and power ;
I am now and shall be thine
When time shall be no more.
Thou reviv'st me by thy death ;
Thy blood [from guilt] has set me free ;
My fresh springs of hope, and faith,
And love, are all in Thee.

634 *My Son, give me, &c.* Prov. xxiii. 26. 7s

- 1 BLESSED Jesus, heavenly Lamb,
Thine and only thine I am ;
Take me, body, spirit, soul,
Only Thou possess the whole.

- 2 Thou my one thing needful be ;
 Let me ever cleave to Thee ;
 Let me choose the better part ;
 Let me give Thee all my heart.
- 3 Fairer than the sons of men,
 Do not let me turn again ;
 Leave the fountain-head of bliss,
 Stoop to creature happiness.
- 4 All my treasure is above,
 All my riches is thy love :
 Who thy depth of love can tell ?
 Infinite, unsearchable.

635 *As an adamant, &c.* Ezek. iii. 9, 10. L. M.

- 1 CAPTAIN of my salvation, hear,
 Stir up thy strength, and bow the skies ;
 Be Thou, the God of battles, near,
 And in thy majesty arise.
- 2 Steel me to shame, reproach, disgrace ;
 Arm me with all thy armour now ;
 Set like a flint my steady face ;
 Harden to adamant my brow.
- 3 Bold may I wax, exceeding bold,
 My high commission to perform ;
 Nor shrink offensive truths t' unfold,
 But more than meet the gath'ring storm.
- 4 Adverse to sin's rebellious throng,
 Still may I turn my fearless face ;
 Stand as an iron pillar strong,
 And steadfast as a wall of brass.
- 5 Give me thy might, Thou God of power ;
 Then let or men or fiends assail,
 Strong in thy strength, I'll stand, a tower
 Impregnable to earth or hell.

636 *I will put my, &c.* Ezek. xxxvi. 27. L. M.

- 1 COME, Holy Spirit, calm my mind,
 And fit me to approach my God ;

Remove each vain, each worldly thought,
And lead me to thy bless'd abode.

- 2 Hast Thou imparted to my soul
A living spark of heavenly fire?
Oh! kindle now the sacred flame;
Teach me to burn with pure desire.
- 3 Impress upon my wand'ring heart
The love that Christ for sinners bore;
And give a new, a contrite heart,
A heart the Saviour to adore.
- 4 A brighter faith and hope impart,
And let me now the Saviour see;
Oh! soothe and cheer my burden'd heart,
And bid my spirit rest in Thee.

637

Ask and it shall be, &c. Matt. vii. 7.

7s.

- 1 COME, my soul, thy suit prepare;
Jesus loves to answer prayer;
He Himself has bid thee pray,
Therefore will not turn away.
- 2 Thou art coming to a King;
Large petitions with Thee bring;
For his grace and power are such,
None can ever ask too much.
- 3 With my burden I begin;
Oh! remove this load of sin;
Let thy blood, for sinners spilt,
Set my conscience free from guilt.
- 4 Lord, I come to Thee for rest;
Take possession of my breast;
There thy blood-bought right maintain,
And without a rival reign.
- 5 While I am a pilgrim here,
Let thy love my spirit cheer;
As my guide, my guard, my friend,
Lead me to my journey's end.

638

Thou art my, &c. Ps. cxlii. 5.

c. m.

- 1 COMPAR'D with Christ, in all beside
No comeliness I see;

The one thing needful, gracious Lord,
Is to be one with Thee.

2 The knowledge of thy dying love
Into my soul convey;

Thyself bestow : for Thee alone,
My all in all, I pray.

3 Lov'd of my God, for Thee again
I'd burn with love sincere ;
Chosen of Thee, ere time began,
Help me to choose Thee here.

4 Whate'er consists not with thy love,
Oh! teach me to resign :
I'm rich to all th' intents of bliss
If Thou, O God! art mine.

Second **638** *He which hath begun.* Phil. i. 6. 104 M.

1 **COMPASSIONATE** Saviour, my Shepherd and
Friend,

My soul from the fury of Satan defend,
Thy presence continue, thy blessing convey,
And grant me a spirit to praise and to pray.

2 Prevent and assist me, and so shall I run,
And further within me the work Thou'st begun ;
Then let the vain world me reject or despise,
Thy grace for my wants, Lord, shall ever suffice.

3 Still go Thou before me, and guide me aright ;
Thy peace be my comfort, Thyself my delight ;
Thy will be my pleasure, Thy honour my aim,
And this be my glory, the blood of the Lamb.

639 *I have loved thee, &c.* Ps. xxvi. 8. L. M.

1 **DEAR** is to me the sabbath morn ;
The village bells, the pastor's voice,
These oft have found my heart forlorn,
And these have bid that heart rejoice.

2 And dear to me the winged hour
Spent in thy hallow'd courts, O Lord !
To feel devotion's soothing power,
And catch the manna of thy word.

- 3 And dear to me the loud Amen,
Which echoes through the bless'd abode,
Which swells and sinks, and swells again,
Dies on the walls, but lives to God.
- 4 Oh! when the world, with iron hand,
Would bind me in its six days' chain,
Thus burst, O Lord! the strong man's band,
And let my spirit loose again.

640 *Live to Him which, &c. 2 Cor. v. 15. L. M*

- 1 EMPTIED of earth I fain would be,
Of sin, of self, of all but Thee,
Reserv'd for Christ that bled and died,
Surrender'd to the Crucified.
- 2 Sequester'd from the noise and strife,
The lust, the pomp, the pride of life,
Prepar'd for heaven, my noblest care,
And have my conversation there.
- 3 Nothing save Jesus would I know,
My friend, and my companion, Thou;
Constrain my soul thy sway to own,
Self-will, self-righteousness dethrone.
- 4 Detach from sublunary joys
One that would only hear thy voice,
Thy beauty see, thy grace admire,
Nor glow but with celestial fire.
- 5 Larger communion let me prove
With the bless'd object of my love;
But oh! for this no power have I,
My strength is at thy feet to lie.

641 *I have learned, &c. Phil. iv. 11. C. M*

- 1 FIERCE passions discompose the mind,
As tempests rend the sea;
But calm content and peace we find
When, Lord, we turn to Thee.
- 2 In vain by reason and by rule
We try to bend the will;

- For none but in the Saviour's school
Can learn the heavenly skill.
- 3 The teacher there has to us said,
"Sinner canst thou complain?
How light thy trouble here, if weigh'd
With everlasting pain!
- 4 "If thou of murm'ring wouldst be cur'd,
Compare thy griefs with mine;
Think what my love for thee endur'd,
And thou wilt not repine.
- 5 "'Tis I appoint thy earthly lot,
And I do all things well:
Thou soon shalt leave this wretched spot,
And rise with Me to dwell."
- 6 Since at his feet my soul has sat,
His gracious words to hear,
Contented with my present state,
I cast on Him my care.

Second **641** *Ye have chosen the Lord.* Josh. xxiv. 22. d. 7s.

- 1 Fix my heart and eyes on thine;
What are other objects worth?
But to see thy glory shine
Is a heaven begun on earth
Jesus, source of happiness,
All thy glorious love reveal,
Let me know thy tender grace,
And its powerful influence feel.
- 2 Now my search is at an end,
Now my wishes rove no more;
Thus my moments I would spend,
Love, and wonder, and adore.
Take my heart, 'tis all thine own;
To thy will my spirit frame;
Thou shalt reign, and Thou alone,
Over all I have or am.
- 3 Making thus the Lord my choice,
I have nothing more to choose.

But to listen to thy voice,
 And my will in thine to lose :
 Thus whatever may betide
 I shall safe and happy be,
 Still content and satisfied,
 Having all in having Thee.

Third **641** *Looking unto Jesus.* Heb. xii. 2. dble. 8s. 7s.

- 1 God of mercy and compassion,
 Look with pity on my pain ;
 Hear a mournful broken spirit,
 Prostrate at thy feet complain ;
 Many are my foes and mighty,
 Strength to conquer I have none ;
 Nothing can uphold my goings,
 But thy blessed self alone.
- 2 Saviour, look on thy beloved ;
 Triumph over all my foes ;
 Turn to heavenly joy my mourning ;
 Turn to gladness all my woes ;
 Live, or die, or work, or suffer,
 Let my weary soul abide,
 In all changes whatsoever,
 Sure and steadfast by thy side.
- 3 When temptations fierce assault me,
 When my enemies I find,
 Sin, and guilt, and death, and Satan,
 All against my soul combin'd ;
 Hold me up in mighty waters,
 Keep my eyes on things above,
 Righteousness, divine atonement,
 Peace and everlasting love.

642 *It is good for me, &c.* Ps. cxix. 71. 113th m.

- 1 God of my life, how good, how wise
 Thy judgments to my soul have been !
 They were but mercies in disguise,
 The painful remedies of sin :

How diff'rent now thy ways appear,
Most merciful when most severe!

- 2 Since first the maze of life I trod,
Hast Thou not hedg'd about my way?
My worldly vain designs withstood,
And robb'd my passions of their prey?
Withheld the fuel from the fire,
And cross'd each foolish fond desire?
- 3 Thou wouldst not let thy captive go,
Or leave me to my carnal will;
Thy love forbad my rest below—
Thy patient love pursued me still,
And forc'd me from my sin to part,
And tore the idol from my heart.
- 4 But can I now the loss lament,
And murmur at thy friendly blow?
Thy friendly blow my heart hath rent
From ev'ry seeming good below:
Thrice happy loss! which makes me see
My happiness is all in Thee.

643

I cried unto God. Ps. lxxvii. 1.

L. M.

- 1 GOD of my life, to Thee I call;
Afflicted at thy feet I fall;
When the great water-floods prevail,
Leave not my trembling heart to fail.
- 2 Friend of the friendless and the faint,
Where should I lodge my deep complaint?
Where but with Thee, whose open door
Invites the helpless and the poor?
- 3 Did ever mourner plead with Thee,
And Thou refuse that mourner's plea?
Does not the word still fix'd remain
That none shall seek thy face in vain?
- 4 That were a grief I could not bear,
Didst Thou not hear and answer prayer;
But a prayer hearing, answering God,
Supports me under ev'ry load.

- 5 Fair is the lot that's cast for me ;
I have an advocate with Thee ;
They whom the world caresses most
Have no such privilege to boast.
- 6 Poor though I am, despis'd, forgot,
Yet God, my God, forgets me not ;
And he is safe, and must succeed,
For whom the Lord vouchsafes to plead.

644 *That I may win Christ.* Phil. iii. 8. 7s.

- 1 GRACIOUS Lord, incline thine ear,
My request vouchsafe to hear ;
Burden'd with my sins, I cry,
Give me Christ, or else I die.
- 2 Wealth and honour I disdain ;
Earthly comforts, Lord, are vain ;
These can never satisfy ;
Give me Christ, or else I die.
- 3 Lord, deny me what Thou wilt,
Only ease me of my guilt :
Suppliant at thy feet I lie ;
Give me Christ, or else I die.
- 4 All unholy and unclean,
In my flesh is nought but sin ;
For thy mercy I apply ;
Give me Christ, or else I die.
- 5 Thou hast promis'd to forgive
All who in thy Son believe ;
On thy promise I rely ;
Give me Christ, or else I die.
- 6 Father, Thou hast given thy Son :
He was bruised for my sin ;
To that refuge now I fly :
Christ is mine ; I shall not die.

Second 644 *In all thy ways, &c.* Prov. iii. 16. c. M.

- 1 LORD, through the dubious paths of life
Thy feeble servant guide,

- Supported by thy powerful arm,
My footsteps shall not slide.
- 2 To Thee, O my unerring guide!
I would myself resign;
In all my ways acknowledge Thee,
And form my will by thine.
- 3 Thus shall each blessing of thy hand
Be doubly sweet to me;
And in new griefs I still shall have
A refuge, Lord, in Thee.
- 4 Lord, by thy counsel, while I live,
Guide Thou my wand'ring feet;
And, when my course on earth is run,
Conduct me to thy seat.

645 *Thou art my hiding, &c.* Ps. xxxii. 7. 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 hand uplifted high;
Despis'd his rich abounding grace,
Too proud to seek a hiding-place.
- 3 Indignant justice stood in view;
To Sinai's fiery mount I flew:
But justice cried, with frowning face,
"This mountain is no hiding-place."
- 4 Vain ev'ry hope, until I heard
The voice of mercy in thy word,
Proclaiming free redeeming grace,
And Jesus as my hiding-place.
- 5 Since then, though various tempests roll
And threaten to o'erwhelm my soul,
Still have I found, in ev'ry case,
That Jesus is my hiding-place.
- 6 A few more rolling waves, at most,
Will land me safe on Canaan's coast.

Where I shall see Him face to face,
Jesus, my glorious hiding-place.

646 *Lovest Thou me?* John xxi. 15. 7s.

- 1 HARK! my soul, it is the Lord;
'Tis thy Saviour; hear his word;
Jesus speaks, and speaks to thee:
"Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou Me?"
- 2 "I deliver'd thee when bound,
And, when wounded, heal'd thy wound
Sought thee wand'ring, set thee right,
Turn'd thy darkness into light.
- 3 "Can a woman's tender care
Cease towards the child she bare?
Yes, she may forgetful be,
Yet will I remember Thee.
- 4 "Mine is an unchanging love,
Higher than the heights above,
Deeper than the depths beneath,
Free and faithful, strong as death.
- 5 "Thou shalt see my glory soon,
When the work of grace is done;
Partner of my throne shalt be;
Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou Me?"
- 6 Lord, it is my chief complaint
That my love is weak and faint:
Yet I love Thee, and adore;
Oh for grace to love Thee more!

647 *The Sun of righteousness.* Mal. iv. 2. C. M.

- 1 How bless'd thy creature is, O God!
When with a single eye
He views the lustre of thy word,
The day-spring from on high!
- 2 Through all the storms that veil the skies,
And frown on earthly things,
The Sun of righteousness he eyes,
With healing in his wings.

- 3 The soul, a dreary province once
Of Satan's dark domain,
Feels a new empire form'd within,
And owns a heavenly reign.
- 4 The glorious orb, with golden beams,
Does cheering rays impart;
But Jesus gives more joyful light,
That shines upon the heart.
- 5 Shine ever, Lord, upon my heart,
And grace on me bestow,
Till in full light of perfect day
I all thy glory know.

648 *Thy hand was heavy, &c.* Ps. xxxii. 4. L. M.

- 1 I ASK'D the Lord that I might grow
In faith, and love, and ev'ry grace,
Might more of his salvation know,
And seek more earnestly his face.
- 2 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.
- 3 Instead of this, He made me feel
The hidden evils of my heart;
And let the angry powers of hell
Assault my soul in ev'ry part.
- 4 "Lord, why is this?" I trembling cried;
"Wilt Thou pursue thy worm to death?"
"Tis in this way," the Lord replied,
"I answer prayer for grace and faith;"
- 5 "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."

649 *I hate vain thoughts.* Ps. cxix. 113. L. M.

- 1 I FAIN would love the day of rest,
Would still esteem this day the best:

But oft, alas ! I've need to say,
 "How barren is my soul to-day !"

- 2 True, I frequent the house of prayer,
 I go and sit with others there ;
 I hear and sing, and seem to pray,
 But oft my mind is call'd away.
- 3 I fain would see the Saviour near,
 Of Him would think, and speak, and hear ;
 But vain and sinful thoughts intrude,
 And draw my soul from what is good.
- 4 Redeem'd from earth by Jesu's blood,
 I fain would give the day to God :
 But, seldom to my purpose true,
 'Tis mine to plan, but not to do.
- 5 Of sinners, Lord, I am the chief :
 Oh bring thy worthless worm reuer :
 Revive thy work within my soul,
 And all my thoughts and powers control.

650

My Redeemer liveth. Job xix. 25.

L. M.

- 1 I know that my Redeemer lives ;
 Oh the sweet joy this sentence gives !
 He lives, He lives, who once was dead ;
 He lives, my everlasting Head.
- 2 He lives to bless me with his love,
 And still He pleads for me above ;
 He lives to raise me from the grave,
 And me eternally to save.
- 3 He lives my kind, wise, constant friend,
 Who still will keep me to the end ;
 He lives, and while He lives I'll sing,
 Jesus, my Prophet, Priest, and King.
- 4 He lives that He may in me dwell,
 And save me from the power of hell ;
 To comfort me whene'er I faint,
 And soothe my heaviest complaint.
- 5 He lives my mansion to prepare,
 And He will bring me safely there ;

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He lives, all glory to his name,
Jesus, unchangeably the same.

651 *Be careful for nothing.* Phil. iv. 6. P. M.

I'LL spare all needless thinking,
Nor shall my mind be shrinking
Concerning what may be ;
I'll follow thy kind leading,
Dear Lord, in each proceeding ;
That 'Thou'rt my all, sufficeth me.

652 *God before whom, &c.* Gen. xlviii. 15, 16. P. M.

IN this world, so full of snares,
Take our children in thy keeping ;
Hear the parents' sighs and prayers,
When, for them, before Thee weeping ;
Mercy for our children we,
Gracious Lord, implore of Thee.

653 *His own self bare, &c.* 1 Peter ii. 24. 7s. 6s.

1 I YIELD Thee thanks unfeigned,
O Jesus ! friend in need,
For what thy soul sustained,
When Thou for me didst bleed.
O Lord, what Thee tormented
Was sin's oppressive load.
And I the debt augmented,
Which Thou didst pay in blood.

2 Grant me to lean, unshaken,
Upon thy faithfulness,
Till upward I am taken,
To see Thee face to face :
Shield me with thy protection,
Remind me of thy death,
And glorious resurrection,
When I resign my breath.

654 *He loved them, &c.* John xiii. 1. 113th M.

1 IF ever it could come to pass
That sheep of Christ might fall away,

My fickle, feeble soul, alas !
 Would fall a thousand times a day ;
 Were not thy love as firm as free,
 Thou soon wouldst take it, Lord, from me.

- 2 I on thy promises depend
 (At least I to depend desire),
 That Thou wilt love me to the end,
 Be with me in temptation's fire,
 Wilt for me work, and in me too,
 And guide me right, and bring me through.
- 3 No other stay have I beside ;
 If these can alter, I must fall :
 I look to Thee to be supplied
 With life, with will, with power, with all :
Rich souls may glory in their store,
 But Jesus will relieve the *poor*.

655

He that keepeth, &c. Ps. cxxi. 4.

88.

- 1 INSPIRED and hearer of prayer,
 Thou shepherd and guardian of thine,
 My all to thy covenant care,
 I, sleeping and waking, resign.
- 2 If Thou art my shield and my sun,
 The night is no darkness to me,
 And, fast as my moments roll on,
 They bring me but nearer to Thee.
- 3 Thy minist'ring spirits descend,
 To watch while thy saints are asleep ;
 By day and by night they attend,
 The heirs of salvation to keep.
- 4 Their service no interval knows,
 Their fervour is still on the wing ;
 And, while they protect my repose,
 They chant to the praise of my King.
- 5 I too, at the season ordain'd,
 Their chorus for ever shall join ;
 And love, and adore, without end,
 Their faithful Creator, and mine.

656

PSALM CXXXI.

C. M.

- 1 Is there ambition in my heart?
Search, gracious God, and see;
Or do I act a haughty part?
Lord, I appeal to Thee.
- 2 I charge my thoughts, be humble still,
And all my carriage mild;
Content, my Father, with thy will,
And quiet as a child.
- 3 The patient soul, the lowly mind,
Shall have a large reward:
Let saints in sorrow lie resign'd,
And trust a faithful Lord.

657 *Pearl of great price, &c. Matt. xiii. 46.* C. M.

- 1 I'VE found the pearl of greatest price,
My heart doth sing for joy;
And sing I must, a Christ I have,
All gold without alloy.
- 2 Christ is a prophet, priest, and king,
A prophet full of light:
A priest who stands 'twixt God and me,
A king who rules with might.
- 3 This Christ He is the Lord of lords,
He is the King of kings,
He is the Sun of righteousness,
With healing in his wings.
- 4 Christ is my meat, Christ is my drink,
My med'cine and my health,
My peace, my strength, my joy, my crown,
My glory, and my wealth.
- 5 Christ is my Saviour and my friend,
My brother, yet my Lord;
My head, my hope, my counsellor,
My advocate with God.
- 6 My Saviour is the heaven of heaven,
And what shall I Him call?

My Christ is first, my Christ is last,
My Christ is all in all.

658

He is precious. 1 Peter ii. 7.

113th M.

- 1 JESUS, how precious is thy name!
Beloved of the Father, Thou!
Oh let me catch th' immortal flame
With which angelic bosoms glow!
As angels love Thee, I would love,
And imitate the bless'd above.
- 2 My Prophet Thou, my heavenly guide,
Thy sweet instructions I will hear:
The words that from thy lips proceed,
Oh how divinely sweet they are!
Thee, my great prophet, I would love,
And imitate the bless'd above.
- 3 My great High-Priest, whose precious blood
Did once atone upon the cross,
Who now dost intercede with God,
And plead the friendless sinner's cause;
In Thee I trust; Thee would I love,
And imitate the bless'd above.
- 4 My King supreme, to Thee I bow,
A willing subject at thy feet;
All other lords I disavow,
And to thy government submit:
My Saviour-King this heart would love,
And imitate the bless'd above.

659

I am the way. John xiv. 6.

L. M.

- 1 JESUS, my all, to heaven is gone,
He whom I fix my hopes upon;
His track I see, and I'll pursue
The narrow way, with Him in view.
- 2 The way the holy prophets went,
The road that leads from banishment,
The King's highway of holiness,
I'll go, for all his paths are peace.

T 3

- 3 This is the way I long have sought,
And mourn'd because I found it not ;
My grief and burden long have been
Because I could not cease from sin.
- 4 The more I strove against its power,
I sinn'd and stumbled but the more ;
Till Jesus did his grace display,
Himself revealing as " the way."
- 5 Lo ! glad I come, and Thou, bless'd Lamb,
Dost take me guilty as I am ;
Nothing but sin I Thee can give,
Nothing but love shall I receive.
- 6 And henceforth I'll to sinners round
Proclaim the Saviour I have found,
I'll point to thy redeeming blood,
And say, " Behold the way to God !"

660 *Field yourselves unto, &c.* Rom. vi. 13. L. M.

- 1 JESUS, thy heavenly grace impart,
And fix my frail inconstant heart,
That so my chief desire may be
To dedicate myself to Thee.
- 2 Whate'er pursuits my time employ,
Grant that this thought may give me joy :
Thou, Lord, hast apprehended me,
And turn'd my wayward heart to Thee.
- 3 And, since thine eye pervadeth space,
Present Thyself in ev'ry place ;
Grant, wheresoe'er my lot may be,
That still my heart may cleave to Thee.
- 4 Renouncing ev'ry worldly thing,
Beneath the covert of thy wing ;
May this my constant feeling be
That all I want I find in Thee.

661 *Examine yourselves.* 2 Cor. xiii. 5. S. 7s.

- 1 LET us ask th' important question
(Brethren be not too secure)

What it is to be a Christian,
 How we may our hearts assure :
 Vain is all our mere devotion,
 If on false foundations built ;
 True religion's more than notion,
 Something must be known and felt.

- 2 'Tis to trust our well-beloved
 In his blood has wash'd us clean ;
 'Tis to hope our guilt's removed,
 Though we feel it rise within ;
 To believe that all is finish'd,
 Though so much remains t' endure ;
 Find the dangers undiminish'd,
 Yet to hold deliv'rance sure.
- 3 'Tis to credit contradictions ;
 Talk with Him one never sees ;
 Cry and groan beneath afflictions,
 Yet to dread the thought of ease.
 'Tis to feel the fight against us,
 Yet the vict'ry hope to gain ;
 To believe that Christ has cleans'd us,
 Though the leprosy remain.
- 4 'Tis to hear the Holy Spirit
 Prompting us to secret prayer ;
 To rejoice in Jesu's merit,
 Yet continual sorrow bear.
 To receive a full remission
 Of our sins for evermore ;
 Yet to sigh with sore contrition,
 Begging mercy ev'ry hour.
- 5 To be steadfast in believing,
 Yet to tremble, fear, and quake :
 Ev'ry moment be receiving
 Strength, and yet be always weak.
 To be fighting, fleeing, turning,
 Ever sinking, yet to swim ;
 To converse with Jesus, mourning
 For ourselves, or else for Him.

662 *Examine yourselves.* 2 Cor. xiii. 5. C. M.

- 1 LORD, how deceitful is the heart!
Its vileness who can know?
Thou God, who searchest it, to us
Its sinfulness can show.
- 2 Help me then, Lord, to try my heart,
To search with strictest care,
And all my thoughts, and words, and ways,
With scripture to compare.
- 3 Have I receiv'd the Holy Ghost?
Have I been born again?
Have I obtain'd a living faith?
Is Jesus form'd within?
- 4 To follow Christ 's a privilege,
God's special gift it is;
But does my sinful heart perceive
Its glory and its bliss?
- 5 That Christ should make me like Himself,
Patient, devout, resign'd;
Though fervent, meek; from passion free;
Lowly and pure in mind;—
- 6 Is this my wish unfeign'd? or does
My proud rebellious will
Love worldly ease, and, like Lot's wife,
Look back on Sodom still?
- 7 Find I his word fulfill'd in me,
My life a conflict sore;
Satan, the world, the flesh, in league,
To tempt, torment, o'erpower?
- 8 And am I sure,—if thus I deem
My life and heart renew'd,—
That I am not deluded still,
By resting in my good?
- 9 Do I despair of life by works?
Yea by my works through grace?
And in Christ's blood and righteousness
My trust, my glorying, place?

- 10 Do I believe I'm what He says,
 "Blind, naked, wretched, poor?"
 Seek I his "raiment, eye-salve, gold,"
 As gifts by grace made sure?
- 11 Am I, through faith, dead to the law,
 And *therefore* dead to sin?
 And is the life which now I live
 Not mine, but Christ's within?
- 12 Lord, answer Thou, thy Spirit send
 To witness in my heart:
 Lay low false hope; forbid despair;
 Salvation free impart.

Second 662 *A thorn in the flesh.* 2 Cor. xii. 7. 8. 6. 8.

- 1 LORD, if consistent with thy will,
 Oh take this thorn away,
 But, if for me 'tis needful still
 That it should longer stay,
 Then patience give, the thorn to bear,
 And faith to trust thy love and care.
- 2 The thorn I know is sent by Thee,
 A token of thy love,
 That I may truly humbled be,
 Like those Thou dost approve:
 I would lie passive, and be still,
 And bow submission to thy will.
- 3 The thorn sometimes feels very sore,
 And then to Thee I cry;
 For grace sufficient I implore,
 Thy help is always nigh:
 Now say to me, "I am thy God,"
 And I shall freely kiss the rod.
- 4 The thorn sometimes seems giving way,
 And I feel cheer'd by hope;
 At other times my fears say, nay,
 And then my spirits droop:
 While I my weakness freely own,
 In me let thy great power be shown.

- 5 And let this thorn wean me from earth,
 And make me long for heaven,
 Where I shall sound thy praises forth,
 As one who's much forgiven :
 Thus guide me to the heavenly shore,
 Where I shall need the thorn no more !
- 6 Oh may this thorn lead me to see
 Thy all-sufficient grace !
 Though weak, thy strength shall perfect be ;
 And I in Thee rejoice ;
 If Jesus' power is seen in me,
 I'll glory in infirmity.

663 *I will take the stony, &c.* Ezek. xi. 19. L. M.

- 1 LORD, shed a beam of heavenly day,
 Remove all unbelief away ;
 And thaw with rays of love divine
 This heart, this frozen heart, of mine.
- 2 The rocks can rend, the earth can quake,
 The seas can roar, the mountains shake ;
 Of feeling all things show some sign,
 But this unfeeling heart of mine.
- 3 To hear the sorrows Thou hast felt
 Might cause the very stones to melt ;
 But I can read each wondrous line,
 And nothing move this heart of mine.
- 4 Thy judgments, too, unmov'd I hear
 (Amazing thought !) which devils fear,
 Goodness and wrath in vain combine
 To change this harden'd heart of mine.
- 5 Eternal Spirit, mighty God,
 Do Thou apply the Saviour's blood ;
 'Tis his rich blood, and his alone,
 Can move and melt this heart of stone.

664 *O Lord, what shall, &c.* Joshua vii. 8. L. M.

- 1 LORD, who hast suffer'd all for me,
 My grace and pardon to procure ;

- The lighter cross I bear for Thee,
Help me with patience to endure.
- 2 The storm of loud repining hush,
Give me, O Lord! submissive faith;
Nor let me speak of my distress,
Who merit everlasting wrath.
- 3 Man should not faint at thy rebuke,
Like Joshua falling on his face,
When the curs'd thing that Achan took
Brought Israel into just disgrace.
- 4 Perhaps some golden wedge suppress'd,
Some secret sin, offends my God;
Perhaps that Babylonish vest,
Self-righteousness, provokes the rod.
- 5 Ah! were I buffeted all day,
Mock'd, crown'd with thorns, and spit upon,
I yet should have no right to say,
My great distress is mine alone.
- 6 Let me not angrily declare
No pain was ever sharp as mine;
Nor murmur at the cross I bear,
But rather weep, rememb'ring thine.

665 *The Lord our righteousness.* Jer. xxiii. 6. c. m.

- 1 My God, how perfect are thy ways!
But mine polluted are;
Sin twines itself about my heart,
And slides into my prayer.
- 2 While I would speak what Thou hast done,
To save me from my sin;
I cannot make thy mercies known,
But self-applause creeps in.
- 3 Divine desire, that holy flame,
Thy grace creates in me;
Alas! impatience is its name,
When it returns to Thee.
- 4 This heart, a fountain of vile thoughts,
How does it overflow!

While self upon the surface floats,
Still bubbling from below.

- 5 Let others in the gaudy dress
Of fancied merit shine ;
The Lord shall be my righteousness,
The Lord for ever mine.

666 *Let all those that seek, &c.* Ps. xl. 16.

8s.

- 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 unspeakable joy.
- 2 My soul from the confines of hell
He freely redeem'd by his blood ;
That I in his presence may dwell,
And worship for ever my God ;
May shine with the angels of light,
With saints and with seraphs may sing ;
And view, with eternal delight,
My Jesus, my Saviour, my King.
- 3 My glorious Redeemer, I long
To see Thee descend on the cloud,
Amidst the bright numberless throng,
And mix with the triumphing crowd :
Oh! when wilt Thou bid me ascend,
To join in thy praises above,
To be with Thee world without end,
Receiving the fulness of love ?

667 *Let us search and, &c.* Lam. iii. 40.

L. M.

- 1 My soul, what hast thou learnt this day,
Of Christ the life, the truth, the way ?
One sabbath more thou hast enjoy'd,
How have thy thoughts then been employ'd ?

- 2 What if this sabbath day should be
The last that thou on earth must see?
Art thou prepared now to spend
A sabbath that shall never end?
- 3 Hast thou, by grace divine inspir'd,
Been with thy Saviour's glory fir'd?
Praying to walk while here with God,
And then to rise to his abode?
- 4 Has faith been mix'd with what thou'st heard?
Has grace applied the saving word?
Humbled thee? prov'd thee? and made clear
Thy death through sin? in Christ thy cure?
- 5 Lord, I desire Thou thus would'st teach
In me the truths thy servants preach;
Give me their vital power to own,
And freely save me through thy Son.

668 *Do all in the name of the Lord.* Col. iii. 17. 7s.

- 1 MY soul, awake and render
To God, thy great defender,
Thy prayer and adoration,
For his kind preservation.
- 2 Bless me, this day, Lord Jesus;
And be to me propitious;
To Thee alone be tending,
Beginning, middle, ending.

669 *Naked shall I return, &c.* Job i. 21. C. M.

- 1 NAKED as from the earth we came,
And enter'd life at first;
Naked we to the earth return,
And mix with kindred dust.
- 2 Whate'er we fondly call our own
Belongs to heaven's great Lord;
The blessings lent us for a day
Are soon to be restor'd.
- 3 'Tis God that lifts our comforts high,
Or sinks them in the grave;

He gives, and, when he takes away,
He takes but what He gave.

- 4 Then ever blessed be his name ;
His goodness swells our store ;
His justice but resumes its own ;
'Tis ours still to adore.

670 *The Lord is my portion.* Lam. iii. 24. C. M.

- 1 No longer far from rest I roam,
And search in vain for bliss ;
My soul is satisfied at home,—
The Lord my portion is.
- 2 Jesus, who on his glorious throne
Rules heaven, and earth, and sea,
Is pleas'd to claim me for his own,
And give Himself to me.
- 3 His person fixes all my love ;
His blood removes my fear ;
And, while He pleads for me above,
His arm preserves me here.
- 4 His word of promise is my food,
His Spirit is my guide :
Thus daily is my strength renew'd,
And all my wants supplied.
- 5 For Him I count as gain each loss,
Disgrace, for Him, renown ;
Well may I glory in his cross,
While He prepares my crown.

671 *The righteousness of, &c.* 2 Cor. v. 21. 6-7s.

- 1 OH ! my soul, the ceaseless song
Still to Jesus' name prolong,—
He my theme, my hope, my joy,
Praise my ev'ry hour employ,
All my breath be spent in praise,
His be all my happy days.
- 2 Join, O earth and heaven ! to bless
Christ the Lord our righteousness ;

Wondrous is the way to bliss,
 Our offence was counted his,
 And his righteousness divine,
 Bless'd believer, all is thine.

3 Lo! in Him complete I shine;
 All his life, his death, is mine;
 Hence, through faith I'm justified;
 Guiltless, since for me he died:
 Free from sin, and more than free,
 Righteous, since He liv'd for me.

4 Burden'd with a world of guilt,
 Man to save, his blood He spilt;
 Bearing sin upon the tree,
 Curs'd He was to make us free:
 Oh the depth of love divine!
 Praise eternal shall be thine.

672 *Why art thou cast down, &c.* Ps. xlii. 5. 8. 7. 4.

- 1 OH! my soul, what means this sadness?
 Wherefore art thou thus cast down?
 Let thy grief be turn'd to gladness,
 Bid thy restless fears be gone:
 Look to Jesus, trust to his defence alone.
- 2 What though Satan's strong temptations
 Press around thee on the way,
 And thy sinful inclinations
 Often fill thee with dismay! [the day.
 Look to Jesus, thou through him shalt gain
- 3 Though ten thousand ills beset thee,
 From without and from within,
 Jesus saith, "I'll ne'er forget thee,
 But will save from death and sin:"
 He is faithful; thou eternal life shalt win.

673 *Narrow is the way.* Matt. vii. 14. C. M.

- 1 OH what a narrow, narrow path
 Is that which leads to life!
 Some talk of works, and some of faith,
 With warmth, and zeal, and strife.

- 2 "I want no work within," says one,
" 'Tis all in Christ, the Head ;"
Thus careless he goes blindly on,
And trusts a faith that's dead.
- 3 " 'Tis dang'rous sure," another cries,
" To trust to faith alone ;
Christ's righteousness will not suffice,
Except I had my own."
- 4 Thus he, that he may something do
To shun th' impending curse,
Upon the old will patch the new,
And make the rent still worse.
- 5 Others affirm the grace of God,
To true believers given,
Makes all their thoughts and acts so good
That these secure them heaven.
- 6 Oh what a blind perversion this,
Which pulls the Saviour down,
And gives our worthless services
The glory and the crown !
- 7 Some would avoid these rocks and shelves,
Exalting Christ in speech,
Yet, never emptied of themselves,
Duties, in Christ's place, teach.
- 8 The tempted soul, at hearing this,
Is fill'd with anxious fear ;
Conscience condemns, corruptions rise,
And drive him near despair.
- 9 But, Lord, who art Thyself the way,
Who once didst feel our fears,
And conquer'dst in temptation's day
With cries, and groans, and tears,—
- 10 Do Thou direct our feeble hearts
To trust Thee for the whole ;
The work of grace, in all its parts,
Accomplish in our soul.
- 11 Thy Holy Ghost within us breathe,
Life, light, and power instil ;

And, through thy gift of saving faith,
Work in us all thy will.

674 *Enoch walked with God.* Gen. v. 22. C. M.

- 1 OH for a closer walk with God,
A calm and heavenly frame ;
A light to shine upon the road
That leads me to the Lamb !
- 2 Where is the blessedness I knew
When first I saw the Lord ?
Where is the soul-refreshing view
Of Jesus, and his word ?
- 3 What peaceful hours I once 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.

675 *Oh that I were as in, &c.* Job xxix. 2. C. M.

- 1 OH that my soul as prosp'rous were
As it has sometimes been,
Devoid of all distracting care
Without, and guilt within !
- 2 There was a time when I could tread
No circle but of love ;
Unhappy soul, that thou hast made
Thy Saviour far remove.

- 3 How sweetly I enjoy'd my God !
 With how divine a frame !
 I thought on ev'ry plant I trod
 I read my Saviour's name.
- 4 Oh ! might those days return again,
 How welcome they should be !
 Shall my petition, Lord, be vain,
 Since grace is ever free ?
- 5 Light of my soul, return, return,
 To chase away this night ;
 Let not thine anger ever burn ;
 Again be my delight.

676

This is my friend. Cant. v. 16.

L. M.

- 1 POOR, weak, and worthless though I am,
 I have a rich almighty friend ;
 Jesus, the Saviour, is his name :
 He freely loves, and without end.
- 2 He ransom'd me from hell with blood,
 And by his power my foes controll'd ;
 He found me wand'ring far from God,
 And brought me to his chosen fold.
- 3 He cheers my heart, my wants supplies,
 And says that I shall shortly be
 Enthron'd with Him above the skies :
 Oh what a friend is Christ to me !
- 4 But, ah ! my inmost spirit mourns,
 And well my eyes with tears may swim,
 To think of my perverse returns ;
 I've been a faithless friend to Him.
- 5 Often my gracious friend I grieve,
 Neglect, distrust, and disobey :
 And often Satan's lies believe,
 Sooner than all my Lord can say.
- 6 Sure, were I not most vile and base,
 I could not thus my friend requite ;
 And, were not He the God of grace,
 He'd frown and spurn me from his sight.

Second **676** *The love of Christ.* Ephes. iii. 19. 8. 8. 6.

- 1 SAVIOUR divine, my joy Thou art,
When shall I find my willing heart
All taken up by Thee?
My thirsty spirit pants to prove
The greatness of redeeming love,
The love of Christ to me.
- 2 Stronger his love than death and hell,
Its riches are unsearchable :
The first-born sons of light
Desire in vain its depths to see ;
They cannot reach the mystery,
The length, and breadth, and height.
- 3 God only knows the love of God :
Oh that it now were shed abroad
In this obdurate heart !
For Thee and for thy love I pine ;
This only portion, Lord, be mine,
Be mine this better part.
- 4 Oh that I could for ever sit,
Like Mary, at my Saviour's feet !
This be my constant choice ;
My chief desire, my highest bliss,
My peace, my heaven on earth is this,
To know and hear his voice.

677 *Trembleth at my word.* Isa. lxvi. 2. S. M.

- 1 SAY, Christian, wouldst thou thrive
In knowledge of the Lord ?
Against no scripture ever strive,
But tremble at his word.
- 2 Revere the sacred page ;
To injure any part
Betrays, with blind and feeble rage,
A hard and haughty heart.
- 3 If aught there dark appear,
Bewail thy want of sight ;

No imperfection can be there,
For all God's words are right.

4 The Scriptures and the Lord
Bear one tremendous name ;
The written and th' incarnate Word
In all things speak the same.

5 For Jesus is the truth,
As well as life and way ;
The two-edg'd sword that's in his mouth,
Shall all proud reas'ners slay.

6 Why dost thou call him Lord,
And what He says resist ?
The soul that stumbles at the word
Offended is at Christ.

7 The thoughts of men are lies ;
The word of God is true :
To bow to that is to be wise ;
Then hear, and fear, and do.

678 *Predestinated to the, &c.* Eph. i. 5, 6. 8. 7. 4.

- 1 Sons we are, through God's election,
Who in Jesus Christ believe :
By eternal destination,
Sov'reign grace we here receive ; [give.
Lord, thy mercy does both grace and glory
- 2 Ev'ry fallen soul by sinning
Merits everlasting pain ;
But thy love without beginning
Has restor'd thy sons again : [reign.
Countless millions shall in life through Jesus
- 3 Pause, my soul, adore, and wonder,
Ask, "Oh why such love to me ?"
Grace hath put me in the number
Of the Saviour's family ;
Hallelujah ! thanks, eternal thanks, to Thee.
- 4 Since that love had no beginning,
And shall never, never cease ;
Keep, oh ! keep me, Lord, from sinning,

Guide me in the way of peace :
Make me walk in all the paths of holiness.

- 5 When in that bless'd habitation
Which my God has fore-ordain'd,
When in glory's full possession,
I with saints and angels stand,
Thy grace only shall for ever have the praise.

679 *This hath touch'd, &c.* Isa. vi. 7. Double 7s.

- 1 SOURCE of light and power divine,
Deign upon thy truth to shine ;
Lord, behold thy servant stands,
Lo! to Thee he lifts his hands ;
Satisfy his soul's desire,
Touch his lip with holy fire. *Source of, &c.*
- 2 Breathe thy Spirit ; so shall fall
Uction sweet upon us all,
Till, by odours scatter'd round,
Christ himself be trac'd and found ;
Then shall ev'ry raptur'd heart
Rich in peace and joy depart. *Source of, &c*

Second **679** *No man can say, &c.* 1 Cor. xii. 3. s. x.

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

- 5 Oh that the world might know
The all-atoning Lamb!
Spirit of faith, descend and show
The virtue of his name.

680

Take not thy Holy Spirit. Ps. li. 11.

L. M.

- 1 STAY injur'd, grieved Spirit, stay,
Though I have done Thee much despise;
Nor cast the sinner quite away,
Nor take thine everlasting flight.
- 2 Though I have steel'd my stubborn heart,
And still suppress'd each guilty fear,
And vex'd and urg'd Thee to depart,
From day to day, and year to year;—
- 3 Though I have most unfaithful been,
Of all who e'er thy grace receiv'd,
Ten thousand times thy goodness seen,
Ten thousand times thy goodness griev'd;—
- 4 Yet, oh! the chief of sinners spare,
In honour of my great High-Priest;
Nor, in thy righteous anger, swear
I shall not see thy people's rest.
- 5 From Satan's snares my soul release;
And raise me by thy gracious hand;
Restore me to the way of peace,
And bring me to the promis'd land.

681

Looking unto Jesus. Heb. xii. 2.

8s. 7s.

- 1 SWEET the moments, rich in blessing,
Which before the cross I spend;
Life, and health, and peace, possessing,
From the sinner's dying friend.
- 2 Truly blessed is this station,
Low before his cross to lie;
While I see divine compassion
Floating in his languid eye.
- 3 Love and grief my heart dividing,
With my tears his feet I'll bathe;

Constant still in faith abiding,
Life deriving from his death.

- 4 May I still enjoy this feeling,
Still to my Redeemer go,
Prove his death each day more healing,
And Himself more fully know.

682

I am thine, &c. Ps. cxix. 94.

8. 8. 6.

- 1 THAT I am thine, my Lord and God,
Sprinkled and ransom'd by thy blood—
Repeat the word once more,
With such an energy and light
That this world's flattery or spite
To shake may ne'er have power.
- 2 From various cares my heart retires,
Though deep and boundless its desires,
I'm now to please but one.
He, before whom the elders bow,
With Him is all my bus'ness now,
And those that are his own.
- 3 See! the dear flock by Jesus drawn,
In bless'd simplicity move on ;
They trust their Shepherd's crook :
Beholders many faults will find,
But they, content with Jesu's mind,
Are written in his book.
- 4 Now then, my way, my truth, my life,
Henceforth let sorrow, doubt, and strife,
Drop off like autumn leaves ;
Henceforth, as privileg'd by Thee,
Simple and undistracted be
My soul, which to Thee cleaves.
- 5 On Thee shall all my cares be laid ;
I cast myself upon thy aid,
A sea where none can sink.
Yea, in that sphere I stand (poor worm!)
Where Thou wilt for thy name perform
Beyond what I can think.

683 *This is my name, &c.* Exodus iii. 15. 6. 8. 4

- 1 THE God of Abra'am praise,
 Who reigns enthron'd above :
 Ancient of everlasting days,
 And God of love.
 Jehovah, Great I AM,
 By earth and heaven confess'd,
 I bow and bless thy sacred name,
 For ever bless'd.
- 2 The God of Abra'am praise,
 At whose supreme command,
 From earth I rise, and seek the joys
 At his right hand.
 I all on earth forsake,
 Its wisdom, fame, and power :
 And Him my only portion make,
 My shield and tower.
- 3 The God of Abra'am praise,
 Whose all-sufficient grace
 Shall guide me all my happy days,
 In all his ways.
 He calls a worm his friend,
 He calls Himself my God ;
 And He shall save me to the end,
 Through Jesu's blood.
- 4 He by Himself hath sworn ;
 I on his oath depend ;
 I shall, on eagle's wings upborne,
 To heaven ascend :
 I shall behold his face,
 I shall his power adore ;
 And sing the wonders of his grace,
 For evermore.

684 *Watch and pray.* Mark xiii. 33. S. M.

- 1 THE praying Spirit breathe ;
 The watching power impart ;

From all entanglements beneath,
Call off my grov'ling heart.

- 2 My sinking soul sustain,
By worldly thoughts oppress'd :
Appear, and bid me turn again
To my eternal rest.

685 *Joy in, &c.* Rom. xiv. 17. Rev. xxii. 1. C. M.

- 1 THE Spirit's grace for ever flows
From the eternal throne
Of God and of the Lamb, a stream,
Clear as the crystal stone.
- 2 This river waters Paradise,
It makes the angels sing ;
The flowing grace revives my heart,
Hence all my joys do spring.
- 3 Such joys as are unspeakable,
And full of glory too ;
Such hidden manna, hidden pearls,
As worldlings do not know.
- 4 Eye hath not seen, nor ear hath heard,
From fancy 'tis conceal'd,
What Thou, Lord, hast laid up for thine
And hast to me reveal'd.
- 5 I see thy face, I hear thy voice,
I taste thy sweetest love ;
My soul doth leap—but oh for wings,
To rise and dwell above !
- 6 Then would I flee, like Noah's dove,
Leaving the world of sin ;
Then should my Lord put forth his hand
And kindly take me in.

686 *Search me, O God!* Ps. cxxxix. 23. 7s.

- 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 Could my heart so hard remain,
Prayer a task and burden prove,
Ev'ry trifle give me pain,
If I knew a Saviour's love?
- 3 When I turn my eyes within,
Oh! how dark, and vain, and wild!
Prone to unbelief and sin,
Can I deem myself a child?
- 4 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?
- 5 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?
- 6 Could I joy his saints to meet,
Choose the ways I once abhorr'd,
Find at times the promise sweet,
If I did not love the Lord?
- 7 Lord, decide the doubtful case;
Thou who art thy people's Sun,
Shine upon thy work of grace,
If it be indeed begun.
- 8 Saviour, let me love Thee more,
If I love at all, I pray:
If I have not lov'd before,
Help me to begin to-day.

687 *Cast all your care, &c.* 1 Peter v. 7.

L. M.

- 1 'Tis not too hard, too high an aim,
Secure thy part in Christ to claim,
By his own Spirit to control
Thy sinful lusts, and cleanse thy soul.
- 2 Nature will raise up all her strife,
Foe to the flesh-abasing life,
Loth in a Saviour's death to share,
Her daily cross compell'd to bear.

- 3 But grace omnipotent at length
 Shall arm the saint with saving strength,
 Through the sharp war with aid attend,
 And his long conflict sweetly end.
- 4 Act but the infant's gentle part,
 Give up to love thy willing heart ;
 No fondest parent's melting breast
 Yearns like thy God's to make thee bless'd.
- 5 The sov'reign Father, good and kind,
 Wants but to have his child resign'd ;
 Wants but thy yielded heart, no more,
 Thee with his richest grace to store.
- 6 Come, backward soul, to God resign :
 Peace, his rich blessing, shall be thine :
 Boldly recumbent on his care,
 Cast thy whole burden only there.

688 *The Comforter which, &c.* John xiv. 26. s. M.

- 1 THOU Comforter divine,
 Let thy bright rays of love
 Amidst our gloom and darkness shine,
 And guide our souls above.
- 2 Draw with thy "still small voice"
 Us from each sinful way ;
 And bid the mourning saint rejoice,
 Though earthly joys decay.
- 3 By thine inspiring breath
 Make ev'ry cloud of care,
 And e'en the gloomy vaie of death,
 A smile of glory wear.
- 4 Oh fill Thou ev'ry heart
 With love to all our race !
 Great Comforter, to us impart
 The fulness of thy grace.

689 *Thou wilt guide, &c.* Ps. lxxiii. 24. 7. 7. 4.

- 1 THOU who didst for Peter's faith
 Kindly condescend to pray ;

Thou whose loving-kindness hath
Kept me to the present day,
Kind conductor, still direct my devious way.

2 When a tempting world in view
Gains upon my yielding heart,
When its pleasures I pursue,
Then one look of pity dart ; [impart.
Teach me pleasures which the world can ne'er

3 When with horrid thoughts profane
Satan would my soul invade,
When he calls religion vain,
Mighty Victor, be my aid ;—
Send thy Spirit ; bid me conflict undismay'd.

4 When my unbelieving fear
Makes me think myself too vile,
When the legal curse I hear,
Cheer me with a gospel smile ;
Or, if hiding, hide Thee only for a while.

PART 2.

690 *Thou wilt guide, &c. Ps. lxxiii. 24. 7. 7. 4.*

1 WHILE I sit beneath thy word,
At thy table cold and dead,
When I cannot see my Lord,
All my little day-light fled,
Sun of glory, beam again around my head.

2 When thy statutes I forsake,
When my graces dimly shine,
When my covenant I break,
Jesus, then remember thine :
Check my wand'rings, by a look of love divine.

3 Then if heav'nly dews distil,
And my views are bright and clear,
While I sit on Zion's hill,
Temper joy with holy fear ; [near.
Keep me watchful ; safe alone when Thou art

4 When afflictions cloud my sky,
When the tide of sorrow flows ;

When thy rod is lifted high,
 Let me on thy love repose; [blows.
 Stay thy rough wind, when thy chilling eastern

PART 3.

691 *And afterward, &c.* Ps. lxxiii. 24. 7. 7. 4.

- 1 **WHEN** the vale of death appears,
 Faint and cold this mortal clay,
 Kind fore-runner, soothe my fears,
 Light me through the darksome way;
 Break the shadows; usher in eternal day.
- 2 Starting from this dying state,
 Upward bid my soul aspire;
 Open Thou the crystal gate,
 To thy praise attune my lyre;
 Dwell for ever; dwell on each immortal wire.
- 3 From the sparkling turrets there,
 Oft I'll trace my pilgrim way;
 Often bless thy guardian care,
 Fire by night and cloud by day;
 While my triumphs at my leader's feet I lay.
- 4 And when mighty trumpets blown
 Shall the judgment's dawn proclaim,
 From the central burning throne,
 Mid creation's final flame, [name.
 With the ransom'd, Judge and Saviour, own my

692 *I thank God through, &c.* Rom. vii. 25. s. m.

- 1 **THOUGH** void of all that's good,
 And very, very poor;
 Through Christ I hope to be renew'd,
 And live for evermore.
- 2 I view my own bad heart,
 And see such evils there,
 The sight with horror makes me start,
 And tempts me to despair.
- 3 Then with a single eye
 I look to Christ alone;

And on his righteousness rely,
Though I myself have none.

- 4 He's too my watchful guide ;
I trust to Him alone,
No other help have I beside ;
I venture all on one.

693 *Remember all the way, &c. Deut. viii. 2. L. M.*

- 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 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.
- 3 Is this, dear Lord, the thorny road
Which leads me to the mount of God ?
Are these the toils thy people know,
While in the wilderness below ?
- 4 '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.

694 *I will love them freely. Hosea. xiv. 4. L. M.*

- 1 **THY** love, O Lord ! is great and free,
Else it had never reach'd to me ;
Had there been limits to thy grace,
I never could behold thy face.
- 2 Thy mercy found me as I stray'd
In error's deep and deadly shade ;
And led me till the glorious light
Of truth was open'd to my sight.
- 3 I struggled long my sins to keep ;
My conscience wish'd to be asleep ;
But still renew'd convictions rose,
And broke my dangerous repose.

- 4 Yet, though I could not ease my grief,
I scorn'd thy offers of relief,
And thought that with increasing care
My errors I might yet repair.
- 5 But all my efforts were in vain,
Nor rest nor comfort could I gain ;
Thy love destroy'd the schemes I plann'd,
And marr'd the labours of my hand.
- 6 By frequent disappointments cross'd,
At length my confidence was lost ;
And 'rest of every selfish plea,
I saw that Christ had died for me.
- 7 Bless'd be thy name, for ever bless'd,
Whose grace hath sooth'd my fears to rest ;
Oh ! let me find in Jesus' love
My hope on earth, my heaven above.

695

Cease ye from man. Isa. ii. 22.

C. M.

- 1 UNCERTAIN how the way to find
Which to salvation led,
I listen'd long, with anxious mind,
To hear what others said.
- 2 When some of joys and comforts told,
I fear'd that I was wrong ;
For I was stupid, dead, and cold,
Had neither joy nor song.
- 3 The Lord my lab'ring heart reliev'd,
And made my burden light ;
Then for a moment I believ'd,
Supposing all was right.
- 4 Of fierce temptations others talk'd,
Of anguish and dismay,
Through what distresses they had walk'd,
Before they found the way.
- 5 Ah ! then I thought my hopes were vain,
For I had liv'd at ease ;
I wish'd for all my fears again,
To make me more like these.

- 6 I had my wish ; the Lord disclos'd
The evils of my heart,
And left my naked soul expos'd
To Satan's fiery dart.
- 7 "Alas ! I now must give it up,"
I cried in deep despair :
How could I dream of drawing hope
From what I cannot bear ?
- 8 Jesus again my peace restor'd,
And freed from doubts my breast ;
Henceforth I'd simply trust his word,
And leave to Him the rest.

Second 695 *Not worthy, &c.* Gen. xxxii. 10. S. M.

- 1 UNWORTHY, Lord, of all
Thy mercies, though we be,
Yet for the greatest we may call,
The greatest are most free.
- 2 Thy Son Thou didst not spare,
Yet us Thou sparest still ;
Him didst Thou send our guilt to bear,
Our righteousness fulfil.
- 3 For such amazing grace,
What can poor sinners give ?
At thy command we seek thy face,
We meet our Judge and live.
- 4 The world we would forsake,
Our all to Thee resign ;
Oh save us, for thy mercies' sake !
Oh save us !—we are thine.
- 5 Meanwhile, as pilgrims here,
Who seek our home above,
Thee may we serve with holy fear
And love with child-like love.

696 *The world is, &c.* Gal. vi. 14. 7. 6. 8.

- 1 VAIN delusive world, adieu,
With all of creature good ;

Only Jesus I'd pursue,
 Who bought me with his blood ;
 All thy pleasures I'd forego,
 And forsake thy wealth and pride,
 Only Jesus would I know,
 And Jesus crucified.

2 Other knowledge is but vain ;
 May Christ my wisdom be ;
 Christ, the Son of God, was slain,
 He tasted death for me ;
 He will save from endless woe ;
 His arms for me are open wide ;
 To Him only would I go,
 To Jesus crucified.

3 Him to know is life and peace,
 And pleasure without end ;
 This be all my happiness,
 On Jesus to depend.
 Daily in his grace to grow,
 And ever in his love abide ;
 Only Jesus would I know,
 And Jesus crucified.

697 *Enoch walked with God.* Gen. v. 24. G. M.

- 1 WALK with thy God.—A sinner walk
 With the Almighty God !
 Yes, this may be my happy state,
 Brought nigh by Jesu's blood.
- 2 Walk then with God—in Christ He's mine,
 And I his own dear child ;
 By faith I see this Father near,
 Holy, yet reconcil'd.
- 3 Walk then with God—be this each hour
 My privileg'd employ ;
 O Holy Ghost, within me dwell,
 And ever give this joy.
- 4 Walk then with God, and from the world
 And sinners' ways depart,

Which hide from Him who grace bestows,
And says, "Give me thy heart."

- 5 Walk then with God, whose word and works
His truth and love bring near ;
His providence shall guide my ways,
His grace makes all things clear.
- 6 Walk then with God—when danger's near,
And troubles gather round ;
Cling closer still, all works for good,
And mercies shall abound.
- 7 Walk then with God—when foes withstand
My leader still is nigh,
Strong in the Lord, and in his might,
My foes shall vanquish'd fly.
- 8 Walk then with God—though Lord of all,
My nearest friend He is,
On Him I lean, and cast my cares ;
Oh what a friendship this !
- 9 Walk then with God, and patient wait,
Till faith be chang'd for sight ;
Then shall I see God face to face,
My portion, praise, delight.

698

What think ye, &c. Matt. xxii. 42.

8s.

- 1 WHAT think you of Christ—is the test
To try both your state and your scheme ;
You cannot be right in the rest,
Unless you think rightly of Him ;
As Jesus appears in your view,
As He is beloved or not,
So God is disposed to you,
And mercy or wrath is your lot.
- 2 Some take Him a creature to be,
A man, or an angel at most ;
Sure these have not feelings like me,
Nor know themselves wretched and lost :
So guilty and helpless am I,
I durst not confide in his blood,

Nor on his protection rely,
Unless I were sure He is God.

- 3 Some call Him a Saviour in word,
But mix their own works with his plan,
And hope He his help will afford,
When they have done all that they can.
Some style Him the pearl of great price,
And say He's the fountain of joys,
Yet feed upon folly and vice,
And cleave to the world and its toys
- 4 If ask'd what of Jesus I think
(If He graciously give me the power),
I'll say He's my meat and my drink,
My life, and my strength, and my store,
My shepherd, my husband, my friend,
My Saviour from sin and from thrall,
My hope from beginning to end,
My portion, my Lord, and my all.

Second **698** *Lead me to the Rock, &c.* Ps. lxi. 2. 8s.

- 1 **WHAT** a dream was I formerly in,
When thinking the conflict was o'er,
Supposing that crucified sin
Would struggle and plague me no more!
- 2 How soon I awoke in alarm,
And found myself wholly depriv'd!
I fled to my Saviour's strong arm;
He pitied, deliver'd, and sav'd.
- 3 The more my corruptions annoy,
The more I solicit his aid;
And nothing can lessen my joy,
While on Him by faith I am stay'd.
- 4 My ruin endears Him to me:
When empty, his fulness I prize;
My danger to Him makes me flee;
When hungry, my want He supplies.
- 5 All over defil'd and undone,
At the feet of my Saviour I fall,

And trust in his merits alone,
My surety, my life, and my all.

Third **698** *The good that I, &c.* Rom. vii. 19. L. M.

- 1 **WHAT** means this conflict in my heart,
In which both grace and sin take part ?
Both seem resolv'd in me to reign,
And both a daily war maintain.
- 2 Grace bids me seek the Lord by prayer ;
Sin almost drives me to despair :
Grace bids me rise by heavenly birth ;
Sin drags me downward to the earth.
- 3 Grace makes me love the saints of God,
His house, his service, and his word ;
But sin in ev'ry place has tried
To turn my wand'ring heart aside.
- 4 Grace gives me views of heavenly joys,
But sin my happiness annoys ;
Though sin, O Lord ! would hold me fast,
Thy grace shall conquer sin at last.

699 *I hid my face from, &c.* Isa. liv. 7. L. M.

- 1 **WHEN** darkness long has veil'd my mind,
And smiling day once more appears,
Then, my Redeemer, then I find
The folly of my doubts and fears.
- 2 Straight I upbraid my wand'ring heart,
And blush that I should ever be
Thus prone to act so base a part,
Or harbour one hard thought of Thee.
- 3 Oh ! let me then at length be taught,
What I am still so slow to learn,
That God is love, and changes not,
Nor knows the shadow of a turn.
- 4 Sweet truth, and easy to repeat :
But, when my faith is sharply tried,
I find myself a learner yet,
Unskilful, weak, and apt to slide.

5 But Oh! my Lord, one look from Thee
Subdues the disobedient will,
Drives doubt and discontent away,
And thy rebellious worm is still.

6 Thou art as ready to forgive
As I am ready to repine ;
Thou, therefore, all the praise receive ;
Be shame and self-abhorrence mine.

700 *Touched with a feeling, &c.* Heb. iv. 15. 113th M.

1 WHEN gath'ring clouds around I view,
And days are dark, and friends are few,
On Him I lean who not in vain
Experienc'd ev'ry human pain ;
He sees my wants, allays my fears,
And counts and treasures up my tears.

2 When aught shall tempt my soul to stray
From heavenly wisdom's narrow way,
To shun the precept's holy light,
Or quit my hold on Jesu's might,
May He, who felt temptation's power,
Still guard me in that dang'rous hour.

3 And oh! when I have safely past
Through ev'ry conflict but the last,
Still Lord, unchanging, watch beside
My dying bed, for Thou hast died ;
Then point to realms of cloudless day,
And wipe the latest tear away.

701 *I know whom I have, &c.* 2 Tim. i. 12. C. M.

1 WHEN I can read my title clear
To mansions in the skies,
I bid farewell to ev'ry fear,
And wipe my weeping eyes.

2 Should earth against my soul engage,
And fiery darts be hurl'd,
Then I can smile at Satan's rage,
And face a frowning world.

3 Let cares like a wild deluge come,
 And storms of sorrow fall,
 May I but safely reach my home,
 My God, my heaven, my all.

4 There, anchor'd safe, my weary soul
 Shall find eternal rest,
 Nor storms shall beat, nor billows roll,
 Nor fears assail my breast.

702

In me is thine help. Hosea xiii. 9. C. M.

1 WHEN most we need his helping hand,
 The Lord is always near ;
 With heaven and earth at his command,
 He waits to answer prayer.

2 His love no bound nor measure knows,
 Time cannot turn its course ;
 Unchangeably the same, it flows
 From one eternal source.

3 When darkness seems to veil his face,
 And clouds surround his throne,
 He hides the purpose of his grace,
 To make it better known.

4 And, when our dearest comforts fall
 Before his sov'reign will,
 He still to us is all in all ;
 Himself He gives us still.

703

Thou in faithfulness, &c. Ps. cxix. 75. 8. 7. 7.

1 WHEN the Lord rebukes his servant,
 'Tis to save, and not destroy :
 'Tis to make my spirit fervent :
 'Tis to give me real joy :
 'Tis to make me better know
 That my rest is not below.

2 Shall I then repine at trials,
 By my Father's love decreed ?
 What if God had pour'd the vials
 Of his wrath upon my head !
 Death of sin the wages is :
 All is mercy short of this.

4 Though we all have sinned, Jesus for us died,
 All things thus are giv'n us, God is on our side ;
 E'en our sharpest griefs are messages of love :
 Be patient, yea be joyful, raise your hearts
 above.

Third **703** *The steps of a good, &c.* Ps. xxxvii. 23. L. M.

- 1 WHILE passing through the wilderness,
 Full of temptations and distress ;
 What comfort does the thought afford,
 " Our steps are order'd by the Lord !"
- 2 Though disappointments oft abound,
 And sorrows may our souls surround,
 We gain relief from this sweet word,
 " Our steps are order'd by the Lord."
- 3 Though Jesus sometimes hides his face,
 And darkness overspreads our ways ;
 Oh, 'tis a soul-reviving word,
 " Our steps are order'd by the Lord."
- 4 Soon shall we reach that land of joy
 Where pleasures are without alloy ;
 And there, with gratitude, record,
 " Our steps were order'd by the Lord."

704 *Christ all and in all.* Ephes. i. 23. 113th M.

- 1 WHY should I fear the darkest hour,
 Or tremble at the tempter's power ?
 Jesus vouchsafes to be my tower.
 I know not what may soon betide,
 Or how my want shall be supplied ;
 But Jesus knows and will provide.
- 2 Though sin would fill me with distress,
 The throne of grace I dare address,
 For Jesus is my righteousness.
 Though faint my prayer, and cold my love,
 My steadfast hope shall not remove,
 While Jesus intercedes above.

705 *The earnest of our, &c.* Ephes. i. 14. C. M.

- 1 WHY should the children of a king
 Go mourning all their days ?

Great Comforter, descend, and bring
Some token of thy grace.

2 Dost Thou not dwell in all the saints,
And seal the heirs of heaven ?
When wilt Thou banish my complaints,
And show my sins forgiven ?

3 Assure my conscience of her part
In the Redeemer's blood ;
And bear thy witness with my heart,
That I am born of God.

706 *They that seek the Lord.* Ps. xxxiv. 10. 104th M.

1 YE lambs of Christ's fold, ye weak in his faith,
Who long to lay hold on life by his death,
Who fain would believe Him, and in your
best room

Would gladly receive Him, but fear to presume,

2 Remember one thing, oh may it sink deep !
Our shepherd and King cares much for his
sheep ;

To trust Him endeavour, the work is his own ;
He makes the believer, and gives him his
crown.

3 Those feeble desires, those wishes so weak,
'Tis Jesus inspires, and bids you still seek ;
His Spirit will cherish the life He first gave ;
You never shall perish, if Jesus can save.

4 Proud lions that boast, when youthful and
strong,

Soon find to their cost self-confidence wrong ;
Tormented with hunger, they feel their
strength vain, [pain.

For famine is stronger, and gnaws them with

5 But lambs are preserv'd, though helpless in
kind ;

When lions are starv'd, *they* nourishment find ;
Their shepherd upholds them, when faint, in
his arms, [them from harms.

And feeds them, and folds them, and guards

6 Blest soul, that can say, "Christ only I seek;"
 Wait for Him alway: be constant though weak:
 The Lord whom Thou seekest will not tarry
 long;

And to Him the weakest is dear as the strong.

707 *They shall not be, &c. Isa. xlix. 23.* S. M.

- 1 YOUR harps, ye trembling saints,
 Down from the willows take;
 Loud to the praise of Christ our Lord,
 Bid ev'ry string awake.
- 2 Though in a foreign land,
 We are not far from home;
 And nearer to our house above
 We ev'ry moment come.
- 3 His grace shall to the end
 Stronger and brighter shine;
 Nor present things, nor things to come,
 Shall quench the spark divine.
- 4 The time of love will come,
 When we shall clearly see,
 Not only that He shed his blood,
 But each shall say, "for me."
- 5 Tarry his leisure, then,
 Wait the appointed hour;
 Wait till the Bridegroom of your souls
 Reveal his love with power.
- 6 Bless'd is the man, O God!
 That stays himself on Thee:
 Who waits for thy salvation, Lord,
 Shall thy salvation see.

Second **707** *A refiner's fire. Mal. iii. 2.* P. M.

- 1 FATHER, in the name I pray
 Of thy Incarnate Love;
 Humbly ask that as my day
 My suff'ring strength may prove:
 When my sorrows most increase
 Let my strongest joys be given;
 Jesus come with my distress
 And agony is heaven.

- 2 Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
 For good remember me,—
 Me whom Thou hast caus'd to trust
 For more than life on Thee :
 With me in the fire remain
 Till like burnish'd gold I shine ;
 Meet, through consecrated pain,
 To see the face divine.

Third **707** *Commune with your, &c.* Ps. iv. 4. L. M.

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

Fourth **707** *When the poor, &c.* Isa. xli. 17. L. M.

- 1 O THOU great Fountain ! full and free
 Communicate thy grace to me ;
 To me that sacred treasure give
 Which makes the dying sinner live.
- 2 To my poor thirsty barren heart
 Thy sanctifying grace impart ;
 Diffuse thy plenteous streams around,
 To water all the parched ground.
- 3 To Thee, O let my soul aspire,
 As on the wings of pure desire ;

Let love within my bosom glow,
And steady faith with vigour grow.

4 Let fervent zeal, and lively hope,
And patience bear my courage up :
Let sacred peace and joy divine
Sweetly prevail and reign within.

5 Thus shall my graces ne'er decay,
But flourish to eternal day :
Till heavenly love complete the plan,
And glory crown what grace began.

XXII. Concluding Hymns.

708 *Blessed be his, &c.* Ps. lxxii. 19. L. M.

BLESSINGS for ever to the Lamb,
Who bore for us our sin and shame :
Let the whole world his praise repeat,
Let angels worship at his feet.

709 *Honour and glory, &c.* Rev. v. 13. L. M.

GLORY, honour, praise, and power,
Be unto the Lamb for ever ;
Jesus Christ is our Redeemer,
Hallelujah ! praise ye the Lord.

710 *I will instruct thee.* Ps. xxxii. 8. P. M.

GRANT us, Lord, thy gracious presence,
While we worship at thy throne ;
Teach our souls important lessons—
Lessons learn'd of Thee alone ;
While we pray, and sing, and hear,
In the midst do Thou appear,
Sin reproving, fear removing ;
Light to all our minds impart ;
Love convey to ev'ry heart.

Second 710 *O Lord, revive, &c.* Hab. iii. 2. 8. 7. 4.

1 SAVIOUR, visit thy plantation,
Grant us, Lord, a gracious rain ;
All will come to desolation,
Unless Thou return again : [Thee.
Lord, revive us ; all our help must come from

- 2 Keep no longer at a distance,
 Shine upon us from on high,
 Lest for want of thine assistance
 Ev'ry plant should droop and die. *Lord, &c.*
- 3 Blessed Saviour, hasten hither,
 Thou canst quicken all again,
 O permit us not to wither,
 Let not all our hopes be vain. *Lord, &c.*
- 4 Let our mutual love be fervent,
 Make us prevalent in prayers ;
 Let each one esteem'd thy servant [*&c.*
 Shun the world's bewitching snares. *Lord,*
- 5 Break the tempter's fatal power,
 Turn the stony heart to flesh,
 And begin from this good hour
 To revive thy work afresh. *Lord, &c.*

711 *Looking unto Jesus.* Heb. xii. 2. 104th M.

- 1 How glorious the Lamb is seen on the throne !
 His labours are o'er, his conquests are won :
 A kingdom is given into the Lamb's hand,
 In earth and in heaven for ever to stand.
- 2 Ye sinners below, then trust in the Lord :
 Look up to his arm, his honour, his word :
 Athirst for his favour, his Godhead adore ;
 Look up to your Saviour ; rejoice evermore.

712 *The grace of our, &c.* 2 Cor. xiii. 14. 8s. 7s.

MAY the grace of Christ our Saviour,
 And the Father's boundless love,
 With the Holy Spirit's favour,
 Rest upon us from above.
 Thus may we abide in union
 With each other and the Lord,
 And possess, in sweet communion,
 Joys this earth cannot afford.

713 *The grace of our, &c.* 2 Cor. xiii. 14. 8s. 7s.

MAY we share the Saviour's blessing,
 And the Father's mercy prove,

Let the Spirit be possessing
 Ev'ry heart, in peace and love.
 May we live, O God! before Thee,
 In true fellowship combin'd :
 May we love Thee, and adore Thee,
 Heart and body, soul and mind.

714 *Shout unto God, &c.* Ps. cxlvii. 1. 5. 6. 9.

'Tis pleasant to sing
 The sweet praise of our King,
 As here in the valley we move ;
 'Twill be pleasanter still
 When we stand on the hill,
 And give thanks to our Saviour above.

715 *All things are now ready.* Luke xiv. 17. L. M.

- 1 SINNERS, obey the gospel-word,
 Haste to the supper of your Lord ;
 Be wise to know your gracious day :
 All things are ready, come away.
- 2 Ready the Father is to own
 And kiss his late-returning son :
 Ready the pard'ning Saviour stands,
 And spreads for you his gracious hands.
- 3 Ready the Spirit of his love
 Just now the stony heart to move,
 T' apply and witness with the blood,
 And wash and seal you sons of God.
- 4 Ready for you the angels wait,
 To triumph in your bless'd estate :
 Tuning their harps, they long to praise
 The wonders of redeeming grace.
- 5 Come then, ye sinners, to your Lord,
 To happiness in Christ restor'd ;
 His proffer'd benefits embrace,
 And taste the fulness of his grace.

Second **715** *Ye are come unto, &c.* Heb. xii. 22. C. M.

- 1 COME let us join our friends above,
 Who have obtain'd the prize ;

And on the wings of sacred love
To joys celestial rise.

- 2 Let saints below in concert sing
With those to Jesus gone ;
For all the servants of our King
In heaven and earth are one.

- 3 Jesus, thy glorious name we praise
For grace already given ;
Thy power our sleeping dust shall raise,
And bring us safe to heaven.

716 *Show me a token, &c.* Ps. lxxxvi. 17. P. M.

OF thy love some gracious token,
Grant us, Lord, before we go ;
Bless the word which has been spoken ;
Life and peace on all bestow ;
When we join the world again,
Let our hearts with Thee remain :
Oh direct us, and protect us,
Till we gain the heavenly shore,
Where thy people want no more.

717 *The peace of God, &c.* Phil. iv. 7. L. M.

- 1 THE peace which God alone reveals,
And by his word of grace imparts,
Which only the believer feels,
Direct, and keep, and cheer our hearts.

- 2 And may the Holy Three in One,
The Father, Word, and Comforter,
Pour an abundant blessing down
On ev'ry soul assembled here.

718 *Kept by the power, &c.* 1 Pet. i. 5. L. M.

- 1 JESUS, my all, my highest good,
Who hast redeem'd me with thy blood,
When confidence in Thee I place,
My soul is fill'd with joy and peace.
- 2 Where should I turn, or how Thee leave ?
Jesus, to Thee my mind doth cleave ;

With Thee my heart hath always found
True counsel, comfort, help, abound.

- 3 All who possess true faith and love,
This daily, by experience, prove,
That they who simply put their trust
In Jesus Christ, can ne'er be lost.
- 4 None can be so o'erwhelm'd with grief,
But he, in Christ, may find relief;
All misery, however great,
His comforts can alleviate.
- 5 O Lord, preserve me sound in faith;
Thine let me be in life and death:
May nothing pluck me from thy hand;
Lead me in safety to the end.

Second **718** *I will bring, &c.* Isa. xliii. 16. C. M.

- 1 PRAISE to the God of light and love,
Who gives the blind their sight,
And scatters round their wond'ring eyes
A flood of sacred light.
- 2 In paths unknown He leads them on
To his divine abode,
And shows new miracles of grace,
Through all the heavenly road.
- 3 And in his paths we'll sing his name,
Till we the mount ascend,
Where toils and storms are known no more,
And praise shall never end.

Third **718** *Every creature, &c.* Rev. v. 13. C. M.

- 1 COME let us all unite to praise
The Saviour of mankind;
Our thankful hearts in solemn lays
Be with our voices join'd.
- 2 O Lord, we cannot silent be;
By love we are constrain'd
To offer our best thanks to Thee,
Our Saviour and our friend.

- 3 Should we through fear or shame refrain,
The very stones would sing,
And tell the universal reign
Of our immortal King.
- 4 Let ev'ry tongue thy goodness show,
And spread abroad thy fame ;
Let ev'ry heart with praise o'erflow ;
And bless thy wondrous name.
- 5 Worship and honour, thanks and love,
Be to our Saviour given,
By men below, by saints above,
By all in earth and heaven.

719

Received the atonement. Rom. v. 11. 7s. 6s.

LORD Jesus, thy atonement
Be ever new to us,
Grant we may ev'ry moment
In spirit view thy cross :
In times of dark temptation,
Oh! keep our garments pure ;
From sin's infatuation
Preserve us by thy power.

720

They made light of it. Matt. xxii. 5. 1. M

LORD, may not one among us be,
Who trifles with his call of grace ;
None who believes not heartily
In Thee, the Lord our righteousness ;
But grant that, prompted by thy love.
We all to Thee may faithful prove.

Second 720

Concluding verse to 161. 8. 7. 4

MUSING on my habitation,
Musing on my heavenly home,
Fills my soul with holy longing :
Come, my Jesus, quickly come.
Here vanity is all I see,
Lord, I long to be with Thee.

XXIII. **Doxologies.**

721

S. M.

GIVE to the Father praise,
Give glory to the Son,
And to the Spirit of his grace
Be equal honour done

722

G. M.

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

723

C. M.

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

724

C. M.

- 1 THE God of mercy be ador'd,
Who calls our souls from death;
Who saves by his redeeming word,
And new-creating breath.
- 2 To praise the Father, and the Son,
And Spirit, all divine,
The One in Three, the Three in One,
Let saints and angels join.

725

C. M.

- 1 To God, our Benefactor, bring
The tribute of your praise;
Too small for an almighty King,
But all that we can raise.
- 2 Glory to Thee, bless'd Three in One,
The God whom we adore;
As was, and is, and shall be done,
When time shall be no more.

726

7s.

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

727

L. M.

PRAISE God, from whom all blessings flow,
Praise Him, all creatures here below,

Praise Him above, ye heavenly host,
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

728

8. 6. 8.

- 1 To God, who chose us in his Son,
Ere time its course began ;
To Christ, who left his radiant throne,
And died for wretched man ;
To God the Spirit, who applies
The Lamb's atoning sacrifice ;—
- 2 To the eternal equal Three,
The undivided One,
Let saints and angels both agree
To give the praise alone ;
In earth, in heaven, by all ador'd,
The holy, holy, Lord.

729

As 113th.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
To God whom heaven's triumphant host,
And suffering saints on earth adore,
Be glory as in ages past,
As now it is, and so shall last,
When time itself shall be no more.

730

As 148th.

To God, the Father, Son,
And Spirit ever bless'd,
Eternal Three in One,
All worship be address'd :
As heretofore it was, is now,
And shall be so, for evermore.

731

7s.

HOLY, holy, holy Lord,
Ever be thy name ador'd,
Thee to laud in hymns divine,
Saints above and angels join ;
We with them our voices raise,
Echoing thine eternal praise,
With adoring rapture cry,
Glory be to God most high.

732

The following Chorus to No. 296 is adapted to the tune
to which that hymn is sung.

HALLELUJAH, hallelujah,
Hallelujah, Amen,

x 2

Amen, Amen, Hallelujah,
Hallelujah, Amen.

XXIV. *Hosannas.*

733

Hosanna to the Son, &c. Matt. xxi. 9. L. M.

- 1 **HOSANNA** to king David's Son,
Who reigns on a superior throne ;
We bless the Prince of heavenly birth
Who brings salvation down to earth.
- 2 Let ev'ry nation, ev'ry age,
In this delightful work engage ;
Old men and babes in Zion sing
The growing glories of her King.

473

Hosanna to the Son, &c. Matt. xxi 9. C. M.

- 1 **HOSANNA** to the Prince of grace ;
Zion, behold thy King ;
Proclaim the Son of David's race,
And teach the babes to sing.
- 2 Hosanna to th' incarnate Word,
Who from the Father came ;
Ascribe salvation to the Lord,
With blessings on his name.

XXV. *Children's Hymns.*

735

In sickness. L. M.

- 1 **ALMIGHTY** God, I'm very ill,
But cure me if it be thy will,
For Thou canst take away my pain,
And make me strong and well again.
- 2 Let me be patient ev'ry day,
And still look up to Thee and pray ;
And grant that all I have to take
May do me good, for Jesus' sake.
- 3 Lord let this illness be for good ;
Lead me to trust in Jesus' blood ;
And should I live, or should I die,
Still may my Saviour Christ be nigh.

736

An Evening Song. C. M.

- 1 **AND** now another day is gone,
I'll sing my Maker's praise ;
My comforts ev'ry hour make known
His providence and grace.
- 2 But how my childhood runs to waste !
My sins, how great their sum !

- ♣ Lord, give me pardon for the past;
 And strength for days to come.
- 3 I lay my body down to sleep,
 Let angels guard my head;
 And, through the hours of darkness, keep
 Their watch around my bed.
- 4 With cheerful heart I close mine eyes,
 Since Thou wilt not remove;
 And, in the morning, let me rise
 Rejoicing in thy love.

737

A general song of praise to God.

C. M.

- 1 How glorious is our heavenly King,
 Who reigns above the sky!
 How shall a child presume to sing
 His dreadful majesty!
- 2 How great his power is, none can tell,
 Nor think how large his grace;
 Not men below, nor saints that dwell
 On high before his face.
- 3 Not angels that stand round the Lord
 Can search his secret will;
 But they perform his heavenly word,
 And sing his praises still.
- 4 Then let me join this holy train,
 And my first off'rings bring;
 Since Jesus once did not disdain
 To hear the children sing.
- 5 Help me then, Lord, my heart to raise,
 That angels may rejoice,
 To hear their mighty Maker's praise
 Sound from a feeble voice.

738

The ways of Christ pleasant.

L. M.

- 1 How pleasant for a child to sing
 The goodness of his God and King,
 Who lives above the stars of light,
 In everlasting glory bright!
- 2 He'll stoop to hear a youthful tongue
 Address Him in a humble song,
 And praise Him for health, food, and friends,
 And all the good his mercy sends.
- 3 Though wicked children should each day
 Neglect to sing and never pray,
 My soul, O Lord! with grace endue
 That I may better ways pursue.

- 4 Oh may I walk in Jesus' ways !
 He'll bless my youth and crown my days,
 And lead me in a pleasant road,
 To heaven, to glory, and to God.

739 *About Jesus Christ, who died for Sinners.* L. M.

- 1 JESUS, who liv'd above the sky,
 Came down to be a man, and die ;
 And in the Bible we may see
 How very good He us'd to be.
- 2 He went about, He was so kind,
 To cure poor people who were blind ;
 And many who were sick and lame
 He pitied them and did the same.
- 3 And more than that ; He told them too
 The things that God would have them do ;
 And was so gentle and so mild,
 He would have listen'd to a child.
- 4 But such a cruel death He died,
 He was hung up, and crucified :
 And those kind hands that did such good,
 They nail'd them to a cross of wood.
- 5 And so He died !—and this is why
 He came to be a man and die ;
 The Bible says, He came from heaven,
 That we might have our sins forgiven.
- 6 He knew how wicked men had been,
 And knew that God must punish sin ;
 So, out of pity, Jesus said
 He'd bear the punishment instead.
- 7 Now God will pardon those who pray,
 And hate their sins, and turn away ;
 But wicked folks, who do not care,
 We know that such He cannot bear.

740

Prayer to Jesus Christ.

7a.

- 1 JESUS, Saviour, Son of God,
 Who for me on earth once trod,
 Who for me became a child,
 Make me humble, meek, and mild.
- 2 I thy little lamb would be ;
 Jesus, I would follow Thee ;
 And like Samuel of old
 I would live within thy fold.
- 3 Dearest Saviour, make me thine,
 Bid thy Spirit on me shine,

- Take my weak and sinful heart,
Let it not from Thee depart.
- 4 Teach me how to pray to Thee,
Make me holy, heavenly,
Let me love what Thou dost love,
Let me live with Thee above.

741

Praise for the gospel.

L. M

- 1 LORD, I ascribe it to thy grace,
To Thee the praise is wholly due,
That I was born of Christian race,
And not a heathen or a Jew.
- 2 What would the ancient Jewish kings
And Jewish prophets once have given,
Could they have heard those glorious things
Which Christ reveal'd and brought from heaven !
- 3 Glad would the heathens too have been,
That worshipp'd idols, wood and stone,
If they the book of God had seen,
And Jesus and his gospel known.
- 4 Then, if this gospel I refuse,
How shall I e'er lift up mine eyes !
For all the Gentiles and the Jews
Against me will in judgment rise.

742

Prayer for grace.

C. M.

- 1 LORD, teach a little child to pray,
Thy grace betimes impart,
And grant thy Holy Spirit may
Renew my infant heart.
- 2 A helpless creature I was born,
And from the womb I stray'd,
I must be wretched and forlorn
Without thy mercy's aid.
- 3 But Christ can all my sins forgive,
And wash away their stain,
And fit my soul with Him to live,
And in his kingdom reign.
- 4 To Him let little children come,
For He hath said they may ;
His bosom then shall be their home,
Their tears He'll wipe away.
- 5 For all who early seek his face
Shall surely taste his love ;
Jesus shall guide them by his grace,
To dwell with Him above.

743

A Morning Song.

C. M.

- 1 MY God, who makes the sun to know
His proper hour to rise ;
And, to give light to all below,
Doth send him round the skies.
- 2 When, from the chambers of the east,
His morning race begins,
He never tires, nor stops to rest ;
But round the world he shines.
- 3 So, like the sun, would I fulfil
The bus'ness of the day ;
Begin my work betimes, and still
Go on my heavenly way.
- 4 Give me, O Lord ! thy early grace,
Nor let my soul complain
That the young morning of my days
Has all been spent in vain.

744

About Repenting.

148th M.

- 1 SINCE Jesus Christ was sent
To save us from our sin
And teach us to repent ;
Let us at once begin
To pray He would instruct us how
To seek and find repentance now.
- 2 He says He loves to see
A broken-hearted one ;
That is, that we should be
Asham'd of what we've done,
And sorry from our inmost heart
For acting this ungrateful part.
- 3 'Tis not enough to say
" We're sorry and repent,"
And go from day to day
Just as we always went ;
For real repentance is to leave
Our wicked ways, as well as grieve.
- 4 And, when we hear and read
That Jesus died for us ;
We ought to mourn indeed
For having griev'd Him thus :
But such repentance comes from God,
The Saviour bought it with his blood.

745

The Little Pilgrim.

C. M.

- 1 THERE is a path that leads to God,
All others go astray ;

- Narrow but pleasant is the road,
And Christians love the way.
- 2 It leads straight through this world of sin,
And dangers must be pass'd ;
But those who boldly walk therein
Will get to heaven at last.
- 3 How shall an infant pilgrim dare
This dang'rous path to tread ?
For on the way is many a snare
For youthful trav'lers spread.
- 4 While the broad road, where thousands go,
Lies near and opens fair ;
And many turn aside, I know,
To walk with sinners there.
- 5 But lest my feeble steps should slide,
Or wander from thy way,
Lord, condescend to be my guide,
And I shall never stray.
- 6 Then I may go without alarm,
And trust his word of old,
"The lambs He'll gather with his arm,
And lead them to the fold."
- 7 Thus I may safely venture through,
Beneath my Shepherd's care ;
And keep the gate of heaven in view
Till I shall enter there.

746

Heaven and Hell.

S. M.

- 1 **THERE** is beyond the sky
A heaven of joy and love ;
And God's own children, when they die,
Go to that world above.
- 2 There is a dreadful hell,
And everlasting pains ;
The wicked there with devils dwell,
In darkness, fire, and chains.
- 3 Can such a wretch as I
Escape this cursed end ?
By Christ I may, and, when I die,
Through Him to heaven ascend.
- 4 Then I for grace will pray
While I have life and breath ;
Lest I should be cut off to-day,
And sent t' eternal death.

747

For Sunday Morning.

L. M.

- 1 THIS day belongs to God alone ;
He chooses Sunday for his own ;
And we must neither work nor play,
But holy keep the Sabbath day.
- 2 We ought to-day to learn and seek
What we may think of all the week ;
Then let us spend it as we should,
And hear of Christ, the way to God.
- 3 And ev'ry Sabbath should be pass'd
As if we knew it was our last ;
For what would dying people give
To have one Sabbath more to live ?

748

About the Bible.

L. M.

- 1 THIS is a precious book indeed,
Happy the child that loves to read ;
'Tis God's own word, which He has given
To show our souls the way to heaven.
- 2 It tells us how the world was made,
And how good men the Lord obey'd ;
Here his commands are written too,
To teach us what we ought to do.
- 3 It bids us all from sin to fly,
Because our souls can never die :
It tells of heaven, where angels dwell ;
And warns us to escape from hell.
- 4 But, what is more than all beside,
The Bible tells us Jesus died :
This is its best, its chief intent,
To lead poor sinners to repent.
- 5 'Tis thus the book which God has given
Shows us the only way to heaven ;
That way is Christ—then let us pray
Through grace to find it, day by day.

749

For the Lord's Day Morning.

C. M.

- 1 THIS is the day when Christ arose
So early from the dead ;
Why should I keep my eye-lids clos'd,
And waste my hours in bed ?
- 2 This is the day when Jesus broke
The powers of death and hell ;
And shall I still wear Satan's yoke,
And love my sins so well ?

- 3 To-day with pleasure Christians meet
 To pray and hear the word :
 And I would go with cheerful feet
 To learn thy will, O Lord !
- 4 I'll leave my sport, to read and pray ;
 Lord, make me fit for heaven :
 Teach me to love this blessed day
 The best of all the seven.

750

God teaches.

C. M.

- 1 WHO taught the bird to build her nest
 Of wool, and hay, and moss ?
 Who taught her how to weave it best,
 And lay the twigs across ?
- 2 Who taught the busy bee to fly
 Among the sweetest flowers,
 And lay her store of honey by
 To eat in winter hours ?
- 3 Who taught the little ant the way
 Her narrow hole to bore,
 And through the pleasant summer-day
 To gather up her store ?
- 4 'Twas God who taught them all the way,
 And gave their little skill,
 And teaches children how to pray,
 And do his holy will.

751

The Danger of Delay.

L. M.

- 1 WHY should I say " 'Tis yet too soon
 To seek for heaven or think of death ?"
 A flower may fade before 'tis noon,
 And I this day may lose my breath.
- 2 If this rebellious heart of mine
 Despise the gracious call of heaven,
 I may be harden'd in my sin,
 And never have repentance given.
- 3 What if the Lord grow wrath, and swear,
 While I refuse to read and pray,
 That He'll refuse to lend an ear,
 To all my groans another day !
- 4 But now my Saviour Christ is near,
 And now I may his grace receive,
 My feeble cry He'll stoop to hear,
 And now to me repentance give.

XXVI. Additional Hymns,

*On various occasions.***752** *He hath filled the hungry.* Luke i. 53. 8. 7. 7.

1 BRETHREN, come, our Saviour bids us ;
 Bids us to a feast of love :
 Bless the Lord, whose bounty feeds us,
 With provision from above :
 Ye for whom his life was giv'n,
 Come, and eat the bread of heaven.

2 Let us think of Him who bought us :
 'Tis the Saviour's own command :
 When we wander'd Jesus sought us,
 Now He leads us by the hand :
 Now He gives us hope, and says,
 We shall sing his endless praise.

3 Oh how much his people owe Him,
 For the love that He has shown !
 Well may we surrender to Him
 All that once we call'd our own
 Lord, we give ourselves to Thee,
 Thou our guide, our master be.

753 *Broad is the way, &c.* Mat. vii. 13. S. M.

1 DESTRUCTION'S easy road,
 What multitudes pursue !
 While that which leads the soul to God
 Is known or sought by few.

2 Believers enter in,
 By Christ the living gate ;
 But they who will not leave their sin
 Complain it is too strait.

3 Oh ! hear the gospel call,
 And enter while you may !
 Though Jesus' flock be very small,
 Yet none are safe but they.

4 Lord, open sinner's eyes,
 Their awful state to see ;
 And make them, ere thy wrath arise,
 'To Thee for safety flee

754 *The gospel of the grace of God.* Acts xx. 24. L. M.

1 God, in the gospel of his Son,
 Makes his eternal counsels known ;

Here love in all its glory shines,
And truth is drawn in fairest lines.

- 2 The pris'ner here may break his chains ;
The weary rest from all his pains ;
The captive feel his bondage cease ;
The mourner find the way of peace.
- 3 Here faith reveals to mortal eyes
A brighter world beyond the skies ;
Here shines the light which guides our way
From earth to realms of endless day.
- 4 Oh grant us grace, Almighty Lord,
To see thy light, to know thy word ;
Its truths with meekness to receive,
And by its holy precepts live.

755

God forbid that I, &c. Gal. vi. 14.

L. M.

- 1 GROUND of my hope, the cross appears :
I see the "man of sorrows" bleed :
I bid adieu to guilty fears,
And in his death my pardon read.
- 2 Now farewell world, and farewell all
That emulates a Saviour's claims ;
I'll hear him, and obey his call,
Regardless who applauds or blames.
- 3 For could'st Thou, O my Saviour, die
To rescue me from endless woe ?
Enough ! there's none more blest than I,
Since Thou could'st love a sinner so.

756

I shall be satisfied, &c. Psa. xvii. 15.

L. X

- 1 HOLY Lord God, I love thy truth,
Nor dare thy least commandment slight ;
Yet pierc'd by sin, the serpent's tooth,
I mourn the anguish of the bite.
- 2 But, though the poison lurks within,
Hope bids me still with patience wait
Till death shall set me free from sin,
Free from the only thing I hate.
- 3 Had I a throne above the rest,
Where angels and archangels dwell,
One sin, unslain, within my breast,
Would make that heaven as dark as he!
- 4 The pris'ner, sent to breathe fresh air,
And bless'd with liberty again,

Would mourn were he condemn'd to wear
One link of all his former chain.

- 5 But oh! no foe invades the bliss,
When glory crowns the Christian's head ;
One view of Jesus as He is,
Will strike all sin for ever dead.

757 *A Leader for the people.* Isa. lv. 4. 112t M

- 1 LEADER of faithful souls, and guide
Of all that travel to the sky,
Come, and with us, e'en us, abide,
Who would on Thee alone rely ;
On Thee alone our spirits stay,
While held in life's uneven way.
- 2 Strangers and pilgrims here below,
This earth, we know, is not our place ;
But hasten through the vale of woe,
And restless to behold thy face,
Swift to our heavenly country move,
Our everlasting home above.
- 3 Through thee, who all our sins hast borne,
Freely and graciously forgiven,
With songs to Zion we return,
Contending for our native heaven ;
That palace of our glorious King,
We feel it nearer while we sing.
- 4 Rais'd by the breath of love divine,
We urge our way with strength renew'd ;
The church of the first-born to join,
We travel to the mount of God ;
With joy upon our heads arise,
And meet our Captain in the skies.

758 *The Dayspring from on high.* Luke i. 78. s. M.

- 1 No dawn of saving light,
No day of holy rest,
E'er breaks upon the heathen's sight,
To soothe his troubled breast.
- 2 But lo! with healing ray,
The dayspring meets our eye ;
And christians, on their Master's day,
Rejoice to feel Him nigh.
- 3 To Him let praise be given,
The noblest, sweetest, best
For He has brought us light from heaven,
And hope of endless rest.

- 4 Lord, let thy saving light,
 Thy day of glorious rest,
 Soon chace from earth the toilsome night,
 And soothe each wearied breast!

759

Stricken, smitten, &c. Isa. liii. 4.

8s. 7s.

- 1 "STRICKEN, smitten, and afflicted,"
 See him dying on the tree!
 'Tis the Christ by man rejected!
 Yes, my soul, 'tis He! 'tis He!
 Mark the sacrifice appointed!
 See who bears the awful load!
 'Tis the Word, the Lord's Anointed,
 Son of man and Son of God.

- 2 Here we have a firm foundation:
 Here's the refuge of the lost:
 Christ's the rock of our salvation:
 His the name of which we boast:
 Lamb of God, for sinners wounded,
 Sacrifice to cancel guilt,
 None shall ever be confounded
 Who on Thee their hope have built.

760

The name of Jesus. Acts iv. 10.

112th m.

- 1 THE name of Jesus (precious name!)
 Through every age is still the same;
 The people who his name do know
 Will trust in Him while here below,
 And with their lips and lives proclaim
 What virtue flows from Jesu's name.
- 2 The name of Jesus! sinner's friend,
 On Him the sinner may depend;
 His blood it cleanses from all sin:
 His Spirit purifies within;
 And prompt obedience will proclaim
 What virtue flows from Jesu's name.
- 3 The name of Jesus! a strong tower
 Against the world and Satan's power;
 Whate'er is by the world most priz'd,
 For Christ will be by us despis'd;
 Hereby we to the world proclaim
 What virtue flows from Jesu's name.
- 4 The name of Jesus! precious sound!
 Oh, may it spread the world around,
 From east to west, from south to north,
 And be as ointment poured forth,
 Till lips and lives of all proclaim
 What virtue flows from Jesu's name.

Epitaphs.

A church-yard may be made very profitable by suitable epitaphs. The following passages of Scripture may assist the friends of deceased persons in selecting an appropriate one; and a few epitaphs are added, chiefly taken from the Church-Yard Lyrist, with some alterations. It is much to be desired that epitaphs should invariably tend to humble the sinner, exalt the Saviour, and promote holiness.

Suitable Texts for Tombstones.

[In many of these only part of the text would be suitable.]

PIOUS CHARACTERS.—Gen. xlviii. 21; 2 Chron. xxxiv. 28; Job iii. 17; xix. 25, 26; Psalm xvii. 15; xxxvii. 37; lxxiii. 26 · cxvi. 15; Luke xx. 36; John xvii. 24; Acts vii. 59; Rom. viii. 38, 39; xiv. 8; 1 Cor. xv. 26, 51—53, 57; 2 Cor. v. 1; Phil. i. 21; iii. 21; Titus ii. 13; Heb. iv. 9; xi. 13; Rev. ii. 10; xiv. 13.

MISCELLANEOUS.—Deut. xxxii. 29; Job xxx. 23; Psalm xc. 12; Eccles. iii. 2; xii. 7; Isaiah xxv. 8; Matt. vi. 20; John iii. 16; v. 28, 29; viii. 51; Rom. v. 8—10; vi. 23; 1 Cor. xv. 20—22, 42—44; 2 Cor. v. 10; Ephes. ii. 8; 2 Tim. i. 10; Heb. ii. 9; ix. 27; Rev. i. 18.

CHILDREN AND YOUTH.—2 Sam. xii. 23; Job i. 21; Psalm xlix. 15; Eccles. xii. 1; Hosea xiii. 14; Matt. xix. 14; xxi. 16; Rev. xxi. 4.

MANHOOD.—Job xxi. 23; Psalm ciii. 15—17; James iv. 13, 14; 1 Pet. i. 24.

AGE.—Gen. iii. 19; Psalm xc. 10; Prov. xvi. 31; Isa. xlvi. 4; Matt. xxiv. 13.

SUDDEN DEATH.—Psalm xxxix. 4; Prov. xiv. 32; xxvii. 1; Matt. xxiv. 42.

MINISTERS.—Prov. xi. 30; Dan. xii. 3; 2 Tim. iv. 7, 8.

EPITAPHS FOR THE PIOUS.

**THE friend of sinners was his friend;
Trusting in Him he met his end;
Nor in the judgment shall he fear,
There shall his friend as Judge appear.**

**BLAME not the monumental stone we raise,
'Tis to the Saviour's not the sinner's praise:
Sin was the whole that she could call her own,
Her good was all deriv'd from Him alone,**

EPITAPHS.

To sin her conflicts, pains, and grief, she owed ;
Her conqu'ring faith and patience He bestow'd ;
Reader, may'st thou obtain like precious faith,
To smile in anguish, and rejoice in death.

BELIEVER, shrink not from thy body's doom,
For Christ thy Saviour slumber'd in the tomb ;
Take courage, then, and faith shall comfort give,
Sure as He died, so sure thy soul shall live.

With erring heart I went astray,
In paths of sin, and wander'd wide,
Till Mercy met me on my way,
And softly whisper'd, " Jesus died."

Offended at that sudden sound,
Indignantly I turn'd aside ;
But still the voice was heard around,
And still it whisper'd, " Jesus died."

Then Justice cross'd my path, and stood
Erect and stern to quell my pride,
His glitt'ring sword was bath'd in blood ;
Ah, well for me that Jesus died !

" Come forth, thou traitor to the Lord !"
His voice in thund'ring accents cried :
Oppress'd I sank beneath the word,
And faintly answer'd, " Jesus died."

Trembling I spake,—but Justice seem'd
In haste the blood-stained sword to hide,
Grace from his alter'd visage beam'd ;
And then I shouted, " Jesus died."

By faith on Jesu's conquests she relied,
On Jesu's merits ventur'd all and died.

MISCELLANEOUS EPITAPHS.

If thou would'st know the grace of God within,
And have thy conscience purified from sin,
Know that thy works, thyself, must worthless fall,
And Christ the Saviour be thine All in All.

Know'st thou the word of God most high,
" The soul that sinneth it shall die ?"
And thou hast sinn'd ! To Jesus flee,
Who from God's curse thy soul can free.

EPITAPHS.

LIFE is uncertain, death is sure,
Sin is the wound, and Christ the cure.

MY sins were unnumber'd, my frailty and pride
As deep as the ocean, and strong as the tide ;
But more strong than the tide, and more deep than
the sea,
Was the love of the Saviour, who sorrow'd for me.

ACCUS'D by my conscience, oppress'd by my care,
I was bound in the fetters of guilt and despair ;
Christ pitied my conscience, and bade me be free,
And He wrought out an endless salvation for me.

READER, how few among our race
Have given this thought its weight,
That on a slender moment hangs
Our everlasting state !

THE graves around of ev'ry size,
Bid thee for thy last end be wise ;
Delay no more :—to Jesus fly,
For grace to live, for grace to die.

FATHER, thy gracious hand we own,
And bow submissive to thy rod ;
That must be wise which Thou hast done ;
It must be kind, for Thou art God.

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PSALMS AND HYMNS FOR SUNDAYS AND HOLYDAYS.

It is desirable that Ministers should appoint the Psalms and Hymns to be sung each Sunday, but the following table may furnish some help for obtaining the full advantage in the Year, of the whole collection, as far as suitable for public worship, with a sufficient variety of subjects for each Sunday. Those for Sacraments and many special occasions, which could not, it is obvious, be included in a general table, must be appointed by the Minister as requisite. Numbers are repeated twice the same day when the Hymn may be divided.

	MORNING.			AFTERNOON.			EVENING.		
1st Sunday in Advent	291	533	533	292	602	145	293	235	390
2nd	375	584	66	79	79	147	89	236	391
3rd	376	1	67	83	83	150	90	237	392
4th	377	2	68	84	91	196	238	410	393
Christmas Day	294	296	296	297	298	299	300	301	394
1st Sunday after	302	304	69	303	148	148	306	435	395
2nd Sunday after	306	308	70	307	309	197	310	437	399
Epiphany	311	312	313	314	315	198	239	413	424
1st Sunday after	378	3	71	85	149	199	240	414	607
2nd	379	4	72	86	151	151	241	415	329
3rd	386	5	73	152	190	200	242	416	351
4th	381	6	382	153	191	201	243	418	421
5th	388	7	74	154	192	202	373	419	425
6th	384	97	75	155	193	203	400	412	429
Septuagesima	385	11	76	156	194	204	401	459	450
Sexagesima	386	12	77	157	195	343	402	466	485
Quinquagesima	387	13	78	158	205	344	403	474	474
Ash Wednesday	256	256	257	107	108	109	110	111	112
1st Sunday in Lent	273	113	105	80	117	131	130	122	129
2nd	388	114	106	87	118	134	131	123	164
3rd	280	115	81	119	120	135	162	124	125
4th	281	116	82	126	127	127	132	132	168
5th	282	103	92	137	128	163	126	126	170
6th	283	104	48	49	50	50	53	53	387
Good Friday	264	265	266	267	268	269	270	271	272
Easter	316	317	318	319	320	42	54	321	522
1st Sunday after	287	14	52	51	51	159	469	494	486
2nd	284	15	93	123	138	140	509	531	487
3rd	285	16	94	142	144	206	510	510	575
4th	286	17	17	159	207	346	511	542	586
5th	287	18	95	160	9	208	512	543	587
Ascension	322	323	324	321	326	43	47	560	574
Sunday after Ascension	299	135	96	161	209	659	513	567	591
Whit Sunday	327	328	329	330	331	332	333	30	31
Trinity	334	335	10	336	11	12	337	32	240
1st	290	20	98	165	211	365	55	550	550
2nd	481	21	99	166	212	365	56	552	593
3rd	481	22	100	167	213	369	57	553	696
4th	483	23	101	169	214	371	514	555	603
5th	58	23	102	171	215	406	515	556	649
6th	59	24	143	172	216	216	516	557	651
7th	60	25	176	173	217	411	497	558	655
8th	61	27	177	174	218	496	620	559	666
9th	62	28	28	175	175	517	498	560	667
10th	63	29	178	219	244	518	499	561	669
11th	64	548	179	220	245	519	500	560	671
12th	65	592	32	221	246	520	503	562	677
13th	576	33	180	222	222	521	622	563	681
14th	579	34	34	223	247	522	624	564	616
15th	584	35	181	224	224	532	629	565	694
16th	589	36	182	225	248	535	630	566	697
17th	605	37	183	226	249	536	631	567	702
18th	606	38	184	227	250	537	634	568	708
19th	608	39	185	228	251	538	636	501	709
20th	8	40	1 6	229	252	539	638	569	711
21st	9	41	41	230	253	540	650	570	712
22nd	146	44	187	231	254	541	658	571	718
23rd	201	45	188	232	255	544	660	572	714
24th	327	46	189	233	340	545	663	574	716
25th	328	47	190	234	341	546	685	575	646
26th	689	36	717	627	628	628	626	633	615

List of Measures and some Tunes to the different Hymns.

Metre.	Syllables.	Hymn.	Tune.
C. M.	8.6.8.6.	2	<i>Cheerful</i> , Devizes, Abingdon, Ashley. <i>University</i> . <i>Plaintive</i> , Burford, Windsor, Condensation. <i>Grave</i> , Bedford, Irish, St. David's.
L. M.	8.8.8.8.	1	<i>Cheerful</i> , New Sabbath, Islington, Suffolk, Portuguese. <i>Plaintive</i> , Wareham. <i>Grave</i> , Old 100th, Angels, New London.
S. M.	6.6.8.6.	52	Shirland, Falcon St., Mt Ephraim.
104th	10.10.10.10.	17	Hanover, King Street.
113th	8.8.8.8.8.8.	30	Carey, Anne.
148th	6.6.6.6.8.8.	23	Portsmouth, Proper 136, Carmarthen.
5.6.9.	5.6.8.6.6.9.	714	
6s.	6.6.6.6.	594	
6.4.	6.6.4.6.6.6.4.	424	Bermondsey, Bridgewater.
6.8.4.	6.6.8.4.6.6.8.4.	683	Leoni.
7s.	7.7.7.7.	54	Hart, German, Turin, Steel Crowns of glory.
6 7s.	7.7.7.7.7.7.	7	St. Austle.
7s double	7.7.7.7.7.7.7.7.	147	Hotham, Easter.
7.6.	7.6.7.6.7.6.7.6.	26	Amsterdam.
7.6.8.	7.6.7.6.7.8.7.6.	697	Clark's Waterford.
8s.	8.8.8.8.8.8.8.8.	32	New Jerusalem, Dismission, Martins.
8.8.6.	8.8.6.8.8.6.	144	Chilton.
8.7.	8.7.8.7.	53	Mariners, Benediction, Haydn.
8.7.4.	8.7.8.7.4.7.	90	Helmsley, Whythose fears Calvary.
8.7.7.	8.7.8.7.7.7.	590	Kelly.
8.6.8.	8.6.8.6.8.8.	728	

Tunes to particular Hymns.

Cheshunt....	Our Lord is ris'n from the dead.....	Miller.
Denbigh.....	From all that dwell, &c....	Miller.
Denmark....	Before Jehovah's, &c.....	Miller.
Upton....	Not all the blood of beasts....	Lock Chapel.
Yarmouth....	He dies the friend, &c.....	Miller.
Yarmouth....	Come ye that love the Lord....	Lock Chapel.
Bennington..	Hail thou once, &c.....	Lock Chapel.
Ashley.....	Salvation! oh the joyful sound.....	Jowett.
Xmas Hymn.	Let Christians all with one accord....	
Xmas Hymn.	Hark, the herald angels sing.....	
Luther.....	Great God what do I see and hear....	Jowett.
Pulverbach...	I will praise Thee every day.	
Monmouth...	Thou art gone to the grave	Jowett.
	.. The last loud trumpet's.....	Latrobe.
Easter Hymn.	Christ the Lord is ris'n to-day.	Hal.
Dismission...	Some sweet savour	Cunningham
Keely.....	Grant us Lord thy.....	Cunningham

TEXTS OF SCRIPTURE

REFERRED TO IN THE HYMNS.

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v. 24	697	xx. 7	468
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ix. 13	504	xxix. 14	456
xvi. 13	19	2 Chronicles	
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— 17, 86	431	ix. 5, 315	336
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— 22	185	iii. 5, 482	483
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— 22	641	xviii. —	16
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— 18, 120	277	— 8	2
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iii. 5	153	— 9	322
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		xxvi. 8	639
		xxvii. 1	22
		— 8	268
		xxix. 1	36
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		— 11	680
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— 6	488	xciii. —	15 243	— 6	632
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— 18	464	— 34	463	cxlii. 5	638
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