

THE
Evangelistic
HYMN BOOK.

NEW AND ENLARGED EDITION.

*CONTAINING 300 SELECT HYMNS FOR
EVANGELISTIC MEETINGS.*



KILMARNOCK, SCOTLAND:
JOHN RITCHIE, Publisher.

PREFACE.

This little Hymn Book has been specially prepared for Evangelistic Work. Many of the Lord's people and servants have expressed the desire to have a collection of Hymns of a Scriptural character, suitable for use at their Gospel Meetings. Most of the *old* Hymn Books—with which so many hallowed memories of Revival times are associated—are now out of print, and many of the new ones, while they contain a number of precious Gospel Hymns, have along with these a *mixture* of sentimental and unscriptural hymns, which tend to obscure and pervert the Gospel of Christ, and to make no difference between the children of God and the unconverted.


It has been the aim of the compilers, to give in this little book a selection of Hymns New and Old, that may be put into the hands of the unconverted at Gospel Meetings. The greater number of the Hymns are a simple declaration of the Gospel, and of such truths as the unconverted may be honestly asked to sing; others contain statements of the present salvation and future glory of those who have believed the Gospel. A few Believers' Hymns are added, so that the little book may be used at Conferences, Believers' Meetings, and gatherings of a similar kind. Many of the Hymns are *old* and well-known; a few are *new*, and appear here for the first time; and others, gathered from many sources, appear by the kind permission of their Authors or Publishers. A suitable *Tune* has been given at the head of each Hymn, to which it may be sung. May the Lord of the harvest use the little book in making known the glad tidings of the Gospel to the unsaved; in arousing the careless; in bringing the halting to decision, and in bearing the word of peace to the anxious.

NOTE TO THE SECOND EDITION.

During the past four years, this little book has been largely used for Evangelistic Work in Great Britain, Ireland, Canada, the United States, and the Colonies, by Evangelists, and by Assemblies of the Lord's people. It has been found specially well-adapted for Tent Meetings and Special Services, and we have received many cheering testimonies of the Lord's blessing upon its words of Gospel grace. The present Edition—to which an Appendix of twenty-four *select new* Hymns has been added—is sent forth with the earnest desire, that the God of the Gospel may still use it in His service. A large Type Edition, of words only, to suit the aged, has been issued in various bindings. In order to make the little book still more serviceable, a Musical Edition has been prepared in Tonic Sol-fa, harmonised in four parts. This, we trust, may bring every Hymn in the book into active use in the work of the Lord.

NOTE TO THE ENLARGED EDITION.

In order to give still greater variety to those who use this little book in Gospel efforts, a fresh addition of new Hymns has been made, with select Choruses and Verses, suitable for Open-air Services, Street Marches, and Testimony Meetings, where a single verse between addresses is often sufficient. We acknowledge our indebtedness to the various authors and publishers, by whose kind permission some of the hymns appear; and if, in any case, we have unwittingly included others—whose authors were unknown—we hope this may be forgiven. In order to make it possible for all to obtain the proper tunes, we have reduced the price of the Musical Edition. This, we hope, will enable many of the Lord's people, especially Christian young men and maidens, to sing the Gospel's joyful sound in the hearing of thousands, who by this means may be brought to know Christ and to become possessors of His great salvation.

 For prices of the various Editions, see last page.

The Evangelistic Hymn Book.

1 *Tune—Not what these hands. P.M.*

1 Not what these hands have done
Can save this guilty soul;
Not what this toiling flesh has borne
Can make my spirit whole.

Thy precious blood, Lord Jesus,
Shall be my only plea;
My only trust, my only boast
The cross of Calvary.

2 Not what I feel or do
Can give me peace with God;
Not all my prayers, and sighs, and tears,
Can bear my awful load.

3 Thy work alone, O Christ,
Can ease this weight of sin;
Thy blood alone, O Lamb of God,
Can give me rest within.

4 No other work save Thine,
No meaner blood will do;
No strength, save that which is divine,
Can bear me safely through.

2 *Tune—When the Lord to Bethany. P.M.*

1 THERE'S a wondrous word, I have often
It was spoken long ago [heard,
By the God of grace, to a guilty race
Who had chosen sin and woe.

"Though your sins be as red as by crimson dyed,
And deep like the scarlet's glow,"

Yet, by trusting in the Crucified
"They shall be white as snow."

"They shall be white as snow,"
"They shall be white as snow."

By the blood of the Lamb, who for sinners died,
"They shall be white as snow."

2 No art of man, nor his newest plan
Can remove sin's crimson stains;
By the cleansing blood, of the Lamb of God,
Not a spot or trace remains. [God,

3 O sinner, say, will you come to-day,
And prove His promise true;
That faithful word of a Sovereign Lord
Shall be then fulfilled to you.

3 *Tune—Wonderful words of life. P.M.*

1 SING them over again to me,
Wonderful words of Life!
Let me more of their beauty see,
Wonderful words of Life!
Words of grace and glory,
Of the old old story!

Beautiful words! wonderful words!
Wonderful words of Life.

2 Christ, the blessed One, gives to all
Wonderful words of Life!
Sinner, list to the loving call,
Wonderful words of Life!
All so freely given,
Wooing you to heaven!

4 Sweetly echoes the gospel call,
Wonderful words of Life!
Offers pardon and peace to all,
Wonderful words of Life?
Jesus, only Saviour,
Mighty to deliver!

4 *Tune—Invitation. C.M.*

1 Come, sinner, to the gospel feast:
Oh, come without delay;
For there is room on Jesus' breast
For all who will obey.

2 There's room in God's eternal love
To save thy precious soul;
Room in the grace of God above
To heal, and make thee whole.

3 There's room in heaven among the saints,
And harps, and crowns of gold;
And glorious palms of victory there,
And joys that ne'er were told.

4 There's room around the Father's board
For thee, and thousands more;
Oh, come and welcome to the Lord!
Yes, come this very hour.

5 *Tune—Ye must be born again. P.M.*

- 1 A RULER once came to Jesus by night,
To ask Him the way of salvation and
light;
The Master made answer in words true
and plain:
"Ye must be born again!"
"Ye must be born again!"
"Ye must be born again!"
"I verily, verily say unto thee—
Ye must be born again!"
- 2 Ye children of men, attend to the Word
So solemnly uttered by Jesus, the Lord;
And let not this message to you be in vain;
"Ye must be born again!"
- 3 O ye who would enter that glorious rest,
And sing with the ransomed the song of
the blest;
The life everlasting if ye would obtain,
"Ye must be born again!"
- 4 A dear one in heaven thy heart yearns
to see,
At the beautiful gate may be watching
for thee;
Then list to the note of this solemn
refrain:
"Ye must be born again!"

6 *Tune—Only trust Him. C.M.*

- 1 COME, ev'ry soul by sin oppress'd,
There's mercy with the Lord;
And He will surely give you rest,
By trusting in His word.
Only trust Him! only trust Him!
Only trust Him now!
He will save you! He will save you!
He will save you now!
- 2 For Jesus shed His precious blood
Rich blessings to bestow:
It brings the sinner nigh to God,
And washes white as snow.
- 3 Yes, Jesus is the Truth, the Way
That leads you into rest;
Believe in Him without delay,
And you are fully blest.

7 *Tune—Salvation. C.M.*

- 1 COME, sing the gospel's joyful sound,
Salvation full and free;
Proclaim to all the world around,
The year of jubilee!
Salvation! Salvation!
The grace of God doth bring;
Salvation! Salvation!
Through Christ our Lord and King.
- 2 Ye mourning souls, aloud rejoice;
Ye blind, your Saviour see!
Ye pris'ners, sing with thankful voice
The Lord hath made you free!
- 3 With rapture swell the song again,
Of Jesus' dying love:
'Tis peace on earth, good-will to men,
And praise to God above!

8 *Tune—One there is who loves thee. P.M.*

- 1 ONE there is who loves thee,
Waiting still for thee;
Can'st thou yet reject Him?
None so kind as He!
Do not grieve Him longer,
Come, and trust Him now!
He has waited all thy days:
Why waitest thou?
One there is who loves thee,
Oh, receive Him now!
He has waited all the day;
Why waitest thou?
- 2 Tenderly He woos thee,
Do not slight His call;
Though thy sins are many,
He'll forgive them all.
By His blood so precious,
He will cleanse thee now;
He is waiting at thy heart:
Why waitest thou?
- 3 Jesus still is waiting;
Sinner, why delay?
To His arms of mercy
Rise and haste away!
Only come believing,
He will save thee now;
He is waiting at the door:
Why waitest thou?

9 *Tune—That great day.* P.M.

1 WE shall see our Jesus coming,
We shall see our Jesus coming,
We shall see our Jesus coming,
On that great day.

While the heavenly, heavenly music,
While the heavenly, heavenly music,
While the heavenly, heavenly music,
Shall be sounding through the air.

2 O sinner you will tremble,
On that great day.

3 Then you'll wish you'd been a Christian,
On that great day.

4 There will be a mighty wailing,
On that great day.

5 Some will cry to rocks and mountains,
On that great day.

6 We shall shout redemption's story,
On that great day.

10 *Tune—Precious Saviour.*

1 PRECIOUS Saviour, Great Redeemer,
Though thou'rt precious unto me;
Thousands in Thy blessed Gospel
No delight or joy can see.

Precious Saviour, Great Redeemer,
O draw sinners unto Thee;
While the Word of Life is spoken,
Give them eyes Thy charms to see.

2 Precious Saviour, Great Redeemer,
Thou wast slain upon the tree;
How Thy visage then was marred,
More than any man's can be.

3 Precious Saviour, Great Redeemer,
'Twas for sinners vile like me—
Black, undone, and hell-deserving—
Thou didst die on Calvary.

4 Precious Saviour, Great Redeemer,
Now may sinners trust in Thee;
None can perish who Thee trusteth,
Tho' be chief of sinners be.

11 *Tune—Come to the Saviour.* P.M.

1 SAW ye my Saviour, saw ye my Saviour,
Saw ye my Saviour and God?

He died on Calvary
To atone for you and me,
And to purchase our pardon with blood.

2 He was extended, He was extended,
Shamefully nailed to the tree,
He bowed His head and died!
Thus my Lord was crucified
To atone for a sinner like me.

3 There as my Surety, there as my Surety,
Jesus, my Lord, do I see,
On Him my sins were laid,
And for me the debt He paid [tree.
When He groaned and expired on the

4 Now He is living, now He is living,
Living in heaven above,
The guilty to forgive,
And to make the sinner live
Who believes in His infinite love.

12 *Tune—Lennox.* 6.6.8.

1 HIMSELF He could not save,
He on the cross must die,
Or mercy cannot come
To ruined sinners nigh;
Yes, Christ, the Son of God, must bleed,
That sinners might from sin be freed.

2 Himself He could not save,
For He the surety stood
For all who now rely
Upon His precious blood:
He bore the penalty instead,
When on the cross His blood was shed.

3 Himself He could not save,
Yet now a Saviour He;
Come, sinner, to Him come,
He waits to welcome thee;
Believe in Him, and thou shalt prove
His saving power. His deathless love.

13 *Tune—The gospel of Thy grace.* P.M.

- 1 THE gospel of Thy grace
My stubborn heart has won;
For "God so loved the world
He gave His only Son,"
That whosoever will believe
Shall everlasting life receive!
"Shall everlasting life receive!"
- 2 The serpent "lifted up"
Could life and healing give;
So Jesus on the Cross
Bids me to look and live;
For "Whosoever will," etc.
- 3 "The soul that sinneth dies;"
My awful doom I heard;
I was for ever lost,
But for Thy gracious word,
That "Whosoever will," etc.
- 4 "Not to condemn the world"
"The Man of Sorrows" came.
But that the world might have
Salvation thro' His name;
For "Whosoever will," etc.

14 *Tune—More than tongue can tell.* 8.8.8.6.

- 1 THE love that Jesus had for me,
To suffer on the cruel tree,
That I a ransomed soul might be,
Is more than tongue can tell!
His love is more than tongue can tell ...
His love is more than tongue can tell ...
The love that Jesus had for me
Is more than tongue can tell!
- 2 The many sorrows that He bore,
And oh, that crown of thorns He wore,
That I might live for evermore,
Is more than tongue can tell!
- 3 The peace I have in Him, my Lord,
Who pleads before the throne of God
The merit of His precious blood,
Is more than tongue can tell!
- 4 The joy that comes when He is near,
The rest He gives, so free from fear,
The hope in Him, so bright and clear,
Is more than tongue can tell!

15 *Tune—Wondrous love.* C.M.

- 1 GOD loved the world of sinners lost
And ruined by the fall;
Salvation full, at highest cost,
He offers free to all.
Oh, 'twas love, 'twas wondrous love!
The love of God to me.
It brought my Saviour from above,
To die on Calvary.
- 2 E'en now by faith I claim Him mine,
The risen Son of God;
Redemption by His death I find,
And cleansing through the blood.
- 3 Believing souls, rejoicing go,
There shall to you be given
A glorious foretaste, here below
Of endless life in heaven.
- 4 Of victory now o'er Satan's power,
Let all the ransomed sing,
And triumph to their latest hour,
Through Christ, our Lord, the King.

16 *Tune—Jesus loves even me.* P.M.

- 1 I AM so glad that our Father in heaven
Tells of His love in the Book He has
given:
Wonderful things in the Bible I see;
This is the dearest that Jesus loves me.
I am so glad that Jesus loves me,
Jesus loves even me.
- 2 Though I forget Him and wander away,
Still He doth love me wherever I stray;
Back to His dear loving arms would I flee,
When I remember that Jesus loves me.
- 3 Oh, if there's only one song I can sing,
When in His beauty I see the great King,
This shall my song in eternity be,
"Oh, what a wonder that Jesus loves me!"
- 4 Jesus loves me, and I know I love Him;
Love brought Him down my lost soul
to redeem,
Yes, it was love made Him die on the
tree;
Oh, I am certain that Jesus loves me!

17 *Tune—O how happy.* P.M.

- 1 O HOW happy are they
Who the Saviour obey,
And have laid up their treasure above:
Tongue can never express
The sweet comfort and peace
Of a soul in its earliest love.
- 2 That sweet comfort is mine;
Now the favour divine
I've received through the blood of the
With my heart I believe, [Lamb,
And what joy I receive,
Rejoicing in Jesus' blest Name!
- 3 'Tis a heaven below,
My Redeemer to know,
The angels can do nothing more,
Than fall at His feet,
And the story repeat,
And the Lover of sinners adore.
- 4 Jesus all the day long,
Is my sun and my song,
Oh that all His salvation might see;
He doth love me, I cry,
He did suffer and die,
To redeem such a rebel as me.

18 *Tune—Hold the Fort.* P.M.

- 1 NOTHING either great or small;
Nothing, sinner, no;
Jesus did it, did it *all*,
Long, long ago.
"IT IS FINISH'D!" Yes, indeed,
Finished every jot,
Sinner, this is all you need;
Tell me, is it not?
- 2 When *He* from His lofty throne,
Stoop'd to do and die,
Everything was fully done,
Hearken to *His* cry—
- 3 Weary, working burdened one,
Wherefore toil you so?
Cease *your* doing; all was done,
Long, long ago.
Till to JESUS' WORK you cling
By a simple faith,

"Doing" is a deadly thing—
"Doing" ends in death,

- 5 Cast your deadly "doing" down—
Down at Jesus' feet;
Stand "IN HIM," in *Him* alone,
Gloriously "COMPLETE!"

19 *Tune—Rousseau.* S.F.

- 1 WHEN the Saviour said, "'Tis finish'd,"
Every thing was fully done,
Done as God Himself would have it—
Christ the victory fully won,
Vain and futile the endeavour
To improve or add thereto;
God's free grace is thus commended
To "believe" and not "to do."
- 2 All the doing is completed,
Now 'tis "look, believe, and live;"
None can purchase His salvation.
Life's a gift that God *doth* give;
Grace through righteousness is reigning;
Not of works lest man should boast;
Man must take the mercy freely,
Or eternally be lost.

20 *Tune—The precious blood.* C.M.D

- 1 THE blood has always precious been,
'Tis precious now to me;
Through it alone my soul has rest,
From fear and doubt set free.
Oh, wondrous is the crimson tide,
Which from my Saviour flowed;
And still in heaven my song shall be,
"The precious, precious blood."
- 2 "I will remember now no more,"
God's faithful Word has said,
"The follies and the sins of him
For whom my Son has bled."
- 3 Not all my well-remembered sins
Can startle or dismay;
That precious blood atones for all.
And bears my guilt away.
- 4 Perhaps this feeble frame of mind,
May soon in sickness lie;
But, resting on that precious blood
How peacefully I'd die.

21 Tune—We'll stem the storm. 8.8.8.6.

- 1 WHEN David kept his sheep of old,
There came, by hunger render'd bold,
A mighty lion to the fold,
And bore a lamb away.
- 2 The faithful shepherd ran to save
The lost one from so sad a grave,
And strong, the lion's rage to brave,
The savage monster slew.
- 3 The prey his cruel jaws enfold
Is rescued from that deadly hold,
And borne in safety to the fold,
No more to go astray.
- 4 Weak as that lamb ourselves we view,
A roaring lion seeks us too,
More dread than he whom David slew,
While bearing off the prey.
- 5 But Christ, the Lord of Glory, came
And died upon the cross of shame,
His Father's mercy to proclaim,
And triumph o'er the foe.
- 6 And having crushed that lion bold,
He takes poor sinners from his hold,
And brings them to His happy fold
In peace and safety too.

22 Tune—I hear Thy welcome voice. S. M.

- 1 BEHOLD the Lamb of God,
Who bore a vile world's sin;
Look unto Him and be thou saved,
The promise takes thee in.
Believe, and you'll be saved—
The promise takes thee in;
The Saviour see, He died for thee,
The promise takes thee in.
- 2 For God so loved the world,
He gave His only Son,
That whosoever Him believes,
Eternal death should shun.
- 3 Gaze on His thorn-wreathed brow,
Behold the crimson tide
Flow from His head, His hands, His feet,
And from His open side.
- 4 He shed His precious blood,
To cleanse thy every stain;
If thou believe, it will thee cleanse,
Nor shall one spot remain.

23 Tune—Jesus, lover of my soul. 7.8.

- 1 LO! at noon 'tis sudden night!
Darkness covers all the sky!
Rocks are rending at the sight:
Children can you tell me why?
What can all these wonders be?
Jesus dies on Calvary!
- 2 Nailed upon the tree, behold
How His tender limbs are torn!
For a royal crown of gold,
They have made Him one of thorn,
Cruel hands that dare to bind
Thorns upon a brow so kind!
- 3 He, who was so rich above,
Left His riches for a grave.
Out of pity and of love,
That the guilty He might save!
Down to this sad world He came,
Bore the cross, despised the shame.
- 4 We in sin and death did lie,
We deserved His holy frown;
But He saw with pitying eye,
And to save, He hasten'd down.
Listen, children, this is why
Jesus condescends to die.

24 Tune—Room for Jesus. 8.7.6.

- 1 HAVE you any room for Jesus,
He who bore your load of sin?
As He knocks and asks admission,
Sinner, will you let Him in?
Room for Jesus, King of glory,
Hasten now, His word obey,
Swing the heart's door widely open,
Let Him enter while you may.
- 2 Room for pleasure, room for business,
But for Christ, the Crucified;
Not a place that He can enter,
In the heart for which He died.
- 3 Have you any time for Jesus?
As in grace He calls again;
Oh, "to-day" is "time accepted,"
To-morrow you may call in vain.
- 4 Have you any room for Jesus?
Soon will pass God's day of grace;
Soon thy heart be cold and silent,
And the Saviour's pleading cease.

25 *Tune—Morning light.*

7.6.

- 1** SALVATION! oh, salvation!
Endearing, precious sound!
Shout, shout the word, "*Salvation!*"
To earth's remotest bound.
Salvation for the guilty,
Salvation for the lost,
Salvation for the wretched,
The sad and sorrow-toss'd.
- 2** Salvation for the aged,
Salvation for the young.
Salvation e'en for children,
Proclaim with joyful tongue;
Salvation for the wealthy,
Salvation for the poor,
Salvation for the lowly,
E'en life for evermore.
- 3** Salvation without money,
Salvation without price,
Salvation without labour—
Believing doth suffice;
Salvation now—this moment!
Then why, oh why delay?
You may not see to-morrow;
Now is salvation's day.

26 *Tune—Even me.*

8.7.

- 1** HARK! The Saviour's voice from heaven
Speaks a pardon full and free;
Come and thou shalt be forgiven;
Boundless mercy flows for thee.
- 2** See the healing fountain springing.
From the Saviour on the tree;
Pardon, peace, and cleansing bringing.
Lost one, loved one, 'tis for thee.
- 3** Come, then, now—to Jesus flying,
From thy sin and woe be free;
Burdened, guilty, wounded, dying.
Gladly will He welcome thee.
- 4** Every sin shall be forgiven,
Thou, through grace, a child shalt be;
Child of God, and heir of heaven
Yes, a mansion waits for thee.
- 5** Then in love for ever dwelling,
Jesus all thy joy shall be;
And thy song shall still be telling,
All His mercy did for thee.

27 *Tune—Crown Him.*

8.7.6

- 1** HARK! the voice of Jesus calling—
"Come ye laden, come to Me;
I have rest and peace to offer.
Rest, thou labouring one, for thee:
Take salvation—
Take it *now* and happy be."
- 2** Yes; though high in heavenly glory,
Still the Saviour calls to thee;
Faith can hear His gracious accents—
"Come, ye laden, come to Me.
Take salvation—
Take it *now* and happy be."
- 3** Soon that voice will cease its calling,
Now, it speaks, and speaks to thee;
Sinner, heed the gracious message—
To the blood for refuge flee:
"Take salvation—
Take it *now* and happy be."
- 4** Life is found alone in Jesus,
Only there 'tis offered thee—
Offered without price or money,
'Tis the gift of God sent free:
"Take salvation—
Take it *now* and happy be."

28 *Tune—Repeat the story.*

c.m.

- 1** REPEAT the story o'er and o'er.
Of grace so full and free;
I love to hear it more and more,
Since grace has rescued me.
The half was never told,
The half was never told,
Of grace divine, so wonderful,
The half was never told.
- 2** Of peace I only knew the name,
Nor found my soul its rest,
Until the blessed Saviour came
To soothe my weary breast.
- 3** My highest place is—lying low
At my Redeemer's feet;
No real joy in life I know
But in His presence sweet.
- 4** And oh, what rapture will it be
With all the hosts above,
To sing through all eternity
The wonders of His love!

29

Tune—Oh, be saved.

8.7.

- 1 SINNER, how thy heart is troubled !
God is coming very near ;
Do not hide thy deep emotion,
Do not check that falling tear.

Oh, be saved, His grace is free !
Oh, be saved, He died for thee !
Oh, be saved, He died for thee !

- 2 Jesus now is bending o'er thee,
Jesus lowly, meek, and mild ;
To the Friend who died to save thee,
Wilt thou not be reconciled ?

- 3 Art thou waiting till the morrow ?
Thou may'st never see its light ;
Come at once ! accept His mercy :
He is waiting—come to-night !

- 4 Let the angels bear the tidings
Upward to the courts of heaven !
Let them sing with holy rapture,
O'er another soul forgiven !

30 *Tune—None but Christ can satisfy.*

C. M.

- 1 O CHRIST, in Thee my soul hath found,
And found in Thee alone,
The peace, the joy, I sought so long,
The bliss till now unknown.

Now none but Christ can satisfy,
None other name for me !
There's love, and life, and lasting joy,
Lord Jesus, found in Thee !

- 2 I sighed for rest and happiness,
I yearned for them, not Thee :
But while I passed the Saviour by,
His love laid hold on me.

- 3 I tried the broken cisterns, Lord,
But, ah ! the waters failed !
E'en as I stooped to drink they'd fled,
And mocked me as I wailed.

- 4 The pleasures lost I sadly mourned,
But never wept for Thee,
Till grace the sightless eyes received
Thy loveliness to see.

31

Tune—St. Michael's.

S. M.

- 1 How solemn are the words,
And yet to faith how plain,
Which JESUS uttered while on earth—
"Ye must be born again."

- 2 "Ye must be born again !"
For so hath God decreed :
No reformation will suffice—
"Tis life poor sinners need.

- 3 "Ye must be born again !"
And life in Christ must have :
In vain the soul elsewhere may go—
"Tis He alone can save.

- 4 "Ye must be born again !"
Or never enter heaven ;
"Tis only blood-washed ones are there—
The ransomed and forgiven.

- 5 "Ye must be born again !"
Then look to Christ and live ;
He is "the Life," and waits in heaven
Eternal life to give.

32

Tune—Man of sorrows.

P. M.

- 1 "MAN OF SORROWS !" what a name
For the Son of God, who came
Ruined sinners to reclaim !
Hallelujah ! what a Saviour.

- 2 Bearing shame and scoffing rude,
In my place condemned He stood .
Sealed my pardon with His blood .
Hallelujah ! what a Saviour !

- 3 Guilty, vile, and helpless, we ;
Spotless Lamb of God was He :
"Full atonement,"—can it be ?
Hallelujah ! what a Saviour !

- 4 "Lifted up" was He to die,
"It is finished," was His cry :
Now in heaven exalted high :
Hallelujah ! what a Saviour !

- 5 When He comes the glorious King,
All His ransomed home to bring,
Then anew this song we'll sing :
Hallelujah ! what a Saviour !

33

Tune—Barrow.

C.M.

- 1 FAITH is not what we feel or see,
It is a simple trust
In what the God of Love has said
Of Jesus, as the "Just."
- 2 It looks not on the things around,
Nor on the things within;
It takes its flight to scenes above,
Beyond the sphere of sin.
- 3 What Jesus is, and that alone,
Is faith's delightful plea;
It never deals with sinful self
Nor righteous self in me.
- 4 It tells me I am "counted dead"
By God, in His own word;
It tells me I am "born again"
In Christ, my risen Lord.

34

Tune—Union.

- 1 My soul is now united
To Christ the living Vine;
His grace I long have slighted,
But now I know Him mine;
I was to God a stranger,
Till Jesus took me in;
He freed my soul from danger,
And pardoned all my sin.
You shall give Him glory,
And I will give Him glory;
We all shall give Him glory,
For glory is His due.
- 2 Soon as my all I ventured
On the atoning blood,
The Holy Spirit enter'd,
And I was born of God.
Now Christ is my salvation—
What can I covet more?
I fear no condemnation,
My judgment now is o'er.
- 3 Christians, be not faint-hearted,
Tho' least among the flock.
From Christ you'll ne'er be parted
While built upon the Rock;

Let's mend our pace to glory.
We soon shall meet above.
And tell the pleasing story
Of His redeeming love.

35

Tune—I am Trusting.

7.5

- 1 CHRIST has done the mighty work;
Nothing left for us to do,
But to enter on His toil,
Enter on His triumph too.
- 2 His the pardon, ours the sin;
Great the sin, the pardon great,
His the good, and ours the ill;
His the love, and ours the hate.
- 3 His the labour, ours the rest;
His the death, and ours the life;
Ours the fruit of victory,
His the agony and strife.
- 4 He has sowed the precious seed,
Nothing left for us unsown;
Ours it is to reap the field,
Make the harvest joy our own.

36

Tune—The Year of Jubilee.

P.M.

- 1 BLOW ye the trumpet, blow
The gladly solemn sound;
Let all the nations know,
To earth's remotest bound.
The year of Jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.
- 2 Exalt the Lamb of God,
The sin-atoning Lamb;
Redemption by His blood,
Through all the lands proclaim.
- 3 Ye who have sold for nought
Your heritage above,
Shall have it back unbought,
The gift of Jesus' love.
- 4 Ye slaves of sin and hell,
Your liberty receive;
And safe in Jesus dwell,
And blest by Jesus live.

37 *Tune—I am coming to the Cross.* S.M.

- 1 GOD in mercy sent His Son
To a world by sin undone;
Jesus Christ was crucified—
'Twas for sinners Jesus died.
O the glory of the grace,
Shining in the Saviour's face,
Telling sinners from above,
"God is Light," and "God is Love."
- 2 Sin and death no more shall reign.
Jesus died and lives again!
In the glory's highest height—
See Him God's supreme delight.
- 3 All who in His Name believe,
Everlasting life receive;
Lord of all is Jesus now,
Every knee to Him must bow.
- 4 Christ the Lord will come again;
He who suffered once will reign;
Every tongue at last shall own,
"Worthy is the Lamb" alone.

38 *Tune—Look and live.* P.M.

- 1 LOOK to Jesus, weary one,
Look and live, look and live:
Look at what the Lord has done,
Look and live.
See Him lifted on the tree,
Look and live, look and live;
Hear Him say, "Look unto Me!"
Look and live.
Look! the Lord is lifted high,
Look to Him, He's ever nigh,
Look and live—why will ye die?
Look and live!

- 2 Though unworthy, vile, unclean,
Look away from self and sin,
Long by Satan's power enslaved,
Look to Me, ye shall be saved.
- 3 Though you've wandered far away,
Harden not your heart to-day,
'Tis the Father calls thee home,
Whosoever will may come.

39 *Tune—Verily, verily.* R.M.

- 1 O WHAT a Saviour that He died for me!
From condemnation He hath made me free:
"He that believeth on the Son," saith He,
"Hath everlasting life."
"Verily, verily, I say unto you,
Verily, verily, message ever new;
"He that believeth on the Son," 'tis true,
"Hath everlasting life."
- 2 All my iniquities on Him were laid,
All my indebtedness by Him was paid;
All who believe on Him, the Lord hath
"Have everlasting life." [said,
- 3 Though poor and needy, I can trust my Lord;
Though weak and sinful, I believe His word;
O glad message! every child of God
"Hath everlasting life."
- 4 Though all unworthy, yet I will not doubt,
For him that cometh He will not cast out,
"He that believeth," O the glad news
"HATH everlasting life." [shout,

40 *Tune—Redeemed.* G.M.

- 1 OM, sing of Jesus, "Lamb of God,"
Who died on Calvary,
And for a ransom shed His blood
For you, and even me!
I'm redeemed! I'm redeemed!
Through the blood of the Lamb that was slain!
I'm redeemed! I'm redeemed!
Hallelujah to God and the Lamb!
- 2 O wondrous power of love divine!
So pure, so full, so free!
It reaches out to all mankind,
Embraces even me!
- 3 All glory now to Christ the Lord,
And evermore shall be!
He hath redeemed my soul from sin,
And ransomed even me!

41 *Tune—Onward, upward, homeward.*

P. M.

- 1 CHRIST, the Lord, is coming,
Coming to the "air,"
To receive His loved ones,
Home to glory fair.
Shining in His likeness,
Cleansed from every stain,
Christ, the Lord, is coming,
Coming soon again.
- 2 Christ, the Lord, is coming,
Coming to the "earth,"
Not as once in weakness,
At His lowly birth.
But in "might" and "glory,"
Evermore to reign,
Christ, the Lord, is coming,
Coming soon again.
- 3 Christ, the Lord, is coming,
On His "judgment throne,"
Past the day of pardon,
Grace and mercy gone.
Christ-rejectors perish,
Suffer endless pain,
Christ, the Lord, is coming,
Coming soon again.

42 *Tune—Art thou weary.*

P. M.

- 1 BITTEN by the fiery serpents
Many dying lay;
But the Lord, who loved the people,
Then did say:
2 "Make a brazen fiery serpent,
Put it on a pole;
Whosoever looketh on it,
Shall be whole."
3 We, by sin and Satan wounded,
Helplessly did lie;
But the Son of God from heaven,
Came to die.
4 Lifted up in pain and anguish,
He was crucified—
Jesus bore the sinner's judgment
When He died.
5 Now exalted high in heaven
Ready to forgive,
Whosoever trusteth in Him
Then shall live.

43 *Tune—Jesus, lover of my soul.*

7's

- 1 NAILED upon Golgotha's tree—
Faint and bleeding. Who is He?
Hands and feet so rudely torn,
Wreathed with crown of twisted thorn.
Once He lived in heaven above,
Happy in His Father's love,
Son of God, 'tis He, 'tis He,
On the cross of Calvary.
- 2 Nailed upon Golgotha's tree—
Mocked and taunted. Who is He?
Scorners tell Him to come down,
Claim His kingdom and His crown.
He it was who came to bless,
Full of love and tenderness,
Son of Man, 'tis He, 'tis He,
On the cross of Calvary.
- 3 Nailed upon Golgotha's tree—
As a victim. Who is He?
Bearing sin, but not His own,
Suffering agony unknown.
He, the promised sacrifice,
For the sinner bleeds and dies,
Lamb of God, 'tis He, 'tis He,
On the cross of Calvary.

44 *Tune—Come to Jesus.*

8.6.

- 1 COME to Jesus, come to Jesus,
Come to Jesus, just now,
Just now, come to Jesus,
Come to Jesus, just now.
- 2 He will save you,—just now.
- 3 He is able,—just now.
- 4 He is willing,—just now.
- 5 Oh, believe Him,—just now.
- 6 Only trust Him,—just now.

45 *Tune—Harts.*

7's

- 1 Two little *eyes*, to look to God,
Two little *ears*, to hear His word,
Two little *feet*, to walk in His ways,
Two *hands* to work for Him all my days.
- 2 One little *tongue*, to speak His truth,
One little *heart*, for Him now in my youth,
Take them Lord Jesus, and let them be,
Always obedient and true to Thee.

46

Tune—Gospel Bells.

7's.

- 1 THE Gospel bells are ringing,
Over land from sea to sea;
Blessed news of free salvation
Do they offer you and me.
"For God so loved the world,
That His only Son He gave;
Whosoe'er believeth in Him
Everlasting life shall have."
... Gospel bells! ... how they ring,
Over land from sea to sea!
... Gospel bells! ... freely bring,
Blessed news to you and me.
- 2 The Gospel bells invite us
To a feast prepared for all;
Do not slight the invitation,
Nor reject the gracious call.
"I am the Bread of Life;
Eat of Me, thou hungry soul:
Though your sins be red as crimson,
They shall be as white as wool."
- 3 The Gospel bells give warning,
As they sound from day to day,
Of the fate which doth await them
Who for ever will delay.
"Escape thou for thy life!
Tarry not in all the plain;
Nor behind thee look, oh never,
Lest thou be consumed in pain."
- 4 The Gospel bells are joyful,
As they echo far and wide,
Bearing notes of perfect pardon,
Through a Saviour crucified."
"Good tidings of great joy
To all people do I bring;
Unto you is born a Saviour,
Which is Christ the Lord and King."

47

Tune—Content.

8.8.8.6.

- 1 JUST as I am—without one plea,
But that Thy blood was shed for me,
And that Thou bid'st me come to Thee,
O Lamb of God, I come.
- 2 Just as I am—and waiting not
To rid my soul of one dark blot,
To Thee, whose blood can cleanse each
O Lamb of God, I come. [spot—

- 3 Just as I am—Thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve,
Because Thy promise I believe—
O Lamb of God, I come.
- 4 Just as I am—Thy love I own
Has broken every barrier down;
Now to be thine, yea, Thine alone—
O Lamb of God, I come.

48

Tune—Almost persuaded.

- 1 "ALMOST persuaded," now to believe,
"Almost persuaded," Christ to receive;
Seems now some soul to say,
"Go, Spirit, go Thy way,
Some more convenient day
On Thee I'll call?"
- 2 "Almost persuaded," come, come to-
day;
"Almost persuaded," turn not away;
Jesus invites you here,
Angels are lingering near,
Prayers rise from hearts so dear:
O sinner come;
- 3 "Almost persuaded," harvest is past!
"Almost persuaded," doom comes [last!
"Almost" cannot avail;
"Almost" is but to fail;
Sad, sad that bitter wail—
"Almost, but lost!"

49

Tune—St. Michael's.

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,
Took all our guilt away;
A sacrifice of nobler name,
And richer blood than they.
- 3 My soul looks back to see
The burden Thou did'st bear,
When hanging on th' accursed tree,
For all my guilt was there.
- 4 Believing, I rejoice
To see the curse remove;
I bless the Lamb with cheerful voice,
And sing redeeming love.

50

Tune—Communion.

L. M.

- 1 BEHOLD, a Stranger at the door,
He gently knocks—has knocked before;
Has waited long, is waiting still:
You use no other friend so ill.
- 2 O, lovely attitude! He stands
With melting heart, and open hands!
O, matchless kindness! and He shows
This matchless kindness to His foes.
- 3 But will He prove a friend indeed?
He will the very Friend you need:
The Friend of sinners—yes, 'tis He,
That Friend who died on Calvary.
- 4 Admit Him: for the human breast
Ne'er entertained so kind a guest;
Admit Him—or the hour's at hand.
When at His door denied you'll stand.

51

Tune—I'm a pilgrim.

S. 7. 4.

- 1 HARK! the gospel news is sounding,
Christ hath suffered on the tree;
Streams of mercy are abounding,
Grace for all is rich and free;
Guilty sinner,
Look to Him who died for thee.
- 2 Oh! escape to Christ the Refuge,
Now believe in Him to-day;
God invites you to the banquet,
Come and feast with Him to-day;
Do not tarry,
Come to Jesus while you may.
- 3 Grace is flowing like a river,
Millions there have been supplied;
Still it flows as fresh as ever
From the Saviour's wounded side;
None need perish,
All may live, for Christ hath died.

52

Tune—Rock of Ages.

P. M.

- 1 JESUS, Thy precious blood alone,
Does for my many sins atone;
For He's taken my feet from the mire and the clay,
And He's set them on the Rock of Ages.

- 2 And Thou from sin do'st set me free,
O Glory! Christ hath died for me.
- 3 Lo! glad I came, and Thou blest Lamb,
Did'st take me to Thee, whose I am.
- 4 Nothing but sin had I to give,
Nothing but love did I receive.
- 5 Now will I tell to sinners round,
What a dear Saviour I have found.
- 6 I'll point to Thy redeeming blood,
And say, "Behold the way to God."

53

Tune—Jesus of Nazareth.

P. M.

- 1 WHAT means this eager anxious throng,
Which moves with busy haste along—
These wondrous gatherings day by day?
What means this strange commotion,
In accents hushed the throng reply, [pray?
"Jesus of Nazareth passeth by."
- 2 Jesus! 'tis He who once below
Man's pathway trod, 'mid pain and woe;
And burdened ones, where'er He came,
Brought out their sick, and deaf, and
The blind rejoiced to hear the cry, [lame.
"Jesus of Nazareth passeth by."
- 3 Ho! all ye heavy laden, come!
Here's pardon, comfort, rest, and home.
Ye wanderers from a Father's face,
Return, accept His proffered grace.
Ye tempted ones, there's refuge nigh:
"Jesus of Nazareth passeth by."
- 4 But if you still His call refuse,
And all His wondrous love abuse,
Soon will He sadly from you turn,
Your bitter prayer for pardon spurn.
"Too late! too late!" will be the cry—
"Jesus of Nazareth has passed by."

54

Tune—Innocents.

P. M.

- Saviour, I on Thee believe,
To my heart Thy love receive:
Saved from hell, from sin set free,
Keep me cleaving close to Thee

55 *Tune—The Sweet bye-and-bye.* 8s.v.

- 1 LORD Jesus to tell of Thy love,
Our souls shall for ever delight;
And join with the blessed above
In praises by day and by night,
Wherever we follow Thee, Lord,
Admiring, adoring, we see
That love which was stronger than death,
Flow out without limit and free.
- 2 Descending from glory on high,
With men Thy delight was to dwell:
Contented our Surety to die,
By dying to save us from hell;
Enduring the grief and the shame,
And bearing our sin on the cross;
Oh! who would not boast of Thy love,
And count the world's glory but dross.
- 3 Behold Him! all ye that pass by,
This man so acquainted with grief:
Tho' without Him, you're helpless, un-
His sacrifice brings you relief. [done,
Beneath the dark shade of His cross,
Sin, death, and the grave we defy:
Since Jesus has suffered for us,
"Twere gain for believers to die."

56 *Tune—Rock of Ages.* 8.D.

- 1 ROCK OF AGES! cleft for me,
Lo I hide myself in Thee;
Let the water and the blood,
From Thy wounded side which flowed,
Be of sin the double cure;
Cleanse me from its guilt and power.
- 2 Not the labour of my hands
Can fulfil Thy law's demands:
Could my zeal no respite know,
Could my tears for ever flow,
All for sin could not atone,
Thou must save, and Thou alone.
- 3 Nothing in my hand I bring,
Simply to Thy cross I cling;
Naked, come to Thee for dress;
Helpless, look to Thee for grace;
Vile I to the Saviour fly;
Who for sinners once did die.

57 *Tune—Shall we gather.* P.M.

- 1 SHALL we gather at the river,
Where bright angel feet have trod,
With its crystal tide for ever
Flowing by the throne of God?
Saved ones will gather at the river;
The beautiful, the beautiful river;
Gather with the saints at the river,
That flows by the throne of God.
- 2 At the smiling of the river,
Mirror of the Saviour's face,
Saints whom death will never sever
Sing their songs of saving grace.

58 *Tune—I'm a Pilgrim.* P.M.

- 1 I'm a pilgrim bound for glory,
I'm a pilgrim going home;
Come and hear me tell my story,
All who love the Saviour, come.
Jesus loves me, Hallelujah!
Jesus gave Himself for me;
Jesus leads me on to glory;
O rejoice, rejoice with me.
- 2 I will tell you what induced me
For the better land to start;
'Twas the Saviour's loving kindness
Overcame and won my heart.
- 3 Faint and weary He did bring me
To the fountain of His love—
Showed me how His blood had bought
Sealed my pardon from above. [me,
- 4 Through the wilderness He lead me;
Strength in weakness He bestowed;
With the Bread of Life He fed me—
Streams of living water flowed.

59 *Tune—Innocents.* 7.B.

- 1 JESUS only, He can give
Sweetest pleasures while we live;
Jesus only must supply
Solid comfort if we die.
- 2 After death, His joys will be
Lasting as eternity:
I will trust Him as my Friend,
Now my bliss shall never end.

80

Tune—Ruan.

C.M.

- 1 THERE is a Book, a holy Book,
By God to sinners given,
To shew the way of life and peace,
And mark the path to heaven.
- 2 It tells me of my lost estate,
All guilty and defiled;
It says I must be born of God,
Ere I can be His child.
- 3 It tells me of the Lamb of God,
Who died upon the tree,
To bare the wrath and curse of God,
And set the sinner free.
- 4 This Book shall be my early guide,
My lamp to give me light,
My spring of joy in life's glad day,
My comfort in its night.

61 *Tune—Why do you wait? 7.8.9.8.*

- 1 WHY do you wait, O sinner?
Oh, why do you tarry so long?
When Jesus is waiting to give you
A place in His sanctified throng.
Why not?—Why not?
Why not come to Him now?
- 2 What do you hope, O sinner?
To gain by a further delay?
There's no one to save you but Jesus;
There's no other way but His way.
- 3 Why do you wait, O sinner?
The harvest is passing away;
Your Saviour is longing to bless you;
There's danger and death in delay.

62

Tune—Innocents.

7.5.

- 1 ALL the people's sins were laid
On the living scapegoat's head;
Then he bore them far away,
On the great atonement day.
- 2 Jesus thus for me became
Bearer of my curse and shame,
When He was led forth to die
On the cross of Calvary.
- 3 All my sins on Him were laid;
I believe what God has said,
Now my soul is counted free,
By the Saviour's death for me.

63 *Tune—Safe in the arms of Jesus. 8.7.*

- 1 SAFE in the arms of Jesus,
Safe on His gentle breast,
There by His love o'er-shaded,
Sweetly my soul shall rest.
Hark! 'tis the voice of angels
Borne in a song to me,
Over the fields of glory,
Over the jasper sea,
Safe in the arms of Jesus,
Safe on His gentle breast,
There by His love o'er-shaded,
Sweetly my soul shall rest.
- 2 Safe in the arms of Jesus,
Safe from corroding care,
Safe from the world's temptations,
Sin cannot harm me there.
Free from the blight of sorrow,
Free from my doubts and fears;
Only a few more trials,
Only a few more tears!
- 3 Jesus, my heart's dear Refuge,
Jesus has died for me;
Firm on the Rock of Ages
Ever my trust shall be.
Here let me wait with patience,
Wait till the night is o'er;
Wait till I see the morning
Break on the golden shore.

64

Tune—Content.

8.8.8.6

- 1 COME weary, anxious, laden soul,
To Jesus come, and be made whole;
On Him your heavy burden roll—
Come, anxious sinner, come!
- 2 Behold the cross on which He died:
Behold His wounded, bleeding side;
Come, in His precious love confide—
Come, guilty sinner, come!
- 3 True joy the world can ne'er afford,
'Tis found alone in Christ the Lord,
In Him for wretched sinners stored—
Come, weary sinner, come!
- 4 Oh! if to Jesus you repair,
You'll find eternal comfort there!
And soon shall heavenly glory share—

65 *Tune—Let Him in.*

P.M.

- 1 THERE'S a Stranger at the door :
Let . . . Him in ! . . .
He has been there oft before :
Let . . . Him in ! . . .
Let Him in, ere He is gone ;
Let Him in, the Holy One,
Jesus Christ, the Father's Son :
Let . . . Him in ! . . .
- 2 Open now to Him your heart :
Let . . . Him in ! . . .
If you wait He will depart :
Let . . . Him in ! . . .
Let Him in, He is your Friend ;
He your soul will sure defend ;
He will keep you to the end :
Let . . . Him in ! . . .
- 3 Now admit the heav'nly Guest :
Let . . . Him in ! . . .
He will make for you a feast :
Let . . . Him in ! . . .
He will speak your sins forgiven ;
And when earth-ties all are riven ;
He will take you home to heaven :
Let . . . Him in ! . . .

86 *Tune—I am looking to the Cross.* s.m.

- 1 I am looking to the Cross,
I have God's salvation found ;
Earthly things I count but dross,
May Thy grace in me abound.

I am trusting, Lord, in Thee,
Blessed Lamb of Calvary !
Lowly at Thy feet I bow :
Jesus saves me, saves me now.
- 2 Long my heart has sighed for Thee ;
Long has evil reigned within ;
Now Thy blood has cleansed me,
Washed me from all stain of sin.
- 3 Lord, I give myself to Thee,
Hold me with Thy mighty hand ;
Help me ever, Lord, to be
Pilgrim to the better land.

67 *Tune—I will give you rest.* P.M.

- 1 O COME to Me, said Jesus,
Thou weary soul oppress'd ;
And take My yoke upon you,
And I will give you rest.

Come, and I will give you rest,
Come, and I will give you rest,
Come, and I will give you rest,
Thou weary wanderer, come.
- 2 O come to Me, said Jesus,
Thy sins like mountains grow ;
But though they be as scarlet,
They shall be white as snow.
- 3 O come to Me, said Jesus,
And thou shall be forgiv'n,
And have a crown of glory
Prepared by Me in heaven.
- 4 I come to Thee, Lord Jesus,
I trust Thy precious blood,
I do believe Thy promise,
I take the gift of God.

I am resting, Lord, in Thee,
I am resting, Lord, in Thee,
I am resting, Lord, in Thee,
I'm saved through Jesus' blood.

68 *Tune—Christ arose.* 6.5.

- 1 Low in the grave He lay—
Jesus, my Saviour,
Waiting the coming day—
Jesus, my Lord !

Up from the grave He arose, . . .
With a mighty triumph o'er His foes ; . . .
He arose a Victor from the dark domain,
And He lives forever with His saints to reign !
He arose ! . . . He arose ! . . .
Hallelujah ; Christ arose.
- 2 Vainly they watch His bed—
Jesus, my Saviour !
Vainly they seal the dead—
Jesus, my Lord !
- 3 Death cannot keep his prey—
Jesus, my Saviour !
He tore the bars away—
Jesus, my Lord !

69

Tune—Rowallan.

D.C.M.

- 1 I HEARD the voice of Jesus say,
"Come unto Me and rest;
Lay down, thou weary one, lay down
Thy head upon My breast."
I came to Jesus as I was,
Weary, and worn, and sad;
I found in Him a resting-place,
And He has made me glad.
- 2 I heard the voice of Jesus say,
"Behold I freely give
The living water: thirsty one,
Stoop down and drink and live."
I came to Jesus, and I drank
Of that life-giving stream;
My thirst was quenched, my soul revived,
And now I live in Him.
- 3 I heard the voice of Jesus say,
"I am this dark world's light:
Look unto Me, thy morn shall rise,
And all thy day be bright."
I look'd to Jesus and I found
In Him my Star, my Sun;
And in that Light of Life I'll walk
Till travelling days are done.

70

Tune—Crown Him.

8.7.4.

- 1 Lo! He comes, with clouds descending,
Once for guilty sinners slain;
Thousand, thousand saints attending,
Swell the triumph of His train:
Hallelujah!
Jesus comes, and comes to reign.
- 2 Every eye shall then behold Him,
Robed in dreadful majesty!
Those who set at nought and sold Him,
Pierced and nailed Him to the tree,
Deeply wailing,
Shall the true Messiah see.
- 3 When the solemn trumpet sounds,
Heaven and earth shall flee away;
All who hate Him must, confounded,
Hear the summons of that day—
Come to Judgment!
Come to Judgment! come away!

71

Tune—Room for Jesus.

8.7.D.

- 1 "CALL them in"—the poor, the wretched,
Sin-stained wanderers from the fold,
Peace and pardon freely offer;
Can you weigh their worth with gold?
"Call them in"—the weak, the weary,
Laden with the doom of sin;
Bid them come and rest in Jesus;
He is waiting—"call them in."
- 2 "Call them in"—the Jew, the Gentile,
Bid the stranger to the feast:
"Call them in"—the rich, the noble,
From the highest to the least,
Forth the Father runs to meet them,
He hath all their sorrows seen;
Robe, and ring, and royal sandals
Wait the lost ones—"call them in."
- 3 "Call them in"—the broken-hearted
Cowering 'neath the brand of shame;
Speak love's message low and tender,
'Twas for sinners Jesus came.
See the shadows lengthen round us,
Soon the day-dawn will begin;
Can you leave them lost and lonely?
Christ is coming—"call them in."

72

Tune—Not my own.

P.M.

- 1 "Not my own!" but saved by Jesus,
Who redeemed me by His blood;
Gladly I accept the message,
I belong to Christ the Lord!
- "Not my own!"... oh, "not my own!"...
Jesus I... belong to Thee!"... [nity!]
All I have, and all I hope for, Thine for all eter-
- 2 "Not my own!" To Christ my Saviour,
I, believing, trust my soul;
Ev'rything to Him committed,
While eternal ages roll.
- 3 "Not my own!" My time, my talent,
Freely all to Christ I bring,
To be used in joyful service
For the glory of my King.
- 4 "Not my own!" The Lord accepts me,
One among the ransomed throng,
Who in heaven shall see His glory,
And to Jesus Christ belong.

73 *Tune—My Redeemer.* P.M.

- 1 I will sing of my Redeemer,
And His wondrous love to me;
On the cruel cross He suffered,
From the curse to set me free.
Sing, oh sing . . . of my Redeemer! . . .
With His blood . . . He purchased me! . . .
On the cross . . . He sealed my pardon . . .
Paid my debt . . . and made me free . . .
- 2 I will tell the wondrous story,
How my lost estate to save,
In His boundless love and mercy,
He the ransom freely gave.
- 3 I will praise my dear Redeemer,
His triumphant power I'll tell;
How the victory He giveth
Over sin, and death, and hell.
- 4 I will sing of my Redeemer,
And His heavenly love to me;
He from death to life hath brought me,
Son of God with Him to be.

74 *Tune—My Beautiful Home.* P.M.

- 1 Above the waves of earthly strife,
Above the ills and cares of life,
Where all is peaceful, bright and fair,
My home is there! my home is there!
- My beautiful home! my beautiful home!
In the land where the glorified ever shall roam,
Where angels bright wear robes of light,
My home is there! my home is there!
- 2 Where living fountains sweetly flow,
Where buds and flowers immortal grow,
Where trees their fruit celestial bear,
My home is there! my home is there!
 - 3 Away from sorrow, doubt and pain,
Away from worldly loss and gain,
From all temptation, tears and care,
My home is there! my home is there!
 - 4 Beyond the bright and pearly gates,
Where Jesus loving Saviour waits,
Where all is peaceful, bright and fair,
My home is there! my home is there!

75 *Tune—Whosoever will.* P.M.

- 1 "WHOSOEVER heareth," shout, shout,
the sound, [around;
Send the blessed tidings all the world
Spread the joyful news, wherever man is
"Whosoever will may come." [found,
"Whosoever will, whosoever will,"
Send the proclamation over vale and hill;
'Tis a loving Father calls the wanderer home;
"Whosoever will may come."
- 2 Whosoever cometh need not delay,
Now the door is open, enter while ye may;
Jesus is the true, the only living way,
"Whosoever will may come."
- 3 "Whosoever will," the promise is secure;
"Whosoever will," for ever shall endure.
"Whosoever will," 'tis life for evermore;
"Whosoever will may come."

76 *Tune—May I come in.* L.M.

- 1 BEHOLD Me standing at the door,
And hear Me pleading evermore,
With gentle voice: Oh, heart of sin,
May I come in? may I come in?
Behold Me standing at the door,
And hear Me pleading evermore:
Say, weary heart, oppressed with sin,
May I come in? may I come in?
- 2 I bore the cruel thorns for thee,
I've waited long and patiently:
Say, weary heart, oppressed with sin,
May I come in? may I come in?
- 3 I would not plead with thee in vain;
Remember all My grief and pain!
I died to ransom thee from sin:
May I come in? may I come in?
- 4 I bring thee joy from heaven above,
I bring thee pardon, peace, and love:
Say, weary heart, oppressed with sin,
May I come in? may I come in?

77 *Tune—Angels hovering round.* P.M.

- 1 "THE wages of sin is death,"
- 2 "Prepare to meet thy God,"
- 3 "Ye must be born again,"
- 4 "Behold the Lamb of God."

78 *Tune—Look ye saints.* 8.7.4.

- 1 **PASSING** onward, quickly passing;
But I ask thee, whither bound?
Is it to the many mansions,
Where eternal rest is found?
Passing onward—
Tell me, sinner, whither bound?
- 2 **Passing** onward, quickly passing;
Nought the wheels of time can stay,
Sweet the thought that some are going
To the realms of perfect day;
Passing onward—
Christ their Leader, Christ their Way.
- 3 **Passing** onward, quickly passing,
Many on the downward road;
Careless of their souls immortal,
Heeding not the call of God,
Passing onward—
Trampling on the Saviour's blood!
- 4 **Passing** onward, quickly passing,
Time its course will quickly run;
Still we hear the fond entreaty
Of the ever—gracious One—
"Come and welcome,
'Tis by Me that life is won."

79 *Tune—Look to Jesus.* 7's

- 1 **LOOK** to Jesus!—*look and live!*
Mercy at His hands receive;
He has died upon the tree,
And His words are, "Look to Me!"
Come to Jesus!—come and live!
He has endless life to give;
He from sin will set thee free,
For His words are, "Come to Me."
- 2 **Trust** in Jesus!—*trust and live!*
Now upon His name believe;
He has blessings e'en for thee,
For His words are, "Trust in Me!"
- 3 **Rest** in Jesus!—there repose,
Shelter find from all thy foes;
Let His name be all thy plea,
For His words are, "Rest in Me!"

80 *Tune—Innocents.* 7's

- 1 **TIME** is earnest, passing by;
Death is earnest, drawing nigh;
Sinner, wilt thou trifling be?
Time and death appeal to thee.
- 2 **Life** is earnest: when 'tis o'er
Thou returnest never more;
Earnest is eternity,
Wilt thou never serious be?
- 3 **Heaven** is earnest; solemnly
Float its voices down to thee:
Hell is earnest; art thou gay,
Sporting through thine earthly day?
- 4 **God** is earnest; come to-day,
Ere thy season pass away,
Ere be set His judgment throne,
Vengeance ready, mercy gone.
- 5 **Christ** is earnest; bids thee come,
God declares that all is done;
Wilt thou spurn the Saviour's love,
Pleading with thee from above?

81 *Tune—Remember Me.* C.M.

- 1 **My Jesus** hangs upon the cross,
By faith His blood I see;
I can, I will, I do believe
That Jesus died for me.
I will believe, I do believe,
That Jesus died for me;
That on the cross He shed His blood,
From sin to set me free.
- 2 **A sinner** guilty, and undone,
O Lord I come to Thee;
I can, I will, I do believe
That Jesus died for me.
- 3 **Before** the Lamb's all-cleansing blood,
My sins and sorrows flee;
I can, I will, I do believe
That Jesus died for me.
- 4 **My heart** is glad, my lips rejoice,
My happy soul is free;
I can, I will, I do believe
That Jesus died for me.

82 *Tune—There is a happy land.* 8.7.

1 COME I hear the gospel sound—
"Yet there is room!"

It tells to all around—

"Yet there is room!"

Though guilty, now draw near,
Though vile, you need not fear,
With joy you now may hear—

"Yet there is room!"

2 God's love in Christ we see—

"Yet there is room!"

Greater it could not be—

"Yet there is room!"

His only Son He gave,
He's righteous now to save
All who on Him believe—

"Yet there is room!"

3 "All things are ready: come!"

"Yet there is room!"

Christ everything hath done—

"Yet there is room!"

The work is now complete,

"Before the mercy-seat,"

A Saviour you shall meet—

"Yet there is room!"

4 God's house is filling fast—

"Yet there is room!"

Some soul will be the last—

"Yet there is room!"

Yes, soon salvation's day

From you will pass away,

Then grace no more will say—

"Yet there is room!"

83 *Tune—It is the blood.*

P.M.

1 IT is the blood, it is the blood,
Which has atonement made;
It is the blood which once for all,
Our ransom price has paid.

2 It was the blood, the mark of blood,
The people's houses bore;
And when that mark by God was seen,
His angel passed the door.

3 Not water then, nor water now,
Has ever saved a soul;

Not Jewish rites, but Jesus' stripes,
Can make the wounded whole.

4 "I see the blood," "I see the blood,"
A voice from heaven cries;
The soul that owns this token true,
And trusts it never dies.

5 For He who suffered once for all,
That we might life obtain,
Will never leave His Father's throne,
To shed that blood again.

84 *Tune—Evan.* C.M.

1 How many children say their prayers,
And yet who never pray:
Because they know not Christ, Who is
The Life, the Truth, the Way.

2 'Tis only those that know the Lord,
And trust His precious blood,
That can draw near the throne of grace,
And offer prayer to God.

85 *Tune—Sweet hour of Prayer.* 8.7.

1 NO works of law have we to boast—
By nature ruin'd, guilty, lost,
Condemned already; but Thy hand
Provided what Thou didst demand.

We take the guilty sinner's name.
The guilty sinner's Saviour claim.

2 No faith we trust. 'Tis Christ alone—
'Tis what He is, what He has done;
He is for us as given by God,
It was for us He shed His blood.

3 We do not feel our sins are gone,
But know it from Thy word alone;
We know that Thou our sins did'st lay
On Him who has put sin away.

86 *Tune—Barrow.* C.M.

1 O SINNER, come ere yet "too late,"
Now, is the day of grace,
Now, Jesus calls, oh! do obey
His pleading, loving voice.

2 To-day, 'tis free to all who "come,"
And take Him at His word;
To-morrow's sun may rise "too-late"
For you who now have heard.

87 *Tune—Christ for me.*

P.M.

- 1 My heart is fixed, eternal God,
Fixed on Thee;
And my immortal choice is made,
Christ for me.
He is the Prophet, Priest and King,
Who did for me salvation bring;
And while I live, I mean to sing,
Christ for me.
- 2 In Him I see the Godhead shine,
Christ for me;
He is the Majesty divine,
Christ for me.
The Father's well-beloved Son,
Co-partner of His royal throne,
Who did for human guilt atone,
Christ for me.
- Let others boast of heaps of gold,
Christ for me;
His riches never can be told,
Christ for me.
Your gold will waste and wear away,
Your honours perish in a day;
My portion never can decay,
Christ for me.

88 *Tune—I hear Thy welcome voice.* P.M.

- 1 I HEAR Thy welcome voice,
That calls me, Lord, to Thee,
For cleansing in Thy precious blood,
That flowed on Calvary.
I am trusting, Lord!
Trusting now in Thee!
Trusting in Thy precious blood,
That flowed on Calvary.
- 2 Though coming weak and vile,
Thou dost my soul assure,
Thou dost my vileness fully cleanse,
Till spotless all and pure.
- 3 'Tis Jesus bids me come,
'Tis He who loves my soul,
'Tis He who saves me day by day,
'Tis He who makes me whole.

89 *Tune—Who is on the Lord's side? 7.6.*

- 1 Who is on the Lord's side?
Who will serve the King?
Who will be His helpers,
Other lives to bring?
Who will leave the world's side?
Who will face the foe?
Who is on the Lord's side?
Who for Him will go?
- 2 Not for weight of glory,
Not for crown and palm,
Enter we the army,
Raise the warrior's psalm,
But for love that claimeth,
Lives for whom He died,
He whom Jesus nameth
Must be on His side!
- 3 Saviour, Thou hast bought us,
Not with gold or gem,
But with Thine own life-blood,
For Thy diadem.
By Thy grand redemption,
By Thy grace divine,
We are on the Lord's side;
Saviour, we are thine.

90 *Tune—St. Michael's.*

S.M.

- 1 I hear the words of love;
I gaze upon the blood;
I see the mighty Sacrifice,
And I have peace with God.
- 2 'Tis everlasting peace,
Sure as Jehovah's name;
'Tis stable as His steadfast throne—
For evermore the same.
- 3 My love is oft-times low,
My joy still ebbs and flows;
But peace with Him remains the same:
No change Jehovah knows.
- 4 I change—He changes not;
My Christ can never die;
His love—not mine—the resting place;
His truth—not mine—the use.

91 *Tune—Art thou weary?* P.M.

- 1 PRECIOUS, precious blood of Jesus,
Shed on Calvary,
Shed for rebels and for sinners,
Shed for me.
- 2 Precious blood that hath redeemed us
All the price is paid!
Perfect pardon now is offered,
Peace is made.
- 3 Precious, precious blood of Jesus,
Let it make thee whole,
Let its mighty power in cleansing
Reach thy soul.
- 4 Though thy sins are red like crimson,
Deep as scarlet glow,
Jesus' precious blood can make them
White as snow.

92 *Tune—Morning Light.* P.M.

- 1 "This Man receiveth sinners:"
"This Man," and who was He?
Beneath a servant's humble form,
"GOD MANIFEST" we see.
- 2 "This Man receiveth sinners:"
My soul, put in thy claim;
For surely thou must own that this
Alone can be thy name.
- 3 "This Man receiveth sinners:"
Sweet thought for such as me!
For then He will not cast me out,
All guilty though I be.

93 *Tune—None but Christ.* P.M.

- 1 NONE but Christ:—His merit hides me,
He was faultless, I am fair;
None but Christ: His wisdom guides me,
He was outcast, I'm His care.
Come ye heavy laden, come to Him for rest;
None but Christ can save you; who come to
Him are blest.
- 2 None but Christ:—His Spirit seals me,
Gives me freedom, with control;
None but Christ:—His bruising heals me,
And His sorrow soothes my soul.

94 *Tune—The bright for evermore.* P.M.

- 1 THERE is a land, a happy land,
Whose skies are ever bright,
Where evening shadows never fall:
The Saviour is its light.
If we trust the Saviour here,
We shall dwell in glory there,
In that happy land so fair,
In the bright for-evermore,
- 2 There is a clime, a peaceful clime,
Beyond life's narrow sea,
Where every storm is hushed to rest:
There let our treasure be.
- 3 There is a home, a glorious home,
A heavenly mansion fair;
And all who know the Saviour here
Will bid us welcome there.
- 4 We long to leave these fading scenes,
That glide so quickly by;
And join the shining host above,
Where joy can never die.

95 *Tune—Art thou weary.* P.M.

- 1 I AM trusting Thee, Lord Jesus,
Trusting only Thee!
Trusting Thee for full salvation,
Great and free.
- 2 I am trusting Thee for pardon,
At Thy feet I bow;
For Thy grace and tender mercy,
Trusting now.
- 3 I am trusting Thee for cleansing
In Thy precious blood;
Trusting Thee to bring me safely
Home to God.
- 4 I am trusting Thee to guide me,
Thou alone shalt lead;
Every day and hour supplying
All my need.
- 5 I am trusting Thee Lord Jesus;
On Thy name I call;
I am trusting Thee for ever,
And for all.

96 *Tune—The crowning day.* P.M.

- 1 OUR Lord is now rejected,
And by the world disowned,
By the many still neglected,
And by the few enthroned :
But soon He'll come in glory !
The hour is drawing nigh,
For the crowning day is coming
By-and-by.
- Oh, the crowning day is coming !
Is coming by-and-by !
When our Lord shall come in "power"
And "glory" from on high !
Oh, the glorious sight will gladden
Each waiting, watchful eye,
In the crowning day that's coming
By-and-by.
- 2 The heavens shall glow with splendour :
But brighter far than they
The saints shall shine in glory,
As Christ shall them array :
The beauty of the Saviour
Shall dazzle every eye,
In the crowning day that's coming
By-and-by.
- 3 Our pain shall then be over ;
We'll sin and sigh no more,
Behind us all of sorrow,
And nought but joy before.
A joy in our Redeemer,
As we to Him are nigh,
In the crowning day that's coming
By-and-by.
- 4 Let all that look for, "hasten"
The coming joyful day,
By earnest consecration,
To walk the narrow way :
By gathering in the lost ones,
For whom our Lord did die,
For the crowning day that's coming
By-and-by.

97 *Tune—There is a fountain.* C.M.

I WILL not work my soul to save,
For that the Lord has done ;
But I will work like any slave,
For love to God's dear Son.

98 *Tune—I'm a pilgrim.* 8.7.4

- 1 COME, ye sinners, poor and wretched,
Weak and wounded, sick and sore
Jesus ready stands to save you,
Full of pity joined with power.
He is able,
He is willing : doubt no more.
- 2 Let not conscience make you linger,
Nor of fitness fondly dream ;
All the fitness He requireth
Is to know your need of Him.
Thirsting sinners,
Drink of life's free, flowing stream.
- 3 Come, ye weary, heavy laden,
Lost and ruined by the fall ;
If you tarry till you're better,
You will never come at all,
Not the righteous—
Sinners Jesus came to call.

99 *Tune—Shall we meet.* 7.8.

- 1 SHALL we meet beyond the river,
Where the surges cease to roll ?
Where, in all the bright "for ever,"
Sorrow ne'er shall press the soul ?
Shall we meet ? shall we meet ?
Shall we meet beyond the river ?
Shall we meet beyond the river ?
Where the surges cease to roll ?
- 2 Shall we meet in that blest harbour,
When our stormy voyage is o'er ?
Shall we meet and cast the anchor
By the fair celestial shore ?
- 3 Shall we meet in yonder city,
Where the towers of crystal shine ?
Where the walls are all of jasper,
Built by workmanship divine ?
- 4 Shall we meet with Christ the Saviour,
When He comes to claim His own ?
Shall we know His blessed favour,
And sit down upon His throne ?

00 *Tune—Sweet hour of prayer.* P.M.

ETERNITY! Time soon will end,
Its fleeting moments pass away;
O sinner, say where wilt thou spend
Eternity's unchanging day?
Shalt thou the hopeless horror see
Of hell for all eternity?

Eternity, Eternity!
Where wilt thou spend Eternity?

1 Eternity! O dreadful thought
For thee, a child of Adam's race,
If thou should'st in thy sins be brought
To stand before the awful Face, [flee,
From which the heaven and earth shall
The Throned One of Eternity.

3 Eternity! But Jesus died—
Yes, Jesus died on Calvary,
Behold Him thorn-crowned, crucified,
The spotless One made sin for thee.
O sinner, haste! for refuge flee—
He saves, and for Eternity.

4 To-night may be thy latest breath,
Thy little moment here be done;
Eternal woe—the second death—
Awaits the grace-rejecting one.
Thine awful destiny foresee—
Time ends, and then Eternity!

101 *Tune—Rousseau.* 2.7.

1 THROUGH my hand no nail is driven,
On my brow no thorns are worn,
In my side there is no spear-wound—
Jesus all my sins hath borne.
His the nails relentless driven,
Mine the peace by Him procured;
For this soul by sin so burdened,
Freed in mercy—love allured.

2 His the crown of thorns sharp-piercing,
Mine the peace for aye to last;
Mine the crown of fadeless glory
At His blessed feet to cast.
His the spear His dear side wounding,
Mine the peace with God thus made,
Sinless He—and yet sin-bearing—
All our sins on Him were laid.

3 'Neath Thy cross I stand and worship,
Suff'ring man, yet conquering God!
Resting on Thy death-atonement,
Weary, I lay down my load.
Cease, my soul, thy restless striving;
Christ's atoning work is done;
Seek to run the race with patience,
At the cross in faith begun.

102 *Tune—O joyful news.* P.M.

1 NOT all the gold of all the world,
And all its wealth combined,
Could give relief, or comfort yield
To one distracted mind;
'Tis only to the precious blood
Of Christ the soul can fly,
There only can the sinner find
A flowing full supply.

O joyful news! O happy news!
The precious, precious blood
Of Christ can bring the sinner nigh,
And give him "peace with God."

2 Was it for gold the dying thief,
The malefactor craved?
Ah, no! 'twas Christ, and faith in Him
That dying sinner saved.
'Twas faith in Him who bleeding hung
A Victim by His side;
'O Lord, remember me," he said,
"I will," He heard and died.

3 O what can equal joy divine?
And what can sweeter be,
Than knowing that the soul is safe
For all eternity?
Safe in the Lord without a doubt,
By virtue of the blood;
For nothing can destroy the life
That's hid with Christ in God.

103 *Tune—Worthy is the Lamb.*

WORTHY, worthy is the Lamb,
Worthy, worthy is the Lamb,
Worthy, worthy is the Lamb—that was slain.
Praise Him, Hallelujah; bless Him,
Hallelujah. [Lamb.
Praise Him, Hallelujah; praise th

104 *Tune—Jesus died for me.* C.M.

- 1 THE Lamb of God for sinners died,
A Victim on the tree;
He gave Himself a sacrifice,
To set the guilty free.

I seek no other argument,
I want no other plea,
It is enough that Jesus died,
And rose again for me.

- 2 The great Redeemer left the throne,
The radiant throne on high,
Surprising mercy I love unknown I
To suffer, bleed, and die!

- 3 He took the guilty sinner's place,
And suffered in his stead;
For man (Oh miracle of grace I)
For man, the Saviour bled.

105 *Tune—Olivet.* P.M.

- 1 PEACE! what a precious sound!
Tell it the world around,
Christ hath made peace!
Thus souls are brought to God
By His atoning blood,
And crowned with every good:
Christ hath made peace!

- 2 Love was the spring of all,
Love triumphed o'er our fall—
The love of God!
My soul, His love adore,
And praise Him evermore;
Make known from shore to shore,
The love of God!

106 *Tune—Rousseau.* 8.7.

- 1 JESUS lived, He lived for sinners,
Outcast, in the world He made;
Lived, that in His blessed Person
God's full grace might be displayed.
- 2 Jesus died, He died for sinners;
On the cross He cried, "Forgive!"
Died, that lost and ruined rebels
Through His precious blood might live.

- 3 Jesus rose, and went to heaven,
Proving that the work was done—
Sweet assurance that the Father
Was well pleased with His Son.

- 4 Jesus lives, and lives for ever,
Now upon the Father's throne;
Liveth evermore to succour
Those who are by faith His own.

107 *Tune—He arose.* P.M.

- 1 JESUS came from glory,
Jesus came from glory,
Jesus came from glory,
To seek and save the lost,

Jesus came, Jesus came,
Jesus came to earth, to seek and save the lost.

- 2 Jesus died on Calvary,
To ransom sinners lost.

- 3 Jesus Christ is risen,
And seated on the throne.

- 4 Jesus' blood is cleansing,
Is cleansing from all sin.

- 5 I believe in Jesus,
Who died and lives for me.

I believe, I believe,
I believe in Him, who died and lives for me.

108 *Tune—Barrow.* C.M.

"LOOK unto Me, and be ye saved,"
Look from your doubts and fears;
Look not to works of righteousness,
Look not to prayers and tears.

109 *Tune—Shall we ever.* P.M.

- 1 SHALL we ever all meet again?
2 Saved ones shall all meet again!
They shall meet with Christ in heaven,
And they'll never part again.

110 *Tune—Old Hundred.* L.M.

PRAISE God from whom all blessings flow
Praise Him all Christians here below;
Praise Him above ye heavenly host;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

111 *Tune—I will trust Thee.* P.M.

1 JESUS, I will trust Thee, trust Thee with my soul!
Guilty, lost, and helpless, Thou canst make me whole.
There is none in heaven or on earth like Thee;
Thou hast died for sinners—therefore, Lord, for me.

In Thy love confiding, I will seek Thy face,
Worship and adore Thee for Thy wondrous grace.

Jesus, I will trust Thee, trust Thee with my soul!
Guilty, lost, and helpless, Thou canst make me whole.

2 Jesus, I can trust Thee, trust Thy written word;
Since Thy voice of mercy I have often heard.
Jesus, I must trust Thee, pondering Thy ways;
Full of love and mercy, all Thine earthly days.

3 Jesus, I do trust Thee, trust Thee without doubt;
"Whosoever cometh Thou wilt not cast out;"
Faithful is Thy promise, precious is Thy blood;
These my soul's salvation, Thou my Saviour God.

112 *Tune—Duke Street.* L.M.

1 THE Lord shall come, the earth shall quake,
The mountains to their centre shake;
And, with'ring from the vault of night,
The stars withdraw their feeble light.

2 The Lord shall come; but not the same
As once in lowly form He came,
A silent Lamb to slaughter led
The bruised, the suffering, and the dead.

3 The Lord shall come! a dreadful form,
With wreath of flame and robe of storm,
On cherub-wings, in flaming fire,
To execute God's righteous ire.

4 While sinners in despair shall call,
"Rocks, hide us! mountains, on us fall!"
The saints already with the Lord,
Are safe according to His Word!

113 *Tune—It is well.* P.M.

1 WHEN peace, like a river, attendeth my way,
When sorrows, like sea-billows, roll;
Whatever my lot, Thou hast taught me to know

"It is well, it is well with my soul."

It is well with my soul,
It is well, it is well with my soul.

2 Though Satan should buffet, though trials should come,
Let this blest assurance control,
That Christ hath regarded my helpless estate,
And hath shed His own blood for my soul.

3 My sin—oh, the bliss of this glorious thought—
My sin—not in part, but in whole—
Was nailed to His cross; and I bear it no more;
Praise the Lord, praise the Lord, O my soul.

4 For me be it Christ, be it Christ hence to live;
Though sorrows around me may roll,
No pang shall be mine, for in death as in life
Thou wilt whisper Thy peace to my soul.

5 But Lord, 'tis for Thee, for Thy coming we wait,
The sky, not the grave, is our goal;
Oh, trump of the angel! oh, voice of the Lord!
Blessed hope! blessed rest of my soul!

114 *Tune—Can you count?* P.M.

1 CAN you count me the leaves on the forest tree?

Or the sands on the sea-washed shore?
Or the flowers bedecking the fragrant lea?
Or the grains of the harvest store?

If you can, I can tell you His love to me,
Who died for my sins on Calvary's tree.

2 Can ye number the locks of glossy hair
On the blooming, youthful head?
Can ye count me each particular star
Which shines when the day is sped?

3 Can ye number the blades of grass which grow
In the meadows all around?
Or the sparkling, glittering drops of dew
At the sun's uprising found?

4 Ye cannot! and oh, I cannot tell
The depth of the love divine
Which rescued my soul from death and hell,
And tells me that heaven is mine!
Deep, vast, unknown, is His love to me
Who died for my sins on Calvary's tree!

115 *Tune—We're travelling home.* P.M.

- 1 WE'RE trav'ling home to heaven above,
Will you go? will you go?
To sing the Saviour's dying love,
Will you go? will you go?
Millions have reached that blissful shore,
Their trials and their labours o'er,
And yet there's room for millions more;
Will you go? will you go?
- 2 We're going to walk the plains of light, &c.
Far, far from death, and sin, and night, &c.
The crown of life we then shall wear,
The Conqueror's palm we then shall bear,
And all the joys of heaven shall share, &c.
- 3 The way to heaven is straight and plain, &c.
But mind "Ye must be born again," &c.
The Saviour cries aloud to thee,
O sinner come, "Believe on Me,
And thou shalt My salvation see," &c.
- 4 Come all ye halting ones and say,
"I will go! I will go!"
I'll start the journey here to-day,
Let me go! let me go!
My old companions fare you well,
I will not go with you to hell,
I mean with Jesus Christ to dwell;
I will go! I will go!

116 *Tune—Settled for ever.* P.M.

- 1 SETTLED for ever! sin's tremendous claim,
Glory to Jesus, blessed be His name.
No part-way measures doth His grace provide,
Finished the work was, when the Saviour died.
Settled for ever! sin's tremendous claim,
Glory to Jesus, blessed be His name.
- 2 Settled for ever! fear not then to trust
Thy soul upon Him even as thou must;
On Calvary's cross, the claims of God were
met;
Settled for ever all the grievous debt.
- 3 Settled for ever! let no doubt nor fear
Mix with thy love; nor in thy robe appear
One single thread of thine own righteousness,
We are complete in Him who came to bless.
- 4 Settled for ever! yes; no work of thine
Nor tears, nor sorrow add to grace divine,
God says, "I blot out every sin and stain
And will remember them no more again."

117 *Tune—There is life for a look.* P.M.

- 1 THERE is life for a look at the crucified One!
There is life at this moment for thee;
Then look, sinner, look unto Him and be saved,
Unto Him who was nailed to the tree.
- 2 It is not thy tears of repentance or prayers,
But the blood that atones for the soul;
On Him then believe, and a pardon receive,
For His blood now can make thee quite
whole.
- 3 We are healed by His stripes—would'st thou
add to the word?
And He is our righteousness made;
The best robe of heaven He bids thee put on,
Oh could'st thou be better arrayed?
- 4 Then doubt not thy welcome, since God has
declared
There remaineth no more to be done;
That once in the end of the world He appeared,
And completed the work He begun.
- 5 But take with rejoicing, from Jesus at once
The life everlasting He gives;
And know, with assurance, thou never canst
die,
Since Jesus thy righteousness lives.

118 *Tune—From Greenland's icy.* 7.6.D.

- 1 FROM Greenland's icy mountains,
From India's coral strand,
Where Afric's sunny fountains
Roll down their golden sand,
From many an ancient river,
From many a palmy plain,
They call us to deliver
Their land from error's chain.
- 2 What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle,
Though every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile;
In vain with lavish kindness
The gifts of God are strown,
The heathen in his blindness
Bows down to wood and stone.
- 3 Can we, whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high,
Can we to men benighted
The lamp of life deny?
Salvation! O salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till men of every nation
Have heard the Saviour's name

119 *Tune—Yet there is room.* P.M.

- 1 "Yet there is room!" The Lamb's bright
hall of song,
With all its fair glory, beckons thee along;
Room, room, still room, Oh, enter, enter now.
- 2 Day is declining, and the sun is low:
The shadows lengthen, light makes haste to go,
Room, room, still room, Oh, enter, enter now.
- 3 The bridal hall is filling for the feast;
Pass in, pass in, and be the Bridegroom's guest,
Room, room, still room, Oh, enter, enter now.
- 4 Louder and sweeter sounds the loving call.
Come linger, come; enter that festal hall,
Room, room, still room, Oh, enter, enter now.
- 5 Ere night that gate may close and seal thy
doom,
Then the last low, long cry, "No room, no
room."
No room, no room, Oh, woeful cry, "No
room."

120 *Tune—Hold the Fort.* P.M.

- 1 God so loved the world that scorn'd Him,
That He sent His Son;
Jesus came to seek and save us—
And that work is done!
Jesus came to seek and save us,
All His work is done—
Done as God Himself desired it:
By His Blessed Son.
- 2 All is done, yes, all is finished,
All the debt is paid;
On the Lamb who died for sinners,
All our guilt was laid.
- 3 God the Father called Him "Jesus,"
When He sent Him down,
And for us He bore the judgment—
Won for us the crown.
- 4 All the ransom'd call Him "Jesus"—
Him as Lord we own;
Once upon the cross to save us,
Now upon the throne.
- 5 Weary sinner—call Him "Jesus,"
Thus doth God implore,
Thou shalt then, His name confessing,
Know His saving power!

121 *Tune—That sweet story of old.* P.M.

- 1 Thou art "not very far" from the kingdom
of God,
Thou hast heard the sweet call of the King,
Thou hast met the glad messenger speeding
abroad
His free-hearted welcome to bring.
And the kingdom looks bright, but the world
is so dear
With its labour, and pleasure, and sin:
And yet it were sad to have seen it so near
And never to enter therein.
Yes, "not very far" from salvation by
grace,
But beware, Oh, sinner, beware!
For "not very far" is a perilous place,
Thou art lost if thou linger there.
- 2 Thou art "not very far" from the foot of the
Cross:
Its shadow is falling on thee;
And the blood that redeemeth the sinner from
loss
Is flowing so rich and so free.
That cross of atonement, that ransoming blood,
Is a saving or sentencing sight;
It were death at the foot of the cross to have
stood,
And thy robes never washed, nor made
white.
- 3 Oh! many were once as near heaven as thou,
But they lingered, and lost their day;
They are weeping, and wailing, and wander-
ing now
On the coasts of the castaway.
They are far from the kingdom, and far from
the crown,
From Christ and His ransoming cross;
Oh, infinite sadness! No tears but His own
Can weep such a fathomless loss.
- 122 *Tune—Joyfully, joyfully.* 10's.
- 1 Oh what a Saviour is Jesus the Lord!
Well may His name by His saints be adored!
He has redeemed them from sin by His blood,
Saved them for ever, and brought them to God.
- 2 Thousands have fled to His spear-pierced side.
Welcome they have been, for none are denied;
Weary and laden, they all have been blest,
Joyfully now in the Saviour they rest.

123

Tune—Happy day.

P.M.

- 1 MY God, I have found the thrice-blessed ground,
Where life, and where joy, and true comfort
Happy day, happy day,
When Jesus my Saviour my sins wash'd away.
- 2 'Tis found in the blood of Him who once stood
My refuge and safety, my Surety with God.
- 3 He bore on the tree the sentence for me,
And now both the Surety and sinner are free.
- 4 Accepted I am in the once-offered Lamb;
It was God who Himself had devised the plan.
- 5 And soon He will come to take me safe home,
And make me to sit with Himself on the throne.

124

Tune—The harvest is passing.

P.M.

- 1 HARK, sinner, while God from on high doth entreat thee,
And warnings with accents of mercy doth blend;
Give ear to His voice, lest in judgment He meet thee;
"The harvest is passing, the summer will end."
- 2 How oft of thy danger and guilt He hath told thee!
How oft still the message of mercy doth send!
Haste, haste, while He waits in His arms to enfold thee;
"The harvest is passing, the summer will end."
- 3 Despised and rejected, at length He may leave thee:
What anguish and horror thy bosom will rend!
Then haste thee, O sinner, while He will receive thee;
"The harvest is passing, the summer will end."
- 4 Ere long, and Jehovah will come in His power;
Our God will arise with His foes to contend;
Haste, haste thee, O sinner, prepare for that hour;
"The harvest is passing, the summer will end."

125

Tune—Praise, praise ye the name.

P.M.

- 1 PRAISE, praise ye the name of Jehovah our God,
Declare, Oh, declare ye, His glories abroad
Proclaim ye His mercy from nation to nation
Till the uttermost islands have heard His salvation.
For His love floweth on, free and full as a river,
And His mercy endureth for ever and ever.
 - 2 Praise, praise ye the Lamb who for sinners was slain,
Who went down to the grave and ascended again;
And who soon shall return when these dark days are o'er,
To set up His kingdom in glory and power.
 - 3 Then the heavens, and the earth, and the sea shall rejoice,
The field and the forest shall lift the glad voice,
The sand of the desert shall flourish in green,
And Lebanon's glory be shed o'er the scene.
 - 4 Her bridal attire and her festal array,
All nature shall wear on that glorious day;
For her King cometh down with His people to reign,
And His presence shall bless her with Eden again.
- 126 *Tune—Who'll be the next?* P.M.
- 1 WHO'LL be the next to trust in Jesus?
Who'll be the next His gift to claim?
Some one is ready, some one is waiting;
Who'll be the next to praise His name?
Who'll be the next? who'll be the next?
Who'll be the next to trust in Jesus?
Who'll be the next to trust the Saviour now?
Trust the Saviour now.
 - 2 Who'll be the next to trust in Jesus—
Trust His precious cleansing blood?
Who'll be the next to praise Him for pardon,
Cleansing from sin, and peace with God?
 - 3 Who'll be the next to trust in Jesus?
Who'll be the next to own His name?
Who'll swell the chorus of full redemption?
Sing hallelujah! Praise the Lamb!

127 *Tune—Jesus is our Shepherd.* 11's,

Jesus is our Shepherd, wiping every tear;
Folded in His bosom, what have we to fear?
Only let us follow whither He doth lead:
To the thirsty desert, or the dewy mead.

Jesus is our Shepherd; well we know His voice,
How its gentlest whisper makes our heart rejoice!

Even when it chideth, tender is its tone:
None but He shall guide us; we are His alone.

Jesus is our Shepherd; for the sheep He bled;
Every lamb is sprinkled with the blood He shed;

Then on each He setteth His own secret sign,
"They that have My spirit, these," saith He,
"are mine."

Jesus is our Shepherd; guarded by His arm,
Though the wolves may raven, none can do us harm;

Should we tread death's valley, dark with fearful gloom,
We will fear no evil, victors o'er the tomb!

128 *Tune—The ninety and nine.* P.M.

THERE were ninety and nine that safely lay,
In the shelter of the fold,
But one was out on the hills away,
Far off from the gates of gold,
Away on the mountains wild and bare,
Away from the tender Shepherd's care.

"Lord, Thou hast here Thy ninety and nine;
Are they not enough for Thee?"
But the Shepherd made answer: "This of Mine

Has wandered away from Me;
And although the road be rough and steep
I go to the desert to find My sheep."

But none of the ransomed ever knew
How deep were the waters crossed;
Nor how dark was the night the Lord passed thro'

Ere He found His sheep that was lost.
Out in the desert He heard its cry—
Sick and helpless and ready to die.

4 "Lord, whence are those blood-drops all the
That mark out the mountain track?" [way
"The were shed for one who had gone astray
Ere the Shepherd could bring him back."
"Lord, whence are Thy hands so rent and
torn?

They are pierced to-night by many a thorn."

5 And all through the mountains, thunder-riven,
And up from the rocky steep,
There rose a cry to the gate of heaven,

"Rejoice, I have found My sheep!"
And the angels choiced around the throne,
"Rejoice, for the Lord brings back His own!"

129 *Tune—What's the news?* P.M.

1 WHERE'ER we meet, you always say,

What's the news?

Pray, what's the tidings of the day?

What's the news?

Oh! I have got good news to tell,
My Saviour hath done all things well,
And triumphed over death and hell;

That's the news!

2 The Lamb was slain on Calvary!

That's the news!

To set poor guilty sinners free:

That's the news!

'Twas there His precious blood was shed;

'Twas there He bowed His sacred head;

But now He's risen from the dead:

That's the news!

3 To heaven above the Conqueror's gone!

That's the news!

He's passed triumphant to the throne!

That's the news!

And on the throne He will remain,

Until from heaven He comes again,

Attended by a dazzling train:

That's the news!

4 The Lord has pardon'd all my sin!

That's the news!

I have the witness now within:

That's the news!

And since He took my sins away,

And taught me how to watch and pray,

I'm happy now from day to day!

That's the news!

130 *Tune—Are you washed?* P.M.

- 1 HAVE you trusted Jesus and His saving power?
Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?
Are you fully trusting in His grace this hour?
Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?
Are you washed . . . in the blood . . .
In the soul-cleansing blood of the Lamb?
Are your garments spotless? are they white as snow?
Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?
- 2 Are you walking daily by the Saviour's side?
Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?
Do you rest each moment in the Crucified?—
Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?
- 3 When the Bridegroom cometh, will your robes be white?
Pure and white in the blood of the Lamb?
Will your souls be ready for the mansions bright,
And be washed in the blood of the Lamb?

131 *Tune—Rejoice and be glad.*

- 1 REJOICE, and be glad! the Redeemer has come!
Go look on His cradle, His cross, and His tomb!
Sound His praises, tell the story
Of Him who was slain;
Sound His praises, tell with gladness,
He liveth again.
- 2 Rejoice, and be glad! for the blood hath been shed;
Redemption is finished, the price hath been paid.
- 3 Rejoice, and be glad! now the pardon is free:
The Just for the unjust has died on the tree.
- 4 Rejoice, and be glad! for the Lamb that was slain,
O'er death is triumphant, and liveth again.
- 5 Rejoice, and be glad! for our Lord is on high!
He liveth for us on the throne in the sky.
- 6 Rejoice, and be glad! for He cometh again!
He cometh in glory, the Lamb that was slain.
Sound His praises, tell the story
Of Him who was slain,
Sound His praises, tell with gladness
He cometh again!

132 *Tune—Why not to-night!* L.

- 1 O DO not let the word depart,
And close thine eyes against the light;
Poor sinner, harden not thine heart;
Thou would'st be saved—
Why not to-night?
Why not to-night?
Why not to-night?
Thou would'st be saved,
Why not to-night?
- 2 To-morrow's sun may never rise,
To bless thy long-deluded sight;
This is the time; O then be wise;
Thou would'st be saved—
Why not to-night?
- 3 The world has nothing left for thee—
It has no new, no pure delight;
O try the joys that Christ can give;
Thou would'st be saved—
Why not to-night?
- 4 Our God in pity lingers still,
And wilt thou thus His love requite?
Renounce at length thy stubborn will—
Thou would'st be saved—
Why not to-night?
- 5 Our blessed Lord refuses none
Who would to Him their souls unite,
Then be the great transaction done?
Thou would'st be saved—
Why not to-night?

133 *Tune—I come.*

- 1 AGAIN the blessed Gospel I have heard,
That Word divine and true,
And God again has spoken to my soul;
O now what shall I do?
I come . . . I come . . .
I come to Thee, my God,
I do Thy love believe,
I do accept Thy gift of life and peace
I do Thy Son receive.
- 2 My wayward heart has wandered far from
And known no rest or home, [Thee]
No present peace, no hope of joy beyond,
But now to Thee I come.
- 3 No works of mine, no merit can I bring,
No holiness within,
I only trust the precious blood of Christ
It cleanses from all sin.

34 Tune—Beautiful stream. P.M.

Oh, have you not heard of that wonderful
LOVE,

That flows from God's heart so free,
Which led him to give, for a perishing world,
His SON to be nailed to the tree?

Believe that wonderful love,

Believe that wonderful love,

The Gospel is free! God sends it to thee!

Believe God's wonderful love.

Ye children of men, so helpless and lost,

This love of our God now receive;

No heart is too sad this love to make glad,

When once on God's word we believe.

Oh, sweet is its rest to the weary and worn,

Who feel the dread burden of sin;

It seeks for no merit its bless to inherit,

No goodness without or within.

35 Tune—Depths of mercy. P.M.

1 THERE is a door stands open wide,
And through its portals gleaming
A radiance from the throne of light,
The God of love revealing.

Oh, depths of mercy; can it be that door was
opened wide for me?

For me—for me—was opened wide for me?

2 Christ is the door to heaven for all
Who seek through Him salvation;
The rich and poor, the great and small,
Of every tribe and nation.

36 Tune—Only trust Him. D.C.M.

1 COME, anxious sinner, here's a balm

For every troubled mind;

In Jesus' full salvation you

A perfect rest shall find;

For heaviest grief, a full relief

In the atoning blood,

Which brings the trembling sinner nigh,

And seals his peace with God.

2 Come, weary sinner, who in vain

From day to day hast striven,

By sighs, and tears, and labouring steps,

To climb th' ascent to heaven—

The work is done, the victory's won,

If thou wilt but receive

The blessing Jesus doth bestow

On all who will believe.

137 Tune—I know there's a bright. P.M.

1 I know there's a bright and a glorious home,
Away in the heavens high,
Where all the redeemed shall with Jesus dwell,
Will you be there, and I?

Will you be there, and I? Will you be there and I?
Where all the redeemed shall with Jesus dwell,
Will you be there and I?

2 In robes of white, o'er streets of gold,
Beneath a cloudless sky,
They walk in the light of their Father's smile;
But will you be there and I?

3 From every kingdom of earth they come
To join the triumphal cry.
Of "Worthy the Lamb that once was slain;
But will you be there, and I?

4 If you trust the loving Saviour now,
Who for sinners came to die;
When He gathers His people in that bright
Then you'll be there, and I? [home,

138 Tune—Redemption ground. C.M.

1 THE love of God is righteous love,
Inscribed upon Golgotha's tree,
Love that exacts the sinner's debt;
Yet, in exacting, sets him free.

O wondrous love! for sinners given,
To save from hell, and bring to heaven:
O tell the virtues all abroad
Of Love divine—The Love of God.

2 Love that condemns the sinner's sin,
Yet in condemning, pardon seals;
That saves from righteous wrath, and yet,
In saving, righteousness reveals.

3 No, not the love without the blood;
That were to me no love at all;
It could not reach my sinful soul,
Nor hush the fears that me appal.

4 I need the love, I need the blood,
I need the grace, the cross, the grave;
I need the resurrection-power,
A soul like mine to purge and save.

5 This is the love that stills my fears
That soothes each conscious pang within
That pacifies my troubled heart
And frees me from the power of sin.

139 *Tune—Behold the Lamb.*

P.M.

- 1 BEHOLD, behold the Lamb of God,
On the cross, on the cross !
For you He shed His precious blood,
On the cross, on the cross !
O, hear His agonizing cry,
"Eli, lama sabachthani ;"
Draw near and see your Saviour die,
On the cross, on the cross !
- 2 Behold His arms extended wide,
Behold His bleeding hands and side ;
The sun withholds its rays of light,
The heavens are clothed in shades of night,
While God His only Son doth smite,
On the cross, on the cross !
- 3 Come, sinner, see Him lifted up—
He drinks for you the bitter cup ;
The rocks do rend, the mountains quake,
While Jesus doth atonement make,
While there He suffers for thy sake,
On the cross, on the cross !
- 4 And now the mighty deed is done,
The battle's fought, the victory's won,
To heaven He turns His languid eyes—
" 'Tis finished " now, the Conqueror cries,
Then bows His sacred head and dies,
On the cross, on the cross !

140 *Tune—I do believe it.*

P.M.

- 1 COME to the Saviour, come to the Saviour,
Thou sin-stricken offspring of man ;
He left His throne above,
To reveal His wondrous love,
And to open a fountain for sin.
- 2 Why dost thou linger ? why dost thou linger ?
Oh, when wilt thou haste to be saved ?
Thy time is flying fast,
And thy day will soon be past,
Oh, arouse thee, and come and be saved.
- 3 Pardon is offered, pardon is offered ;
A pardon full, present, and free ;
The mighty debt was paid,
When on Calvary Jesus died,
To atone for a rebel like thee.
- 4 I do believe it ! I do believe it !
I am saved through the blood of the Lamb :
My happy soul is free,
For the Lord has pardoned me,
Hallelujah to Jesus' name.

141

Tune—O how sweet.

- 1 O HEAR ye now the call,
Ye thirsty ones and weary,
Who seek in vain for pleasures true,
Upon this barren shore ;
A fountain now is flowing,
Of joy that passeth knowing ;
And whosoever drinketh there,
Shall thirst again no more.

O how sweet will it be
To meet by the river
That flows from the throne
Of God and the Lamb !
O how sweet will it be
To dwell for ever
In the blissful presence
Of the great " I AM " !
- 2 In Christ a living stream
Of peace and joy is flowing
For thee, O lost and wand'ring one,
Though now afar you roam ;
On thee He now is calling ;
His words of grace are falling ;
Believe, and live, and thou shalt dwell
In yonder happy home.
- 3 But there shall come a day—
A day of deepest sorrow,
If you refuse the Christ of God
Who pleadeth now with thee ;
For changed shall be your scorning
Into a bitter mourning,
Then why delay ?—O come to-day,
And His salvation see.

142

Tune—What will it be !

- 1 WE speak of the realms of the blest,
That country so bright and so fair,
And oft are its glories confessed ;
But what must it be to be there !
To be there !...to be there !...
Oh, what must it be to be there !.
- 2 We speak of its pathways of gold,
Its walls decked with jewels so rare,
Its wonders and pleasures untold ;
But what must it be to be there !
- 3 We speak of its peace and its love,
The robes which the glorified wear,
The songs of the blessed above ;
But what must it be to be there !

43 *Tune—My great Redeemer's song.*

P.M.

- 1 O I HAVE got good news for you,
A story wonderful and true;
'Twill make you happy, that I know,
It made me glad, and now I go
To sing my great Redeemer's song,
To sing my great Redeemer's song,
To sing my great Redeemer's song,
With the happy saints above.
- 2 I once was far away from God,
On ruin's dark and fatal road,
And little dream'd I'd see the day
When I should tread the narrow way, &c.
- 3 O'er this wild waste I loved to roam,
My back to God and heaven and home,
When Jesus met me, far astray,
And beckoned me to come away, &c.
- 4 He said on Calv'ry's cross He died—
A sacrifice for sin was made—
And all because He loved me so;
Then how could I do else than go, &c.
- 5 Now, every one that's standing by,
O, 'twas for you the Christ did die:
This moment, too, He waits for thee;
Then just believe, and you'll be free, &c.
- 6 Where'er the record you believe,
You life eternal shall receive;
And soon, from pain and sorrow free,
You'll join that glorious company, &c.

44 *Tune—O happy day.*

P.M.

- O HAPPY day that fix'd my choice
On Thee, my Saviour and my God!
Well may this glowing heart rejoice,
And tell its raptures all abroad.
Happy day! happy day!
When Jesus wash'd my sins away.
He taught me how to watch and pray,
And live rejoicing every day.
Happy day, &c.
- 'Tis done—the great transaction's done;
I am my Lord's, and He is mine;
He drew me, and I follow'd on,
Charm'd to confess the voice divine.
- Now rest my long divided heart,
Fixed on this blissful centre rest;
With ashes who would grudge to part,
When call'd on angel's bread to feast!

145 *Tune—Glory, Jesus saved me.*

P.M.

- 1 PRECIOUS Saviour, Thou hast saved me,
Thine, and only thine, I am:
O, the cleansing blood has reached me;
Glory, glory to the Lamb.
Glory, glory, Jesus saved me;
Glory, glory to the Lamb;
O the precious blood has reached me;
Glory, glory to the Lamb.
- 2 Long my yearning heart was trying
To enjoy this perfect rest;
But I gave all trying over—
Simply trusting, I was blest.
- 3 Consecrated to Thy service,
I would live and wait for Thee,
Ready for the Master's coming,
Ready, yes, my Lord to see.
- 4 Precious is the blood that bought me,
O how great its cleansing power!
Now the Son of God doth keep me;
I am His for evermore.

146 *Tune—O what a glorious.*

P.M.

- 1 O! WHAT a glorious truth is this—
Jesus died.
He opened up the path to bliss—
Jesus died.
God loved the world, His Son He gave,
That all who do in Him believe
Should full and gracious pardon have—
Jesus died.
- 2 To save our souls from death and hell,
Such love amazing who can tell!
Yes, He for ruined men was slain,
That they through Him might life obtain,
And everlasting glory gain—
Jesus died
- 3 O! tell it unto all around,
'Tis such a precious, blessed sound,
Entreat poor sinners to rely
On that which brings the guilty nigh;
E'en to the blood of Christ to fly—
Jesus died
- 4 Soon heaven shall raise the happy song,
Which endless ages shall prolong;
By virtue of that precious blood,
Believers are brought nigh to God;
O! spread the glorious news abroad—
Jesus died.

147 *Tune—Hark! hark! hark!* P.M.

1 HARK! hark! hark!

'Tis a message of mercy free;
O sinner, thy crimson sins are dark,
But Jesus hath died for thee.

Died for thee; died for thee;
O sinner, thy crimson sins are dark,
But Jesus hath died for thee.

2 Look! look! look!

O look to the blood-stained tree;
Thy sins are entered in God's own book;
But Jesus hath died for thee.

3 Come! come! come!

'Twas Jesus who rescued me;
He healeth the leper, the lame, the dumb,
O sinner, He died for thee.

4 Haste! haste! haste!

Delay not from death to flee;
O wherefore the moments in madness waste,
When Jesus is calling thee?

5 Now! now! now!

To-morrow too late may be;
Behold Him on yonder cross and bow,
Confessing, He died for thee.

148 *Tune—Once I heard a sound.* P.M.

1 ONCE I heard a sound at my heart's dark door,
And was roused from the slumber of sin;
It was Jesus knocked, He had knocked before,
Now I said, Blessed Saviour, come in.

Then open, open, open,
Let the Master in; [light,
For the heart will be bright with a heavenly
When you let the Saviour in.

2 Then He spread a feast of redeeming love,
And He made me His own happy guest;
In my joy I thought that the saints above
Could be hardly more favoured or blest.

3 In the holy war with the foes of truth,
He's my shield, He my table prepares;
He restores my soul, He renews my youth,
And gives triumph in answer to prayers.

4 He will feast me still with His presence dear,
And the love He so freely hath given;
While His promise tells, as I serve Him here,
Of the banquet of glory in heaven.

149 *Tune—Save from going down.* P.M.

1 GLORY be to God,

I've heard the joyful sound,
He so loved you, He so loved me,
That a ransom He hath found.
The ransom price was paid;
'Twas paid on Calvary's tree,
When Jesus died, and opened wide,
The gate of life for thee.

Save, save from going down;
Save, save from going down;
Save, from going down to the pit,
A ransom has been found.

2 For many sinners great,

Who long in sin did lie,
Are happy now in Jesus' love—
The blood has brought them nigh;
Afar they once did roam,
But they heard the joyful sound
That the Christ of God had shed His blood—
A ransom had been found.

3 O hear the gracious cry,

From coming wrath to flee;
To the pit of woe why longer go
Since God is calling thee?
No longer then delay,
For soon the joyful sound
No more shall be, and then for thee
No ransom can be found.

150 *Tune—Come away, O ye thirsty.* P.M.

1 COME away, O ye thirsty, to the waters;
Hear the voice of the Spirit and the Bride;
They are calling, Let every one that heareth
Gladly drink the gentle-flowing tide.

Whosoever, whosoever,
"Whosoever will" may drink the living water,
Freely flowing there for all;
"Whosoever will" may drink for evermore.

2 Come away, O ye dying ones that languish,
For a draught that your vigour will renew;
Will you linger and perish by the wayside,
With the cool bright water just in view?

3 Come away, and be reconciled to Jesus;
He has died that in glory you might live;
He will greet you with welcome at the fountain,
And His blessing freely, freely give.

151 *Tune—Jehovah Tsidkenu.* 11's.

- 1 I ONCE was a stranger to grace and to God,
I knew not my danger, and felt not my load;
Though friends spoke in raptures of Christ on
the tree,
JEHOVAH TSIDKENU was nothing to me.
- 2 Like tears from the daughters of Zion that roll,
I wept when the waters went over His soul;
Yet thought not that my sins had nail'd to
the tree
JEHOVAH TSIDKENU—'twas nothing to me.
- 3 When free grace awoke me, by light from on
high,
Then legal fears shook me, I trembled to die;
No refuge nor safety in self could I see,
JEHOVAH TSIDKENU my Saviour must be.
- 4 My terrors all vanished before the sweet Name,
My guilty fears banished, with boldness I
came,
To drink at the fountain life-giving and free;
JEHOVAH TSIDKENU is all things to me.
- 5 E'en treading the valley, the shadow of death,
This watchword shall rally my faltering breath,
For if from life's fever my God sets me free,
JEHOVAH TSIDKENU, my death-song shall be.

152 *Tune—Rescue the perishing.* P.M.

- 1 RESCUE the perishing, care for the dying,
Snatch them in pity from sin and the grave;
Weep o'er the dying one, lift up the fallen,
Tell them of Jesus, the mighty to save.
Rescue the perishing, care for the dying,
Jesus is merciful, Jesus will save.
- 2 Though they are slighting Him, still He is
waiting,
Waiting the sinner, in grace, to receive.
Plead with them earnestly, plead with them
gently:
He will forgive if they only believe.
- 3 Down in the depths of sin, crushed by the
tempter,
Sinners lie buried that grace can restore;
Touched by a loving hand, awakened by kind-
ness, pure,
Hearts now so hard'ned, will open once
- 4 Rescue the perishing: Jesus commands it:
Strength for thy labour the Lord will provide;
Into the narrow way patiently win them;
Tell the poor wanderers the Saviour has died.

153 *Tune—Nothing to pay.* P.M.

- 1 NOTHING to pay?—No, not a whit;
Nothing to do?—no, not a bit;
All that was needed to do or to pay,
Jesus has done in His own blessed way.
- 2 Nothing to do?—no, not a stroke:
Gone is the the captor, gone is the yoke;
Jesus at Calvary sever'd the chain,
And none can imprison His free man again.
- 3 Nothing to fear?—No, not a jot;
Nothing unclean?—no, not a spot;
Christ is my peace, and I've nothing at stake.
Satan, can that neither harass nor shake.
- 4 Nothing to settle?—All has been paid;
Nothing of anger?—peace has been made:
Jesus alone is the sinner's resource,
Peace He has made by the blood of His cross.

154 *Tune—She only touched.* P.M.

- 1 SHE only touched the hem of His garment
As to His side she stole,
Amid the crowd that gathered around Him;
And straightway she was whole.
Oh, touch the hem of His garment!
And thou too shalt be free!
His saving power this very hour
Shall give new life to thee!
- 2 She came in fear and trembling before Him,
She knew her Lord had come,
She felt that from Him virtue had healed her;
The mighty deed was done.
- 3 He turn'd with "Daughter, be of good comfort,
Thy faith hath made thee whole!"
And peace that passeth all understanding
With gladness filled her soul.

155 *Tune—Redemption ground.* L.M.

- 1 HARK! how the gospel trumper sounds,
Christ and free grace therein abounds—
Free grace to such as sinners be;
And if free grace—why not for me?
- 2 The Saviour died, and by His blood
Brought rebel sinners home to God;
He died to set the captives free,
And why, my soul—why not for thee?
- 3 Eternal life by Christ is given,
And mind's rebels raised to heaven;
Then sing of grace so rich and free,
And shout, my soul—'tis all for thee;

156 *Tune—Christ Receiveth sinful men.*

P.M.

- 1 SINNERS Jesus will receive,
Speak this word of grace to all
Who the heav'nly pathway leave,
All who linger, all who fall.
Sing it o'er . . . and o'er again,
Christ receiveth sinful men,
Make the message . . . clear and plain,
Christ receiveth sinful men.
- 2 Shepherds seek their wandering sheep
O'er the mountains bleak and cold.
Jesus left His horse above
For the lost ones of His fold.
- 3 Come and He will give you rest,
Trust Him for His word is plain,
He will save the sinfulness,
Christ receiveth sinful men.
- 4 Now my soul hath found its rest,
Now I stand in white array;
All my sins, though crimson-red,
Now His blood hath washed away.
- 5 Christ receiveth sinful men,
Even me with all my sin,
Purged from every spot and stain,
Heaven with Him I enter in.

157 *Tune—Fix your eyes upon Jesus. P.M.*

- 1 WOULD you lose your load of sin?
Fix your eyes upon Jesus.
Would you know God's peace within?
Fix your eyes upon Jesus.
Jesus, who on the cross did die,
Jesus, who loves and lives on high,
He alone can justify—
Fix your eyes upon Jesus.
- 2 Would you know your sins forgiven?
Fix your eyes upon Jesus.
Would you have a home in heaven?
Fix your eyes upon Jesus.
- 3 Weary, heavy-laden soul,
Fix your eyes upon Jesus.
He can save and make thee whole—
Fix your eyes upon Jesus.
- 4 Heed not what you feel within,
Fix your eyes upon Jesus.
He can break the power of sin,
Fix your eyes upon Jesus.

158 *Tune—Eternity is drawing nigh. P.M.*

- 1 COME, sinner, come! the time is flying;
Come, while you may, for men are dying;
Death reaps his sheaves on every hand—
The old, the young, on sea, on land.
Eternity is drawing nigh,
Eternity is drawing nigh.
- 2 Haste, lingerer, haste! the door is closing;
Your soul its day of grace is losing;
The time of love will quickly end,
The wrath of God will soon descend.
- 3 Now, sinner, now! while God is calling;
Now, while the shades of night are falling;
Behold the Judge is at the door,
His lips will speak of grace no more.
Eternity is drawing nigh,
Eternity is drawing nigh,
Is drawing nigh.

159 *Tune—None but Christ can save. Y's*

- 1 NONE but Christ can save the soul,
None but Christ can make us whole;
None but Christ can wash us clean,
None but Christ can pardon sin;
None but Christ the soul can dress
In a robe of righteousness;
None but Christ can us prepare
In the joys of heaven to share.
- 2 Let us never think that we
Can without Him glory see;
Only those shall go to heaven
Who on earth had sins forgiven,
And whose souls, by Jesus' blood
Purged from guilt, were brought to God.
None but Christ can set thee free—
Give thy soul sweet liberty.

160 *Tune—There's salvation. P.M.*

- 1 THERE'S salvation full and free,
There a pardon now for thee,
If your need you really see—
Will you come?
- 2 There's a Saviour true and tried,
Who can cleanse the deepest-dyed,
And present them justified—
Will you come?

161 *Tune—O turn ye, O turn ye.* 11's.

- 1 O TURN ye, O turn ye, for why will you die,
When God in great mercy is coming so nigh?
Now Jesus invites you, the Spirit says Come,
And angels are waiting to welcome you home.
- 2 How vain the delusion, that while you delay,
Your hearts may grow better by staying away;
Come wretched, come starving, come happy
to be,
While streams of salvation are flowing so free.
- 3 And now Christ is ready your souls to receive,
And pardon you freely, if you will believe;
If sin is your burden, why will you not come?
'Tis you He bids welcome; He bids you
come home.

162 *Tune—O so bright.* P.M.

- 1 THERE is a better world, they say,
Oh, so bright!
Where sin and woe are done away,
Oh, so bright!
And music fills the balmy air,
And angels bright and pure are there,
And harps of gold and mansions fair,
Oh, so bright!
- 2 No clouds e'er pass along its sky,
Happy land!
No tear-drop glistens in the eye,
Happy land!
They drink the gushing stream of grace,
And gaze upon the Saviour's face.
Whose brightness fills the holy place,
Happy land!
- 3 Though we are sinners every one,
Jesus died!
And though our crown of peace is gone,
Jesus died!
You may be cleansed from every stain,
You may be crown'd with peace again,
And in that land of pleasure reign.
Jesus died!
- 4 Then parents, sisters, brothers, come,
Come away!
For Jesus all the work has done,
Come away!
Oh, come, for time is fleeting fast,
The day of grace is hasting past,
The judgment-day will come at last,
Come away!

163 *Tune—There is no name.* 8.7.

- 1 THERE is no Name so sweet on earth,
No name so sweet in heaven;
The name before His wondrous birth,
To Christ the Saviour given.
We love to sing around the King,
And hail Him: our Lord Jesus;
For there's no word ear ever heard,
So dear, so sweet, as Jesus.
- 2 His human name they did proclaim,
When Abra'm's son they sealed Him;
The name that still, by God's good will,
"Deliverer" reveals Him.
- 3 Thousands of hungry souls He fed,
And cured their sore diseases,
E'en from their graves He called the dead,
Because His name was Jesus.
- 4 And when He hung upon the tree,
They wrote His name above Him,
That all might see the reason we
For evermore must love Him.

164 *Tune—O eyes that are weary.* 11's.

- 1 O EYES that are weary and hearts that are sore,
Look off unto Jesus and sorrow no more;
The light of His countenance shineth so bright,
That on earth, as in heaven, there need be no
night.
- 2 "Looking off unto Jesus" my eyes cannot see,
The troubles and dangers that throng around
me.
They cannot be blinded with sorrowful tears,
They cannot be shadowed with unbelief-fears.
- 3 "Looking off unto Jesus," I go not astray;
My eyes are on Him, and He shows me the
way;
The path may seem dark, as he leads me along,
But following Jesus, I cannot go wrong.
- 4 "Looking off unto Jesus," my heart cannot
fear,
Its trembling is still, when I see Jesus near:
I know that his power my safeguard will be,
For, "Why are ye troubled?" he saith unto me.
- 5 Soon, soon, shall I know the full beauty and
grace
Of Jesus my Lord, when I stand face to face:
I shall know how his love went before me each
day,
And wonder that ever my eyes turned away.

165 *Tune—What a Friend we have. 8.7.D.*

- 1 "COME!"—"Tis Jesus gently calling,
"Ye with care and toil oppress,
With your guilt, howe'er appalling—
Come, and I will give you rest.
For your sins He "once" has suffered,
On the cross the work was done;
And the word by God now uttered
To each weary soul is "Come!"
- 2 "Come!" the "Father's house" stands open
With its love, and light, and song;
And returning to that Father,
All to *you* may now belong!
From sin's distant land of famine,
Toiling 'neath the mid-day sun,
To a Father's house of plenty—
And a Father's welcome "Come!"

166 *Tune—Joy, joy, joy. P.M.*

- 1 Joy, joy, joy! there is joy in the presence of
the angels—
Joy, joy, joy! o'er the Prodigal's return!
He has come, he has come
To his Father's house at last;
He was lost, he is found,
And the night of gloom is past.
Blessed hour of joy and communion sweet,
For his heart is full, and his bliss complete,
His Father sees him and hastes to meet,
And bids him welcome home
- 2 Joy, joy, joy! in the courts of heaven re-
sounding,
Joy, joy, joy! o'er the prodigal's return!
Hark! the song, hark! the song.
'Tis a joyful, joyful strain.
Welcome home, welcome home
To thy Father's house again.
While his eye is dim with the falling tears
Of repentant grief over wasted years,
The pardoning voice of his Father cheers,
And bids him welcome home.
- 3 Joy, joy, joy! in the radiant fields of glory,
Joy, joy, joy! when a wandering soul returns;
Let us haste, let us haste
While the morning sun is bright;
Jesus calls, Jesus calls
To a land of love and light.
We will journey on, till our pilgrim feet
Shall be found at last in the golden street;
Our glorious Saviour will smile to greet
And bid us welcome home.

167 *Tune—He is coming. P.M.*

- 1 He is coming, coming for us;
Soon we'll see His light afar
On the dark horizon rising,
As the Bright and Morning Star,
Cheering many a waking watcher,
As the star whose kindly ray
Heralds the approaching morning,
Just before the break of day.

Oh! what joy, as night hangs round us,
'Tis to think of morning's ray;
Sweet to know He's coming for us,
Just before the break of day.
- 2 He is coming, coming for us;
Soon we'll hear His voice on high:
Dead and living, rising, changing,
In the twinkling of an eye
Shall be caught up all together,
For the meeting in the air;
With a shout the Lord, descending,
Shall Himself await us there.
Oh! what joy, that great foregathering.
Trysted meeting in the air;
Sweet to know He's coming for us,
Calling us to join Him there!
- 3 He is coming—oh! how solemn
When the Judge's voice is heard,
And in His own light He shows us
Every thought, and act, and word!
Deeds of merit, as we thought them,
He will show us were but sin;
Little acts we had forgotten
He will tell us were for Him.
Oh! what joy when He imputeth
Righteousness instead of sin;
Sweet to take the linen garments,
All a gift, and all from Him.
- 4 He is coming as the Bridegroom,
Coming to unfold at last
The great secret of His purpose,
Mystery of ages past.
And the Bride, to her is granted
In His beauty now to shine,
As in rapture she exclaimeth,
"I am His, and He is mine."
Oh! what joy that marriage union,
Mystery of love divine;
Sweet to sing in all its fulness
"I am His, and He is mine."

168 *Tune—Haven of rest.*

D.C.M.

- 1 He comes, He comes, the Bridegroom comes;
The "Morning Star" appears;
The "cloudless morning" sweetly dawns,
Saints quit this vale of tears.
Your absent Lord no longer mourn;
Reproach no longer bear;
He comes, He comes, rise happy saints,
To meet Him in the air.
- 2 He comes, He comes, the Bridegroom comes;
The Church is now complete,
Her Lord beholds her "clean and fair,"
A partner for Him meet.
He comes, His purchased Bride to claim,
Her "mansion" is prepared.
He comes, He comes, rise waiting saints,
To meet your waiting Lord.
- 3 He comes, He comes, the Bridegroom comes;
He "shouts," for great His joy,
As yet unseen by mortal flesh,
He tarries in the sky.
The marriage o'er, to earth He'll come,
No longer hid from men,
He'll come, He'll come, with all His saints,
To shew His glory then.

169 *Tune—My Jesus I love Thee.*

11's.

- 1 My Jesus, I love Thee, I know Thou art mine,
My Rock and my Fortress, my Surety divine;
My gracious Redeemer, my song shall be now,
'Tis Thou who art worthy, Lord Jesus, 'tis
Thou.
- 2 I love Thee because Thou hast first loved me,
And purchased my pardon on Calvary's tree;
I love Thee for wearing the thorns on Thy
brow
'Tis Thou who art worthy, Lord Jesus, 'tis
Thou.
- 3 I would love Thee in life, I would love Thee
in death, [lendest me breath,
And would praise Thee as long as Thou
And sing, should the death-dew lie cold on
my brow,
'Tis Thou who art worthy, Lord Jesus, 'tis
Thou.
- 4 And when the bright morn of Thy glory shall
come [home,
And the children ascend to the Father's glad
I'll shout, with Thy likeness impressed on
my brow,
'Tis Thou who art worthy, Lord Jesus, 'tis
Thou.

170 *Tune—Home, sweet home.*

11's.

- 1 Oh, why not, say why not, God's message
receive,
Why not at this moment believe it and live?
It tells of the Saviour, atoning for sin,
That all who believe, have salvation in Him.
- 2 Why sorrow, or grieve, or in misery stay,
Or wait for more feeling on some future day;
What feeling of thine, or what grief can com-
pare
With all He once suffered, thy burden to bear!
- 3 'Tis not thy remorse, nor thy sorrow and fear,
Not e'en thy repentance, thy conscience can
clear;
These could not atone for, or put away sin,
Or give thee the peace which thou needest
within.
- 4 The anguish for sin that once fell on the Lord,
The wrath He endured, as told out in His
word;
The death which He suffered, the life He
now lives,
Their infinite worth to the sinner He gives.
- 5 No longer delaying, the message receive—
'Tis God who now bids thee believe it and live;
He sends the good tidings to gladden thy soul,
And bids thee receive it—that measureless
whole!

171 *Tune—He's coming.*

P.M.

- 1 My Jesus came from heaven high,
My Jesus came from heaven high,
My Jesus came from heaven high,
To save you and me.
He's coming, He's coming,
He's coming to take His people home;
He's coming, He's coming,
To take His people home.
- 2 His precious blood has cleansed me,
His precious blood has cleansed me,
His precious blood has cleansed me,
From sin's guilty stain.
- 3 My Saviour's now ascended high,
My Saviour's now ascended high,
My Saviour's now ascended high,
Before the throne for me.
- 4 And my Lord's coming back again,
And my Lord's coming back again,
And my Lord's coming back again,
He's coming back for me.

172

Tune—Too late.

P.M.

- 1 LATE, late, so late! and dark the night and chill,
Late, late, so late! may we not enter still?
Too late, too late, ye cannot enter now.
- 2 No light had we, for that we do repent,
And learning this the Bridegroom will relent;
Too late, too late, ye cannot enter now.
- 3 Late, late, so late! and dark and chill the night.
O let us in, that we may find the light;
Too late, too late, ye cannot enter now.
- 4 Have we not heard the Bridegroom is so sweet
O let us in, that we may kiss His feet;
Too late, too late, ye cannot enter now.

173

Tune—When life's springtime.

P.M.

- 1 WHEN life's springtime has faded—its music died away,
When thy hopes have fluttered into fears;
When thy clear sky is shaded, for summer will not stay,
O! who will wipe away the tears!
There is now—the rest of the weary—
JESUS. JESUS saith, "Come unto Me."
Many days hath He lingered in mercy full and free.
O sinner! JESUS waits for thee.
- 2 When the gain thou hast hoarded is slipping from thy grasp,
When thou standest needy and alone;
When thy cold hand no longer the wanted props can clasp,
O! who will listen to thy moan?
There is One—the Friend of the friendless—
JESUS; now He says, "Come unto Me."
None other name but JESUS, can e'er thy Saviour be;
O sinner! JESUS calleth thee.
- 3 When the day of salvation is drawing to a close,
When thy sins weigh thee to the ground,
When thy heart throbs in terror before eternal woes,
Oh! where shall deliverance be found?
There is one resource for the guilty—
JESUS; now He says, "Come unto Me."
Sinner! Mercy's blood-stained lintel thy door of hope may be!
The LAMB WAS sacrificed for thee.

174

Tune—God says to-day.

10's

- 1 God says to-day, sinner, while He is nigh,
Pleading so tenderly why wilt thou die?
Why cast His love away? why choose thy lot
Down in the burning lake? God wills it not
- 2 Oh, hear His voice, sinner; time hurries on
Soon will thy day of grace pass and be gone
Life's narrow way will close, death shut the gate,
Then, Oh, the bitter cry—lost! lost! too late

175

Tune—St. Michael's.

S.M.

- 1 ASSEMBLED here, O Lord,
Thy blessing now we crave;
Be here in all Thy wondrous grace,
The Mighty One to save.
- 2 Reveal Thy precious love,
Display Thy saving power;
Attract poor sinners to Thy cross,
Save, Lord—O save this hour!
- 3 The wanderer restore,
The prodigal embrace;
Let each and all Thy presence prove,
And triumph in Thy grace.

176

Tune—Lord Jesus, come.

P.

- 1 LORD JESUS, save!
Thy blessing now we crave,
For every anxious sinner here;
O let Thy mercy now appear.
Lord Jesus, save!
- 2 Save, Jesus, save!
Thy banner o'er us wave,
Of Love Eternal and Divine,
O Lord, let each one here be thine
Lord Jesus, save!
- 3 Save, Jesus, save!
Thou Conqueror o'er the grave;
Give every fettered soul release,
And whisper to the troubled "Peace,"
Lord Jesus, save!
- 4 Save, Jesus, save!
And Thou alone shall have
The glory of the work divine;
Yea, endless praises shall be Thine.
Lord Jesus, save!

177 *Tune—Around Thy grave.*

7.6.

- 1 AROUND Thy grave, Lord Jesus !
Thine empty grave we stand
With hearts all full of praises,
To keep Thy bless'd command ;
By faith our souls rejoicing
To trace Thy path of love,
Thro' death's dark angry billows
Up to the throne above.
 - 2 Lord Jesus ! we remember
The travail of Thy soul,
When in Thy love's deep pity
The waves did o'er Thee roll ;
Baptized in death's cold waters,
For us Thy blood was shed :
For us the Lord of Glory
Was numbered with the dead.
 - 3 O Lord, Thou now art risen,
Thy travail all is o'er ;
For sin Thou once hast suffered—
Thou liv'st to die no more ;
Sin, death, and hell, are vanquished,
By Thee, the Church's Head,
And lo ! we share Thy triumphs,
Thou First-born from the dead.
 - 4 Into Thy death baptized,
We own with Thee we died ;
With Thee, our Life, are risen ;
And in Thee glorified.
From sin, the world, and Satan,
We're ransomed by Thy blood,
And now would walk as strangers,
Alive with Thee to God.
- 178** *Tune—Hast Thou said.* P.M.
- 1 HAST Thou said, exalted Saviour,
"Take thy cross and follow Me" ?
Shall Thy word with terror seize us ?
Shall we from the burden flee ?
Lord, we'll take it, and rejoicing follow Thee.
 - 2 While this liquid tomb surveying,
Emblem of the Saviour's grave ;
Shall we shun its brink, betraying
Feelings worthy of a slave.
No ! we'll enter—Jesus entered Jordan's wave.
 - 3 Sweet the sign that this reminds me,
Saviour, of Thy love to me ;
Sweeter still the love that binds me
In its deathless bond to Thee.
- O what pleasure, buried with our Lord to be !

179 *Tune—Hark, hark !*

P.M.

- 1 HARK, hark ! hear the glad tidings,
Soon, soon Jesus will come,
Robed, robed in honour and glory,
To gather His ransomed ones home.
Yes, yes, O yes, to gather His ransom'd
ones home.
- 2 Joy, joy ! sound it more loudly,
Sing, sing glory to God ;
Soon, soon Jesus is coming,
Publish the tidings abroad.
- 3 Bright, bright seraphs attending,
Shouts, shouts filling the air ;
Down, down swiftly from heaven,
Jesus our Lord will appear.
- 4 Long, long have we been waiting.
Who, who love His blest name ;
Now, now we are delighting,
Jesus is near to proclaim.
- 5 Still, still rest on the promise,
Cling, cling fast to His word ;
Wait, wait if he should tarry,
We'll patiently wait for the Lord

180 *Tune—Behold what love.*

C.M.

- 1 BEHOLD, what love, what boundless love,
The Father hath bestowed
On sinners lost, that we should be
Now called the Sons of God !
- "Behold.... what manner of love.... what manner of love the Father hath bestowed upon us, that we.... that we should be called.... should be called the Sons of God."
- 2 No longer far from Him, but now
By "precious blood" made nigh ;
Accepted in the "Well-beloved,"
Near to God's heart we lie.
 - 3 What we in glory soon shall be,
It doth not yet appear ;
But when our precious Lord we see,
We shall His image bear.
 - 4 With such a blessed hope in view,
We would more holy be,
More like our risen, glorious Lord
Whose face we soon shall see.

181

Tune—German Anthem.

P.M.

- 1 HARK ! Hark ! it is the midnight cry,
The Bridegroom comes, the Lord is nigh ;
He comes, His heavenly bride to claim,
To end her conflict, suffering, shame.
Awake ! 'tis not the time to sleep ;
Awake ! 'tis not the time to sleep ;
Awake ! awake ! the midnight watch to keep,
Awake the midnight watch to keep.
- 2 The midnight hours are dark and drear,
And all around would make us fear ;
Our lamps are filled and burning bright,
We patient wait till morning light.
- 3 Around, within, are many foes,
Sin, Satan, and the world oppose ;
But clad in armour formed in heaven,
We stand in strength divinely given.
- 4 As gathered in our Captain's name,
We speak together of His fame ;
We part each to his lonely sphere,
To wait and watch till He appear.
- 5 Praise, praise the Lord, and vigil keep,
As those aroused from death's dread sleep ;
He comes ! He comes ! spread round the cry,
Awake ! Awake ! the Lord is nigh.

182

Tune—Praise the Saviour.

P.M.

- 1 PRAISE the Saviour, ye who know Him !
Who can tell how much we owe Him ?
Gladly let us render to Him
All we have and are :
- 2 Jesus is the name that charms us,
He for conflict fits and arms us,
Nothing moves, and nothing harms us,
When we trust in Him.
- 3 Trust in Him ye saints, for ever ;
He is faithful, changing never ;
Neither force nor guile can sever
Those He loves from Him.
- 4 Keep us, Lord, Oh ! keep us cleaving
To Thyself, and still believing,
Till the hour of our receiving
Promised joys in heaven.
- 5 Then we shall be where we would be,
Then we shall be what we should be,
Things which are not now, nor could be,
Then shall be our own.

183

Tune—Resolution.

P.M.

- 1 HAVE ye counted the cost,
Have ye counted the cost,
Ye warriors of the cross ?
Are ye fixed in heart for your Master's sake,
To suffer all earthly loss ?
Can you bear the scoff of the worldly-wise,
As ye pass by pleasure's bower,
To watch with our Lord on the mountain-top,
Through the dreary midnight hour ?
- 2 Ye may drink of His cup !
Ye may drink of His cup !
And in His baptism share !
Ye shall not fail, if ye tread in His steps,
His blood-stained cross to bear !
But count ye the cost : oh ! count ye the cost !
That ye be not unprepared !
And know ye the strength that alone can stand
In the conflict you have dared ?
- 3 In the power of His might !
In the power of His might !
Who was made through weakness strong,
Ye shall overcome in the fearful fight !
And sing His victory song !
By the "Blood of the Lamb"—by the "Blood
By the faithful witness' word ! [of the Lamb,"
Not loving your lives unto death for Him,
Ye shall triumph with your Lord !
- 4 Oh ! the banner of love !
Oh ! the banner of love !
It will cost you a pang to hold !
But t'will float in triumph the field above,
Though your heart's blood stain its fold.
Ye may count the cost—ye may count the cost
Of all Egypt's treasure !
But the riches of Christ ye cannot count—
His love ye cannot measure !

184

Tune—Duke Street.

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.

185 *Tune—Faint not, Christian.*

7's.

- 1 **FAINT** not, Christian ! tho' the road,
Leading to Thy bless'd abode,
Darksome be, and dangerous, too,
Christ thy guide will bring thee through.
- 2 Faint not, Christian ! though in rage,
Satan doth thy soul engage ;
Take thee faith's anointed shield,
Bear it to the battle-field.
- 3 Faint not, Christian ! though the world
Has its hostile flag unfurled ;
Hold the cross of Jesus fast,
Thou shalt overcome at last.
- 4 Faint not, Christian ! though within
There's a heart so prone to sin ;
Christ, thy Lord, is over all,
He'll not suffer thee to fall.
- 5 Faint not, Christian ! Jesu's near ;
Soon in glory He'll appear ;
Then shall cease thy toil and strife,
Thou shalt wear the crown of life.

186 *Tune—I've found a Friend.*

8.7.

- 1 **I'VE** found a Friend ; oh such a Friend !
He loved me ere I knew Him !
He drew me with the cords of love,
And thus He bound me to Him.
And round my heart still closely twine
Those ties which nought can sever ;
For I am His, and He is mine,
For ever and for ever.
- 2 I've found a Friend ; oh such a Friend !
He bled, He died to save me ;
And not alone the gift of life,
But His own self He gave me.
Nought that I have, mine own I'll call ;
I'll hold it for the Giver :
My heart, my strength, my life, my all,
Are His, and His for ever.
- 3 I've found a Friend ; oh such a Friend !
So kind, and true, and tender ;
So wise a counsellor and guide,
So mighty a defender !
From Him who loves me now so well,
What power my soul can sever ?
Shall life or death, shall earth or hell ?
No ; I am His for ever

187 *Tune—Old Hundred.*

L.M.

- 1 **DEAR** Shepherd of Thy chosen flock,
Thy people's shield, their shadowing rock
Once more we meet to hear Thy voice,
Once more before Thee to rejoice.
- 2 Oh ! may Thy Spirit by the word,
Refresh each wearied heart, dear Lord ;
Wearied of earth's vain strife and woe,
And loving more Thyself to know.
- 3 Thine is the heart our griefs to feel,
And thine the love each wound to heal ;
Home Thou art gone for us to care,
Returning soon to take us there.

188 *Tune—Redemption ground.*

P.M.

- 1 **AWAKE**, my soul, with joyful lays,
And sing thy great Redeemer's praise ;
He justly claims a song from thee :
His loving-kindness, oh, how free !
- 2 He saw me ruined in the fall,
Yet loved me notwithstanding all ;
He saved me from my lost estate ;
His loving-kindness, oh, how great !
- 3 When trouble, like a gloomy cloud,
Has gathered thick and thundered loud,
He near my soul has ever stood ;
His loving-kindness, oh how good !
- 4 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.

189 *Tune—French.*

C.M.

- 1 **O** TEACH us more of Thy blest ways,
Thou holy Lamb of God !
And fix and root us in Thy grace,
As those redeemed by blood.
- 2 O tell us often of Thy love,
Of all Thy grief and pain :
And let our hearts with joy confess
That thence comes all our gain.
- 3 For this, O may we freely count
Whate'er we have but loss ;
The dearest object of our love,
Compared with Thee, but dross.
- 4 Engrave this deeply on our hearts,
Conform our ways to Thine,
That so we may, in some degree,
Reflect the light divine.

190 *Tune—We praise Thee, O God.*

- 1 WE praise Thee, O God, for the Son of Thy love,
For Jesus who died and is now gone above.
Hallelujah! Thine the glory.
Hallelujah! Amen.
Hallelujah! Thine the glory.
Revive us again.
- 2 We praise Thee, O God, for Thy Spirit of Light,
Who has shown us our Saviour, and scattered our night.
- 3 All glory and praise to the Lamb that was slain,
Who hath borne all our sins, and has cleansed every stain.
- 4 All glory and praise to the God of all grace,
Who has bought us and sought us, and guided our ways,
- 5 Revive us again: rouse the dead from their tomb:
May they now come to Jesus, while yet there is room.

191 *Tune—Bringing in the sheaves. P.M.*

- 1 SOWING in the morning, sowing seeds of kindness,
Sowing in the noontide and the dewy eve:
Waiting for the harvest and the time of reaping,
We shall come rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves!
Bringing in the sheaves!
Bringing in the sheaves!
We shall come rejoicing,
Bringing in the sheaves!
- 2 Sowing in the sunshine, sowing in the shadows,
Fearing neither clouds nor winter's chilling breeze;
By-and-by the harvest and the labour ended,
We shall come rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves.
- 3 Go then ever, weeping, sowing for the Master,
Though the loss sustained our spirit often grieves:
When our weeping's over, He will bid us welcome,
We shall come rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves.

192 *Tune—Labour on. P.M.*

- 1 IN the harvest field there is work to do,
For the grain is ripe and the reapers few,
And the Master's voice bids the workers true,
Heed the call that He gives to-day.
Labour on, labour on,
Keep the bright reward in view;
'Tis the Master's command,
He will strength renew;
Labour on till close of day.
- 2 Fill the garner well, with the sheaves all bright,
Let the song be glad, and the heart be light;
Fill the precious hours, ere the shades of night
Take the place of the golden day.
- 3 In the gleaner's path, may be rich reward,
Though the time seems long, and the labour hard,
But the Master's joy with His chosen shared,
Drives the gloom from the darkest day.
- 4 Lo! the Harvest Home, in the realms above,
Shall be reached by each who has toil'd and strove,
When the Master's voice, in sweet words of love,
Calls away to eternal day.

193 *Tune—Disciples of Jesus. P.M.*

- 1 DISCIPLES of Jesus, why stand ye here idle?
Go work in My vineyard, He calls you to-day;
The night is approaching, when no man can labour, [delay]
Our Master commands us, and shall we
The field is the world!
The field is the world!
Look up, for the harvest is near,
When the reapers from glory
Will shout as they come,
And the Lord of the harvest appear.
- 2 Our field is the world, and our work is befor us,
To each is appointed a message to bear;
At home or abroad, in the cottage or palace,
Wherever directed, our mission is there.
- 3 Perhaps we are called from the highways and hedges
To gather the lowly, despised, and oppress'd;
If this be our service, then why should we falter?
We'll do it, and trust to our Saviour the rest

194 *Tune—It may be at morn.* *r.m.*

It may be at morn, when the day is awaking,
When the sunlight through darkness and
shadow is breaking,
That Jesus will come in the fulness of glory,
To receive from the world "His own."

O Lord Jesus, how long?—
How long—ere we shout the glad song—
Christ returneth! Hallelujah!
Hallelujah! Amen!
Hallelujah! Amen!

- 2 It may be at midday, it may be at twilight,
It may be, perchance, that the blackness of
midnight
Will burst into light in the blaze of His glory,
When Jesus receives "His own."
- 3 While hosts cry, "Hosanna," from heaven
descending,
With glorified saints and the angels attending,
With grace on His brow, like a halo of glory,
Will Jesus receive "His own."
- 4 Oh, joy! oh, delight! should we go without
dying!
No sickness, no sadness, no dread, and no
crying;
Caught up through the clouds with our Lord
into glory,
When Jesus receives "His own,"

195 *Tune—Ebenzer.* *8's*

- 1 How good is the God we adore,
Our faithful unchangeable Friend,
Whose love is as great as His power,
And knows neither measure nor end.
- 2 'Tis Jesus, the First and the Last,
Whose Spirit shall guide us safe home;
We'll praise Him for all that is past,
And trust Him for all that's to come.

196 *Tune—Rousseau.* *8.7.*

- 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 which earth can ne'er afford.

197 *Tune—Ebenzer.* *8's.*

- 1 WE give Thee thanks, O Lord,
For the bounties that Thou hast given,
And for spreading this wilderness board
With mercies that come down from heaven.
- 2 Our bodies with perishing bread
Thou dost daily in fulness supply;
By Thy word let us also be fed,
That our souls may be strengthened thereby.

198 *Tune—Old Hundred.* *L.M.*

- 1 O GRANT us here Thy blessing, Lord,
While gathered round this social board;
Our friendship bless, and may this be
A foretaste of our feast with Thee.

199 *Tune—Anticipation.* *8.7.4.*

- 1 YEs, we part, but not for ever,
Joyful hopes our bosoms swell!
They who love the Saviour never
Know a long, a last farewell.
Blissful unions
Lie beyond this parting vale.
- 2 Oh, what meetings are before us!
Brighter far than tongue can tell;
Glorious meetings to restore us
Him with whom we long to dwell.
With what raptures
Will the sight our bosoms swell!
- 3 Thus we part, but not for ever,
Joyful hopes our bosoms swell:
They who love the Saviour never
Know a long a last farewell.
Blissful unions
Lie beyond this parting vale.

200 *Tune—Shedden.* *8.7.4.*

- 1 LORD, dismiss us with Thy blessing,
Fill our hearts with joy and peace;
Let us each Thy love possessing,
Triumph in redeeming grace.
Oh! 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.

201

Tune—Jesus Saves.

- 1 We have heard the joyful sound :
Jesus saves ! Jesus saves !
Tell the message all around :
Jesus saves ! Jesus saves !
Bear the news to ev'ry land,
Climb the steepes and cross the waves ;
Onward !—'tis our Lord's command :
Jesus saves ! Jesus saves !
- 2 Waft it on the rolling tide :—Jesus saves !
Say to sinners far and wide :—Jesus saves !
Tell the outcast and the bad,
Sin and Satan's vilest slaves,
Tell the weary and the sad :—Jesus saves !
- 3 Sing above the toil and strife—Jesus saves !
By His death and endless life—Jesus saves !
Sing it softly thro' the gloom,
When the heart for mercy craves ;
Sing in triumph o'er the tomb—Jesus saves !
- 4 Let the trembling sinner hear :—Jesus saves !
This will chase away his fear :—Jesus saves !
Shout salvation full and free
To every strand that ocean laves ;
This our song of victory—Jesus saves !

202

Tune—I know whom I have believed.

- 1 I KNOW not why God's wondrous grace
To me hath been made known ;
Nor why—unworthy as I am—
He claimed me for his own.
But "I know whom I have believed : and am
persuaded that He is able to keep that which
I've committed unto Him against that day."
- 2 I know not how this saving faith
To me He did impart ;
Or how, believing in His Word,
Wrought peace within my heart.
- 3 I know not how the Spirit moves,
Convincing men of sin ;
Revealing Jesus through the Word,
Creating faith in Him.
- 4 I know not what of good or ill
May be reserved for me,—
Of weary years or golden days,
Before His face I see.
- 5 I know not when my Lord may come ;
I know not how, nor where ;
If I shall pass the vale of death.
Or "meet Him in the air."

203

Tune—At the Cross.

- 1 THE Cross ! the Cross ! the wondrous Cross,
On which the Saviour died ;
I gaze upon that thorn-clad brow,
That pierced and bleeding side.
At the Cross ! at the Cross ! where I first saw the
And the burden of my heart rolled away ; (light,
It was there by faith I received my sight,
And now I am happy all the day.
- 2 I see the burden of my sin,
By God upon Him laid ;
And He the spotless Lamb of God,
For sinners, sin was made.
- 3 The Cross of Christ is all my boast,
His blood my only plea ;
My passport to the realms of bliss,
Is, Jesus died for me.

204

Tune—"For me."

F.M.

- 1 Jesus, my Saviour to Bethlehem came,
Born in a manger to sorrow and shame ;
Oh, it was wonderful—blest be His name !
Seeking for me, for me !
Seeking for me ! for me !
Seeking for me ! for me !
Oh, it was wonderful—blest be His name !
Seeking for me ! for me !
- 2 Jesus, my Saviour, on Calvary's tree,
Paid the great debt, and my soul He set free ;
Oh, it was wonderful—how could it be ?
Dying for me, for me !
- 3 Jesus, my Saviour, the same as of old,
While I was wand'ring afar from the fold,
Gently and long did He plead with my soul,
Calling for me, for me !

205

Tune—Kilmarnock.

C.M.

- 1 THE gospel of the grace of God,
Unchangably the same,
"Forgiveness" speaks through Jesus' blood,
"Salvation," in His name.
- 2 "Eternal life" for ever sure,
To all who do believe ;
"Eternal glory" kept secure,
For those who Christ receive.
- 3 Nor height, nor depth, nor earth, nor hell
Shall ever them remove,
Who in the heart of Jesus dwell,
Who know and trust His love.

206

Tune—At the Cross.

- 1 ONCE was bound in Satan's chains,
And blinded by his power;
But Jesus broke my fetters off,
O blessed wondrous hour.
- 2 He told me of His love, and drove
My unbelief away;
And now I see His face, and joy
To bow beneath His sway.
- 3 Salvation is my happy song,
The cross of Christ my theme;
I bask beneath His blessed face,
And drink of life's full stream.

207

Tune—Look, and thou shalt live. P.M.

- 1 LOOK to the Saviour on Calvary's tree—
See how He suffered for you and me;
Hark, while He lovingly calls to thee,
"Look, and thou shalt live!"
Look, and thou shalt live!
Look, and thou shalt live!
Look to the cross where He died for thee:
Look, and thou shalt live!
- 2 Hast thou a sin-burdened soul to save?
Life everlasting wouldst thou have?
Jesus Himself a ransom gave:
Look, and thou shalt live!
- 3 Look to the Saviour who rose from the tomb;
Haste now to Him, while there yet is room;
His love and grace will dispel thy gloom:
Look, and thou shalt live!

208

Tune—Come Believing.

E.T.

- 1 ONCE again the gospel message,
From the Saviour you have heard;
Will you heed the invitation?
Will you turn and trust the Lord?
Come believing!... come believing!...
Come to Jesus! look and live!
- 2 Many summers you have wasted,
Ripened harvests you have seen;
Winter snows by spring have melted,
Yet you linger in your sin.
- 3 Cease of fitness to be thinking;
Do not longer try to feel;
It is *Trusting* and not *Feeling*,
That will give the Spirit's seal.

209

Tune—"O Precious Words."

C.M.

- 1 ON precious words that Jesus said I—
"The soul that comes to Me,
I will in no wise cast him out,
Whoever he may be."

"Whoever he may be, whoever he may be,
I will in no wise cast him out,
Whoever he may be."

- 2 Oh, precious words that Jesus said I—
"Behold, I am the Door;
And all that enter in by Me,
Have life for evermore."
- 3 Oh precious words that Jesus said I—
"Come, weary souls oppressed,
Come, take My yoke and learn of Me;
And I will give you rest."

210

Tune—Abundantly able to save.

- 1 WHOEVER receiveth the Crucified One,
Whoever believeth on God's only Son,
A free and a perfect salvation shall have:
For He is abundantly able to save.
O sinner the Saviour is calling for thee;
His grace and His Mercy are wondrously free;
His blood as a ransom for sinners He gave;
And He is abundantly able to save.
- 2 Whoever receiveth the message of God;
And trusts in the power of the soul-cleansing
A full & eternal redemption shall have: [blood,
For He is both able and willing to save.
- 3 Whoever receives the forgiveness of sin,
And opens his heart for the Lord to come in;
A present and perfect salvation shall have:
For Jesus is ready this moment to save.

211

Tune—Room for Jesus.

- 1 LONG a rebel, O my Saviour,
I have wandered far from Thee;
Now I hear of boundless favour,
Bringing pardon unto me
I surrender, I surrender, overcome by love
divine; [I am thine.
Thee, as Saviour and Defender, I accept, and
- 2 Oft I've heard the matchless story,
Of Thy death upon the tree;
Now I see its beams of glory,
For I know it was for me.
- 3 Long my weary feet hath hasted,
In the path that leads from Thee;
Now when years, alas! are wasted,
I surrender, Lord to Thee.
- 4 Thou for me did'st come from heaven;
Died upon the Cross of shame:
Thou eternal life hast given—
Glory be unto Thy Name

212 *Tune—The Pearly Gates.*

- 1 I HAVE seen the Cross of Jesus,
Gazed upon the Crucified:
And my heart is won for ever,
I am saved and satisfied.
Earth's joys no longer charm me,
And the world has lost its hold,
But my heart will sing with gladness,
When the pearly gates unfold.
- 2 I had sought in worldly pleasure,
To forget eternity,
Thus unsatisfied and weary,
I was brought to Calvary.
- 3 O, the wondrous love of Jesus,
Not the half hath yet been told.
I shall know it in its fullness,
When the pearly gates unfold.

213 *Tune—Look, and thou shalt live.*

- 1 DOWN from the glory the Saviour came,
Down to the Cross and the death of shame;
Gazing in wonder I there exclaim—
Jesus died for me.

Jesus died for me: Jesus died for me:
This is my boast, and this my song—
Jesus died for me.

- 2 There as my Surety He firmly stood,
Paid for my ransom His precious blood;
Died for my sin, to bring me to God—
Jesus died for me.
- 3 Now in the Gospel He sends to thee
News of salvation, and pardon free.
Whoso believeth, his song shall be—
Jesus died for me.

214 *Tune—Look unto Me.*

- 1 "Look unto Me, and be ye saved!"
Look, men of nations all;
Look, rich and poor; look, old and young;
Look, sinners, great and small!
Look unto Him, and be ye saved!
O weary, troubled soul;
Oh, look to Jesus while you may:
One look will make thee whole!
- 2 "Look unto Me, and be ye saved!"
Look from your doubts and fears;
Look from your sins of crimson dye,
Look from your prayers and tears.
- 3 "Look unto Me, and be ye saved!"
Look to the work all done;
Look to the pierced Son of Man;
Look, and your sins are gone!

215 *Tune—"Far, Far Away."*

- 1 FAR, far away in heathen darkness dwelling,
Millions of souls for ever may be lost,
Who, who will go Salvation's story telling—
Looking to Jesus, counting not the cost?
"All power is given unto me! All power is given
unto Me! Go ye into all the world and preach
the Gospel; and lo, I am with you alway."
- 2 See o'er the world wide open doors inviting:
Soldiers of Christ, arise and enter in!
Christians, awake! your forces all uniting,
Send forth the Gospel, break the chains of sin!
- 3 "Why will ye die?" the voice of God is calling,
"Why will ye die?" re-echo in His Name:
Jesus hath died, to save from death appalling;
Life and salvation therefore go proclaim.
- 4 God speed the day when men of ev'ry nation,
"Glory to God" triumphantly shall sing;
Ransom'd, redeem'd rejoicing in salvation,
Shout "Hallelujah, for the Lord is King!"

216 *Tune—Rousseau.*

L. 7.

- 1 JESUS—on the cross behold Him!
Jesus dies on Calvary!
Sins they are, not sails, which hold Him;
Sinner, there He dies for thee!
- 2 Mighty now, in resurrection,
Cloth'd with immortality;
See Him, sinner—blest perfection,
Of a boundless love to thee!
- 3 Infinite is His affection,
How canst thou resist His plea!
Force Him not by cold rejection,
Sinner, to depart from thee.

217 *Tune—Evans.*

C. M.

- 1 O WHAT a gift the Father gave,
When He bestowed His Son!
To save poor, ruin'd, guilty man,
By sin defiled, undone.
- 2 For I was lost; a wretch, indeed—
To every sin a prey;
Till God in Jesus interposed,
And turned my night to day.
- 3 Now I can call the Saviour mine,
Though all unworthy still;
I'm sheltered by His precious blood
Beyond the reach of ill.

218

Tune—*Rosalie.*

1 JESUS is my Saviour, by His precious blood,
Freed from condemnation, brought to God;
In Himself accepted, all my sins forgiven,
I am on the way to heaven.

Jesus my Saviour, Jesus is mine,
O what a treasure—precious, Divine;
If you only trust Him, you will prove His power,
Saving thee this very hour.

2 Jesus is my Saviour, saves me every day,
From the sore temptations of the way;
Keeps me by His power, strengthens by His
Cheers me as I seek His face. [grace,

3 Jesus is my Saviour, He will come again,
Bringing all His loved ones in His train;
Changed into His likeness at His shout I'll
Meet Him in the crowded skies. [rise,

219

Tune—*The Wondrous Story.* P.M.

1 I WILL sing the wondrous story
Of the Christ who died for me;
How He left His home in glory,
For the cross on Calvary.

Yes, I'll sing.. the wondrous sto - - ry
Of the Christ.. who died for me;..
Sing it with.. the saints in glo - - ry,
Gathered by... the crystal sea...

2 I was lost; but Jesus found me—
Found the sheep that went astray;
Threw His loving arms around me,
Drew me back into His way.

3 I was bruised; but Jesus healed me—
Faint was I from many a fall;
Sight was gone, and fears possessed me;
But He freed me from them all.

220

Tune—*Crown Him.* E. 7.

1 MY Redeemer, oh, what beauties
In that lovely name appear;
None but Jesus in His glories,
Shall the honoured title wear.
My Redeemer,
Thou hast my salvation wrought.

2 Sunk in ruin, sin, and misery,
Bound in Satan's captive chain,
Guided by his artful treachery,
Hurrying on to endless pain.
My Redeemer
Plucked me as a brand from hell.

221

Tune—*Showers of Blessing.* P.M.

1 "There shall be showers of blessing :"
This is the promise of love!
There shall be seasons refreshing,
Sent from the Saviour above.

Show - - ers of blessing,
Showers of blessing we need;
Mercy drops round us are falling,
But for the SHOWERS we plead.

2 "There shall be showers of blessing"—
Precious reviving again;
Over the hills and the valleys,
Sound of abundance of rain.

3 "There shall be showers of blessing :"
Send them upon us, O Lord!
Grant to us now a refreshing;
Come and now honour Thy Word.

222

Tune—*Angels Hovering Round.* P.M.

1 SALVATION to our God!
Salvation to the Lamb!
The shedding of His precious blood
Our only claim.

2 Our God salvation gives,
And through the Lamb it flows;
Once slain for us—for us He lives,
Our sole repose.

3 The Lamb once slain is seen
On God's eternal throne;
And His redeemed are white and clean,
Through Him alone.

223

Tune—*Redemption Ground.* P.M.

1 COME sing, my soul, and praise the Lord,
Who hath redeemed thee by His blood;
Delivered thee from chains that bound,
And brought thee to redemption ground.
Redemption ground, the ground of peace!
Redemption ground, oh, wondrous grace!
Here let our praise to God abound,

Who saves us on redemption ground!
2 Once from my God I wandered far,
And with His holy will made war;
But now my songs to God abound;
I stand upon redemption ground.
3 Oh, joyous hour, when God to me
A vision gave of Calvary:
My bonds were loosed, my soul unbound,
I sang upon redemption ground.

224

Tune—*Old Hundred.* L.M.

Now let Thy power and blessing, Lord,
Go forth with Thine own holy Word;
Thy Gospel own, may sinners be
Aroused, convinced, and brought to Thee.

225 *Tune—Songs of Victory, 44.*

- 1 I HAVE a song I love to sing,
Since I have been redeemed,
Of my Redeemer, Saviour, King,
Since I have been redeemed.
 Since I . . . have been redeemed . . .
 I will glory in His name,
 Since I . . . have been redeemed . . .
 I will glory in the Saviour's name.
- 2 I have a Christ that satisfies,
Since I have been redeemed,
To do His will my highest prize,
Since I have been redeemed.
- 3 I have a Witness bright and clear,
Since I have been redeemed,
Dispelling every doubt and fear,
Since I have been redeemed.
- 4 I have a joy I can't express,
Since I have been redeemed,
All thro' His blood and righteousness,
Since I have been redeemed.

226 *Tune—Songs of Victory, 18.*

- 1 COME sinners to the living One,
He's just the same Jesus,
As when He raised the widow's son,
The very same Jesus.
 The very same Jesus, the wonder-work-
 ing Jesus. [same,
 Oh praise His Name, He's just the
 The very same Jesus.
- 2 Come feast upon the living bread,
As when the multitudes He fed.
- 3 Come tell Him all your griefs and fears,
As when He shed those loving tears,
- 4 Then calm 'midst waves of trouble be,
As when He hush'd the raging sea.
- 5 Some day our raptur'd eyes shall see,
Oh blessed day for you and me!

227 *Tune—Happy Day, No. 129.*

- 1 O how can I praise the God of all grace,
Who saved me and shewed me the light of
Happy day! Happy day! [His face;
When Jesus my Saviour my sins washed away.
- 2 He welcomed me in, forgave all my sin,
Then gave me a place His bright Kingdom
within;
- 3 And daily I prove how great is His love,
As He guides me in safety to glory above.

228 *Tune—New Hymns and Solos, 31.*

- 1 PREACH the gospel, sound it forth,
Tell of free and full salvation;
Spread the tidings o'er the earth,
Go to every tribe and nation.
 Spread the joyful tidings, in anthem and
 story; [the glory.
 Jesus hath redeemed us, oh give Him
- 2 Preach the gospel, make it clear,
By the blood of Christ remission;
Give the message, make them hear—
This alone is our commission.
- 3 Preach the gospel as if God
Sinners lost through you were seeking,
Preach redemption through the Blood;
Speak, as if the Lord were speaking.

229 *Tune—Salvation, No. 7.*

- 1 WHEN God in days of old to man,
The way of life made known,
He taught His great redemption plan
Was by shed blood alone.
 Redemption! Redemption!
 The blood of Christ doth bring.
 Redemption! Redemption!
 My lips shall ever sing.
- 2 When on the Cross the Saviour died,
The ransom price was paid;
And God to shew His heart's delight,
Hath raised Him from the dead.
- 3 Exalted now at God's right hand,
He liveth evermore;
And there His ransomed saints shall stand,
To praise Him and adore.

230 *Tune—Christian Choir, 47.*

- 1 GATHER them in! for there is yet room
At the feast that the King has spread;
Oh gather them in!—let His house be filled
And the hungry and poor be fed.
 Out in the highway, out in the byeway,
 Out in the dark paths of sin,
 Go forth, go forth with a loving heart,
 And gather the wand'ers in!
- 2 Gather them in! for there yet is room;
But our hearts—how they throb with pain,
To think of the many who slight the call
That may never be heard again.
- 3 Gather them in! for there yet is room,
'Tis a message from God above;
Oh gather them in to be saved by grace.
And to taste of the Saviour's love.

231 *Tune—New Hymns and Solos, 80.*

- 1 "It is finished!" what a Gospel!
Nothing has been left to do,
But to take with grateful gladness
What the Saviour did for you.
- It is finished, Hallelujah!
It is finished, Hallelujah!
Christ the work has fully done, Hallelujah!
All who will may have their pardon
Through the blood of God's dear Son.
- 2 "It is finished!" what a Gospel!
Here each weary laden breast,
That accepts God's great salvation,
Enters into perfect rest.
- 3 "It is finished!" what a Gospel!
Jesus died to save your soul;
Have you taken His salvation?
Have you let Him make you whole?

232 *Tune—New Hymns and Solos, 112.*

- 1 WHERE will you spend Eternity?
This question comes to you and me!
Tell me, what shall your answer be—
Where will you spend Eternity?
- Eternity! Eternity!
Where will you spend Eternity?
- 2 Many are choosing Christ to-day,
Turning from all their sins away;
Heaven shall their blessed portion be:
Where will you spend Eternity?
- 3 Leaving the strait and narrow way,
Going the downward road to-day;
What shall the final ending be—
Where will you spend Eternity?
- 4 Turn, and believe this very hour,
Trust in the Saviour's grace and power;
Then shall your joyous answer be,
"Saved through a long Eternity!"
- Eternity! Eternity!
Saved through a long Eternity.

233 *Tune—Christian Choir, 58.*

- 1 SAVED—for ever, saved to-day!
Let hell's ocean roar and shock;
I can smile at waves and spray
From the everlasting Rock;
Oh this heavenly ecstasy!
Glorious, infinite, Divine,
What shall move or trouble me?
I am Christ's, and He is mine.

- 2 Heaven wears a brighter hue,
Earth a robe of sweeter green,
All around a happy hue,
By my former eyes unseen.
Brighter suns around me wheel,
Brighter stars above me shine,
Everywhere I only feel
I am Christ's and He is mine.
- 3 Sin, or death, or hell's alarm,
Cannot shake my hallowed rest,
I am in my Saviour's arms,
I am on my Saviour's breast!
Time, and earth, and heaven may flee,
Fading suns for aye decline,
But, to all Eternity,
I am Christ's, and Christ is mine.

234 *Tune—Gospel Choir, 522.*

- 1 WILL your anchor hold in the storms of life,
When the clouds unfold their wings of strife?
When the strong tides lift, and the cables strain,
Will your anchor drift, or firm remain?
- We have an anchor that keeps the soul
Steadfast and sure while the billows roll,
Fastened to the Rock which cannot move,
Grounded firm and deep in the Saviour's love.
- 2 Will your anchor hold in the straits of fear,
When the breakers roar and the reef is near,
When the surges rave and the wild winds blow
Will the angry waves then your bark o'erflow?
- 3 Will your anchor hold in the floods of death,
When the waters cold chill your latest breath?
On the rising tide you can never fail,
While your anchor holds within the veil.
- 4 Will your eyes behold thro' the morning light
The city of gold and the harbour bright?
Will you anchor safe by the heavenly shore,
When life's storms are past for evermore?

235 *Tune—Redemption Ground, No 138.*

- 1 God could not pass the sinner by,
His sin demanded he should die;
But in the cross of Christ we see,
How God can save, yet righteous be.
- 2 The sinner who on Christ believes,
Forgiveness, life and joy receives,
And pointing to His precious blood,
Can sing "It made my peace with God."

236 *Tune—New Hymns and Solos, 2.*

- 1 'Tis a true and faithful saying,
Jesus died for sinful men;
Though we've told the story often,
We must tell it o'er again.

Oh glad and glorious Gospel,
With joy we now proclaim,
A full and free salvation,
Through faith in Jesus' name.
- 2 He has made a full atonement,
His atoning work is done;
He has glorified the Father,
Who accepts us in His Son.
- 3 Still upon His hands the nail-prints,
And the scars upon His brow:
Our Redeemer, Lord, and Saviour,
In the glory standeth now.
- 4 But remember, this same Jesus
In the clouds will come again;
And with Him His blood-bought people
Evermore shall live and reign.

237 *Tune—Gospel Choir, 488.*

- 1 Oh what will you do with Jesus?
The call comes low and sweet;
And tenderly He bids you
Your burdens lay at His feet.
Oh soul, so sad and weary,
That sweet voice speaks to thee:
Then what will you do with Jesus?
Oh what shall the answer be?

What shall the answer be?
What shall the answer be?
What will you do with Jesus?
Oh what shall the answer be?
- 2 Oh what will you do with Jesus?
The call comes low and clear;
The solemn words are sounding
In every listening ear;
Immortal life's in the question,
And joy through Eternity:
Then what will you do with Jesus?
Oh what shall the answer be?

238 *Tune—Revival.*

- 1 We have heard the wondrous tidings
Of Thy grace in other climes;
And we pray that we may witness,
Similar refreshing times.
Lord, revive us,
In our own beloved land.

8.7.4.

- 2 We have heard how young and aged,
Deem their richest gain but loss:
How the wealthiest and poorest
Meet together at the Cross.
Lord, revive us,
In our own beloved land.
- 3 We have heard how Jew and Gentile
Flock to hear the Gospel's sound:
How they yield to Christ the Saviour,
Who by Satan's chains were bound.
Lord, revive us,
In our own beloved land.

239 *Tune—New Hymns and Solos, 61.*

- 1 How do I know my sins forgiven?
My Saviour tells me so!
That now I am an heir of heaven?
My Saviour tells me so!
- 2 By trusting Christ the witness came:
My Saviour tells me so!
The pardon's free in Jesus' name:
My Saviour tells me so!
- 3 Believe, and thou shalt surely live:
My Saviour tells me so!
The Spirit's witness God will give:
My Saviour tells me so!
- 4 Though rough the way, I shall endure,
My Saviour tells me so!
His sheep are ever kept secure;
My Saviour tells me so!
- 5 How do I know I'll live again?
My Saviour tells me so!
With Christ in glory I shall reign?
My Saviour tells me so!

240 *Tune—Evangelistic Hymn Book, 37*

- 1 WHEN thy mortal life is fled,
When the death-shade's o'er thee spread,
When is finished thy career,
Sinner, where wilt thou appear?
- 2 When the world has passed away,
When draws near the judgment day,
When the awful trump shall sound,
Say, oh where wilt thou be found?
- 3 When the Judge descends in light,
Clothed in majesty and might,
When the wicked quail with fear,
Where, oh where wilt thou appear?
- 4 Soon the Gospel's day will end,
Grace no more its message send;
While it lingers, sinner flee,
Jesus still awaits for thee

241 *Tune—Songs of Victory, &*

1 WONDROUS love of Jesus! spread the news
around—

Pardon freely offered, what a joyful sound!
Jesus, loving Saviour, died to set me free;
Ob that blessed 'Whosoever'—that means me

Pardon freely offered, all who will believe;
Whosoever cometh Jesus will receive;
Jesus, loving Saviour, died to set us free:
Hallelujah! 'Whosoever'—that means me.

2 Whosoever means me better than my name,
Anyone, everyone, is not that the same?
Believing is salvation, present, full, and free;
Whosoever is the message—that means me.

3 Whosoever cometh may the promise claim,
Precious blood of Jesus cleanseth every stain.
The Son of God has loved me, wonder can
it be? [me.
'Whosoever,' saith the Saviour—that means

4 Do not trust your feelings, trust His Word
alone, [atone.
Prayers can never save you, tears cannot
'Finished I' cried the Saviour; nothing now
to do. [you.
Come, believe this 'Whosoever'—that means

242 *Tune—Believer's Hymn Book, 94*

1 I LEFT it all with Jesus, long ago;
All my sin I brought Him, and my woe:
When by faith I saw Him on the tree,
Heard His still small whisper, "Tis for thee.
From my heart the burden roll'd away—
Happy day!

2 I leave it all with Jesus; for He knows
How to steal the bitter from life's woes;
How to gild the tear-drop with His smile,
Make the desert garden bloom awhile;
When my weakness leaneth on His might,
All seems light.

3 I leave it all with Jesus, day by day:
Faith can firmly trust Him, come what may:
Hope has dropp'd her anchor, found her rest,
In the calm sure haven of His breast:
Love esteems it heaven to abide
At His side.

4 Oh! leave it all with Jesus, drooping soul,
Tell not half thy story, but the whole:
Worlds on worlds are hanging on His hand,
Life and death are waiting His command;
Yet His tender bosom makes *this* room:
Oh come home.

243 *Tune—Gospel Choir, 128.*

1 THE day is swiftly going,
The night is drawing nigh—
And still God's grace is flowing
To all who hear the cry!

"Behold I stand at the door and knock:
If any man hear My voice, and open the
door, I will come in to him, and will sup
with him, and he with Me."

2 He stands—the King of Glory,
He pleads, O heart, with thee,
He tells the melting story,
Of death on Calvary!

3 He came in early morning,
In life's sweet op'ning Spring,
And call'd, as day was dawning,
Thy heart to Him to bring!

4 And now when night is falling,
And dull and faint thine ear,
Yet still in grace He's calling;
O sinner, list and hear!

244 *Tune—Songs and Solos, 350.*

1 I FEEL like singing all the time,
My tears are wiped away;
For Jesus is a Friend of mine,
I'll serve Him every day.

I'll praise Him! praise Him! praise Him
all the time! [all the time!
Praise Him! praise Him! I'll praise Him

2 When on the Cross my Lord I saw,
Nailed there by sins of mine,
Fast fell the burning tears; but now
I'm singing all the time.

3 The wondrous story of the Lamb
Tell with that voice of thine,
Till others, with the glad new song,
Go singing all the time.

245 *Tune—Room for Jesus, No. 24.*

1 ON the cross the Saviour hanging,
Bled and died for you and me;
Wondrous love! oh! who can know it,
Boundless, priceless, full and free.

2 O, the precious blood of Jesus,
How it fills my soul with peace,
As I there behold Him dying,
On the cross for my release.

3 'Tis indeed a truth most precious,
That for sinners Jesus died.
And that we have full remission
Through a Saviour crucified

246 *Tune—Songs of Victory, 150.*

- 1 THERE is a story sweet to hear,
I love to tell it too;
It fills my heart with hope and cheer,
'Tis old, yet ever new.
'Tis old . . . yet ever new;
'Tis old . . . yet ever new,
I know . . . I'm sure 'tis true,
'Tis old, yet ever new.
- 2 It tells me God's own Son came down
From glory's throne, to die,
That I might live to wear a crown,
And reign with Him on high.
- 3 It says He bore the Cross for me,
And suffered in my place,
That I from sin might ransom be,
And praise Him for His grace.
- 4 Oh wondrous love, so great, so vast,
So boundless and so free!
Lord, at Thy feet myself I cast:
Myself I give to Thee.

247 *Tune—Song of Victory, 473.*

- 1 WHEN the trumpet of the Lord shall sound,
And time shall be no more,
And the morning breaks, eternal, bright and
When the saved of earth shall gather [fair;
Over on the other shore,
And the roll is called up yonder, I'll be there.

When the roll is called up yonder,
When the roll is called up yonder, I'll be there.

- 1 On that bright and cloudless morning
When the dead in Christ shall rise,
And the glory of His resurrection share;
When His chosen ones shall gather
To their home beyond the skies,
And the roll is called up yonder, I'll be there.
- 3 All who trust in Christ the Saviour,
Who for sinners bled and died, [bear.
All their sins and all their judgment for to
When the morn of glory breaks,
And the saints are glorified, [there.
And the roll is called up yonder, they'll be

248 *Tune—Revival.*

8.7.

- 1 As the serpent raised by Moses,
Healed the fiery serpent's bite,
Jesus thus Himself discloses,
To the wounded sinner's sight.
Look to Jesus! Look to Jesus!
Look to Jesus Christ and live.

- 2 Hear His gracious invitation—
"I have life and peace to give,
I have brought thee full salvation,
Sinner, look to Me, and live."
- 3 'Tis not doing, 'tis not feeling,
Earns or gives thee life divine;
Look away to "Jesus only,"
And the gift of God is thine.

249 *Tune—Showers of blessing, No. 225.*

- 1 CHRIST is the Saviour of sinners,
Christ is the Saviour for me;
Long I was chained in sin's darkness,
Now by His grace I am free.
Saviour of sinners,
Saviour of sinners like me,
No other Saviour but Jesus,
He is the Saviour for me.

- 2 Now I can say I am pardoned,
Happy and justified, free,
Saved by my blessed Redeemer,
This is the Saviour for me.
- 3 Just as I was He received me,
Seeking from judgment to flee,
Now there is no condemnation,
This is the Saviour for me.
- 4 Soon shall the glory be dawning,
Then when His face I shall see,
Sing, shall my soul, in its gladness,
This is the Saviour for me.

250 *Tune—Choral Praise, No 2.*

- 1 JESUS is waiting His grace to bestow, [snow."
Sins "red like crimson," He makes "white as
Loving us freely, His life-blood He gave,
Blessed Redeemer! He's "mighty to save."
Mighty to save . . . mighty to save,
Jesus is mighty . . . to save.
- 2 There on the Cross, as our surety He stood,
Paid as our ransom, His own precious blood,
Then rose a Victor, o'er sin and the grave,
Ever triumphant—"He's mighty to save."
- 3 Now in the glory, He waits to impart,
Life everlasting, and joy to the heart,
Saved by His grace, every foe we shall brave.
Trusting in Jesus—He's "mighty to save."
- 4 Soon is the day of His coming again,
Then we shall see Him, and with Him shall
reign. (the grave.
"Changed" in a moment, or "raised" from
Glory to Jesus—He's "mighty to save."

251 *Tune—Songs and Solos, 564.*

- 1 I WAS once far away from the Saviour,
As vile as a sinner could be,
And I wondered if Christ the Redeemer
Could save a poor sinner like me.
- 2 I wandered on in the darkness,
Not a ray of light could I see;
And the thought filled my heart with sadness,
There's no hope for a sinner like me.
- 3 And then, in that dark lonely hour,
A voice sweetly whispered to me,
Saying, "Look unto Me!—I have power
To save a poor sinner like thee."
- 4 I then fully trusted in Jesus:
And oh, how a joy came to me!
My heart was filled with His praises,
For saving a sinner like me.
- 5 No longer in darkness I'm walking,
The light is now shining on me;
And now unto others I'm telling,
How He saved a poor sinner like me.
- 6 And when life's journey is over,
And I the dear Saviour shall see,
I'll praise Him for ever and ever,
For saving a sinner like me.

252 *Tune—There is a Fountain, No. 81.*

- 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.
I do believe, I will believe,
That Jesus died for me,
That on the cross He shed His blood,
From sin to set me free.
- 2 The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day;
And there have I, though vile as he,
Wash'd all my sins away.
- 3 Dear dying Lamb, Thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransomed Church of God
Be saved, to sin no more.
- 4 E'er since by faith I saw the stream
Thy wounds supplied for me,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall for ever be.
- 5 Soon, in a nobler, sweeter song,
I'll sing Thy power to save;
And with the heavenly blood-bought throng,
My palm of victory wave.

253 *Tune—New Hymns and Solos, 77.*

- 1 BEHOLD, behold the wondrous love,
That flows to man from God above,
Through Christ, His only Son who gave
His precious blood our souls to save
All praise and glory be unto Jesus,
For He hath purchased a full salvation;
Behold, how wondrous the proclamation,
"Whosoever will may come!"
- 2 Behold the Lamb of God who died,
His wounded hands, His bleeding side:
Now all may come, by sin oppress,
And find in Him sweet peace and rest.
- 3 Behold Him now exalted high
Above the bright and starry sky;
Yet through His Word He calleth still
"Come unto Me" whoever will.

254 *Tune—Hold the Fort, No. 18.*

- 1 I'VE cast my deadly doing down,
Down at Jesus' feet;
I stand in Him, and Him alone,
Glorious and complete.
Jesus died and paid it all,
All to Him I owe;
And something either great or small,
For love to Him I'll do.
- 2 Legal work I've given over,
Jesus is my all;
Sins that tasted sweet before,
Upon my senses pall.
- 3 'Twas my sins that nailed Him there,
Mine that shed His blood;
Mine that pierced the bleeding side
Of the Son of God.
- 4 Now my life shall all be given
To my risen Lord!
Doing all the way to heaven,
Something in His word.

255 *Tune—New Songs and Solos, 88.*

- 1 TURN thee, O lost one, careworn and weary,
Lo, the good Shepherd is waiting to-day;
Seeking to save thee, waiting to bless thee:
Haste to receive Him—no longer delay!
Tenderly calling, patiently pleading,
Hear the good Shepherd calling to thee;
Tenderly pleading, patiently calling,
Lovingly saying, "Come unto Me!"
- 2 List to His message, hear the good tidings:
Sinless, yet bearing thy sins on the tree.
Perfect remission, life everlasting,
Through His atonement He offers to thee.

256 *Tune—Songs and Solos, 326.*

Oh come, sinner, come ! 'tis mercy's call ;
Here at Jesus' feet !
Oh come, and believing lay thy all
Down at Jesus' feet.

Oh, lay it down, lay it down,
Lay thy weary burden down ;
Oh, lay it down, lay it down,
Down at Jesus' feet.

- 1 Oh come, and believing, find thy rest
Here at Jesus' feet !
Thy heart, with its heavy weight oppress,
Lay at Jesus' feet !
- 3 Oh come ! where thy faith can make thee
Here at Jesus' feet ! [whole,
Oh come, and thy weary troubled soul,
Lay at Jesus' feet.

257 *Tune—Songs and Solos, 373.*

To God be the glory, great things He hath done,
So loved He the world that He gave us His Son,
Who yielded His life an atonement for sin,
And opened the Life Gate that all may go in.

Praise the Lord, praise the Lord, let the
world hear His voice, [people rejoice.
Praise the Lord, praise the Lord, let His
O come to the Father, thro' Jesus the Son,
And give Him the glory, great things He
hath done.

- 1 O perfect redemption, the purchase of blood,
To every believer the promise of God ;
The vilest offender who truly believes,
That moment from Jesus a pardon receives.
- 3 Great things He hath taught us, great things
He hath done,
And great our rejoicing thro' Jesus the Son ;
But purer and higher, and richer will be
Our praises and worship when Jesus we see.

258 *"Whosoever will." No. 75.*

- 1 HARK the glorious gospel, sounding far and
wide,
Sinner, do not perish, Christ was crucified ;
Come and take salvation, life for evermore,
Come and rest in Jesus' love.
Trusting in the Saviour, resting in His word ;
We are safe from judgment, through His
precious blood ;
Happy blessed people, joyfully secure,
Safe in Christ for evermore.
- 2 Simply trusting Jesus, none can trust in vain,
Trembling doubting sinner, you may rest
obtain ;
Love delights in giving, can you still refrain ?
Come and trust in Jesus' love.

259 *Tune—Ye Banks and Brass.*

1 Oh ! can we be forgetful, Lord,
That Thou hast promised to return ?—
Forgetful of Thy parting word,
As o'er Thine own Thy heart did yearn ?
Within Thy Father's house are now,
As then, those "many mansions" fair ;
And "I will come again," saidst Thou,
"I will Myself receive you there."

- 2 Lord Jesus, we would keep Thy word,
Expecting Thee from day to day ;
Its echoed music we have heard,
In soothing sweetness o'er our way.
One moment twinkling quick and bright,
And we, caught upward through the air,
Shall shine in Thy transcendent light,
And e'en Thy heavenly image bear
- 3 Ah, yes ! we shall be like Thee then,
For we shall see Thee as Thou art,
Thou fairer than the sons of men,
Whose perfect love hath won our heart.
Thy brow, once rudely wreathed with thorn,
With circling glories shall be crowned ;
It is Thine absence here we mourn,
There all Thy presence-joys are found.

260 *Tune—Scots wha hae.*

- 1 ONWARD children of the day,
Dauntless in the deadly fray,
Charge the hostile foe's array,
Bid the rebels flee.
Girded by Almighty power,
Faith beholds the tempest lower,
Faith awaits the conflict hour,
Sure of victory.
- 2 Forward soldiers, brave and true,
Christ the Lord hath need of you,
Boldly all His bidding do,
Who would faint or flee.
Clad in armour of the light,
Strengthen'd by the Spirit's might,
Ye shall put the foe to flight,
Firm your ranks shall be.
- 3 Fight till ye possess the land,
Not a foe shall 'gainst you stand,
Shielded by the Lord's right hand,
His salvation see.
Sound the glory of His fame,
Jesus evermore the same,
Let the Saviour's peerless name,
Now your war-song be.

NEW HYMNS.

261 *Tune—Songs of Triumph, No. 120.*

- 1 THERE's a song my heart is singing,
In my soul its tones are ringing;
Peace and rest and joy 'tis bringing;
Jesus Christ has power to save.
Sing it over and over again to me,
In its wonderful, sweet simplicity;
Tell it o'er... the ocean wave,
Jesus Christ... has power to save!
- 2 Oh, that song my soul is thrilling,
Jesus saves the soul that's willing,
Precious truth my heart 'tis filling:
Jesus Christ has power to save!
- 3 Sinner, come! and now receive Him,
Look to Jesus, and believe Him;
All your life and service give Him:
Jesus Christ has power to save!

262 *Tune—Gospel Choir, No. 117.*

- 1 Do you dream of the joys of life to come,
As you scatter the seeds of sin?
Are you spurning the Cross that the Saviour bore,
And yet hoping the crown to win?
"Be not deceived; God is not mock'd; for
whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap."
- 2 Are you casting your seed to the sweeping
As you follow the evil path? [wind,
Are you trusting the blossoms of hope to find,
When the whirlwind shall come in wrath?
- 3 Are you sowing tares when the golden grain
Should be springing to life and light;
When the harvest of souls shall be gather'd in
Will you shine as the stars of night?

263 *Tune—Songs and Solos, R.E., 902.*

- 1 My hope is built on nothing less
Than Jesus' blood and righteousness;
I dare not trust the sweetest frame,
But wholly lean on Jesus' Name.
On Christ the solid Rock I stand,
All other ground is sinking sand.
- 2 When darkness seems to veil His face,
I rest on His unchanging grace;
In every high and stormy gale,
My anchor holds within the veil.
- 3 His oath, His covenant, and blood,
Support me in the 'whelming flood;
When all around my soul gives way,
He then is all my Hope and Stay.

264 *Tune—Songs of Victory, 60.*

- 1 On the cross of Calvary
Jesus died for you and me,
There He shed His precious blood,
That from sin we might be free.
There was full atonement made,
There my heavy debt was paid,
It was for me that Jesus died,
On the cross of Calvary.
O Calvary!... O Calvary!...
It was for me that Jesus died,
On the cross of Calvary.
- 2 Clouds and darkness veil'd the sky,
When the Lord was crucified,
"It is finish'd," was His cry,
When He bow'd His head, and died.
Hallelujah, let us raise
Songs of triumph and of praise,
It was for me that Jesus died,
On the cross of Calvary.
- 3 'Twas that wondrous, wondrous love,
Brought me down at Jesus' feet,
All its fulness we may prove
In a sacrifice complete.
Here I give myself to Thee,
Soul and body Thine to be,
It was for me Thy blood was shed,
On the cross of Calvary.

265 *Tune—Songs of Triumph, No. 59.*

- 1 Come away to Jesus; He is willing to forgive
His love will shine around you, every moment
that you live;
You will find Him good and true, the pilgrim
journey thro',
He'll do better for you than this world can do.
He'll do better for you than this world can
do, [true;
He's a mighty Saviour, He is good and
He'll save you by His grace, until you see
His face, [do
He'll do better for you than this world can
- 2 Come away to Jesus; let illusive trifles go,
For everlasting blessing He is able to bestow;
He'll answer when you pray, He'll keep you
all the way,
I lead you up and onward to His perfect day.
- 3 Come away to Jesus; from your earthly idols
part,
And take His great salvation, for it satisfies
the heart; [new,
He'll open to your view, His treasures, ever
He'll do better for you than this world can do.

266 *Tune—Songs of Triumph, No. 65.*

- 1 O SWEET is the story of Jesus,
The wonderful Saviour of men,
Who suffered and died for the sinner—
I'll tell it again and again!
O won - - derful, wonderful sto - - ry,
The dear - - est that ever was told,..
I'll repeat it in glo - - ry,
The wonderful sto - - ry,
Where I..shall His beauty behold..
- 2 He came from the brightest of glory;
His blood as a ransom He gave,
To purchase eternal redemption;
And O, He is mighty to save!
- 3 His mercy flows on like a river,
His love is unmeasured and free;
His grace is for ever sufficient,
It reaches and purifies me.

267 *Tune—New Hymns and Solos, No. 5.*

- 1 CHRIST has for sin atonement made—
What a wonderful Saviour!
We are redeemed! the price is paid!
What a wonderful Saviour!
- What a wonderful Saviour is Jesus, my Jesus!
What a wonderful Saviour is Jesus, my Lord!
- 2 I praise Him for the cleansing blood,
That reconcil'd my soul to God.
- 3 He dwells within me day by day,
And keeps me trusting all the way.
- 4 He gives me overcoming power,
And triumph in each conflict hour.
- 5 To Him I'd live with all my heart;
The world should never share a part.

268 *Tune—Songs and Solos, R.E., No. 440.*

- 1 A BLESSING for you—will you take it?
Choose ye to-day;
A word from the heart—will you speak it?
Choose ye to-day:
Will you believe, or your Saviour neglect?
Will you receive, or His mercy reject?
Pause ere you answer, oh, pause and reflect—
Choose ye to-day.
- 2 A death to be feared—will you fear it?
Choose ye to-day;
A voice that invites—will you hear it?
Choose ye to-day;
Straight is the portal and narrow the way;
Enter, dear soul, and be saved while you may;
Think what may hang on a moment's delay—
Choose ye to-day.

269 *Tune—Songs and Solos, R.E. No. 193.*

- 1 LIFE at best is very brief,
Like the falling of a leaf,
Like the binding of a sheaf,
Be in time.
Fleeting days are telling fast
That the die will soon be cast,
And the fatal line be passed,
Be in time.
Be in time, be in time,
While the voice of Jesus calls you,
Be in time.
If in sin you longer wait,
You may find no open gate,
And your cry be just too late,
Be in time.
- 2 Fairest flowers soon decay,
Youth and beauty pass away,
Oh, you have not long to stay,
Be in time.
While God's Spirit bids you come,
Sinner, do not longer roam,
Lest you seal your hopeless doom,
Be in time.
- 3 Time is gliding swiftly by,
Death and judgment draweth nigh,
To the arms of Jesus fly,
Be in time.
Come from darkness into day,
Come to Christ who is the way,
Then you'll start for heaven to-day,
Be in time.

270 *Tune—The Sweet by and bye.*

- 1 I HAVE heard of the Saviour's love,
And a wonderful love it must be;
But did He come down from above.
Out of love and compassion for me?
'Twas for me.. Yes for me,
That He suffered and bled on the tree;
'Twas for me.. Yes for me,
That He suffered on Calvary tree.
- 2 I have heard how He suffered and bled,
How He languished and died on the tree;
But then is it anywhere said,
That He languished and suffered for me?
- 3 I've been told of a heaven on high,
Which the children of God soon will see;
But is there a place in the sky
Made ready and furnished for me?

271 *Tune—Songs of Triumph, No. 67.*

- 1 **THERE'S** not a friend like the lowly Jesus,
No, not one! no, not one!
None else could heal all our soul's diseases,
No, not one! no, not one!

Jesus knows all about our struggles,
He will guide till the day is done.
There's not a friend like the lowly Jesus,
No, not one! no, not one!
- 2 No friend like Him is so high and holy,
No, not one! no, not one!
And yet no friend is so meek and lowly,
No, not one! no, not one!
- 3 There's not an hour that He is not near us,
No, not one! no, not one!
No night so dark but His love can cheer us,
No, not one! no, not one!
- 4 Did ever saint find this Friend forsake him?
No, not one! no, not one!
Or sinner come, and He would not take him?
No, not one! no, not one!

272 *Tune—Christian Choir, No. 134.*

- 1 **SOME** day the silver cord will break,
And I no more as now shall sing:
But oh, the joy when I shall wake
Within the palace of the King!

And I shall see .. Him face to face,
And tell the story—Saved by grace;
And I shall see .. Him face to face,
And tell the story—Saved by grace.
- 2 Some day my earthly house will fall,
I cannot tell how soon 'twill be;
But this I know—my All in all
Has now a place in heaven for me.
- 3 Some day, when fades the golden sun
Beneath the rosy-tinted west,
My blessed Lord shall say, "Well done!"
And I shall enter into rest.
- 4 Some day; till then I'll watch and wait—
My lamp all trimmed and burning bright—
And when my Saviour opes the gate,
I'll rise with joy and take my flight.

273 *Tune—Songs and Solos, R. E. No. 650.*

- 1 **THERE** is joy in heaven, there is joy to-day,
For a soul returning from the wild;
See! the Father meets him out upon the way,
Welcoming His weary, wandering child.
Glory, glory, now the angels sing,
Glory, glory, now the loud harps ring,
'Tis the ransomed army, like a mighty sea
Pealing forth their praises, Lord, to Thee.
- 2 There is joy in heaven, there is joy to-day,
For the wanderer now is reconciled;
Yes, a soul is rescued from his sinful way,
And is born anew a ransomed child.
- 3 There is joy in heaven, there is joy to-day,
Angels swell the glad triumphant strain,
Tell the joyful tidings, bear it far away,
For a precious soul is "born again."

274 *Tune—Songs and Solos, R. E. No. 901.*

- 1 **I HAVE** been at the altar and witnessed the
Burnt *wholly* to ashes for me; {Lamb
And watched its sweet savour ascending on
Accepted, O Father, by Thee. {high,
- 2 And lo, while I gazed at the glorious sight,
A voice from above reached mine ears:
"By this thine iniquity's taken away,
And no trace of it on thee appears.
- 3 "An end of thy sin has been made for thee
By Him who its penalty bore, {here,
With *blood* it is blotted eternally out,
And I will not remember it more."
- 4 O Lord, I believe it, with wonder and joy—
Confirm Thou this precious belief;
While daily I learn that I am, in myself,
Of sinners the vilest and chief.

275 *Tune—Just as I am.*

- 1 **JUST** as thou art—without one trace
Of love, or joy, or inward grace,
Or meetness for the heavenly place—
O *guilty* sinner, come
- 2 Burden'd with guilt, wouldst thou be blest?
Trust not the world—it gives no rest;
Christ brings relief to hearts oppress—
O *weary* sinner, come.
- 3 Come, leave ~~thy~~ burden at the cross;
Count all thy gains but empty dress:
My grace repays all earthly loss—
O *needy* sinner, come.
- 4 Come, hither bring thy boding fears,
Thy aching heart, thy bursting tears;
'Tis mercy's voice salutes thine ears—
O *trembling* sinner, come.

276 *Tune—Songs and Solos, R.E. No. 439.*

- 1 WHERE will you spend Eternity—
Those years that have no end?
Will it be in that better land?
Will it be at God's right hand?
Will it be with the angel band?
The angel band?

Eternity, Eternity—
Where will you spend Eternity?

- 2 Where will you spend Eternity—
Those years that have no end?
Will it be where the ransom'd sing?
Will it be with the glorious King?
What a sublime and solemn thing!
A solemn thing!
- 3 Where will you spend Eternity?
Those years that have no end?
Will it be in the outer gloom?
Bearing the Christ-rejecter's doom!
Hearing the sentence—No more room?
No more room?

277 *Tune—Songs of Victory, 80.*

- 1 WILL you come, will you come, with your
poor broken heart
Burdened and sin oppress'd?
'Twas to save such as you that the Saviour,
Jesus will give you rest.

O happy rest, sweet happy rest,
Jesus will give you rest; . . .
Oh! why won't you come, in simple,
trusting faith?
Jesus will give you rest.

- 2 Will you come, will you come? there is mercy
for you,
Balm for your aching breast; [Name.
Only come as you are and believe on His
Jesus will give you rest.
- 3 Will you come, will you come? you have
nothing to pay,
Jesus, who loves you best,
By His death on the cross purchas'd life for
your soul;
Jesus will give you rest.

278 *Tune—Songs and Solos, R.E., 476.*

- 1 LORD Jesus, Thou for me did'st die,
For me wast lifted up on high,
And Thou hast brought salvation nigh;
Now take me as I am!
Oh, take me as I am!
Oh, take me as I am!
My only plea—Christ died for me!
Oh, take me as I am!
- 2 Helpless I am, and full of guilt,
But yet for me Thy blood was spilt,
And thou canst save me, and Thou wilt;
Oh, take me as I am!
- 3 No preparation can I make,
My best resolves I only brake;
Oh, save me for Thine own Name's sake,
And take me as I am!

279 *Tune—Songs and Solos, R.E., 582.*

- 1 And will the Judge descend?
And must the dead arise?
And not a single soul escape
His all-discerning eyes?
- 2 How will the sinner stand
The terrors of that day,
When earth and heaven before His face
Astonished shrink away?
- 3 But, ere the trumpet shakes
The mansions of the dead,
Hark! from the Gospel's gentle voice,
What joyful tidings spread!
- 4 O sinner, claim His grace,
Whose wrath thou canst not bear;
Fly to the shelter of His Cross,
And find salvation there!

280 *Tune—Songs and Solos, R.E., No. 120*

- 1 CAN any say, "I do believe
On God's beloved Son,
And trust my soul's salvation on
What He in love has done"?
Yes, I can say, I do believe, &c.
- 2 Can any say, "My soul is saved
From judgment, death, and hell;
That Christ is mine, that I ere long
With Him above shall dwell"?
Yes, I can say, my soul is saved, &c.
- 3 Can any say, "My heart is fixed
Nor longer wants to roam
Mid scenes of vice and vanity,
Where peace can never come"?
Yes, I can say, my heart is fixed, &c.

281 *Tune—Songs of Victory.*

- 1 I HEARD of a Saviour, whose love was so great,
That He laid down His life on the tree;
The thorns they were placed on His beautiful
When He died for a rebel like me. [brow,

He died for a rebel like me, like me,
He died for a rebel like me, like me,
The thorns they were placed on His beautiful
brow,
When He died for a rebel like me.

- 2 They tell me He wept over sinners one day,
Saying, "Oh, that your Saviour you knew;
How oft would I gather you under my wing,
And pardon poor rebels like you."

- 3 Oh, that love so amazing, it broke my hard
heart,
And brought me, Lord Jesus, to Thee;
And I know when I came, Thou did'st not
cast me out,
But pardoned a rebel like me.

- 4 Oh, 'tis true, for lost sinners of all kinds He
And you He will not cast away; [saves,
He waits in His mercy, sweet peace to bestow,
So come to the Saviour to-day.

282 *Tune—Songs of Victory, 576.*

- 1 COME, sinners, behold what Jesus hath done,
Behold how He suffered for thee:
They crucified Him, God's innocent Son,
Forsaken, He died on the tree!

They crucified Him, they crucified Him,
They nailed Him to the tree,
And so there He died, a King crucified,
To save a poor sinner like me—like me.

- 2 From heaven He came, He loved you—He
Such love as His never was known; [died:
Behold, on the cross your Lord crucified,
To make you an heir to His throne.

- 4 There is nothing to do, for all has been done,
Just simply on Christ to believe;
And God has declared all who trust in the Son,
The life everlasting receive.

283 *Tune—Songs of Victory, No. 99.*

- 1 GOD loved the world so tenderly,
His only Son He gave,
That all who on His name believe,
Its wondrous pow'r will save.

For God so loved the world that He gave
His only Son,
That whosoever believeth in Him
Should not perish, but have everlasting
life.

- 2 Oh, love that only God can feel,
And only He can show!
Its height and depth, its length and breadth,
Nor heav'n nor earth can know!

- 3 Why perish, then, since Jesus died?
Why slight the gracious call?
Why turn from Him whose words proclaim
Eternal life to all?

- 4 O Saviour, melt these hardened hearts,
And teach them to believe
That whosoever comes to Thee
Shall endless life receive.

284 *Tune—Songs and Solos, R.E., 381.*

- 1 ONCE again the Gospel message,
From the Saviour you have heard;
Will you heed the invitation?
Will you turn unto the Lord?

Come believing!.. come believing!..
Come to Jesus! look and live!..
Come believing!.. come believing!..
Come to Jesus! look and live!..

- 2 Many summers you have wasted,
Ripened harvests you have seen,
Winter snows by Spring have melted:
Yet you linger in your sin!

- 3 Cease of fitness to be thinking;
Do no longer try to "feel";
It is *trusting*, and not *feeling*,
That will give the Spirit's seal.

- 4 Let your will to God be given,
Trust in Christ's atoning blood;
Look to Jesus now in heaven,
Rest on God's unchanging Word.

285 *Tune—Songs and Solos, R.E. No. 316.*

- 1 COURAGE, brother! do not stumble,
Though thy path be dark as night;
There's a star to guide the humble;
"Trust in God, and do the right."
- 2 Let the road be rough and dreary,
And its end far out of sight,
Foot it bravely! strong or weary;
Trust in God, and do the right.
- 3 Perish policy and cunning!
Perish all that fears the light!
Whether losing, whether winning,
Trust in God, and do the right.
- 4 Some will hate thee, some will love thee,
Some will flatter, some will slight;
Cease from man, and look above thee—
Trust in God, and do the right.

286 *Tune—Songs and Solos, R.E. No. 17.*

- 1 The love of God to sinful men
Surpasses human thought;
The giving of His only Son,
His greatest wonder wrought.
O, 'twas love, 'twas wondrous love,
The love of God to me;
It brought my Saviour from above,
To die on Calvary.
- 2 Though of the world by sin undone,
I claim His gift as mine,
Believing on the Son of God,
I HAVE the life Divine.
- 3 And now my daily work I find
In telling of that love,
And pointing others to the way
That leads to heaven above.

287 *Tune—Songs and Solos, R.E. No. 442.*

- 1 THE door is still open, wide, wide open still,
The door of salvation, come enter "who will;"
No price is demanded, 'tis open and free,
And none, who would enter, rejected will be.
- 2 Stay not till to-morrow, it never may come;
Now, now is the moment, Now, now there
is room!
The door of salvation is open and free;
Poor, lost, ruined sinner, 'tis open for thee!

288 *Tune—Musical Leaflet.*

- 1 THERE'S a firm sheltering Rock and a strong
fortress tower,
Where the weary and weak can renew failing
power; [fly,
Where the tempted and care-laden spirit may
I'm sheltered in the Rock that is higher than I.
Sheltered in the Rock, sheltered in the Rock,
Sheltered in the Rock that is higher than I.
- 2 'Tis the refuge of rest through the conflicts
of life; [the strife;
'Tis the calm of the soul when dismayed in
'Tis the source of salvation that stream
never dry,
I'm sheltered in the Rock that is higher than I.
- 3 'Tis my comfort and stay, my deliverer and
joy, [that annoy,
When the heart is o'erwhelmed with the ills
When the fierce-sweeping tempest of judg-
ment is nigh,
I'm sheltered in the Rock that is higher than I.

289 *Tune—Songs and Solos, R.E., No. 398*

- 1 NOT saved are we by trying,
From self can come no aid;
'Tis on the blood relying,
Once for our ransom paid.
'Tis looking unto Jesus,
The holy One and just:
'Tis His great work that saves us—
It is not Try, but Trust!
It is not Try, but Trust!
It is not Try, but Trust!
'Tis His great work that saves us—
It is not Try, but Trust!
- 2 'Twas vain for Israel bitten
By serpents, on their way,
To look to their own doing,
That awful plague to stay:
The only means for healing,
When humbled in the dust,
Was of the Lord's revealing—
It was not Try, but Trust!
- 3 No deeds of ours are needed
To make Christ's merit more;
No frames of mind, or feelings,
Can add to His great store;
'Tis simply to receive Him,
The holy One and just;
'Tis only to believe Him—
It is not Try, but Trust!

290 *Tune—Songs and Solos, R.E., No. 32*

- 1 SEE the Saviour! Sinners slew Him,
Yet for sinners He was slain;
Sinners now are welcome to Him;
Such compose the Saviour's train:
Sinners, ransom'd by His blood!
Sinners, reconcil'd to God!
- 2 See the holy victim suff'ring,
Suffering on the cross for you!
Here's an all-sufficient offering;
O believe the record true:
See the Lamb for sinners slain;
Ev'ry other hope is vain.
- 3 'Tis a true and faithful saying,—
Jesus came to save the lost;
Grace and truth at once displaying,
God the Saviour, true and just,
Sinners, *bear His gracious voice,*
In His saving work rejoice.

291 *Tune—Songs of Triumph, No. 136.*

- 1 WOULD you be free from your burden of sin?
There's power in the blood;
Would you o'er evil a victory win,
There's wonderful power in the blood.
- There is pow'r, . . . pow'r, wonder-working power,
In the blood . . . of the Lamb, . . .
- There is pow'r, . . . pow'r, wonder-working pow'r,
In the precious blood of the Lamb.
- 2 Would you be free from your passion and pride?
There's power in the blood;
Come for your cleansing to Calvary' tide,
There's wonderful power in the blood.
 - 3 Would you be whiter, much whiter than snow?
There's power in the blood;
Sin stains are lost in its life-giving flow,
There's wonderful power in the blood.

292 *Tune—At the Cross.*

- 1 I do not work my soul to save,
For that my Lord has done;
But I would work like any slave,
From love to God's dear Son.
- 2 He gave Himself upon the Cross
A sacrifice for me;
And God accepts what He has done,
To save and pardon me.
- 3 His precious blood has cleansed my soul,
My sins are all forgiven;
And now I long to see His face,
And serve Him more in heaven.

293 *Tune—Art thou weary?*

- 1 I AM coming, simply coming,
Saviour unto Thee;
Sinful, lost, and sin deserving,
Save Thou me!
- 2 Nothing of my own I bring Thee,
This my only plea—
Thou hast died for guilty sinners,
Died for me.
- 3 Thou alone shalt be my Saviour,
Thou my only Lord,
May Thy grace still keep me cleaving
To Thy Word.

294 *Tune—Songs and Solos, No. 417.*

- 1 I KNOW I love Thee better, Lord,
Than any earthly joy,
For Thou hast given me the peace
Which nothing can destroy.
- The half has never yet been told,
Of love so full and free;
The half has never yet been told,
The blood—it cleanseth me.
- 2 I know that Thou art nearer still
Than any earthly throng,
And sweeter is the thought of Thee
Than any lovely song.
 - 3 Thou hast put gladness in my heart;
'Then well may I be glad!
Without the secret of Thy love
I could not but be sad.

295 *Tune—Songs of Triumph, No. 9.*

- 1 I READ that whosoever
May from wrath flee;
God will reject me never,
For that means me.
- For that means me,
Yes, that means me
When I read "whosoever,"
Then that means me.
- 2 His blood is efficacious,
His love is free;
To sinners He is gracious,
And that means me.
 - 3 Christ died for ev'ry nation,
On Calv'ry's tree;
He died for our salvation,
And that means me.

296 *Tune—Scotch Air, Edinburgh Town.*

- 1 THE warl' hauds oot its joys:
Its wee bit tinsel toys;
And tries its best, tae captivate and please us;
But to me its a' in vain,
Sin ne'er can charm again,
For a' my hope, and a' my trust's in *Jesus*.
Jesus! Jesus! o'er land and sea
There's nane tae me like Jesus,
For He's ta'en my sins awa'
And He's washed me white as snaw—
And a' my hope and a my trust's in *Jesus*.
- 2 The flo'ers that smell sae sweet,
A' wither at oor feet;
The frien' we lo'e sae weel, they dee and leave
But glory tae His Name, [us];
There's a'ne whae's aye the same,
He never dees: He never leaves: its *Jesus*.
- 3 We'll work till day is dune,
For nicht comes on fu' snaw;
Nae mair the things o' earth will vex and grieve
In Him we'll fa' asleep [us];
And rest, nae mair tae weep,
And there for aye, in bliss, we'll be wi' *Jesus*.

297 *Tune—Scotch Air, The Auld House.*

- 1 OUR souls are stained in crimson guilt,
That nane can tak' awa';
But through the blood o' Jesus spilt,
Are made as white as snaw:
The angels that surroon' the throne,
Wha' never sinned awa,
Can boast nae whiter robe than mine,
That's made as white as snaw.
He made me white as snaw,
He made me white as snaw,
The blood o' Jesus Christ the Lord.
Has made me white as snaw.
- 2 The proud, self-righteous Pharisee,
Wha' on God's Name did ca',
Made boast o' a' that he could dae,
And hoo he kept the law!
But He that took the sinner's place,
Brocht nae sic plea awa,
His hope was in the sovereign grace,
That washes white as snaw.
- 3 The blood that reached the dying thief,
And took his sins awa',
That cleansed the man o' sinners chief,
Though zealous o' the law!
Its virtues we will still proclaim
To sinners great and sma',
And praise the power o' Jesus Name,
That makes us white as snaw.

298 *Tune—Songs and Solos, R.E., No. 117*

- 1 THE righteous wrath of God,
Revealed on earth from heaven,
Against the sin of godless men,
Unjust and unforgiven.
- 2 That wrath, though long delayed,
Shall swiftly, surely fall
With awful vengeance, on the heads
Of all who spurn His call.
- 3 In grace God bids you "flee"
To Christ, the Refuge sure,
Who once for us as Surety stood,
And did God's wrath endure.

299 *Tune—Musical Leaflet.*

- 1 Naught have I gotten, but what I received;
Grace has bestowed it since I believed;
Boasting excluded, pride I abase,
I'm only a sinner, saved by grace.
Only a sinner, saved by grace,
Only a sinner, saved by grace,
This is my story..to God be the glory,
I'm only a sinner, saved by grace.
- 2 Once I was foolish, and sin ruled my heart;
Causing my footsteps from God to depart;
Jesus has found me, happy my case,
I'm only a sinner, saved by grace.
- 3 Suffer a sinner, whose heart o'erflows,
Loving his Saviour, to tell what he knows;
Once more to tell it, would I embrace,
I'm only a sinner, saved by grace.

300 *Tune—Diadem.*

- 1 ALL hail the power of Jesus' Name;
Let angels prostrate fall;
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown Him Lord of all!
- 2 As sinners saved of Adam's race,
And rescued from the fall,
We sing the glories of His grace,
And crown Him Lord of all!
- 3 Soon every kindred, every tribe,
On this terrestrial ball,
To Him shall majesty ascribe,
And crown Him Lord of all!
- 4 Through grace, with yonder heav'nly throng,
We at His feet shall fall;
Join in the everlasting song,
And crown Him Lord of all!

GOSPEL CHORUSES and MARCHES

For Open-air Work, Street Marches, Testimony Meetings, etc., where a single verse between Addresses is often sufficient.

You never can tell when the death bell's
sounding,
Never can tell when the end may be ;
I'm on my way to the heavenly city,
Come and be saved, and go with me.

Hallelujah, hallelujah,
Hallelujah for the Cross ;
Hallelujah, hallelujah,
It must never suffer loss.

Trim your lamps and be ready,
Trim your lamps and be ready,
Trim your lamps and be ready
For the midnight cry.

Christ is all, yes, all in all,
Oh, Christ is all in all ;
Christ is all, yes, all in all,
Oh, Christ is all in all.

Meet me there,
O meet me there,
At the dawning of the morning
Bright and fair ;
Meet me there,
O meet me there,
In the land beyond the river,
Meet me there.

Jesus is calling, Jesus is calling,
Why dost thou linger, why tarry away ;
Come to Him quickly, say to Him gladly,
Lord, I am coming, coming to-day.

O the blood, the precious blood
That Jesus shed for me,
Upon the Cross in crimson flood,
Just now by faith I see.

This is my story, this is my song,
Praising my Saviour, all the day long ;
This is my story, this is my song,
Telling of Jesus, all the day long.

I am trusting,
Trusting only Thee ;
I am trusting, trusting ;
Trusting only Thee.

I'm redeemed, I'm redeemed
By the blood of the Lamb that was slain ;
I'm redeemed, I'm redeemed,
Hallelujah to God and the Lamb.

He's coming, He's coming,
He's coming to take His people home
He's coming, He's coming,
To take His people home.

We'll stem the storm, it wont be long,
We'll anchor by-and-by
In the haven of eternal rest,
With Jesus ever nigh.

Hallelujah ! to the Lamb,
Who was slain upon Calvary ;
Hallelujah ! Hallelujah ! Hallelujah !
Amen.

Tell it again, tell it again,
Salvation's story repeat o'er and o'er,
Till none can say of the children of men,
Nobody ever has told me before.

O the Lamb, the bleeding Lamb,
The Lamb upon Calvary ;
The Lamb that was slain, but liveth again,
To intercede for me.

Believe, and you'll be saved,
The promise takes thee in ;
The Saviour see, He died for thee,
The promise takes thee in.

Jesus paid it all,
All to Him I owe ;
Sin had left a crimson stain,
He washed it white as snow.

I am trusting, Lord, in Thee,
Blessed Lamb of Calvary ;
Lowly at Thy feet I bow,
Jesus saves me, saves me now.

We'll work till Jesus comes,
We'll work till Jesus comes,
Then we'll be gathered home.

Will you be ready when the Bridegroom
comes, [comes,
Will you be ready when the Bridegroom
Will your lamp be trimmed and bright,
Be it morning, noon or night,
Will you be ready when the Bridegroom

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HYMNS for "SPECIAL SERVICES" and APPENDIX TO THE EVANGELISTIC HYMN BOOK.



1

CHRISTIANS, go and tell of Jesus,
How He died to save our souls:
How that He from sins might free us,
Suffered agonies untold.

Yes, we'll go and tell of Jesus,
The pure and holy, meek and lowly Jesus;
Yes, we'll go and tell of Jesus,
Who died our souls to save.

Tell the guilty of their danger,
While they wander far from God;
While they live to Christ a stranger,
And reject His precious Word.

Tell them of the joys of heaven,
Purchased by the Saviour's blood;
How, that they might be forgiven,
Jesus left His Home above.

Tell them how He hath ascended
To prepare a home on high;
Where all sorrows shall be ended,
Where the saints shall never die.

2

O LET us tell the matchless worth,
And let us sound the glories forth,
Which in our Saviour shine:
The wonders of His love we'll sing;
The theme with which the heavens ring,
Now let us gladly join.

How rich the precious blood He spilt,
Our ransom from the dreadful guilt
Of sin against our God!

How perfect is His righteousness,
In which unspotted beauteous dress,
His saints have ever stood!

How precious is the name 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.

And soon the happy day shall come,
When we shall reach our destined home,

8.8.6.

And see Him face to face;
Then with our Saviour, Lord and Friend,
The one unbroken day we'll spend,
In singing still His grace.

3

8's.

O JESUS! to tell of Thy love
Our soul shall for ever delight;
And join with the blessed above
In praises by day and by night.
Wherever we follow thee, Lord,
Admiring, adoring, we see
That love which was stronger than death
Flow out without limit and free.

Descending from glory on high,
With men thy delight was to dwell;
Contented, our surety to die,
By dying to save us from hell;
Enduring the grief and the shame,
And bearing our sins on the cross
Oh, who would not boast of this love,
And count the world's glory but loss!

4

P.M.

In the shadow of His wings
There is rest, sweet rest;
There is rest from care and labour,
There is rest for friend and neighbour,
In the shadow of His wings
There is rest, sweet rest;
In the shadow of His wings
There is rest. . . .

There is rest! . . . there is peace!
There is joy! . . . in the shadow of His wings;
There is rest! . . . there is peace!
There is joy . . . in the shadow of His wings

In the shadow of His wings
There is peace, sweet peace;
Peace that passeth understanding,
Peace, sweet peace, that knows no ending
In the shadow of His wings
There is peace, sweet peace
In the shadow of His wings
There is peace. . . .

In the shadow of His wings
There is joy, glad joy;
There is joy to tell the story,
Joy exceeding, full of glory:
In the shadow of His wings
There is joy, glad joy,
In the shadow of His wings
There is joy. . . .

5

HARK the voice of Jesus crying—
"Who will go and work to-day?
Fields are white, and harvest waiting:
Who will bear the sheaves away?"
Loud and strong the Master calleth,
Rich reward He offers thee:
Who will answer, gladly saying?—
"Here am I; Send me, send me!"

If you cannot cross the ocean,
And the heathen lands explore,
You can find the heathen nearer,
You can help them at your door.
If you cannot give your thousands,
You can give the widow's mite;
And the least you do for Jesus
Will be precious in His sight.

If you cannot speak like angels,
If you cannot preach like Paul,
You can tell the love of Jesus,
You can say He died for all.
If you cannot rouse the wicked
With the Judgment's dread alarms,
You can lead the little children
To the Saviour's waiting arms.

6

12's.

To the work! to the work! we are servants
of God: [trod
Let us follow the path that our Master has
With the balm of His counsel our strength to
renew, [find to do.
Let us do with our might what our hands
Toiling on! . . . Toiling on! . . .
Toiling on! . . . Toiling on! . . .
Let us hope, . . . Let us watch, . . .
And labour till the Master comes.

To the work! to the work! let the hungry
be fed,
To the Fountain of Life let the weary be led:
In the Cross and its banner our glory shall be,
While we herald the tidings, "Salvation is
free!"

8.7.

To the work! to the work! there is labour
for all, [fall:
For the kingdom of darkness and error shall
And the name of Jehovah exalted shall be
In the loud swelling chorus, "Salvation is
free!"

To the work! to the work! in the strength of
the Lord, [reward:
And a robe and a crown shall our labour
When the home of the faithful our dwelling
shall be, [is free!
And we shout with the ransomed, "Salvation

7

P.M.

Work, for the night is coming!
Work through the morning hours:
Work while the dew is sparkling,
Work 'mid springing flowers:
Work when the day grows brighter,
Work in the glowing sun;
Work, for the night is coming,
When man's work is done.

Work, for the night is coming
Work through the sunny noon:
Fill brightest hours with labour,
Rest comes sure and soon.
Give every flying minute
Something to keep in store:
Work, for the night is coming,
When man works no more.

Work, for the night is coming,
Under the sunset skies!
While their bright tints are glowing,
Work, for daylight flies.
Work till the last beam fadeeth,
Fadeth to shine no more:
Work while the night is dark'ning,
When man's work is o'er.

8

HARK! 'tis the watchman's cry—
Wake, brethren, wake!
Jesus, Himself is nigh,
Wake, brethren, wake!
Sleep is for sons of night,
Ye are children of the light,
Yours is the glory bright,
Wake, brethren, wake!

Call to each wakening band,
Watch, brethren, watch!
Clear is our Lord's command—
Watch, brethren, watch!

Yes, this shall be our lofty strain,
 "God is love."
 Whilst endless ages roll along,
 In concert with the heavenly throng,
 This shall be still our sweetest song.
 "God is love."

12

7.6.

HAVE you on the Lord believed?
 Still there's more to follow!
 Of His grace have you received
 Still there's more to follow!
 Oh, the grace the Father shows!
 Still there's more to follow!
 Freely He His grace bestows,
 Still there's more to follow!
 More and more, more and more,
 Always more to follow!
 Oh, His matchless, boundless love,
 Still there's more to follow!

Have you felt the Saviour near?
 Does His blessed presence cheer?
 Oh, the love that Jesus shows!
 Freely He His love bestows!

Have you felt the Spirit's power?—
 Falling like the gentle shower?
 Oh, the power the Spirit shows!
 Freely He His power bestows!

13

11's

TO GOD be the glory, great things He hath
 done!
 So loved He the world that He gave us His
 Son;
 Who yielded His life an atonement for sin,
 And opened the Life gate that all may go in.
 Praise the Lord, praise the Lord, let the
 earth hear His voice!
 Praise the Lord, praise the Lord, let the
 people rejoice!
 Oh, come to the Father, through Jesus the Son,
 And give Him the glory, great things He hath
 done.

O perfect redemption, the purchase of blood;
 To every believer the promise of God:
 The vilest offender who truly believes,
 That moment from Jesus a pardon receives.
 Great things He hath taught us, great things
 He hath done,
 And great our rejoicing through Jesus the Son;
 But purer, and higher, and greater will be
 Our wonder, our transport, when Jesus we see.

14

7.6.

WE plough the fields and scatter
 The good seed on the land:
 But it is fed and watered
 By God's almighty hand;
 He sends the snow in winter,
 The warmth to swell the grain;
 The breezes and the sunshine,
 And soft refreshing rain.

All good gifts around us
 Are sent from heaven above:
 Then thank the Lord, oh, thank the Lord,
 For all His love!

He only is the Maker
 Of all things near and far:
 He paints the wayside flower;
 He lights the evening star;
 The winds and waves obey Him;
 By Him the birds are fed;
 Much more to us, His children,
 He gives our daily bread.

We thank Thee, then, O Father,
 For all things bright and good;
 The seed-time and the harvest,
 Our life, our health, our food.
 Accept the gifts we offer
 For all Thy love imparts;
 And—what Thou most desirest—
 Our humble, thankful hearts.

15

C.M.

COME, saints, your grateful voices raise,
 The heavenly Lamb adore;
 Dwell on His everlasting love,
 And praise Him evermore.
 Spread His blest name thro' all the earth
 Sing His eternal power:
 Shout the rich fountain of His blood,
 And praise Him evermore.
 His mercy who our ransom paid,
 And all our sorrows bore,
 Sing with a note of loftiest joy,
 And praise Him evermore.
 Soon shall the Lord appear to reign:
 Then all, from shore to shore,
 Shall view the glory of the Lamb,
 And praise Him evermore.

16

P.M.

PRAISE Him! praise Him! Jesus, our blessed
 Redeemer!
 Sing, O earth—His wonderful love pre-claim

Hail Him! hail Him! highest of angels in glory;

Strength and honour give to His holy name
Like a shepherd, Jesus will guard His children,

In His arms He carries them all day long
Praise Him! praise Him! tell of His excellent greatness;

Praise Him! praise Him! ever in joyful song!

Praise Him! praise Him! Jesus, our blessed Redeemer!

For our sins He suffered, and bled, and died;
He—our Rock, our hope of eternal salvation,
Hail Him! hail Him! Jesus, the Crucified!
Sound His praises—Jesus who bore our sorrows, [strong;

Love unbounded, wonderful, deep, and

Praise Him! praise Him! Jesus, our blessed Redeemer!

Heav'nly portals, loud with hosannahs ring
Jesus, Saviour, reigneth for ever and ever:
Crown Him! crown Him! Prophet, and Priest, and King!

Christ is coming, over the world victorious,
Power and glory unto the Lord belong.

17

C.M.

WITH songs and honours sounding loud,

Address the Lord on high;
Over the heavens He spreads His cloud,
And waters veil the sky.

He sends His showers of blessings down,
To cheer the plains below;

He makes the grass the mountains crown,
And corn in valleys grow.

His steady counsels change the face
Of the declining year;

He bids the sun cut short his race,
And wintry days appear.

His hoary frost, His fleecy snow,
Descend and clothe the ground;

The liquid streams forbear to flow,
In icy fetters bound.

He sends His word and melts the snow,
The fields no longer mourn;

He calls the warmer gales to blow,
And bids the spring return.

The changing wind, the flying cloud,
Obey His mighty word:

With songs and honours sounding loud,
Praise ye the Sovereign Lord!

18

8.7.

BRIGHTLY beams our Father's mercy

From His lighthouse evermore;

But to us He gives the keeping
Of the lights along the shore.

Let the lower lights be burning!

Send a gleam across the wave!

Some poor fainting, struggling seaman
You may rescue, you may save.

Dark the night of sin has settled,

Loud the angry billows roar;

Eager eyes are watching, longing,
For the lights along the shore.

Trim your feeble lamp, my brother;

Some poor seaman, tempest tost,

Trying now to make the harbour,
In the darkness *may be lost*.

19

REVIVE Thy work, O Lord!

Thy mighty arm make bare;

Speak with the voice that wakes the dead,
And make Thy people hear.

Revive! . . . Revive! . . .

And give refreshing showers;

The glory shall be all Thine own

The blessing shall be ours.

Revive Thy work, O Lord!

Disturb this sleep of death;

Quicken the smould'ring embers now
By Thine Almighty breath.

Revive Thy work, O Lord!

Create soul-thirst for Thee;

And hung'ring for the bread of life,
Oh, may our spirits be.

Revive Thy work, O Lord!

Exalt Thy precious name;

And by the Holy Ghost our love
For Thee and Thine inflame.

20

P.M.

BE our joyful song to-day,

Jesus! only Jesus!

He who took our sins away,

Jesus! only Jesus!

Name with every blessing rife,

Be our joy and hope through life,

Be our strength in every strife,

Jesus! only Jesus!

Once we wandered far from God,
 Knowing not of Jesus,
 Treading still the downward road,
 Leading far from Jesus;
 Till the Spirit taught us how
 'Neath the Saviour's yoke to bow,
 And we fain would follow now,
 Jesus! only Jesus!

Be our trust through years to come,
 Jesus! only Jesus!
 Password to the heavenly home,
 Jesus! only Jesus!
 When from sin and sorrow free,
 On through all eternity,
 This our theme and song shall be,
 Jesus! only Jesus!

21

BLESSED be God, our God!
 Who gave for us His well-belovèd Son,
 His gift of gifts, all other gifts in one.
 Blessèd be God, our God!

He spared not His Son!
 'Tis this that silences each rising fear,
 'Tis this that bids the hard thought disappear,
 He spared not His Son!

Who shall condemn us now? (above,
 Since Christ has died, and risen, and gone
 For us to plead at the right hand of love,
 Who shall condemn us now?

'Tis God that justifies!
 Who shall recall the pardon or the grace,
 Or who the broken chain of guilt replace?
 'Tis God that justifies!

The victory is ours!
 For us in might came forth the Mighty One,
 For us He fought the fight, the triumph won;
 The victory is ours!

22

L.M.

SEE mercy, mercy from on high,
 Descend to rebels doomed to die;
 'Tis mercy free which knows no bound,
 How sweet, how blessèd is the sound!
 Soon as the reign of sin began,
 The light of mercy dawned on man,
 When God announced the early news,
 'The woman's seed thy head shall bruise.'

Brightly it beamed on men forlorn,
 When Christ, the holy Child, was born;
 And brighter still in splendour shone,
 When Jesus, dying, said, 'Tis done!'

It triumphed when from Death he rose,
 And broke the power of all His foes,
 Then captive led captivity,
 And took for us His seat on high.

23

S.M.

"All things are ready"—Come,
 Come to the supper spread;
 Come rich and poor, come old and young,
 Come, and be richly fed,

"All things are ready"—Come;
 The invitation's given
 Through Him who now in glory sits
 At God's right hand in heaven.

"All things are ready"—Come,
 The door is open wide;
 Oh, feast upon the love of God,
 For Christ, His Son, has died!

"All things are ready"—Come,
 All hindrance is removed;
 And God, in Christ, His precious love
 To fallen man has proved.

"All things are ready"—Come,
 To-morrow may not be;
 O sinner, come, the Saviour waits
 This hour to welcome thee.

24

C.M.D.

COME to the Ark, come to the Ark,
 To Jesus come away!
 E'en now the clouds are looking dark,
 Near is God's vengeful day.

O haste! O haste! make no delay!
 At once to Jesus come
 Remember, now's the accepted day,
 O enter while there's room.

Come to the Ark, the waters rise,
 The seas their billows rear;
 While darkness gathers o'er the skies,
 Behold a refuge near!

Come to the Ark, all, all that weep
 Beneath the sense of sin;
 Without deep calleth unto deep,
 But all is peace within.

Come to the Ark, ere yet the flood
 Your ling'ring steps oppose;
 Come, for the door which open stood,
 Is now about to close.

25

L.M.

DEEP are the wounds which sin hath made
 Where shall the sinner find a cure?

In vain, alas! is nature's aid;
The work exceeds all nature's power.
Sin, like a raging fever, reigns
With fatal strength in every part!
The dire contagion fills the veins,
And spreads its poison to the heart.

And can no sovereign balm be found?
And is no kind Physician nigh,
To ease the pain, and heal the wound,
Ere life and hope for ever fly?

There is a great Physician near!
Look up, O fainting soul, and live!
See, in His heavenly smiles, appear
Such health as nature cannot give!

See, in the Saviour's precious blood,
Life, health, and peace abundant flow!
'Tis only this dear sacred flood
Can ease thy pain, and heal thy woe.

26

8.7.4.

Come, ye sinners, poor and wretched,
Weak and wounded, sick and sore,
Jesus ready stands to save you,
Full of pity joined with power,
He is able,
He is willing; doubt no more.

Ho! ye needy, come and welcome;
God's free bounty glorify;
True belief, and true repentance,
Every grace that brings us nigh;
Without money,

Come to Jesus Christ and buy.

Let not conscience make you linger,
Nor of fitness fondly dream;
All the fitness He requireth
Is to know your need of Him.

This He gives you;
'Tis the Spirit's rising beam.

Come, ye weary, heavy laden,
Lost and ruined by the Fall;
If you tarry till you're better,
You will never come at all.

Not the righteous—
Sinners, Jesus came to call.

Agonizing in the garden:

Lo; your Maker prostrate lies,
On the bloody tree behold Him!
Hear Him cry before He dies.

"It is finished!"

Sinner, will not this suffice?

Lo! th' Incarnate God, ascended,
Pleads the merit of His blood,

Venture on Him, venture wholly,
Let no other trust intrude.
None but Jesus
Can do helpless sinners good.

27

P.M.

Oh, come to Jesus now,
Jesus is here!
Before Him lowly bow,
Jesus is here!

Too many go away,
Too many still delay,
Though Jesus bids them stay—
Jesus is here!

Come then, to Jesus now,
Jesus is here!
And low before Him bow,
Jesus is here!

Oh, ye that feel your sin,
And coming long have been,
Now find your rest in Him—
Jesus is here

Come, come to Jesus now;
Jesus is here
Old, young, together bow;
Jesus is here

Oh, what a glorious thing,
Sin's weary load to bring,
And lose it while we sing,
Jesus is here

28

P.M.

"This man receiveth sinners:"

"This man,"—and who was He?
Beneath a servant's humble form,
"GOD MANIFEST" we see.

"This man receiveth sinners:"

My soul, put in thy claim;
For surely thou must own that this
Alone can be thy name.

"This man receiveth sinners:"

Sweet thought for such as me!
For then He will not cast me out
All filthy though I be.

"This man receiveth sinners:"

Yea, bids them freely come;
He meets the guilty prodigal,
And safely guides him home.

"This man receiveth sinners:"

The saints in heaven above
Shall own that they are sinners saved
By free, forgiving love.

29

How lost was our condition,
Till Jesus made us whole!
There is but one Physician
Can cure a sin sick soul.
In sin and death He found us,
He snatched us from the grave,
To tell to all around us,
His wondrous power to save.

A dying, risen Jesus,
Seen by the eye of faith,
At once from anguish frees us,
And saves the soul from death.
How gracious this Physician!
His help He'll freely give;
He makes no hard condition;
'Tis only - Look and Live.

30

SOME one will enter the pearly gate
By-and-by, by-and-by;
Taste of the glories that there await:
Shall you? shall I? Shall you? shall I?
Some one will travel the street of gold,
Beautiful visions will there behold,
Feast on the pleasures so long foretold:
Shall you? shall I? Shall you? shall I?

Some one at last will his cross lay down
By-and-by, by-and-by;
Faithful, approved, shall receive a crown:
Shall you? shall I? Shall you? shall I?
Some one the glorious King will see,
Ever from sorrow of earth be free,
Happy with Him through eternity:
Shall you? shall I? Shall you? shall I?

Some one will knock when the door is shut—
By-and-by, by-and-by;
Hear a voice saying, "I know you not";
Shall you? shall I? Shall you? shall I?
Some one will call and shall not be heard,
Vainly will strive when the door is barred,
Some one will fail of the saint's reward:
Shall you? shall I? Shall you? shall I?

Some one will sing the triumphant song
By-and-by, by-and-by;
Join in the praise with the blood-bought throng:
Shall you? shall I? Shall you? shall I?
Some one will greet on the golden shore
Loved ones of earth who have gone before,
Safe in the glory for evermore:
Shall you? shall I? Shall you? shall I?

7.6.D.

P.M.

31

WHEN Jesus was dwelling on earth a Man
of sorrows,
For fallen, sinful men, in grace and mercy to
die,

He listened to the sinner's plea,
And gave this invitation free—
"Come, all that labour, and I will give you rest."
Now seated in glory, His work of sufl'ring
over,
His loving heart is still the same, as when He
came to die;

He still says 'Sinners come to me,
And I from sin will set you free.
"Come, all that labour, and I will give you rest."
O listen, poor sinner, 'tis Jesus speaks in
mercy,
Turn not away from love like this, for why
wilt thou die?

O listen to His loving voice,
'Twill make thy troubled heart rejoice—
"Come, all that labour, and I will give you rest."
A bright home in glory, the Saviour is pre-
paring,
For all who trust His precious blood to wash
away their sins;
Believe, and make this home your own,
Trust now in Christ, and Him alone—
"Come, all that labour, and I will give you rest."

32

JESUS CHRIST, at God's right hand,
Calls us to the happy land,
There to join the glorious band
In yon bright realm of light.

Oh! how blessed to be there—
Traversing those regions fair!
Heavenly glory then to share,
And walk with Him in white.

Happy those who are travelling there,
Soon they'll see those regions fair;
Crowns of righteousness they'll wear
In yon bright realm of light.

All shall reach the peaceful shore
Who are taught of God before,
And shall praise Him evermore
In yon bright realm of light.

They shall know as they are known,
Sit with Christ upon His throne;
Glory be to God alone,
Sing all the sons of light.

P.M.

Soon the trump shall bid them rise,
Take possession of the prize;
Welcome, welcome to the skies
Are all the sons of light.

33

C.M.

TEN thousand thousand souls there are,
Entered within the door;
These countless souls are gathered in,
And yet there's room for more.
Room for the lame, the halt, the blind;
Sinner, there's room for thee!
'Twas Christ made room for such poor souls,
By dying on the tree.
Room in the Saviour's loving heart,
For all the Father gave;
He bore their sins, their curse, their guilt,
That He might freely save.
Room for the chief of sinners still,
Though plagued with unbelief;
That precious Christ can save thy soul,
Who saved the dying thief.
There's room for seeking, sighing souls,
Who seek their fears to quell;
Who know that Christ, and Christ alone,
Can save a soul from hell.

34

8.7.4.

DEPTHS of death my Saviour suffered,
Deepest deep-soul agony;
God's own spotless Lamb was offered,
Willing substitute for me.
Precious Saviour,
Love has drawn my heart to Thee.
When in helplessness I wandered,
Lost and dead in sin and shame,
Life and health and substance squandered,
None to save till Jesus came.
Precious Jesus.
Oh! that all could learn Thy name.
Name of power Divine is Jesus,
Friend of sinners, such as me;
Blood of Christ alone releases,
Powerless every other plea.
Precious Saviour.
Ransom'd souls rejoice in Thee.
Now Thy resurrection glory
Teach us, Lord, to comprehend,
Where bright millions tell the story
Of the sinners dying Friend,
Precious Saviour.
Praise Thy name world without end.

35

S.M.

WHAT can the sinner do?
Where can the sinner fly?
Eternal wrath hangs o'er his head
And judgment lingers nigh.
For God must visit sin
With His displeasure sore;
For He is holy, just and true,
And righteous evermore.
Yet Jesus died for sin—
Upon the cross He died;
God's righteousness was there displayed,
And Justice satisfied.
This only can He do—
Believe in Christ and live;
Fly to the shelter of His blood,
Who only life can give.
The life he gives to those
Who trust Him, ne'er shall end;
Who make Him now, by simple faith,
Their Saviour and their Friend.

36

S.M.

How vast, how full, how free,
The mercy of our God!
Proclaim the blessed news around,
And spread it all abroad.
How vast! "Whoever will"
May drink at mercy's stream,
And know that faith in Jesus brings
Salvation e'en for him.
How full! It doth remove
The stain of every sin,
And leaves the soul as white and pure
As though no sin had been.
How free! It asks no price,
For God delights to give;
It only says—a simple thing—
"Believe in Christ and live."
Poor trembling sinner "Come,"
God waits to comfort thee;
Oh! cast thyself upon His love,
So vast, so full, so free.

37

P.M.

KNOCKING ' knocking! who is there?
Waiting, waiting, oh, how fair!
'Tis a Pilgrim, strange and kingly,
Never such was seen before;
Ah, my soul, for such a wonder
Wilt thou not undo the door?

Knocking! knocking! still He's there!
 Waiting, waiting, wondrous fair:
 But the door is hard to open,
 For the weeds and ivy-vine,
 With their dark and clinging tendrils,
 Ever round the hinges twine.

Knocking! knocking!—what, still there!
 Waiting, waiting, grand and fair!
 Yes, the pierced hand still knocketh,
 And beneath the crowned hair
 Beam the patient eyes, so tender,
 Of thy Saviour waiting there.

38

11's.

There's a refuge in God for the sin-burden'd soul,

In the peace-giving fountain, whose streams
 make us whole;

There's a refuge in Jesus, the sinner's rich
 Friend,

Who pardons, and cleanses, and keeps to the
 end.

There's a refuge in God for the care-burden'd
 heart,

That turns in its sorrow from others apart;

There's a refuge in Jesus, whose love and
 whose power

Can take off the load in the heaviest hour.

Then faint not, and fear not; His presence is
 nigh,

His arm shall protect thee, His fulness supply;

O trust His assurance, cast on Him thy load;

O come to thy rest, to thy refuge in God!

39

Look to Jesus, weary one,

Look and live, look and live!

Look at what the Lord has done,

Look and live!

See Him lifted on the tree,

Look and live! look and live!

Hear Him say, "Look unto Me."

Look and live!

Look! the Lord is lifted high; look to Him,
 He's ever nigh;

Look and live! why will ye die? look and
 live.

Though unworthy, vile, unclean,

Look and live! look and live!

Look away from self and sin,

Look and live!

Long by Satan's power enslaved
 Look and live! look and live!
 Look to Me, ye shall be saved,
 Look and live!

Though you've wandered far away,
 Look and live! look and live!

Harden not your hearts to-day,

Look and live!

'Tis the Saviour calls thee home,

Look and live! look and live!

Whosoever will may come.

Look and live!

40

P.M.

ARE your souls the Saviour seeking?

Peace, peace—be still;

'Tis the Lord Himself is speaking,

Peace, peace—be still.

For before the world's foundation,

God secured a full salvation,

Happy people—chosen nation!

Peace, peace—be still.

'Tis the blood of Christ hath spoken

Peace, peace—be still;

The destroyer sees the token!

Peace, peace—be still.

On God's Word we boldly venture,

All our hopes in Jesus centre,

Into rest our souls can enter,

Peace, peace—be still.

Great the calm the Saviour spreadeth,

Peace, peace—be still;

Whoso'er your spirit dreadeth,

Peace, peace—be still.

Though with mighty foes engaging,

War with sin and Satan waging,

Storms of trial fiercely raging,

Peace, peace—be still.

Jesus walks upon the ocean,

Peace, peace—be still;

He shall hush its loud commotion,

Peace, peace—be still.

Soon shall end the days of sighing,

Pain and sorrow, death and crying,

Till that hour on God relying,

Peace, peace—be still.

41

L.M.

How sweet to know the Saviour's peace,

And all its fulness comprehend,

Which still remains untouched, unhurt,

Though earth's deep woes thy heart may
 rend!

A peace which fills the soul with calm,
When all around is dark and drear;
Which lightens life's distressing toils,
And sweetly soothes each care and fear!

A peace no mortal can bestow,
No mortal hand can take away;
Which will thy pillow smooth by night,
And keep thee tranquil all the day!

Oh! if such peace thou would'st possess,
Hearken to thy Redeemer's voice,
Come unto Him—He'll *give* thee rest,
And bid thy inmost heart rejoice!

42

8.8.8.6

Jesus, my Lord, to Thee I cry
Unless Thou save me, I must die;
Thy free salvation is brought nigh,
And take me as I am!

And take me as I am!

And take me as I am!

My only plea—Christ died for me!
Oh, take me as I am!

Helpless I am, and full of guilt;
But yet for me Thy blood was spilt,
And Thou canst make me what Thou wilt,
And take me as I am!

No preparation can I make,
My best resolves I only break,
Yet save me for Thine own name's sake,
And take me as I am!

Behold me Saviour, at Thy feet;
Deal with me as Thou seest meet;
Thy work begin. Thy work complete,
But take me as I am!

43

Christ "could not be hid," for the sinner would
haste

Behind Him to weep at the Pharisee's feast,
To wipe with her hair, when she'd washed
with her tears,

His feet who had loved her and silenced her
fears.

Christ "could not be hid," for the blind and
the lame

His love and His power would together pro-
claim.

The dumb would speak out, and the deaf
would recall

The name of that Jesus who healed them all.

Christ "could not be hid," for around Him
would press

The children of sorrow, of pain, and distress;
And faith by the hem of His garment, would
prove

What virtue there issued from Him who is
Love.

Christ "could not be hid," for the widow of
Nain

Would point to the son, now restored her
again;

Would say 'twas His love, His compassion
and grace,

Gave back that lost son to a mother's em-
brace.

Christ "could not be hid," for the multitude fed
Would tell 'twas His bounty procured for
them bread;

No hand could have multiplied thus thou-
sandfold,

But His who provided the manna of old.

Christ "could not be hid," for hark, hark to
that shout,

"Hosanna! hosanna!" the children cry out;
And oh, blessed for us, though some would
have chid,

That Jesus the Saviour can never be hid.

44

L.M.

Not to condemn the sons of men
Did Christ, the Son of God appear;
No weapons in His hands are seen,
No flaming sword nor thunder there.

Such was the pity of our God,
He loved the race of man so well,
He sent His Son to bear our load
Of sin, and save our souls from hell.

Sinner, believe the Saviour's word,
Trust in His mighty name, and live;
A thousand joys His lips afford,
His hands a thousand blessings give.

45

8.7.

The great Physician now is near,
The sympathising Jesus;
He speaks the drooping heart to cheer;
Oh hear the voice of Jesus!

Sweetest note in seraph song,
Sweetest name on mortal tongue,
Sweetest carol ever sung:
Jesus! blessed Jesus!

Your many sins are "all forgiven;"

Oh, hear the voice of Jesus!

Go on your way in peace to heaven,
And wear a crown with Jesus.

All glory to the risen Lamb!

I now believe in Jesus:

I love the blessed Saviour's name,

I love the name of Jesus.

His name dispels my guilt and fear,

No other name but Jesus!

Oh, how my soul delights to hear

The precious name of Jesus!

46

8.7.4.

Go and search the tomb of Jesus,

Where the Lord of glory lay;

Jesus is not there but risen,

And hath borne our sins away.

It is finished!

Jesus led captivity.

Could not all our guilt detain Him,

Prisoned in the guarded cave?

No! He conquered death in dying,

By His cross He spoiled the grave,

Lo! He's risen!

Yes, the Lord is risen indeed.

47

There is a Name—one only Name,

On which the soul can rest;

The pardon'd sinner owns its claim,

And is for ever blest.

A history full of wondrous love

That sacred Name unfolds,

And still that sacrifice of blood,

The Father's eye beholds.

There is a Name, the sweetest Name,

Let us in this draw nigh!

The veil is rent, the way is made

To God beyond the sky.

There is a Name—it is our plea

Before the Father's throne;

Of all His treasures, 'tis the key

Which makes them all our own.

No burning mount, no thunder's roar,

Shall scare a soul away;

No foe can shut that open door,

Since Jesus is the way.

O plead His Name, His precious Name,

With boldness at the throne;

When all He has, and all we need,

Will surely be our own.

48

888.6.

Just as thou art—without one trace

Of love, or joy, or inward grace.

Or meetness for the heavenly place—

O *guilty* sinner, come!

Burdened with guilt, wouldst thou be
blest?

Trust not the world; it gives no rest:

Christ brings relief to hearts oppress—

O *wear*y sinner, come!

Come leave thy burden at the cross;

Count all thy gains but empty dross:

His grace o'er pays all earthly loss—

O *needy* sinner, come!

Come, hither bring thy boding fears,

Thy aching heart, thy bursting tears:

'Tis mercy's voice salutes thine ears;

O *trembling* sinner, come;

"The Spirit and the bride say, Come;"

Rejoicing saints re-echo, Come: [come:

Who faints, who thirsts, who will, may

The Saviour bids thee, Come!

49

O turn ye, O turn ye, for why will ye die,
When God in great mercy is coming so nigh?
Now Jesus invites you, the Spirit says come,
The Father is waiting to welcome you home.

How vain the delusion, that while you delay,
Your hearts may grow better by staying away;
Come wretched, come starving, come happy
to be,

While streams of salvation are flowing so free.

And now Christ is ready your souls to receive,
And pardon you freely, if you will believe;
If sin is your burden, why will ye not come?
'Tis you He bids welcome; He bids you
come home.

Oh, how can we leave you; why will ye not
come?

'Tis Jesus entreats you, He bids you come
home;

Oh, turn ye! oh, turn ye! for why will ye die,
When God in great mercy is coming so nigh?

50

C.M.

How condescending and how kind

Was God's eternal Son!

Our misery reached His heavenly mind,

And pity brought Him down.

When Justice, by our sins provoked,
Drew forth its dreadful sword,
He gave His soul up to the stroke,
Without a murmuring word.

He sunk beneath our heavy woes,
To raise us to His throne;
There's ne'er a gift His hand bestows,
But cost His heart a groan.

This was compassion like a God,
That when the Saviour knew
The price of pardon was His blood,
His pity ne'er withdrew.

Now, though He reigns exalted high,
His love is still as great;
Well He remembers Calvary,
Nor let my soul forget.

51

ALAS! and did my Saviour bleed?
And did my Sovereign die?
Would He devote that sacred head
For such a worm as I?

Was it for crimes that I had done
He groaned upon the tree?
Amazing pity! grace unknown!
And love beyond degree!

Well might the sun in darkness hide,
And shut his glories in,
When He, the mighty Maker, died
For man, the creatures sin.

Thus might I hide my blushing face,
While His dear cross appears:
Dissolve, my heart in thankfulness,
And melt, my eyes, to tears.

But drops of grief can ne'er repay
The debt of love I owe;
Here, Lord, I'd give myself away---
'Tis all that I can do.

52

BEHOLD the Lamb whose precious blood
Poured from His opened veins,
Had power to make our peace with God,
And cleanse our deepest stains.

The dying thief beheld that Lamb
Expiring by His side,
And proved the value of the name
Of Jesus crucified!

We, too, the cleansing power have known
Of the atoning blood:

By grace have learnt His name to own,
Which brings us nigh to God.

To Him, then, let our songs ascend,
Who stooped in grace so low;
To Christ, the Lamb, the sinner's Friend,
Let ceaseless praises flow!

53

P.M.

Look to the Saviour on Calvary's tree—
See how He suffered for you and me;
Hark, while He lovingly calls to thee,
"Look and thou shalt live!"

Look, and thou shalt live!
Look, and thou shalt live!
Look to the Cross where He died for thee
Look, and thou shalt live!

Hast thou a sin-burdened soul to save?
Life everlasting wouldst thou have?
Jesus Himself a ransom gave;
Look, and thou shalt live!

Look to the Saviour who rose from the tomb;
Haste now to Him, while there yet is room;
His shining face will dispel thy gloom;
Look, and thou shalt live!

Jesus on high lives to intercede,
He knows the weary sinner's need;
Surely thy footsteps He will lead:
Look, and thou shalt live!

54

S.M.

Behold the amazing sight!
The Saviour lifted high;
Behold the Son of God's delight,
Expire in agony.

For whom, for whom, my heart,
Were all those sorrows borne?
Why did He feel that piercing smart,
And wear that crown of thorns?

For love of us He bled,
And all in torture died;
'Twas love that bowed His fainting head,
And ope'd His gushing side.

I see, and I adore
In sympathy of love;
I feel the strong attractive power
To lift my soul above.

In Thee our hearts unite,
Nor share Thy griefs alone,
But from Thy cross pursue their flight
To Thy triumphant throne.

55

8.7.

"STRICKEN, smitten, and afflicted,"
See Him dying on the tree!

'Tis the Christ by man rejected;
 Yes, my soul, 'tis He! 'tis He!
 Mark the sacrifice appointed,
 See who bears the awful load!
 'Tis the Word, the Lord's Anointed,
 Son of man, and Son of God!
 Here we have a firm foundation;
 Here the refuge of the lost!
 Christ's the rock of our salvation;
 His the name of which we boast!
 Lamb of God, for sinners wounded!
 Sacrifice to cancel guilt!
 None shall ever be confounded,
 Who on Thee their hope have built.

56

7.6.1.

CHRIST on the cross uplifted,
 Why hangs He bleeding there?
 The Christ of matchless beauty,
 Than the sons of men more fair.
 The Christ of love unwearied;
 Why nail Him to a tree?
 'Tis God hath smote the Shepherd,
 That the sheep might all go free.
 Christ on the cross uplifted,
 O'er whom God's waves did roll,
 Bleeds the rich balm of blessing,
 To cure my wounded soul.
 I am healed by His bruises,
 Fruit of the shameful tree;
 For God hath smote the Shepherd,
 That the sheep might all go free.
 Christ on the cross uplifted,
 My links with the world were broke
 When the burnished sword of justice,
 From its scabbard bright awoke.
 The world with its glittering treasures,
 Hath no longer charms for me;
 Since Thou wast bruised and smitten,
 That the sheep might all go free.
 Christ on the throne uplifted,
 The theme of heaven's songs,
 Well-spring of joys eternal,
 To Thee all praise belongs.
 O gracious, loving Shepherd,
 Our hearts are knit to Thee,
 For Thou wast bruised and smitten,
 That the sheep might all go free.

57

P.M.

BLESSED be the Fountain of Blood,
 To a world of sinners revealed;
 Blessed be the dear Son of God:
 Only by His stripes we are healed.

Though I've wandered far from His fold,
 Bringing to my heart pain and woe,
 Wash me in the Blood of the Lamb,
 And I shall be whiter than snow!
 Whi . . . ter than the snow, . . .
 Whi . . . ter than the snow, . . .
 Wash me in the Blood of the Lamb, . . .
 And I shall be whiter than snow! . . .

Thorny was the crown that He wore,
 And the cross His body o'ercame;
 Grievous were the sorrows He bore,
 But He suffered not thus in vain.
 May I to that Fountain be led,
 Made to cleanse my sins here below;
 Wash me in the Blood that He shed,
 And I shall be whiter than snow!
 Father, I have wandered from Thee,
 Often has my heart gone astray;
 Crimson do my sins seem to me—
 Water cannot wash them away.
 Saviour, to that Fountain of Thine,
 Leaning on Thy promises I go!
 Cleanse me by Thy washing divine,
 And I shall be whiter than snow!

58

8.7a.

NOTHING but Thy blood, O Jesus!
 Can relieve the sinner's smart;
 Nothing else from guilt release us,
 Nothing else can melt the heart,
 Law and terrors do but harden,
 All the while they work alone;
 But a sense of blood-bought pardon,
 Soon dissolves a heart of stone.
 Jesus! every consolation,
 Flows from Thee, the Sovereign good!
 Love, and faith, and true repentance,
 All are purchas'd by Thy blood.
 From Thy fulness we receive them;
 We have nothing of our own;
 Freely Thou delight'st to give them
 To the needy, who have none.

59

7.8.

WHAT can wash away my stain?
 Nothing but the blood of Jesus!
 What can make me whole again?
 Nothing but the blood of Jesus!
 Oh, precious is the flow,
 That makes me white as snow;
 No other fount I know,
 Nothing but the blood of Jesus!

For my cleansing this I see—
 Nothing but the blood of Jesus!
 For my pardon this my plea—
 Nothing but the blood of Jesus!

Nothing can for sin atone—
 Nothing but the blood of Jesus!
 Nought of good that I have done—
 Nothing but the blood of Jesus!
 This is all my hope and peace—
 Nothing but the blood of Jesus!
 This is all my righteousness—
 Nothing but the blood of Jesus!

60

My hope is built on nothing less
 Than Jesus' blood and righteousness;
 I dare not trust the sweetest frame,
 But wholly lean on Jesus' name.

L.M.

On Christ the solid Rock, I stand,
 All other ground is sinking sand.

When darkness hides His lovely face,
 I rest on His unchanging grace;
 In every high and stormy gale,
 My anchor holds within the veil.

His oath, His covenant, His blood,
 Support me in the 'whelming flood;
 When all around my soul gives way,
 He then is all my hope and stay.

When He shall come with trumpet sound,
 Oh, I shall then in Him be found,
 Clothed in His righteousness alone,
 Faultless to stand before the throne!

61

WEeping will not save me!
 Though my face were bathed in tears,
 That could not allay my fears,
 Could not wash the sins of years:
 Weeping will not save me!

Jesus came and died for me,
 Jesus suffered on the tree;
 Jesus waits to make me free:
 He alone can save me!

Working will not save me!
 Purest deeds that I can do,
 Holiest thoughts and feelings too,
 Cannot form my soul anew:

Working will not save me!

Waiting will not save me!
 Helpless, guilty, lost, I lie;
 In my ear is Mercy's cry;

If I wait I can but die;
 Waiting will not save me!
 Faith in Christ will save me!
 Let me trust Thy blessed Son,
 Trust the work that He has done;
 To His arms Lord help me run:
 Faith in Christ will save me!

62

8-7.

THROUGH my hand no nail is driven,
 On my brow no thorns are worn,
 In my side there is no spear-wound—
 Jesus all my sins hath borne.

His the nails relentless driven,
 Mine the peace by Him procured;
 For this soul with sin so burdened,
 Freed in mercy—love allured.

His the crown of thorns sharp-piercing,
 Mine the peace for aye to last;
 Mine the crown of fadeless glory
 At His blessed feet to cast.

His the spear His dear side wounding,
 Mine the peace with God thus made,
 Sinless He—and yet sin-bearing—
 All our sins on Him were laid.

'Neath Thy cross I stand and worship,
 Suffering man, yet conquering God!
 Resting on Thy death-atonement,
 Weary, I lay down my load.

Cease, my soul, thy restless striving;
 Christ's atoning work is done;
 Seek to run the race with patience,
 At the Cross in faith begun.

63

P.M.

WHO, who are these beside the chilly wave,
 Just on the borders of the silent grave,
 Shouting Jesus' power to save,
 "Washed in the blood of the Lamb?"

"Sweeping through the gates" of the
 New Jerusalem.
 "Washed in the blood of the Lamb."

These, these are they who, in their youthful
 days,
 Found Jesus early, and in wisdom's ways
 Proved the fulness of His grace,
 "Washed in the blood of the Lamb."

These, these are they who, in affliction's woes,
 Ever have found in Jesus calm repose,
 Such as from a pure heart flows,
 "Washed in the blood of the Lamb."

These, these are they who, in the conflict dire,
 Boldly have stood amid the hottest fire:
 Jesus now says, "Come up higher!"
 "Washed in the blood of the Lamb."

Safe, safe upon the ever-shining shore,
 Sin, pain, and death, and sorrow, all are o'er
 Happy now and evermore.
 "Washed in the blood of the Lamb."

64

P.M.

I HEAR the Saviour say,
 "Thy strength indeed is small:
 Child of weakness, watch and pray,
 Find in Me thine all in all."

Jesus paid it all—All to Him I owe;
 Sin had left a crimson stain; He washed it
 white as snow.

Lord, now indeed I find
 Thy blood, and Thine alone,
 Can change the lepers spots.
 And melt the heart of stone.

For nothing good have I
 Whereby Thy grace to claim:
 I'll wash my garments white
 In the blood of Calvary's Lamb.

When from this passing world,
 My ransomed soul shall rise,
 Then, "Jesus paid it all!"
 Shall rend the vaulted skies.

And when before the throne
 I stand in Him complete.
 I'll lay my trophies down,
 All down at Jesus' feet.

65

C.M.

SALVATION! O the joyful sound!
 What pleasure to our ears!
 A sovereign balm for every wound,
 A cordial for our fears.

Glory, honour, praise, and power,
 Be unto the Lamb for ever!
 Jesus Christ is our Redeemer,
 Hallelujah! praise ye the Lord!

Salvation! O ascended Lamb,
 To Thee the praise belongs!
 Salvation shall inspire our hearts,
 And dwell upon our tongues.

66

8.7.4.

COME, ye souls by sin afflicted,
 Bowed with fruitless sorrows down,
 By the broken law convicted,

Through the cross behold the crown!
 Look to Jesus!
 Mercy flows through Him alone.

Blessed are the eyes that see Him,
 Blest the ears that hear His voice;
 Blessed are the souls that trust Him,
 And in Him alone rejoice;
 His commandment
 Then becomes their happy choice.

Like an easy yoke they wear it;
 Love doth make obedience sweet;
 Christ doth give them strength to bear it,
 While His wisdom guides their feet
 Safe to glory,
 Where His ransomed captives meet.

67

8.7.

JESUS! on the cross behold Him!
 Jesus dies on Calvary!
 Sins they are, not nails, which hold Him;
 Sinner, there He dies *for thee!*

Mighty now in resurrection,
 Clothed with immortality,
 See Him, sinner! blest perfection
 Of a boundless love *for thee!*

With unutterable glory
 Crowned to all eternity,
 He whose brow with thorns was gory,
 Sinner, lo! He pleads *with thee!*

Infinite is His affection:
 How canst thou resist His plea?
 Force Him not by cold rejection,
 Sinner, to depart *from thee.*

[Lest, when self-condemned before Him,
 Trembling thou shalt bend the knee,
 He should say, with worlds to hear Him,
 'Sinner, now depart *from me!*']

68

P.M.

BENEATH the Cross of Jesus
 I fain would take my stand—
 The shadow of a mighty Rock
 Within a weary land
 A home within the wilderness,
 A rest upon the way,
 From the burning of the noontide heat,
 And the burden of the day.

O safe and happy shelter!
 O refuge tried and sweet!
 O trying-place, where heaven's love
 And heaven's justice meet!

As to the holy patriarch
That wondrous dream was given,
So seems my Saviour's cross to me
A ladder up to heaven.

There lies beneath its shadow,
But on the farther side,
The darkness of an awful grave
That gapes both deep and wide;
And there between us stands the Cross,
Two arms outstretched to save,
Like a watchman set to guard the way
From that eternal grave.

I take, O Cross, thy shadow
For my abiding place;
I ask no other sunshine than
The sunshine of His face;
Content to let the world go by,
To know no gain nor loss—
My sinful self my only shame,
My glory all the Cross.

69

L.M.

THE Cross! the Cross! Oh, that's our gain,
Because on that the Lamb was slain;
'Twas there our Lord was crucified,
'Twas there our Saviour for us died.
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.

The cause was love. We sink with shame
Before our sacred Jesus' name,
That He could bleed and suffer thus
Because—because He loved us.

70

G.G.B.

Finished, the work that saves!
Once and for ever done;
Finished the righteousness
That clothes the unrighteous one.
The love that blesses us below
Is flowing freely to us now.

The sacrifice is o'er,
The veil is rent in twain,
The mercy-seat is red
With blood of victim slain.
Why stand we then without, in fear?
The blood of Christ invites us near.

The gate is open wide;
The new and living way
Is clear, and free, and bright
With love, and peace, and day.

Into the holiest now we come,
Our present and our endless home.

Upon the mercy-seat,
The High Priest sits within,
The blood is sprinkled there,
Which makes and keeps us clean.
With boldness let us now draw near,
That blood has banished every fear.

71

8.7.4.

"IT IS FINISHED!" sinners, hear it,
'Tis the dying Victor's cry;
"IT IS FINISHED!" angels, bear it,
Bear the joyful truth on high:
"IT IS FINISHED!"
Tell it through the earth and sky.

Hear the Lord Himself declaring
All performed He came to do;
Sinners, in yourselves despairing,
This is joyful news for you;
Jesus speaks it—
His are faithful words and true.

"IT IS FINISHED!" all is over;
Yes, the cup of wrath is drained;
Such the truth these words discover,
Thus the victory was obtained:
'Tis a victory
None but Jesus could have gained.

Crown the mighty Conqueror, crown Him
Who His people's foes o'ercame!
In the highest heaven enthrone Him,
Men and angels sound His fame!
Great His glory!
Jesus bears a matchless name.

72

11's.

How loving is Jesus, who came from the sky
In tenderest pity for sinners to die;
His hands and His feet were nailed to the tree,
And all this He suffered for sinners like me.

How gladly does Jesus free pardon impart
To all who receive Him by faith in their
heart:
No evil befalls them; their home is above,
And Jesus throws round them the arms of
His love.

How precious is Jesus to all who believe,
And out of His fulness what grace they
receive: [He guides,
When weak He supports them, when erring
And everything needful He kindly provides.

73

8.7.4.

GLORY, glory everlasting,
 Be to Him who bore the cross,
 Who redeemed our souls by tasting
 Death, the death deserved by us!
 Spread His glory,
 Who redeemed His people thus.
 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!

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!

74

P.M.

FREE from the law! oh, happy condition!
 Jesus hath bled, and there is remission!
 Cursed by the law and bruised by the fall,
 Christ hath redeemed us, once for all.
 Once for all, O sinner, receive it:
 Once for all, O brother believe it:
 Cling to the Cross, thy burden will fall,
 Christ hath redeemed us once for all.

Now are we free, there's no condemnation;
 Jesus provides a perfect salvation;
 "Come unto me!"—oh, hear His sweet call,
 Come, and He saves us once for all.

"Children of God!"—Oh, glorious calling!
 Surely His grace will keep us from falling;
 Passing from death to life at His call,
 Blessed salvation! once for all!

75

C.M.

Oh, why were bullocks, lambs and goats,
 Of old so often slain?
 Why did the altar stream with blood?
 Day after day again?

Why was remembrance made of sin,
 As each returning year
 Obligated the scape-goat to be brought
 The people's sin to bear?

Because the sinner's soul was left
 All spotted and unclean;

And showed how very little use
 These offerings had been.

Not so when Christ, the Lamb of God,
 Was to the slaughter led?
 Not so when Jesus' precious blood,
 On Calvary was shed.

And each believing soul is now
 As spotless quite as He, [through,
 God's eye may search him through and
 And not a blemish see.

His conscience clean, his heart made glad,
 His soul to God brought nigh,
 He may with childlike faith look up,
 And "Abba, Father," cry.

76

888.6.

THE wanderer no more will roam,
 The lost one to the fold hath come,
 The prodigal is welcomed home,
 O Lamb of God, in Thee!

Though clad in rags, by sin defiled,
 The Father hath embraced His child,
 And I am pardoned, reconciled,
 O Lamb of God, in Thee!

It is the Father's joy to bless;
 His love provides for me a dress,
 A robe of spotless righteousness,
 O Lamb of God, in Thee!

Now shall my famished soul be fed,
 A feast of love for me is spread!
 I feed upon the children's bread,
 O Lamb of God, in Thee!

Yea, in the fulness of His grace,
 He puts me in the children's place,
 Where I may gaze upon His face,
 O Lamb of God, in Thee!

It is Thy precious name I bear,
 It is Thy spotless robe I wear,
 Therefore the Father's love I share,
 O Lamb of God, in Thee!

And when I in Thy likeness shine,
 The glory and the praise be Thine,
 That everlasting joy is mine,
 O Lamb of God, in Thee!

77

8.7.D.

"Never perish!" words of mercy,
 Coming from the lips of One
 Who, though here a homeless stranger,
 Fills the high eternal throne.

Brightness of the Father's glory,
 God and man in one combined,
 Faithful Shepherd of the chosen,
 Safe are those to Him assigned.
"Never perish!" words of sweetness,
Dissipating every fear,
 Filling all with joy and gladness,
 Who the Shepherd's voice can hear;
 Bringing richest consolation
 To the soul fatigued, oppressed;
 Sweet refreshment to the fainting,
 And to weary spirits rest.

78

7.6.

ONE offer of salvation,
 To all the world made known;
 The only sure foundation
 Is Christ the Corner-Stone.
 No other Name is given,
 No other way is known;
 'Tis Jesus Christ, the First and Last;
 He saves, and He alone.
 The only door of heaven
 Stands open wide to-day;
 One Sacrifice is given;
 'Tis Christ, the living Way.
 My only song and story
 Is—Jesus died for me;
 My only hope for glory—
 The Cross of Calvary.

79

8.7.

Jesus *lived*—He lived for sinners,
 Outcast in the world He made;
 Lived, that in His blessed person
 God's full grace might be displayed.
 Jesus *died*—He died for sinners,
 On the cross He cried "Forgive;"
 Died, that lost and ruined rebels
 Through His precious blood might live.
 Jesus *rose*—He rose for sinners,
 Proving that the work was done;
 Sweet assurance that the Father
 Was well pleased with His Son.
 Jesus *lives*—He lives for sinners,
 High upon the Father's throne;
 Liveth, evermore to succour
 Those who make His love their own.
 Jesus *loves*—He loveth sinners,
 Loveth more than tongue can say;
 Prove Him now, accept His mercy,
 Turn not from such love away.

80

P.M.

Jesus died upon the tree,
O boundless love!
 Died to set the sinner free,
O boundless love!
 To the cross grace matchless drew Him,
 There man's sin and hatred slew Him—
 Now we have redemption through Him.
O boundless love!
 Loud and far the theme shall swell,
O boundless love!
 On it saints shall ever dwell,
O boundless love!
 Matchless theme! He died, yet liveth
 To that soul salvation giveth,
 Who in Him by grace believeth.
O boundless love!

81

C.M.

LIKE as the days of Noah were,
 So shall they also be,
 When Christ, the Son of Man, shall come,
 Whom every eye shall see.
 Before the flood, they ate, they drank,
 And married day by day;
 And knew not, till the flood was come,
 And swept them all away.
 So now men live, and buy, and sell,
 And "Peace and safety" cry,
 Not knowing, in their unbelief,
 That Christ the Lord is nigh.
 The ark, the ark, and it alone
 Was safety in the flood;
 So Jesus, and no other name,
 Saves sinners by His blood!
 All in the ark were then kept safe,
 For God had shut them in;
 So all Christ's sheep are in His hand,
 And none can pluck from Him.

82

8.7.7.

Ark of God! Love's own preparing,
 Bound for heaven's eternal shore;
 All faith's household safely bearing,
 What shall force Thy once clos'd door?
 Lost ere this our souls had been,
 Had the Lord not shut us in.
 Waters deep and dark we're crossing,
 Yet so far, by grace, we're brought—
 Though we see the billows tossing,
 Tho' there's many an anxious thought!

Shelter'd from the storm to come,
In the Ark we're going home.

Ark of God! in Thee abiding,
All-sufficient is our store,
Deep our need of God's providing,
We have wants unknown before;
Strange our life to nature's view,
Yet its joys nor small, nor few.

Ark of God! Thou still wilt hide us,
Till upon the mount we stand;
God, in Thee, has well supplied us,
From His heart, and by His hand;
And each wave that passes by,
Brings the haven yet more nigh.

83

MOURNER, wheresoe'er thou art,
At the cross there's room!
Tell the burden of thy heart,
At the cross there's room!
Tell it in thy Saviour's ear
Cast away thine every fear,
Only speak, and He will hear:
At the cross there's room!
Haste thee, wanderer, tarry not;
At the cross there's room!
Seek that consecrated spot:
At the cross there's room!
Heavy-laden, sore opprest,
Love can soothe thy troubled breast;
In the Saviour find thy rest:
At the cross there's room!
Thoughtless sinner, come to-day,
At the cross there's room!
Hark! the Bride and Spirit say,
At the cross there's room!
Now a living fountain see,
Opened there for you and me,
Rich and poor, for bond and free:
At the cross there's room!
Bless'd thought! for every one
At the cross there's room!
Love's atoning work is done;
At the cross there's room!
Streams of boundless mercy flow,
Free to all who thither go:
Oh that all the world might know
At the cross there's room!

P.M.

Wide the door of mercy stands,
Opened by the Saviour's hands;
He within it waits to give,
Endless life to all who live;
By the gracious spirit's power,
Enter it this very hour.

Almost saved; and yet to sink,
Over ruin's awful brink.
Almost saved; and yet to miss
An eternal throne of bliss?
Almost saved—yet see the door,
Open on the unreach'd shore;
Ne'er its happy threshold crossed
Almost saved: is wholly lost.

O the peril of delay!
Is not this Salvation's day?
Is not this Salvation's hour?
Christ, the Lord of love and power?
But to-morrow ne'er may be;
Sinner to thine instant knee!
Christ is ready, Christ is nigh,
Touch Him, ere He passes by.
Almost saved; what woe so great,
As to perish near the gate;
Dropping at the threshold sweet;
Never of the feast to eat.
Perishing so near the board,
Loaded by the eternal Lord;
Oh, the shame, sad soul, of this,
Near to Heaven—yet Heaven to miss!
Come, almighty Spirit, now!
Every heart to Jesus bow;
Human words are vain indeed,
'Tis Thy grace our spirits need.
Come, our wills to Christ incline,
Quicken us to things divine;
So that now each soul may be,
Wholly Christ's, and won by Thee.

85

8.8.8.8.

Why should I wait? I cannot flee
To other refuge than to Thee;
And vile and helpless though I be,
O Lord, I come to Thee!

Why should I wait? I look within,
And nothing there I see but sin;
And Thou alone canst make me clean;
O Lord, I come to Thee!

Why should I wait?—while now, to-day,
I hear Thy voice in mercy say,
"Sinner I wash thy sins away":
O Lord, I come to Thee!

7's.

84

ALMOST saved; is wholly lost!
Be the blessed threshold crossed,

Why should I wait?—I must not wait!
To-morrow's sun may be too late,
And death may seal my hapless state
O Lord, I come to Thee!

86

We speak of the mercy of God,
So boundless, so rich, and so free!
But what will it profit my soul,
Unless 'tis relied on by *me*?
We speak of salvation and love,
By the Father in Jesus made known;
But if I would live unto God,
By faith I must make it *my* own.
We speak of the Saviour's dear name,
By which God can sinners receive;
Yet still I am lost and undone,
Unless in that name *I* believe.
We speak of the blood of the Lamb,
Which frees from pollution and sin;
But its virtues by *me* must be proved,
Or I shall be ever unclean.
We speak of the glory to come,
Of the heaven so bright and so fair!
But unless *I* in Jesus believe,
I shall not, I cannot be there.

8's

87

THE door of mercy's open still,
And Jesus cries—"Whoever will,
By me may enter in:
I am the Door, and I have died,
Salvation's door to open wide,
For sinners dead in sin."

8.8.6.

Then if the door is opened wide,
And none were ever yet denied,
Who sought to enter in.
Oh! could the very weakest say,
'I'm trying hard to find the way,
But cannot get within'
Oh! no; for through this open door
Are countless numbers seen to pour,
Of sinners great and small;
And what Christ opens none can close,
Or send away the one that goes,
Obedient to the call.
Come saying, 'Lord, I'm very weak,
And could not now Thy blessing seek,
Unless Thou soughtest me;
But drawn by that inviting word,
Which I have often read and heard,
I cast myself on Thee.'

88

P.M.

THE blast of the trumpet, so loud and so shrill,
Will shortly re-echo o'er ocean and hill,
When the mighty, mighty, mighty tramp
'Come, come away,' [sounds,
O may we be ready to hail that glad day!
The earth and the waters shall yield up the
dead,
The righteous with joy will awake from their
bed.
The chorus of angels will burst from the skies,
And blend with the shouts of the saints as
they rise;
The cry of "the Bridegroom" will echo
around,
And the bride in her beauty go forth at the
sound;
Acknowledged by Jesus, confessed as His own,
Transported to glory, to sit on His throne.
O home of the holy, the happy the free,
In Jesus, thy portals are open to me!

89

P.M.

Oh, think of the home over there,
By the side of the river of light, . . .
Where the saints all immortal and fair
Are robed in their garments of white. . . .
Over there! . . . over there! . . .
Oh, think of the home over there! . . .
Over there! . . . over there, over there!
Oh, think of the home over there!

Oh, think of the friends over there,
Who before us the journey have trod, . . .
Of the songs that they breathe on the air,
In their home in the palace of God.

My Saviour is now over there, [rest; . . .
There my kindred and friends are at
Then, away from my sorrow and care,
Let me fly to the land of the blest.

I'll soon be at home over there,
For the end of my journey I see; . . .
Many dear to my heart over there
Are watching and waiting for me.

90

We're bound for the land of the pure and the
holy,
The home of the happy, the kingdom of love.

APPENDIX.

Ye wanderers from God in the broad road of
folly

Oh! say, will you go to the Eden above?

Will you go? oh say, will you go to
the Eden above?

In that blessed land neither sighing nor anguish
Can breathe in the fields where the glorified
rove,

Ye heart-burdened ones who in misery
languish,

Oh say, will you go to the Eden above?

No poverty there, no, the saints are all
wealthy,

The heirs of His glory whose nature is love;
No sickness can reach them, that country is
healthy,

Oh say, will you go to that Eden above.

March on happy pilgrims, the land is before
you,

And soon its ten thousand delights we shall
prove;

Yes, soon we shall walk o'er the hills of bright
glory,

And drink the pure joys of the Eden above.

We will go, oh yes, we will go to
the Eden above.

91

S.M.

ENQUIRE, my soul, enquire!

What doth the watchman say?

Is the one object of desire
Upon the way?

What doth the watchman say,
Whose cry the slumberer wakes?

"The night hath nearly passed away
The morning breaks."

'The night is coming, too!

A night of speechless woe:
But there shall be no night to you
Who Jesus know.

'Come *whosoever will*,
E're God's right hand He leaves:
He waits till He His bosom fill
With all His sheaves.

'God speaks—shall we be dumb?
Watch that your lamps may burn:
Come, all ye weary wanderers, come.
Return, return.'

Take up the watchman's word:
Repeat the midnight cry:
Prepare to meet your coming Lord;
The time draws nigh.'

The hours with eager flight
Pass on till He appear:
That moment of unknown delight
Will soon be here.

92

10.11.

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.

How bright will it be when Jesus 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.

Affliction is light compared to the day
Of glory that then will from heaven be
reveal'd!

The Saviour is coming, His people now say—
The Lord whom we look for, our Sun and
our Shield.

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!

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 in patience Thy face to
behold!

93

P.M.

REJOICE ye saints the time draws near
When Christ will in the clouds appear,
And for His people call.

Chorus—Trim your lamps and be ready,
For the midnight cry.

The trumpet sounds through earth and sky,
Resounds the solemn midnight cry—
"Behold the Bridegroom comes."

The Lord will come to claim His own,
And on each faithful one a crown
Of life He will bestow.

And then with rapture infinite
Saints cast their crowns down at His feet,
And crown Him King of kings."

Come, brethren all, and let us try
To warn poor sinners, and to cry—
"Behold, the Bridegroom comes."

Oh, sinner! ere it be too late,
Flee thou to mercy's open gate,
And join Christ's waiting band.

Come, buy your oil before too late,
And ready for the Bridegroom wait,
And watch to enter in.

94

8.7.

CHRIST is coming! let creation
From her groans and travail cease;
Let the glorious proclamation
Hope restore and faith increase:

Christ is coming! Christ is coming;
Come, Thou blessed Prince of Peace!
Christ is coming! Christ is coming!
Come, Thou blessed Prince of Peace!

Earth can now but tell the story
Of Thy bitter cross and pain;
She shall yet behold thy glory
When Thou comest back to reign.

Tho' once cradled in a manger,
Of no pillow but the sod;
Here an alien and a stranger,
Mocked of men, disowned of God:

Long Thy exiles have been pining,
Far from rest, and home, and Thee:
But, in heavenly vesture shining,
Soon they shall Thy glory see.

With that "blessed hope" before us,
Let no harp remain unstrung;
Let the mighty ransomed chorus
Onward roll from tongue to tongue.

95

THOU art coming, O my Saviour,
Thou art coming! O my King,
Every tongue Thy name confessing,
Well may we rejoice and sing;
Thou art coming! rays of glory,
Thro' the veil Thy death has rent,
Gladden now our pilgrim pathway,
Glory from Thy presence sent.

CHO.—Thou art coming, thou art coming,
We shall meet Thee on Thy way.
Thou art coming, we shall see Thee,
And be like Thee on that day.
Thou art coming, Thou art coming,
Jesus our beloved Lord,
O the joy to see Thee reigning,
Worshipp'd, glorified, adored.

Thou art coming, not a shadow,
Not a mist and not a tear,
Not a sin, and not a sorrow,
On that sunrise grand and clear;
Thou art coming! Jesus Saviour,
Nothing else seems worth a thought,
Oh how marvellous the glory,
And the bliss Thy pain hath bought.

Thou art coming, we are waiting
With a hope that cannot fail,
Asking not the day or hour,
Anchored safe within the veil;
Thou art coming! at Thy table
We are witnesses for this,
As we meet Thee in communion,
Earnest of our coming bliss.

96

WHEN He cometh, when He cometh
To make up His jewels,
All His jewels, precious jewels,
His loved and His own.

Like the stars of the morning, His bright
crown adorning.

They shall shine in His beauty, bright gems
for His crown.

He will gather, He will gather
The gems for His kingdom!
All the pure ones, all the bright ones,
His loved and His own.

97

8.7.

WHEN the mists have rolled in splendour
From the beauty of the hills,
And the sunlight falls in gladness,

On the river and the rills,
We recall our Father's promise,
In the rainbow of the spray:

We shall know each other better
When the mists have rolled away.

We shall know . . . as we are known, . .
Nevermore . . . to walk alone . . .

In the dawning of the morning
Of that bright and happy day:
We shall know each other better,
When the mists have rolled away!

Of we tread the path before us
With a weary burdened heart;
Of we toil amid the shadows,
And our fields are far apart:
But the Saviour's "Come, ye blessed"
All our labour will repay,
When we gather in the morning
Where the mists have rolled away.

We shall come with joy and gladness
We shall gather round the throne;
Face to face with those that love us,
We shall know as we are known:
And the song of our redemption
Shall resound through endless day,
When the shadows have departed
And the mists have rolled away.

98

8.7.4.

Look, ye saints, the sight is glorious;
See "the Man of sorrows" now;
From the fight returned victorious,
Every knee to Him shall bow:
Crown Him! crown Him!
Crowns become the Victor's brow.

Sinners in derision crowned Him,
Mocking thus the Saviour's claim;
Saints and angels croud around Him,
Own His title, praise His name;
Crown Him! crown Him!
Spread abroad the Victor's fame.

Hark! those bursts of acclamation!
Hark! those loud triumphant cords!
Jesus takes the highest station:
O what joy the sight affords!
Crown Him! Crown Him!
"KING OF KINGS, AND LORD OF LORDS."

99

P.M.

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.

To Canaan's sacred bound,
We haste with songs of joy!
Where peace and liberty are found,
And sweets that never cloy.

There sin and sorrow cease,
And every conflict's o'er;
There we shall dwell in endless peace,
And never hunger more.

How sweet the prospect is!
It cheers the pilgrim's breast;
We're journeying through the wilderness,
But soon shall gain our rest.

100

9's.

THERE'S a land that is fairer than day,
And by faith we can see it afar,

For the Saviour waits over the way,
To prepare us a dwelling-place there.

In the sweet . . by-and-by, . .
We shall meet on that beautiful shore; . .
In the sweet . . by-and-by, . .
We shall meet on that beautiful shore.

We shall sing on that beautiful shore
The melodious songs of the blest;
And our spirits shall sorrow no more—
Not a sigh for the blessing of rest.

To our bountiful Father above
We will offer the tribute of praise,
For the glorious gift of His love,
And the blessings that hallow our days.

101

6.6.4.

GLORY to God on High!
Let heaven and earth reply,
Praise ye His name!
Angels His love adore,
Who all our sorrows bore,
And saints cry evermore,
Worthy the Lamb!

Jesus, our Lord and God,
Bore sin's accursed load,
Praise ye His name!
Tell what His arm hath done!
What spoils from death He won,
Sing His great name alone!
Worthy the Lamb!

While they around the throne
Cheerfully join in one,
Praising His name!
We too, who know His blood
Hath made our peace with God,
Would sound His praise abroad,
Worthy the Lamb!

Join all the ransomed race,
Our holy Lord to bless,
Praise ye His name!
In Him we will rejoice,
And make a joyful noise,
Singing with heart and voice,
Worthy the Lamb!

102

L.M.

ON Christ salvation rests secure;
The Rock of Ages must endure;
Nor can that faith be overthrown,
Which rests upon the 'Living Stone.'
No other hope shall intervene:
To Him we look, on Him we lean:

Other foundations we disown,
And build on Christ, the "*Living Stone*."

In Him it is ordained to raise
A temple to Jehovah's praise,
Composed of all His saints, who own
No Saviour but the "*Living Stone*."

View the vast building, see it rise:
The work how great, the plan how wise!
O wondrous fabric! power unknown!
That rears it on the "*Living Stone*."

But most adore His precious name;
His glory and His grace proclaim:
For us, the lost, condemned, undone,
He gave Himself, the "*Living Stone*."

103

Th' atoning work is done—
The victim's blood is shed;
And Jesus now has gone

His people's cause to plead:
He sits in heaven their great High Priest,
And bears their names upon His breast.

He sprinkled with His blood
The mercy-seat above;
For justice had withstood
The purposes of love;

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

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.

And though a while 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.

104

To Him who is able to keep us (His called
ones,
Preserved in Christ Jesus, the saints of the
Father.)

To keep us from falling, and faultless to set us
Before His bright glory with fulness of joy:—

To the Lord God who keepeth 'midst sin, and
in weakness
(Whose wisdom alone is,) the God and our
Saviour,—

Be majesty, glory, dominion and power,
Both now, and for ever, Amen, and Amen!

105

O Lord! we adore Thee, for Thou art the
slain One

That livest for ever, enthronèd in heaven;
O Lord! we adore Thee, for Thou has
redeemed us;

Our title to glory we read in Thy blood.

O God! we acknowledge the depth of Thy
riches;

For of Thee, and through Thee, and to Thee
are all things,

How rich is Thy mercy! how great Thy
salvation! [Amen!

We bless Thee, we praise Thee: Amen and

106

C. M. D.

'Twas God who gave the precious name
Of "Jesus" to His Son,
Because He knew His gracious work
By Him would well be done.

The Son of God, the Lord of life,—
How wondrous are His ways;
Oh, for a harp of thousand strings,
To sound abroad His praise!

The name of "Jesus" Saviour means;
And such He is, indeed,
To all who feel the weight of sin,
And peace and pardon need.

His name was Jesus when on earth,
His name is Jesus now;
And God declares that to that name
All heaven and earth shall bow.

And truly happy is the soul
That trusts His precious name;
He soon shall Him in glory see
Who once in mercy came.

107

IIS.

Oh, safe to the rock that is higher than I,
My soul in its conflicts and sorrows would fly:
So sinful, so weary, Thine, Thine would I be;
Thou blest "Rock of Ages," I'm hiding in
Thee!

Hiding in Thee! hiding in Thee!
Thou blest "Rock of Ages," I'm hiding in
Thee!

In the calm of the noontide, in sorrow's lone
hour, [power;
In times when temptation casts o'er me it

In the tempests of life, on its wide heaving
 sea, [Thee.
 Thou blest "Rock of Ages," I'm hiding in
 How oft in the conflict, when pressed by the
 foe, [my woe!
 I have fled to my Refuge, and breathed out
 How often, when trials, like sea-billows roll,
 Have I hidden in Thee, O Thou Rock of my
 soul!

108

THE Lord's our Rock, in Him we hide : L.M.
 A shelter in the time of storm!
 Secure whatever ill betide :
 A shelter in the time of storm!

Oh, Jesus is a Rock in a weary land!
 A weary land, a weary land;
 Oh, Jesus is a Rock in a weary land,—
 A shelter in the time of storm!

A shade by day, defence by night :
 A shelter in the time of storm!
 No fears alarm, no foes affright :
 A shelter in the time of storm!

The raging storms may round us beat :
 A shelter in the time of storm!
 We'll never leave our safe retreat,
 A shelter in the time of storm!

O Rock divine, O Refuge dear :
 A shelter in the time of storm!
 Be Thou our helper ever near,
 A shelter in the time of storm!

109

11.12.
 WITH harps and with vials there stand a great
 throng [song :
 In the presence of Jesus, and sing this new
 Unto Him who hath loved us and washed us
 from sin,
 Unto Him be the glory for ever! Amen.
 All these once were sinners, defiled in His
 sight, [unite :
 Now arrayed in pure garments in praise they
 He maketh the rebel a priest and a king,
 He hath bought us and taught us this new
 song to sing :

How helpless and hopeless we sinners had
 been, [sin !
 If Christ had not loved us, and died for our
 Aloud in His praises our voices shall ring,
 So that others, believing, this new song shall
 sing :

110

P.M.
 JESUS! that name is love—Jesus, our Lord!
 Jesus, all names above—Jesus the Lord!
 Thou, Lord, our all must be;
 Nothing that's good have we;
 Nothing apart from Thee—Jesus, our Lord!
 Thou Son of God it was—Jesus, the Lord!
 Thou gavest Thy life for us—Jesus, our Lord!
 Great was indeed Thy love,
 All other loves above;
 Love Thou did'st dearly prove—Jesus, our
 Lord!

Righteous alone in Thee—Jesus, the Lord!
 Thou wilt a refuge be—Jesus, our Lord!
 Whom, then, have we to fear,
 What trouble, grief, or care;
 Since Thou art ever near—Jesus, our Lord!
 Soon Thou wilt come again—Jesus, the Lord!
 We shall be happy then—Jesus, our Lord!
 When Thine own face we see,
 Then shall we like Thee be;
 Then evermore with Thee—Jesus, our Lord!

111

P.M.
 TAKE the name of Jesus with you,
 Child of sorrow and of woe;
 It will joy and comfort give you—
 Take it, then, where'er you go.
 Precious Name, oh, how sweet!
 Hope of earth, and joy of Heaven.

Take the name of Jesus ever,
 As a shield from every snare;
 If temptations round you gather
 Breathe that holy name in prayer.

Oh, the precious name of Jesus!
 How it thrills our souls with joy,
 When His loving arms receive us,
 And His songs our tongues employ!

At the name of Jesus bowing,
 Falling prostrate at His feet;
 King of Kings in Heaven we'll crown Him,
 When our journey is complete.

112

P.M.
 O joy of the justified, joy of the free, [me,
 I'm washed in that crimson tide opened for
 In Christ, my Redeemer, rejoicing I stand,
 And point to the prints of the nails in His hand,
 O sing of His mighty love, mighty to save.

O Jesus, the crucified, Jesus is mine,
 Tho' once a lost sinner, yet now I am Thine;
 In conscious salvation, I sing of His grace,
 Who lifts now upon me the smile of His face.

O Jesus, my Saviour, I'll still sing of Thee,
 Yes, sing of Thy precious blood poured out
 for me;

And when in the mansions of glory above,
 I'll praise and adore Thine unchangeable love.

O ye who are guilty and wretched within,
 Who feel the sad burden and sorrow of sin,
 O look unto Jesus, however impure,
 No wound hath the soul that His blood
 cannot cure.

113

G.M.

I'm not ashamed to own my Lord,
 Or to defend His cause;
 Maintain the honour of His Word,
 The glory of His cross.

At the cross! at the cross! where I first saw
 the light,

And the burden of my heart rolled away;
 It was there by faith I received my sight,
 And now I am happy all the day!

Jesus, my God! I know His name—
 His name is all my trust:

Nor will He put my soul to shame,
 Nor let my hope be lost.

Firm as His throne His promise stands;
 And He can well secure.

What I've committed to His hands,
 Till the decisive hour.

Then will He own my worthless name
 Before His Father's face;

And, in the new Jerusalem,
 Appoint my soul a place.

114

SAVIOUR, more than life to me,
 I am clinging, clinging close to Thee;
 Let Thy precious blood applied
 Keep me ever, ever near Thy side.

Every day, every hour, let me know Thy
 cleansing power;

May Thy tender love to me bind me closer,
 closer, Lord, to Thee.

Thro' this changing world below
 Lead me gently, gently as I go;
 Trusting Thee, I cannot stray,
 I can never, never lose my way.

I would love Thee more and more,
 Till this fleeting, fleeting life is o'er;
 Till my soul is lost in love
 In a brighter, brighter world above.

115

7's.

JESUS, Lover of my soul,
 Let me to Thy bosom fly,
 While the nearer waters roll,
 While the tempest still is high;
 Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
 Till the storm of life is past;
 Safe into the haven guide,
 Oh, receive my soul at last.

Other refuge have I none,
 Hangs my helpless soul on Thee;
 Leave, oh, leave me not alone,
 Still support and comfort me:
 All my trust on Thee is stayed,
 All my help from Thee I bring;
 Cover my defenceless head
 With the shadow of Thy wing.

Thou, O Christ, art all I want;
 More than all in Thee I find:
 Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
 Heal the sick, and lead the blind:
 Just and holy is Thy name,
 I am all unrighteousness;
 Vile, and full of sin I am,
 Thou art full of truth and grace.

Plenteous grace with Thee is found—
 Grace to cover all my sin:
 Let the healing streams abound;
 Make me, keep me, pure within:
 Thou of Life the fountain art,
 Freely let me take of Thee:
 Spring Thou up within my heart,
 Rise to all eternity.

116

8.7.

WHAT A Friend we have in Jesus,
 All our sins and griefs to bear!
 What a privilege to carry
 Everything to God in prayer!
 Oh, what peace we often forfeit,
 Oh, what needless pain we bear—
 All because we do not carry
 Ev'rything to God in prayer!
 Have we trials and temptations?
 Is there trouble anywhere?
 We should never be discouraged:
 Take it to the Lord in prayer!

Can we find a Friend so faithful,
Who will all our sorrows share?
Jesus knows our every weakness
Take it to the Lord in prayer!
Are we weak and heavy laden,
Cumbered with a load of care?
Precious Saviour, still our refuge—
Take it to the Lord in prayer!
Do thy friends despise, forsake thee?—
Take it to the Lord in prayer!
In His arms He'll take and shield thee,
Thou wilt find a solace there.

117

P.M.

WHEN the storms of life are raging,
Tempest wild on sea and land,
I will seek a place of refuge
In the shadow of God's hand.
He will hide me! He will hide me!
Where no harm can e'er betide me;
In the shadow of God's hand.
Though He may send some affliction
'Twill but make me long for home;
For in love, and not in anger,
All His chastenings may come.
Enemies may strive to injure,
Satan all his arts employ,
He will turn what seems to harm me
Into everlasting joy.
So while here the cross I'm bearing,
Meeting storms and billows wild,
Jesus for my soul is caring,
Naught can harm His Father's child.

118

P.M.

WHOM have I, Lord, in heaven but Thee?
None but Thee! None but Thee!
And this my song through life shall be,
Christ for me! Christ for me!
He hath for me the winepress trod,
He hath redeemed me "by His blood,"
And reconciled my soul to God:
Christ for me! Christ for me!
I envy not the rich their joys:
Christ for me! Christ for me;
I covet not earth's glittering toys:
Christ for me! Christ for me!
Earth can no lasting bliss bestow,
"Fading" is stamped on all below;
Mine is a joy no end can know:
Christ for me! Christ for me!

Though with the poor be cast my lot:
Christ for me! Christ for me!
"He knoweth best"—I murmur not
Christ for me! Christ for me!
Though "vine" and "fig-tree" blight assail,
The "labour of the olive fail,"
And death o'er flock and herd prevail:
Christ for me! Christ for me!

119

HARK! how the blood-bought hosts above
Conspire to chant the Saviour's love

In sweet harmonious strains!
And while they strike their golden lyres,
This glorious theme each bosom fires,
That *grace triumphant reigns!*

We'll join the song! for we can tell
How sovereign grace dissolved the spell
That kept us bound in chains;
And from that dear and happy day,
How oft we've been constrained to say
That *grace triumphant reigns!*

Yes! though we've strayed like saints of old,
Grace has restored us to the fold,
As captives in its chains;
Thus, saved by grace, we'll gladly sing,
Till all the earth and heavens ring
With *grace triumphant reigns!*

120

Yes, we part, but not for ever,
Joyful hopes our bosoms swell;
They who love the Saviour never
Know a long, a last farewell;
Blissful unions lie beyond this parting vale.
Sweet this hour of benediction,
When such unions come to mind,
When each holy heart-conviction,
With the promises combined,
Tell of meetings by the Lord for us designed.
O what meetings are before us,
Brighter far than tongue can tell;
Glorious meetings, to restore us
Him with whom we long to dwell:
With what raptures will the sight our bosom
swell!
Soon will cease such short-lived pleasures,
Soon will fade this earth away;
Brighter, fairer, nobler treasures
Wait the full redemption day; [day.
Hail the rising of the wished-for new-born

121

C.M.

THERE is a fountain filled with blood,
Drawn from Emmanuel's veins;
And sinners plunged beneath that flood,
Lose all their guilty stains.

The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day;
And there have I, though vile as he,
Washed all my sins away.

Dear dying Lamb, Thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power,
And all the ransomed Church of God,
Shall praise Thee evermore.

Lord, I believe Thou hast prepared—
Unworthy though I be—
For me a blood-bought free reward,
A golden harp for me.

'Tis strung and tuned for endless years,
And formed by power divine,
To sound in God the Father's ears
No other name but thine.

122

How firm a foundation! ye saints of the Lord
Is laid for your faith in His excellent Word!
What more can He say, than to you He hath
said—

You who unto Jesus for refuge have fled?

'Fear not; I am with thee! oh, be not
dismayed!

I—I am thy God, and will still give thee aid;
I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee
to stand,

Upheld by My righteous, omnipotent hand.'

The soul that on Jesus hath leaned for repose,
He will not; He cannot desert to its foes;
That soul, though all hell shall endeavour to
shake,

'He'll never—no never—no never forsake.'

123

Behold the Lamb whose precious blood
Poured from His open veins,
Had power to make our peace with God,
And cleanse our deepest stains.

The dying thief beheld that Lamb
Expiring by His side;
And proved the value of the name
Of Jesus crucified!

His soul, by virtue of the blood,

To paradise received,
Redemption's earliest trophy stood,
From sin and death retrieved.

We, too, the cleansing power have known
Of the atoning blood;

By grace have learnt His name to own,
Which brings us back to God.

To Him then let our songs ascend,
Who stooped in grace so low:

To Christ, the Lamb, the sinner's Friend,
Let ceaseless praises flow.

124

8.7.7.

WITHOUT blood there's no remission;
Thus the Lord proclaims from heaven:
Blood must flow. On this condition,
This alone, is sin forgiven.
Yes, a victim must be slain,
Else all hope of life is vain.

But the victim, who shall find it—

Such an one as sinners need?

To the altar who shall bind it?

Who shall make the victim bleed?

Such a victim as must die,
All the world could not supply.

God Himself provides the victim;

Jesus is the Lamb of God;

Heaven and earth, and hell afflict Him,

While He bears the sinner's load.

Jesus' blood—His blood alone,
Can for human guilt atone.

Joyful truth! He bore transgression

In His body, on the cross!

Through His blood there's full remission

For the vilest, e'en for us:

Jesus for the sinner bleeds.

Nothing more the sinner needs.

125

7.6.

I COULD not do without Thee,
O Saviour of the lost,
Whose precious blood redeemed me
At such tremendous cost;
Thy righteousness, Thy pardon,
Thy sacrifice, must be
My only hope and comfort,
My glory and my plea.

I could not do without Thee,

I cannot stand alone;

I have no strength or goodness,

No wisdom of my own:

But Thou, beloved Saviour,
Art all in all to me;
And weakness will be power,
If leaning hard on Thee.

I could not do without Thee,
For years are fleeting fast;
And soon in solemn silence
The river must be passed:
But Thou wilt never leave me;
And, though the waves run high,
I know Thou wilt be near me,
And whisper, "It is I."

126

7.7.8.7.

Thy name we love, Lord Jesus,
And lowly bow before Thee:

And while we live, to Thee we give
All blessing, worship, glory.
We sing aloud Thy praises,
Our hearts and voices blending,
'Tis Thou alone we worthy own,
Thy beauty's all transcending.

Thy name we love, Lord Jesus;
It tells God's love unbounded,
To ruin'd man, ere time began,
Or heaven and earth were founded.
Thine is a love *eternal*,
That found in us its pleasure,
That brought Thee low, to bear our woe,
And make us Thine own treasure.

Thy name we love, Lord Jesus;
It tells Thy birth so lowly,
Thy patience, grace, Thy gentleness,
Thy lonely path so holy.
Thou wast the "Man of sorrows;"
Our grief, too, Thou didst bear it;
Our bitter cup, Thou drankest up;
The thorny crown, didst wear it.

Thy name we love, Lord Jesus;
God's Lamb—Thou wast ordained
To bear our sin (Thyself all clean)—
And hast our guilt sustained.
We see Thee crowned in glory,
Above the heavens now seated;
The victory won, Thy work well done,
Our righteousness completed.

127

C.M.

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

It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast;
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary, rest.

Dear name! the Rock on which I build,
My shield and hiding-place;
My never failing treasury, filled
With boundless stores of grace.

Jesus! my Saviour, Shepherd, Friend,
My Prophet, Priest, and King;
My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End,
Accept the praise I bring.

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.

Till then I would Thy love proclaim
With every fleeting breath;
And glory in the blessed name
That quells the power of death.

128

C.M.

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.

He breaks the power of cancell'd sin,
He sets the prisoner free;
His blood can make the foulest clean,
His blood availed for me.

He speaks, and, listening to His voice,
New life the dead receive;
The mournful broken hearts rejoice,
The humble poor believe.

Hear Him, ye deaf; His praise, ye dumb,
Your loosened tongues employ;
Ye blind, behold your Saviour come;
And leap, ye lame, for joy.

129

L.M.

We sing the praise of Him who died,
Of Him who died upon the cross;
The sinner's hope, let men deride,
For this we count the world but loss.

Inscribed upon His cross we see,
In shining letters, "GOD IS LOVE;"
He bears our sins upon the tree,
He brings us mercy from above.

THE CROSS! it takes our guilt away,
It holds the fainting spirit up;
It cheers with hope the gloomy day,
And sweetens every bitter cup.

It makes the coward spirit brave,
And nerves the feeble arm for fight;
It takes its terror from the grave,
And gilds the vale of death with light.

The balm of life, the cure of woe,
The measure and the pledge of love;
The sinner's refuge here below,
The angel's theme in heaven above.

130

C.M.

The veil is rent : our souls draw near
Unto a throne of grace,
The merits of the Lord appear,
They fill the holy place.

His precious blood has spoken there,
Before and on the throne;
And His own wounds in heaven declare
The atoning work is done.

" 'Tis finished ! " on the cross He said,
In agonies and blood;
" 'Tis finished ! " now He lives to plead
Before the face of God.

" 'Tis finished ! " here our souls have rest,
His work can never fail :
By Him our Sacrifice and Priest,
We enter through the veil.

Within the holiest of all,
Cleansed by His precious blood,
Before Thy throne we prostrate fall,
And worship Thee, O God.

131

7.6.

God laid my sins on Jesus,
The spotless Lamb of God;
He bore them all and frees us
From the accursed load.
I bring my guilt to Jesus,
To wash my crimson stains
White in His blood most precious,
That not a spot remains.

I bring my wants to Jesus,
All fulness dwells in Him;
He healeth my diseases,
He doth my soul redeem.
I bring my griefs on Jesus,
My burdens and my cares;
He from them all releases,
He all my sorrows shares

I rest my soul on Jesus,
This weary soul of mine;
His right hand me embraces,
I on His breast recline.
I love the name of Jesus!
Immanuel! Christ! the Lord!
Like fragrance on the breezes
His name is poured abroad.

I long to be like Jesus,
Meek, loving, lowly, mild;
I long to be like Jesus,
The Father's holy child.
I long to be with Jesus,
Amid the heavenly throng,
To sing with saints His praises,
In one eternal song.

132

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!

'Tis eternal life to know Him—
O how He loves!
Think, oh, 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!

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!

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!

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