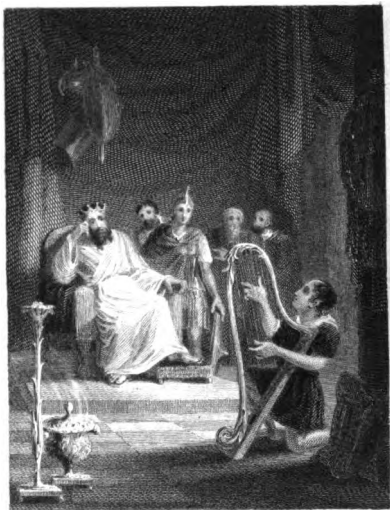

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SACRED POETRY.

SECOND SERIES.

' Oh! how divinely sweet
The tones of earthly harp, whose chords are touch'd
By the soft hand of piety, and hung
Upon Religion's shrine, there vibrating
With solemn music on the ear of God !'

SECOND EDITION.

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PREFACE.

IN sending forth another Volume of SACRED POETRY, the Compiler acknowledges with gratitude the success which has attended the First, and earnestly desires that the Second Series may also be made instrumental in comforting and cheering the children of God on their journey to the Heavenly Canaan,—enabling them to unite in more joyful strains with the family above in singing the praises of Him whom having not seen we love, in whom, though now we see him not, yet believing, we rejoice with joy unspeakable, and full of glory.

It is also hoped, that to the young this may be an acceptable gift, and that the Scriptural sentiments contained in it may be blessed as the means of increasing their desire to learn

that song of praise, which must be learned on earth if sung above—even praise to Jesus the Lamb of God, who taketh away the sin of the world.

May each of our hearts be so tuned, and by the Spirit's teaching so kept in tune, that it may be our delight to sing on earth the praises of redeeming love ; and when called to leave this earthly scene, may we be fitted for uniting with the heavenly host, in ascribing all power to that Saviour who redeemed us to God by his blood, and who is worthy to receive honour, and glory, and blessing.

The Editor would take this opportunity of returning thanks to those friends who have kindly contributed Original Pieces for the Collection, and to those who have given permission to make Extracts from their works.

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SACRED POETRY.

1. THE HARP OF DAVID.

1 OH ! for the harp that David swept,
At whose divine, entrancing sound,
The evil spirit distance kept,
While holier visions hover'd round :
Oh, for such harp, in these our days,
To speak our God and Saviour's praise.

2 Then, e'en on earth might song out-pour
That sweet, that full, triumphant strain,
Whose grateful notes should heaven-ward
soar,
And there a gracious audience gain ;
While here below its hallow'd power
Should aid devotion's happiest hour.

3 Christian, wouldst thou such harp possess ?

 May grace anoint thine eye to see,
 And on thy mind this truth impress,
 The HEART that instrument may be :
 For never harp or lyre reveal'd
 Such music as the heart can yield.

4 Not in its unregenerate state,

 Canst thou expect those strains to hear ;
 By sin unstrung, its accents grate
 In discord on a heaven-touched ear ;
 Renew'd by grace, and tuned by love,
 Its harmony ascends above.

5 Oh ! then with melody it seems

 To vibrate from each trembling string ;
 Each kindling thought and feeling teems
 With songs as sweet as seraphs sing ;
 And music, art could never frame,
 Is breathed to its Redeemer's name.

BARTON.

2.

CHRISTIAN ONENESS.

1 ONE spirit dwells in thee and me,

 The Spirit of the Lord !
 We're brethren of one family,
 Guided by God's own word.

Amid this world of pain and woe,
 By sin and sorrow crost,
 Oh ! it is ours in faith to know,
 That we shall not be lost.

- 2 We're one in Christ ! then what beside
 Can ever harm us more ?
 Nor height, nor depth, can now divide
 Us from his love and power.
 The sons of God, without rebuke,
 Amidst a wicked land,
 With fearless heart, and heavenward look,
 Oh, may we blameless stand.
- 3 We're one in Christ, our coming Lord ;
 Members of one Great Head ;
 Ours is the promise of his word ;
 Then what have we to dread ?
 'Tis ours to pass through tribulation,
 Unharm'd beneath the rod ;
 'Tis ours to sing the great salvation,
 Before the throne of God.

HABERSHON.

3. HIS GREATNESS IS UNSEARCHABLE.

- 1 EXTINGUISHED now is the last, lone star,
 The shadows of night are gone ;
 And lo ! in the East, day's golden car
 Is filled by the glorious sun :

And hark ! for a thousand voices call—
The spirits of life and love—
Attune your hymns to the Father of all,
The Sovereign who reigns above.

- 2 'Tis he who opens the eastern gates,
Who kindles the morning's ray :
His Spirit all nature animates,
And the darkness and the day :
The field and it's glories, all are his,
And the music of the sky ;
The light of hope, and the smile of bliss,
And the bursting song of joy.
- 3 His temple is yonder arch sublime ;
Its pillars the eternal hills ;
His chorus, the solemn voice of time,
Which the wide creation fills :
His worshippers are the countless train
Which the lap of nature bears—
The boisterous wind and the raging main,
And the silence of the spheres.
- 4 He rides unseen on the hurrying storm ;
He sits on the whirlwind's car ;
He wraps in the clouds his awful form,
And travels from star to star :
A thousand messengers wait his will,
And a million heralds fly ;
And their Sovereign's high behests fulfil,
Through a vast eternity.

- 5 He smiles—and new worlds spring forth to
 birth,
 And suns in new glory rise ;
 He frowns—and darkness covers the earth,
 And mantles the frightened skies :
 He speaks in the thunder's dreadful roar ;
 He shines in the lightning's beam :—
 But, oh ! no mortal thought can soar
 To any conception of him !

BOWRING.

4. ' I AM DEBTOR.'

- 1 WHEN this passing world is done,
 When has sunk yon glaring sun,
 When we stand with Christ in glory,
 Looking o'er life's finished story,
 Then, Lord, shall I fully know—
 Not till then—how much I owe.
- 2 When I hear the wicked eall
 On the rocks and hills to fall,
 When I see them start and shrink
 On the fiery deluge brink,
 Then, Lord, shall I fully know—
 Not till then—how much I owe.
- 3 When I stand before the throne,
 Dressed in beauty not my own,
 When I see thee as thou art,
 Love thee with unsinning heart,

B *

Then, Lord, shall I fully know—
Not till then—how much I owe.

- 4 When the praise of heaven I hear,
Loud as thunders to the ear,
Loud as many waters' noise,
Sweet as harp's melodious voice,
Then, Lord, shall I fully know—
Not till then—how much I owe.
- 5 Even on earth, as through a glass
Darkly, let thy glory pass,
Make forgiveness feel so sweet,
Make thy Spirit's help so meet,
Even on earth, Lord, make me know
Something of how much I owe.
- 6 Chosen not for good in me,
Wakened up from wrath to flee,
Hidden in the Saviour's side,
By the Spirit sanctified,
Teach me, Lord, on earth to show,
By my love, how much I owe.
- 7 Oft I walk beneath the cloud,
Dark as midnight's gloomy shroud ;
But, when fear is at the height,
Jesus comes, and all is light ;
Blessed Jesus ! bid me show
Doubting saints how much I owe.

8 When in flowery paths I tread,
 Oft by sin I'm captive led ;
 Oft I fall—but still arise—
 The Spirit comes—the tempter flies ;
 Blessed Spirit ! bid me show
 Weary sinners, all I owe.

9 Oft the nights of sorrow reign,—
 Weeping, sickness, sighing, pain ;
 But a night thine anger burns,—
 Morning comes and joy returns ;
 God of comforts ! bid me show
 To thy poor, how much I owe.

R. M. M'CHEYNE.

5. ' BY THE RIVERS OF WATER THEY SAT
 DOWN AND WEPT.'

1 WE sat us down by Babel's streams,
 And dreamt soul-saddening memory's dreams ;
 And dark thoughts o'er our spirits crept
 Of Sion—and we wept, we wept !
 Our harps upon the willows hung,
 Silent, and tuneless, and unstrung ;
 For they who wrought our pains and wrongs,
 Asked us for Sion's pleasant songs.

- 2 How shall we sing Jehovah's praise
To those who Baal's altars raise ?
How warble Judah's free-born hymns,
With Babel's fetters on our limbs ?
How chaunt thy lays, dear Father-land !
To strangers on a foreign stand ?
Ah, no !—we'll bear grief's keenest sting,
But dare not Sion's anthems sing.
- 3 Place us where Sharon's roses blow ;
Place us where Siloe's waters flow ;
Place us on Lebanon, that waves
Its cedars o'er our fathers' graves ;
Place us upon that holy mount,
Where stands the Temple—gleams the fount ;
Then love and joy shall loose our tongues,
To warble Sion's pleasant songs.
- 4 If I should e'er—earth's brightest gem !—
Forget thee, O Jerusalem,
May my right hand forget its skill
To wake the slumbering lyre at will ;
If from my heart, e'en when most gay,
Thine image e'er should fade away,
May my tongue rest within my head,
Mute as the voices of the dead.

NEELE.

6. 'IT IS GOOD FOR ME THAT I HAVE
BEEN AFFLICTED.'

- 1 In the floods of tribulation,
While the billows o'er me roll,
Jesus whispers consolation,
And supports my sinking soul :
Thus, ' the lion yields me honey ;
From the eater food is given ;'
Strengthened thus, I still press forward,
Singing, on my way to heaven—
Sweet affliction ! sweet affliction !
That brings Jesus to my soul !
- 2 'Mid the gloom, the vivid lightnings
With increased brightness play ;
'Mid the thornbrake, beauteous flowerets
Look more beautiful and gay :
So, in darkest dispensations,
Doth my faithful Lord appear,
With his richest consolations,
To re-animate and cheer.
Sweet affliction ! sweet affliction !
Thus to bring my Saviour near !
- 3 Floods of tribulation heighten ;
Billows still around me roar ;
Those who know not Christ, ye frighten,
But my soul defies your power.

In the sacred page recorded,
 Thus his word securely stands :
 ‘ Fear not, I’m in trouble near thee,
 ‘ Nought shall pluck thee from my hands.’
 Sweet affliction ! sweet affliction !
 That to such sweet words lays claim !

4 All I meet I find assist me,
 In my path to heavenly joy,
 Where, though trials now attend me,
 They can never more annoy ;
 Wearing there a weight of glory,
 Still the path I’ll ne’er forget,
 But—reflecting how it led me
 To my blessed Saviour’s seat—
 Cry, affliction ! sweet affliction !
 Haste ! bring more to Jesus’ feet !

PEARCE.

7. CHARACTER OF ST JOHN.

IF minds were moulded of the elements,
 Some, we might think, were formed in cloudy
 tents
 Of rattling thunders ; while the lightning’s
 stream
 Baptized them at their birth, so much they seem
 Creatures of storm and fire. Still blazing on
 Wherever strife is stirred and honour won,

They peal above the factions of this world,
 Like thunder among Alpine summits hurled.
 But the beloved Seer, whose even mind
 In loving Christ had learned to love mankind,
 Why was *he* named of Thunder? * Storms of life
 Ne'er roused his gentle spirit into strife,
 But as a lake, around whose margin rise
 Tall woods and cliffs, that seem to touch the
 skies ;—

Fenced from intrusive winds, serenely blue,
 Takes from the sky its deepest, purest hue,
 And lies so still, a child his skiff might guide,
 E'en in his mother's sight, across its tide,—
 So in *his* soul such love and peace combined,
 Learnt from his Lord, that not a holy mind
 But loves to anchor 'midst the truths he taught,
 As on a tide of love,—a sea of holy thought.
 Love coloured his existence ; holy love,
 Which Angels feel, and ransomed Saints above ;
 There his thoughts centred, thence his strains
 arose,

Nor till the end of Time shall round us close,
 Will those sweet echoes of his spirit die,
 But live the music of Eternity !

In early days, the fiercer name bestowed
 Marked that his soul had been a thunder-cloud,
 When pride and passion forged their bolts of ire ;
 But grace, extinguishing the restless fire,

* Mark iii. 17.

Could make his gentle mien, his placid face,
 Attest the calm within. Blest work of grace !
 Here pictured see it all :—Devotion, peace,
 Meekness and musings high, and tenderness !

The thing that portrait seems, Believer ! be,
 And charm the world as that now pleases thee.
 Henceforth may Wisdom guide the course of
 youth ;

Not Passion sway thee, but the force of Truth ;
 Thy love, no longer fanciful, but just,
 Make thee nor rudely judge, nor rashly trust :
 Humble, not mean ; though holy, not austere ;
 Active, yet calm, with conscience good and
 clear,—

Live thou to draw men to the heavenly road,
 Then die, to reign with thy incarnate God !

BAPTIST W. NOEL.

8.

THE LOVE OF CHRIST.

How *hath he loved us?*—Ask the star
 That, on its wondrous mission sped
 Hung trembling o'er that manger scene,
 Where He, the Eternal, bowed his head ;
 He, who of earth doth seal the doom,
 Found in her lowliest inn—*no room!*

Judea's mountains ! lift your voice,
 Deep legends of his love to tell ;

Thou favoured Olivet,—so oft
 At prayerful midnight loved so well,—
 And Cedron's brook, whose rippling wave
 Frequent his wearied feet did lave.

How hath he loved us?—Ask the band
 That fled his woes with faithless haste,—
 Ask the weak friend's denial tone,
 Scarce by his bitterest tears effaced,
 Ask of the traitor's kiss,—and see
 What Jesus hath endured for thee :—
 Ask of Gethsemane, whose dew
 Shrank from that moisture strangely red,
 Which, in that unwatched hour of pain,
 His agonising temples shed;
 The scourge, the thorn whose anguish sore,
 Like the unanswering lamb, he bore.

How hath he loved us?—Ask the cross,—
 The Roman spear,—the shrouded sky,
 Ask of the sheeted dead, who burst
 Their cerements at his fearful cry :—
 Oh ! ask no more— but bow thy pride,
 And yield thy heart to him that died.

MRS SIGOURNEY.

9. THE CROWN OF AMARANTH.

- 1 THE warrior round his temples
 May bind the laurel wreath,
 But a curse is on its greenness,
 The curse of blood and death :

SACRED POETRY.

This blight will quickly wither
The fairest wreath of bay,
But the Christian's crown of amaranth,
Will never fade away.

On the brow of mighty monarchs
May sparkle many a gem,
And gold, and pearls, and jewels,
May deck the diadem;
But it shines with earthly lustre,
It will tarnish and decay,
While the Christian's crown of amaranth,
Will never fade away.

Proud were the mighty conquerors,
Crown'd in Olympic games,
For they deem'd that deathless honours
Were entwin'd around this name;
But sere was soon the parsley wreath,
And the olive and the bay,
While the Christian's crown of amaranth,
Will never fade away.

With a harp of angel melody,
And a palm branch in his hand,
The saint 'mid circling spirits,
Round the golden throne shall stand ;
And his song shall be enduring
As heaven's eternal day,
And his victor crown of amaranth,
Shall never fade away.

L. 5.

10. ON THE DEATH OF A MINISTER CUT
OFF IN HIS USEFULNESS.

- 1 Go to the grave in all thy glorious prime,
In full activity of zeal and power;
A Christian cannot die before his time,
The Lord's appointment is the servant's hour.
- 2 Go to the grave; at noon from labour cease;
Rest on thy sheaves, thy harvest task is done;
Come from the heart of battle, and in peace,
Soldier, go home; with thee the fight is won.
- 3 Go to the grave; though like a fallen tree,
At once with verdure, flowers, and fruitage
crown'd,
Thy form may perish, and thine honours be
Lost in the mouldering bosom of the ground;—
- 4 Go to the grave, which, faithful to its trust,
The germ of immortality shall keep;
While, safe as watch'd by cherubim, thy dust
Shall till the Judgment-day in Jesus sleep.
- 5 Go to the grave, for there thy Saviour lay
In death's embraces, ere He rose on high;
And all the ransom'd, by that narrow way,
Pass to eternal life beyond the sky.

SACRED POETRY.

Go to the grave :—no, take thy seat above;
Be thy pure spirit present with the Lord,
Where thou for faith and hope hast perfect
love,
And open vision for the written word.

MONTGOMERY.

FOR THE PRESENCE AND POWER OF
CHRIST IN HIS TEMPLE.

JESUS, where'er thy people meet,
There they behold thy mercy-seat;
Where'er they seek thee, thou art found,
And every place is hallowed ground.

Dear Shepherd of thy chosen few!
Thy former mercies here renew;
Here to our waiting hearts proclaim
The sweetness of thy saving name.

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.

Lord, we are few, but thou art near;
Nor short thine arm, nor deaf thine ear;
O! rend the heavens, come quickly down,
And make a thousand hearts thine own.

COWPER.

12. THE OFFICES OF CHRIST.

1 I LOVE my *Shepherd's* voice ;
His watchful eye shall keep
My wandering soul among
The thousands of his sheep :
He feeds his flock, he calls their names,
His bosom bears the tender lambs.

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

3 Be thou my *Counsellor*,
My *Pattern*, and my *Guide* ;
And through this desert land,
Still keep me near thy side.
O let my feet ne'er run astray,
Nor rove, nor seek the crooked way !

4 Thou High Almighty Lord,
My *Conqueror* and my *King*,
Thy sceptre and thy sword,
Thy reigning grace I sing ;
Thine is the power ; behold I sit,
In willing bonds, beneath thy feet.

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

ANON.

13.

THE MARTYR.

1 IN chains a servant of the Lord
 Was hurried to the stake ;
 Confiding in his Saviour's word,
 To suffer for his sake,
 His sake, who shed his richest blood,
 Without a murmuring breath ;
 And soothed the dreadful wrath of God,
 With his vicarious death.

2 Though marching to a fiery doom,
 His soul was free from care ;
 The agonies of martyrdom
 He viewed devoid of fear.
 Nay, joy itself shone o'er his face
 In rays divinely mild ;
 ' Father, I feel thy strengthening grace !'
 He said, and sweetly smiled.

- 3 His flock, a little band, drew near,
To bid a last farewell ;
While many a sigh and many a tear,
Their deep-toned anguish tell.
Their pastor, whom no guile had stained ;
Revered and loved by all,
Was doomed to death, and they remained,
To mourn his early call.
- 4 Their tears he saw, their sighs he heard,
And witnessed all their grief :
' Weep not for me, saints of the Lord,
My sufferings will be brief.
Each moment, higher throbs my heart,
At thought of joys to come ;
The fire that burns the mortal part
Shall light my spirit home.'
- 5 The cords were passed around his frame,
And bound him to the pole :
Fresh lustre o'er his visage came,
Fresh glory filled his soul.
He hailed the twilight of his woes,
And to the eye of faith
The sun of righteousness arose
Beyond the realms of death.
- 6 The fire was lit, and fiercely blazed ;
The martyr longed to die,
Thrice clapped his withered hands, then raised
To heaven his joyous eye.

‘ For me my Lord was crucified ;
 I hail thee, cross of Christ !
 Welcome eternal life !’ he cried,
 And flew to endless rest.

R. FURMAN.

14. INTERCESSION OF CHRIST.

THE hour is come, Christ’s bitter suffering hour,
 But calm he meets it, with a purpose fixed,
 Nor fears he now, or man’s or satan’s power,
 But drinks the cup his Father’s will has mixed ;
 Still his last thoughts his church must share,
 For her his soul pours forth its prayer.

He knows the world, where he must leave his
 own,

Will hate and scorn them, as it hates their
 Lord ;

To him their coming sorrows all are known,
 Yet ‘ peace’ is still their Saviour’s parting
 word :

For this now prays God’s holy Son,
 That they in him may all be one.

In holy purpose one, and one in heart,
 Though wanderers they must be o’er earth’s
 wide waste,

From him, he prays that they may never part,
 Wherever driven by trial’s stormy blast.

For Jesus asks that these alone
 With God and him may all be one.
 That eye that pierces through the mists of time,
 Sees who shall, through their word, on them
 believe ;
 Sees who, in every land, and every clime,
 Through distant years, his gospel shall receive ;
 And nations yet unborn, now share
 Their Saviour's last and solemn prayer.
 What asks he for them in this world of night ?
 Their safety,—keep them through thy mighty
 name ;
 What in that heavenly world of endless light ?
 Their glory,—let them all be where I am.
 What need his people more than this,
 Their present peace, their future bliss ?
 O mighty prayer ! thy power has brought, shall
 bring,
 Each wandering sinner to his Father's home ;
 Thou'rt answered, as each rebel owns his king,
 And reconciled ones to his bosom come ;
 Yet shall thy fullest answer be,
 When all the earth Christ's glory see.

O. P.

15.

TRUST IN GOD.

I Thou art, O Lord, my only trust,
 When friends are mingled with the dust,
 And all my loves are gone.

C*

- When earth has nothing to bestow,
And every flower is dead below,
I look to thee alone.
- 2 Thou wilt not leave, in doubt and fear,
The humble soul, who loves to hear
The lessons of thy word.
When foes around us thickly press,
And all is danger and distress,
There's safety in the Lord.
- 3 The bosom friend may sleep below
The churchyard turf, and we may go
To close a loved one's eyes :
They will not always slumber there :
We see a world more bright and fair,
A home beyond the skies.
- 4 And we may feel the bitter dart,
Most keenly rankling in the heart,
By some dark ingrate driven :
In us revenge can never burn ;
We pity, pardon ; then we turn,
And rest our souls in heaven.
- 5 'Tis thou, O Lord, who shield'st my head,
And draw'st thy curtains round my bed ;
I sleep secure in thee :
And O ! may soon that time arrive,
When we before thy face shall live
Through all eternity.

PERCIVAL

16. GOD IS LOVE.

WRITTEN WHEN THE AUTHOR WAS MORE THAN EIGHTY
YEARS OF AGE.

- 1 WITH doubts, and cares, and fears opprest,
Man's wayward thoughts desponding rove ;
Where shall the troubled soul find rest ?
O fly to God, for God is love.
- 2 When bowed beneath afflictions sent,
Thy frequent wanderings to reprove,
Hail them as heaven's kind mercies, meant
For thy soul's good, for God is love.
- 3 When sinful pangs thy soul annoy,
With tears and prayers God's mercy prove ;
From him seek pardon, peace, and joy,—
Seek, you shall find, for God is love.
- 4 In Jesus, hear his mercy speak ;
Hear him who reigns in heaven above ;
From heaven he came, the lost to seek ;
Jesus is God, and God is love.
- 5 Trust, trust in him ; for you he died ;
By works of love thy faith approve ;
So shall thy soul in peace abide,
And know, and feel that God is love.

- 6 Thus may I live, thus let me die,
That when the summons calls 'remove,'
My soul redeemed to heaven, may fly,
To sing with saints, our God is love.

LORD TEIGNMOUTH.

17. 'IT IS I, BE NOT AFRAID.'

- 1 On Horeb's rock the Prophet stood—
The Lord before him past !
A hurricane in angry mood
Swept forward loud and fast :
The forests fell before its force,
The rocks were shivered in its course ;
God was not in the blast !—
'Twas but the whirlwind of His breath,
Announcing danger, wreck, and death !
- 2 It ceased. The air grew mute—a cloud
Obscured the radiant sun,
When, through the mountain deep and loud,
An earthquake thundered on ;
The frightened eagle sprang in air,
The wolf ran howling from his lair ;
God was not in the storm !—
'Twas but the rolling of His car,
The trampling of His steeds from far !

- 3 'Twas still again—and nature stood
 And calmed her troubled frame ;
 When swift from Heaven, a fiery flood,
 To earth, devouring came :
 Down to the depth the ocean fled,
 The sickening sun looked wan and dead ;
 God was not in the flame !—
 'Twas but the terror of His eye
 That brightened through the lofty sky !
- 4 At last a voice, all still and small,
 Rose sweetly on the ear !
 It rose so shrill and clear, that all
 In heaven and earth might hear !
 It spoke of peace, it spoke of love,
 It spoke as angels speak above ;
 And God himself was there !—
 For oh ! it was a Father's voice,
 And bade the trembling heart rejoice !

CAMPBELL.

18. HEAVEN.

- 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 every 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 clothed in spotless purity,
 Redeeming love adore.
- 4 There on a throne (how dazzling bright),
 The exalted Saviour shines ;
 And beams ineffable delight,
 On all the heavenly minds.
- 5 There shall the followers of the Lamb,
 Join in immortal songs ;
 And endless honours to his name
 Employ their tuneful tongues.
- 6 Lord, tune our hearts to praise and love ;
 Our feeble notes inspire ;
 Till in thy blissful courts above,
 We join the angelic choir.

MRS STEELE.

19.

AT PARTING.

- 1 LORD, teach us on thy word to feed ;
 In peace dismiss us hence ;
 Be thou in every time of need,
 Our refuge and defence.
- 2 We now desire to bless thy name,
 And on our hearts record,
 And with our grateful tongues proclaim,
 The goodness of the Lord.

HART.

20. THE DYING SAILOR.

- 1 FAR, far from his home the poor sailor was
dying,
Not a friend of his youth was near ;
Alone in the Zealander's hut he was lying
Distracted with anguish and fear.
- 2 That day was his last, and he felt that to-
morrow,
His spirit from earth would be gone ;
Yet vainly he spoke of his suffering and sor-
row,
His cry was unanswered, unknown.
- 3 No peace, no relief, all their remedies gave
him,
No comfort their voice could impart :
From the dread King of Terrors no mortal
could save him,
Nor heal the deep pangs of his heart.
- 4 Though long the sad sailor in misery suffered,
And much though he dreaded to die,
No message of pardon from Jesus was offered,
Nor preacher, nor gospel was nigh.
- 5 Heaved he that sigh, when his spirit reflected,
How earth could his senses beguile ?
How grace could be slighted, and Sabbaths
neglected
On the shores of his own native isle ?

- 6 Oh ! is there a heart in New Zealand that
 feeleth
 The anguish inflicted by sin ;
Or knows the dear stream of atonement that
 healeth
 The pains which are raging within ?
- 7 Oh ! is there a tongue which has pleaded the
 merit
 That justifies sinners through faith ;
To tell how the heart, by the grace of the
 Spirit,
 May turn, and be pardoned in death ?
- 8 Yes, blessed be God, o'er the billows of ocean,
 Through the isles of the south and the
 north,
The missions have sped with triumphant de-
 votion,
 To compass the bounds of the earth.
- 9 The Sun of salvation in glory has risen,
 He shines to the far distant pole ;
The beams have gone forth to the heathen's
 dark prison,
 And lighted the cannibal's soul.
- 10 Not long was the Sailor unpitied, unheeded,
 Not long was he left without care ;
Not long till the mercy, the comfort he
 needed,
 Were earnestly sought for in prayer.

11 The Zealander soon by the Sailor was kneeling,
 To pray that his anguish might cease,
 To God, through the mercy of Jesus, appealing
 For faith, consolation, and peace.

12 Dear gospel ! that thus to the heathen unveileth
 The need and the triumph of prayer,
 How covenant mercy in Jesus prevaiileth
 O'er anguish, o'er guilt, and despair.

13 On, on ye swift messengers, heralds of Jesus,
 O'er mountain, o'er desert, or wave;
 Proclaim through the nations His power to release us
 From terrors of death and the grave.

14 Go, with the arm of His righteousness o'er you,
 The strongholds of sin to destroy;
 Go, with the Spirit of glory before you,
 To give you a harvest of joy.

HOLME.

21. THE LAST WISH.

1 No more, no more of the cares of time !
 Speak to me now of that happy clime,

Where the ear never lists the sufferer's moan,
And sorrow and care are all unknown :—
Now when my pulse beats faint and slow,
And my moments are numbered here below,
With thy soft, sweet voice, my sister, tell
Of that land where my spirit longs to dwell.

2 Oh ! yes, let me hear of its blissful bowers,
And its trees of life, and its fadeless flowers;
Of its crystal streets, and its radiant throng,
With their harps of gold, and their endless
 song;
Of its glorious palms, and its raiment white,
And its streamlets all lucid with living light;
And its emerald plains, where the ransomed
 stray,
'Mid the bloom and the bliss of a changeless
 day.

3 And tell me of those who are resting there,
Far from sorrow, and free from care,—
The loved of my soul, who passed away
In the roseate bloom of their early day;—
Oh ! are they not bending around me now,—
Light in each eye, and joy on each brow,—
Waiting until my spirit fly,
To herald me home to my rest on high ?

4 Thus, thus, sweet sister, let me hear
Thy loved voice fall on my listening ear,

Like the murmur of streams in that happy
 grove,
 That circles the home of our early love;
 And so let my spirit calmly rise,
 From the loved upon earth, to the blest in
 the skies,
 And lose the sweet tones I have loved so long,
 In the glorious burst of the heavenly song.

W. L. ALEXANDER.

22. SUPPOSED TO BE SPOKEN BY A DYING SON.

- 1 WEEP not for me, mother ! because I must
 die,
 And sink in death's coldness to rest ;
 Weep not for me, mother ! because death is
 nigh,
 I go to the home of the blest.
- 2 It is but a moment,—a pang,—and no more ;
 A struggle and that to be free ;
 'Tis the spirit's last look on a journey that's
 o'er ;
 Oh ! death has no terrors for me !
- 3 Weep not for me, mother ! the Christian
 should fling
 His frailties and fears to the wind ;
 But only in death when his spirit takes wing,
 Can he leave them for ever behind.

- 4 Farewell to thee now, the mist thickens fast;
 The cold hand is laid on my breast;
 The moments are numbered,—another,—the
 last,—
 I go to the home of the blest !

ANON.

23. THE TROUBLED SOUL FLEEING TO GOD FOR
 REFUGE.

- 1 IN deep affliction's troubled hour,
 When sorrow rules the breast,
 And earthly soothing hath no power,
 To quiet its unrest;
 And mirth but maketh jarring din,
 Where all is heaviness within.
- 2 To thee we fly, O God ! to thee,
 When all denies relief;
 And still more tremulously flee,
 In storms of deeper grief :
 While all around to darkness turns,
 Thy inward light more brightly burns.
- 3 Thy love which passeth mortal sense,
 To soothe, enlighten, save,—
 Through life sustaining providence,—
 Redemption in the grave;
 Without it, life is idle breath;
 Without it, terrible is death.

WILLIS.

24. THE HOUSE OF GOD.

- 1 THERE is a refuge of peace from the tempests
that beat,
From the dark clouds that threaten, from
the wild wind that blows;
A holy, a sweet, and a lovely retreat,
A spring of refreshment, a place of repose.
- 2 'Tis the house of my God,—'tis the dwelling
of prayer,—
'Tis the temple all hallowed by blessing and
praise;
If sorrow and faithlessness conquer me there,
My heart to the throne of his grace I can
raise.
- 3 For a refuge like this, ah what praises are due;
For a rest so serene, for a covert so fair;
Ah why are the seasons of worship so few?
Ah why are so seldom the meetings for
prayer?

EDMESTON.

25. TO A MOURNER.

- 1 CLING to the cross, thou lone one,
For a solace in thy grief;—
Let faith believe its promise,
There is joy in such belief.

- 2 Oh ! lie not down, poor mourner !
 On the cold earth in despair;
 Why give the grave thy homage ?
 Does the spirit moulder *there* ?
- 3 The unbeliever trusts not
 The atonement of the cross;
 Say—*where* shall *he* find comfort
 In the gloom of such a loss ?
- 4 Can he cheer his hour of mourning
 With the madden'd cry of mirth ?
 No : he throws himself, despairing,
 On *his all*—a clod of earth !
- 5 Cling to the cross, thou lone one,
 For it hath power to save ;
 If the Christian's hope forsake thee—
 There's no hope beyond the grave !

BAYLEY.

26.

THE JEW.

- 1 HE is mourning alone, for no kind friend is
 near,
 His woe stricken spirit to comfort and cheer;
 Nor ever descends blessed sympathy's dew
 To refresh the sad heart of the sorrowing Jew.

- 2 He thinks of the land where his forefathers lie
Beneath the warm smile of their own eastern
sky,
And he wishes, perchance, he were laid by
them too,
For earth has no house for the sorrowing Jew.
- 3 He thinks of that holy and high honoured fane,
Where Jehovah would stoop to hold converse
with men.
He thinks of the glory Jerusalem knew,
And thinks of himself—a poor sorrowing Jew.
- 4 Oh hushed be thy sorrow, unheard be thy sigh,
And hide the warm tear trickling down from
thy eye;
He thinks of the glory Jerusalem knew,
And thinks of himself—a poor sorrowing Jew.
- 5 Yet woe to the man, though a prince on his
throne,
Who shall mock at a people God still calls his
own !
For he, whose great name is the Holy and
True,
Hath sworn to avenge the poor sorrowing Jew.
- 6 Rouse, rouse ye then, Christians ; if Chris-
tians indeed,
Your hearts for the sorrow of Judah will
bleed ;

Ye will mourn for her temple, her glory laid
low,
Ye will mourn for her son, the poor sorrowing
Jew.

7 Oh! think ye, with fear, on the curse and the
woes,
Jehovah has threatened on Abraham's foes;
Oh remember that He who was offered for you,
In the days of his flesh was a sorrowing Jew.

8 And thou blessed Spirit, whose life-giving
power
Alone can the feet of the wanderer restore;
O teach them their own pierced Messiah to
view,
And bring to his fold the poor wandering Jew.

ELNIE.

27. 'CHRIST, THE CHIEFEST AMONG TEN
THOUSAND.'

O JESUS! the glory, the wonder, and love
Of angels and glorified spirits above,
And saints who behold thee not, yet dearly love,
Rejoicing in hope of thy glory:
Thou only, and wholly, art lovely and fair,
Who robb'st not Jehovah, with him to compare,
Jehovah's own image glows in thee; shines there,
In visible bodily glory.

Worth Divine dwells in thee ;
 Excellent dignity,
 Beauty and majesty,
 Glory environs thee ;

Power, honour, dominion, and life rest on thee,
 O thou chiefest among the ten thousands.

Wherever we view thee, new glories arise ;
 The man who's God's fellow, who rides on the
 skies,
 Made flesh, dwelt amongst us ; brought God to
 our eyes,

In grace and truth showing his glory.

Thou spak'st to existence the heavens and their
 hosts,

The earth and its fulness, the seas and their
 coasts ;

Time hangs on thy word, and eternity boasts,
 To crown and adorn thee with glory.

Worth divine, &c.

But how lovely dost thou appear in our eyes,
 When we view thee incarnate, in childhood's
 disguise !

Thy loves, past all knowledge, with raptures
 surprise,

And ravish our hearts with thy glory.

Thou in thine own body, on the cursed tree,
 Didst bear all our sins, while thy God frowned
 on thee,

Expiring in blood in our stead ; and now we
 Exult in thy merit and glory.

Worth divine, &c.

Thy blood, all divine, from the grave back again
 Brought thee, King of Glory, thou Lamb who
 wast slain !

First-born of the dead, crowned with honour
 supreme,

Thy throne is established in glory.

There reign in thy glory, O thou great Adored !

Till thy foes crushed under thy feet be no more ;

Thy throne shall triumph over all things re-
 stored,

And eternity blaze with thy glory.

Worth divine, &c.

ANON.

28.

THE SAVIOUR IN HEAVEN.

1 YES, I see Him,—but not as he hung
 On his cross, 'twixt the earth and the sky ;
 When the deep glooms of midnight were flung
 O'er the city that doom'd him to die.

2 I behold Him, but not as he lay
 Close immured in the house of the dead,
 While the grave triumph'd over her prey,
 And the earth wept her dews round his
 head.

- 3 It is Jesus,—but where are the thorns
That not long since environ'd his brow ?
How different the robe that adorns,
And the crown that encircles him now !
- 4 Once, inferior to angels, he trod
For a while this dark valley of tears :
Now, acknowledged their Lord and their God,
Crown'd with glory and honour appears.
- 5 There high above all shines his seat,
And his sceptre the universe sways ;
Not a seraph but bows at his feet,
Not a harp but is tuned to his praise.
- 6 Condescendingly sometimes to me
He himself full of mercy reveals ;
Yet how faint is the vision I see !
For the flesh half his glory conceals.
- 7 But ere long, to his presence convey'd,
All his glories my eye shall explore ;
And no veil intervene with its shade
'Twixt my soul and the God I adore.

EAST.

29. PRAISE TO THE REDEEMER.

- 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 hearts and voices
With glad anticipation,
And cry aloud,
And give to God
The praise of our salvation.

- 2 While in affliction's furnace,
And passing through the fire,
The love we praise,
Which tries our ways,
And ever brings us nigher.
We clap our hands, exulting
In thine almighty favour ;
The love divine,
Which made us thine,
Shall keep us thine for ever.

- 3 By faith we see the glory
To which thou shalt restore us.
The world despise
For that high prize,
Which thou hast set before us.
And if thou count us worthy,
We each, like dying Stephen,
Shall see thee stand
At God's right hand,
To take us up to heaven.

TOPLADY.

30. ON THE DEATH OF AN INFANT SON.

- 1 WHEN I can trust my all with God,
In trial's fearful hour,
Bow all resign'd beneath his rod,
And bless his sparing power ;
A joy springs up amid distress,
A fountain in the wilderness.
- 2 Oh ! to be brought to Jesus' feet,
Though sorrows fix me there,
Is still a privilege ; and sweet
The energies of prayer,
Though sighs and tears its language be
If Christ be nigh, and smile on me.
- 3 An earthly mind, a faithless heart,
He sees with pitying eye ;
He will not let his grace depart ;
But, kind severity !
He takes a hostage of our love,
To draw the parent's heart above.
- 4 There stands our child before the Lord,
In royal vesture drest ;
A victor ere he drew the sword,
Ere he had toil'd at rest.
No doubts this blessed faith bedim :
We know that Jesus died for him.

5 O blessed be the hand that gave ;
 Still blessed when it takes.
 Blessed be He who smites to save,
 Who heals the heart he breaks.
 Perfect and true are all his ways,
 Whom heaven adores, and death obeys.

CONDER.

31. THE CONQUEROR FROM EDOM AND
 BOZRAH.

- 1 OH ! who is it that comes from the field of
 the slain,
 Array'd in his garb of the dark crimson
 stain ?
 Who is it that passeth thus wrathfully by,
 With his raiment so deeply empurpled in dye !
- 2 ' It is I—it is I, who have risen at length,
 In the day of my wrath, with the sword of
 my strength ;
 It is I who have spoken, nor spoken in vain,
 Now return'd with the spoils from the field of
 the slain.'
- 3 And why, O thou Victor, oh ! why thus imbue
 Thy garments of snow with the deep crimson
 hue !

And why, mighty Victor, thy raiment thus
red,
As though thou hadst trodden where thou-
sands had bled ?

4 ' I have trodden the wine-press of Edom
alone,
Yet their armies are scatter'd, their banners
are strown ;
And still will I tread o'er the hosts of their
pride,
Till in crimson yet deeper my raiment is
dyed.

5 ' There was not a helper in Israel that day,
No arm that could save the hostile array ;
I look'd, but, alas ! there was no one to save,
No hand that could snatch from the grasp of
the grave.

6 ' But I have arisen in my glory at length,
In the day of my wrath, with the sword of
my strength,
With the seal on my arm, and stain on my
vest,
And where I have fought shall my people be
blest.'

H ROGERS.

32. THE LORD IS OUR REFUGE.

- 1 Oh where for refuge should I flee,
When sins, and fears, and doubts assail !
Had not my Saviour died for me,
Too surely must my foes prevail !
Oh ! where for refuge should I flee,
If Jesus had not died for me ?
- 2 Beside that pure and holy law,
Which God from Sinai's mount proclaim'd,
My spirit shrinks with sacred awe,
To find no single act unblamed.
Then where for refuge should I flee,
If Jesus had not died for me !
- 3 If I relied not on his power,
To save my footsteps from the snare,
The evil thoughts of every hour
Might almost drive me to despair.
Oh where for refuge should I flee,
If Jesus had not died for me ?
- 4 Alone while thinking on his love,
My heart is thrilled with the display ;
But when amidst the world I rove,
These holy feelings die away.
Oh where for refuge should I flee,
If Jesus had not died for me !

- 5 He died for me ! and is it true,
Am I by no false hopes deceived ?
The mighty consequence in view,
Seems still too great to be believed.
My debt is paid, and I am free,
Because my Saviour died for me !
- 6 Forgive ! oh, what a word of bliss,
It seems my inmost heart to melt,
Oh ! how can mercy such as this
Be duly praised, or duly felt ?
Oh ! it will fill eternity,
To tell His love who died for me !
- 7 Forgive ! nay more, surprising grace,
Adopted as a favoured son,
Foremost among a rebel race,
Yet brought to stand before the throne.
Oh ! blest the hour which made me see,
That my dear Saviour died for me !
- 8 Yes ! thou art worthy, dearest Lord,
O'er every pulse of life to reign,
Yes ! thou art worthy, dearest Lord,
Of all my love, for thou wast slain.
To set a guilty spirit free,
My Saviour bled and died for me !
- 9 O that this heart might ne'er forget,
The ardour of its present glow ;

Nor cease to recollect the debt,
 Which to his unbought love I owe.
 Oh that my constant theme might be,
 My gracious Saviour died for me !

- 10 But while this heart's so full of sin,
 Th' impression must too swiftly fade ;
 Oh for some glorious distant scene,
 Where all his worth shall shine display'd,
 And prompt, throughout eternity,
 Fresh love to him who died for me.

DR STOCK.

33. ON CHRISTIAN DEVOTEDNESS.

- 1 Who doubting asks, What shall I give ?
 And what shall I withhold ?
 Whose heart can be, when Christ demands,
 So thankless and so cold ?
- 2 O think of all his love to thee !
 Think what thy ransom cost !
 The blood of God's dear Son above,
 Avail'd to save the lost.
- 3 Think of the blessings He has bought,
 The debt thou could'st not pay,
 And of the place prepared for thee,
 In realms of endless day.

- 4 And wilt thou then, withhold from Him
 Aught that his grace bestows ?
 No ! let us give our all to Him,
 Whose love no limit knows.
- 5 And what a privilege to feel
 That we are wholly His,
 With all we have, with all we are !
 Oh ! this indeed is bliss.
- 6 Come let us, then, without reserve,
 Devote ourselves to God ;
 He will accept the sacrifice,
 Cleansed in a Saviour's blood.

ANON.

 34. THE PILGRIM'S SONG.

- 1 MY rest is in heaven, my rest is not here,
 Then why should I tremble when trials are
 near !
 Be hush'd, my dark spirit, the worst that can
 come
 But shortens thy journey, and hastens thee
 home.
- 2 It is not for me to be seeking my bliss,
 Or building my hopes in a region like this ;
 I look for a city that hands have not piled,
 I pant for a country by sin undefiled.

SACRED POETRY.

'The thorn and the thistle around me may
grow,
would not lie down upon roses below;
ask not a portion, I seek not a rest,
'till I find them for ever on Jesus's breast.

Afflictions may press me, they cannot destroy,
The glimpse of his love turns them all into
joy;
and the bitterest tears, if he smile but on
them,
like dew in the sunshine, grow diamond and
gem.

Let doubt, then, and danger my progress op-
pose,
'they only make heaven more sweet at the
close;
Some joy or comesorrow, whate'er may befall,
An hour with my God will make up for them
all.

Let scrip on my back, and a staff in my hand,
march on in haste through an enemy's land;
'The road may be rough, but it cannot be long,
and I'll smooth it with hope, and cheer it with
song.

H. T. LYTE.

35. 'WHO IS THIS THAT COMETH UP THROUGH
THE WILDERNESS LEANING UPON HER BE-
LOVED?'

- 1 O HOLY Saviour, Friend unseen,
Since on thine arm thou bidst me lean,
Help me throughout life's varying scene
By faith to cling to Thee.
- 2 Blest with this fellowship divine,
Take what thou wilt, I'll ne'er repine;
E'en as the branches to the vine,
My soul would cling to Thee.
- 3 Far from her home, fatigued, oppressed,
Here she has found her place of rest,
An exile still, yet not unblessed,
While she can cling to Thee.
- 4 Without a murmur I dismiss
My former dreams of earthly bliss,
My joy, my consolation this,
Each hour to cling to Thee.
- 5 What though the world unfaithful prove,
And earthly friends and joys remove,
With sure and certain hope of love,
Still would I cling to Thee.

- 6 Oft when I seem to tread alone,
Some barren waste, with thorns o'ergrown,
Thy voice of love in gentle tone,
Whispers, ' Still cling to me.'
- 7 Though faith and hope may oft be tried,
I ask not, need not ought beside,
How safe, how calm, how satisfied,
The soul that clings to Thee.
- 8 They fear not Satan nor the grave,
They feel Thee near and strong to save,
Nor dread to cross e'en Jordan's wave,
Because they cling to Thee.
- 9 Blessed is my lot, whate'er befall,
What can disturb me, who appal,
While as my strength, my rock, my all,
Saviour, I'll cling to Thee.

AN

36. CHRISTIAN CALMNESS DISTURBED.

WE walked by the side of the tranquil stream,
That the sun had tinged with his parting beam,
The water was still and so crystal clear,
That every spray had its image there.

And every reed that o'er it bowed,
And the crimson streak, and the silvery cloud,

And all that was bright, and all that was fair,
And all that was gay, was reflected there.

And they said it was like to the chasten'd breast,
That religion soothes to a holy rest;
When sorrow has tamed the impassioned eye,
And the bosom reflects its expected sky.

But I took a stone that lay beside,
And I cast it far on the glassy tide;
And gone was the charm of the pictured scene,
And the sky so bright and the landscape green.

And I bade them mark, how an idle word,
Too lightly said, and too deeply heard;
Or a harsh reproof, or a look unkind,
May spoil the peace of the heavenly mind.

Though sweet be the peace, and holy the calm,
And the heavenly beam be bright and warm;
The heart that it gilds is all as weak
As the wave that reflects the crimson streak.

You cannot impede the celestial ray,
That lights the dawn of eternal day;
But so may you trouble the bosom it cheers,
Twill cease to be true to the image it bears.

CAROLINE FRY.

37. BELIEVERS ONE IN CHRIST JESUS.

1 COME all whoe'er have set,
Your faces Zion-ward,
In Jesus let us meet,
And praise our common Lord;
In Jesus let us still go on,
Till all appear before his throne.

2 Nearer and nearer still
We to our country come,
To that celestial hill,
The weary pilgrim's home;
The new Jerusalem above,
The seat of everlasting love.

3 The ransomed sons of God,
The things of earth we scorn;
And to our high abode
With songs of praise return.
From strength to strength we still proceed,
With crowns of joy upon our head.

4 The peace and joy of faith,
Each moment may we feel !
Redeemed from sin and wrath,
From earth, and death, and hell,
We to our Father's house repair,
To meet our elder Brother there.

5 Our Brother, Saviour, Head,
 Our All in All is he;
 And in his steps who tread,
 Shall soon his glory see,—
 Shall see him with our ransomed friends,
 And then in heaven our journey ends.

WESLEY.

38.

THE ECHO.

I stood on the banks of a swift flowing river
 While I marked its clear current roll speedily
 past,
 It seemed to my fancy for ever repeating
 That the dearest enjoyments of life would not
 last.
 O! tell me, I said, rapid stream of the valley,
 That bearest in thy course the blue waters
 away,
 Can the joys of life's morning awake but to
 vanish,
 Can the feelings of love be all doomed to
 decay!
 An Echo repeated—' All doomed to decay !'
 Flow on in thy course, rapid stream of the valley,
 Since the pleasures of life we so quickly re-
 sign,

E *

My heart shall rejoice in the wild scenes of
nature,

And friendship's delights while they yet may
be mine.

Must all the sweet charms of mortality perish,
And friendship's endearments—Ah! will they
not stay?

The simple enchantments of soft blooming na-
ture—

And the pleasures of mind—must they too
fade away?

The Echo slow answered—'They too fade away!'

Then where, I exclaimed, is there hope for the
mourner;

A balm for his sorrow, a smile for his grief?
If beautiful scenes like the present shall vanish,
Where—where shall we seek for a certain
relief?

O! fly, said my soul, to the feet of thy Saviour,
Believe in his mercy, for pardon now pray;
With him there is fulness of joy and salvation,
Thy gladness shall live, and shall never decay.
The Echo said sweetly—'Shall never decay!'

ANON.

39. ON THE DEATH OF A YOUNG PERSON.

I O YE, who with the frequent tear,
And saddened step assemble here,

To bear these cold, yet loved remains,
Where dark and cheerless silence reigns,
Your sorrows hush, your griefs dispel,
The Saviour lives, and All is well !

- 2 Let Unbelief lament or frown,
To see so fair a flower cut down;
But O let Faith direct her eye,
Amidst her tears to yonder sky,
And on this blessed assurance dwell,
The Saviour lives, and All is well !
- 3 Those eyes, indeed, are rayless now,
And pale that cheek, and chill that brow;
Yet could that lifeless form declare
The joys its soul is called to share,
How would those lips rejoice to tell,
The Saviour lives, and All is well !
- 4 And O were it to mortals given,
To hear, through yonder vault of heaven,
The strains that ransomed spirits sing,
Thus would the joyous descant ring,
' The Lord, who saved our souls from hell,
The Saviour lives, and All is well !'
- 5 Come then, let us no more repine,
But all the glorious anthem join;
And while our fondest hopes decay,
Still learn to wipe our tears away,
And loud the heavenly chorus swell,
The Saviour lives, and All is well !

HUTCH.

40. THE MISSIONARY'S FAREWELL.

- 1 FAREWELL to my country and home,
Friends, parents, and relatives dear ;
Across where the huge billows foam
I go,—yet a stranger to fear,
To publish the Lamb that was slain,
Who shed for lost sinners His blood,
I brave all the storms of the main,
And smile at the loud roaring flood.
- 2 Shall I count *my life* dear to do this,
Reap infinite gain by its loss !
No, be it my glory and bliss,
To count all things else but as dross—
Oh weep not ! but dry up your tears,
Let gladness spring up in your heart ;
And rather than brood o'er your fears,
Rejoice to behold me depart.
- 3 Ere long shall the day-star arise,
And righteousness cover the earth,
For Jesus will open the eyes
Of those who were blind from their birth.
The East her hosanna's shall raise,
The South will re-echo the song,
And the West and the North, the loud praise
Of Jesus's love shall prolong.

- 4 Thus though in a life-wasting clime,
 My days I am destined to spend,
 And pass the short course of my time,
 Far distant from country and friend ;
 For the sake of the Lord I will go,
 And be spent in declaring his love,
 Who long can preserve me below,
 Or take me to triumph above.

. ANON.

41. PRAYER FOR THE HOLY SPIRIT.

- 1 COME, thou all-inspiring Spirit,
 Into every longing heart !
 Bought for us by Jesus' merit,
 Now thy blissful self impart :
 Sign our uncontested pardon ;
 Wash us in the atoning blood !
 Make our hearts a watered garden ;
 Fill our spotless souls with God.
- 2 If thou gave the enlarged desire
 Which for thee we ever feel,
 Now our panting souls inspire,
 Now our cancelled sin reveal :
 Claim us for thy habitation ;
 Dwell within our hallowed breast ;
 Seal us heirs of full salvation,
 Fitted for our heavenly rest.

- 3 Give us quietly to tarry,
Till for all thy glory meet,
Waiting, like attentive Mary,
Happy at the Saviour's feet ;
Keep us from the world unspotted,
From all earthly passions free,
Wholly to thyself devoted,
Fixed to live and die for thee.
- 4 Wreſtling on in mighty prayer,
Lord, we will not let thee go,
Till thou all thy mind declare,
All thy grace on us beſtow ;
Peace, the ſeal of ſin forgiven,
Joy, and perfect love, impart,
Preſent, everlaſting heaven,
All thou haſt, and all thou art !

WESLEY.

42. THE LORD IS AT HAND.

OH, why is this ſpirit ſo deeply o'ercaſt,
And why is this life nought but ſorrow and
gloom,
That the earth-fettered pilgrim deſires to have
paſt,
The long weariſome journey that leads to the
tomb.

'Tis sin that possesses, that rules, in the breast,
Where the Spirit of Christ ought to make his
abode,
Darkly tempted without, and within sore distress,
The frail one's o'erwhelmed 'neath his bur-
densome load.

Oh, who shall deliver the captive enchained
In this body of death? who the slave shall
set free?—
Thanks, thanks be to God, who in mercy hath
deigned
A Redeemer to send us, O Jesus! in Thee.

Then awake up, ye sleepers! arise from the dead!
On the watch-towers of faith let your beacon-
fires flame,
For the Conqueror comes, our omnipotent Head;
Lo, the Lord is at hand! shout his wonder-
ful name.

Proclaim it, proclaim it, till earth's farthest
bound,
Shall hear and re-echo salvation's glad word!
While his church stands prepared for the last
trumpet's sound,
In holy expectancy waiting her Lord.

HABERSHON.

43. IN SOLITUDE AND SICKNESS.

- 1 CEASE thou from man—Oh ! what to thee,
Can thy poor fellow-mortals be ?
Are they not erring, finite, frail ?
What can their utmost aid avail ?
- 2 Their very love will prove a snare ;
Then, when thy heart becomes aware
Of its own danger, it will bleed
For leaning on a broken reed.
- 3 Why does thy bliss so much depend
On earthly relative or friend ?
There is a friend who changes never,
The love He gives is given for ever.
- 4 *He* has withdrawn thee, now, apart,
To teach these lessons to thy heart ;
Has darkened all thy earthly scene,
That thou *on Him alone* mayest lean.
- 5 His precious love the balm supplies,
For which thy wounded spirit sighs ;
That only medicine can make whole,
The weary, faint, and sin-sick soul.
- 6 Go to that Friend, poor aching heart !
He knows how desolate thou art ;
He waits—he longs to see thee blest,
And *in Himself*, to give thee rest.

44. PARAPHRASE OF PSALM XXIII.

- 1 SINCE Thou art my Shepherd, O Lord ! I'll
rejoice,
And come with delight at the sound of Thy
voice,—
That voice can the surges of sorrow control,
When it speaks in the accents of love to the
soul.
- 2 Thou leadest me, dear Shepherd ! with strong
cords unseen,
To valleys where pasturage ever is green.
There, far from the billows of passion and
strife,
Roll softly along the clear waters of life,
While every green hillock, and meadow, and
grove,
Is vocal with songs of salvation and love.
- 3 Almighty and willing to calm and console,
In distress Thou restorest the calm of the
soul ;
Thou gently chastisest whene'er I transgress,
And enrobest my soul with 'Thine own righte-
ousness.
I'd fearlessly walk in the valley of death,
And yield, with composure, life's last fainting
breath,

For Thou, dearest Shepherd, art near by my
side ;
Thy rod and thy staff are my comfort and
guide.

- 4 Thy bounty my table with plenty hath spread :
With the oil of delight Thou anointest my
head :
Thou givest me strength to contend with my
foes,
And my cup with the richest of blessings
o'erflows,—
Surely goodness and mercy shall crown all
my days,
And I'll spend my existence in speaking Thy
praise.

R. FURMAN.

45. JESUS SEEN OF ANGELS.

- 1 BEYOND the glittering starry sky,
Which God's right hand sustains,
There, in the boundless world of light,
Our great Redeemer reigns.
- 2 Legions of angels, strong and fair,
In countless armies shine ;
At his right hand with golden harps,
They offer songs divine.

- 3 Hail ! Prince, they cry, for ever hail !
 Whose unexampled love
 Moved thee to quit these glorious realms
 And royalties above.
- 4 Whilst from the sons of men on earth,
 He suffered rude disdain,
 They laid their honours at his feet,
 And waited in his train.
- 5 Through all his toils and conflicts here,
 They did his steps attend ;
 Oft gazed and wondered where at length
 This wondrous scene would end.
- 6 They saw him break the bars of death,
 Which none e'er broke before ;
 And rise, in conquering majesty,
 To stoop to death no more.
- 7 With chariots from above, they bore
 Him to his heavenly throne ;
 And with a shout, exulting cried,
 ' The glorious work is done !'

TURNER.

46. ' THOU WILT KEEP HIM IN PERFECT PEACE,
 WHOSE MIND IS STAYED ON THEE.'

- 1 WHY, Christian pilgrim, trembling stand
 In sorrow and dismay ?
 The traveller bound to Zion's land
 Should faint not by the way :

- Seek in these blessed words repose,
And let thy troubles cease ;
For know, whate'er thy wants or woes,
The Lord will give thee peace.
- 2 Have faithless friends deceived thy love,
And taught thy tears to flow ?
Oh ! seek affection from above,
Nor mourn its loss below :
Though earthly ills thy bosom rend,
Though earthly foes increase,
Thy heavenly, thy unchanging Friend,
Shall guide thee still in peace.
- 3 Has fortune mocked thy eager care,
And frowned upon thy toil ?
Oh ! strive to gain those treasures rare,
That none can harm or spoil :
Time may invade the miser's store,
And bid his wealth decrease ;
But time can but augment the more
The Christian's perfect peace.
- 4 Still do thy looks distress impart ?
Still art thou sore dismayed ?
Oh ! tell me, is thy truant heart
On God entirely stayed ?
If worldly trifles sway thy mind,
If worldly cares increase,
How can'st thou ever hope to find
The calm of perfect peace ?

- 5 Oh! cast aside each restless fear
 That in thy soul hath part ;
 Yield to the Lord, in faith sincere,
 An undivided heart :
 Then, soothed by his almighty love,
 Thy earthly woes shall cease,
 And even death's dark hour shall prove
 To thee an hour of peace.

ANON.

47. PRAISE FOR THE LOVING KINDNESS OF GOD.

- 1 GREAT GOD of wonders, all thy ways
 Are worthy of thyself,—divine :
 But the bright glories of thy grace,
 Beyond thine other wonders shine.
 Who is a pardoning 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 thy grand prerogative,
 And in the honour none shall share.
 Is there a pardoning God like thee ?
 Or is there grace so rich and free ?
- 3 Pardon from an offended God !
 Pardon—for sins of deepest dye !

Pardon—bestowed through Jesus' blood ;
 Pardon—that brings the rebel nigh.
 Where is the pardoning God like thee ?
 Or where the grace so rich and free ?

- 4 Oh, may this glorious, matchless love,
 This godlike miracle of grace,
 Teach mortal tongues, like those above,
 To raise this song of lofty praise :
 Who is a pardoning God like thee ?
 Or who has grace so rich and free ?

DAVIES.

48. PRAISE FOR SALVATION.

- 1 I LOVE the Lord, mighty to save ;
 I love him, my Shepherd and King ;
 I love him, because he once gave
 His soul as an offering for sin.
 I'll praise him, because it's his due,
 Who suffered and died on the tree ;
 Because of his love ever new,
 Which still is extended to me.
- 2 We'll praise him, because of his love,
 Which pluck'd us as brands from the flame ;
 We'll praise him, because we still prove
 His love to be ever the same.

We'll trust him, in life and in death,
 We'll trust him, in trouble and joy ;
 And oh, that we may our last breath,
 In singing his praises employ !

- 3 And then in a far nobler song
 We'll sing of his mercy and love ;
 And join in the chorus among
 The glorified spirits above.
 We'll cast our crowns down at the feet
 Of Jesus, who sits on the throne ;
 Whom face to face then we shall meet,
 And sing of his merits alone.

E. N. HOARE.

49. SAUL OF TARSUS HOLDING THE GARMENTS
 OF THE MURDERERS OF STEPHEN.

- 1 THE soldier of Christ to the stake was bound,
 And the foes of the Lord had beset him round,
 But his forehead beam'd with unearthly light,
 As he look'd with joy to his last high fight.
- 2 Beyond that circle of death was one
 Whose hand was unarm'd with glaive or stone,
 But the garments he held, as apart he stood,
 Of the men who were bared for the work of
 blood.

- 3 His form was tall, and his bearing high,
And courage sat in his dark deep eye ;
His cheek was young, and he seemed to stand
Like one who was destined for high command.
- 4 But the hate of his spirit you well might learn
From his pale high brow, so bent and stern ;
And the glance that at times shot angry light,
Like a flash from the depth of a stormy night.
- 5 'Twas Saul of Tarsus—a fearful name,
And wed in the land with sword and flame ;
And the faithful of Israel trembled all,
At the deeds that were wrought by the furious
Saul.
- 6 'Tis done !—the martyr has slept at last,
And his victor soul to the Lord hath past ;
And the murderers' hearts waxed sore with
guilt,
As they gazed on the innocent blood they spilt.
- 7 But Saul went on in his fiery zeal :
The thirst of his fury no blood could quell,
And he went to Damascus with words of doom,
To bury the faithful in dungeon gloom ;
- 8 When, lo ! as a rock by the lightning riven,
His heart was smote by a voice from heaven ;
And the hater of Jesus loved nought beside,
And died for the name of the crucified.

CALLAMAN.

50. ON JAMES SMITH THE MISSIONARY OF
DEMERARA.

- 1 SWEET be his sleep in the land of the stranger;
Sweetly in death may his ashes repose;
Escap'd from the spoiler, and sheltered from
 danger,
His mourning is o'er, and forgotten his woes.
- 2 No more shall his pathway be mingled with
 sorrow,
Nor toil and contempt on his journey attend;
Bright beams his morn, and the fear of to-
 morrow
Shall never arise in a day without end.
- 3 His tears are all dried, and the voice of com-
 plaining
Is hushed as the fall of the evening breeze;
O'er trouble and care, with the sanctified
 reigning,
He rests from his toil and affliction in peace.
- 4 In a green vale at the foot of a mountain,
Where runs the clear streamlet in stillness
 profound,
Deep dig his grave by the side of a fountain,
And let it for ever with honour be crowned.

- 5 Let nothing be laid but the turf for his pillow,
 To mark out the spot by his memory blest ;
 When they ask where he lies who came over
 the billow,
 They'll say, In the beautiful isle of the west.
- 6 Green be the grass o'er the place of his slum-
 ber,
 And blest be the hand that refreshes the sod ;
 While borne by the angels, with saints with-
 out number,
 His spirit shall dwell in the palace of God.

ANON.

51. THE HAPPINESS OF HEAVEN.

- 1 WHERE shall the weary rest ?
 The child of sorrow, where ?
 In Jesus' arms, for ever blest,
 Soon shall he banish care !
- 2 When shall the sufferer's pain,
 The groan of anguish, cease ?
 In heaven the saints no more complain,
 But all is endless peace !
- 3 When shall temptation's power
 No longer break repose ?
 There comes a near, a blissful hour
 Which no disturbance knows !

- 4 When shall this aching heart
 With every loved one dwell ?
 In worlds above they never part,
 There never say, 'farewell !'
- 5 Where is the blest abode
 Whence none shall ever roam ?
 There in the presence of our God
 Is our eternal home !
- 6 Lord, in that happy land
 From sin and sorrow free,
 Grant us among thy chosen band
 To live in joy with thee !

HUTTON.

52. A MOTHER'S LAMENT ON THE DEATH OF
 HER INFANT DAUGHTER.

- 1 I LOVED thee, daughter of my heart ;
 My child I loved thee dearly ;
 And though we only met to part,
 —How sweetly ! how sincerely !—
 Nor life, nor death can sever
 My soul from thine for ever.
- 2 Thy days, my little one, were few ;
 An angel's morning visit,
 That came and vanished with the dew ;
 'Twas here, 'tis gone, where is it ?

Yet didst thou leave behind thee
A clue for love to find thee.

- 3 The eye, the lip, the cheek, the brow,
The hands stretched forth in gladness ;
All life, joy, rapture, beauty now ;
Then dashed with infant sadness ;
Till, brightening by transition,
Returned the fairy vision :—
- 4 Where are they now !—those smiles, those
tears,
Thy mother's darling treasure ?
She sees them still, and still she hears
Thy tones of pain or pleasure,
To her quick pulse revealing
Unutterable feeling.
- 5 Hushed in a moment on her breast,
Life at the well-spring drinking ;
Then cradled on her lap to rest,
In rosy slumber sinking ;
Thy dreams—no thought can guess them ;
And mine—no tongue express them.
- 6 For then this waking eye could see,
In many a vain vagary,
The things that never were to be,
Imaginations airy ;
Fond hopes that mothers cherish,
Like still-born babes to perish.

- 7 Mine perished on thy early bier ?
 No—changed to forms more glorious,
 They flourish in a higher sphere,
 O'er time and death victorious !
 Yet would these arms have chained thee,
 And long from heaven detained thee.
- 8 Sarah ! my last, my youngest love,
 The crown of every other !
 Though thou art born in heaven above,
 I am thine only mother ;
 Nor will affection let me
 Believe thou canst forget me.
- 9 Then—thou in heaven and I on earth—
 May this one hope delight us,
 That thou wilt hail my second birth,
 When death shall re-unite us,
 Where worlds no more can sever
 Parent and child for ever.

MONTGOMERY.

53.

THE MERCY-SEAT.

- 1 WHEN storms of wrath around us roll,
 And judgments shake the affrighted soul ;
 Where shall we find a sure retreat,
 What refuge but the mercy-seat !

- 2 When Satan strives our hearts to gain,
And says our hope in Christ is vain,
Oh ! let us seek our Saviour's feet,
And bend before the mercy-seat.
- 3 We trust not in the heart sincere,
We plead no penitential tear,
But we believe the promise sweet,
That bids us seek the mercy-seat.
- 4 Should He our hope at first deny,
Nor seem to hear our anxious cry,
Oh ! still the fervent prayer repeat
To Him who fills the mercy-seat.
- 5 Though mixed with earth and sin they rise,
Our feeble prayers shall reach the skies,
Acceptable as incense sweet,
On the blood-sprinkled mercy-seat.
- 6 Eternal life will God bestow,
Where sin no more our souls shall know ;
Our ransomed spirits then shall meet
In heaven, around His mercy-seat.

E. M.

54. DESIRE TO BE REMEMBERED OF GOD.

- 1 REMEMBER us, O God of love !
Through life's oft changing scene,
Our guide, our guardian ever prove,
For on thy strength we lean.

- 2 Remember us, when conflicts here
Our faith would oft time try ;
In pity mark each starting tear,
And hear each rising sigh.
- 3 Remember us, whene'er we kneel
Around thy throne in prayer ;
For all our wants compassion feel,
And ever meet us there.
- 4 Remember us, whene'er we seek
To make thy glory known ;
When of thy dying love we speak,
O send thy blessing down !
- 5 Remember us, in sorrow's hour,
When nought of earth can calm,
Then on our wounded spirits pour
Thy sovereign healing balm.
- 6 Remember us, when fears arise,
And fainting faith would fail ;
Bid us lift up our weeping eyes,
And, through thy grace, prevail.
- 7 Remember us, in hours of pain,
When health and ease are fled ;
Comfort from thee may we obtain,
To sooth our suffering bed.
- 8 But, oh ! remember us yet more
When life is closing fast ;
And bear us safely to that shore
Where we shall rest at last !

ANON.

55.

JEHOVAH TSIDKENU.

'THE LORD OUR RIGHTEOUSNESS.' THE WATCHWORD
OF THE REFORMERS.

- 1 I ONCE was a stranger
 To grace and to God,
I knew not my danger,
 And felt not my load,
Though friends spoke in rapture
 Of Christ on the tree,
Jehovah Tsidkenu was
 Nothing to me.
- 2 I oft read with pleasure,
 To soothe or engage,
Isaiah's wild measure,
 And John's simple page ;
But even where they pictured
 The blood-sprinkled tree,
Jehovah Tsidkenu seemed
 Nothing to me.
- 3 Like tears from the daughters
 Of Zion that roll,
I wept when the waters
 Went over his soul ;
Yet thought not that my sins
 Had nailed to the tree
Jehovah Tsidkenu,—'twas
 Nothing to me.

- 4 But when free grace awoke me,
By light from on high,
Then legal fears shook me,
I trembled to die ;
No refuge, no safety,
In self could I see,—
Jehovah Tsidkenu my
Saviour must be.
- 5 My terrors all vanished
Before the sweet name ;
My guilty fears banished,
With boldness I came
To drink at the fountain,
So copious and free,—
Jehovah Tsidkenu is
All things to me.
- 6 Jehovah Tsidkenu, my
Treasure and boast,
Jehovah Tsidkenu, I
Ne'er can be lost.
In thee I shall conquer
By flood and by field,
My cable, my anchor,
My breast-plate and shield !
- 7 Even treading the valley,
The shadow of death,
This ' watchword ' shall rally
My faltering breath ;

For while from life's fever
 My God sets me free,
 Jehovah Tsidkenu, my
 Death-song shall be.

R. M. M'CHEYNE.

56. 'THERE SHALL BE NO MORE SEA.'

- 1 WHEN tempests toss, and billows roll,
 And lightnings rend from pole to pole ;
 Sweet is the thought to me,
 That one day it shall not be so :
 In the bright world to which I go,
 The tempest shall forget to blow :
 There shall be no more sea.
- 2 My little bark has suffered much
 From adverse storms ; nor is she such
 As once she seemed to be :
 But I shall shortly be at home,
 No more a mariner to roam ;
 When once I to the port am come,
 There will be no more sea.
- 3 Then let the waves run mountains high,
 Confound the deep, perplex the sky,
 This shall not always be :
 One day the sun will brightly shine
 With life, and light, and heat divine ;
 And when that glorious land is mine,
 There will be no more sea.

- 4 My pilot tells me not to fear,
 But trust entirely to his care,
 And he will guarantee,
 If only I depend on him,
 To land me safe in his good time,
 In yonder purer happier clime,
 Where shall be no more sea.

FYSH.

57. ADIEU.

- 1 Not as the worldling bids farewell,
 When earthly wishes bound his view ;
 Whose but the Christian's tongue can tell
 The fulness of that word, ' Adieu.'
- 2 Cling to thy Uncreated Friend,
 To Jesus the Supremely True ;
 And O ! thy welfare I commend
 To him, while I pronounce ' Adieu.'

ANON.

58. A NEW YEAR'S PROMISE.

- 1 HARK ! a sweet sound salutes mine ear,
 While entering on this opening year ;
 My Saviour speaks, and says to me,
 That as ' my days my strength shall be.'

- 2 With such a promise need I fear
 What shall befall me through the year?
 For this I would not anxious be,
 Since as 'my days my strength shall be.'
- 3 Should storms of trouble on me fall,
 And should my cup be mixed with gall,
 This promise will be sweet to me,
 That as 'my days my strength shall be.'
- 4 If called this year to labour hard
 Within the vineyard of the Lord,
 From duty's path I will not flee,
 For as 'my days my strength shall be.'
- 5 And if this year I'm called to die,
 Still on this promise I'll rely;
 Dear Jesus, *then* I'll trust in *thee*,
 That as 'my days my strength shall be.'

ANON.

59.

WHAT IS TIME?

I ASKED an aged man, a man of years,
 Wrinkled and curved, and white with hoary
 hairs—

'Time is the warp of life,' he said; 'O tell
 The young, the fair, the gay, to weave it well.'

I asked the ancient, venerable dead,
Sages who wrote, and warriors who bled—
From the cold grave the hollow murmur flowed,
'Time sowed the seeds we reap in this abode.'

I asked a dying sinner, ere the stroke
Of ruthless death life's golden bowl had broke—
I asked him, What is time? 'Time,' he replied,
'I've lost it: oh, the treasure!' and he died.

I asked the golden sun and silver spheres,
Those bright chronometers of days and years,—
They told me time was but a meteor's glare,
And bade me for eternity prepare.

I asked the seasons, in their annual round,
Which beautify or desolate the ground—
And they replied, what oracle more wise,
''Tis folly's blank, or wisdom's highest prize.'

I asked a spirit lost—but O, the shriek
That pierced my soul—I shudder while I speak—
It cried, 'A particle, a speck, a mite,
Of endless years, duration infinite.'

I asked my Bible, and methinks it said,
'Thine is the present hour, the past is fled,
Live, live to-day, to-morrow never yet
On any human being rose or set.'

Of things inanimate, my dial I
Consulted, and it gave me this reply,—

‘ Time is the season fair of living well,
The path to glory, or the path to hell.’

I asked old Father Time himself at last,
But in a moment he flew swiftly past ;
His chariot was a cloud, the viewless wind
His noiseless steeds, that left no trace behind.

I asked the mighty angel who shall stand,
One foot on sea, and one on solid land,
‘ By heaven’s Great King I swear the mys-
tery’s o’er,
Time was,’ he cried, ‘ but time shall be no more.’

MARSDEN.

60.

THE CROSS.

1 THE cross, the cross! O that’s my gain,
Because on it the Lamb was slain,
’Twas there my Lord was crucified,
’Twas there for *me* my Saviour died.

2 The cause was love, I sink with shame
Before my Jesus’ sacred name,
That he should bleed and slaughtered be,
Because, because He loved me !

MORAVIAN.

61. THE BEST PROTECTION.

- 1 WHY those fears ?—Behold, 'tis Jesus
Holds the helm and guides the ship,
Spreads the sails, that catch the breezes
Sent to waft us through the deep,
To the regions
Where the mourners cease to weep.
- 2 Could we stay where death is hov'ring ?
Would we rest on such a shore ?
No—the awful truth discovering,
We could linger there no more :
We forsake it,
Leaving all we loved before.
- 3 Though the shore we hope to land on,
Only by report is known,
Yet, we freely all abandon,
Led by that report alone ;
And to Jesus,
Through the trackless deep move on.
- 4 Led by that, we brave the ocean,
Led by that, the storm defy ;
Calm amidst tumultuous motion,
Knowing that our Lord is nigh.
Waves obey him,
And the storms before him fly.

- 5 Rendered safe by his protection,
We shall pass the watery waste ;
Trusting to his wise direction,
We shall gain the port at last ;
And, with wonder,
Think on toils and dangers past.
- 6 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.

T. K.

62. MASTER, WHERE DWELLEST THOU ?

- 1 THE home of Jesus ! Is it so ?
Did Jesus find a home below ?
No, to inquiring friends he said,
He had not where to lay his head.
- 2 The home of Jesus ! No sweet ties,
Nor dear domestic love supplies
His evening hour with calm delight,
On mountains oft he passed the night.
- 3 The home of Jesus ! Strangers' care,
To him uncertain meals prepare ;

Even when he blessed the paschal board,
A stranger entertained the Lord.

- 4 The home of Jesus ! Did he thus
Earth's choicest bliss forego for us ?
A stranger and a pilgrim He,
This earth can be no home for me.
- 5 The home of Jesus ! though he knew
No home, he sought a home for you :
For saints, the objects of his care,
Mansions on high will he prepare.
- 6 The home of Jesus ! Where is this ?
Where holy spirits dwell in bliss,
Where saints in high seraphic lays,
With angels chant a Saviour's praise.
- 7 The home of Jesus ! Is it there
Where martyred saints his presence share ;
Where faithful tried disciples reign,
For ever freed from sin and pain ?
- 8 The home of Jesus ! Wond'rous grace !
The contrite heart's his dwelling place :
Oh ! may my self-inspecting eye
Gaze inward, and his rest descry.
- 9 The home of Jesus ! I would fain
The dear inhabitant retain,
For those must be supremely blest,
Who entertain the heavenly guest.

G *

- 10 The home of Jesus ! Reign alone,
My sovereign King, my heart thy throne,
Till every wish, till every thought,
Be unto glad obedience brought.

ANON.

63. THAT ROCK IS CHRIST.

- 1 My hope is built on nothing less
Than Jesus' blood and righteousness ;
I dare not trust the sweetest frame,
But wholly lean on Jesus' name.
 On Christ the solid rock I stand,
 All other ground is sinking sand.
- 2 When darkness veils his lovely face,
I rest on his unchanging grace ;
In every high and stormy gale,
My anchor holds within the veil.
 On Christ the solid rock I stand,
 All other ground is sinking sand.
- 3 His oath, his covenant, and blood,
Support me in the sinking flood ;
When every earthly prop gives way,
He then is all my hope and stay.
 On Christ the solid rock I stand,
 All other ground is sinking sand.

- 4 When I shall launch to worlds unseen,
O may I then be found in him,
Drest in his righteousness alone,
Faultless to stand before the throne.
On Christ the solid rock I stand,
All other ground is sinking sand.

REES.

64. SECOND ADVENT.

- 1 THE Lord shall come, with glory clad,
To make this world his own ;
And on this earth which he has made,
To fix his glorious throne.
- 2 No more shall death, no more shall sin,
Here reign with awful power ;
The reign of life shall then begin,
The curse shall be no more.
- 3 A day of joy, a day of rest,
Shall to the church remain ;
No more shall enemies molest,
But perfect peace shall reign.
- 4 IMMANUEL then shall be our King,
The King of earth and heaven ;
All nations shall their homage bring,
All praise to him be given.

- 5 Come then, O Lord ! with glory clad,
And make this world thine own ;
And on this earth which thou hast made,
Come, fix thy glorious throne.

E. N. HOARE.

65.

THE CHRISTIAN RACE.

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

WATTS.

66. THE NIGHT OF UNBELIEF.

- 1 Long on the tide of life I sailed ;
No heaven directed ray
Beamed from afar, to light my skiff
Along its darksome way.
- 2 Wave-tossed, and foundering fast, it scarce
Arose upon the surge ;
And every blast careering by,
Methought, wailed hope's last dirge.
- 3 Toward death's dark gulf I trembling sped,
When near me swept a sail,
With banners wide unfurled, that streamed
Triumphant in the gale.
- 4 A halo from the heavenly land
Upon the vessel fell ;
The pilot's face with glory beamed—
It was Immanuel.
- 5 He calmed the raging of the storm,
And drove the clouds away,
' Be still ye waves,' He said, and lo !
The waters waveless lay.
- 6 His smile revived my fainting soul ;
He bade my fears depart—
Then raised me in his gracious arms,
And pressed me to his heart.

- 7 ' Dry up thy tears beloved, ' He cried,
' And let thy sorrows cease,
The night of unbelief is passed,
Fair dawns the morn of peace !
- 8 ' The brightness of this morn diffused
O'er all yon sunny shore,
Shall cheer, and animate, and bless,
Thy soul for ever more.
- 9 ' The voyage of life will soon be o'er ;
To heaven direct thine eye !
Ere long triumphant thou shalt sail
Into the port on high.'

R. PURMAN.

67.

WALKING IN LIGHT.

- 1 WALK in the light ! So shalt thou know
That fellowship of love,
His Spirit only can bestow,
Who reigns in light above !
- 2 Walk in the light ! And sin, abhorred,
Shall ne'er defile again ;
The blood of Jesus Christ, our Lord
Shall cleanse from every stain !
- 3 Walk in the light !—And thou shalt find
Thy heart made truly His,
Who dwells in cloudless light enshrined,
In whom no darkness is !

- 4 Walk in the light !—And thou shalt own
 Thy darkness passed away,
 Because that light hath on thee shone,
 In which is perfect day !
- 5 Walk in the light !—And even the tomb
 No fearful shade shall wear ;
 Glory shall chase away its gloom,
 For Christ hath conquered there !
- 6 Walk in the light !—And thou shalt see
 A path, though thorny, bright ;
 For God, by grace, shall dwell in thee,
 And God Himself is light !

BARTON.

68. ADDRESS TO A DYING FRIEND.

THERE is light on the hills, and the valley is past !
 Ascend, happy pilgrim ! thy labours are o'er !
 The sunshine of heaven around thee is cast,
 And thy weak doubting footsteps can falter no
 more.

On, Pilgrim, that hill richly circled with rays
 Is Zion ! Lo, there is ' the city of saints !'
 And the beauties, the glories, that region displays,
 Inspiration's own language imperfectly paints.
 But the ' gate of one pearl ' to thee opened shall be,
 And thou all its beauties and glories behold :
 The Saviour an entrance has purchased for thee,
 And thy dwelling henceforth is the city of gold.

The rustling of wings when thou reachest the
gate,

Will announce the glad angels, the sentinels
there :

Knock, pilgrim ! not long thou for entrance canst
wait,

For spirits like thee to those angels are dear.

And, perhaps, in the portal, the glorified band
Of kindred and friends long removed from thy
sight,

Breathing welcome and bliss around thee will
stand,

Arrayed in their garments of heavenly light.

Transporting re-union ! bright meed of all those
Who on earth bowed in meekness and faith
to the rod,

Still thankful alike, if the thorn or the rose,
Was strewed on the pathway that led them
to God.

She has knocked, she has entered ! blest spirit,
farewell ;

We rejoice in thy bliss, though our loss we
deplore :

It is joy that thou art where the blessed ones
dwell ;

But Oh ! it is grief we behold thee no more.

MRS OPIE.

69. THE HEAVENLY LAND, AND THE WAY TO IT.

Know ye the land which in moments of sorrow,
To hearts that are weary and laden is dear;
Where joys of to-day are unchanged on the mor-
row,

And happiness' smile beams no more through
a tear ?

Know ye it, pilgrims ! then linger no more,
But hasten with me to that heavenly shore.

Know ye the way ? though 'tis oftentime dreary,
The pilgrim will oftentime faint as he goes ;
It leads to the home and the rest of the weary,
Where God's ransomed people find endless re-
pose.

Know ye it, pilgrims ! then fearless haste on,
The thorns shall be changed to fair flowers ere
long.

Know ye the friend, who, his glory forsaking,
Has travelled before you that rough thorny
road ;

Your nature, your sins, and your sufferings
taking,

To bring you, poor wanderers, home to your
God ?

Know ye him, pilgrims ? then lean on his hand,
'Twill guide you on safely to that blessed land.

70.

THE TEMPLE OF GOD.

A LIVING temple, formed by power divine,
 Majestic rose,—it was Jehovah's shrine ;
 The priest arrayed in robes of dazzling white ;
 No cloud o'ershadowed it—for God is light.

A structure fair it seemed in angels' eyes,
 In choral anthems they announced its rise ;
 They sang Jehovah's praise, their loved em-
 ploy ;
 No sorrow entered there—for God is joy.

A glowing flame from its pure altar given,
 Wafted the fragrant incense up to heaven ;
 A lamp unquenched, yet needing no repair,
 Jehovah's fulness, filling all, was there.

In Eden, hallowed spot, this temple stood,
 The glorious Architect pronounced it good.
 O, noble edifice ! and can it be,
 That ought can change, deface, or injure thee !

There was a foe of more than mortal hate,
 Beheld the temple rise sublimely great ;
 With envy fired, he formed the hellish plan,
 To desecrate the living temple—Man.

With subtle art he tried, nor tried in vain,
 To gain an entrance to this holy fane,
 The unwary priest lends him a willing ear,
 He enters—sin, woe, death, are in his rear.

The light is quenched ! the altar overthrown !
Alas ! the Great Inhabitant is gone ;
The priest disrobed, o'erwhelmed, now seeks a
place,
Where from Jehovah he may veil his face.

A heap of desolation see it lies ;
Weep o'er its fall ; hail, hail its better rise !
Shrink back, fell foe ! Jehovah's word we
trust !

One mightier far shall crush thee in the dust.

Hark ! from the highest heaven he gives com-
mand,

Deep in eternal counsels it was planned,
To raise the temple, and the priest restore ;
Strike angel harps ! and sing its rise once more.

But will the holy, holy, holy Lord,
Revoke his sentence, not fulfil his word ?
No : for he cannot enter walls defiled ;
They must be cleansed, the priest be recon-
ciled.

What costly offering will for this suffice ?
Blood ! blood divine ! must be the sacrifice ;
Jehovah-Jesus undertakes to bleed,
And for the rebel priest to intercede.

The Spirit who first brooded o'er the deep,
And chaos woke from its long death-like sleep,
Now undertakes the temple to repair,
That God again may make his dwelling there.

'Tis done ! the mighty work is now achieved ;
 The rebel priest to favour is received ;
 All things are ready—God himself comes
 down—

Ascends the throne—the temple makes his own.

Nor did Jehovah form this wond'rous scheme,
 One solitary temple to redeem ;
 Ten thousand times ten thousand he shall raise,
 Throughout eternity to sound his praise.

Each living temple raised from ruin here,
 Is framed and polished for a higher sphere,
 A pillar formed for God's own house above,
 Reared and cemented by eternal love.

This glorious building, pure, immortal, bright,
 Its priests all holy, clad in robes of light,
 Fixed on a rock, can ne'er be overthrown,
 Christ the foundation, Christ the corner-stone.

J. B.

71. THE GOSPEL INVITATION.

1 SINNERS, come ! by guilt afflicted,
 Come to Christ, the sinner's Friend ;
 Lo, he calls the lost, the wretched,
 All the weary, to attend :
 Jesus calls you,
 At his cross in prayer to bend.

- 2 Peace and joy he'll freely give you,
By his dying groans obtained ;
Pardon now, and heaven hereafter—
Every source of bliss is gained ;
Every mercy
For his ransomed flock ordained.
- 3 Sinners, hear ! the Saviour calls you
From the coming wrath to flee,
By his precious death and burial,
By his glorious misery !
Chief of sinners,
Here your life and pardon see !
- 4 All the works that God requireth,
He himself hath fully wrought ;
From the curse of Sinai's justice
He hath ruined sinners bought :
Let your souls, then,
By his love and grace be taught.
- 5 Faith in him will lead you onward
To the place where he is gone ;
There he is, with joy preparing
Seats before his Father's throne,
Made for those who
Rest upon his grace alone.
- 6 Come then, sinners ! stay no longer—
Angels wish to see you near ;

Christ invites you, God commands you—
 Lend to grace a listening ear :
 Blessed Spirit,
 Banish thou their guilty fear !

DANIEL BAGOT.

72. JESUS THE PEARL OF GREAT PRICE.

- 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 !

ANON.

73.

PARTING.

- 1 WHILE to several paths dividing,
We our pilgrimage pursue,
May Jehovah, safely guiding,
Keep his scattered flock in view.
- 2 May the bond of sweet communion
Every distant soul embrace,
Till, in everlasting union,
We attain our resting-place.
- 3 Oh 'tis sweet, each other aiding,
In companionship to move ;
One pure flame and heart pervading,—
One our Lord, our faith, our love.
- 4 Sweet when each can bend, imploring
Medicine for his brother's pain ;
Or, the stumbling foot restoring,
Cheer him to the race again.

- 5 Here, a passing breath may sever
Friends in dearest union tied ;
But created power shall never
Tear us from our Saviour's side.
- 6 Life, and death, and hell combining,
Present things, and things to come,
Cannot cloud the promise shining,
Cannot bar us from our home.
- 7 Now we part in tearful sadness,
Bearing forth the precious grain ;
We shall yet, in mirth and gladness,
Bring our harvest sheaves again.
- 8 Thus, while fond affection weepeth,
Faith exalts her cheering voice ;
He that soweth, he that reapeth,
Will together soon rejoice.

CHARLOTTE ELIZABETH.

74.

SLEEPING IN JESUS.

- 1 ASLEEP in Jesus ! blessed sleep !
From which none ever wakes to weep :
A calm and undisturbed repose,
Unbroken by the last of foes !

- 2 Asleep in Jesus ! oh, how sweet
To be for such a slumber meet :
With holy confidence to sing
That death has lost his venom'd sting.
- 3 Asleep in Jesus ! peaceful rest,
Whose waking is supremely blest :
No fear, no woe shall dim that hour,
That manifests the Saviour's power.
- 4 Asleep in Jesus ! oh, for me
May such a blissful refuge be :
Securely shall my ashes lie,
Waiting the summons from on high.
- 5 Asleep in Jesus ! time nor space
Destroys this precious ' hiding place ;'
On Indian plains, or Lapland snows,
Believers find the same repose.
- 6 Asleep in Jesus ! far from thee
Thy kindred and their graves may be ;
But thine is still a blessed sleep,
From which none ever wakes to weep.

MRS MACKAY.

75. THE CHRISTIAN'S PRIVILEGE.

- 1 To ' walk with God '—this Enoch did,
And thus God's children do ;
They ' walk by faith, and not by sight,'
With Jesus full in view.

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- 2 To 'walk with God'—as two dear friends,
Conversing every day;
Such company will make amends
For troubles by the way.
- 3 To 'walk with God'—that child who would.
Must with his God agree;
Sin he abhors—and loves what's good—
And heaven he longs to see.
- 4 To 'walk with God'—Ah! this is bliss!
Our heaven begun below;
And in a world of snares like this,
It saves from many a foe.
- 5 To 'walk with God' is my desire,
Whatever others do;
And lest I weary grow, and tire,
I'll *lean* upon him too.
- 6 Yes, gracious God! I'll lean on thee—
Thy promises, thy word,
My strength and my support shall be,
Along this painful road.
- 7 And, when my journey here is done,
O let me come to thee;
And sit with Jesus on his throne
Thy glorious face to see.

ANON.

76. THE BANQUET OF LOVE.

THE voice of thy Shepherd, O Zion, I hear,
Like music from Heaven it falls on the ear,
Calms the sorrowful heart, and dries up the
tear,—

It calls to the banquet of love.

‘I’ve prepared a great feast,’ he graciously cries,
‘Whose purchase exhausted the wealth of the
skies;

I did not refuse, though my blood was the price,
To procure the banquet of love.’

The glories of Godhead he freely laid by,
Forsaking, incarnate, the realms of the sky,
To suffer on earth, and in sorrow to die,
In proof of His wonderful love.

Yes, Calvary witnessed his anguish and pain,
And Earth her astonishment could not contain,
Even demons fled howling to hell’s dark domain,
And confessed the strength of His love.

To heaven triumphant he rose from the dead,
And the fiercest of foes in captivity led,—
Behold ! now the banquet of mercy is spread,
Oh, hasten to taste of His love !

Ye children of sorrow, ye hungry and poor,
Be comforted, hence ye shall sorrow no more;
The Shepherd of Zion hath opened the door
That leads to the banquet of love.

R. FURMAN.

77. CHRIST'S LOVE TO HIS CHURCH.

- 1 Who is this fair one in distress,
That travels from the wilderness,
And press'd with sorrows and with sins,
On her beloved Lord she leans ?
- 2 This is the spouse of Christ our God,
Bought with the treasures of his blood ;
And her request, and her complaint,
Is but the voice of every saint.
- 3 O let my name engraven stand
Both on thy heart and on thy hand ;
Seal me upon thine arm, and wear
That pledge of love for ever there.
- 4 Stronger than death thy love is known,
Which floods of wrath could never drown.
And hell and earth in vain combine,
To quench a fire so much divine.
- 5 But I am jealous of my heart,
Lest it should once from thee depart ;
Then let thy name be well impressed,
As a fair signet on my breast.
- 6 Till thou hast brought me to my home,
Where fears and doubts can never come,
Thy smile O let me often see,
And often thou shalt hear from me.

7 Come, my beloved, haste away,
 Cut short the hours of thy delay;
 Fly like a youthful hart or roe
 Over the hills where spices grow.

WATTS.

78. CHRISTIANS, LOOK HOMEWARD.

DRAW near, O ye blessed, and help me to sing
 The treasures for you laid in store,
 When soon you shall meet your dear Shepherd
 and King,
 To weep in this desert no more.

Oh think with what rapturous shouts we shall
 rise,

To join with the glorified choirs,
 When Jesu's bright chariot appears in the skies,
 And death at his coming expires !

When, ' Come O ye blessed,' sounds sweet in
 our ears,

By love everlasting exprest,
 What place will be found for our doubts and our
 fears

In sight of the mansion of rest ?

No more shall the wicked our comforts annoy,
 Nor conscience from guilt feel a wound;
 No tree of temptation our peace to destroy,
 Shall in the blest region be found.

No passions unholy our bosoms shall move,
 To taint the fair mansions with strife;
 Our Shepherd shall feed us on pastures of love,
 And lead us to fountains of life.

Look up, ye dejected, and weep as you go,
 And mourn that no comfort ye prove;
 Cast down your sad willows, and sing while be-
 low,
 Of the bliss that awaits you above.

Anticipate heaven : it will sweeten those hours,
 When sorrows all round you appear;
 Will strew all the road to Mount Zion with
 flowers,
 And smooth the rough pathway of care.

SWAINE.

79. EXCEEDING GREAT AND PRECIOUS
 PROMISES.

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

In every condition,—in sickness, in health,
 In poverty's vale, or abounding in wealth;
 At home and abroad, on the land, on the sea,
 ' As thy days may demand, shall thy strength
 ever be.

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

‘ When through the deep waters I call thee to go
The rivers of trouble thee shall not o’erflow ;
For I will be with thee thy sorrows to bless,
And sanctify to thee thy deepest distress.

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

‘ E’en down to old age, all my people shall prove
My sovereign, eternal, unchangeable love ;
And when hoary hairs shall their temples adorn,
My children shall still in my bosom be borne.

‘ The soul that on Jesus hath leaned for repose,
He will not, he will not, desert to its foes ;
That soul, though all hell should endeavour to
shake,
H’ll never, no never, no never forsake !’

KIRKHAM.

80.

SHORTNESS OF TIME.

- 1 TRANSIENT as the hues of morning,
Earthly joys like shadows pass;
Forms the brightest life adorning,
Fade and wither like the grass.
O may we, our fetters breaking,
Cling no more to things below,
But to heavenly visions waking,
More abiding glory know.
- 2 O how swift the moments flying,
Bear us on their wings away !
Jesus, in the hour of dying,
Be thy trembling servant's stay.
When they call, O Saviour hear them,
Answer them in peace and love;
In the darkest shade be near them,
Guide them to the throne above.

R. K. GREVILLE.

81. ' HE HATH DONE ALL THINGS WELL.

- 1 Now in a song of grateful praise,
To my dear Lord my voice I'll raise;
With all his saints I'll join to tell,
My Jesus hath done all things well.

- 2 All worlds his glorious power confess;
His wisdom all his works express;
But oh, his love, what tongue can tell ?
My Jesus hath done all things well.
- 3 How sovereign, wonderful, and free
Has been his love to sinful me !
He plucked me as a brand from hell;
My Jesus hath done all things well.
- 4 I spurned his grace, I broke his laws,
And yet he undertook my cause;
To save me, though I did rebel,—
My Jesus hath done all things well.
- 5 Ah ! since my soul hath known his love,
What mercies has he made me prove !
Mercies which do all praise excel;
My Jesus hath done all things well.
- 6 And when to that bright world I rise,
And join the anthems of the skies,
Above the rest this note shall swell,
My Jesus hath done all things well.

ANON.

82. WATCHMAN, WHAT OF THE NIGHT ?

- 1 WHAT of the night, O watchman !—mark !
Look from thine high watch tower ;

The storm hangs low, the sky is dark,
Foes come at midnight hour.

2 Watchman, what of the night ?—behold !—
Earth's kingdoms totter round ;
And awful signs have late foretold
That war its clang must sound.

3 The watchman saith the day is nigh :
Inquire with earnest heed ;
Plain is the word of prophecy,
And all who run may read.

4 The morning cometh, when the Sun
Of Righteousness shall rise,
His ransomed church, all joined in one,
To summon to the skies.

5 The night is coming which will close
On all those false, false friends,
Who leagued are found with Jesus' foes,
When he from heaven descends.

6 Then O return !—backsliders, hear !—
Inquire while yet ye may ;
O search God's word with holy fear,—
God's Spirit points your way.

HABERSHON.

83.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

I saw the outcast, an abandoned boy,
Whom wretchedness debased, might call its own.
His look was wan; and his sad sunken eye,
Mate pleader, told a bosom-harrowing tale;
For he was one unknown to fostering care,
Which should have shielded and protected him
In childhood's dangerous hour: no father's
prayer,

In midnight orison, had risen ever,
Before the viewless throne, to fall again
In blessings on the lad. No mother's tear
Had dropt in secret for the wanderer. He
Dejected stood before me; and methought
Resembled much a flower, a ruined flower,—
But lovely once; and might have blossomed
gaily,

Had not adversity's dread simoon passed,
And blighted all its sweets: the buds of hope
Bloomed on, but not for him: the morning sun
Shone gladly out; but all to him was dark.
His soul was in eclipse; the energies
Of mind lay dormant, withering in their prime.
I looked, but he had passed me. He stole on
Despondingly; irresolutely he paced
As on forbidden ground; the world seemed not
For him: haply its frigid boon were much

To yield the sufferer misery's sheltering grave.
I saw the outcast:—but, to fancy's view,
Methought a vision, fair and bright, appeared,—
So changed,—I mused,—but the intelligence
Darting in lustre from his wide full eye,
Assured my throbbing heart 'twas he indeed.
Gone was the sallow hue, the sombre cast
Of wretchedness; and, in its stead, the glow
Of cheerfulness shone out; his parting lip
Disclosed the smile content delights to wear,
When peace within sits revelling. His step erect,
Told of a heart at peace. He walked in the
 beauty
Of reckless boyhood, wondering when I asked
The cause. He pointed meekly to a dome
Whose hallowed portals tell the passenger
That the Eternal deigns to call it his,
Known of all nations as the house of prayer.
Here, said the youth, while glistening drops be-
 dewed
His beauteous cheek;—here pity led my way:
And he that knew no father soon found one
Able and sure to save. And he whose tears
No mother's hand had kindly wiped away,
Found one who said, come, thou forsaken, come
Into my bosom,—rest, poor wanderer,—here.
He ceased, my full heart, as I went my way,
Called down God's blessing on the Sunday-school.

W. B. TAPPIN.

84.

LORD REMEMBER ME.

- 1 PITY a helpless worm, O Lord,
Whose hopes all rest on thee ;
To me thy saving help afford,
O Lord remember me.
- 2 Unnumbered sins my life deface,
I've nought to offer thee ;
But, in the riches of thy grace,
O Lord remember me.
- 3 Wilt thou a suppliant's prayer reject ?
No, that be far from thee ;
The feeblest cry thou'lt not neglect,
O Lord remember me.
- 4 Judgment is thy strange work, O Lord,
But mercy's dear to Thee ;
That mercy to my soul afford,
O Lord remember me.
- 5 From sin's corroding deadly chain
Thou didst to set me free.
Hast thou for me, Lord, bled in vain ?
O Lord remember me.
- 6 Yes, Lord, for sinners thou didst die,
I bring no other plea ;
But this emboldens me to cry
O Lord remember me.

- 7 The dying thief, in life's last hour,
Found mercy, Lord, with thee;
Let me, too, feel thy saving power,
O Lord remember me.
- 8 Like him, O may my failing eye,
By faith contemplate thee;
And, with assured acceptance cry
O Lord remember me.
- 9 When rocks and mountains melt away,
And from thy presence flee;
In that decisive awful day,
O Lord remember me.
- 10 I know I could not breathe these sighs
Were they not helped by thee;
And therefore thrilling hopes arise,
Thou wilt remember me.
- 11 Away those unbelieving fears,
And leave my spirit free;
Let smiles of joy break through my tears,
My Lord remember me.
- 12 O bliss, beyond expression vast,
What shall I render thee;
In life, in death, from first to last,
My Lord remember me.

13 O, then, with that unnumbered throng,
 Redeemed from hell by thee,
 My soul shall join the grateful song—
 My Lord remember me.

DR STOCK.

85. THE CRUCIFIXION.

City of God! Jerusalem,
 Why rushes out thy living stream?
 The turbaned priest, the hoary seer,
 The Roman in his pride are there!
 And thousands, tens of thousands, still
 Cluster round Calvary's wild hill.

Still onward rolls the living tide,
 There rush the bridegroom and the bride;
 Prince, beggar, soldier, pharisee,
 The old, the young, the bond, the free;
 The nation's furious multitude,
 All maddening with the cry of blood.

This glorious morn—from height to height
 Shoot the keen arrows of the light;
 And glorious in their central shower,
 Palace of holiness and power,
 The temple on Moriah's brow,
 Looks a new risen sun below

But woe to hill, and woe to vale !
Against them shall come forth a wail :
And woe to bridegroom and to bride !
For death shall on the whirlwind ride :
And woe to thee, resplendent shine,
The sword is out for thee and thine.

Hide, hide thee in the heavens, thou sun,
Before the deed of blood is done !
Upon that temple's haughty steep,
Jerusalem's last angels weep ;
They see destruction's funeral pall,
Black'ning o'er Sion's sacred wall.

Like tempests gathering on the shore,
They hear the coming armies' roar :
They see in Sion's hall of state,
The sign that maketh desolate—
The idol—standard—pagan spear,—
The tomb, the flame, the massacre.

They see the vengeance fall—the chain,
The long, long age of guilt and pain :
The exile's thousand desperate years,
The more than groans, the more than tears :
Jerusalem, a vanished name,
Its tribes earth's warning, scoff, and shame.

Still pours along the multitude,
Still rends the heavens the shout of blood,

But on the murderer's furious van,
Who totters on ? A weary man ;
A cross upon his shoulders bound—
His brow, his frame, one gushing wound.

And now he treads on Calvary.
What slave upon that hill must die ?
What hand, what heart, in guilt imbued
Must be the mountain vulture's food ?
There stand two victims gaunt and bare,
Two culprit emblems of despair.

Yet who the third ? The yell of shame
Is frenzied at the sufferer's name ;
Hands clenched, teeth gnashing, vestures torn,
The curse, the taunt, the laugh of scorn,
All that the dying hour can sting,
Are round thee now, thou thorn-crowned King !

Yet cursed and tortured, taunted, spurned,
No wrath is for the wrath returned ;
No vengeance flashes from the eye ;
The sufferer calmly waits to die :
The sceptre-reed, the thorny crown,
Wake on that pallid brow no frown.

At last the word of death is given,
The form is bound, the nails are driven ;
Now triumph, scribe and pharisee !
Now, Roman, bend the mocking knee !

The cross is reared. The deed is done,
There stands Messiah's earthly throne !

This was the earth's consummate hour;
For this had blazed the Prophet's power;
For this had swept the conqueror's sword,
Had ravaged, raised, cast down, restored;
Persepolis, Rome, Babylon,
For this ye sank, for this ye shone.

Yet things to which earth's brightest beam
Were darkness—earth itself a dream,
Foreheads on which shall crowns be laid,
Sublime, when sun and star shall fade,
Worlds upon worlds—eternal things—
Hung on thy anguish, King of kings !

Still from his lip no curse has come,
His lofty eye has looked no doom;
No earthquake burst, no angel brand
Crushes the black, blaspheming hand.
What say those lips by anguish riven ?
' God, be my murderers forgiven !'

He dies, in whose high victory
The slayer, death himself shall die !
He dies ! by whose all-conquering tread,
Shall yet be crushed the serpent's head;
From his proud throne to darkness hurled,
The god and tempter of this world.

He dies : creation's awful Lord,
 Jehovah, Christ, Eternal Word !
 To come in thunder from the skies ;
 To bid the buried world arise ;
 The earth his footstool, heaven his throne ;
 Redeemer ! may thy will be done.

CROLY.

86. TO AN AGED CHRISTIAN.

- 1 HEAVEN bless thee, aged pilgrim,
 And speed thee on thy way,
 Beam brightly on the closing
 Of thy dedicated day :—
 The shades of eve are lengthening,
 But *clear* those shadows fall,
 No cloud in thy horizon,
 No darkness to appal.
- 2 Thou hast nobly borne the burden,
 In the vineyard of thy Lord,
 And the new wine of the kingdom,
 Shall be soon thy rich reward :
 Thy seat of earthly pilgrimage,
 A ruined heap shall be,*
 But above are many mansions,
 And there is one for thee.

* Montgomery.

- 3 Then faint not, aged pilgrim,
Still upward glance thine eye,
And read, through beauteous vistas,
Thy title to the sky.
But these are feeble glimpses,
Unworthy to compare
With the bright unbounded fulness,
That shall beam around thee there.
- 4 All heaven shall ring with jubilee,
The whole celestial choir
Exultingly, triumphantly,
Shall strike the golden lyre !
And angel to archangel
Shall with melody respond,
To greet thy saintly spirit,
When it bursts the mortal bond.

L. S.

87. THE HAPPINESS OF HEAVEN.

- 1 O HAPPY, happy country ! where
There entereth not a sin ;
And death, who keeps its portals fair,
May never once come in.
No grief can change the day to night ;
The darkness of that land is light.
Sorrow and sighing God hath sent
Far thence to endless banishment.

- 2 The storms that rack this world beneath,
 Must there for ever cease;
 The only air the blessed breathe
 Is purity and peace.
 O soon may heaven uncloset me !
 O may I soon its glory see !
 And my faint, weary spirit stand
 Within that happy, happy land !

BOWLES.

88. COMMUNION WITH CHRIST.

- 1 TALK with us, Lord, thyself reveal,
 While here o'er earth we rove,
 Speak to our hearts, and let us feel
 The kindling of thy love.
- 2 With Thee conversing, we forget
 All time, and toil, and care :
 Labour is rest, and pain is sweet,
 If thou, our God, art there.
- 3 Thou callest us to seek thy face :
 'Tis all we wish to seek :
 To attend the whispers of thy grace,
 And hear thee only speak.
- 4 Let this our every hour employ,
 Till we thy glory see,
 Enter into our master's joy,
 And find our heaven in thee.

ANON.

SACRED POETRY.

EFICACY OF CHRIST'S BLOOD.

ing that moves or breaks
s hard as stone,
heart as cold as ice ?
' blood alone.

this can truly cheer
the wounded soul ;
udes of broken hearts
g stream makes whole !

r soul ! what sing the choirs
ie glorious throne ?
slain Lamb for evermore
the sweetest tone :
here cast down their crowns,
oath night and day,
to Him who shed his blood,
ed their guilt away.

hile here, we will proclaim,
n our degree,
h the blood of God's dear Lamb,
may happy be.
Lord ! make every day,
to us more sweet,
ld thy wounded side,
hip at thy feet.

ANON.

90. THE CHRISTIAN IN THE PROSPECT OF
DEATH.

YE objects of sense, and enjoyments of time,
Which oft have delighted my heart,
I soon shall exchange you for views more sub-
lime,
And joys that shall never depart.

Thou lord of the day, and thou queen of the
night,
To me shall no longer be known ;
I soon shall behold, with increasing delight,
A sun that shall never go down.

Ye wonderful orbs, that astonish my eyes,
Your glories recede from my sight ;
I soon shall contemplate more beautiful skies,
And stars more transcendently bright.

Ye mountains and valleys, groves, rivers, and
plains ;
Thou earth, and thou ocean, adieu !
More permanent regions, where righteousness
reigns,
Present their bright hills to my view.

My loved habitation and garden, adieu !
No longer my footsteps ye greet :
A mansion celestial stands full in my view,
And paradise welcomes my feet.

My weeping relations, my brethren and friends,
Whose souls are entwined with my own,
Adieu for the present ! my spirit ascends
Where friendship immortal is known.

My cares and my labours, my sickness and pain,
My sorrows are now at an end ;
The summit of bliss I shall speedily gain,
The heights of perfection ascend.

The vale of affliction my footsteps have trod,
With trembling, with griefs, and with tears,
I joyfully quit for the mountain of God:
There ! there ! its bright summit appears.

Thou torturing seat of diseases and pain,
Adieu ! my dissolving abode ;
Till I shall behold and possess thee again,
A beautiful building of God.

No lurking temptation, defilement, or fear,
Again shall disquiet my breast ;
In Jesus' fair image I soon shall appear,
For ever ineffably blest.

My Sabbaths below, that have been my delight,
And thou, the blest Volume divine,
You have guided my footsteps, like stars dur-
ing night ;
Adieu ! my conductors benign.

The sun that illumines the regions of light,
 Now shines on my eyes from above:
 But, oh! how transcendently glorious the sight!
 My soul is all wonder and love.

Come, come, my Redeemer! and sweetly re-
 lease

The soul thou hast bought with thy blood;
 And bid me ascend the fair regions of peace,
 To feast on the smiles of my God.

B. FRANCIS.

91. MIDNIGHT HYMN.

- 1 STAR-GEMMED floor of the land I love,
 Tell me, and tell me now,
 What are the many glittering pearls
 Which hang on thy jewelled brow?
- 2 Schoolmen write in the lettered page,
 That each is a world like ours;
 Where sky-birds sing their melodious songs,
 In more delightful bowers :
- 3 Where the wolf and the lamb in concord meet,
 Where the leopard harmless lives;
 And where, undewed with the sweat of man,
 The field its harvest gives :

- 4 Where sin hath shed no withering blight,
Where death no entrance gains,
Where the men of a thousand years ago
Still bound across the plains.
- 5 Many, if such ye be, fair worlds,
Would ask no brighter doom,
Than within your gorgeous palaces
To find a lasting home.
- 6 So let them ! More ambitious, I
More towering wishes frame,—
I would not dwell in these, but with
The Lord of all of them !
- 7 They may be near to the pearly gates,
They may stand close to heaven,—
But who would live in the servant's lodge,
If the mansion-house were given ?

ANON.

92.

THE ANCHOR OF HOPE.

- 1 No more, with trembling heart, I try
A multitude of things;
Still wishing to find out that point
From whence salvation springs.
- 2 My anchor's cast ! cast on a rock,
Where I shall ever rest,
From all the labours of my thoughts,
And workings of my breast.

- 3 What is my anchor? if you ask,—
 A hungry, helpless mind,
 Diving with misery for its weight,
 Till firmest ground it find.
- 4 What is my rock?—'Tis Jesus Christ,
 Whom faithless eyes pass o'er,
 Yet there poor sinners anchor may,
 And ne'er be shaken more.

GAMBOLD.

93. THE BELIEVER SLEEPING IN CHRIST.

- 1 HE sweetly sleeps! the man of God,
 From sin and woe set free;
 Calmly the path of death he trod,
 Into eternity.
- 2 Sweetly he rests! the soldier now
 From battle, wounds, and strife;
 The wreath of conquest decks his brow
 With rays of endless life.
- 3 Sweetly he sleeps! the pilgrim worn,
 Leaving his weary road;
 In peace he waits a glorious morn,
 And slumbers in his God.
- 4 Sleep on, ye saints! and sweetly rest
 In Jesus' boundless love;
 Soon shall ye wake, for ever blest,
 And reign with him above.

DRUMMOND.

94. A FATHER TO HIS MOTHERLESS CHILDREN.

- 1 COME, gather closer to my side,
My little smitten flock,
And I will tell of him who brought
Pure water from the rock,—
Who boldly led God's people forth
From Egypt's wrath and guile,—
And once a cradled babe did float,
All helpless, on the Nile.
- 2 You're weary, precious ones ! your eyes
Are wandering far and wide;
Think ye of her who knew so well
Your tender thoughts to guide,—
Who could to Wisdom's sacred lore
Your fixed attention claim.
Ah, never from your hearts erase
That blessed mother's name !
- 3 'Tis time to sing your evening hymn :
My youngest infant dove,
Come, press thy velvet cheek to mine,
And learn the lay of love !
My sheltering arms can clasp you all,
My poor deserted throng !
Cling as you used to cling to her,
Who sings the angel's song.

- 1 Begin, sweet birds, the accustomed strain ;
 Come, warble loud and clear !—
 Alas, alas ! you're weeping all,
 You're sobbing in my ear.
 Good night :—Go, say the prayer she taught,
 Beside your little bed ;
 The lips that used to bless you there,
 Are silent with the dead.
- 5 A father's hand your course may guide
 Amid the thorns of life,—
 His care protect these shrinking plants,
 That dread the storms of strife ;
 But who upon your infant hearts
 Shall like that mother write ?
 Who touch the springs that rule the soul ?—
 Dear mourning babes, good night.

MRS SIGOURNEY.

95 THE LOVE OF JESUS.

- 1 JESUS, thy boundless love to me
 No thought can reach, no tongue declare ;
 O knit my thankful heart to thee,
 And reign without a rival there :
 Thine wholly, thine alone I live—
 Thyself to me, O Jesus, give.
- 2 O Lord, how cheering is thy ray !
 All pain before thy presence flies ;

- Care, anguish, sorrow, melt away,
 Where'er thy healing balms arise :
 O, Jesus ! nothing may I see,
 Nothing desire or seek, but thee.
- 3 More hard than marble is my heart,
 And foul with sins of deepest stain ;
 But thou the mighty Saviour art,
 Nor flowed thy cleansing blood in vain :
 Ah, soften, melt this rock ! and may
 Thy blood wash all these stains away !
- 4 In suffering, be thy love my peace ;
 In weakness, be thy love my power ;
 And when the storms of life shall cease,
 Jesus, in that important hour,
 In death, as life, be thou my guide,
 And save me, who for me hast died !

ANON.

96.

THE WISH.

- 1 EMPTIED of earth I fain would be,
 Of sin, of self,—of all but Thee ;
 Reserved for Christ, that bled and died,
 Surrendered to the Crucified.
- 2 Sequestered from the noise and strife,
 The lust, the pomp, the pride of life ;
 Prepared 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 blest object of my love;
 But oh! for this no power have I,—
 My strength is at thy feet to lie.

TOPLADY.

97. COMMUNION IN THE HOUSE OF PRAYER.

- 1 I WENT into the house of prayer,
 'Twas many a mile away;
 I knew no individual there—
 I went to hear them pray;
 And by their supplications found
 The place indeed was holy ground.
- 2 I did not ask their creed or name,
 'Twas scarcely worth a care;
 It was enough, a holy flame
 Impelled their souls to prayer;

- And in my own, methought I found
A brother's love go circling round.
- 3 They sought the Father through the Son,
Confessed that they were vile;
Rejoiced Redemption's work was done,
That justice now could smile;
And asked the Holy Spirit's power,
To bless them in that happy hour.
- 4 And pilgrims they themselves confest,
And strangers here below
To perfect joy, and solid rest,
Or—misanthropic woe!
And made a humble, happy claim
To heaven itself, in Jesus' name.
- 5 They were indeed a little band,—
But they appeared to me
The salt that purifies the land
Amidst depravity;
For to the potency of prayer,
We owe the blessings that we share.
- 6 Then let us raise hosannas high
To God the Father's name,
Who bids our supplications fly
On love's triumphant flame;
And from his throne above the skies,
Sends down to earth such rich supplies.

E. DERMER.

98.

THE LORD WILL PROVIDE.

WHEN wealth hastes away, like a bird in its
flight,
Whose plumage just shines as it glides out of
sight;
While faith by afflictions is painfully tried,
How cheering the promise, 'The Lord will
provide.'

If friends should forsake, when they see me
distrest,
His word and his Spirit this lesson suggest :
'Depend not on mortals, whose breath will
subside,
Trust wholly in God,' for 'THE LORD will pro-
vide.'

When dread and despondency rise in my mind,
And I look all around, a helper to find;
I see in his promise no doubt is implied,
'Tis his positive word, 'The Lord WILL pro-
vide.'

While fear hints, 'There's *something* he still
will deny,'—
'No good thing,'—is faith's most decisive reply;

K *

Whate'er he withholds is most wisely denied:
How full is the promise, 'The Lord will PRO-
VIDE!'

With my sorrows and sins to Jesus I fly,
On his promise unchanging I firmly rely;
And I'll sing every day, whate'er may betide,—
'The Lord has provided—The Lord will provide.'

ANON.

99. 'THIS DO IN REMEMBRANCE OF ME.'

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 Gethsemane can I forget?
Or there thy conflict see,
Thine agony and bloody sweat,
And not remember Thee?

4 When to the cross I turn mine eyes,
And rest on Calvary,

O Lamb of God, my sacrifice !
I must remember Thee.

5 Remember Thee, and all thy pains,
And all thy love to me;
Yea, while a breath, a pulse remains,
Will I remember Thee.

6 And when these failing lips grow dumb,
And mind and memory flee,
When Thou shalt in thy kingdom come,
Jesus, remember me.

MONTGOMERY.

100. ON THE DEATH OF THE INFANT CHILD
OF MRS JUDSON.

1 My child was fair, and I was far
From country, friends, and home;
My babe was like a little star,
To lighten earthly gloom:

'Twas sweet to watch him day by day,—
To bend beside his couch, and pray.

2 Perchance my heart was led astray,
And fixed upon my child:
How gently in my arms he lay,
How tenderly he smiled !

His first attempts at speech I caught,
His half-formed murmurings of thought.

- 3 My babe was numbered with the dead,—
 It was the will of God;
 I murmured not, I bowed the head,
 Submissive to the rod :
 'Mid savage looks, 'mid heathen gloom,
 I stood beside my infant's tomb.
- 4 I saw the coffin slow descend,
 I glanced upon the past,—
 I thought my bursting heart would rend !
 One parting look I cast,
 And from the grave I turned away,—
 I could not weep—I scarce could pray.
- 5 And then one ray of comfort shone,
 One glorious ray was given,—
 My babe is singing hymns unknown,
 In perfect bliss in heaven.
 O, e'en a mother's tears were dried,
 Remembering the Redeemer died !

M. A. S.

101. 'TO YOU WHO BELIEVE HE IS PRECIOUS.'

- 1 JESUS, how precious is thy name !
 Beloved of the Father, thou !
 Oh, let me catch the 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.

ANON.

102. 'WHOM HAVE I IN HEAVEN BUT THEE.'

- 1 LORD of earth! thy bounteous hand
 Well this glorious frame has planned!
 Woods that wave, and hills that tower,
 Ocean rolling in his power,—
 All that strikes the gaze unsought,
 All that charms the lonely thought;

Friendship—gem transcending price,
Love—a flower from Paradise.
Yet, amidst this scene so fair,
Should I cease thy smile to share,
What were all its joys to me ?
‘ Whom have I in heaven but thee ? ’

2 Lord of heaven ! beyond our sight
Rolls a world of purer light ;
There, in love’s unclouded reign,
Parted hands shall clasp again ;
Martyrs there, and prophets high,
Blaze a glorious company,
While immortal music rings
From unnumbered seraph strings.
O, that scene is passing fair !
Yet shouldst Thou be absent there,
What were all its joys to me ?
‘ Whom have I in heaven but thee ? ’

3 Lord of earth and heaven ! my breast
Seeks in Thee its only rest ;
I was lost—Thy accents mild,
Homeward lured thy wandering child ;
I was blind—Thy healing ray,
Charmed the long eclipse away,—
Source of every joy I know,
Solace of my every woe ;
Yet should once Thy smile divine
Cease upon my soul to shine,

What were heaven or earth to me ?
' Whom have I in heaven but Thee ?'

SIR R. GRANT.

103. THE BELIEVER'S SAFETY.

- 1 THAT man no guard or weapon needs,
Whose heart the blood of Jesus knows;
But safe may pass, if duty leads,
Through burning sands, or mountain snows.
- 2 Released from guilt, he feels no fear—
Redemption is his shield and tower;
He sees his Saviour always near,
To help in every trying hour.
- 3 Though I am weak, and Satan strong,
And often to assault me tries,
When Jesus is my strength and song,
Abashed the wolf before me flies.
- 4 His love possessing, I am blessed,
Secure whatever change may come;
Whether I go to east or west,
With him I still shall be at home.
- 5 If placed beneath the northern pole,
Though winter reigns with rigour there,
His gracious beams would cheer my soul,
And make a spring throughout the year.

- 6 Or if the desert's sun-burnt soil
My lonely dwelling e'er should prove,
His presence would support my toil,
Whose smile is life, whose voice is love.

NEWTON.

104. WHO CAN SEPARATE US FROM THE LOVE
OF JESUS ?

- 1 O, MY soul, thou heir of heaven,
Wherefore art thou thus cast down ?
Suffering here, to thee 'tis given
Soon to share thy Saviour's throne :
Saved, and justified, and holy,
Thee in Christ thy God will deem ;
Banish then this doubting folly,
Why not more believing seem ?
- 2 Though corruptions still attend thee,
Thine is victory o'er them now !
Still does Jesus' power defend thee,
Though they lay thy boasting low.
What though Satan's strong temptations
Day by day assault thine heart,
Why to sinful inclinations
Yield, and make thy peace depart ?
- 3 Though thy troubles sore beset thee,
Bound within, above, beneath,
Christ hath said he'll ne'er forget thee,
Nor in trials, nor in death.

O my soul, thou heir of heaven,
 Why then art thou thus cast down ?
 Suffering here, to thee 'tis given
 Soon to share thy Saviour's throne.

ANON.



105. ' THY FACE, LORD, WILL I SEEK.'

1 SINCE first thy word awoke my heart—
 Thy brightness beaming o'er me,—
 Where'er I turn my eyes, thou art
 All light and love before me :
 And, while thy smiling face I see,
 All bonds of earth I sever—
 Thee, O Lord ! and only thee,
 I live for, now and ever.

2 Like him, whose fetters dropped away
 When light shone o'er his prison,
 My spirit, touched by mercy's ray,
 Has from her chains arisen :
 And shall a spirit thus made free
 Return to bondage ?—Never !
 Thee, O Lord ! and only thee,
 I live for, now and ever.

MOORE.

106.

JERUSALEM.

- 1 JERUSALEM, Jerusalem ! enthroned once on high,
Thou favoured home of God on earth, thou Heav'n below the sky !
Now brought to bondage with thy sons, a curse and grief to see;
Jerusalem, Jerusalem ! our tears shall flow for thee.
- 2 Oh ! hadst thou known thy day of grace, and flocked beneath the wing
Of Him who called thee lovingly, thine own anointed King;
Then had the tribes of all the world gone up thy pomp to see,
And glory dwelt within thy gates, and all thy sons been free.
- 3 ' And who art thou that mournest me ?' replied the ruin grey;
' And fear'st not rather that thyself may prove a cast-away ?
I am a dried and abject branch; my place is given to thee;
But woe to every barren graft of thy wild olive-tree !

- 2 ' Our day of grace is sunk in night, our time
of mercy spent;
For heavy was my children's crime, and
strange their punishment;
Yet gaze not idly on our fall, but, sinner, warn-
ed be,
Who spared not his chosen seed may send his
wrath on thee !
- 5 ' Our day of grace is sunk in night, thy noon
is in its prime;
O turn and seek thy Saviour's face in this
accepted time !
So, Gentile, may Jerusalem a lesson prove to
thee,
And in the New Jerusalem thy home for ever
be !

HEBER.

107. REST FOR THE WEARY.

- 1 My only Saviour ! when I feel
O'erwhelmed in spirit, faint, opprest,
'Tis sweet to tell thee, while I kneel
Low at thy feet—*Thou art my rest.*
- 2 I'm weary of the strife within;
Strong powers against my soul contest;
O let me turn from self and sin,
To thy dear cross—*There, there is rest !*

- 3 I'm weary of this suffering frame,
 With langour and with pain distrest;
 Yet my impatience oft I blame—
 At *all* times, *Thou canst give me rest.*
- 4 When with a trembling heart I try
 My state, by truth's unerring test,
 Oft it condemns me, yet I fly
 To *thee* for freedom—*Thee for rest.*
- 5 Fain would I learn to 'cease from man';
 They're 'broken cisterns' at the best;
 To form no earthly wish nor plan,
 But cleave to thee—*and in thee rest.*
- 6 Oh! Sweet will be the welcome day,
 When from her toils and woes released,
 My parting soul in death shall say,
 'Now, Lord! *I come to thee for rest.*'

E—t.

103. GOD THE EVERLASTING LIGHT OF HIS
 PEOPLE.

- 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 arrayed,
My soul, which 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 unclouded day.
- 5 No more the drops of piercing grief
Shall swell into mine eyes;
Nor the meridian sun decline
Amidst those brighter skies.
- 6 There all the millions of his saints
Shall in one song unite;
And each the bliss of all shall share
With infinite delight.

DODDRIDGE.

109. JUSTICE AND MERCY.

- 1 Lo Justice, with a brow severe,
With eyes that never shed a tear;
Upon Mount Sinai takes her stand,
With the stone tables in her hand.

- 2 As she descends, the lightnings flash,
And thunders roll, and roar, and crash;
Thick smoke and clouds around her spread,
And the mount trembles at her tread.
- 3 Her two-edged sword she sternly draws,
And points it to her broken laws;
Then sounds her trumpet through the mount,
To summon all to their account.
- 4 And can I bear her piercing eye
Fixed on my heart without a sigh;
Or see her lift her awful scale,
And yet not tremble and grow pale !
- 5 She calls for *me*, with voice severe,
I dare not, yet I must appear;
O whither can a sinner fly ?
Lord save me, save me, or I die.
- 6 Heaven opens, and I see above
Mercy fly down on wings of love;
Upon her face sweet smiles arise,
Though tear-drops glisten in her eyes.
- 7 She comes arrayed in robes of light,
Surrounded with a rainbow bright;
The lightning's flash and thunder's roar,
As she descends, prevail no more.
- 8 She passes o'er the barren sand,
And lo ! it blooms a fruitful land;

She lights upon the mountain's brow,
And flowers adorn its summit now.

9 Her placid face, her beaming eye,
Forbid my dark despondency;
While sweetly in my listening ear
She whispers, ' Child no longer fear.'

10 E'en the stern face of Justice smiled,
As mercy spake in accents mild,
' Stay, elder sister, come with me,
We'll try this cause at Calvary.'

11 Forth they proceed—I closely cling,
Under the shade of Mercy's wing;
They bear me to their Sovereign Lord,
And state my case for his award.

12 First Justice with her charge begins,
And shows the record of my sins;
And then from God's unchanging laws,
Sentence of condemnation draws.

13 I tremble! all the charge is true, •
What can a guilty sinner do ?
Yet ere the Judge my fate decree,
O mercy wilt thou speak for me ?

14 She hastened to the Judge's side,
She pleaded that for me He died,
Fulfilled the law, my sentence bore,
• And Justice could demand no more.

- 15 Who can resist this wondrous plea,
Justice now turns and smiles on me;
Her sword and terrors shall from hence,
Become my safety and defence.
- 16 The holy sisters then embrace,
And bear me to my Saviour's face,
His glories evermore to view,
And praise his Love and Justice too. ANON.

110. TO THE MEMORY OF HENRY KIRKE
WHITE.

- 1 BRIGHT be the place of thy soul,
No lovelier spirit than thine
E'er burst from its mortal control,
In the orbs of the blessed to shine.
On earth thou wert all but divine,
As thy soul shall immortally be;
And our sorrow may cease to repine
When we know that thy God is with thee.
- 2 Light be the turf of thy tomb !
May its verdure like emeralds be,
There should not be the shadow of gloom
In aught that reminds us of thee.
Young flowers and an evergreen tree
May spring from the spot of thy rest;
But nor cypress, nor yew let us see;
For why should we mourn for the blest ?

BYRON.

11. SUBMISSION.

- 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; rather let me 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 engaged to grant;
What else I want, or think I do,
'Tis better still to want.
- 5 Wisdom and mercy guide my way;
Shall I resist them both ?
A poor blind creature of a day,
And crushed before the moth !
- 6 But, ah ! my inward spirit cries,
Still bind me to thy sway;
Else the next cloud that veils the skies,
Drives all these thoughts away.

COWPER.

L. *

112. THE HUMILIATION OF THE MESSIAH.

- 1 Who hath our report believed ?
Shiloh come is not received,
Not received by his own :
Promised Branch from root of Jesse,
David's offspring sent to bless you,
Comes too lowly to be known.

- 2 Tell me, O thou favoured nation,
What is thy fond expectation ?
Some fair spreading lofty tree ?
Let not worldly pride confound thee ;
'Mong the lowly plants around thee,
Mark the lowest—that is He.

- 3 Like a tender plant that's growing
Where no waters kindly flowing,
No kind rains refresh the ground :
Drooping, dying, ye shall view him,
See no charms to draw you to him ;
There no beauty will be found.

- 4 Lo ! Messiah unrespected,
Man of griefs, despised, rejected,
Wounds his form disfiguring :
Marr'd his visage more than any,
For he bears the sins of many,
All our sorrows carrying.

- 5 No deceit his mouth had spoken,
Blameless he no law had broken,
Yet was numbered with the worst :
For, because the Lord would grieve him,
Ye who saw it did believe him
For his own offences curst.
- 6 But, while him our thoughts accused,
He for us alone was bruised,
Yea, for us the victim bled !
With his stripes our wounds are cured,
By his pains our peace secured,
Purchased with the blood he shed.
- 7 Love amazing, so to mind us !
Shepherd come from heaven to find us,
Wandering sheep all gone astray :
Lost, undone by our transgressions,
Worse than stript of all possessions,
Debtors without hope to pay.
- 8 Death our portion, slaves in spirit,
He redeemed us by his merit,
To a glorious liberty ;
Dearly first his goodness bought us,
Truth and love then sweetly taught us,
Truth and love have made us free.
- 9 Glory be to him who gave us—
Freely gave his Son to save us ;
Glory to the Son who came ;

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ANON.

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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 washed us with his blood,
 Has secured our way to God.

5 Let us praise and join the chorus
 Of the saints enthroned on high,
 Here they trusted him before us,
 Now their praises fill the sky ;
 ' Thou hast washed us with thy blood ?
 Thou art worthy, Lamb of God !'

6 Hark ! the name of Jesus sounded
 Loud from golden harps above !
 Lord, we blush, and are confounded,
 Faint our praises, cold our love !
 Wash our souls and songs with blood,
 For by thee we come to God.

NEWTON.

114. THE HEALING OF MARAH'S WATERS.

EXODUS XV. 25.

1 MARAH ! whate'er the tree might be
 Which made thy bitter waters sweet,
 The Christian in its power may see
 Of power divine an emblem meet.

- 2 Full many a cup from which the lip
Draws back as from a poisoned bowl,
Through love's sublime discipleship
Is rendered grateful to the soul.
- 3 The world's distaste, pride's heartless scorn,
A toilsome life, perchance a grave,
Are things as loveless and forlorn
As ever was thy bitterest wave.
- 4 But these, endured for Jesus' sake,
Are rendered, through his love divine,
A cup 'tis pleasure to partake,
Changed by his power like Cana's wine.
- 5 The tree which Marah's waters healed,
Which sweetness gave, or could restore,
Is of his cross a type revealed,
Which he who bears repines no more.
- 6 O may this love in us abound,
Guide to our Elim's happy shore,
Where wells for every tribe are found,
By living palm-trees shadowed o'er!

BARTON.

115. THE COVENANTER'S SCAFFOLD SONG.

- 1 SING with me ! sing with me !
Weeping brethren, sing with me !

For now an open heaven I see,
 And a crown of glory laid for me.
 How my soul this earth despises !
 How my heart and spirit rises !
 Bounding from the flesh I sever !
 World of sin, adieu for ever !

2 Sing with me ! sing with me !
 Friends in Jesus sing with me !
 All my sufferings, all my woe,
 All my griefs I here forego.
 Farewell terrors, sighing, grieving,
 Praying, hearing, and believing,
 Earthly trust, and all its wrongings,
 Earthly love, and all its longings !

3 Sing with me ! sing with me !
 Blessed spirits sing with me !
 To the Lamb our song shall be,
 Through a glad eternity !
 Farewell earthly morn and even,
 Sun, and moon, and stars of heaven ;
 Heavenly portals ope before me,
 Welcome, Christ in all thy glory !

HOGG.

116. WHAT DOEST THOU HERE ?

ON Horeb's brow the Tishbite stands,
 Encompassed round with burning sands ;

He felt the sullen earthquake's shock,
The heaving ground, the reeling rock,
Beheld the whirlwind's awful force
Rending the mountains in its course,
And fire that seemed to fill the sky,
Showing that Israel's God drew nigh—
 Distinctly in the Desert drear,
 A still small voice now strikes his ear,
 ' Elijah, say, what dost thou here ?'

' I have been jealous for the Lord,
Contemning Ahab's cruel sword ;
And stood on Carmel's height unmoved,
When I thy people's sin reprov'd ;
For they thy altars have o'erthrown,
Thy prophets slain,—and I alone
Assert the honour of thy name.'
With whom dwells now this holy flame ?
 If the great Judge should now appear,
 How few like him, with hearts sincere,
 Durst thus avow what they do here ?

Am I then jealous for the Lord ?—
Or like Israel scorn his word ?
Like them are idols my desire ?
Quench I like them the Spirit's fire ?—
Alas ! when with thy saints I pray,
To realms remote my thoughts will stray,

Intent on schemes of worldly pleasure,
 Ambition's dreams, or earth-born treasure,—
 Till roused, I start with sudden fear,
 As conscience whispers in mine ear,
 ' Can God approve—what thou dost here ?'

O Lord !—henceforward let it be
 My whole desire to follow thee—
 To glory in my Saviour's cross,
 And all beside to count as dross.
 Elijah-like, each sin I'll slay—
 Like him each high command obey—
 Press forward on the narrow road,
 Deriving strength and hope from God.
 Then Death's dread voice I need not fear ;
 Jesus shall whisper in mine ear,
 ' My servant, thou hast well done here !'

B. SKEEN.

117.

EVENING.

- 1 WHEN the soft dews of kindly sleep
 My wearied eyelids gently steep,
 Be my last thought, how sweet to rest
 For ever on my Saviour's breast.
- 2 Abide with me from morn till eve,
 For, without thee, I cannot live ;

Abide with me when night is nigh,
For, without thee, I dare not die.

- 3 Thou framer of the light and dark,
Steer through the tempest, thine own ark ;
Amid the howling wintry sea,
We are in port if we have Thee.

KEBLE.

118.

THE CROSS OF CHRIST.

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

§ In the cross of Christ I glory,—
 Towering o'er the wrecks of time,
All the light of sacred story
 Gathers round its head sublime.

BOWRING.

119. THE FAITHFUL AND TRUE WITNESS.

LET the saints all rejoice and exult in their king;
To Jesus with joy and with melody sing;
For sinners' redemption his life-blood he gave,
And the 'Faithful True Witness' will never
 deceive.

His name is our glory—his voice is our guide;
Creation shall fail, but his word shall abide;
He sealed with his blood every promise he gave,
And the 'Faithful True Witness' will never
 deceive.

He promised a crown when he left us a cross;
A kingdom we gain, the reward of our loss;
To glory he leads; and to him let us cleave,
For the 'Faithful True Witness' will never de-
 ceive.

How glorious to follow the footsteps of God!
Though floods rise around, 'tis the path which
 he trod;

Our brethren in bliss have gone safe through
the wave,
And the 'Faithful True Witness' will never
deceive.

In heartfelt affliction his presence can cheer ;
He feels every sorrow, he wipes every tear ;
Through fire and through water, will Jesus e'er
leave ?
No—the 'Faithful True Witness' can never
deceive.

See, tried unto death, that Omnipotent friend !
He dies, as the pledge of our life without end—
He lives wholly for us ; what more can we crave !
Since the 'Faithful True Witness' will never
deceive.

'Twas the promise of love,—'I come quickly
again ;'
He calls us to join in the joyful 'Amen.'—
Of the hope that he gives us, shall aught then
bereave ?
No—the 'Faithful True Witness' will never de-
ceive.

These bodies of clay shall be changed by the
sight,
Shall wake in his likeness, and soar in his light ;

There is joy then in death—there is hope in the
grave;
For the ‘Faithful True Witness’ will never de-
ceive.

ANON.

120. ‘MY BELOVED IS MINE, AND I AM HIS.’

LONG did I toil, and knew no earthly rest ;
Far did I rove, and found no certain home ;
At last I sought them in his sheltering breast,
Who opes his arms, and bids the weary come.
With him I found a home, a rest divine ;
And I since then am his, and he is mine.

Yes, he is mine ! and nought of earthly things,
Not all the charms of pleasure, wealth, or
power,
The fame of heroes, or the pomp of Kings,
Could tempt me to forego his love an hour.
Go, worthless world, I cry, with all that's thine !
Go ! I my Saviour's am, and he is mine.

The good I have is from his stores supplied ;
The ill is only what he deems the best.
He for my friend, I'm rich with nought beside ;
And poor without him, though of all pos-
sess'd.

Changes may come—I take, or I resign—
Content while I am his, while he is mine.

Whate'er may change, in him no change is seen;

A glorious sun, that wanes not, nor declines :
Above the clouds and storms he walks serene,

And sweetly on his people's darkness shines.
All may depart—I fret not nor repine,
While I my Saviour's am, while he is mine.

He stays me falling ; lifts me up when down ;
Reclaims me wandering ; guards from every
foe ;

Plants on my worthless brow the victor's crown,
Which, in return, before his feet I throw,
Grieved that I cannot better grace his shrine
Who deigns to own me his, as he is mine.

While here, alas ! I know but half his love,
But half discern him, and but half adore ;
But when I meet him in the realms above,
I hope to love him better, praise him more,
And feel, and tell, amid the choir divine,
How fully I am his, and he is mine !

LYTTE.

121. CHRIST AND HIS MEMBERS.

I WITH throbbing *head* and heaving *breast*,
Saviour, I fly to thee for rest :
With trembling *hands* and tottering *feet*,
I reach thy cross—my sole retreat.

- 2 My *head* on *thine* I would repose,
The thorns are gone—but not the rose :
There shall my painful throbbings cease,
For Jesus gently whispers, ' Peace.'
- 3 My heaving *heart* hastes to thy side,
Whence flowed the cleansing, healing tide ;
Thy pierced *breast* to soothe my pain
Most tenderly is touched again.
- 4 Thy *hands*, once stretched upon the tree,
Are kindly offered now to me ;
My trembling *hands* with joy I'll raise,
And lift them up in prayer and praise.
- 5 My tottering *feet* no more shall stray :
Thy footsteps shall mark out my way ;
Thy nail-prints in each track I see,
And then, my Saviour, follow thee.
- 6 Thy *head*, thy *heart*, thy *hands*, thy *feet*,
Bless'd Jesus, all to me are sweet ;
My *head*, *heart*, *hands*, and *feet* are thine,
O may they in thy likeness shine !

ANON.

122.

ISRAEL'S JOURNEY.

- 1 SAVIOUR, through the desert lead us ;
Without thee we cannot go ;

- Thou from cruel chains hast freed us;
Thou hast laid the tyrant low.
Let thy presence
Cheer us all our journey through.
- 2 With a price thy love has bought us,
Saviour what a love is thine !
Hitherto thy power has brought us,
Power and love in thee combine !
Lord of glory,
Ever on thine Israel shine.
- 3 Through a desert waste and cheerless,
Though our destined journey lie,
Rendered by thy presence fearless,
We may every foe defy.
Nought shall move us
While we see our Saviour nigh.
- 4 When we halt, no track discovering,
Fearful lest we go astray,
O'er our path thy pillar hovering,
Fire by night, and cloud by day,
Shall direct us :
Thus we shall not miss our way.
- 5 When we hunger thou wilt feed us,—
Manna shall our camp surround;
Faint and thirsty, thou wilt lead us,—
Streams shall from the rock abound.
Happy Israel,
What a Saviour thou hast found !

6 When our foes in arms assemble,
 Ready to obstruct our way,
 Suddenly their hearts shall tremble,
 Thou wilt strike them with dismay;
 And thy people,
 Led by thee, shall win the day.

7 Then lead on, almighty Victor,
 Scatter every hostile band;
 Be our guide and our protector,
 Till on Canaan's shores we stand :
 Shouts of victory
 Then shall fill the promised land.

KELLY.

123. COME TO JESUS.

1 COME, poor sinner, come to Jesus,
 Weary, heavy laden, weak;
 None but Jesus Christ can ease us,
 Come ye all, his mercy seek.

2 'Come,' it is his invitation ;
 'Come to me,' the Saviour says ;
 Why, O why, such hesitation,
 Gloomy doubts, and base delays ?

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- 3 Thus invited to his favour,
Will you pause and not draw nigh?
This would be to charge your Saviour
With deceit and cruelty.
- 4 Do ye fear your own unfitness,
Burdened as you are with sin?
'Tis the Holy Spirit's witness;
Christ invites you;—enter in.
- 5 Do your sins, and your distresses,
'Gainst this sacred record plead?
Know that Christ most kindly blesses
Those who feel the most their need.
- 6 Hear his words, so true and cheering,
Fitted just for the distress;
Dwell upon the sound endearing:
'Mourners, I will give you rest.'
- 7 Stay not pondering on your sorrow,
Turn from your own self away;
Dare not linger till to-morrow,
Come to Christ without delay.
- 8 He will give—we ne'er can merit,
Perfect peace and heavenly rest:
What a treasure we inherit!
How are contrite sinners blest!

- § Jesus, with thy word complying,
 Firm our faith and hope shall be;
 On thy faithfulness relying,
 We will cast our souls on thee.

ANON.

124. HE IS LORD OF ALL.

- 1 ALL hail the power of Jesus' name !
 Let 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 chosen seed of Israel's race,
 A remnant weak and small,
 Hail him who saves you by his grace,
 And crown him Lord of all.
- 4 Ye Gentile sinners, ne'er forget
 The wormwood and the gall;
 Go, spread your trophies at his feet,
 And crown him Lord of all.
- 5 Let every kindred, every tribe,
 On this terrestrial ball,
 To him all majesty ascribe,
 And crown him Lord of all.

- 6 O that, with yonder sacred throng,
We at his feet may fall;
And join the everlasting song,
And crown him Lord of all.

SHRUBSOLE.

125. COMMUNION WITH GOD.

- 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 O may our meetings here be blest,
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 blest abode.
- 5 We'll think how Jesus lived 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 conqueror's song,
Saved by redeeming grace alone.

BATHURST.

126. THE MARTYR'S TRIUMPH.

SING to the Lord ! let harp, and lute, and voice,
Up to the expanding gates of heaven rejoice ;
While the bright martyrs to their rest are borne,
Sing to the Lord ! their blood-stained course is
run ;

And every head its diadem hath won,
Rich as the purple of the summer's morn ;
Sing the triumphant champions of their God,
While burn their mounting feet along their sky-
ward road.

Sing to the Lord ! it is not shed in vain,
The blood of martyrs ! from its freshening rain
High springs the Church, like some fount-sha-
dowing palm ;

The nations crowd beneath its branching shade ;
Of its green leaves are kingly diadems made ;
And wrapt within its deep embosoming calm,
Earth sinks to slumber like the breezeless deep,
And war's tempestuous vultures fold their wings
and sleep.

Sing to the Lord ! no more the dead are laid
In cold despair beneath the cypress shade,
To sleep the eternal sleep that knows no morn;
There, eager still to burst death's brazen bands,
The Angel of the Resurrection stands;
While, on its own immortal pinions borne,
Following the Breaker of the imprisoning tomb,
Forth springs the exulting soul, and shakes
away its gloom.

MILMAN.

127. BREVITY OF HUMAN LIFE.

- 1 LORD, what is life ? 'Tis like a flower
That blossoms and is gone !
We see it flourish for an hour,
With all its beauty on ;
But death comes, like a wintry day,
And cuts the pretty flower away.
- 2 Lord, what is life ? 'Tis like the bow
That glistens in the sky ;
We love to see its colours glow,
But while we look they die.
Life fails as soon ; to-day 'tis here ;
To-night, perhaps 'twill disappear.

- 3 Six thousand years have passed away,
 Since life began at first;
 And millions, once alive and *gay*,
 Are *dead*, and in the *dust*.
 For life, and all its health and pride,
 Has death still waiting at its side.
- 4 Lord, what is life? If spent with thee
 In duty, praise, and prayer,
 However long or short it be,
 We need but little care;
 Because eternity will last
 When life and death itself are past.

JANE TAYLOR.

128. SANCTIFIED AFFLICTION.

HE came, the sweet angel my Father assign'd,
 To watch o'er my path to the sky;
 I knew not if yet from that path I'd declined,
 Or if only temptation was nigh.
 He touched me : how it shrunk from his touch,
 But my spirit with ecstasy glowed;
 It longed to be free, for its prospects were such
 As no pains of the body could cloud.

My Father! I deemed thou hadst called me to
 dwell,
 In the rest thou hast for me above;

But I find myself still in the flesh,—it is well,⁷

If I go,—if I stay, it is love.

Love ordered the plan, and in love such as thine,
How shall I not calmly confide?

Which spared not to save me a ransom divine,
The Lamb who on Calvary died.

O welcome the sufferings whenever they come,
That bring with them comforts like these;
Let me always be filled with such foretastes of
home,

And I sigh not for health and for ease.

That angel's soft touch then again would I feel,
Though my heart-strings with agony quiver;
The pressure is mercy, it wounds but to heal;
It will end in enjoyment for ever.

Ah! when shall I shake off these trammels of
flesh,

And reach that eternal abode,

When the joys I so value shall blossom afresh,
Revived by the smiles of my God?

Shall I think the embrace that dissolves them
too cold,

Shall I think the short journey too drear,
When the arms of my Saviour my spirit enfolds,
And the gates of the city appear?

No; welcome the summons that bids me depart
And welcome the moment to me,

When the clog from my spirit Death strikes
 with his dart,
 And bids it for ever be free.
 Lord Jesus ! I then in thy glory shall share,
 And for ever be blest with thy sight :
 When all will be tranquil, and all will be fair,
 And all will be endless delight.

NON.

 129. SILOAM'S SHADY RILL.

- 1 By cool Siloam's shady rill,
 How sweet the lily grows !
 How sweet the breath beneath the hill
 Of Sharon's dewy rose !
- 2 Lo, such the child whose early feet
 The paths of peace have trod ;
 Whose secret heart, with influence sweet,
 Is upward drawn to God :
- 3 By cool Siloam's shady rill,
 The lily must decay ;
 The rose that blooms beneath the hill
 Must shortly fade away.
- And soon, too soon, the wintry hour
 Of man's maturer age,
 Will shake the soul with sorrow's power,
 And stormy passion's rage.

- 5 O thou, whose infant feet were found
 Within thy Father's shrine !
 Whose years with changeless virtue crown'd
 Were all alike divine !
- 6 Dependent on thy bounteous breath,
 We seek thy grace alone,
 In childhood, manhood, age, and death,
 To keep us still Thine own.

HEBER.

130.

THE DEAD SEA.

THE wind blows chill across these gloomy waves;
 Oh ! how unlike the green and dancing main !
 The surge is foul, as if it rolled o'er graves ;—
 Stranger,—here lie the Cities of the Plain.

Yes, on that plain, by wild waves covered now,
 Rose palace once, and sparkling pinnacle,
 On pomp and spectacle beamed morning's glow,
 On pomp and festival the twilight fell.

Lovely and splendid all,—but Sodom's soul
 Was stained with blood, and pride, and per-
 jury;
 Long warned, long spared, till her whole heart
 was foul,
 And fiery vengeance on its clouds came nigh.

And still she mocked, and danced, and taunting
spoke

Her sportive blasphemies against the throne :
It came ! the thunder on her slumber broke,—
God spake the word of wrath : her dream was
done.

Yet, in her final night, amid her stood
Immortal messengers, and pausing heaven
Pleaded with man, but she was quite imbued,
Her last hour waned, she scorned to be for-
given !

'Twas done !—down poured at once the sul-
phurous shower,
Down stooped, in flame, the heaven's red ca-
nopy.

Oh ! for the arm of God in that fierce hour :—
'Twas vain ; nor help of God or man was nigh.

They rush, they bound, they howl, the Man of
Sin ;—

Still stooped the cloud, still burst the thicker
blaze ;
The earthquake heaved ! then sank the hideous
din !—

Yon wave of darkness o'er their ashes strays.

OROLY.

131. THE LORD IS RISEN INDEED.

- 1 'THE Lord is risen indeed ;'
And are the tidings true ?
Yes, they beheld the Saviour bleed,
And saw him living too.
- 2 'The Lord is risen indeed,'
Then justice asks no more ;
Mercy and truth are now agreed,
Who stood opposed before.
- 3 'The Lord is risen indeed,'
Then is his work performed ;
The captive Surety now is freed,
And death our foe disarmed.
- 4 'The Lord is risen indeed,'
Then hell has lost its prey ;
With him is risen the ransomed seed,
To reign in endless day.
- 5 'The Lord is risen indeed ;'
He lives to die no more ;
He lives the sinners cause to plead,
Whose curse and shame he bore.
- 6 'The Lord is risen indeed,'
This yields my soul a plea ;
He bore the punishment decreed,
And satisfied for me.

7 'The Lord is risen indeed,'
 Attending angels hear;
 Up to the courts of heaven with speed,
 The joyful tidings bear.

3 Then take your golden lyres,
 And strike each cheerful chord;
 Join all the bright celestial choirs,
 To sing our risen Lord.

KELLY.



132. GLORY AND GOODNESS OF GOD.

O WORSHIP the King ! all glorious above !
 O gratefully sing his power and his love !
 Our shield and defender,—the Ancient of Days,
 Pavillioned in splendour, and girded with praise.
 O tell of his might, O sing of his grace !
 Whose robe is the light—whose canopy space,
 His chariots of wrath the deep thunder clouds
 form,
 And dark is his path on the wings of the storm.

The earth, with its store of wonders untold,
 Almighty ! thy power hath founded of old;
 Hath 'stablished it fast by a changeless decree,
 And round it hath cast like a mantle the sea.
 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.

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!
 O measureless Might! Ineffable love!
 While angels delight to hymn thee above,
 The humbler creation, though feeble their lays,
 With true adoration shall lisp to thy praise.

SIR R. GRANT.

133.

INVOCATION.

- 1 ANSWER me, burning stars of night!
Where is the Spirit gone?
 That passed the reach of human sight,
 As a swift breeze hath flown!
 And the stars answered me—'We roll
 In light and power on high;
 But of the never dying-soul,
 Ask that which cannot die.'
- 2 Oh! many-toned and chainless wind!
 Thou art a wanderer free;
 Tell me if *thou* its place can find,
 Far over mount and sea?

And the wind murmur'd in reply,
 'The blue deep I have cross'd,
 And met its barks and billows high,
 But not what thou hast lost.'

3 Ye clouds that gorgeously repose
 Around the setting sun,
 Answer ! have *ye* a home for those
 Whose earthly race is run ?
 The bright clouds answered—'We depart,
 We vanish from the sky ;
 Ask what is deathless in thy heart,
 For that which cannot die.'

4 Speak, then, thou voice of God within,
 Thou of the deep low tone !
 Answer me, through life's restless din,
Where is the spirit flown ?
 And the voice answered—'Be thou still !
 Enough to know is given ;
 Clouds, winds, and stars, *their* part fulfil,
Thine is to trust in heaven.'

MRS HEMANS.

134.

THE HAPPY LAND.

1 OH, know ye that happy land,
 Where care is unknown ?
 Know ye that blessed band,
 There around the throne ?

There is happiness ;
There are streams of purest bliss ;
There are rest and peace,
There, there alone !

2 We all know that happy place,
We all know it well ;
Eye hath not seen its bliss,
Tongue cannot tell.
There are the angels bright,
The saints in robes of heavenly white,
All of them clothed in light,
Ever there to dwell.

3 We are sad and weary here,—
Though young, a sinful band,
Yet soon in glory there,
We hope all to stand.
Then let us haste away,
Speed along this world's dark way,
To that land of day,—
That happy land.

4 Saviour ! hasten that sweet day,
Soon let time be gone ;
Come, Lord ! make no delay,
Place us on thy throne !
Thy face we seek to see,
That we may dwell and reign with thee,
Thine, thine for ever be,
Thine, thine alone.

ANON.

135.

ADVENT HYMN.

- 1 **Lo, He comes, with clouds descending,
Once for favoured sinners slain !
Thousand, thousand saints attending,
Swell the triumph of his train,
Hallelujah !
Jesus now shall ever reign !**

- 2 **Every eye shall now behold him,
Robed in dreadful majesty;
Those who set at nought and sold him,
Pierced and nailed him to the tree,
Deeply wailing,
Shall the true Messiah see.**

- 3 **When the solemn trump has sounded,
Heaven and earth shall flee away;
All who hate him must, confounded,
Hear the summons of that day :
Come to judgment !
Come to judgment ! come away !**

- 4 **Now redemption, long expected,
See in solemn pomp appear !
All His saints, by man rejected,
Rise to meet Him in the air.
Hallelujah !
See the day of God appear !**

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- 5 Answer thine own Bride and Spirit,
 Hasten, Lord, the general doom;
 Promised glory to inherit,
 Take thy pining exiles home :
 All creation
 Travails, groans, and bids Thee come !
- 6 Yea, Amen ! let all adore Thee,
 High on thine eternal throne !
 Saviour ! take the power and glory,
 Claim the kingdoms for thine own ;
 O, come quickly,
 Claim the kingdoms for thine own !

OLIVER.

136.

THE REDEEMED IN GLORY.

- 1 How bright these 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 washed
 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 His presence fills each heart with joy,
Tunes every mouth to sing :
By day, by night, the sacred courts
With glad hosannahs ring.
- 5 Hunger and thirst are felt no more,
Nor suns with scorching ray ;
God is their sun, whose cheering beams
Diffuse eternal day.
- 6 The Lamb which dwells amidst the throne
Shall o'er them still preside ;
Feed them with nourishment divine,
And all their footsteps guide.
- 7 'Mong pastures green he'll lead his flock,
Where living streams appear ;
And God the Lord from every eye
Shall wipe off every tear.

CAMERON.

137. THE NEW JERUSALEM.

- 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 heaven-built walls
And pearly gates behold !
Thy bulwarks with salvation strong,
And streets of shining gold !
- 3 O when, thou city of my God,
Shall I thy courts ascend,
Where congregations ne'er break up,
And Sabbaths have no end !
- 4 There happier bowers than Eden's bloom,
Nor sin nor sorrow know :
Bless'd seats! through rude and stormy scenes.
I onward press to you.
- 5 Why should I shrink at pain and woe,
Or feel at death dismay ?
I've Canaan's goodly land in view,
And realms of endless day.
- 6 Apostles, martyrs, prophets, there
Around my Saviour stand;
And soon my friends in Christ below,
Will join the glorious band.
- 7 Jerusalem, my happy home !
My soul still pants for thee,
Then shall my sorrows have an end,
When I thy joys shall see.

ANON.

138.

THE SHIP.

- 1 ON life's tempestuous ocean glides
A vessel, built by God;
'Midst rocks and shoals, and swelling tides,
She spreads her sails abroad.
- 2 Her mariners Jehovah chose,
Her pilot is the Lord;
She touches islands as she goes,
Sinners to take on board.
- 3 Truth is her compass, love her sail,
And heavenly grace her store;
The Spirit's influence the gale
That wafts her to the shore.
- 4 Nor winds nor waves her progress check,
Her course she must pursue;
And though she often fears a wreck,
She's saved with all her crew.
- 5 On boards and broken pieces tost,
And death each hour at hand,
Yet none who trust to Christ are lost,
But all come safe to land.
- 6 Each soul to Christ the Lord is given,
And purchased with his blood;
The vessel is insured in heaven,
And God will make it good.

REV. J. IRONS.

139. EFFICACY OF PRAYER.

WHY should sorrows, why should woes,
 E'er disturb our sweet repose ?
 Prayer through Jesus Christ shall rise
 To our Father in the skies.
 Yes, God of goodness ! in distress,
 Thy praying children thou wilt bless.
 ' Let your souls,' so dost thou speak,
 ' From my Spirit comfort seek.'
 Thou wilt dissipate our fear,
 Thou the softest sigh wilt hear.
 Every hour, in every place,
 Thou wilt answer, in thy grace.
 Let thy hope my soul assure,
 My deliverance is secure.
 Father ! bid my fears to cease,
 Give me to enjoy thy peace.
 Tranquil let my spirit be,
 Through thy Son invoking thee.
 Yes, God of goodness ! on thy child,
 Thy look of love from heaven hath smiled.

CÆSAR MALAN.

140. NOT ASHAMED OF CHRIST.

I JESUS, and shall it ever be,
 A mortal man ashamed of thee ?

Ashamed of thee ! whom angels praise,
Whose glories shine through endless days.

- 2 Ashamed of Jesus ! sooner far
May evening blush to own a star !
He shed the beams of light divine
On this benighted soul of mine.
- 3 Ashamed of Jesus ! just as soon
Let midnight be ashamed of noon ;
'Twas midnight with my soul till he,
Bright Morning Star, bade darkness flee.
- 4 Ashamed of Jesus ! yes I may,
When I've no guilt to wash away ;
No tears to wipe, no good to crave,
No fear to quell, no soul to save.
- 5 Ashamed of Jesus ! that dear friend,
On whom my hopes of heaven depend :
No ; when I blush be this my shame,
That I no more revere his name.
- 6 Till then—nor is my boasting vain—
Till then, I boast a Saviour slain :
And O may this my glory be,
That Christ is not ashamed of me !

GREGG.

141. SHALL WE CONTINUE IN SIN ?

- 1 SHALL the believer dare to sin
Because his sins have been forgiven ?
Shall sovereign grace, which makes him clean,
Be thus abused ? forbid it heaven !
- 2 Shame on that heart which does not melt,
And shame on that unfeeling eye,
Which feels no anguish for that guilt
For which the Saviour came to die !
- 3 If yet those sufferings were to come
Which should a guilty world redeem,
Oh, could he bear to swell the sum
Of what must be endured for him.
- 4 Oh, could he bear to add by sin
A sharper point to every thorn,
And make each cruel strife more keen,
By which the holy flesh was torn !
- 5 Yet every sin he dares commit,
If he indeed have tasted grace,
More sharply pierced those hands, those feet,
And marred with deeper lines that face.
- 6 Dear injured Saviour ! ne'er may those
For whom thy precious blood was shed,
Give cause of triumph to thy foes,
But shrink from sin with holy dread.

Nor let the cruel sight be shown,
That He whose love all love transcends,
Was wounded in the house of one
Of those who called themselves his friends.
DR STOCK.

142. THE WAY OF SALVATION.

AWAKED by Sinai's awful sound,
My soul in bonds of guilt I found,
And knew not where to go :
O'erwhelmed with sin, with anguish slain,
The sinner must be born again,
Or sink to endless woe.

Amazed I stood, but could not tell
Which way to shun the gates of hell,
For death and hell drew near :
I strove, indeed, but strove in vain,—
The sinner must be born again,
Still sounded in my ear.

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

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

But while I thus in anguish lay,
 Jesus of Nazareth passed that way,
 And felt his pity move;
 The sinner, by his justice slain,
 Now by his grace is born again,
 And sings redeeming love.

To heaven the joyful tidings flew,
 The angels tuned their harps anew,
 And loftier notes did raise:
 All hail, the Lamb who once was slain!
 Unnumbered millions, born again,
 Will shout thine endless praise.

ANON.

143.

PARADISE.

1 FAIR are the flow'rs, and fair the trees,
 And sweet the groves of paradise;
 And rills of love unceasing flow,
 To water all the garden through.

- 2 There is no thorn, no briar seen,
 But all is beautiful and green :
 No barren spot, no stony ground,
 In all that garden can be found.
- 3 Jesus, the Sun of Righteousness,
 Shines on it with his cheering rays ;
 And vivifies the lovely flow'rs
 With dews of grace and heavenly show'rs.

DR RYLAND.

144. COME AND WELCOME TO JESUS CHRIST.

- 1 COME, ye sinners, poor and wretched,
 Come—'tis mercy's welcome hour !
 Jesus ready stands to save you,
 Full of pity, joined with power :
 He is able,
 He is willing ; doubt no more.
- 2 Let not conscience make you linger,
 Nor of fitness fondly dream :
 All the fitness he requireth,
 Is to feel your need of him :
 This he gives you,—
 'Tis the Spirit's rising beam.
- 3 Come, ye weary, heavy laden,
 Lost and ruined by the fall !

If you tarry till you're better,
 You will never come at all :
 Not the righteous—
 Sinners, Jesus came to call.

4 Agonizing in the garden,
 Lo ! the Saviour prostrate lies ;
 On the bloody tree behold him ;
 Hear him cry, before he dies,
 ' It is finished !'—
 Sinners, will not this suffice ?

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

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

HART.

145. COMFORT FOR MOURNERS.

1 Child of sorrow, lorn, forsaken,
 Whom the world hath long oppressed,

Though by misery's storm o'ertaken,
Calm the tumult of thy breast.

Why this anguish ?

Hither come, and sweetly rest !

2 Child of sorrow, hush thy wailing !

One there is who knows thy grief,

One, whose mercy never failing,

Waits to give thy soul relief ;

He, thy Saviour,

Faithful still,—of friends the chief !

3 Child of sorrow, do they leave thee,

Those on whom thy hopes have stayed ?

Jesus calls, and will receive thee

With a love can never fade ;

Hark, he bids thee

Seek the home for sinners made !

4 Child of sorrow, tempests lowering

Hang around the clouds of care,

But thy Father's smile, o'erpowering,

Breaks the gloom, and gilds despair !

See thy Father,

On the cloud his bow prepare !

Child of sorrow, why dejected ?

Own, approve my righteous will !

I afflict,—'twas I protected ;

Chastened son, be still, be still !

Grace and mercy

Ever thus my word fulfil !

HUTTON.

146. 'THEY SING THE SONG OF MOSES.'

- 1 DARK was the night, the wind was high,
The way by mortals never trod;
For God had made the channel dry,
When faithful Moses stretched the rod.
- 2 The raging waves, on either hand,
Stood like a massy tottering wall,
And on the heaven-defended band
Refused to let the waters fall.
- 3 With anxious footsteps, Israel trod
The depths of that mysterious way;
Cheered by the pillar of their God,
That shone for them with favouring ray.
- 4 But when they reached the opposing shore,
As morning streaked the eastern sky,
They saw the billows hurry o'er
The flower of Pharaoh's chivalry.
- 5 Then awful gladness filled the mind
Of Israel's mighty, ransomed throng;
And while they gazed on all behind,
Their wonder burst into a song.
- 6 Thus thy redeemed ones, Lord, on earth,
While passing through this vale of weeping,
Mix holy trembling with their mirth,
And anxious watching with their sleeping.

The night is dark, the storm is loud,
The path no human strength can tread ;
Oh, give us then the pillar-cloud,
Heaven's light upon our path to shed.

3 And oh, when life's dark journey o'er,
And death's enshrouding valley past,
We plant our foot on yonder shore,
And tread yon golden strand at last,

9 Shall we not see with deep amaze,
How grace hath led us safe along ;
And whilst behind, before we gaze,
Triumphant burst into a song !

10 And even on earth, though sore bested,
Fightings without, and fears within,
Sprinkled to-day from slavish dread,
To-morrow, captive led by sin ;

11 Yet would I lift my downcast eyes
On Thee, thou brilliant tower of fire—
Thou dark cloud to mine enemies—
That Hope may all my breast inspire.

12 And thus the Lord, my strength, I'll praise,
Though Satan and his legions rage ;
And the sweet song of Faith I'll raise,
To cheer me on my pilgrimage.

R. M. M'CHEYNE.

147. BELIEVING CHRIST IN HIS MEMBERS.

THE willow that droops by the side of the river,
 And drinks all its life from the stream that
 flows by,
 In return spends that life in the cause of the
 giver,
 And shadows the stream from the heat of the
 sky.

My Saviour, my God, it is thou—I adore thee !
 Yes, thou art this life-giving fountain to me;
 But I am all weakness—a suppliant before thee;
 I cannot return this protection to thee.

But ah ! thou hast many a lov'd one, in sorrow,
 Who wanders along this bleak world all alone;
 For such, from the good thou hast sent, would
 I borrow,
 And this my Redeemer will graciously own.

EDMESTON.

148. BENEFIT OF AFFLICTION.

O Saviour ! whose mercy, severe in its kindness,
 Has chastened my wanderings, and guided
 my way ;
 Adored be the power which illumined my blind-
 ness,
 And weaned me from phantoms that smiled
 to betray.

Enchanted with all that was dazzling and fair,
I followed the rainbow—I caught at the
toy,—
And still in displeasure thy goodness was there,
Disappointing the hope, and defeating the
joy.

The blossom blushed bright, but a worm was
below ;
The moonlight shone fair—there was blight
in the beam ;
Sweet whispered the breeze, but it whispered of
woe ;
And bitterness flowed in the soft flowing
stream.

So, cured of my folly, yet cured but in part,
I turned to the refuge thy pity displayed ;
And still did this eager and credulous heart,
Weave visions of promise that bloomed but
to fade.

I thought that the course of the pilgrim to
heaven
Would be bright as the summer, and glad as
the morn ;
Thou show'dst me the path—it was dark and
uneven—
All rugged with rock, and all tangled with
thorn.

I dreamed of celestial rewards and renown;
 I grasped at the triumph which blesses the
 brave;
 I asked for the palm-branch, the robe, and the
 crown;
 I asked—and thou show'dst me a cross and
 a grave.

Subdued and instructed, at length, to thy will,
 My hopes and my longings I fain would re-
 sign;

O give me the heart that can wait and be still.
 Nor know of a wish or a pleasure but thine

There are mansions exempted from sin and
 from woe,

But they stand in a region by mortals untrod
 There are rivers of joy, but they roll not below
 There is rest, but it dwells in the presence
 of God.

SIR ROBERT GRANT.

149.

THE NAME OF JESUS.

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

- 2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast;
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary rest.
- 3 Dear name ! the rock on which I build,
My shield and hiding-place;
My never-failing treasury, filled
With boundless stores of grace.
- 4 By thee my prayers acceptance gain,
Although with sin defiled,
Satan accuses me in vain,
And I am owned a 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 every fleeting breath ;
And may the music of thy name
Refresh my soul in death.

NEWTON.

150.

RESIGNATION.

- 1 SINCE all the downward tracks of time,
God's watchful eye surveys,
Oh! who so wise to choose our lot,
And regulate our ways?
- 2 Good when he gives, supremely good;
Nor less when he denies;
Even crosses from his sovereign hand
Are blessings in disguise.
- 3 Why should we doubt a Father's love,
Unmeasurably kind?
To his unerring, gracious will,
Be every wish resigned.

HERVEY.

151.

SUBMISSION.

- 1 AND shall a sinful worm complain
Of weary days, and nights of pain?
Shall I arraign the will of God,
Who bought me with his precious blood?
- 2 Are not my times within his hand?
Are not my pains at his command?
Do I not hear him sweetly say—
'Strength shall be given, as thy day!'

- 3 O may these light afflictions prove,
Means to increase my faith and love;
And may I meekly bear the cross,
In mercy sent to purge my dross.
- 4 Am I not his?—His ransomed one,
A burning brand from Satan won:
Have I a grief He does not share?
A pain He helps me not to bear?
- 5 Ah, no! Emanuel guards my bed,
His arm of love supports my head;
Like John, I lean upon his breast,
And find in him a *perfect rest*.
- 6 Then welcome trials, welcome pains,
Since Jesus thus my soul sustains;
He will receive my parting breath,
And guide me through the Vale of Death.

ANON.

152. WELCOME TO DEATH.

- 1 O DEATH! how beautiful thy feet,
That come to bring me peace,
To bear me to that blest retreat,
Where sin and sorrow cease!
- 2 Then mourn not thus, my chosen friends,
That I am hastening home;

- My Saviour, for his servant sends,
And glad, dear Lord, I come !
- 3 Hast thou not watched me all the way,
Redeemed my soul from ill ?
Through death's dark vale I shall not stray,
For thou art with me still.
- 4 My heart and flesh are failing fast,
But Thou, my strength, art near ;
And soon, the latest struggle past,
With thee shall I appear !
- 5 I go to taste of joys untold,
That flow thy throne beside ;
And there, within thy heavenly fold,
For ever to abide.

ANON.

153.

THE CALL OF SAMUEL.

- 1 In Israel's fane, by silent night,
The lamp of God was burning bright ;
And there by viewless angels kept,
Samuel, the child, securely slept.
- 2 A voice unknown the stillness broke,
' Samuel ! ' it called, and thrice it spoke.
He rose,—he asked, whence came the word ?
From Eli ? no ;—it was the Lord.

- 3 Thus early called to serve his God,
 In paths of righteousness he trod:
 Prophetic visions fired his breast,
 And all the chosen tribes were blest.
- 4 Speak, Lord ! and from our earliest days,
 Incline our hearts to love thy ways ;
 Thy wakening voice hath reached our ear,
 Speak, Lord, to us ; thy servants hear.
- 5 And ye, who know the Saviour's love,
 And richly all his mercies prove ;
 Your timely, friendly aid afford,
 That we may early serve the Lord.

CAWOOD.

154. ' BEHOLD, I STAND AT THE DOOR AND
 KNOCK.'

- 1 BEHOLD a stranger at the door !
 He gently knocks, has knock'd before ;
 Has waited long, is waiting still :
 You use no other friend so ill.
- 2 But will he prove a friend indeed ?
 He will : the very friend you need ;
 The man of Nazareth, 'tis he,
 With garments dyed at Calvary.

- 3 Oh, lovely attitude ! he stands
With melting heart and open hands.
Oh, matchless kindness ! and he shows
This matchless kindness to his foes.
- 4 Rise, touched with gratitude divine,
Turn out his enemy and thine ;
Turn out that hateful monster, sin,
And let the heavenly stranger in.
- 5 If thou art poor—and poor thou art—
Lo ! he hath riches to impart :
Not wealth in which mean avarice rolls ;
Oh, nobler far,—the wealth of souls.
- 6 Thou'rt blind : he'll take the scales away,
And let in everlasting day.
Naked thou art, but he shall dress
Thy blushing soul in righteousness.
- 7 Art thou a mourner ? grief shall fly :
For who can weep with Jesus by ?
No terror shall thy soul annoy ;
No tear, except the tear of joy.
- 8 Admit him, ere his anger burn,
Lest he depart, and ne'er return ;
Admit him, or the hour's at hand,
When, at his door denied, you'll stand.
- 9 Admit him, for the human breast
Ne'er entertain'd so kind a guest :

No mortal tongue their joys can tell,
With whom he condescends to dwell.

- 10 Yet know, nor of the terms complain,
Where Jesus comes, he comes to reign;
To reign, and with no partial sway :
Thoughts must be slain that disobey.
- 11 Sovereign of souls ! thou Prince of Peace !
O may thy gentle reign increase !
Throw wide the door, each willing mind ;
And be his empire all mankind.

GREGG.

155. HIMSELF BARE OUR SORROWS.

- 1 JESUS, my sorrow lies too deep
For human sympathy ;
It knows not how to tell itself
To any—but to Thee.
- 2 Thou dost remember amidst all
The glories of thy throne,
The sorrows of humanity,
For they were once thine own.
- 3 Yes; and as if thou would'st be God
Even in misery ;
Thou'st left no sorrow but thine own,
Unreach'd by sympathy.

4 Jesus ! my fainting spirit brings
 Its fearfulness to thee;
Thine eye alone can penetrate
 The clouded mystery.

5 And is it not enough ! *Enough*
 Thy holy sympathy,
 That sorrow cannot be *too deep*,
 Which I may bring to thee.

ANON.

156. SPIRITUAL WORSHIP.

THOUGH glorious, O God ! must thy temple have
 been,

On the day of its first dedication,
 When the cherubim's wings widely waving were
 seen

On high, o'er the ark's holy station :

When even the chosen of Levi, though skill'd
 To minister, standing before thee,
 Retired from the cloud which the temple then
 filled,

And thy glory made Israel adore thee :

Though awfully grand was thy majesty then;
 Yet the worship thy gospel discloses,
 Less splendid in pomp to the vision of men,
 Far surpasses the ritual of Moses.

And by whom was that ritual for ever repeal'd,
But by him, unto whom it was given
To enter the oracle, where is reveal'd,
Not the cloud, but the brightness of heaven.

Who, having once entered, hath shown us the
way,

O Lord ! how to worship before thee;
Not with shadowy forms of that earlier day,
But in spirit and truth to adore thee.

This, this is the worship the Saviour made known,
When she of Samaria found him
By the patriarch's well, sitting weary, alone,
With the stillness of noontide around him.

How sublime, yet how simple, the homage he
taught,

To her who inquired by that fountain,
If Jehovah at Solyma's shrine would be sought;
Or adored on Samaria's mountain !

Woman ! believe that the hour is now near,
When he, if ye rightly would hail him,
Will neither be worshipped *exclusively* here,
Nor yet at the altar of Salem.

For God is a Spirit ! and they, who aright
Would perform the pure worship he loveth,
In the heart's holy temple will seek, with delight,
That spirit the Father approveth.

BARTON.

SACRED POETRY.

NEW YEAR'S HYMN.

- 1 OH ! I shall soon be dying,
Time swiftly glides away ;
But on my Lord relying,
I hail the happy day.
- 2 The day when I must enter
Upon a world unknown ;
My helpless soul I venture
On Jesus Christ alone.
- 3 He once a spotless victim,
Upon Mount Calv'ry bled !
Jehovah did afflict Him,
And bruise Him in my stead.
- 4 Hence all my hope arises,
Unworthy as I am :
My soul most surely prizes
The sin-atonig Lamb.
- 5 To him by grace united,
I joy in him alone ;
And now, by faith delighted,
Behold him on his throne.
- 5 There he is interceding
For all who on him rest :
The grace from him proceeding
Shall waft me to his breast.

- 7 Then with the saints in glory
 The grateful song I'll raise,
 And chant my blissful story
 In high seraphic lays.
- 8 Free grace, redeeming merit,
 And sanctifying love,
 Of Father, Son, and Spirit,
 Shall charm the courts above.

ANON.

158. THE JEWS.

- 1 ZION ! thy symbols fade ;
 Cast thy dim types away,—
 Come forth from ancient error's shade,
 And hail Messiah's day.
- 2 Why haunt, with shuddering dread,
 Red Sinai's wall of flame,
 When Calvary lifts a peaceful head,
 And breathes an angel's claim ?
- 3 The prophets are thy care,
 The law is at thy breast,
 To Jesus turn with suppliant prayer,
 His word will do the rest.
- 4 No more his word withstand,
 No more his Spirit grieve ;
 Thrust in his wounded side thy hand,—
 And tremble, and believe !

MRS SIGOURNEY,

159. ' WE ARE NOT OUR OWN.'

- 1 YES, Lord, my own I cannot be,
Since I have been redeemed by thee;
The costly price was blood divine,
That I may be completely thine.
- 2 Then shall I dare refuse to be
A living sacrifice to thee ?
Could I a thousand hearts resign,
A thousand hearts should all be thine.
- 3 Thee for my portion, Lord, I claim,
Bid me thus glorify thy name;
Vouchsafe that blessing so divine,
That I may be completely thine.
- 4 Henceforth let vanity begone,
I give my heart to thee alone;
An undivided heart, my God,
Is the sure purchase of thy blood.

ROWLAND HILL.

160. ' COME WITH US AND WE WILL DO THEE
GOOD.'

- 1 OH, come with us ! the mazy round
Of pleasure hath been tried,
And all her promised joy been found
To pain and guilt allied;

The varied stores of human lore
Have lost their power to please,
And there's a void ne'er felt before,
A sigh for peace and ease.

2 Have I not read thy secret thought
And scanned thy hidden pain ?
Then let the voice, in mercy brought,
Not plead with thee in vain.
With us,—with us, cast in thy lot,
Join with us heart and hand :
Despised we are,—forsaken not,—
A firm and fearless band.

3 No earthly joys we promise thee,
No false and fading flowers;
Pain, sickness, sorrow, poverty,
May all alike be ours.
And deeper woe than worldlings know,—
Conviction's thrilling dart,
The strife with sin and hellish foe,
The hidden plague of heart.

4 Yet move we on, as mourning still,
But joying in our Lord,
Submissive to his holy will,
And resting on his word.
The way is rough,—to heaven it leads,
And quickly will be trod;
The night is dark,—but what succeeds ?—
The glory of our God.

- 5 And, even now, a kindling light
Streams o'er our toilsome way;
Our hearts are fixed, our hopes **are bright,**
The Lord's our shield and **stay.**
A voice thou canst not hear, is **nigh,**
And tells us not to fear;
The light of heaven is on our **eye,**
The music on our ear.
- 6 Then come with us!—Why **lingerest thou!**
This earth will pass away;
Her fairest form and loftiest **brow**
Must mingle in decay.
Look up to heaven, and unto **Him**
Whose life-blood flowed for **thee,**
And read, in the empurpled **stream,**
His summons, 'Come to me!'

ANON.

 161. SING US ONE OF THE SONGS OF ZION.

- 1 ON Judah's plains no throng is **viewed,**
Their voice of joy is still,
There is no festive multitude
On Judah's holy hill.
- 2 Amid her waste and grass-grown **halls**
The bittern calls his mate;
There is no harp in Judah's **halls,**
No song in Judah's gate.

No more the timbrel's music floats,
 Or cymbal's tones aspire;
 Hushed are the viol's tuneful notes,
 And mute her sacred choir.

4 No flame on Judah's altar burns;
 No lamp in Judah's fanc;
 From clime to clime her offspring turns,
 And bears the curse of Cain.

5 Wanderers and fugitives, bereft
 Of rest and peace like him;
 For God, an angry God, has left
 His seat, the cherubim.

6 Then ye, who seek for Zion's peace,
 And o'er her ruins mourn,
 Let not your prayers and offerings cease
 Till Judah's God return;

7 And promised Zion's sacred domes
 In nobler beauty rise,
 Enriched with costlier hecatombs
 Of free-will sacrifice.

P. C. H.

162. AFFLICTION OF THE JEWS.

1 WHY are Judah's sons afflicted?
 Why is Israel still a slave?
 Has it not been long predicted
 That the Lord would Zion save?

P *

- 2 Why are Salem's walls forsaken,
Once the dwelling of the just ?
Will her watchmen not awaken,
And arouse her slumbering dust ?
- 3 Why do heathen proud oppressors
Rule her sons with iron hand ?
Why are Gentiles now possessors
Of her long neglected land ?
- 4 Go, and trace the sacred story,
There we read the awful cause,—
They have slain the Lord of Glory ;
They have trampled on his laws.
- 5 Ask ye now, why this affliction
Burst upon them like a flood !
By Messiah's crucifixion,—
They are guilty of his blood.

P. C. II.

163.

' GOD WILL PROVIDE.'

WE dwell in a wilderness howling and dreary,
With dangers and troubles on every side ;
Our souls are oft feeble, desponding, and weary,
Yet here is our comfort—' the Lord will provide.'

Though mountains of sin, and dark clouds of
 temptation,
 The rock of our help from our prospect oft
 hide;
 Yet shall our hope of eternal salvation
 Rest on this promise—‘ the Lord will provide.’

Our progress, as pilgrims to Canaan, resisting,
 The foe in the conflict our souls has defied;
 But soon he shall fall like the boasting Philis-
 tine—
 Our shields and our weapons ‘ the Lord will
 provide.’

Should poverty come like an angel to seize us,
 And bear us in love from the dwellings of
 pride;
 ‘ Bless’d are the poor,’ is the message of Jesus,
 Our food and our raiment ‘ the Lord will pro-
 vide.’

Should darkness be suffered a while to confound
 us,
 And over our souls like a tempest abide;
 Oh this will burst through the dense clouds
 around us,
 The sunbeam of promise, ‘ the Lord will pro-
 vide.’

Should darts of temptation by Satan be wielded,
 And cares spring around like a threatening
 tide;
 In this shall our souls be supported and shielded,
 This ark of salvation ' the Lord will provide.

When sorrow's deep fountains asunder are
 broken,
 Our souls o'er the deluge Jehovah will guide,
 And fix o'er our heads, as a covenant token,
 This halo of mercy, ' the Lord will provide.'

When vengeance like flames o'er the wicked is
 gleaming,
 The Zoar of refuge our spirits will hide;
 On God's holy mount shall be seen brightly
 beaming,
 This banner of safety,—' the Lord will pro-
 vide.'

HOLME.

164.

THE CRUCIFIXION.

1 ' 'Tis finished !'—so the Saviour cried,
 And meekly bowed his head, and died.
 ' 'Tis finished !'—yes, the race is run,
 The battle fought, the victory won.

- ‘ ’Tis finished !—all that was of old
Decreed, and prophets had foretold,
Is now fulfilled, as Heaven designed,
In thee, the Saviour of mankind.
- 3 ‘ ’Tis finished !—this thy dying groan
Shall sins of every kind atone ;
Millions shall be redeemed from death,
By this thy last expiring breath.
- 4 ‘ ’Tis finished !—Heaven is reconciled,
And all the powers of darkness spoiled ;
Peace, love, and happiness again
Return and dwell with sinful men.
- 5 ‘ ’Tis finished !’—let the joyful sound
Be heard through all the nations round :
‘ ’Tis finished !’—let the echo fly
Through heaven and hell, through earth and
sky.

STENNETT.

165.

FRAGMENT.

- 1 SAY'ST thou that human glory can endure !
That ought of earth affords foundation sure ?
Say'st thou that empire, dignity, or fame,
Shall live for ever—flourish on the same ?
Gaze on each temple—on each lofty dome,
Gaze on the ruins of imperial Rome ;

Can the proud city, or embattled tower,
Contemn old time, and set at nought his power

2 Gaze on the ruins—nay, go seek the spot,
Where high and haughty Babylon is not,
Snakes of the fen, and lions of the wood,
Possess the spot where she, proud city, stood.
Her gates of brass, her gold, her silver, all,
Have perished in the universal fall,
No frail memorial is left, to tell
Where stood the stronghold of the impious Bel.

3 Yet, mark ! there is a city that shall be
Strong and unmoved to all eternity.
No sun illuminates that city bright,
No moon is there to cheer dark, dismal night;
No night is there—God is its beaming sun,
Its light, the Lamb—the Holy Three in One !
What city thus shall cankering age contemn ?
No earthly work—the New Jerusalem !
s.

166.

THE SABBATH BELLS.

1 THOSE Sabbath bells, those Sabbath bells !
How sweet the sound their music tells
Of hope and joy, and those bright days
When first I learned a Saviour's praise !

Though many a year since that has flown,
 And many a grief my heart has known,
 Yet still that heart with rapture swells,
 And hails thy sound, sweet Sabbath bells !

3 But where are those who once with me
 This day's return rejoiced to see ?
 Ah, would that memory's magic spells,
 Ceased with thy sound, sweet Sabbath bells !

4 Those Sabbath bells, those Sabbath bells !
 Sad, too, the tale their music tells
 Of those, to sorrowing friendship dear,
 On earth no more their sound who hear !

5 Oh, be it thus, when I am gone,—
 And thus my dirge, sweet bells ring on ;
 And as thy heavenly cadence swells,
 Tell of *my rest*, sweet Sabbath bells !

E. M.

167.

THE RAINBOW.

WHEN the floods of the Deluge to ocean had
 rolled,

And the green mantled hills re-appeared ;
 When the valleys unfolded their blossoms of
 gold,

And Noah, the patriarch, came forth from
 his hold,

The voice of Jehovah was heard—

The voice of Jehovah brought tidings of bliss,
To the world late entombed in that fearful
abyss.

‘ The smoke of thine offering hath come up on
high,
Thou father of nations to be !
And now I my rainbow shall set in the sky,
When tempests are dark to thy terrified eye,
That shall bring consolation to thee—
To thousands of thousands that after thee
tread
The regions of life to the realms of the dead.

‘ It is for a sign that I never again
With waters shall cover the earth;
And the birds in the arbours shall warble
their strain,
And the cattle shall browse on the nourishing
plain,
And give to their progeny birth,
And die as they died, by the curse that I spoke,
When my covenant of old by thy father was
broke.

‘ And thou, Noah, thou art preserved for thy
worth,
To re-people the desolate world;

To the climes of the south, to the isles of the
north,

To the east and the west, shall thy children go
forth,

With the white flags of ocean unfurled—
To publish my praises throughout every land,
And the judgments of vengeance that come
from my hand.

‘ And seed-time and harvest shall duly be given
To the hopes and the hands of mankind;
And summer and winter, and morning and even,
And the dew-drops of earth, and the light rays
of heaven,

And the cloud, and the rain, and the wind,
While earth on her orbit is destined to run,
And give her green breast to the beams of the
sun.’

KNOX.

168.

THE MARTYR.

THE pile was reared,—with quick and broken
step

They hurried him along. The vietim seemed
As one who heeded not the wrath of man ;
But viewed with recklessness the bitter taunts,

The buffetings and mockings of a world
O'errun with guilt, and sunk in wretchedness.
Upward he gazed : his countenance composed,
Bespoke the silent rapture of his soul,
Which seemed to have a foretaste of the joys
Reserved for him in heaven ; and even a smile
Played sweetly o'er his features,—contrast
strange

To all the dark and fiendish looks around !
I heard him breathe a prayer—which, when
observed,

His executioners in wonder gazed,
And paused till it had ceased. It was his last
And mightiest aspiration ; full of faith,
And holy confidence in Him who once
In frail humanity sojourned awhile,
Suffered and died—a mighty sacrifice !
He prayed for all mankind—but most for those
Who held the truth in righteousness and love,—
The little flock, their Father's special care.
Aye, and a tear did glisten in his eye,
As he made mention of their wanderings,
And of their being scattered to and fro,
Exiled and driven from the haunts of men,
By persecution sore. *Their* enemies,
And *his*, he pleaded for, and asked from Heaven
A blessing and a pardon for them all.
And then, as if like Stephen, he had seen
The heavens opened, and the Son of Man

standing in glory to receive him there,
 'Jesus, receive my spirit !' he exclaimed,
 And said no more. But oh, who can describe
 The looks of horror and insatiate rage
 That sat on every countenance, when he
 The object of their fury was no more !
 When far beyond their ken his 'spirit fled,
 And soared exultingly, while nought on earth
 Was left behind but its frail tenement,
 Pale, cold, and motionless, with eyes that looked
 Unceasingly to heaven, and seemed to say,
 'Yonder the Martyr to his rest is gone !'

W. GIBSON.

69. THE BELIEVER WAITING FOR THE LORD.

- 1 A LITTLE while, and every fear
 That o'er the perfect day
 Flings shadows dark and drear,
 Shall pass like mist away :
 The secret tear, the anxious sigh
 Shall pass into a smile ;
 Time changes to eternity,—
 We only wait a little while.
- 2 A little while, and every charm
 That steals away the heart,
 And earthly joys that warm,
 And lure us from our part,

Shall cease our heavenly views to dim ;
The world shall not beguile
Our ever faithful thoughts from him,
Who bade us wait a little while.

- 3 A little while, and all around,—
The earth; and sea, and sky,—
The sunny light and sound
Of nature's minstrelsy,
Shall be as they had never been ;
And we, so weak and vile,
Be creatures of a brighter scene,—
We only wait a little while.

GREVILLE.

170.

THE LORD EVER PRESENT.

- 1 ' WHOM have I in the heavens high,
Or in the star-bespangled sky ;
Who on the earth, who on the sea ?
None, Mighty Lord of Hosts, but thee.
- 2 Where'er I wander, there thou art,
In all my thoughts thou shar'st a part ;
I could not breathe, I could not be,
One moment, Lord, apart from thee.
- 3 In silent watches of the night,
When all is dark, my mind is light,

And in ten thousand ways, I see
The goodness of the Lord to me.

4 At early morn, my humble prayer
Is wafted on the ambient air ;
At closing eve I love to be
An humble suppliant, Lord, to thee.

5 I am a stranger in the land,
Lord, guide me by thy gracious hand ;
And may at last my dwelling be
In endless glory, Lord, with thee.

G. M. BELL.

171. I KNOW THAT MY REDEEMER LIVES.

FROM THE GERMAN.

1 I KNOW that my Redeemer lives,—
What comfort this sweet sentence gives !
He lives, he lives, who once was dead,
He lives, my everlasting head.

2 He lives, triumphant from the grave,
He lives, eternally to save,
He lives, all glorious in the sky,
He lives, exalted there on high.

3 He lives, to bless me with his love,
He lives, to plead with me above,
He lives, my hungry soul to feed,
He lives, to help in time of need.

- 4 He lives, to grant me fresh supply,
He lives, to guide me with his eye,
He lives, to comfort me when faint,
He lives, to hear my soul's complaint.
- 5 He lives, to silence all my fears,
He lives, to stop and wipe my tears,
He lives, to calm my troubled heart,
He lives, all blessings to impart.
- 6 He lives, my kind, wise, heavenly friend,
He lives, and loves me to the end,
He lives, and while he lives I'll sing,
He lives, my Prophet, Priest, and King.
- 7 He lives, and grants me daily breath,
He lives, and I shall conquer death,
He lives, my mansion to prepare,
He lives, to bring me safely there.
- 8 He lives, all glory to his name !
He lives, my Jesus still the same !
O the sweet joy this sentence gives,
I know that my Redeemer lives !

ANON.

172. ' MASTER, IT IS GOOD TO BE HERE.'

It is good to be here ! This is holy ground,
With the world beneath us, and heaven around;

And the sacred sunshine of peace and love
 Streaming down on our souls from the throne
 above !

And the harpings of ministering angels near,
 And the Saviour's smile—it is good to be here !

It is good to see Him whom our spirits adore,
 And to know that he liveth for evermore ;

It is good to hear praise from an angel's tongue,
 And to know that our voices shall join in the
 song ;

It is good to feel darkness, and sorrow, and
 fear

Melt away into gladness—'tis good to be here !

It is good to drink life at the living spring ;

It is good to the Rock of our strength to cling,

To know that though deserts are round us
 spread,

With joy in the midst we shall lift our head ;

For his hand shall guide us along our race,

From strength to strength, and from grace to
 grace.

It is good to bend at the throne of prayer,

To breathe out our souls and wishes there ;

It is good, on the wings of desire, to fly

To pure bright regions beyond the sky ;

To pant for that dwelling of life and light,

To long till our faith be turn'd to sight.

), how should it wean us from earthly bliss !

How should it teach us we live not for this !

How in these moments of love and of power,
 If we sought for strength for the fiery hour,
 We should sing though our tent were pitch'd in
 fear,

With our Saviour's smile,—it is good to be here.

W. S. M.

173.

FOLLOWING CHRIST.

- 1 JESUS, my all, to heaven is gone,
 He whom I place my hopes upon;
 His track I see—and I'll pursue
 The narrow way, till him I view.
- 2 The way the holy Prophets went,
 The road that leads from banishment;
 The King's high way of holiness
 I'll go; for all his paths are peace.
- 3 This is the way I long have sought,
 And mourn'd because I found it not;
 My grief, my burden, long has 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 late I heard my Saviour say,
 'Come hither, soul, for I'm the way.'

5 Lo, glad I come, and thou, dear Lord,
 Shalt take me to thee as I am ;
 Nothing but sin I thee can give,
 Nothing but love do I receive.

6 Now will I tell poor sinners round,
 What a dear Saviour I have found ;
 I'll point to thy redeeming blood,
 And say, ' Behold the way to God.'

CENNICK.

174. ELEGY ON A BELOVED INFANT.

1 FARE thee well ! thou lovely stranger,
 Guardian angels take your charge,
 Freed at once from pain and danger,
 Happy spirit set at large.

2 Life's most bitter cup just tasting,
 Short thy passage to the tomb,
 O'er the barrier swiftly hast'ning
 To thine everlasting home.

3 Death his victim still pursuing,
 Ever to his purpose true,
 Soon her placid cheek bedewing,
 Robbed it of its rosy hue.

4 Sealed those eyes so lately beaming
 Innocence and joy so mild,

Q *

Every look so full of meaning,
Seemed to endear the lovely child.

5 In the silent tomb we leave her
Till the resurrection morn,
When her Saviour will receive her,
And restore her lovely form.

6 Then, dear Lord, we hope to meet her,
In thy happy courts above,
There with heavenly joy to greet her,
And resound redeeming love.

ANON.

175. THE LILY OF THE VALLEY.

White bud, that in meek beauty so dost lean
Thy cloister'd cheek as pale as moonlight
snow,
Thou seem'st, beneath thy huge high leaf of
green,
An eremite beneath his mountain's brow.

White bud! thou'rt emblem of a lovelier thing
The broken spirit that its anguish bears
To silent shades, and there sits offering
To heaven the holy fragrance of its tears.

CROLY.

6. THE LAST PLAGUE OF EGYPT.

'Tis midnight, 'tis midnight, o'er Egypt's dark
sky,
And in whirlwind and storm the Sirocco sweeps
by;
All arid and hot is its death-breathing blast,—
Each sleeper breathes thick, and each bosom
beats fast.

And the young mother wakes, and arouses from
rest,
And presses more closely her babe to her
breast;
But the heart that she presses is death-like and
still,
And the lips that she kisses are breathless and
chill.

And the young brother clings to the elder in
fear,
As the gust falls so dirge-like and sad on his
ear;
But that brother returns not the trembling em-
brace,
He speaks not—he breathes not—death lies in
his place.

And the first-born of Egypt are dying around ;
'Tis a sigh—'Tis a moan—and then slumber
more sound ;
They but wake from their sleep, and their spirits
have fled—
They but wake into *life* to repose with the *dead*

And there lay the infant, still smiling in death
That scarce heaved its breast as it yielded its
breath ;
And there lay the boy, yet in youth's budding
bloom,
With the calmness of sleep—but the hue of the
tomb.

And there fell the youth in the pride of his prime
In the morning of life,—in the spring-tide of
crime ;
And unnerved is that arm, and fast closed is
that eye,
And cold is that bosom which once beat so high

And the fond mother's hope, and the fond father's trust,
And the widow's sole stay, are returning to dust ;
Egypt has not a place where there is not one
dead,
From the proud monarch's palace to penury's
shed.

and the hearths of that country are desolate
now,
and the crown of her glory is thrust from her
brow;
but while proud Egypt trembles, all Israel is
free—
Infettered—unbound as the waves of the sea.

H. ROGERS.

77. 'GLORY TO GOD IN THE HIGHEST.'

- 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.

MONTGOMERY.

178. THE NIGHT BLOWING CERUS.

A MANTLE of leaves had enshrouded the rose,
 And slumber had hidden the tints of the bower,
 When, lo! in the midst of this dreary repose,
 As I wander'd, I came to a night blowing
 flower.

All others, their robes and their odours forsaking,
 Undistinguished were sleeping in slumber pro-
 found;
 But this, this alone, in its beauty was waking,
 And breathing its soul-filling sweetness
 around.

'Twas a glorious flower ; its corolla of white,
As pearls of Arabia 'mid jewels of gold ;
And lonely and fair through the shades of the
 night,
It beam'd with a softness I loved to behold.

And methought as I look'd, what an emblem is
 this,
Thus blooming afar from the land of its birth,
Of Him whose own land is a region of bliss,
Though he grew as a plant in this garden of
 earth.

'Twas thus, while the world all around him
 was dim,
That he shone with love's purest and holiest
 ray ;
'Twas thus in that garden so honour'd by Him,
That night, through his fragrance, was richer
 than day.

Like the flowers, his disciples at midnight were
 sleeping,
And deep were their slumbers, unconscious
 of care ;
While he in the blood of his agony weeping,
To his father was breathing the sweetness of
 prayer.

ANON.

179. ANSWER TO, 'THERE'S NOTHING
BRIGHT BUT HEAVEN.'

- 1 AH ! say no more, there's nought but heaven,
That's calm, and bright, and true ;
Say not our only portion's care,
That man is ever doom'd to wear
The cypress wreath of woe ;
Are there not pleasures of the soul,
To feeble mortals given,
Feelings so pregnant with delight,—
A joy so warm, so calm, so bright,
So near allied to heaven ;
That the wrapp'd spirit has forgot
Its tenement of clay,
And fondly wish'd its woes were o'er,
The conflict pass'd, and gain'd the shore,
Of never-ending day ?
- 2 Oh ! say no more, there's nothing true
But the bright scenes of heaven.
Oh, there is truth in mercy's page,
Directing youth, consoling age,
Declaring sin forgiven.
Oh, say no more, there's nought but heaven,
That's calm, or true, or bright ;
Bright are the beams the Saviour sheds,
The radiance that the Gospel spreads,
Amid this realm of night ;

Though loud the blast, though dark the day,
We oft have peace at even :
If earth can yield such pure delight,
Or bliss so sacred and so bright,
How calm, how true, how bright is heaven.

TAPPIN.

180. RESTORATION OF THE JEWS.

- 1 ARM of the Lord—awake, awake!
The yoke of Judah's bondage break;
Tear from her captive neck the chain,
And raise her from the dust again.
- 2 Awake—as in the days of old—
Bring back the wanderers to thy fold;
Shall Israel's sons for ever rove,
Far from the house and land they love ?
- 3 Oh ! no ; before my gladdening eyes
I see the star of Jacob rise ;
'The fulness of the Isles is come,
Return ye exiled children home !
- 4 They come, they come, on every side,
To Zion bend, a whelming tide ;
To Zion bend—no more to stray,
The veil, the veil is torn away !

5 Before their steps, where'er they go,
 Peace like a river deep shall flow;
 The conqueror shall conquered be,
 And captive led captivity.

P. E. H.

181. THE MISSIONARIES' FAREWELL.

LAND, where the bones of our fathers are sleep-
 ing!

Land, where our dear ones and fond ones are
 weeping!

Land, where the light of Jehovah is shining!
 We leave thee, lamenting, but not with repining.

Land of our fathers! in grief we forsake thee;
 Land of our friends! may Jehovah protect thee;
 Land of the Church! may the light shine around
 thee—

Nor darkness, nor trouble, nor sorrow confound
 thee.

God is thy God! thou shalt walk in his bright-
 ness,

Gird thee with joy! let thy robes be of white-
 ness;

God is thy God! let thy hills shout for glad-
 ness,

But, ah! we must leave thee—we leave thee in
 sadness.

Dark is our path o'er the dark rolling ocean,
 Dark are our hearts ; but the fire of devotion
 Kindles within,—and a far distant nation
 Shall learn from our lips the glad song of sal-
 vation.

Hail to the land of our toils and our sorrows !
 Land of our rest ! when a few more to-mor-
 rows
 Pass o'er our heads, we shall seek our cold
 pillows,
 And rest in our graves, far away o'er the
 billows.

Jesus, we pray for thy Spirit to lead us !
 Jesus, we pray for thy power to succeed us !
 Then, when thy grace from our toils shall re-
 lease us,
 Thy love in the mansions of glory shall bless us.
 ANON.

182.

' ALL ARE YOURS.'

All things are our's,—how abundant the trea-
 sure !
 All riches which heaven or earth can afford :

O may our love, like His grace, without mea-
sure,
Abound to the glory and praise of our Lord

All things are our's ; be it sickness or sorrow,
'Tis ordered in wisdom and infinite love ;
Grief may endure for a night, but the morrow
Of glory will see us rejoicing above.

All things are our's ; though the body may
perish,
We faint not to see it fast wasting away ;
The soul its bright visions of glory will cherish,
And strengthen in holiness day after day.

All things are our's ; yea, the present affliction,
Though now through the gloom of mortality
viewed ;
For soon shall we joy in the blissful conviction,
That thus it was good to be tried and subdued.

All things are our's, through the Saviour's
merit ;
The shame of His cross, which must needs
be our own,
Will brighten the glory that circles the spirit,
And sparkle like gems in our heavenly crown.

HOLME.

33. FOR EVER WITH THE LORD.

- 1 Oh ! how the thought that I shall know
The Man, who suffered here below
To manifest his favour,
For me, and those whom most I love,
Or here, or with himself above,
Does my delighted spirit move,
At that sweet word—*for ever* !
- 2 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,
While all the Father he displays
In all his full assembled rays,
To all the saints in glory !
- 3 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 !'
- 4 But how will his delightful voice
Make my enraptured 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 !

5 ' Come in, thou blessed, sit by me,
 With my own life I ransomed thee,
 Come, taste my perfect favour ;
 Come in, thou happy spirit, come,
 Thou now shalt dwell with me at home,
 Ye blissful mansions make her room,
 For she must stay for ever !'

6 When Jesus thus invites me in,
 How will the heavenly host begin
 To own their new relation !
 ' Come in ! come in !' the blissful sound
 From every voice will echo round,
 Till all the crystal wall resound,
 With joy for my salvation.

SWAINE.

184.

EPITAPH ON A CHILD.

THE cup of life just to his lips he pressed,
 Found the taste bitter, and declined the rest ;
 Averse then turning from the face of day,
 He softly sighed his little soul away.

ANON.

5. ON THE DEATH OF THE REV. J. M. OF
STIRLING.

BELLOVED of God, beloved of men ! brother,
awhile farewell !

What sound is on the trembling wind ?—It is
thy funeral knell.

And must the tomb for ever wrap thee from
our longing eyes ?

Must sorrow's tears bedew the earth ? Yes,
there our brother lies.

We mourn not hopeless o'er thy dust, for, sacred
in his sight,

Thy soul, by Christ redeemed from sin, and
death's eternal night ;

Summoned by love within the veil, to ever-
lasting rest,

Bright jewel of the heavenly crown, the holy
Jesus' guest.

Unfading laurel wreaths thy brow, the victory
thou hast won,

Unweary in the glorious race, triumphant in
the Son !

And now the holy palm is thine, and thine the
hallowed song

Of rapture and of endless praise, with Zion's
countless throng.

Oh, holy servant of thy Lord ! to us may it
 given
 To follow thee, as thou hast trod the narrow
 path to heaven ;
 That when the solemn call is heard, ' Prepare
 to meet thy Lord,'
 Joyful, like thee, we may obey, and hasten a
 his word.

Then in the radiant realms of bliss, brother
 thou wilt us greet !
 Together we shall cast our crowns at our Re-
 deemer's feet ;
 Throughout eternity proclaim the Saviour's
 matchless love,
 Mingling hosannas to his name, with saints
 choirs above.

A. G. C.

186. THE HEAVENLY HOME.

'MIDST scenes of afflictions, with sorrow op-
 pressed,
 How oft have I sighed for the season of rest,
 When no more through this wilderness world
 I shall roam,
 But find in the bosom of Jesus a home.
 Home, home,—sweet, sweet home !
 And find in the bosom of Jesus a home.

No spot on this earth can give permanent bliss,
 No more for the pilgrim or stranger in this ;
 But beyond the bright azure, that star-spangled
 dome,

In the bosom of Jesus we shall find a home.

Home, home,—sweet, sweet home !

In the bosom of Jesus we shall find a home.

The hope cheers the prospect that's gloomy and
 drear,

And points to the haven of rest that is near ;

There, then, in sweet fields of delight we shall
 roam,

And find in the bosom of Jesus a home.

Home, home,—sweet, sweet home !

And find in the bosom of Jesus a home.

ANON.

187. THE PEOPLE OF GOD ENCOURAGED.

1 GIVE to the winds thy fears,—

Hope, and be undismayed ;

God hears thy sighs, and counts thy tears,

God shall lift up thy head.

Through waves, through clouds and storms,

He gently clears thy way :

Wait thou his time,—so shall the night

Soon end in joyous day.

R *

2 He every where hath sway,
And all things serve his might ;
His every act pure blessing is,
His path unsullied light.
When he makes bare his arm,
What shall his work withstand ?
When he his people's cause defends,
Who, who shall stay his hand ?

3 Leave to his sovereign sway
To choose and to command ;
With wonder filled, thou then shalt own,
How wise, how strong his hand :
Thou comprehend'st him not ;
Yet earth and heaven tell,
God sits as sovereign on the throne,
He ruleth all things well.

4 Thou seest our weakness, Lord,
Our hearts are known to thee :
O, lift thou up the sinking hand,
Confirm the feeble knee !
Let us, in life and death,
Boldly thy truth declare ;
And publish, with our latest breath,
Thy love and guardian care.

MORAVIAN.

38. BLESSEDNESS OF THE SAINTS ABOVE.

- 1 HARK ! a voice divides the sky,
Happy are the faithful dead ;
In the Lord who sweetly die,
They from all their toils are freed !
Them the Spirit hath declared
Blest, unutterably blest ;
Jesus is their great reward,
Jesus is their endless rest.
- 2 Followed by their works, they go
Where their Head is gone before ;
Reconciled by grace below,
Grace had opened mercy's door :
Justified through faith alone,
Here they knew their sins forgiven ;
Here they laid their burden down,
Hallowed and made meet for heaven.
- 3 Who can now lament the lot
Of a saint in Christ deceased ?
Let the world, who know us not,
Call us hopeless and unblest ;
When from flesh the spirit freed,
Hastens homeward to return,
Mortals cry, ' A man is dead !'
Angel's sing, ' A child is born !'

- 4 Born into the world above,
 They our happy brother greet,
 Bear him to the throne of love,
 Place him at the Saviour's feet :
 Jesus smiles, and says, ' Well done !
 Good and faithful servant thou,
 Enter and receive thy crown,
 Reign with me triumphant now !'
- 5 Angels catch the approving sound,
 Bow and bless the just award,
 Hail the heir with glory crowned,
 Now rejoicing with his Lord :
 Fuller joys ordained to know,
 Waiting for the general doom,
 When the archangel's trump shall blow,
 Rise, ye dead, to judgment come.'

WESLEY.

189. CHRIST THE LIGHT OF THE WORLD.

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

Still we wait for thine appearing,
 Life and joy thy beams impart,
 Chasing all our fears, and cheering
 Every poor, benighted heart ;
 Come, and manifest the favour
 Thou hast for thy ransomed race ;
 Come, thou dear exalted Saviour,
 Come, and bring thy Gospel-grace !

- 3 Save us in thy great compassion,
 O thou Prince of Peace and Love !
 Give the knowledge of salvation,
 Raise our hearts to things above.
 By thine all-sufficient merit,
 Every burdened soul release ;
 By the brightness of thy Spirit,
 Guide us into perfect peace !

TOPLADY.

190. REST FOR THE WEARY.

- 1 THERE is a tear for those that weep ;
 There is for all the weary, sleep ;
 There is a hope for those who sigh ;
 There is a rest for those who die.
- 2 No rest is here from irksome pain,
 One throb transpires—it throbs again ;
 But there is rest where willows wave,
 Yea, sweeter rest, beyond the grave.

- 3 Hope can the wounded spirit bind,
 And Faith can bid the fainting mind
 Repose upon the Saviour's grace,
 But sin can find no resting-place.
- 4 In Jesus' arms we all may rest,
 And lose our troubles in his breast ;
 No more the soul need long for peace,
 Nor languish for a resting-place.

HULBERT.

191. THE GLORY OF CHRIST IN HEAVEN.

- 1 Look, ye saints ! the sight is glorious :
 See the Man of Sorrows now,
 From the fight returned victorious :
 Every knee to him shall bow.
 Crown him, crown him :
 Crowns become the victor's brow.
- 2 Crown the Saviour, angels ! crown him,
 Rich the trophies Jesus brings.
 In the seat of power enthrone him,
 While the vault of heaven rings.
 Crown him, crown him :
 Crown the Saviour, King of kings !
- 3 Sinners in derision crowned him,
 Mocking thus the Saviour's claim.

Saints and angels crowd around him,
 Own his title, praise his name.
 Crown him, crown him :
 Spread abroad the Victor's fame.

- 4 Hark, those bursts of acclamation !
 Hark ! those loud triumphant chords !
 Jesus takes the highest station :
 Oh, what joy the sight affords !
 Crown him, crown him,
 King of kings, and Lord of lords.

KELLY.

192.

SECRET PRAYER.

- 1 Go when the morning shineth—
 Go when the moon is bright—
 Go when the eve declineth—
 Go in the hush of night—
 Go with pure mind and feeling,
 Fling earthly thought away,
 And in thy chamber kneeling,
 To God, in secret pray !
- 2 Remember all who love thee—
 All who are loved by thee—
 Pray, too, for those who hate thee,
 If any such there be !

Then for thyself in meekness,
 A blessing humbly claim,
 And join with each petition
 Thy great Redeemer's name !

3 Or if 'tis here denied thee,
 In solitude to pray;
 Let holy thoughts come o'er thee,
 When friends are round thy way !
 E'en then the silent breathing,
 Of thy spirit raised above,
 Will reach His throne of glory,
 Who is Mercy, Truth, and Love !

4 O ! not a joy or blessing,
 With this can we compare !
 The power that He hath given us
 To pour our souls in prayer !
 Whene'er thou pin'st in sadness,
 Before His footstool fall,
 And remember in thy gladness,
 His grace who gave thee all !

ANON.

193. ' THE LORD MIGHTY TO SAVE.'

1 THE Lord of Might, from Sinai's brow,
 Gave forth His voice of thunder;
 And Israel lay on earth below,
 Outstretched in fear and wonder.

Beneath His feet was pitchy night,
 And, at His left hand and His right,
 The rocks were rent asunder !

2 The Lord of Love, on Calvary,
 A meek and suffering stranger,
 Upraised to Heaven his languid eye,
 In Nature's hour of danger,
 For us He bore the weight of woe,
 For us He gave his blood to flow,
 And met his Father's anger.

3 The Lord of Love, the Lord of Might,
 The King of all created,
 Shall back return to claim His right,
 On clouds of glory seated;
 With trumpet-sound and angel-song,
 And hallelujahs loud and long
 O'er Death and Hell defeated !

HRBR.

194.

PARTING WORDS.

' Let me go, for the day breaketh.'

Let me go, the day is breaking—
 Dear companions, let me go;
 We have spent a night of waking
 In the wilderness below;
 Upward now I tend my way;
 Part we here at break of day.

- 2 Let me go : I may not tarry,
Wrestling thus with doubts and fears ;
Angels wait my soul to carry,
When my risen Lord appears ;
Friends and kindred, weep not so—
If you love me, let me go.
- 3 We have travelled long together,
Hand in hand, and heart in heart,
Both through fair and stormy weather,
And 'tis hard, 'tis hard to part :
While I sigh, ' Farewell,' for you,
Answer, one and all, ' Adieu !'
- 4 'Tis not darkness gathering round me
That withdraws me from your sight ;
Walls of flesh no more can bound me,
But translated into light,
Like the lark on mounting wing,
Though unseen, you hear me sing.
- 5 Heaven's broad day hath o'er me broken,
Far beyond earth's span of sky :
Am I dead ? Nay, by this token,
Know that I have ceased to die ;
Would you solve the mystery,
Come up hither—come and see.

MONTGOMERY.

195. THE CHRISTIAN'S FAREWELL.

FAREWELL, vain world, as thou hast been to me,
 Dust and a shadow—these I leave to thee;
 The unseen vital substance I commit
 To Him whose substance, life, and light to it;
 The fruits and flowers here dropt are holy seed,
 Heaven's heirs degenerate to heal and feed;
 Them also thou wilt flatter to molest,
 But canst not keep from everlasting rest.

RICHARD BAXTER.

196. THE MERCY SEAT.

- 1 FROM every stormy wind that blows,
 From every swelling tide of woes,
 There is a calm, a sure retreat,
 'Tis found beneath the Mercy-Seat.
- 2 There is a place where Jesus sheds
 The oil of gladness on our heads,
 A place than all besides more sweet—
 It is the blood-bought Mercy-Seat.
- 3 There is a scene where spirits blend,
 Where friend holds fellowship with friend,
 Though sunder'd far—by faith they meet
 Around one common Mercy-Seat.

- 4 Ah ! whither could we flee for aid
When tempted, desolate, dismay'd—
Or how the hosts of hell defeat
Had suffering saints no Mercy-Seat ?
- 5 There ! *there* on eagle wing we soar,
And sin and sense are all no more,
And Heaven comes down our souls to greet,
And Glory crowns the Mercy-Seat.
- 6 O let my hand forget her skill,
My tongue be silent, cold and still,
This bounding heart forget to beat
If I forget the Mercy-Seat.

H. STOWELL.

197.

WHAT IS FAITH ?

- 1 FAITH is the Christian's prop,
Whereon his sorrows lean,
It is ' the substance of his hope,
His proof of things unseen.'
It is the anchor of his soul,
When tempests rage and billows roll.
- 2 Faith is the polar star,
That guides the Christian's bark;
Directs his wand'ring when afar,
To reach the holy ark,

It points his course where'er he roam,
And safely leads the pilgrim home.

3 Faith is the rainbow's form,
Hung on the brow of heaven;
The glory of the passing storm,
The pledge of mercy given.

It is the bright triumphal arch,
Through which the saints to glory march.

4 Faith is the mountain rock,
Whose summit towers on high,
Secure above the tempest's shock,
An inmate of the sky.

Fix'd on a prize of greater worth,
It views with scorn the things of earth.

5 The faith that works by love,
And purifies the heart,
A foretaste of the joys above
To mortals can impart.

The Christian's faith is simply this,—
A passport to immortal bliss.

P.

198. THE RESURRECTION OF CHRIST.

THE darkness began to evanish away,
And flee the approach of the monarch of day;

- When the angel descended whose garments
were white,
And his countenance beam'd the effulgence
of light.
- 2 He roll'd the huge stone from the sepulchre's
door,
As a whirlwind moves lightly the chaff on the
floor;
While the tops of the mountains were trem-
bling around,
And the deep roaring earthquake groan'd loud
through the ground.
- 3 The bands of the grave were all loosen'd be-
neath,
And the keepers were struck with the panic
of death;
Their arms were forgotten—their spirit did
fail—
Like the slain of the sword they lay breath-
less and pale.
- 4 While nature grew chiller each terrible shock,
Which bow'd the tall cedar, and rent the firm
rock;
Like the lightning that bursts from the depth
of the gloom,
The Conqu'ror of Death bade farewell to the
tomb.

No'er the graves of the saints stream'd a tor-
 rent of light,
 That cheer'd, with its splendour, those dwell-
 ings of night;
 And the fetters of Death, dash'd in shivers,
 were left,
 And the tyrant himself of his sceptre bereft.

Now the saints shall rejoice, though the dust
 be their bed,
 And in mould'ring corruption their bodies be
 laid;
 For the bars of their prison at length must
 give way,
 And their portion is glory exempt from decay.

HARBOTTLE.

99. THE DEATH OF THE RIGHTEOUS.

How fair and how lovely it is to behold
 The sun in its splendour approaching the
 west,
 Its race is near run, and refulgent as gold,
 It glides through the ether as hastening to
 rest.

It sinks,—but in sinking 'tis only to rise,
 Its splendour and glory afresh to display;

- It sets,—but in other and far distant skies,
 It rises and reigns in the brightness of day
- 3 Yet far more resplendent than this is the scene
 Of the good man approaching the confines
 of time,
 All loving, all peaceful, all calm and serene
 He passes away with a brightness sublime
- 4 He dies—but no pencil can ever display,
 The splendour and glory that burst on his
 sight,
 As guided by angels he speeds on his way,
 Through the portals of praise to the temple
 of light.

J. HARRIS.

200.

ON A DYING CHILD

OF TWO AND A HALF YEARS OLD, WHO WIPED AWAY THE
 TEARS SHED BY HIS FATHER ON ACCOUNT OF HIS AN-
 TICIPATED REMOVAL.

- 1 PALE was the little polish'd brow,
 That lately bloom'd so fair,
 And speechless lay the baby-boy,
 His parent's pride and care :
 The struggle and the fever pang
 That shook his frame were past,
 And there, with fix'd and wishful glance,
 He lay, to breathe his last.

- 2 Upon his sorrowing father's face
 He gazed with dying eye,
 Then raised a cold and feeble hand,
 The starting tear to dry.
 And as he wiped those weeping eyes,
 E'en with his parting breath.—
 Oh ! tender deed of infant love,
 How beautiful in death !
- 3 Yes, as that gentle soul forsook
 The fainting, trembling clay,
 It caught the spirit of that world,
 Where tears are wiped away.
 And still its cherish'd image gleams
 Upon the parent's eye,
 A guiding cherub to that home
 Where every tear is dry.

MRS SIGOURNEY.

201. THE REDEEMED IN HEAVEN.

- 1 Who are these arrayed in white,
 Brighter than the noon-day sun ?
 Foremost of the sons of light,
 Nearest the eternal throne ?
 These are they who bore the cross,—
 Faithful to their Master died,—
 Sufferers in his righteous cause,—
 Followers of the crucified.

S *

- 2 Out of great distress they came;
And their robes, by faith below,
In the blood of Christ, the Lamb,
They have wash'd as white as snow :
Therefore they are next the throne,—
Serve their Maker day and night ;
God doth dwell amongst his own,
God doth in his saints delight.
- 3 More than conquerors at last,
Here they find their trials o'er !
They have all their sufferings past ,
Hunger now and thirst no more :
No excessive heat they feel
From the sun's directer ray ;
In a milder clime they dwell,
Region of eternal day.
- 4 He that on the throne doth reign,
Them for evermore shall feed ;
With the tree of life sustain,
To the living fountains lead ;
He shall all their griefs remove,
He shall all their wants supply ;
God himself, the God of love,
Tears shall wipe from every eye.

DE COURCY.

202. THE DYING MISSIONARY.

- 1 THE toils of my journey are over,
The long-desired hour is come;
And angels around me now hover,
My spirit to waft to its home.
- 2 On life's oft-tempestuous billow
My soul shall be tost soon no more;
When sinks my cold head on death's pillow,
She'll rise to yon heavenly shore.
- 3 If sometimes my way has been dreary,
And toilsome the path I have trod,
Now soon shall I be where the weary
Find rest in the arms of their God.
- 4 Though far from my native land sleeping,
Midst strangers my relics may lie,
I go to a land where all weeping
Shall quickly be wiped from my eye.
- 5 Perchance the fond thoughts of a mother
May visit in sorrow my tomb;
A sister may weep for the brother
Thus exiled in death from his home.
- 6 But the ties which so dearly have bound us,
Both absence and death cannot break;
The visions of faith smile around us,
And hope in our bosoms awake.

- 7 In the realms of delight where I hasten,
Both parting and grief are unknown;
And joy, which no sorrow need chasten,
Shall reign in each bosom alone.
- 8 And blissful will there be the meeting
Of all thy redeemed, my Lord;
Compared with its raptures, how fleeting
The joys which this earth would afford !
- 9 But sweetest to me the beholding
The Saviour I love face to face;
Whilst angels delight in unfolding
The glories and triumphs of grace.
- 10 With rapture my soul shall adore thee,
And sinless shall then be my strain;
My crown I shall prostrate before thee,
Dear Lord ! for thy ransom'd ones slain.
- 11 And sweet is the thought, that I never
Need from that bright city remove;
I shall dwell with my Saviour for ever,
For ever be blest in his love.
- 12 Farewell ! then, I bid to the dearest,
The closest of earth's binding ties;
Pass swiftly the valley thou fearest—
My soul ! to thy Saviour arise.

203. JACOB WRESTLING WITH THE ANGEL.

PART FIRST.

- 1 COME, O Thou traveller unknown,
Whom still I hold, but cannot see !
My company before is gone,
And I am left alone with Thee,
With Thee all night I mean to stay,
And wrestle till the break of day.
- 2 I need not tell Thee who I am ;
My misery and sin declare :
Thyself hast called me by my name ;
Look on thy hands and read it there :
But who, I ask Thee, who art Thou ?
Tell me thy name, and tell me now.
- 3 In vain Thou strugglest to get free,
I never will unloose my hold ;
Art thou the Man that died for me ?
The secret of thy love unfold :
Wrestling, I will not let thee go,
Till I thy name, thy nature know.
- 4 Wilt thou not yet to me reveal
Thy new, unutterable name ?
Tell me, I still beseech Thee, Tell !
To know it now, resolved I am :
Wrestling, I will not let Thee go,
Till I thy name, thy nature know.

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

PART SECOND.

- 6 YIELD to me now, for I am weak ;
But confident in self-despair ;
Speak to my heart, in blessings speak ;
Be conquer'd by my instant prayer :
Speak, or Thou never hence shalt move,
And tell me if thy name be Love.
- 7 'Tis Love ! 'tis Love ! thou diedst for me ;
I hear thy whisper in my heart :
The morning breaks, the shadows flee ;
Pure, Universal Love, Thou art :
To me, to all, thy bowels move ;
Thy nature and thy name is Love.
- 8 My prayer hath power with God ; the grace
Unspeakable I now receive ;
Through faith I see Thee face to face ;
I see Thee face to face, and live ;
In vain I have not wept and strove ;
Thy nature and thy name is Love.

- 9 I know Thee, Saviour, who Thou art,
Jesus, the feeble sinner's friend :
Nor wilt Thou with the night depart,
But stay and love me to the end :
Thy mercies never shall remove;
Thy nature and thy name is Love.
- 10 The Sun of Righteousness on me
Hath risen, with healing on his wings;
Wither'd my nature's strength; from Thee
My soul its life and succour brings;
My help is all laid up above;
Thy nature and thy name is Love.
- 11 Contented now, upon my thigh
I halt, till life's short journey end;
All helplessness, all weakness, I
On Thee alone for strength depend;
Nor have I power from Thee to move :
Thy nature and thy name is Love.
- 12 Lame as I am, I take the prey;
Hell, earth, and sin, with ease o'ercome;
I leap for joy, pursue my way,
And, as a bounding hart, fly home;
Through all eternity to prove,
Thy nature and thy name is Love.

WESLEY.

204.

CHRISTIAN LOVE.

- 1 How sweet, how heav'nly is the sight,
When those that love the Lord,
In one another's peace delight,
And thus fulfil his word.
- 2 When each can feel his brother's sigh,
And with him bear a part;
When sorrow flows from eye to eye,
And joy from heart to heart,
- 3 When free from envy, scorn, and pride,
Our wishes all above,
Each can his brother's failing hide,
And show a brother's love :
- 4 When love, in one delightful stream,
Through every bosom flows;
And union sweet, with dear esteem,
In every action glows.
- 5 Love is the golden chain that binds
The happy souls above;
And he's an heir of heaven, that finds
His bosom glow with love.

SWAINE.

205. I WILL TRUST, AND NOT BE AFRAID.

- 1 **BEGONE** unbelief ! my Saviour is near,
And for my relief will surely appear ;
By prayer let me wrestle, and he will per-
form ;
With *Christ* in the vessel, I smile at the
storm.
- 2 Though dark be my way, since he is my guide,
'Tis *mine* to obey, 'tis *his* to provide :
Though cisterns be broken, and creatures all
fail,
The word he hath spoken shall surely prevail.
- 3 His love in times past, forbids me to think
H'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 Determined to save, he watch'd o'er my path,
When Satan's blind slave, I sported with
death ;
And can he have taught me to trust in his
name,
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 Jesus drank up, that sinners might
 live.
 His way was much rougher and darker than
 mine;
 Did Jesus thus suffer, and shall I repine ?

7 Since all that I meet shall work for my good,
 The bitter is sweet, the medicine is food ;
 Though painful at present, 'twill cease before
 long,
 And then, Oh ! how pleasant the conqueror's
 song !

NEWTON.

1 THE God of Abraham 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 !**
- 2 The God of Abraham 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 Jesus' blood !**
- 3 He by himself hath sworn,
 I on his oath depend,
 I shall on eagle's wings up-borne
 To Heaven ascend !
 I shall behold his face,
 I shall his power adore,
 And sing the wonders of his grace
 For evermore !**
- 4 Though nature's strength decay,
 And earth and hell withstand,
 To Canaan's bounds I urge my way,
 At his command !
 The watery deep I pass,
 With Jesus in my view !
 And through the howling wilderness,
 My way pursue !**

5 The goodly land I see,
With peace and plenty blessed,—
A land of sacred liberty,
And endless rest !
There milk and honey flow,
And oil and wine abound ;
And trees of life for ever grow,
With mercy crowned.

6 There dwells the Lord our King !
The Lord our Righteousness !
Triumphant o'er the world and sin,
The Prince of Peace !
On Sion's sacred height
His kingdom still maintains ;
And glorious, with his saints in light,
For ever reigns !

7 The whole triumphant host
Give thanks to God on high !
Hail, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost !
They ever cry.
Hail, Abraham's God and mine !
I join the heavenly lays :
All might and majesty are thine,
And endless praise !

OLIVER.

207. RESIGNATION UNDER AFFLICTION.

- 1 It is the Lord, enthroned in light,
Whose claims are all divine ;
Who has an undisputed right
To govern me and mine.
- 2 It is the Lord—should I distrust,
Or contradict his will,
Who cannot do but what is just,
And must be righteous still ?
- 3 It is the Lord—who gives me all,
My wealth, my friends, my ease ;
And of his bounties may recall
Whatever part he please.
- 4 It is the Lord—who can sustain
Beneath the heaviest load ;
From whom assistance I obtain
To tread the thorny road.
- 5 It is the Lord—whose matchless skill
Can from afflictions raise
Blessings, eternity to fill
With ever-growing praise.
- 6 It is the Lord—my covenant God,
Thrice blessed be his name,
Whose gracious promise, sealed with blood,
Must ever be the same.

7 His covenant will my soul defend,
Should Nature's self expire,
And the great Judge of all descend
In awful flames of fire.

8 And can my soul, with hopes like these,
Be sullen or repine ?
No, gracious God, take what thou please,
To thee I ALL resign.

ANON.

208.

MARTYR'S HYMN.

THERE was gladness in Zion,—her standard
was flying
Free o'er her battlements, glorious and gay ;
All fair as the morning shone forth her adorning,
And fearful to foes was her godly array.

There is mourning in Zion,—her standard is
lying
Defiled in the dust, to the spoiler a prey ;
And now there is wailing, and sorrow pre-
vailing,
For the best of her children are weeded
away.

The good have been taken, their place is forsaken,—

The man and the maiden, the green and the grey ;

The voice of the weepers wails over the sleepers,—

The martyrs of Scotland that now are away.

The hue of her waters is crimsoned with slaughters,

And the blood of the martyrs has reddened the clay ;

And dark desolation broods over the nation,

For the faithful are perished, the good are away.

On the mountains of heather they slumber together ;

On the wastes of the moorland their bodies decay :

How sound is their sleeping, how safe is their keeping,

Though far from their kindred they moulder away !

Their blessing shall hover their children to cover,

Like the cloud of the desert, by night and by day ;

Oh, never to perish, their names let us cherish,

The martyrs of Scotland that now are away !

ANON.

209. 'WATCHMAN, WHAT OF THE NIGHT?'

SAY, watchman, what of the night ?
Do the dews of the morning fall ?
Have the orient skies a border of light,
Like the fringe of a funeral pall ?

'The night is fast waning on high,
And soon shall the darkness flee,
And the morn shall spread o'er the blushing sky
And bright shall its glories be.'

But, watchman, what of the night,
When sorrow and pain are mine,
And the pleasures of life, so sweet and bright,
No longer around me shine ?

'That night of sorrow, thy soul
May surely prepare to meet,
But away shall the clouds of thy heaviness roll,
And the morning of joy be sweet.'

But, watchman, what of the night,
When the arrow of death is sped,
And the grave, which no glimmering star can
light,
Shall be my sleeping bed ?

'That night is near,—and the cheerless tomb
 Shall keep thy body in store,
 Till the morn of eternity rise on the gloom,
 And night shall be no more.'

T. PAGE.

210. MORNING HYMN.

- 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.
 Thy precious time mispent, redeem ;
 Each present day thy last esteem ;
 Improve thy talent with due care,
 For the great day thyself prepare.
- 2 Let all thy converse be sincere,
 Thy conscience as the noon-day clear,—
 For God's all-seeing eye surveys
 Thy secret thoughts, and works, and ways.
 Wake, and lift up thyself, my heart,
 And with the angels bear thy part,
 Who day and night unwearied sing
 High praise to the Eternal King.
- 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.

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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.

BISHOP KENN.

211.

EVENING HYMN.

- 1 GLORY to Thee, my God, this night,
For all the blessings of the light :
Keep me, O keep me, King of kings,
Under thy own almighty wings.
Forgive me, Lord, for thy dear Son,
The ill that I this day have done,
That with the world, myseif, and Thee,
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.
- 2 Teach me to live—that I may dread
The grave as little as my bed ;
Teach me to die—that so I may
Rise glorious at the awful day.
O may my soul on Thee repose,
And balmy sleep mine eyelids close,—
Sleep that my frame shall vig'rous make,
To serve my God when I awake.
- 3 If 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.

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.

BISHOP KENN.

212. THE CONTRITE HEART.

- 1 THERE is a holy sacrifice
 Which God in heaven will not despise,
 Nay, which is precious in his eyes—
 The contrite heart.
- 2 That lofty One, before whose throne
 The countless hosts of heaven bow down,
 Another dwelling-place will own—
 The contrite heart.
- 3 The Holy One, the Son of God,
 His pardoning love will shed abroad,
 And consecrate as his abode,
 The contrite heart.
- 4 The Ho'y Spirit from on high
 Will listen to its faintest cry,
 And cheer, and bless, and purify
 The contrite heart.

5 Saviour ! I cast my hopes on Thee,
Such as Thou art I fain would be ;
In mercy, Lord, bestow on me
A contrite heart.

MONTGOMERY.

213.

EASTER HYMN.

ON the cavern-hollowed hill,
Twilight lingers soft and still ;
Gleaming vestures through the gloom
Shine within the silent tomb.
Who hath rolled away the stone
Where was laid th' Anointed One ?
Who the folded garments spread
At the feet and at the head ?
Mary ! lift thy drooping eyes,
Wipe the dimming tears that rise :
Whose the voice ?—it speaks thy name ;
Whose the form ? 'tis He ! the same !
See the Son of God ascended,
Death, the bond of sin is ended ;
See of creatures the First-Born
Lives on this prophetic morn ;
Image of the Blessed, He
Whom eye ne'er saw, nor e'er can see,
The Begotten of His Love,
And the Wisdom from above.

He hath risen from Adam's grave,
 He hath quickening power to save.
 Wake ye dead ! let every nation
 Struggle to the new creation !
 His to heal, and His to bless,
 Hail the Sun of Righteousness.
 Die we to sin, as he hath died,
 To rise with Jesus crucified !

ELTON.

214.

CHRISTIAN WARFARE.

- 1 MUCH in sorrow, much in woe,
 Onward, Christians ! onward go !
 Fight the fight, and worn with strife,
 Steep with tears the bread of life.
- 2 Onward, Christians ! onward go !
 Join the war, and face the foe ;
 Shrink not,—much doth yet remain,
 Dreary is the long campaign.
- 3 Shrink not, Christians ! Will ye yield,
 Will ye quit the battle-field ?
 Will ye thus desert and leave
 Him who died your souls to save ?
- 4 Onward, Christians, to the fight !
 Soon shall end this weary night ;

Think, when tempted to complain,
 'If we suffer, we shall reign.'

- 5 Christians ! do not thus deplore
 What ye leave—but look before ;
 What are country, parents, wife,
 To the soul's eternal life ?
- 6 Soon the day-star shall arise,
 Gladdening every Christian's eyes ;
 It shall cheer the thorny road
 That leads to happiness and God.

KIRKE WHITE.

215. 'I AM THE WAY, AND THE TRUTH, AND
 THE LIFE.'

- 1 THOU art the Way—and he who sighs,
 Amid this starless waste of woe,
 To find a pathway to the skies,
 A light from heaven's eternal glow,
 By thee must come, thou gate of love,
 Through which the saints undoubting trod;
 Till faith discovers, like the dove,
 An ark, a resting place in God.
- 2 Thou art the Truth—whose steady day
 Shines on through earthly blight and bloom,
 The pure, the everlasting ray,
 The lamp that shines e'en in the tomb;

The light that out of darkness springs,
 And guideth those that blindly go;
 The word, whose precious radiance flings
 Its lustre upon all below.

- 3 Thou art the Life—the blessed well
 With living waters gushing o'er,
 Which those who drink shall ever dwell
 Where sin and thirst are known no more;
 Thou art the mystic pillar given,
 Our lamp by night, our light by day;
 Thou art the sacred bread from heaven;—
 Thou art the Life—the Truth—the Way.

ANON.

216. FUTURE GLORY OF CHRIST'S KINGDOM.

- 1 BEHOLD! the mountain of the Lord
 In latter days shall rise
 On mountain tops above the hills,
 And draw the wond'ring eyes.
- 2 To this the joyful nations round,
 All tribes and tongues shall flow;
 Up to the hill of God, they'll say,
 And to his house we'll go.
- 3 The beam that shines from Sion hill
 Shall lighten ev'ry land;

The King who reigns in Salem's tow'rs
Shall all the world command.

- 4 Among the nations he shall judge;
His judgments truth shall guide;
His sceptre shall protect the just,
And quell the sinner's pride.
- 5 No strife shall rage, nor hostile feuds
Disturb those peaceful years;
To ploughshares men shall beat their swords,
To pruning-hooks their spears.
- 6 No longer hosts encount'ring hosts
Shall crowds of slain deplore:
They hang the trumpet in the hall,
And study war no more.
- 7 Come, then, O house of Jacob! come
To worship at his shrine;
And, walking in the light of God,
With holy beauties shine.

M. BRUCE.

217. MOTHER, WHAT IS DEATH?

- 1 ' MOTHER, how still the baby lies!
I cannot hear his breath;
I cannot see his laughing eyes—
They tell me this is death.

- 2 ' My little work I thought to bring,
And sat down by his bed,
And pleasantly I tried to sing—
They hushed me—he is dead.
- 3 ' They say that he again will rise,
More beautiful than now;
That God will bless him in the skies—
O, mother, tell me how ?
- 4 ' Daughter, do you remember, dear,
The cold, dark thing you brought,
And laid upon the casement here,—
A withered worm, you thought ?
- 5 ' I told you that Almighty power
Could break that withered shell,
And show you, in a future hour,
Something would please you well.
- 6 ' Look at the chrysalis, my love,—
An empty shell it lies ;
Now raise your wondering glance above,
To where yon insect flies !
- 7 ' O, yes, mamma ! how very gay
Its wings of starry gold !
And see ! it lightly flies away
Beyond my gentle hold.
- 8 ' O, mother, now I know full well,
If God that worm can change,

And draw it from this broken cell,
On golden wings to range,—

- 9 ' How beautiful will brother be,
When God shall give *him* wings,
Above this dying world to flee,
And live with heavenly things !'

MRS GILMAN.

218.

THE REMONSTRANCE.

- 1 OH ! ever thus, from childhood's hour,
I've seen my fondest hopes decay ;
I never loved a tree or flower,
But 'twas the first to fade away.
- 2 I never nursed a dear gazelle,
To glad me with its soft black eye,
But when it came to know me well,
And love me, it was sure to die.

MOORE.

- 1 WHY hast thou thus from childhood's hour,
Fixed hope on things which soon decay !
Why hast thou loved a tree or flower,
Untaught that such must fade away ?
- 2 Would wisdom choose a dear gazelle,
Howe'er it rolled its soft black eye,

As that which *long* could know thee well,
And love thee long, when sure *to die*?

3 Lo ! now thou'rt come to manhood's hour,
Hast seen thy fondest hopes decay,
Bid thy soul speed in heaven-born power,
To bliss which ne'er can fade away.

4 In faith behold enduring joys
Spring up on earth from light above ;
Despise life's gilded infant toys,
And rest in God, for ' GOD IS LOVE.'

ANON.

219. TRIUMPH OF THE GOSPEL.

1 ZION's King shall reign victorious,
All the earth shall own his sway,
He will make his kingdom glorious,
He will reign through endless day :
What, though none on earth assist him,
God requires not help from men ;
What, though all the earth resist him,
God will realize his plan.

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 ;

See the ancient idols falling:
Worshipp'd once, but now abhorr'd;
Men on Zion's King are calling,
Zion's King by all adored.

3 Then shall Israel long dispersed,
Mourning seek the Lord their God,
Look on him whom once they pierced,
Own and kiss the chastening rod:
Then all Israel shall be saved,
War and tumult then shall cease,
While the greater Son of David
Rules a conquer'd world in peace.

4 Mighty King, thine arm revealing,
Now thy glorious cause maintain,
Bring the nations help and healing,
Make them subject to thy reign;
Angels in their lofty station
Praise thy name, Thou only wise;
Oh, let earth with emulation
Join the triumph of the skies.

KELLY.

HE that from dross would win the precious ore,
Bends o'er the crucible an earnest eye,

The subtle searching process to explore,
 Lest the one brilliant moment should pass by,
 When in the molten silver's virgin mass
 He meets his pictured face, as in a glass.

Thus in God's furnace are his people tried ;
 Thrice happy they who to the end endure !
 But who the fiery trial may abide ?

Who from the crucible come forth so pure,
 That He, whose eyes of flame look through the
 whole,
 May see his image perfect in his soul ?

Nor with an evanescent glimpse alone,
 As in that mirror the refiner's face,
 But stamp'd with heaven's broad signet, there be
 shown

Immanuel's features, full of truth and grace ;
 And round that seal of love this motto be,
 ' *Not for a moment, but—Eternity.*'

ANON.

221. THE HOUR OF PRAYER.

1 BLEST hour ! when mortal man retires
 To hold communion with his God,
 To send to heaven his warm desires,
 And listen to the sacred word.

- 2 Blest hour ! when earthly cares resign
Their empire o'er his anxious breast ;
While all around, the calm divine
Proclaims the holy day of rest.
- 3 Blest hour ! when God himself draws nigh,
Well pleased his people's voice to hear ;
To list the penitential sigh,
And wipe away the mourner's tear.
- 4 Blest hour !—for then where He resorts,
Foretastes of future bliss are given,
And mortals find his earthly courts
The House of God—the Gate of Heaven.
- 5 Hail ! peaceful hour, supremely blest,
Amid the hours of earthly care !
The hour that yields the spirit rest,
That sacred hour—the hour of prayer.
- 6 And when my hours of prayer are past,
Oh ! may I leave these Sabbath days,
To find eternity at last
A never-ending hour of praise.

DR RAFFLES.

222.

THE HOUSE OF GOD.

How honoured, how dear that sacred abode,
Where Christians draw near their Father and
God !

Mid worldly commotion my wearied soul faints
For the house of devotion, the home of thy saints.

The birds have their home, they fix on their
nest;

Wherever they roam, they return to their rest;
From them fondly learning, my soul would take
wing;

To thee so returning, my God and my King.

O happy the choirs who praise thee above !
What joy tunes their lyres ! their worship is
love :

Yet safe in thy keeping, and happy they be,
In this world of weeping, whose strength is in
thee.

Though rugged their way, they drink as they go
Of springs that convey new life as they flow :
The God they rely on, their strength shall renew,
Till each brought to Zion his glory shall view.

Thou Hearer of prayer, still grant me a place
Where Christians repair to the courts of thy
grace !

More bless'd beyond measure, one day so em-
ployed,
Than years of vain pleasure by worldlings en-
joyed.

Me more would it please keeping post at th'
 gate,
 Than lying at ease in chambers of state :
 The meanest condition outshines with thy
 smiles,
 The pomp of ambition, the world with its wiles.
 The Lord is a Sun, the Lord is a Shield ;
 What grace has begun, with glory is sealed ;
 He hears the distressed ; he succours the just ;
 And they shall be blest who make him their
 trust.

CONDER.

 223. THE CHRISTIAN'S WARFARE.

- 1 WHILE marching on to Canaan's land,
 A thousand foes around us stand ;
 But we will still, with cheerful face,
 Press forward in our heavenly race.
- 2 The day of trial now we find,
 The day of triumph waits behind ;
 And, near th' appointed hour may be
 Which sets our souls from conflict free.
- 3 Though tempests now our bark endure,
 Our wind is fair, our course is sure ;
 While sailing o'er life's stormy tide,
 The star of faith shall be our guide.

- 4 Our confidence is fix'd on *One*,
 The Hope of earth, Jehovah's Son;
 And, ever will we *Him* confess,
 Who is our strength, and righteousness.
- 5 With such a prospect, such a Friend,
 Such hopes to cheer us to the end;
 Let us, afresh, maintain the fight,
 And keep the glorious crown in sight,

COTTLÉ.

 224. THE NAME OF JESUS.

- 1 Jesus, how frail and weak I am,
 Without thy rich and strengthening grace;
 But there's a magic in thy name,
 My doubts to quell, my fears to chase.
- 2 What though my soul's oppress'd with care,
 And sorrow fills my mournful heart,
 To heaven I'll look, my strength is there,
 Where thou, my Lord and Saviour art.
- 3 By thee sustained, I'll freely tread
 The path where sad affliction reigns,
 And draw from thee, my living head,
 The grace and help thy power contains.
- 4 Yes! thou wilt more than conquer all
 The foes that seek my peace to slay,

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And Satan too shall quickly fall
 Beneath the sceptre of thy sway.

5 Lord, let me feel my want of thee,
 More than my past experience knew,
 And in thy constant dealings see,
 Thy mercy rich—thy promise true.

6 And when I'm call'd to yield my breath,
 And leave this world for realms above,
 May, I, through thee, rejoice in death,
 That brings me nearer to thy love.

DANIEL BAGOT.

225. LINES ON THE DEATH OF A YOUNG CHRISTIAN.

HER heart was in heaven, and she cared not
 for earth,
 Nor all that its pleasures afford;
 And death was to her but a life-giving birth,
 For she lived in the joy of her Lord.

In this valley she walked like an angel of love,
 Sent to lighten our sorrowful shade,
 Yet glad to revisit that region above,
 Where it first was in glory array'd.

A seal was impress'd on her sweet-beaming brow,
 That marked her for saintly repose,—
 The hope that enraptured her life, and is now
 Fulfill'd at life's dark-seeming close.

A cloud of deep trouble encompassed her frame,
And her day was soon turned into night;
But the cross, like a heaven-pointing pillar of
flame,
Fill'd the eye of her spirit with light.

As from a dark prison she struggled away
To a mansion of God in the sky;
And her night is now lost in the brightness of
day,
In the glory that never shall die.

Sweet pledge of a sanctified rest in the skies,
Her life was a Sabbath of peace;
And the day that beheld her dear Saviour arise
Was the day of her spirit's release.

J. DODDS.

226. ON THE DEATH OF AN INFANT SON,
BY HIS MOTHER.

HE'S gone! I watch'd the near approach of death,
I sadly mark'd the last faint ling'ring breath;
He's pale and cold—he smiles, he hears no more;
His little earthly joys and pains are o'er;
His mother's tears drop warmly on his face,
He feels them not, nor heeds her fond embrace;
'Tis vain to call my darling, vain to weep,
Nought can awake him from his long, long sleep;

My bosom oft sustain'd his drooping head,
But cold and dreary now must be his bed;
No more with gentle voice his accents fall,
Upon his much loved mother's name to call.
Can nothing now relieve my aching heart?
No balm to heal the deep corroding smart?
Oh, yes! while nature weeps o'er lifeless clay,
Faith points to regions of eternal day;
A mother's feeling wrings the parting sigh,
But hope looks up, and soars beyond the sky.
Maternal love exclaims, 'Alas, my son,'
But grace replies, 'O Lord, thy will be done!'
Freed from a body oft with pain distress,
He dwells above in everlasting rest;
No sin, no sorrow, now shall weigh him down,
Without the conflict, he has gained the crown:
Hush then regret, each murm'ring thought be
still,
And bow submissive to his sovereign will,
Who, though he strike, in mercy sheaths the
rod,
And shows himself an ever present God.
Farewell, my babe! I soon shall follow thee,
But thou, alas! shalt ne'er return to me;
A long farewell—till the last trumpet's sound,
Shall wake thy slumb'ring ashes from the ground;
Then may we meet with all the ransom'd throng,
And praise Immanuel's name in endless song.

ANON.

227.

A THOUGHT.

- 1 A GLOOMY cloud o'erhung my path,
And threatened all the plain;
But soon it lost its look of wrath,
And fell in gentle rain.
- 2 Thus oft when judgment darkly lowers,
And stormy clouds appal,
With their impending thunder showers,
God's tender mercies fall.

J. DODDS.

228.

CHRIST'S INVITATION.

- 1 WITH tearful eyes I look around;
Life seems a dark and stormy sea;
Yet midst the gloom I hear a sound,
A heavenly whisper—'Come to me.'
- 2 It tells me of a place of rest;
It tells me where my soul may flee;
Oh! to the weary, faint, opprest,
How sweet the bidding—'Come to me!'
- 3 When the poor heart with anguish learns
That earthly props resigned must be,
And from each broken cistern turns,
It hears the accents—'Come to me.'

- 4 When against sin I strive in vain,
And cannot from its yoke get free,
Sinking beneath the heavy chain,
The words arrest me—'Come to me.'
- 5 When nature shudders, loath to part
From all I love, enjoy, and see;
When a faint chill steals o'er my heart,
A sweet voice utters—'Come to me.'
- 6 'Come, for all else must fail and die;
Earth is no resting-place for thee;
Heavenward direct thy weeping eye;
I am thy portion—Come to me.'
- 7 O voice of mercy! voice of love!
In death's last fearful agony;
Support me—cheer me—from above,
And gently whisper—'Come to me.'

ANON.

229.

THE CELESTIAL CITY.

- 1 THERE is a city built on high,
In that bright world where seraphs sing;
And there the children of the sky
Their honour and their glory bring.
- 2 Its walls all precious stones combine,
Its gates their leaves of pearl unfold;

Its holy mansions far outshine
Transparent glass and burnished gold.

- 3 Within its streets no temples rise,
Its temple is the God of grace;
No sun is needed in its skies,
Its light is from Immanuel's face.
- 4 There dwells the Church in heavenly rest,
Their glorious bodies formed anew;
Their spirits with his image blest;
Their numbers more than morning dew.
- 5 In that bright city I would dwell,
With that blest church the Saviour praise;
And safe redeemed from death and hell,
Sit at his feet through endless days.

W. L. ALEXANDER.

230. CHRISTIAN FORGIVENESS.

WHEN on the fragrant sandal tree,
The woodman's axe descends,
And she who bloomed so beautifully,
Beneath the keen stroke bends:
Even on the edge that caused her death,
Dying, she breathed her sweetest breath,
As if to token in her fall,
Peace to her foes, and love to all.

How hardly man this lesson learns,
To smile, and bless the hand that spurns—
To see the blow, to feel the pain,
And render only love again.
This spirit not to man is given,
One had it, but He came from heaven;
Reviled, rejected, and betrayed,
No curse he breathed—no plaint he made.
And when in death's deep pang he sighed,
Prayed for his murderers and died.

EDMRSTON.

231. THE CHRISTIAN DEAD.

- 1 THEY dread no storm that lowers,
No perished joys bewail;
They pluck no thorn-clad flowers,
Nor drink of streams that fail:
There is no tear-drop in their eye,
Nor change upon their brow;
The placid bosom heaves no sigh,
Though all earth's idols bow,
- 2 Who are so greatly blessed?
From whom hath sorrow fled?
Who find such deep unbroken rest,
While all things toil?—The dead!

The holy dead!—Why weep ye so
 Above their sable bier?
 Thrice blessed! they have done with woe—
 The living claim the tear.

3 We dream, but they awake;
 Dark visions mar our rest;
 'Mid thorns and snares our way we take,
 And yet we mourn the blessed:
 For those who throng the eternal throne,
 Lost are the tears we shed:
 They are the living, they alone,
 Whom thus we call the dead.

MRS SIGOURNEY.

232. GOD THE GUIDE OF HIS PEOPLE UNTO
 DEATH.

AND He is present still—He still shall bless
 The thorny path of life's rough wilderness;
 He still bids springs of living water rise,
 And heavenly food with ceaseless care supplies.
 And when by death's cold stream we trembling
 stand,
 The stream which bars us from the promised
 land,

His voice shall calm our fears, his hand shall
guide

Our fainting footsteps through that fiercer tide,
And land us safely on our Canaan's shore,
Where toil, and tears, and death, are known no
more.

ROLLESTON.

233. THE GLORIOUS LAND OF REST.

THERE is a land where everlasting suns,
Shed everlasting brightness,—where the soul
Drinks from the living streams of love that roll
By God's high throne ! myriads of glorious ones
Bring their accepted offering ; O how blest
To look from this dark prison to that shrine,
T'inhale one breath of paradise divine,
And enter into that eternal rest
Which waits the sons of God.

BOWRING.

234. THE SAINT'S SWEET HOME.

'Mid scenes of confusion, and creatures' com-
plaints,
How sweet to my soul is communion with saints,

To find at the banquet of mercy there's room,
And feel in the presence of Jesus, at home,
Home, home, sweet, sweet home.
Receive me, dear Saviour, in glory, my home.

Sweet bonds that unite all the children of peace,
And thrice precious Jesus, whose love cannot
cease,

Though oft from thy presence in sadness I roam,
I long to behold thee in glory at home.

I sigh from this body of sin to be free,
Which hinders my joy and communion with
thee;

Though now my temptations like billows may
foam,
All, all will be peace, when I'm with thee at
home.

While here, in the valley of conflict I stay,
O give me submission and strength as my
day;

In all my afflictions to thee would I come,
Rejoicing in hope of my glorious home.

Whate'er thou deniest, O give me thy grace,
The Spirit's sure witness, and smiles of thy
face;

Indulge me with patience to wait at thy throne,
And find even now a sweet foretaste of home.

ANON.

235. CHRIST THE HOPE OF HIS PEOPLE.

- 1 IN all my troubles, sharp and strong,
My soul to Jesus flies;
My anchor hold is firm in him,
When swelling billows rise.
- 2 His comforts bear my spirits up,
I trust a faithful God;
The sure foundation of my hope,
Is in my Saviour's blood.
- 3 Loud hallelujahs sing, my soul,
To thy Redeemer's name;
In joy and sorrow, life and death,
His love is still the same.

ANON.

236. MORNING HYMN.

- 1 JESUS, by whose grace I live,
From the fear of evil kept,
Thou hast lengthened my reprieve,
Held in being while I slept;
With the day my heart renew,
Let me wake thy will to do.

- 2 Since the last revolving dawn
Scattered the nocturnal cloud,
O how many souls have gone
Unprepared to meet their God !
Yet thou dost prolong my breath,
Nor hast sealed mine eyes in death !
- 3 O that I may keep thy word,
Taught by thee to watch and pray !
To thy service, Saviour, Lord,
Sanctify the present day ;
Swift its fleeting moments haste,
Doomed, perhaps, to be my last !
- 4 Crucified to all below,
Earth shall never be my care ;
Wealth and honour I forego,
This my only wish and prayer—
Thine in life and death to be,
Now and to eternity !

TOPLADY.

237.

EVENING HYMN.

- 1 O THAT my heart were right with Thee,
And loved Thee with a perfect love :
O that my Lord would dwell in me,
And never from his seat remove !

- Jesus, apply thy pardoning blood,
And make this bosom fit for God.
- 2 Saviour, I dwell in awful night,
Until Thou in my heart appear;
Arise, propitious Sun, and light
An everlasting morning there :
Thy presence casts the shadows by;
If thou withdraw, how dark am I !
- 3 O Lord, how should thy servant see,
Unless Thou give me seeing eyes ?
Well may I fall, if out of Thee !
If out of Thee, how should I rise !
I wander wide without thy aid,
And lose my way in midnight shade.
- 4 O let my prayer acceptance find,
And bring the mighty blessing down;
Eye-sight impart, for I am blind;
And seal me thine adopted son.
A fallen, helpless creature take,
And heir of thy salvation make.

TOPLADY.

238.

NATIVITY OF CHRIST.

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

Peace on earth, and mercy mild,
God and sinners reconciled.'

- 2 Joyful all ye nations rise,
Join the triumph of the skies;
With the heavenly host proclaim,
'Christ is born in Bethlehem.'
- 3 Christ, by highest heaven adored,
Christ, the everlasting Lord
Lowly lays his glory by,
Born for men, for men to die.
- 4 Hail, thou glorious Prince of Peace!
Hail, thou Sun of Righteousness!
Risen with healing on thy wings,
Light and life thy rising brings.

WESLEY.

239. 'IT IS I; BE NOT AFRAID.'

- 1 WHEN waves of trouble round me swell,
My soul is not dismayed:
I hear a voice I know full well,—
''Tis I—be not afraid.'
- 2 When black the threatening skies appear,
And storms my path invade,

Those accents tranquillize each fear,
 ‘ ’Tis I—be not afraid.’

3 There is a gulf that must be crossed;
 Saviour, be near to aid !
 Whisper, when my frail bark is tossed,
 ‘ ’Tis I—be not afraid.’

4 There is a dark and fearful vale,
 Death hides within its shade,
 O say, when flesh and heart shall fail,
 ‘ ’Tis I—be not afraid.’

ANON.

240. ON THE DAY OF THE DESTRUCTION OF
 JERUSALEM BY TITUS.

- 1 FROM the last hill that looks on thy once
 holy dome,
 I beheld thee, O Sion ! when rendered to
 Rome;
 ’Twas thy last sun went down, and the flames
 of thy fall,
 Flashed back on the last glance I gave to
 thy wall.
- 2 I looked for thy temple, I looked for my
 home,
 And forgot for a moment my bondage to
 come;

I beheld but the death-fire that fed on thy
fane,
And the fast-fettered hands that made ven-
geance in vain.

3 On many an eve, the high spot whence I
gazed,
Had reflected the last beam of day as it
blazed;
While I stood on the height, and beheld the
decline,
Of the rays from the mountain that shone on
thy shrine.

4 And now on that mountain I stood on that
day,
But I marked not the twilight-beam melting
away;
Oh! would that the light'ning had glared
in its stead,
And the thunderbolts burst on the conquer-
or's head.

5 But the gods of the Pagan shall never pro-
fane,
The shrine where Jehovah disdained not to
reign;
And scattered and scorned as thy people may
be,
Our worship, O Father, is only for Thee.

BYRON.

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241. AFFLICTIONS SANCTIFIED BY THE WORD.

- 1 O HOW I love thy holy word,
Thy gracious covenant, O Lord !
It guides me in the peaceful way ;
I think upon it all the day.
- 2 What are the mines of shining wealth,
The strength of youth, the bloom of health !
What are all joys compared with those
Thine everlasting word bestows !
- 3 Long unafflicted, undismayed,
In pleasure's path secure I strayed ;
Thou madest me feel thy chastening rod,
And straight I turned unto my God.
- 4 What though it pierced my fainting heart,
I blessed thine hand that caused the smart ;
It taught my tears awhile to flow,
But saved me from eternal woe.
- 5 Oh ! hadst thou left me unchastised,
Thy precepts I had still despised ;
And *still* the snare in secret laid,
Had my unwary feet betrayed,
- 6 I love thee, therefore, O my God,
And breathe towards thy dear abode ;
Where, in thy presence fully blest,
Thy chosen saints for ever rest.

COWPER.

242. THE HOUR OF DEATH.

1 LEAVES have their time to fall,
And flowers to wither at the north wind's breath,
And stars to set—but all,
Thou hast *all* seasons for thine own, O Death!

2 Day is for mortal care,
Eve for glad meetings round the joyous hearth,
Night for the dreams of sleep, the voice of
prayer;
But all for thee, thou Mightiest of the Earth!

3 Leaves have their time to fall,
And flowers to wither at the north wind's breath,
And stars to set—but all,
Thou hast *all* seasons for thine own, O Death!

4 We know when moons shall wane,
When summer-birds from far shall cross the sea,
When autumn's hue shall tinge the golden
grain;
But who shall teach us when to look for thee?

5 Is it when spring's first gale
Comes forth to whisper where the violets lie?
Is it when roses in our paths grow pale?
They have *one* season—*all* are ours to die!

6 Thou art where billows foam,
 Thou art where music melts upon the air;
 Thou art around us in our peaceful home,
 And the world calls us forth—and thou art
 there.

7 Thou art where friend meets friend,
 Beneath the shadow of the elm to rest;
 Thou art where foe meets foe, and trumpets
 rend
 The skies, and swords beat down the princely
 crest.

8 Leaves have their time to fall,
 And flowers to wither at the north wind's breath,
 And stars to set—but all,
 Thou hast *all* seasons for thine own, O Death!

MRS HEMANS.

243. TRIALS OF CHRISTIANS.

- 1 IF for a time the air be calm,
 Serene and smooth the sea appears,
 And shows no danger to alarm
 The inexperienced landsman's fears :
- 2 But if the tempest once arise,
 The faithless water swells and raves;
 Its billows foaming to the skies,
 Disclose a thousand threat'ning graves.

- 3 My untried heart thus seemed to me
(So little of myself I knew)
Smooth as the calm unruffled sea,
But, ah ! it proved as treach'rous too !
- 4 The peace of which I had a taste
When Jesus first his love reveal'd,
I fondly hoped would always last,
Because my foes were then conceal'd.
- 5 But when I felt the tempter's power
Rouse my corruptions from their sleep,
I trembled at the stormy hour,
And saw the horrors of the deep.
- 6 Now, on presumption's billows borne,
My spirit seem'd the Lord to dare,
Now, quick as thought, a sudden turn
Plunged me in gulfs of black despair.
- 7 ' Lord, save me, or I sink,' I prayed;
He heard, and bade the tempest cease;
The angry waves his word obey'd
And all my fears were hush'd to peace.
- 8 The peace is his, and not my own,
My heart (no better than before)
Is still to dreadful changes prone,
Then let me never trust it more.

NEWTON.

244. DELIVERANCE FROM THE STORM.

- 1 HARK, the God of glory thunders !
Swift his vivid lightnings fly :
Who is this that works these wonders ?
Who is that shakes the sky ?
Oh, what mighty hand is this,
Moving all, unseen it is !
- 2 Not unseen by those who credit
What the word of God makes known.
He who cannot lie has said it,
Jesus reigns, and reigns alone :
At his word the thunder rolls,—
He it is that shakes the poles.
- 3 When the thunder-clouds are clashing
O'er our heads, in midnight peals,
And the lightning round us flashing,
Then the stoutest spirit fails ;
Yet is this the Saviour's voice,
And his people may rejoice.
- 4 Yes ; and in that awful season
When the world shall pass away,
Then, even then, the saints have reason
To rejoice and bless the day ;
Then is their redemption come,
Then they reach their wish'd for home.

- 5 Saviour, grant us hope, with patience,
 Looking to that awful day,
 Then fulfil our expectations,
 Joyful let us hear thee say,
 'Come, ye blessed, and receive
 All a Father's love can give.'

KELLY.

245. 'WHAT MANNER OF MAN IS THIS?'

- 1 Who is this that calms the ocean?
 Thus they cried who were on board,
 When they saw the wild commotion
 Cease, as Jesus spoke the word;
 When the sudden calm they saw,
 Wonder filled their minds, and awe.
- 2 He who bids the tempest riot
 On the deep, and make it swell,
 He alone the storm can quiet,
 Saying to it, 'Peace, be still!'
 He whose power to all gives birth,—
 All in heaven, and all in earth.
- 3 He who calms the sea when raging,
 Stills the tumult of the soul;
 By his word the storm assauging,
 Storms too furious for control;

But he binds them with his hand,
And they cease at his command.

- 4 Ye who all your hope deriving
From yourselves, have laboured long
To allay the storm by striving,
But have found the wind too strong ;
From the hopeless labour cease—
Jesus gives the troubled peace.

T. K.

246. ' I KNOW THAT MY REDEEMER LIVETH.

- 1 I KNOW that my Redeemer lives
(This thought transporting pleasure gives):
And standing at the latter day,
On earth his glories shall display.
- 2 And though this weak and mortal frame
Sink to the dust from whence it came,—
Though buried in the silent tomb,
And worms my skin and flesh consume ;
- 3 Yet on that happy rising morn,
New life this body shall adorn ;
These active powers refined shall be,
And God my Saviour I shall see.

- 4 Though perished all my cold remains ;
Though all consumed my heart and reins ;
Yet, for myself, these wondering eyes
God shall behold with glad surprise.

C. WESLEY.

247. PRAISE FROM THE WORKS OF CREATION.

- 1 THE spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue ethereal sky,
And spangled heavens, a shining frame,
Their great Original proclaim.
- 2 The unwearied sun, from day to day,
Does his Creator's power display ;
And publishes to every land
The work of an Almighty hand.
- 3 Soon as the evening shades prevail,
The moon takes up the wondrous tale,
And, nightly to the listening earth,
Repeats the story of her birth ;
- 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 the dark terrestrial ball ?
What though no real voice nor sound
Amidst 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.'

ADDISON.

248. ' GOD A VERY PRESENT HELP.'

- 1 CHILDREN of God, renounce your fears,
Lo, Jesus for your help appears,
And kindly speaks, as he draws nigh,
' Be not afraid, for it is I.'
- 2 When in the awful tempest toss'd,
You feel your strength and courage lost,
And mighty waves roll o'er your head,
Your Lord is near—be not afraid.
- 3 When mournful tidings come from far,
Or nations raise tumultuous war,
And wide their devastations spread,
Yet he is near—be not afraid.
- 4 When earthly joys are from you torn,
Or when with heart-felt grief you mourn,

And weep the dying and the dead,
Yet is he near—be not afraid.

- 5 When fierce disease attacks your frame,
Your Saviour's love is still the same ;
In death's dark shade you need not fear,
For Jesus will be with you there.
- 6 When stars are from their orbits hurl'd,
And flames consume the guilty world,
E'en then your Saviour-Judge will cry,
Be not afraid, for it is I.

PAWCETT.

249. PARTING, BUT NOT FOR EVER.

- 1 WHEN forced to part from those we love,
Though sure to meet to-morrow,
We still a kind of anguish prove,
And feel a pang of sorrow.
- 2 But, oh, what words can paint the tears
We shed as thus we sever ;
If doom'd to part for months, for years—
To part perhaps for ever.
- 3 But if our views be fix'd aright,
A sacred hope is given ;
Though here our prospects close in night,
We'll meet again in heaven.

4 Then let us form those bands above,
 Which time can ne'er dissever ;
 Since parting in a Saviour's love,
 We part to meet for ever !

DUDLEY.

250.

STANZAS.

O WEEP not, though lonely and wild be thy path,
 And the storm may be gathering 'round ;
 There is One who can shield from the hurri-
 cane's wrath,
 And that One may for ever be found.
 He is with thee, around thee, he lists to thy cry,
 And thy tears are recorded by him ;
 A pillar of fire he will be to thine eye,
 Whose brightness no shadow can dim.

Oh, follow it still through the darkness of night,
 In safety 'twill lead to the morrow,—
 'Tis not like the meteor of earth's feeble light,
 Often quench'd in delusion and sorrow.
 For pure is the beam, and unfading the ray,
 And the tempests assail it in vain—
 When the mists of this world are all vanish'd
 away,
 In its brightness it still shall remain.

And weep not, that none are around thee to
love—

For a Father is with thee to bless ;

And if griefs have exalted thy spirit above,

O say, would'st thou wish for one less ?

He is with thee, whose favour for ever is life ;

Could a mortal friend guard thee so well ?

O hush the vain wish, calm thy bosom's wild
strife,

And forbid but a thought to rebel.

BARTON.

251. LINES ADDRESSED TO TWO FRIENDS ON
THEIR MARRIAGE.

THRICE happy the pilgrims, whose Zion-ward
feet

Together are seeking their King ;

O'er the rough road of life still the journey is
sweet,

As to Him their hearts' treasure they bring.

It lends a delight to the wearisome way,

Their joys with each other to share ;

But dearer the Friend who unseen is their stay,

To whom they confide every care.

Though sweet is the voice, which in sorrow is
near,

To whisper relief to their woes,
Yet sweeter His accents who banishes fear,
And soothes into lasting repose.

Should the angel of Death with his summons
be sent,

To part the beloved for awhile,
Their Lord shall inspire them with patient
consent

Their treasures to yield with a smile.

The tender companion of life, in that hour,
To watch and to weep may be nigh,

But the Saviour will visit his servant with
power,

And bear him triumphant on high !

If, fixing in silent despair on the tomb,

The eye of the mourner be dim,

The Comforter, pitying, shall point through the
gloom

To the spirit in glory with him !

For the union of those in the Lord who de-
light

Is blest, and acknowledged above;

And *He* shall their spirits for ever unite

In the regions of joy and of love.

252. REGARD DUE TO THE FEELINGS OF OTHERS.

- 1 **THERE** is a plant that in its cell
All trembling seems to stand,
And bends its stalk, and folds its leaves
From each approaching hand :—
- 2 **And** thus there is a conscious nerve
Within the human breast,
That from the rash and careless hand
Sinks and retires distress.
- 3 **The** pressure rude, the touch severe,
Will raise within the mind
A nameless thrill, a secret tear,
A torture undefined.
- 4 **Oh,** you who are by nature form'd
Each thought refined to know !
Repress the word, the glance that wakes
That trembling nerve to woe.
- 5 **And** be it still your joy to raise
The trembler from the shade,
To bind the broken, and to heal
The wound you never made.
- 6 **Whene'er** you see the feeling mind,
Oh, let this care begin ;
And though the cell be ne'er so low,
Respect the guest within.

LYDIA HUNTLEY.

253. CHRIST IN THE GARDEN OF GETHSEMANE.

A WREATH of glory circles still his head—
And yet he kneels—and yet he seems to be
Convulsed with more than human agony:
On his pale brow the drops are large and red
As victim's blood at votive altar shed—
His hands are clasped, his eyes are raised in
prayer—
Alas! and is there strife He cannot bear,
Who calm'd the tempest, and who raised the
dead?

There is! there is! for now the powers of hell
Are struggling for the mastery—'tis the
hour
When death exerts his last permitted power,
When the dread weight of sin, since Adam
fell,
Is visited on Him, who deigned to dwell—
A man with men,—that he might bear the
stroke
Of wrath divine,—and burst the captive's
yoke—
But O! of that dread strife what words can
tell?

Those—only those—which broke with many a
groan

From his full heart—‘ O Father take away
The cup of vengeance I must drink to-day—
Yet, Father, not my will, but thine be done !’
It could not pass away—for He alone

Was mighty to endure, and strong to save;
Nor would JEHOVAH leave him in the grave,
Nor could corruption taint his Holy One.

DALE.

254. VANITY OF THE WORLD.

1 WHAT is the present world ? a thing of nought,
A little day, with clouds and tempest fraught;
It is the gleamings of a winter sun,
Late in its rising, faint and quickly gone;
It is a garden, all whose fruits are sour,
Its waters bitter, blighted every flower :
Has he true wisdom, who, to gain the whole
This world supplies, would sacrifice his soul ?

2 There is a realm where tempests never rise,
Nor clouds obscure the brightness of the skies;
Where sweetest fruits on trees immortal grow,
And crystal streams perpetually flow;

Y *

Fields ever verdant spread the immeasured
 plain,
 Nor sin, nor grief, nor death, can entrance
 gain ;—
 Where is that land? by whom and how possess?
 'Tis Heaven, the saints abode,—THE BIBLE
 tells the rest.

J. B. M.

255.

A FAREWELL.

FAREWELL to the land of my birth !
 Farewell to the friends of my heart !
 Farewell !—tho' we meet not again upon earth,
 Never circle again round the dear social hearth,
 Your memory ne'er shall depart.

When far distant I think of you all,
 When I muse on my own native land,
 When the tears of regret and affection may fall,
 One hope shall my spirit and courage recall,
 And my heart shall be stayed on my God.

The hope that in His blessed land,
 A birth-place far better than this,
 We may yet meet again, and in one happy band,
 Encircling the throne of our Father may stand,
 And dwell in the fulness of bliss !

ANON.

256.

HEAVENLY GLORY.

THE sun shall no longer his brightness shed
o'er thee;

The moon give her beams in the darkness of
night,

But the Lord of all power shall himself be thy
glory,

The great God above thine unperishing light.

The moon shall no longer withdraw in the
dawning,

The bright sun go down in the evening to
rest,

For the Lord shall be thine—an unchangeable
morning,

And thy days on the earth be eternally blest.

Thy people shall then be all righteous and
holy,

And in peace shall for ever inherit the
land;

The branch of my planting, wherein I will
glory,

The pride and the wonderful work of my
hand.

ANON.

257. 'WILT THOU NOT FROM THIS TIME CRY
UNTO ME, MY FATHER, THOU ART THE GUIDE
OF MY YOUTH?'

1 O 'WILT thou not?'—Yes, Lord, I will,
If by thy grace thou aid me still;
Since thou art willing, so am I;
Yes, O my Lord, I will reply.

2 'From this time?'—Yes; O Lord, to-day
If thou entreat, can I delay?
Lord, I would yield at once to thee,
Constrained by thine appeal to me.

3 'Cry unto me?'—Yes, Lord, I'll cry
To thee, and thou wilt not deny;
I'll turn from all besides away,
And cry to thee this very day.

4 'My Father?'—Yes; delightful name!
My Father—I'll repeat the same—
Rejoicing, while thou thus art styled,
That I may call myself thy child.

5 'Thou art the Guide?'—Yes; so thou art,
And may I ne'er from thee depart:
What can I wish or want beside,
While I can call the Lord my Guide!

- 6 'Guide of my youth?'—Yes ; I shall stray
 From life and happiness away,
 Unless thou guide my youthful days
 In wisdom's safe and pleasant ways.
- 7 My gracious Father, guide of youth,
 Thy words of tenderness and truth
 Subdue my heart ; and, from this time,
 I yield to thee my youthful prime.

SPES.

258.

CHRISTIAN WARFARE.

- 1 SOLDIER, go—but not to claim
 Mouldering spoils of earth-born treasure ;
 Not to build a vaunting name ;
 Not to dwell in tents of pleasure ;
 Dream not that the way is smooth,
 Hope not that the thorns are roses ;
 Turn no wishful eye of youth,
 Where the sunny beam reposes ;—
 Thou hast sterner work to do,
 Hosts to cut thy passage through ;
 Close behind thee gulfs are burning—
 Forward !—there is no returning.
- 2 Soldier, rest—but not for thee
 Spreads the world her downy pillow ;
 On the rock thy couch must be,
 While around thee chafes the billow :

Thine must be a watchful sleep,
 Wearier than another's waking,
 Such a charge as thou dost keep
 Brooks no moment of forsaking.
 Sleep, as on the battle-field,
 Girded—grasping sword and shield :
 Those thou canst not name nor number,
 Steal upon thy broken slumber.

- 3 Soldier, rise—the war is done :
 Lo, the hosts of hell are flying ;
 'Twas thy Lord the battle won ;
 Jesus vanquished them by dying.
 Pass the stream—before thee lies
 All the conquered land of glory ;
 Hark ! what songs of rapture rise,
 These proclaim the Victor's story—
 Soldier, lay thy weapons down,
 Quit the sword, and take the crown ;
 Triumph ! all thy foes are banished,
 Death is slain, and earth has vanished.

ANON.

259. WHO IS MY NEIGHBOUR ?

- 1 THY neighbour ?—it is he whom thou
 Hast power to aid and bless—
 Whose aching heart or burning brow
 Thy soothing hand may press.

- 2 Thy neighbour ?—'tis the fainting poor,
Whose eye with want is dim,
Whom hunger sends from door to door—
Go thou, and succour him.
- 3 Thy neighbour ?—'tis that weary man,
Whose years are at their brim,
But low with sickness, cares, and pain—
Go thou, and comfort him.
- 4 Thy neighbour ?—'tis the heart bereft
Of every earthly gem ;
Widow and orphan, helpless left—
Go thou, and shelter them.
- 5 Thy neighbour ?—yonder toiling slave,
Fettered in thought and limb,
Whose hopes are all beyond the grave—
Go thou and ransom him.
- 6 Where'er thou meet'st a human form
Less favour'd than thy own,
Remember, 'tis thy neighbour worm,
Thy brother or thy son.
- 7 Oh ! pass not, pass not heedless by,
Perhaps thou canst redeem
The breaking heart from misery—
Go, share thy lot with him.

ANON.

260. THE BLESSEDNESS OF TRUSTING IN GOD.

- 1 THE Lord in trouble hear thee,
And help from Zion send ;
The God of grace be near thee
To comfort and befriend !
Thy human weakness strengthen,
Thy earthly wants supply,
Thy span of nature lengthen
To endless life on high !
- 2 Above his own anointed
His banner bright shall wave :
Their times are all appointed ;
The Lord his flock shall save :
Through life's deceitful mazes,
Their steps will safely bear ;
Accept their feeble praises,
And hear their every prayer.
- 3 Go on thou heir of glory !
No ill can thee betide ;
The prize is full before thee,
Thy guardian at thy side.
Who trust in mortal forces
Their weakness soon shall see ;
But God a sure resource is,
And God shall succour thee.

LYTTE.

261.

THE SWALLOW.

I AM fond of the swallow—I learn from her
flight,

Had I skill to improve it, a lesson of love:
How seldom on earth do we see her alight!

She dwells in the skies, she is ever above.

It is on the wing that she takes her repose,
Suspended and poised in the regions of air.

'Tis not in our fields that her sustenance grows,
It is winged like herself, 'tis ethereal fare.

She comes in the spring, all the summer she
stays,

And, dreading the cold, still follows the
sun—

So, true to our love, we should covet his rays,
And the place where he shines not, immedi-
ately shun.

Our light should be love, and our nourishment
prayer;

It is dangerous food that we find upon earth;
The fruit of this world is beset with a snare,
In itself it is hurtful, as vile in its birth.

'Tis rarely, if ever, she settles below,
But when for her young she is building a
nest;

Were it not for her brood, she would never be-
stow
A thought on a place not designed for her
rest.

Let us leave it ourselves, 'tis a mortal abode,
To bask every moment in infinite love;
Let us fly the dark winter, and follow the road,
That leads to the day-spring appearing above.

MADAME GUION.

262.

THE FLOATING CHAPEL.

'Twas Sabbath morn. The summer sun in
cloudless splendour shone,
And tinged with gold each curling wave, as soft
it rippled on :
I walked along the winding shore, bespread with
pebbles rare,
For thus I hoped ere noon to reach the distant
house of prayer.

I came where by the river's bank some stately
vessels lay,
And many seamen sought the beach, in Sabbath
raiment gay ;

I marked not, as they passed along, their staid
and thoughtful air,
But sighed, and wished they'd turn with me,
and seek the house of prayer.

At length a streamer fair and broad my fixed
attention drew,
For in its folds it gave the dove and olive branch
to view;
The seamen climbed the vessel's side which did
that banner bear,
I followed, and with joy beheld a floating house
of prayer.

Above, beneath, each stedfast eye upon the
preacher hung,
And sweet and holy was the strain the sons of
ocean sung :
No vacant look, no wandering glance, no drowsy
nod was there,
Nor did one restless form disturb the seaman's
house of prayer.

I listened to the gospel's sound, amidst a scene
so new,
And saw at times the trickling tear a manly
cheek bedew ;
I prayed that He, who loves his own, might
make that ark his care,
And many souls be born within the seaman's
house of prayer.

The rippling wave, the winding shore, no longer
 meet my gaze,
 No more the snow-white Bethel flag my pen-
 sive footstep stays;
 But oft, amidst the sacred calm of Sabbath
 morning fair,
 My thoughts with new delight recal the sea-
 man's house of prayer.

HUIE.

263. IN MEMORY OF THE SAVIOUR.

BY THE FIRST BAPTISED HINDOO.

- 1 O THOU, my soul, forget no more
 The Friend who all thy sorrows bore :
 Let every idol be forgot ;
 But, O my soul, forget *Him* not.
- 2 Jesus for thee a body takes,
 Thy guilt assumes, thy fetters breaks,
 Discharging all thy dreadful debt ;
 And canst thou e'er such love forget !
- 3 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.

- 4 Infinite truth and mercy shine
 In Him, and he himself is thine:
 And canst thou then, with sin beset,
 Such charms, such matchless charms forget?
- 5 Oh! no—till life itself depart,
 His name shall cheer and warm my heart;
 And lisping this, from earth I'll rise,
 And join the chorus of the skies.

KRISHNU.

264. CHRIST STILLETH THE TEMPEST.

- 1 FEAR was within the tossing bark,
 When stormy winds grew loud,
 And waves came rolling high and dark.
 And the tall mast was bowed.
- 2 And men stood breathless in their dread,
 And baffled in their skill—
 But one was there, who rose and said
 To the wild sea, Be still!
- 3 And the wind ceased—it ceased—that word
 Passed through the gloomy sky;
 The troubled billows knew their Lord,
 And sank beneath his eye.

- 4 And slumber settled on the deep,
And silence in the blast,
As when the righteous falls asleep
When death's fierce throes are past.
- 5 Thou that didst rule the angry hour,
And tame the tempest's mood,—
Oh ! send thy Spirit forth in power,
O'er our dark souls to brood.
- 6 Thou that didst bow the billows pride,
Thy mandates to fulfil,—
So speak to passion's raging tide,
Speak, and say—' Peace, be still.'

MRS HEMANS.

265. BREAST THE WAVE, CHRISTIAN.

- 1 BREAST the wave, Christian,
When it is strongest;
Watch for day, Christian,
When the night's longest;
Onward and onward still,
Be thine endeavour;
The rest that remaineth,
Will be for ever.

- 2 Fight the fight, Christian,
 Jesus is o'er thee:
 Run the race, Christian,
 Heaven is before thee :
 He who hath promised,
 Faltereth never ;
 The love of eternity,
 Flows on for ever.
- 3 Lift the eye, Christian,
 Just as it closeth ;
 Raise the heart, Christian,
 Ere it repositeth :
 Thee from the love of Christ,
 Nothing shall sever :
 Mount when thy work is done,
 Praise Him for ever.

J. S.

 266. THE MISSIONARY TO HIS BRIDE.

- 1 I go through perils of land and sea,
 Where man in idolatry bows the knee !
 I go to a land where darkness reigns,
 And slavery forges her direst chains ;
 From kindred far, and from social glee ;
 Friend of my heart, wilt thou come with me ?

- 2 To sound through the adverse camp an alarm,
 To seek in his strongholds the foe to disarm;
 To dare the assault with many or few,
 To hope against hope, and though faint to
 pursue;
 Not even in the mortal conflict to flee;
 Sister in Christ, wilt thou go with me ?
- 3 Unwearied to watch by a moral grave,
 Alone intent on the work to save;
 For Christ to suffer all earthly loss,
 Yet firm to uphold the hallowed cross;
 Through fire and flood, be it Heaven's decree
 To pass—wilt thou share this lot with me ?
- 4 Wilt thou, fondly devoted, and firm of soul,
 Through life o'er my spirit hold sweet con-
 trol;
 Or prepare by a dying couch to stand,
 And mourn alone in a stranger land;
 All earthly things that most precious be
 To risk for thy Lord—wilt thou go with me ?

THE REPLY.

- 1 Is there a danger I might not share,
 A sorrow with thee that I could not bear ?
 Nor perils around me, nor griefs from above,
 Can rival the might of deathless love;
 In the flood, in the flame, no terrors I see,
 I go for my Lord, and I go with thee !

- 2 In panoply armed, to the world unknown,
 We'll brave the conflict, and snatch the crown;
 Hope be our anchor, the veil within,
 And our bliss the souls that for Christ we win!
 I hear his voice o'er the distant sea,
 And I come 'to the help of the mighty' with
 thee!

E. M.

267. AT HOME IN HEAVEN.

- 1 'FOR ever with the Lord !'
 Amen ! so let it be !
 Life from the dead is in that word ;
 'Tis immortality !
- 2 Here in the body, bent,
 Absent from him I roam,
 Yet nightly pitch my moving tent,
 A day's march nearer Home !
- 3 My Father's House on high !
 Home of my soul ! how near,
 At times, to faith's foreseeing eye
 Thy golden gates appear !
- 4 Ah ! then my spirit faints
 To reach the land I love,
 The bright inheritance of saints,
 Jerusalem above.

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- 5 How can I meet his eyes ?
Mine on the cross I cast,
And own my life a Saviour's prize,
Mercy from first to last.
- 6 ' Knowing as I am known !'
How shall I love that word !
And oft repeat before the throne,
' For ever with the Lord !'
- 7 There, shall the soul enjoy
Communion high and sweet,—
Though worms this body must destroy,
Both shall in glory meet.
- 8 The trump of final doom,
Will speak the self-same word;
And Heaven's voice thunder thro' the tomb,
' For ever with the Lord !'
- 9 The tomb shall echo deep
The death-awakening sound;
The saints shall hear it in their sleep,
And answer from the ground.
- 10 Then, while they upward fly,
That resurrection word
Shall be their shout of victory;
' For ever with the Lord !'

- 11 That resurrection word—
 That shout of victory—
 Once more,—‘ For ever with the Lord !’
 Amen ! So let it be !

MONTGOMERY.

268.

CHRISTIAN UNION.

- 1 'Tis not in nature to reveal
 The source of Christian union;
 She only knows its power to steal
 O'er all her woes—those woes to heal—
 And in her darkest hours to feel
 This holy, calm communion.
- 2 Nor time, nor pain, nor grief can rend
 What God hath given;
 From Him the golden links descend,
 Wind round the heart, and upwards tend,
 While death itself can but extend
 The chain to Heaven !
- 3 Lord ! be this hallowed Friendship mine !
 This boon possessing,
 Welcome the trials that refine,—
 Hushed be the voice that dare repine,—
 Thine be the praise, the glory thine,
 And mine the blessing !

ANON.

269.

THE WAY TO ZION.

- 1 **ARISE** thou with me, unto Zion we'll go,
The path though it's rough, still with blessings o'erflow;
And though sorrows abound, and trials arise,
The pilgrim rejoices he's bound for the skies.
- 2 He binds on the armour of God, and defies
The threats and the darts of the father of lies!
He takes in his hand 'the sword of the Spirit,'
And glories alone in Christ and His merit.
- 3 The prospect before him divinely appears,
For no sorrow is there, no trials, no fears,
The smiles of the Saviour allure him to come,
His arms are extended to welcome him home.
- 4 Then why do *we* linger ! for time hastens on,
And bids us prepare to meet God's only Son;
The day is at hand when the trumpet shall sound,
And saints and all angels in praises abound.
- 5 And let us then join in the heavenly song,
And to the church militant may we belong;
We'll sing the new song while on earth we remain,
For we know that the Saviour is Yea and Amen.

M. C. P.

270.

LINES

ON PARTING WITH SOME FRIENDS, ORDERED TO A
SOUTHERN CLIMATE FOR THEIR HEALTH.

- 1 If tears must wait on our farewell
To-day, let's dry them all to-morrow;
For we shall meet again, to tell
That peace is more our guest than sorrow.
- 2 I ask not that the spray and wind
May freshly chide your pallid hue,
Till by each blooming cheek you find
That roses thrive on ocean dew.
- 3 I ask not that a torrid day,
Tempered by mountain airs and shades,
May give the pulse its healthful play,
Denied you in our colder glades.
- 4 I ask not that your troubles now,
Like mists upon a mountain's side,
May pass, and leave a summer glow
Throughout life's tranquil even-tide.
- 5 I wish you these—I wish you more
Than health or fortune can supply;
Yet rather on your heads would pour
The blessings that will never die.

- 6 May Christ, whate'er we leave or lose,
Welcomed by faith, within us dwell,
There all his influence to diffuse,
And we may calmly say farewell.
- 7 We part—and yet it soothes my pain
To think my prayer, tho' faint and weak,
May sometimes help you to attain
The comfort or the grace you seek.
- 8 And when, in other climes, your prayer
Ascends to God's paternal throne,
Remember one who meets you there,—
Pour forth for me your orison.

BAPTIST NOEL.

271. REJOICE IN THE LORD ALWAYS.

- 1 REJOICE, though storms assail thee !
Rejoice, when skies are bright !
Rejoice, though round thy pathway,
Is spread the gloom of night !
If the good hope be in thee,
That all at last is well,
Then let thy Happy Spirit
With joyful feelings swell !
- 2 Look back on early childhood,
And let thy soul rejoice !

Who then upheld thy goings,
And tuned thy feeble voice ?
Look back on youth's gay vision,
When life one glory seemed !
Who poured those rays of gladness
Which on thy prospects beamed ?

- 3 Recal the hours of anguish,
And let thy soul rejoice !
Though wave on wave of sorrow,
Rush on with fearful noise ;
Was not the Bow of Promise,
Still seen amidst the gloom !
Shedding its hallowed lustre
Even round the silent tomb !
- 4 Yes ! Midst the notes of sorrow,
A still, small, peaceful voice,
Mingled its Heavenly accents,
And bade thy soul ' Rejoice ! '—
Raise then, thy downcast vision
To yon, far, sacred tree,
Where One—thine ' Elder Brother,'
Wept, bled, and died for thee !
- 5 Rejoice ! Rejoice for ever !
Though earthly friends be gone !
For silently, yet swiftly,
The wheels of time roll on !

And still they bear thee forward,
Nearer that happy shore,
Where the triumphant song, is
' Rejoice for evermore !'

ANON.

272. CHRISTIAN FAITH AND HOPE.

- 1 LET Christian faith and hope dispel
The fears of guilt and woe;
The Lord Almighty is our friend,
And who can prove a foe !
- 2 He who his Son, most dear and loved,
Gave up for us to die,
Shall he not all things freely give
That goodness can supply ?
- 3 Behold the best, the greatest gift,
Of everlasting love !
Behold the pledge of peace below,
And perfect bliss above !
- 4 Where is the judge who can condemn,
Since God hath justified ?
Who shall charge those with guilt or crime
For whom the Saviour died ?

- 5 The Saviour died, but rose again
Triumphant from the grave;
And pleads our cause at God's right hand,
Omnipotent to save.
- 6 Who then can e'er divide us more
From Jesus and his love,
Or break the sacred chain that binds
The earth to heav'n above ?
- 7 Let troubles rise and terrors frown,
And days of darkness fall;
Through him all dangers we'll defy,
And more than conquer all.
- 8 Nor death nor life, nor earth nor hell,
Nor time's destroying sway,
Can e'er efface us from his heart,
Or make his love decay.
- 9 Each future period he will bless,
As he has bless'd the past;
He loved us from the first of time,
He loves us to the last.

LOGAN.

273.

SUBMISSION.

- 1 I LOOKED, and all around was light,
And earth was green, and heaven was bright,

- And rich with morning's every hue
Youth's fairy prospects met my view.
- 2 A flowery band was o'er me thrown,—
With every lovely tint it shone,
It strengthened till it seemed a chain
And I bent down to earth again.
- 3 Upward I looked—when, lo ! on high
A darkling cloud o'erspread the sky,
Heavy and lurid—and it seemed
As if on me these horrors gleamed :
- 4 And darker closed the scene around—
Flash'd the red lightning—shook the ground ;
Till, quite o'ercome with inward dread,
Low in the dust I prostrate laid.
- 5 Just then, a voice I long had known
Said, ' Thus I make thee all my own,
Earth is no resting-place for thee,
Thy chain is withered—rise, be free.'
- 6 Saviour and Lord ! thy voice I own,
Thou art my God, and thou alone !
Help me, O Lord, in thee to trust,—
Help me—thou know'st I am but dust.
- 7 The earth is sad and full of gloom,
A place of darkness and the tomb ;
But, when I see my Saviour's face,
Then shall I find a resting-place.

ANON.

274.

AT PARTING.

- 1 BLESS'D be the dear uniting love
That will not let us part;
Our bodies may far off remove,
But we are join'd in heart.
- 2 Join'd in one spirit to our Head,
We wait his will to know,
That we in all his steps may tread,
And do his work below.
- 3 O may we ever walk in Him,
And nothing know beside,
Nothing desire, nor aught esteem,
But Jesus crucified !
- 4 To him still closer let us cleave,
And all his laws embrace,
Expect his fulness to receive,
And grace to answer grace.

CENNICK.

275.

CHRISTIAN JOY.

- 1 FAR from us be grief and sadness,
Farther still unhallow'd mirth,
Zion's sons may sing with gladness,

Theirs are joys of heav'nly birth;
 Jesus owns them,
 He is Lord of heav'n and earth.

2 All the worldling's mirth is madness,
 All his labour fruitless toil;
 'Tis the saints that taste of gladness,
 Tho' the world their choice revile;
 Sweet their portion !
 Life is in the Saviour's smile.

3 Worlds would seem as nothing to us,
 Balanc'd with a Saviour's love;
 Since the Lord in mercy drew us,
 Drew our souls to things above,
 Earthly objects
 Can no longer greatly move.

4 Once the world was all our treasure,
 Then the world our hearts possess;
 Now we taste sublimer pleasure,
 Since the Lord has made us blest;
 We can witness
 Jesus gives his people rest.

KELLY.

276.

PRAISE IN HEAVEN.

1 HARK ! hark ! the voice of ceaseless praise
 Around Jehovah's throne,

Songs of celestial joy they raise,
To mortal lips unknown.

- 2 Upon the sea of glass they stand,
In shining robes of light;
The harps of God are in their hand,
They rest not day or night.
- 3 Oh ! for an angel's perfect love,
A seraph's soaring wing,
To sing with thousand saints above,
The triumphs of our King.
- 4 On earth our feeble voice we try,
In weakness and in shame,
We bliss, we laud, we magnify,
We conquer in his name.
- 5 But oh ! with pure and sinless heart,
His mercies to adore,
My God, to know thee as thou art,
Nor grieve thy Spirit more—
- 6 Oh ! blessed hope ! a ' little while '
And we, amidst that throng,
Shall live in our Redeemer's smile,
And swell the angels' song.

ANON.

277. PRAYER FOR A NEW HEART.

- 1 O FOR a heart to praise my God,
A heart from guilt set free;
A heart that's sprinkled with the blood,
So freely shed for me !
- 2 A heart resigned, submissive, meek,
—My blessed Saviour'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 every thought renewed,
And full of love divine;
Perfect and right, and pure and good;—
A copy, Lord, of thine !
- 5 Thy nature, gracious Lord, impart,
Come quickly from above;
Write thy new name upon my heart,
Thy new, best name of Love !

WESLEY.

278. THE ONLY GROUND OF THE BELIEVER'S HOPE.

- 1 THOU art my hiding-place, O Lord !
In thee I put my trust;
Encouraged by thy holy word,
A feeble child of dust—
I have no argument beside,
I urge no other plea;
And 'tis enough my Saviour died,
My Saviour died for me !
- 2 When storms of fierce temptation beat,
And furious foes assail,
My refuge is the mercy-seat,
My hope within the veil :
From strife of tongues, and bitter words,
My spirit flies to thee;
Joy to my heart the thought affords,
My Saviour died for me !
- 3 'Mid trials, heavy to be borne,
When mortal strength is vain—
A heart with grief and anguish torn—
A body racked with pain—
Ah ! what could give the sufferer rest,
Bid every murmur flee ?
But this—the witness in my breast,
My Saviour died for me !

- 4 And when thine awful voice commands
 This body to decay,
 And life, in its last lingering sounds,
 Is ebbing fast away;
 Then, though it be in accents weak,
 And faint and tremblingly,
 O give me strength in death to speak
 My Saviour died for me !

RAFFLES.

279.

BROTHERLY LOVE.

- 1 No distance breaks the tie of blood;
 Brothers are brothers evermore;
 Nor wrong, nor wrath of deadliest mood,
 That magic may o'erpower.
 Oft ere the common source be known,
 The kindred drops will claim their own,
 And throbbing pulses silently
 Move heart toward heart by sympathy.
- 2 So is it with true Christian hearts,
 Their mutual share in Jesus' blood
 An everlasting bond imparts,
 Of holiest brotherhood.
 O might we all our lineage prove,—
 Give and forgive—do good and love;
 By soft endearments in kind strife
 Lightening the load of human life.

KEBLE.

280.

WALKING WITH GOD.

- 1 By faith in Christ I walk with God,
With heaven, my journey's end, in view;
Supported by his staff and rod,
My road is safe and pleasant too.
- 2 I travel through a desert wide,
Where many round me blindly stray;
But He vouchsafes to be my guide,
And will not let me miss my way.
- 3 Though snares and dangers throng my path,
And earth and hell my course withstand,
I triumph over all by faith,
Guarded by his almighty hand.
- 4 The wilderness affords no food,
But God for my support prepares;
Provides me every needful good,
And frees my soul from wants and cares.
- 5 With Him sweet converse I maintain,
Great as He is, I dare be free;
I tell Him all my grief and pain,
And He reveals his love to me.
- 6 Some cordial from his word He brings,
Whene'er my feeble spirit faints;

A B *

At once my soul revives and sings,
And yields no more to sad complaints.

7 I pity all that worldlings talk
Of pleasures that will quickly end :
Be this my choice, O Lord, to walk
With Thee my Guide, my Guard, my Friend.

NEWTON.

281.

STANZAS.

Ask not to see, for God does not permit,
The book of life in which his saints are writ;
Thy sum of knowledge and of duty lies
In that already opened to your eyes.
How many shall be saved, and who they are,
The Lord, all-wise and good, does not declare.
But though that roll be sealed and hidden yet,
Behold an index by the Saviour set;
The sacred page that blessed band proclaims;
There read their character, though not their
names.

Do any hear, believe, and keep his Word,
And bear their cross, and, walking with the Lord.
Continue in the faith that works by love ?
Lo, these are written in his book above.

JAMES GLASSFORD.

282. LAST WISH OF A YOUNG CHRISTIAN.

TELL me not of that narrow bed,
'Tis sad and drear to me !
Tell me not of the peaceful dead,
And their sleep from remembrance free ;
But tell me of their living rest,
Far—far from this earthly scene ;
And tell me, too, of Jesus' breast,
The place on which they lean.

Tell me not of the darksome tomb,
And the quick corrupting clay ;
The last sad moment's shadowing gloom ;
The soul's untrodden way !
But let me hear of those seats on high,
And the holy, happy throng ;
Of the palm, and crown, and victory,
And the archangel's song.

Oh ! tell me of those laurelled choirs
That are hymning before the throne ;
The harmonies of those golden lyres,
And symphonies here unknown !
And the Saviour's face, without a veil,
Amid his native skies ;—
This shall cheer the heart, when the cheek grows
pale,
With glory's sweet surprise.

J. W.

283. THERE WAS SILENCE IN HEAVEN.

- 1 CAN angel spirits need repose
 In the full sun-light of the sky ?
And can the vale of slumber close
 A cherub's bright and blazing eye ?
- 2 Have Seraphim a weary brow,
 A fainting heart, an aching breast !
No, far too high their pulses flow,
 To languish with inglorious rest.
- 3 Oh ? not the death-like calm of sleep
 Could hush the everlasting song ;
No fairy dream or slumber deep
 Entrance the rapt and holy throng.
- 4 Yet not the lightest tone was heard,
 From angel voice, or angel hand ;
And not one plumed pinion stirr'd
 Among the pure and blissful band.
- 5 For there was silence in the sky,
 A joy not angel tongues could tell,—
As from its mystic fount on high,
 The peace of God in stillness fell.
- 6 O what is silence here below ?
 The fruit of a conceal'd despair ;
The pause of pain, the dream of woe ;—
 It is the rest of rapture there.

- 7 And to the way-worn pilgrim here,
 More kindred seems that perfect peace,
 Than the full chaunts of joy to hear,
 Roll on, and never, never cease,
- 8 From earthly agonies set free,
 Tired with the path too slowly trod,
 May such a silence welcome me
 Into the palace of my God.

ANON.

284. LINES BY A CONVERTED INDIAN.

BELOVED Saviour, let not me
 In thy fond heart forgotten be ;
 Of all that deck the field or bower,
 Thou art the fairest, sweetest flower.
 Life's morn is past, old age comes on,
 Yet sin distracts this heart alone ;
 Beloved Saviour, let not me,
 In thy fond heart forgotten be.

285. LAMENTATION OVER THE FALL OF
 JERUSALEM.

O LAND of the godly, how lone and deserted !
 Thy tribes wander friendless, thy glory is gone !
 Thy Prophets are silent,—their glory departed,
 And hushed is the voice of the monarch of
 song.

Midst the towers of thy Salem, the lone wolf is
 howling,
O'er the wrecks of thy temple the wild Arab
 strays,
'Mong the tombs of thy fathers the tiger is
 prowling,
As a dream we remember the fame of thy
 days.

No longer the sounds of rejoicing and gladness
 No longer the voice of thy harp thrills the
 ear;
Thy mirth is departed,—thy joy changed to
 sadness,
Thy relic is ruin,—thy fate is despair !

BYRON.

286.

RESIGNATION.

1 LORD, it belongs not to my care,
 Whether I die or live;
To love and serve Thee is my share,
 And this thy grace must give.
If life be long, I will be glad,
 That I may long obey;
If short, yet why should I be sad
 To soar to endless day ?

- 2 Christ leads me through no darker rooms
 Than he went through before;
 He that into God's kingdom comes,
 Must enter by his door.
 Come, Lord, when grace has made me meet
 Thy blessed face to see;
 For if thy work on earth be sweet,
 What will thy glory be ?
- 3 Then shall I end my sad complaints,
 And weary sinful days;
 And join with the triumphant saints,
 That sing Jehovah's praise.
 My knowledge of that life is small,
 The eye of faith is dim;
 But 'tis enough that Christ knows all,
 And I shall be with Him.

R. BAXTER.

287. THE SETTING SUN AN EMBLEM OF A
 GLORIOUS FUTURITY.

YON sapphire clouds and those gleams divine—
 Oh ! they tell of a rest far brighter than mine :—
 A land of all that is hallow'd and dear;
 A land of love undashed with a tear;
 Of spring whose warblers no winter shall dread;
 Of flowers ne'er braided to die o'er the dead;
 ' Of glories unknown in a world such as this;
 Of transports untold in an Eden of bliss !'

S. M. WARING.

288.

LINES AT PARTING.

- 1 Yes, dearest friends, a short farewell,
 Until at home we meet !
Oft shall remembrance fondly dwell
On days and scenes that owned the spell
 Of your communion sweet;—
- 2 So sweet, at times, it seemed a faint,
 A transitory taste
Of converse treasured for the saint
In the bright world—which who shall paint ?
 The heaven to which we haste !
- 3 For oh ! of less than heavenly mould
 Our friendship ne'er shall be ;
Nor like the world's, by death controlled,
But fervent, pure ; and we, enrolled
 Friends for eternity !
- 4 So, when on earth we cease to dwell
 In pilgrim converse sweet ;
We'll need no other parting knell
Than—' Dearest friends, a short farewell,
 Till soon at *home* we meet !'

GRINFIELD.

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