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TIMES OF REFRESHING.

H Y M N S

SUNG AT THE SPECIAL SERVICES,

DUBLIN

AND

KINGSTOWN.

FIFTH EDITION—

ONE HUNDRED AND TWENTIETH THOUSAND.

DUBLIN:

ROBERTSON, 2, GRAFTON STREET.

HERBERT, 117, GRAFTON STREET.

LIBRAIRIE ANGLAISE, 10, Foster Row

JOHN'S ENGLISH STATIONERY.

17 Rue du Colysée.

T. P.

5315

at Jesus' feet a joyous band
We'll praise him in the promis'd
land.

cant: 70.

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1861.
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LONDON: THE BOOK SOCIETY, 19, PATERNOSTER ROW

S. W. PARTRIDGE, 9, PATERNOSTER ROW,

AND JOHN SNOW.

PREFATORY NOTE.

THE following Hymns are those sung at the Special Services in Dublin and Kingstown. Some of them are original, and have *never been published before*. Others are from the best Authors, and may be commended to the acceptance of any who, in an awakened state of sorrow or joy, may seek relief in the service of song. A time of spiritual awakening more than any other, requires hymns of life, and warmth, and fulness. Only such, in fact, can give relief to the bursting emotions and quickened feelings of warm and anxious hearts, made such by the outpouring of the Spirit of God in these days of new vigour and joyousness in religion.

J. DENHAM SMITH.

KINGSTOWN, June, 1860.

ADVERTISEMENT TO THE FIFTH EDITION.

THIS FIFTH Edition completes an issue of ONE HUNDRED AND TWENTY THOUSAND copies, in the short space of ten months; which fact, alone, indicates the deep interest taken in the work of Revival. Accounts from various parts of the United Kingdom show that where spiritual inquiry has not been met by the preaching of the truth, the Hymns alone have been used by the Spirit of God in bringing souls to rest and peace in Christ.—The Tunes (26 in number) peculiar to these Hymns, some of which are original, and were never before published, are now appended to the larger Edition.

KINGSTOWN, March, 1861.

NOTE.—The “MORNINGS” (Nos. 1 to 20), at the Tuesday Noon Meetings, in the *Metropolitan Hall, Dublin*, with the addresses of the Rev. J. DENHAM SMITH, are now published, price one penny each.

HYMNS

FOR TIMES OF REFRESHING.

1

C. M.

TUNE—*Martyrdom.*

JESUS, my sorrow lies too deep
For human ministry;
It knows not how to tell itself
To any but to Thee.

Thou dost remember still, amid
The glories of God's throne,
The sorrows of mortality,
For they were once Thine own.

Yes, for as if Thou would'st be God,
E'en in Thy misery,
There's been no sorrow but Thine own
Untouch'd by sympathy.

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

TIMES OF REFRESHING.

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

2

C. M.

ALL hail the power of Jesus' name !
Let angels prostrate fall ;
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown Him Lord of all.

Let high born seraphs tune the lyre,
And as they tune it fall
Before His face, who form'd their choir,
And crown Him Lord of all.

Ye souls redeem'd of Adam's race !
Ye ransom'd from the fall !
Hail Him who saves you by His grace,
And crown Him Lord of all.

Let every tribe and every tongue
Throughout this earthly ball,
Join in the universal song,
And crown Him Lord of all.

3

P. M.

Tune—"Greenland."

O LORD, Thy love's unbounded !
So full, so vast, so free !

TIMES OF REFRESHING.

Our thoughts are all confounded
Whene'er we think on Thee :
For us Thou cam'st from heaven,
For us to bleed and die ;
That, purchased and forgiven,
We might ascend on high.

Oh ! let this love constrain us
To give our hearts to Thee :
Let nothing henceforth pain us,
But that which paineth Thee—
Our joy, our one endeavour,
Through suffering, conflict, shame,
To serve Thee, gracious Saviour,
And magnify Thy name.

4

C. M.

God moves in a mysterious way,
His wonders to perform ;
He plants His footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.

Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never-failing skill,
He treasures up His bright designs,
And works His sovereign will.

Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take !
The clouds ye so much dread
Are big with mercy, and shall break
In blessings o'er your head !

Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
 But trust Him for His grace ;
 Behind a frowning providence
 He hides a smiling face.

His purposes will ripen fast,
 Unfolding every hour !
 The bud may have a bitter taste,
 But sweet will be the flower.

Blind unbelief is sure to err,
 And scan His work in vain !
 God is His own interpreter,
 And He will make it plain.

5

P. M.

WHY those fears ? Behold 'tis Jesus
 Holds the helm, and guides the ship
 Spread the sails, and catch the breezes,
 Sent to waft us through the deep—
 To the regions
 Where the mourners cease to weep.

Could we stay where death is hovering ?
 Could we rest on such a shore ?
 No ; the awful truth discovering,
 We could linger there no more !
 We forsake it,
 Leaving all we loved before.

Though the shore we hope to land on
 Only by report is known,
 Yet we freely all abandon,
 Led by that report alone ;
 And with Jesus
 Through the trackless deep move on.

Led by that we brave the ocean,
 Led by that, the storm defy,
 Calm amidst tumultuous motion,
 Knowing that our Lord is nigh :
 Waves obey Him,
 And the storms before Him fly.

Oh, what pleasures there await us !
 There the tempests cease to roar,
 There it is that they who hate us
 Can molest our peace no more :
 Trouble ceases
 On that tranquil, happy shore.

6

S. M.

Tune—"Hebron."

Ah ! whence these sighs and prayers
 That rise our hearts among—
 These silent tears and solemn cars
 Now felt by old and young ?

It is the Spirit's breath
 That stirs our souls within—

That life imparts, instead of death,
And sorrow gives for sin.

We hail this heavenly power
That now is coming nigh ;
We hail the cloud so soon to pour
Salvation from on high !

Salvation ! oh, what joy
The blessing will afford !
What prayer and praise our tongues supply ;
What glory to the Lord.

7

P. M.

Tune—"I'm a pilgrim."

Who is willing? These are willing, children
looking for the Lord,
Springing to the arms of Jesus, at His first
endearing word !

Let them come, the Shepherd sought them, He
has call'd them, they are blest ;
Feed His lambs, His blood hath bought them,
and He bears them on His breast.

Who is willing? Weeping sinners ; broken-
hearted see they come !

Lo ! behold the dead arising from the darkness
of the tomb !

Blind, they grope amidst the shadows ; wait-
ing by the way, they cry—

"Give us light, O Lord, to see Thee ; for we
hear Thee passing by."

Tune—"Here is no rest."

O TURN ye, O turn ye, for why will you die?

Why will ye die—why will ye die?

When God in great mercy is coming so nigh,
Coming so nigh—so nigh.

Now Jesus invites you ; the Spirit says Come,
The Saviour has died your sins to atone,
And angels are waiting to welcome you home,
Welcome you home—you home.

How vain the delusion, that while you delay,
While you delay—while you delay,
Your heart may grow better by staying away,
Staying away—away.

Come wretched, come starving, come happy to
be,

Come looking for Jesus, who looks now for
thee,

And the streams of salvation are flowing so
free,

Flowing so free—so free.

Oh ! how can we leave you ? why will you not
come ?

Will you not come—will you not come?

'Tis the Lord—He entreats you ; He bids you
come home,

Bids you come home—come home.

O turn ye, O turn ye—oh, list to the cry,
 When God in great mercy is coming so nigh,
 And lest, often so slighted, he leave you to die,
 Leave you to die—to die.

9

P.M.

Tune—"Kingstown."

WHEN the harvest is past, and the summer is
 gone,
 And sermons and prayers shall be o'er,
 When the beams cease to break of the blest
 Sabbath morn,
 And Jesus invites thee no more :

When the rich gales of mercy no longer shall
 blow,
 The Gospel no message declare,
 How canst thou, sinner, bear the deep wailing
 of woe—
 How suffer the night of despair?
 When the holy have gone to the region of peace,
 To dwell in the mansions above,
 When their harmony wakes, in the fulness of
 bliss,
 Their song to the Saviour of love :

Say, O sinner, that livest at rest and secure,
 Who fearest no trouble to come,
 Can thy spirit the wailings of sorrow endure?
 Or bear the impenitent's doom?

10

P. M.

COME, ye souls by sin afflicted,
Bow'd with fruitless sorrows down,
By the broken law convicted,
Through the cross behold the crown !
Look to Jesus !
Mercy flows through Him alone.

Take His easy yoke, and wear it ;
Love will make obedience sweet ;
Christ will give you strength to bear it,
While His wisdom guides your feet
Safe to glory,
Where his ransom'd captives meet.

Sweet as home to pilgrims weary,
Light to newly-open'd eyes,
Or full springs in deserts dreary,
Is the rest the cross supplies.
All who taste it
Shall to rest immortal rise.

But to sing the rest of glory
Mortal tongues far short must fall ;
Tongues celestial strive to reach it,
But it soars beyond them all.
Faith believes it,
Hope expects it,
Love desires it,
But it overwhelms them all.

TIMES OF REFRESHING.

11

P. M.

Tune—"Sinner, Come."

SINNER! come, 'mid thy gloom,
All thy guilt confessing,
Trembling now, contrite bow,
Take the offer'd blessing.

Sinner! come, while there's room,
While the feast is waiting,
While the Lord, by His Word
Kindly is inviting.

Sinner! come, ere thy doom,
Shall be seal'd for ever;
Now return, grieve and mourn,
Flee to Christ the Saviour.

Sinner! come, to thy home,
High in heaven gleaming,
To the sky, lift thine eye,
With true sorrow streaming.

Sinner! haste, time fleets fast,
And the grave is yawning,
Win renown, seize the crown,
Eternity is dawning.

12

P. M.

Tune—"Return."

RETURN, O wanderer, to thy home,
Thy Father calls for thee;
No longer now an exile roam
In guilt and misery.
Return! Return!

TIMES OF REFRESHING.

Return, O wanderer, to thy home,
'Tis Jesus calls for thee;
The Spirit and the Bride say, Come—
O now for refuge flee!
Return! Return!

Return, O wanderer, to thy home,
'Tis madness to delay;
There are no pardons in the tomb,
And brief is Mercy's day.
Return! Return!

13

Tune—"To-day."

P. M.

TO-DAY the Saviour calls—ye wanderers come;
O ye benighted souls, no longer roam.
To-day the Saviour calls—O hear Him now;
Within these sacred walls to Jesus bow.
To-day the Saviour calls—for refuge fly;
The storm of justice falls, and death is nigh.
The Spirit calls to-day—yield to His power;
O grieve Him not away!—'tis *Mercy's hour*.

14

P. M.

COME, wandering sheep; oh, come!
I'll bind thee to my breast;
I'll bear thee to my home,
And lay thee down to rest.
I saw thee stray forlorn,
And heard thee faintly cry,

TIMES OF REFRESHING.

And on the tree of scorn
For thee I deign'd to die.

I shield thee from alarms,
And wilt thou not be blest ?
I bear thee in my arms,
Thou bear me in thy breast.

15

P. M.

Tune—"Come to Jesus."

COME to Jesus ! come to Jesus !
Come to Jesus *just now* :
Just come now to Jesus.
Come to Jesus ! come to Jesus !
Come to Jesus ! come to Jesus !
Come to Jesus ! come to Jesus !
Just now : just now :
Just now come to Jesus ;
Come to Jesus JUST NOW.

Only trust Him ! &c.

He will save you ! &c.

I BELIEVE IT, &c.

Hallelujah ! Amen, &c.

16

P. M.

Tune—"Jesus is here."

Oh ! come to Jesus now,
Jesus is here ;

TIMES OF REFRESHING.

All near Him lowly bow,
Jesus is here.

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

Oh! come this place within,
Jesus is here;
He sees you full of sin,
Jesus is here.

HE KNOWS YOU WHY YOU COME,
Poor, wretched, and undone,
Seeking Him, and Him alone,
Jesus is here.

Come, then, to Jesus now,
Jesus is here;
All 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 and 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!

Oft as I come and go,
 Jesus is here;
 His presence well I know,
 Jesus is here.

Sometimes I seem to stand
 'Rapt in the radiant land,
 Singing 'with th' sinless band,
 Jesus is here.

ALL, then, to Jesus now,
 Jesus is here;
 All 'round Him joyous bow,
 Jesus is here.
 Soon we shall reach the shore,
 Where we shall praise Him more,
 Singing EVER, EVERMORE,
 JESUS IS HERE!

17

P. M.

Tune—"I'm a pilgrim."

Just as I am—WITHOUT ONE PLEA,
 But that THY BLOOD WAS SHED FOR ME,
 And that Thou bidst me come to Thee,
 O LAMB OF GOD, I COME!

Just as I am—and waiting not
 'To rid my soul of one dark blot,
 'To thee whose blood can cleanse each spot,
 O Lamb of God, I come!

Just as I am—though toss'd about,
 With many a conflict, many a doubt,
 "Fightings within, and fears without,"
 O Lamb of God, I come!

Just as I am—poor, wretched, blind,
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
Yea, all I need in Thee to find,
O Lamb of God, I come !

Just as I am—Thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve,
BECAUSE THY PROMISE I BELIEVE :
O LAMB OF GOD, I COME.

JUST AS I AM—THY LOVE UNKNOWN,
Has broken every barrier down:
NOW TO BE THINE, yea, Thine alone,
O LAMB OF GOD, I COME !

18

P. M.

Tune—"Jesus is here."

NOW I HAVE FOUND A FRIEND,
JESUS IS MINE;
His love shall never end,
Jesus is mine.
Though earthly joys decrease,
Though human friendships cease,
Now I have lasting peace ;
Jesus is mine.

Though I grow poor and old,
Jesus is mine ;
He will my faith uphold,
Jesus is mine.

B

TIMES OF REFRESHING.

He shall my wants supply,
His precious blood is nigh,
Nought can my hope destroy,
Jesus is mine !

When earth shall pass away,
Jesus is mine ;
In the great judgment day,
Jesus is mine.

Oh ! what a glorious thing,
Then to behold my King,
On tuneful harp to sing,
Jesus is mine !

Farewell mortality !
Jesus is mine ;
Welcome eternity !
Jesus is mine.

He my Redemption is,
Wisdom and Righteousness,
Life, Light, and Holiness,
Jesus is mine.

Father ! Thy name I bless,
Jesus is mine ;
Thine was the sovereign grace,
Jesus is mine.

Spirit of holiness,
Sealing the Father's grace,
THOU HAD'ST MY SOUL EMBRACE,
JESUS AS MINE.

Tune—"Nearer home."

I was a wandering sheep,
I did not love the fold ;
I did not love my Shepherd's voice,
I would not be controll'd.

Chorus—But happy now I am,
And happy shall I be,
Till gazing on my Lord the Lamb,
I all His love shall see !

I was a wayward child,
I did not love my home ;
I did not love my Father's voice,
I loved afar to roam.

The Shepherd sought his sheep,
The Father sought his child ;
They follow'd me o'er vale and hill,
O'er desert, waste, and wild.

They found me nigh to death,
Famish'd, and faint, and lone ;
They bound me with the bands of love,
They saved the wandering one.

They spoke in tender love,
They raised my drooping head,
They gently closed my bleeding wounds,
My fainting soul they fed.

20

L. M.

I THIRST, but not as once I did,
 The vain delights of earth to share;
 Thy wounds, Immanuel, all forbid
 That I should seek my pleasure there.

It was the sight of Thy dear cross
 First wean'd my soul from earthly things,
 And taught me to esteem as dross
 The mirth of fools, and pomp of kings.

I want that grace that springs from Thee,
 That quickens all things where it flows,
 And makes a wretched thorn like me
 Bloom as the myrtle or the rose.

Great fountain of delight unknown!
 No longer sink below the brim,
 But *overflow*, and pour me down
 A living and life-giving stream.

For, sure of all the plants that share
 The notice of my Father's eye,
 None proves less grateful to his care,
 Or yields Him meaner fruit than I.

21

C. M.

OH! for a thousand tongues to sing
 My dear Redeemer's praise!
 The glories of my God and King,
 The triumphs of His grace.

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 pris'ners free,
 HIS BLOOD CAN MAKE THE FOULEST CLEAN,
 HIS BLOOD AVAIL'D FOR ME.

22

C. M.

Tune—"I heard the voice of Jesus say."

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, fill'd
 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 may the music of Thy name
 Refresh my soul in death.

23

Tune—"I do believe."

C. M.

THERE is a fountain fill'd with blood,
 Drawn from Immanuel's veins,
 And sinners plunged beneath that flood,
 Lose all their guilty stains.

Chorus—I DO BELIEVE, I WILL BELIEVE
 THAT JESUS DIED FOR ME ;
 That on the cross He shed His Blood,
 That I might happy be.

The dying thief rejoiced to see
 That fountain in his day,
 And there may I, though vile as he,
 Wash all my sins away.

Dear dying Lamb, Thy precious blood
 Shall never lose its power,
 Till all the ransom'd Church of God
 Be say'd, to sin no more.

E'er since by faith I saw the stream
 Thy flowing wounds supply,

Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be till I die.

Then, in a nobler, sweeter song,
I'll sing thy power to save ;
When this poor lisping, stammering tongue
Lies silent in the grave.

LORD, I BELIEVE THOU HAST PREPARED
(UNWORTHY THOUGH I BE)
FOR ME A BLOOD-BUGHT, FREE REWARD,
A GOLDEN HARP FOR ME.

'Tis strung and tuned for endless years,
And form'd by power Divine,
To sound in God the Father's ears
No other name than Thine.

24

P. M.

"Jehovah Tsidkenu,"—the Watchword of the
Reformers.

I ONCE was a stranger to grace and to God,
I knew not my danger, and felt not my load ;
Though friends spoke in rapture of Christ
on the tree,

"JEHOVAH TSIDKENU" was nothing to me.
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.

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.

My terrors all vanish'd before the sweet name,

My guilty fears banish'd, with boldness I came
To drink at the fountain, life-giving and free;

“JEHOVAH TSIDKENU” is all things to me.

• Even treading the valley, the shadow of death
This “watchword” should rally my faltering
breath;

For if from life's fever my God set me free,
“JEHOVAH TSIDKENU” my death-song should
be.

25

C. M.

COME, let us join our cheerful songs

With angels round the throne;

Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,

But all their joys are one.

Chorus—Hallelujah! to the Lamb,
That was slain on Mount Calvary;
Hallelujah! Hallelujah!
Hallelujah! Amen.

“Worthy the Lamb that died,” they cry,

“To be exalted thus;”

“Worthy the Lamb,” our lips reply,

“For He was slain for us.”

TIMES OF REFRESHING.

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

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

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

26

P. M.

Tune—"Greenland."

I NEED Thee, precious Jesus !
For I am full of sin ;
My soul is dark and guilty,
My heart is dead within ;
I need the cleansing fountain,
Where I can always flee—
The blood of Christ most precious,
The sinner's perfect plea.

I need Thee, blessed Jesus !
For I am very poor ;
A stranger and a pilgrim,
I have no earthly store ;
I need the love of Jesus
To cheer me on my way,
To guide my doubting footsteps,
To be my strength and stay.

I need Thee, blessed Jesus !
 I need a friend like Thee ;
 A friend to soothe and sympathise,
 A friend to care for me ;
 I need the heart of Jesus
 To feel each anxious care,
 To tell my every want,
 And all my sorrows share.
 I need Thee, blessed Jesus !
 And hope to see Thee soon,
 Encircled with the rainbow,
 And seated on Thy throne ;
 There, with Thy blood-bought children,
 My joy shall ever be
 To sing Thy praises, Jesus—
 To gaze, my LORD, on Thee.

27

P. M.

Tune—"Greenland."

I LAY my sins on Jesus—
 The spotless Lamb of God ;
 He bears 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,
 Till not a spot remains.
 I lay my wants on Jesus—
 All fulness dwells in Him ;
 He healeth my diseases,
 He doth my soul redeem.

I lay my griefs on Jesus,
 My burdens and my cares ;
 He from them all releases,
 He all my sorrow 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 abroad is pour'd.

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,
 To learn the angels' song.

28

P. M.

I WANT no priest but Jesus
 To save my sin-sick soul ;
 I want no hand but Jesus
 Put forth to make me whole.
 The priest may lull and cheat the way,
 But cannot light the dying day.

I want the love of Jesus
 Enshrined within my soul,
 Now that my footstep presses
 Where Jordan's waters roll.
 No thought so sweet, no grace so free,
 As Jesus died—and died for me.

I see the hand of Jesus
 Holding the lamp of light,
 I see the smile of Jesus,
 Like moonshine in the night.
 Could priest have power, could aught but He
 Make that dark pathway bright for me?

29

C. M.

Tune—"Cheltenham:"

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, worn, and sad;
 I found Him in a resting-place,
 And He has made me glad.

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.

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 trav'ling days are gone.

30

L. M.

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 !

He saw me ruin'd in the fall,
 Yet loved me notwithstanding all ;
 He saved me from my lost estate—
 His loving-kindness, oh, how great !

Though num'rous hosts of mighty foes,
 Though earth and hell its way oppose,
 He safely leads His Church along ;
 His loving-kindness, oh, how strong !

When trouble, like a gloomy cloud,
 Has gather'd thick, and thunder'd loud,
 He with His Church has ever stood ;
 His loving-kindness, oh, how good !

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.

31

8. 8. 6.

O LOVE divine, how sweet thou art !
When shall I find my longing heart
All taken up by Thee ?
O, may I pant and thirst to prove
The greatness of redeeming love—
The love of Christ to me !

God only knows the love of God :
Oh, that it more were shed abroad
In this poor, longing heart !
For love I'd sigh—for love I'd pine :
This only portion, Lord, be mine ;
Be mine the better part.

Oh, that I may for ever sit,
Like Mary, at the Master's feet !
Be this my happy choice ;
My only care, my only bliss,
My joy, my heaven on earth be this—
To hear the Bridegroom's voice.

Oh, that I may, like favor'd John,
Recline my wearied head upon
The dear Redeemer's breast !

From care, and sin, and sorrow free,
Give me, O Lord, to find in Thee
My everlasting rest.

32

8. 7.

Tune—"I'm a pilgrim."

COME, thou Fount of every blessing,
Tune my heart to sing Thy grace.
Streams of mercy never ceasing,
Call for songs of loudest praise.

Teach me some melodious sonnet,
Sung by angels' tongues above :
Praise the mount—oh, fix me on it !
Mount of God's unchanging love.

Here I raised my Ebenezer ;
Hither by Thy help I'm come,
And I hope by Thy good pleasure,
Safely to arrive at home.

Jesus sought me, when a stranger,
Wandering from the fold of God
He, to save my soul from danger,
Interposed His precious blood.

Oh ! to grace how great a debtor
Daily I'm constrained to be !
Let that grace, Lord, like a fetter,
Bind my wandering heart to Thee

Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it ;
Prone to leave the God I love :
Here's my heart, Lord, take and seal it,
Seal it from Thy courts above.

23

C. M.

Tune—"I heard the voice of Jesus say."**My God, what silken cords are thine !****How soft, and yet how strong !****While power, and truth, and love combine****To draw our souls along.****Thou saw'st us crush'd beneath the yoke****Of Satan and of sin ;****Thy hand the iron bondage broke,****Our worthless hearts to win.****The guilt of twice ten thousand sins****One moment takes away !****And grace, when first the war begins,****Secures the crowning day.****Comfort through all this vale of tears****In rich profusion flows,****And glory of unnumber'd years****Eternity bestows.****Drawn by such cords, we onward move,****Till round thy throne we meet ;****And, captives in the chains of love,****Embrace the Conqueror's feet.**

34

S. M.

EXCEPT the winnow'd grain**Fall to the ground and die,***** No quicken'd harvest will it gain,****No precious fruit supply.**

Thus spake our Sovereign Lord.
 Touching His own decessae ;
 And dying, faithful to His Word,
 He rose our Life and Peace.

We in our bodies bear
 The dying of the Lord,
 For suffering look, and every snare,
 According to His Word.

We know our flesh but makes
 Corruption for the tomb ;
 And Faith, in every step she takes,
 But reckons on the gloom.

We look the grave to lie
 All silent in its sleep,
 While weary ages passing by,
 No record of us keep.

Our "light affliction" there
 Is but a moment's time ;
 But the great harvest we shall bear
 Immortal and divine :

Immortal and divine,
 Blest rising of our clay !
 The grave a paradise will shine,
 And death will die away.

35

8. 7. 4.

Tune—"Rosseau's Dream."

HA ! what life and benediction
 All around the cross I see ;

C

Death and sin in crucifixion —
 Hell impaled upon the tree.
 Great Deliverer !
 Wondrous work for thee, for me !

From the grave I see a glory,
 Oft it lights my anxious eye,
 There I read the blissful story
 Of a life no more to die :
 And believing,
 See my portion in the sky.

Within the veil I see a splendour
 Resting on the Lord divine,
 Telling me that every member
 Ransom'd from the ills of time,
 Will for ever
 In His glorious likeness shine.

Heir of glory ! incorruption
 Never can be lost to thee,
 Since He made a long destruction
 Of thy sins upon the tree.
 Heir of glory !
 What a hope for thee and me !

Tune—"I'm a pilgrim."

The night is wearing fast away,
 The glorious day is dawning,
 When Christ shall all His grace display—
 The fair millennial morning.

TIMES OF REFRESHING.

Gloomy and dark the night hath been,
And long the way, and dreary ;
And sad the weeping saints are seen,
And faint, and worn, and weary.

Ye mourning pilgrims, dry your tears,
And hush each sigh of sorrow ;
The light of that bright morn appears,
The long sabbatic morrow.

Lift up your heads—behold from far
A flood of splendour streaming ;
It is the bright and morning star
In living lustre beaming.

And see that star-like host around
Of angel bands attending ;
Hark ! hark ! the trumpet's gladd'ning sound
'Mid shouts triumphant blending.

O weeping spouse, arise ! rejoice !
Put off thy weeds of mourning,
And hail the Bridegroom's welcome voice
In triumph now returning.

He comes ! the Bridegroom promised long,
Go forth with joy to meet Him,
And raise the new and nuptial song,
In cheerful strains to greet Him.

Adorn thyself, the feast prepare ;
With hallelujahs swelling,
He comes, with thee all joys to share,
And make this earth His dwelling.

37

S. M.

Tune—"Hebron."

Not all the blood of beasts
On Jewish altars slain,
Could give the guilty conscience peace,
Or wash away the stain.

But Christ, the heavenly Lamb,
Takes all our sins away ;
A sacrifice of nobler name,
And richer blood than they.

My faith would lay her hand
On that dear head of thine,
While like a penitent I stand,
And there confess my sin.

My soul looks back to see
The burden Thou didst bear,
While hanging on the cursed tree,
And hopes her guilt was there.

Believing, we rejoice
To see the curse remove ;
We bless the Lamb with cheerful voice,
And sing his bleeding love.

38

P. M.

Tune—"Rousseau's Dream."

LORD, I hear of showers of blessing
Thou art scattering, full and free ;
Showers, the thirsty land refreshing ;
Let some droppings fall on me—
Even me.

TIMES OF REFRESHING.

Pass me not, O God our Father !
Sinful though my heart may be ;
Thou might'st leave me, but the rather
Let Thy mercy light on me !—
Even me.

Pass me not, O gracious Saviour !
Let me live and cling to Thee ;
For I'm longing for thy favour ;
Whilst Thou 'rt calling, oh ! call me—
Even me.

Pass me not, O mighty Spirit !
Thou canst make the blind to see ;
Witnesser of Jesus' merit,
Speak some word of power to me—
Even me.

Have I long in sin been sleeping—
Long been slighting, grieving Thee ?
Has the world my heart been keeping ?
Oh ! forgive, and rescue me !—
Even me.

Love of God—so pure and changeless ,
Blood of Christ—so rich, so free ;
Grace of God—so strong and boundless,—
Magnify it all in me !—
Even me.

Pass me not—Thy lost one bringing,
Bind my heart, O Lord, to Thee.

Whilst the streams of life are springing,
 Blessing others, oh, bless me!—
 Even me.

39

P. M.

Tune—"Rosseau's Dream."

On! how sweet those songs of gladness,
 Rising o'er each desert wide,
 Far from Erin now be sadness,
 Since the Lord for Erin died;
 May her children
Evermore in Him confide.

Though she long has sat benighted
 'Neath the great usurper's sway,
 Yet we see with hearts delighted
 Dawnings of a glorious day.
 Hail those dawnings!
 Darkness moves to flee away.

Hail the season coming o'er us
 From the Lord of Life above;
 Other nations long before us
 Have embraced His Reign of Love
 Through Hibernia
 May that Reign in triumph move.

40

7. 6.

Tune—"I'm a Pilgrim."

GLAD to hear, from day to day,
 What the Lord is doing;
 How the Gospel wins its way,
 Sinners' hearts subduing:

What a glorious work is His !
 Work, for everlasting :
 Every other work but this
 Fading is and wasting.

While the judgments of the Lord
 Heaven and earth are shaking,
 Roused from slumber by His Word,
 Thousands are awaking :
 Swiftly flies " the joyful sound,"
 Heavenly truth declaring ;
 To a guilty world around
 Words of pardon bearing.

Saviour ! let the message run—
 Message of salvation !
 Take the circuit like the sun,
 Visit every nation.
 Earth has long been overspread—
 Overspread with sadness ;
 Let the day-spring come with speed—
 Bringing light and gladness.

41

8. 7.

Tune—" I'm a Pilgrim."

SEE ! thee Scriptures are fulfilling—
 Sinners flocking to their *home*—
 Times the prophets were foretelling,
 Signs and wonders now are come !
 Gospel trumpets loud are sounding
 Here and there *on every hand* :

God's own Spirit is descending,
Christians joining heart and hand!

Thousands fall before Jehovah—
"Mercy, mercy," loud the cry!
Then with shouts of *Hallelujah*,
"Glory be to God on high!"
Many say, "'Tis all disorder,"
Disbelieve God's Holy Word;
Still these cry and shout the louder—
"Glory, glory to the Lord!"

"Come," is heard in each direction,
"Young and old, and rich and poor:"
These are "*days of visitation*;"
Gospel grace may soon be o'er.
Sinners, hear the invitation;
Oh! thou dead and dying one,
Fly to Jesus for salvation,
Ere be set the judgment throne!

42

P. M.

Tune—"Rosseau's Dream."

HAPPY they who trust in Jesus!
Sweet their portion is, and sure;
When the foe on others seizes,
He will keep His own secure:
Happy people!
Happy, though despised and poor.
Since his love and mercy found us,
We are precious in His sight;

Thousands now may fall around us,
 Thousands more be put to flight ;
 But his presence
 Keeps us safe by day and night.

Lo ! our Saviour never slumbers ;
 Ever watchful is His care,
 Though we cannot boast of numbers,
 In His strength secure we are :
 Sweet their portion,
 Who our Saviour's kindness share !

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

43

7 6.

Tune—"Greenland."

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.

Shall we, whose souls are lighted
 With wisdom from on high,

Shall we to men benighted
 The lamp of life deny?
 Salvation! oh, salvation!
 The joyful sound proclaim,
 'Till each remotest nation
 Has learnt Messiah's name.

Waft, waft, ye winds, His Story,
 And roll, ye waters, roll;
 'Till, like a sea of glory,
 It spreads from pole to pole:
 Till o'er our ransom'd nature,
 The Lamb for sinners slain,
 Redeemer, King, Creator,
 In bliss returns to reign.

44

7. 6.

Tune—"Greenland."

One week of prayer throughout the world,
 January 8, 1860.

The men of Lodiaua,
 Of varied name and birth,
 Have asked for one Hosannah
 To rise o'er all the earth.
 They call to every nation,
 Their fellowship to gain,
 Who know the great salvation,
 And love Messiah's name.

They ask—O bold petition!—
 That now a heavenly birth

TIMES OF REFRESHING.

May dawn on man's condition,
Throughout this weary earth ;
That now " without " a " measure,"
Save the Almighty's power,
His promised " last days' " treasure
The Holy Ghost may pour.

We join them in " one spirit,"
With " one " divine " accord ;"
We plead the boundless merit
And promise of our Lord :
We pray the glorious Giver
To pour His blessings wide,
And o'er the earth deliver
The souls for whom He died ;

That over land and ocean,
Where light doth shine on man,
This week of new devotion
May sin and hell withstand.
Then, men of Lodiana,
And saints both near and far,
Will raise one grand Hosannah
Where'er His triumphs are.

45

P. M.

FATHER, I know that all my life
Is portion'd out for me,
And the changes that will surely come
I do not fear to see ;
But I ask Thee for a present mind
Intent on pleasing Thee.

TIMES OF REFRESHING.

I ask Thee for a thankful love,
Through constant watching, wise,
To meet the glad with joyful smiles,
And to wipe the tearful eyes ;
And a heart *at leisure from itself*
To soothe and sympathize.

Wherever in the world I am,
In whatsoe'er estate,
I have a fellowship with hearts,
To keep and cultivate ;
And a work of holy love to do,
For the Lord on whom I wait.

So I ask Thee for the daily strength
To none that ask denied,
And a mind to blend with outward life
While keeping at thy side,
Content to fill a little space,
So *Thou* be glorified.

And if some things I do not ask
In my cup of blessing be,
I would have my spirit fill'd the more
With grateful love to Thee—
More careful than to serve thee much,
To please thee perfectly.

There are briers besetting every path,
Which call for patient care ;
There is a crook in every lot,
And an earnest need for prayer ;
But a lowly heart that leans on Thee,
Is happy everywhere.

46

C. M.

HAIL ! great Redeemer, gracious Lord,
 Now high uplift Thy hand,
 Thy mercy spread, where'er we tread,
 In this our native land.

We long to see our fruitful isle
 Devoted, Lord, to Thee,
 That on her breast Thy love may rest,
 And souls Thy glory see.

Dispel the clouds which o'er us hang,
 And visit every place,
 Thyself reveal, that all may feel
 The quickenings of Thy grace.

Blest be Thy name in every spot,
 In mountain or in dale,
 Be sweetly sung by every tongue,
 And wafted on the gale.

Then rise, great Sun of Glory, rise,
 Our reign of night destroy,
 Till seas and streams reflect Thy beams,
 And deserts bloom for joy ;

Till rocks and hills shall learn thy praise,
 And valleys shout Thy name,
 Whilst millions meet around Thy feet,
 Thy mercy to proclaim.

47

L. M.

We go the way that leads to God—
 The way that saints have ever trod ;

So let us leave this sinful shore,
For realms where we shall die no more.

Chorus—We're going home, we're going home;
We're going home to die no more;
To die no more, to die no more;
We're going home to die no more.

The ways of God are ways of bliss,
And all his paths are happiness;
Then, weary souls, your sighs give o'er,
We're going hom to die no more.

There is a land beyond the sky,
Where happy spirits never sigh;
Then earth and time no more deplore,
But sing of where we'll die no more.

Come, sinners, come! oh, come along,
And join our happy pilgrim throng;
Farewell, vain world, and all your store,
We're going home to die no more.

48

8. 7. 4.

Tune—"Rosseau's Dream."

SEAMEN! we are homeward sailing,
Bound for Canaan's happy shore,
All who wish to sail for glory,
Come, and welome, rich and poor.
See! our bark is deeply laden,
Bound the mighty ocean o'er,

TIMES OF REFRESHING.

Thousands she has safely landed
Far beyond this mortal view ;
Thousands more are sailing in her,
Still there's room enough for you.
Jesus guides her
All the dangerous voyage through.

Fast her sails with heavenly breezes,
Urge the peaceful bark along ;
All our sailors are rejoicing,
Glory bursts from every tongue.
Glory ! glory ! Hallelujah !
Angels know no sweeter song.

Fear we that the ship will founder
'Mid the storm and hurricane ?
NEVER ! with her *Great Commander*,
She will safely cross the main.
What, though danger'd,
She will always right again.

Yet, what storms have beat upon her,
Howling o'er her on the way ;
Rocks, and sometimes fogs surround her
Worse than storms the sailors say :
But she proudly
Rides along her gallant way.

Oh ! how blest are her provisions ;
Want her sailors need not know ;

Gospel grace and heavenly blessings
From the living fountains flow.
Without money,
We may thus to glory go.

Come, ye sailors, come to glory !
Come, believe the Saviour's name !
Homeward we are joyful sailing !
Come, and cross the mighty main,
Glory waits us
When the ROYAL PORT we gain !

49

P. M.

Tune—"Gospel Ship."

WHAT vessel are you sailing in ?
Declare to us the name ;
Our vessel is the Ark of God,
And Christ the Captain's name.
Hoist every sail to catch the breeze ;
The sailor plies his oar ;
THE NIGHT BEGINS TO WEAR AWAY ;
We soon shall reach the shore.

And what's the port to which you're bound,
Declare to us the way ;
The heaven of heavens is our port,
The realms of endless day.
Hoist every sail, &c.

How many have you now on board
The royal Ship divine ?

We've many, many thousand souls,
Who feast on milk and wine.

But are you not afraid some storm
Your bark will overwhelm ?

? We cannot fear—the Lord is here,
Our Father's at the helm.

Heave out your boat ; I 'll go along,
If you can find me room ;
There 's room for you and all that will—
Make no delay, but come.

The sun is up, the clouds are gone,
The heavens above are clear ;
The city bright appears in sight,
We 're getting round the pier.

And when we all are landed safe
On the celestial plain,
Our song shall be—The worthy "Lamb,"
That was for sinners slain.

50

7s.

Tune—"I'm a Pilgrim."

JESUS, Lord ! we look to Thee—
Thou hast bid us constant pray ;
Let us now Thy presence see,
On this happy, happy day.

Chorus—Jesus, Saviour ! Hallelujah !
Jesus, Lord, for Thee we pray ;
Come with life divine and joy,
On this happy, happy day.

D

Lord, we look for gladsome hours,
Such as pass untold away ;—
Calm awakening, heavenly showers,
On this happy, happy day.

Lord, we come to Thee in prayer—
All our wants on Thee we stay ;
We come to breathe in heavenly air,
On this happy, happy day.

Lord, we come, for thine own truth,
Opening to Thyself the way—
Age renewing into youth,
On this happy, happy day.

Lord, we look the closing hour,
Many new-born souls to say—
“Glory, honour, praise, and power,”
On this happy, happy day.

51

73.

SAW ye not the cloud arise,
Little as a human hand ;
Now it spreads along the skies—
Hangs o'er all the thirsty land.

Lo ! the promise of a shower
Drops already from above ;
But the Lord will shortly pour
All the spirit of His love.

Sons of God, your Saviour praise,
He the door hath open'd wide ;
He hath given the word of grace ;
Jesus' word is glorified.

Jesus, mighty to redeem,
 He alone the work hath wrought :
 Worthy is the work of Him—
 Him who spake a world from nought.

52

P. M.

Tune—"What's the news."

WHERE'ER we meet, you always say,
 What's the news? what's the news?
 Pray, what's the tidings of the day?
 What's the news? what's the news?
 Oh! I have got good news to tell,
 My Saviour hath done all things well,
 And triumph'd over death and hell:
 That's the news! that's the news!

The Lamb was slain on Calvary :
 That's the news! that's the news!
 To set a world of sinners free :
 That's the news! that's the news!
 'Twas there His precious blood was shed
 'Twas there he bow'd His sacred head ;
 But now He's risen from the dead :
 That's the news! that's the news!

To heaven above the Conqueror's gone,
 That's the news! that's the news!
 He's pass'd triumphant to His throne :
 That's the news! that's the news!

TIMES OF REFRESHING.

And on that throne He will remain,
Until he joyful comes again,
Attended by a dazzling train :
That's the news ! that's the news !

His work's reviving all around :
That's the news ! that's the news !
And many have redemption found :
That's the news ! that's the news !
And since our souls have caught the flame.
We shout Hosanna to His name,
And all around we spread His fame :
That's the news ! that's the news !

The Lord has pardon'd all my sin :
That's the news ! that's the news !
I feel the witness now within :
That's the news ! that's the news !
And since He took my guilt away,
And taught me how to watch and pray,
I'm happy now from day to day :
That's the news ! that's the news !

And Christ the Lord can save you now :
That's the news ! that's the news !
Your sinful hearts he can renew :
That's the news ! that's the news !
This moment, if for sins you grieve—
This moment, if you do believe,
A full acquittal you'll receive :
That's the news ! that's the news !

And then, if any one should say,
 What's the news? what's the news?
 Oh, tell them you've begun to pray,
 That's the news! that's the news!
 That you have join'd the conquering band,
 And now with joy at God's command,
 You're marching to the better land:
 That's the news! that's the news!

53

8. 7.

Tune—"I'm a pilgrim."

I'm a pilgrim bound for glory,
 I'm a pilgrim going home;
 Come and hear me tell my story—
 All that love the Saviour—come.
Chorus—I love Jesus, Hallelujah;
 I love Jesus, yes I do;
 I love Jesus, He's my Saviour:
 Jesus smiles, and loves me too.

When I first commenced my journey,
 Many said, "He'll turn again;"
 But they all have been deceived;
 In the way I still remain.
 I love Jesus, &c.

Many years have now elapsed
 Since I first began to pray;
 I have been in many conflicts,
 And here I am alive to-day.
 I love Jesus, &c.

TIMES OF REFRESHING.

I will tell you what induced me
For the better land to start;
'Twas the Saviour's loving-kindness
Overcame and won my heart.
I love Jesus, &c.

I'm a wonder unto many;
God the mighty change has wrought;
Here I raise my Ebenezer;
Hither by Thy help I'm brought.
I love Jesus, &c.

Soon to Jordan's swelling river,
Like a pilgrim I shall come;
Then I hope to shout salvation,
And go singing glory home.
I love Jesus, &c.

54

C. M.

COME, sinner, to the Gospel feast;
Oh, come without delay;
For there is room on Jesus' breast
For all who will obey.

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

There's room within the church redeem'd
With blood of Christ divine—
Room 'mid the white-robed throng convened,
For that dear soul of thine.

TIMES OF REFRESHING.

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

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.

55

P. M.

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."

Then if the door is open'd 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 the blessing seek,
 Unless Thou soughtest me ;
 But drawn by that inviting Word,
 Which I have often read and heard,
 I cast myself on Thee."

56

L. M.

Tune—" Old Hundreth."

JESUS, where'er Thy people meet,
 There they behold Thy mercy-seat ;
 Where'er They seek Thee Thou art found,
 And every place is hallow'd ground.

For Thou, within no walls confined,
 Inhabitest the humble mind ;
 Such ever bring Thee where they come
 And, going, take Thee to their home.

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

Here may we prove the power of prayer
 To strengthen faith and sweeten care—
 To teach our faint desires to rise,
 And bring all heaven before our eyes.

Lord, we are few, but Thou art near ;
 Nor short Thine arm, nor deaf Thine ear :
 Oh ! rend the heavens, come quickly down,
 And make our waiting hearts Thine own.

57

C. M.

Tune—"Martyrdom."

COME, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
 With all Thy quick'ning powers,
 Kindle a flame of sacred love
 In these cold hearts of ours.

Look how we grovel here below,
 Fond of these trifling toys:
 Our souls can neither fly nor go
 To reach eternal joys.

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

Dear Lord! and shall we ever live
 At this poor, dying rate?
 Our love so faint, so cold to Thee,
 And Thine to us so great.

Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
 With all Thy quickening powers—
 Come, shed abroad a Saviour's love,
 And that shall kindle ours.

58

7s.

Tune—"Harta."

COME, my soul, thy suit prepare;
 Jesus loves to answer prayer;
 He Himself has bid thee pray,
 Therefore will not say thee nay.

TIMES OF REFRESHING.

Thou art coming to a King ;
Large petitions with thee bring ;
For His grace and power are such,
None can ever ask too much.

With my burden I begin :
Lord, remove this load of sin ;
Let Thy blood, for sinners spilt,
Set my conscience free from guilt.

Lord, I come to Thee for rest ;
Take possession of my breast :
There Thy blood-bought right maintain,
And without a rival reign.

While I am a pilgrim here,
Let Thy love my spirit cheer :
As my Guide, my Guard, my Friend,
Lead me to my journey's end.

Show me what I have to do ;
Every hour my strength renew ;
Let me live a life of faith ;
Let me die Thy people's death.

59

Tune—"Harts."

7s.

LORD, I cannot let Thee go,
Till a blessing Thou bestow ;
Do not turn away thy face ;
Mine's an urgent, pressing case.

TIMES OF REFRESHING.

Once a sinner, near despair,
Sought Thy mercy-seat by prayer;
Mercy heard, and set him free;
Lord, that mercy came to me.

Many days have pass'd since then—
Many changes I have seen;
Yet have been upheld till now:
Who could hold me up but Thou?

Thou hast help'd in every need;
This emboldens me to plead;
After so much mercy past,
Canst Thou let me sink me at last?

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

60

C. M.

Tune—"I heard the voice of Jesus say."

PRAYER is the soul's sincere desire,
Utter'd or unexpress'd;
The motion of a hidden fire,
That trembles in the breast.

Prayer is the burden of a sigh—
The falling of a tear—
The upward glancing of an eye,
When none but God is near.

Prayer is the simplest form of speech
 That infant lips can try ;
 Prayer, the sublimest strains that reach
 The Majesty on high.

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

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

61

C. M.

If we were longing for the food
 That high in heaven doth grow ;
 If we were thirsting for the flood
 That from the rock doth flow ;

Then boldly should we come to Thee
 To plead for that we want ;
 For in our soul's desire would be
 An earnest of the grant.

Our souls are empty vessels laid
 For Thee to fill and bless,—
 For hungering and for thirsting made
 Till fill'd with righteousness.

62

C. M.

How precious is the book divine,
 By inspiration given!
 Bright as a lamp its doctrines shine,
 To guide our souls to heaven.

O'er all the strait and narrow way
 Its radiant beams are cast,—
 A light whose never-weary ray
 Grows brightest at the last.

It sweetly cheers our drooping hearts
 In this dark vale of tears;
 Light, life, and joy, it still imparts,
 And quells our rising fears.

This lamp, through all the tedious night
 Of life, shall guide our way,
 Till we behold the clearer light
 Of an eternal day.

63

P. M.

Tune—"Shining Shore."

My days are gliding swiftly by,
 And I, a pilgrim stranger,
 Would not detain them as they fly—
 These hours of toil and danger;
 For, oh! we stand on Jordan's strand,
 Our friends are passing over,
 And just before, the shining shore
 We may almost discover.

We'll gird our loins, my brethren dear,
 Our distant home discerning;
 Our absent Lord has left us word,
 Let every lamp be burning.
 For, oh! we stand, &c.

Should coming days be cold and dark,
 We need not cease our singing;
 That perfect rest none can molest,
 Where golden harps are ringing.
 For, oh! we stand, &c.

Let sorrow's rudest tempest blow,
 Each cord on earth to sever;
 Our King says *Come*, and there's a home;
 For ever—oh! for ever!
 For, oh! we stand, &c.

64

P. M.

Tune—"Promised Land."

I HAVE a Father in the Promised Land.
 I have a Father in the Promised Land.
 My Father calls me; I must go
 To meet Him in the Promised Land.
 I'll away! I'll away to the Promised Land!
 I'll away! I'll away to the Promised Land!
 My Father calls me; I must go
 To meet Him in the Promised Land.

I have a Saviour in the Promised Land;
 I have a Saviour in the Promised Land.
 My Saviour calls me; I must go
 To meet Him in the Promised Land.

I'll away ! I'll away to the Promised Land !
 I'll away ! I'll away to the Promised Land !
 My Saviour calls me ; I must go
 To meet him in the Promised Land.

I HAVE A CROWN IN THE PROMISED LAND ;
 I have a crown in the Promised Land.

When Jesus calls me, I must go
 To wear it in the Promised Land.
 I'll away ! I'll away to the Promised Land !
 I'll away ! I'll away to the Promised Land !
 When Jesus calls me, I must go
 To wear it in the Promised Land.

I hope to meet you in the Promised Land ;
 I hope to meet you in the Promised Land.
 At Jesus' feet a joyous band,
 We'll praise Him in the Promised Land.
 We'll away ! we'll away to the Promised
 Land !
 We'll away ! we'll away to the Promised
 Land !
 At Jesus' feet a joyous band,
 We'll praise Him in the Promised Land.

65

P. M.

Tune—"Joyfully, joyfully."

JOYFULLY, joyfully onward we move,
 Bound to the land of bright spirits above ;
 Jesus our Saviour in mercy says " Come,"
 Joyfully, joyfully, haste to your home.

TIMES OF REFRESHING.

CHORUS :

Joyfully, joyfully onward we move,
Bound to the land of bright spirits above.

Soon will our pilgrimage end here below,
Soon to the presence of God we shall go;
'Then, if to Jesus our hearts shall be given,
Joyfully, joyfully, rest we in heaven.
Joyfully, joyfully, &c.

Teachers and kindred have pass'd on before,
Waiting, they watch us approaching the shore,
Singing to cheer us while passing along—
Joyfully, joyfully, haste to your home.
Joyfully, joyfully, &c.

Sounds of sweet music there ravish the ear,
Harps of the blessed, your strains we shall hear,
Filling with harmony heaven's high dome,
Joyfully, joyfully, Jesus, we come.
Joyfully, joyfully, &c.

DEATH WITH ITS ARROWS MAY SOON LAY US
LOW,
SAFE IN OUR SAVIOUR WE FEAR NOT THE
BLOW;
Jesus hath broken the bars of the tomb—
Joyfully, joyfully we will go home.
Joyfully, joyfully, &c.

Bright will the morn of eternity dawn,
Death shall be conquered, its sceptre be gone;

TIMES OF REFRESHING.

Over the plains of sweet Canaan we'll roam,
Joyfully, joyfully, safely at home.
Joyfully, joyfully, &c.

66

P. M.

Tune—"Jesus is here."

I'm but a stranger here ;
HEAVEN IS MY HOME.

Earth is a desert drear ;
Heaven is my home.

Danger and sorrow stand
Round me on every hand,
Heaven is my fatherland—
Heaven is my home.

What though the tempests rage,
Heaven is my home.

Short is my pilgrimage ;
Heaven is my home.

And Time's wild wintry blast
Soon will be overpast,
I shall reach home at last ;
Heaven is my home.

There, at my Saviour's side,
Heaven is my home.

I shall be glorified ;
Heaven is my home.

There, with the good and blest,
Those I loved most and best,
I shall for ever rest ;
Heaven is my home.

E

Therefore I'll murmur not :
Heaven is my home.
Whate'er my earthly lot,
Heaven is my home.
For I shall surely stand
There at my Lord's right hand,
Heaven is my fatherland—
Heaven is my home.

67

L. M.

Tune—"Land of the blest."

WE talk of the land of the bless'd,
A country so bright and so fair;
And oft are its glories confess'd—
But what must it be to be there!

We talk of its pathways of gold,
Its walls deck'd with jewels so rare;
Its wonders and pleasures untold—
But what must it be to be there!

We talk 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!

We talk of its freedom from sin,
From sorrow, temptation, and care;
From trials without and within—
But what must it be to be there!

Do thou, Lord, 'midst pleasure or woe,
 For heaven our spirits prepare ;
 Then shortly we also shall *know*,
 And *feel* what it is to be there !

68

C. M.

Tune—"Kilmarnock."

My God, the spring of all my joys,
 The life of my delights,
 The glory of my brightest days,
 And comfort of my nights.

In darkest shades if He appear,
 My dawning is begun ;
 He is my soul's sweet morning star,
 And He's my rising sun.

The op'ning heavens around me shine
 With beams of sacred bliss,
 While Jesus shows His heart is mine,
 And whispers, *I am His*.

**My soul would leave this heavy clay
 At that transporting word,
 Run up with joy the shining way,
 To embrace my blessed Lord.**

**Fearless of hell and ghastly death,
 I'd break through every foe ;
 The wings of love and arms of faith
 Should bear me conqu'ror through.**

Tune—"Homeward Bound."

OUT on an ocean all boundless we ride,
 We're homeward bound ;
 Toss'd on the waves of a rough restless tide,
 We're homeward bound ;
 Far from the safe, quiet harbour we've rode,
 Seeking our Father's celestial abode,
 Promise of which on us each He bestow'd,
 We're homeward bound.

Wildly the storm sweeps us on as it roars,
 We're homeward bound ;
 Look ! yonder lie the bright heavenly shores,
 We're homeward bound ;
 Steady, O pilot ! stand firm at the wheel,
 Steady, we soon shall outweather the gale,
 Oh, how we fly 'neath the loud-creaking sail !
 We're homeward bound.

Into the harbour of heaven now we glide,
 We're home at last ;
 Softly we drift on its bright silver tide,
 We're home at last ;
 Glory to God ! all our dangers are o'er ;
 We stand secure on the glorified shore ;
 Glory to God ! we will shout evermore,
 We're home at last.

Tune—"Happy Day."

O HAPPY day, that fix'd my choice
 On Thee my Saviour and my God !

TIMES OF REFRESHING.

Well may this glowing heart rejoice,
And tell its raptures all abroad.

Chorus, 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 ! happy day !
When Jesus wash'd my sins away.

O happy bond, that seals my vows
To him that merits all my love !
Let cheerful anthems fill His house,
While to that sacred shrine I move.
Happy 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.
Happy day ! happy day ! &c.

Now rest, my long-divided heart,
Fix'd on this blissful centre rest ;
With ashes who would grudge to part,
When call'd on angels' bread to feast ?
Happy day ! happy day ! &c.

High heaven, that heard the solemn vow,
That vow renew'd shall daily hear ;
Till in life's latest hour I bow,
And bless, in death, a bond so dear.
Happy day ! happy day ! &c.

Tune—"I heard the voice of Jesus say."

THERE is a name I love to hear ;
 I love to sing its worth ;
 It sounds like music in mine ear,
 The sweetest name on earth.

It tells me of a Saviour's love
 Who died to set me free ;
 It tells me of His precious blood,
 The sinner's perfect plea.

It tells me of a Father's smile
 Beaming upon His child ;
 It cheers me through this "little while,"
 Through desert, waste, and wild.

It tells me what my Father hath
 In store for every day,
 And though I tread a darksome path,
 Yields sunshine all the way.

It tells of One whose loving heart
 Can feel my smallest woe,
 Who in each sorrow bears a part
 That none can bear below.

It bids my trembling soul rejoice,
 And dries each rising tear ;
 It tells me in a "still small voice,"
 To trust and not to fear.

TIMES OF REFRESHING.

JESUS! the name I love so well,
The name I love to hear!
No saint on earth its worth can tell,
No heart conceive how dear.

This name shall feel its fragrance still
Along this thorny road—
Shall sweetly smooth the rugged hill
That leads me up to God :

And there with all the blood-bought throng,
From sin and sorrow free,
I'll sing the new eternal song
Of Jesus' love to me.

72

C. M.

Tune—"Martydom."

FAR from the world, O Lord, I flee
From strife and tumult far ;
From scenes where Satan wages still
His most successful war.

The calm retreat, the silent shade,
With prayer and praise agree,
And seen, by Thy sweet bounty, made
For those who follow Thee.

There, if Thy Spirit touch the soul,
And grace her mean abode,
Oh! with what peace, and joy, and love,
She communes with her God!

Author and Guardian of my life,
Sweet source of light divine,
And (all harmonious names in one)
My Saviour, Thou art mine !

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

73

1

P. M.

Tune—" Oh, how he loves."

ONE there is above all others—
Oh, how He loves !
His is love beyond a brother's—
Oh, 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—
Oh, how He loves !

'Tis eternal life to know Him—
Oh, how He loves !
Think, oh ! think how much we owe Him—
Oh, how He loves !
With his precious blood He bought us,
In the wilderness He sought us,
To His fold He safely brought us—
Oh, how He loves !

We have found a friend in Jesus—
Oh, how He loves !

'Tis His great delight to bless us—
 Oh, how He loves!
 How our hearts delight to hear Him
 Bid us dwell in safety near Him;
 Why should we distrust or fear Him?
 Oh, how he loves!

Through His name we are forgiven—
 Oh, how He loves!
 Backward shall our foes be driven—
 Oh, 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—
 OH, HOW HE LOVES!

74

C. M.

Joy is a fruit that will not grow
 In nature's barren soil;
 All we can boast, till Christ we know,
 Is vanity and toil.

But where the Lord has planted grace,
 And made His glories known,
 There fruits of heavenly joy and peace
 Are found, and there alone.

A bleeding Saviour seen by faith,
 A sense of pardoning love,
 A hope that triumphs over death,
 Give joys like those above.

TIMES OF REFRESHING.

To take a glimpse within the veil,
To know that God is mine,
Are springs of joy that never fail,
Unspeakable! divine!

These are the joys which satisfy,
And sanctify the mind,
Which make the spirit mount on high,
And leave the world behind.

No more, believers, mourn your lot,
But, if you are the Lord's,
Resign to them that know Him not
Such joys as earth affords.

75

C. M.

Tune—"Sandycove."

Now I can read my title clear
To mansions in the skies,
I'll bid farewell to every fear,
And wipe my weeping eyes.

Should earth against my soul engage,
And hellish darts be hurl'd,
Then I can smile at Satan's rage,
And face a frowning world.

Let cares, like a wild deluge, come,
And storms of sorrow fall;
May I but safely reach my home,
My God, my heaven, my all.

There shall I bathe my weary soul
In seas of heavenly rest,
And not a wave of trouble roll
Across my peaceful breast.

76

C. M.

I've found the Pearl of greatest price !
My heart doth sing for joy ;
And sing I must, for Christ I have !
A precious Christ have I !

Christ Jesus is the Lord of lords,
He is the King of kings ;
He is the Sun of Righteousness,
With healing in His wings.

Christ is my meat, Christ is my drink,
My med'cine and my health ;
My peace, my strength, my joy, my crown,
My glory, and my wealth.

Christ is my Father and my Friend,
My Brother and my Love ;
My Head, my Hope, my Counsellor,
My Advocate above.

Christ Jesus is the heaven of heaven :
My Christ, what shall I call ?
Christ is the first, Christ is the last,
And Christ is all in all.

All glory to the God of love,
One God in persons three ;
To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
One equal glory be !

WE'RE bound for yonder land,
Where Jesus reigns supreme ;
We leave the shore at His command,
Forsaking all for Him.

'T were easy did we choose,
Again to reach that shore ;
But this is what our souls refuse,
We'll never touch it more.

The perils of the sea—
The rocks, the waves, the winds—
Are small, whatever they may be,
To those we leave behind.

Nor have we cause to fear :
The God who rules the sea,
In every danger will be near,
And our Protector be.

The Lord Himself shall keep
His people safe from harm ;
Will hold the helm and guide the ship,
With His Almighty arm.

Then let the tempests roar,
The billows heave and swell ;
We trust to reach the peaceful shore
Where all the ransom'd dwell.

And when we reach that land,
How happy we shall be ;
How shall we bless the mighty hand
That led us through the sea !

Look, ye saints, the sight is glorious,
 See the "Man of Sorrows" now,
 From the fight return victorious :
 Every knee to Him shall bow.
 Crown Him ! crown Him !
 Crowns become the Victor's brow.

Crown the Saviour ! angels crown Him !
 Rich the trophies Jesus brings ;
 In the seat of power enthrone Him,
 While the vault of heaven rings.
 Crown Him ! crown Him !
 Crown the Saviour " King of kings !"

Sinners in derision crown'd Him,
 Mocking thus the Saviour's claim ;
 Saints and angels crowd around Him,
 Own His title, praise His name.
 Crown Him ! crown Him !
 Spread abroad the Victor's fame.

Hark ! these bursts of acclamation !
 Hark ! these loud triumphant chords !
 Jesus takes the highest station :
 Oh ! what joy the sight affords !
 Crown Him ! crown Him !
 " King of kings, and Lord of lords !"

Tune—"Martyrdom."

JESUS! Thou name of power divine,
To all of heavenly birth!

Jesus! the never-failing mine,
Of richest, sweetest worth!

Each bitter grief, each anxious care,
O Lord! thy goodness knows;
My wounded spirit only there,
'Mid conflict, finds repose.

Here, love may meet a kindred heart,
But not a heart like Thine;
Lord, from Thy love I cannot part,
Nor canst Thou part with mine.

With Thee I cannot feel alone;
I cannot be forgot;
Though friends are changing one by one,
Thou, Saviour, changest not.

My future path I know may be
A path of anxious care;
But love has plann'd that path for me—
That love in which I share.

The Shepherd's bosom bears each lamb
O'er rock, and waste, and wild;
The object of that love I am—
And carried like a child.

And is not this, O Lord, enough
Thy perfect love to share,

Till Thou shalt call Thy Bride above,
To meet Thee in the air ?

It is enough : Thy tender smile,
Till I behold Thee there,
Shall cheer me through the "little while"
I'm waiting for Thee here.

80

8. 7.

Tune—"Rosseau's Dream."

GUIDE me, O Thou great Jehovah !
Pilgrim through this barren land ;
I am weak, but Thou art mighty ;
Hold me with Thy powerful hand.
Bread of heaven !
Feed me till I want no more.

Open, Thou, the crystal Fountain !
Whence the healing streams do flow ;
Let the fiery, cloudy pillar
Lead me all my journey through.
Strong Deliverer !
Be Thou still my Strength and Shield.

When I tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid my anxious fears subside :
Death of death, and hell's destruction,
Land me safe on Canaan's side :
Songs of praises
I will ever give to Thee.

Saviour, come, I long to see Thee,
 Long to dwell with Thee above,
 And to know in full communion
 All the sweetness of Thy love.
 Come, Lord Jesus,
 Take thy waiting people home.

81

P. M.

I do not doubt my safety—that Thy hand
 Will still uphold me, even to the last,
 And that my feet on Canaan's hill shall stand,
 When the long wilderness is overpast;
 But often faith is weak, and hope is low,
 Forward, indeed, but faint and wearily I go.

I do not doubt Thy love, my Lord, my God,
 The love which suffer'd and which died for
 me,
 The love which sought me on the downward
 road,
 Unclasp'd the fetters, set the captive free!
 But mine seems now so languid, dull, and
 cold—
 Oh! for the blissful hours which I have known
 of old.

I do not doubt, unworthy though I be:
 Thy worthiness, my Saviour, is my own!
 One of Thy many mansions is for me
 In the good land where sorrow is unknown.

TIMES OF REFRESHING.

But often clouds obscure the distant scene,
And from the flood I shrink which darkly rolls
between.

Lord, at the evening time let there be light,
Unveil Thy presence, bid all darkness fly ;
Surely, ere now, far spent must be the night,
The morning comes, the journey's end is
nigh ;
Renew my strength, what yet remains to run,
Till glory crowns the work which grace has
here begun !

82

P M.

Tune—"Greenland."

I THOUGHT that I was strong, Lord,
And did not need thine arm :
Though troubles throng'd around me,
My heart felt no alarm.

I thought I nothing needed—
Riches, nor dress, nor sight ;
And on I walk'd in darkness,
And still I thought it light.

But Thou hast broke the spell, Lord,
And wak'd me from my dream ;
The light has burst into my soul
With bright unerring beam.

Oh ! Thou hast given me sight, Lord,
And I can see within ;

TIMES OF REFRESHING.

I see that all my heart is dyed
With deepest stain of sin.

For I know Thy blood has cleansed my soul,
And I know that I'm forgiven ;
And all the roughest paths on earth
Will surely end in heaven.

For I know that I am Thine, Lord,
And that none can pluck away
The feeblest sheep that ever yet
Did make Thine arm its stay.

My soul, it slept the sleep of death,
But Thou hast given it life ;
And with a spirit strong in Thee,
I'm ready for the strife :

Ready for pain and sickness—
Ready for care and grief ;
For I know I have in Thee, Lord,
An ever sure relief.

Ready to work and suffer—
To love, and hope, and pray ;
Ready to go to Thee, Lord,
When Thou shalt call away.

Thou hidden love of God, whose height,
Whose depth unfathom'd no man knows,

TIMES OF REFRESHING.

I see from far Thy beauteous light,
And deeply sigh for Thy repose ;
My heart is pain'd, nor can it be
At rest, till it find rest in Thee.

Is there a thing beneath the sun
That strives with Thee my heart to share?
Oh ! tear it thence, and reign alone,
The Lord of every motion there.
Then shall my heart from earth be free,
When it has found repose in Thee.

Oh ! hide this self from me, that I
No more, but Christ in me may live ;
My vile affections crucify,
Nor let one darling sin survive.
In all things nothing may I see
Nothing desire or seek but Thee.

Each moment calls from earth away
My heart, which lowly waits Thy call ;
Speak to my inmost soul, and say,
"I am thy life, thy God, thy all."
To know Thy power, to hear Thy voice,
To feel Thy love, be all my choice.

84

P. M.

On the wild waste of water, so dark and so
drear,
How delightful to think that my Saviour is
here ;

As much with this vessel, where'er it may roam,
As with those we love best and have quitted
at home.

Forgive us and bless us; Thou only canst bless;
Thou knowest, we do not, each future distress.
Oh! guard us, and help us, and bring us again
To the land of our home, from the boisterous
main.

And be Thou still with us and lead us along,
For land, too, has tempests both heavy and
strong;
And when the last voyage of life shall be o'er,
May we rest, past all storms, on th' heavenly
shore.

85

C. M.

Tune—"I heard the voice of Jesus say."

Oh! what a lonely path were ours,
Could we, O Father, see,
No home or rest beyond it all—
No guide or help in Thee!

But Thou art near, and with us still,
To keep us on the way
That leads along this vale of tears.
To the bright world of day.

There shall Thy glory, O our God!
Break fully on our view;
And we, Thy saints, rejoice to find
That all Thy Word was true.

TIMES OF REFRESHING.

There Jesus, on His heavenly throne,
Our wond'ring eyes shall see ;
While we, the blest associates there
Of all His joy shall be.

Sweet hope ! we leave without a sigh
A blighted world like this ;
To bear the cross, despise the shame,
For all that weight of bliss.

86

C. M.

Tune—"Never part again."

THERE is a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign ;
Infinite day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain.

CHORUS :

We're marching thro' Immanuel's ground ;
And soon shall hear the trumpet sound ;
And then we shall with Jesus reign,
And never, never part again.

What ! never part again ? No ! never part
again.

What ! never part again ? No ! never part
again.

And then we shall with Jesus reign,
And never, never part again.

There everlasting spring abides,
And never-withering flowers :
Death, like a narrow sea, divides
This heavenly land from ours.

TIMES OF REFRESHING.

Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood,
Stand dress'd in living green ;
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
While Jordan roll'd between.

But timorous mortals start and shrink,
To cross this narrow sea ;
And linger, shivering on the brink,
And fear to launch away.

Oh ! could we make our doubts remove,
These gloomy doubts that rise,
And see the Canaan that we love
With unbecclouded eyes !

Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er,
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood,
Should fright us from the shore.

87

P. M.

CLING to the MIGHTY ONE—

Cling in thy grief ;

Cling to the HOLY ONE,

He gives relief ;

Cling to the GRACIOUS ONE—

Cling in thy pain ;

Cling to the FAITHFUL ONE,

He will sustain.

Cling to the LIVING ONE—

Cling in thy woe ;

Cling to the LOVING ONE,

Through all below ;

TIMES OF REFRESHING.

Cling to the PARD'NING ONE,
He speaketh peace;
Cling to the HEALING ONE,
Anguish shall cease.

Cling to the BLEEDING ONE—
Cling to His side;
Cling to the RISEN ONE,
In Him abide.
Cling to the COMING ONE,
Hope shall arise;
Cling to the REIGNING ONE,
Joy lights thine eyes.

88

P. M.

Tune—" Shall we ever all meet again."

SHALL we ever all meet again?
Shall we ever all meet again?
Shall we ever all meet again?
Shall we ever, ever, ever, ever all meet again?
Yes, we may all meet again;
Yes, we may all meet again;
Yes, we may all meet again;
If not on earth, in heaven we may all meet
again.

SHALL WE EVER ALL WEAR A CROWN?
Shall we ever all wear a crown?
Shall we ever all wear a crown?
Shall we ever, ever, ever, ever all wear a crown?
Yes, we may all wear a crown, &c.

TIMES OF REFRESHING.

Shall we ever all bear a palm ?

Shall we ever all bear a palm ?

Shall we ever all bear a palm ?

Shall we ever, ever, ever, ever all bear a palm ?

Yes, we may all bear a palm, &c.

TEARS SHALL BE ALL WIPED AWAY ;

Tears shall be all wiped away ;

Tears shall be all wiped away ;

If not on earth, in heaven, tears shall be all
wiped away.

89

P. M.

Tune—"Rosseau's Dream."

COME, ye sinners, poor and wretched,

Weak and wounded, sick and sore,

Jesus ready stands to save you,

Full of mercy, love and power :

He is able—

He is willing ; doubt no more.

Oh ! 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 feel your need of Him ;

This He gives you ;

'Tis the Spirit's rising beam.

TIMES OF REFRESHING.

Come, ye weary, heavy-laden,
Lost and ruin'd by the fall;
If you tarry till you're better,
You will never come at all.
Not the righteous—
Sinners, Jesus came to call.

View Him prostrate in the garden :
On the ground the Saviour lies ;
On the bloody tree behold Him ;
Hear Him cry, before He dies—
“It is finish'd !”
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.

90

P. M.

Tune—“Calvary.”

HARK ! the voice of love and mercy
Sounds aloud from Calvary !
See it rends the rocks asunder—
Shakes the earth, and veils the sky !
“It is finish'd !”
Hear the dying Saviour cry !

Finish'd all the types and shadows
Of the ceremonial law !

TIMES OF REFRESHING.

Finish'd all that God had promised ;
Death and hell no more shall awe :
 "It is finish'd ;"
Saints, from hence your comforts draw.
Tune your hearts anew, ye seraphs !
Join to sing the glorious theme ;
All in earth, and all in heaven,
Join to praise Immanuel's name !
 Hallelujah !
Glory to the bleeding Lamb.

91

P. M.

Tune—"Other side of Jordan."

In the Christian's home in glory
There remains a land of rest,
Where the Saviour's gone before me,
To fulfil my soul's request.
Chorus—There is rest for the weary, there is
rest for the weary,
There is rest for you.
On the other side of Jordan,
In the sweet fields of Eden
Where the tree of life is blooming,
There is rest for you ;
He is fitting up my mansion,
Which eternally shall stand ;
My stay will not be transient
In that holy, happy land.
Pain nor sickness ne'er can enter ;
Grief nor woe my lot shall share ;

TIMES OF REFRESHING.

But in that celestial centre
I a crown of life shall wear.

Death itself shall then be vanquished,
And its sting shall be withdrawn ;
Shout with gladness, O ye ransom'd !
Hail with joy the happy morn.

Sing, O sing, ye heirs of glory,
Shout your triumphs as you go !
Zion's gates will open to you,
You shall find an entrance through.

92

P. M.

Tune—"Mighty trumpet."

THE blast of the trumpet, so loud and so shrill,
Will shortly re-echo o'er mountain and hill.

CHORUS.

When the mighty, mighty, mighty trump
sounds,

Come, come away ;
Oh ! may we be ready to hail that glad day.

The earth and the waters will yield up the dead,
And the righteous with joy will wake from the
dead.

When the mighty, &c.

The chorus of angels will burst from the skies,
And blend with the shouts of the saints as
they rise..

When the mighty, &c.

TIMES OF REFRESHING.

The cry of the lost ones, the yell of despair,
And loud hallelujahs will meet in the air.
When the mighty, &c.

Acknowledged by Jesus, confess'd as His own,
Transported to glory, we'll sit on His throne.
When the mighty, &c.

Oh! land of the holy, the happy, the free;
In Jesus thy portals are open to me.
When the mighty, &c.

93

C. M.

A MIND at "perfect peace" with God;
Oh, what a word is this!
A sinner reconciled through blood;—
This, this indeed is peace!

By nature and by practice far—
How very far from God!
Yet now by grace brought nigh to Him,
Through faith in Jesus' blood.

So nigh, so very nigh to God,
I cannot nearer be;
For in the person of His Son,
I am as near as He.

So dear, so very dear to God,
More dear I cannot be;
The love wherewith He loves the Son—
Such is His love to me.

TIMES OF REFRESHING.

Why should I ever careful be,
Since such a God is mine ?
He watches o'er me night and day,
And tells me " Mine is thine."

94

P. M.

Tune—" I was a wandering sheep."

There is a house above,
Not made with mortal hands ;
And firm as our Redeemer's love,
The heavenly temple stands.

CHORUS :

A little while we stay,
A season more we roam ;
But soon shall hear our Saviour's voice,
To call us nearer home.

Oh, happy, happy place,
Where saints and angels meet ;
There we shall see our Saviour's face,
And there each other greet.

The Church of the first-born,
With them we shall be blest ;
And crown'd with endless joy return,
To our eternal rest.

The saints of ancient days,
We shall with them sit down,
Who fought the fight, and won the race,
And now possess the crown.

Tune—"Bethany."

JESUS, I am never weary
 When upon this bed of pain ;
 If thy presence only cheer me,
 All my loss I count but gain.
 Ever near me, ever near me,
 Ever near me, Lord, remain.

Dear ones come with fruit and flowers,
 Thus to cheer my heart the while
 In these deeply anxious hours :
 Oh ! if Jesus only smile
 Only Jesus, only Jesus,
 Can these trembling fears beguile.

All my sins were laid upon Thee,
 All my griefs were on Thee laid ;
 For the blood of thine atonement,
 All my utmost debt has paid.
 Dearest Saviour, dearest Saviour,
 I believe, for thou hast said.

Dearest Saviour, go not from me,
 Let Thy presence still abide,
 Look in tenderest love upon me,
 I am sheltering at Thy side.
 Dearest Saviour, dearest Saviour,
 Who for suffering sinners died.

Both mine arms are clasp'd around Thee,
 And my head is on Thy breast ;

TIMES OF REFRESHING.

Yes, my weary soul has found Thee
Such a *perfect, perfect* rest.
Dearest Saviour, dearest Saviour,
Now I know that I am blest.

96

L. M.

Tune—"Old Hundred" h.

WHEN I survey the wondrous cross
On which the Prince of Glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride.

CHORUS.

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! happy day!
When Jesus wash'd my sins away.

Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast
Save in the death of Christ my God:
All the vain things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them to His blood.

See from His head, His hands, His feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down!
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown.

His dying crimson, like a robe,
Spreads o'er His body on the tree;
Then am I dead to all the globe,
And all the globe is dead to me.

Were the whole realm of nature mine,
 That were a present far too small ;
 Love so amazing, so divine,
 Demands my heart, my life, my all.

97

P. M.

TH' atoning work is done—
 The victim's blood is shed ;
 And Jesus now is gone
 His people's cause to plead ;
 He stands in heaven their great High Priest,
 And bears their names upon His breast.

He sprinkles 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 awhile He be
 Hid from the eyes of men,
 His people look to see

Their great High Priest again :
In brightest glory He will come,
And take His waiting people home.

98

7s.

Tune—"Rosseau's Dream."

Rock of Ages ! cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee !
Let the water and the blood,
From Thy wounded side which flow'd,
Be of sin the double cure ;
Cleanse me from its guilt and power.

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.

Nothing in my hand I bring ;
Simply to Thy cross I cling ;
Naked, come to Thee for dress ;
Helpless, look to Thee for grace ;
Black, I to the fountain fly—
Wash me, Saviour, or I die !

While I draw this fleeting breath :
When my eyes shall close in death ;
When I soar to worlds unknown—
See Thee on Thy judgment-throne :
Rock of Ages ! cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee !

Tune—"I heard the voice of Jesus say."

My soul amid this stormy world,
Is like some flutter'd dove,
And fain would be as swift of wing,
To flee to Him I love.

The cords that bound my heart to earth
Are loosed by Jesus' hand ;
Before His cross I now am left,
A stranger in the land.

That visage marr'd, those sorrows deep,
The thorns, the scourge, the gall,
These were the golden chains of love,
His captive to enthrall.

Fain would I, Jesus, know Thy love,
Which yet no measure knows—
Would search the depth of all Thy wounds,
The secret of Thy woes.

Fain would I strike the golden harp.
And wear the promised crown,
And at Thy feet, while bending low,
Would sing what grace has done.

Then leave me not in this dark world,
A stranger long to roam ;
Come, Lord, and take me to Thyself—
Come, Jesus, quickly come !

Jesus ! lover of my soul,
 Let me to Thy bosom fly,
 While the raging billows roll—
 While the tempest still is high !
 Hide me, O my Saviour ! hide,
 Till the storm of life 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, ah ! leave me not alone !
 Still support and comfort me !
 All my trust on Thee is stay'd ;
 All my help from Thee I bring :
 Cover my defenceless head
 With the shadow of Thy wing.
 Thou, O Christ ! art all I want ;
 All in 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 pardon all my sin :
 Let the healing streams abound ;
 Make and keep me pure within :

Thou of life the fountain art !
 Freely let me take of Thee !
Spring Thou up within my heart—
 Rise to all eternity !

101

L.M.

JESUS ! and shall it ever be,
A mortal man ashamed of Thee ?
Ashamed of Thee whom angels praise,
Whose glories shine through endless days.

Ashamed of Jesus ! sooner far
Let evening blush to own a star :
Ashamed of Jesus ! just as soon -
Let midnight be ashamed of noon.

Ashamed of Jesus ! that dear Friend
On whom my hopes of heaven depend !
No ; when I blush—be this my shame,
That I no more revere His name.

Ashamed of Jesus ; yes, I may
When I've no guilt to wash away—
No tear to wipe—no good to crave—
No fears to quell—no soul to save.

Till then—nor is my boasting vain—
Till then I boast a Saviour slain ;
And, oh, may this my glory be,
That Christ is not ashamed of me !

102

C. M.

Tune—"Martyrdom."

I'm not ashamed to own my Lord,
Or to defend His cause,
Maintain the honour of His Word—
The glory of His cross.

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.

103

C. M.

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

Buried in sorrow and in sin,
At hell's dark door we lay;
But we arise by grace divine
To see a heavenly day.

TIMES OF REFRESHING.

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

104

C. M.

Tune—"I heard the voice of Jesus say."

I would commune with Thee, my God ;
E'en to Thy seat I come ;
I leave my joys, I leave my sins,
And seek in Thee my home.

I stand upon the mount of God,
With sunlight in my soul ;
I hear the storms in vales beneath ;
I hear the thunders roll.

But I am calm with Thee, my God,
Beneath these glorious skies ;
And to the height on which I stand
Nor storms nor clouds can rise.

O this is life ! O this is joy !
My God to find Thee so ;
Thy face to see, thy voice to hear,
And all Thy love to know.

105

P. M.

O HEAD ! so full of bruises,
So full of pain and scorn ;
Midst other sore abuses,
'Mock'd with a crown of thorn !

TIMES OF REFRESHING.

O Head! ere now surrounded,
With brightest majesty,
In death once bow'd and wounded,
Accursed on the tree!

Thou countenance transcendent,
Thou life-creating Sun,
To worlds on Thee dependent,
Yet bruised and spit upon!
O Lord! what Thee tormented
Was our sin's heavy load,
We had the debt augmented,
Which Thou didst pay in blood.

And, oh! what consolation,
Doth in our hearts take place,
When we Thy toil and passion
Can joyfully retrace;
Ah! should we, while thus musing
On our Redeemer's cross,
E'en life itself be losing,
Great gain would be that loss.

We give Thee thanks unfeigned,
O Jesus! Friend in need,
For what Thy soul sustained,
When Thou for us didst bleed;
Grant us to lean unshaken
Upon Thy faithfulness,
Until to glory taken
We see Thee face to face.

THE murmurs of the wilderness
Our hearts so often raise,
Shall cease, and every tongue confess
The comeliness of praise.

Those Meribahs, those spots of shame,
We 'll leave them all behind ;
In Jesus, though each day the same,
Our ceaseless joy to find.

Jesus ! of Thee we ne'er would tire :
The new and living food,
Can satisfy our hearts' desire ;
And life is in Thy blood.

If such the happy midnight song
Our prison'd spirits raise,
What are the joys that cause, ere long,
Eternal bursts of praise.

To look within and see no stain—
Abroad no curse to trace ;—
To shed no tears, to feel no pain,
But see Thee face to face.

To find each hope of glory gain'd—
Fulfill'd each precious word ;
And fully all to have attain'd
The image of our Lord.

TIMES OF REFRESHING.

For this, we're pressing onward still,
And in this hope would be
More subject to the Father's will,
E'en now much more like Thee.

107

C. M.

Tune—"There is a fountain."

FAR from these narrow scenes of night,
Unbounded glories rise,
And realms of infinite delight,
Unseen by mortal eyes.

CHORUS :

I mean to go, I want to go,
I mean to go, I do ;
I mean to go where Jesus is,
And you may go there too.

There pain and sickness never come,
And griefs no more complain ;
And all who reach that peaceful home,
With Jesus ever reign.

No cloud those happy regions know,
For ever bright and fair,
For sin, the source of mortal woe,
Can never enter there.

There no alternate night is known,
Nor sun's imperfect ray ;
But glory, from th' eternal throne,
Spreads everlasting day.

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

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

108

P. M.

Tune—"Joyful."

Oh! haste away, my brethren dear,
 And come to Canaan's shore;
 We'll meet and sing for ever there,
 When all our toils are o'er.

CHORUS.

Oh, that will be joyful, joyful, joyful!
 Oh, that will be joyful!
 To meet to part no more—
 To meet to part no more,
 On Canaan's happy shore;
 And there sing hallelujah,
 With the friends that have gone before.

How sweet to hear the hallow'd theme
 That saints shall ever sing—
 To hear their voices all proclaim,
 "Salvation to their King."

Around His throne, all clothed in white,
 Will all His saints appear;

TIMES OF REFRESHING.

And shining in His glory bright,
Will see our Saviour there.

Through heaven the shouts of angels ring,
When sons to God are born ;
Oh, what a company will sing
On the millennial morn !

Through one eternal day we 'll sing,
And bless His sacred name,
With hallelujahs to the King,
And " Worthy is the Lamb."

109

L. M.

Tune—"We talk of the land of the blest."

THIS world is a wilderness wide !
I have nothing to seek or to choose ;
I've no thought in the waste to abide ;
I've nought to regret or to lose.

The path where my Saviour is gone
Has led up to His Father and God—
To the place where He's now on the throne,
And His strength shall be mine on the road.

With Him shall my rest be on high,
When in holiness bright I sit down,—
In the joy of His love ever nigh,—
In the peace that His presence shall crown.

*'Tis the TREASURE I've FOUND in His LOVE
That has made me a pilgrim BELOW ;
And 'tis there, when I reach Him above,
As I'm known, all His fulness I 'll know.*

And, Saviour, 'tis *Thee* from on high
I await, till the time Thou shalt come
To take him Thou hast led by Thine eye,
To Thyself in Thy heavenly home.

*Till then 'tis the path Thou hast trod
My delight and my comfort shall be ;
I'm content with Thy staff and Thy rod.
Till, with Thee, all Thy glory I see.*

110

P. M.

Tune—"No Rest."

HERE o'er the earth as a stranger I roam,
Here is no rest—is no rest ;
Here as a pilgrim I wander alone,
Yet I am blest—I am blest !
For I look forward to that glorious day
When sin and sorrow shall vanish away ;
My heart doth leap while I hear Jesus say,
" There there is rest—there is rest !"

Here fierce temptations beset me around,
Here is no rest—is no rest ;
Here I am grieved, while my foes me surround,
Yet I am blest—I am blest !

TIMES OF REFRESHING.

Let them revile me, and scoff at my name,
Laugh at my weeping, endeavour to shame,
I will go forward, for Christ is my theme—
There there is rest—there is rest!

Here are afflictions and trials severe :

Here is no rest—is no rest.

Here I must part with the friends I hold dear,
Yet I am blest—I am blest!

Sweet is the promise I read in Thy Word—
Blessed are they who have died in the Lord ;
They have been called to receive their reward :
There there is rest—there is rest!

This world of care is a wilderness state—

Here is no rest—is no rest ;

But I must bear from the world all its hate,
Yet I am blest—I am blest!

Soon shall I be from the wicked released ;
Soon shall the weary for ever be blest ;
Soon shall I lean upon Jesus' breast :
There there is rest—there is rest!

111

P. M.

COME to Jesus, all ye weary,
Burden'd with the load of sin :
Come to Jesus, He is ready
To receive such wanderers in.

Come to Jesus, He'll receive you,
Take His yoke, and learn of Him ;

TIMES OF REFRESHING.

**As your Prophet to instruct you,—
As your King be ruled by Him.**

**Come to Jesus, He'll receive you;
He will cancel all your guilt;
'Twas for this He came to save you,—
'Twas for this His blood was spilt.**

112

P. M.

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

113

C. M.

**O PRECIOUS blood, O glorious death,
By which the sinner lives!
When stung with sin, this blood we view,
And all our joy revives.**

**The blood that purchased our release,
And washes out our stains,
We challenge earth and hell to show
A sin it cannot cleanse.**

TIMES OF REFRESHING.

The blood that makes His glorious Church
From every blemish free ;
And, oh ! the riches of His love,
He pour'd it out for me.

Guilty and worthless as I am,
It all for me was given ;
And boldness through His blood I have
To enter into heaven.

The Father's everlasting love,
And Jesus' precious blood,
Shall be our endless themes of praise;
In yonder blest abode.

114

Tune—"I'm a pilgrim."

7s.

"DEPTH of mercy !" can there be
Mercy still reserved for *me* ?
Can my God His wrath forbear ?
Me, the chief of sinners, spare ?
I have long withstood *His* grace,
Long provoked Him to His face ;
Would not hearken to his calls ;
Grieved Him by a thousand falls.

Kindled His relentings are ;
Me He now delights to spare ;
Cries—"How shall I give Thee up ?"
Let the lifted thunder drop.

There for me the Saviour stands,
Shows His wounds, and spreads His hands.
God is love, I know, I feel ;
Jesus weeps, and loves me still !

Jesus, answer from above,
Is not all Thy nature love ?
Wilt Thou not the wrong forget ?—
Suffer *ME to kiss Thy feet ?*
If I rightly read Thy heart,
If Thou all compassion art,
Bow Thine ear, in mercy bow,
Pardon and accept me now !

115

C. M.

COME, ye that know the Saviour's name,
And raise your thoughts above :
Let every heart and voice unite
To sing—that God is love.

His patience, bearing much and long,
With those who from Him rove—
His kindness when He leads them home,
Both mark—that God is love.

The work begun is carried on
By power from heaven above ;
And every step, from first to last,
Declares—that God is love.

Oh ! may we all, while here below,
 This best of blessings prove,
 Till nobler songs in brighter worlds
 Proclaim—that God is love !

116

P. M.

Lo ! He comes, with clouds descending,
 Once for favour'd sinners slain ;
 Thousand, thousand saints attending
 Swell the triumph of His train :
 Hallelujah !

Jesus comes on earth to reign !

Zion's sons ! awake ; behold Him
 Clothed in grace and majesty ;
 Ye who set at nought and sold Him,
 Pierced and nail'd Him to the tree,
 Deeply mourning,
 Now your true Messiah see !

Lo ! the tokens of his passion,
 Still His glorious body bears ;
 Cause of endless exultation,
 To His ransom'd worshippers :
 Hallelujah !

Christ appears on earth to reign !

Yea, Amen ! let all adore thee,
 High on Thine exalted throne !
 Saviour, take the power and glory,
 Claim the kingdom for Thine own
 Oh, come quickly,
 Hallelujah ! come, Lord, come !

117

P. M.

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

118

78.

Tune—"Harts."

EVERY DAY, one by one,
 Neath the ever-circling sun,

TIMES OF REFRESHING.

Life's swift moments constant fly,
Friends and kindred droop and die.

One by one they pass away,
Know a long, a last decay;
Soon the coffin and the knell;
Soon their portion—Heaven or Hell!

Every day, one by one—
Destined to a world unknown!—
Souls rejecting *His* demands
Fall into their Maker's hands.

Saviour! snatch them from a doom
Darker, deeper than the tomb;
Give the calm, the tender smart
Of a true repentant heart.

119

P. M.

Tune—"There is a fountain."

I HAVE a Friend—a precious Friend, un-
changing, wise, and true,
The chief among ten thousand !—oh, I wish
you knew Him too:
When all the woes that wait on me relax each
feeble limb,
I know who waits to welcome me—have *you*
a Friend like Him?
He comforts me—He strengthens me, how can
I then repine;
He loveth *me*!—this faithful Friend in life
and death is mine!

TIMES OF REFRESHING.

I have a Father true and fond ; He cares for
and all my needs ;
His patience bore my faithless ways, my mad
and foolish deeds ;
To me He sends sweet messages,—He waiteth
but to bless :
Have you a Father like to mine—in such deep
tenderness ?
For me a kindom doth He keep,—for me a
crown is won ;
I was a rebel once—He calls the rebel-child
His son.

I have a proved unerring Guide, whose love I
often grieve ;
He brings me golden promises my heart can
scarce receive :
He leadeth me, and hope and cheer doth for
my path provide,
For dreary nights and days of drought : have
you so sure a Guide ?
Quench not the faintest whisper that the hea-
venly Dove may bring,
He seeks with holy love to lure the wanderer
'neath His wing.

I have a Home—a Home so bright, its beauties
none can know ;
Its sapphire pavement, and such palms, none
ever saw below.

TIMES OF REFRESHING.

Its golden streets resound with joy—its pearly gates with praise ;—

A temple standeth in the midst, no human hands could raise ;

And there unfailing fountains flow, and pleasures never end :

Who makes that home so glorious? It is my loving Friend.

My Friend, my Father, and my Guide, and this our radiant Home,

Are offer'd you—turn not away!—*to-day* I pray you, "Come."

My Father yearns to welcome you, His heart, His house to share ;

My Friend is yours—my home is yours—my Guide will lead you there :

Behold One altogether fair—the faithful and the true,—

He pleadeth with you for your love—He gave His life for *you*.

Oh! leave the worthless things you seek—they perish in a day ;

Serve now the true and living God ; from idols turn away.

Watch for the Lord, who comes to reign, enter the open door ;

Give Him thine heart—thy broken heart—thou'lt ask it back no more.

'Trust Him for grace, and strength, and love,
and all your troubles end—
Oh, come to Jesus! and behold in Him my
loving Friend.

120

C. M.

Tune—"I heard the voice of Jesus say."

LORD Jesus, are we one with Thee?
O height, O depth of love!
Once slain for us upon the tree,
We're one with Thee above.

Our sins, our guilt, in love divine,
Confess'd and borne by Thee;
The gall, the curse, the wrath were Thine,
To set Thy members free.

Ascended now, in glory bright,
Still *one* with us Thou art;
Nor life, nor death, nor depth, nor height,
Thy saints and Thee can part.

O teach us, Lord, to know and own
This wondrous mystery,
That Thou with us art truly *one*,
And we are *one* with Thee.

Soon, soon shall come that glorious day,
When, seated on Thy throne,
Thou shalt to wond'ring worlds display,
That Thou with us art one!

A PILGRIM through this lonely world,
 The blessed Saviour pass'd ;
 A mourner all His life was He—
 A dying Lamb at last.

That tender heart that felt for all,—
 For all its life-blood gave ;
 It found on earth no resting-place,
 Save only in the grave.

Such was our Lord—and shall we fear
 The cross with all its scorn ?
 Or love a faithless, evil world,
 That wreath'd *His* brow with thorn ?

Dead to the world with Him who died,
 To win our hearts, our love ;
 We, risen with our risen Head,
 In spirit dwell above.

By faith His boundless glories there,
 Our wond'ring eyes behold,—
 Those glories which eternal years
 Shall never all unfold.

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

122

C. M.

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

('Tis no wild fancy of our brains—
 No metaphor we speak :
 The same dear Man in heaven now reigns,
 That suffer'd for our sake.)

This wondrous Man of whom we tell,
 Is true Almighty God :
 He bought our souls from death and hell :
 The price—His own heart's blood !

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

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

123

C. M.

WHAT grace, O Lord, and beauty shone
 Around Thy steps below !
 What patient love was seen in all
 Thy life and death of woe !

For ever on Thy burden'd heart
 A weight of sorrow hung ;
 Yet no ungentle murmur'd word
 Escaped Thy silent tongue.

Thy foes might hate, despise, revile,—
 Thy friends unfaithful prove ;
 Unwearied in forgiveness still,
 Thy heart could only love.

Oh ! give us hearts to love like Thee,—
 Like Thee, O Lord, to grieve
 Far more for others' sins, than all
 The wrongs that we receive.

One with Thyself, may every eye
 In us, Thy brethren, see
 That gentleness and grace that spring
 From union, Lord, with Thee.

124

S. M.

Tune—"Hebron."

OH ! happy did we meet,
 And happy have we been :
 And blessed, blessed may we part,
 And blessed meet again !

But should we ne'er repeat
 The praise we've sung before,
 May all in glory, glory meet,
 Where we shall part no more !

125

P. M.

ENDLESS praises
To our Lord,
Ever be His name adored.

Angels crown Him—
Crown the Lamb!
He is worthy—praise His name.

Saints adore Him,
Sound His fame;
You He saves from endless shame.

Saints and angels,
Jointly sing,
Glory, glory to your King!

126

P. M.

Ho! ye that thirst, approach the spring,
Where living waters flow;
Free to that sacred fountain all
Without a price may go,
Without a price may go,
Without a price may go:
Free to that sacred fountain all
Without a price may go.

How long to streams of false delight
Will ye in crowds repair?
How long your strength and substance waste
On trifles light as air?
On trifles light as as air, &c.

TIMES OF REFRESHING.

My stores afford those rich supplies
That health and pleasure give ;
Incline your ear and come to me,
The soul that hears shall live.
The soul that hears shall live, &c.

Seek ye the Lord while yet His ear
Is open to your call ;
While offer'd mercy still is near,
Before His footstool fall—
Before His footstool fall, &c.

127

C. M.

Oh, saving name!—oh, name of power !
The very soul of rest,
My claim upon Jehovah's heart,
I plead Thee, and am blest !

Oh, name of peace!—mysterious name !
In Thee doth conflict end :
Mercy and truth, in Thee agreed,
Eternally do blend.

Oh, name of balm ! where conscience finds
A cure for every woe :
Where healing ointments aye are found.
And cleansing waters flow.

Oh, fragrant name ! for ever full
Of odours rare and choice,
Where God doth find such incense sweet
As makes His heart rejoice.

Oh, name of rest ! with comfort fraught,
 So precious and so deep,
 Where God doth make a downy bed,
 To give His weary sleep.

Oh, name of love ! inscription true
 Of Deity unknown,
 Where God, to finite mind reveal'd,
 Incarnately is shown.

Name of renown ! the psalm of heaven—
 The very soul of rest,
 I'll plead Thee in life's latest hour,
 And be for ever blest.

128

L. M.

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

All worlds His glorious power confess,
 His wisdom all His works express ;
 But, oh, His love what tongue can tell !
 My Jesus has done all things well.

And since my soul has known His love,
 What mercies has He made me prove !
 Mercies which do all praise excel !
 My Jesus has done all things well.

TIMES OF REFRESHING.

Though many a fiery, flaming dart,
The tempter levels at my heart;
With this I all his rage repel—
My Jesus has done all things well.

And when to that bright world I rise,
And join the anthems of the skies,
Above the rest this note shall swell—
My Jesus has done all things well.

129

7s.

WELCOME, welcome! sinner, hear!
Hang not back through shame or fear;
Doubt not, nor distrust the call—
Mercy is proclaim'd to all.

Welcome to the offer'd peace;
Welcome, pris'ner, to release;
Burst thy bond, be saved, be free;
Rise and come—He calleth thee.

Welcome, weeping penitent,
Grace has made thy heart relent;
Welcome, long estranged child;
God in Christ is reconciled.

Welcome to the cleansing fount,
Springing from the sacred mount;
Welcome to the feast divine,
Bread of life and living wine.

TIMES OF REFRESHING.

All ye weary and distress'd,
Welcome to relief and rest ;
All is ready, hear the call ;
There is ample room for all.

None can come that shall not find
Mercy call'd whom grace inclined ;
Nor shall any willing heart
Hear the bitter word, " Depart."

130

7s.

JESUS only, He can give
Peace and comfort while we live ;
Jesus only can supply
Boldness if we're call'd to die.

If in Him you now believe,
He will then your soul receive ;
And He will your treasure be
Here and through eternity.

131

P. M.

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

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