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A

SELECTION OF HYMNS.

“Unto him that loved us, and washed us from our sins in his own blood, and hath made us kings and priests unto God and his Father; to him be glory and dominion for ever and ever. Amen.” Rev. i. 5, 6.

By Sir Edward Denny, Baronet.

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A
Profoliant
SELECTION OF HYMNS

FROM

THE BEST AUTHORS.

1st ed: 1839.

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*Mr E E Crocker purchased 500
copies of this Selection of G V Wignam*

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A SELECTION OF HYMNS.

1. P.M.

- 1 RISE, my soul, thy God directs thee ;
Stranger hands no more impede ;
Pass thou on ; His hand protects thee,
Strength that has the captive freed.
- 2 Is the wilderness before thee,
Desert lands where drought abides ?
Heavenly springs shall there restore thee,
Fresh from God's exhaustless tides.
- 3 Light divine surrounds thy going,
God himself shall mark thy way ;
Secret blessings richly flowing,
Lead to everlasting day.
- 4 God, thine everlasting portion,
Feeds thee with the mighty's meat,
Price of Egypt's hard extortion,
Egypt's food no more to eat.
- 5 Art thou wean'd from Egypt's pleasures ?
God in secret thee shall keep,
There unfold his hidden treasures,
There his love's exhaustless deep.
- 6 In the desert God will teach thee
What the God that thou hast found.
Patient, gracious, powerful, holy,
All his grace shall there abound.

- 7 On to Canaan's rest still wending,
 E'en thy wants and woes shall bring
 Suited grace from high descending;
 Thou shalt taste of mercy's spring.
- 8 Though thy way be long and dreary,
 Eagle strength He 'll still renew:
 Garments fresh, and feet unwearied
 Tell how God hath brought thee through.
- 9 When to Canaan's long-loved dwelling
 Love divine thy foot shall bring,
 There with shouts of triumph swelling
 Zion's songs in rest to sing;
- 10 There no stranger, God shall meet thee,
 Stranger thou in courts above,
 He who to his rest shall greet thee,
 Greets thee with a well-known love.

2. C. M.

- 1 THE Lord, our Shepherd and our Guide,
 Will all our wants supply;
 In safety we shall still abide
 Beneath his watchful eye.
- 2 Amid these green and pleasant meads
 He bids his sheep repose;
 When pain'd with thirst, he gently leads,
 Where living water flows.
- 3 If from his side we thoughtless stray,
 He calls the wand'rer home,
 And shows our erring feet the way
 Where dangers cannot come.

3. P. M.

- 1 JESUS, who vanquish'd all our foes,
 Who came to save, who lives to bless,

From thee our ev'ry comfort flows,
 Life, liberty, and joy, and peace :
 Resound, ye saints, the joyful strain,
 Let Him, the King of Glory, reign.

2 O thou art worthy, gracious Lord !
 Of universal endless praise,
 With ev'ry power to be adored,
 That men or angels e'er can raise.
 And heaven and earth shall blend their strains,
 Jesus, the King of Glory reigns.

3 But earth and heav'n can ne'er proclaim
 The boundless glories of their King,
 Yet do our hearts adore his name,
 The name whence all our blessings spring !
 Resound, resound the joyful strain,
 Let Him, the King of Glory, reign.

4 How mean the tribute that we pay,
 How cold the heart, how faint the tongue,
 But O ! a bright eternal day
 Will bring a more exalted song ;
 Resounding in immortal strains,
 Jesus, the King of Glory, reigns.

4. C.M.

1 WELL may we sing, with triumph sing,
 The great Redeemer's praise !
 The glories of the living God,
 Reveal'd in Jesu's face.

2 The Father's love it was that sought
 From hell to set us free ;
 That gave the Lamb, whose precious blood
 Has seal'd our liberty.

3 In Him we read the Father's love,
 And find eternal peace,

We meet our God in Jesus Christ,
And fear and terror cease.

- 4 Then gladly sing, and sound abroad
The great Redeemer's praise,
The glories of the living God,
The riches of His grace.

5. P. M.

- 1 WE bless thee, O thou great AMEN,
Jehovah's pledge to sinful men,
Confirming all his word !
No promises are doubtful then,
For all are Yea, and all Amen,
In Jesus Christ our Lord.
- 2 Secur'd in this, the Church on high,
And all below unceasing cry,
"Amen ! Amen ! Amen !"
To thee, O Lord, all praise be given,
The loud response of earth and heaven,
All hail, thou great AMEN !
- 3 Sweet ordinance of God to bless,
By Him, the Lord our righteousness,
By Him, I say, again.
This mighty HIM makes all things sure,
Through life, in death, and evermore,
In Him, the great AMEN.
- 4 O faithful witness of our God !
Who came by water and by blood,
Proving the Holy One ;
Thy record must for ever stand,
Of life eternal from God's hand,
To all in thee, his Son.

- 5 Gladly thy "verilys" we hear,
 For God's "Amen" dispels all fear,
 Thy faithfulness it proves;
 And while such grace from God is shown,
 To God's "Amen," we add our own,
 Our "SO BE IT," God loves.
- 6 Ye saints of God, in age or youth,
 Who live by him, the God of truth,
 By him, I say, again,
 Make Him whom God has made to you
 Your Alpha and Omega too,
 God's Christ is your AMEN.
- 7 Nor less above, the heavenly host,
 To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
 Give praise through him, with men;
 For of him, through him, by him sure,
 The Church shall glory evermore,
 In Him, the great AMEN.
- 8 Secured in this, the Church on high,
 And all below, unceasing cry,
 "Amen! Amen! Amen!"
 To Thee, O Lord, all praise be given,
 The loud response of earth and heaven,
 All hail, thou great AMEN.

6. P. M.

- 1 JESUS, lead us, by thy power
 Safe into the promised rest;
 Hide our souls within thine arms,
 Let us lean upon thy breast.
 Be our guide in ev'ry peril,
 Watch and guard us night and day,
 Else our foolish hearts will wander
 From thy Spirit far away.

- 2 Nothing can preserve our going,
 But salvation full and free,
 Nothing can our souls dishearten,
 But our absence, Lord, from thee.
 Nothing can delay our progress,
 Nothing can disturb our rest,
 If we can, whate'er the danger,
 Lean, O Saviour, on thy breast.
- 3 In thy presence we are happy,
 In thy presence we 're secure,
 In thy presence all afflictions
 We can easily endure :
 In thy presence we can conquer,
 We can suffer, we can die ;
 Far from thee we faint and languish :
 O, our Saviour, keep us nigh.

7. L. M.

- 1 SEE mercy, mercy from on high,
 Descends to rebels doom'd to die ;
 'Tis mercy free, which knows no bound,
 How sweet, how blessed is the sound !
- 2 Soon as the reign of sin began,
 The light of mercy dawn'd on man,
 When God announced the early news,
 " The woman's seed thy head shall bruise."
- 3 Brightly it beam'd on men forlorn,
 When Christ, the holy child, was born,
 And brighter still its glory shone,
 When Jesus, dying, cried, "'TIS DONE !"
- 4 It triumph'd when from death he rose,
 And broke the power of all his foes ;
 And since he took his seat on high,
 Now mercy reigns eternally.

- 5 Till we shall join the happy throng,
 This mercy shall be still our song ;
 And every scheme shall God confound
 Of all who strive its course to bound.

8. L. M.

- 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 strait and thorny road,
 And mortal spirits tire and faint ;
 But they forget the mighty God
 That feeds the strength of every saint.
- 3 From Thee, the everflowing spring,
 Our souls shall drink a fresh supply,
 While such as trust their native strength,
 Shall fade away, and droop, and die.
- 4 Swift as the eagle cuts the air,
 We 'll mount aloft to thine abode,
 On wings of love our souls shall fly,
 Nor tire amid the heav'nly road.

9. S. M.

- 1 OUR times are in thy hand,
 O God, we wish them there ;
 Our life, our friends, our souls we leave
 Entirely in thy care.
- 2 Our times are in thy hand,
 Whatever they may be,
 Pleasing or painful, dark or bright,
 As best may seem to thee.
- 3 Our times are in thy hand,
 Why should we doubt or fear ?

- A Father's hand will never cause
His child a needless tear,
4 Our times are in thy hand,
Jesus the crucified ;
The hand our many sins have pierc'd,
Is now our guard and guide.
5 Our times are in thy hand,
Jesus our advocate,
Nor can that hand be stretched in vain,
For us to supplicate.
6 Our times are in thy hand,
We 'll always trust in thee,
Till we have left this weary land,
And all thy glory see.

10. C. M.

- 1 WHEN Israel, by divine command,
The pathless desert trod,
They found, though 'twas a barren land,
A sure resource in God.
2 A cloudy pillar marked the road,
And screen'd them from the heat ;
From the hard rocks the water flow'd,
And manna was their meat.
3 Like them, we have a rest in view,
Secure from adverse powers ;
Like them, we pass a desert too ;
But Israel's God is our's.
4 His word a light before us sheds,
By which our path we see ;
His love a banner o'er us spreads,
From harm preserves us free.
5 Jesus, the bread of life is given,
To be our daily food ;

We drink a wondrous stream from heaven,
The water and the blood.

- 6 Lord 'tis enough, I ask no more,
These blessings are divine ;
I envy not the worldling's store,
If Christ and heaven be mine.

11. C. M.

- 1 A PILGRIM through this lonely world,
The blessed Saviour pass'd ;
A mourner all his life was he,
A dying Lamb at last.
- 2 That tender heart that felt for all,
For all its life-blood gave ;
It found on earth no resting-place,
Save only in the grave.
- 3 Such was our Lord—and shall we fear
The cross with all its scorn,
Or love a faithless evil world,
That wreath'd *his* brow with thorn ?
- 4 No, facing all its frowns or smiles,
Like him, obedient still,
We homeward press, through storm or calm,
To Zion's blessed hill.
- 5 In tents we dwell amid the waste,
Nor turn aside to roam
In folly's paths, nor seek our rest,
Where *Jesus* had no home.
- 6 Dead to the world with him who died,
To win our hearts, our love ;
We, risen with our risen Head,
In spirit dwell above.
- 7 By faith his boundless glories there,
Our wond'ring eyes behold,

12-13

Those glories which eternal years
Shall never all unfold.

- 8 This fills our hearts with deep desire
To lose ourselves in love ;
Bears all our hopes from earth away,
And fixes them above.

12. C. M.

- 1 JESUS ! O word divinely sweet !
How charming is the sound !
What joyful news, what heavenly power,
In that dear name are found !
- 2 Our souls, all guilty and condemn'd,
In hopeless fetters lay ;
Our souls with num'rous sins deprav'd,
To death and hell a prey.
- 3 Jesus, to purge away this guilt,
A willing victim fell ;
And on the cross triumphant broke
The bands of death and hell.

13. S. M.

- 1 WE'RE bound for yonder land,
Where Jesus reigns supreme ;
We leave the shore at his command,
Forsaking all for him.
- 2 'Twere easy, did we choose,
Again to reach the shore ;
But this is what our souls refuse,
We'll never touch it more.
- 3 The perils of the sea,
The rocks, the waves, the wind,
Are small, whatever they may be,
To those we leave behind.

- 4 Nor have we cause to fear :
The God who rules the sea,
In every danger will be near,
And our protector be.
- 5 The Lord himself will keep,
His people safe from harm ;
Will hold the helm, and guide the ship,
With his Almighty arm.
- 6 Then let the tempests roar,
The billows heave and swell ;
We trust to reach the peaceful shore,
Where all the ransom'd dwell.
- 7 And when we reach the land,
How happy we shall be !
How shall we bless the mighty hand
That led us through the sea !

14. C. M.

- 1 AND must we part with all we have,
Jesus, our Lord, for thee ?
This be our joy, for thou hast done
Much more to set us free. -
- 2 Yes, all may go : one smile from thee
Will more than make amends
For all the loss we may sustain,
Of credit, riches, friends.
- 3 Ten thousand worlds, ten thousand lives,
And all we once called dear ;
Compared with thee, our Lord, our God,
How worthless they appear !
- 4 O Jesus, Lord, while we from thee
Thy constant love obtain,
Though destitute of all things else,
We'll glory in our gain.

15. C. M.

- 1 AWAKE our souls ! awake our tongues !
The subject is divine ;
A Saviour's love demands our songs,
Let all his people join.
- 2 This Saviour is the mighty God
Who fills the throne above ;
Reveal'd in flesh he shed his blood,
And thus declar'd his love.
- 3 And though this love be faintly seen,
What's seen demands our praise ;
Without this view we still had been,
Engaged in folly's ways.
- 4 Jesus, thy love exceeds our thought,
But this at least we see ;
The soul that feels its power is taught
To part with all for thee.

16. S. M.

- 1 FROM Egypt lately freed,
By our Redeemer's grace ;
A rough and thorny path we tread,
To see his glorious face.
- 2 The promis'd land of peace
We keep in constant view ;
How different from the wilderness,
We now are passing through !
- 3 Here often from our eyes,
Clouds hide the light divine :
There we shall have unclouded skies ;
Our sun will always shine.
- 4 Here griefs, and cares, and pains
And fears, distress us sore ;

But there eternal pleasure reigns,
And we shall weep no more.

17. S. M.

- 1 **AWAKE**, and sing the song
 Of Moses and the Lamb ;
Wake every heart and every tongue,
 To praise the Saviour's name.
- 2 Sing of his dying love,
 Sing of his rising power,
Sing how he intercedes above,
 For those whose sins he bore.
- 3 Sing on your heavenly way,
 Ye sons of glory, sing ;
Sing on, rejoicing every day
 In Christ th' eternal King.
- 4 Soon shall we hear him say,
 " Ye blessed children, come !"
Soon will he call us hence away,
 And take us to his home.
- 5 There shall each raptured tongue
 His endless praise proclaim ;
And sweeter voices tune the song
 Of Moses and the Lamb.

18. C. M.

- 1 **I REST** in Christ the Son of God,
 Who took the servant's form ;
By faith I flee to Jesu's cross,
 My cover from the storm.
- 2 At peace with God, no ills I dread,
 The cup of blessing mine ;
The Lord is risen ! his precious blood
 Is new and living wine.

- 3 Jesus put all my sins away,
 When bruis'd to make me whole ;
 Who shall accuse, or who condemn
 My blameless ransom'd soul ?
- 4 O thou destroyer, see the blood
 That makes the guilty clean ;
 No prey of thine, the soul on which
 This token once is seen.

19. S. M.

- 1 THE person of the Lamb,
 Enfolding ev'ry grace,
 Once slain, but now alive again,
 In heav'n demands our praise.
- 2 Gladly of Him we sing,
 Since we with him are dead ;
 Our life is hid with Christ in God,
 In Christ the Church's head.
3. A heav'nly calling this !
 It sounds thro' earth abroad ;
 For we, by faith, in heav'n behold
 The kingly priest of God.

20. L. M.

- 1 WE sing the praise of Him who died,
 Of him who died upon the cross ;
 The sinner's trust, which men deride,
 For which we count the world but loss.
- 2 Inscribed upon the cross we see,
 In radiant letters, " GOD IS LOVE ;"
 He bears our sins upon the tree,
 And brings us mercy from above.
- 3 The cross ! it takes our guilt away,
 It lifts the fainting spirits up ;

- It cheers with light the gloomy day,
And sweetens every bitter cup.
- 4 It makes the feeble spirit brave,
And nerves it for the constant fight ;
It takes its terror from the grave,
And gilds the vale of death with light.
- 5 The balm of life, the cure of woe,
The measure and the proof of love ;
The sinner's refuge here below,
The endless theme of joy above.

21. L. M.

- 1 O GRACE divine ! the Saviour shed
His life-blood on the cursed tree ;
Bow'd on the cross his blessed head,
And died, to make his brethren free.
- 2 Through suffering there beneath his feet,
He trod the fierce avenger down :
There power itself and weakness meet,
Emblem of each, yon thorny crown.
- 3 Fruit of the curse, the tangled thorn,
Shew'd that he bore its deadly sting ;
The crown, 'mid Israel's cruel scorn,
Mark'd him as earth's anointed King.
- 4 O blessed hour ! when all the earth,
Its rightful heir shall yet receive ;
When every tongue shall own his worth,
And all creation cease to grieve.
- 5 Thou, dearest Saviour ! thou alone
Can'st give thy weary people rest ;
And, Lord, till thou art on the throne,
This groaning earth can ne'er be blest.

22. P. M.

- 1 O LOVE divine ! what hast thou done ?
 The Son of God his blood has shed ;
 The Father's co-eternal Son,
 Had all our sins upon him laid
 The Son of God for us hath died,
 Our Lord, our life, was crucified ;
- 2 Was crucified for us in shame,
 To bring us rebels back to God :
 So we may glory in his name,
 For we are cleansed by his blood ;
 Pardon and life flow'd from his side,
 When He, the Lord, was crucified.
- 3 Then let us glory in the cross,
 And make it here our constant theme
 All things for Christ account but dross,
 And give up all our hearts to him.
 Of nothing speak, or think beside,
 The Lord, who here was crucified.

23. L. M.

- 1 O WHAT blessings flow from grace,
 Treasur'd up in Christ our Head !
 We through faith behold his face,
 Standing in our room and stead.
- 2 Christ our ransom doth appear,
 In our Father's house above ;
 And his righteousness we wear,
 Lov'd with everlasting love.

24. P. M.

- 1 'TWAS thy love, O God, that knew us,
 Earth's foundation long before ;
 That same love to Jesus drew us,
 By its sweet constraining power ;

And will keep us,
Safely now and evermore.

- 2 God of love, our souls adore thee !
We would still thy grace proclaim,
Till we cast our crowns before thee,
And in glory praise thy name.
Hallelujah !
Be to God and to the Lamb.

25. C. M.

- 1 FOR mercies countless as the sands,
Which daily I receive,
From Jesus my Redeemer's hands,
My soul, what canst thou give ?
2 Alas ! from such a heart as mine,
What can I bring him forth ?
My best is stain'd and dyed with sin,
My all is nothing worth.
3 The best return from one like me,
So wretched and so poor ;
Is from his gifts to draw a plea,
And ask him still for more.
4 I cannot serve him as I ought,
No works have I to boast ;
Yet would I glory in the thought,
That I shall owe him most.

26. C. M.

- 1 AWAKE, ye saints, and raise your eyes,
And lift your voices high ;
Extol the sov'reign love that shews
Our full redemption nigh.
2 Fast on the wings of time it flies ;
Its coming nought can stay :

It speeds with each revolving year,
With each declining day.

3 Not many years their rounds shall run,
Nor many mornings rise ;
Ere all its glories stand reveal'd,
To our admiring eyes.

4 Then let the wheels of nature roll
Yet onward to decay ;
We long to hail THE RISING SUN,
That brings the eternal day.

27. 7s.

1 WHEN along life's thorny road,
Faints the soul beneath the load,
By its cares and sins opprest,
Finds on earth no peace or rest :
When the wily tempter's near,
Filling us with doubts and fear ;
Jesus, to thy feet we flee,
Jesus, we will look to thee.

2 Thou, our Saviour, from the throne,
List'nest to thy people's moan :
Thou, the living Head, dost share,
Ev'ry pang thy members bear :
Full of tenderness thou art,
Thou wilt heal the broken heart ;
Full of power, thine arm shall quell
All the rage and might of hell.

3 Thou, O Jesus, thou hast borne
Satan's rage, the worldling's scorn :
Thou hast known the bitter hour
Of the wily tempter's power :
Lo, thy bloody sweat we see,
In the dark Gethsemaue.

Hark ! that piercing awful cry,
From the mount of Calvary.

- 4 By that *love* which brought thee down
From thy high eternal throne,
Veiled the Lord of earth and skies,
In an infant's lowly guise :
By that *love* that healed the maim,
Cured the sick, restored the lame,
Bade the darken'd eye to see,
Jesus, we will look to thee.
- 5 By thy tears o'er Lazarus shed,
By thy power to raise the dead,
By thy meekness under scorn,
By thy stripes and crown of thorn,
By that rich and precious blood,
That hath made our peace with God ;
Jesus—to thy feet we flee,
Jesus—we will cling to thee.
- 6 Mighty to redeem and save,
Thou hast overcome the grave,
Thou, the bars of death hast riven,
Open'd wide the gates of heaven ;
Soon in glory thou shalt come,
Taking thy poor pilgrims home,
Jesus, then we all shall be,
Ever—ever —Lord, with thee.

28. C. M.

- 1 LET worldly minds the world pursue,
What are its charms to me !
Once I admired its trifles too,
But grace has set me free.
- 2 Its pleasures now no longer please,
No more content afford,

29-30

Far from my heart be joys like these,
Now I have seen the Lord.

- 3 As by the light of opening day,
The stars are all conceal'd,
So earthly pleasures fade away,
When Jesus is reveal'd.
- 4 Creatures, no more divide my choice,
I bid you all depart,
His name, and love, and gracious voice,
Have fixed my roving heart.

29. L. M.

- 1 LET sinners saved give thanks and sing
Of mercies past, of joys to come :
The Lord their Saviour is, and King,
The cross their hope, and heaven their home.
- 2 Let sinners saved give thanks and sing,
Salvation's theirs, and of the Lord :
They draw from heaven's eternal spring,
The living God their great reward.
- 3 Let sinners saved give thanks and sing,
Sweet is the subject of their song,
Who, made the children of a King,
Expect to sing in heaven ere long.
- 4 Let sinners saved give thanks and sing,
Of Jesus sing, through all their days ;
In heaven their golden harps they'll string,
And there for ever sing his praise.

30. S. M.

- 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 pent,
 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 transpiercing eye
 Thy golden gates appear !
- 4 My thirsty spirit faints,
 To reach the land I love,
 The bright inheritance of saints,
 Jerusalem above.
- 5 Yet clouds will intervene,
 And all my prospect flies ;
 Like Noah's dove, I flit between
 Rough seas and stormy skies.
- 6 Anon the clouds depart,
 The winds and waters cease,
 While sweetly o'er my gladden'd heart
 Expands the bow of peace.

31. P. M.

- 1 O THOU who didst thy glory leave,
 Apostate sinners to retrieve
 From nature's deadly fall,
 As thou hast bought us with a price,
 Our sins against us ne'er can rise,
 For thou hast borne them all.
- 2 See Him for our transgressions given,
 See the incarnate God of heaven
 For us, his foes, expire :
 Rejoice ! rejoice ! the tidings hear,
 He bore that we might never bear
 Jehovah's righteous ire.

- 3 Ye saints, "the Man of Sorrows" bless,
The Lord, for your unrighteousness
Deputed to atone :
Praise, till with all the ransom'd throng,
Ye sing your never-ending song,
And sit upon his throne.

32. C. M.

- 1 WHAT grace, O Lord, and beauty shone
Around thy steps below,
What patient love was seen in all
Thy life and death of woe.
- 2 For ever on thy burden'd heart
A weight of sorrow hung,
Yet no ungentle murm'ring word
Escaped thy silent tongue.
- 3 Thy foes might hate, despise, revile,
Thy friends unfaithful prove,
Unwearied in forgiveness still,
Thy heart could only love.
- 4 O give us hearts to love like thee,
Like thee, O Lord, to grieve
Far more for other's sins, than all
The wrongs that we receive.
- 5 One with thyself, may every eye
In us, thy brethren, see
That gentleness and grace that springs
From union, Lord, with thee.

33. P. M.

- 1 NOTHING but thy blood, O Jesus,
Could relieve the sinner's smart,
Nothing else from guilt release us,
Nothing else could melt the heart.

- 2 Sense of sin doth only harden,
 All the while it works alone ;
 But the grace that seals our pardon,
 Soon dissolves a heart of stone.

34. L. M.

- 1 O HAPPY day ! when first we felt
 Our souls with true contrition melt,
 And all our sins of crimson guilt
 Were cleansed by blood on Calv'ry spilt.
- 2 O happy day ! when Jesus' love,
 Began our grateful hearts to move ;
 And gazing on the wond'rous cross,
 We saw all else as worthless dross.
- 3 O happy day ! when we no more
 Shall grieve him whom our souls adore ;
 When sorrows, conflicts, fears, shall cease,
 And all our trials end in peace.
- 4 O happy day ! when we shall see,
 And cast our longing eyes on thee ;
 On thee our light, our life, our love,
 Our *all* below, our heaven above.
- 5 O happy day of cloudless light !
 Eternal day without a night !
 Lord, when shall we its dawning see,
 And spend it all in praising thee ?
- 6 Come, Saviour, come ! O quickly come,
 Take us, thy waiting people, home ;
 We long to stand around thy throne,
 To love and serve thee, Lord, alone.

35. L. M.

- 1 AWAKE, my soul, in joyful lays,
 And sing thy great Redeemer's praise ;

- He justly claims a song from thee,
His loving-kindness, O how free !
- 2 He saw me ruin'd in the fall,
Yet loved me notwithstanding all.
He saved me from my lost estate,
His loving-kindness, O how great !
- 3 Though num'rous hosts of mighty foes,
Though earth and hell its way oppose,
He safely leads his Church along ;
His loving-kindness, O how strong !
- 4 When trouble, like a gloomy cloud,
Has gather'd thick, and thunder'd loud,
He with his Church has ever stood ;
His loving-kindness, O how good !
- 5 Soon shall we mount, and soar away
To the bright world of endless day,
And sing, with rapture and surprise,
His loving-kindness in the skies.

36. L. M.

- 1 YE saints, whose tears now often flow,
And will, while ye are here below ;
Rejoice that in a few short years
Your God shall wipe away your tears.
- 2 Your conflicts then will end in peace,
And every cause of sorrow cease ;
The purest joys will fill your hearts,
Such joys as God himself imparts.
- 3 " An evil heart of unbelief"
Will then no more occasion grief ;
And base desires of flesh and mind
For ever will be left behind.
- 4 'Tis thus the Lord has fix'd a day
To wipe his people's tears away ;

Their toils, and griefs, and conflicts, past,
He'll bring them to himself at last.

- 5 O happy state, where purest joy
For ever reigns without alloy !
O happy saints, ordain'd to prove
The fulness of this joy above !

37. C. M.

- 1 WITH joy we contemplate the grace
Of our High Priest above ;
His heart is made of tenderness,
His bowels melt with love.
- 2 Touch'd with a sympathy within,
He knows our feeble frame ;
He knows what sore temptations mean
For he has felt the same.
- 3 He, in his days of feeble flesh,
Pour'd out his cries and tears,
And still vouchsafes to feel afresh
What every member bears.
- 4 Then let our humble faith address
His mercy and his power ;
We shall obtain deliv'ring grace
In every trying hour.

38. C. M.

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

- 3 Jesus is worthy to receive
Honour and power divine ;
And blessings more than we can give
Be, Lord, for ever thine.
- 4 Let all that dwell above the sky,
And air, and earth and seas,
Conspire to lift thy glories high,
And speak thine endless praise.
- 5 The whole creation join in one,
To bless the sacred name
Of him that sits upon the throne,
And to adore the Lamb.

39. C. M.

- 1 THE Spirit breathes upon the word,
And brings the truth to sight ;
Precepts and promises afford
A sanctifying light.
- 2 A glory gilds the sacred page,
Majestic, like the sun ;
It gives a light to every age—
It gives, but borrows none.
- 3 The hand that gave thee still supplies,
The gracious light and heat ;
His truths upon the nations rise—
They rise, but never set.
- 4 Let everlasting thanks be thine,
For such a bright display,
As makes a world of darkness shine
With beams of heavenly day.
- 5 My soul rejoices to pursue
The steps of him I love,
Till glory breaks upon my view
In brighter worlds above.

40. P. M.

- 1 WE'RE not of the world that fadeth away,
We're not of the night, but children of day ;
The chains that once bound us, by Jesus are riven,
We're strangers on earth, and our home is in
heaven.
- 2 Our path is most rugged, and dangerous too,
A wide trackless waste our journey lies through ;
But the pillar of cloud that shews us our way,
Is our sure light by night, and shades us by day.
- 3 Our Shepherd is still our guardian and guide,
Before us he goes to keep and provide ;
We drink of the streams from the rock that was
riven,
Our bread is the manna that came down from
heaven.
- 4 'Mid mightiest foes, most feeble are we,
Yet, tremb'ling in every conflict they flee ;
The Lord is our banner, the battle is his,
The weakest of saints more than conqueror is.
- 5 O soon shall we enter our own promis'd land,
Before his bright throne in glory shall stand !
Our song then for ever and ever shall be,
"All glory and blessing, Lord Jesus, to thee."

41. P. M.

- 1 JOIN all the glorious names
Of wisdom, love, and power,
That mortals ever knew,
That angels ever bore :
All are too mean to speak his worth,
Too mean to set my Saviour forth.
- 2 Great prophet of my God !
My tongue would bless thy name,

By thee the joyful news
 Of our salvation came :
 The joyful news of sins forgiven,
 Of hell subdued, and peace with heaven.

- 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 away,
 Nor rove, nor seek the crooked way.

SECOND PART.

- 1 I LOVE my Shepherd's voice,
 His watchful eyes shall keep
 My wand'ring soul among
 The thousands of his sheep.
 He feeds his flock, he calls their names ;
 His bosom bears the tender lambs.
- 2 Jesus, my great High Priest,
 Offer'd his blood and died,
 My guilty conscience seeks
 No sacrifice beside :
 His precious blood did once atone,
 And now it pleads before the throne.
- 3 My Advocate appears
 For my defence on high,
 Jehovah bows his ears,
 And lays his thunder by :
 Not all that hell or sin can say,
 Shall turn his heart, his love away.
- 4 Now let my soul arise,
 And tread the tempter down,
 My Captain leads me forth
 To conquest and a crown ;

42—43

A feeble saint shall win the day,
Though death and hell obstruct the way.

42. P. M.

- 1 A DEBTOR to mercy alone,
Of covenant mercy I sing,
Nor fear, with thy righteousness on,
My person, and off'rings to bring :
The wrath of a sin-hating God
With me can have nothing to do,
My Saviour's obedience and blood
Hide all my transgressions from view.
- 2 The work which his goodness began,
The arm of his strength will complete
His promise is Yea and Amen,
And never was forfeited yet .
Things future, nor things that are now,
Nor all things below nor above,
Can make him his purpose forego,
Or sever my soul from his love.
- 3 My name from the palms of his hands,
Eternity will not erase,
Impress'd on his heart it remains,
In marks of indelible grace :
Yes, I to the end shall endure,
As sure as the earnest is given ;
More happy, but not more secure,
The souls of the blessed in heaven.

43. C. M.

- 1 ARE we the soldiers of the cross,
The followers of the Lamb,
And shall we fear to own his cause,
Or blush to speak his name ?

- 2 Now we must fight, if we would reign ;
Increase our courage, Lord !
We 'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
Supported by thy word.
- 3 Thy saints, in all this glorious war,
Shall conquer though they 're slain ;
They see the triumph from afar,
And shall with Jesus reign.
- 4 When that unclouded day shall rise,
And all thine armies shine,
One blissful song shall rend the skies,
The glory, Lord, be thine !

44. 7s.

- 1 LET me dwell on Golgotha,
Weep and love my life away !
While I see him on the tree,
Weep, and bleed, and die for me.
- 2 That dear blood for sinners spilt,
Shows my sin in all its guilt.
Ah ! my soul, he bore thy load,
Thou hast slain the Lamb of God.
- 3 Hark, his dying word, " Forgive !
Father, let the sinner live.
Sinner, wipe thy tears away,
I thy ransom freely pay."
- 4 While I hear thy grace reveal'd,
And obtain a pardon seal'd,
All my soft affections move,
Waken'd by the force of love.
- 5 Farewell, world, thy gold is dross,
Now I see the Saviour's cross :
Jesus died to set me free,
From the curse, from sin and thee.

- 6 He has dearly bought my soul ;
 Lord, accept and claim the whole :
 To thy will I all resign,
 Now, no more my own, but thine.

45. C. M.

- 1 JESUS, the Son of God, who once
 For us his life resigned,
 Now lives in heaven, our great High Priest
 And never-dying friend.
- 2 Through life or death let us to him
 With constancy adhere :
 Faith shall supply new strength—and hope
 Shall banish ev'ry fear.
- 3 To human weakness ever kind,
 Is our High Priest above ;
 His heart o'erflows with tenderness,
 And un-upbraiding love.
- 4 With sympathetic feelings touch'd,
 He knows our feeble frame ;
 He knows what sore temptations mean,
 For he has felt the same.
- 5 But though he felt temptation's power,
 Unconquer'd he remain'd,
 Nor, midst the frailty of our frame,
 By sin was ever stain'd.
- 6 As in the days of feeble flesh,
 He pour'd forth cries and tears ;
 So, though exalted, still he feels
 What ev'ry Christian bears.
- 7 Then let us with a filial heart,
 Come boldly to the throne
 Of grace and love, to tell our griefs,
 And all our wants make known.

46. S. M.

"There remaineth, therefore, a rest for the people
of God " (Heb. iv. 9).

- 1 THE people of the Lord
Are on their way to heaven;
They there obtain their great reward;
The prize will there be given.
- 2 'Tis conflict here below;
'Tis triumph there and peace:
On earth we wrestle with the foe;
In heaven our conflicts cease.
- 3 'Tis gloom and darkness here;
'Tis light and joy above:
There all is pure, there all is clear,
There all is peace and love.
- 4 'Tis snares and dangers here,
But when we reach our home,
Then danger is no more, nor fear;
Our joys will then be come.
- 5 There rest shall follow toil,
And ease succeed to care;
The victors there divide the spoil,
They live in triumph there.
- 6 Then let us joyful sing;
The conflict is not long:
We hope in heaven to praise our King
In one eternal song.

47. S. M.

- 1 THE God of Abraham praise,
Who reigns supreme above,
Ancient of everlasting days,
The sovereign God of love.

- 2 Jehovah, great I AM,—
The Lord our righteousness,
We hail the blest triumphant name,
Our hope of endless bliss.
- 3 To thee our songs we raise,
And seek Emanuel's land ;
From earth we rise, and mount to joys
That flow at thy right hand.
- 4 Thou'st call'd a worm thy friend,
And call'd thyself my God ;
Jehovah, save me to the end,
For I am bought with blood.
- 5 Thou by thyself hast sworn,
I on thy oath depend ;
I shall, on seraph's wings upborne,
To thy bright throne ascend.
- 6 There, I'll behold thy face,
There, thy vast love adore,
And sing the wonders of thy grace,
That sea without a shore !

48. C. M.

- 1 THROUGH all the changing scenes of life,
In trouble and in joy,
The praises of my God shall still
My heart and tongue employ.
- 2 O magnify the Lord with me,
With me exalt his name !
When in distress to him I call'd,
He to my rescue came.
- 3 O make but trial of his love,
Experience will decide !
How blest are they, and only they,
Who in his truth confide !

- 4 Fear him, ye saints : and you will then
Have nothing else to fear ;
Make you his service your delight,
Your wants shall be his care.

49. C. M.

- 1 THAT we are seen, O Lord, by thee,
Is now our happy lot,
Presented faultless to thine eye,
And all our sins forgot.
- 2 Each passing hour thou art our light,
To guide us in thy ways ;
And in affliction's midnight gloom,
Thy love its care displays.
- 3 Full in thy view through life we pass,
And all its storms defy ;
And if death's vale we're called to pass,
Thou wilt, O Lord, be nigh.
- 4 Leaving our little earthly all,
Our souls with joy shall go,
And in a happier heritage,
Our Father's presence know.

50. L. M.

- 1 HOSANNA to the living Lord !
Hosanna to the incarnate Word !
To Christ, Creator, Saviour, King,
Let earth, let heaven hosanna sing !
- 2 Hosanna ! Lord, thine angels cry,
Hosanna ! Lord, thy saints reply :
Above, beneath us, and around,
We would that all should swell the sound.
- 3 Assembled in thy blessed name,
Here we thy parting promise claim

O Saviour, with protecting care,
Present to God our praise and prayer.

51. P. M.

- 1 THERE is a place of endless joy,
Prepared for saints above,
Of peace and bliss without alloy,
A heaven of perfect love.
It was for this that Jesus died,
That we with him might there abide ;
It was for this he suffer'd pain,
That all his saints with him might reign.
- 2 How bright, how holy is the place,
Unfading, undefiled,
Where God unveils his smiling face
On every blood-bought child !
They round the throne triumphant stand,
A golden harp in every hand,
To which they sing the ceaseless strain,
" Worthy the Lamb for sinners slain."
- 3 O wondrous grace ! O love divine,
To give us such a home !
Let us the present things resign,
And seek this rest to come—
And gazing on our Saviour's cross,
Esteem all else but dung and loss ;
Press forward till the race be run,
Fight till the crown of life be won.

52. L. M.

- 1 WE bless thee, Lord, that we have met
Once more before thy mercy-seat,
Thy ransom'd family, to raise
In Jesus' name our song of praise.

- 2 And now thy blessing we implore,
To guard and keep us evermore ;
Into thine hand our souls commend,
To guide, and strengthen, and defend.
- 3 Through all the dangers of the night,
Through the temptations of the light,
Through every snare, from every ill,
Thou, Lord, shalt be our Saviour still
- 4 Once more, for all thy love hath done,
Thy mercies past, or yet unknown,
For all thy goodness, gracious Lord,
For ever be thy name adored !

53. P. M.

- 1 FORWARD let the people go,
Israel's God will have it so :
Though the path be through the sea,
Israel, what is that to thee ?
He who bids thee pass the waters,
Will be with his sons and daughters.
- Deep and wide the sea appears ;
Israel wonders, Israel fears—
Yet the word is " FORWARD " still :
Hearken ! 'tis thy Saviour's will ;
Though his way you can't discover—
Not one plank to float thee over.
- 3 Stand thou still this day, and see
Wonders wrought, and wrought for thee,
Safe thyself on yonder shore
Thou shalt see the foe no more.
Thine to see the Saviour's glory,
Thine to tell the wond'rous story.

54. P. M.

- 1 O THOU who hast redeem'd of old,
And made me of thy grace take hold
And be at peace with thee,
Help me these blessings now to own,
And tell aloud what thou hast done,
O holy Lamb, for me.
- 2 O thou incarnate Deity,
Who hast thy love vouchsafed to me,
Thy love 's the plea I make:
Give me this power, 'tis all I claim,
With heart and life to serve thy name;
Give, for thy mercy's sake.
- 3 Love, only love, thy heart inclin'd,
And brought thee, Saviour of mankind,
Down from thy throne above;
Love made thee here a man of grief,
Distress'd thee sore for my relief:
O mystery of love!
- 4 Then since thou, Lord, didst die for me,
Cause me, my Saviour, to love thee,
And gladly to resign
Whate'er I have, whate'er I am:
My life be all with thine the same,
And all thy shame be mine.

55. P. M.

- 1 THOUGH troubles assail,
And dangers affright,
Though friends should all fail,
And foes all unite:
Yet one thing secures us,
Whatever betide,

The Scripture assures us,
 "The Lord will provide."

2 The birds without barn
 Or storehouse are fed ;
 From them let us learn
 To trust for our bread.
 His Saints what is fitting
 Shall ne'er be denied,
 So long as 'tis written
 "The Lord will provide."

3 We may, like the ships,
 By tempests be tost
 On perilous deeps,
 But cannot be lost :
 Though Satan enrages
 The wind and the tide,
 The promise engages
 "The Lord will provide."

4 His call we obey,
 Like Abra'm of old,
 Not knowing our way,
 But faith makes us bold :
 For, though we are strangers,
 We have a good guide,
 And trust in all dangers
 "The Lord will provide."

5 When Satan appears
 To stop up our path,
 And fill us with fears,
 We triumph by faith.
 He cannot take from us,
 Though oft he has tried,
 The heart-cheering promise,
 "The Lord will provide."

6 He tells us we're weak,
 Our hope is in vain,
 The good that we seek
 We ne'er shall obtain :
 But when such suggestions
 Our spirits have plied,
 This answers all questions—
 "The Lord will provide."

7 No strength of our own
 Or goodness we claim ;
 Yet since we have known
 The Saviour's great name :
 In this our strong tower
 For safety we hide—
 The Lord is our power,
 "The Lord will provide."

56. C. M.

- 1 THOU, great Redeemer, bleeding Lamb !
 We love to hear of thee,
 No music's like thy charming name,
 Nor half so sweet can be.
- 2 O let us ever hear thy voice
 To us in mercy speak :
 And in our priest will we rejoice,
 The great Melchizedec !
- 3 Our Jesus shall be still our theme,
 While in this world we stay :
 We'll sing our Jesus' blessed name,
 When all things else decay.
- 4 When we appear in yonder cloud,
 With all thy favoured throng,
 Then will we sing more sweet, more loud,
 And Christ shall be our song.

57. S. M.

- 1 To God, the only wise,
The everlasting king,
Now high enthroned above the skies,
Our joyful praise we bring.
- 2 'Tis his almighty love,
His counsel and his care,
Preserve us safe from sin and shame,
And every hurtful snare.
- 3 He will present his saints
Unblemish'd in his sight,
Before the glory of his face,
With him enthroned to sit.
- 4 Then all his chosen seed
Shall meet around the throne,
To bless the triumph of his grace
And make his glories known.
- 5 To our Redeemer, God,
Almighty power belongs ;
We soon shall reach his bless'd abode,
And raise triumphant songs.

58. L. M.

- 1 JESUS ! and shall it ever be,
A mortal man ashamed of thee ?
Ashamed of thee whom angels praise,
Whose glories shine through endless days.
- 2 Ashamed of Jesus ! did not he
Give his own life to ransom me,
And shed the beams of light divine
O'er this benighted soul of mine ?
- 3 Ashamed of Jesus ! that dear friend,
On whom my hopes of heaven depend,

No ; when I blush, be this my shame,
That I no more revere his name. .

- 4 Ashamed of Jesus ! yes, I may
When I've no guilt to wash away ;
No tear to wipe, no good to crave,
No fears to quell, no soul to save.
- 5 Till then—nor is my boasting vain,
Till then I boast a Saviour slain ;
And O may this my boasting be,
That Christ is not ashamed of me !

✓ 59. C. M.

- 1 SWEET was the hour, O Lord, to thee,
At Sychar's lonely well,
When a poor outcast heard thee there
Thy great salvation tell.
- 2 Thither she came ; but O, her heart,
All fill'd with earthly care,
Dream'd not of thee, nor thought to find
The Hope of Israel there.
- 3 Lord ! 'twas thy power unseen that drew
The stray one to that place,
In solitude to learn from thee
The secrets of thy grace.
- 4 There Jacob's erring daughter found
Those streams unknown before,
The waterbrooks of life that make
The weary thirst no more.
- 5 And, Lord, to us, as vile as she,
Thy gracious lips have told
That mystery of love, reveal'd
At Jacob's well of old.

- 6 In spirit, Lord, we've sat with thee
Beside the springing well
Of life and peace—and heard thee there
Its healing virtues tell.
- 7 Dead to the world, we dream no more
Of earthly pleasures now ;
Our deep, divine, unfailing spring
Of grace and glory thou !
- 8 No hope of rest in aught beside,
No beauty, Lord, we see,
And like Samaria's daughter seek,
And find our all in thee.

60. C. M.

- 1 Joy is a fruit that will not grow
In nature's barren soil :
All we can boast, till Christ we know,
Is vanity and toil.
- 2 But where the Lord has planted grace,
And made his glories known ;
There fruits of heavenly joy and peace
Are found, and there alone.
- 3 A bleeding Saviour seen by faith,
A sense of pard'ning love,
A hope that triumphs over death,
Gives joys like those above.
- 4 To find my place within the veil,
To know that God is mine,
Are springs of joy that will not fail—
Unspeakable ! divine !
- 5 These are the joys which satisfy,
And sanctify the mind :
Which makes the spirit mount on high,
And leave the world behind.

- 6 No more, believers, mourn your lot ;
 But you who are the Lord's,
 Resign to them that know him not,
 Such joys as earth affords !

61. S. M.

- 1 THOU very present aid
 In suff'ring and distress,
 The soul, which still on thee is stay'd,
 Is kept in perfect peace.
- 2 Calmly the heart reclin'd
 By faith on Jesus' breast,
 In deepest woes exults to find
 A sweet eternal rest.
- 3 Jesus, to whom we fly,
 Does all our wishes fill ;
 In vain the creature-streams are dry,
 We have a fountain still.
- 4 Bereaved of earthly friends,
 We find them all in one,
 And peace, and joy, that never ends,
 And heaven—in Christ alone.

62. C. M.

- 1 No condemnation ! O my soul,
 'Tis God that speaks the word ;
 Perfect in comeliness art thou,
 In Christ thy glorious Lord.
- 2 In heaven his blood for ever speaks
 In God the Father's ear :
 His Church, the jewels, on his heart
 Jesus will ever bear.
- 3 No condemnation ! precious word !
 Consider it, my soul,

Thy sins were all on Jesus laid ;
His stripes have made me whole.

- 4 Teach us, O God, to fix our eyes
On Christ the spotless Lamb,
So shall we love thy gracious will,
And glorify thy name.

63. C. M.

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

64. P. M.

"The fashion of this world passeth away."—1 Cor. vii. 31.

- 1 **THOUGH** all these things substantial seem,
The world itself is but a dream,
And soon must pass away :
The things that variously employ,
That yield us either grief or joy,
Must see their final day.
- 2 How sweet to have our portion there,
Where sorrow never comes, or care,
And nothing will remove !
We then may hear without a sigh,
The world's destruction to be nigh :
Our treasure is above.

- 3 How sweet to know the Saviour's name,
 The Saviour who in mercy came,
 And vanquish'd all our foes !
 On him, as on a solid rock,
 Our hope is built, and stands the shock
 Of every storm that blows.
- 4 Then let a world of shadows go ;
 It matters not, his people know
 Their treasure still is sure ;
 'Tis laid up there where nothing fades,
 No rust consumes, no thief invades,
 And there it is secure.

65. P. M.

- 1 Love divine, all loves excelling,
 Joy of heaven, to earth come down,
 Fix in us thy humble dwelling ;
 All thy faithful mercies crown !
 Jesus, thee we 'd still be blessing,
 Serve thee as thy hosts above,
 Praise thee, Saviour, without ceasing,
 Glory in thy dying love.
- 2 Carry on thy new creation ;
 Faithful, holy, may we be,
 Joyful in our full salvation,
 Perfectly secured by thee.
 Changed from glory into glory,
 'Till in heaven we take our place !
 Then we 'll cast our crowns before thee,
 Lost in wonder, love, and praise.

66. C. M.

- 1 Of all the gifts thy hand bestows,
 Thou giver of all good,

Not heaven itself a richer knows
Than my Redeemer's blood.

2 Faith, too, the blood-receiving grace
From the same hand we gain,
Else, sweetly as it suits our case,
The gift had been in vain.

3 We praise thee, and would praise thee more ;
To thee our all we owe,
The precious Saviour, and the power
That makes him precious too.

✓ 67. P. M.

1 CHILDREN of light, arise and shine !
Your birth, your hopes, are all divine,
Your home is in the skies.
O then, for heavenly glory born,
Look down on all with holy scorn
That earthly spirits prize.

2 With Christ, with glory full in view,
O what is all the world to you ?
What is it all but loss ?
Come on, then, cleave no more to earth,
Nor wrong your high celestial birth,
Ye pilgrims of the cross.

3 The cross is ours ; we bear it now :
But did not he beneath it bow,
And suffer there at last ?
All that we feel can Jesus tell ;
His gracious soul remembers well
The sorrows of the past.

4 O blessed Lord, we yet shall reign
Redeem'd from sorrow, sin, and pain,
And walk with thee in white.

We suffer now, but O at last
 We'll bless thee, Lord, for all the past,
 And own our cross was light.

68. P. M.

- 1 GLORY, glory everlasting,
 Be to Him who bore the cross,
 Who redeem'd our souls by tasting
 Death, and death deserved by us :
 Spread his glory,
 Who redeem'd his people thus.
- 2 His is love : 'tis love unbounded,
 Without measure, without end :
 Human thought is here confounded :
 'Tis too vast to comprehend !
 Praise the Saviour !
 Magnify the sinner's Friend !
- 3 While we hear the wondrous story,
 Of the Saviour's cross and shame,
 Sing we, " Everlasting glory
 Be to God and to the Lamb !"
 Saints and angels,
 Give ye glory to his name !

✓ 69. L. M.

- 1 THOU vain deceitful world, farewell !
 Thine idle joys no more we love :
 By faith in brighter worlds we dwell,
 In spirit find our home above.
- 2 Jesus, we go with thee to taste
 Of joy supreme that never dies ;
 Our feet still press the weary waste,
 Our heart, our home, are in the skies.

- 3 And O while on to Zion's hill
 The toilsome path of life we tread,
 Around us, loving Father, still,
 Thy circling wings of mercy spread.
- 4 From day to day, from hour to hour,
 O may our rising spirits prove
 The strength of thine almighty power,
 The sweetness of thy saving love !

70. C. M.

- 1 O LORD, thy heart with love o'erflow'd,
 Love spoke in every breath,
 Unwearied love thy life declared,
 And triumph'd in thy death.
- 2 And thou hast taught thy followers here
 Their faithfulness to prove,
 And shew their fellowship with thee,
 That they each other love.
- 3 May we this sacred law fulfil,
 In every act and thought,
 Each angry passion be removed,
 Each selfish thought forgot.
- 4 Teach us to help each other, Lord,
 Each other's cross to bear,
 Let each his willing aid afford,
 And feel a brother's care.
- 5 Try us, O God, and search the ground
 Of every sinful heart :
 Whate'er of sin in us is found,
 O bid it all depart.
- 6 In peacefulness and joy led on
 In the triumphant race,
 Till, meeting round thy radiant throne,
 We're perfected in grace.

71—73

71. L. M.

- 1 COME, brethren, view the Lamb of God,
Wounded, and dead, and bathed in blood :
Behold his side, ye saints ! draw near ;
The Well of endless life is here.
- 2 Here we forget our cares and pains ;
We drink—yet still our thirst remains
Only the Fountain-head above
Can satisfy the thirst of love.

72. P. M.

- 1 A FULNESS resides in Jesus our Head,
And ever abides to answer our need ;
The Father's good pleasure hath laid up in store
A plentiful treasure to give to the poor.
- 2 Whate'er be our wants, we need not to fear,
Our many complaints his mercy will hear,
His fulness shall yield us abundant supplies :
His power shall shield us when dangers arise.
- 3 Whatever distress awaits us below,
Such plentiful grace will Jesus bestow,
As still shall support us, and silence our fear ;
For nothing shall hurt us while Jesus is near.

73. P. M.

- 1 O LORD ! who now art seated,
Above the heavens on high,
(The gracious work completed,
For which thou cam'st to die)
To thee our hearts are lifted,
While pilgrims wand'ring here,
For thou alone art gifted,
Our every weight to bear.

- 2 We know that thou hast bought us,
 And wash'd us in thy blood ;
 We know thy grace has brought us,
 As kings and priests, to God.
 We know that soon the morning,
 Long look'd for, hasteth near,
 When we, at thy returning,
 In glory shall appear.

SECOND PART.

- 1 O LORD, thy love's unbounded !
 So full, so sweet, so free !
 Our thoughts are all confounded
 Whene'er we think on thee :
 For us thou cam'st from heaven,
 For us to bleed and die ;
 That, purchased and forgiven,
 We might ascend on high.
- 2 O let this love constrain us
 To give our hearts to thee :
 Let nothing henceforth pain us,
 But that which paineth thee.
 Our joy, our one endeavour,
 Through suffering, conflict, shame—
 To serve thee, gracious Saviour,
 And magnify thy name.

74. C. M.

- 1 As pants the hart for cooling streams,
 When heated in the chase,
 So longs my soul, O God, for thee,
 And thy refreshing grace.
- 2 For thee, my God, the living God,
 My thirsty soul doth pine,

O when shall I behold thy face,
Thou Majesty Divine !

75. 7s.

- 1 JESUS only—he can give
Peace and comfort while we live ;
Jesus only can supply
Boldness if we 're call'd to die.
Jesus shall our treasure be,
Through his own eternity :
He is now our nearest friend,
And his love will never end.

76. P. M.

- 1 O COULD we tell the matchless worth,
O could we sound the glories forth,
Which in our Saviour shine,
We 'd soar and touch the heavenly string ;
The theme with which the Heavens do ring,
We too would gladly join.
- 2 We 'd sing the character he bears,
And all the forms of love he wears,
Exalted on the throne ;
In songs of sweet untiring praise,
We would, to everlasting days,
Make all his glories known.
- 3 And soon the happy day will come
When we shall reach our destined home,
And we shall see his face ;
Then with our Saviour, Brother, Friend,
The one unbroken day we 'll spend
In singing thus his grace.

77. P. M.

- 1 THOU God of power, and God of love,
Whose glory fills the realms above,
Whose praise the seraphs sing,

And veil their faces, while they cry,
 "Thrice holy" to their God most high,
 "Thrice holy" to their King.

2 Thee as our God we too would claim,
 And bless the precious Saviour's name,
 Through whom this grace is given ;
 Who bore the curse to sinners due,
 Who forms their ruin'd souls anew,
 And makes them heirs of heaven.

3 While we in supplication join
 Before the throne of grace divine,
 In mercy bow thine ear :
 And while we listen to thy word,
 Or praise thy name with glad accord,
 Amongst us, Lord, appear.

4 The veil that hides thy glory rend,
 And here in saving power descend,
 And fix thy blest abode ;
 Here to our hearts thyself reveal,
 And all who enter cause to feel
 The presence of our God.

✓ 78. L. M.

1 'Tis night—but O the joyful morn
 Will soon our waiting spirits cheer ;
 Yon gleams of coming glory warn
 Thy saints, O Lord, that thou art near.

2 Lord of our hearts, beloved of thee,
 Weary of earth, we sigh to rest,
 Supremely happy, safe and free,
 For ever on thy tender breast ;

3 To see thee, love thee, feel thee, near,
 Nor dread, as now, thy transient stay,

To dwell beyond the reach of fear,
Lest joy should wane, or pass away.

4 Children of hope, beloved Lord !
In thee we live, we glory now,
Our joy, our rest, our great reward,
Our diadem of beauty thou !

5 And when exalted, Lord, with thee,
Thy royal throne at last we share,
To everlasting thou shalt be
Our diadem, our glory, there. *E. Denny*

79. C. M.

1 THOU blessed source of true delight,
Whom I unseen adore,
Unveil thy beauties to my sight,
That I may love thee more.

2 Thy glory o'er creation shines ;
But in thy sacred word,
I read in fairer, brighter lines,
My bleeding, dying Lord.

3 'Tis here, whene'er my comforts droop,
And sins and sorrows rise,
Thy love with cheerful beams of hope
My fainting heart supplies.

4 Jesus, my Lord, my life, my light,
O come with blissful ray :
Break through the gloomy shades of night,
And chase my fears away.

5 Then shall my soul with rapture trace
The wonders of thy love,
But the full glories of thy grace
Are only known above.

✓ 80. L. M.

- 1 O BLESSED Lord, thy feeble sheep
Are passing through the desert now,
With thee alone our souls to keep,
Our only hope, our shepherd thou !
- 2 Then bid us all within the light
Of that benignant gracious eye,
Awake, asleep, by day and night,
Still love to feel thee ever nigh.
- 3 May we, O Lord, since we are thine,
Dwell in thy love, and gaze and see
Thy bleeding wounds, thy grace divine,
Till self is lost in loving thee.

81. C. M.

- 1 WHEN languor and disease invade
This trembling house of clay,
'Tis sweet to look beyond our cage,
And long to fly away ;
- 2 Sweet to look inward, and attend
The whispers of his love ;
Sweet to look upward to the place
Where Jesus pleads above ;
- 3 Sweet to look back, and see my name
In life's fair book set down ;
Sweet to look forward, and behold
Eternal joys my own ;
- 4 Sweet to reflect how Grace divine,
My sins on Jesus laid ;
Sweet to remember that his blood
My debt of suffering paid ;
- 5 Sweet in his righteousness to stand,
Which saves from second death :

Sweet to experience, day by day,
His Spirit's quick'ning breath ;

- 6 Sweet on his faithfulness to rest,
Whose love can never end ;
Sweet on his covenant of grace
For all things to depend ;
- 7 Sweet, in the confidence of faith,
To trust his firm decrees ;
Sweet to lie passive in his hands,
And know no will but his.

82. C. M.

- 1 JESUS our Head, once crowned with thorns,
Is crown'd with glory now ;
Heaven's royal diadem adorns
The mighty victor's brow.
- 2 Delight of all who dwell above,
The joy of saints below,
To us still manifest thy love,
That we its depths may know.
- 3 To us thy cross, with all its shame,
With all its grace be given !
Though earth disowns thy lowly name,
All worship it in heaven.
- 4 Who suffer with thee, Lord, below,
Will reign with thee above :
Then let it be our joy to know
This way of peace and love.
- 5 To us thy cross is life and health,
Though shame and death to thee,
Our present glory, joy and wealth,
Our everlasting stay.

83. C. M.

- 1 ARM of the Lord, whose wondrous power
The world and all things made,
Thou art our rock, and shield, and tower,
Our ransom thou hast paid.
- 2 Law-giver, Prophet, Priest and King,
The great Deliverer thou ;
O may we love thy praise to sing,
And feel thy presence now.
- 3 Revealer of the Father's love,
His glory and his power,
Upholding all things now above,
Till the appointed hour.
- 4 Then when thy foes are all subdued,
And all thy work complete,
Thy praise shall be thy people's food,
Who in thy presence meet.

84. C. M.

- 1 WITH strength sufficient for the day,
The Lord his saints supplies ;
This thought should keep them from dismay,
Though many foes arise.
- 2 Yea, though a host of foes be near,
Though mountains rise in view,
And though the sea in front appear,
The Lord will bring them through.
- 3 The Lord will open for his saints
A passage through the sea ;
His arm will break through all restraints,
And what he wills shall be.
- 4 O happy people of his choice !
Redeem'd and saved by grace,

'Tis yours for ever to rejoice
In yonder glorious place.

85. P. M.

- 1 "ABBA, Father," Lord, we call thee,
(Hallow'd name!) from day to day :
'Tis thy children's right to know thee,
None but children, "Abba," say :
This high glory we inherit,
Thy free gift, through Jesus' blood ;
God the Spirit with our spirit
Witnesseth we 're sons of God.
- 2 Abba's love first gave us being,
When in Christ, in that vast plan,
Abba chose the Church in Jesus,
Long before the world began :
O what love the Father bore us !
O how precious in his sight,
When he gave his Church to Jesus !
Jesus, His whole soul's delight !
- 3 Though our nature's fall in Adam,
Seem'd to shut us out from God,
Thus it was his counsel brought us
Nearer still through Jesu's blood :
For in him we found redemption,
Grace and glory in the Son ;
O the height and depth of mercy !
Christ and the elect are one.
- 4 Richest stores of heavenly blessings
God has given in Christ his Son. —
With the Holy Spirit's power
Safe to lead his children on :
"Abba, Father," makes all certain,
Both by word, and oath, and blood—

Abba saith, "They are my people,"

And they say, "The Lord's my God."

- 5 Hence, through all the changing seasons,
 Trouble, sickness, sorrow, woe,
 Nothing changeth God's affection,
 Abba's love shall bring us through ;
 Soon shall all thy blood-bought children,
 Round the throne their anthems raise,
 And, in songs of rich salvation,
 Shout to Abba endless praise.

CHORUS.

"Abba, Father," Lord, we call thee ;
 Abba sounds through all the host ;
 All in heaven and earth adore thee,
 FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST.

86. P. M.

- 1 IN our Lord we have redemption,
 Full remission in his blood :
 From the curse, entire exemption,
 From the curse pronounced by God :
 What a Saviour Jesus is !
 O what love, what love is his !
- 2 Praise be his, all praise transcending,
 Praise on earth, and praise in heaven
 Praise through ages never-ending,
 To the Lamb of God be given :
 He alone the Saviour is,
 Everlasting praise be his.

87. S. M.

- 1 ARISE, ye saints, arise,
 The Lord your leader is ;

The foe before his banner flies,
For victory is his.

- 2 Behold, he leads the way,
We'll follow where he goes,
We cannot fail to win the day,
Since He subdued our foes.
- 3 Lead on, Almighty Lord !
Lead on to victory,
Encouraged by the bright reward,
With joy we'll follow thee.
- 4 We wait to see the day,
When toil and strife shall cease,
When we shall cast our arms away,
And dwell in endless peace.
- 5 This hope supports us here,
It makes our burdens light,
It serves our fainting hearts to cheer,
Till faith shall end in sight.
- 6 Till of the prize possesst,
We hear of war no more,
And, O sweet thought ! for ever rest
On yonder peaceful shore.

88. P. M.

- 1 O LOVE divine, how sweet thou art !
When shall I find my longing heart
All taken up by thee ?
O may I pant and thirst to prove
The greatness of redeeming love,
The love of Christ to me !
- 2 God only knows the love of God,
O that it more were shed abroad
In this poor longing heart !

For love I'd sigh, for love I'd pine ;
 This only portion, Lord, be mine,
 Be mine the better part.

- 3 O that I may for ever sit,
 Like Mary, at the Master's feet !
 Be this my happy choice ;
 My only care, my only bliss,
 My joy, my heaven on earth be this,
 To hear the Bridegroom's voice.
- 4 O that I may, like favour'd John,
 Recline my wearied head upon
 The dear Redeemer's breast ;
 From care, and sin, and sorrow, free,
 Give me, O Lord, to find in thee
 My everlasting rest.

89. C. M.

- 1 We seek a rest beyond the skies,
 In everlasting day :
 Through floods and flames our passage lies,
 But Jesus guards the way.
- 2 The swelling flood, and raging flame,
 Hear and obey his word :
 Then let us triumph in his name,
 Our Saviour is the Lord.

90. S. M.

- 1 My sins are blotted out,
 Since Jesus died for me ;
 My times are in a Father's hand,
 My steps in his decree.
- 2 Jesus in heaven appears
 For me to intercede,
 And countless benefits proclaim,
 " The Lord is risen indeed."

- 3 A little child is free
Of carefulness and guile,
Rests in a mother's guardian love,
And waits a father's smile.
- 4 Father of spirits, hear,
Make me this little child;
May I delight myself in thee,
By no mistrust defiled.

91. P. M.

- 1 THY name we bless, Lord Jesus, *D. Ingollas.*
That name all names excelling; *1838.*
How great thy love, *S. MSS. "T. 10."*
All praise above,
Should every tongue be telling.
Thy Father's loving-kindness,
In giving thee was shewn us.
Now by thy blood
Redeem'd to God,
As children he doth own us.
- 2 From that eternal glory
Thou hadst with God the Father,
He sent his Son
That he in one,
His children all might gather;
Our sins were all laid on thee,
God's wrath thou hast endured;
It was for us
Thou suffer'dst thus,
And hast our peace secured.
- 3 Thou from the dead wast raised,
And from all condemnation
Thy Church is free,
As risen in Thee,
Head of the new creation!

On high thou hast ascended,
 To God's right hand in heaven,
 The Lamb once slain,
 Alive again,—
 To thee all power is given.

- 4 Thou hast bestow'd the earnest
 Of that we shall inherit ;
 Till thou shalt come
 To take us home,
 We're seal'd by God the Spirit :
 We wait for thine appearing,
 When we shall know more fully,
 The Priest and King,
 Whose praise we sing,
 Thou Lamb of God most holy.

92. L. M.

- 1 KINDRED in Christ, for his dear sake
 A hearty welcome here receive,
 May we together now partake,
 The joys which only he can give.
- 2 Forgotten be each worldly theme,
 When Christians see each other thus ;
 We only wish to speak of him
 Who lived and died, and reigns for us.
- 3 We'll talk of all he did and said,
 And suffered for us here below ;
 The path he marked for us to tread,
 And what he's doing for us now.
- 4 Thus, as the moments pass away,
 We'll love, and wonder, and adore,
 And hasten on the glorious day,
 When we shall meet to part no more.

93. P. M.

- 1 MUCH in sorrow, oft in woe,
Onward, Christian, onward go !
Fight the fight, and, worn with strife,
Battle on to life !
Onward, Christian, onward go !
Join the war, and face the foe ;
Faint not ; much doth yet remain,
Dreary's the campaign.
- 2 Shrink not, Christian : will you yield,
Will you quit the battle field ?
Shrink not ere the fight be done,
Ere the prize be won !
Mail'd in armour heavenly bright,
Strong in him whose grace is might,
Onward, Christian, onward go !
Conquer every foe !
- 3 Fight the glorious fight of faith,
Fear not conflict, fear not death,
Conflict ! that but nerves to strife—
Death !—to endless life.
Onward, Christian ! onward go,
Scorning danger, shame, and woe !
Tread the path which they have trod,
Whose rest is now with God.

94. 7s.

- 1 GRACIOUS God, thy children keep ;
Jesus guide thy silly sheep ;
Fix, O fix, our fickle souls,
Lord direct us, we are fools.
- 2 Bid us in thy care confide,
Keep us near thy wounded side ;

- From thee let us never stir,
For thou know'st how soon we err.
- 3 Lay us low before thy feet,
Safe from pride and self-conceit;
This the language of our souls,
"Lord protect us, we are fools."
- 4 O defend thy purchased flock.
See the insulting Ishmael mock!
Guard us from a world of sin,
Foes without, and worse within.
- 5 Never, never, may we dare
What we're not to say we are;
Make us well our vileness know,
Keep us very very low.

95. P. M.

- 1 ENDLESS praises
 To our Lord,
 Ever be his name adored.
- 2 Angels crown him,
 Crown the Lamb!
 He is worthy—praise his name.
- 3 Saints adore him,
 Sound his fame,
 You he saves from endless shame.
- 4 Saints and angels,
 Jointly sing,
 Glory, glory to your King,

96. P. M.

- 1 "ERE God had built the mountains,
 Or raised the fruitful hills,
 Before he fill'd the fountains
 That feed the running rills,

In ME, from everlasting,
 The wonderful I AM
 Found pleasures never wasting,
 And WISDOM is my name.

2 "When like a tent to dwell in
 He spread the skies abroad,
 And swathed about the swelling
 Of ocean's mighty flood,
 He wrought by weight and measure,
 And I was with him then :
 Myself the Father's pleasure,
 And mine, the sons of men."

3 Thus Wisdom's words discover
 Thy glory and thy grace,
 Thou everlasting lover
 Of our unworthy race !
 Thy gracious eye survey'd us,
 Ere stars were seen above,
 In wisdom thou hast made us,
 And died for us in love.

4 And could'st thou be delighted
 With creatures such as we,
 Who, when we saw thee, slighted
 And nailed thee to a tree ?
 Unfathomable wonder !
 And mystery divine !
 The voice that speaks in thunder,
 Says, "Sinner, I am thine."

97. 7s.

1 HARK ! my soul, it is the Lord !
 'Tis the Saviour ! hear his word :
 Jesus speaks, and speaks to thee,
 "Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou me ?"

- 2 "I deliver'd thee when bound,
And when wounded heal'd thy wound,
Sought thee wandering, set thee right,
Turn'd thy darkness into light.
- 3 "Can a woman's tender care
Cease towards the child she bare?
Yes; she may forgetful be,
Yet will I remember thee.
- 4 "Mine is an unchanging love,
Higher than the heights above,
Deeper than the depths beneath;
Free and faithful, strong as death.
- 5 "Thou shalt see my glory soon,
When the work of grace is done:
Partner of my throne shalt be,
Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou me?"
- 6 Lord, it is my chief complaint,
That my love is cold and faint,
Yet I love thee, and adore:
O for grace to love thee more!

98. P. M.

- 1 O JESUS Christ, Most Holy!
Head of the Church, thy bride,
Each day in us more fully
Thy name be magnified.
- 2 O may, in each believer,
Thy love its power display,
And none among us ever
From thee, our Shepherd, stray.

99. S. M.

IT SHALL GO WELL WITH THE RIGHTEOUS.

- 1 WHAT cheering words are these !
 Their sweetness who can tell ?
 In time, and to eternal days,
 " 'TIS WITH THE RIGHTEOUS WELL."
- 2 In every state secure,
 Kept as Jehovah's eye,
 'Tis well with them while life endures,
 And well when call'd to die.
- 3 Well when they see his face,
 Or sink amidst the flood,
 Well in affliction's thorny maze,
 Or on the mount with God.
- 4 Well when the gospel yields
 Pure honey, milk, and wine,
 Well when the soul her leanness feels,
 And all her joys decline.
- 5 'Tis well when joys arise,
 'Tis well when sorrows flow,
 'Tis well when darkness veils the skies,
 And strong temptations grow.
- 6 'Tis well when at his throne
 They wrestle, weep, and pray,
 'Tis well when at his feet they groan,
 Yet bring their wants away.
- 7 'Tis well when on the mount
 They feast on dying love,
 And 'tis as well in God's account,
 When they the furnace prove.
- 8 'Tis well when Jesus calls
 " From earth and sin arise,

To join the hosts of virgin souls
Made to salvation wise."

100. P. M.

- 1 O God, whose wondrous name is Love,
Whose hands have fashion'd us anew,
Before thy face now stands the Lamb,
Whom sinful man once pierced and slew :
Thy own dear Son thou didst not spare,
How shalt thou cease for us to care ?
- 2 Our Heavenly Father, grant us all
The new-born babe's simplicity !
The doubtful mind be far from us,
Who boast a God that cannot lie !
Array'd in comeliness divine,
On Jesus' bosom we recline.
- 3 Thou art the potter, we the clay,
Thy will be our's, thy truth our light,
Thy love the fountain of our joy,
Thine arm a safe-guard day and night,
Till thou shalt wipe our tears away,
And Jesus bring eternal day.

101. C. M.

- 1 THERE is a fountain fill'd with blood,
Drawn from Immanuel's veins :
And sinners plunged beneath that flood
Lose all their guilty stains.
- 2 The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day ;
And there have thousands vile as he
Wash'd all their sins away.
- 3 Dear dying Lamb, thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power,

'Till all the ransom'd church of God
Be saved to sin no more.

- 4 Since first I saw that cleansing stream,
Through faith reveal'd to me,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall for ever be.
- 5 And soon in a far nobler song,
I'll sing thy power to save ;
Soon mingling with the heavenly throng,
My palm of vict'ry wave.
- 6 Lord, I believe thou hast prepar'd,
Unworthy though I be,
For me a blood-bought free reward,
A golden harp for me.
- 7 'Tis strung and tun'd for endless years,
And form'd by power divine,
To sound in God the Father's ears
No other name but thine.

102. C. M.

- 1 THY gracious presence, O our God,
Our every wish contains :
With this, beneath temptation's load,
The heart no more complains.
- 2 O happy scenes of pure delight,
Where thy full beams impart
Unclouded beauty to the sight,
And gladness to the heart !
- 3 Our part in those fair realms of bliss
Our spirits long to know ;
Our wishes terminate in this,
Nor can they rest below.

- 4 Nor do these wishes of our heart
Seem foolish, Lord, to thee,
For thou hast said, that where thou art,
There we shall ever be.
- 5 Thus can our cheerful spirits sing
The darkest hours away,
And rise on Faith's expanded wing
To everlasting day.

103. P. M.

- 1 HE bids us come: his voice we know,
And boldly on the waters go,
To him our Lord and God;
We walk on life's tempestuous sea,
For he who died to set us free
Hath call'd us by his word.
- 2 Secure on troubled waves we tread,
Nor all the storms around us heed,
While to our Lord we look;
O'er every fierce temptation bound,
The billows yield a solid ground,
The wave is firm as rock.
- 3 But if from him we turn our eye,
And see the raging floods run high,
And feel our fears within;
Our foes so strong, our flesh so frail,
Reason and unbelief prevail,
And sink us into sin.
- 4 Lord, we our unbelief confess,
Our little spark of faith increase,
That we may doubt no more;
But fix on thee our steady eye,
And on thine outstretch'd arm rely,
'Till all the storm is o'er

104. P. M.

- 1 THE night is far spent, the day is at hand:
 Already the dawn may be seen in the sky;
 Rejoice then, ye saints, 'tis your Lord's own command;
 Rejoice, for the coming of Jesus draws nigh.
- 2 What a day will that be when the Saviour appears!
 How welcome to those who have shared in His cross!
 A crown incorruptible then will be theirs,
 A rich compensation for suffering and loss.
- 3 What is loss in this world, when compared to that day,
 To the glory that then will from heaven be reveal'd?
 "The Saviour is coming," His people may say;
 "The Lord whom we look for, our Sun and our Shield."
- 4 O pardon us, Lord! that our love to thy name
 Is so faint, with *so much* our affections to move!
 Our deadness should fill us with grief and with shame,
 So much to be loved, and *so little* to love.
- 5 O kindle within us a holy desire,
 Like that which was found in Thy people of old,
 Who felt all thy love, and whose hearts were on fire,
 While they waited impatient thy face to behold.

105. C. M.

- 1 FAR from these narrow scenes of night
 Unbounded glories rise,
 And realms of infinite delight,
 Unseen by mortal eyes.
- 2 There pain and sickness never come,
 And griefs no more complain,
 And all who reach that peaceful home,
 With Jesus ever reign.
- 3 No cloud those happy regions know,
 For ever bright and fair,
 For sin, the source of mortal woe,
 Can never enter there.
- 4 There no alternate night is known,
 Nor sun's imperfect ray,

But glory, from the sacred throne,
Spreads everlasting day.

5 Fair distant land, could now our eyes
But half its charms explore,
How would our spirits long to rise,
And dwell on earth no more !

6 O may the heavenly vision fire
Our hearts with ardent love,
'Till wings of faith and strong desire,
Bear every thought above.

106. C. M.

1 HAPPY are we to whom the Lord
His gracious name makes known,
And by his Spirit, and his Word,
Adopts us for his own !

2 He calls us to his mercy-seat,
And hears our humble prayer,
And when before the throne we meet,
We find his presence there.

3 Though men despise us, or revile,
We count the trial small :
Whoever frowns, if Jesus smile,
It makes amends for all.

107. L. M.

1 O God, our God, our life divine,
To thee O grant us to resign
Our heart, our soul, our powers, our will :
Our all is thine, and shall be still.

2 Ourselves we would no more regard,
But every thought of self discard,
In thee, thee only, Lord, confide,
And love thee like a faithful bride.

- 3 To thee, O God, ourselves we give
 For thee alone we wish to live,
 No more by self and sin opprest,
 Reposing on a father's breast.
- 4 To thee, our origin and end,
 Then let our life and loving tend,
 And our whole soul, retired and free
 From earthly cares, repose in thee.

108. P. M.

- 1 GLORIOUS things of thee are spoken,
 Zion, city of our God !
 He whose word can ne'er be broken
 Formed thee for his own abode ;
 On the rock of ages founded,
 What can shake thy sure repose ?
 With salvation's walls surrounded,
 Thou mayst smile at all thy foes.
- 2 See, the streams of living waters
 Springing from eternal love,
 Flow to cheer thy sons and daughters
 And the fear of death remove ;
 None can faint where such a river
 Freely flows their thirst t' assuage,
 Blessings which, like God the giver,
 Never fail from age to age.
- 3 Blest inhabitants of Zion !
 Washed in the Redeemer's blood !
 Jesus, whom their souls rely on,
 Makes them kings and priests to God ;
 Fading is the worldling's pleasure,
 All his boasted pomp and show ;
 Solid joys and lasting pleasure
 None but Zion's children know.

109. C. M.

- 1 O BLESSED Saviour, is thy love
So great, so full, so free?
Behold I give my heart, my soul,
My life, my all to thee.
- 2 I love thee for the glorious worth
That in thyself I see,
I love thee for the shameful cross
Thou hast endured for me.
- 3 No man of greater love can boast,
Than for his friend to die :
Thou for thine enemies wast slain,
What love with *thine* can vie?
- 4 Though in the very form of God,
With heavenly glory crown'd,
Thou didst partake of human flesh,
Beset with sorrows round.
- 5 Thou wouldst like wretched man be made,
In every thing but sin,
That I as like thee might become,
As I unlike had been.
- 6 Like thee in faith, in meekness, love,
In every beauteous grace,
From glory into glory changed
Till I behold thy face.
- 7 O Lord ! I'll treasure in my soul
The mem'ry of thy love,
And ever shall thy name to me
A grateful odour prove.

110. L. M.

- 1 WE seek a city far from this,
A distant city out of sight,

- The Lord himself its builder is,
The Lord, its everlasting light.
- 2 In beauty there the King appears,
The King we love and hope to see :
While here, his people sow in tears ;
Their harvest shall hereafter be.
- 3 This King the King of glory is,
His presence is the joy of heaven ;
And blest our lot, for we are his !
Opposers once, but now forgiven.
- 4 Our aim be this, to live below
As he would have his people live :
To those who own and serve him so,
The Lord a bright reward will give.

111. S. M.

- 1 Not to ourselves we owe
That we, O God, are thine,
Jesus, our Sun, the shades broke through,
And caused the light to shine.
- 2 Sweet mercy, truth, and love,
The blessed ransom gave,
And Jesus left his throne above,
The wanderers to save.
- 3 No more the heirs of wrath,
The smile of peace we see,
And, Father, in confiding faith,
We cast our souls on thee.
- 4 The children of thy grace
We shall for ever be,
And blessed in his blessedness,
Who died to set us free.

- 5 We drink the living stream,
To all thy children given,
As fellow-citizens with them
Who dwell with thee in heaven.
- 6 With all the adopted band
Soon we shall see thee there,
With them possess the promised land,
And all its glories share.

112. L. M.

- 1 THE cross ! the cross ! O that 's our gain !
Because on that the Lamb was slain ;
'Twas there the Lord was crucified,
'Twas there for us the Saviour died.
- 2 What wondrous cause could move thy heart
To take on thee our curse and smart,
Well knowing we should ever be,
So cold, so negligent of thee ?
- 3 The cause was love : we sink with shame
Before our blessed Jesus' name ;
That he should bleed and suffer thus,
Because, because he loved us !

113. C. M.

- 1 O HAPPY we who know the Lord,
With whom he deigns to dwell !
He feeds, and cheers us by his word,
His arm supports us well.
- 2 To us, in each distressing hour,
His throne of grace is near,
And when we plead his love and power,
He stands engaged to hear.
- 3 Wand'ring in sin, our souls he found,
And bid us seek his face :

Gave us to hear the gospel-sound,
And taste the gospel-grace.

- 4 His presence sweetens all our cares,
And makes our burdens light ;
A word from him dispels our fears,
And gilds the gloom of night.

114. C. M.

- 1 OFTEN the clouds of deepest woe,
So sweet a message bear ;
Dark though they seem, we cannot find
A frown of anger there.
- 2 It needs our hearts be wean'd from earth ;
It needs that we be driven,
By loss of every earthly stay,
To seek our rest in heaven.
- 3 Most loving is the hand that strikes,
However keen the smart,
If sorrow's discipline can chase
One evil from the heart.
- 4 He was a Man of Sorrows, he
Who loved and saved us thus :
And shall the world that frown'd on him,
Wear only smiles for us ?
- 5 No! we must follow in the path
Our Lord and Saviour run ;
We must not find a resting-place,
Where he we love had none.

115. L. M.

- 1 "WE've no abiding city here"—
This may distress the worldling's mind,
But should not cost the saint a tear,
Who hopes a better rest to find.

- 2 "We've no abiding city here,"
Then let us live as pilgrims do;
Let not the world our rest appear,
But let us haste from all below.
- 3 "We've no abiding city here:"
We seek a city out of sight;
Zion its name,—we'll soon be there;
It shines with everlasting light.
- 4 O sweet abode of peace and love,
Where pilgrims freed from toil are blest,
Had I the pinions of a dove,
I'd fly to thee and be at rest!
- 5 But hush, my soul, nor dare repine:
The time my God appoints is best;
While here, to do his will be mine,
And his to fix my time of rest.

116. C. M.

- 1 IN every trouble sharp and strong,
My soul to Jesus flies;
My anchor-hold is firm in him,
When swelling billows rise.
- 2 His comforts bear my spirit 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, in sorrow, life and death,
His love is still the same.

117. P. M.

- 1 THE stream that from the fountain flows
The fountain of eternal love,

Imparts its virtue as it goes :

A gift all other gifts above.

'Tis life and peace divinely given,

'Tis mercy coming down from heaven.

2 How blessed to enjoy the gift,

To taste of mercy here below !

In humble thankfulness to lift

Our hearts to him who saves us so !

To know his love, how great it is,

To own and feel that we are his !

3 How blessed is the hope of good,

The good that without measure is,

Of seeing him who shed his blood

To save us, and to make us his !

Redeem'd by blood, and saved by grace,

We look to see the Saviour's face.

4 We look to see him as he is ;

This honor to his saints is given,

To see the glory that was his,

Before the world began, in heaven ;

To see his face, to share his throne,

And give the praise to him alone.

118. L. M.

1 WE are the holy flock of God,

His sweet and blessed voice we know ;

He guides us with his shepherd's rod,

And keeps us from our cruel foe.

2 Our Shepherd in a wondrous well,

Hath wash'd us white, and pure, and fair

No stain upon our fleece can dwell,

Or leave a moment's blemish there.

3 And now he feeds his little flock,

Where living rills of comfort run,

These spreading trees, this shady rock,
Defend us from the noonday sun,

- 4 Sweet waters these—but O above,
The streams of life more brightly flow,
There all the joys of heavenly love
His fair unblemished flock shall know.

119. P. M.

- 1 To thee our wants are known,
From thee are all our powers ;
Accept what is thine own,
And pardon what is ours ;
Our praises, Lord, and prayers receive,
And to thy word thy blessing give.
- 2 O grant that each of us,
Now met before thee here,
May meet together thus,
When thou and thine appear :
And follow thee to heaven our home,
E'en so, Amen, Lord Jesus, come.

120. P. M.

- 1 O THOU who dwell'st in the heavens high,
Above yon stars, and within yon sky ;
Where the dazzling fields never needed light
Of the sun by day, nor the moon by night.
- 2 Though shining millions around thee stand,
For the sake of One who 's at thy right hand,
O think of those who have cost him dear,
Still left in death and darkness here.
- 3 Our night is dreary, and dim our day,
And if thou turn'st thy face away,
We 're sinful, feeble, and helpless dust,
We have none to look to, and none to trust.

- 4 The powers of darkness are all abroad,
 They ask no Saviour, they seek no God,
 And us they scorn who await thy day ;
 O turn not thou thy face away !
- 5 A life of scorn for us thou didst lead,
 And in the grave laid'st thy blessed head ;
 Then grant us grace undauntedly
 To lay down life and all for thee.
- 6 Thine aid, O mighty One, we crave !
 Not shortened is thine arm to save ;
 Afar from thee we now sojourn,
 Return to us, O God, return !

121. P. M.

- 1 YE who seek to know the Father,
 Come and sit at Jesus' feet,
 Jesus is the Father's image—
 Now in Christ are we complete ;
 All perfections,
 In the cross of Jesus meet,
- 2 Son of God, we all adore thee,
 Heaven and earth thy creatures are ;
 Son of man—thy people's surety,
 Stooping low our sins to bear,
 Justice bruis'd thee,
 Pierc'd thine heart, and could not spare.
- 3 Glorious kinsman, friend, and husband,
 Shew thyself, thy truth reveal,
 Then shall we no bosom-secret
 From our well-belov'd conceal,
 Wondrous friendship,
 Sovereign balm our wounds to heal.

122. L. M.

- 1 BLEST Lamb of God ! with grateful praise
Our voices now to thee we raise :
On earth to reign, redeem'd by blood,
We kings and priests *are made* to God.
- 2 Soon, too, in glory we shall sing,
And louder praises to thee bring,
While every nation, tongue, and tribe,
Strength, glory, might, to thee ascribe.
Amen ! Amen !
Saviour, Amen !

123. P. M.

- 1 FROM far we see the blessed day,
When He who bore our sins away,
Will all his glorious grace display.
- 2 " A Man of Sorrows," once he was,
No friend he found to plead his cause,
For all preferr'd the world's applause.
- 3 He groan'd beneath sin's awful load,
For in the sinner's place he stood,
And died to bring us back to God.
- 4 But now he is with glory crown'd,
While angel hosts the throne surround,
And ever there his praises sound.
- 5 To few on earth his name is dear,
And those who in his cause appear,
The world's reproach and scorn must bear.
- 6 Jesus, thy name is all our boast,
And though by waves of trouble tost,
Thou wilt not let thine own be lost.
- 7 Come then, come quickly from above,
We wait expecting thee to prove
The depths of all thy faithful love.

124. C. M.

- 1 COME, happy souls, approach your God
With new melodious songs :
Come, render to Almighty grace
The tribute of your tongues.
- 2 So strange, so boundless, was the love
That pitied dying men,
The Father sent his equal Son,
To give them life again !
- 3 Thy hands, O Jesus ! were not arm'd
With a revenging rod ;
No dread commission to perform
The vengeance of a God.
- 4 But all was mercy, all was mild—
'Twas love that filled the throne,
When Christ on the kind errand came,
And brought salvation down.
- 5 Here, sinners, you may heal your wounds,
And wipe your sorrows dry ;
Trust in the mighty Saviour's name,
And you will never die.
- 6 See, heavenly Lord, our willing souls
Accept thine offer'd grace :
We bless the great Redeemer's love,
And give the Father praise.

125. P. M.

- 1 STILL in a world of sin and pain,
Far from our home, we meet again.
Dreary and long our course may be,
But O, our God, it leads to thee ;
Thou art the light by which we roam,
Thou art our everlasting Home.

- 2 Thy hand is still around to bless,
Thou dost not leave us comfortless ;
Earth and its pain we still may feel,
But thou art ever near to heal ;
Still as our day, our strength shall be,
For all our cares are borne by thee.
- 3 Still as time's changing current rolls,
Thy comforts, Lord, delight our souls ;
Thy mighty arm to smooth our way,
Thy light to turn our night to day.
Onward with firmer steps we roam,
On to our everlasting home.

126. L. M.

- 1 DEAR Lord, amid the throng that press'd
Around thee on the cursed tree,
Some loyal, loving hearts were there,
Some pitying eyes that wept for thee.
- 2 Like them may we rejoice to own
Our dying Lord, though crown'd with thorn ;
Like thee, thy blessed self, endure
The cross with all its joy or scorn.
- 3 Thy cross, thy lonely path below,
Shew what thy brethren all should be,
Pilgrims on earth, disown'd by those
Who see no beauty, Lord, in thee.

127. L. M.

- 1 I THIRST, but not as once I did
The vain delights of earth to share ;
Thy wounds, Emanuel, all forbid
That I should seek my pleasure there.
- 2 It was the sight of thy dear cross,
First wean'd my soul from earthly things,

- And taught me to esteem as dross
The joys of sense and pride of kings.
- 3 I want the grace that springs from thee,
That quickens all things where it flows,
And makes a wretched thorn like me
Bloom as the myrtle or the rose.
- 4 Dear fountain of delight unknown,
No longer sink below the brim ;
But overflow, and pour me down
A living and life-giving stream.
- 5 For sure of all the plants that share
The notice of my Father's eye ;
None proves less grateful to his care,
Or yields him meaner fruit than I.

128. 7s.

- 1 GLORY unto Jesus be,
From the curse who set us free ;
All our guilt on him was laid,
He the ransom fully paid.
- 2 All his blessed work is done,
God 's well pleased in his Son
For he rais'd him from the dead,
Set him over all as Head.
- 3 All should sing his work and worth,
All above, and all on earth,
As they sing around his throne,
" Thou art worthy, Thou alone."
- 4 Ye who love him, cease to mourn,
He will surely yet return,
All his saints with him shall reign ;
" Come, Lord Jesus, come, Amen."

129. C. M.

- 1 To him that saved us from the world,
And wash'd us in his blood,
Call'd us to share his glorious throne,
As kings and priests to God;
- 2 To him shall every tongue be praise,
And every heart be love !
All grateful honours paid on earth,
And nobler songs above.

130. P. M.

- 1 JESUS, we our cross have taken,
All to leave and follow thee,
All things else for thee forsaken ;
Thou from hence our All shalt be.
Perish every fond ambition,
All we've sought, or hoped or known !
Yet how rich is our condition,
While we prove the Lord our own !
- 2 Let the world despise and leave us,—
They have left the Saviour too ;
Human hearts and looks deceive us,—
Thou art not, like them, untrue :
And, while thou dost smile upon us,
God of wisdom, love, and might,
Foes may hate, and friends disown us :
Shew thy face, and all is bright !
- 3 Go, then, earthly fame and treasure ;
Come, disaster, scorn and pain :
In thy service pain is pleasure,—
With thy favour loss is gain.
We have called thee Abba, Father,
We have set our hearts on thee:

Storms may howl, and tempests gather,
All must work our liberty.

- 4 Man may trouble and distress us,
'T will but drive us to thy breast;
Life with trials hard may press us,
Heaven will bring us sweeter rest.
O 'tis not in grief to harm us,
While thy love is full and free :
O 'twere not in joy to charm us,
Were that joy unmix'd with thee !
- 5 Soul, then know thy full salvation ;
Rise o'er sin, and fear, and care,
Joy to find, in every station,
Something still to do or bear ;
Think what Spirit dwells within thee,
Think what Father's smiles are thine !
Think that Jesus died to win thee ;
Child of heaven, canst thou repine ?
- 6 Haste thee on, from grace to glory,
Arm'd by faith, and wing'd by prayer !
Heaven's eternal day's before thee ;
God's own hand shall guide thee there.
Soon shall close thy earthly mission,
Soon shall pass thy pilgrim days,
Hope shall change to glad fruition,
Faith to sight, and prayer to praise.

131. C. M.

- 1 O LORD, our languid souls inspire,
For here we trust thou art :
Send down a coal of heavenly fire
To warm each waiting heart.
- 2 Dear Shepherd of thy people, hear !
Thy presence now display ;

As thou hast given a place for prayer,
So give us hearts to pray.

3 Within these walls let holy peace,
And love, and concord dwell ;
Here give the troubled conscience ease
The wounded spirit heal.

4 May we in faith receive thy word,
In faith present our prayers ;
And in the presence of our Lord
Unbosom all our cares.

132. S.M.

1 To heaven's eternal King,
The praise of saints be given ;
His name, his glorious name we sing,
Who fills the throne of heaven.

2 He once was found with men—
A Man of Sorrows he :
He bore his people's sentence then,
He bore it on the tree.

3 He suffered in their stead ;
He saved his people thus :
The curse that fell upon his head
Was due, by right, to us.

4 'Twas love that brought him down,
The purest, strongest love ;
He bore the cross, he won the crown,
And now he reigns above.

5 The praise of saints be given
To him who worthy is ;
He died on earth, he lives in heaven !
Eternal praise be his.

133—134

133. C. M.

- 1 MY God ! the covenant of thy love
Abides for ever sure,
And in its wondrous grace we feel
Our happiness secure.
- 2 What though our house be not with thee
As nature could desire,
To nobler joys than nature gives
Thy children all aspire.
- 3 Since thou, the everlasting God,
Our Father art become,
Jesus, our Guardian and our Friend,
And heaven our final home ;
- 4 We welcome all thy sovereign will,
For all thy will is love ;
And when we know not what thou dost,
We wait thy light above.
- 5 Thy covenant in the darkest days
Shall heavenly light impart,
And be our theme of endless praise,
When all things else depart.

134. L. M.

- 1 JESUS, where'er thy people meet,
There they behold thy mercy-seat ;
Where'er they seek thee, thou art found,
And every place is hallow'd ground.
- 2 Great Shepherd of thy chosen few,
Thy former mercies here renew ;
Here to our waiting hearts proclaim
The sweetness of thy saving name.
- 3 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.

- 4 Lord, we are weak, but thou art near,
Nor short thine arm, nor deaf thine ear ;
O rend the heavens, come quickly down,
And make our willing hearts thine own.

135. P. M.

- 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 thy household shine.
- 3 Through the desert waste and cheerless
Though our destin'd journey lie,
Render'd by thy presence fearless,
We may every foe defy ;
Nought shall move us,
While we see the 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 heed us,
 Streams shall from the rock abound;
 Happy people!
 What a Saviour have we found!

136. C. M.

- 1 THE God who reigns above, we call
 Our father and our friend,
 And, blessed thought! his children all
 Shall see him in the end.
- 2 Though now dispersed, the day will come,
 When he who made them his,
 Will take them hence, and bear them home,
 To see him as he is.
- 3 Though now unknown, they then shall be
 The sons of God confess'd,
 And all the sons of men shall see
 How greatly they are bless'd.
- 4 Then let his children, while on earth,
 With foes and strangers mix'd,
 Be mindful of their heavenly birth,
 Their thoughts on glory fix'd.
- 5 That they should glorify him here,
 Their Father's purpose is,
 And when at last he shall appear,
 He will declare them his.

137. 7s.

- 1 FAINT not, Christian! though the road,
 Leading to thy blest abode,
 Darksome be, and dangerous too,
 Christ, thy guide, will bring thee through.

- 2 Faint not, Christian ! though in rage,
Satan would thy soul engage,
Gird on faith's anointed shield,
Bear it to the battle-field.
- 3 Faint not, Christian ! though the world
Has its hostile flag unfurl'd :
Hold the cross of Jesus fast,
Thou shalt overcome at last.
- 4 Faint not, Christian ! though within
There 's a heart so prone to sin ;
Christ, the Lord, is over all,
He 'll not suffer thee to fall.
- 5 Faint not, Christian ! though thy God
Smite thee with his chast'ning rod ;
Smite he must with father's care,
That he may his love declare.
- 6 Faint not, Christian ! Jesu 's near ;
Soon in glory he 'll appear,
And his love will then bestow,
Power over every foe.
- 7 Faint not, Christian ! look on high,
See the harpers in the sky :
Patient wait, and thou wilt join—
Chant with them of love divine.

138. C. M.

- 1 O FOR a thousand tongues to sing
My dear Redeemer's praise !
The glories of my God and King,
The triumphs of his grace.
- 2 Jesus, the name that charms our fears,
That bids our sorrows cease,
'Tis music in the sinner's ears,
'Tis life, and health, and peace.

- 3 He breaks the power of cancell'd sin,
 He sets the prisoners free,
 His blood can make the foulest clean,
 His blood avail'd for me.
- 4 Hear him, ye deaf; his praise, ye dumb,
 Your loosen'd tongues employ;
 Ye blind, behold your Saviour come;
 And leap, ye lame, for joy.

139. C. M.

- 1 O God, our help in ages past,
 Our hope for years to come,
 Our shelter from the stormy blast,
 And our eternal home,—
- 2 Before the hills in order stood,
 Or earth received her frame,
 From everlasting thou art God,
 To endless years the same.
- 3 Under the shadow of thy throne,
 Thy saints have dwelt secure;
 Sufficient is thine arm alone,
 And our defence is sure.
- 4 O God, our help in ages past,
 Our hope for years to come,
 Be thou our guard while life shall last,
 And our eternal home.

140. C. M.

- 1 JESUS, away from earth I fly,
 And with thy Church unite;
 Thy saints shall be my company,
 Thy presence my delight
- 2 Thy name shall dwell upon my tongue,
 Through all the heavenly road;

Thy truth and grace shall be my song,
'Till I get home to God.

3 The wonders of thy bleeding love
For one so vile as I,
Shall often draw my heart above,
And fix my thoughts on high.

4 Yes, in thy name will I rejoice,
And triumph in thy word ;
In echo to my heart, my voice
Shall magnify the Lord.

5 And may I never cease to tell
The wonders of thy love,
'Till heavenly notes my bosom swell,
In yonder courts above.

141. P. M.

1 *Lord, we are thine* : our God thou art,
Fashion'd and made we are of thee,
These curious frames—in every part,
Thy wisdom, power, and love, we see :
Each breath we draw, each pulse that beats,
Each organ form'd by skill divine,
Each precious sense aloud repeats,
Great God, that we are only *thine*.

2 *Lord, we are thine* : in thee we live,
Supported by thy tender care ;
Thou dost each hourly mercy give,
Thine earth we tread, we breathe thine air.
Raiment and food thy hands supply,
Thy sun's bright rays around us shine ;
Guarded by thine all-seeing eye,
We own that we are only *thine*.

3 *Lord, we are thine* : bought by thy blood,
Once the poor guilty slaves of sin,

But thou redeemest us to God,
 And mak'st thy Spirit dwell within :
 Thou hast our sinful wand'rings borne,
 With love and patience all divine ;
 As brands, then, from the burning torn,
 We own that we are *wholly thine*.

- 4 *Lord, we are thine* : thy claims we own,
 Ourselves to thee we wholly give ;
 Reign thou within our hearts alone,
 And let us to thy glory live ;
 Here let us each thy mind display,
 In all thy gracious image shine,
 And haste that long expected day,
 When thou shalt own *that we are thine*.

142. C. M.

- 1 SEE Aaron, God's anointed priest,
 Within the veil appear,
 In robes of mystic meaning drest,
 Presenting Israel's prayer.
- 2 The plate of gold which crowns his brows,
 His holiness describes ;
 His breast displays, in shining rows,
 The names of all the tribes.
- 3 With the atoning blood he stands
 Before the mercy-seat :
 And clouds of incense from his hands
 Arise with odour sweet.
- 4 Through him the eye of faith descries
 A greater priest than he :
 Thus Jesus pleads above the skies,
 For you, my friends, and me.
- 5 He bears the names of all his saints,
 Deep on his heart engraved ;

Attentive to the state and wants
Of all his love has saved.

6 In him a holiness complete,
Light and perfections shine ;
And wisdom, grace, and glory, meet
A Saviour all divine.

7 In him my weary soul has rest,
Though I am weak and vile ;
I read my name upon his breast,
And see the Father smile.

143. S. M.

1 BEHOLD the Lamb of God,
The Father's only Son !
Our sins were laid on Christ our Head,
The sins of all in one.

2 Our heart can joy in God
By faith of Jesus slain ;
His people's sins he bore away,
He died and rose again.

3 The blood and water came
From out his pierced side ;
Our robes are wash'd in precious blood
Of Jesus crucified.

4 We " Abba, Father !" cry,
While mourning we rejoice :
We hear the blood of Jesus speak,
And life is in his voice.

144. P. M.

1 GRACIOUS Lord, my heart is fixèd,
Sing I will, and sing of thee,
Since the cup that justice mixèd,
Thou hast drank, and drank for me.
Great Deliverer !
Thou hast set the pris'ner free.

- 2 Many were the chains that bound me,
 But the Lord has loosed them all ;
 Arms of mercy now surround me,
 Mercy inexhaustible.
 Saviour keep me !
 Keep thy servant lest he fall.
- 3 Fair the scene that lies before me,
 Life eternal Jesus gives ;
 While he waves his banner o'er me,
 Peace and joy my soul receives :
 Sure his promise !
 I shall live because he lives.
- 4 When the world would bid me leave thee,
 Telling me of shame and loss ;
 Saviour, guard me, lest I grieve thee,
 Lest I cease to love thy cross :
 This is treasure,
 All the rest I count but dross.

145. L. M.

- 1 MAY we, O God, thy mind express,
 Stand forth thy chosen witnesses,
 Thy power unto salvation shew,
 In love and holiness below.
- 2 The fulness of thy grace receive,
 And simply to thy glory live,
 Strongly reflect the light divine,
 And in a world of darkness shine.
- 3 In us let all mankind behold
 How Christians lived in days of old,
 Mighty their envious foes to move,
 A proverb of reproach and love.
- 4 O make us of one soul and heart !
 The all-conforming mind impart—

Spirit of peace and unity,
Taught and renew'd and ruled by thee.

146. C. M.

- 1 BEHOLD the Lamb with glory crown'd,
To him all power is given :
No place too high for him is found,
No place too high in heaven.
- 2 He fills the throne, the throne above,
He fills it without wrong,
The object of his Father's love,
The theme of angels' song.
- 3 Though high, yet he accepts the praise
His people offer here :
The faintest feeblest cry they raise,
Will reach the Saviour's ear.
- 4 This song be our's, and this alone,
That celebrates the name
Of him that sits upon the throne,
And that exalts the Lamb.
- 5 To him whom men despise and slight,
To him be glory given :
The crown is his, and his by right
The highest place in heaven.

147. C. M.

- 1 SAVIOUR, I long to follow thee,
Daily thy cross to bear,
And count all else, whate'er it be,
Unworthy of my care.
- 2 I am not now my own, but *thine*,
The purchase of thy blood,
And made by grace and love divine,
A son and heir of God.

- 3 Thy Spirit, too, the present seal
Of all the Father's love,
Dwells in my soul, and does reveal
The glorious rest above.
- 4 My sins lie buried in the grave,
From condemnation free,
Life, strength, and grace, I in thee have,
For I am *one* with thee.
- 5 O teach me so the power to know,
Of risen life with thee,
Not I may live, while here below,
But Christ may live in me.

148. C. M.

- 1 AND art thou with us, gracious Lord,
To dissipate our fear ;
Dost thou proclaim thyself *our* God,
Our Father ever near ?
- 2 A father's pity dost thou feel,
For all thy feeble saints :
And in the tend'rest accents speak,
To soothe their sad complaints ?
- 3 On this support our souls shall lean,
And banish every care :
The darkest path is cheer'd with smiles,
Since thou art with us there.

149. C. M.

- 1 THE Father bruised his only Son,
For us upon the tree ;
His death is our eternal life,
Our glorious liberty.
- 2 The Prince of life has enter'd heaven,
A sufferer no more,

Those sorrows now build up his throne,
Which on the cross he bore.

- 3 Love mov'd the Father's hand to smite,
And mov'd the Son to bear :
How sweet on Calvary to stand !
The God of love is there !

150. P. M.

- 1 HOLY Saviour ! we adore thee, *P. Trugellos*
Seated on the throne of God : *1838.*
While the heavenly hosts before thee
Gladly sing thy praise aloud— *S. MSS.*
“Thou art worthy !” *“T. 19”*
We are ransom'd by thy blood.”
- 2 Saviour ! though the world despised thee,
Though thou here wast crucified,
Yet the Father's glory raised thee :
Lord of all creation wide,
“Thou art worthy !”
We shall live, for thou hast died.
- 3 And though here on earth rejected,
'Tis but fellowship with thee ;
What besides could be expected,
Than like thee, our Lord, to be ?
“Thou art worthy !”
Thou from earth hast set us free.
- 4 Haste the day of thy returning,
With thy ransom'd church to reign ;
Then shall end our days of mourning,
We shall sing with rapture then.
“Thou art worthy !”
Come, Lord Jesus, come, Amen.”

151—152

151. L. M.

- 1 WITH heaven in view, we tread the path
The saints of former ages trod ;
Like them, the children once of wrath,
But now, like Christ, the sons of God.
- 2 No room for any boast have we ;
Upon another's wealth we live :
The pardon we enjoy is free,
The praise to God alone we give.
- 3 We seek a city far from this,
A distant city, out of sight :
Our God himself its builder is,
The Lamb its everlasting light.
- 4 And sad to us the way appears,
Till we our Lord and God shall see ;
Yet though while here we sow in tears,
Our harvest hence ere long shall be.
- 5 And yet to us full joy there is,
In him who is the joy of heaven ;
And blest our lot ; for we are his !
Opposers once, but now forgiven.
- 6 Our aim be this, to live below,
As he would have his people live.
To those who own and serve him so,
The Lord a bright reward will give.

152. P. M.

- 1 GIVE thanks to God most high,
The universal Lord,
The sovereign king of kings ;
And be his name adored.
Thy mercy, Lord, shall still endure,
Thy word abides for ever sure.

- 2 How mighty is his hand !
 What wonders he hath done !
 He form'd the earth and seas,
 And spread the heavens alone.
 His power and grace are still the same,
 Let endless praise exalt his name.
- 3 He sent his only Son,
 To save us from our woe,
 From Satan, sin, and hell,
 And every hurtful foe :
 Thy mercy, Lord, shall still endure ;
 Thy word abides for ever sure.
- 4 Give thanks aloud to God,
 To God the heavenly king,
 With all around his throne,
 His works and glory sing.
 His power and grace are still the same,
 Let endless praise exalt his name.

153. S. M.

- 1 Not all the blood of beasts,
 On Jewish altars slain,
 Could give the guilty conscience peace
 Or wash away its stain.
- 2 But Christ, the heavenly Lamb,
 Takes all my sins away ;
 A sacrifice of nobler name,
 And richer blood than they.
- 3 My faith would lay her hand
 On that dear head of thine,
 While like a penitent I stand,
 And there confess my sin.
- 4 My soul looks back to see,
 The burden thou didst bear ;

When hanging on the cursed tree,
And knows her guilt was there.

- 5 Believing, I rejoice
To see the curse remove :
I bless the Lamb with cheerful voice,
And sing his dying love.

154. 7s.

- 1 BRETHREN, while we sojourn here,
Fight we must, but should not fear ;
Foes we have, but we 've a friend,
One that loves us to the end ;
Forward, then, with courage go,
Long we shall not dwell below ;
Soon the joyful news will come,
" Child, your Father calls—Come home."
- 2 In the way a thousand snares
Lie, to take us unawares ;
Satan, with malicious art,
Watches each unguarded part :
But from Satan's malice free,
Saints shall soon victorious be ;
Soon the joyful news will come,
" Child, your Father calls—Come home."
- 3 But, of all the foes we meet,
None so oft betray our feet ;
None betray us into sin,
Like the foes that dwell within .
Yet let nothing spoil your peace,
Christ will also conquer these ;
And the joyful news will come,
" Child, your Father calls—Come home."

155. S. M.

- 1 PREPARE a thankful song
To the Redeemer's name ;
His praises should employ each tongue,
And every heart inflame.
- 2 He laid his glory by,
And dreadful pains endured ;
That rebels, such as you and I,
From wrath should be secured.
- 3 Upon the cross he died,
Our debt of sin to pay ;
The blood and water from his side,
Wash all our guilt away.
- 4 And now he pleading stands,
For us, before the throne,
And answers all the law's demands,
With what himself hath done.
- 5 The world and Satan rage,
But he their power controls ;
His wisdom, love, and truth engage,
Protection for our souls.
- 6 Though press'd, we will not yield,
But shall prevail at length ;
For Jesus is our Sun and Shield,
Our Righteousness and Strength.
- 7 Assured that Christ our king
Will put our foes to flight,
We on the field of battle sing,
And triumph while we fight.

156. P. M.

- 1 Q JESUS Christ, the Saviour,
We only look to thee ;
'Tis in thy love and favour,
Our souls find liberty.

- While Satan fiercely rages,
 And shipwreck oft we fear,
 'Tis this our grief assuages,
 That thou art always near.
- 2 Yes, though the tempest round us
 Seems safety to defy,
 Though rocks and shoals surround us,
 And swell the billows high :
 Thou dost from death protect us,
 And cheer us by thy love ;
 Thy counsels too direct us
 Safe to the rest above.
- 3 There, with what joy reviewing
 Past conflicts, dangers, fears,
 Thy hand our foes subduing,
 And drying all our tears !
 Our hearts with rapture burning,
 The path we shall retrace,
 Where now our souls are learning
 The riches of thy grace.
- 4 O then how loud the chorus
 Shall to thy name resound,
 From all at rest before us,
 From all thy grace hath found !
 One joyful song for ever,
 Each harp, each lip, shall raise ;
 The praise of our Redeemer,
 Our God and Saviour's praise.

157. L. M.

- 1 REJOICE, ye saints, rejoice and praise,
 The blessings of Redeeming Grace ;
 Jesus, your everlasting tower,
 Mocks at the angry tempest's power.

- 2 His love's a refuge ever nigh,
His watchfulness a mountain high,
His name's a rock, which winds above
And waves below can never move.
- 3 His covenant, for ever sure,
For endless ages will endure;
His perfect work will ever prove
The depth of his unchanging love.
- 4 While all things change he changes not,
He ne'er forgets though oft forgot;
His love unchangeably the same,
And as enduring as his name.
- 5 Rejoice, ye saints! rejoice and praise
The blessings of this wondrous grace;
Jesus, your everlasting tower,
Can bear unmoved the tempest's roar.

138. C. M.

- 1 O BLESSED Jesus! who but thou,
On earth, in heaven above,
May claim from all our willing hearts
The full response of love?
- 2 We love the brethren, Lord, 'tis true,
Because in them we see
Sweet traces of thy blessed self,
For they are one with thee.
- 3 And one with us—but O 'twas thine,
Thine only, Lord, to part
With life, and all that love could give,
To win the wand'ring heart.
- 4 Thus, heirs of endless bliss with thee,
We love thee—we adore,
And ask thee still for greater grace,
To love thee more and more.

159. 7s.

- 1 SONGS of praise the angels sang,
Heaven with hallelujahs rang,
When Jehovah's work begun,
When he spake, and it was done.
- 2 Songs of praise awoke the morn,
When the Prince of Peace was born ;
Songs of praise arose, when he
Captive led captivity.
- 3 Heaven and earth must pass away,
Songs of praise shall crown the 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 is called to raise,
Psalms, and hymns, and songs of praise
- 5 Let the Church then spend her breath,
Singing of the Saviour's death ;
And no less, with heart and voice,
In the Lamb's new life rejoice.
- 6 Learning thus, by faith and love,
Songs of praise to sing above :
Soon this holy sweet employ,
She in glory shall enjoy.

160. L. M.

- 1 THE Lord abounds with tender love,
And unexampled acts of grace,
His wakened wrath doth slowly move,
His willing mercy flies apace.
- 2 As far apart as east and west,
So far has he our sins removed,

Who with a father's tender breast,
Has such as fear him always loved.

161. 7s.

- 1 CHILDREN of the heavenly King,
As ye journey, sweetly sing,
Sing your Saviour's worthy praise,
Glorious in his works and ways.
- 2 Ye are travelling home to God,
In the way the fathers trod :
They are happy now, and ye
Soon with Christ, your Lord, shall be.
- 3 Shout, ye little flock, and blest,
Ye on Jesus' throne shall rest ;
There your seat is now prepared,
There your kingdom and reward.
- 4 Fear not, though a feeble band ;
'Mid the conflict boldly stand ;
Christ, your Lord, the day who won,
Bids you undismayed go on.
- 5 Lord, obediently we 'll go,
Gladly leaving all below ;
Only thou our leader be,
And we still will follow thee.

162. P. M.

- 1 SWEET the moments, rich in blessing,
Which before the cross we spend,
Life, and health, and peace, possessing
From the sinner's dying Friend !
- 2 Here we rest, in wonder viewing
All our sins on Jesus laid ;
Here we see redemption flowing,
From the sacrifice he made.

- 3 Truly blessed is the station,
Low before the cross to lie ;
And behold the great salvation
To rebellious man brought nigh !
- 4 Here we find the dawn of heaven,
While upon the cross we gaze :
See our trespasses forgiven,
And our songs of triumph raise.
- 5 O that near the cross abiding,
We may to the Saviour cleave !
Nought with him our hearts dividing,
All for him content to leave.
- 6 May we still, the cross discerning,
There alone for comfort go ;
And new wonders daily learning,
More of Jesus' comfort know.

163. P. M.

- 1 O LOVE divine ! thou vast abyss !
My sins are swallow'd up in thee :
Covered is my unrighteousness,
From condemnation I am free.
While Jesus' blood through earth and skies,
" Mercy ! free, boundless mercy !" cries.
- 2 Fix'd on this ground must I remain,
Though my heart fail and flesh decay ;
This anchor shall my soul sustain,
When earth's foundations melt away :
Mercy's full power I then shall prove,
Loved with an everlasting love.

164. C. M.

- 1 TEN thousand talents once I owed,
And nothing had to pay,

- But Jesus freed me from the load,
And wash'd my debt away.
- 2 Yet since the Lord forgave my sin
And blotted out my score,
Much more indebted have I been
Than e'er I was before.
- 3 My guilt is cancell'd quite, I know,
And satisfaction made ;
But the vast debt of love I owe
Can never be repaid.
- 4 The love I owe for sins forgiven,
For power to believe,
For present peace, and promised heaven,
No angel can conceive.
- 5 That love of thine, thou sinner's Friend,
(Witness my bleeding heart)
My little all can ne'er extend
To pay a thousandth part.
- 6 Nay more, the poor returns I make
I first from thee obtain ;
And 'tis of grace that thou wilt take
Such poor returns again.
- 7 'Tis well—it shall my glory be,
(Let who will boast their store)
In time and to eternity,
To owe thee more and more.

165. P. M.

- 1 COME, saints, praise the Lamb, his mercies proclaim,
And lift up your heads and sing of his name,
His love to the church, which he purchased with blood,
To make her his Bride, and the temple of God.
- 2 When wandering far from the Father's abode,
The heart full of pride and hatred to God,

The children of darkness, of Satan the slaves,
'Tis Jesus redeem'd us—His merit that saves.

Our sins on the cross he on Calvary bore,
He blotted them out, and they are no more ;
Now pardon'd and washed, we spotless appear,
And cry, " Abba, Father," unhinder'd by fear.

Despised by the world, we 're strangers below,
But destined for heaven, we cheerfully go:
The Lord is our leader: and strong in his might,
Though Satan opposes, we'll fight the good fight.

We look for the day when Jesus shall come,
And take all his blood-purchased brethren home:
When we shall behold all his glory and grace,
And our heaven be found in the light of his face.

166. P. M.

- 1 WHY should I fear the darkest hour,
Or tremble at the tempter's power ?
Jesus vouchsafes to be my tower.
- 2 Though hot the fight, why quit the field ?
Why should I either flee or yield,
Since Jesus is my mighty shield ?
- 3 I know not what may soon betide,
Or how my wants shall be supplied ;
But Jesus knows and will provide.
- 4 Though sin would fill me with distress,
The throne of grace I can address,
For Jesus is my righteousness.
- 5 Though faint my prayers, and cold my love,
My steadfast hope shall not remove,
While Jesus intercedes above.
- 6 Against me earth and hell combine,
But on my side is power divine,
Jesus is all, and he is mine.

167. L. M.

- 1 O WONDROUS hour ! when, Jesus, thou,
Co-equal with the eternal God,
Beneath our sin vouchsafed to bow,
And in our nature bore the rod.
- 2 On thee, the Father's blessed Son,
Jehovah's utmost anger fell :
That all was borne, that all is done,
Thine agony, thy cross can tell.
- 3 Thy cross ! thy cross ! 'tis there we see
What thou, beloved Saviour ! art :
There all the love that dwells in thee,
Was labouring in thy breaking heart.
- 4 For us it strove—our life we owe,
Our joy, our glory, all to thee :
Thy sufferings in that hour of woe,
Thy victory, Lord, hath made us free.

168. C. M.

- 1 How sweet the name of Jesus sounds
In a believer's ear !
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
And drives away his fear.
- 2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast :
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary, rest.
- 3 Dear name ! the rock on which I build,
My shield and hiding-place ;
My never-failing treasury, fill'd
With boundless stores of grace.
- 4 Jesus, my Saviour, Shepherd, Friend,
My Prophet, Priest, and King ;

My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End,
Accept the praise I bring.

- 5 Weak is the effort of my heart,
And cold my warmest thought ;
But when I see thee as thou art,
I'll praise thee as I ought.
- 6 Till then I would thy love proclaim,
With every fleeting breath ;
And glory in that blessed name
That quells the power of death.

169. P. M.

- 1 MASTER ! we would no longer be
Lov'd by the world that hated thee
But patient in thy footsteps go,
Thy sorrow as thy joy to know.
We would—and O bestow the power,—
With meekness meet the darkest hour,
The shame despise, however tried,
For thou wast scorn'd and crucified.
- 2 We welcome still thy faithful word,
"The cross shall meet its sure reward,"
For soon must pass the "little while,"
When joy shall crown thy servants' toil,
When we shall hear thee, Saviour, say,
"Arise, my love, and come away,
Look up, for thou shalt weep no more,
But rest on heaven's eternal shore."

170. C. M.

- 1 FAREWELL, ye fleeting joys of earth,
We've seen the Saviour's face,
Beheld him with the eye of faith,
And know his love and grace.

- 2 Forth from his Father's loving breast,
To bear our sin and shame,
To face a cold unfeeling world,
The heavenly Stranger came.
- 3 This earth to him, the Lord of all,
No kindly welcome gave ;
In Judah's land, the Saviour found
No shelter but the grave.
- 4 Then fare thee well, thou faithless world !
Thine evil eye could see
No grace in him whose dying love
Hath weaned our hearts from thee.
- 5 The cross was his ; and O 'tis ours
Its weight on earth to bear,
And glory in the thought that he
Was once a sufferer there.

171. P. M.

- 1 COME on, my partners in distress,
My comrades in the wilderness,
Who still your sorrows feel ;
Awhile forget your griefs and fears,
And look beyond this vale of tears,
To yon celestial hill.
- 2 Look forward to that happy place,
Beyond the bounds of time and space,
The saint's secure abode ;
On faith's strong eagle pinions rise,
And force your passage to the skies,
And scale the mount of God.
- 3 See where the Lamb in glory stands,
Encircled with his radiant bands,
And join the angelic powers ;

For all that height of glorious bliss
 Our everlasting portion is,
 And all that heaven is ours.

- 4 Who suffer with our Master here,
 Shall soon before his face appear,
 And by his side sit down ;
 To patient faith the prize is sure,
 And all who to the end endure
 The cross, shall wear the crown.
- 5 Thrice blessed joy-inspiring hope,
 It lifts the fainting spirit up,
 It brings to life the dead ;
 Our conflicts here shall soon be past,
 And we shall all ascend at last
 Triumphant with our Head.

172. C. M.

- 1 LONG hath the night of sorrow reign'd,
 The dawn shall bring us light :
 God shall appear ; and we shall rise
 With gladness in his sight.
- 2 Our hearts, if God we seek to know
 Shall know him and rejoice,
 His coming like the morn shall be,
 Like morning songs his voice.
- 3 As dew upon the tender herb
 Diffusing fragrance round ;
 As showers that usher in the spring,
 And cheer the thirsty ground.
- 4 So shall his presence bless our souls,
 And shed a joyful light,
 Till the blest morn shall chase away
 The sorrows of the night.

173. P. M.

- 1 HEAD of the church triumphant !
We joyfully adore thee,
Till thou appear,
Thy members here,
Shall sing like those in glory.
- 2 We lift our hearts and voices
With blest anticipation,
And cry aloud,
And give to God,
The praise of our salvation.
- 3 While in affliction's furnace,
And passing through the fire ;
The love we praise
Which tries our ways,
And ever brings us nigher.
- 4 We clap our hands, exulting
In thine almighty favour ;
The love divine
Which made us thine,
Shall keep us thine for ever.
- 5 Thou dost conduct thy people
Through torrents of temptation,
Nor will we fear,
While thou art near,
The fire of tribulation.
- 6 The world, with sin and Satan,
In vain our march opposes ;
By thee we shall
Break through them all,
And sing the song of Moses.
- 7 By faith we see the glory
To which thou dost restore us,

The world despise
 For that high prize,
 Which thou hast set before us.

- 8 And if thou count us worthy,
 We each, as dying Stephen,
 Shall see thee stand
 At God's right hand,
 To take us up to heaven.

174. L. M.

- 1 'TWIXT Jesus and the chosen race
 Subsists a bond of sovereign grace,
 A bond which hell's tremendous train
 Can ne'er dissolve, nor break in twain.
- 2 This sacred bond shall never break,
 Though earth should to her centre shake,
 We rest in hope, assured of this—
 For God has pledged his faithfulness.
- 3 He spake, he sware—and it was done,
 Wrought in the blood of his dear Son,
 The Lamb appointed to redeem
 All that the Father loved in him.
- 4 O sacred union, firm and strong !
 How great the grace ! how sweet the song !
 That Adam's sons should ever be
One with Incarnate Deity !
- 5 In spirit *one* with him who rose,
 Victorious o'er his mighty foes,
 One, when in heaven he took his seat,
 The pledge of Satan's full defeat.
- 6 Triumphant thus o'er all its powers
 (For all he is and has, is ours)
 With him, our Head, we stand or fall,
 Our life, our surety and our all.

- 7 Thus saved in him, a chosen race,
O may we prove our faithfulness,
And live to him in whom we died,
With whom we shall be glorified!

175. 7s.

- 1 BLESSED are the sons of God !
They are bought with Jesus' blood ;
They are ransom'd from the grave,
Endless glory they shall have.
- 2 God did love them in the Son,
Long before the world begun :
They the seal of this receive,
When in Jesus they believe.
- 3 They are lights upon the earth,
Children of a heavenly birth ;
Born of God, they hate all sin,
God's pure seed remains within.
- 4 They have fellowship with God,
Through the Mediator's blood ;
Blest in God, with Jesus one,
Glory is in them begun.
- 5 They alone are truly bless'd,
Heirs of God, joint-heirs with Christ ;
Ever blessed shall they be,
Now and in eternity !

176. P. M.

- 1 *Sing aloud to God our strength ;*
He has brought us hitherto ;
He will bring us home at length ;
This the Lord our God will do.
Doubt not, for his word is stable,
Fear not, for his arm is able.

- 2 *Sing aloud to God our strength,*
Sing with wonder of his love,
Who can tell its breadth and length ?
Who below, or who above ?
Who its depth and height can measure ?
'Tis a rich unbounded treasure.
- 3 *Sing aloud to God our strength,*
He is with us where we go,
Fear we not the journey's length,
Fear we not the mighty foe ;
All our foes shall be defeated,
And our journey be completed.

177. L. M.

- 1 WHEN, gracious Lord, when shall it be,
That we shall find our all in thee ;
The fulness of thy promise prove,
The joys at thy right hand above ?
- 2 Thee, only thee, we fain would find,
And leave this world and self behind ;
Thou, only thou, to us be given,
Of all thou hast in earth, in heaven.

178. P. M.

- 1 ON earth the song begins,
In heaven more sweet and loud,
" To him that cleansed our sins
By his atoning blood ;"
" To him," they sing the joyful strain,
" Be honour, power, and praise ! Amen."
- 2 Believers, now repeat
What heaven with gladness owns,
And while before his feet
The elders cast their crowns,
Go imitate the choirs above,
And sing aloud the Saviour's love.

- 3 Alone he bore the cross,
 Alone its grief sustained ;
 His was the shame and loss,
 And He the victory gained ;
 The mighty work was all his own,
 And he shall ever wear the crown.

179. P. M.

- 1 AWAY with our sorrow and fear !
 We soon shall have enter'd our home ;
 The city of saints shall appear,
 The day of eternity come !
 From earth we shall quickly remove,
 To dwell in our native abode,
 In mansions of glory above,
 Prepared of our Father and God.
- 2 Ah ! who upon earth can conceive,
 The bliss that in heaven they 'll share,
 And who this dark world would not leave,
 And cheerfully seek to be there,
 Where Christ is the light and the sun,
 And we by reflection shall shine,
 With him everlastingly one,
 And bright in effulgence divine !
- 3 'Tis good at thy word to be here,
 'Tis better in thee to be gone,
 And see thee in glory appear,
 And rise to a share in thy throne :
 All tears will be wiped from our eyes,
 When thee we behold in the cloud,
 And echo the joys of the skies,
 And shout to the trumpet of God.

180. C. M.

- 1 O LORD, when we the path retrace,
 Which thou on earth hast trod,

To man thy wondrous love and grace,
Thy faithfulness to God.

- 2 Thy love by man so sorely tried,
Proved stronger than the grave ;
The very spear that pierced thy side
Drew forth the blood to save.
- 3 Faithful amidst unfaithfulness,
Midst darkness only light,
Thou didst thy Father's name confess,
And in his will delight.
- 4 Unmoved by Satan's subtle wiles,
Or suffering, shame, and loss ;
Thy path uncheer'd by earthly smiles,
Led only to the cross.
- 5 O Lord, with sorrow and with shame
We meekly would confess
How little we who bear thy name,
Thy mind, thy ways express.
- 6 Give us thy meek, thy lowly mind ;
We would obedient be ;
And all our rest and pleasure find,
In learning, Lord, of thee.

181. C. M.

- 1 Do I not love thee, O my Lord ?
Behold my heart, and see,
And turn each hateful idol out,
That dares to rival thee.
- 2 Do not I love thee from my soul ?
Then let me nothing love ;
Dead be my heart to every joy
Which Jesus cannot move.
- 3 Is not thy name melodious still
To mine attentive ear ?

Doth not my heart with pleasure bound
My Saviour's voice to hear?

- 4 Hast thou a lamb in all thy flock
I would disdain to feed?
Hast thou a foe, before whose face
I fear thy cause to plead?
- 5 Thou know'st I love thee, dearest Lord,
But O I long to soar
Where I shall all thy glory see,
And learn to love thee more.

182. L. M.

- 1 JESUS, the Christ! Eternal Word!
Of all creation sovereign Lord!
On thee alone by faith we rest:
And lean our weakness on thy breast.
- 2 Thy blood hath wash'd us from our sin;
Thy Spirit sanctifies within,
And thou for us, in all our need,
At God's right hand dost ever plead.
- 3 O keep us in the narrow way,
That ne'er from thee our footsteps stray;
Sustain our weakness, calm our fear;
And to thy presence keep us near.
- 4 And be it thus till that blest day,
When God shall wipe all tears away,
"Quickly"—'tis promised in the word;
"E'en so. Amen. Come quickly, Lord."

183. P. M.

- 1 HARK what God the Lord hath spoken,
"O my people, faint and few,
Comfortless, afflicted, broken,
Fair abodes I build for you:

Thorns of heart-felt tribulation
 Shall no more perplex your ways ;
 You shall call your walls Salvation,
 And your gates shall all be Praise.

- 2 " Ye, no more your suns descending,
 Waning moons no more shall see ;
 But, your griefs for ever ending,
 Find eternal noon in me.
 I, Jehovah, shining o'er you,
 Will disperse the gloom of night ;
 I, the Lord, will be your glory,
 I your everlasting light."

184. L. M.

- 1 LORD, what is man ? Extremes how wide
 In this mysterious nature join !
 The flesh to worms and dust allied,
 The soul immortal and divine !
- 2 Divine at first, a holy flame,
 Kindled by the Almighty's breath ;
 Till, stained by sin, it soon became
 The seat of darkness, strife and death.
- 3 But Jesus, O amazing grace !
 Assumed our nature as his own,
 Obey'd and suffer'd in our place,
 Then took it with him to the throne.
- 4 Now what is man, when grace reveals
 The virtue of a Saviour's blood !
 New life divine within he feels,
 Despises earth, and walks with God.
- 5 And what, in yonder realms above,
 Is ransom'd man ordain'd to be ?
 With honour, holiness, and love,
 No seraph more adorn'd than he.

- 6 Nearest the throne, and first in song,
 Man shall his hallelujah raise,
 While wond'ring angels round him throng,
 And swell the chorus of his praise.

185. C. M.

- 1 OUR country is Immanuel's ground ;
 We seek that promised soil :
 The songs of Zion cheer our hearts,
 While strangers here we toil.
- 2 Oft do our hearts o'erflow with joy,
 And often too with tears ;
 Yet nought but heaven can raise our hopes,
 And nought but sin our fears.
- 3 We tread the path our Master trod,
 We bear the cross he bore,
 And every thorn that wounds our feet,
 His temples pierced before.
- 4 Our Shepherd's power is always near,
 His arm outstretch'd in love ;
 And while our bodies wander here,
 Our souls are fix'd above.
- 5 Afflictions purge our dross away,
 Refining as we run ;
 And while we die to earth and sense,
 Our heaven is here begun.

186. P. M.

- 1 IN weaknéss and trial,
 With God we may plead ;
 No fear of denial,
 We're sure to succeed :
 For though we oft grieve him,
 His promise is clear,

And love will believe him :
Our Father will hear.

2 'Gainst the giant-like might
 Of our foes, we can bring,
 As our weapons of fight,
 A stone and a sling.
 Should this have dismay'd us,
 Our souls it may cheer,
 That, call'd on to aid us,
Our Father will hear.

3 Our calls may be weak
 As the voice of a child ;
 And all that we speak,
 Must by sin be defiled.
 Yet Christ for us pleading,
 We may persevere,
 Through him interceding,
Our Father will hear.

187. P. M.

1 COME, Saints, and sing, dismiss your fear,
 And raise each drooping head,
 Come, sing with all the ransom'd here,
 The Lamb that once was dead :
 Salvation sing ; no word more meet
 To join to Jesus' name :
 Let ev'ry thankful tongue repeat,
 Salvation to the Lamb !

2 When we incurr'd the wrath of God,
 (Alas, what could we worse !)
 He came, and with his own life-blood
 Redeem'd us from the curse ;
 Salvation sing : no word more meet,
 To join to Jesus' name !

Repeat, ye ransom'd souls, repeat
Salvation to the Lamb !

188. L. M.

- 1 WELL may we count the world but loss,
And gladly join his praise to sing,
Who for our sins endured the cross,
And, dying, took from death its sting.
- 2 Pleading that cross, the soul may dare
Appeal to covenanted love ;
For he who bore our burthen there
Now lives to intercede above.
- 3 Strong in that cross, the soul may dare
Sin's dark device, and Satan's might,
Can see unmoved the opening grave,
And call earth's worst affliction light.
- 4 Wise in that cross, the soul may trace
Th' unfolded plan of power and love ;
And see in our *Emanuel's* face,
The glory angels see above.

189. C. M.

- 1 TEACH me yet more of thy blest ways,
Thou holy Lamb of God ;
And fix and root me in thy grace,
So dearly bought with blood.
- 2 O tell me often of each wound,
Of every grief and pain ;
And let my heart with joy confess,
From hence comes all my gain.
- 3 For this, O may I freely count
Whate'er I have but loss ;
And every name, and every thing,
Compared with thee, but dross.

- 4 Engrave this deeply on my heart
 With an eternal pen ;
 That I may, in some small degree,
 Return thy love again.

190. P. M.

- 1 How firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord,
 Is laid up for faith in his excellent word !
 What more can he say, than to you he has said ?
 You, who to the Saviour for refuge have fled.
- 2 In every condition, in sickness, in health,
 In poverty's vale, or abounding in wealth,
 At home, or abroad, on the land, on the sea,
 As thy day may demand, shall thy strength ever be.
- 3 If through the deep waters he cause thee to go,
 The rivers of grief shall not thee overflow ;
 For he shall be with thee, thy troubles to bless,
 And sanctify to thee thy deepest distress.
- 4 If through fiery trials thy pathway shall lie,
 His grace, all-sufficient, shall be thy supply ;
 The flame shall not hurt thee ; his only design
 Is thy dross to consume, and thy gold to refine.
- 5 Fear not ; he is with thee ! O be not dismay'd !
 He—He is thy God, and will still give thee aid ;
 He'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee to stand,
 Upheld by his righteous, omnipotent hand.
- 6 The soul that on Jesus hath lean'd for repose,
 He will not, he says it, give up to its foes ;
 That soul, though all hell should endeavour to shake,
 " I'll never—no never—no never forsake."

191. 7s.

- 1 WHEN we cannot see our way,
 Let us trust, and still obey ;
 He who bids us forward go,
 Cannot fail the way to show.
- 2 Though the sea be deep and wide,
 Though a passage seem denied ;

Fearless let us still proceed,
Since the Lord vouchsafes to lead.

- 3 Though it seem the gloom of night,
Though we see no ray of light ;
Since the Lord himself is there,
'Tis not meet that we should fear.
- 4 Night with him is never Night,
Where *he* is, there all is light :
When he calls us, why delay ?
They are happy who obey.
- 5 Be it ours, then, while we 're here,
Him to follow without fear !
Where he calls us, there to go,
What he bids us, that to do !

192. S. M.

- 1 SOLDIERS of Christ, arise,
And put your armour on,
Strong in the strength which God supplies,
Through his eternal Son.
- 2 Strong in the Lord of Hosts,
And in his mighty power—
Who in the strength of Jesus trusts,
Is more than conqueror.
- 3 Stand in his heavenly might,
With all his strength endued,
But take, to arm you for the fight,
The panoply of God.
- 4 That having all things done,
And all your conflicts past,
Ye may o'ercome, through Christ alone,
And stand complete at last.

193. C. M.

- 1 HOPELESS and outcast once we lay,
Worthy thy hate and scorn,
But love like thine could find a way
To rescue and adorn.
- 2 Dear Saviour, from thy bleeding veins
A living fountain flows,
To wash thy Bride from all her stains,
And soothe her deepest woes.
- 3 Cleansed from her sins, renew'd by grace,
Thy royal throne above,
Dear Saviour, is her destin'd place,
Her sweet abode thy love.
- 4 Thine eye, in that unclouded day,
Shall, with supreme delight,
Thy fair and glorious Bride survey,
Unblemish'd in thy sight.

194. P. M.

- 1 HAPPY they who trust in Jesus,
Sweet their portion is, and sure;
When the foe on others seizes,
He will keep his own secure,
Happy people!
Happy, though despised and poor.
- 2 Since his love and mercy found us,
We are precious in his sight;
Thousands now may fall around us,
Thousands more be put to flight;
But his presence
Keeps us safe by day and night.
- 3 Lo! our Saviour never slumbers;
Ever watchful is his care,

Though we cannot boast of numbers,
 In his strength secure we are :
 Sweet their portion,
 Who our Saviour's kindness share.

- 4 As the bird beneath her feathers
 Guards the objects of her care,
 So the Lord his children gathers,
 Spreads his wings, and hides them there ;
 Thus protected,
 All their foes they boldly dare.

195. P. M.

- 1 O JESUS, everlasting God !
 Who hast for sinners shed thy blood
 Upon the shameful tree ;
 And finish'd there redemption's toil,
 And won for us thy happy spoil,
 All praise we give to thee.
- 2 Fain would we think upon thy pain,
 Would find therein our life and gain,
 And firmly fix our heart
 Upon thy grief and dying love,
 Nor evermore from thee remove,
 Though from all else we part.
- 3 The more through grace ourselves we know,
 The more rejoiced we are to bow
 In faith beneath thy cross,
 To trust in thy atoning blood,
 And look to thee for every good,
 And count all else but loss.

196. 7s.

- JESUS, spotless Lamb of God,
 Thou hast bought us with thy blood—

- We would value nought beside
Jesus—Jesus crucified.
- 2 We are thine—and thine alone,
This we gladly, fully own ;
And, in all our works and ways,
Only now would seek thy praise.
- 3 Help us to confess thy name,
Bear with joy thy cross and shame,
Only seek to follow thee,
Though reproach our portion be.
- 4 When thou shalt in glory come,
And we reach our heavenly home,
Louder still our lips shall own
We are thine, and thine alone.

197. C. M.

- 1 OUR God proclaims his glorious name
Upon Mount Calvary,
Jehovah's secret name of LOVE
'Tis there alone we see.
- 2 The Father's bosom who can shew,
Save his beloved Son ?
Unlock the mystery of God,
And make his mercy known ?
- 3 God is well pleased in Jesus' cross—
The cross be our delight ;
The saints of God, by blood redeem'd,
Are blameless in his sight.
- 4 At Jesus' cross we learn the song
Jehovah can approve,
We cast our crowns before his throne,
And sing, "Our God is love."

198. C. M.

- 1 THE Dove that once on Jesus sat
Can now on us abide,
Revealing God the Father's face
In Jesus glorified.
- 2 Take heed, my soul, and watch and pray,
Lest thou the Spirit grieve,
Who makes thee know the Father's love,
And in the Son believe.
- 3 Hail, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost !
In love and counsel one ;
This threefold cord, this rock is ours,
How should we be undone ?

199. C. M.

- 1 OUR Father sits on heaven's throne,
Amidst the hosts above :
He reigns throughout the world alone,
He reigns the God of love.
- 2 He knew us when we knew him not,
Was with us, though unseen ;
His favour came to us unsought,
His love has wondrous been.
- 3 He keeps us now—securely keeps,
Whatever foe assails,
With vigilance that never sleeps,
With power that never fails.
- 4 He gives us hope that we shall be
Ere long with him above ;
The fulness of his glory see,
And celebrate his love.
- 5 Then let us, while we dwell below,
Obey our Father's voice,

To all his dispensations bow,
And in his name rejoice.

- 6 How sweet to hear him say at last,
“Ye blessed children, come:
Your days of mourning all are past,
Your Father calls you home!”

200. L. M.

- 1 God's tender mercies follow still
Each step of our appointed race,
In weakness now we do his will,
But hope to see him face to face.
- 2 Then God shall wipe all tears away,
As we are known, we then shall know;
Nor shall we from those fountains stray,
Whence living waters ceaseless flow.

201.—C. M.

- 1 My soul amid this stormy world
Is like some flutter'd dove;
And fain would be as swift of wing,
To flee to Him I love.
- 2 The cords that bound my heart to earth
Are broken by his hand;
Before his cross I found myself
A stranger in the land.
- 3 That visage marr'd, those sorrows deep,
The vinegar and gall,
Were Jesus' golden chains of love
His captive to enthal.
- 4 My heart is with him on his throne,
And ill can brook delay;

- Each moment list'ning for the voice,
 " Rise up, and come away."
- 5 With hope deferr'd, oft sick and faint,
 " Why tarries he ?" I cry :
 And should my Saviour chide my haste,
 Sure I could make reply,
- 6 " May not an exile, Lord, desire
 His own sweet land to see ?
 May not a captive seek release,
 A pris'ner to be free ?
- 7 " A child, when far away, may long
 For home and kindred dear ;
 And she that waits her absent Lord,
 May sigh till he appear.
- 8 " I would my Lord and Saviour know,
 That which no measure knows ;
 Would search the mystery of thy love,
 The depth of all thy woes.
- 9 " I fain would strike my golden harp
 Before the Father's throne ;
 There cast my crown of righteousness,
 And sing what grace hath done.
- 10 " Ah ! leave me not in this dark world,
 A stranger still to roam ;
 Come, Lord, and take me to thyself,
 Come, Jesus, quickly come."

202. L. M.

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

- 2 All worlds his glorious power confess,
His wisdom all his works express ;
But O his love what tongue can tell !
My Jesus has done all things well.
- 3 And since my soul has known his love,
What mercies has he made me prove,
Mercies which do all praise excel !
My Jesus has done all things well.
- 4 Though many a fiery flaming dart,
The tempter levels at my heart ;
With this I all his rage repel,
My Jesus has done all things well.
- 5 And when to that bright world I rise,
And join the anthems of the skies,
Above the rest this note shall swell—
My Jesus has done all things well.

203. C. M.

- 1 BELOVED associates in the strife
That ends in perfect peace ;
A life of conflict is our life,
From war we must not cease.
- 2 The soldiers of the cross must fight
Till life itself is past ;
The foe assails them day and night,
Assails them to the last.
- 3 But let us still remember this :
Though mighty are our foes,
The Lord who saves us greater is
Than all who can oppose.
- 4 We need not fly, we need not fear,
Since he who reigns above,
In all our conflicts will be near
The people of his love.

- 5 If thus we combat Satan's powers,
 If thus we meet the strife,
 The vict'ry always will be ours,
 And ours the crown of life.

204. C. M.

- 1 O LORD, my best desire fulfil,
 And help me to resign
 Life, health, and comfort, to thy will,
 And make thy pleasure mine.
- 2 Why should I shrink at thy command,
 Whose love forbids my fears?
 Or tremble at the gracious hand
 That wipes away my tears?
- 3 Thy favour all my journey through,
 Thou art engaged to grant;
 What else I want, or think I do,
 'Tis better still to want.
- 4 "But ah!" my inward spirit cries,
 "Still bind me to thy sway;
 Else the next cloud that veils my skies,
 Drives all these thoughts away."

205. C. M.

- 1 HARK, the glad sound! the Saviour comes!
 The Saviour promised long;
 Let every heart prepare a throne,
 And every voice a song.
- 2 He comes the pris'ners to release,
 In Satan's bondage held;
 The gates of brass before him burst,
 The iron fetters yield.
- 3 He comes, the broken heart to bind,
 The bleeding soul to cure;

And with the treasures of his grace
To enrich the humble poor.

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

206. C. M.

- 1 To us our God his love commends,
When by our sins undone,
That he might spare his enemies,
He would not spare his Son,
- 2 His only Son, on whom he placed
All his delight and love,
Before he form'd the earth below,
Or spread the heavens above.
- 3 Our sorrows and our sins to bear,
Our heavy cross sustain ;
Upon the tree he came to die,
That we might life obtain.
- 4 This life is hid in God with him,
Who fell a sacrifice ;
And dying, conquer'd death for us,
That we, like him, might rise.
- 5 Quickly he triumph'd o'er the grave,
And went to heaven again ;
There intercedes, and thence will come,
With all his saints to reign.
- 6 His word assures he'll quickly come—
For this his brethren pray ;
For this the whole creation groans,
Come, Lord, without delay.

207. P. M.

- 1 BEGONE, unbelief! my Saviour is near,
And for my relief will surely appear;
By prayer let me wrestle, and he will perform:
With Christ in the vessel, I smile at the storm.
- 2 Though dark be my way, since he is my guide,
'Tis mine to obey, 'tis his to provide:
Though cisterns be broken, and creatures all fail,
The word he hath spoken shall surely prevail.
- 3 His love in time past forbids me to think,
He'll leave me at last in trouble to sink;
Each sweet Ebenezer I have in review,
Confirms his good pleasure to help me quite through.
- 4 Since all that I meet shall work for my good,
The bitter is sweet, the med'cine is food;
Though painful at present, 'twill cease before long,
And then O how pleasant the conqueror's song!

208. P. M.

- 1 HAIL, thou once despised Jesus,
Hail, thou Galilean King!
Thou didst suffer to release us,
Thou didst free salvation bring!
Through thy death and resurrection,
Bearer of our sin and shame!
We enjoy divine protection,
Life and glory through thy name.
- 2 Paschal Lamb, by God appointed,
All our sins on thee were laid;
By Almighty Love anointed,
Thou hast full atonement made:
We who trust thee are forgiven,
Through the virtue of thy blood:
Rent in thee the veil of heaven;
Grace shines forth to man from God.

209. P. M.

- 1 WHY those fears ? Behold 'tis Jesus
 Holds the helm and guides the ship ;
 Spread the sails, and catch the breezes
 Sent to waft us through the deep—
 To the regions
 Where the mourners cease to weep.
- 2 Could we stay where death is hovering ?
 Could 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 with 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 Render'd safe by his protection,
 We shall pass the wat'ry waste ;
 Trusting to his wise direction,
 We shall gain the port at last ;
 And with wonder
 Think on toils and dangers past.
- 6 O what pleasures there await us !
 There the tempests cease to roar,

There it is that they who hate us
 Can molest our peace no more :
 Trouble ceases
 On that tranquil happy shore.

210. C. M.

- 1 THE God of love my Shepherd is,
 And he that doth me feed ;
 While he is mine, and I am his,
 What can I want or need ?
- 2 He leads me to the tender grass,
 Where I both feed and rest ;
 Then to the streams that gently pass—
 In both I have the best.
- 3 Or if I stray, he doth convert
 And bring my mind in frame ;
 And all this, not for my desert,
 But for his holy name.
- 4 Yea, in death's shady black abode,
 Well may I walk, nor fear,
 For thou art with me, and thy rod
 To guide, thy staff to bear.

211. P. M.

- 1 O HEAD so full of bruises,
 So full of pain and scorn ;
 Midst other sore abuses
 Mock'd with a crown of thorn !
 O Head, ere now surrounded
 With brightest majesty,
 In death once bow'd and wounded,
 Accursed on the tree !
- 2 Thou countenance transcendent !
 Thou life-creating Sun

- To worlds on thee dependent,
 Yet bruised and spit upon !
 O Lord ! what thee tormented
 Was our sin's heavy load,
 We had the debt augmented
 Which thou didst pay in blood.
- 3 Own us, thou great Preserver,
 Our Shepherd, now receive ;
 We know thy love's strong fervour
 By all thy pain and grief ;
 When earning our salvation,
 Thy heart did break in woe,
 With shame and love's affection,
 That man should hate thee so.
- 4 And O what consolation
 Doth in our hearts take place
 When we thy toil and passion
 Can joyfully retrace !
 Ah ! should we, while thus musing
 On our Redeemer's cross,
 E'en life itself be losing—
 Great gain would be that loss.
- 5 We give thee thanks unfeignèd,
 O Jesus ! Friend in need,
 For what thy soul sustainèd
 When thou for us didst bleed ;
 Grant us to lean unshaken
 Upon thy faithfulness,
 Until from hence we 're taken
 To see thee face to face.

212. L. M.

"How sweet are thy words to my taste." Ps. cxix. 103.

- 1 I LOVE the sacred book of God,
 No other can its place supply ;

It points me to the saints' abode,
It gives me wings, and bids me fly.

- 2 Sweet book ! in thee my eyes discern
 The image of my absent Lord ;
 From thine illumin'd page I learn
 The joys his presence will afford.
- 3 In thee I read my title clear
 To mansions that will ne'er decay ;
 My Lord ! O when will he appear
 And bear his pris'ner far away ?
- 4 Then shall I need thy light no more,
 For nothing shall be then conceal'd ;
 When I have reach'd the heavenly shore
 The Lord himself will stand reveal'd.

213. C. M.

- 1 THE Saviour came ; no outward show
 Bespoke his presence nigh,
 No earthly beauty shone in him
 To draw the carnal eye.
- 2 Fair as the beauteous tender flower
 Amid the desert grows,
 So, slighted by a rebel race,
 The heavenly Saviour rose.
- 3 Rejected and despised by men,
 He was a man of woe ;
 Grief was his close companion still
 Through all his life below.
- 4 Yet all the grief he felt was ours,
 Ours were the woes he bore ;
 Pangs not his own his spotless soul
 With bitter anguish tore.

- 5 They thought he was condemn'd of heaven,
 An outcast from his God,
 While for our sins he groan'd and bled
 Beneath his Father's rod.
- 6 His sacred blood hath wash'd our souls
 From sin's polluting stain,
 His stripes have heal'd us, and his death
 Revived our souls again.
- 7 He died to bear our guilt away,
 That sin might be forgiven ;
 He lives to bless us, and defend
 And plead our cause in heaven.

214. L. M.

- 1 YES, 'tis a rough and thorny road
 That leads us to the saints' abode :
 But when our Father's house we gain,
 'Twill make amends for all our pain.
- 2 And though we feel our present grief,
 In hope we find a sweet relief :
 For hope anticipates the day
 When all our griefs shall pass away.
- 3 And what is all we suffer now,
 Or all we can endure below,
 To that bright day when Christ shall come
 And take his weary pilgrims home ?
- 4 Then let us walk, without complaint,
 The thorny road, and never faint :
 Though now by weariness oppress'd,
 The end is everlasting rest.
- 5 And when we gain the saints' abode,
 We'll oft look back upon the road ;
 The recollection of the past,
 Will sweeten our repose at last.

215. L. M.

- 1 JESUS, thy blood and righteousness
Our beauty are, our glorious dress ;
Midst flaming worlds, in these array'd,
With joy shall we lift up our head.
- 2 Bold shall we feel in that great day,
For who aught to our charge can lay ?
While by thy blood we are made clean
From the polluting curse of sin.
- 3 Thus Abraham the friend of God,
Thus all the saints redeem'd by blood,
Saviour of sinners thee proclaim,
And all their boast is in thy name.
- 4 This spotless robe the same appears
When ruin'd nature sinks in years,
No age can change its glorious hue—
The robe of Christ is ever new.
- 5 O let the dead now hear thy voice,
And bid thy chosen ones rejoice !
Their beauty *this*, their glorious dress,—
Jesus, the Lord our Righteousness!

216. L. M.

- 1 *Our God!*—What sweetness in the sound !
Our God!—Let thankful songs abound !
The eternal God our Father is ;
We trust in Him, and we are his.
- 2 Redeem'd by blood, and heirs by grace,
We hope to see our Father's face ;
The prospect cheers us on our way—
The prospect of that glorious day ;
- 3 A day that human thought transcends,
A glorious day that never ends !

The prospect of a day like this
New strength in every conflict is.

217. L. M.

- 1 THE saints Emanuel's portion are,
Redeem'd by price, reclaim'd by power—
His special choice—and tender care
Owns them and guards them every hour.
- 2 He finds them in a barren land,
Beset with sins and fears and woes ;
He leads and guides them by his hand,
And bears them safe from all their foes.

218. P. M.

- 1 To Jesus, the crown of my hope,
My soul is in haste to be gone ;
O bear me, ye cherubim, up,
And waft me away to your home.
- 2 My Saviour, whom, absent, I love,
Whom, not having seen, I adore,
Whose name is exalted above
All glory, dominion, and power.
- 3 Dissolve thou the bonds that detain
My soul from her portion in thee ;
Ah ! strike off the adamant chain,
And make me eternally free !
- 4 When that happy era begins,
When, array'd in thy glories, I shine,
Nor grieve any more by my sins
The bosom on which I recline—
- 5 O, then shall the veil be remov'd,
And round me thy brightness be pour'd ;
I shall meet him whom absent I loved,
I shall see whom unseen I adored.
- 6 And then, never more shall the fears,
The trials, temptations, and foes,

Which darken this valley of tears,
Intrude on my blissful repose :

- 7 Or if yet remember'd above,
Remembrance no sadness shall raise ;
They will be but new signs of thy love,
New themes for my wonder and praise.
- 8 Thus the strokes which from sin and from pain
Shall set me eternally free,
Will but strengthen and rivet the chain
Which binds me, my Saviour, to thee.

219. L. M.

- 1 SWEET is the work, O God, our king,
To praise thy name, give thanks and sing,
To shew thy love by morning light,
And tell of all thy truth by night.
- 2 Our heart shall triumph in thee, Lord,
And bless thy works, and bless thy word ;
Thy works of grace how bright they shine !
How deep thy counsels, how divine !
- 3 When shall we see, and hear, and know,
What mortals cannot reach below ?
When shall our pow'rs find sweet employ,
In Christ's eternal world of joy ?

220. P. M.

- 1 TH' atoning work is done,
The victim's blood is shed,
And Jesus now is gone
His people's cause to plead ;
He stands in heaven their great high priest,
And bears their names upon his breast.
- 2 He sprinkles with his blood
The mercy-seat above ;
For justice had withstood
The purposes of love ;

But justice now objects no more,
And mercy yields its boundless store.

- 3 No temple made with hands,
His place of service is,
In heaven itself he stands,
A heavenly priesthood his ;
In him the shadows of the law
Are all fulfill'd, and now withdraw.
- 4 And though awhile he be
Hid from the eyes of men,
His people look to see
Their great High Priest again :
In brightest glory he will come,
And take his waiting people home.

221. P. M.

- 1 From Egypt lately come,
Where death and darkness reign,
We seek our new, our better home,
Where we our rest shall gain.
Hallelujah !
We are on our way to God.
- 2 To Canaan's sacred bound,
We haste with songs of joy ;
Where peace and liberty are found,
And sweets that never cloy.
Hallelujah ! &c.
- 3 There sin and sorrow cease,
And every conflict's o'er ;
There we shall dwell in endless peace,
And never hunger more.
Hallelujah ! &c.
- 4 How sweet the prospect is !
It cheers the pilgrim's breast ;

We're journeying through the wilderness,
But soon we'll gain our rest.
Hallelujah ! &c.

222. P. M.

- 1 We praise and bless the Saviour's name,
His work is wondrous in our eyes ;
From heaven in love to man he came,
And on the cross for man he dies.
We know no other love like this,
No other love can equal his.
- 2 For man, the rebel and the foe,
He bore the curse upon the tree ;
When sunk in guilt, and sunk in woe,
When all was lost, or seem'd to be,
'Twas then the Saviour saw his case,
'Twas then the Saviour shew'd his grace.
- 3 The theme is sweet, 'tis lofty too,
'Tis far too high for thought to scan ;
For who is he can fully know
The love of God to guilty man ?
Eternity alone will prove
Sufficient to unfold his love :
- 4 'Tis there the Saviour will unfold
The love that brought him down from heaven,
Will tell what could not here be told,
Will give what could not here be given.
How blest are those he owns as his !
Their spring of joy eternal is.

223. C. M.

- 1 LET sinners boast of sinful joys,
The poor delights of sense,
'Tis Christ our inmost thoughts employs,
We draw our comforts thence.

- 2 With sweet contentment, now we bid
Farewell to pleasures here !
With Christ in God our life is hid,
And all its springs are there.
- 3 'Tis now conceal'd and lodged secure,
In God's eternal Son ;
From age to age it shall endure,
Though to the world unknown.
- 4 Then, Lord, remove whate'er divides
Our lingering souls from thee ;
'Tis fit that where the Head resides,
The members too should be.

224. C. M.

- 1 SEE how within the holiest
The blessed Saviour stands ;
'There he prepares for us a place,
With incense in his hands.
- 2 Brethren ! his glory all is ours,
His fellowship with God ;
Yes, there we sit in Christ the Lord,
Fruit of his precious blood !

225. P. M.

- 1 O HOLY Saviour, Friend unseen,
Since on thine arm thou bidst us lean,
Help us throughout life's changing scene
By faith to cling to thee !
- 2 Blest with this fellowship divine,
Take what thou wilt we 'll ne'er repine ;
Since, blessed Saviour ! we are thine,
And we may cling to thee.
- 3 Far from our home, fatigued, opprest,
Here we have found our place of rest ;

- As exiles still, yet not unblest,
While we can cling to thee.
- 4 Without a murmur we dismiss
Our former dreams of earthly bliss,
Our joy, our consolation this,
Each hour to cling to thee.
- 5 What though the world deceitful prove,
And earthly friends and hopes remove ;
With patient uncomplaining love,
Still would we cling to thee.
- 6 Oft when we seem to tread alone,
Some barren waste with thorns o'ergrown,
Thy voice of love, in gentlest tone,
Whispers, " Still cling to me."
- 7 Though faith and hope may oft be tried,
We ask not, need not, aught beside ;
So safe, so calm, so satisfied,
The souls that cling to thee.
- 8 Blest be our lot, whate'er befall,
Who can affright, or who appal ;
While as our strength, our rock, our all,
Saviour, we cling to thee.

226. C. M.

- 1 How can I sink with such a prop
As the eternal God,
Who bears the earth's huge pillars up,
And spreads the heavens abroad ?
- 2 How can I die while Jesus lives,
Who rose and left the dead ?
Pardon and grace my soul receives,
From mine exalted Head.

- 3 All that I am, and all I have,
 Shall be for ever thine ;
 Whate'er my duty bids me give,
 My cheerful hands resign.
- 4 Yea, if I might make some reserve,
 And duty did not call ;
 I love my Lord with such a love,
 That I would give him all.

227. C. M.

- 1 IN Him whose presence gladdens heaven,
 We do, and will, rejoice ;
 How blest are they to whom 'tis given
 To hear and know his voice.
- 2 He might have left us to endure
 The wrath we seem'd to brave ;
 Our case would then admit no cure,
 For who but he could save ?
- 3 But though resisted long, he strove ;
 His purpose was to save ;
 He shew'd the greatness of his love,
 And though provoked, forgave.
- 4 Then let us sing of grace alone,
 And magnify the name
 Of Him who sits upon the throne,
 And join to praise the Lamb.

228. C. M.

- 1 O God ! what cords of love are thine,
 How gentle, yet how strong !
 Thy truth and grace their strength combine,
 To draw our souls along.
- 2 The guilt of twice ten thousand sins
 One moment takes away ;

And when the fight of faith begins
Our strength is as our day.

3 Comfort, through all this vale of tears,
In rich profusion flows ;
And glory of unnumber'd years
Eternity bestows.

4 Drawn by such cords, we 'll onward move
Till round the throne we meet,
And, captives in the chains of love,
Embrace our Conqueror's feet.

229. P. M.

1 ONE there is above all others—

O how he loves !

His is love beyond a brother's—

O how he loves !

Earthly friends may fail or leave us,

One day soothe, the next day grieve us,

But this Friend will ne'er deceive us—

O how he loves !

2 'Tis eternal life to know him—

O how he loves !

Think, O think how much we owe him—

O how he loves !

With his precious blood he bought us,

In the wilderness he sought us,

To his fold he safely brought us—

O how he loves !

3 We have found a friend in Jesus—

O how he loves !

'Tis his great delight to bless us—

O how he loves !

How our hearts delight to hear him

Bid us dwell in safety near him ;

Why should we distrust or fear him?—
O how he loves!

- 4 Through his name we are forgiven—
O how he loves!
Backward shall our foes be driven—
O how he loves!
Best of blessings he'll provide us,
Nought but good shall e'er betide us,
Safe to glory he will guide us—
O HOW HE LOVES!

230. P. M.

- 1 ONE there is, above all others,
Well deserves the name of Friend;
His is love beyond a brother's,
Costly, free, and knows no end.
They who once his kindness prove,
Find it everlasting love.
- 2 When he lived on earth abasèd,
Friend of sinners was his name;
Now above all glory raisèd,
He rejoices in the name:
Still he calls them, brethren, friends,
And to all their wants attends.
- 3 O for grace our hearts to soften;
Teach us, Lord, at length to love;
We, alas! forget too often,
What a Friend we have above;
But when home our souls are brought,
We shall love thee as we ought.

231. 7s.

- 1 GREAT the joy when Christians meet;
Christian fellowship, how sweet!

When, their theme of praise the same,
They exalt Jehovah's name.

- 2 Sing we then eternal love,
Such as did the Father move ;
He beheld the world undone,
Loved the world, and gave his Son.
- 3 Sing the Són's amazing love :
How he left the world above,
Took our nature and our place,
Lived and died to save our race.
- 4 Of the love too let us boast,
That vouchsafed the Holy Ghost ;
He hath chased the mists away,
Turn'd our night to glorious day.
- 5 Sweet the thought, exceeding sweet !
We shall soon in glory meet ;
Where, the Saviour still the theme,
We shall see and sing of him.

232. C. M.

- 1 THE Prince of Life once slain for us,
Ascended up on high ;
Captivity was captive led,
And Christ no more can die.
- 2 With Jesus we are crucified,
With Christ our Head we live ;
The glory, first by him obtain'd,
To us the Lord shall give.
- 3 His word is faithfulness and truth—
" Behold I quickly come,"
And faith, that counts the promise sure,
Can pierce the midnight gloom.

- 4 Far spent already is the night,
In hope we hail the day
Of our beloved Lord's return
To wipe all tears away.
- 5 Jesus at his appointed hour
In glory shall appear ;
Then, fashion'd by his mighty hand,
We shall his image bear.
- 6 Thou Son of God, the heavenly Man,
Head of thy ransom'd seed,
We treasure up the precious word—
"The Lord is risen indeed."

233. L. M.

- 1 THE Saviour calls his people sheep,
And bids them on his love rely ;
For he alone their souls can keep,
And he alone their wants supply.
- 2 See the rich pastures of his grace,
Where in full streams salvation flows ;
There he appoints our resting-place,
And we may feed secure from foes.
- 3 There, midst the flock, the Shepherd dwells,
The sheep around in safety lie ;
The wolf in vain with malice swells,
For he protects them with his eye.
- 4 Jehovah is our Shepherd's name,
Then what have we, though weak, to fear ;
Our sin and folly we proclaim
If we despond while he is near.

234. C. M.

- 1 LET saints on earth their anthems raise,
Who taste the Saviour's grace ;

- Let saints in heaven proclaim his praise,
And own him "Prince of Peace."
- 2 Praise him who laid his glory by
For man's apostate race ;
Praise him who stoop'd to bleed and die,
And own him "Prince of Peace."
- 3 Come, rebels, lay your weapons down,
Let war for ever cease,
Immanuel for your Saviour own,
And own him "Prince of Peace."
- 4 We soon shall reach the blissful shore
To view his lovely face,
His name for ever to adore,
And own him "Prince of Peace."

235. P. M.

- 1 HAIL, blessed scene of endless joy !
Where Jesus shall for ever reign ;
Where nothing hurtful shall annoy,
But gladness fill the happy plain.
Free from all sin, and free from fear,
None shall e'er sigh or shed a tear.
- 2 Ten thousand thousands then shall raise
Their joyful notes, and sing this strain,
Awake the song of grateful praise
Unto the Lamb who once was slain ;
Hosannas, loud hosannas sing,
Hosannas to the eternal King !
- 3 For ever they, with Jesus blest,
Shall fear no death, and feel no pain,
But there shall be in endless rest,
Where fear shall ne'er disturb again.
There Christ shall reign, and they shall share
With him his fullest glory there.

236. L. M.

- 1 SWEET were the sounds that reached our ears
When mercy raised her heavenly voice ;
'Twas mercy that dispell'd our fears
And bade our souls in hope rejoice.
- 2 All other sounds discordant seem
Compared with mercy's heavenly song ;
So sweet and joyful is the theme,
It bears our willing souls along.
- 3 O may we never cease to hear
The voice that gives our conscience rest,
That dissipates our guilty fear,
And tells us we are truly blest.
- 4 May mercy still remove our fear,
And bind our souls with cords of love ;
Mercy that soothes our sorrows here,
And gives us hope of joys above.

237. S. M.

- 1 GRACE is the sweetest sound
That ever reach'd our ears ;
When conscience charged, and justice frown'd,
'Twas grace removed our fears.
- 2 'Tis freedom to the slave,
'Tis light and liberty ;
It takes its terror from the grave,
'Tis joy and victory.
- 3 Grace is a mine of wealth
Laid open to the poor ;
Grace is the sov'reign spring of health,
'Tis life for evermore.
- 4 Of grace then let us sing—
A joyful wondrous theme !

The God of grace is Israel's king,
And grace proceeds from him.

- 5 We hope to see his face,
With all the saints above ;
And sing for ever of his grace,
For ever of his love.

238. P. M.

- 1 WITH holy fear and reverend love
We seek to lie before thy throne,
In thee, our God, to live and move,
And stay ourselves on thee alone ;
To lean upon thy guardian breast,
And find in thee our promised rest.
- 2 Thou say'st thou wilt thy children keep
In perfect peace, whose minds shall be,
Like new-born babes, or helpless sheep,
Completely stay'd, O Lord, on thee.
So ca'm their state, so truly blest,
Who trust in thee, their promised rest.

239. C. M.

- 1 JESUS ! we love that blessed name,
'Tis music to our ear,
Fain would we sound it out so loud
That earth and heaven might hear.
- 2 Glory, and grace, and truth divine
In Jesus richly meet ;
Not to our eyes is light so dear,
Or friendship half so sweet.
- 3 O may his name still cheer our hearts,
And shed its fragrance there ;
The sweetest balm of every wound,
The cure of every care.

240. L. M.

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

241. L. M.

- 1 WHERE high the heavenly temple stands,
The house of God not made with hands,
A great High Priest our nature wears,
And there before our God appears.
- 2 He, who for us as surety stood,
And pour'd on earth his precious blood,
Pursues in heaven his gracious plan—
The Saviour and the Friend of Man.
- 3 Though now ascended up on high,
He bends on earth a Brother's eye;
Partaker of the human name,
He knows the frailty of our frame.
- 4 Our Fellow-sufferer still retains
A fellow-feeling of our pains,

And still remembers, in the skies,
His tears, and griefs, and agonies.

- 5 In every pang that rends the heart
The "Man of Sorrows" bears a part ;
He knows and feels our every grief,
And gives the suffering saint relief.
- 6 With boldness, therefore, at the throne
Let us make all our sorrows known,
And seek the aid of heavenly power
To help us in each trying hour.

242. S. M.

- 1 GRACE ! 'tis a charming sound,
Harmonious to the ear,
Heaven with the echo shall resound,
And all the earth shall hear.
- 2 Grace taught my wand'ring feet
To tread the heav'nly road,
And new supplies each hour I meet
While passing on to God.
- 3 'Twas grace that wrote my name
In the eternal book,
'Twas grace that gave me to the Lamb,
Who all my sorrows took.
- 4 Grace taught my soul to pray,
And made my eyes o'erflow,
'Twas grace that kept me to this day,
And will not let me go.
- 5 O let that grace inspire
My soul with strength divine !
May all my powers to thee aspire,
And all my days be thine.
- 6 Grace all the work shall crown,
Through everlasting days ;

It lays in heaven the topmost stone
And well deserves the praise.

243. P. M.

- 1 O GRACIOUS Shepherd ! bind us
With cords of love to thee,
And evermore remind us
How mercy set us free.
O may thy Holy Spirit
Set this before our eyes,
That we thy death and merit
Above all else may prize.
- 2 We are of thy salvation
Assured, through thy love :
Yet O, on each occasion,
How faithless do we prove !
Thou hast our sins forgiven—
Then, leaving all behind,
We would press on to heaven,
Bearing the prize in mind.
- 3 Grant us, henceforth, dear Saviour,
While in this vale of tears,
To look to thee, and never
Give way to anxious fears ;
Thou, Lord, wilt not forsake us,
Though we are oft to blame ;
O let thy love then make us
Hold fast thy faith and name !

244. 7s.

- 1 O RENDER thanks to God above,
The fountain of eternal love :
Whose mercy firm through ages past
Hath stood, and shall for ever last.

- 2 The Father's changeless love we sing—
 Blest fountain! whence our comforts spring:
 How great the depth, how high it flows,
 No saint can tell, no angel knows.
- 3 Its length and breadth no eye can trace,
 No thought explore the bounds of grace;
 The love which saved our souls from hell
 Transcends a seraph's tongue to tell.

245. S. M.

- 1 YOUR harps, ye trembling saints,
 Down from the willows take;
 Loud to the praise of love divine
 Let every string awake.
- 2 Though in a foreign land
 We are not far from home;
 And nearer to our home above
 We every moment come.
- 3 Secure within the veil,
 Christ is our anchor strong;
 While power supreme and love divine
 Still guide us safe along.
- 4 And should the surges rise,
 Should sore afflictions come,
 Blest is the sorrow, kind the storm
 That brings us nearer home.
- 5 God's grace will to the end
 Clearer and brighter shine;
 Nor present things, nor things to come
 Can change his love divine.
- 6 Soon shall our pains and fears
 For ever pass away,

246—247

For we shall soon the Saviour see,
In everlasting day.

246. C. M.

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

247. L. M.

- 1 SWEET are the seasons when we wait
To hear what God our Lord will say,
For they who watch at Wisdom's gate
Are never empty sent away.

- 2 Behold us, Lord, a few of thine,
Who hither come to seek thy face
In mercy on thy people shine,
And let thy presence fill the place.
- 3 How sweet, how blessed is the thought
That thou dost hear thy people's cries !
And whether thou dost give or not,
'Tis love that grants, and love denies.
- 4 O teach us, Lord, to wait thy will,
To be content with all thou dost ;
For us thy grace sufficient still,
With most supplied when needing most.

248. S. M.

- 1 My soul, with joy attend
While Jesus silence breaks ;
No angel's harp such music yields
As what my Shepherd speaks.
- 2 " I know my sheep," he cries,
My soul approves them well ;
Vain is the treacherous world's disguise,
And vain the power of hell.
- 3 " I freely feed them now
With tokens of my love ;
But richer pastures I prepare,
And sweeter streams above.
- 4 " Unnumber'd years of bliss
I to my sheep will give,
And while my throne unshaken stands,
Shall all my chosen live."

249. L. M.

- 1 O LORD ! whose name alone we love,
We long to dwell with thee above ;

Fain would we leave the world, and rise
To glorious mansions in the skies.

- 2 Through this drear wilderness we roam,
Far distant from our peaceful home ;
We faint with toil, and often say,
“ Let not thy chariot long delay.”
- 3 As one forsaken and forlorn,
Thine absence, dearest Lord, we mourn ;
We long thy light and joy to see,
And dwell for ever near to thee.
- 4 Yet patiently we 'd wear the chain
Till we the sweet release obtain ;
Still waiting for that blessed day
When thou wilt call us hence away.

250. P. M.

- 1 In Jesus the Lamb
(The Father's delight),
The saints without blame
Appear in God's sight ;
And while he in Jesus
Our souls can approve,
So long shall our Father
Continue his love.
- 2 In Jesus, free grace
All blessings secures :
We know and rejoice
That all things are ours :
And God from his purpose
Will never remove,
But love us and bless us,
And rest in his love.

251. L. M.

- 1 SALVATION'S Captain, and the guide
Of all that seek the rest above,
Beneath thy shadow we abide,
The cloud of thy protecting love ;
Our strength thy grace, our rule thy word,
Our end the glory of our Lord.
- 2 By thine unerring Spirit led,
We shall not in the desert stray,
Or light for our direction need,
Or lose, though dark and drear, our way ;
But kept from danger and from fear,
Since thine Almighty love is near.

252. L. M.

- 1 O LORD, the pilot's part perform,
And guide and guard us through the storm ;
Defend us from each threat'ning ill,
Control the waves ; say, " Peace, be still."
- 2 Amid the roaring of the sea
Our souls still hang their hopes on thee ;
Thy constant love, thy faithful care,
Is all that saves us from despair.
- 3 Dangers of every shape and name
Attend the followers of the Lamb ;
Who leave the world's deceitful shore,
And leave it to return no more.
- 4 Though tempest-tost, and half a wreck,
Our Saviour through the floods we seek ;
Let neither winds nor stormy main
Force back our shatter'd bark again.

253. L. M.

- 1 FROM every stormy wind that blows,
From every swelling tide of woes,

- There is a calm, a sweet 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-stain'd mercy-seat.
- 3 There is a spot where spirits blend,
 And friend holds fellowship with friend;
 Though sunder'd far, by faith they meet
 Around our common mercy-seat.
- 4 Ah! whither could we flee for aid
 When tempted, desolate, dismay'd?
 Or how the host of hell defeat,
 Had suffering saints no mercy-seat?
- 5 There, there, on eagles' wings we soar,
 And time and sense seem all no more,
 And heaven comes down our souls to greet,
 And glory crowns the mercy-seat.

254. P. M.

- 1 GUIDE us, O thou great Jehovah,
 Pilgrims through this barren land;
 We are weak, but thou art mighty;
 Hold us by thy gracious hand:
 Bread of heaven,
 Feed us now and evermore.
- 2 Open wide the living fountain
 Whence the healing waters flow;
 Be thyself our cloudy pillar
 All the dreary desert through:
 Strong Deliverer!
 Be thou still our strength and shield.
- 3 While we tread this vale of sorrow
 May we in thy love abide;

Keep us, O our gracious Saviour,
Cleaving closely to thy side,
Still relying
On our Father's changeless love.

- 4 Saviour, come, we long to see thee,
Long to dwell with thee above,
And to know, in full communion,
All the sweetness of thy love.
Come, Lord Jesus !
Take thy waiting brethren home.

255. P. M.

- 1 COME, thou Fount of every blessing,
Tune my heart to sing thy grace ;
Streams of mercy, never ceasing,
Call for loudest songs of praise.
- 2 Jesus sought me when a stranger,
Wand'ring from the fold of God ;
He, to rescue me from danger,
Interposed his precious blood.
- 3 O to grace how great a debtor
Daily I'm constrain'd to be !
Let that grace now, like a fetter,
Bind my wand'ring heart to thee.

256. C. M.

- 1 LET us rejoice in Christ the Lord,
Who claims us for his own ;
The hope that's built upon his word
Can ne'er be overthrown.
- 2 Though many foes beset us round,
And feeble is our arm,
Our life is hid with Christ in God
Beyond the reach of harm.

- 3 Weak as we are we shall not faint,
Or, fainting, cannot fail ;
Jesus, the strength of every saint,
Must in the end prevail.
- 4 Though now he 's unperceived by sense,
Faith sees him always near :
A guide, a glory, a defence
To save from every fear.
- 5 As surely as he overcame
And conquer'd death and sin ;
So surely those who trust his name
Will all his triumph win.

257. S. M.

- 1 WHY did the paschal beast
Of old, for Israel bleed ?
To be their safeguard and their feast,
To sprinkle and to feed.
- 2 Dwell not, my searching soul,
On ritual shadows now,
Christ is the Lamb, all pure and whole,
The ransom'd first-born thou.
- 3 Now get thine house within,
Slay, eat, anoint thy door :
The dread avenger comes not in
To smite, but passeth o'er.
- 4 He looks, and calls from high,
" Art thou to die or live ?"
He hears the posts and lintels cry,
" Forgive, forgive, forgive !"
- 5 I hear the accuser roar
Of ills that I have done,
I know them well, and thousands more—
Jehovah findeth none.

SECOND PART.

- 1 **SIN**, Satan, death press near,
 To harass and appal ;
 Let but my bleeding Lord appear,
 Backward they go, and fall.
- 2 Before, behind, around,
 They set their fierce array,
 To fight, and force me from my ground
 Along Emanuel's way.
- 3 I meet them face to face,
 Through Jesus' conquest blest,
 March, in the triumph of his grace,
 Right onward to my rest.
- 4 There, in his book, I bear
 A more than conqueror's name
 A soldier, son, and fellow-heir
 Who fought and overcame.

THIRD PART.

- 1 His be the victor's name
 Who fought the fight alone :
 Triumphant saints no honour claim—
 Their conquest was his own.
- 2 He, hell, in hell, laid low ;
 Made sin, he sin o'erthrew ;
 Bow'd to the grave, and kill'd it so,
 And death, by dying, slew.
- 3 Bless, bless the conqueror slain,
 Slain by divine decree,
 Who lived, who died, who lives again
 For thee, his saint, for thee !

258. P. M.

"Behold the Lamb of God."

- 1 LAMB of God ! our souls adore thee
While upon thy face we gaze ;
There the Father's love and glory
Shine in all their brightest rays ;
Thy almighty power and wisdom
All creation's works proclaim ;
Heaven and earth, alike, confess thee
As the ever great "I AM."
- 2 Lamb of God ! thy Father's bosom
Ever was thy dwelling place ;
His delight, in him rejoicing,
One with him in power and grace :
O what wondrous love and mercy !
Thou didst lay thy glory by,
And for us didst come from heaven,
As the Lamb of God, to die.
- 3 Lamb of God ! when we behold thee
Lowly in the manger laid,
Wand'ring, as a homeless stranger,
In the world thy hands had made ;
When we see thee in the garden
In thine agony of blood,
At thy grace we are confounded,
Holy, spotless, Lamb of God.
- 4 When we see Thee, as the victim,
Bound to the accursed tree,
For our guilt and folly stricken,
All our judgment borne by Thee,
Lord, we learn, with hearts adoring,
All thy love in drops of blood ;
Glory, glory everlasting,
Be to thee, thou Lamb of God !

SECOND PART.

"I saw a Lamb as it had been slain." Rev. v. 6.

- 1 LAMB of God ! Thou now art seated
 High upon thy Father's throne ;
 All thy gracious work completed,
 All thy mighty vict'ry won :
 Every knee in heaven is bending
 To the Lamb for sinners slain ;
 Every voice and harp is swelling
 "Worthy is the Lamb to reign !"
- 2 Lord, in all thy power and glory,
 Still thy thoughts and eyes are here ;
 Watching o'er thy ransom'd people,
 To thy gracious heart so dear :
 Thou for us art interceding,
 Everlasting is thy love ;
 And a blessed rest preparing,
 In our Father's house above.
- 3 Lamb of God ; thou soon in glory
 Wilt to this sad earth return ;
 All thy foes shall quake before thee,
 All that now despise thee, mourn :
 Then thy saints shall rise to meet thee,
 With thee in thy kingdom reign ;
 Thine the praise, and thine the glory,
 Lamb of God, for sinners slain.

259. P. M.

"For yet a little while." Heb. x. 37.

- 1 "A LITTLE while," our Lord shall come,
 And we shall wander here no more ;
 He'll take us to our Father's home,
 Where he for us has gone before—
 To dwell with him, to see his face,
 And sing the glories of his grace.

- 2 "A little while"—he'll come again :
 Let us the precious hours redeem ;
 Our only grief to give him pain,
 Our joy to serve and follow him.
 Watching and ready may we be,
 As those that long their Lord to see.
- 3 "A little while"—'t will soon be past,
 Why should we shun the promised cross ?
 O let us in his footsteps haste,
 Counting for him all else but loss :
 O how will recompense his smile,
 The sufferings of this "little while."
- 4 "A little while"—come, Saviour, come !
 For thee thy Bride has tarried long ;
 Take thy poor wearied pilgrims home,
 To sing the new eternal song,
 To see thy glory, and to be
 In every thing conform'd to thee !

260. C. M.

- 1 O WHAT a lonely path were ours,
 Could we, O Father, see,
 No home of rest beyond it all,
 No guide or help in thee !
- 2 But thou art near, and with us still,
 To keep us on the way
 That leads along this vale of tears,
 To the bright world of day.
- 3 There shall thy glory, O our God !
 Break fully on our view ;
 And we, thy saints, rejoice to find
 That all thy word was true.

- 4 There Jesus, on his heavenly throne,
Our wond'ring eyes shall see ;
While we the blest associates there,
Of all his joy shall be.
- 5 Sweet hope ! we leave without a sigh
A blighted world like this ;
To bear the cross, despise the shame,
For all that weight of bliss.
- 6 Yet little do thy saints at best,
Endure, O Lord, for thee ;
Whose suffering soul bore all our sins
And sorrows on the tree ;
- 7 Who faced our fierce, our ruthless foe,
Unaided, and alone ;
To win us for thy crown of joy,
To raise us to thy throne.
-

SPECIAL OCCASIONS.

MORNING HYMNS.

261. L. M.

- 1 AWAKE, my soul, and with the sun
Thy daily stage of duty run :
Shake off dull sloth, and early rise
To pay thy morning sacrifice.
- 2 Lord, I my vows to thee renew,
Scatter my sins as morning dew ;
Guard the first springs of thought and will,
And with thyself my spirit fill.
- 3 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.
- 4 Heaven is, O Lord, where'er thou art ;
O never then from me depart !
For to my soul 'twere hell to be,
But for one moment, void of thee.
- 5 Praise God from whom all blessings flow,
Praise him, all creatures, here below,
Praise him above, ye heav'nly host,
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

262. C. M.

- 1 THROUGH all the dangers of the night,
Preserved, O Lord, by thee,
Again we hail the cheerful light,
Again we bow the knee.

- 2 O may the beams of truth divine,
With pure convincing light,
In all our understandings shine,
And clear our mental sight.
- 3 Preserve us, Lord, throughout this day,
And guide us by thine arm :
For *they* are safe, and *only* they,
Whom thou dost keep from harm.
- 4 Let all our words, and all our ways
Declare that we are thine,
That so the light of truth and grace
Before the world may shine.
- 5 Nor let us turn away from thee;
Dear Saviour, hold us fast,
Till with immortal eyes we see
Thy glorious face at last.

EVENING HYMN.

263. L. M.

- 1 GLORY to thee, my God, this night,
For all the blessings of the light !
Keep me, O keep me, King of kings,
Under thine own almighty wings !
- 2 Forgive me, Lord, for thy dear Son,
The ills that I this day have done,
That with the world, myself, and thee,
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be !
- 3 O may my soul on thee repose,
And with sweet sleep mine eyelids close,
Sleep, that may me more active make,
To serve my God when I awake !
- 4 Should death itself my sleep invade,
Why should I be of death afraid ?

- Protected by thy saving arm,
Though death may strike, it cannot harm.
- 5 For death is life, and labour rest,
When with thy gracious presence blest :
Then welcome sleep or death to me,
I 'm still secure, for still with thee.
- 6 Praise God, from whom all blessings flow
Praise him, all creatures here below :
Praise him above, ye heav'nly host,
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

CLOSE OF THE YEAR.

264. S. M.

- 1 LET hearts and tongues unite,
And loud thanksgivings raise :
'Tis duty mingled with delight
To sing the Saviour's praise.
- 2 When in our blood we lay,
He would not let us die,
Because his love had fix'd a day
To bring salvation nigh.
- 3 In childhood and in youth,
His eye was on us still,
Though strangers to his love and truth,
And prone to cross his will.
- 4 And since his name we knew,
How gracious has he been,
What dangers has he led us through,
What mercies have we seen !
- 5 Now through another year,
Supported by his care,
We raise our Ebenezer here,
"The Lord has help'd thus far."

- 6 Our lot in future years,
 Unable to foresee,
 He sweetly, to prevent our fears,
 Says, "Leave it all to me."
- 7 Yea, Lord, we wish to cast
 Our cares upon thy breast :
 Help us to praise thee for the past,
 And trust thee for the rest !

INTRODUCTORY TO PRAYER.

✓ 265. L. M.

- 1 CHILDREN of God ! in all your need,
 Remember him who died for you.
 Ye suppliants ! think, whene'er you plead,
 The Lord of Love is pleading too.
- 2 Nor pleads in vain—the Father hears
 The voice of his beloved Son,
 'Tis music in Jehovah's ears :
 He pleads—and lo, the suit is won !
- 3 "Father, forgive them !" Jesus cried,
 When bleeding on the cursed tree—
 "Bless, bless them, Lord, for this I died !"
 Is still his all-prevailing plea.
- 4 Come, brethren, then, our feeblest prayer,
 Perfumed with Jesus' blessed name,
 Is heard on high, is treasured there,
 And all that heaven can give may claim.
- 5 From everlasting we are his,
 In love's eternal counsel given,
 And he himself our portion is,
 The glory of our promised heaven.

GRACES.

266. L. M.

- 1 O God, thy bounteous hand hath spread
With earthly food our humble board ;
And feeds our souls with sweeter bread,
The bread of life—our dying Lord.
- 2 Thy grace in all things soars above
The sweetest song thy saints can raise :
Yet, Lord, for this, and all thy love,
Accept our weak unworthy praise.

267. C. M.

- 1 O GRACIOUS Lord, be with us now,
Supply thy children's need ;
On Christ, the bread of life, may we
In sweet communion feed.
- 2 With water from the smitten rock
Our thirsty spirits cheer ;
And make us all rejoice to feel
Thy blessed presence here.

268. S. M.

- 1 DEAR Saviour, through thy strife,
On Calv'ry with our foe ;
Our mortal and immortal life
To thee alone we owe.
- 2 That gracious hand that bled
For us upon the tree,
Supplies our table now with bread,
And all is blest by thee.

THE RESURRECTION OF CHRIST.

269. P. M.

"I am the resurrection and the life." John xi. 25.

- 1 THE happy morn is come,
Triumphant o'er the grave ;

The Saviour leaves the tomb,
 Almighty now to save.
 Captivity is captive led,
 Since Jesus liveth that was dead.

2 Who now accuseth them,
 For whom the Surety died ?
 Or who shall those condemn
 Whom God hath justified ?
 Captivity &c.

3 Christ hath the ransom paid,
 The glorious work is done :
 On him our help is laid,
 The victory is won.
 Captivity &c.

4 Hail ! the triumphant Lord,
 The Resurrection thou ;
 Hail the incarnate Word,
 Before thy throne we bow.
 Captivity &c.

270. P. M.

1 Go, behold the tomb of Jesus,
 Where the Lord of glory lay ;
 Jesus is not there, but risen,
 He has put our sins away ;
 It is finish'd,
 Death can sting the Lord no more.

2 Could not Jesus' grave-clothes bind him,
 Prison'd in the guarded cave ?
 Jesus conquer'd death in dying ;
 By his cross he spoiled the grave :
 Lo, he rises !
 See, the Lord is risen indeed !

- 3 Jesus, lying cold and lifeless,
 Seems no more with death to strive;
 But because he found a ransom,
 Jesus buried must revive.
 Hallelujah !
 Jesus lives who once was slain.
- 4 Come then, Lord, among thy people,
 Spotless Lamb for sinners slain ;
 "Peace be to you," be thy greeting,
 "Peace be to you," say again.
 Bind us to thee,
 With thy golden chains of love.

271. S. M.

- 1 THE LORD IS RISEN INDEED,
 Then Justice asks no more ;
 Mercy and truth are now agreed,
 Who stood opposed before.
- 2 THE LORD IS RISEN INDEED,
 Then all his work's perform'd ;
 The captive surety now is freed,
 And death, our foe, disarm'd.
- 3 THE LORD IS RISEN INDEED,
 He lives—to die no more ;
 He lives—his people's cause to plead,
 Whose curse and shame he bore.
- 4 THE LORD IS RISEN INDEED,
 And hell has lost its prey ;
 And with him all the ransom'd seed
 Shall reign in endless day.

272. L. M.

- 1 SWEET is the savour of his name
 Who suffer'd in his people's stead ;

His portion here, reproach and shame :
He liveth now ; he once was dead.

- 2 *He once was dead* ; the very same
Who sits on yonder throne above ;
Who bears in heaven the greatest name,
Whom angels serve, whom angels love.
- 3 *He once was dead* ; the very same
Who made the worlds—a work of power ;
Who now upholds the mighty frame,
And keeps it till the final hour
- 4 *He once was dead* ; but now he lives,
His glory fills all heaven above ;
Its blessedness to heaven he gives,
The fountain he of joy and love.
- 5 His people shall his triumph share,
With him shall live, with him shall reign,
In heaven their joy is full ; for there
They see THE LAMB for sinners slain.

273. P. M.

- 1 COME, ye saints, behold and wonder,
See the place where Jesus lay ;
He has burst our bands asunder,
He has borne our sins away.
Joyful tidings !
Yes, the Lord has risen to day.
- 2 Jesus triumphs ! sing ye praises !
By his death he overcame ;
Thus the Lord his glory raises,
Thus he fills his foes with shame ;
Sing ye praises !
Praises to the victor's name.

274. C. M.

- 1 FATHER of peace, and God of love,
We own thy power to save ;
That power by which our Shepherd rose
Victorious o'er the grave.
- 2 Him from the dead thou brought'st again,
When by his sacred blood,
Confirm'd and seal'd for evermore,
Th' eternal covenant stood.
- 3 O may the Spirit guide our souls,
And mould it to thy will ;
That our weak hearts no more may stray,
But keep thy precepts still !
- 4 That to perfection's sacred height
We nearer still may rise,
And all we think, and all we do,
Be pleasing in thine eyes.

275. L. M.

- 1 'Tis finish'd all—our souls to win
His life the blessed Jesus gave ;
Then, rising, left his people's sin
Behind him in his opening grave.
- 2 Past suffering now, the tender heart
Of Jesus on his Father's throne,
Still in *our* sorrow bears a part,
And feels it as he felt his own.
- 3 Sweet thought ! we have a friend above,
Our weary falt'ring steps to guide ;
Who follows with the eye of love
The little flock for whom he died.
- 4 O, Jesus, teach us more and more
On thee alone to cast our care ;

And gazing on thy cross, adore
The wondrous grace that brought thee there.

276. P. M.

- 1 O JOYFUL day ! O glorious hour,
When Jesus by almighty power
Revived, and left the grave !
In all his works behold him great,
Before, almighty to create,
Almighty now to save.
- 2 The First-begotten from the dead,
He's risen now, his people's head,
To make their life secure ;
And if like him they yield their breath,
Like him they'll burst the bonds of death,
Their resurrection's sure.
- 3 Why should his people then be sad ?
None have such reason to be glad
As those redeem'd to God.
Jesus, the mighty Saviour, lives,
To them eternal life he gives,
The purchase of his blood.
- 4 Dear brethren, let our praise resound,
And in his constant work abound,
Whose blessed name is love.
Be sure our labour's not in vain,
For we with Jesus yet shall reign,
With Jesus dwell above.

277. L. M.

- 1 O WHAT a thrill of deep delight,
Through the bright hosts of glory ran,
When Jesus, in the fearful fight,
Had finish'd all for ransom'd man !

- 2 "TIS FINISH'D ! FINISH'D !" sweetly rung
Through the whole world of bliss above ;
And seraphim broke forth and sung
The glories of redeeming love.
- 3 Thus heaven rejoiced ; while yet below,
Jesus, thy saints in deep dismay
Beheld the scene of mighty woe,
'Till faith, and all but love, gave way.
- 4 Yes ; it was love alone that led
Thy brethren, Lord, to seek thy grave ;
But every gleam of hope had fled,
For thou, they deem'd, hadst fail'd to save.
- 5 'Twas thine own arm of power that broke,
Lord, ere they came, the grave's control ;
'Twas thine own blessed voice that spoke,
"PEACE, PEACE !" to each reviving soul.
- 6 Peace was their portion, peace is ours,
We, like thine earlier brethren, see
Our victory won o'er Satan's powers,
Our blessedness secured by thee.
- 7 In the pure blood on Calv'ry shed,
Wash'd from our sin, belovèd Lord ;
We, with thyself, our living Head,
Wait for our glorious bright reward.

278. C. M.

- 1 BLESS'D be the everlasting God,
The Father of our Lord ;
Be his abounding mercy praised,
His Majesty adored !
- 2 When from the dead he raised his Son,
And call'd him to the sky,
He gave our souls a lively hope—
That they should never die.

- 3 There 's an inheritance divine
Reserved against that day ;
'Tis uncorrupted, undefiled,
And cannot fade away.
- 4 Saints by the power of God are kept
'Till the salvation come ;
They walk, by faith, as strangers here,
'Till Jesus calls them home.

279. C. M.

- 1 "THE LORD IS RISEN"—O what joy
These blessed tidings give !
He died our en'mies to destroy,
He lives, we therefore live.
- 2 "THE LORD IS RISEN"—death and sin
And hell all conquer'd are ;
He's gone the holiest within
Our mansion to prepare.
- 3 "THE LORD IS RISEN"—see him sit
Upon the Father's throne :
All worship at his piercèd feet,
And Lord our Jesus own.
- 4 "THE LORD IS RISEN"—risen too
With him from sin and death,
Let us the heavenly things pursue,
And die to all beneath.
- 5 Our place is with him on the throne,
There, with the Lord we love ;
As strangers here ourselves we own,
Our hearts, our home, above.

280. L. M.

- 1 HE lives, the great Redeemer lives !
What joy the blest assurance gives !

And now before his Father, God,
Pleads the full merit of his blood.

- 2 In every dark distressing hour,
When sin and Satan join their power,
Let this blest hope repel the dart,
That Jesus bears us on his heart.
- 3 Great Advocate, Almighty Friend,
On thee our humble hopes depend,
Our cause can never, never fail,
For Jesus pleads, and must prevail.

281. L. M.

- 1 THE Saviour lives, no more to die ;
He lives, our Head, enthroned on high ;
He lives, triumphant o'er the grave,
He lives eternally to save.
- 2 He lives to still his people's fears ;
He lives to wipe away their tears ;
He lives their mansions to prepare ;
He lives to bring them safely there.
- 3 Then let our souls in him rejoice,
And sing his praise with cheerful voice ;
Our doubts and fears for ever gone,
For Christ is on the Father's throne.
- 4 The chief of sinners he receives ;
His saints he loves, and never leaves ;
He 'll guard us safe from every ill,
And all his promises fulfil.
- 5 Abundant grace will he afford
'Till we are present with the Lord,
And prove, what we have sung before,
That Jesus lives for evermore.

282. C. M.

- 1 YE trembling saints who love the Lord,
Chase all your fears away ;
For lo ! the tomb is vacant now—
The place where Jesus lay.
- 2 Thus low the Lord of life was brought—
Such wonders love can do—
There cold in death that bosom lay
Which throb'd and bled for you.
- 3 Then raise your eyes, and tune your songs,
For Jesus lives again ;
Not all the powers of death and hell
The Conqueror could detain.
- 4 Exalted far above the skies,
Behold your living Head—
The Lamb upon the Father's throne,
Who dwelt among the dead.

THE LORD'S SUPPER.

“This do in remembrance of me.” 1 Cor. xi. 24.

283. S. M.

- 1 JESUS invites his saints
To meet around his board ;
Here pardon'd sinners sit, and hold
Communion with their Lord.
- 2 Our heavenly Father calls
Christ and his members one ;
We, the young children of his love,
And he the first-born Son.
- 3 We are but several parts
Of the same broken bread ;
Our body hath its several limbs,
But Jesus is the Head.

- 4 Let all our powers be join'd,
His glorious name to raise ;
Pleasure and love fill every mind,
And every voice be praise.

284. P. M.

- 1 MEETING in the Saviour's name,
"Breaking bread" by his command,
To the world we thus proclaim
On what ground we hope to stand.
When the Lord shall come with clouds
Join'd by heaven's exulting crowds.
- 2 From the cross our hope we draw,
'Tis the sinner's sure resource ;
Jesus magnified the law,
Jesus bore its awful curse ;
What a joyful truth is this,
O how full of hope it is !
- 3 Jesus died, and then arose,
Yes, he rose, he lives, he reigns ;
Jesus vanquish'd all his foes,
Jesus led them all in chains ;
His the triumph and the crown,
His the glory and renown.
- 4 Sing we then of him who died ;
Sing of him who rose again ;
By his blood we 're justified,
And with him we hope to reign ;
Yes, we hope to see the Lord,
And to share his bright reward.

285. P. M.

- 1 "ABBA, Father," we approach thee
In our Saviour's precious name,
We, thy children, here assembling,
Now thy promised blessing claim.

From our sins his blood hath wash'd us,
 'Tis through him our souls draw nigh ;
 And thy Spirit too has taught us,
 " Abba Father" thus to cry.

- 2 Once as prodigals, we wander'd
 In our folly far from thee ;
 But thy grace, o'er sin abounding,
 Rescued us from misery :
 Thou thy prodigals hast pardon'd,
 Kiss'd us with a father's love ;
 Kill'd the fatted calf, and call'd us
 E'er to dwell with thee above.
- 3 Clothed in garments of salvation,
 At thy table is our place ;
 We rejoice, and thou rejoicest,
 In the riches of thy grace.
 " It is meet," we hear thee saying,
 " We should merry be and glad ;
 I have found my once lost children,
 Now they live who once were dead."
- 4 " Abba, Father !" all adore thee,
 All rejoice in heaven above ;
 While in us they learn the wonders
 Of thy wisdom, grace, and love.
 Soon before thy throne assembled,
 All thy children shall proclaim ;
 " Glory, everlasting glory,
 Be to God and to the Lamb !"

286. S. M.

- 1 WITH Jesus in our midst,
 We gather round the board ;
 Though many, we are one in Christ,
 One body in the Lord.

- 2 Our sins were laid on him,
When bruised on Calvary ;
With Christ we died and rose again,
And sit with him on high.
- 3 Faith eats the bread of life,
And drinks the living wine ;
Thus we, in love together knit,
On Jesus' breast recline.
- 4 Soon shall the night be gone,
And we with Jesus reign ;
The marriage-supper of the Lamb
Shall banish all our pain.

287. 7s.

- 1 O THE matchless love of God !
He hath bought the church with blood ;
Jesus, her exalted Head,
For her sigh'd, and groan'd, and bled.
- 2 She deserved eternal pain,
But the Lamb for her was slain ;
He endured the wrath of heaven
That her sins might be forgiven.
- 3 He invites us to his feast,
Bids our souls his glories taste,
And with pleasure keep in view,
What he once for us went through.
- 4 Hear him speak, ye ransom'd few,
For his word is sent to you ;
You, the objects of his choice,
Listen to the Saviour's voice :—
- 5 “ This my body is, and blood,
Take, receive it, as your food ;
But as oft as this ye do,
Keep your martyr'd Lord in view.”

- 6 View him in the Church's place,
Overwhelm'd in deep disgrace,
Plunged in horror's dreadful flood,
Bearing all the wrath of God.
- 7 Risen now, with wonder tell
He has vanquish'd death and hell ;
Cancell'd all your sins with blood,
And will bring you home to God.
- 8 Shortly he himself will come, .
And will raise us to his throne,
Where his glories he'll display
Through a long and endless day.

288. P. M.

- 1 SEE ! the Father's hand is spreading
Manna in the wilderness ;
See ! the Holy Ghost is shedding
Love, and joy, and peacefulness :
To himself, the lost, the vile,
God, in Christ, doth reconcile.
- 2 Till we knew *this cup of blessing*,
Nothing for our souls sufficed ;
Here we rest, by faith possessing
Pardon through the blood of Christ ;
Now we thirst for nought beside,
All our wants are satisfied.
- 3 While we share in sweet communion,
While on Christ our souls are fed,
Here the world may see our union—
One the body, *one the bread*.
Now we seek for nought beside,
Richly all our need supplied.
- 4 In the heavens our Lord is seated,
And his Church is in him there ;

When on earth the Bride's completed,
 All his glory we shall share ;
 But till he, our life, appear,
 Nought but suffering know we here.

289. P. M.

- 1 JOIN'D in the bonds of faith and love,
 With saints on earth, and saints above,
 One spirit with our Lord ;
 In happy union here we meet,
 To worship at the Saviour's feet,
 And own his work and word.
- 2 Thy gracious presence, Lord, impart.
 Display thy power in every heart,
 And shed thy blessing round :
 O may thy truth our spirits cheer,
 Confirm our hope, dispel our fear,
 And make our joys abound !

290. P. M.

- 1 O how pleasant, thus united,
 To surround the sacred board,
 While the hosts above, delighted,
 Sing the praises of their Lord !
 Let us join them,
 Be the Saviour's name adored !
- 2 When he died the cup was finish'd,
 That which he was call'd to take ;
 Yes, he drank it undiminish'd,
 Drank it for his people's sake ;
 Jesus drain'd it,
 Nothing could his purpose shake.
- 3 Let us thank him, let us praise him,
 Let us sing, though well we know

Nought of ours can ever raise him ;
 No, nor all that angels do,
 Yet his people
 Should confess how much they owe.

291. L. M.

- 1 THY broken body, gracious Lord,
 Is shadow'd by this broken bread,
 The wine, which in this cup is pour'd,
 Points to the blood which thou hast shed.
- 2 And while we meet together, thus,
 We shew that we are one in thee ;
 Thy precious blood was shed for us,
 Thy death, O Lord, has set us free.
- 3 Brethren in thee, in union sweet
 (For ever be thy grace ador'd !),
 'Tis in thy name that now we meet,
 And know thou 'rt with us, gracious Lord.
- 4 We have one hope—that thou wilt come :
 Thee, in the air, we wait to see,
 When thou wilt take thy people home,
 And we shall ever reign with thee.

✓ 292. P. M.

- 1 WHILE in sweet communion feeding
 On this earthly bread and wine,
 Saviour, may we see thee bleeding
 On the cross, to make us thine !
 Now our eyes for ever closing
 To this fleeting world below,
 On thy gentle breast reposing,
 Teach us, Lord, thy grace to know.
- 2 Though unseen, be ever near us,
 With the still small voice of love,

D. Magallow. 1838. 2. M. 3. T. 12.

Whisp'ring words of peace to cheer us,
 Every doubt and fear remove :
 Bring before us all the story
 Of thy life and death of woe,
 And, with hopes of endless glory,
 Wean our hearts from all below.

✓293. S. M.

- 1 SWEET feast of love divine !
 'Tis grace that makes us free,
 To feed upon this bread and wine,
 In memory, Lord, of thee.
- 2 Here every welcome guest
 Waits, Lord, from thee to learn
 The secrets of thy Father's breast,
 And all thy grace discern.
- 3 Here conscience ends its strife,
 And faith delights to prove
 The sweetness of the bread of life,
 The fulness of thy love.
- 4 That blood that flow'd for sin
 In symbol here we see,
 And feel the blessed pledge within,
 That we are loved of thee.
- 5 O, if this glimpse of love
 Is so divinely sweet,
 What will it be, O Lord, above
 Thy gladd'ning smile to meet !
- 6 To see thee face to face,
 Thy perfect likeness wear,
 And all thy ways of wondrous grace
 Through endless years declare.

294. L. M.

- 1 OURS is a rich and royal feast,
 Provided by the King of heaven ;
 How privileged are they, and bless'd,
 To whom the bread of life is given.
- 2 In sacred fellowship we meet
 To celebrate our Saviour's death ;
 His blood we drink, his flesh we eat—
 His people feed on him by faith.
- 3 We worship him who bore the cross :
 We glory in his death alone ;
 The world itself appears but loss,
 To those to whom his name is known.
- 4 The blood he shed supplies a stream
 That washes all our guilt away ;
 How precious then the Lord should seem,
 Whose death we celebrate to-day !
- 5 On earth his dying love shall be
 Our spring of hope, our theme of joy ;
 And when in heaven our Lord we see,
 His praise shall all our powers employ.

295. P. M.

- 1 IN thy name, O Lord, assembling,
 We, thy people, now draw near ;
 Teach us to rejoice with trembling.
 Speak ; and let thy servants hear,
 Hear with meekness,
 Hear thy word with godly fear !
- 2 While our days on earth are lengthen'd,
 May we give them, Lord, to thee,
 Cheer'd by hope, and daily strengthen'd,
 May we run, nor weary be ;

Till the glory,
Without clouds, in heaven we see.

- 3 Then in worship purer, sweeter,
Thee thy people shall adore,
Tasting of enjoyment greater
Far than thought conceived before,
Full enjoyment,
Full, unmix'd, and evermore.

296. C. M.

- 1 WHILE we partake the bread and wine,
As emblems of thy death,
Lord, raise each soul above the sign,
To feast on thee by faith.
- 2 We do not come as strangers, Lord,
Who only see the sign,
But, as the objects of thy love,
As saved by love divine.

297. P. M.

- 1 IN blessed union here we meet,
We sit at the Redeemer's feet,
And eat the bread of heaven :
How highly privileged are we,
And O how thankful should we be
To whom this grace is given !
- 2 To join in fellowship, how sweet,
With those who in the Saviour meet,
Enlighten'd from above !
How excellent the pleasure is,
That flows from such a feast as this,
Where all are joined in love !
- 3 But if such joy is found to flow
From sacred fellowship below,
Then what must heaven be,

A little spot enclosed by grace
Out of the world's wide wilderness.

- 2 Awake, O heavenly wind, and come,
Blow on this garden of perfume !
Spirit divine, descend and breathe
A gracious gale on plants beneath !
- 3 Make our best spices flow abroad,
To entertain our Saviour God ;
And faith, and love, and joy appear,
And every grace be active here.
- 4 Jesus, we all frequent thy board,
And sing the praises of our Lord ;
But the rich food on which we live
Demands more praise than we can give

302. L. M.

- 1 OBEDIENT to our dying Lord,
Who bids us thus remember him,
O let us now surround his board,
His flesh our food, his love our theme.
- 2 Sweet feast ! here love and union reign,
An earnest of the joys above ;
And, meanest of the Saviour's train,
We celebrate a Saviour's love.
- 3 O may that love, by power divine,
To all our hearts be now made known ;
Dear Saviour ! on thy people shine,
The people thou hast made thine own.

303. C. M.

- 1 THESE emblems of the Saviour's love,
By faith may we receive !
And with a solemn pleasure prove
That we in Him believe.

- 2 No goodness of our own we bring,
For we are vile and base ;
Christ is our all ; of Christ we sing,
And wait to see his face.
- 3 As beggars, poor, and blind, and mean,
We rest on Christ alone :
Thanks to the Lamb that once was slain,
The Lamb that did atone.
- 4 Our sins are his (O bless his name !),
His righteousness is ours ;
He saves from Satan, wrath, and sin,
And all their fearful powers.
- 5 Then let us each, with heart and tongue,
Sing, " Worthy is the Lamb !" x
To him alone the praise belongs,
And we 'll adore his name.

304. C. M.

- 1 THIS is the feast of heavenly wine,
And God invites to sup :
The juices of the living Vine
Were press'd to fill the cup.
- 2 O bless the Saviour, ye that eat,
With royal dainties fed ;
Not heaven affords a costlier treat,
For Jesus is the bread.

305. L. M

- 1 IN sacred fellowship we meet,
To celebrate our Saviour's death ;
His blood we drink, his flesh we eat,
His people feed on him by faith.
- 2 How blest the people who are his !
To them the bread of life is given ;

How fair, how rich their portion is—

They hope to see their Lord in heaven.

3 Till he appears, his death shall be

Their spring of hope, their theme of joy,

And, when in heaven their Lord they see,

His praise shall all their powers employ.

306. S. M.

1 WE bless our Saviour's name,

Our sins are all forgiven ;

To suffer once, to earth he came,

And now he 's crown'd in heaven.

2 His precious blood was shed,

His body bruised for sin ;

Rememb'ring this, we break the bread,

And, joyful, drink the wine.

3 While we remember thee,

Lord, in our midst appear ;

Let each by faith thy body see,

While we assemble here.

4 We never would forget

Thy rich, thy precious love,

Our theme of joy and wonder here,

Our endless song above !

5 O let thy love constrain

Our souls to cleave to thee,

And ever in our hearts remain

That word, "*Remember me !*"

307. C. M.

1 To Calv'ry, Lord, in spirit now

Our weary souls repair,

To dwell upon thy dying love,

And taste its sweetness there.

- 2 Sweet resting-place of every heart
That feels the plague of sin,
Yet knows the deep mysterious joy
Of peace with God within.
- 3 There, through thine hour of deepest woe,
Thy suffering spirit pass'd ;
Grace there its wondrous victory gain'd,
And love endured its last.
- 4 Dear suffering Lamb ! thy bleeding wounds,
With cords of love divine,
Have drawn our willing hearts to thee,
And link'd our life with thine.
- 5 Thy sympathies and hopes are ours ;
Dear Lord ! we wait to see
Creation, all—below, above,
Redeem'd and blest by thee.
- 6 Our longing eyes would fain behold
That bright and blessed brow,
Once wrung with bitterest anguish, wear
Its crown of glory now.
- 7 Why linger then ? Come, Saviour, come,
Responsive to our call ;
Come, claim thine ancient power, and reign,
The Heir and Lord of all.

308. P. M

CHORUS.

- 1 WE'RE bound for the kingdom :
Will you come with us to glory,
And sing hallelujah,
Sing glory, hallelujah !
We're bound for the kingdom :
Will you come with us to glory,

And sing hallelujah,
To God and the Lamb !

309. P. M.

- 1 HARK ! ten thousand voices crying,
 " Lamb of God !" with one accord,
Thousand thousand saints replying,
 " Wake at once the echoing chord."
- 2 " Praise the Lamb !" the chorus waking,
 All in heaven together throng ;
Loud and far, each tongue partaking,
 Rolls around the endless song.
- 3 Grateful incense this, ascending
 Ever to the Father's throne,
Every knee to Jesus bending,
 All the mind in heaven is one.
- 4 All the Father's counsels claiming
 Equal honours to the Son,
All the Son's effulgence beaming,
 Makes the Father's glory known.
- 5 By the Spirit all pervading,
 Hosts unnumber'd round the Lamb,
Crown'd with light, and joy, unfading,
 Hail him as the great " I AM."
- 6 Joyful now, the full creation
 Rests in undisturb'd repose,
Blest in Jesus' full salvation,
 Sorrow now nor thralldom knows.
- 7 Hark ! the heavenly notes again !
 Loudly swells the song of praise :
Throughout creation's vault, " Amen !"
 " Amen ! responsive joy doth raise."

310. L. M.

- 1 JESUS shall reign where'er the sun
Does his successive journeys run,
His kingdom stretch from shore to shore,
Till moons shall wax and wane no more.
- 2 People and realms of every tongue
Dwell on his love with sweetest song,
And infant voices shall proclaim
Their early blessings on his name.
- 3 Blessings abound where'er he reigns ;
The pris'ner leaps to lose his chains,
The weary find eternal rest,
And all the sons of want are blest.
- 4 Where he displays his healing power,
Death and the curse are known no more ;
In him the tribes of Adam boast
More blessings than their father lost.
- 5 Let every creature rise and bring
Peculiar honours to their king,
Angels descend with songs again,
And earth repeat the loud " Amen."

THE LORD'S COMING AND KINGDOM.

"Surely I come quickly: Amen. Even so, come, Lord
Jesus." Rev. xxii. 20.

✓ 311. P. M.

- 1 Joy to the ransom'd earth !
Messiah fills the throne ;
His all-excelling worth,
Ye joyful nations, own.
Ye sons of men, break forth and sing
The praises of your God and king !

- 2 Behold ! the desert smiles
 To hear his welcome voice,
 And all the list'ning isles
 Beneath his love rejoice.
 Ye dwellers in the islands, sing
 The glories of your heavenly King !
- 3 To gain a royal crown
 Of glory for his Bride,
 The foe he trampled down,
 And conquer'd when he died.
 O earth, rejoice ! break forth and sing
 The conquests of your dying King !
- 4 Rejoice beneath the eye
 Of Jesus and his Bride,
 His Queen, enthron'd on high,
 In glory at his side !
 Blest in his love, ye nations, sing
 Hosanna to your glorious King !

312. P. M.

- 1 SEE ! he comes, he won the day ;
 Go ye forth to meet him ;
 Bring the palm, and strew the way,
 And with singing greet him.
 Jesus is the victor's name,
 Jesus, Lord of glory !
 Fly, ye heralds, spread his fame,
 Tell the joyful story !
- 2 Well his people now may sing,
 Sing with exultation,
 Since the victor is their king,
 And he brings salvation.

Make the Saviour's triumph known,
 Let the nations hear it,
 He alone deserves the crown,
 He alone shall wear it.

313. C. M.

- 1 THROUGH Israel's land, the Lord of all
 A homeless wanderer past,
 Then closed his life of sorrow here,
 On Calvary, at last.
- 2 O Zion! when thy Saviour came
 In grace and love to thee,
 No beauty in thy royal Lord
 Thy faithless eye could see.
- 3 Yet onward, in his path of grace,
 The holy sufferer went,
 To feel, at last, that love on thee
 Had all in vain been spent.
- 4 Yet not in vain—o'er Israel's land
 The glory yet will shine;
 And he, thy once rejected King,
 Messiah, shall be thine.
- 5 His chosen Bride, ordain'd with him
 To reign o'er all the earth,
 Shall first be framed, ere thou shalt know
 Thy Saviour's matchless worth.
- 6 Then thou, beneath the peaceful reign
 Of Jesus and his Bride,
 Shalt sound his grace and glory forth,
 To all the earth beside.
- 7 The nations to thy glorious light,
 O Zion, yet shall throng,

And all the list'ning islands wait
To catch the joyful song.

- 8 The name of Jesus yet shall ring
Through earth and heaven above ;
And all his ransom'd people know
The sabbath of his love.

314. C. M.

- 1 ALL hail the power of Jesus' name !
Let angels prostrate fall,
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown him Lord of all !
- 2 Ye risen saints, attune the lyre,
And as ye tune it, fall
Before his face who form'd the choir,
And crown him Lord of all !
- 3 Ye chosen seed of Israel's race,
Redeem'd from Israel's fall,
Adore him for his wondrous grace,
And crown him Lord of all !
- 4 Ye Gentiles, come, with all your kings
Throughout this earthly ball,
To Zion come—behold him there,
And crown him Lord of all !
- 5 All, all above,—on earth below,
In wond'ring rapture fall,
Join in the universal song,
And crown him Lord of all !

315. P. M.

- 1 SAVIOUR, hasten thine appearing :
Take thy waiting people home ;
'Tis this hope, our spirits cheering
While we in the desert roam,

- Makes thy people
Strangers here till thou dost come.
- 2 Lord, how long shall the creation
Groan and travail sore in pain :
Waiting for its sure salvation,
When thou shalt in glory reign,
And like Eden,
This sad earth shall bloom again.
- 3 Gather, too, thy chosen nation,
Israel's long afflicted race ;
Let them find thy free salvation,
Own and trust thy wondrous grace ;
And, adoring,
Look on thy once marrèd face.
- 4 Reign, O reign, Almighty Saviour !
Heaven and earth in one unite ;
Make it known, that in thy favour,
There alone is life and light ;
When we see thee,
We shall have unmix'd delight.

316. P. M.

- 1 Lo, he comes, with clouds descending,
Once for favour'd sinners slain ;
Thousand, thousand saints attending,
Swell the triumph of his train ;
Hallelujah !
Jesus comes on earth to reign !
- 2 Zion's sons ! awake, behold him
Clothed in grace and majesty,
Ye who set at nought and sold him,
Pierced and nailed him to the tree,
Deeply mourning,
Now your true Messiah see !

- 3 Lo, the tokens of his passion,
Still his glorious body bears !
Cause of endless exultation,
To his ransom'd worshippers.
Hallelujah !
God appears on earth to reign !
- 4 Yea, Amen, let all adore thee,
High on thine exalted throne !
Saviour, take the power and glory,
Claim the kingdom for thine own !
O come quickly,
Hallelujah ! come, Lord, come !

317. C. M.

- 1 HOSANNA to the King of kings,
The great incarnate Word !
Ten thousand songs and glories wait
To crown our coming Lord !
- 2 Thy vict'ries and thine endless fame
Through the wide world shall run ;
And everlasting ages sing
The triumphs thou hast won.

318. C. M.

- 1 CHILDREN of light, awake ! awake !
Ye slumbering virgins rise ;
Go, meet the royal Bridegroom now,
And shew that ye are wise.
- 2 Like foolish virgins, ye have fail'd
Your holy watch to keep ;
And lo, he comes, and almost finds
Your languid souls asleep !
- 3 Through love, the Man of Sorrows oft
Hath watch'd and wept for you ;

Then gave away his life, to prove
That all that love was true.

- 4 Then wake ! for lo, the midnight cry
Of warning in the air
Bids all his church to greet him now,
Their dying lamps prepare !

319. 7s.

- 1 HARK ! the song of Jubilee,
Loud as mighty thunders roar,
Or the fulness of the sea
When it breaks upon the shore !
Hallelujah ! for the Lord
God omnipotent shall reign :
Hallelujah ! let the word,
Echo round the earth and main !
- 2 Hallelujah !—hark ! the sound
From the depth unto the skies,
Wakes above, beneath, around,
All creation's harmonies !
See, Jehovah's banners furl'd,
Sheath'd his sword : he speaks—tis done ;
And the kingdoms of the world
Are the kingdoms of the Son !
- 3 He shall reign from pole to pole
With illimitable sway ;
He shall reign, when like a scroll
Yonder heavens shall pass away :
Then the end ;—beneath his rod,
Man's last enemy shall fall ;
Hallelujah ! Christ in God,
God in Christ is all in all.

320. C. M.

- 1 O EARTH, rejoice ! from Salem see
The chosen heralds bear
Glad tidings to the distant isles,
That Salem's King is there.
- 2 Lo, Jacob's star, in vision seen
By Balaam's wond'ring eye !
It bursts upon the nations now,
The day-spring from on high.
- 3 A crown, but not a crown of thorn,
Surrounds the victor's brow ;
That hand that once was pierced for sin,
It wields the sceptre now.
- 4 But brighter honours far than those
Of David's royal Son,
As Head of his anointed Bride,
The Lord of Life hath won.
- 5 Though grace may shine in all his ways,
With Israel's chosen race ;
'Tis in his church alone we see,
The full display of grace.
- 6 'Twas grace divine that made him love,
And choose her for his own ;
Grace raised her from her low estate,
And placed her on the throne.

321. C. M.

- 1 BEHOLD, the mountain of the Lord
In latter days shall rise
On mountain tops above the hills,
And draw the wondring 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 Zion’s hill
 Shall lighten every land :
 The King who reigns in Salem’s tower
 Shall all the world command.
- 4 But blessings, far surpassing all
 The joys of earth below,
 His chosen Bride redeem’d from earth,
 His risen Church, shall know.
- 5 This is her bright and blessed hope,
 To dwell with Christ above,
 To share his throne, and fully know
 The secrets of his love.
- 6 One with himself, ’tis hers alone
 To reign in glory there ;
 And, to the sons of men below,
 His blessed name declare.

322. P. M.

- 1 FLY, ye seasons ; fly still faster !
 Let the glorious day come on
 When we shall behold our Master
 Seated on his heavenly throne—
 When the Saviour
 Shall descend to claim his own.
- 2 What is earth, with all its treasures,
 To the joy this promise brings ?
 Well may we resign its pleasures,
 Jesus brings us better things ;
 All his people
 Draw from heaven’s eternal springs.

- 3 Fly, ye seasons ; fly still faster !
 Swiftly bring the glorious day ;
 Jesus, come, our Lord, our Master,
 Come from heaven without delay ;
 Take thy people,
 Take, O take them hence away !

✓ 323. P. M.

Revelations xix. 11.

- 1 Lo 'tis the heavenly army,
 The Lord of hosts attending,
 Tis He—the Lamb,
 The great I AM,
 With all his saints descending.
 (*Lo 'tis the heavenly army !*)
 To you, ye kings and nations,
 Ye foes of Christ, assembling :
 The hosts of light,
 Prepared for fight,
 Come with the cup of trembling.

ISRAEL.

- 2 Joy to his ancient people !
 Your bonds he comes to sever—
 And now, 'tis done !
 The Lord hath won,
 And ye are free for ever—
 (*Joy to his ancient people !*)

✓ THE GENTILES.

Joy to the ransom'd nations !
 The foe, the rav'ning lion,
 Is bound in chains
 While Jesus reigns,
 King of the earth, in Zion.

THE CHURCH.

- 3 Joy to the church triumphant
 The Saviour's throne surrounding
 They see his face,
 Adore his grace
 O'er all their sin abounding—
(Joy to the church triumphant !)
 Crown'd with the mighty victor,
 His royal glory sharing ;
 Each fills a throne,
 His name alone
 To heaven and earth declaring.
- 4 Praise to the Lamb for ever !
 Bruised for our sin, and gory,
 Behold his brow,
 Encircled now
 With all his crowns of glory—
(Praise to the Lamb for ever !)
 Beneath his love reposing,
 The whole redeem'd creation
 Is now at rest,
 For ever blest,
 And sings his great salvation.

✓ 324. P. M.

THE CHURCH.

- 1 BREAK forth, O earth, in praises !
 Dwell on his wondrous story ;
 The Saviour's name
 And love proclaim—
 The King who reigns in glory—
(Break forth, O earth, in praises !)
 See on the throne beside him,
 O'er all her foes victorious,

His royal Bride,
 For whom he died,
 Like him for ever glorious.

ISRAEL.

- 2 Ye of the seed of Jacob !
 Behold the royal Lion
 Of Judah's line
 In glory shine,
 And fill his throne in Zion.
(Ye of the seed of Jacob !)
 Blest with Messiah's favor,
 A ransom'd holy nation,
 Your off'rings bring
 To Christ, your King,
 The God of your salvation.

THE GENTILES.

- 3 Come, O ye kings ! ye nations !
 With songs of gladness hail him,
 Ye Gentiles all,
 Before him fall,
 The royal Priest in Salem.
(Come, O ye kings ! ye nations !)
 O'er hell and death triumphant,
 Your conquering Lord hath risen ;
 His praises sound,
 Whose power hath bound
 Your ruthless foe in prison.
- 4 Hail to the king of glory !
 Head of the new creation—
 Thy ways of grace,
 We love to trace,
 And praise thy great salvation.

(Hail to the King of glory !)
 Thy heart was prest with sorrow,
 The bonds of death to sever,
 To make us free,
 That we might be
 Thy crown of joy for ever.

325. L. M.

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

326. C. M.

- 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 wash'd
 Those robes which shine so bright !
- 3 Now, with triumphal palms, they stand
 Before the throne on high,
 And serve the God they love amidst
 The glories of the sky.
- 4 His presence fills each heart with joy,
 Tunes every voice to sing ;
 By day, by night, the sacred courts
 With glad hosannas 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, who dwells amidst the throne,
 Shall o'er them still preside,
 Feed them with nourishment divine,
 And all their footsteps guide.
- 7 To pastures green he'll lead his flock,
 Where living streams appear ;
 And God, the Lord, from every eye,
 Shall wipe off every tear.

327. P. M.

- 1 FATHER ! we, thy children, bless thee
 For thy love on us bestow'd ; *B. Fregallas.*
 As our Father we address thee—
 Call'd to be the sons of God. *1838.*
 Wondrous was thy love in giving *S. MSS. Tig.*
 Jesus for our sins to die,
 Wondrous was his grace in leaving,
 For our sakes, his home on high.
- 2 Now the sprinkled blood has freed us,
 On we go toward our rest ;
 Through the desert thou dost lead us,
 With thy constant favor blest :
 By thy truth and Spirit guiding—
 Earnest he of what's to come—
 And with daily food providing,
 Thou dost lead thy children home.
- 3 Though our pilgrimage be dreary
 This is not our resting-place ;
 Shall we of the way be weary,
 When we see our Master's face ?

Now, by faith anticipating,
 In this hope our souls rejoice :
 We, his promised advent waiting,
 Soon shall hear his welcome voice.

4 Father, O how rich the blessing
 When thy Son returns again !
 Then thy saints, their rest possessing,
 O'er the earth with him shall reign.
 For their fathers' sakes beloved,
 Israel, in thy grace restored,
 Shall on earth, the curse removed,
 Be the people of the Lord.

5 Then shall countless myriads, wearing
 Robes made white in Jesus' blood,
 Palms (like rested pilgrims) bearing,
 Stand around the throne of God.
 These, redeem'd from every nation,
 Shall in triumph bless thy name.
 Every voice shall cry, " Salvation
 To our God and to the Lamb !"

328. C. M.

1 HOPE of our hearts, O Lord, appear !
 Thou glorious Star of day,
 Shine forth and chase the dreary night,
 With all our tears, away !

2 Strangers on earth, we wait for thee ;
 O leave the Father's throne,
 Come with a shout of victory, Lord,
 And claim us as thine own !

3 O bid the bright archangel, now,
 The trump of God prepare,
 To call thy saints—the quick—the dead,
 To meet thee in the air.

- 4 No resting-place we seek on earth,
 No loveliness we see,
 Our eye is on the royal crown,
 Prepared for us and thee.
- 5 But, dearest Lord ! however bright
 That crown of joy above,
 What is it to the *brighter* hope
 Of dwelling in thy love ?
- 6 What to the joy, the *deeper* joy,
 Unmingled, pure, and free,
 Of union with our living Head,
 Of fellowship with thee ?
- 7 This joy e'en now on earth is ours,
 But only, Lord, above,
 Our hearts without a pang shall know
 The fulness of thy love.
- 8 There, near thy heart, upon the throne,
 Thy ransom'd Bride shall see
 What grace was in the bleeding Lamb,
 Who died to make her free.

329. P. M.

- 1 THE night is wearing fast away,
 The glorious day is dawning
 When Christ shall all his grace display—
 The fair millennial morning.
- 2 Gloomy and dark the night hath been,
 And long the way, and dreary,
 And sad the weeping saints are seen,
 And faint, and worn, and weary.
- 3 Ye mourning pilgrims ! dry your tears,
 And hush each sigh of sorrow ;

The light of that bright morn appears,
The long sabbatic morrow.

- 4 Lift up your heads—behold from far
A flood of splendour streaming ;
It is the bright and morning star,
In living lustre beaming.
- 5 And see that star-like host around,
Of angel-bands attending.
Hark, hark ! the trumpet's gladd'ning sound,
'Mid shouts triumphant blending !
- 6 O weeping Spouse, arise ! rejoice !
Put off thy weeds of mourning,
And hail the Bridegroom's welcome voice,
In triumph now returning.
- 7 He comes ! the Bridegroom promised long ;
Go forth with joy to meet him,
And raise the new and nuptial song,
In cheerful strains to greet him.
- 8 Adorn thyself, the feast prepare ;
With hallelujahs swelling,
He comes, with thee all joys to share,
And make this earth his dwelling.

✓ 330. C. M.

- 1 'Tis he—the mighty Saviour comes,
The victory now is won,
And lo, the throne of David waits
For David's royal Son.
- 2 Thou blessed heir of all the earth !
Ascend thine ancient throne,
And bid the willing nations now
Thy peaceful sceptre own.

- 3 Shine forth in all thy glory, Lord,
That man at length may see
That joy, so long estranged from earth,
Can only spring from thee.
- 4 O happy day ! 'tis come at last,
The reign of death is o'er ;
And sin that marr'd our sweetest joys
Shall grieve our hearts no more.
- 5 Wash'd in thy blood, the tribes of earth,
With all the blest above,
Shall dwell in peace, united now,
One family of love.
- 6 Fruit of thy toil, thou bleeding Lamb !
These joys we owe to thee,
Then take the glory, Lord !—'tis thine !—
And shall for ever be.

331. 7s.

- 1 SONS of God, now raise your songs :
Praise to Jesus Christ belongs :
Glory to the Saviour's name :
His the victor's crown and fame.
- 2 Sore the strife, but rich the prize :
Precious in the victor's eyes :
Glorious is the work achieved—
Satan vanquished, saints relieved.
- 3 Sing we then the Victor's praise,
Wondrous in his works and ways ;
Bid him welcome to the throne,
He is worthy, he alone.
- 4 Soon—the crown upon his brow—
Every knee to him shall bow,
While the full creation sings,
“ Lord of lords,” and “ King of kings !”

332. P. M.

- 1 NOTHING know we of the season
 When the world shall pass away ;
 But we know the saints have reason
 To expect a glorious day,
 When the Saviour will return,
 And his people cease to mourn.
- 2 O what sacred joys await them !
 They shall see the Saviour then ;
 Those who now oppose and hate them,
 Never can oppose again !
 Brethren, let us think of this—
 All is ours if we are his.
- 3 Waiting for our Lord's returning,
 Be it ours his word to keep ;
 Let our lamps be always burning,
 Let us watch while others sleep ;
 We're no longer of the night,
 We are children of the light.
- 4 Being of the favour'd number
 Whom the Saviour calls his own,
 'Tis not meet that we should slumber,
 Nothing should be left undone.
 This should be his people's aim—
 Still to glorify his name.

333. P. M.

- 1 BRIGHT with all his crowns of glory,
 See the royal Victor's brow,
 Once for sinners marr'd and gory,—
 See the Lamb exalted now ;
 While before him,
 All his ransom'd brethren bow.

THE CHURCH.

- 2 Blessed morning ! long expected,
 Lo, they fill the peopled air !
 Mourners once, by man rejected,
 They with him exalted there,
 Sing his praises,
 And his throne of glory share.

ISRAEL.

- 3 Judah ! lo, thy royal Lion
 Reigns on earth, a conquering King !
 Come, ye ransom'd tribes, to Zion,
 Love's abundant off'rings bring ;
 There behold him,
 And his ceaseless praises sing.

THE GENTILES.

- 4 King of kings ! let earth adore him,
 High on his exalted throne ;
 Fall, ye nations ! fall before him,
 And his righteous sceptre own :
 All the glory
 Be to him, and him alone.

334. P. M.

- 1 YOUR praises hither bring,
 Your Lord, ye saints, adore ;
 Let us give thanks and sing,
 And triumph evermore.
 Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice,
 Rejoice aloud, ye saints, rejoice !
- 2 Our Saviour, Jesus, reigns
 The God of truth and love ;
 When he had purged our sins
 He took his seat above.

Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice,
Rejoice aloud, ye saints, rejoice !

- 3 His kingdom cannot fail—
He 'll rule o'er earth and heaven ;
The keys of death and hell
Are unto him now given.
Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice,
Rejoice aloud, ye saints, rejoice !

- 4 Rejoice in glorious hope :
Jesus the King shall come
And take his brethren up
To their eternal home.
Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice,
Rejoice aloud, ye saints, rejoice !

✓ 335. C. M.

- 1 BRIDE of the Lamb, awake ! awake !
Why sleep for sorrow now ?
The hope of glory, Christ, is thine,
A child of glory thou.
- 2 Thy spirit through the lonely night,
From earthly joy apart,
Hath sigh'd for one that's far away—
The Bridegroom of thy heart.
- 3 But see, the night is waning fast,
The breaking morn is near ;
And Jesus comes with voice of love,
Thy drooping heart to cheer.
- 4 He comes—for O his yearning heart
No more can bear delay—
To scenes of full unmingled joy
To call his bride away.
- 5 This earth, the scene of all his woe,
A homeless wild to thee,

- Full soon upon his heavenly throne,
Its rightful King shall see.
- 6 Thou too shalt reign—he will not wear
His crown of joy alone ;
And earth his royal Bride shall see
Beside him on the throne.
- 7 Then weep no more—'tis all thine own,
His crown, his joy divine ;
And sweeter far than all beside,
He, he himself is thine.

336. C. M.

- 1 'Tis come—the glad millennial morn—
The son of David reigns !
Sing, sing, O earth ! for thou art free,
And Satan is in chains.
- 2 Rejoice, for thou shalt fear no more
The ruthless tyrant's rod ;
Nor lose again the gracious smile
Of thine incarnate God.
- 3 But chiefly thou, O Solyma !
Thou queen of cities, sing ;
With shouts of triumph welcome now
Thy Morning Star, thy King.
- 4 He, gracious Saviour, faithful still
To thee, his faithless dove ;
Forgives thee all, and bids thee dwell
Within his breast of love.
- 5 Nor thee alone—for see, on high,
His saints triumphant now,
With all the hosts of Seraphim,
In ceaseless worship bow.

- 6 On him the happy myriads there,
Unwearied love to gaze ;
There he amid his brethren dwells,
The leader of their praise.
- 7 O blessed Lord ! we little dream'd
Of such a morn as this ;
Such rivers of unmingled joy,
Such full unbounded bliss.
- 8 And O how sweet the happy thought,
That all we taste or see,
We owe it to the dying Lamb,
We owe it all to thee !
- 9 Yes, dearest Saviour, one with thee,
Sweet source of joy divine ;
In thee we live, with thee we reign,
And we are wholly thine.

337. P. M.

Rev. xi. 15.

- 1 Look, ye saints, the sight is glorious,
See "the Man of Sorrows" now,
From the fight return 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 crown'd 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 ! these bursts of acclamation !

Hark ! these loud triumphant chords !

Jesus takes the highest station :

O what joy the sight affords !

Crown him ! crown him

“ King of kings, and Lord of lords ! ”

1 338. L. M.

1 O WHAT a bright and blessed world

This groaning earth of ours will be,

When from its throne the tempter hurl'd,

Shall leave it all, O Lord, to thee !

2 But brighter far that world above,

Where we, as we are known, shall know ;

And, in the sweet embrace of love,

Reign o'er this ransom'd earth below.

3 O blessed Lord ! with weeping eyes,

That blissful hour we wait to see ;

While every worm or leaf that dies

Tells of the curse, and calls for thee.

4 Come, Saviour, then, o'er all below

Shine brightly from thy throne above ;

Bid heaven and earth thy glory know,

And all creation feel thy love.

339. P. M.

1 THE night is now far spent,

And day comes on apace.

The veil will soon be rent

That hides the Saviour's face,

The clouds that now obstruct our sight
Will all be quickly put to flight.

- 2 Ye saints, lift up your heads,
Salvation draweth nigh;
See where the morning spreads
Its radiance through the sky!
O let the thought our spirits cheer—
The Lord himself will soon appear.
- 3 Though men your hope deride
And never will believe,
Yet in his word confide,
Who never can deceive:
When all that grieves shall pass away.
The saints shall see a glorious day.
- 4 For you the Lord intends
A bright abode on high;
The place where sorrow ends,
And nought is known but joy.
With such a hope, ye saints, rejoice,
We soon shall hear the archangel's voice.

340. C. M.

- 1 JERUSALEM! our happy home,
Name to us ever dear,
When shall our labours end, and we
Within thy courts appear?
- 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 our God!
Shall we thy courts ascend,
Where one eternal sabbath reigns,
And praises never end?

- 4 There all the millions of his saints
 Shall in one song unite :
 And each the bliss of all shall view
 With infinite delight.
- 5 There shall his servants serve their Lord,
 Nor sin nor sorrow see ;
 Bless'd home ! through rude and stormy scenes
 We onward press to thee.
- 6 Why should we shrink at pain or woe,
 Or feel at death dismay ?
 We 've Canaan's goodly land in view,
 And realms of endless day.
- 7 Apostles, martyrs, saints, are there,
 A conq'ring happy band,
 And all who 've followed Jesus here,
 Around him there shall stand.
- 8 Jerusalem ! our happy home,
 Our souls still sigh for thee,
 When all our labours here shall end,
 And we thy joys shall see.

341. P. M.

- 1 O HASTE away, my brethren dear,
 And come to Canaan's shore ;
 We 'll meet and sing for ever there,
 When all our toils are o'er.
 O that will be joyful, joyful, joyful,
 O that will be joyful !
 To meet to part no more,
 To meet to part no more,
 On Canaan's happy shore.
 And then sing hallelujah,
 With the friends that have gone before !

- 2 How sweet to hear the hallow'd theme
 That saints shall ever sing,
 To hear their voices all proclaim
 Salvation to the King.
 O that will be, &c.
- 3 Around his throne, all clothed in white,
 Will all his saints appear ;
 And shining in his glory bright,
 Will see our Jesus there.
 O that will be, &c.
- 4 Through heaven the shouts of angels ring,
 When sons to God are born ;
 O what a company will sing
 On the millennial morn !
 O that will be, &c.
- 5 In Canaan's happy land we'll meet
 To chant this glorious lay ;
 Our hearts, well tuned, will sing so sweet,
 Through one eternal day.
 O that will be, &c.
- 6 Through one eternal day we'll sing,
 And bless his sacred name
 With Hallelujahs to the King !
 And " Worthy is the Lamb !"
 O that will be, &c.

342. P. M.

- 1 THE day of glory bearing
 Its brightness far and near ;
 The day of Christ's appearing
 We now no longer fear.
- 2 He once a spotless victim,
 For us on Calv'ry bled ;

Jehovah did afflict him,
And bruised him in our stead.

- 3 But now he 's interceding
For us who on him rest ;
And grace, from him proceeding,
Tells us in him we 're blest.
- 4 Then let him come in glory—
Who comes his saints to raise—
To perfect all the story
Of wonder, love, and praise.

PARTING.

343. P. M.

- 1 LORD, dismiss us with thy blessing,
Fill our hearts with joy and peace ;
Let us each, thy love possessing,
Triumph in redeeming grace.
O refresh us,
Travelling through this wilderness.
- 2 Thanks we give, and adoration,
For thy gospel's joyful sound ;
May the fruits of thy salvation
In our hearts and lives abound !
Ever faithful
To the truth may we be found :
- 3 So—whene'er the signal given
Us from earth to call away,
Borne on angel-wings to heaven,
Glad the summons to obey—
We shall ever
Reign with thee in endless day.

344. P. M.

- 1 LORD, dismiss us hence with gladness!
Be thy people's lot our choice!
'Tis thy foes have need of sadness,
But thy people may rejoice.
Who shall harm them
While they hear and know his voice?
- 2 From thy word with food provided,
May we feed thereon and grow;
And by thee, our Saviour, guided,
Through the pathless desert go;
While the gospel
Charms our hearts from all below.
- 3 Saviour, keep all evil from us,
Go before us in the way;
Till we reach the land of promise,
Be thy word our guide and stay.
Joy and triumph
Shall be ours in that blest day.
- 4 Then thy people's griefs are over,
Then thy people cease to fight;
In that day thou wilt discover
All thy glory to our sight.
God our portion,
God our everlasting light.

345. L. M.

- 1 DISMISS us with thy blessing, Lord,
Help us to feed upon thy word;
All that has been amiss forgive,
And let thy truth within us live!
- 2 Though we are guilty, thou art good,
Wash all our works in Jesus' blood:

Give every fetter'd soul release,
And bid us all "depart in peace!"

346. L. M.

- 1 LORD, now we part in thy blest name,
In which we here together came,
Grant us our few remaining days
To work thy will, and spread thy praise.
- 2 Teach us, in life and death, to bless
The Lord our strength and righteousness;
And grant us all to meet above,
Where we shall ever sing thy love.

347. L. M.

- 1 SAVIOUR, bless thy word to all,
Quick and powerful let it prove;
O let sinners hear thy call,
And thy people grow in love.
- 2 What has now been spoken bless,
Follow it with power divine;
Give the gospel great success,
Thine the work, the glory thine.
- 3 Bid thy hidden ones rejoice,
Send, O send, thy truth abroad;
O may thousands hear thy voice,
Hear it, and return to God!

348. C. M.

- 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 ways embrace ;
Expect his fulness to receive,
And grace to answer grace.

349. P. M.

- 1 WHILE to several paths dividing,
We our pilgrimage pursue ;
May our Shepherd, safely guiding,
Keep his scatter'd flock in view ;
May the bond of blest communion
Every distant soul embrace,
Till, in everlasting union,
We attain our resting-place !
- 2 O 'tis sweet, each other aiding,
In companionship to move ;
One desire each heart pervading,
One, our Lord, our faith, our love :
Sweet, when each can bend, imploring
Soothing for his brother's pain,
And the stumbling soul restoring,
Cheer him to the race again.

350. 7s.

- 1 CHRISTIAN brethren, ere we part,
Every voice and every heart
One glad hymn to God should raise,
One high song of grateful praise.

351—353

- 2 Here we all may meet no more,
But there is a happier shore,
Where, released from toil and pain,
Brethren, we shall meet again.
- 3 Now to God, the Three in One
Be eternal glory done ;
Raise, ye saints, the sound again,
Gladly sound the loud " Amen."

351. S. M.

- 1 ONCE more, before we part,
We 'll bless the Saviour's name,
Record his mercies, every heart,
Sing every tongue the same.
- 2 Hoard up his sacred word,
And feed thereon, and grow :
Go on still more to know the Lord,
And practise what we know.

352. P. M.

OF thy love some gracious token,
Grant us, Lord, before we go !
Bless thy word which has been spoken,
Life and peace on all bestow !
When we join the world again,
May our hearts with thee remain ;
O direct us
And protect us
Till we gain the heavenly shore,
Where thy people want no more.

353. P. M.

ON what has now been sown,
Thy blessings, Lord, bestow !

The power is thine alone,
 To make it spring and grow.
 Do thou the gracious harvest raise,
 And thou alone shalt have the praise.

354. P. M.

SAVIOUR, follow with thy blessing
 Truths deliver'd in thy name ;
 Thus the word, thy power possessing,
 Shall declare from whence it came :
 Mighty let the gospel be,
 All subduing, Lord, to thee.

355. C. M.

- 1 " WORTHY the Lamb for sinners slain !"
 (Cry the redeem'd above)
 " Blessing and honour to obtain,
 And everlasting love !"
- 2 Hail ! hallelujah ! power and praise
 To God in Christ be given !
 May all who now this anthem raise
 Renew the strains in heaven !

356. P. M.

- 1 MAY the grace of Christ our Saviour,
 And the Father's boundless love ;
 With the Holy Spirit's favour,
 Rest upon us from above.
- 2 Thus may we abide in union,
 With each other and the Lord !
 And possess, in sweet communion,
 Joys that earth can ne'er afford !

357—360

357. L. M.

BLESSINGS for ever on the Lamb
Who bore the curse for wretched man ;
While angels sing his sacred name,
May every creature say, " Amen !"

358. P. M.

HENCEFORWARD, till the Lord shall come
To take his whole redeemed home
(With him for ever then),
Let every anxious fear remove,
Dispell'd by Jesus' constant love :
To him be praise, Amen !

359. L. M.

- 1 GLORY to God the Father's name,
To Jesus, who for sinners died :
The Holy Spirit claims the same,
By whom our souls are sanctified.
- 2 Thy praise was sung, when time began,
By angels through the starry spheres ;
And shall, as now, be sung by man
In heaven and earth, through endless years.

360. C. M.

- 1 FATHER of angels and of men !
Saviour, who hast us bought !
Spirit by whom we're born again,
And sanctified, and taught !
- 2 Thy glory, Holy Three in One,
Thy people's song shall be,
Long as the wheels of time shall run,
And to eternity.

361—364

361. S. M.

- 1 THE Father we adore,
And everlasting Son,
The Spirit in his love and power—
The glorious Three in One.
- 2 At the creation's birth
This song was sung on high ;
'Twill sound through every age on earth,
And through eternity.

362. P. M.

YE saints on earth, ascribe, with heaven's high host,
Glory and honour to the One in Three,
To God, the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
As was, and is, and evermore shall be.

363. P. M.

GREAT Father of mercies, we bow
With thanks for our headship above—
Nor less, Holy Jesus, art thou
The object of praise and of love !
In the three glorious persons in God
(Whose sov'reignty all shall adore),
Through Christ, and by faith in his blood,
We'll glory and boast evermore.

FOR TRIAL.—IN SOLITUDE.

364. C. M.

- 1 JESUS, my sorrow lies too deep
For human ministry ;
It knows not how to tell itself
To any but to thee.
- 2 Thou dost remember still, amid
The glories of God's throne,

The sorrows of mortality,
For they were once thine own.

3 Yes, for as if thou wouldst be God
E'en in thy misery,
There's been no sorrow, but thine own,
Untouch'd by sympathy.

4 Jesus, my fainting spirit brings
Its fearfulness to thee;
Thine eye, at least, can penetrate
The clouded mystery.

5 And is it not, O Lord, enough,
This holy sympathy?
There is no sorrow e'er so deep
But I may bring to thee.

SECOND PART—ASSENT.

1 It is enough—my precious Lord,
Thy tender sympathy—
My every sin and sorrow can
Devolve itself on thee.

2 As God, thou graspedst e'en the whole
Of human misery;
Thine own alone lay desolate,
That thou mightst pitied be.

3 Thy risen life but whets thee more
For kindly sympathy;
Thy love, unhinder'd, rests upon
Each *bruised* branch in thee.

4 Jesus, thou hast avail'd to probe
My deepest malady;
It freely flows, more freely finds
Thy gracious remedy.

- 1 THAT "I am thine," my Lord, my God,
 Sprinkled and ransom'd by thy blood,
 Repeat that word once more,
 With such an energy and light,
 That this world's flattery and spite
 To shake me ne'er may have pow'r.
- 2 From various cares my heart retires,
 Though deep and boundless its desires,
 I've now to please but One;—
 Him before whom each knee shall bow,
 With Him is all my business now,
 And with the saints that are His own.
- 3 With these my happy lot is cast,
 Through the world's desert rude and waste,
 Or through its gardens fair;
 Whether the storms of trouble sweep,
 Or all in dead supineness sleep,
 Still to go on be my whole care.
- 4 Henceforth, my way, my truth, my life!
 Let sin and sorrow, doubt and strife,
 Drop off like autumn leaves;
 Henceforth, as privileg'd by thee,
 Simple and undistracted be
 The soul which to thy sceptre cleaves.
- 5 Let me my feebleness recline
 On that eternal love of thine,
 And human thoughts forget;
 Child-like attend what thou wilt say,
 Go forth and serve thee while 'tis day,
 Yet never leave thy sweet retreat.

- 1 LORD ! let my heart still turn to thee,
In all my hours of waking thought !
Nor let this heart e'er wish to flee,
To think, or feel, where thou art not !
- 2 In every hour of pain or woe,
When nought on earth this heart can cheer,
When sighs will burst, and tears will flow,
Lord, hush the sigh, and chase the tear !
- 3 In every dream of earthly bliss,
Do thou, dear Saviour, present be,
Nor let me dream of happiness
On earth, without the thought of thee !
- 4 To my last lingering thought at night,
Do thou, Lord Jesus, still be near,
And ere the dawn of opening light,
In still small accents wake mine ear !
- 5 When'er I read thy sacred word,
Bright on the page in glory shine !
And let me say, "*this precious Lord,*
In all his full salvation's mine."
- 6 And when before the throne I kneel,
Hear from that throne of grace my prayer ;
And let each hope of heaven I feel
Burn with the thought to meet thee there.
- 7 Thus teach me, Lord, to look to thee,
In every hour of waking thought,
Nor let me ever wish to be,
To think, or feel, where thou art not !

- 1 SWEETER, O Lord, than rest to thee,
While seated by the well,
Was thine own task of love to all,
Of grace and peace to tell.
- 2 One thoughtless heart that never knew
The pulse of life before,
There learn'd to love—was taught to sigh
For earthly joys no more.
- 3 Friend of the lost, O Lord, in thee
Samaria's daughter there
Found one whom love had drawn to earth
Her weight of guilt to bear.
- 4 Fair witness of thy saving grace,
In her, O Lord, we see,
The wandering soul by love subdued,
The sinner drawn to thee.
- 5 Through all that sweet and blessed scene,
Dear Saviour, by the well,
More than enough the trembler finds,
His guilty fears to quell.
- 6 There, in the full repose of faith,
The soul delights to see,
Not only one who deeply loves,
But *love itself* in thee.
- 7 Not one alone who feels for all,
But fully knows the art
To meet the boundless sympathies
Of every loving heart.

- 1 'Tis past—the dark and dreary night,
And, Lord, we hail thee now,
Our morning star without a cloud
Of sadness on thy brow.
- 2 Thy path on earth, the cross, the grave,
Thy sorrows all are o'er,
And, O sweet thought! thine eye shall weep,
Thy heart shall break no more.
- 3 Deep were those sorrows—deeper still
The love that brought thee low,
That bade the streams of life from thee,
A lifeless victim, flow.
- 5 The soldier, as he pierc'd thee, proved
Man's hatred, Lord, to thee;
While in the blood that stain'd the spear
Love, only love, we see.
- 5 Drawn from thy pierc'd and bleeding side,
That pure and cleansing flood
Speaks peace to every heart that knows
The virtues of thy blood.
- 6 Yet 'tis not that we know the joys
Of cancell'd sin alone,
But, happier far, thy saints are called
To share thy glorious throne.
- 7 So closely are we link'd in love,
So wholly one with thee,
That all *thy* bliss, and glory then
Our bright reward shall be.
- 8 Yes, when the storm of life is calm'd,
The dreary desert pass'd,
Our ~~way-worn~~ hearts shall find in thee
Their full repose at last.

