

**HYMN BOOK**  
**WITH**  
**DEVOTIONAL SERVICES**

**A. P. PEABODY**

F-46.112

P311

C

Hymn 203 by Miss Pines  
the only one of local (Portsmouth)  
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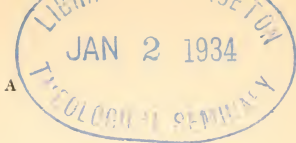












SUNDAY SCHOOL

H Y M N B O O K :

WITH

DEVOTIONAL SERVICES.

COMPILED BY

A. P. PEABODY,

PASTOR OF THE SOUTH CHURCH, PORTSMOUTH, N. H.

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## P R E F A C E .

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THIS book was first published in 1840, and is now re-printed with very few omissions, and a few additional hymns. The Devotional Services at the close of the volume are designed to be read in alternate sentences, by the superintendent, and the teachers and pupils: For a portion of these Services, as well as for important suggestions in the revision of the work, the compiler is happy to express his indebtedness to Rev. Chandler Robbins, D. D.

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# H Y M N S .

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1. *Morning Hymn.* C. M.

W. B. O. PEABODY.

1. MY God, by thy directing power  
The rising light returns,  
And high within his morning tower  
The sun serenely burns.
2. Thou faithful Guardian of my days,  
I owe my heart to thee ;  
To thee my earliest prayers I raise,  
And fervent they shall be.
3. Thou hast preserved my sleeping breath  
Secure from harm and pain,  
While many an eye was closed in death,  
And shall not wake again.
4. O, thus protect me till the last  
Long hour of rest is nigh,  
And thus, when death's long sleep is past,  
Awake my soul on high.

2. *Morning Hymn.* L. M.

PIERPONT.

1. O GOD, I thank thee that the night  
     In peace and rest has passed away,  
 And that I see in this fair light  
     My Father's smile that makes it day.
2. Be thou my Guide, and let me live  
     As under thine all-seeing eye ;  
 Supply my wants, my sins forgive,  
     And make me happy when I die.

3. *Morning Hymn.* C. M.

WATTS.

1. ONCE more, my soul, the rising day  
     Salutes my waking eyes ;  
 Once more, my voice, thy tribute pay  
     To Him who rules the skies.
  2. Great God, let all our hours be thine,  
     Whilst we enjoy the light ;  
 Then shall our sun in smiles decline,  
     And bring a peaceful night.
4. *Morning or Evening Hymn.* C. M.
1. ALMIGHTY Father, heavenly King,  
     Who rul'st the worlds above,  
 Accept the tribute children bring,  
     Of gratitude and love.
  2. To thee, each morning, when we rise,  
     Our early vows we pay ;  
 And ere the night hath closed our eyes,  
     We thank thee for the day.

3. Our Saviour, ever good and kind,  
To us his word hath given,  
That children, such as we, may find  
The path that leads to heaven.
4. O Lord, extend thy gracious hand,  
To guide our erring youth,  
And lead us to that blissful land  
Where dwells eternal truth.

5. *Morning Hymn.* C. M.

1. MY God, thou mak'st the sun to know  
His proper hour to rise,  
And, to give light to all below,  
Dost send him round the skies.
2. When from the chambers of the east  
His morning race begins,  
He never tires, nor stops to rest,  
But round the world he shines.
3. So, like the sun, would I fulfil  
The business of the day ;  
Begin my work betimes, and still  
March on my heavenly way.
4. Give me, O Lord, thine early grace,  
Nor let my soul complain  
That the young morning of my days  
Has been consumed in vain.

6. *Evening Hymn.* 9s & 8s M.

MOORE.

1. HARK ! 'tis the breeze of twilight calling  
 Earth's weary children to repose,  
 While, round the couch of nature falling,  
 Gently the night's soft curtains close.  
 Soon o'er a world in sleep reclining,  
 Numberless stars through yonder dark  
 Shall look like eyes of cherubs, shining  
 From out the veil that hides the ark.
2. Guard us, O Thou who never sleepest,  
 Thou, who in silence throned above,  
 Throughout all time, unwearied, keepest  
 Thy watch of glory, power, and love.  
 Grant that beneath thine eye, securely,  
 Our souls, from conscious life withdrawn,  
 May, undisturbed, serenely, purely,  
 Like sealéd fountains rest till dawn.

7. *Evening Hymn.* C. M.

WATTS.

1. AND now another day is gone,  
 I'll sing my Maker's praise ;  
 My comforts every hour make known  
 His providence and grace.
2. But how my childhood runs to waste !  
 My sins, how great their sum !  
 Lord, give me pardon for the past,  
 And strength for days to come.
3. I lay my body down to sleep ;  
 Let angels guard my head,  
 And, through the hours of darkness, keep  
 Their watch around my bed.

4. With cheerful heart I close my eyes,  
 Since thou wilt not remove ;  
 And in the morning let me rise,  
 Rejoicing in thy love.

8. *Evening Hymn.* S. M.

1. THE day is past and gone,  
 The evening shades appear ;  
 O, may we all remember well  
 The night of death draws near.
2. We lay our garments by,  
 Upon our beds to rest ;  
 So death shall soon disrobe us all  
 Of what we here possessed.
3. Lord, keep us safe this night,  
 Secure from all our fears ;  
 May angels guard us while we sleep,  
 Till morning light appears.

9. *Evening Hymn.* L. M.

PIERPONT.

1. ANOTHER day its course has run,  
 And still, O God, thy child is blest ;  
 For thou hast been by day my sun,  
 And thou wilt be by night my rest.
2. Sweet sleep descends, my eyes to close ;  
 And now, when all the world is still,  
 I give my body to repose,  
 My spirit to my Father's will.

10. *Evening Hymn.* L. M.

COLLYER.

1. ANOTHER fleeting day is gone ;  
     Slow o'er the west the shadows rise ;  
 Swift the soft stealing hours have flown,  
     And night's dark mantle veils the skies.
2. Another fleeting day is gone,  
     Swept from the records of the year ;  
 And still, with each successive sun,  
     Life's fading visions disappear.
3. Another fleeting day is gone  
     To join the fugitives before ;  
 And I, when life's employ is done,  
     Shall sleep, to wake in time no more.
4. Another fleeting day is gone ;  
     But soon a fairer day shall rise, —  
 A day whose never setting sun  
     Shall pour its light o'er cloudless skies.
5. Another fleeting day is gone ;  
     In solemn silence rest, my soul ;  
 Bow down before his awful throne,  
     Who bids the morn and evening roll.

11. *The Autumn Evening.* C. M.

W. B. O. PEABODY.

1. BEHOLD the western evening light !  
     It melts in deepening gloom ;  
 So calmly Christians sink away,  
     Descending to the tomb.



2. The winds breathe low ; the withering leaf  
     Scarce whispers from the tree ;  
 So gently flows the parting breath,  
     When good men cease to be.
3. How beautiful on all the hills  
     The crimson light is shed !  
 'Tis like the peace the Christian gives  
     To mourners round his bed.
4. How mildly on the wandering cloud  
     The sunset beam is cast !  
 'Tis like the memory left behind  
     When loved ones breathe their last.
5. And now above the dews of night  
     The yellow star appears ;  
 So faith springs in the breast of those  
     Whose eyes are bathed in tears.
6. But soon the morning's happier light  
     Its glory shall restore,  
 And eyelids that are sealed in death  
     Shall wake to close no more.

12.           *Morning or Evening.*           L. M.

WATTS.

1. MY God, how endless is thy love !  
     Thy gifts are every evening new ;  
 And morning mercies from above,  
     Gently distil, like early dew.
2. Thou spread'st the curtains of the night,  
     Great Guardian of my sleeping hours ;  
 Thy sovereign word restores the light,  
     And quickens all my drowsy powers.

3. I yield my powers to thy command ;  
 To thee I would devote my days ;  
 Perpetual blessings from thy hand  
 Demand perpetual songs of praise.

**13.**                    *Sabbath Morning.*                    C. M.

1. How sweet, how calm this Sabbath morn !  
 How pure the air that breathes,  
 And soft the sounds upon it borne,  
 And light its vapor wreathes !
2. It seems as if the earnest prayer  
 For peace, and joy, and love,  
 Were answered by the very air  
 That wafts its strain above.
3. Let each unholy passion cease ;  
 Each evil thought be crushed ;  
 Each anxious care, that mars our peace,  
 In faith and love be hushed.

**14.**                    *Commencing Hymn.*                    C. M.

KIRKE WHITE.

1. O LORD, another week is flown,  
 And we, a youthful band,  
 Are met once more before thy throne,  
 To bless thy fostering hand.
2. And wilt thou lend a listening ear  
 To praises low as ours ?  
 Thou wilt ; for thou dost love to hear  
 The song which meekness pours.
3. And, Jesus, thou thy smiles wilt deign,  
 As in thy name we pray ;  
 For thou didst bless the infant train,  
 And we are weak as they.

15. *Commencing Hymn.* L. M.

1. GOD is so good that he will hear  
Whenever children humbly pray ;  
He always lends a gracious ear  
To what the youngest child may say.
2. His own most holy book declares,  
That, as a tender father will,  
He listens to our lowly prayers,  
And what we ask will grant us still.
3. He loves to hear a grateful tongue  
Thank him for all his mercies given ;  
And when on earth his praise is sung,  
The cheerful notes are heard in heaven.

16. *Commencing Hymn.* 7s M.

T. GRAY, JR.

1. SUPPLIANT, lo ! thy children bend,  
Father, for thy blessing now ;  
Thou canst teach us, guide, defend ;  
We are weak, almighty thou.
2. With the peace thy word imparts,  
Be the taught and teacher blessed ;  
In their lives, and on their hearts,  
Father, be thy laws impressed.
3. Pour into each longing mind  
Light and knowledge from above,  
Charity for all mankind,  
Trusting faith, enduring love.
4. Here, in joy's triumphant day,  
Still may grateful hearts arise,  
Bright with rapture's kindling ray,  
Purely, fondly, to the skies.

5. Here, in sorrow's chastening hour,  
 May thy word its light diffuse,  
 Freshening as the vernal shower,  
 Peaceful as the silent dews.
6. Grant us spirits lowly, pure,  
 Errors pardoned, sins forgiven,  
 Humble trust, obedience sure,  
 Love to man, and faith in heaven.

17. *Commencing Hymn.* L. M.

1. WHEN to the house of God we go,  
 To hear his word, and sing his love,  
 We ought to worship him below,  
 As saints and angels do above.
2. They stand before his presence now,  
 And praise him better far than we,  
 Who only at his footstool bow,  
 And love him, though we cannot see.
3. But God is present every where,  
 And watches all our thoughts and ways ;  
 He sees who humbly join in prayer,  
 And who sincerely sing his praise.
4. The triflers too his eye can see,  
 Who only seem to take a part ;  
 They move the lip, and bend the knee,  
 But do not seek him with the heart.
5. O, may we never trifle so,  
 Nor lose the days our God hath given,  
 But learn, by Sabbaths here below,  
 To spend eternity in heaven.

18. *Public Worship.* S. M.

BULFINCH.

1. HAIL to the Sabbath day !  
The day divinely given,  
When men to God their homage pay,  
And earth draws near to heaven.
2. Lord, in this sacred hour  
Within thy courts we bend,  
And bless thy love, and own thy power,  
Our Father and our Friend.
3. But thou art not alone  
In courts by mortals trod ;  
Nor only is the day thine own  
When man draws near to God.
4. Thy temple is the arch  
Of yon unmeasured sky ;  
Thy Sabbath, the stupendous march  
Of grand eternity.
5. Lord, may that holier day  
Dawn on thy children's sight ;  
And purer worship may we pay  
In heaven's unclouded light.

19. *The Sabbath.* 11s M.

1. How sweet is the Sabbath, the morning of rest !  
The day of the week which I surely love best ;  
The morning my Saviour arose from the tomb,  
And took from the grave all its terror and gloom.
2. O, let me be thoughtful and prayerful to-day,  
And not spend a moment in trifling or play ;

Remembering these seasons were graciously given  
To teach me to pray, and prepare me for heaven.

3. In the house of my God, in his presence and fear,  
When I worship to-day, may it all be sincere ;  
In the school when I learn, may I do it with care,  
And be grateful to those who watch over me there.
4. Instruct me, my Saviour ;— a child though I be,  
I am not too young to be noticed by thee ;  
Renew all my heart, keep me firm in thy ways : —  
I would love thee, and serve thee, and give thee the  
praise.

## 20.

*The Sabbath.*

L. M.

STENNETT.

1. ANOTHER six days' work is done,  
Another Sabbath is begun :  
Return, my soul, enjoy thy rest,  
Improve the day that God hath blest.
2. Come, thank the Lord, whose love assigns  
So sweet a rest to wearied minds ;  
Draws us away from earth to heaven,  
And gives this day the food of seven.
3. O, may our prayers and praises rise  
As grateful incense to the skies,  
And draw from heaven that sweet repose  
Which none but he who feels it knows.
4. In holy duties may the day,  
In holy pleasures, pass away ;  
How sweet a Sabbath thus to spend,  
In hope of one that ne'er shall end !

21. *Sunday Evening.* L. M.

1. WE'VE passed another Sabbath day,  
And heard of Jesus and of heaven ;  
We thank thee, Father, and we pray  
That all our sins may be forgiven.
2. May all we've heard and understood  
Be well remembered through the week,  
And help to make us wise and good,  
More humble, diligent, and meek.
3. So, when our lives are finished here,  
And days and Sabbaths shall be o'er,  
May we in heaven in joy appear,  
And love and serve thee evermore.

22. *Sabbath Evening in Summer.* L. M.

EDMESTON.

1. Is there a time when moments flow  
More happily than all beside ?  
It is, of all the times below,  
A summer Sabbath's eventide.
2. O, then the setting sun shines fair,  
And all below and all above,  
The various forms of nature wear  
One universal garb of love.
3. And then the peace that Jesus beams —  
The life of grace, the death of sin —  
With nature's placid woods and streams,  
Is peace without, and peace within.

4. Delightful scene ! a world at rest,  
A God all love — no grief, no fear —  
A heavenly hope, a peaceful breast,  
A smile unsullied by a tear.
5. Delightful hour ! how soon will night  
Spread her dark mantle o'er thy reign !  
And morrow's quick returning light  
Must call us to the world again.
6. Yet there will dawn at last a day ;  
A sun that never sets shall rise ;  
Night will not veil his ceaseless ray ;  
The heavenly Sabbath never dies.

## 23.

*The Sabbath.*

L. M.

MRS. GILMAN.

1. WE bless Thee for this sacred day,  
Thou, who hast every blessing given,  
Which sends the dreams of earth away,  
And yields a glimpse of opening heaven.
2. Rich day of holy, thoughtful rest,  
May we enjoy thy calm repose ;  
And, in thy service truly blest,  
Forget the world, its joys and woes.
3. Lord, may thy truth upon the heart  
Now fall, and dwell as heavenly dew,  
And flowers of grace in freshness start,  
Where once the weeds of error grew.
4. May Prayer now lift her sacred wings,  
Contented with that aim alone,  
Which bears her to the King of Kings,  
And rests her at his sheltering throne.



24. *Commencing Hymn.* 8s & 7s M.

J. TAYLOR.

1. FAR from mortal cares retreating,  
Sordid hopes and fond desires,  
Here our willing footsteps meeting,  
Every heart to heaven aspires.
2. From the fount of glory beaming,  
Light celestial cheers our eyes ;  
Mercy from above proclaiming  
Peace and pardon from the skies.
3. Who may share this great salvation ?  
Every pure and humble mind ;  
Every kindred, tongue, and nation,  
From the dross of guilt refined.
4. Blessings all around bestowing,  
God withholds his care from none ;  
Grace and mercy ever flowing  
From the fountain of his throne.
5. Lord, with favor still attend us ;  
Bless us with thy wondrous love ;  
Thou, our Sun and Shield, defend us :  
All our hope is from above.

25. *Evening Hymn.* S. M.

1. THE sun has gone to rest ;  
The bee forsakes the flower ;  
The young bird slumbers in its nest,  
Within the leafy bower.
2. Where have I been this day ?  
Into what follies run ?  
Forgive me, Father, when I pray  
Through Jesus Christ, thy Son.

3. When all my days are o'er,  
 And in the tomb I rest,  
 O, may my ransomed spirit soar  
 Up to a Saviour's breast.

26. *Closing Hymn.* 8s & 7s.

1. LORD, dismiss us with thy blessing,  
 Hope and comfort from above :  
 Let us each, thy peace possessing,  
 Triumph in redeeming love.
2. Thanks we give, and adoration,  
 For thy gospel's joyful sound ;  
 May the fruits of thy salvation  
 In our hearts and lives abound.
3. Make us gentle, kind, and lowly ;  
 Teach us, Father, by thy word,  
 How we may be good and holy,  
 Like to Jesus Christ our Lord.

27. *Closing Hymn.* L. M.

1. FATHER, once more let grateful praise  
 And humble prayer to thee ascend,  
 Thou Guide and Guardian of our ways,  
 Our early and our only Friend.
2. Since every day and hour that's gone  
 Has been with mercy richly crowned,  
 Mercy, we know, shall still flow on,  
 Forever sure, as time rolls round.
3. Hear then the parting prayers we pour,  
 And bind our hearts in love alone ;  
 And if we meet on earth no more,  
 May we at last surround thy throne.

28. *Thanksgiving.* 8s & 7s M.

1. PRAISE the Lord, when blushing morning  
Wakes the blossoms fresh with dew ;  
Praise him when reviv'd creation  
Beams with beauties fair and new.
2. Praise the Lord, when early breezes  
Come so fragrant from the flowers ;  
Praise, thou willow, by the brook-side,  
Praise, ye birds, among the bowers.
3. Praise the Lord, and may his blessing  
Guide us in the way of truth,  
Keep our feet from paths of error,  
Make us holy in our youth.
4. Praise the Lord, ye hosts of heaven ;  
Angels, sing your sweetest lays ;  
All things utter forth his glory ;  
Sound aloud Jehovah's praise.

29. *Doxology.* L. M.

WATTS.

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

**30.** *Praise for Creation and Providence.*

WATTS.

C. M.

1. I SING the mighty power of God  
That made the mountains rise,  
That spread the flowing seas abroad,  
And built the lofty skies.
2. I sing the wisdom that ordained  
The sun to rule the day;  
The moon shines full at his command,  
And all the stars obey.
3. I sing the goodness of the Lord,  
Who fills the earth with food;  
He formed the creatures by his word,  
And then pronounced them good.
4. Lord, how thy wonders are displayed,  
Where'er I turn my eye, —  
If I survey the ground I tread,  
Or gaze upon the sky!
5. There's not a plant or flower below  
But makes thy glories known;  
And clouds arise, and tempests blow,  
By order from thy throne.

**31.** *Goodness of God in his Works.* C. M.

1. THERE'S not a tint that paints the rose,  
Or decks the lily fair,  
Or streaks the humblest flower that grows,  
But God has placed it there.
2. There's not of grass a simple blade,  
Or leaf of lowliest mien,  
Where heavenly skill is not displayed,  
And heavenly wisdom seen.

3. There's not a star whose twinkling light  
 Illumes the spreading earth,  
 There's not a cloud, or dark or bright,  
 But mercy gave it birth.
4. Then wake, my soul, and sing his name,  
 And all his praise rehearse,  
 Who spread abroad earth's glorious frame,  
 And built the universe.

32.                    *Songs of Praise.*                    7s M.

MONTGOMERY.

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

6. Borne upon their latest breath,  
 Songs of praise shall conquer death ;  
 Then, amidst eternal joy,  
 Songs of praise their powers employ.

33.

*Praise.*

7s M.

MRS. FOLLEN.

1. PRAISE to God ! O, let us raise  
 From our hearts a song of praise ;  
 Of that goodness let us sing  
 Whence our lives and blessings spring.
2. Praise to Him who made the light,  
 Praise to him who gave us sight,  
 Praise to him who formed the ear ;  
 Will he not his children hear ?
3. Praise him for our happy hours,  
 Praise him for our various powers,  
 For these thoughts that soar above,  
 For these hearts he made for love ; —
4. For the voice he placed within,  
 Bearing witness when we sin ;  
 Praise to him whose tender care  
 Keeps the watchful guardian there.
5. Praise the mercy that did send  
 Jesus for our Guide and Friend ;  
 Praise him, every heart and voice,  
 Him who makes the world rejoice.

34.            *God our best Friend.*            C. M.

MRS. FOLLEN.

1. IT was my heavenly Father's love  
    Brought every being forth ;  
He made the shining worlds above,  
    And every thing on earth.
2. Each lovely flower, the smallest fly,  
    The sea, the waterfall,  
The bright green fields, the clear blue sky,—  
    'Tis God that made them all.
3. He gave me all my friends, and taught  
    My heart to love them well,  
And he bestowed the power of thought,  
    And speech my thoughts to tell.
4. My father and my mother dear, —  
    He is their Father too ;  
He bids me all their precepts hear,  
    And all they teach me, do.
5. God sees and hears me all the day,  
    And 'mid the darkest night ;  
He views me when I disobey,  
    And when I act aright.
6. He guides me with a parent's care  
    When I am all alone ;  
My hymns of praise, my humble prayer,  
    He hears them every one.
7. God hears what I am saying now :  
    O, what a wondrous thought !  
My heavenly Father, teach me how  
    To love thee as I ought.

35. *A Child's Evening Hymn.* C. M.

MRS. FOLLEN.

1. How beautiful the setting sun !  
The clouds, how bright and gay !  
The stars appearing one by one,  
How beautiful are they !
2. And when the moon climbs up the sky,  
And sheds her gentle light,  
And hangs her crystal lamp on high,  
How beautiful is night !
3. And can it be I am possessed  
Of something brighter far ?  
Glow there a light within this breast  
Outshining every star ?
4. Yes, should the sun and stars turn pale,  
The mountains melt away,  
This flame within shall never fail,  
But live in endless day.
5. This is the soul that God has given : —  
Sin may its lustre dim ;  
While goodness bears it up to heaven,  
And leads it back to him.

36. *God our Shepherd.* 11s M.

MONTGOMERY.

1. THE Lord is my Shepherd ; no want shall I know ;  
I feed in green pastures, safe folded I rest ;  
He leadeth my soul where the still waters flow ;  
Restores me when wandering, redeems when op-  
pressed.



2. Through the valley and shadow of death though I  
stray,  
Since thou art my Guardian, no evil I fear ;  
Thy rod shall defend me, thy staff be my stay ;  
No harm can befall with my Comforter near.
3. In the midst of affliction, my table is spread ;  
With blessings unmeasured my cup runneth o'er ;  
With perfume and oil thou anointest my head ;  
O, what shall I ask of thy providence more ?
4. Let goodness and mercy, my bountiful God,  
Still follow my steps, till I meet thee above ;  
I seek, by the path which my forefathers trod,  
Through the land of their sojourn thy kingdom  
of love.

**37.**                    *Trust in God.*                    C. M.

H. M. WILLIAMS.

1. WHILST Thee I seek, protecting Power,  
Be my vain wishes stilled ;  
And may this consecrated hour  
With better hopes be filled.
2. Thy love the power of thought bestowed ;  
To thee my thoughts would soar ;  
Thy mercy o'er my life has flowed ;  
That mercy I adore.
3. In each event of life, how clear  
Thy ruling hand I see !  
Each blessing to my soul more dear,  
Because conferred by thee.
4. In every joy that crowns my days,  
In every pain I bear,  
My heart shall find delight in praise,  
Or seek relief in prayer.

5. When gladness wings my favored hour,  
 Thy love my thoughts shall fill ;  
 Resigned, when storms of sorrow lower,  
 My soul shall meet thy will.
6. My lifted eye without a tear  
 The gathering storm shall see ;  
 My steadfast heart shall know no fear ;  
 That heart shall rest on thee.

**38.** *Praise.* 8s & 7s M.

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

**39.** *God our Preserver.* H. M.

WATTS.

1. UPWARD I lift mine eyes ;  
 From God is all my aid ;

The God that built the skies,  
And earth and nature made :  
He is the tower  
To which I fly ;  
His grace is nigh  
In every hour.

2. My feet shall never slide,  
Nor fall in fatal snares,  
Since God, my Guard and Guide,  
Defends me from my fears.  
Those wakeful eyes,  
Which never sleep,  
Shall Israel keep  
When dangers rise.

3. No burning heat by day,  
Nor blasts of evening air,  
Shall take my health away,  
If God be with me there.  
Thou art my sun,  
And thou my shade,  
To guard my head,  
By night or noon.

4. Hast thou not given thy word  
To save my soul from death ?  
And I can trust my Lord  
To keep my mortal breath.  
I'll go and come,  
Nor fear to die,  
Till from on high  
Thou call me home.

40. *The Lord's Day.* 7s M.

PLEYEL'S HYMN.

1. MAKER of the Sabbath day,  
Teach us how to praise and pray ;  
Thou this blessed day hast given,  
To prepare our souls for heaven.
2. Ruler of the earth and sky,  
Lord of all below or high,  
Make the young, as well as old,  
Sheep of our Redeemer's fold.
3. Friend of children, hear our prayer ;  
Let no trifling feeling dare  
Steal the precious hours away  
Of this sacred Sabbath day.

41. *Goodness of God.* L. M.

MRS. FOLLEN.

1. GOD, thou art good ; each perfumed flower,  
The waving field, the dark green wood,  
The insect fluttering for an hour, —  
All things proclaim that God is good.
2. I hear it in each breath of wind ;  
The hills that have for ages stood,  
And clouds with gold and silver lined,  
All still repeat that God is good.
3. Each little rill, that many a year  
Has the same verdant path pursued,  
And every bird in accents clear,  
Joins in the song that God is good.

4. The countless hosts of twinkling stars,  
That sing his praise, with light renewed,  
The rising sun, each day, declares,  
In rays of glory, God is good.
5. The moon, that walks in brightness, says  
That God is good ; and man, endued  
With power to speak his Maker's praise,  
Should still repeat that God is good.

42. *God is Love.* C. P. M.

REV. H. MOORE.

1. MY God, thy boundless love I praise ;  
How bright on high its glories blaze !  
How sweetly bloom below !  
It streams from thine eternal throne ;  
Through heaven its joys forever run,  
And o'er the earth they flow.
2. 'Tis love that paints the purple morn,  
And bids the clouds, in air upborne,  
Their genial drops distil :  
In every vernal beam it glows,  
And breathes in every gale that blows,  
And glides in every rill.
3. It robes in cheerful green the ground,  
And pours its flowery beauties round,  
Whose sweets perfume the gale ;  
Its bounties richly spread the plain,  
The blushing fruit, the golden grain,  
And smile in every vale.
4. But in thy word we see it shine  
With grace and glory more divine,  
Proclaiming sins forgiven ;

There Faith, bright cherub, points the way  
 To realms of everlasting day,  
 And opens all her heaven.

5. Then let the love, that makes me blest,  
 With cheerful praise inspire my breast,  
 And ardent gratitude ;  
 And all my thoughts and passions tend  
 To thee, my Father and my Friend,  
 My soul's eternal good.

43. *Invocation.* 6s & 4s M.

1. COME, thou Almighty King !  
 Help us thy name to sing !  
     Help us to praise !  
 Father, all-glorious,  
 O'er all victorious,  
 Come and reign over us,  
     Ancient of days !
2. Come, thou all-gracious Lord !  
 By heaven and earth adored,  
     Our prayer attend !  
 Come, and thy children bless ;  
 Give thy good word success ;  
 Make thine own holiness  
     On us descend.
3. Never from us depart ;  
 Rule thou in every heart,  
     Hence, evermore !  
 Thy sovereign majesty  
 May we in glory see,  
 And to eternity  
     Love and adore.

44. *Praise.* L. M.

DODDRIDGE.

1. GOD of my life, through all its days  
My grateful powers shall sound thy praise ;  
The song shall wake with opening light,  
And warble to the silent night.
2. When anxious cares would break my rest,  
And grief would tear my throbbing breast,  
Thy tuneful praises, raised on high,  
Shall check the murmur and the sigh.
3. When death o'er nature shall prevail,  
And all the powers of language fail,  
Joy through my swimming eyes shall break,  
And mean the thanks I cannot speak.
4. But O, when that last conflict 's o'er,  
And I am chained to flesh no more,  
With what glad accents shall I rise  
To join the music of the skies !

45. *God our Father.* L. M.

1. GREAT God, and wilt thou condescend  
To be my Father and my Friend ?  
I but a child, and thou so high,  
The Lord of earth, and air, and sky ?
2. Art thou my Father ? Canst thou bear  
To hear my poor, imperfect prayer,  
Or stoop to listen to the praise  
That such a little one can raise ?
3. Art thou my Father ? Let me be  
A meek, obedient child to thee,

And try, in every deed and thought,  
To serve and please thee as I ought.

4. Art thou my Father? I'll depend  
Upon the care of such a Friend,  
And only wish to do and be  
Whatever seemeth good to thee.
5. Art thou my Father? Then, at last,  
When all my days on earth are past,  
Send down, and take me, in thy love,  
To be thy better child above.

46. *God every where.* C. M.

1. ALMIGHTY God, thy gracious power  
On every hand I see;  
O, may the blessings of each hour  
Lead all my thoughts to thee.
2. If, on the wings of morn, I speed  
To earth's remotest bound,  
Thy hand will there my footsteps lead,  
Thy love my path surround.
3. Thy power is in the ocean deeps,  
And reaches to the skies;  
Thine eye of mercy never sleeps,  
Thy goodness never dies.
4. From morn till noon, till latest eve,  
The hand of God I see;  
And all the blessings I receive,  
Ceaseless, proceed from thee.



5. In all the varying scenes of time  
 On thee my hopes depend ;  
 Through every age, in every clime,  
 My Father and my Friend.

47.            *Omnipresence of God.*        L. M.

1. AMONG the deepest shades of night,  
 Can there be one who sees my way ?  
 Yes, God is like the shining light,  
 That turns the darkness into day.
2. When every eye around me sleeps,  
 May I not sin without control ?  
 No ; for a constant watch he keeps  
 On every thought of every soul.
3. If I could find some cave unknown,  
 Where human feet have never trod,  
 Yet there I could not be alone ;  
 On every side there would be God.
4. He smiles in heaven, he rules in hell ;  
 He fills the air, the earth, the sea :  
 I must within his presence dwell ;  
 I cannot from his presence flee.

48.            *Going to Church.*                7s M.

MONTGOMERY.

1. To thy temple I repair ;  
 Lord, I love to worship there ;  
 While thy glorious praise is sung,  
 Touch my lips, unloose my tongue.
2. While the prayers of saints ascend,  
 God of love, to mine attend ;

While I hearken to thy law,  
Fill my soul with humble awe.

3. While thy ministers proclaim  
Peace and pardon in thy name,  
Through their voice, by faith, may I  
Hear thee speaking from on high.
4. From thy house when I return,  
May my heart within me burn ;  
And at evening let me say,  
“I have walked with God to-day.”

49.           *Thou, God, seest me.*           C. M.

WATTS.

1. IN all my vast concerns with thee,  
In vain my soul would try  
To shun thy presence, Lord, or flee  
The notice of thine eye.
2. Thine all-surrounding sight surveys  
My rising and my rest,  
My public walks, my private ways,  
The secrets of my breast.
3. My thoughts lie open to the Lord  
Before they're formed within ;  
And ere my lips pronounce the word,  
He knows the sense I mean.
4. O, wondrous knowledge, deep and high !  
Where can a creature hide ?  
Within thy circling arms I lie,  
Beset on every side.

5. So let thy grace surround me still,  
 And like a bulwark prove,  
 To guard my soul from every ill,  
 Secured by sovereign love.

50.            *The Lord's Prayer.*        11s M.

1. OUR Father in heaven, we hallow thy name ;  
 May thy kingdom holy on earth be the same ;  
 O, give to us daily our portion of bread ;  
 It is from thy bounty that all must be fed.
2. Forgive our transgressions, and teach us to know  
 The humble compassion that pardons each foe ;  
 Keep us from temptation, from weakness and sin,  
 And thine be the glory forever.    Amen.

51.            *The Lord's Prayer.*        L. M.

1. OUR Father, full of grace divine,  
 To thy great name be praises paid ;  
 Thy kingdom come, thy glory shine,  
 And be thy will on earth obeyed.
2. Give us our bread from day to day,  
 And all our wants do thou supply ;  
 With gospel truth feed us, we pray,  
 That we may never faint or die.
3. Extend thy grace, our hearts renew,  
 Our each offence in love forgive ;  
 Teach us divine forgiveness too,  
 And let us free from evil live.
4. For thine's the kingdom, and the power,  
 And all the glory waits thy name ;  
 Let every land thy grace adore,  
 And sound a long and loud Amen.

52.

*Prayer.*

7s &amp; 6s M.

1. Go when the morning shineth,  
Go when the noon is bright,  
Go when the eve declineth,  
Go in the hush of night ;  
Go with pure mind and feeling,  
Fling earthly thought away,  
And in thy chamber kneeling,  
Do thou in secret pray.
2. Remember all who love thee,  
All who are loved by thee ;  
Pray, too, for those who hate thee,  
If any such there be :  
Then for thyself, in meekness,  
A blessing humbly claim,  
And link with each petition  
Thy great Redeemer's name.
3. Or, if 'tis e'er denied thee  
In solitude to pray,  
Should holy thoughts come o'er thee,  
When friends are round thy way,  
E'en then the silent breathing,  
Thy spirit raised above,  
Will reach his throne of glory,  
Who is Mercy, Truth, and Love.
4. O, not a joy nor blessing  
With this can we compare —  
The power that he hath given us  
To pour our souls in prayer.  
Whene'er thou pin'st in sadness,  
Before his footstool fall,  
Remember, in thy gladness,  
His love who gave thee all.

53. *Prayer.* C. M.

1. WHEN daily I kneel down to pray,  
As I am taught to do,  
God will not answer what I say,  
Unless I feel it too.
2. Some idle play, or childish toy,  
Can send my thoughts abroad ;  
Though it should be my greatest joy  
To love and seek the Lord.
3. O, let me never, never dare  
To act the trifler's part,  
Or think that God will hear a prayer  
Which comes not from the heart.
4. But if I make his ways my choice,  
As holy children do,  
Then while I seek him with my voice,  
My heart will love him too.

54. *Prayer.* C. M.

MONTGOMERY.

1. PRAYER is the soul's sincere desire,  
Unuttered or expressed ;  
The motion of a hidden fire,  
That trembles in the breast.
2. Prayer is the simplest form of speech  
That infant lips can try ;  
Prayer, the sublimest strains that reach  
The Majesty on high.

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

55. *A Child's Evening Prayer.* C. M.

BARTON.

1. BEFORE I close my eyes in sleep,  
Lord, hear my evening prayer,  
And deign a helpless child to keep  
By thy protecting care.
2. The little birds, that sing all day,  
In many a leafy wood,  
By thee are clothed in plumage gay,  
By thee supplied with food.
3. And when at night they cease to sing,  
By thee protected still,  
Their young ones sleep beneath their wing,  
Secure from every ill.
4. Thus wilt thou guard with gracious arm  
The couch whereon I lie,  
And keep thy child from every harm  
Beneath thy watchful eye.
5. For night and day to thee are one ;  
The helpless are thy care ;  
And we are sure, through thy dear Son,  
Thou hear'st an infant prayer.

56. *Coming to Christ.* C. M.

1. SEE Israel's gentle Shepherd stand,  
With all-engaging charms :

Hark ! how he calls the tender lambs,  
And folds them in his arms !

2. "Permit them to approach," he cries,  
"Nor scorn their humble name,  
For 't was to bless such souls as these  
The Lord of angels came."
3. Ye little flock, with pleasure hear,  
Ye children, seek his face,  
And fly with transport to receive  
The blessings of his grace.

**57.**            *Seasons of Prayer.*            11s M.

H. WARE, JR.

1. To prayer, to prayer ; for the morning breaks,  
And earth in her Maker's smile awakes ;  
His light is on all below and above, —  
The light of gladness, and life, and love.  
O, then, on the breath of this early air,  
Send upward the incense of grateful prayer.
2. To prayer ; for the glorious sun is gone,  
And the gathering darkness of night comes on ;  
Like a curtain from God's kind hand it flows  
To shade the couch where his children repose.  
Then kneel, while the watching stars are bright,  
And give your last thoughts to the Guardian of  
    night.
3. To prayer ; for the day that God has blest  
Comes tranquilly on with its welcome rest.  
It speaks of creation's early bloom ;  
It speaks of the Prince who burst the tomb.  
Then summon the spirit's exalted powers,  
And devote to Heaven the hallowed hours.

4. The voice of prayer in the world of bliss!  
 But gladder, purer, than rose from this.  
 The ransomed shout to their glorious King,  
 Where no sorrow shades the soul as they sing;  
 But a sinless and joyous song they raise,  
 And their voice of prayer is eternal praise.

**58.**      *The Heart-searching God.*      L. M.

W. B. O. PEABODY.

1. HIGH in the heavens God dwells alone,  
 And glorious light surrounds his throne;  
 No night is there; his piercing eye  
 Looks through the darkness of the sky.
2. Before the tongue the mind declares,  
 He knows our thoughts, designs, and cares;  
 In daily toil and evening rest  
 He sees the secrets of our breast.
3. He sees his suffering children weep  
 Far in the desert and the deep;  
 He gives them strength when hope departs,  
 And heals the sorrows of their hearts.
4. He keeps the book of life, and there  
 Writes every wish and every prayer;  
 There keeps our crimes and follies past,  
 To use in judgment at the last.

**59.**      *Encouragement to pray.*      P. M.

J. TAYLOR.

1. I SAW the glorious sun arise  
 From yonder mountain gray;  
 And as he travelled through the skies,  
 The darkness fled away;



And all around me was so bright,  
I wished it would be always light.

2. But when his shining course was done,  
The gentle moon drew nigh,  
And stars came twinkling, one by one,  
Upon the shady sky.  
Who made the sun to shine so far,  
The moon, and every twinkling star?
3. God made the sun that blazes high,  
The moon more pale and dim,  
And all the stars that fill the sky  
Are made and ruled by him ;  
And yet a child may ask his care,  
And call upon his name in prayer.
4. And this large world of ours below,  
The waters and the land,  
With all the trees and flowers that grow,  
Were fashioned by his hand ;  
And yet this God will condescend  
To be a feeble infant's Friend.
5. O, yes, when little children cry,  
He hearkens to their prayer ;  
His throne of grace is always nigh,  
And I will venture there ;  
I'll go, depending on his word,  
And seek his grace through Christ our Lord.

60. *Prayer for Wisdom.* C. M.

MONTGOMERY.

1. ALMIGHTY God, in humble prayer  
To thee our souls we lift ;  
Do thou our waiting minds prepare  
For thy most needful gift.

2. We ask not golden streams of wealth,  
     Along our path to flow ;  
 We ask not undecaying health,  
     Nor length of years below.
3. We ask not honors, which an hour  
     May bring and take away ;  
 We ask not pleasure, pomp, or power,  
     Lest we should go astray.
4. We ask for wisdom ; Lord, impart  
     The knowledge how to live ;  
 A wise and understanding heart  
     To all before thee give.
5. The young remember thee in youth,  
     Before the evil days ;  
 The old be guided by thy truth  
     In wisdom's pleasant ways.

61.           *Lord, remember me.*           C. M.

1. SOON as my youthful lips can speak  
     Their feeble prayer to thee,  
 O, let my heart thy favor seek ;  
     Good God, remember me.
2. From every sin that wounds the heart  
     May I be taught to flee ;  
 O, bid them all from me depart ;  
     Good Lord, remember me.
3. When with life's heavy load oppressed,  
     I bend the trembling knee,  
 Then give my troubled spirit rest ;  
     Good Lord, remember me.

4. O, let me on the bed of death  
 Thy great salvation see,  
 And pray with my expiring breath,—  
 “ Good Lord, remember me.”

62. *Early Piety.* C. M.

HEBER.

1. BY cool Siloam's shady rill,  
 How sweet the lily grows !  
 How sweet the breath beneath the hill  
 Of Sharon's dewy rose !
2. Lo ! such the child whose early feet  
 The paths of peace have trod ;  
 Whose secret heart, with influence sweet,  
 Is upward drawn to God.
3. By cool Siloam's shady rill  
 The lily must decay ;  
 The rose that blooms beneath the hill  
 Must shortly fade away.
4. And soon, too soon, the wintry hour  
 Of man's maturer age  
 Will shake the soul with sorrow's power  
 And stormy passion's rage.
5. O Thou, whose infant feet were found  
 Within thy Father's shrine,  
 Whose years, with changeless virtue crowned,  
 Were all alike divine, —
6. Dependent on thy bounteous breath,  
 We seek thy grace alone,  
 In childhood, manhood, age, and death,  
 To keep us still thine own.

63.

*Early Piety.*

H. M.

1. WHEN little Samuel woke,  
And heard his Maker's voice,  
At every word he spoke,  
How much did he rejoice !  
O blessed, happy child, to find  
The God of heaven so near and kind.
2. If God would speak to me,  
And say he was my Friend,  
How happy should I be !  
O, how would I attend !  
The smallest sin I then should fear,  
If God Almighty were so near.
3. And does he never speak ?  
O, yes ! for in his word  
He bids me come and seek  
The God whom Samuel heard ;  
In almost every page I see,  
The God of Samuel calls to me.
4. And I, beneath his care,  
May safely rest my head ;  
I know that God is there,  
To guard my humble bed :  
And every sin I well may fear,  
Since God Almighty is so near.
5. Like Samuel, let me say,  
Whene'er I read his word,  
" Speak, Lord ; I would obey  
The voice that Samuel heard ;"  
And when I in thy house appear,  
Speak, for thy servant waits to hear.

64. *Early Piety.* L. M.

CAWOOD.

1. IN Israel's fane, by silent night,  
The lamp of God was burning bright ;  
And there, by viewless angels kept,  
Samuel, the child, securely slept.
2. A voice unknown the stillness broke ;  
"Samuel!" it called, and thrice it spoke ;  
He rose : he asked whence came the word ;  
From Eli ? No — it was the Lord.
3. Thus early called to serve his God,  
In paths of righteousness he trod ;  
Prophetic visions fired his breast,  
And all the chosen tribes were blest.
4. Speak, Lord ; and, from our earliest days,  
Incline our hearts to love thy ways :  
Thy wakening voice hath reached our ear ;  
Speak, Lord, to us ; thy servants hear.

65. *Early Piety.* C. M.

1. IN the soft season of thy youth,  
In nature's smiling bloom,  
Ere age arrive, and, trembling, wait  
Its summons to the tomb, —
2. Remember thy Creator, God ;  
For him thy powers employ ;  
Make him thy fear, thy love, thy hope,  
Thy confidence, thy joy.
3. He shall defend and guide thy course  
Through life's uncertain sea,

Till thou art landed on the shore  
Of blest eternity.

4. Then seek the Lord betimes, and choose  
The path of heavenly truth ;  
The earth affords no lovelier sight  
Than a religious youth.

66. *Early Piety.* C. M.

WATTS.

1. HAPPY the child whose early years  
Receive instruction well ;  
Who hates the sinner's path, and fears  
The road that leads to hell.
2. When we devote our youth to God,  
'T is pleasing in his eyes ;  
A flower, when offered in the bud,  
Is no vain sacrifice.
3. 'T is easier work if we begin  
To fear the Lord betimes ;  
While sinners, who grow old in sin,  
Are hardened in their crimes.
4. 'T will save us from a thousand snares  
To mind religion young ;  
Grace will preserve our following years,  
And make our virtues strong.
5. To thee, Almighty God, to thee  
Our childhood we resign ;  
'T will please us to look back, and see  
That our whole lives were thine.

6. Let the sweet work of prayer and praise  
 Employ our youngest breath ;  
 Thus we 're prepared for longer days,  
 Or fit for early death.

**67.**            *The Ways of Wisdom.*            C. M.

1. How happy is the child who hears  
 Instruction's faithful voice,  
 And who celestial wisdom makes  
 His early, only choice !
2. For she has treasures greater far  
 Than east or west unfold ;  
 And her rewards more precious are  
 Than all their stores of gold.
3. She guides the young with innocence  
 In pleasure's path to tread ;  
 A crown of glory she bestows  
 Upon the hoary head.
4. According as her labors rise,  
 So her rewards increase ;  
 Her ways are ways of pleasantness,  
 And all her paths are peace.

**68.**            *Early Piety.*            C. M.

1. O, IN the morn of life, when youth  
 With vital ardor glows,  
 And shines in all the fairest charms  
 That beauty can disclose, —
2. Deep in thy soul, before its powers  
 Are yet by vice enslaved,  
 Be thy Creator's glorious name  
 And character engraved ; —

3. Ere yet the shades of sorrow cloud  
The sunshine of thy days,  
And cares and toils, in endless round,  
Encompass all thy ways.
4. True wisdom, early sought and gained,  
In age will give thee rest :  
O, then improve the morn of life,  
To make its evening blest.

**69.**            *Remember thy Creator.*    7s & 6s M.

1. REMEMBER thy Creator,  
While youth's fair spring is bright,  
Before thy cares are greater,  
Before comes age's night ;  
While yet the sun shines o'er thee,  
While stars the darkness cheer,  
While life is all before thee,  
Thy great Creator fear.
2. Remember thy Creator,  
Before the dust returns  
To earth, its kindred nature,  
And life's last ember burns, —  
Before with God, who gave it,  
The spirit shall appear :  
He cries, who died to save it,  
"Thy great Creator fear."

**70.**            *Trust in God.*                    C. M.

1. Now that my journey's just begun,  
My road so little trod,  
I'll come, before I farther run,  
And give myself to God.



2. What sorrows may my steps attend  
I never can foretell;  
But if the Lord will be my Friend,  
I know that all is well.
3. If all my earthly friends should die,  
And leave me mourning here,  
Since God can hear the orphan's cry,  
O, what have I to fear?
4. If I am poor, He can supply,  
Who has my table spread,  
Who feeds the ravens when they cry,  
And fills his poor with bread.
5. If I am rich, he'll guard my heart,  
Temptation to withstand,  
And make me willing to impart  
The bounties of his hand.
6. But, Lord, whatever grief or ill  
For me may be in store,  
Make me submissive to thy will,  
And I would ask no more.

71.                    *A Child's Prayer.*                    C. M.

1. LORD, teach a little child to pray;  
And O, accept my prayer;  
For thou canst hear the words I say,  
Since thou art every where.
2. A little sparrow cannot fall  
Unnoticed, Lord, by thee;  
And though I am so young and small,  
Thou dost take care of me.

3. Teach me to do whate'er is right,  
 And when I sin, forgive ;  
 And make it still my chief delight  
 To serve thee while I live.

**72.**                    *Trust in God.*      8s & 10s M.

1. FROM Him who is thy Guard, thy Shield,  
 Turn not thy youthful heart away ;  
 His favor he will freely yield ;  
 Then for his mercy ever pray.  
 O, put thy trust in him ; then thou art blest ;  
 For on his love full safely mayst thou rest.

2. His love will be a shining light,  
 A light that shall endure for aye,  
 A guide to thee in sorrow's night,  
 A sunbeam in thy brightest day :  
 Then let thy grateful thoughts forever rise  
 To Him whose bounty every want supplies.

3. And in the sunshine and the shade  
 Of life, O, ever turn to Him  
 Who all things bright and good hath made,  
 Whose eye of love is never dim !  
 O, cast thy care on him, nor yield to fear, —  
 The Father ever kind and ever near !

**73.**                    *Conflict.*                    S. M.

1. MY soul, be on thy guard ;  
 Ten thousand foes arise :  
 The hosts of sin are pressing hard  
 To draw thee from the skies.

2. O, watch, and strive, and pray ;  
The battle ne'er give o'er ;  
Renew it boldly every day,  
And help divine implore.
  
3. Ne'er think the victory won,  
Nor lay thine armor down ;  
Thine arduous work will not be done  
Till thou obtain thy crown.
  
4. Fight on, my soul, till death  
Shall bring thee to thy God ;  
He'll take thee, at thy parting breath,  
To his divine abode.

74.

*Early Piety.*

S. M.

1. SWEET is the time of spring,  
When nature's charms appear, —  
The birds with ceaseless pleasure sing,  
And hail the opening year ;  
But sweeter far the spring  
Of wisdom and of grace,  
When children bless and praise their King,  
Who loves the youthful race.
  
2. Sweet is the dawn of day,  
When light just streaks the sky,  
When shades and darkness pass away,  
And morning's beams are nigh ;  
But sweeter far the dawn  
Of piety in youth,  
When doubt and darkness are withdrawn  
Before the light of truth.

3. Sweet is the early dew  
 Which gilds the mountain tops,  
 And decks each plant and flower we view  
 With pearly, glittering drops ;  
 But sweeter far the scene  
 On Zion's holy hill,  
 When there the dew of youth is seen  
 Its freshness to distil.

**75.**                    *God our Guide.*                    L. M.

SCOTT.

1. WHEN Israel, of the Lord beloved,  
 Out of the land of bondage came,  
 Her fathers' God before her moved, —  
 An awful Guide, in smoke and flame.
2. By day, along th' astonished lands  
 The cloudy pillar glided slow ;  
 By night, Arabia's crimsoned sands  
 Returned the fiery column's glow.
3. Thus present still, though now unseen,  
 When brightly shines the prosperous day,  
 Be thoughts of thee a cloudy screen  
 To temper the deceitful ray.
4. And O, when stoops on Judah's path,  
 In shade and storm, the frequent night,  
 Be thou long-suffering, slow to wrath,  
 A burning and a shining light.

**76.**                    *The Bible.*                    C. M.

WATTS.

1. How shall the young secure their hearts,  
 And guard their lives from sin ?  
 Thy word the choicest rules imparts  
 To keep the conscience clean.

2. When once it enters to the mind,  
It spreads such light abroad,  
The meanest souls instruction find,  
And raise their thoughts to God.
3. 'Tis like the sun, a heavenly light,  
That guides us all the day;  
And, through the dangers of the night,  
A lamp to lead our way.
4. Thy word is everlasting truth;  
How pure is every page!  
That holy book shall guide our youth,  
And well support our age.

77.

*The Bible.*

C. M.

COWPER.

1. THE Spirit breathes upon the word,  
And brings the truth to sight;  
Precepts and promises afford  
A sanctifying light.
2. A glory gilds the sacred page,  
Majestic like the sun;  
It gives a light to every age;  
It gives, but borrows none.
3. The hand that gave it still supplies  
The gracious light and heat;  
Its truths upon the nations rise;  
They rise, but never set.
4. Let everlasting thanks be thine  
For such a bright display  
As makes a world of darkness shine  
With beams of heavenly day.

5. My soul rejoices to pursue  
 The steps of Him I love,  
 Till glory break upon my view  
 In brighter worlds above.

**78.**      *Prophecy and Inspiration.*      L. M.

WATTS.

1. 'T WAS by an order from the Lord  
 The ancient prophets spoke his word ;  
 His Spirit did their tongues inspire,  
 And warmed their hearts with holy fire.
2. The works and wonders which they wrought  
 Confirmed the messages they brought ;  
 The prophet's pen succeeds his breath,  
 To save the holy words from death.
3. Great God, mine eyes with wonder look  
 On the blest volume of thy book ;  
 There my Redeemer's face I see,  
 And read his name who died for me.
4. Let the false raptures of the mind  
 Be lost, and vanish in the wind ;  
 Here I can fix my hope secure ;  
 This is thy word, and must endure.

**79.**      *The Example of Jesus.*      7s M.

1. JESUS, when a little child,  
 Taught us what we ought to be ;  
 Holy, harmless, undefiled,  
 Was the Saviour's infancy :  
 All the Father's glory shone  
 In the person of his Son.

2. As in age and strength he grew,  
     Heavenly wisdom filled his breast ;  
 Crowds attentive round him drew,  
     Wondering at their infant Guest ;  
 Gazed upon his beaming face,  
 Saw him full of truth and grace.
  
3. In his heavenly Father's house,  
     Jesus loved to spend his days ;  
 There he paid his solemn vows,  
     There proclaimed his Father's praise ;  
 Thus it was his lot to gain  
 Favor both with God and man.
  
4. Father, guide our steps aright  
     In the way that Jesus trod ;  
 May it be our chief delight  
     To obey thy will, O God !  
 Then to us shall soon be given  
 Endless bliss with Christ in heaven.

80.           *The Example of Jesus.*           C. M.

ENFIELD.

1. BEHOLD where, in a mortal form,  
     Appears each grace divine ;  
 The virtues, all in Jesus met,  
     With mildest radiance shine.
  
2. To spread the rays of heavenly light,  
     To give the mourner joy,  
 To preach glad tidings to the poor,  
     Was his divine employ.
  
3. 'Midst keen reproach and cruel scorn,  
     Patient and meek he stood ;  
 His foes, ungrateful, sought his life ;  
     He labored for their good.

4. In the last hour of deep distress,  
Before his Father's throne,  
With soul resigned, he bowed, and said,  
"Thy will, not mine, be done!"
5. Be Christ our pattern and our guide;  
His image may we bear;  
O, may we tread his holy steps,  
His joy and glory share.

**81.** *Jesus the Example of Forgiveness.* C. M.

J. TAYLOR.

1. WHEN, for some little insult given,  
My angry passions rise,  
I'll think how Jesus came from heaven,  
And bore his injuries.
2. He was insulted every day,  
Though all his words were kind;  
But nothing men could do or say  
Disturbed his heavenly mind.
3. Not all the wicked scoffs he heard  
Against the truths he taught  
Excited one reviling word,  
Or one revengeful thought.
4. And when upon the cross he bled,  
With all his foes in view,  
"Father, forgive their sins," he said;  
"They know not what they do."
5. Blest Jesus, may I learn of thee  
My temper to amend;  
And speak the pardoning word for me,  
Whenever I offend.



82.           *The Example of Jesus.*           L. M.

WATTS.

1. MY dear Redeemer and my Lord,  
I read my duty in thy word ;  
But in thy life thy law appears  
Drawn out in living characters.
  
2. Such was thy truth, and such thy zeal,  
Such deference to thy Father's will,  
Such love, and meekness so divine,  
I would transcribe and make them mine.
  
3. Cold mountains and the midnight air  
Witnessed the fervor of thy prayer ;  
The desert thy temptations knew,  
Thy conflict and thy victory too.
  
4. Be thou my pattern : may I bear  
More of thy gracious image here ;  
Then God, the Judge, shall own my name  
Among the followers of the Lamb.

83.           *Example of Jesus.*           L. M.

MRS. STEELE.

1. AND is the gospel peace and love ?  
Such let our conversation be ;  
The serpent blended with the dove,  
Wisdom and meek simplicity.
  
2. Whene'er the angry passions rise,  
And tempt our thoughts or tongues to strife,  
On Jesus let us fix our eyes,  
Bright pattern of the Christian life.

3. O, how benevolent and kind!  
     How mild! how ready to forgive!  
     Be this the temper of our mind,  
     And these the rules by which we live.
4. To do his heavenly Father's will  
     Was his employment and delight:  
     Humility and holy zeal  
     Shone through his life divinely bright.

84.                   *Jesus our Guide.*                   7s M.

FURNESS.

1. FEEBLE, helpless, how shall I  
     Learn to live, and learn to die?  
     Who, O God, my guide shall be?  
     Who shall lead thy child to thee?
2. Blessed Father, gracious One!  
     Thou hast sent thy holy Son;  
     He will give the light I need,  
     He my trembling steps will lead.
3. Through this world, uncertain, dim,  
     Let me ever lean on him,  
     From his precepts wisdom draw,  
     Make his life my solemn law.
4. Thus in deed, and thought, and word,  
     Led by Jesus Christ the Lord,  
     In my weakness, thus shall I  
     Learn to live, and learn to die;—
5. Learn to live in peace and love,  
     Like the perfect ones above;—  
     Learn to die without a fear,  
     Feeling thee, my Father, near.

85.            *The Mission of Jesus.*            C. M.

W. B. O. PEABODY.

1. THE Son of God came down from heaven  
     The erring world to save ;  
 He says, " Repent, and be forgiven,  
     And live beyond the grave."
2. By temper holy and serene  
     He won his Father's love,  
 And, though superior far to men,  
     Was harmless as the dove.
3. He raised the dying from the bed ;  
     He caused the blind to see ;  
 He made the tombs give up their dead,  
     And set the prisoner free.
4. They nailed him to the cross, and there  
     Deep insult on him threw,  
 And yet, " Forgive them," was his prayer ;  
     " They know not what they do."
5. No wonder darkness reigned around  
     When such a heart grew cold ;  
 No wonder o'er the guilty ground  
     The angry earthquake rolled.

86.            *The Love of Jesus.*            S. M.

W. B. O. PEABODY.

1. FOR us God's blesséd Son,  
     From childhood to the grave,  
 Was poorer than the humblest one  
     Of those he came to save.

2. For us he was distressed,  
And many a tear he shed ;  
And had, in his few hours of rest,  
Not where to lay his head.
3. For us the Saviour died  
In weariness and pain ;  
And God forbid the crimson tide  
Should be poured out in vain.
4. He rested in the tomb,  
Where mouldering bodies lie,  
Till the third morning broke the gloom,  
And he ascended high.
5. Now, in the heaven above  
He sits beside the throne,  
And there implores his Father's love  
For those who wronged his own.

**87.**                    *Coming of Christ.*                    C. M.

DODDRIDGE.

1. HARK, the glad sound ! the Saviour comes !  
The Saviour promised long ;  
Let every heart prepare a throne,  
And every voice a song.
2. On him the spirit, largely poured,  
Exerts its sacred fire ;  
Wisdom, and might, and zeal, and love,  
His holy breast inspire.
3. He comes from thickest films of vice  
To clear the mental ray,  
And on the eyeballs of the blind  
To pour celestial day.

4. He comes the broken heart to bind,  
The bleeding soul to cure,  
And with the treasures of his grace  
T' enrich the humble poor.
5. Our glad hosannas, Prince of Peace,  
Thy welcome shall proclaim,  
And heaven's eternal arches ring  
With thy beloved name.

**88.**     *Song of the Herald Angels.* 8s & 7s M.

CAWOOD.

1. HARK! what mean those holy voices,  
Sweetly sounding through the skies?  
Lo, th' angelic host rejoices;  
Heavenly hallelujahs rise.
2. Listen to the wondrous story,  
Which they chant in hymns of joy: —  
"Glory in the highest, glory!  
Glory be to God most high.
3. "Peace on earth, good will from heaven,  
Reaching far as man is found;  
Souls redeemed and sins forgiven,  
Loud our golden harps shall sound.
4. "Christ is born, the great Anointed;  
Heaven and earth, his praises sing;  
O, receive whom God appointed  
For your Prophet, Priest, and King."
5. Let us learn the wondrous story  
Of our great Redeemer's birth;  
Spread the brightness of his glory  
Till it cover all the earth.

89. *Birth of Jesus.* C. M.

PATRICK.

1. WHILE shepherds watched their flocks by night,  
All seated on the ground,  
The angel of the Lord came down,  
And glory shone around.
2. "Fear not," said he, — for mighty dread  
Had seized their troubled mind, —  
"Glad tidings of great joy I bring  
To you and all mankind.
3. "To you, in David's town, this day  
Is born, of David's line,  
The Saviour, who is Christ the Lord ;  
And this shall be the sign : —
4. "The heavenly babe you there shall find  
To human view displayed,  
All meanly wrapped in swathing bands,  
And in a manger laid."
5. Thus spake the seraph, and forthwith  
Appeared a shining throng  
Of angels praising God, and thus  
Addressed their joyful song : —
6. "All glory be to God on high,  
And to the earth be peace ;  
Good will henceforth, from heaven to men,  
Begin and never cease."

90. *Coming of Christ.* 7s & 6s M.

MONTGOMERY.

1. HAIL to the Lord's Anointed,  
Great David's greater Son ;  
Hail, in the time appointed,  
His reign on earth begun.  
He comes to break oppression,  
To set the captive free,  
To take away transgression,  
And rule in equity.
  
2. Before him, on the mountains,  
Shall Peace, the herald, go ;  
And righteousness in fountains  
From hill to valley flow.  
For him shall prayer unceasing,  
And daily vows ascend ;  
His kingdom still increasing,  
A kingdom without end.
  
3. O'er every foe victorious,  
He on his throne shall rest,  
From age to age more glorious,  
All blessing and all blest.  
The tide of time shall never  
His covenant remove ;  
His name shall stand forever ;  
That name to us is Love.

91. *Christmas Hymn.* C. M.

HEBER.

1. O SAVIOUR, whom this holy morn  
Gave to our world below ;  
To mortal want and labor born,  
And more than mortal woe !

2. Incarnate Word ! by every grief,  
By each temptation tried,  
Who lived to yield our ills relief,  
And to redeem us died !
3. If, gayly clothed and proudly fed,  
In dangerous wealth we dwell,  
Remind us of thy manger bed,  
And lowly cottage cell.
4. If, pressed by poverty severe,  
In envious want we pine,  
O, may thy spirit whisper near,  
How poor a lot was thine !
5. Through fickle fortune's various scene  
From sin preserve us free ;  
Like us thou hast a mourner been ;  
May we rejoice with thee.

92.

*Christmas Hymn.*

C. M.

SEARS.

1. CALM on the listening ear of night  
Come heaven's melodious strains,  
Where wild Judea stretches far  
Her silver-mantled plains.  
Celestial choirs from courts above  
Shed sacred glories there,  
And angels, with their sparkling lyres,  
Make music on the air.
2. The answering hills of Palestine  
Send back the glad reply,  
And greet, from all their lofty heights,  
The Dayspring from on high.



O'er the blue depths of Galilee  
 There comes a holier calm,  
 And Sharon waves, in solemn praise,  
 Her silent groves of palm.

3. "Glory to God!" the lofty strain  
 The realms of ether fills;  
 How sweet the song of solemn joy  
 O'er Judah's sacred hills!  
 "Glory to God!" the sounding skies  
 Loud with their anthems ring, —  
 "Peace on the earth, good will to men,  
 From heaven's eternal King!"
4. Light on thy hills, Jerusalem!  
 The Saviour now is born;  
 And bright on Bethlehem's joyous plains  
 Breaks the first Christmas morn.  
 Moriah lifts her radiant brow,  
 And praise is vocal there,  
 And sunny, palm-leaved Olivet  
 Sends up her morning prayer.
5. This day shall Christian tongues be mute,  
 And Christian hearts be cold?  
 O, catch the anthem that from heaven  
 O'er Judah's mountains rolled,  
 When nightly burst from seraphs' harps  
 That high and glorious lay,  
 "Let man rejoice! let earth be glad!  
 Salvation comes to-day."

93. *The Star of Bethlehem.* C. M.

KIRKE WHITE.

1. WHEN, marshalled on the nightly plain,  
 The glittering host bestud the sky,  
 One star alone, of all the train,  
 Can fix the sinner's wandering eye.

2. Hark, hark ! to God the chorus breaks,  
From every host, from every gem ;  
But one alone the Saviour speaks, —  
It is the Star of Bethlehem.
  
3. Once on the raging seas I rode ;  
The storm was loud, the night was dark ;  
The ocean yawned, and rudely blowed  
The wind that tossed my foundering bark.
  
4. Deep horror then my vitals froze ;  
Death-struck, I ceased the tide to stem ;  
When suddenly a star arose, —  
It was the Star of Bethlehem.
  
5. It was my guide, my light, my all ;  
It bade my dark forebodings cease ;  
And through the storm and danger's thrall,  
It led me to the port of peace.
  
6. Now, safely moored, my perils o'er,  
I'll sing, first in night's diadem,  
Forever, and forevermore, —  
The Star, the Star of Bethlehem.

94. *Humility of Jesus.* C. M.

1. WHEN Jesus left his Father's throne,  
He chose a humble birth ;  
And all unhonored and unknown,  
He came to dwell on earth.
  
2. Like him may we be found below,  
In wisdom's path of peace ;  
Like him in grace and knowledge grow,  
As years and strength increase.

3. Sweet were his words, and kind his look,  
When mothers round him pressed ;  
Their infants in his arms he took,  
And on his bosom blessed.
4. Safe from the world's alluring charms,  
Beneath his watchful eye,  
Thus in the circle of his arms  
May we forever lie.

95. *Not ashamed of Jesus.* L. M.

GREGG.

1. JESUS, and can it ever be  
That I should be ashamed of thee ?  
Ashamed of thee, whom angels praise,  
Whose glories shine through endless days !
2. Ashamed of Jesus ? sooner far  
Let evening blush to own its star ;  
He sheds the beams of light divine  
O'er this benighted soul of mine.
3. Ashamed of Jesus ? that dear Friend  
On whom my hopes of heaven depend ?  
No, when I blush, be this my shame,  
That I no more revere his name.
4. Ashamed of Jesus ? yes, I may,  
When I've no guilt to wash away,  
No tear to wipe, no good to crave,  
No fears to hush, no soul to save.
5. Till then, — nor is my boasting vain, —  
Till then I boast a Saviour slain ;  
And O, may this my glory be,  
Jesus is not ashamed of me.

96. *Jesus teaching the People.* L. M.

BOWRING.

1. How sweetly flowed the gospel's sound  
From lips of gentleness and grace,  
When listening thousands gathered round,  
And joy and reverence filled the place!
2. From heaven he came, of heaven he spoke,  
To heaven he led his followers' way;  
Dark clouds of gloomy night he broke,  
Unveiling an immortal day.
3. "Come, wanderers, to my Father's home,  
Come, all ye weary ones, and rest!"  
Yes, sacred Teacher, we will come,  
Obey thee, love thee, and be blest.

97. *Christ's Law of Love.* C. M.

MRS. BARBAULD.

1. BEHOLD where, breathing love divine,  
Our dying Master stands;  
His weeping followers, gathering round,  
Receive his last commands.
2. From that mild Teacher's parting lips  
What tender accents fell!  
The gentle precept which he gave  
Became its Author well.
3. "Blest is the man, whose softening heart  
Feels all another's pain;  
To whom the supplicating eye  
Was never raised in vain;—

4. "Whose breast expands with generous warmth  
A stranger's woes to feel,  
And bleeds in pity o'er the wound  
He wants the power to heal.
5. "Peace from the bosom of his Lord,  
My peace, to him I give ;  
And when he kneels before the throne,  
His trembling soul shall live.
6. "To him protection shall be shown,  
And mercy from above  
Descend on those who thus fulfil  
The perfect law of love."

98. "*Consider the lilies of the field.*" C. M.

MARY HOWITT.

1. GOD might have made the earth bring forth  
Enough for great and small,  
The oak tree and the cedar tree,  
Without a flower at all.
2. We might have had enough, enough  
For every want of ours,  
For luxury, medicine, and toil,  
And yet have had no flowers.
3. Then wherefore, wherefore were they made,  
All dyed with rainbow light,  
All fashioned with supremest grace,  
Upspringing day and night ; —
4. Springing in valleys, green and low,  
And on the mountains high,  
And in the silent wilderness,  
Where no man passes by?

5. Our outward life requires them not;  
Then wherefore had they birth?  
To minister delight to man;  
To beautify the earth;—
6. To comfort man; to whisper hope,  
Whene'er his faith is dim;  
For who so careth for the flowers  
Will much more care for him.

99. *“The Son of man hath not where  
to lay his head.”* L. M.

W. RUSSELL.

1. O'ER the dark wave of Galilee  
The gloom of twilight gathers fast,  
And on the waters drearily  
Descends the fitful evening blast.
2. The weary bird hath left the air,  
And sunk into her sheltered nest;  
The wandering beast hath sought his lair,  
And laid him down to welcome rest.
3. Still, near the lake, with weary tread,  
Lingers a form of human kind;  
And on his lone, unsheltered head  
Flows the chill night-damp of the wind.
4. Why seeks he not a home of rest?  
Why seeks he not the pillowed bed?  
Beasts have their dens, the bird her nest,—  
He hath not where to lay his head.
5. Such was the lot he freely chose,  
To bless, to save the human race;  
And through his poverty there flows  
A rich, full stream of heavenly grace.

100. *The Widow of Nain.* 11s & 10s M.

1. WAKE not, O mother, sounds of lamentation !  
Weep not, O widow ; weep not hopelessly !  
Strong is his arm, the bringer of salvation ;  
Strong is the word of God to succor thee.
2. Bear forth the cold corpse ; slowly, slowly bear him ;  
Hide his pale features with the sable pall :  
Chide not the sad one wildly weeping near him ;  
Widowed and childless, she has lost her all.
3. Why pause the mourners ? who forbids their weep-  
ing ?  
Who the dark pomp of sorrow hath delayed ?  
“ Set down the bier, — he is not dead, but sleeping ;  
Young man, arise ! ” He spake, and was obeyed.
4. Change, then, O sad one, grief to exultation ;  
Worship, and fall before Messiah’s knee.  
Strong was his arm, the bringer of salvation ;  
Strong was the word of God to succor thee.

101. “ *Lo ! it is I ; be not afraid.* ” L. M.

SIR J. E. SMITH.

1. WHEN power divine, in mortal form,  
Hushed, with a word, the raging storm,  
In soothing accents Jesus said,  
“ Lo ! it is I ; be not afraid.”
2. So when in silence nature sleeps,  
And his lone watch the mourner keeps,  
This thought shall every fear remove, —  
Trust, feeble man, thy Maker’s love.

3. God calms the tumult and the storm ;  
He rules the seraph and the worm ;  
No creature is by him forgot,  
Of those who know or know him not.
  
4. And when the last dread hour shall come,  
And shuddering nature waits her doom,  
This voice shall wake the pious dead, —  
“Lo! it is I; be not afraid.”

**102.** “*He hath borne our griefs.*” 6 l. L. M.

GRANT.

1. WHEN gathering clouds around I view,  
And days are dark, and friends are few,  
On Him I lean, who, not in vain,  
Experienced every human pain ;  
He sees my wants, allays my fears,  
And counts and treasures up my tears.
  
2. If aught should tempt my soul to stray  
From heavenly virtue’s narrow way,  
To fly the good I should pursue,  
Or do the sin I should not do,  
Still he, who felt temptation’s power,  
Shall guard me in that dangerous hour.
  
3. When mourning o’er some stone I bend,  
Which covers all that was a friend,  
And from his voice, his hand, his smile,  
Divides me for a little while,  
Thou, Saviour, mark’st the tears I shed,  
For thou didst weep o’er Lazarus dead.
  
4. And O, when I have safely passed  
Through every conflict but the last,



Still, still unchanging, watch beside  
 My painful bed, for thou hast died ;  
 Then point to realms of cloudless day,  
 And wipe the latest tear away.

103. *Jesus stilling the Tempest.* C. M.

MRS. HEMANS.

1. FEAR was within the tossing bark,  
 When stormy winds grew loud,  
 And waves came rolling high and dark,  
 And the tall mast was bowed.
2. And men stood breathless in their dread,  
 And baffled in their skill ;  
 But One was there, who rose and said  
 To the wild sea, " Be still ! "
3. And the wind ceased, — it ceased ! that word  
 Passed through the stormy sky ;  
 The troubled billows knew their Lord,  
 And sank beneath his eye.
4. And slumber settled on the deep,  
 And silence on the blast,  
 As when the righteous falls asleep,  
 When death's fierce throes are past.
5. Thou, that didst bow the billow's pride,  
 Subdue us to thy will ;  
 Speak, speak to passion's raging tide,  
 Speak and say, " Peace, be still ! "

104. *Love to Christ.* L. M.

1. IF Love, the noblest, purest, best,  
 If Truth, all other truth above,  
 Will claim returns from every breast,  
 O, surely Jesus claims our love.

2. There 's not a hope with comfort fraught,  
Triumphant over death and time,  
But Jesus mingles in the thought,  
Forerunner of that course sublime.
3. His image meets me in the hour  
Of joy, and brightens every smile ;  
I see him, when the tempests lower,  
Each terror soothe, each grief beguile.
4. I see his pitying, gentle eye,  
When lonely want appeals for aid ;  
I hear him in the frequent sigh  
That mourns the waste which sin has made.
5. I meet him at the lowly tomb ;  
I weep where Jesus wept before ;  
And there, above the grave's dark gloom,  
I see him rise, and weep no more.
6. Then ask me not to live, and be  
A stranger to that generous flame  
Which warms, and to eternity  
Must warm, my soul at Jesus' name.

105. "*He was despised and rejected of men.*" C. M.

1. THE Saviour comes ; no outward pomp  
Bespeaks his presence nigh ;  
No earthly beauties in him shine,  
To draw the carnal eye.
2. Fair as a blooming, tender flower  
Amidst the desert grows,  
So, slighted and despised by man,  
The heavenly Saviour rose.

3. With sinners in the dust he lay ;  
The rich a grave supplied ;  
Unspotted was his blameless life ;  
Unstained by sin he died.
  
4. He died to bear the guilt of men,  
That sin might be forgiven ;  
He lives to bless them, and defend,  
And plead their cause in heaven.

**106.**            *“ See how he loved.”*            L. M.

1. “SEE how he loved!” exclaimed the Jews,  
As tender tears from Jesus fell ;  
My grateful heart the thought pursues,  
And on the theme delights to dwell.
  
2. See how he loved, who travelled on  
Teaching the doctrine from the skies ;  
Who bade disease and pain be gone,  
And called the sleeping dead to rise.
  
3. See how he loved, who, firm, yet mild,  
Patient endured the scoffing tongue ;  
Though oft provoked, he ne'er reviled,  
Nor did his greatest foe a wrong.
  
4. See how he loved, who never shrank  
From toil or danger, pain or death ;  
Who all the cup of sorrow drank,  
And meekly yielded up his breath.
  
5. Such love can we unmoved survey ?  
O, may our breasts with ardor glow  
To tread his steps, his laws obey,  
And thus our warm affection show.



Though now as King he reigneth  
 On Zion's heavenly hill,  
 We'll flock around his banner,  
 Who sits upon the throne ;  
 And cry aloud, " Hosanna  
 To David's royal Son."

3. For, should we fail proclaiming  
 Our great Redeemer's praise,  
 The stones, our silence shaming,  
 Might well hosanna raise.  
 But shall we only render  
 The tribute of our words ?  
 No ; while our hearts are tender,  
 They, too, shall be the Lord's.

109. "*Her sins are forgiven ; for  
 she loved much.*" C. M.

MOORE.

1. WERE not the sinful Mary's tears  
 An offering worthy heaven,  
 When o'er the faults of former years  
 She wept, and was forgiven ; —
2. When, bringing every balmy sweet  
 Her days of luxury stored,  
 She o'er her Saviour's hallowed feet  
 The precious odors poured, —
3. And wiped them with that golden hair  
 Where once the diamond shone,  
 Though now those gems of grief were there  
 Which shine for God alone ?
4. Thou, that hast slept in error's sleep,  
 O, wouldst thou wake in heaven ?  
 Like Mary kneel, like Mary weep,  
 Love much, and be forgiven.

110. *Love to Jesus.* C. M.

DODDRIDGE.

1. JESUS, I love thy glorious name ;  
     'Tis music to my ear ;  
 Fain would I sound it out so loud  
     That heaven and earth might hear.
2. Yes, thou art precious to my soul,  
     My treasure and my trust ;  
 Jewels to thee are gaudy toys,  
     And gold is sordid dust.
3. All my capacious powers can wish  
     In thee doth richly meet ;  
 Not to my eyes is light so dear,  
     Nor friendship half so sweet.
4. I'll speak the honors of thy name  
     With my last laboring breath,  
 Then speechless give my soul to thee,  
     The Conqueror of death.

111. *Gethsemane.* L. M.

1. 'TIS midnight ; and on Olive's brow  
     The star is dimmed that lately shone ;  
 'Tis midnight ; in the garden, now,  
     The suffering Saviour prays alone.
2. 'Tis midnight ; and from all removed,  
     Immanuel wrestles lone with fears ;  
 E'en the disciple that he loved  
     Heeds not his Master's grief and tears.
3. 'Tis midnight ; and for others' guilt  
     The Man of sorrows weeps in blood ;  
 Yet he that hath in anguish knelt  
     Is not forsaken of his God.

4. 'Tis midnight ; and from ether plains  
 Is borne the song that angels know ;  
 Unheard by mortals are the strains  
 That sweetly soothe the Saviour's woe.

112.

*Gethsemane.*

11s M.

MARIE DE FLEURY.

1. THOU sweet gliding Kedron, by thy silver stream  
 Our Saviour would linger in moonlight's soft beam ;  
 And by thy bright waters would oftentimes stray,  
 And lose in thy murmurs the toils of the day.
2. How damp were the vapors that fell on his head !  
 How hard was his pillow ! how humble his bed !  
 The angels, astonished, grew sad at the sight,  
 And followed their Master with solemn delight.
3. O garden of Olivet, dear honored spot,  
 The fame of thy wonders shall ne'er be forgot ;  
 The theme most transporting to seraphs above,  
 The triumph of sorrow, the triumph of love.
4. Come, saints, and adore him, come bow at his feet ;  
 O, give him the glory, the praise that is meet ;  
 Let joyful hosannas unceasing arise,  
 And join the full chorus that gladdens the skies.

113.

*Jesus our Refuge from the  
 Storms of Life.*

7s M.

1. JESUS, Lover of my soul,  
 Let me to thy bosom fly,  
 While the billows near me roll,  
 While the tempest still is high.

2. Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,  
Till the storm of life is past ;  
Safe into the haven guide,  
O, receive my soul at last.
3. Other refuge have I none ;  
Hangs my helpless soul on thee ;  
Leave, O, leave me not alone ;  
Still support and comfort me.
4. All my trust on thee is stayed ;  
All my help from thee I bring ;  
Cover my defenceless head  
With the shadow of thy wing.
5. Plenteous grace with thee is found,  
Grace to pardon all my sin ;  
Let the healing streams abound ;  
Make and keep me pure within.

**114.** *Jesus our Example in Suffering.* 7s M.

MONTGOMERY.

1. Go to dark Gethsemane,  
Ye that feel temptation's power ;  
Your Redeemer's conflict see ;  
Watch with him one bitter hour.  
Turn not from his griefs away ;  
Learn of Jesus Christ to pray.
2. Follow to the judgment hall ;  
View the Lord of life arraigned.  
O, the wormwood and the gall !  
O, the pangs his soul sustained !  
Shun not suffering, shame, or loss ;  
Learn of him to bear the cross.



3. Calvary's mournful mountain climb ;  
 There, admiring at his feet,  
 Mark that miracle of time,  
 God's own sacrifice complete.  
 "It is finished," hear him cry ;  
 Learn of Jesus Christ to die.
4. Early hasten to the tomb  
 Where they laid his breathless clay ;  
 All is solitude and gloom ;  
 Who has taken him away ?  
 Christ is risen ; he meets our eyes ;  
 Saviour, teach us so to rise.

115. *Christ our Example in* 6s & 10s M.  
*Suffering.*

MRS. MILES.

1. THOU who didst stoop below,  
 To drain the cup of woe,  
 And wear the form of frail mortality,  
 Thy blessed labors done,  
 Thy glorious victory won,  
 Hast passed from earth — passed to thy home on high.
2. Our vision may not trace  
 In thy celestial face  
 The image of the bright, the viewless One ;  
 Nor may thy servants hear,  
 Save with faith's raptured ear,  
 Thy voice of tenderness, God's holy Son.
3. Although we see thee not,  
 Yet thou hast not forgot  
 Those who have placed their hope, their trust, in thee.  
 Before thy Father's face  
 Thou hast prepared a place,  
 That where thou art they evermore shall be.

4. It was no path of flowers,  
 Through this dark world of ours,  
 Belovéd of the Father, thou didst tread ;  
 And shall we, in dismay,  
 Shrink from the narrow way,  
 When storms and darkness are around it spread ?

5. O Thou, who art our life,  
 Be with us through the strife ;  
 Thy holy head by earth's fierce storms was bowed ;  
 Raise Thou our eyes above,  
 To see the Father's love  
 Beam like a bow of promise through the cloud.

6. And O, if thoughts of gloom  
 Should hover o'er the tomb,  
 That light of love our guiding star shall be ;  
 Our spirits shall not dread  
 The shadowy way to tread,  
 Friend, Guardian, Saviour, which doth lead to thee.

116.            *God's Miracles in Jesus.*            L. M.

WATTS.

1. BEHOLD, the blind their sight receive ;  
 Behold, the dead awake and live ;  
 The dumb speak wonders ; and the lame  
 Leap like the hart, and bless his name.
2. Thus doth the eternal Spirit own  
 And seal the mission of his Son ;  
 The Father vindicates his cause,  
 While he hangs bleeding on the cross.
3. He dies ; the heavens in mourning stood ;  
 He rises, and appears with God :  
 Behold the Lord ascending high,  
 No more to bleed, no more to die.

4. Hence and forever from my heart  
I bid my doubts and fears depart,  
And to those hands my soul resign  
Which bear credentials so divine.

**117.**     *“ That ye through his poverty     C. M.  
                  might be made rich.”*

MRS. STEELE.

1. THEN shone almighty power and love,  
    In all their glorious plan,  
    When Christ descended from above  
    To dwell with sinful man.
2. To heal the misery below  
    The Saviour left the skies,  
    And sank to poverty and woe  
    That wretched man might rise.
3. Adoring angels tuned their songs  
    To hail the joyful day ;  
    With rapture then let mortal tongues  
    Their grateful homage pay.

**118.**     *The Sufferings of Jesus.     L. M.*

MONTGOMERY.

1. THE morning dawns upon the place  
    Where Jesus spent the night in prayer :  
    Through yielding glooms behold his face ;  
    Nor form nor comeliness is there.
2. Last eve, by those he called his own,  
    Betrayed, forsaken, or denied,  
    He met his enemies alone,  
    In all their malice, rage, and pride.

3. No guile within his mouth is found ;  
     He neither threatens nor complains ;  
 Meek as a lamb for slaughter bound,  
     Dumb 'midst his murderers he remains.
4. But hark ! — He prays, — 't is for his foes ;  
     He speaks, — 't is comfort to his friends ;  
 Answers, and paradise bestows ;  
     He bows his head ; the conflict ends.
5. Truly this was the Son of God,  
     Though in a servant's mean disguise,  
 And bruised beneath the Father's rod ;  
     Not for himself, — for man he dies.

119.

*Death of Jesus.*

S. M.

DODDRIDGE.

1. BEHOLD th' amazing sight,  
     The Saviour lifted high ;  
 Behold the Son of God's delight  
     Expire in agony.
2. For whom, for whom, my heart,  
     Were all these sorrows borne ?  
 Why did he feel that piercing smart,  
     And meet that various scorn ?
3. For love of us he bled,  
     And all in torture died ;  
 'T was love that bowed his fainting head,  
     And oped his gushing side.
4. I see, and I adore ;  
     In sympathy of love,  
 I feel the strong attractive power  
     To lift my soul above.

5. In thee our hearts unite,  
 Nor share thy griefs alone ;  
 But from thy cross pursue their flight  
 To thy triumphant throne.

120.        *"It is finished."*    8s, 7s, & 4s M.

1. HARK ! the voice of love and mercy  
 Sounds aloud from Calvary ;  
 See, it rends the rocks asunder,  
 Shakes the earth, and veils the sky ;  
       *"It is finished !"*  
 Hear the dying Saviour cry.

2. *"It is finished !"* O, what pleasure  
 Do these precious words afford !  
 Heavenly blessings without measure  
 Flow to us from Christ, the Lord ;  
       *"It is finished !"*  
 Saints, the dying words record.

3. Tune your harps anew, ye seraphs ;  
 Join to sing the pleasing theme ;  
 All on earth and all in heaven,  
 Join to praise Immanuel's name.  
       Hallelujah !  
 Glory to the bleeding Lamb.

121.        *Praise for Redemption.*    C. M.

WATTS.

1. COME, let us join our cheerful songs  
 With angels round the throne ;  
 Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,  
 But all their joys are one.

2. "Worthy the Lamb that died," they cry,  
     "To be exalted thus ;"  
     "Worthy the Lamb," our lips reply,  
     " For he was slain for us."
3. Jesus is worthy to receive  
     Honor and power divine ;  
     And blessings more than we can give  
     Be, Lord, forever thine.
4. Let all that dwell above the sky,  
     And air, and earth, and seas,  
     Conspire to lift thy glories high,  
     And speak thine endless praise.

**122.**           *The Resurrection.*           11s M.

1. SWEET spices they brought on their star-lighted way,  
     And came to the grave by the dawning of day.  
     " But who will the stone from the sepulchre roll ?"  
     They said, as the tear from their weeping eyes stole.
2. The stone is removed, and the Saviour is gone :  
     O, hail, ye disciples, this bright Sabbath morn ;  
     Lift, lift your glad voices in triumph on high ;  
     Your Master has risen, and ye shall not die.
3. May Christ now appear, as to Mary he came,  
     And fill every bosom with piety's flame ;  
     Then heaven's bright glories we soon shall obtain,  
     Nor Sabbaths so peaceful be useless and vain.

**123.**           *The Resurrection.*           7s M.

SCOTT.

1. ANGELS, roll the rock away,  
     Death, give up thy mighty prey ;  
     See, he rises from the tomb,  
     Shining in immortal bloom.

2. 'T is the Saviour ! angels, raise  
Your triumphant song of praise ;  
Let the heaven's remotest bound  
Hear the joy-inspiring sound.
3. Now, ye saints, lift up your eyes ;  
Now, to glory see him rise ;  
Mark his progress through the sky  
To the radiant world on high.
4. Heaven unfolds her crystal gate ;  
Enter in thy royal state ;  
King of glory, mount thy throne ;  
'T is thy Father's, and thine own.
5. Praise him, all ye heavenly choirs,  
Strike with awe your golden lyres ;  
Shout, O earth, in rapturous song,  
Let the strains be loud and long.

**124.**      *Resurrection of Christ.*      7s M.

1. "CHRIST, the Lord, is risen to-day,"  
Sons of men and angels say ;  
Raise your songs of triumph high ;  
Sing, ye heavens, and, earth, reply.
2. Love's redeeming work is done,  
Fought the fight, the battle won ;  
Lo, our Sun's eclipse is o'er ;  
Lo, he sets in blood no more.
3. Vain the stone, the watch, the seal ;  
Christ hath burst the gates of hell ;  
Death in vain forbids his rise ;  
Christ hath opened paradise.

4. Soar we now where Christ hath led,  
 Following our exalted Head ;  
 Made like him, like him we rise ;  
 Ours the cross, the grave, the skies.

**125.**            *The Resurrection.*            S. M.

KELLY.

1. THE Lord is risen indeed ;  
 And are the tidings true ?  
 Yes, we beheld the Saviour bleed,  
 And saw him living too.
2. The Lord is risen indeed !  
 Then Death has lost his prey ;  
 With him shall rise the ransomed seed,  
 To reign in endless day.
3. The Lord is risen indeed !  
 Attending angels, hear ;  
 Up to the courts of heaven, with speed,  
 The joyful tidings bear.
4. Then take your golden lyres,  
 And strike each cheerful chord ;  
 Join all the bright, celestial choirs  
 To sing our risen Lord.

**126.**            *Jesus dying and rising.*            L. M.

WATTS.

1. HE dies ! the Friend of sinners dies ;  
 Lo, Salem's daughters weep around ;  
 A solemn darkness veils the skies ;  
 A sudden trembling shakes the ground.



2. Here's love and grief beyond degree ;  
The Lord of glory dies for men ;  
But lo, what sudden joys we see !  
Jesus, the dead, revives again.
3. The rising Lord forsakes the tomb ;  
The tomb in vain forbids his rise ;  
Cherubic legions guard him home,  
And shout him welcome to the skies.
4. Break off your tears, ye saints, and tell  
How high your great Deliverer reigns ;  
Sing how he spoiled the hosts of hell,  
And led the monster Death in chains.

**127.**            *Gratitude to Jesus.*        8s & 7s M.

1. JESUS, Lord of life and glory,  
Friend of children, hear our lays ;  
Humbly would our souls adore thee,  
Sing thy name in hymns of praise.
2. We are debtors to thy kindness,  
Lord of grace and boundless love ;  
Thousands wander on in blindness,  
Strangers to the light above.
3. But 't is ours to read the pages  
Where the rays of glory glow ;  
And, through everlasting ages,  
We aspire thy bliss to know.
4. Jesus, on thine arm relying,  
We would tread this earthly vale ;  
Be our life when we are dying,  
Be our strength when strength shall fail.

**128.** *Jesus appearing to his Disciples.* C. M.

MONTGOMERY.

1. ON the first Christian Sabbath eve,  
When his disciples met,  
O'er his lost fellowship to grieve,  
Nor knew the Scripture yet, —
2. Lo, in their midst his form was seen,  
The form in which he died ;  
Their Master's marred and wounded mien,  
His hands, his feet, his side.
3. Then were they glad their Lord to know,  
And hailed him, yet with fear ;  
Jesus, again thy presence show ;  
Meet thy disciples here.
4. Be in our midst ; let faith rejoice  
Our risen Lord to view,  
And make our spirits hear thy voice  
Say, "Peace be unto you."
5. And while with thee, in social hours,  
We commune through thy word,  
May our hearts burn, and all our powers  
Confess, "It is the Lord."

**129.** *Love to Jesus.* L. M.

1. WHEN Jesus Christ was here below,  
And spread his works of love abroad,  
If I had lived so long ago,  
O, should not I have loved the Lord ?
2. Jesus, who was so very kind,  
Who came to pardon sinful men,  
Who healed the sick, and cured the blind,  
O, should not I have loved him then ?

3. But where is Jesus? Is he dead?  
 O, no; he lives in heaven above;  
 And, "Blest are they," the Saviour said,  
 "Who, though they have not seen me, love."

130.        *"Abide with us, for it is*        L. M.  
    *towards evening."*

KEBLE.

1. 'T IS gone, that bright and orbéd blaze,  
 Fast fading from our wistful gaze;  
 Yon mantling cloud has hid from sight  
 The last, faint pulse of quivering light.
2. Sun of my soul, thou Saviour dear,  
 It is not night if thou be near;  
 O, may no earth-born cloud arise,  
 To hide thee from thy servant's eyes.
3. When the soft dews of kindly sleep  
 My weary eyelids gently steep,  
 Be my last thought, how sweet to rest  
 Forever on my Saviour's breast!
4. Abide with me from morn till eve,  
 For without thee I cannot live;  
 Abide with me when night is nigh,  
 For without thee I dare not die.

131.                    *Love to God.*                    L. M.

E. TAYLOR.

1. "THUS shalt thou love the Almighty Lord,  
 With all thy heart, and soul, and mind."  
 So speaks to man that sacred word,  
 For counsel and reproof designed.

2. "With all thy heart:" no idol thing,  
Though close around the heart it twine,  
Its interposing shade must fling,  
To darken that pure love of thine.
3. "With all thy mind:" each varied power,  
Creative fancy, musings high,  
And thoughts that glance behind, before, —  
These must religion sanctify.
4. "With soul and strength:" thy days of ease,  
While vigor nerves each youthful limb,  
And hope and joy, and health and peace,  
All must be freely brought to him.

**132.***Jesus crowned.*

C. M.

1. COME, children, hail the Prince of Peace,  
Obey the Saviour's call;  
Come, seek his face, and taste his grace,  
And crown him Lord of all.
2. Ye lambs of Christ, your tribute bring;  
Ye children, great and small,  
Hosanna sing to Christ, your King;  
O, crown him Lord of all.
3. This Jesus will your sins forgive;  
For you he drank the gall;  
For you he died, that you might live;  
Then crown him Lord of all.
4. Let every people, every tribe,  
Around this earthly ball,  
To him all majesty ascribe,  
And crown him Lord of all.

5. All hail, the Saviour, Prince of Peace ;  
 Let saints before him fall ;  
 Let sinners seek his pardoning grace,  
 And crown him Lord of all.

133. *Mutual Love.* C. M.

SWAIN.

1. How sweet, how heavenly is the sight,  
 When those who love the Lord  
 In one another's peace delight,  
 And so fulfil his word ; —
2. When each can feel his brother's sigh,  
 And with him bear a part ;  
 When sorrow flows from eye to eye,  
 And joy from heart to heart ; —
3. When, free from envy, scorn, and pride,  
 Our wishes soar above !  
 We try each other's faults to hide,  
 And show a brother's love.
4. Let love, in one delightful stream,  
 Through every bosom flow ;  
 And union sweet, and dear esteem,  
 In every action glow.

134. *Gratitude to Parents.* 8s M.

1. MY father, my mother, I know  
 I cannot your kindness repay ;  
 But I hope, that, as older I grow,  
 I shall learn your commands to obey.

2. You loved me before I could tell  
     Who it was that so tenderly smiled ;  
 But now that I know it so well,  
     I should be a dutiful child.
  
3. But, for fear that I ever should dare  
     From all your commands to depart,  
 Whenever I utter a prayer,  
     I'll ask for a dutiful heart.

**135.***Anger.*

L. M.

1. WHEN in my heart rise angry thoughts,  
     And on my tongue are words unkind,  
 With what strong chains, by what blest art,  
     Shall I my wicked temper bind ?
  
2. How shall I check the passion fierce  
     My youthful bosom finds so strong,  
 Which bids me utter words that pierce,  
     And seeks to do my brother wrong ?
  
3. O, meek and peaceful Jesus ! then  
     To thee, to thee, my soul shall turn ;  
 I will look up from earth and men ;  
     To copy thee, my soul shall learn.
  
4. Remembering thee, thou gentle One,  
     How mildly thou didst bear all wrong,  
 The sin of anger I shall shun,  
     Nor find my temper stubborn long.
  
5. A holy spell thy name shall be,  
     The memory of thy peaceful life,  
 And I will straightway think of thee,  
     Whene'er my soul would rise in strife.

136.

*Humility.*

7s M.

1. IN a modest, humble mind,  
     God himself will take delight ;  
 But the proud and haughty find  
     They are hateful in his sight.
2. Jesus Christ was meek and mild,  
     And no angry thoughts allowed ;  
 O, shall then a little child  
     Dare to be perverse and proud ?
3. This, indeed, should never be ;  
     Lord, forbid it, we entreat ;  
 Grant that all may learn of thee  
     That humility is sweet.
4. Make it shine in every part ;  
     Fill us with this heavenly grace ;  
 For the young and tender heart  
     Surely is its proper place.

137.

*The Worth of Time.* 8 & 11s M.

1. A MINUTE, how soon it is flown !  
     And yet how important it is !  
 God calls every moment his own,  
     For all our existence is his ;  
 And though we may waste them in folly and play,  
 He notices each that we squander away.
2. We should not a minute despise,  
     Although it so quickly is o'er ;  
 We know that it rapidly flies,  
     And therefore should prize it the more ;  
 Another, indeed, may appear in its stead,  
 But that precious minute forever is fled.

3. 'Tis easy to squander our years  
 In idleness, folly and strife;  
 But O, no repentance nor tears  
 Can bring back one moment of life.  
 Then wisely improve all of time as it goes,  
 And life will be happy, and peaceful its close.

**138.**            *The Golden Rule.*    8 & 7s M.

J. TAYLOR.

1. LOVE and kindness we may measure  
 By this simple rule alone, —  
 Do we mind our neighbor's pleasure  
 Just as if it were our own?
2. Let us try to care for others,  
 Nor suppose ourselves the best;  
 We should all be friends and brothers;  
 'T was the Saviour's last request.
3. His example we should borrow,  
 Who descended from above,  
 And endured such pain and sorrow,  
 Out of tenderness and love.
4. When the poor are unbefriended,  
 When we will not pity lend,  
 Christ accounts himself offended,  
 Who is every creature's Friend.
5. Let us not be so ungrateful,  
 Thus his goodness to reward;  
 Selfishness indeed is hateful  
 In the followers of the Lord.
6. When a selfish thought would seize us,  
 And our resolution break,  
 Let us then remember Jesus,  
 And resist it for his sake.



139. *Doing Good.* C. M.

1. WHAT if the little rain should say,  
"So small a drop as I  
Can ne'er refresh the thirsty fields, —  
I'll tarry in the sky?"
2. What if a shining beam of noon  
Should in its fountain stay,  
Because its feeble light alone  
Cannot create a day?
3. Doth not each rain-drop help to form  
The cool, refreshing shower?  
And every ray of light to warm  
And beautify the flower?
4. Go thou, and strive to do thy share;  
One talent, — less than thine, —  
Improved with steady zeal and care,  
Would gain rewards divine.

140. *I must not sin.*

1. I MUST not sin, as many do,  
Lest I lie down in sorrow too;  
For God is angry, every day,  
With wicked ones who go astray.
2. From sinful words I must refrain;  
I must not take God's name in vain;  
I must not work, I must not play,  
Upon God's holy Sabbath day.
3. And if my parents speak the word,  
I must obey them in the Lord;  
Nor steal, nor lie, nor waste my days  
In idle tales and foolish plays.

**141.**            *The Narrow Path.*            C. M.

1. THERE is a path that leads to God;  
     All others go astray;  
 Narrow, but pleasant, is the road,  
     And Christians love the way.
2. It leads straight through this world of sin;  
     And dangers must be passed;  
 But those who boldly walk therein  
     Will come to heaven at last; —
3. While the broad road where thousands go  
     Lies near, and opens fair;  
 And many turn aside, I know,  
     To walk with sinners there.
4. But, lest my feeble steps should slide,  
     Or wander from thy way,  
 Lord, condescend to be my Guide,  
     And I shall never stray.

**142.**    *Self-Examination. Evening.*    L. M.

MRS. FOLLEN.

1. BEFORE I close my eyes to-night,  
     Let me myself these questions ask, —  
 “Have I endeavored to do right,  
     Nor thought my duty was a task?”
2. “Have I been gentle, lowly, meek,  
     And the small voice of conscience heard?  
 When passion tempted me to speak,  
     Have I repressed the angry word?”

3. "Have I with cheerful zeal obeyed  
What my kind parents bade me do,  
And not by word or action said  
The thing that was not strictly true?"
4. "In hard temptation's troubled hour,  
Then have I stopped to think, and pray  
That God would give my soul the power  
To chase the sinful thought away?"
5. O Thou, who seest all my heart,  
Wilt thou forgive and love me still!  
Wilt thou to me new strength impart,  
And make me love to do thy will!

143.

*What is sin?*

L. M.

W. B. O. PEABODY.

1. I SIN whenever I pursue  
What God commands me not to do;  
I sin, too, if I ever shun  
What he hath told me must be done.
2. Thus have I often sinned, and still  
Offend against his holy will:  
I know my duty, but my heart  
Will from its sacred rules depart.
3. O, let me then confess my sin,  
And all the faults I hide within;  
And let my erring heart deplore  
Its follies, and do wrong no more.
4. If I sincerely now repent,  
And trust in Him whom Heaven hath sent,  
He will remove the threatening rod,  
And bear me to the arms of God.

144. *Allurements of Sin.* 7s M.

1. MANY voices seem to say,  
 "Hither, children, — here 's the way  
 Haste along, and nothing fear,  
 Every pleasant thing is here."
2. Yes, but whither would ye lead?  
 Is it happiness indeed?  
 Or a little shining show,  
 Leading down to death and woe?
3. We were made for better things;  
 High as heaven our nature springs;  
 Like the lark that upward flies,  
 We were made to seek the skies.
4. We were made to love and fear  
 The great God who placed us here,  
 Made to study and fulfil  
 All his good and holy will.
5. We were made to work a while,  
 Cheerful at our work to smile;  
 Thinking, as we labor thus,  
 Of the heaven prepared for us.
6. So a pleasant path we 'll tread,  
 By the hand of Jesus led;  
 Till, from sin and sorrow freed,  
 Ours is happiness indeed.

145. *Jesus wept.* S. M.

BEDDOME.

1. DID Christ o'er sinners weep?  
 And shall our cheeks be dry?  
 Let floods of penitential grief  
 Burst forth from every eye.

2. The Son of God in tears  
     Angels with wonder see.  
 Be thou astonished, O my soul ;  
     He shed those tears for thee.
3. He wept that we might weep ;  
     Each sin demands a tear :  
 In heaven alone no sin is found,  
     And there's no weeping there.

146.           *Evening Meditations.*           C. M.

1. I LOVE a while to steal away  
     From every cumbering care,  
 And spend the hours of setting day  
     In humble, grateful prayer.
2. I love in solitude to shed  
     The penitential tear,  
 And all his promises to plead,  
     Where none but God can hear.
3. I love to think on mercies past,  
     And future good implore ;  
 And all my cares and sorrows cast  
     On Him whom I adore.
4. I love by faith to take a view  
     Of brighter scenes in heaven ;  
 The prospect doth my strength renew,  
     While here by tempests driven.
5. Thus, when life's toilsome day is o'er,  
     May its departing ray  
 Be calm as this impressive hour,  
     And lead to endless day.

**147.**                      *Confession.*                      C. M.

1. WHAT is there, Lord, a child can do,  
Who feels with guilt oppressed?  
There's evil, that I never knew  
Before, within my breast.
2. My thoughts are vain, my heart is hard,  
My temper apt to rise;  
And when I seem upon my guard,  
It takes me by surprise.
3. And yet if I begin to pray,  
And lift my feeble cry,  
Some thought of folly or of play  
Prevents me when I try.
4. On many Sabbaths, though I've heard  
Of Jesus and of heaven,  
I've scarcely listened to thy word,  
Or prayed to be forgiven.
5. O, look with pity in thine eye  
Upon a heart so hard;  
Thou wilt not slight a feeble cry,  
Or show it no regard.

**148.**                      *Penitence.*                      S. M.

1. IF Jesus Christ was sent  
To save us from our sin,  
And kindly teach us to repent,  
We should at once begin.

2. He says he loves to see  
A broken-hearted one ;  
He loves that children such as we  
Should mourn the wrong we've done.
3. 'Tis not enough to say,  
We're sorry and repent,  
Yet still go on from day to day  
Just as we always went.
4. Repentance is, to leave  
The sins we loved before,  
And show that we in earnest grieve,  
By doing so no more.
5. Lord, make us thus sincere,  
To watch as well as pray ;  
However small, however dear,  
Take all our sins away.
6. And since the Saviour came  
To make us turn from sin,  
With holy grief and humble shame  
We would at once begin.

149.

*Penitence.*

7s M.

J. TAYLOR.

1. GOD of mercy, God of love,  
Hear our sad, repentant song ;  
Sorrow dwells on every face,  
Penitence on every tongue.
2. Deep regret for follies past,  
Talents wasted, time misspent ;  
Hearts debased by worldly cares,  
Thankless for the blessings lent ; —

3. Foolish fears and fond desires,  
Vain regrets for things as vain ;  
Lips too seldom taught to praise,  
Oft to murmur and complain, —
4. These, and every secret fault,  
Filled with grief and shame, we own ;  
Humbled at thy feet we lie,  
Seeking pardon from thy throne.
5. God of mercy, God of grace,  
Hear our sad, repentant songs ;  
O, restore thy suppliant race,  
Thou to whom all praise belongs.

**150.**      *The Ways of Wisdom.*      C. M.

1. WHY should we spend our youthful days  
In folly and in sin,  
When Wisdom shows her pleasant ways,  
And bids us walk therein?
2. Folly and sin our peace destroy ;  
They glitter, and are past ;  
They yield us but a moment's joy,  
And end in death at last.
3. But, if true Wisdom we possess,  
Our joys shall never cease ;  
Her ways are ways of pleasantness,  
And all her paths are peace.
4. O, may we, in our youthful days,  
Attend to Wisdom's voice ;  
And make these holy, happy ways,  
Our own delightful choice.



**151.**      *God made the Heart.*      C. M.

SWAIN.

1. GOD made the heart with every chord  
    Responsive to his love ;  
    To cheer, to bless, and keep his word,  
    Like angel hearts above.
2. 'T was made to feel for others' woe,  
    Life's sorrows to beguile ;  
    To soothe the tears the wretched know,  
    And bid the mourner smile.
3. 'T was made to be the charm of earth,  
    Where all affections meet ;  
    Where every human bliss hath birth,  
    And every hope is sweet.
4. 'T was formed the weak and sad to aid,  
    To bid misfortune flee ;—  
    If man ne'er marred what God had made,  
    How heavenly earth would be !

**152.**      *Prayer for the Holy Spirit.*      L. M.

1. MY Father, when I come to thee,  
    I would not only bend the knee,  
    But with my spirit seek thy face,  
    With my whole heart desire thy grace.
2. I plead the name of thy dear Son,  
    All he has said, all he has done ;  
    O. may I feel His love for me,  
    Who died, from sin to set me free.
3. To guide me, Lord, be ever nigh ;  
    My sins forgive, my wants supply ;

With favor crown my youthful days,  
And my whole life shall speak thy praise.

4. Thy Holy Spirit, Lord, impart ;  
Impress thy likeness on my heart ;  
Let me obey thy truth in love,  
Till raised to dwell with thee above.

**153.**                      *Resignation.*                      C. M.

MONTGOMERY.

1. ONE prayer I have, — all prayers in one,  
    When I am wholly thine ;  
Thy will, my God, thy will be done,  
    And let that will be mine.
2. All-wise, Almighty, and All-Good,  
    In thee I firmly trust ;  
Thy ways, unknown or understood,  
    Are merciful and just.
3. May I remember that to thee  
    Whate'er I have I owe ;  
And back in gratitude from me  
    May all thy bounties flow.
4. And, though thy wisdom takes away,  
    Shall I arraign thy will ?  
No, let me bless thy name, and say,  
    “ The Lord is gracious still.”

**154.**                      *The Orphan's Hymn.*                      L. M.

1. ATTUNE the heart to mournful strains ;  
Of wrongs and woes the song complains ;  
An orphan's voice essays to swell  
The notes that tears by turns repel.

2. Left on the world's wide waste forlorn,  
To suffering and to sorrow born,  
No guide before my steps to tread,  
Above, no friendly shelter spread, —
3. Alone, amidst surrounding strife,  
And naked to the storms of life,  
Despair looks round with aching eyes,  
And sinking nature groans and dies.
4. Friend of the fatherless and saint,  
Where shall I lodge my deep complaint?  
Where but with thee, whose open door  
Invites the helpless and the poor?
5. Poor though I am, despised, forgot,  
Yet God, my God, forgets me not;  
And he is safe, and must succeed,  
For whom the Lord vouchsafes to plead.

155.      *Comfort in Poverty.*      7s M.

1. POOR and needy though I be,  
God, my Maker, cares for me;  
Gives me clothing, shelter, food,  
Gives me all I have of good.
2. He who reigns above the sky  
Once became as poor as I;  
He whose blood for me was shed  
Had not where to lay his head.
3. Though I labor here a while,  
He will bless me with his smile;  
And when this short life is past,  
I shall rest with him at last.

156. *Time and Eternity.* C. M.

1. How long sometimes a day appears !  
And weeks, how long are they !  
Months move as slow as if the years  
Would never pass away.
2. But even years are fleeting by,  
And soon must all be gone ;  
For day by day, as minutes fly,  
Eternity comes on.
3. Days, months, and years must have an end ;  
Eternity has none ;  
'T will always have as long to spend  
As when it first begun.
4. Great God, although I cannot tell  
How such a thing can be,  
I humbly pray that I may dwell  
That long, long time with thee.

157. *Frailty of Life.* S. M.

WATTS.

1. LORD, what a feeble piece  
Is this our mortal frame !  
Our life, how poor a trifle 't is,  
That scarce deserves the name !
2. Our moments fly apace,  
Nor will our minutes stay ;  
Just like a flood our hasty days  
Are sweeping us away.
3. Well, if our days must fly,  
We 'll keep their end in sight ;  
We 'll spend them all in wisdom's way,  
And let them speed their flight.

4. They 'll waft us sooner o'er  
 This life's tempestuous sea ;  
 Soon shall we reach the peaceful shore  
 Of blest eternity.

**158.**            *Delay not Repentance.*            C. M.

1. O, 'T IS a folly and a crime  
 To put religion by ;  
 For now is the accepted time ;  
 To-morrow we may die.
2. Our hearts grow harder every day,  
 And more depraved the mind ;  
 The longer we neglect to pray,  
 The less we feel inclined.
3. Yet sinners trifle, young and old,  
 Until the dying day ;  
 Then they would give a world of gold  
 To have an hour to pray.
4. O, then, lest we should perish thus,  
 We would no longer wait ;  
 For time will soon be past with us,  
 And death will fix our state.

**159.**            *Frailty.*            S. M.

1. THE lilies of the field,  
 That quickly fade away,  
 May well to us a lesson yield ;  
 For we are frail as they.
2. Just like an early rose,  
 I've seen an infant bloom ;  
 But death, perhaps, before it blows,  
 Will lay it in the tomb.

3. Then let us think on death,  
     Though we are young and gay;  
     For God, who gave our life and breath,  
     Can take them both away.
4. To God, who made them all,  
     Let children humbly cry;  
     And then, whenever death may call,  
     They 'll be prepared to die.

**160.**            *Death of a Child.*            C. M.

1. 'T IS Jesus speaks: — "I fold," says he,  
     "These lambs within my breast;  
     Protection they shall find in me,  
     In me be ever blest.
2. "Death may the bands of life unloose,  
     But can't dissolve my love;  
     Millions of infant souls compose  
     The family above.
3. "Their feeble frames my power shall raise,  
     And mould with heavenly skill;  
     I'll give them tongues to sing my praise,  
     And hands to do my will."
4. His words the happy parents hear,  
     And shout with joy divine, —  
     "O Saviour, all we have and are  
     Shall be forever thine."

**161.**            *Death of a Fellow Pupil.*            C. M.

1. DEATH has been here, and borne away  
     A *brother* from our side;  
     Just in the morning of *his* day,  
     As young as we, *he* died.

2. Not long ago *he* filled his place,  
And sat with us to learn ;  
But *he* has run *his* mortal race,  
And never can return.
3. Perhaps our time may be as short,  
Our days may fly as fast ;  
O Lord, impress the solemn thought,  
That this may be our last.
4. All needful strength is thine to give ;  
To thee our souls apply  
For grace to teach us how to live,  
And make us fit to die.

**162.**      *Death of a Pious Child.*      S. M.

1. WHEN sickness, pain, and death  
Come o'er a godly child,  
How sweetly then departs the breath !  
The dying pang, how mild !
2. *He* gently sinks to rest,  
As once *he* used to do  
Upon *his* mother's tender breast,  
And as securely too.
3. The spirit is not dead—  
Though low the body lies—  
But, freed from sin and sorrow, fled  
To dwell beyond the skies.
4. That death is but a sleep  
Beneath a Saviour's care ;  
And he will surely, safely keep  
The body resting there.

163.

*The Grave.*

H. M.

1. THERE is a grassy bed,  
A cold and gloomy cell,  
In which some youthful head,  
Reclined, will surely dwell,  
Before another pleasant spring  
The first young violets shall bring.
2. O if, on yonder side,  
A hand of dazzling flame  
Should bid the heavens divide,  
And write that young child's name,  
His knees would shake, his blood run cold,  
Like the Chaldean king of old.
3. With earnest hope and fear,  
For pardon he 'd implore,  
And spend this hasty year  
As he 'd spent none before ;  
To Jesus Christ his soul would cling,  
As the one only needful thing.
4. Well, let the name be mine,  
(As possibly it may,) —  
Great Saviour, now incline  
This thoughtless heart to pray ;  
Help me to choose the better part ;  
Help me to give thee all my heart.
5. Then, though the grassy bed,  
The cold and gloomy cell,  
Should bear my youthful head,  
For me it will be well ;  
Yes, better far than dwelling here,  
Away from home another year.



164.

*Funeral Hymn.*

L. M.

WATTS.

1. UNVEIL thy bosom, faithful tomb ;  
Take this new treasure to thy trust,  
And give these sacred relics room  
To slumber in thy silent dust.
2. Nor pain, nor grief, nor anxious fear  
Invades thy bounds ; no mortal woes  
Can reach the peaceful sleeper here,  
While angels watch his soft repose.
3. Thus Jesus slept ; God's dying Son  
Passed through the grave, and blessed the bed ;  
Then rest, dear saint, till from his throne  
The morning break, and pierce the shade.
4. Break from his throne, illustrious morn ;  
Attend, O earth, his sovereign word ;  
Restore thy trust, — a glorious form  
Shall then arise to meet the Lord.

165.

*Dirge.*

12s &amp; 11s M.

HEBER.

1. THOU art gone to the grave ; but we will not de-  
plore thee,  
Though sorrows and darkness encompass the  
tomb :  
Thy Saviour has passed through its portal before  
thee,  
And the lamp of his love is thy guide through  
the gloom.
2. Thou art gone to the grave ; we no longer behold  
thee,  
Nor tread the rough paths of the world by thy  
side ;

- But the wide arms of mercy are spread to enfold  
 thee,  
 And sinners may hope, for the Sinless has died.
3. Thou art gone to the grave, and, its mansion for-  
 saking,  
 Perchance thy weak spirit in fear lingered long ;  
 But the mild rays of Paradise beamed on thy  
 waking,  
 And the sound which thou heard'st was the  
 seraphim's song.
4. Thou art gone to the grave ; but we will not de-  
 plore thee,  
 Whose God was thy ransom, thy guardian, and  
 guide ;  
 He gave thee, he took thee, and he will restore  
 thee ;  
 And death has no sting, for the Saviour has  
 died.

**166.**    *The Death of a Teacher.*    12s & 11s M.

1. THOUGH lost to our sight, we may not deplore  
 thee ;  
 The clear light of faith shall illumine thy road ;  
 All through the dark valley shall angels watch o'er  
 thee,  
 And guide thee in peace to the home of thy  
 God.
2. Thy heart, while on earth, in his praises delighted ;  
 Thy voice ever spoke of his fatherly love ;  
 And now, by life's shadows no longer benighted,  
 Thou wilt love him and praise him in heaven  
 above.

3. And there may we meet when life shall be ended,  
 All tears wiped away, and all errors forgiven,  
 And there may our prayers together be blended  
 In the sweet song of praise to our Master in heaven.

**167.**      *Death of a Teacher.*      C. M.

1. FAREWELL, dear friend ; a long farewell !  
 For we shall meet no more,  
 Till we are raised with thee to dwell  
 On Zion's happy shore.
2. Our friend and *brother*, lo, is dead ;  
 The cold and lifeless clay  
 Has made in dust its silent bed,  
 And there it must decay.
3. But is *he* dead ? — O, no ; *he* lives ;  
*His* happy spirit flies  
 To heaven above, and there receives  
 The long-expected prize.
4. Farewell, dear friend, again farewell !  
 Soon we shall rise with thee ;  
 And when we meet, no tongue can tell  
 How great our joys shall be.

**168.**      *The Death of a Pupil.*      L. M.

1. A MOURNING class, a vacant seat,  
 Tell us that one we loved to meet  
 Will join our youthful throng no more,  
 Till all these changing scenes are o'er.
2. No more that voice we loved to hear  
 Shall fill the teacher's listening ear ;  
 No more its tones shall join to swell  
 The songs that of a Saviour tell.

3. That welcome face, that sparkling eye,  
And sprightly form, must buried lie,  
Deep in the cold and silent gloom,  
The rayless night, that fills the tomb.
4. And we live on ; but none can say  
How near or distant is the day  
When death shall at God's bidding come  
To lay us in our narrow home.
5. God tells us, by this mournful death,  
How vain and fleeting is our breath,  
And bids our souls prepare to meet  
The trial of his judgment seat.

**169.**      *The Death of a Pupil.*      C. M.

1. WE come our Sabbath hymn to raise,  
Our humble prayer to pour ;  
One voice is hushed ; its notes of praise  
Shall mingle here no more.
2. The lips are still, the eye is dim  
That beamed with joy and love ;  
The spirit, it hath gone to Him  
Who gave it from above.
3. We will not weep ; for Jesus said,  
" Let little children come ;"  
But pray that our young hearts be led  
To seek that better home.

**170.**      *Thoughts on Death.*      S. M.

1. LET children never fear  
To leave this world of ours,  
To close their eyes to beauty here,  
And summer's fading flowers.

2. Beyond the hills that stand  
     In majesty alone,  
 There is a brighter, purer land,  
     And there our Father's throne.
3. No mortal step can tread  
     Upon a shore so fair ;  
 No mortal voice can there be heard ;  
     But angel harps are there.
4. And thither soars the soul,  
     When life's brief day is done ;  
 There is the destined, happy goal  
     For each immortal one.
5. Then shall we turn away,  
     When God would call us home ?  
 No ; let us rather gladly say,  
     " Lord, at thy call we come."

**171.**     *This World not our Home.*     C. M.

1. I KNOW that earth is not the home  
     Where I must always stay ;  
 I only here a while shall roam,  
     Until a brighter day.
2. Earth is the school where I must learn  
     To do my Father's will,  
 That, when he calls me to return,  
     I may be with him still.
3. Here I must purify my heart,  
     My selfishness subdue :  
 Father, thy gracious aid impart ;  
     My feeble strength renew, —

4. That I may pure and holy rise  
 To meet a Father's love,  
 Far, far beyond the starry skies,  
 In that bright home above.

172.

*Heaven.*

C. M.

WATTS.

1. THERE is a land of pure delight,  
 Where saints immortal reign ;  
 Infinite day excludes the night,  
 And pleasures banish pain.
2. There everlasting spring abides,  
 And never-fading flowers ;  
 Death, like a narrow sea, divides  
 This heavenly land from ours.
3. Sweet fields, beyond the swelling flood,  
 Stand dressed in living green ;  
 So to the Jews old Canaan stood,  
 While Jordan rolled between.
4. But timorous mortals start and shrink  
 To cross the narrow sea,  
 And linger, shivering, on the brink,  
 And fear to launch away.
5. O, could we make our doubts remove,  
 Those gloomy doubts that rise,  
 And see the Canaan that we love  
 With unbeckoned eyes ;—
6. 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.

173.

*Forever with the Lord.*

S. M.

MONTGOMERY.

1. FOREVER with the Lord!  
So, Father, let it be;  
Life from the dead is in that word;  
'T is immortality.
2. Here in the body pent,  
Absent from thee I roam,  
Yet nightly pitch my moving tent  
A day's march nearer home.
3. My Father's house on high!  
Home of my soul, how near  
At times to faith's foreseeing eye  
Thy golden gates appear!
4. I hear at morn and even,  
At noon and midnight hour,  
The choral harmonies of heaven  
Earth's Babel tongues o'erpower.
5. And then I feel that He,  
Remembered or forgot,  
The Lord, is never far from me,  
Though I perceive him not.
6. Forever with the Lord!  
Father, if 't is thy will,  
The promise of that blessed word  
E'en here to me fulfil.
7. Be thou at my right hand;  
Then can I never fail;  
Uphold thou me, and I shall stand;  
Help, and I must prevail.

174. *Children in Heaven.* 7s & 6s M.

1. IN the broad fields of heaven, —  
     In the immortal bowers,  
 By life's clear river dwelling,  
     Amid undying flowers, —  
 There hosts of beauteous spirits,  
     Fair children of the earth,  
 Linked in bright bands celestial,  
     Sing of their human birth.
  
2. They sing of earth and heaven ;  
     Divinest voices rise  
 To God, their gracious Father,  
     Who called them to the skies :  
 They all are there, — in heaven, —  
     Safe, safe and sweetly blessed ;  
 No cloud of sin can shadow  
     Their bright and holy rest.

175. *Heaven.* C. M.

1. THE earth, all light and loveliness,  
     In summer's golden hours,  
 Shines, in her bridal vesture clad,  
     And crowned with festal flowers,  
 So radiantly beautiful,  
     So like to heaven above,  
 We scarce can deem more fair that world  
     Of perfect bliss and love.
  
2. Is this a shadow, faint and dim,  
     Of that which is to come ?  
 What shall the unveiled splendor be  
     Of our celestial home,  
 Where waves the glorious tree of life,  
     Where streams of bliss gush free,  
 And all is glowing in the light  
     Of immortality !



**176.**      *I would not live alway.*      11s M.

1. I WOULD not live alway : I ask not to stay,  
Where storm after storm rises dark o'er the way ;  
I would not live alway ; no, welcome the tomb !  
Since Jesus hath lain there, I dread not its gloom.
2. Who, who would live alway away from his God,  
Away from yon heaven, that blissful abode,  
Where the rivers of pleasure flow o'er the bright  
    plains,  
And the noontide of glory eternally reigns ? —
3. Where the saints of all ages in harmony meet,  
Their Saviour and brethren transported to greet,  
While the anthems of rapture unceasingly roll,  
And the smile of the Lord is the life of the soul.

**177.**      *Love never faileth.*      7s M.

SWAIN.

1. WHAT is that we take from earth  
    When the spirit leaves its clay ?  
What is there of mortal birth,  
    Worthy to be borne away ?  
Love, which fills the world with light  
    When the sun hath set afar ;  
Love, which joins us in our flight  
    To that land where angels are.
2. It the inner soul inspires,  
    It the purer life reveals,  
And eternity requires  
    To express the faith it feels.  
Love, 'tis love fills earth with light,  
    When the sun hath set afar ;  
Love, which joins us in our flight  
    To that world where angels are.

3. It is this which still outspeeds  
 Sight and space, and time and breath ;  
 It is this the spirit needs  
 When immortal over death.  
 Sweetness which outblossoms the May,  
 Brightness which outshines the star, —  
 This, 't is this we bear away  
 To that land where angels are.

**178.**            *Hope of Heaven.*    7s & 6s M.

1. RISE, my soul, and stretch thy wings ;  
 Thy better portion trace ;  
 Rise from transitory things  
 Towards heaven, thy native place.  
 Sun, and moon, and stars decay,  
 Time shall soon this earth remove ;  
 Rise, my soul, and haste away  
 To seats prepared above.

2. Rivers to the ocean run,  
 Nor stay in all their course ;  
 Fire, ascending, seeks the sun ;  
 Both speed them to their source :  
 So the soul that 's born of God  
 Pants to view his glorious face,  
 Upward tends to his abode,  
 To rest in his embrace.

**179.**            *The Young in Heaven.*    C. M.

1. WHAT souls are those that venture near,  
 The throne of God to see ?  
 Ten thousand happy ones, who here  
 Were children such as we.

2. Their sins the Saviour washed away ;  
He made them white and clean ;  
They loved his word, they loved his day ;  
They loved him, though unseen.
3. Now, under many a grassy mound  
Their youthful bodies rest ;  
But safe their happy souls are found  
Upon their Saviour's breast.
4. O, may we travel, as they trod,  
The path that leads to heaven,  
And seek forgiveness from that God  
Who hath their sins forgiven.
5. Blest Saviour, hear our humble cry,  
And our young hearts renew ;  
Then raise our ransomed souls on high,  
That we may see thee too.

180.

*Heaven.*

C. M.

1. THERE is a glorious world of light  
Above the starry sky,  
Where saints departed, clothed in white,  
Adore the Lord most high.
2. And hark ! amid the sacred songs  
Those heavenly voices raise,  
Ten thousand, thousand infant tongues  
Unite to sing his praise.
3. These are the hymns that we shall know,  
If Jesus we obey ;  
This is the place where we shall go,  
If found in wisdom's way.

181.            *The New Jerusalem.*            C. M.

1. JERUSALEM, my happy home !  
     Name ever dear to me !  
 When shall my labors have an end,  
     In joy, and peace, and thee ?
2. When shall these eyes thy heaven-built walls  
     And pearly gates behold ?  
 Thy bulwarks with salvation strong,  
     And streets of shining gold ?
3. There happier bowers than Eden's bloom,  
     Nor sin nor sorrow know :  
 Blest seats, through rude and stormy scenes,  
     I onward press to you.
4. Why should I shrink at pain and woe,  
     Or feel at death dismay ?  
 I 've Canaan's goodly land in view,  
     And realms of endless day.
5. Apostles, martyrs, prophets, there  
     Around my Saviour stand ;  
 And soon my friends in Christ below  
     Will join the glorious band.
6. Jerusalem, my happy home !  
     My soul still pants for thee ;  
 Then shall my labors have an end,  
     When I thy joys shall see.

182.            *Death of the Righteous.*            L. M.

MRS. BARBAULD.

1. How blest the righteous when he dies !  
     When sinks a weary soul to rest,  
 How mildly beam the closing eyes,  
     How gently heaves th' expiring breast !

2. So fades a summer cloud away ;  
     So sinks the gale when storms are o'er ;  
 So gently shuts the eye of day ;  
     So dies a wave along the shore.
  
3. A holy quiet reigns around,  
     A calm which life nor death destroys ;  
 And nought disturbs the peace profound  
     Which his unfettered soul enjoys.
  
4. Farewell, conflicting hopes and fears,  
     Where lights and shades alternate dwell !  
 How bright the unchanging morn appears !  
     Farewell, inconstant world, farewell !
  
5. Life's duty done, as sinks the clay,  
     Free from its load the spirit flies ;  
 While heaven and earth combine to say,  
     " How blest the righteous when he dies ! "

**183.**      *The Heavenly Sabbath.*      L. M.

DODDRIDGE.

1. THINE earthly Sabbaths, Lord, we love ;  
     But there 's a nobler rest above :  
 To that our longing souls aspire  
     With ardent hope and strong desire.
  
2. No more fatigue, no more distress,  
     Nor sin, nor death, shall reach the place ;  
 No groans shall mingle with the songs  
     That warble from immortal tongues.
  
3. No gloomy cares shall there annoy,  
     No conscious guilt disturb our joy ;  
 No midnight shade, no clouded sun,  
     But sacred, high, eternal noon.

4. When shall that glorious day begin,  
Beyond the reach of death and sin,  
Whose sun shall never more decline,  
But with unfading lustre shine ?

**184.**      *Song of the Redeemed.*      C. M.

MONTGOMERY.

1. SING we the song of those who stand  
    Around the eternal throne,  
Of every kindred, clime, and land,  
    A multitude unknown.
2. Toil, trial, suffering still await,  
    On earth, the pilgrim throng ;  
Yet learn we in our low estate  
    The church triumphant's song.
3. " Worthy the Lamb, who once was slain,"  
    Cry the redeemed above,  
" Blessing and honor to obtain,  
    And everlasting love."
4. " Worthy the Lamb," on earth we sing,  
    " Who died our souls to save ;  
Henceforth, O Death, where is thy sting ?  
    Thy victory, O Grave ? "

**185.**      *The Everlasting Sabbath.*      7s M.

1. SOON will set the Sabbath sun,  
    Soon the sacred day be gone ;  
But a sweeter rest remains,  
    Where the glorious Saviour reigns.

2. Pleasant are the songs we raise ;  
Full of joy our notes of praise ;  
But a music sweeter far  
Breathes where angel spirits are.
3. Shall we ever rise to dwell  
Where immortal praises swell ?  
And can children ever go  
Where eternal Sabbaths glow ?
4. Yes ; that rest our own may be ;  
All the good shall Jesus see ;  
For the good a rest remains,  
Where the glorious Saviour reigns.

186.

*Heaven.*

S. M.

MRS. STEELE.

1. FAR from these scenes of night  
Unbounded glories rise,  
And realms of infinite delight,  
Unknown to mortal eyes.
2. There sickness never comes ;  
There grief no more complains ;  
Health triumphs in immortal bloom,  
And purest pleasure reigns.
- 3 No jarring passions there  
The sons of peace molest ;  
But harmony and love sincere  
Fill every happy breast.
4. No cloud those regions know,  
Forever bright and fair ;  
For sin, the source of mortal woe,  
Can never enter there.

5. There night is never known,  
 Nor sun's faint, sickly ray ;  
 But glory from the eternal throne  
 Spreads everlasting day.
6. O, may this prospect fire  
 Our hearts with ardent love ;  
 May lively faith and strong desire  
 Bear every thought above.

187.

*Heaven.*

L. M.

W. B. O. PEABODY.

1. O, WHEN the hours of life are past,  
 And death's dark shade arrives at last,  
 It is not sleep, it is not rest,  
 'T is glory opening to the blest.
2. Their way to heaven was pure from sin,  
 And Christ shall then receive them in ;  
 There each shall wear a robe of light  
 Like his, divinely fair and bright.
3. There parted hearts again shall meet  
 In union holy, calm, and sweet ;  
 There grief find rest, and never more  
 Shall sorrow call them to deplore.
4. There angels will unite their prayers  
 With spirits bright and blest as theirs,  
 And light shall glance on every crown  
 From suns that never more go down.
5. No storms shall ride the troubled air,  
 No voice of passion enter there,  
 But all be peaceful as the sigh  
 Of evening gales, that breathe and die.



6. For there the God of mercy sheds  
His purest influence on their heads,  
And gilds the spirits round the throne  
With glory radiant as his own.

**188.**            *The Heavenly Rest.*            P. M.

1. THERE is an hour of peaceful rest  
To mourning wanderers given ;  
There is a tear for souls distressed,  
A balm for every wounded breast ;  
'T is found above, in heaven.
2. There is a home for weary souls,  
By sin and sorrow driven,  
When tossed on life's tempestuous shoals,  
Where storms arise, and ocean rolls,  
And all is drear but heaven.
3. There faith lifts up the tearful eye,  
The heart with anguish riven,  
And views the tempest passing by,  
The evening shadows quickly fly,  
And all serene in heaven.
4. There fragrant flowers immortal bloom,  
And joys supreme are given ;  
There rays divine disperse the gloom ;  
Beyond the confines of the tomb  
Appears the dawn of heaven.

**189.**    *Meeting of Friends in Heaven.*    C. P. M.

WESLEY.

1. IF death my friend and me divide,  
Thou dost not, Lord, my sorrow chide,  
Or frown, my tears to see :

Restrained from passionate excess,  
 Thou bidst me mourn, in calm distress,  
 For them that rest in thee.

2. I feel a strong immortal hope,  
 Which bears my mournful spirit up  
 Beneath its mountain load :  
 Redeemed from death, and grief, and pain,  
 I soon shall find my friend again  
 Within the arms of God.
3. Pass a few fleeting moments more,  
 And death the blessing shall restore,  
 Which death has snatched away ;  
 For me thou wilt the summons send,  
 And give me back my parted friend  
 In that eternal day.

190. *One Family in Heaven and on Earth.* C. M.

WESLEY.

1. THE saints on earth and those above  
 But one communion make ;  
 Joined to their Lord in bonds of love,  
 All of his grace partake.
2. One family, we dwell in him,  
 One church above, beneath,  
 Though now divided by the stream,  
 The narrow stream, of death.
3. One army of the living God,  
 At his command we bow :  
 Part of the host have crossed the flood,  
 And part are crossing now.

4. O God, be thou our constant Guide ;  
 Then, when the word is given,  
 Bid death's cold flood its waves divide,  
 And land us safe in heaven.

191. "*These are they that came out of C. M.  
 great tribulation.*"

WATTS.

1. THESE glorious minds, how bright they shine !  
 Whence all their white array ?  
 How came they to the happy seats  
 Of everlasting day ?
2. From torturing pains to endless joys  
 On fiery wheels they rode ;  
 And they have washed their raiment white  
 In Jesus' dying blood.
3. Now they approach their Father, God,  
 And bow before his throne ;  
 Their warbling harps and sacred songs  
 Adore the Holy One.
4. Tormenting thirst shall leave their souls,  
 And hunger flee as fast :  
 The fruit of life's immortal tree  
 Shall be their sweet repast.
5. The Lamb shall lead his heavenly flock  
 Where living fountains rise,  
 And love divine shall wipe away  
 All sorrow from their eyes.

192. *The Last Judgment.* L. M.

W. B. O. PEABODY.

1. As once the Saviour rose on high,  
When murderers bore him to his doom,  
So all that live and all that die  
Shall break the dungeons of the tomb.
2. And when again he walks the skies,  
When rolling clouds his path surround,  
The nations of the dead shall rise  
At the deep stirring trumpet's sound.
3. The Father of our erring race  
Shall give the judgment to the Son,  
And spread the books before his face,  
Remembering all that they have done.
4. Then all, whose days were passed in sin,  
Who turned from heaven with guilty heart  
When God would fain have led them in,  
Shall hear the awful word, "Depart."
5. But if I keep my God in view,  
In all I think and all I do,  
Then, when my Saviour wakes the dead,  
His own right hand shall crown my head.

193. *Judgment Hymn.* P. M.

MARTIN LUTHER.

1. GREAT God, what do I see and hear?  
The end of things created!  
The Judge of man I see appear,  
On clouds of glory seated:  
The trumpet sounds; the graves restore  
The dead which they contained before:  
Prepare, my soul, to meet him.

2. The dead in Christ shall first arise,  
 At the last trumpet's sounding,  
 Caught up to meet him in the skies,  
 With joy their Lord surrounding;  
 No gloomy fears their souls dismay;  
 His presence sheds eternal day  
 On those prepared to meet him.
3. But sinners, filled with guilty fears,  
 Behold his power prevailing;  
 For they shall rise, and find their tears  
 And sighs are unavailing;  
 The day of grace is past and gone;  
 Trembling they stand before the throne,  
 All unprepared to meet him.
4. Great God, what do I see and hear?  
 The end of things created!  
 The Judge of man I see appear,  
 On clouds of glory seated;  
 Saved through his cross, I hail the day  
 When heaven and earth shall pass away,  
 And thus prepare to meet him.

**194.**      *Love to the Church of God.*      S. M.

WATTS.

1. I LOVE thy Zion, Lord,  
 The house of thine abode,  
 The church my blest Redeemer saved  
 With his own precious blood.
2. I love thy church, O God;  
 Her walls before thee stand,  
 Dear as the apple of thine eye,  
 And graven on thy hand.



196. *Missionary Hymn.* 7s & 6s M.

HEBER.

1. FROM Greenland's icy mountains,  
From India's coral strand, —  
Where Afric's sunny fountains  
Roll down their golden sand, —  
From many an ancient river,  
From many a palmy plain, —  
They call us to deliver  
Their land from error's chain.
2. What though the spicy breezes  
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle,  
Though every prospect pleases,  
And only man is vile?  
In vain with lavish kindness  
The gifts of God are strown;  
The heathen, in his blindness,  
Bows down to wood and stone.
3. Shall we, whose souls are lighted  
With wisdom from on high,  
Shall we to men benighted  
The lamp of life deny?  
Salvation! O, salvation!  
The joyful sound proclaim,  
Till earth's remotest nation  
Has learned Messiah's name.
4. Waft, waft, ye winds, his story,  
And you, ye waters, roll,  
Till, like a sea of glory,  
It spreads from pole to pole;  
Till o'er our ransomed nature  
The Lamb, for sinners slain,  
Redeemer, King, Creator,  
In bliss returns to reign.

197. *Prayer for the Heathen.* L. M.

1. NIGHT wraps the land where Jesus spoke ;  
     No guiding star the wise men see ;  
 And heavy is oppression's yoke,  
     Where first the gospel said, Be free.
2. And where the harps of angels bore  
     Heaven's message to the shepherd throng,  
 Good will and peace are heard no more  
     To murmur Bethlehem's vales along.
3. Send forth, send forth the glorious light,  
     That from eternal woe doth save ;  
 And bid Christ's heralds speed their flight,  
     Ere millions find a hopeless grave.
4. Behold, the knee of childhood bends  
     In prayer for each benighted land ;  
 And with its Sabbath lesson blends  
     Fond memory of the mission band.
5. With pitying zeal, o'er ocean's wave  
     We reach the helpless hand to take ;  
 O, may we but one wanderer save !  
     We ask it for our Saviour's sake.

198. *God our Guide.* 8s & 7s M.

1. GUIDE me, O thou great Jehovah,  
     Pilgrim through this barren land :  
 I am weak, but thou art mighty, —  
     Hold me with thy powerful hand.
2. Open thou the crystal fountain,  
     Whence the healing streams do flow ;  
 Let the fiery, cloudy pillar  
     Lead me all my journey through.



3. When I tread the verge of Jordan,  
 Bid my anxious fears subside ;  
 Thou of death and hell the conqueror,  
 Land me safe on Canaan's side.

199.

*Spring.*

C. M.

1. WHILE beauty clothes the fertile vale,  
 And blossoms on the spray,  
 And fragrance breathes in every gale,  
 How sweet the vernal day !
2. How kind the influence of the skies !  
 Soft showers, with blessings fraught,  
 Bid verdure, fragrance, beauty rise,  
 And fix the roving thought.
3. O, let my wandering heart confess,  
 With gratitude and love,  
 The bounteous hand that deigns to bless  
 The garden, field, and grove.
4. Inspired to praise, I then shall join  
 Glad nature's cheerful song,  
 And love and gratitude divine  
 Attune my joyful tongue.

200.

*Spring.*

C. M.

W. B. O. PEABODY.

1. WHEN brighter suns and milder skies  
 Proclaim the opening year,  
 What various sounds of joy arise !  
 What prospects bright appear !
2. Earth and her thousand voices give  
 Their thousand notes of praise,  
 And all that by his mercy live  
 To God their offering raise.

3. The streams, all beautiful and bright,  
     Reflect the morning sky ;  
 And there, with music in his flight,  
     The wild bird soars on high.
4. Thus, like the morning, calm and clear,  
     That saw the Saviour rise,  
 The spring of heaven's eternal year  
     Shall dawn on earth and skies.
5. No winter there, no shades of night,  
     Profane those mansions blest,  
 Where, in the happy fields of light,  
     The weary are at rest.

201.

*Spring.*

L. M.

MRS. OPIE.

1. THERE seems a voice in every gale,  
     A tongue in every opening flower,  
 Which tells, O Lord, the wondrous tale  
     Of thine indulgence, love, and power.
2. The birds that rise on soaring wing  
     Appear to hymn their Maker's praise,  
 And all the mingling sounds of spring  
     To thee a grateful anthem raise.
3. And shall my voice, great God, alone  
     Be mute 'midst nature's loud acclaim ?  
 No ; let my heart, with answering tone,  
     Breathe forth in praise thy holy name.
4. And Nature's debt is small to mine ;  
     Thou badd'st her being bounded be ;  
 But, — matchless proof of love divine, —  
     Thou gav'st eternal life to me.

202. *Spring.* 7s & 6s M.

1. THERE cometh o'er the spirit,  
     With each returning year,  
 The thought that thou, the Father,  
     Art ever to us near;  
 With hope of life dispelling  
     The death that winter brought,  
 And flowers and fruits foretelling,  
     With fragrant beauty fraught.
2. 'Tis this which calls thy children  
     In sweet accord to raise,  
 Beneath thy blue-domed temple,  
     One general hymn of praise  
 To thee, the Ever-living,  
     The universal King,  
 Who never ceasest giving  
     Each good and perfect thing.
3. The streamlet from the mountain,  
     It speaketh, Lord, of thee,  
 As, from its snow-capped fountain,  
     It rushes to the sea;  
 The gentle dew descending,  
     And cloud's refreshing shower,  
 O God, our heavenly Father,  
     All, all proclaim thy power.

203. *Summer.* 7s & 6s M.

MISS SIMES.

1. 'TIS summer, glorious summer;  
     Look to the glad green earth,  
 How from her grateful bosom  
     The herb and flower spring forth;  
     12 \*

These are her rich thanksgivings ;  
 The incense floats above :  
 Father, what may we offer ?  
 Thy chosen flower is love.

2. 'Tis summer, blesséd summer ;  
 The lofty hills are bright ;  
 All nature's fountains sparkle ;  
 Shall ours have lesser light ?  
 No ; bid each spirit praise Him  
 Who hangs on every tree  
 A thousand living lyres,  
 Awakening harmony.
3. 'Tis summer in our bosoms,  
 When youthful snares we fly,  
 And strength and peace are given  
 By angel ministry ;  
 'Tis summer in yon heaven,  
 Where, teachers, ye shall know,  
 While time shall last, the blessedness  
 Wrought by your love below.

204. *Lessons of Summer.* 7s & 8s M.

1. Lo ! the lilies of the field,  
 How their leaves instruction yield !  
 Hark to Nature's lesson given  
 By the blesséd birds of heaven !  
 Every bush and tufted tree  
 Warbles sweet philosophy :  
 " Mortal, fly from doubt and sorrow ;  
 God provideth for the morrow.
2. " Say, with richer crimson glows  
 The kingly mantle than the rose ?  
 Say, have kings more wholesome fare  
 Than we, poor citizens of air ?

Barns nor hoarded grain have we,  
 Yet we carol merrily.  
 Mortal, fly from doubt and sorrow ;  
 God provideth for the morrow.

3. "One there lives, whose guardian eye  
 Guides our humble destiny ;  
 One there lives, who, Lord of all,  
 Keeps our feathers lest they fall ;  
 Pass we blithely then the time,  
 Fearless of the snare and lime,  
 Free from doubt and faithless sorrow ;  
 God provideth for the morrow."

205.

*Autumn.*

7s &amp; 6s M.

1. THE leaves around me falling  
 Are preaching of decay ;  
 The hollow winds are calling,  
 "Come, pilgrim, come away ;"  
 The day, in night declining,  
 Says, I must too decline ;  
 The year its bloom resigning,  
 Its lot foreshadows mine.
2. The light my path surrounding,  
 The loves to which I cling,  
 The hopes within me bounding,  
 The joys that round me wing,  
 All, all, like stars at even,  
 Just gleam and shoot away,  
 Pass on before to heaven,  
 And chide at my delay.
3. The friends gone there before me  
 Are calling from on high,  
 And happy angels o'er me  
 Tempt sweetly to the sky ;



So fast the night comes o'er us,  
 The darkness of the grave,  
 And death is just before us ;  
 God takes the life he gave.

3. Say, hath thy heart its treasure  
 Laid up in worlds above ?  
 And is it all thy pleasure  
 Thy God to praise and love ?  
 Beware, lest death's dark river  
 Its billows o'er thee roll,  
 And thou lament forever  
 The ruin of thy soul.

208.

*Winter.*

8s &amp; 11s M.

1. WHEN flowers in summer appear,  
 We wish that they always would last ;  
 But winter must shortly be here,  
 To sweep them away with its blast.  
 Spring, summer, and autumn will hasten away ;  
 The roses must fade, and the blossoms decay.
2. In heaven no winter they know,  
 To wither their pleasures away ;  
 The plants that so sweetly do grow,  
 Shall blossom and never decay ;  
 For earth's fading charms then no longer we'll care,  
 But hope we may spend an eternity there.

209.

*The changing Seasons.*

C. M.

WATTS.

1. WITH songs and honors sounding loud,  
 Address the Lord on high ;  
 Over the heavens he spreads his cloud,  
 And waters veil the sky.

2. He sends his showers of blessings down  
To cheer the plains below ;  
He makes the grass the mountains crown,  
And corn in valleys grow.
3. His steady counsels change the face  
Of the declining year ;  
He bids the sun cut short his race,  
And wintry days appear.
4. His hoary frost, his fleecy snow,  
Descend and clothe the ground ;  
The liquid streams forbear to flow,  
In icy fetters bound.
5. He sends his word, and melts the snow ;  
The fields no longer mourn ;  
He calls the warmer gales to blow,  
And bids the spring return.
6. The changing wind, the flying cloud,  
Obey his mighty word ;  
With songs and honors sounding loud,  
Praise ye the sovereign Lord.

**210.**      *God's Works praise him.*      S. M.

1. TEN thousand different flowers  
To thee sweet offerings bear ;  
And cheerful birds, in shady bowers,  
Sing forth thy tender care.
2. The fields on every side,  
The trees on every hill,  
The glorious sun, the rolling tide,  
Proclaim thy wonders still.



3. But trees, and fields, and skies,  
Still praise a God unknown ;  
For gratitude and love can rise  
From living hearts alone.
4. These living hearts of ours  
Thy holy name would bless ;  
The blossoms of ten thousand flowers  
Would please the Saviour less.
5. While earth itself decays,  
Our souls can never die ;  
O, tune them all to sing thy praise  
In better songs on high.

**211.**      *God seen in all Things.*      6 l. L. M.

MOORE.

1. THOU art, O God, the life and light  
Of all this wondrous world we see ;  
Its glow by day, its smile by night,  
Are but reflections caught from thee ;  
Where'er we turn, thy glories shine,  
And all things fair and bright are thine.
2. When day, with farewell beam, delays,  
Among the opening clouds of even,  
And we can almost think we gaze  
Through golden vistas into heaven,  
Those hues that make the sun's decline  
So soft, so radiant, Lord, are thine.
3. When night, with wings of starry gloom,  
O'ershadows all the earth and skies,  
Like some dark, beauteous bird, whose plume  
Is sparkling with unnumbered eyes, —  
That sacred gloom, those fires divine,  
So grand, so countless, Lord, are thine.

4. When youthful spring around us breathes,  
 Thy spirit warms her fragrant sigh,  
 And every flower the summer wreathes  
 Is born beneath that kindling eye ;  
 Where'er we turn, thy glories shine,  
 And all things fair and bright are thine.

212.

*The Rainbow.*

C. M.

MRS. HEMANS.

1. BEHOLD that arch of varied hue ;  
 From heaven to earth 't is bowed ;  
 Haste, ere it vanish, haste to view  
 The rainbow in the cloud.
2. Yet not alone to charm thy sight  
 Was given the vision fair ;  
 Gaze on those beams of colored light,  
 And read God's mercy there.
3. It tells us that the mighty deep,  
 Fast by the Eternal chained,  
 No more o'er earth's domains shall sweep,  
 Awful and unrestrained.
4. It tells that seasons, heat and cold,  
 Fixed by his sovereign will,  
 Shall, in their course, bid man behold  
 Seed time and harvest still ; —
5. That still the flower shall deck the field  
 When vernal zephyrs blow ;  
 That still the vine its fruit shall yield  
 When autumn sunbeams glow.
6. Then, child of that fair earth, which yet  
 Smiles with each charm endowed,  
 Bless thou his name whose mercy set  
 The rainbow in the cloud.

213.

*The Stars.*

L. M.

MRS. HEMANS.

1. CHILD of the earth, O, lift thy glance  
To yon bright firmament's expanse ;  
The glories of its realm explore ;  
Behold, and wonder, and adore.
2. Mark well each little star whose rays  
In distant splendor meet thy gaze ;  
Each is a world by Him sustained  
Who from eternity hath reigned.
3. Each, shining not for earth alone,  
Hath suns and planets of its own,  
And beings, whose existence springs  
From him, the all-powerful King of kings.
4. Haply, those glorious beings know  
Nor stain of guilt nor tear of woe,  
But, raising still the adoring voice,  
Forever in their God rejoice.
5. What then art thou, O child of clay,  
Amid creation's grandeur, say ?  
E'en as an insect on the breeze,  
E'en as a dew drop lost in seas !
6. Yet fear thou not : the sovereign hand,  
Which spread the ocean and the land,  
And hung the rolling spheres in air,  
Hath, e'en for thee, a Father's care.

214.

*The Thunder Storm.*

C. M.

MRS. HEMANS.

1. THE thunder bursts ; its rolling might  
Seems the firm hills to shake ;  
And, in terrific splendor bright,  
The gathered lightnings break.

2. Yet doth not God behold thee still,  
    With all-surveying eye?  
Doth not his power all nature fill,  
    Around, beneath, on high?
3. Then fear not, though the angry sky  
    A thousand darts should cast;  
Why should we tremble e'en to die,  
    And be with him at last?

**215.**      *For a National Festival.*      C. M.

1. To thee, the little children's Friend,  
    Their hymn to-day shall rise;  
O, from the heavenly courts descend,  
    And bless the sacrifice.
2. While through our land fair freedom's song  
    Our fathers raise to thee,  
Our accents shall the notes prolong;  
    We, children, too, are free.
3. The past with blessings from thy hand  
    Was richly scattered o'er,  
As numerous as the countless sand  
    That spreads the ocean shore.
4. O, may the future be as bright;  
    Nor be thy favors less  
Resplendent with the glorious light  
    Of peace and happiness.
5. On earth prepare us for the skies;  
    And when our life is o'er,  
Let us to purer mansions rise,  
    And praise thee evermore.

**216.**      *Anniversary Hymn.*      L. M.

1. NOT by the brazen trumpet's voice,  
    But by the skylark's early lay,  
Our school is summoned to rejoice  
    In God our Saviour on this day.
2. Now, in the temple of the Lord,  
    Assembling round the throne of grace,  
We sing, and pray, and hear the word,  
    And see our glorious Maker's face.
3. Salvation's silver trumpet brings  
    Heaven's richest music to our ears ;  
Happy, whose heart with rapture springs  
    At the first welcome note he hears.
4. He, when the last dread trumpet's tone  
    The dead to second life shall call,  
May stand unmoved before the throne,  
    While stars like lightnings round him fall.
5. He, where eternal Sabbaths shine,  
    Where all by God himself are taught,  
Lessons shall learn of truth divine,  
    Of power and love surpassing thought.

**217.**      *Anniversary Hymn.*      C. M.

1. "LET little children come to me,"  
    The blesséd Saviour said,  
And kindly laid his hand on those  
    Who unto him were led.
2. "To those who early seek my face  
    Shall early grace be given ;  
The humble and the childlike ones  
    Shall dwell with me in heaven."

3. Thou, that hast gone to take thy throne  
     In thine own courts above ;  
 Thou that didst pity children then,  
     Regard us now in love.
  
4. Deep on our young and thoughtless hearts  
     Thy sacred likeness trace ;  
 And gird us by thy spirit, Lord,  
     To run the Christian race.
  
5. Safe through the snares around our path,  
     O, guide our wayward feet ;  
 And in each painful scene of life  
     Be thou our sure retreat.

**218.**     *For a Rural Celebration.*     C. M.

1. WE seem to hear a voice of praise,  
     Here, 'mid the leafy bowers,  
 From murmuring streams, whose crystal maze  
     Doth cheer the thirsty flowers.
  
2. And louder, where yon lofty trees  
     By summer's hand are dressed,  
 It swells on every gentle breeze,  
     From bough, and spray, and nest.
  
3. But if the things by nature taught  
     Pour music o'er the sod,  
 How high should rise *our* raptured thought,  
     Who learn the word of God !
  
4. To us he speaks, from morning's cell,  
     From evening's dewy sphere,  
 And when the holy Sabbath bell  
     Salutes the Christian's ear.

5. To us he speaks ; he guides our choice  
 By heaven's own book divine ;  
 And aids our teacher's much-loved voice  
 To fix each treasured line.
6. To us he speaks ; and we in praise  
 Would still our offering bring,  
 Here, where creation joins our lays,  
 And there, where angels sing.

219. *For the Opening of a Sunday School Room.* L. M.

COWPER.

1. OUR God, where'er thy people meet,  
 There they behold thy mercy seat ;  
 Where'er they seek thee, thou art found,  
 And every place is hallowed ground.
2. For thou, within no walls confined,  
 Inhabitest the humble mind ;  
 Such ever bring thee where they come,  
 And, going, take thee to their home.
3. Here may we prove the power of prayer  
 To strengthen faith and sweeten care,  
 To teach our faint desires to rise,  
 And bring all heaven before our eyes.
4. Behold ! at thy commanding word,  
 We stretch the curtain and the cord ;  
 Come, thou, and shed abroad thy grace,  
 And bless us with a large increase.

**220.**      *Reward of the faithful*      8s & 7s M.  
    *Teacher.*

1. WHEN the infant spirit, flying,  
     Smiles, and gladly leaves its clay,  
 On a Saviour's death relying,  
     Soaring to the world of day;—
2. If, beside that pillow standing,  
     One there be who taught it so,  
 Led that little soul, expanding,  
     All the love of God to know;—
3. O, how pure must be the pleasure,  
     Thus his sweet reward to see,  
 As its life fulfils its measure,  
     As it seeks eternity.

**221.**      *Parting Hymn.*      7s M.

KIRKE WHITE.

1. CHRISTIANS, brethren, ere we part,  
     Every voice and every heart  
 Join, and to our Father raise  
     One last hymn of grateful praise.
2. Though we here should meet no more,  
     Yet there is a brighter shore;  
 There, released from toil and pain,  
     There we all may meet again.
3. Now to Him who reigns in heaven  
     Be eternal glory given;  
 Grateful for thy love divine,  
     O, may all our hearts be thine.



**222.**      *Teacher's Prayer.*    8s, 7s, & 4s M.

1. THOU who didst with love and blessing  
     Gather Zion's babes to thee,  
     Still a Saviour's love expressing,  
     These the babes of Zion see ;  
         Bless the labors  
     That would bring them up for thee.
2. Smile upon the weak endeavor,  
     Vain if thou thy smile deny ;  
     Lo ! they rise, to live forever ;  
     Train, O, train them for the sky ;  
         Gracious Shepherd,  
     Train them for thy flock on high.
3. Then, when we shall all have slumbered,  
     Side by side, in common dust,  
     With thy ransomed people numbered,  
     With the assembly of the just,  
         Child and teacher,  
     Saviour, own our humble trust.

**223.**      *Old or New Year.*      L. M.

DODDRIDGE.

1. MY Helper, God, I bless thy name ;  
     Thy power and grace are still the same ;  
     The tokens of thy friendly care  
     Open, and crown, and close the year.
2. I 'midst ten thousand dangers stand,  
     Supported by thy guardian hand,  
     And see, when I survey my ways,  
     Ten thousand monuments of praise.
3. Thus far thine arm hath led me on,  
     Thus far I make thy mercy known ;  
     And, while I tread this desert land,  
     New blessings shall new songs demand.

224.           *The Close of the Year.*           C. M.

BROWNE.

1. AND now, my soul, another year  
Of my short life is past ;  
I cannot long continue here,  
And this may be my last.
2. Part of my doubtful life is gone,  
Nor will return again ;  
And swift my fleeting moments run,  
The few which yet remain.
3. Awake, my soul ; with all thy care  
Thy true condition learn ;  
What are thy hopes, how sure, how fair,  
And what thy great concern ?
4. Now a new space of life begins,  
Set out afresh for heaven ;  
Seek pardon for thy former sins,  
Through Christ so freely given.
5. Devoutly yield thyself to God,  
And on his grace depend ;  
With zeal pursue the heavenly road,  
Nor doubt a happy end.

225.           *The New Year.*           7s M.

NEWTON.

1. WHILE, with ceaseless course, the sun  
Hasted through the former year,  
Many souls their race have run,  
Never more to meet us here ;  
Fixed in an eternal state,  
They have done with all below ;  
We a little longer wait,  
But how little none can know.

2. As the wingéd arrow flies  
 Speedily the mark to find,  
 As the lightning from the skies  
 Darts and leaves no trace behind,  
 Swiftly thus our fleeting days  
 Bear us down life's rapid stream ;  
 Upward, Lord, our spirits raise ;  
 All below is but a dream.
3. Thanks for mercies past receive ;  
 Pardon of our sins renew ;  
 Teach us henceforth how to live  
 With eternity in view.  
 Bless thy word to young and old ;  
 Fill us with a Saviour's love ;  
 And when life's short tale is told,  
 May we dwell with thee above.

226. *Hitherto hath the Lord helped us.* L. M.

DODDRIDGE.

1. GREAT God, we sing that mighty hand  
 By which supported still we stand ;  
 The opening year thy mercy shows ;  
 Let mercy crown it till it close.
2. By day, by night, at home, abroad,  
 Still we are guarded by our God,  
 By his incessant bounty fed,  
 By his unerring counsel led.
3. With grateful hearts the past we own ;  
 The future, all to us unknown,  
 We to thy guardian care commit,  
 And, peaceful, leave before thy feet.
4. In scenes exalted or depressed,  
 Be thou our joy, and thou our rest ;  
 Thy goodness all our hope shall raise,  
 Adored through all our changing days.

5. When death shall interrupt our songs,  
And seal in silence mortal tongues,  
Thy praises shall our lips employ  
In the eternal world of joy.

**227.**                    *The New Year.*                    7s M.

NEWTON.

1. SEE! another year is gone!  
    Quickly have the seasons passed;  
This we enter now upon  
    Will to many prove their last.
2. Mercy hitherto has spared;  
    But have mercies been improved?  
Let us ask, "Am I prepared,  
    Should I be this year removed?"
3. Some we now no longer see,  
    Who their mortal race have run,  
Seemed as fair for life as we,  
    When the former year begun.
4. Some — but who God only knows —  
    Who are here assembled now,  
Ere the present year shall close,  
    To the stroke of death must bow.
5. While we pray, and while we hear,  
    Help us, Lord, with awe to think  
That eternity is near,  
    We are standing on the brink.

**228.**                    *For a new Year.*                    P. M.

1. COME, let us anew our journey pursue,  
    Roll round with the year,  
And never stand still till the Master appear.

2. His adorable will let us gladly fulfil,  
And our talents improve  
By the patience of hope and the labor of love.
3. Our life is a dream ; our time, as a stream,  
Glides swiftly away,  
And the fugitive moment refuses to stay.
4. The arrow is flown ; the moment is gone ;  
The millennial year  
Rushes on to our view, and eternity's here.
5. O that each in the day of His coming may say,  
" I have fought my way through ;  
I have finished the work thou didst give me to do."
6. O that each from the Lord may receive the glad  
word,  
" Well and faithfully done !  
Enter into my joy, and sit down on my throne."

**229.**                    *The New Year.*                    C. M.

1. To God we owe each joyous morn,  
To him each peaceful night ;  
His goodness wakes the new year's dawn,  
That blesses now our sight.
2. Since last we each began anew  
The circuit of the year,  
How many pleasures we review,  
Unsullied by a tear !
3. Lord, may our youthful souls be filled  
With gratitude and love ;  
Until in heavenly wisdom skilled,  
They're meet to dwell above.

4. Like the great stars which in their course  
Onward and onward go,  
Obedient ever to the source  
From whence their motions flow, —
5. May we fulfil th' appointed ends  
For which thou 'st placed us here ;  
For all past sins now make amends,  
In piety's career.
6. Eager our talents to improve,  
And every blessing use,  
That we may comfort, joy, and love  
In all our path diffuse, —
7. May we be found, each new year's morn,  
More virtuous, holy, wise,  
Till on our raptured eyes shall da  
A new year in the skies.

# DEVOTIONAL SERVICES.

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## 1. PUBLIC WORSHIP.

IT is a good thing to give thanks unto the Lord, and to sing praises unto thy name, O Most High :

To show forth thy loving kindness in the morning, and thy faithfulness every night.

Serve the Lord with gladness; come before his presence with singing.

Know ye that the Lord, he is God: it is he that hath made us, and not we ourselves; we are his people, and the sheep of his pasture.

Enter into his gates with thanksgiving, and into his courts with praise: be thankful unto him, and bless his name.

For the Lord is good; his mercy is ever-

lasting; and his truth endureth unto all generations.

How amiable are thy tabernacles, O Lord of Hosts!

Blessed are they that dwell in thy house: they will be still praising thee.

O God, thou art my God; early will I seek thee.

Because thy loving kindness is better than life, my lips shall praise thee.

The earth is the Lord's, and the fulness thereof; the world, and they that dwell therein.

Who shall ascend into the hill of the Lord, and who shall stand in his holy place?

He that hath clean hands, and a pure heart; who hath not lifted up his soul unto vanity, nor sworn deceitfully:

He shall receive the blessing from the Lord, and righteousness from the God of his salvation.

Thou art my hope, O Lord God; thou art my trust from my youth.

Whom have I in heaven but thee? and there is none upon earth that I desire besides thee.

Thou shalt guide me with thy counsel, and afterward receive me to glory.

Thou wilt show me the path of life; in thy presence is fulness of joy; at thy right hand there are pleasures forevermore.



## 2. SABBATH MORNING.

GIVE unto the Lord the glory due unto his name; worship the Lord in the beauty of holiness.

O Lord, open thou my lips, and my mouth shall show forth thy praise.

My voice shalt thou hear in the morning, O Lord; in the morning will I direct my prayer unto thee, and will look up.

I will come into thy house in the multitude of thy mercy, and in thy fear will I worship toward thy holy temple.

I laid me down and slept; I awaked, for the Lord sustained me.

I will be glad and rejoice in thee, I will sing praise unto thy name, O thou MOST HIGH.

Let all those who put their trust in thee rejoice; let them ever shout for joy, because thou defendest them.

The Lord is my rock, and my fortress, and my deliverer; my strength, in whom I will trust; my buckler and my high tower.

Some trust in chariots, and some in horses; but we will remember the name of the Lord our God.

The Lord is my light and my salvation ;  
whom shall I fear ?

The Lord is the strength of my life ; of whom  
shall I be afraid ?

My heart is fixed, O God, my heart is fixed :  
I will sing and give praise.

Be thou exalted, O God, above the heavens,  
and let thy glory be above all the earth.

My mouth shall show forth thy righteousness  
and thy salvation all the day ;

For great is thy loving kindness, and thy mercies  
are more than can be numbered.

Thus will I bless thee while I live.

I will sing praise to my God while I have  
my being.

### 3. PROVIDENCE OF GOD.

O LORD, how manifold are thy works ! in  
wisdom hast thou made them all : the earth is  
full of thy riches.

The eyes of all wait upon thee ; and thou  
givest them their meat in due season.

Thou openest thy hand, and satisfiest the desire  
of every living thing.

Thou hidest thy face, they are troubled : thou

takest away their breath, they die, and return to their dust.

Thou sendest forth thy spirit, they are created; and thou renewest the face of the earth.

Thou crownest the year with thy goodness; and thy paths drop fatness.

The day is thine, the night also is thine: thou hast prepared the light and the sun.

Thou hast set all the borders of the earth; thou hast made summer and winter.

He watereth the hills from his chambers; the earth is satisfied with the fruit of thy works.

He giveth snow like wool; he scattereth the hoar frost like ashes.

He casteth forth his ice like morsels: who can stand before his cold?

He sendeth out his word and melteth them; he causeth his wind to blow, and the waters flow.

All thy works shall praise thee, O Lord, and thy saints shall bless thee.

The Lord is good to all; and his tender mercies are over all his works.

The Lord openeth the eyes of the blind; the Lord raiseth them that are bowed down; the Lord loveth the righteous.

The Lord preserveth the stranger; he reliev-

eth the fatherless and widow ; but the way of the wicked he turneth upside down.

I will sing unto the Lord as long as I live ; I will sing praise unto my God while I have my being.

My meditation of him shall be sweet ; I will be glad in the Lord.

Bless the Lord, all his works in all places of his dominion : bless the Lord, O my soul.

#### 4. GRATITUDE AND TRUST.

BLESS the Lord, O my soul ; and all that is within me, bless his holy name.

Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits ;

Who forgiveth all thine iniquities ; who healeth all thy diseases ;

Who redeemeth thy life from destruction ; who crowneth thee with loving kindness and tender mercies.

Like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear him.

The Lord is nigh unto all them that call upon him, to all that call upon him in truth.

He will fulfil the desire of them that fear

him : he also will hear their cry, and will save them.

The Lord is my Shepherd ; I shall not want.

He maketh me to lie down in green pastures : he leadeth me beside the still waters.

He restoreth my soul : he leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for his name's sake.

Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil ; for thou art with me ; thy rod and thy staff, they comfort me.

What shall I render unto the Lord for all his benefits toward me ?

I will offer to thee the sacrifice of thanksgiving, and will call upon the name of the Lord.

I will meditate on thy precepts, and have respect unto thy ways.

So shall I keep thy law continually forever and ever.

Thus will I bless thee while I live ; I will lift up my hands in thy name.

I will wash my hands in innocency ; so will I compass thine altar, O Lord.

## 5. GRATITUDE FOR THE DIVINE GOODNESS.

O, MAGNIFY the Lord with me, and let us exalt his name together.

Let us come before his presence with thanksgiving, and make a joyful noise unto him with psalms.

For the Lord is a great God, and a great King above all gods.

It is he that hath made us, and not we ourselves; we are his people, and the sheep of his pasture.

The Lord is gracious and full of compassion; slow to anger, and of great mercy.

The Lord is good to all, and his tender mercies are over all his works.

What shall I render unto the Lord for all his benefits toward me?

I will offer to thee the sacrifice of thanksgiving, and will call upon the name of the Lord.

I will praise the Lord with my whole heart, in the courts of the Lord's house, and in the congregation.

I will meditate also of all thy works, and talk of thy doings.

We will think of thy loving kindness, O God, in the midst of thy temple.

For as the heaven is high above the earth, so great is his mercy toward them that fear him.

He hath not dealt with us after our sins, nor rewarded us according to our iniquities.

His mercies have been new to us every morning, and his precious thoughts toward us cannot be numbered.

He hath delivered my soul from death, my feet from falling, and mine eyes from tears.

He hath prepared a table before me : my cup runneth over.

He hath covered me with his feathers ; yea, beneath the shadow of his wings have I dwelt in safety.

The Lord hath been mindful of us, and he will bless us, if we fear him, both small and great.

He will preserve our going out and our coming in, from this time forth, and even forever more.

We will trust in the Lord forever. We will give thanks to his holy name, and our mouths shall praise him with joyful lips.

Let every thing that hath breath praise the Lord, for his name alone is excellent, and his mercy endureth forever.

## 6. OMNISCIENCE.

O LORD, thou hast searched me, and known me.

Thou knowest my down-sitting and mine up-rising; thou understandest my thought afar off.

Thou compassest my path, and my lying down, and art acquainted with all my ways.

For there is not a word in my tongue, but lo, O Lord, thou knowest it altogether.

Whither shall I go from thy spirit? or whither shall I flee from thy presence?

If I ascend up into heaven, thou art there; if I make my bed in hell, behold, thou art there.

If I take the wings of the morning, and dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea,

Even there shall thy hand lead me, and thy right hand shall hold me.

If I say, Surely the darkness shall cover me; even the night shall be light about me;

Yea, the darkness hideth not from thee; but the night shineth as the day; the darkness and the light are both alike to thee.

If I regard iniquity in my heart, the Lord will not hear me.

The Lord is far from the wicked; but he heareth the prayer of the righteous.



Search me, O God, and know my heart; try me, and know my thoughts;

And see if there be any wicked way in me, and lead me in the way everlasting.

Let the words of my mouth, and the meditation of my heart, be acceptable in thy sight, O Lord, my strength, and my Redeemer.

## 7. THE DIVINE JUSTICE.

THE Lord is in his holy temple, the Lord's throne is in heaven; his eyes behold, his eyelids try the children of men:

Righteousness and judgment are the habitation of his throne.

He cometh to judge the earth; he shall judge the world with righteousness, and the people with his truth.

He shall judge the world in righteousness; he shall minister judgment to the people in uprightness.

God is no respecter of persons; but in every nation he that feareth him and worketh righteousness is accepted with him.

For the righteous Lord loveth righteousness; his countenance doth behold the upright.

The face of the Lord is against them that do evil, to cut off the remembrance of them from the earth.

The Lord will be a refuge for the oppressed, a Father of the fatherless, and a Judge of the widow.

For the oppression of the poor, for the sighing of the needy, now will I arise, saith the Lord; I will set them in safety from him that despiseth them.

Be not deceived; God is not mocked; for whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap.

The triumphing of the wicked is short, and the joy of the hypocrite but for a moment.

The heaven shall reveal his iniquity, and the earth shall rise up against him.

There shall no evil happen to the just; he shall inherit glory, and his memory shall be blessed.

Just balances, just weights, and just measures shall ye have, for in them the Lord delights; but false weights are an abomination to him.

He that getteth riches, and not by right, shall leave them in the midst of his days, and at his end shall be a fool.

He that hath not oppressed any, nor spoiled by violence, but dealt truly, and done that which

is lawful and right, he is just, and he shall surely live, saith the Lord.

If the wicked will turn from all his sins, and do that which is lawful and right, he shall not die, and all his transgressions shall not be mentioned unto him.

My ways are equal, saith the Lord, and I will judge you every one according to his ways.

## 8. EARLY PIETY.

COME, ye children, hearken unto me: I will teach you the fear of the Lord.

Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth, while the evil days come not, nor the years draw nigh, when thou shalt say, I have no pleasure in them.

Keep thy tongue from evil, and thy lips from speaking guile.

Depart from evil, and do good; seek peace, and pursue it.

Honor thy father and thy mother, that thy days may be long upon the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee.

Enter not into the path of the wicked, and go not in the way of evil men.

My son, if sinners entice thee, consent thou not.

Trust in the Lord with all thy heart, and lean not on thine own understanding.

In all thy ways acknowledge him, and he shall direct thy paths.

Keep thy heart with all diligence; for out of it are the issues of life.

Wisdom is the principal thing; therefore get wisdom, and, with all thy getting, get understanding.

Length of days is in her right hand; and in her left hand riches and honor.

Her ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace.

If thou seekest for her as for silver, and searchest for her as for hid treasures,

Then shalt thou understand the fear of the Lord, and find the knowledge of God.

Then shalt thou walk in thy way safely, and thy foot shall not stumble.

When thou liest down, thou shalt not be afraid; yea, thou shalt lie down, and thy sleep shall be sweet.

There shall no evil befall thee, neither shall any plague come nigh thy dwelling.

For he shall give his angels charge over thee, to keep thee in all thy ways.

O taste and see that the Lord is good: blessed is the man that trusteth in him.

## 9. THE WORKS OF GOD.

I WILL now remember the works of the Lord, and declare the things that I have seen.

The sun that giveth light looketh upon all things, and is full of the glory of the Lord.

Great is the Lord that made it; and at his commandment it runneth hastily.

He made the moon also to serve in her season, and the stars to shine in the firmament of heaven.

At the commandment of the Holy One they all stand in their order, and never faint in their watches.

Look upon the rainbow, and praise him that made it; very beautiful it is in the brightness thereof.

It compasseth the heaven with a glorious circle, and the hands of the Most High have bended it.

He maketh the snow to fall apace, and sendeth swiftly the lightnings of his judgment.

At his sight the mountains are shaken; the

noise of his thunder maketh the earth to tremble.

As birds flying he scattereth the snow, and the falling down thereof is as the lighting of grasshoppers.

He poureth the hoar frost upon the earth, and clotheth the water as with a breastplate.

He declareth the things that are past and to come, and revealeth the steps of hidden things.

No thought escapeth him, neither is any word hidden from him.

He hath garnished the excellent works of his wisdom, and he is from everlasting to everlasting.

Unto him may nothing be added, neither can he be diminished; and he hath no need of any counsellor.

O, how desirable are all his works! He hath made nothing imperfect.

One thing establisheth the good of another; and who shall be filled with beholding his glory?

There are yet hid greater things than these be, for we have seen but a few of his works.

For the Lord hath made all things; and to the godly hath he given wisdom.

## 10. TRUE WISDOM.

GOD created man to be immortal, and made him to be an image of his own eternity.

The souls of the righteous are in the hand of God, and there shall no torment touch them.

Though they be punished in the sight of men, yet is their hope full of immortality.

Honorable age is not that which standeth in length of time, nor that which is measured by number of years.

But wisdom is the gray hair unto men, and an unspotted life is old age.

To fear the Lord is the beginning of wisdom, and giveth joy, and gladness, and a long life.

My son, help thy father in his age, and grieve him not as long as he liveth.

Honor thy father and mother both in word and deed, that a blessing may come upon thee from them.

Be not hasty with thy tongue, and in no wise speak against the truth.

Love him that hath made thee with all thy strength.

Bow down thine ear to the poor, and refuse not to give to him that is in need.

So shalt thou be as the son of the Most High, and he shall love thee more than thy mother doth.

Wisdom exalteth her children, and layeth hold of them that seek her.

He that loveth her loveth life; and they that seek her early shall be filled with joy.

They that serve her shall minister to the Holy One; and them that love her the Lord will love.

## 11. THE DIVINE MISSION AND AUTHORITY OF JESUS.

THE Father loveth the Son, and hath given all things into his hand.

All power, said Jesus, is given unto me, in heaven and in earth.

This is God's beloved Son; hear ye him.

No man hath ascended up to heaven but he that came down from heaven, even the Son of man, which is in heaven.

He whom God hath sent speaketh the words of God; for God giveth not the Spirit by measure unto him.

He that cometh from heaven is above all, and what he hath seen and heard, that he testifieth.



The Father loveth the Son, and showeth him all things that himself doeth.

As the Father raiseth up the dead and quickeneth them, even so the Son quickeneth whom he will.

The Father hath committed all judgment unto the Son, that all men should honor the Son, even as they honor the Father.

He that honoreth not the Son honoreth not the Father which hath sent him.

No man hath seen the Father, save he which is of God ; he hath seen the Father.

I am the living bread which came down from heaven. If any man eat of this bread, he shall live forever.

If God were your Father, ye would love me, for I proceeded forth and came from God.

The works that I do in my Father's name, they bear witness of me.

I came forth from the Father, and am come into the world ; again, I leave the world, and go to the Father.

Now we believe, and are sure that thou art the Christ, the Son of the living God.

## 12. REDEMPTION.

BLESSED be the Lord God of Israel ; for he hath visited and redeemed his people ;

And hath raised up a horn of salvation for us in the house of his servant David ;

To perform the mercy promised to our fathers, and to remember his holy covenant ;

To give light to them that sit in darkness, and in the shadow of death ;

To guide our feet in the way of peace.

The eyes of the blind are opened, and the ears of the deaf are unstopped.

The lame man leaps as a hart, and the tongue of the dumb sings.

The dead are raised ; to the poor the gospel is preached.

Surely He hath borne our griefs, and carried our sorrows.

He was bruised for our iniquities ; and with his stripes are we healed.

He did no sin, neither was guile found in his mouth.

When he was reviled, he reviled not again ; when he suffered, he threatened not.

He was brought as a lamb to the slaughter ; he poured out his soul unto death.

Unto him that loved us, and washed us from our sins in his own blood, and hath made us kings and priests unto God and his Father,

To him be glory and dominion forever and ever. Amen.

### 13. SALVATION THROUGH CHRIST.

GOD so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life.

Verily, verily, I say unto you, He that heareth my word, and believeth on Him that sent me, hath everlasting life, and shall not come into condemnation.

He that cometh to me shall never hunger; and he that believeth on me shall never thirst.

This is the Father's will, that of all which he hath given me I should lose nothing, but should raise it up again at the last day.

I am the light of the world; he that followeth me shall not walk in darkness, but shall have the light of life.

I am the door: by me if any man enter in, he shall be saved.

I am the good Shepherd: the good Shepherd giveth his life for the sheep. And other sheep I have; them also I must bring; and they shall

hear my voice ; and there shall be one fold and one Shepherd.

I give unto my sheep eternal life, and they shall never perish.

I am the resurrection and the life: he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live ; and whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die.

In my Father's house are many mansions ; I go to prepare a place for you ; and if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again and receive you unto myself, that where I am, there ye may be also.

I will not leave you comfortless ; I will come to you.

If I depart, I will send the Comforter unto you ; he shall glorify me, and he, the Spirit of truth, will guide you into all truth.

Father, I will that they also whom thou hast given me be with me where I am, that they may behold my glory which thou hast given me.

This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners.

There is none other name under heaven given among men whereby we must be saved.

God forbid that we should glory, save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ.

For other foundation can no man lay than that is laid, which is Jesus Christ.

May we be built up on the foundation of the apostles and prophets, and obtain the salvation which is in Christ Jesus, with eternal glory.

#### 14. A PSALM OF CHRISTIAN JOY.

BLESSED art thou, O God! Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, Father of all mercies, and God of all consolation.

We thank thee, O God, for the unspeakable gift of thy Son, our Saviour, who came to bring glad tidings of great joy to all people.

O, the depth of the riches both of the wisdom and knowledge of God!

Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men.

Break forth into joy, for the Lord hath comforted his people.

The people that walked in darkness have seen a great light; they that dwell in the shadow of death, upon them hath the light shined.

O, come, let us walk in the light of the Sun of Righteousness; with joy let us draw water from the wells of salvation.

For God hath not appointed us to wrath, but to obtain salvation by our Lord Jesus Christ.

It is not the will of your Father, which is in heaven, that one of these little ones should perish.

Hosanna to the Son of David! Blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord. Hosanna in the highest!

In this was manifested the love of God toward us, because that God sent his only begotten Son into the world, that we might live through him.

Salvation to our God, which sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb, forever and ever!

He that spared not his own Son, but delivered him up for us all, how shall he not with him also freely give us all things?

Who shall be able to pluck us out of his hand? Who shall separate us from the love of God which is in Christ Jesus our Lord?

Be of good cheer; he hath overcome the world; he shall put all enemies under his feet.

Yea, we also may be conquerors, and more than conquerors, through Him that died for us and rose again.

O death, where is thy sting?

O grave, where is thy victory?

Thanks be to God, which giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ!

## 15. THE KINGDOM OF CHRIST.

How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of him that bringeth good tidings, that publisheth peace; that saith unto Zion, Thy God reigneth!

The Lord hath comforted his people, and all the ends of the earth shall see the salvation of our God.

The wilderness and the solitary place shall be glad;

The desert shall rejoice, and blossom as the rose.

The house of the Lord shall be established in the top of the mountains, and shall be exalted above the hills.

And many nations shall come, and say, Let us go up to the mountain of the Lord, and to the house of the God of Jacob.

They shall beat their swords into ploughshares, and their spears into pruning hooks.

Nation shall not lift up a sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more.

The wolf shall dwell with the lamb, and the leopard shall lie down with the kid; and the calf, and the young lion, and the fatling together; and a little child shall lead them.

They shall not hurt nor destroy in all God's holy mountain ; for the earth shall be full of the knowledge of the Lord, as the waters cover the sea.

Behold, the tabernacle of God is with men, and he will dwell with them.

And they shall be his people, and God himself shall be with them, and be their God.

Praise our God, all ye servants of his, and ye that fear him, both great and small.

Alleluia : the Lord God omnipotent reigneth.

Let us be glad and rejoice, and give honor to him.

Blessing, and honor, and glory, and power, be unto Him that sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb, forever and ever.

## 16. HEAVEN.

WHO are these, which are arrayed in white robes ? and whence came they ?

These are they which came out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb.

These are they which follow the Lamb whithersoever he goeth. And in their mouth was found no guile ; for they are without fault before the throne of God.



Therefore do they serve him day and night in his temple; and he that sitteth on the throne shall dwell among them.

They shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more.

There shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain.

There shall be no night there, and they need no candle, neither light of the sun; for the Lord God giveth them light.

They shall see his face; and his name shall be in their foreheads.

The Lamb, which is in the midst of the throne, shall feed them, and shall lead them unto living fountains of waters.

There shall in no wise enter there any thing that defileth, neither whatsoever worketh abomination, or maketh a lie;

But they which are written in the Lamb's book of life.

Blessed are they that do his commandments, that they may have right to the tree of life, and may enter in through the gates into the city.

Worthy is the Lamb that was slain to receive power, and riches, and wisdom, and strength, and honor, and glory, and blessing.

## 17. CHRISTIAN CHARITY.

THIS is my commandment, that ye love one another, as I have loved you.

May we walk in love, as Christ also hath loved us and hath given himself for us.

Beloved, let us love one another; for love is of God; and every one that loveth is born of God, and knoweth God.

Whoso hath this world's goods, and seeth his brother have need, and shutteth up his heart from him, how dwelleth the love of God in him?

My little children, let us not love in word, neither in tongue, but in deed and in truth.

If a brother or sister be naked and destitute of daily food, let us not say to them, Depart in peace, be ye warmed and filled; but let us give them those things which are needful, according as God hath blessed us.

If we love them which love us, what reward have we; and if we do good to them that do good to us, what do we more than others?

May we love our enemies, bless them that curse us, do good to them that hate us, and pray for them which despitefully use us:

That we may be the children of our Father which is in heaven; for he maketh his sun to

rise on the evil and on the good, and sendeth rain on the just and on the unjust.

May we be merciful as our Father in heaven is merciful; may we forgive as we pray to be forgiven.

May we remember the words of the Lord Jesus, how he said, It is more blessed to give than to receive.

May we have that charity which suffereth long and is kind, which beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, and which never faileth.

May we be kind to one another, tender hearted, forgiving one another, even as God, for Christ's sake, hath forgiven us.

May we have that charity which is the end of the commandment, and cherish that love which is the fulfilling of the law.

May the Lord make us to increase and abound in love one toward another and toward all men.

May we remember that our blessed Saviour calls the humblest of the poor his brethren, and has declared that the good we do unto them, in his name, is done also to himself.

Therefore let us consider the poor, feed the hungry, clothe the naked, minister to the sick,

and visit the prisoner, as if our Lord himself were the sufferer.

Thus may we cherish that spirit of true charity, and live that useful and beneficent life, which shall fit us for the Saviour's welcome, Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world.

### 18. CHARITY AND BROTHERLY LOVE.

BLESSED is he that considereth the poor; the Lord will deliver him in time of trouble.

The Lord will preserve him and keep him alive; and he shall be blessed upon the earth.

The Lord will strengthen him upon the bed of languishing; thou wilt make all his bed in sickness.

He that hath pity upon the poor lendeth unto the Lord;

And that which he hath given will he pay him again.

Blessed are the merciful; for they shall obtain mercy.

Love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you,

That ye may be the children of your Father which is in heaven.

Condemn not, and ye shall not be condemned ;  
Forgive, and ye shall be forgiven.

Rejoice with them that do rejoice, and weep  
with them that weep.

Recompense to no man evil for evil.

Herein is love ; not that we loved God, but  
that he loved us, and sent his Son to be the pro-  
pitiatio for our sins.

Beloved, if God so loved us, we ought also to  
love one another.

God is love ; and he that dwelleth in love  
dwelleth in God, and God in him.

### 19. HUMILITY.

THUS saith the high and lofty One that inhab-  
iteth eternity, whose name is Holy : I dwell in  
the high and holy place, with him also that is  
of a contrite and humble spirit, to revive the  
spirit of the humble, and to revive the heart of  
the contrite ones.

God resisteth the proud, but giveth grace unto  
the humble. He will beautify the meek with  
salvation.

A high look and a proud heart is sin.

Blessed are the meek, for they shall inherit  
the earth.

The ornament of a meek and quiet spirit is in the sight of God of great price.

For the power of the Lord is great, and he is honored by the lowly.

He hath cast down the thrones of proud princes, and set up the meek in their stead.

He hath plucked up the roots of proud nations, and planted the lowly in their place.

Pride goeth before destruction, and a haughty spirit before a fall.

He that humbleth himself shall be exalted; but he that exalteth himself shall be abased.

My son, go on with thy business in meekness; so shalt thou be beloved of him that is approved.

The greater thou art, the more humble thyself, and thou shalt find favor before the Lord.

Learn of me, saith Jesus, for I am meek and lowly in heart, and ye shall find rest unto your souls.

Whosoever shall humble himself as a little child, the same is greatest in the kingdom of heaven.

Let nothing be done through strife or vain glory; but in lowliness of mind let each esteem other better than themselves.

Look not every man for his own interest, but every one also for the benefit of others.

Let this mind be in you which was also in Christ Jesus, who, being in the form of God, made himself of no reputation, and took upon him the form of a servant,

And, being found in fashion as a man, humbled himself, and became obedient unto death, even the death of the cross.

Wherefore God hath highly exalted him, and given him a name which is above every name ;

That at the name of Jesus every knee should bow, and every tongue confess that he is Lord, to the glory of God the Father.

Wherefore, I beseech you that you walk worthy of his calling, with all lowliness and meekness, serving the Lord with all humility.

## 20. CHRISTIAN GRACES.

GRANT, O Lord, that with one mind and with one heart we may glorify thee, even the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ.

Shine in our hearts, we pray thee, to give the light of the knowledge of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ.

May we have the spirit of Christ, that we may be truly his.

May we confess with our mouth the Lord Jesus, and believe in our heart that God hath raised him from the dead.

Help us to examine ourselves, that we may know whether we be in the faith; and may we do nothing against the truth, but for the truth.

May we receive with meekness the ingrafted word which is able to save our souls.

May we be enriched with all knowledge and understanding of thy word.

May we grow in grace and in the knowledge of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.

Grant that our conversation may be such as becometh the gospel, and that we may do all things in the name of Christ.

May we be followers of God, as dear children, and walk in love, as Christ also hath loved us, and hath given himself for us.

May we never be ashamed of the gospel of Christ, knowing that it is the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth.

Fill us, O God, with all joy and peace in believing, that we may abound in hope through the power of the Holy Spirit.

May the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, and the love of God, and the communion of the Holy Spirit be with us all forever.



## 21. CHRISTIAN ASPIRATIONS.

BLESSED be the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, who has blessed us with all spiritual blessings in Christ.

We praise the glory of his grace, wherein he hath made us accepted in the beloved; in whom we have redemption through his blood, the forgiveness of sins.

For God, who is rich in mercy, for his great love wherewith he loved us, even when we were dead in sins, hath raised us up together with Christ, and made us sit together in heavenly places.

We praise him for the exceeding riches of his grace in his kindness toward us through Christ Jesus.

For through him we have access unto the Father, and are no more strangers and foreigners, but fellow-citizens with the saints, and of the household of God.

May we all know the love of Christ, which passeth knowledge, that we may be filled with all the fulness of God.

May this mind be in us which was also in Christ Jesus.

May we walk worthy of the vocation wherewith we are called, with all lowliness and meekness, with long-suffering, forbearing one another in love.

May Christ dwell in our hearts by faith, that we may be rooted and grounded in love.

May we so learn Christ and be taught by him, as the truth is in Jesus, that we may be renewed in the spirit of our mind, and be created after God in righteousness and true holiness.

Let us have no fellowship with the unfruitful works of darkness, but walk as children of the light, in all goodness, and righteousness, and truth.

May we not grieve the Holy Spirit of God by our sins, nor put our blessed Lord to shame; but approve the things that are excellent, and be filled with the fruits of righteousness, which are by Jesus Christ, unto the praise and glory of God.

And may the peace of God, which passeth all understanding, keep our minds and hearts in the knowledge and love of God, and of his Son Jesus Christ, our Lord.









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