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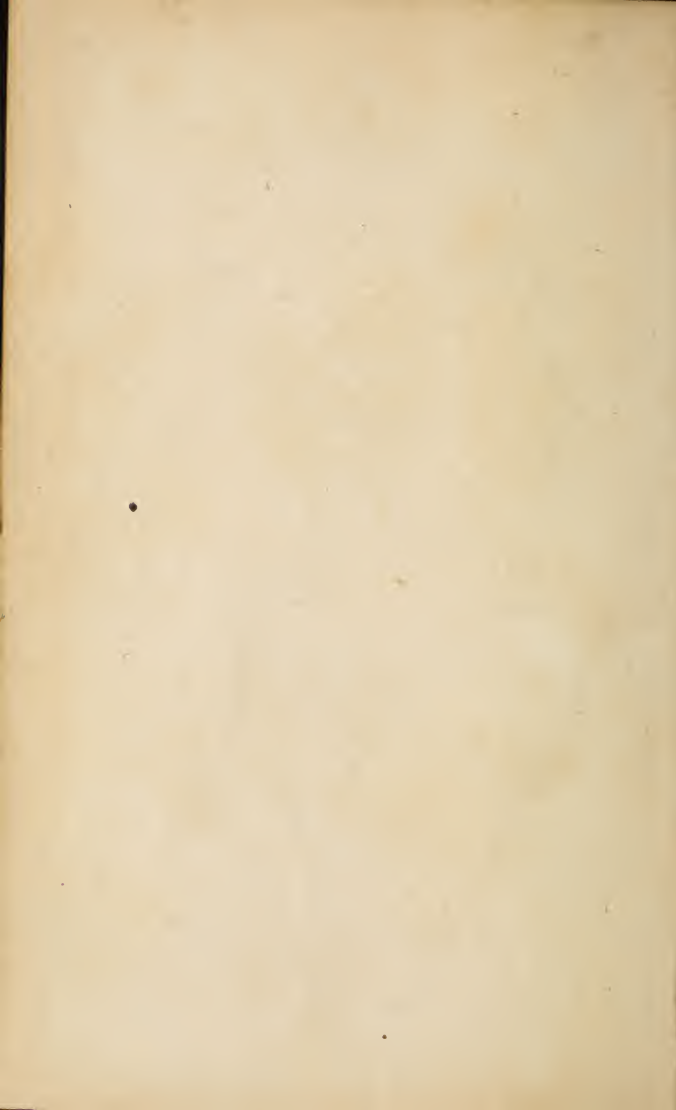
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DEVOTIONAL HYMNS

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RELIGIOUS POEMS.

BY

THOMAS HASTINGS,

AUTHOR OF VARIOUS MUSICAL AND MISCELLANEOUS
PUBLICATIONS.

NEW-YORK:
MARK H. NEWMAN & CO., 199 BROADWAY.
1850.

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P R E F A C E .

WHILE arranging music from the productions of foreign composers for the churches of this country, the author was led to feel the great want of variety in the structure of our sacred lyrics. Many a beautiful piece of music had to be laid aside, because there was not a single stanza of English poetry to which it could be adapted. Here was a temptation to endeavor in some measure to supply the deficiency. The encouragement which his earliest efforts met with, confirmed the author in his habits of versification; and this little volume is the result. Several of the hymns published anonymously, have gained a wide circulation among the American churches, and found their way across the Atlantic. These, carefully revised, are here presented in connection with a larger number which have never before appeared. The habit referred to, it will be seen, has not been wholly confined to the limits of hymnology: but the little volume is submitted to the public without farther apology.



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H Y M N S .

1.]

Notes of Praise.

1. ATTUNE the heart to praise
 In melody of song,
The hallowed anthem sweetly raise
 Amid the choral throng.
2. When joy commands the strain,
 Lift up the soul on high :
When sorrow bids the notes complain,
 In meek submission lie.
3. When gratitude inspires,
 Or penitence, or love,
Or faith, or hope, a song requires,
 Let heav'n-born feeling move.
4. What privilege is ours,
 To worship while we sing !
O let us then our utmost powers
 Unto the service bring.

Praise, a Duty.

1. A mortal's fame will tune the lyre,
And waken raptures high ;
With one consent the crowd conspire
To rend the vaulted sky :
But when Jehovah's name is sung,
Full many sit with silent tongue.

2. Ah, why so mute th' assembled throng;
Indiff'rent to the strain ;
So few attune the hallowed song,
Or useful skill attain ?
Why thus address the heav'nly throne
With stamm'ring lips and falt'ring tone ?

3. Ye saints, redeemed by precious blood,
How can ye thus forbear ?
Shall others sing the praise of God,
And you no song prepare ?
To plead for favors well ye know :
Let praise with equal ardor flow.

4. Give glory to the Lord of heav'n,
The Ruler of the earth ;
Reharse his name from morn to ev'n,
In sounds of hallowed mirth :
Lift up on high the tuneful voice,
For ever in thy God rejoice.

3.]

Incitements to Praise.

1. Go, tune thy voice to sacred song,
Exert thy noblest powers ;
Go, mingle with the choral throng,
The Saviour's praises to prolong,
Amid life's fleeting hours.
2. O hast thou felt a Saviour's love,
That flame of heav'nly birth ?
Then let thy strains melodious prove,
With raptures soaring far above
The trifling toys of earth.
3. Hast found the pearl of price unknown
That cost a Saviour's blood ?
Heir of a bright celestial crown
That sparkles round th' eternal throne,
O sing the praise of God.
4. Sing of the Lamb that once was slain,
That man might be forgiv'n ;
Sing how he broke death's bars in twain,
Ascending high in bliss to reign,
The God of earth and heav'n !
5. Begin on earth the notes of praise,
"Glory to God on high !"
Sing thro' the remnant of thy days,
At death, the song of vict'ry raise,
And soar beyond the sky.

4.] **General Thanksgiving.**

1. Let gratitude waken the song,
 And swell the harmonious lyre ;
Let praise the sweet anthem prolong,
 And joy every bosom inspire :
What favors around us have flowed,
 Unnumbered, unspeakably great,
By heav'n in kind mercy bestowed,
 On man in this fallen estate !

2. The earth with rich verdure is crown'd,
 The fruits in their fulness appear,
The songs of the reapers abound,
 And plenty encircles the year :
The blessings of freedom are ours,
 And knowledge and virtue increase :
No foe is invading our shores,
 We live with the nations at peace.

3. The sound of the Gospel is heard,
 The Scriptures their treasures unfold ;
While thousands believe in the Word,
 More precious than silver or gold :
No fierce persecutions arise,
 The heart and the conscience to bind ;
That wisdom which Heaven supplies,
 The weakest believer may find.

4. Let gratitude waken the song,
 And swell the harmonious lyre,

Let praise the sweet anthem prolong,
 And joy every bosom inspire :
 A nation so favored of God,
 Should ever acknowledge his hand ;
 Should send his salvation abroad,
 His Gospel to every land.

5.]

Redemption.

1. Strike the joyful notes of praise,
 Give thanks unto the Lord :
 Tell the wonders of his ways,
 His acts of love record :
 Through the realms of earth and heav'n,
 God hath made his goodness known :
 Rebel man may be forgiv'n,
 Through his beloved Sen.

2. Strike the joyful notes of praise,
 Give thanks unto the Lord,
 For the mercy he displays,
 Through Christ, th' atoning Word :
 Let the saints with rapture tell,
 How for them he shed his blood ;
 How he conquer'd death and hell,
 To bring them home to God.

3. Strike the joyful notes of praise,
 Give thanks unto the Lord ;
 Fix on heav'n your upward gaze
 Where boundless wealth is stored :

Though your conflicts may be long,
 Or afflictions be severe ;
 Lift on high redemption's song,
 And dry each sorrowing tear.

6.]

Interceding Love.

1. My soul for ever praise
 The mercy of thy God,
 Who meets thee at a throne of grace
 Bought by atoning blood ;
 Life and forgiveness to impart,
 To every humble, contrite heart.
2. What deep, what boundless love
 To sinful man was shown,
 When Jesus came from heav'n above,
 God's well beloved Son,
 And yielded up his vital breath,
 To save our ruined souls from death !
3. What more could he have giv'n !
 What now can he withhold,
 While all the boundless bliss of heaven
 He's waiting to unfold !
 O my full heart ! for ever sing,
 The mercy of thy God and King.
4. Let hope her anchor feel,
 Let faith still upward soar,
 And love, in acts of heav'n-born zeal,
 Her grateful off'rings pour ;

While life remains and strength is given,
In service of the God of heaven !

7.]

Redemption.

1. My soul, with sweet emotion
 Begin the song of praise ;
The tribute of devotion
 To heav'n's high altar raise :
Sing of the great compassion,
 The wonders of that grace,
Which purchased free salvation
 For man's degen'rate race.

2. For this, the great Creator,
 The Father's equal Son,
Assumed our feeble nature,
 And wore a thorny crown :
Behold him pierced and bleeding,
 Descending to the grave,
Now ris'n, now interceding,
 Exalted still to save !

3. The trembling heart that mourneth,
 Shall now no longer grieve ;
The wand'rer who returneth,
 Shall in his presence live :
The weary, fainting spirit
 Shall know his healing power,
Shall trust a Saviour's merit,
 And all his grace adore.

4. My soul, with sweet emotion
 Lift up the song of praise:
 The tribute of devotion
 To heav'n's high altar raise:
 With sounds of joy unceasing,
 A Saviour's love proclaim;
 With raptures still increasing
 Repeat his glorious Name.

8.]

An Undying Song.

1. O for a song of holy joy,
 Of pure and lofty praise,
 That shall the heirs of grace employ,
 Throughout their fleeting days:
2. A song, that, when my race is o'er,
 And I am in the tomb,
 Shall echo still, from shore to shore,
 For ages long to come.
3. That song redeeming love should tell
 Which spoiled th' insatiate grave;
 Which triumphed over death and hell,
 A dying world to save.
4. The earth itself will pass away,
 The heav'ns will be no more;
 But praise shall rise through endless day,
 On yon celestial shore.

9.] The Divine Glory.

1. O sing of the glory of God,
 Let melody waken around ;
 What streams of delight through creation have
 flowed,
 What blessings unnumbered abound.
2. His throne from eternity stands,
 His government spotless and pure ;
 The universe waits to obey his commands,
 His truth shall for ever endure.
3. O sing of the glory of God,
 His wisdom, his goodness and power ;
 Bright myriads of angels awake at his nod,
 And seraphim bow and adore.

10.] Praise in Afflictions.

1. Come let us sing the praise of God,
 And in his name rejoice ;
 Though sorrow rises like a flood,
 We'll tune our feeble voice.
2. Chastened in love but never slain,*
 Cast down but not destroyed ;
 Each earthly loss brings heav'nly gain,
 Bliss pure and unalloyed.
3. Bearing within life's feeble frame,
 The suff'rings of our Lord,

* See 2 Corinthians, chap. 4.

We'll seek to glorify his name,
And feed upon his Word.

4. How kind is his afflicting hand,
How tender is his love!
What mercies flow by his command
From the pure heights above!
5. Yes, we will sing thy praises still,
With melody of soul;
We'll bow submissive to thy will,
And yield to thy control.

11.]

Nativity.

1. Bright angels on the wing,
At silent hour of night,
Proclaim aloud the new-born King
'Mid floods of heav'nly light.
2. The wakeful shepherds hear
And tremble at the sound,
Till words of love dispel their fear,
And breathe sweet peace around.
3. Then from the bending sky,
Is heard th' enraptured strain:
"Glory to God, to God on high,
Peace and good will to men."
4. Ye woods, and rocks, and hills,
Reverberate the song,
Till man the heav'nly impulse feels,
And rolls the tide along.

5. "Glory to God on high
Amid the vaults of heav'n!
Celestial peace below the sky,
Good will to man is giv'n!"

12.]**The Lord is King.**

1. Jesus the Lord is King!
He wears th' immortal crown;
The wonders of his name we sing;
He fills th' eternal throne.
2. When he came down to earth,
With sinful man to dwell,
How low, how humble was his birth!
His sorrows, who could tell!
3. He suffered for our guilt,
He died that we might live;
For us his blood was freely spilt,
That Mercy might forgive.
4. Then he arose on high,
Triumphant o'er the grave;
And "captive led captivity;"
His arm is strong to save.
5. Jesus the Lord is King!
He wears th' immortal crown;
Let earth and heaven his glories sing;
He fills th' eternal throne!

13.]**Goodness of God.**

1. Rejoice in the goodness of God,
His boundless perfections proclaim;
In the house of his chosen abode
Sing praise to his glorious name.
2. His infinite wisdom and power
With holiness ever combine;
His justice and grace we adore,
His mercy and truth are divine.
3. Rejoice in the goodness of God,
His boundless perfections declare;
The love on the cross he hath showed
Shall save us from death and despair.

14.]**The Trinity.**

1. Great Author of creation,
When all thy work was done,
What sounds of exultation
Re-echoed round thy throne!
Angelic lyres were ringing
Throughout the vault above;
And sons of God were singing
Thy wisdom, power, and love.
2. Blest Author of salvation,
When Adam's sinful race
Had sunk in desolation,
Had fall'n in death's embrace,

Oh then thy Love hung bleeding,
 Upon the cross did die!
 That Love still interceding
 Is prevalent on high.

3. Thou new-creating Spirit,
 Thou Searcher of the heart,
 Who through the Saviour's merit
 Dost quick'ning grace impart;
 Thou precious Gift from heaven,
 Thou Messenger of peace,
 Speak all our sins forgiven,
 And make our joys increase.
4. Thou triune God, before thee
 Shall every creature bow,
 Confess that thou art worthy,
 With rapture or with woe;
 Angels shall sound thy praises,
 And saints lift up their voice,
 While every song that rises,
 Shall bid the heav'ns rejoice.

15.]**Hosanna.**

1. Hosanna to the King
 That for our guilt was slain,
 Let every soul its tribute bring,
 And swell th' exulting strain!
2. Hosanna to the King
 Who sitting high in heav'n,

Bids sinners lost and wandering,
Return and be forgiv'n.

3. Hosanna to the King
Who ever lives and reigns :
Let heav'n and earth his praises sing,
In loud and lofty strains !

16.] Songs in the Night.

1. Songs in the night full oft are giv'n,
Soft breathings from the air of heav'n,
Sweet zephyrs to the soul ;
The pilgrim's lonely heart to cheer,
To banish every gloomy fear,
And bring celestial glories near
By their divine control.
2. Songs in the night kind Heav'n supplies,
When cares and trials round us rise,
Our comfort to destroy ;
They bid the tempter far retire,
Awake the heart to pure desire,
And fill the soul with holy fire,
Celestial peace and joy.
3. Songs in the night of sorrow's pow'r,
Affliction's tempest, death's dark hour,
The pilgrim yet will sing ;
And ere he treads the vaulted sky,
He'll shout with faith's uplifted eye,
" O grave, where is thy victory !
O death, where is thy sting !"

17.]

Religious Song.

1. The songs of Zion oft impart,
To this poor lab'ring care-worn heart,
The balm of heav'nly peace;
They chase away each boding fear,
They turn to joy each sorrowing tear,
And bid the conflict cease.
2. O Thou that fill'st the heav'nly throne,
'Tis not in melody alone
To set the spirit free;
Without the breathings of thy love
The sweetest strains will powerless prove,
Nor comfort bring to me.
3. But if the Spirit of the Lord
His hallowed influence will afford,
The soul will upward rise
On wings of song with love divine,
Till heav'nly light around me shine,
Beneath the bending skies.
4. If Thou the gracious influence lend,
The charms of song will sweetly blend
With pure devotion's flame;
Will melt the heart, the mind employ,
And fill the soul with holy joy,
At mention of thy name.
5. Give me that music of the lyre
That bids each earthly wish expire,

And lifts the thoughts on high :
 That fills the soul with heavenly love,
 And bids her a rich foretaste prove,
 Of treasures in the sky.

18]**Praise to the Trinity.**

1. We sing the Father's wondrous love,
 On sinful man bestowed :
 We sing the Saviour from above,
 And his atoning blood :
 We sing the Comforter Divine,
 Who dwells within the heart,
 Whose light and love and peace combine,
 To shed an influ'nce all benign,
 The world can ne'er impart.

2. All glory to the triune God
 Who sitteth on the throne !
 Loud anthems fill that high abode,
 Where all his works are known :
 Their echoes strike the list'ning ear,
 Descending through the sky :
 They fill the heart with holy fear,
 They bring the joys of heaven near,
 And lift the soul on high.

19.]**The Father's Love.**

1. We sing the Father's boundless love
 To all the heirs of grace,

And bid our sweetest passions move
 While we that love retrace :
 He that could give his Son to die,
 What now can he withhold ?
 He that could bid him plead on high
 For all who on his grace rely ;
 How shall his love be told ?

2. What though his chast'nings for awhile
 Bring bitterness of grief ?
 We soon behold his heav'nly smile,
 And feel a sweet relief :
 He shows a Father's tender care
 For his beloved ones,
 He ever hearkens to their prayer,
 And bids them in rich bounty share
 The privilege of sons.

3. But who can all that love explore
 Which yet remains concealed ;
 Or count those heav'nly treasures o'er
 Which soon will be revealed ?
 Eternal ages as they roll,
 Will open to our gaze
 Increasing wonders—but the whole !—
 For ever, O my raptur'd soul,
 Lift up the voice of praise !

20.]

Missionary Hymn.

1. Sweet was the song of heav'n
 At our Redeemer's birth—

“Glory to God be given,
 Good will and peace on earth:”—
 While every heart rejoices
 To echo the reply,
 We'll sing with cheerful voices,
 “Glory to God on high!”

2. Publish the great salvation,
 Repeat the hallowed strain,
 Through every realm and nation,
 O'er every hill and plain:
 Ye isles and deserts dreary,
 Reverberate the sound,
 Till wand'ers lone and weary,
 In peace and joy abound.

3. Sweet was the song of heaven,
 How rapturous the strain!
 “Glory to God be given,
 Good will and peace to men!”
 Let earth and air and ocean,
 The joyful tidings know,
 And man, with deep devotion,
 In grateful homage bow.

21.]**The Lord is King.**

1. The Lord is King for ever,
 His glories who can tell?
 In vain shall man endeavor
 His judgments to repel:

High heav'n his habitation ;
 The universe his throne :
 What with'ring desolation
 To lie beneath his frown !

2. The Lord is King for ever,
 Omnipotent to save ;
 Almighty to deliver
 From darkness and the grave ;
 The soul whom he forgiveth,
 Shall ne'er be put to shame ;
 The sinner who believeth,
 Shall triumph in his name.
3. The Lord is King for ever,
 He'll crush the rebel foe ;
 He'll doom the unbeliever
 To everlasting woe !
 O then by faith draw near him,
 In humble homage bow ;
 With trembling heart revere him,
 And pay each solemn vow !

22.]

Pardoning Grace.

1. Wake, wake the voice of song
 In joyous celebration !
 To God the hallowed strains belong,
 The God of our salvation :
 'Tis he alone that gives
 The blessings now we cherish ;
 The God of Hosts for ever lives :
 Let every idol perish !

2. Wake, wake the voice of song,
 With gratitude ascending
 From ev'ry heart and every tongue,
 In holy rev'rence bending ;
 Proclaim to all around,
 The joy of sins forgiv'n,
 Till rocks and hills repeat the sound
 In echoing strains to heav'n !

23.]

Prayer Heard.

1. Yes, the Lord hath heard my prayer,
 And answered my request :
 O how great his mercies are !
 His name be ever blest :
 Grace unbounded, peace and love,
 Pardon through atoning blood,
 Hope immortal from above—
 How rich the gifts of God !
2. Far from all the paths of peace,
 My soul had gone astray :
 He hath made my wand'rings cease,
 He shows the heav'nly way.
 He can crush the tempter's power,
 He can break the bonds of sin,
 Save amid the darkest hour,
 When human help is vain.
3. When affliction brought me low,
 How bitter was the cup !
 Then I thought of endless woe,
 Beyond the reach of hope :

Yet to him I raised my cry,
 Soon he wiped the falling tear,
 Sent deliv'rance from on high,
 And saved from every fear.

4. When I thought of peril's hour,
 And all my weakness felt;
 Then before his sovereign power,
 My trembling spirit knelt:
 Strong and mighty is his arm;
 He subdued my raging foes;
 Safe amid the loud alarm,
 He bade my soul repose:
5. Now in him I fix my trust,
 Nor shall my hope be vain;
 Foes would bring me to the dust,
 And fill my heart with pain:
 Yet to Him my voice I'll raise,
 Who is still my strength and stay;
 He who tunes my heart to praise,
 Will drive them all away.

24. Adoration of the Trinity.

1. Yes, I adore thee, O my God,
 Father supreme of earth and skies;
 Up to the heav'ns thy bright abode,
 Let songs of praise and joy arise:
 Thou art the High and Holy One,
 Thy will through earth and heav'n be done.

2. Yes, I adore thee, O my God,
 Son of the Father, wondrous King!
 "Thou hast redeem'd us by thy blood,"
 Millions of saints thy praises sing:
 O Prince of Peace, accept the strain,
 For ever and for ever reign!
3. Yes, I adore thee, O my God,
 Blest Comforter, supreme, divine;
 Still lead me in the narrow road,
 Bid heav'nly light around me shine:
 Spirit of Holiness impart,
 Thy gifts to ev'ry trembling heart.
4. Yes, I adore thee, O my God,
 Blest Three in One, blest One in Three;
 Angels that fill thy high abode,
 All praise and glory give to thee:
 Earth with her millions shall confess
 The boundless plenitude of grace.

25.]**Occasions of Prayer.**

1. O bow before the mercy-seat
 In times of anxious care;
 And humbly all thy wants repeat
 In words of tender prayer:
 The Lord is merciful and kind,
 The Lord is ever nigh,
 The lab'ring bosom to unbind,
 To fill with peace the troubled mind,
 And calm the heaving sigh.

2. O bow before the mercy-seat,
 When waves of sorrow roll,
 Pour out before the Master's feet
 The burden of thy soul :
 The Man of Sorrows will be near
 The heart of every saint,
 To wipe away the falling tear,
 With tender words the soul to cheer,
 When desolate and faint.
3. O bow before the mercy-seat,
 And lift to heav'n thy cry :
 Till sinners all at Jesus' feet
 In sweet submission lie :
 Till Zion shall arise and shine,
 In beautiful attire ;
 Till all the realms of earth combine,
 Their crowns and sceptres to resign
 To Christ, their soul's desire.

26.]

Thy will be done.

1. When I seek for heav'nly aid
 From the great celestial Power,
 Let me pray as Jesus prayed
 In the dark and trying hour :
 "Father," on thy heav'nly throne,
 "Not my will, but *thine* be done !"
2. When some gloomy cloud appears,
 When temptations round me rise,

When my heart is filled with fears,
 Then to thee my spirit flies :
 "Father," on thy heav'nly throne,
 "Not my will, but *thine* be done !"

3. When the waves of trouble roll,
 And I sink in deep dismay,
 Strengthen thou my trembling soul,
 Help me then in faith to say,
 "Father," on thy heav'nly throne,
 "Not my will, but *thine* be done !"

4. When the trying hour shall come,
 That shall end this mortal life,
 Let me, near the op'ning tomb,
 Calmly say amid the strife,
 "Father," on thy heav'nly throne,
 "Not my will, but *thine* be done !"

5. Life has troubles, toils, and cares,
 Death may all its terrors try ;
 But amid ten thousand snares,
 Grace can teach me still to cry,
 "Father," on thy heav'nly throne,
 "Not my will, but *thine* be done !"

27.]

Forgiveness.

1. Saviour, hear us through thy merit,
 Lowly bending at thy feet ;
 O draw near us by thy Spirit,
 Prostrate at thy mercy-seat.

2. Wretched, sinful and unworthy,
Naked, poor, and sick and blind,
Oft unmindful while before thee
Of our need of such a friend :
3. Oh how precious is the favor
Of forgiveness through thy blood ;
Come, thou gracious bleeding Saviour,
Be our Advocate with God.
4. For the joys of thy salvation,
Now we raise our cry to thee :
Hear the voice of supplication,
Set our souls at liberty.

28.]

Praying for Ministers.

1. Ye children of the Lord,
Lift up the voice of prayer ;
Let those who preach the living word,
In your petitions share.
2. O supplicate for them
Assistance from above ;
That heav'nly unction may inflame
Their hearts with holy love.
3. And may the Lord appear,
Rich blessings to impart ;
And give to all the hearing ear,
And understanding heart.
4. So shall the word abound
In every pious soul ;

While sinners listen to the sound,
And yield to God's control.

29.]

In Darkness.

1. I mourn the hidings of thy face,
The absence of that smile
Which led me to a throne of grace,
And gave my heart a resting-place,
From earthly care and toil.
2. Oft in the lone and silent hour,
I tell my tale of grief;
In tears of tenderness implore,
The presence of thy healing power,
But tears bring no relief.
3. 'Tis sin that separates from thee,
This poor benighted soul:
My folly and my guilt I see,
And now upon the bended knee
I yield to thy control.
4. Up to the place of thy abode
I lift my waiting eye;
To thee, O holy Lamb of God,
Whose blood for me so freely flowed,
I raise my ardent cry.
5. O Saviour, lend a list'ning ear,
And answer my request:
Forgive, and wipe the falling tear;
Now with thy love my spirit cheer,
And set my heart at rest.

30.]

A Scene of Trials.

1. In the hour of deep dejection
Fill'd with grief and anxious care,
I besought the Lord's direction,
And he hearken'd to my prayer.
2. Though my efforts were defeated,
I renew'd them day by day ;
For his favor I entreated,
Humbly at his feet I lay.
3. Every prospect yet was clouded,
Not a gleam of light appeared,
Doubts and fears around me crowded,
Every hope was long deferr'd.
4. 'Twas to show my perfect weakness,
And the power of faith to try ;
'Twas to prove my love and meekness,
That awhile he passed me by.
5. Calmly still on him relying,
Like a weaned, helpless child,
I remain'd till hope was dying ;
Then my Saviour sweetly smiled.
6. Now no more in darkness grieving,
I attune the notes of praise ;
Songs of joy and loud thanksgiving,
To my great Deliverer raise.

31.]**Supplication.**

1. My fainting spirit seeks relief,
 Before the lofty throne of God ;
 O Saviour, listen to my grief,
 For thou hast bought me with thy blood.
2. O let me feel the vital air
 Descending from the heights above,
 And breathe my humble, tender prayer,
 Into the bosom of thy love !
3. To thee for refuge now I fly,
 For human aid and comfort fail ;
 O send deliv'rance from on high,
 And let my earnest cries prevail !

32.]**“Watch and Pray.”**

1. The Saviour bids thee watch and pray,
 Through life's momentous hour ;
 And grants the Spirit's quick'ning ray,
 To those who seek its power.
2. The Saviour bids thee watch and pray,
 Maintain a warrior's strife ;
 O Christian ! hear his voice to-day :
 Obedience is thy life.
3. The Saviour bids thee watch and pray,
 For soon the hour will come,
 That calls thee from the earth away,
 To thy eternal home.

4. The Saviour bids thee watch and pray,
 O hearken to his voice,
 And follow where he leads the way,
 To heav'n's eternal joys !

33.]

The Conflict.

1 Peter 4 : 7—Eph. 6 : 12, 13.

1. "Watch unto prayer," with holy meditation,
 Gird on thy armor in the tented field :
 Christian, be filled with heav'nly animation ;
 Christ is thy strength, thy refuge and thy shield.
2. Snares and temptations ever here await thee,
 Cares and afflictions all thy path surround ;
 Friends of the world neglect, despise and hate thee,
 Dangers unseen and sorrows still abound.
3. "Watch unto prayer," the conflict soon is over ;
 Myriads of angels view thee from on high ;
 Glory eternal soon wilt thou discover ;
 Crowns for the victor sparkle in the sky !

34.]

Vigilance.

1 Peter 5 : 8.

1. O watch and pray ; the tempter, ever near,
 Seeketh in malice whom he may devour ;
 Thou seest him not, but to thy list'ning ear,
 He speaks with dreadful energy and power.
2. When thou art cheerful he pollutes thy joys,
 Kindling unhallowed ecstasies within ;
 When thou art sad, how doleful is his voice,
 Till deep'ning gloom and darkness lead to sin.

3. Thy wayward feet attempt some dang'rous path.
He soothes thy fears, and flatters to ensnare:
Wouldst thou return, he rises in his wrath,
To chill thee with the horrors of despair.
4. Dost thou lament thy follies, and retire
In secret places to confess and pray;
There does he meet thee with his darts of fire.
To drive thee from the mercy-seat away.
5. Oh watch and pray, and put thy armor on,
Stand in the strength of our Jehovah's might:
The threat'ning foe will thus be overthrown,
The feeblest saint will put him soon to flight.

35.]**Prayer and Praise.**

1. Prayer and praise together giv'n
To address the throne of Heav'n,
Both alike the heart require,
Kindled by celestial fire.
2. Prayer in supplication bends,
Praise on cheerful wing ascends,
Prayer confesses and implores,
Praise rejoices and adores.
3. Prayer, while waves of trouble roll,
Stills the tempest of the soul;
Praise, while blessings round us throng,
Cheers the heart and tunes the tongue.
4. Prayer, in danger, toil, and strife—
Prayer, when want embitters life,

Or when sin and guilt oppress,
Hushes every thought to peace.

5. Praise, in every scene can find
Subjects for a thankful mind ;
Bright perfections to employ
Sweetest themes of holy joy.
6. Let us then while life remains,
Filled with pleasures or with pains,
Fix with faith our upward gaze
In the work of prayer and praise.

36.] A Morning in Spring.

1. How beauteous the morning appears !
The mists of the twilight are gone ;
The dew-drops, like lingering tears,
Are bright in the beams of the sun.
2. The landscape no longer is gray,
The meadows in richness are clad,
The flocks and the herds are at play,
And the heart of the peasant is glad.
3. How gently the waterfall pours,
How softly the breezes arise ;
How fragrant the beautiful flowers,
Which spring in her bounty supplies !
4. All nature is smiling in peace,
The goodness of God she displays ;
And as blessings around us increase,
Let us tune the sweet anthems of praise

37.]

Morning Prayer.

1. In this calm impressive hour,
 Let my prayer ascend on high;
 God of mercy, God of power,
 Hear me when to thee I cry:
 Hear me from thy lofty throne,
 For the sake of Christ thy Son.

2. With this morning's early ray,
 While the shades of night depart,
 Let thy beams of light convey
 Joy and gladness to my heart:
 Now o'er all my steps preside,
 And for all my wants provide.

3. Oh what joy that word affords—
 Thou shalt reign o'er all the earth!
 "King of kings and Lord of lords,"
 Send thy gospel-heralds forth:
 Now begin thy boundless sway,
 Usher in the glorious day.

38.]

Morning Devotion.

1. Now while the early dawn
 Smiles o'er the dewy lawn,
 Verdant and bright:
 While all the woodland throng,
 Their tuneful notes prolong,
 Rises my morning song,
 With true delight.

2. Oh for a heart to love,
Pure as the saints above
In their bright spheres ;
Where they in bliss remain
With the seraphic train,
And in full glory reign
Through endless years !

3. Spirit of Holiness,
Visit our lowliness,
On earth descend ;
So shall the gospel sun,
Whose race hath just begun,
Its glorious circuit run,
Till time shall end.

39.]**A Morning Song.**

1. I love to look abroad
Upon the rising day,
To view the handiwork of God
In beauteous array.

2. The meadow and the grove,
The mountain and the vale,
The plain where lights and shadows move,
While fragrance fills the gale !

3. The scatter'd, grazing herds,
The murmurings of the rill,
The changeful melody of birds,
The echoes from the hill !

4. The landscape for the while
 With livelier tints will grow,
 And all creation wear a smile,
 Her Maker's love to show.
5. I praise the bounteous Lord,
 His wisdom and his power ;
 His goodness and his grace record,
 Who grants th' enraptured hour.

40] Evening or Morning Song.

1. God of evening and of morning,
 Great Source of all,
 While our hearts with love are burning,
 Prostrate we fall :
 Now thy sacred throne addressing,
 And our follies all confessing,
 We entreat a Father's blessing :
 Lord, hear our call !
2. Object of our soul's devotion,
 Thee we adore :
 Fill our hearts with sweet emotion,
 This favored hour :
 Jesus, Master, thou art worthy,
 All the heav'nly hosts adore thee,
 Saints shall cast their crowns before thee,
 Now and evermore.

41.] An Evening Song.

1. And now while daylight closes
 To bring the hour of rest,

My spirit soft reposes
 On the Redeemer's breast:
 While on his aid relying,
 I shall not yield to fear:
 Living, or dead, or dying,
 A Saviour still is near.

2. He saw my soul in danger,
 Ere yet I knew his grace;
 And bade me, once a stranger,
 Behold his smiling face:
 My heart for sin was mourning,
 I prayed to be forgiv'n,
 And soon to Jesus turning,
 I felt the joys of heav'n.
3. He took away my sadness,
 And filled my soul with hope:
 O then with songs of gladness
 My heart was lifted up:—
 Since then, I love and fear him,
 His blessing I implore;
 And daily I draw near him
 And feel his saving power.

42.]

Hymn at Starlight.

1. I love to sit alone
 To meditation free,
 While thought moves upward to the throne
 Of heav'n's immensity:

2. At even-tide to view,
 Those countless worlds on high
 Their wonted radiance renew,
 Amid the brilliant sky!
3. Who can their numbers tell,
 Or destinies declare?
 Or the inhabitants reveal
 That throng in myriads there?
4. Great are the works of God,
 His wisdom and his love;
 His glories are proclaimed abroad,
 Through all the realms above.

13.]

Evening Devotion.

1. While at the even-tide,
 Gently the breezes glide,
 Fragrant the air;
 While noise and tumult cease,
 And all is hushed to peace,
 Let holy thoughts increase,
 Rising in prayer.
2. God of beneficence,
 Kind is thy influence
 On all around;
 While favors oft renewed
 Fill me with gratitude,
 Let sin no more intrude,
 My peace to wound.

3. Thy heav'nly grace impart,
 Strengthen my drooping heart,
 This solemn hour ;
 All my sad wand'rings heal,
 Pardon and peace reveal,
 In me thy witness seal,
 Spirit of Power.
4. When life's declining day,
 Hastens my soul away,
 Jesus be near ;
 When the last hour shall come,
 When through the opening tomb,
 Thou shalt command me home,
 Save me from fear.
5. Then shall a sweeter song
 Rise from this tuneful tongue,
 Than earth has known ;
 While angels sound thy praise,
 And saints their anthems raise,
 Shouting redeeming grace
 Round thy bright throne !

44.]

Evening Hymn.

1. Now from labor and from care
 Evening hours have set me free,
 In the work of praise and prayer,
 Lord, I would converse with thee :
 O behold me from above,
 Fill me with a Saviour's love.

2. Sin and sorrow, guilt and woe
 Wither all my earthly joys ;
 Nought can charm me here below,
 But my Saviour's melting voice :
 Lord, forgive, thy grace restore,
 Make me thine for evermore.

3. For the blessings of this day,
 For the mercies of this hour,
 For the gospel's cheering ray,
 For the Spirit's quick'ning power,
 Grateful notes to thee I raise,
 O accept the song of praise.

45.]

Saturday Evening.*

1. The week and its labors we close,
 With hearts all disburdened of care ;
 And ere we retire for repose,
 Unite in thanksgiving and prayer :
 With sweet meditation we trace,
 The mercies that round us have flowed,
 And talk of the wonders of grace,
 Which infinite love has bestowed.

2. And how has the week been employed,
 'Mid conflicts without or within ?
 And have we God's presence enjoyed,
 Or wandered in darkness and sin ?

* Written by request, for Rev. Mr. G—, of Constantinople.

Have sorrows encompassed our path?
 Temptations from morning to ev'n?
 Or have joys and bright visions of faith,
 Been leading our pathway to heav'n?

3. The week and its labors are past,
 Its hours we can never recall,
 Our life is departing in haste,
 And soon in the grave we must fall:
 Then let us each moment improve,
 And let us each Sabbath employ,
 In serving that Saviour we love,
 Who dwells in the fulness of joy.

46.] The Sepulchre on Sabbath Morning.

1. How calm and beautiful the morn,
 That gilds the sacred tomb,
 Where Christ the crucified was borne,
 And veiled in midnight gloom!
 O weep no more the Saviour slain,
 The Lord is ris'n, he lives again.
2. Ye mourning saints, dry ev'ry tear
 For your departed Lord,
 "Behold the place, he is not here!"
 The tomb is all unbarr'd:
 The gates of death were closed in vain,
 The Lord is ris'n, he lives again.
3. Now cheerful to the house of prayer,
 Your early footsteps bend;

The Saviour will himself be there,
 Your Advocate and Friend :
 Once by the law, your hopes were slain,
 But now in Christ, ye live again.

4. How tranquil now the rising day !
 'Tis Jesus still appears,
 A risen Lord, to chase away
 Your unbelieving fears :
 O weep no more your comforts slain,
 The Lord is ris'n, he lives again.
5. And when the shades of evening fall,
 When life's last hour draws nigh,
 If Jesus shines upon the soul,
 How blissful then to die !
 Since he hath ris'n that once was slain,
 Ye die in Christ to live again.

47.]

The Sabbath.

1. Lord of the Sabbath, thee we praise,
 For all these holy, happy days,
 To dying man in mercy giv'n,
 Preparing for the rest of heav'n.
2. We thank thee for the morning light,
 Emblem of beams divinely bright ;
 We thank thee for the evening shade,
 For solemn meditation made.
3. We thank thee for that blest abode,
 The earthly temple of our God :

We thank thee for thy holy word,
With heav'nly truth so richly stored.

4. But oh, what praise to thee is due,
That we are taught by faith to view,
A Saviour "crucified and slain,"
Waking from death, on high to reign!
5. O Saviour, God, to whom are giv'n
The realms of earth, the hosts of heav'n,
Before thy glorious throne we fall,
And worship thee as Lord of all!

48.]

Day of Rest.

1. O sacred day of rest,
Bright antepast of heav'n!
How are the sons of Zion blest,
To whom thy light is giv'n!
2. How nature now conspires,
To fill the heart with love;
To kindle hallowed, pure desires,
Such as are known above!
3. How bright the sacred page,
How sweet the morning song,
How blest the sight when youth and age,
Unto the temple throng!
4. Jehovah, God is there;
How holy is the place!
With humble awe our souls prepare
To come before his face.

5. His heav'nly smile we see,
 His tender love we feel,
 Who in the universe but he,
 Such sweetness can reveal!
6. Jesus, the day is thine,
 Thou art the Sabbath's Lord,
 Through earth and heav'n thy glories shine,
 Eternally adored.

49.]

The Sanctuary.

1. Soft and holy is the place
 Where the light that beams from heav'n,
 Shows the Saviour's smiling face
 With the joy of sin forgiv'n.
2. There with one accord we meet,
 All the words of life to hear;
 Bending low at Jesus' feet,
 Worshipping with godly fear.
3. Let the world and all its cares
 Now retire from ev'ry breast;
 Let the tempter and his snares
 Cease to hinder or molest.
4. Precious Sabbath of the Lord,
 Fairest type of heav'n above!
 Purest joy thy scenes afford
 To the heart that's tuned to love.

50.]

A Bright Sabbath Morning.

1. The rosy light is dawning
 Upon the mountain's brow ;
 It is the Sabbath morning,
 Arise and pay thy vow :
 Lift up thy voice to heaven
 In sacred praise and prayer,
 While unto thee is given,
 The boon of life to share.

2. The landscape, lately shrouded
 By evening's paler ray,
 Smiles beauteous and unclouded
 Before the eye of day :
 So let our souls, benighted
 Too long in folly's shade,
 By thy kind smiles be lighted
 To joys that never fade.

3. O see those waters streaming
 In crystal purity,
 While earth, with verdure teeming,
 Gives rapture to the eye !
 Let rivers of salvation
 In larger currents flow,
 Till every tribe and nation
 Their healing power shall know.

51.]

A Welcome Day.

1. Welcome, welcome, day of rest,
 To the world in kindness giv'n,

- Welcome to this care-worn breast,
 With thy beaming light from heav'n.
2. Day of soft and sweet repose,
 Gently now thy moments run,
 As the peaceful streamlet flows,
 Radiant with a summer's sun.
3. Day of tidings from the skies,
 Day of solemn praise and prayer,
 Day to make the simple wise,
 O how great thy blessings are !
4. Welcome, welcome, day of rest,
 With thy influence all divine ;
 May thy hallowed hours be blest
 To this feeble heart of mine.

52.]

The Divine Presence.

1. The great Jehovah fills the place,
 The Triune God is here !
 He whom the host of heav'n obeys,
 Now bids the soul draw near !
2. Angels, that round his throne on high
 Their sweetest anthems pour,
 In humble homage prostrate lie,
 With faces veiled, adore.
3. Thus while we tune the notes of praise,
 Our trembling souls would bow ;
 The great Jehovah fills the place,
 He hears the solemn vow !

53.]

Quickening Grace.

1. Vain are the efforts of the mind
Its weary burdens to unbind,
Without enlivening grace :
Lord, fill our hearts with heav'nly love ;
O bid our languid passions move,
And tune them to thy praise.
2. Upward we turn our waiting eyes,
On thee alone our hope relies,
In this impressive hour ;
O bid our drooping hearts rejoice,
We long to hear thy heav'nly voice,
And feel thy quick'ning power.

54.]

Sacramental.

1. " Do this in remembrance of me,
And think of my suff'rings and death"—
O Christian, he languished for thee,
In agony yielded his breath.
2. He groaned that thy soul might not grieve,
He wept that thy tears might be dry,
He died, that the guilty might live,
Who on his salvation rely.
3. " As oft as ye taste of this bread,
As oft as ye drink of this cup,"
Think, think of a Saviour who bled,
And make him your refuge and hope.

4. O think of the depths of his love,
The boundless extent of his grace,
And let your obedience prove,
How much you delight in his ways.
5. Remember as hence ye retire,
The vows ye have solemnly made ;
And daily and hourly inquire
How strictly those vows have been paid.

55.]

Scene of Golgotha.

1. Go to Golgotha and weep
With the suff'ring Son of God,
And behold with anguish deep,
Where the sacred Victim stood,
Like a lamb to slaughter led,—
Every friend and helper fled.
2. Go to Golgotha and see
All the heav'ns in sackcloth hung,
While rebuke and blasphemy
Issue foul from every tongue !
Hear that agonizing cry,
While the rending rocks reply !
3. Go to Golgotha and tell
Why the scourge, the crown of thorn,
Why the pow'rs of earth and hell,
Join in deeds of hate and scorn :
Why such innocence in tears,
On the bleeding cross appears.

4. Go to Golgotha and learn
 All the bitterness of sin,
 In those scenes of wrath discern
 What thy own desert hath been :
Thine the shame, reproach and guilt,
 'Twas for *thee* that blood was spilt !
5. Go to Golgotha and pray
 That thy sins may be forgiv'n ;
 He on whom thy burden lay,
 Now is Advocate in heav'n :
 Lift thine eyes to his abode,
 Trusting in the Son of God.

56.] "Behold the Lamb of God."

Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world.

John i. 29.

1. Behold the Lamb of God,
 In human flesh arrayed ;
 No earthly palace his abode,
 But in a manger laid :
 For thee, my soul, he suffer'd shame ;
 Then why should pride this heart inflame ?
2. Behold the Lamb of God
 Among the sons of grief :
 What deeds, what miracles he wrought,
 To bring them sweet relief !
 With quickened zeal his love I'll view,
 And deeds of sympathy renew.
3. Behold the Lamb of God
 The cup of sorrows share,

Within the lonely garden bow'd
 In agony and prayer!
 He who hath known temptation's power,
 Is strong to save in peril's hour.

4. Behold the Lamb of God
 His soul a ransom give;
 He sinks beneath our heavy load,
 He dies that man may live!
 For me he suffer'd pain and woe;
 For him, in love, my tears shall flow.

5. Behold the Lamb of God
 From the dark tomb arise;
 Behold him on a radiant cloud,
 Ascending through the skies!
 From deeds of darkness and of sin,
 My soul would rise to life divine.

57.]

Fulness of Christ.

1. Bleeding hearts, defiled by sin,
 Jesus Christ can make you clean;
 Contrite souls, with guilt oppressed,
 Jesus Christ can give you rest.
2. You that mourn o'er follies past,
 Precious hours and years laid waste,
 Turn to God, O turn and live;
 Jesus Christ can still forgive.
3. You that oft have wander'd far
 From the light of Bethlehem's Star,

Trembling now your steps retrace ;
 Jesus Christ is full of grace.

4. Souls benighted and forlorn,
 Grieved, afflicted, tempest-worn ;
 Now in Israel's Rock confide,
 Jesus Christ for man hath died.
5. Fainting souls, in peril's hour
 Yield not to the tempter's power :
 On the risen Lord rely ;
 Jesus Christ now reigns on high.

58.]

At the Cross.

1. Before thy cross lamenting,
 My Saviour I would lie,
 Of all my sins repenting
 That caused my Lord to die :
 My soul, with tears of anguish
 Her follies would confess :
 O while in pain I languish,
 Restore me by thy grace.
2. Apply thy boundless merit,
 Recov'ring strength impart ;
 O send thy Holy Spirit,
 To sanctify my heart :
 No more, my Saviour, leave me
 To walk in dang'rous ways ;
 In mercy now receive me ;
 Attune my heart to praise.

59.]

Invitation.

1. Child of sin and sorrow,
 Fill'd with dismay,
 Wait not for to-morrow,
 Yield thee to-day :
 Heav'n bids thee come,
 While yet there's room ;
 Child of sin and sorrow
 Hear and obey.

2. Child of sin and sorrow,
 Why wilt thou die ?
 Come, while thou canst borrow
 Help from on high :
 Grieve not that love
 Which from above,
 Child of sin and sorrow,
 Would bring thee nigh.

60.]

Trust in God.

1. Child of sorrow, child of care,
 Wouldst thou learn thy griefs to bear,
 And escape from every snare,
 Trust in God alone :
 Human strength is weak and vain,
 Let not sin its power regain ;
 Humbly ask and help obtain
 From thy Father's throne.

2. Hast thou in this vale of tears,
 Gloomy doubts, distracting fears,

Painful months and sorrowing years?

To the Saviour fly :
 He that drank the bitter cup,
 Bids thee in his mercy hope ;
 Let thy prayer be lifted up
 To his throne on high.

61.] Invitation to Wanderers.

1. Return, O wand'rer, to thy home,
 Thy Father calls for thee :
 No longer now an exile roam
 In guilt and misery.
2. Return, O wand'rer, to thy home ;
 'Tis Jesus calls for thee :
 "The Spirit and the bride say, come ;"
 O now for refuge flee !
3. Return, O wand'rer, to thy home,
 'Tis madness to delay ;
 There are no pardons in the tomb,
 And brief is mercy's day !

62.] "A Fountain Opened."

1. O come to the Fountain of Life,
 Ye thirsty, ye wretched, and poor ;
 Relinquish your labor and strife,
 Salvation ye here may secure !
 While wand'ring still farther astray,
 Nor comfort, nor peace can ye find ;
 No streams of the desert allay
 The thirst of the desolate mind.

2. O come to the Fountain of Life,
 Ye thirsty, ye wretched, and poor ;
 And soon will your spirits revive,
 To labor and languish no more :
 Yea, come without money and buy ;
 No righteousness have ye to boast,
 If on your own works ye rely,
 The soul is eternally lost.
3. O come to the Fountain of Life,
 Ye thirsty, ye wretched, and poor ;
 Its waters will cause you to thrive,
 Their virtues are heav'nly and sure :
 Why think of a moment's delay ?
 Why linger in sorrow and gloom ?
 O haste to the Fountain to-day,
 All, all are invited to come.

63.] Expostulation with the Impenitent.

1. Ah, few and evil are thy days,
 Child of the earth-born race,
 The end of all thy sinful ways
 Is infinite disgrace :
 'Tis darkness, horror and dismay,
 Anguish through an eternal day !
2. The world invites thee to repose
 Upon her bed of down ;
 And her enchantment round thee throws,
 As if thy bliss to crown ;
 Her gifts, her promises of joy,
 Serve to deceive thee and destroy.

3. The tempter, with malicious art,
Has spread his fearful snares ;
And seeks to overwhelm thy heart
With vanities and cares :
Though all unseen, with fatal skill
He leads thee captive at his will !
4. Flee for thy life, O quickly flee,
Delay not for an hour ;
In Christ thy only Refuge see,
Amid the storms that low'r !
'Tis faith in his atoning blood,
Alone can give thee peace with God.

64.]

Flight of Time.

1. Time flies on rapid wings,
Its moments soon are gone ;
We pass the scene of earthly things,
And go to worlds unknown.
2. Oh for some heav'nly guide,
As we to death draw near ;
To stand upon the river's side,
And quell each rising fear.
3. What arm could then sustain
An unbelieving heart !
What hand release from endless pain,
If Heav'n should cry—depart !
4. My soul, th' accepted time,
The day of grace improve ;

O wouldst thou see heav'n's blissful clime,
Seek now a Saviour's love.

65.] Seek the Things which are Above.

1. Seek not on earth thy home,
 Child of redeeming love ;
 Rather in wildest deserts roam,
 Than lose thy rest above !
2. The hand of faith extend,
 Eternal life secure ;
 With Jesus for thy guide and friend,
 The heav'nly prize is sure.
3. Seek not on earth thy home,
 Child of redeeming grace ;
 Seek now, while nearing to the tomb,
 Thy Father's smiling face !

66.] A Voice of Warning.

1. That warning voice, O sinner, hear,
 And while salvation lingers near,
 The heav'nly call obey :
 Flee from destruction's downward path,
 Flee from the threat'ning storm of wrath,
 That rises o'er thy way !
2. Soon night comes on with thick'ning shade,
 The tempest hovers round thy head,
 The winds their fury pour :
 The lightnings rend the earth and skies,

The thunders roar, the flames arise,
 What terrors fill that hour!

3. That warning voice, O sinner, hear,
 Whose accents linger on thine ear,
 Thy footsteps now retrace :
 Renounce thy sins and be forgiv'n ;
 Believe, become an heir of heav'n,
 And sing redeeming grace.
4. Then, while a voice of pardon speaks,
 The storm is hush'd, the morning breaks,
 The heav'ns are all serene :
 Fresh verdure clothes the beauteous fields,
 Joy echoes from the distant hills,
 New wonders fill the scene.

67.]

Dangers of Delay.

1. Delay not, delay not, O sinner draw near,
 The waters of life are now flowing for thee ;
 No price is demanded, the Saviour is here ;
 Redemption is purchased, salvation is free.
2. Delay not, delay not, why longer abuse
 The love and compassion of Jesus thy God ?
 A fountain is open, how canst thou refuse
 To wash and be cleansed in his pardoning blood ?
3. Delay not, delay not, O sinner, to come,
 For Mercy still lingers and calls thee to-day :
 Her voice is not heard in the vale of the tomb ;
 Her message unheeded will soon pass away.

4. Delay not, delay not, the Spirit of grace
 Long grieved and resisted may take its sad
 flight,
 And leave thee in darkness to finish thy race,
 To sink in the vale of eternity's night !
5. Delay not, delay not, the hour is at hand,
 The earth shall dissolve and the heavens shall
 fade ;
 The dead, small and great, in the judgment shall
 stand ;
 What power then, O sinner, will lend thee its
 aid !

68.]

Quenching the Spirit.

1. Quench not the Spirit of the Lord,
 The Holy One from heav'n ;
 The Comforter, the loved, adored,
 To man in mercy giv'n.
2. Quench not the Spirit of the Lord ;
 He will " not *always* strive :"
 O tremble at that awful word ;
 Sinner, awake and live !
3. Quench not the Spirit of the Lord,
 Thy last remaining hope :
 O let his aid be now employed,
 Let prayer be lifted up.
4. Grieve not the Spirit of the Lord,
 Heirs of redeeming grace :

With grateful hearts his love record ;
His presence fills the place.

69.] Grieve not the Spirit.

1. O grieve ye not the Holy One,
 Who purifies the soul,
 Who guides the weak believer on,
 By his benign control !
How mild and gentle are his ways,
 How tender and how kind !
How freely his enliv'ning rays
 Bring comfort to the mind !

2. O grieve ye not the Holy One,
 But hearken to his voice ;
And never lay your armor down,
 Nor stoop to earthly joys :
Increase in knowledge and in zeal,
 In faith, in fervent prayer ;
And may the Spirit guide you still,
 Till ye in heav'n appear.

70.] To the Sinful.

1. Conscious of thy ruined state,
 Ah, whither wilt thou go ?
All within is desolate,
 And all without is woe :
If to heav'n thou turn thine eye,
 There a frowning Judge appears ;

How can he regard thy cry,
Or quell thy rising fears ?

2. Oft hast thou the Spirit grieved,
So kindly sent to thee ;
And that message disbelieved,
Which would have set thee free :
All the blessings God hath given,
All the warnings he hath sent,
Have not led thy soul to heav'n,
Or caused thee to repent.
3. Guilty soul, what wilt thou do !
Rebellious still thou art :
God is faithful, just and true ;
But thou art vile in heart :
Yield thee now ! nor more repine :
Own the justice of thy doom ;
To the Lord thyself resign,
And see—there yet is room !

71]**Preparations for Death.**

1. Sinner, is thy soul prepared
For the solemn hour of death ?
Couldst thou, if no longer spared,
Calmly yield thy fleeting breath ?
Couldst thou meet thy God in peace,
With thy follies unforgiv'n,
Or obtain one moment's bliss,
If admitted into heav'n ?

2. Art thou ready to depart ?
 Would the heav'nly prize be sure
 To an unbelieving heart,
 To a soul by sin impure ?
 Ready in thy guilt to die !
 Ready evermore to dwell,
 In a world of misery,
 In the burning depths of hell !
3. Can a sinner, unrenewed,
 Ever plead atoning blood ?
 Can a rebel, unsubdued,
 Ever reach heav'n's blest abode ?
 They alone can look with joy,
 For a glorious reward,
 Who on earth their souls employ
 In the service of the Lord.

72.]

The Conflict.

1. Heir of an immortal crown,
 Heed not every foeman's frown,
 Tread the powers of darkness down
 Through Jehovah's might !
 Though they oft in wrath arise,
 Like the tempest of the skies,
 He thy utmost need supplies,
 From his heavenly height.
2. Soldier in the tented field,
 Ply thy heav'n-wrought sword and shield,
 Till the line of battle yield,
 And before thee flee :

In thine armor ever stand,
 Girded by Jehovah's hand,
 Till within the promised land,
 He shall set thee free.

73.]

Peace to the Penitent.

1. Peace to thee, O favored one,
 Weeping thus before the throne
 O'er the ills that thou hast done,
 With relenting sighs :
 While thy heart with grief is riv'n,
 All thy follies are forgiv'n ;
 And beneath a smiling heav'n,
 Light will soon arise.
2. Earthly joys to thee are dross,
 Earthly gain is heav'nly loss ;
 Look upon the bleeding cross,
 View the Victim there :
 He that for thy sins hath died,
 Bids thee in his love confide ;
 Trust in Him and none beside,
 He will hear thy prayer.
3. For the sinful, dying race,
 Flows the plenitude of grace,
 Pardon, life, and heav'nly peace
 Like the ocean's wave :
 He the righteous law obeyed,
 He hath full atonement made,
 Let thy soul on Him be stayed,
 He is strong to save.

74.] The sight of a Young Convert.

1. Say, dost thou mark that beaming eye,
 That countenance serene ?
 That smile of hope, and love, and joy,
 Where gloom so late has been ?
 More beautiful that sight appears
 Than all the charms that nature wears.
2. And dost thou mark that temper mild,
 That image pure of heav'n ?
 That soul subdued and reconciled,
 Which once with hate was riv'n ?
 Sure nothing earthly can impart,
 Such feelings to a stubborn heart !
3. O glorious change ! 'tis all of grace,
 By bleeding love bestowed
 On outcasts of a fallen race,
 To bring them home to God :
 Infinite grace to vileness given,
 The sons of earth made heirs of heav'n !

75.] A Sense of Pardon.

1. How tranquil is the spirit now,
 So late devoid of rest ;
 Mild radiance sits upon the brow,
 By guilt so long oppressed :
 The book of God is all unsealed,
 And every page is bright ;
 The love of Jesus there revealed,
 Beams on the raptured sight.

2. What sweet communion hath the soul
 With all the heirs of grace !
 What thoughts of deep compassion roll
 Towards all the human race !
 What deeds of love, what actions pure,
 What works of faith appear !
 What trials will the soul endure,
 Without one thought of fear !
3. New wonders open to the eye,
 In all creation round ;
 While earth, and air, and sea, and sky,
 Bid heav'nly praise resound :
 O sing of God's forgiving love,
 Ye happy converts sing ;
 Till ye are called to dwell above,
 With Christ your heav'nly king !

76.]**Works of Creation.**

1. The wonders of creation,
 In earth, and air, and skies,
 Demand our admiration,
 And waken our surprise :
 Th' attentive eye beholding,
 May find at every view,
 Fresh mysteries unfolding,
 And objects ever new.
2. Behold the lofty mountains,
 The vales, and plants, and trees ;
 The lakes, and streams, and fountains,
 The oceans and the seas :

All, filled with living creatures,
 Of every form and grade,
 Endowed with diff'rent natures,
 In matchless wisdom made !

3. The golden hues of even,
 So beautiful to the eye ;
 The thunder-clouds of heaven,
 Whose winged lightnings fly ;
 The rainbow, so delightful,
 The " sunshine after rain ;"
 The whirlwind, dark and frightful,
 Which desolates the plain !

4. The king of day victorious,
 The gentle queen of night,
 The countless gems so glorious,
 That shed a milder light :
 All these form but a portion
 Of wonders Heav'n displays,
 To waken our devotion
 In joyful songs of praise.

77.] Seek first the Kingdom, &c.

But seek ye first the kingdom of God, and his righteousness ; and all these things shall be added unto you.—*Matt. 6 : 33.*

1. Do cares encircle thy abode,
 Or griefs thy cheek bedew ?
 Seek first the kingdom of thy God,
 His righteousness pursue :
 For He who hears the raven's cry,
 Will kindly every want supply.

2. Doth sable night all heav'n enshroud,
 To interrupt thy view?
 Seek first the kingdom of thy God,
 His righteousness pursue:
 His word will clear the darkest skies,
 The day-star in thy night arise.
3. And hast thou felt the chast'ning rod,
 Thy spirit to subdue?
 Seek first the kingdom of thy God,
 His righteousness pursue:
 Afflictions will but blessings prove,
 As tokens of a Father's love.
4. And art thou near to Jordan's flood,
 With friends and comforts few?
 Seek first the kingdom of thy God,
 His righteousness pursue:
 Thou soon wilt reach the heav'nly shore,
 Where cares and sorrows are no more.

78.]

Existence of God.

1. Nature with solemn accent cries,
 There is a God that built the skies,
 That form'd the earth, and spread the flood—
 A self-existent, mighty God.
2. Creation's wonders, vast and bright,
 Proclaim their Maker infinite,
 And show to each enraptured eye,
 The goodness of the Deity.

3. But in the Gospel all divine,
What glories and perfections shine!
Justice and mercy there we trace,
Eternal truth, transcendent grace.
4. Thanks for the light of nature giv'n,
Thanks for the surer guide to heav'n:
We praise the great creation's Lord,
For all the treasures of his Word.

79.]

Use of Meditation.

1. Christian, wouldst thou know the joy
Pure religion can impart?
Let her truths thy mind employ,
Firmly fix thy roving heart;
Then will radiance round thee shine
With an influence all divine.
2. Think who fills a Father's throne,
How in righteousness he reigns,
What perfections he hath shown,
How unchangeable remains:
Countless worlds proclaim his power,
And his wondrous name adore.
3. Think of all that heav'nly grace
Which in Christ the Lord appears,
Till the vision of his face
A celestial glory wears:
Where the eye of faith may view
Wonders still for ever new.

4. Think upon that Spirit pure
 Who the love of God reveals,
Shows the promise ever sure,
 And within his witness seals :
Think upon his hallowed name,
Till his love thy soul inflame.

5. God is holy, just, and good,
 Thou art sinful, weak, and vile ;
Blessings, by his hand bestowed,
 Round thy habitation smile :
These should charm thy heart to love,
These should fix thy thoughts above.

6. Dost thou now in darkness mourn,
 And the tear of anguish shed ?
Child of hope, to God return ;
 Lift on high thy drooping head !
Rays celestial round thee shine,
Heav'n and all its joys are thine !

80.]**Christian Amusements.**

1. The Christian's hours of leisure
 Should never be employed
In search of fruitless pleasure,
 By sinful men enjoyed :
His means of relaxation
 In paths of duty lie,
And every earthly station
 Can yield a rich supply.

2. The fading hues of even,
The morning's golden ray,
The glitt'ring stars of heaven,
The orb that rules the day,
The verdant fields and flowers,
The woodland and the plain,
The mountain high that towers,
Have not been formed in vain.

3. Th' enraptured eye, beholding,
Still brightens at the view,
While science is unfolding
Creations ever new:
What mind by these invited
Can dwell on trifling toys?
What heart, with these delighted,
Can sigh for meaner joys?

4. Yet things of nobler merit
Invite the Christian's eye:
He sees th' immortal spirit
Of man in ruin lie:
A world in desolation
Demands unceasing prayer,
And knowledge of salvation
To save it from despair.

5. O let us then endeavor
Each moment to improve;
And show that we can never
Forget a Saviour's love;

But tell redemption's story
 To every list'ning ear,
 Till earth is filled with glory,
 Till heav'n itself appear.

SE.] What shall I do to be Saved ?

Acts 16 : 30.

1. What shall a trembling sinner do,
 To save the soul from endless woe ?
 Where shall I fly to seek relief,
 From loads of guilt and floods of grief ?
2. How can a sinner be forgiv'n
 Who has incurred the wrath of Heav'n ?
 How can I meet a frowning God,
 Or shun the terrors of his rod ?
3. Before God's just and holy law,
 My guilty spirit sinks with awe ;
 The sentence of eternal death
 Hangs on a moment's fleeting breath.
4. But Jesus calls : to him I'll go,
 In humble supplication bow ;
 I'll trust in his atoning blood,
 And consecrate myself to God.
5. Justice would frown my heart away,
 But bleeding mercy bids me stay :
 And should my soul be left to die,
 Still at the footstool I will lie.

82.]

"The Everliving God."

1. "The Lord Jehovah lives,
And blessed be my Rock :"
Though earth her bosom heaves,
And mountains feel the shock ;
Though oceans rage and torrents roar,
God is the same for evermore.
2. The Lord Jehovah lives
The dying sinner's Friend ;
And freely he forgives
The follies that offend :
He wipes the penitential tear,
Bids faith and hope the spirit cheer.
3. The Lord Jehovah lives
To hear and answer prayer ;
The suppliant who believes
And seeks his guardian care,
A Father's tender love shall know,
Whence streams of heav'nly comfort flow.
4. The Lord Jehovah lives
Salvation to secure,
The title that he gives,
Shall be for ever sure :
'Tis drawn in characters of blood,
'Tis issued from the throne of God !

83.]

Exhortation to the Young.

1. O let not sin or folly
Consume thy fleeting days,

Nor sullen melancholy
 Her dark forebodings raise;
 Nor earthly joy or sorrow,
 Anxiety or care,
 That vanish with the morrow,
 Thy feeble heart ensnare.

2. In safety or in danger
 This world is not thy home,
 A pilgrim and a stranger,
 Thou'rt trav'ling to the tomb:
 This life's a scene of trial,
 A dreary winter's day:
 Then walk in self-denial,
 Along the narrow way.

3. How short is thy probation!
 Too soon its hours will close;
 O seek the great salvation
 While time's brief taper glows:
 Thy spirit is immortal,
 And every fleeting breath,
 Thou'rt nearer to the portal
 Of endless life or death.

84.]**The Pure in Heart.**

Blessed are the pure in heart: for they shall see God.—*Matt.* 5: 8.

1. Ah, who shall stand before thy throne
 Amid the ransomed race,
 When all thy glories are made known,
 And sing recov'ring grace!

The pure in heart, O Lord, shall see
Thy face, and ever dwell with thee.

2. No glitt'ring gems, or mines of gold,
That bliss can e'er secure ;

The precious pearl of price untold

Is given to the pure :

The pure in heart alone shall prove

The riches of eternal love.

3. The proud in spirit soar in vain

To reach the heights of heav'n :

None but the humble can attain,

Whose sins are all forgiv'n :

The pure in heart alone shall rise

To scenes of bliss beyond the skies.

4. None of a selfish, carnal mind,

Or envious or vile,

Vain or deceitful or unkind,

Can meet thy gracious smile :

The pure in heart, and only they,

Are walking in the heav'nly way.

5. Lord, search and try my inmost soul

Remove each guilty stain ;

Win every thought to thy control,

Let every sin be slain :

O bring me to the healing flood,

And cleanse me by thy precious blood.

85.]

Pleading the Promises.

1. In hours of need,
The promise plead,
And thy request make known ;
Lift up thine eye
To realms on high,
Address the heav'nly throne.
2. Dost thou not share
A Father's care
Who hears the raven's call ;
Who bids the field
Its verdure yield,
And marks the sparrow's fall ?
3. Could thine own heart
Rich gifts impart
To children of thy love—
A heart so blind,
To sin inclined,
As all thy actions prove ?
4. And shall the Lord,
By heav'n adored,
Whose goodness reigns supreme,
Who knows thy tears,
And sees thy fears,
To thee less bounteous seem ?
5. Sure thou must feel
His kind appeal,

An argument from heav'n,
 Of love and grace,
 To man's weak race
 In condescension giv'n.

86.]

Return from Wanderings.

1. And have I been wand'ring again,
 So far from thy guidance astray ?
 And shall I yet longer remain,
 Where dangers encompass my way ?
 My sin and my folly I mourn ;
 My footsteps I now would retrace ;
 Lord, help me once more to return,
 And grant me thy quickening grace.
2. Let meekness resume her control,
 Humility reign in my heart ;
 Let folly be driv'n from my soul,
 And wisdom her guidance impart :
 Let every feeling be pure,
 And every action be right ;
 Let heavenly mercy allure,
 And fill me with holy delight.
3. Receive me, thou Shepherd divine,
 As now I return to thy fold ;
 My all unto thee I resign ;
 Thy name is more precious than gold.
 No strength of my own can I trust,
 No wisdom but thine will avail :
 O keep me still humbled in dust ;
 Thy faithfulness never can fail.

87.]

Aids of the Spirit.

1. In darkness and temptation,
 In sorrow and in fear,
 O God of our salvation
 Be thou for ever near!
 Compassionate our blindness,
 Commiserate our grief,
 And in thy loving-kindness
 Appear for our relief.
2. How weak is each endeavor
 To find sweet peace of heart!
 No earthly friend can ever
 This heav'nly gift impart:
 But Jesus, thy rich merit
 Unto our souls display;
 And grant us thy good Spirit
 To guide us on our way.
3. Do thou our souls enlighten,
 Sweet rays of comfort bring,
 Till every thought shall brighten
 On contemplation's wing:
 Till thy return we languish,
 In darkness and in fear;
 O dissipate our anguish,
 And every bosom cheer!

88.]

In Perplexity.

1. Overwhelm'd by many a care,
 O what course shall I pursue?

Now to thee I lift my prayer,
 Teach thy servant what to do:
 Lord, in mercy now appear,
 Make the path of duty clear.

2. For thy guidance here I wait.
 As in shadows of the night;
 All is dark and desolate
 Till thy word restores the light:
 Lord, in mercy now appear,
 Make the path of duty clear.

3. Patient at thy feet I lie,
 Meekly on thy name I call;
 Glorious is thy majesty,
 Thou that rulest over all:
 Lord, in mercy now appear,
 Make the path of duty clear.

4. With no purpose of my own,
 But to yield my all to thee,
 I would say—thy will be done,
 Whatsoe'er becomes of me—
 Lord, in mercy now appear,
 Make the path of duty clear.

89.]

Longing for Heaven.

1. O when shall my soul be at rest.
 From sin and from sorrow set free;
 I sigh for the home of the blest,
 The mansion preparing for me:

What tumults are raging within,
 How feeble my strength to oppose!
 What conflicts of heart against sin,
 What power in the arm of my foes!

2. But, courage! the struggle will end,
 The warfare ere long will be past;
 My Saviour deliv'rance will send,
 And give me the vict'ry at last:
 Till then, in his armor I'll stand,
 His strength shall my weakness remove;
 I'll wait, till he gives the command,
 Then fly to the mansions above.

90.]

Indwelling Sin.

1. Oh that the soul from sin were free,
 Oh that in heav'n-born purity
 My thoughts might ever flow;
 That foes without would ne'er assail,
 That foes within would ne'er prevail,
 And fill my heart with woe!
2. When shall the dreadful conflict cease,
 When shall the soul be filled with peace
 Celestial and divine?
 O Lamb of God, I look to thee;
 No human arm can rescue me,
 The work is wholly thine.
3. The time will come, the heav'nly hour,
 When sin shall lose its fearful power,

When death itself shall die :
 Then shall the soul, without alloy,
 The holy scenes of bliss enjoy,
 In mansions blest on high.

91.]

Promises.

1. Quietly my soul would lean
 On the promises of God,
 Trusting to a hand unseen,
 While I tread the pilgrim road :
 God beholds me from on high,
 He will every want supply.
2. What though strong temptations rise,
 Fiery darts my way oppose,
 Threat'ning storms ascend the skies,
 Or affliction's furnace glows ?
 God is faithful, God is true,
 He will still my strength renew.
3. What though dangers round me throng,
 Fickle friends refuse their aid ?
 What though foes the strife prolong,
 And my inmost soul invade ?
 God for ever is the same ;
 And I'll trust his holy name.
4. Thus, whatever ills may come,
 To the promises I'll flee,
 Till I reach my heav'nly home,
 And the realms of glory see :

Faith in God shall still prevail,
For his word can never fail.

92.] **Conviction and Submission.**

1. Why sinks my soul desponding,
 Why fill my eyes with tears,
 When nature all surrounding
 The smile of beauty wears ?
Why burdened still with sorrow,
 Is every lab'ring thought ?
Each vision that I borrow,
 With gloom and sadness fraught ?

2. The pleasures that deceived me
 My soul no more can charm ;
Of rest they have bereaved me,
 And fill'd me with alarm :
The objects I have cherished
 Are empty as the wind ;
My earthly joys have perished,
 What comfort shall I find ?

3. If inward still inquiring
 I turn my searching eye,
Or upward now aspiring,
 I raise my feeble cry,
No heav'nly light is beaming
 To cheer my troubled breast ;
No ray of comfort gleaming,
 To give my spirit rest.

4. Oh from this dreadful anguish
 Is there no refuge nigh?
 'Tis guilt that makes me languish,
 And leaves me thus to die:
 I will renounce my folly
 Before the throne of grace;
 And make the Lord most holy
 My strength and righteousness.

93.] Is there no Balm in Gilead?

Is there no balm in Gilead? is there no physician there? why then is not the health of the daughter of my people recovered?—*Jeremiah 8: 22.*

1. Why should gloomy thoughts arise,
 And darkness fill the mind?
 Why that bosom heave with sighs,
 And still no refuge find?
 Know'st thou not of Gilead's balm,
 Of the great Physician there,
 Who can every fear disarm,
 And save thee from despair?
2. Why o'erwhelmed with guilt and grief?
 Why fill'd with sore dismay?
 Looking downward for relief,
 Without one cheering ray?
 Lift thy streaming eyes to heaven,
 There the great Atonement see;
 All thy sin shall be forgiven;
 Believe, and thou art free.
3. He that for thy soul hath died,
 Invites thee now to come;

He the law hath satisfied,
 And can reverse thy doom :
 He hath suffered grief and shame,
 He hath shed his precious blood :
 O believe in Jesus' name
 And be at peace with God.

91.] Pleading with the Son of David.

And when Jesus departed thence, two blind men followed him, crying, and saying, Thou son of David, have mercy on us.—*Matt. 9 : 27.*

1. Will the Lord in loving-kindness
 Listen to our ardent cry,
 And remove the film of blindness
 From the soul's bedarkened eye :
 Though unseen, thou still art near us,
 And we know thy tender care ;
 O thou Son of David, hear us,
 Let us now thy mercy share.
2. Waves of sorrow roll around us,
 Dangers fill us with dismay,
 Threat'ning foes deceive and wound us,
 Urge our footsteps far astray :
 With thy light defend and cheer us,
 Guide us in the path of peace ;
 O thou Son of David, hear us,
 Bid our fears and wand'rings cease.
3. Strong the arm of thy salvation,
 Rich the treasures of thy love,
 Listen to our supplication,
 From thy lofty throne above ;

Let our foes no more ensnare us,
Let us now thy glory see ;
O thou Son of David, hear us,
For we trust alone in thee.

95.]

Pleading for Pardon.

1. How can I bear a Father's frown,
Who fills the realms of love ;
Whose piercing eye from heav'n looks down,
My inmost soul to prove !
2. Look not on me, O Holy One,
Who know'st my guilt and fear ;
But on thy well-beloved Son,
Whom thou wilt always hear.
3. O, for his sake, in mercy smile !
Thou only canst forgive ;
That look can all my pains beguile,
And bid my spirit live.
4. While from the height of Calv'ry's hill,
The bleeding cross I view ;
Sorrows untold my bosom fill,
And all my soul subdue.
5. Yes, there is pardon, life and peace,
And cleansing in that blood ;
The boundless plenitude of grace,
Compassion of a God !

96.]**Pleading for Pardon.**

1. Jesus, Incarnate Son of God,
Now hear us from on high ;
O seal our pardon with thy blood,
To thee, to thee we cry :
Our prostrate souls no merit claim,
We plead thine all prevailing name.
2. Thy law, so holy, just, and good,
Wakens our hearts to prayer,
While sin is rising like a flood,
To whelm us in despair :
Guilty we fall before thy throne !
Thou, Lord, art righteous, thou alone !
3. Ruined and all defiled by sin,
Our souls would turn and live ;
Lord, in thy mercy make us clean,
And all our sins forgive :
Thy righteousness, thy bleeding love,
Can every stain of guilt remove.

97.]**Deep Contrition.**

1. Jesus, save my dying soul,
Make my wounded spirit whole ;
Humbled in the dust I lie,
Saviour, leave me not to die !
2. Jesus, full of every grace,
Now reveal thy smiling face ;

- Grant the joy of sin forgiv'n,
Foretaste of the bliss of heav'n!
3. All my guilt to thee is known,
Thou art righteous, thou alone;
All my help is from thy cross,
All beside I count but loss.
4. Lord, in thee I now believe,
Wilt thou—wilt thou not forgive?
Helpless at thy feet I lie,
Saviour, leave me not to die.

98.]

Confession.

1. Lord, we bow with deep contrition
Low before thy throne of grace;
Hear us in thy kind compassion
While we fall before thy face.
2. Where but to a bleeding Saviour
Shall we come for life and peace?
Nothing but thy boundless favor
Can our burdened souls release.
3. Thou hast witnessed our transgression,
Thou hast measured all our guilt;
Witness now our deep confession,
Thou whose precious blood was spilt.
4. Pardon, peace, and consolation,
At thy bleeding cross we see:
Here we take our humble station,
Here, our children bring to thee.

99.] Self-Dedication of a Child.

1. Lord, I would come to thee,
A sinner all defiled ;
Remove the stain of guilt from me,
And own me as thy child.
2. I cannot live in sin,
And feel a Saviour's love ;
Thy blood can make me pure within,
And write my name above.
3. Among thy little flock,
I need the Shepherd's care :
Pour waters from the smitten Rock,
And pastures green prepare.
4. Blest Shepherd ! I am thine ;
Still keep me in thy fear ;
Now fill my heart with grace divine,
Bring thy salvation near.

100.] Pleading for Pardon.

1. I look to thee, O Lord, alone,
And low beneath thy gracious throne
Pour out my ardent prayer :
Pardon my sin, my soul relieve,
No hand but thine can now relieve,
Or save from dark despair.
2. My trembling spirit, filled with awe,
Beholds the terrors of thy law,

And bows itself in dust :
 Thou, Lord, art righteous, just, and good,
 My only refuge is thy blood,
 Thou art my only trust.

3. Guilty before thy bar I plead,
 Guilty in thought, in word, in deed,
 Wholly defiled by sin :
 O heal the leprosy of soul,
 One pard'ning look can make me whole,
 And shed sweet peace within.

101.] Seeking Light and Comfort.

1. Lord of life, on thee I call,
 Humbly at thy feet I fall ;
 Jesus, thou art all in all,
 Hear my fervent cry :
 Source divine of every grace,
 Cheer me with thy smiling face,
 Fill me with thy heav'nly peace,
 Bring salvation nigh.
2. In thine absence how I mourn,
 Grieved, afflicted, tempest-worn,
 Waiting still thy kind return,
 Till thy grace appear :
 Thou canst bid the dying live,
 Thou canst all my sins forgive,
 Lord, on thee I now believe,
 Harken to my prayer.
3. Let the shadows quickly flee,
 Let me now thy fulness see,

“ Let me hide myself in thee,”
 At this trying hour :
 Thou canst every snare destroy,
 Thou canst fill my heart with joy,
 And with praise my tongue employ
 By thy heav’nly power.

102.]

In Adversity.

1. In the wide commotion
 Of life’s troubled ocean,
 What have I to fear ?
 Though around this dwelling
 Tempest waves are swelling,
 Jesus still is near :
 With his peace
 My joys increase,
 Far beyond earth’s fading pleasures,
 And her richest treasures.

2. Lord, in thee abiding,
 In thy strength confiding,
 I shall never fall :
 As thy love is beaming,
 As heav’n’s light is streaming
 O’er my trembling soul,
 Thou wilt hear
 My earnest prayer ;
 Save me in thy kind compassion,
 From each strong temptation.

103.]**Trust in God amid Perils.**

1. In time of fear,
When trouble's near,
I look to thine abode ;
Though helpers fail,
And foes prevail,
I'll put my trust in God.
2. And what is life,
But toil and strife ?
What terror has the grave ?
Thine arm of power,
In peril's hour,
The trembling soul will save.
3. In darkest skies
Though storms arise,
I will not be dismay'd :
O God of light,
And boundless might,
My soul on thee is stay'd !

104.]**In Darkness.**

1. One smile, one gracious smile
Upon this drooping heart,
Can every weary thought beguile,
And bid my gloom depart :
One smile of heav'n upon the soul
Can every struggling fear control.

2. O Saviour, let me hear
 Thy sympathizing voice ;
 The accents of thy love can cheer
 And fill with heav'nly joys
 This bosom, now with care oppress'd,
 And charm the weary soul to rest.
3. Bid thy enliv'ning rays
 Amid the darkness shine,
 That I may tune the notes of praise,
 For mercy so divine ;
 Thy smile, thy voice, thy light, thy love,
 Can every thought of gloom remove.

105.]**Christian Courage.**

1. O trust in God, the God of our salvation,
 Trust in the Lord to heal the desolation ;
 The cause, how precious in his sight !
 He has an arm of boundless might :
 O trust in God, nor yield to fear,
 Our helper is for ever near,
 In darkness as in light.
2. O trust in God, the God of earth and ocean,
 His cause is safe though earth were in commotion,
 Though floods arise and tempests roar,
 And millions threaten to devour ;
 Yet trust in God, in him confide,
 And in his sacred peace abide ;
 He reigns for evermore.

106.] Heavenly Aspirations.

1. With eyes of faith, and wings of love
 My soul would upward rise,
 And converse hold with things above,
 And all that hallowed influence prove,
 Which grace divine supplies.
2. But sin will oft my heart betray,
 And cares, from morn till ev'n,
 Command my lab'ring thoughts away,
 Call my affections far astray,
 From happiness and heav'n
3. Heav'n is the portion of my soul,
 My treasure and my joy ;
 Can there be aught from pole to pole,
 Within the reach of man's control,
 That should my heart employ ?
4. Upward, still upward let me soar,
 While in this vale of tears ;
 Till earthly scenes and toils are o'er,
 And sin shall wound my heart no more,
 Till heaven itself appears.

107.] Consolation.

1. Why that look of sadness ?
 Why that downcast eye ?
 Can no thought of gladness
 Lift thy soul on high ?

O thou heir of heaven !
 Think of Jesus' love,
 While to thee is given,
 All his grace to prove.

2. Is thy burdened spirit
 Agonized for sin ?
 Think of Jesus' merit,
 He can make thee clean :
 Think of Calv'ry's mountain,
 Where his blood was spilt ;
 In that healing fountain
 Wash away thy guilt.

3. Is thy spirit drooping,
 Is the tempter near ?
 Still in Jesus hoping,
 What hast thou to fear ?
 Set the prize before thee,
 Gird thy armor on :
 Heir of grace and glory,
 Struggle for thy crown !

108.]**Trials in Prospect.**

Take therefore no thought for the morrow : for the morrow shall take thought for the things of itself. Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof.

Matt. 6 : 34.

1. Why to-day cast down in sorrow,
 Burthened with prospective grief,
 Lest the trials of to-morrow
 Should not find a full relief ?

- Chide each dark anticipation ;
 Present ills may now suffice ;
 These, beheld with resignation,
 Prove but "mercies in disguise."
2. Joys and sorrows ever fleeting
 Like the vision of a day,
 Oft their visits are repeating
 As the years of life decay :
 Fix thy heart on things eternal,
 Far above terrestrial care ;
 Scenes of bliss for ever vernal,
 Now await thy entrance there.

109.]**In Sickness.**

1. O Jesus, my Lord and my God,
 Jehovah, almighty to save,
 I faint at the stroke of thy rod,
 'Mid darkness, despair, and the grave :
 One touch from thy mercy can heal,
 One look from thine eye can relieve,
 One whisper thy love can reveal,
 And bid me thy favor receive.
2. I own thy chastisement is just,
 Nor utter one murmuring word ;
 And should I descend to the dust,
 Still righteousness dwells with the Lord :
 My folly and sin I deplore,
 The guilt of my soul I confess ;
 The law that condemns I adore,
 Yet plead for thy pardoning grace.

110.] Refuge in the Atonement.

1. O Jesus divine,
 My Lord and my God,
 My all I resign,
 'Tis purchased by blood :
 Thy law, sin reprov'ing,
 Brings death to the soul ;
 But mercy, self-moving,
 Can bid me be whole.

2. To thee will I look,
 To thee will I cry ;
 O lead to the " Rock
 That's higher than I :"
 Thy love interceding,
 Shall pardon secure ;
 For, while thou art pleading,
 Salvation is sure.

111.] Abba Father.

For ye have not received the spirit of bondage again to fear ; but ye have received the Spirit of adoption, whereby we cry, Abba, Father.—*Rom.* 8 : 15.

1. O if we speak that tender name,
 With hallowed, filial fear,
 May we indulge the humble claim
 That thou wilt deign to hear ?
 To own us as the sons of God,
 The purchase of atoning blood ?

2. Art thou a Father ? can thy love
 So greatly condescend ?

Stoop from the highest heav'ns above,
And o'er such weakness bend?
O what affection, deep and high,
To worms that on thy footstool lie!

3. Art thou a Father? Is the arm
Of tender mercy thine?
To save from danger and alarm,
From darkness and from sin?
Our follies wilt thou still forgive,
And bid us to thy glory live?
4. Art thou a Father ever near;
May we thy presence feel?
Wilt thou regard each sigh and tear,
And every sorrow heal?
And wilt thou listen to our voice,
And bid us in thy name rejoice?
5. Art thou a Father? Doth thy hand
Apply the chastening rod?
Afflictions sent by thy command,
Are blessings from our God:
Tender and faithful are thy ways,
The rod shall blossom to thy praise.
6. Art thou a Father? Who can tell
The treasures of thy grace!
Who but thine only Son reveal
The brightness of thy face!
Oh, for his sake, and his alone,
Canst thou such worthless children own!

112.]**Peace in Death.**

Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, according to thy word :
for mine eyes have seen thy salvation.—*Luke 2 : 29, 30.*

1. O let me now depart,
 For I have seen the Lord ;
 And joy to this afflicted heart
 Again has been restor'd :
O let me now depart in peace,
To mansions of eternal bliss.
2. Ye dearest friends, farewell,
 My soul will soon be free ;
Above in heav'n I long to dwell,
 Ye need not weep for me :
O let me now depart, &c.
3. The shades of death appear,
 My eyelids soon will close,
But Christ my gracious Lord is near,
 In him will I repose :
O let me now depart, &c.
4. O Jesus, quickly come,
 Why should I longer stay ?
To distant realms beyond the tomb,
 My soul would haste away :
O let me now depart, &c.
5. The struggle soon is o'er,
 A few more heaving sighs,
The ransom'd spirit then will soar
 To worlds beyond the skies :

O let me now depart in peace,
To mansions of eternal bliss.

113.]**Return to the Fold.**

Tell me, O Thou whom my soul loveth, where thou feedest, where thou makest thy flock to rest at noon: for why should I be as one that turneth aside by the flocks of thy companions? If thou know not, O thou fairest among women, go thy way forth by the footsteps of the flock, and feed thy kids beside the shepherds' tents.—*Sol. Song* 1: 7, 8.

1. O tell me, thou life and delight of my soul,
Where the flock of thy pasture are feeding;
I seek thy protection, I need thy control,
I would go where my Shepherd is leading.
2. O tell me the place where thy flock are at rest,
Where the noontide will find them reposing;
The tempest now rages, my soul is distressed,
And the pathway of peace I am losing.
3. And why should I stray with the flocks of thy foes,
In the desert where lawless they're roving;
Where hunger and thirst, where contentions and
woes,
And fierce conflicts their ruin are proving?
4. Ah, when shall my woes and my wandering cease,
And the follies that fill me with weeping?
O Shepherd of Israel, restore me that peace
Thou hast giv'n to the flock thou art keeping!
5. A voice from the Shepherd now bids me return,
By the way where the foot-prints are lying;
No longer to wander, no longer to mourn,
And homeward my spirit is flying.

114.]**Gentle Chastisement.**

1. Oft in a bright and joyous hour
 Thy chast'ning hand I view,
 With gentle, mild, restraining power,
 My spirit to subdue ;
 Lest my affections far should roam,
 Forgetful of my heav'nly home.

2. 'Tis mercy, 'tis compassion all,
 It is a Father's care ;
 It is the gentle Shepherd's call,
 From many a hurtful snare :
 It is the Spirit's heav'nly voice ;
 I hear and tremble, yet rejoice.

115.]**Return from Wanderings.**

1. O Shepherd of Israel divine !
 Far, far from thy fold I have strayed :
 What hand can restore me but thine,
 Thus wounded, cast down, and dismay'd !
 My soul would look upward to thee,
 Though prostrate, I'll cry from the dust ;
 No other salvation I see,
 In no other name will I trust.

2. Thou, Lord, art my helmet and shield,
 Henceforth in thine arm I'll confide ;
 Those weapons alone I will wield,
 That wisdom and mercy provide :

Salvation belongs to the Lord,
 Deliv'rance must come from his hand ;
 O who would not trust in his word,
 Acknowledge his right to command !

3. O Shepherd of Israel divine,
 Thy life-giving presence I feel ;
 Let the light of thy countenance shine,
 Thine arm now in mercy reveal :
 For strength and deliv'rance I wait,
 On thee in my trouble I call ;
 My sin and my folly I hate,
 Uphold me, dear Lord, or I fall.

116.] Self-Dedication of a Child.

1. O Jesus, delight of my soul,
 My Saviour, my Shepherd divine,
 I yield to thy blessed control ;
 My body and spirit are thine :
 Thy love, though I nothing deserve,
 Still bids me be happy in thee :
 My God and my King I will serve,
 Whose favor is heaven to me.
2. How can I thy goodness repay,
 By nature so weak and defiled ?
 Myself I have given away,
 O call me thy own little child ;
 And art thou my Father above ?
 Will Jesus abide in my heart ?
 O bind me so fast with thy love,
 That I never from thee shall depart.

117.] Songs in the Night.

1. Songs of joy Jehovah giveth
 In the night of sorrows drear,
 To the pilgrim who believeth,
 Meekly bowed in filial fear ;
 While the heart is inly mourning,
 Still the heav'n-directed eye
 Straight beholds sweet bliss returning,
 From the treasures of the sky.

2. Songs of joy Jehovah giveth
 In the night of toil and pain,
 When the eye of faith perceiveth
 All that toil is heav'nly gain :
 Then the burden groweth lighter,
 And the anguish will remove ;
 While the thoughts of heav'n are brighter,
 And the heart is filled with love.

3. Songs of joy Jehovah giveth
 When *temptation's* night appears ;
 He that in the conflict liveth
 Still the precious promise hears—
 "Though the tempter oft may grieve thee
 In a dark and trying hour,
 Grace Divine shall never leave thee,
 Heav'n shall all thy peace restore !"

4. Songs of joy Jehovah giveth
 When the night of death has come ;

When the hand that ne'er reprieveth,
 Leads the pilgrim to the tomb :
 Angels then are hov'ring o'er him,
 And the soul within hath peace ;
 Heav'n is op'ning wide before him,
 And its joys will never cease.

118.] The Mount of Privilege.

1. My soul upon the mount would stand,
 Once more to view the promised land,
 The land of thy abode :
 Where trees with fruit immortal grow,
 And rivers of salvation flow,
 Forth from the throne of God.

2. O that my soul were filled with thee,
 With visions of thy majesty
 And condescending love ;
 Then would my cheerful spirit, Lord,
 Be ready at thy heav'nly word
 To take its flight above.

119.] Strength from God.

The Lord is my strength and song, and is become my salvation.

Psalm 118: 14.

1. The Lord is my strength and my song,
 The Lord is my life and my light,
 His praises shall dwell on my tongue,
 Though whelmed in the darkness of night :

- Temptations and trials must come,
 Chastisements, afflictions severe ;
 Yet these shall but hasten me home,
 Where I shall in glory appear.
2. My spirit is burdened with grief,
 And fainting with sorrow and care ;
 To Jesus I'll fly for relief,
 And seek for deliverance there :
 How tender and gracious thou art,
 My Saviour, my Shepherd, my Friend ;
 Still rule in this desolate heart,
 Preserve me through grace to the end.
3. Yes, thou art my strength and my song,
 The Guide of my pilgrimage here,
 And though tribulation be strong,
 Thy love can preserve me from fear :
 Still, still let me lean on thy breast,
 And pour out my sorrows to thee ;
 For there shall my spirit find rest,
 Thy presence is heaven to me.

120.]**Self-Consecration.**

1. Yes, I will be for ever thine,
 Bought with the price of blood ;
 My feeble powers shall all combine
 To serve the living God.
2. I consecrate my all to thee,
 Here at the mercy-seat ;
 Poor as the offering may be,
 I lay it at thy feet.

3. Accept the tribute of my hands,
 The homage of my heart ;
 Still would I walk in thy commands,
 Nor from thy ways depart.

121.]

At the Feet of Jesus.

1. While here I sit
 At Jesus' feet,
 Amid this vale of tears,
 I'll trust his grace,
 Repeat his praise,
 And banish doubts and fears.
2. And can it be
 That I shall see
 My Saviour face to face ;
 For ever prove
 His boundless love,
 And endless anthems raise !
3. The thought shall still
 My musings fill,
 While here by cares oppressed :
 The blessed hope
 Shall lift me up,
 The hope of endless rest.
4. When God appears,
 To wipe the tears
 From every pilgrim's eye,
 What tongue can tell
 The joys they'll feel
 Throughout eternity !

122.]**In Sadness.**

1. Summer's mildest breeze is blowing
 Through the meadow and the grove,
 And her purest fragrance flowing,
 To inspire the heart with love :
 All creation wakes to gladness,
 Bids us in her music share :
 But this heart is fill'd with sadness,
 And disturb'd by anxious care.

2. Why, my soul, this sad emotion ?
 Why this self-tormenting pain ?
 Light the fires of pure devotion,
 And thy wonted peace regain :
 If thy wand'rings are forgiven,
 Be not anxious for the rest ;
 Leave thy cause alone with Heaven,
 And in Christ be ever blest.

123.]**Joy in God.**

1. Rejoice in the Lord,
 Believe in his word,
 Confide in his mercy and grace ;
 His throne shall endure,
 His promise is sure,
 In him shall the righteous have peace.

2. Thrice happy are they
 Who his precepts obey,
 Who delight in the law of their God ;
 Their joys shall increase,

And their trials shall cease,
As they enter the heav'nly abode.

3. What scenes will arise
As they pass through the skies ;
What raptures their bosoms will fill,
As their harps they employ
In the fulness of joy,
On the height of some heavenly hill !
4. Rejoice in the Lord,
Believe in his word,
Confide in his mercy and grace :
His throne shall endure,
His promise is sure,
In him shall the righteous have peace.

124.]

A Favored Land.

1. Children of a free-born race,
Happy in your dwelling-place,
As your blessings ye retrace,
Think from whence they flow :
Think of that Creative Hand,
Author of the sea and land,
By whose power the nations stand,
In their weal or woe.
2. Where's a land of milder skies ?
Where do nobler mountains rise ?
Where do nature's rich supplies
Such delight convey ?

Where such beauteous lakes and streams,
 Fields and forests, moonlight beams,
 Morning rays, or sunset gleams,
 As our realms display ?

3. Here are freedom, health, and peace,
 Here oppression's surges cease,
 Streams of knowledge here increase,
 Deep'ning far and wide :
 Science here her tribute pours,
 Industry collects her stores,
 Wealth flows in from foreign shores,
 Like a swelling tide.
4. Here religion undefiled,
 With an influence pure and mild,
 Reaches to the humblest child,
 E'en from door to door :
 Let us then our off'rings bring,
 Thanks unto the heav'nly King,
 From the heart his praises sing,
 Now and evermore.

125.]**An Infant Stranger.**

1. Gentle stranger, fearless come
 To our quiet, happy home ;
 Bud of being, beauty's flow'r,
 Sprung to birth this smiling hour,
 While upon thy form we gaze,
 Grateful thoughts to Heav'n we raise.
2. Nothing yet thine eyes can see
 Of the world's dim mystery :

Of the tumult and the strife
 That embitter human life ;
 But thy Maker's eye can view
 Present scenes and future too.

3. Saviour, from thy heav'nly throne,
 Smile upon this little one :
 Let thy Spirit be its guide,
 Let its wants be well supplied ;
 Cleanse it by thy precious blood,
 Fit it for thy high abode.

126.] Seeking Blessings for Children.

1. Lord of mercy, hear our prayer
 For the children thou hast giv'n ;
 Let them all thy blessings share,
 Grace on earth, and bliss in heav'n.
2. In the morning of their days,
 May their hearts be drawn to thee ;
 Let them learn to lisp thy praise
 In their early infancy.
3. Cleanse their souls from every stain,
 Through the Saviour's precious blood ;
 Let them all be born again,
 And be reconciled to God.
4. For this mercy, Lord, we cry,
 Bend thy ever gracious ear ;
 Still our souls on thee rely :
 Hear our prayer, in mercy hear.

127.] Blessings upon Children.

1. Thou God of sovereign grace,
In mercy now appear ;
We long to see thy smiling face,
And feel that thou art near.
2. Receive these lambs to-day,
Thou Shepherd of the flock ;
And wash the stains of guilt away,
Beneath the smitten Rock.
3. Thy saving health impart,
Thou Comforter divine ;
O make these children pure in heart,
Make them entirely thine.
4. To-day in love descend,
Draw near this precious hour ;
In mercy, Lord, their spirits bend,
By thy constraining power.
5. Now bending at thy feet,
Our offspring we resign ;
Thy arm is strong, thy love is great,
And thou art all Divine.

128.] A Happy Family.

1. What sight on earth more blissful
Than that domestic scene,
Where union pure and peaceful,
As sunlit clouds at e'en,

Each kindred heart enlightens
With many a heav'n-born ray,
Which ever shines and brightens
Unto the perfect day.

2. There discord is a stranger,
There strife can never come,
And many a snare and danger
Are exiled from that home ;
While indolence and folly
Are banished, with their train,
And converse, pure and holy,
Exerts her gentle reign.
3. And there, how sweet and precious
The grateful song to raise
To Him so kind and gracious
Who claims the highest praise :
With glad, harmonious voices,
Parents and children join ;
While every heart rejoices
In blessings so divine.
4. In such a habitation
May we be ever found,
Where waters of salvation
In healing streams abound :
Affection's voice to chide us,
Whene'er we go astray,
And Mercy's hand to guide us
Along the narrow way.

129.] "Son of thine Handmaid."

O Lord, truly I am thy servant ; I am thy servant, and the son of thy handmaid : thou hast loosed my bonds.—*Psalm 116 : 16*

1. Yes, I am thy servant, most bountiful Lord,
 The son of thine handmaid so dear,
 Who taught me the precepts contained in thy
 word,
 And gave me to God in her prayer :
 That boundless compassion my soul would em-
 brace
 Which leads me a Saviour to see ;
 That covenant mercy and self-moving grace
 Which gave such a parent to me.

2. The voice of my God in her accents I heard,
 And trembled before the Most High ;
 Thy look of forgiveness and mercy appeared,
 Through tear-drops that stood in her eye :
 Thy precepts like dew from her lips were distilled,
 Thy chast'nings were giv'n by her hands ;
 Thy truth was declared and thy laws were revered,
 When I learned to obey her commands.

3. And when amid strangers I wandered afar,
 From the home of my childhood and youth,
 Her prayers and monitions still followed me there,
 Proclaiming thy goodness and truth :
 Yes, I am thy servant, eternally thine,
 And thou art my heavenly King :
 Of covenant mercy, transcendent, divine,
 My soul will eternally sing.

130.] Duties to Missionaries' Children.

1. In the wide realm of pagan night
Their parents wander far,
To bid the heathen hail the bright,
The glorious morning star.
2. To us their children they resign
With many a starting tear ;
And shall we not in love combine
To bid them welcome here ?
3. And shall we not, with glowing zeal,
Rich comforts still impart
To those who now, like orphans, feel
Sad loneliness of heart ?
4. O let us with parental love
Their every want supply,
And train them for the realms above.
With influence from on high.
5. 'Twere but an act of duty done
To those of precious name,
Who have, as faithful heralds, gone
The gospel to proclaim.

131.] Adoption of Missionaries' Children.

1. Ye children of a favored band
Committed to our care,
Whose parents in a heathen land,
Are laboring afar ;

- Come to our arms in filial love,
 And at our homes reside ;
 And we will gladly seek to prove
 What kindness can provide.
2. It were no charity to give,
 While feelings thus entwine ;
 Nor base dependence to receive,
 While hearts in love combine :
 We'll cherish you with constant care,
 Embrace you as our own,
 And bring you in the arms of prayer
 Before our Father's throne.

132.] A Shepherd's Care of the Little Ones.

1. Shepherd of the little flock
 That have giv'n themselves to thee,
 Bring them to the smitten Rock,
 Let them thy salvation see.
2. Keep them from the tempter's power,
 Keep them from presumpt'ous sin ;
 Save in every trying hour,
 Cleanse from ev'ry stain within.
3. May they grow in Christian love,
 In humility and zeal ;
 May their faith yet stronger prove,
 While they strive to do thy will.
4. Glory to that wond'rous grace
 Which hath drawn their hearts to God,

Gained for them a dwelling-place,
In the heav'nly, high abode.

5. Fit them for that holy rest,
Claim them for thy service here ;
Till among the spirits blest,
They in glory shall appear.

133.] A Happy Clime.

1. Happy the clime, where lives and reigns
Th' enlightened love of liberty ;
Which ever breaks th' oppressor's chains,
And bids th' exulting race be free.
2. Happy the clime, where virtue dwells
With cheerful enterprise and health ;
Where science all her love reveals,
And industry her mines of wealth.
3. Happy the clime, where from above
The rays of heav'nly truth descend ;
Where smiles of Providence approve,
And all their genial influence lend.
4. Such happiness we now enjoy ;
'Tis from the hand of God alone :
Let gratitude our hearts employ,
With songs of praise before his throne.

134.] Sowing in Hope.

He that goeth forth and weepeth, bearing precious seed, shall doubtless come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him.—*Psalm 126 : 6*

1. He that goeth forth with weeping,
Bearing precious seed in love,

Never tiring, never sleeping,
 Findeth mercy from above :
 Soft descend the dews of heaven,
 Bright the rays celestial shine ;
 Precious fruits will thus be given,
 Through an influence all divine.

2. Sow thy seed, be never weary,
 Let no fears thy soul annoy ;
 Be the prospect ne'er so dreary,
 Thou shalt reap the fruits of joy :
 Lo, the scene of verdure bright'ning !
 See the rising grain appear ;
 Look again ! the fields are whit'ning,
 For the harvest time is near.

135.]**“Peace, be Still.”**

1. It is the Saviour's voice I hear,
 I see his lovely form ;
 He speaks, the mariner to cheer,
 And chides the raging storm :
 He bids the foaming surges cease,
 And winds and waves are hush'd to peace
2. In many a dark and trying hour
 The Saviour thus appears ;
 His word disarms the tempest's power,
 And every bosom cheers :
 He gives the mandate “peace, be still ;”
 And winds and waves obey his will.

3. He is an omnipresent Friend,
 My soul on him relies ;
 His powerful word shall still defend
 When waves of trouble rise :
 The accents of his heav'nly voice
 Shall bid my trembling heart rejoice.

136.] Song of Mariners.

1. When o'er the mighty deep we rode,
 By winds and storms assail'd,
 We call'd upon the ocean's God,
 His mercy never failed.
2. The raging tempest heard his voice,
 The winds obeyed his will ;
 The elements withheld their noise,
 And all the floods were still.
3. With joy we hailed the distant shore,
 And safe the vessel moor'd ;
 With grateful hearts that happy hour
 A song of praise we pour'd.
4. While thus o'er surging waves we roam,
 Thy goodness, Lord, we see ;
 Though distant from our native home,
 We are not far from thee.
5. And when the voyage of life is past,
 And we are called to die,
 O may we see thy face at last,
 In bliss beyond the sky.

6. Then, as we join the angel bands
 Across the swelling wave,
 We'll shout thy praise with lifted hands,
 Jehovah, strong to save !

137.]**Contribution.**

For all things come of thee, and of thine own have we given thee.

1 Chron. 29 : 14.

1. O Jesus, our King,
 These off'rings we bring,
 And prostrate ourselves at thy throne :
 We come in thy name,
 No merit we claim,
 We bring thee but what is thine own.
2. Thine, Lord, is the whole,
 The body, the soul,
 All, all that we have or desire :
 Our time and our health,
 Our influ'nce, our wealth,
 Our affections that upward aspire.
3. Yet wilt thou approve
 Such off'rings of love,
 And when stewards thy treasure restore,
 They find their reward
 In the joy of their Lord ;
 And what could thy servants have more !
4. Thy name we adore,
 Thy blessing implore,

O smile on the trifles we bring ;
Accept from our hands
What thy glory demands,
And thy praises aloud we will sing.

138.] Parting with Friends.

1. To thee, when called awhile to part
With friends or kindred dear,
To thee, we raise each drooping heart,
And tell each rising fear :
For thou, O God, art ever nigh
To hear thy servants when they cry.
2. The Lord in mercy condescends
To those who seek his love ;
Calls them his children and his friends,
And writes their names above :
His bending ear, his smiling face,
Are present at the throne of grace.
3. As children of a Father's care,
Thy presence we implore ;
As friends of Jesus, we would share
That blessing evermore :
'Tis this alone can cheer the soul,
And ev'ry rising grief control.
4. If thou art with us when we part
With friends, or kindred dear,
To fill with joy each drooping heart,
And banish every fear ;
'Tis easy then, to bid adieu,
For Jesus smiles, and heav'n is true.

139.]

New-Year's Day.

1. How soon the last short year will come !
The day, the hour that calls me home,
Is ever drawing nigh :
And am I now prepared to go,
To bid adieu to all below
For mansions in the sky ?
2. Will faith endure the trying hour,
When the last foe with fearful power
Is present to the soul ;
And struggling nature all in vain,
Will strive her empire to regain,
While death's cold waters roll ?
3. O who can tell what clouds may come,
What darkness gather round the tomb,
To hide the heav'nly ray !
If Christ be absent from the sight,
The shades of an Egyptian night
Will fill me with dismay !
4. But if our Jesus, strong to save,
Who vanquished death and spoiled the grave,
Will graciously be near,
To speak in comfort to my heart ;
The soul will then in peace depart,
And never yield to fear.
5. Let me, *while living*, seek his face,
Increase in knowledge and in grace,

Where'er my lot is cast ;
 That by a life of faith and prayer,
 And true obedience, I may share
 His presence at the last.

140.] Want of Ministers.

1. Our lifted eyes, O Lord, behold
 The ripening harvest ting'd with gold ;
 Wide fields are op'ning to our view,
 The work is great, the lab'ers few.
2. Lord of the harvest, bend thine ear,
 For Zion's heritage appear ;
 O send forth lab'ers fill'd with zeal,
 Swift to obey their Master's will.
3. Under the guidance of thy hand,
 O let our sons, in many a band,
 Arise to bless the dying race,
 As heralds of redeeming grace.
4. Lord of the harvest, bid them rise,
 Trained by the influence of the skies,
 In wisdom, knowledge, grace to shine,
 Till every kingdom shall be thine.

141.] The Missionary's Call.

1. It is a heav'nly theme !
 I hear a voice divine : no idle dream,

Calling to duty and to self-denial,
 In face of many a stern and bitter trial;
 Reverberating when the day is bright,
 Soft whisp'ring in the gentle hush of night;
 Chiding when earthly pleasures round me rise,
 Soothing when sorrows fill my weeping eyes,—
 "Go, preach the gospel! fly to ev'ry land,
 Obey the risen Saviour's last command!"

2. It comes with accent clear,
 Like heav'nly music to the list'ning ear,
 With sweetest emphasis of love, appealing
 To conscious duty and to Christian feeling;
 Or comes with trembling accent, sad and low,
 Like distant echoes from a world of woe,
 Of millions perishing through lack of vision,
 Chiding my unbelief and indecision—
 "Go, preach the gospel! fly to ev'ry land,
 Obey the risen Saviour's last command!"

3. And I must answer: true,
 Full many an obstacle may rise in view;
 Affection's voice may tempt me to forbear,
 And softer labors to my hand prepare:
 But, no—a bleeding Saviour's love hath found me,
 His everlasting arms have sweetly bound me;
 I'll gladly follow where he leads the way,
 Nor think of danger while I hear him say—
 "Go, preach the gospel! fly to ev'ry land,
 Obey the risen Saviour's last command!"

142.]**A Gospel Messenger.**

Isaiah 52 : 7.

1. How beautiful in Zion upon the mountain's brow,
The coming of the messenger to cheer the plains
below :
Ambassador with pardons from an injured King
of kings,
Glad tidings of salvation to a ruined race he
brings.
2. How beautiful in Zion upon the mountain's brow,
The coming of the messenger to cheer the plains
below :
O listen to the heav'nly voice that speaks to you
to-day,
Ye guilty and ye careless ones, now hearken and
obey !

143.]**Departure of a Missionary.**

1. Go, for the Master calls thee,
Shed not one bitter tear ;
No earthly care enthalls thee,
Nor hast thou aught to fear :
To him we now commend thee,
Who rules above the skies ;
His blessing will attend thee,
Where'er thy pathway lies.
2. Go, in the midst of dangers,
Declare a Saviour's love,

Till distant heathen strangers
 His willing subjects prove ;
 Till many a crowd assembling,
 Shall hearken to thy voice ;
 Confess their guilt with trembling,
 And in his name rejoice.

3. Go, for the Master calls thee,
 Far from thy native home ;
 Whatever there befalls thee,
 Whatever ills may come,
 He is thy strong salvation,
 His presence thou shalt share ;
 He'll aid thy supplication,
 And hearken to thy prayer.

144.] A Voice from Heathen Lands.

1. Hark ! that voice among the nations,
 Is it war in deadly strife ?
 'Tis a brother's lamentations,
 Calling for the bread of life !
 Mark ye not what millions languish,
 Sink into a hopeless grave ?
 Every bosom torn with anguish,
 None to pity, none to save ?
2. From the land with bounty flowing,
 Where the streams of knowledge rise ;
 Where the trees of life are growing,
 Fill'd with fragrance for the skies ;

Thence send forth to every nation,
 By the messengers of peace,
 Tidings of the great salvation,
 Till the reign of ruin cease.

3. Wait not till that voice shall slumber
 In the silence of the tomb ;
 Wait not till the grave shall number
 Millions to a hopeless doom :
 Hasten on the heav'nly mission,
 Answer to that wailing voice ;
 Heav'n will smile on your decision,
 List'ning angels will rejoice.

145.] A Missionary Departing.

1. Obedient to thy last command,
 My Saviour, I will go
 Far from my native, happy land,
 Whose streams of bounty flow,
 And carry to those realms of night
 The blessings of the gospel-light.
2. Ye scenes of childhood and of youth,
 That claim affection's tear ;
 Ye bonds of friendship and of truth,
 Still to my heart so dear :
 To duty's call my soul would bow ;
 Ah, think not to detain me now !
3. Parental home, and Christian friends ;
 The temple of the Lord,

Where oft the voice of prayer ascends,
 And songs of praise are poured :
 Much as ye make this bosom thrill,
 There is a chord that's stronger still.

4. Millions on millions yet will die,
 And perish in despair !
 On wings of mercy let me fly,
 Salvation's news to bear :
 O Jesus, Saviour, speed my way !
 The winds and waves thy voice obey.

146.] Charge to Missionaries.

1. Stand up, O ye heralds, your Master proclaim,
 And wide be your banners unfurl'd ;
 Declare to the heathen Immanuel's name,
 And speak to a perishing world :
 See millions unnumbered in darkness profound,
 Still groping their desolate way ;
 Unheard the mild accents of mercy's sweet sound,
 Unseen the bright glimm'rings of day.
2. Where sin holds in triumph its desolate reign
 O'er the pathway to regions of woe,
 Where nameless pollutions still follow in train,
 And waters of bitterness flow ;
 There publish the news of the crucified One,
 Who suffered that sinners might live ;
 Who, rising in triumph, ascended his throne,
 Salvation immortal to give.

3. Speak, speak, that the heathen may quickly receive
 The message of heavenly peace ;
 O, speak, till the millions repent and believe,
 And rejoice in th' abundance of grace !
 The heathen shall listen, the darkness shall flee,
 The glorious day-star arise ;
 The earth from its bondage of sin shall be free,
 And heav'n shall descend from the skies.

147.]

Gospel Banner.

1. Now be the gospel banner
 In every land unfurl'd,
 And be the shout Hosanna
 Re-echoed through the world ;
 Till every isle and nation,
 Till every tribe and tongue
 Receive the great salvation,
 And join the happy throng.
- 2 What though th' embattled legions
 Of earth and hell combine ?
 His power, throughout their regions,
 Shall soon resplendent shine :
 Ride on, O Lord, victorious,
 Immanuel, Prince of Peace !
 Thy triumph shall be glorious,
 Thy empire still increase !
3. Yes, thou shalt reign for ever,
 O Jesus, King of kings !
 Thy light, thy love, thy favor,
 Each ransomed captive sings :

The isles for thee are waiting,
 The deserts learn thy praise,
 The hills and valleys greeting,
 The song responsive raise.

148.]

Palentine Mission.

1. They have gone to the land where the patriarchs rest,
 Where the bones of the prophets are laid,
 Where the chosen of Israel the promise possessed,
 And Jehovah his wonders displayed ;
 To the land where the Saviour of sinners once trod,
 Where he labored, and languish'd, and bled,
 Where he triumph'd o'er death and ascended to God,
 As he captive captivity led.
2. They have gone to the land where the gospel's glad sound,
 Sweetly tuned by the angels above,
 Was re-echo'd on earth through the region around,
 In accents of heavenly love :
 Where the Spirit descended in tokens of flame,
 Rich gifts in his love to reveal ;
 Where apostles wrought signs in Immanuel's name,
 The truth of their mission to seal.
3. They have gone where the light of salvation once shone,
 To the land where the martyrs once bled ;

Where "the beast, the false prophet," hath quite
trodden down

The fair fabric that Zion had laid :

Where the churches once planted, and watered,
and blest

With the dews which the Spirit distill'd,
Have been smitten, despoiled, and by heathen
possessed,

And the places that knew them defiled.

4. They have gone—O thou Shepherd of Israel; have
gone

The glad mission in love to restore :

Thou wilt not forsake them, nor leave them alone,
Thy blessing we humbly implore ;

Thy presence go with them, and be thou their
shield,

From the shafts of the fowler that fly :

O Saviour of sinners ! thine arm be revealed

In mercy, in might from on high.

149.]

Waste Places.

1. Who can tell what notes of sadness

From the hills and valleys rise,

Where no messages of gladness

Echo from the bending skies ;

Where in darkness,

Without hope the sinner dies !

2. O how desolate the dwelling

Where our God is not rever'd ;

Where no song of praise is swelling,
 Nor the voice of prayer is heard ;
 Where religion's
 Cheering rays have disappeared !

3. Where the seeds of sin are growing,
 And the paths of folly lie :
 Where the streams of death are flowing,
 With destruction ever nigh :
 Bid the gospel
 Wave its peaceful banners high.

150.] Conversion of the World.

1. Father supreme of earth and skies,
 In glory o'er the nations rise,
 Which now in darkness lie :
 Send forth the knowledge of thy Son,
 Till earth shall yield to him the crown,
 And raise his banners high.
2. Hast thou not giv'n the heav'nly word,
 That all the earth shall know the Lord,
 And to his sceptre bow ?
 And is not this the favored hour,
 When many a realm shall feel his power,
 And pay the solemn vow ?
3. O while the heralds, in thy name,
 The Saviour's bleeding love proclaim,
 In each far distant clime ;
 Send down the Spirit from above,

On ev'ry trembling heart to move,
In this accepted time.

4. We crave for all the human race,
The saving influence of thy grace ;
Lift up thine arm of might,
Till all the earth shall bow the knee,
And praise and glory give to thee,
With holy, pure delight.

151.] Monthly Concert of Prayer.

1. God of the nations, bow thine ear,
And listen to our fervent prayer
Through thy beloved Son :
Build up the kingdom of his grace
Amid the millions of our race,
And make thy wonders known.
2. Send forth the heralds in his name,
Bid them a Saviour's love proclaim
With every fleeting breath ;
Till distant lands shall hear the sound,
And send the joyful echoes round,
Amid the shades of death.
3. O let the nations rise, and bring
Thine off'rings to th' Almighty King,
And trust in him alone ;
Renounce their idols, and adore
The God of gods for evermore,
Upon his lofty throne.

4. The dying millions thus shall prove
 The matchless power of bleeding love,
 And feel their sins forgiv'n ;
 Shall join the converts' joyful throng,
 And raise on high redemption's song,
 Along the path to heav'n.

152.] Dews of the Spirit upon the Heathen.

1. O Spirit of Holiness, breathe
 On ev'ry lone dwelling afar,
 Surrounded by shadows of death,
 And regions of guilt and despair ;
 O breathe on each desolate place
 Where darkness and sorrow are found,
 Till millions our Saviour embrace,
 And songs of deliv'rance abound.
2. O breathe on those heralds of thine,
 Who speak in the name of the Lord ;
 And cause thy salvation to shine
 Wherever they publish thy word :
 Thou, thou art our hope and our trust,
 We look to thy influ'nce alone
 To crumble the idols in dust,
 And set up thy heav'nly throne.
3. O let the rich dews of thy love
 Abroad on the nations distil,
 Till thousands the influence prove,
 Till all shall submit to thy will :

Now hasten that hallowed hour,
 When error and darkness shall flee;
 And the honor, and glory, and power
 Shall ever be given to thee.

153.] The Church in the Desert.

1. Zion, dreary and in anguish,
 In the desert hast thou strayed?
 O, thou weary, cease to languish,
 Jesus shall lift up thy head.
2. Still lamenting and bemoaning,
 'Mid thy follies and thy woes?
 Soon repenting, and returning,
 All thy solitude shall close.
3. Though benighted and forsaken,
 Though afflicted and oppressed,
 His Almighty arm shall waken,
 Zion's King shall give thee rest.
4. Cease thy sadness, unbelieving,
 Soon his glory shalt thou see,
 Joy, and gladness, and thanksgiving,
 And the voice of melody.

154.] "And the Isles shall wait for his Law."

Isaiah 42: 4.

1. Ye isles of the ocean, by coral surrounded,
 Embosomed by waves that unceasingly roll,
 Too long had ye lain by dumb idols confounded,
 No hope of deliv'rance to anchor the soul:

What deeds of unrighteousness then had ye done,
What nameless pollutions your borders had
stained !

What depths of defilement your chieftains had
known,
While darkness, and error, and ignorance
reigned !

2. The tempests were loud, and ye heard the rough
chidings,

While dread superstition sat lonely and drear ;
E'en then, on the billows were borne the glad
tidings,

The sound of redemption was lingering near :
The breezes were hush'd, and the vessels were
moored ;

Yet ere the true heralds their banners un-
furled,

The gods of your fathers your souls had abhorred,
And the shrines of their idols in flames had
been hurled !

3. Then darkness no longer your borders enshrouded,
Then wild superstition was banished in scorn ;

The beams of salvation arose all unclouded,

To smile in the heav'nly effulgence of morn :

How pleasing the aspect ! How changed are the
race !

The God of the Christian they loudly proclaim ;
While thousands rejoice in the fulness of grace,
And shout to the praise of Immanuel's name !

4. Rejoice, O ye Christians, exult in the story,
 Till faith on her pinions far higher shall soar :
 Yet, render to God all the praise and the glory ;
 Let man in humility bow and adore :
 Let the incense of prayer still ascend to the skies,
 For millions yet wand'ring in error's dark way ;
 Let off'rings abound and new heralds arise,
 Till the earth shall rejoice in the fulness of day.

155.] "Watchman, what of the Night?"

1st Voice.

1. O what are the visions of night,
 Ye watchmen of Israel declare !
 Must sorrows bewilder the sight,
 And shadows of doubt and despair ?

2d Voice.

2. In clouds and thick darkness he dwells,
 As oft as in brightness of day :
 Jehovah his purpose conceals,
 That faith may confide and obey.

1st Voice.

3. What tidings have come from afar,
 Of heathen returning to God ?
 Ye watchmen, the blessings declare
 Which gladden their dreary abode.

2d Voice.

4. Why seek ye for tidings of joy,
 While millions are hast'ning to death ?

Let these your compassion employ,
Ere they sink in the shadows beneath.

Chorus.

5. We'll wrestle till faith shall prevail,
Our off'rings in love shall abound ;
The promises never can fail,
We'll seek till the blessing is found.

156.] Spread of the Gospel.

1. O let the joyful tidings fill the wide creation,
Heirs of redeeming mercy, spread the news
around :
Jesus, Immanuel, shall rule o'er ev'ry nation,
Far as the guilty race of man is found :
Now, while the night of ages fills the world with
sadness,
Now, while the prince of darkness rages in his
madness,
O Sun of Righteousness, thy cheering beams
display ;
Dawn on the earth, and bring the glorious day.
2. Deep is the desolation of the race benighted,
Fast bound in ignorance, o'erwhelm'd with guilt
and fear,
Folly and superstition every hope have blighted,
Save where the rays of truth divine appear :
Haste, haste ye messengers, reveal the wondrous
story,
Tell of the cross, and of the coming tide of glory ;

O Sun of Righteousness, thy cheering beams
display;
Dawn on the earth, and bring the glorious day!

157.] Dawn of the Latter-Day Glory.

1. Hail to the brightness of Zion's glad morning!
Joy to the lands that in darkness have lain!
Hush'd be the accents of sorrow and mourning,
Zion in triumph begins her mild reign!
2. Hail to the brightness of Zion's glad morning,
Long by the prophets of Israel foretold;
Hail to the millions from bondage returning,
Gentiles and Jews the blest vision behold.
3. Lo, in the desert rich flowers are springing,
Streams ever copious are gliding along,
Loud from the mountain-top echoes are ringing,
Wastes rise in verdure and mingle in song.
4. See from all lands—from the isles of the ocean,
Praise to Jehovah ascending on high!
Fall'n are the engines of war and commotion,
Shouts of salvation are rending the sky.

158.] Latter Day.

1. Ye visions bright of heav'nly birth,
Ye glories of the latter day,
Descend upon the fallen earth
And chase the shades of night away!
Bid streams of love and mercy flow
Through ev'ry vale of human woe,

Till sin, and care, and sorrow cease,
Till all the world is hush'd to peace.

2. How long amid the dying race
 Shall desolation hold her reign ?
How long shall men despise the grace
 And love of him who once was slain ?
How long shall heathen bow the knee
To gods that neither hear nor see ?
Ye scenes of bliss, so long foretold,
When will your radiant hues unfold ?
3. The gospel of the living God
 Shall echo the wide earth around,
Till every place of man's abode
 Shall know the joy-inspiring sound :
Who shall that heav'nly scene portray ?
Who can describe the glorious day ?
We hail its glimm'rings from afar,
We hail the bright, the Morning Star !

159.] “**Their Sound is gone out.**”

1. The sound of salvation is echo'd afar,
 The breezes have borne the glad tidings abroad,
The light that is beaming from Bethlehem's star,
 Is chasing the darkness from sorrow's abode :
The wastes of the desert in verdure appear,
Rich fields are with fragrance perfuming the air,
The mountains are sinking, the valleys arise,
And earth is becoming the joy of the skies.
2. The sound of salvation is echo'd afar,
 The heralds aloud the glad tidings proclaim,

The sons of redemption awaken to prayer,
 And thousands rejoice in Immanuel's name :
 O tremble, ye fugitives, monsters of sin !
 Ye demons of darkness, ye foul and unclean !
 Ye soon shall descend to your destin'd abode,
 And earth shall rejoice in the smiles of her God !

3. The sound of salvation is echo'd afar,
 And converts outnumber the drops of the morn ;
 Loud songs of rejoicing are borne through the air,
 From regions long wasted, despised and forlorn :
 Now millions of heathen receive the glad word,
 The outcasts of Israel return to the Lord ;
 The earth and the sea shall be cleans'd from their
 stain,
 And Jesus, triumphant, begin his glad reign !

160.] Prospects of the Church.

1. Zion will soon in beauty rise,
 And wipe the falling tear ;
 Her faith, her hope, her love, her joys
 Shall banish ev'ry fear :
 The word of promise, firm and sure,
 To countless ages shall endure.
2. Zion will soon in beauty rise
 To her Redeemer's praise,
 And smile beneath the bending skies
 In heav'ns reflected rays :
 Though times grow dark, and tempests lower,
 He has an arm of matchless power.

3. Zion will soon in beauty rise,
 In pure effulgence shine ;
 A heav'nly scene before her lies,
 A vision all divine :
 Her King his triumph shall obtain,
 Begin on earth his deathless reign.

161.]

A Universal Song.

Single Voice.

1. Hark, that sweet and hallowed strain,
 On the gentle breezes borne
 O'er the far-extended plain,
 'Mid the brilliant rays of morn !

Semi-Chorus.

2. Joyful numbers there are sung
 With a full harmonious swell ;
 While the aged and the young
 Join Immanuel's love to tell.

Single Voice.

3. Hark, the echo's answering call,
 From the craggy mountain's side ;
 While the rushing waterfall
 Hoarsely murmurs far and wide !

Semi-Chorus.

4. Loud thanksgivings now they sing,
 Praises to Jehovah's name :
 Christ, as universal King,
 All with one accord proclaim.

Chorus.

5. O'er the mountains, hills, and dales,
 Through the forests and the plains,
 One united song prevails :
 Christ, the Lord, for ever reigns.

162.]**In Sickness.**

1. In hours of sickness and of grief
 I raise my thoughts on high ;
 What other power can bring relief,
 If Heav'n its aid deny !
 Physician of my fainting soul,
 O speak the word, and make me whole !
2. Upward, in haste, to thy abode
 I raise my earnest cry ;
 If now deserted by my God,
 I know that I must die :
 O leave me not while helpers fail,
 Thine arm of might can yet prevail.
3. But while I supplicate thy throne,
 I wait thy high behest ;
 And trembling say, " thy will be done ;"
 Thou knowest what is best :
 Living or dying, I would be
 Thine, Lord, through all eternity.

163.]**In Sickness.**

1. Before thy footstool kneeling,
 O Lord, to thee we cry,

While for thy gift of healing,
 We raise our voice on high :
 Diseases and afflictions
 Thy ready servants are,
 To chide our derelictions,
 And quicken us in prayer.

2. We own our guilt and folly,
 But thou canst still forgive ;
 And thou, most high and holy,
 Canst bid the sick revive :
 Though now cast down in sorrow,
 In darkness and distress ;
 Joy may return to-morrow,
 Through thy restoring grace.

3. As suppliants now before thee
 Beside affliction's bed,
 Blest Saviour, we adore thee,
 And trembling, ask thine aid :
 Before thy footstool kneeling,
 O Saviour, hear our cry !
 Send down thy gift of healing,
 And bring deliv'rance nigh !

164.]**In Extreme Sickness.**

1. How frail are these bodies of clay,
 How soon all their vigor is lost !
 They flourish in beauty to-day,
 To-morrow they mingle with dust.

2. So flow'rs in the morning may rise,
 Unfolding their leaves to the sun ;
 While the breath of each zephyr that sighs
 May blast them, and then they are gone.
3. Afflictions spring not from the ground,
 Diseases their Master obey ;
 And sorrows, and dangers abound,
 To chide us while wand'ring astray.
4. We lie at thy sovereign control,
 O Lord, in this hour of distress ;
 Physician of body and soul,
 Send down thy recovering grace !
5. Oh speak ! and the sick one shall live ;
 For thou art almighty to save :
 At thy voice, e'en the dead shall revive,
 And triumph, at last, o'er the grave.

165.]

Chastenings.

1. Sorrow's chast'ning hand is here,
 Guided by paternal love ;
 But my heart, with filial fear,
 Looks for comfort from above :
 O how gentle is that hand,
 Tender, faithful to its trust !
 Well my soul can understand
 God is merciful as just.
2. Not in anger he reproves
 His afflicted, weeping sons ;

But he chastens whom he loves,
 To refine his chosen ones :
 His own image they shall bear,
 Bright'ning as the furnace glows ;
 All the dross shall disappear,
 Ere the Finer's work shall close.

3. Ye, who feel affliction's rod
 In a world of sin and care,
 Hasten to a faithful God ;
 He will hearken to your prayer :
 Penitent, confess your sin,
 Humbly at his footstool kneel,
 Till he cleanse the heart within,
 Till his touch thy spirit heal.
4. Earth is not our final home ;
 Here, by tempests we are driv'n,
 Till we reach the peaceful tomb,
 Till we tread the verge of heav'n :
 Then the trials we have known
 Shall the notes of praise employ ;
 And the seeds in sorrow sown,
 Bear the fruits of endless joy.

166.]

In Tribulation.

1. Why should thy bosom languish,
 Thy heart be filled with anguish
 Amid the Christian race ?
 Hath not the God of heaven
 Thy many sins forgiven,
 Through his abounding grace ?

2. He never can deceive thee,
 He surely will not leave thee,
 Make him thy only trust :
 His arm is all victorious,
 And he is wise as glorious,
 And merciful as just.
3. The darkest dispensation,
 The strongest tribulation,
 Will soon be overpast :
 The light of heaven dawning,
 The full celestial morning,
 Will bring thee joy at last.
4. Till then be faith undaunted,
 And holy love implanted
 Within thy trembling breast ;
 Their influence will sustain thee,
 Though sore affliction's pain thee,
 Till thou art gone to rest.

167.]

In Sorrow.

1. Gently, O our Saviour, lead us,
 Pilgrims in this vale of tears,
 Through the trials yet decreed us,
 Till our last great change appears.
2. When temptation's darts assail us,
 When in devious paths we stray,
 Let thy goodness never fail us,
 Lead us in thy perfect way.

3. In the hour of pain and anguish,
 In the hour when death draws near,
 Suffer not our hearts to languish,
 Suffer not our souls to fear.
4. And when mortal life is ended,
 Bid us in thine arms to rest,
 Till, by angel bands attended,
 We awake among the blest.

168.]**In Affliction.**

1. I hear a voice divine
 Amid the darkened sky,
 It bids the soul her all resign,
 And in subjection lie
 Before the throne of sovereign grace,
 Her only sure abiding place.
2. It bids her in the hour
 Of anguish and of fear,
 Repose upon the Arm of power,
 The Helper, ever near :
 To suffer and to do his will,
 Though trembling, to adore him still.
3. What sorrow, pain or care,
 What misery or loss
 Can with the Saviour's woe compare,
 Who hung upon the cross !
 For me, for sinners all, he bled,
 And trode the mansions of the dead.

3. And shall a worm complain
 That feels the chast'ning rod,
 When Jesus bore such grief and pain—
 The spotless Lamb of God ;
 That we so sinful and defiled,
 Might e'en to Heav'n be reconciled ?
4. O then, my heart, be still,
 Let every murmur cease ;
 It is thy heav'nly Father's will,
 Be hush'd, be hushed to peace :
 In all his ways the Lord is good,
 He takes but what his hand bestowed.

169.]**In Deep Affliction.**

1. Quiet, Lord, my aching heart,
 Forgive my unbelief ;
 Let me not from thee depart
 Through bitterness of grief :
 When my earthly comforts die,
 When my hopes no longer glow,
 If to thee I cannot fly,
 Ah, whither shall I go !
2. All beneath the heav'ns will fade,
 And earthly scenes will fail ;
 Sorrows will the heart invade,
 While in this lonely vale :
 Joys are like the fading flower,
 Comforts like the morning dew,
 Pleasures vanish in an hour,
 And hopes will prove untrue.

3. Show me, then, the path of peace,
 Let darkness disappear ;
 Bid the inward conflict cease,
 And quell each rising fear :
 Nothing but thy gracious smile
 Can my trembling spirit heal ;
 This shall all my pains beguile,
 And heavenly joys reveal.

170.]

The Widow's God.

1. The widow and the fatherless,
 Who cry to Heav'n in their distress,
 Shall find a hand for ever near,
 To wipe away each sorrowing tear.
2. Rich promises are kindly giv'n,
 To humble souls by sorrow riv'n ;
 Our God upholds them by his care,
 And hearkens to their tender prayer.
3. " O let thy widows trust in me,
 Thy fatherless no want shall see ;
 For none who ever trust in God
 Shall find a desolate abode."
4. Here to the stricken ones, O Lord,
 Thy consolations now afford ;
 Be thou their husband, parent, friend,
 Till all life's pilgrimage shall end.

171.] In Deep Affliction.

1. O bid the waves of sorrow cease,
The tempest now control !
Thy word can bring me life and peace,
And heal my wounded soul.
2. Thy gentle voice can soothe my woes,
And fill my heart with love ;
Can bid my weary frame repose,
And fix my thoughts above.
3. To thee, O Lord, I turn mine eye,
All human helpers fail ;
O send deliv'rance from on high,
And let my prayer prevail !

172.] Affliction Blessed.

1. How tender is thy hand,
O thou beloved Lord !
Afflictions come at thy command,
And leave us at thy word.
2. How gentle was the rod
That chastened us for sin !
How soon we found a smiling God,
Where deep distress had been !
3. A Father's hand we felt,
A Father's heart we knew,
With tears of penitence we knelt,
And found his word was true.

4. We told him all our grief,
We thought of Jesus' love ;
A sense of pardon brought relief,
And bade our pains remove.
5. Now we will bless the Lord,
And in his strength confide ;
For ever be his name adored ;
For there is none beside.

173.]**Mercies.**

If I should count them, they are more in number than the sand : when I awake, I am still with thee.—*Psalm 139* : 18.

1. Great are thy mercies, trembling soul,
And, wouldst thou know their sum,
Go where the mighty oceans roll,
And bring their treasures home ;
Count up the particles of sand
That form the wave-worn shore,
The drops of dew upon the strand,
The leaves of every forest land,
And tell the numbers o'er.
2. Then may'st thou know the mighty sum
Of blessings God hath given :
Till then, let unbelief be dumb
Before the throne of Heav'n :
Ne'er entertain one murm'ring thought,
Nor cloud thy brow with care ;
Consider what thy God hath wrought,
Nor let the truth be e'er forgot,
That he will answer prayer.

3. What though affliction has laid low
 Some earthly hope or joy:
 Should this o'ercharge thy heart with woe,
 And all thy peace destroy?
 Great are thy mercies, trembling soul,
 Let these thy mem'ry fill;
 Yield up thy heart to God's control,
 Whose gentle voice, when troubles roll,
 Can bid the waves be still.

174.]

Decease of Moses.

Dent. 32: 50.

1. "Go up to the mountain," he said,
 "In peace on its summit to die;
 Yet, ere in the dust thou art laid,
 Cast forward thy wondering eye;
 The land unto Israel given,
 And all its bright borders, survey;
 Faint type of the glories of heaven,
 To which I will call thee to-day."
2. The mandate the prophet obeyed,
 And calmly the prospect explored,
 Then gently reclining his head,
 He sank in the arms of his Lord:
 No terror of conscience he knew,
 The sting of the monster was gone;
 But as gently his spirit withdrew,
 The prize of a victor was won.
3. And thus, when life's journey shall close,
 To Jesus my Saviour I'll fly;

There soft be my spirit's repose,
 And joyful her entrance on high :
 If he the sweet prospect unfold,
 When death, the destroyer, is near ;
 The sight, like fair Canaan of old,
 Shall quell the last tremblings of fear.

175.]**The Final Parting.**

1. Farewell ! We meet no more
 On this side heav'n !
 The parting scene is o'er,
 The last sad look is giv'n.
2. Farewell ! My soul will weep
 While mem'ry lives :
 From wounds that sink so deep,
 No earthly hand relieves.
3. Farewell ! My stricken heart
 To Jesus flies :
 From him I'll never part,
 On him my hope relies.
4. Farewell ! Soon shall we meet
 In heav'n above ;
 And there, in union sweet,
 Sing of a Saviour's love.

176.]**Weeping for the Dead.**

1. I hear the voice of weeping,
 For one whose soul hath fled ;

Whose relics now are sleeping,
 Whose form is cold and dead :
 Each heart with grief is breaking,
 All eyes with sorrow flow ;
 E'en strangers are partaking
 The heaviness of woe.

2. But yesterday we knew her,
 Arrayed in youthful bloom ;
 To-day we're called to view her,
 All shrouded for the tomb :
 Her life was but a vapor,
 A tender, fading flower,
 A trembling, dying taper,
 Extinguished in an hour.
3. I hear the voice of weeping,
 And there is cause to mourn ;
 She that in death lies sleeping
 Will ne'er to us return :
 No more shall we behold her,
 Till time for ever dies ;
 No more these arms enfold her,
 Till all the dead arise.

177.]

Mortality.

1. I hear the deep-ton'd village bell
 Its mournful music pour :
 Some spirit now hath bid farewell
 To this terrestrial shore,
 And taken a returnless flight

Beyond the silent tomb ;
 Hath ris'n to heav'n's beatic height,
 Or sunk to hell's eternal night,
 Where "hope can never come."

2. I listen to each dying tone,
 And mark each fearful pause ;
 Reflection, while I sit alone,
 Her solemn influ'nce draws :
 How fast the precious moments roll,
 How soon the hour will come !
 Ah, soon for me that bell may toll,
 Where then will my departed soul
 Find its eternal home !

178.]**Resignation in Afflictions.**

1. It is the Lord, my soul be still,
 And bow before the throne ;
 O let me now submission feel,
 And say—thy will be done.
2. It is the Lord, whose chast'ning hand
 Has filled the cup of woe ;
 The shaft of death by his command
 Hath struck the fatal blow.
3. It is the Lord, who kindly gave,
 That takes the gift away ;
 'Tis sin that dooms us to the grave,
 In his appointed way.

4. It is the Lord, and he is good,
Unchangeably the same;
Though sorrow rises like a flood,
I'll bless his holy name.

179.] Christian Submission in Bereavement.

1. Jesus, while our hearts are bleeding
O'er the spoils that death has won,
Let us now, for mercy pleading,
Calmly say—thy will be done.
2. Melt us into deep contrition,
Soften, Lord, these hearts of stone;
Bid us all, with true submission,
Meekly say—thy will be done.
3. Though cast down, we're not forsaken,
Though afflicted, not alone;
Thou didst give, and thou hast taken,
Blessed Lord—thy will be done.
4. Though to-day we're fill'd with mourning,
Mercy still is on the throne;
With thy smiles of love returning,
We can sing—thy will be done.
5. To thine arms that soul is given,
Thou hast taken but thine own;
Lord of earth and God of heaven,
Ever more—thy will be done.

180.] Sleeping in the Tomb.

1. O, "he is not dead, but sleepeth :"
 Though his relics mould'ring lie,
 Every Christian heart that weepeth,
 Soon will meet him in the sky.

2. Rock-bound tombs can ne'er imprison
 Those who in the Saviour trust ;
 He, who from the dead hath risen,
 Watches o'er their sleeping dust.

181.] A Departing Friend.

1. "We weep, but she rejoices"*
 Whose spirit now hath fled :
 Yet here no wailing voices
 Are heard around the dead :
 The gentle sigh of sadness,
 The sympathetic tear,
 Mingle with smiles of gladness
 For one beloved so dear.

2. Her sorrows all are ended,
 Her labors now are done ;
 Her spirit hath ascended
 Before the Father's throne :
 There to receive his blessing,
 E'en life for evermore ;

* The exclamation of an affectionate father, at the moment of a beloved mother's decease : both of whom were bright examples of Christian piety.

A tide of joy unceasing,
On yon celestial shore.

3. Her warfare now is over,
Despoiled the power of sin,
No angel can discover
The slightest stain within :
Sweet converse with the holy
She evermore will share ;
Nor indolence nor folly
Can gain admittance there.
4. From cares, and doubts, and dangers
Her spirit there is free,
Nor is she now with strangers
In heav'n's blest company ;
Her friends and kindred meet her,
Whose loss she had deplored ;
Brethren and sisters greet her,
Rejoicing in the Lord.

182.]

A Requiem.

1. Go to thy rest in peace,
And soft be thy repose ;
Thy toils are o'er, thy troubles cease ;
From earthly cares in sweet release,
Thine eyelids gently close.
2. Go to thy peaceful rest,
For thee we will not weep ;
For thou art now among the blest,

No more by gloomy doubts oppress'd,
But hushed in quiet sleep.

3. Go to thy rest awhile :
 Though we thy loss deplore,
One thought our sorrow shall beguile,
For soon with a celestial smile
 We meet to part no more.

183.]

The Resurrection.

1. Awhile they rest within the tomb
In sweet repose, till morning come !
Then rise with joy to meet their God,
And ever dwell in his abode.
2. Celestial dawn ! triumphant hour !
How glorious that awak'ning power,
Which bids the sleeping dust arise,
And join the anthems of the skies.
3. This weary life will soon be past,
The ling'ring morn will come at last,
And gloomy mists will roll away
Before that bright, unfading day.

184.]

Christian's Deathbed.

1. While on that couch of peaceful death
 We view the loved one lying low,
Soon to resign his latest breath,
 The tears of sorrow freely flow :

We gaze upon the prostrate frame,
 The quiv'ring lip, the fading eye,
 And then in agony exclaim—
 "Oh, what a fearful thing to die!"

2. But why should sorrow's darkened cloud
 Fill the survivor's heart with gloom?
 Why dwell on relics and the shroud,
 And on the silence of the tomb?
 Faith looks beyond to things unseen,
 As present to her heav'nward gaze;
 There, all is tranquil and serene,
 And there immortal glories blaze!

3. The pangs of parting are severe,
 Nature may triumph for awhile;
 But grace can wipe the falling tear,
 And soothe us with a heav'nly smile:
 O Christian! lift thy thoughts above,
 To mansions by the Lord prepared,
 And hail th' embraces of his love,
 As thy eternal, rich reward.

185.] Loss of Christian Friends.

1. Why should we mourn the loss of friends so dear?
 Grieve at the trials they have suffered here?
 Through tribulation they obtained the prize,
 A crown of glory sparkling in the skies.

O weep no more!

2. All the sharp conflicts they endured below,
 Cause but the tide of bliss to overflow,

No sad remembrances their thoughts employ,
 Those seeds of sorrow bear the fruits of joy.
 Then weep no more !

3. O then regard no more, with thoughts of gloom,
 The ills that met their pathway to the tomb ;
 Behold the spirits of your friends above,
 Rejoicing in the fields of light and love !
 Then weep no more.

4. Ye mourn their absence, wait a little while,
 Then meet again with an eternal smile ;
 Share with your lov'd ones in that blest reward,
 Rejoicing in the glory of the Lord.
 O weep no more !

186.]

The Christian in Death.

1. Why lament the Christian dying ?
 Why indulge in tears or gloom ?
 Calmly on the Lord relying,
 He can greet the op'ning tomb.
2. What if death with icy fingers
 All the fount of life congeals ?
 'Tis not there thy brother lingers,
 'Tis not death his spirit feels.
3. Though for him thy soul is mourning,
 Though with grief thy heart is riv'n ;
 While his flesh to dust is turning,
 All his soul is filled with heav'n !

4. Scenes seraphic, high and glorious,
Now forbid his longer stay :
See him rise o'er death victorious,
Angels beckon him away.
5. Hark ! the golden harps are ringing,
Sounds of rapture fill his ear ;
Millions, now in heaven singing,
Greet his joyful entrance there.

187.]

Weep Not.

1. " Weep not ! " It is the Saviour's voice :
What tender sympathy and love !
Weep not, but in the Lord rejoice,
And his compassion thou shalt prove :
If but his hand will touch the bier,
What heav'nly hope and joy are here !
2. Weep not, as o'er some hapless one
For ever banish'd from thy sight ;
As if that latest dying groan
Came from the realms of endless night :
Look upward, and in Jesus trust,
The resurrection of the just.
3. Weep not, as if the soul were lost
That knew by faith a pard'ning God ;
But think of that unnumbered host,
The purchase of atoning blood,
With whom the loved one now appears,
To dwell in bliss through endless years.

4. Weep not! Behold that spirit soar
 In regions of eternal day;
 And soon on yon celestial shore
 Thy God will wipe all tears away:
 If thou *must* weep, let tears of joy
 And gratitude thy hours employ.

188.] The Departed Christian.

1. Give joy to the departed one
 Who now in Jesus sleeps;
 Whose ransom'd spirit hath not gone
 Where stricken sorrow weeps;
 But ris'n to heav'n, her high abode,
 To dwell for ever with her God.
2. Give joy to the departed one,
 Whose conflicts all are past;
 Whose song of triumph has begun,
 And shall for ever last,
 Where raptured saints and angels join,
 In strains seraphic and divine.
3. Give joy to the departed one,
 Nor long thy loss deplore,
 For thou thyself art hast'ning on,
 To yon celestial shore;
 There friends beloved shall meet again;
 There peace and joy for ever reign!

189.] The Christian's Grave.

1. O yes, it is a hallowed spot,
 Where weeping-willows wave;

- Nor should the place be e'er forgot
Where lies the Christian's grave.
2. Soft sleeping in its lowly bed,
With no intruder near,
His wasting form, in silence laid,
Wakens no thought of fear.
3. His ransomed spirit, pure and bright,
Inspired with holy love,
Rejoices in the glorious light
That fills the realms above.
4. And from these relics that decay
A beauteous form shall rise,
And shine with heaven's unclouded ray,
Above the starry skies.
5. O yes, it is a lovely spot,
Where weeping-willows wave,
And faith can sing her sweetest note
Around the Christian's grave.

190.]**Adoption.**

1. How wondrous that manner of love
The Father on us hath bestowed,
Preparing us mansions above,
And calling us children of God:
The world our adoption despise,
Our Saviour they will not receive,
They know not the joys that arise
In the bosoms of those that believe.

2. Beloved, now are we the sons,
 The children of infinite grace,
 The heirs of bright sceptres and crowns
 In the regions of heavenly peace :
 Though ling'ring in darkness and fear,
 We trust in the Saviour's glad word,
 We know that when he shall appear
 We shall see and resemble our Lord.

191.]**Earth Receding.**

1. Earth's stormy night will soon be o'er,
 The raging wind shall cease ;
 The Christian's bark will reach the shore
 Of heav'n's eternal peace.
2. E'en now, the distant rays appear
 To chase the gloom of night ;
 The Sun of Righteousness is near,
 And terrors take their flight.

192.]**Looking for Heaven.**

1. Earth's shadowy years will soon be o'er,
 Heav'n's blissful morn arise,
 And sorrow's night will then no more
 O'ercloud these weeping eyes.
2. Then will the Lord of life and love
 Unveil his beaming face,
 And never from my sight remove
 The bright celestial rays.

3. Then will this froward, sinful heart
 No more offend my God ;
 Nor ever from that love depart,
 Which fills the high abode.
4. Then everlasting peace and joy
 And transport shall be mine ;
 Praise shall my utmost powers employ
 In melody divine.

193.]**Mansions Prepared.**

John 14 : 2.

1. And hast thou, Saviour, gone above,
 Our mansions to prepare ?
 Shall those who here have known thy love,
 Through grace that high adoption prove,
 And gain admittance there ?
2. And shall we see thee as thou art,
 In majesty divine ?
 And shall the rapt'rous view impart
 Fulness of joy to every heart,
 Where endless glories shine ?
3. And shall those mansions be secure
 From every sinful stain ?
 Shall holy peace and joy endure,
 Ever increasing, ever pure,
 While God himself shall reign ?
4. Yes, we believe the heav'nly word ;
 We wonder at the grace :

We shall be near and like our Lord,
 Rehearse his name with sweet accord,
 And live in his embrace.

191.] Anticipations of Heaven.

1. Away, ye gilded vanities, away,
 Departed ones are beck'ning from on high :
 In vain ye seek to flatter and betray,
 For my inheritance is in the sky.

2. Riches and honors are an empty sound,
 Trifles that in an hour may cease to be :
 Pleasures that bloom on sublunary ground
 Are but the bane of immortality.

3. The op'ning gates of paradise above,
 Fling heav'nly odors o'er my fainting brow :
 The holy music from the realms of love,
 Breathes sweeter melodies than earth can know.

4. Away, ye gilded vanities, away,
 Departed ones are beck'ning from on high :
 Ye shall not tempt me to prolong my stay,
 The hour of my departure draweth nigh.

195.] A Song of Heaven.

1. Ye echoes from the bending sky,
 Repeat the heav'nly song ;
 And let the voice of harmony,
 Those mellow notes prolong !

2. "O worthy is the Lamb of God,
The Lamb that once was slain,
Within this high and bright abode
Eternally to reign !
3. "All blessing, honor, glory, power,
Unto our God be giv'n ;
And to the Lamb for evermore,
The King of earth and heav'n !"
4. The breathing accents die away
Upon the list'ning ear ;
Yet would my soul for ever stay,
The joyful sound to hear.
5. "O worthy is the Lamb of God,
The Lamb that once was slain,
Within this high and bright abode
Eternally to reign !
6. "All blessing, honor, glory, power,
Unto our God be giv'n ;
And to the Lamb for evermore,
The King of earth and heav'n !"

196.]**God our Refuge.**

Psalm 46.

1. O God of our salvation,
Our Refuge in distress,
Our strength and consolation,
Secure us by thy grace :

While in thy peace abiding,
While thou thyself art near,
In thy strong arm confiding,
We shall not yield to fear.

2. Though earth were in commotion,
Though mountains high were cast
Into the depths of ocean,
Amid the stormy blast ;
The billows, loud and raging,
In vain their foam would pour,
Thy voice, the wrath assuaging,
Would still the tempest's roar !

3. There is a peaceful river
Descending from on high,
Whose streams are pure for ever,
Whose waters cannot dry :
No waves of tribulation
Disturb their gladd'ning course ;
The Rock of our salvation
Is their unfailing source.

4. God in the midst is dwelling,
Mount Zion shall not move ;
The streams of grace are swelling,
A tide of boundless love :
Her foes, so oft conspiring,
Tumultuous in noise,
Like angry waves retiring,
Have melted at his voice.

5. The Lord of Hosts is with us,
 The God of Jacob near ;
 With his strong arm beneath us
 Our souls shall never fear :
 Her Refuge is most glorious !
 Be still, for he is God :
 His cause shall be victorious,
 Earth trembles at his nod.

197.]

Human Frailty.

Psalm 39.

1. O what is earthly pleasure
 Compared with thy rich grace ?
 Lord, teach us how to measure
 The remnant of our days.
 How brief is our existence !
 How frail a thing is man !
 O grant us thine assistance
 This feeble life to scan.
2. How soon the hours of gladness,
 That cheer us on our way,
 Are changed to gloom and sadness,
 And filled with deep dismay !
 Man, in his best condition,
 Is vanity and dust ;
 Soon past the fleeting vision ;
 Then he gives up the ghost !
3. Earth's treasures quickly leave us,
 Its honors ne'er endure,

Its pleasures but deceive us,
 Its hopes are insecure :
 But Lord, while time is flying,
 And filled with many a snare,
 My soul, on thee relying,
 Would seek thy guardian care.

198.]

Rejoicing in God.

Psalm 33.

1. Rejoice in the Lord, O ye righteous rejoice,
 The upright his praises should sing ;
 With harp and with psalt'ry attune your glad
 voice,
 And loud let the harmony ring :
 O sing of his righteousness, sing of his love,
 His justice and mercy proclaim ;
 Earth is filled with his goodness, while angels
 above
 Rejoice in his glorious name.

2. By the word of the Lord the bright heavens were
 made,
 The earth, the wide oceans that roar :
 O fear him, ye nations, let earth be afraid,
 Stand in awe of his glory and power !
 He spake—it was done : he commanded—it rose ;
 The universe sprang into view :
 His counsels shall stand, though vain mortals
 oppose ;
 His ways are all righteous and true.

3. How blest is the nation whose God is the Lord,
 The land where in mercy he dwells ;
 Where thousands rejoice in his worship and word,
 Where wonders of grace he reveals !
 O trust in his name, in his wisdom confide,
 Nor look to his creatures for aid ;
 Our souls shall rejoice while in him we abide,
 Though troubles and sorrows invade.

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Psalm xxiii.

1. The Lord is my Shepherd, his kindness I know,
 My wants will be ever supplied ;
 He makes me repose where the green pastures
 grow,
 And waters in gentleness glide.
2. My wand'ring affections, so often astray,
 His kindness and care will reclaim,
 To wisdom and holiness point me the way,
 To the praise of his glorious name.
3. What though I walk through the dark valley of
 death,
 No evil my spirit will fear :
 My Shepherd is with me, his arm is beneath,
 His love and his comfort are near.
4. The hand of his bounty my table supplies,
 My cup of enjoyment o'erflows ;
 He keeps me in safety when troubles arise,
 Nor yields to th' assaults of my foes.

5. His goodness and mercy around me are poured,
His love shall for ever endure ;
For ever I'll dwell in the house of the Lord,
His word of salvation is sure.

P O E M S .

A FRAGMENT.

A BAND of youthful minstrels I have met,
Where Nature's self would make sweet melody.
Yet, no: 'twas nature's God, whose lovely beams
Were shed upon his works in melting rays
Of tenderness, inspiring faith and hope
And heart-felt joy.

What though the place was rude,
The lowest room scarce raised above the ground,
And coarsely furnished—prison-like its walls
Of massive stone and wood? Its windows fair
Disclosed a morning-scene, most pure and lovely,
Fit emblem of the earthly state of those
Who converse hold with heav'n. The spacious halls
That towered above, were nothing then to me.
The lowest room gave sweetest glimpse of nature,
And shut out many a sightless thing from view,
Of human workmanship.

There might be seen
The beauteous handiwork of Him who spake
And it was done, whose high command spread out
The heav'ns above, and clothed the earth with green.
And when the melting song arose, that told
Of love unbounded, bleeding on the cross;
How would the drooping willow branches wave
Their solemn dirge in every whisp'ring breeze

That caught the minstrelsy. And when the song
Of angels and of spirits blest in heav'n,
As faintly heard from mortal lips, arose,
The loftier trees would seem to raise their branches,
The landscape to assume a richer glow ;
And glances of the morning sun shot forth
Between the fleecy clouds, as emblems sweet
Of heav'n's eternal day.

How blest the song
Which flows from lips that tell the grace of God,
From hearts which realize its heav'nly power,
With humble gratitude and love ! And when
My body shall decay, O may my soul
Look through the windows of her earthly house
On scenes more fair, more verdant, and more bright
Than eye of sense can view, or fancy paint,
Or heart of man conceive. And when the time
Of my departure comes, let music, soft
As angels breathe, salute my dying ear,
Till bands of seraphim repeat the strain
In loftier accents 'mid the fields of light
And mansions of eternal peace.

Princeton, N. J., August, 1833.

ON VISITING A TOMB

At Mount Auburn Cemetery, August, 1844.

THE evergreens around that dell,
And trees of softer hue,
And hillocks high, that half conceal
The arch of heav'n from view,
Spread twilight where those relics sleep,
Throughout the livelong day,
Save when the gentle breezes sweep;
Then waving limbs, so wont to weep,
Admit the glancing ray.

Thus, golden sunbeams from above,
Like eyes of angels fair,
Sprinkle the scene with gems that move
In dazzling radiance there:
Emblem most beautiful and pure,
How it dispels the gloom!
Christian, the promised morn is sure,
Death's twilight will not long endure:
Heav'n dawns upon the tomb!

The Reign of Heaven.

A POEM.

IN TWO CANTOS.

ARGUMENT OF CANTO I.

The progress of redemption, in a world of sin.—Present aspects.—Coming of the latter day.—Glories of the heavenly state.—Qualifications for heaven.—Case of a rich worldling.—Of a saint in obscurity.—Punitive justice.—Case of a lovely youth: of a matchless pair.—Christ not merely a witness for the truth.—Martyrs are witnesses.—They worship Christ as the atoning Lamb of God.—Rejection of the atonement, a great sin.—Peculiar doctrines of the Cross: illustrated by the scenes at the crucifixion.—Social, moral, and religious influences of these doctrines.—Their agency in the world's conversion.—Rewards of heaven, not secured without a struggle.

THE REIGN OF HEAVEN.

CANTO I.

I SING the reign of heav'n. The theme, not strange
To earthly ears, though far beyond the reach
Of loftiest human thought, may well employ
Man's sweetest meditations.

The night was dark. At length a gentle ray
Shone in the East, the harbinger of day.
At first through misty clouds it faintly gleam'd,
Scarce visible: anon it brighter seem'd ;
And as the shades retired, the silv'ry hue,
Brought by degrees the op'ning scene to view.
Thick vapors for a while obscured the sight :
These slowly vanishing, revealed the light.
The landscape then was beautiful and fair,
Fann'd by the breezes of the morning air.
Then rose the flocks and herds in many a throng ;
The woodland minstrels woke the matin song ;
And soon th' industrious peasantry were seen,
Wending their way amid the fields of green.
The east grew brilliant, and the sun's bright rays
Upon the mountain's top began to blaze :
But ere the monarch of the day rode high,
Thin, fleecy clouds were seen to veil the sky.

Others of darker hue, as these moved on,
Thick'ning and deep'ning, soon began to frown.
A storm arose. The mighty thunders roared,
The lightnings flashed, the rain in torrents poured ;
The hail descended, and a threat'ning gale
Wrought consternation in the trembling vale.
'Twas past. The breezes then were soft and low,
And beautiful was heav'n's resplendent bow :
The tuneful warblers raised a sweeter song,
And joy again burst forth from ev'ry tongue.

And such amid the scenes of earth's dull night,
Redemption's dawn and far-extending light.
Long was the time, the darkness sad and drear ;
Slow did the moral dimness disappear.
Ages have fled ; and alternations still,
Of light and shade, Heav'n's purposes fulfil.
A Hand unseen hath overruled for good
The storms of conflict and the seas of blood :
But, there are depths of mercy yet in store,
Richer displays of our Redeemer's power.
Through the wide earth his cause shall yet prevail,
Nor shall one purpose of his empire fail.
Mercy shall bring the realms in love to bow,
Or justice punitive consign to woe
Rebellious millions, till the world is free
From all the sources of impurity.

E'en now we see the bright celestial ray,
The dawning glories of the latter day.
The gospel-messengers are sent abroad,
Far as the footsteps of our race have trod.

The nations are in tumult. Empires fall.
New dynasties appear, in conflict all
For man's entire deliv'rance. The arts arise,
And sciences, to fill us with surprise.
We travel, as by steeds of fire conveyed,
Still holding converse by the lightning's aid,
Till distance is annihilated quite,
And realms remote seem present to the sight.
New constellations in the heav'n's are found,
And strange discov'ries through the earth abound.
All nature seems in motion at the call
Of unknown influ'nces which govern all.
Disasters sad may come. Full many a cloud
May yet the hemisphere awhile enshroud :
And darkness may return, and storms severe,
And raging elements awaken fear :
Such tribulations may ere long be known,
As never have been seen beneath the sun.
But these will pass. Serener light will shine,
With radiance still more beauteous and divine ;
Till all the earth in holiness appears,
And heav'n is seen descending from the spheres.
O, who can tell what blessings earth will gain,
Beneath Messiah's universal reign !
Then war, and pestilence, and wrath, and strife,
And all the evils that embitter life,
Ungodliness and superstition dire,
Deceit and selfishness shall far retire.
Then ignorance and prejudice shall cease,
And useful knowledge evermore increase.

The voice of Nature and of Nature's God,
Shall make sweet harmony and man's abode.
Complacency will smile on every brow,
And social converse still serenely flow :
New joy and happiness will spring to birth,
And holiness prevail throughout the earth :
The reign of heav'n be prevalent below,
And man no more will drain the cup of woe.
Stern death itself will then begin to die ;
The grave will lose its wonted victory.

And then, the grave once passed, what tongue can
tell

Their joys who see the blest Immanuel !
There, they behold the Father's smiling face ;
There, the blest Sanctifier of our race.
Angels, and saints, and kindred once so dear,
All, all unite, as blest companions there.
God's bright perfections all their minds employ,
To do his will is their exceeding joy.

Who shall inhabit the celestial hill ?
Who in the presence of our God shall dwell ?
No hand unclean shall e'er be lifted there,
No heart impure God's blissful presence share ;
Lovers of earthly pleasure must forego
All the enjoyments heaven can bestow :
The covetous, who thirst for sordid gain,
Celestial treasures never can obtain :
The hollow-hearted hypocrite shall fail
To enter into that within the veil.
The vain, the proud, the lofty, and the wise,
Who never knew the temper of the skies ;

All who have sinned and never been forgiv'n,
Are unprepared to taste the bliss of heav'n.
They who with heart sincere, have walk'd with God,
And they alone, shall rise to his abode.

Heard ye the solemn knell? Saw ye that crowd;
The high, the vain, the wealthy, and the proud?
All are in mourning for a fellow worm
Whose pride is humbled to a mould'ring form.
Where hath the spirit fled? To heav'n they say:
Though while on earth, he wandered far astray,
In scenes of earthly glory, noise, and strife;
And never sought the path to endless life.
'Tis false! for Heav'n hath solemnly declared,
That all such greatness fails of a reward.

Saw ye that hearse, neglected by the throng
Of busy strangers, as it moved along?
In yonder graveyard 'neath no sculptur'd stone,
The relics sleep, neglected, and alone.
A verdant sod, a narrow mound of earth,
Serve but to show that one of human birth,
Unknown alike to honor, wealth, and fame,
Too poor to buy the record of a name,
Decays and moulders into kindred dust,
Alike forgotten by the vile and just.
But she is honored now: for while she lived,
The precious gospel gladly she received.
Her soul was humble, but her faith was high;
Treasures she held, beyond the boundless sky.
The voice that called her to the courts above,
Was heav'nly harmony, celestial love.

The grave shall yet prove faithful to its trust :
 Spirits angelic guard her sleeping dust,
 Again to rise when death's dark doors are riv'n :
 Till then, her soul serenely rests in heav'n.

None but the humble, docile, self-denied,
 With heav'nly wisdom e'er will be supplied.
 Scoffers may rail and infidels may boast,
 Skeptics in endless sophistry be lost ;
 The wise, the prudent be confounded still,
 While wilful ignorance may boast of skill :
 But all their wisdom and their wit shall fail ;
 Nor sophistry, nor reason shall prevail.
 To babes, the heav'nly secret is revealed ;
 While from the lofty it remains concealed.

“ Doctrine severe ” — yon thoughtless worldling
 cries ;

Upon a diff'rent creed his hope relies.
 A Deity *paternal* he would know,
 Too merciful to fill the cup of woe,
 To an offending, weak, imperfect child,
 Howe'er by his iniquities defiled.

True, *God is merciful*, a parent kind ;
 His love transcendent as his boundless mind.
 His heart is gen'rous, ready to forgive :
 He gave his Son to die, that man might live.
 But, is this attribute, like instinct blind,
 To guide fortuitous th' eternal Mind ?
 Where then is wisdom, justice, truth, and where
 Eternal rectitude ? Worldling, beware !
 O stand in awe of that exalted Name,
 Whose word can wrap the universe in flame !

Is he a Father? So is he a King,
 Before whose throne the heavens their tribute bring:
 A Legislator infinitely wise;
 A Judge supreme, that ev'ry action tries.
 These offices all centre in his throne:
 In holiness he reigns through worlds unknown.
 Sustaining such relations, vast and high,
 Father supreme, and Sovereign of the sky,
 Centre and Source of all perfections bright,
 In pow'r unbounded, wisdom infinite;
 Can he pursue his holy, righteous plan,
 And wink at sin in guilty, fallen man?

What shout was that, which made heav'n's arches
 ring,
 What chorus which the joyful minstrels sing?
 The *holy judgments* of a God supreme
Inflicted on the wicked, form the theme.

Hallelujah, for the Lord
 God Omnipotent doth reign,
 Who the storm of vengeance pour'd
 On yon desolated plain!
 Justice fills thy heav'nly throne,
 O thou High and Holy one!
 Reign supreme, and reign for ever;
 None shall from thy hand deliver!

Man is regarded in the court of heav'n,
 A rebel who can never be forgiv'n,
 Save on the terms that Being hath approved,
 Who bore the penalty, the curse removed.

This earthly pilgrimage his brief reprieve,
He here alone free pardon may receive :
This boon neglected, hope gives up the ghost ;
The precious soul is then for ever lost.

But yonder comes a lovely youth,
With seeming innocence and truth,
In manners, morals, and in thought,
He fain would stand without a blot.
No grov'ling vice his mind enslaves,
No vulgar mirth his bosom craves ;
Industrious, gentle, and refined,
The loveliest of human kind.
Is he not ripening for bliss ?
Can so much excellence as this,
Such candor, dignity, and grace,
As claim the homage of his race,
Fail to secure th' approving eye
Of Him who fills the throne on high ?

Just such a youth the heav'nly Jesus loved
While on the earth : and yet, how soon he proved,
Spite of his virtue, earnestness, and strife,
Wholly unworthy of eternal life.
Wealth was his idol. Had he this resigned,
The deed had proved him of a heav'nly mind.
He thought celestial treasures far too poor
To compensate for all his earthly store.

But yonder dwelt a matchless pair,
Lovely in youth, devoid of care ;
With actions kind and manners bland,
They graced the circles of the land.

So high in men's esteem were they,
That slander had no word to say :
E'en envy, too, had lost its sting,
And malice had no dart to fling.
Man's nature they had understood
By gentlest means could be renewed :
Mere education could impart
All needful virtues to the heart.
Religion doubtless they desired,
No earthly thing they more admired.
They thought of mansions in the sky :
And fancy oft was soaring high,
In brilliant halls of festive song,
And lyceums for the learned throng :
Or castles, such as princes build,
With rooms of state by Fashion fill'd.
Social distinctions here embraced,
They would retain among the blest :
Nor room for pride they here could see,
Where all was real dignity.
Such was the heav'n they loved to paint,
And such the likeness of a saint.

Who could believe such natures were depraved ;
Or that such faultless beings could be saved
Only by pardon to their souls applied,
Through faith in One that had been crucified !
Slight imperfections, they acknowledged yet ;
Some few infirmities that caus'd regret : .
But for such things they labored to atone,
Without the blood of the Eternal Son.

The Man of Sorrows was but little more
 To them, in honor, dignity, and power,
 Than one who came to publish to our race
 The overflowings of the Father's grace.
 To them, a *witness* for the truth, he died ;
 For this, and this alone, was crucified.
 The Bible was interpreted in haste
 According to their own misguided taste,
 T' annul the sanctions of God's holy law,
 Whose matchless purity they never saw.
 His justice punitive they quite rejected,
 His mercy they abused, his love neglected,
 Found themselves righteous in the world's esteem,
 And viewed th' Atonement as an idle dream.
 The deeper fountains which were hid within
 Were ne'er inspected, and were left unclean.
 While all without was beautiful and gay,
 They saw not where the sad defilement lay.

So have we seen some beauteous public square
 Adorned with stately trees of foliage fair,
 With walks, and mounds, and shrubs, and flowers
 supplied ;

And fountains clear, whose crystal streamlets glide
 O'er pebbles murm'ring as they gently flow
 Through richest verdure to some plain below.
 Break up the surface, and there stands revealed,
 A drear Aceldama, a Potter's Field !
 The very walks o'er which our feet had strayed,
 The charming aspect which our eyes surveyed,
 Were but a covering to shapeless stones,
 Decaying monuments and dead men's bones !

A *witness only*, did the Saviour come
 To tread his sorrowing pathway to the tomb?
 E'en thus the *martyrs bled*; ordained of God
 As witnesses, through fiery paths they trod:
 Were hated, persecuted, mangled, torn;
 Hunted like beasts, reviled, and plied with scorn:
 Walking by faith, as witnesses they fell,
 With conflicts more than human tongue could tell.

But hark! that anthem! Seraph voices sing.
 Whom do they worship as the heav'nly King?
 Patriarchs, and prophets, and apostles now
 'Mid holy angels and archangels bow:
 Prostrate with faces veiled, they raise the song,
 Loud is the harmony, and vast the throng.

Worthy, worthy is the Lamb
 Who was slain that man might live!
 Hallelujahs to his name,
 Let the choir immortal give!
 Blessing, honor, glory, power,
 Be to Him who rules above;
 And to the Lamb for evermore
 Who fills the realms of love!

He redeemed us by his blood,
 Out of ev'ry land and tongue;
 Made as kings and priests to God,
 In this holy, happy throng.
 Blessing, honor, glory, power,
 Be to Him who rules on high;
 And to the Lamb for evermore,
 Throughout the boundless sky!

Kindreds, and tongues, and nations catch the strain,
 Millions unnumbered swell the loud Amen !
 And who are these arrayed in purest white ?
 These are the *witnesses*, so heav'nly bright !
 'Through tribulations, floods, and fire they came,
 Wash'd in the fountains of the bleeding Lamb :
 And him they worship : at his feet they fall ;
 Adore his grace, and "crown him Lord of all."

O, is it not a crime for sinful man
 To slight the Saviour, and oppose his reign ;
 And in fictitious innocence arrayed,
 Reject the great atonement he has made ?
 Ah, this betrays a secret of the heart,
 Nor tongue can tell, nor language can impart.
 Can sinners rise against th' eternal throne,
 Deny their wickedness, their King disown,
 Neglect the overtures of pardon given,
 Yet stand acquitted at the bar of Heaven ?—
 All justified before that flaming Eye,
 Which marks as sin, the least impurity :
 And be adopted as the sons of God,
 Without the sprinkling of that holy blood ?
 The pillar of the cross alone can save
 The sinking soul from deep destruction's wave.

But yonder comes a champion bold,
 Whose errors have been manifold :
 The truth he ne'er pretends to know,
 But strong objections oft would show.

Since Christ hath trode the op'ning grave,
 And ris'n, a ruined world to save,

What can defeat his glorious plan,
To rescue *all* the race of man ?

If all are helpless, why contend ?
If all imperfect, why commend ?
If human efforts are in vain,
Why seek the blessing to obtain ?—

Will not such views debase the mind,
And leave the manners unrefin'd,
Disparage virtue, science, taste,
Till social comforts run to waste ?

Forth on the nations cast thy wand'ring eye ;
Mark where refinement, taste, and science lie
In closest union with pure liberty.
Most surely there, the bleeding cross displays
Its humbling doctrines, and its quick'ning rays.
The glorious mysteries we here retrace
Of man's redemption and of God's free grace,
Exalt the intellect, the taste improve,
And bring sweet liberty, and peace, and love ;
They chase the shades of ignorance away,
Gild nature's charms with a celestial ray ;
Wake into energy the sluggish soul,
And bring the passions under sweet control.

Man's pride must be abased. O how can he
Stand forth in his imagined purity ?—
He for whose crimes such precious blood was spilt,
Pretend to innocence when charged with guilt !
What can he in extenuation plead,
E'en for one single motive, thought, or deed !

When Christ descended from the heav'nly throne,
Author of life, the Father's equal Son,
In love consenting, through mysterious birth,
Awhile to dwell with guilty man on earth,
Himself he humbled, that the world might know
He came to rescue from *deserved* woe.
And when he bore, upon the shameful tree,
The sentence due to man's iniquity,
He then revealed in characters of blood,
How low our ruined race had fall'n from God.
Was he, the holy, harmless, undefiled,
Led forth, insulted, ridiculed, reviled,
Arrayed by mockery in robes of state,
And crown'd with thorns and buffeted in hate ?
Did friends forsake him ? Were there none to aid ?—
Through fear denied, by subtlety betrayed,
Did He whose love was still a quenchless flame,
Stand forth condemned, a spectacle of shame ?
Here, O my soul, thy own debasement see !
In this he suffer'd what was due to thee.
Thou wast convicted and condemn'd to death,
Justly to suffer in the world beneath :
To be revil'd, insulted, and despised ;
Deserted, too ! But Mercy hath devised
A ransom for the rebel : and he lives,
Blessing the gracious hand that still forgives.
There, there was love : ye blood-bought throng adore,
And praise the Lamb of God for evermore !
All are not Christians who with rev'rence bow,
And oft in solemn rite repeat their vow.

'Tis not enough to own a Saviour came,
And died to take away our guilt and shame.
'Tis not enough the inference to draw,
That man hath sinn'd against God's holy law,
And that he still offendeth. He must feel
His utter impotence; that none can heal
His wounds so fatal, and his soul subdue,
His heart enlighten, and his strength renew—
None but the Comforter, whose heav'nly skill
Controls th' affections and reclaims the will.
'Tis not enough this solemn truth to see,
Waiting in indolence for God's decree.
The impotent must strive and struggle long,
And only through a power Divine, wax strong.
O then be humble, ye of lofty soul;
Yield ev'ry thought to Heav'n's supreme control;
Accept of mercy while 'tis called to-day,
Nor grieve the Spirit of the Lord away.

Ye loved disciples of redemption's Lord,
Serve him in faithfulness with one accord;
Be a peculiar people, filled with zeal,
Ready to suffer, as to do his will.

Put the whole armor on; renew the fight;
Urge well the warfare in Jehovah's might:
Resist each foe, nor tremble with dismay;
For faith secures a bright victorious day.

Who shall inhabit the celestial hill?
Who in the presence of our God shall dwell?
Strive, strive to enter in. The heav'nly gate
Stands open. Mercy calls. Why longer wait?

O agonize the blessing to obtain ;
Many that seek, will seek alas in vain !
The struggle over, and the soul renewed,
The warfare ended, and each foe subdued,
A crown of glory, sparkling in the skies,
Awaits the victor. Soon with glad surprise,
The holy city opens to his gaze,
Where anthems swell in notes of sweetest praise,
Where bliss immortal like a river flows,
And all the weary dwell in sweet repose.
How glorious is the reign of Heav'n above,
A reign of everlasting joy and love !
Begin on earth the everlasting song,
And to eternity the strain prolong !

CANTO II.

ARGUMENT OF CANTO II.

The Christian's last struggle.—The moment after death — Heavenly joys a reality.—The Bible discloses them.—Resurrection of the righteous and the wicked: their different rewards.—Vanity of earthly things.—Joys unseen: how to be appreciated.—Heaven, a place of rest: a place of glad activity: of mental improvement.—New developments of truth.—New wonders of creation.—Creative power, not inactive.—God's moral government a higher subject of heavenly contemplation: its principles and operations.—Influence of redemption upon the universe of intelligent beings.—Resignation of the mediatorial kingdom.—Hopeless state of the unsaved.—Heaven, near to the Christian, and soon to be attained.

CANTO II.

THE hour of dissolution who can paint ?
Who can describe the conflict of the saint,
When called at last his mortal life to close,
By struggling with the fiercest of his foes !
But he shall conquer, and in triumph sing,
Nor feel the terrors of the ruthless king.

When Israel near the promised land had come,
No longer in the wilderness to roam,
Beside the swelling waves of Jordan's flood,
The tribes in trembling expectation stood.
At length a summons by the host was heard,
The ark of God upon the brink appeared ;
Jordan fled backward as in frantic haste,
Till all beyond its utmost verge had past.

The ark of God is still the signal given
For those who stand upon the verge of heaven.
The sullen waves of death may rise and roar,
Darkness and storms obscure the destined shore ;
Doubts may distract and fears the heart appall,
Remembrances of guilt the soul enthrall ;
But when the signal of the ark is nigh,
When he, the Antitype, who lives on high,
Amid the raging elements is seen,
Then all within is tranquil and serene :

Doubts are no more and terrors all expire ;
The darkness dissipates, the waves retire,
The stream grows narrow and the skies are clear ;
And shining ones upon the banks appear,
The winged messengers of heav'nly love,
To bear them upward to the courts above.

The moment after death what tongue can tell ;
What heart the glorious mystery reveal !
Ere yet the spirit takes its upward flight,
We view the struggle, trembling at the sight.
One moment more—the last—'tis gone !
The place, the distance, all to us unknown.
The windows of the soul had beamed with love,
The countenance with hope of joys above ;
The lips had spoken of atoning blood,
And sweetly praised the boundless love of God ;
And victory sat smiling on that brow :—
But O, “ the spirit is an angel now ! ”
Upon the latest verge of time we saw,
The loved one linger, and beheld with awe.
An instant more—millions of leagues away,
The soul awakes in everlasting day !
Yet, who can tell ? Perhaps e'en now 'tis here,
Though then 'twas there ; and heav'n itself is near.
Just where it wishes, there the soul may be,
In height, in depth, throughout immensity :
And still in glory, with the Saviour still,
Upon the height of Zion's holy hill.
There bliss ineffable and love supreme,
For ever gliding like that peaceful stream,

Which issues from the lofty throne of God,
Fill every bosom in that high abode.
There sorrow never comes, nor things unclean,
To mar the happiness or cloud the scene.
No night is there, nor sickness, nor distress ;
Nor toil, nor poverty, nor weariness.
No envy lurks amid the countless throng :
No discord mingles in the deathless song ;
All, all is love, while scenes for ever new,
And strangely beautiful arise in view.

Call it not fancy, for the word is plain
That saints with Christ as fellow-heirs shall reign.
His presence cheers them in the vale of death ;
Precious to him is their expiring breath :
They sleep in Jesus, on his bosom rest ;
They die to be in him for ever blest.
They leave their dust within the grave to lie,
And rise to live in glad activity.
Better, far better to depart in peace,
And be with Christ where sin and sorrow cease.

Call it not fancy. E'en that sleeping dust
Shall at the resurrection of the just,
Revive in glory. On that wondrous day,
When rocks, and hills, and mountains melt away,
The trump shall sound, the Lord of heav'n descend,
Millions of angels on his course attend,
With rapt'rous shout the sleep of ages break,
The living summon, and the dead awake
To come to judgment. Saints aloud rejoice ;
In midway air they hail the Bridegroom's voice,

Meet him in triumph as their glorious King,
In hallelujahs loud, his praises sing ;
While all th' unblest of Adam's sinful race
Wail at the sight and flee before his face :
The books are opened and the sentence past,
The saints acquitted, and the sinners cast
Far from his presence in the world below,
Where all is deep despair and endless woe.

Where are the ransomed now ! Upward they soar
To live and reign in bliss for evermore.

Body and spirit both alike are pure,
Both active, destined ever to endure,
Without decay, while endless ages roll,
And their Redeemer holds supreme control.
He is the Object of untold delight,
A God unchanging, holy, infinite.

The Word who every mystery unseals,
The Father's and the Spirit's love reveals ;
Unfolds perfections to their gazing eyes,
For ever filling them with sweet surprise.
O with what transport do they there behold
The triune glories as they thus unfold,
While all the hosts unnumber'd prostrate fall
Before heav'n's King, the Sovereign Lord of all !

Ah, tell me not of earth : false friends, depart !
Nor more entwine yourselves around my heart.

Ye cannot charm me now, nor bid me slight
That better portion, all my soul's delight.
Too long ye held me, by your endless wiles,
Deceitful blandishments and treach'rous smiles.

Ye sought my ruin and ye held me fast,
And shades of darkness all around ye cast.
But light has ris'n, and now I can descry
Some glimm'ring rays of immortality.
Away, away! your captive now no more
Will seek your blessing, or your aid implore!

How shall I sing of things unknown to sight,
And hidden from the sphere of earth's dull night?
How shall I speak of actions never told
Beyond the region of the harps of gold?
Some holy messenger, my heart inspire;
Bring to my aid some high seraphic lyre;
Teach my rude fingers how to wake the strains
That swell the raptures of th' ethereal plains,
Till earth's dull race shall catch the joyful sound,
And send its echoes the creation round!
Vain is the effort in this pris'n of clay,
T' unfold the regions of celestial day.
Yet favored moments sometimes intervene,
When heav'nly visits from that land unseen
Bring tidings sweet, and to the eye of faith
Paint scenes of wonder in the shining path:
When the loud transports from the fields above,
Winged by descending gales of heav'nly love,
'fall in soft echoes on the list'ning ear,
As gentle whispers from a holier sphere.
'Tis not imagination's fevered dream,
Nor idle fiction for a poet's theme.
No soft enchantment with its magic spell,
No wild enthusiasm do we feel.

No miracle awakes the drowsy sense.
The heavenly breezes come we know not whence ;
And go too soon, alas, we know not where,
Like whispering zephyrs in the floating air.
One thing is certain : 'tis enough to know,
That from a source Divine these comforts flow.
Spirit of Grace, O come with sweet control,
In heav'nly breathings to my languid soul.
Inspire my heart with tenderness and joy,
And bid thy praise my utmost powers employ !

Heav'n is a place of rest. The rest that's there
Is glad activity, devoid of care.

Labors are painful in a world like this ;
Activity in heav'n is perfect bliss.

No thought of indolence is ever found
Where purest love and gratitude abound.
E'en mental weariness in such a place,
Might shed defilement on the happy race.

Earth's busy student see. How weak his powers !
Mark how he languishes at midnight hours.

With care-worn features and with anxious eye,
He scans the volumes which around him lie,
Yet still he labors with unconquered zeal
Till they some hidden principle reveal.
His health is wasted though the prize is found ;
His judgment reels, his mind becomes unsound :
His memory decays, and toils are o'er ;
And soon the world will hear of him no more.

Not so the heav'nly student. Strong in mind,
By thought invigorated, he will find
Labor and diligence without defeat,
While effort is like relaxation sweet,

Ever attended with some fresh delight,
As new discov'ries burst upon his sight.
There mem'ry, too, nor vanishes, nor sleeps,
But ever vigilant her tablet keeps.
Each thought and action, graven by her hand,
Shall as on adamant recorded stand,
Throughout eternal ages.

Truths sublime,
Unknown to mortals through the lapse of time,
Become self-evident as themes of thought,
Unravelling mysteries divinely wrought.
Full many a dispensation once beheld
In doubt and sorrow, will be thus revealed,
As full of light and wisdom, to employ
Sweet meditations with increasing joy.

And then, how oft will new creations rise,
Filling each heart with heav'nly ecstasies ;
As when the morning stars with music rung,
And sons of God with joy his praises sung,
Shouting in triumph through the vaulted sky,
The power and wisdom of the Deity !

Why should creative energy be said
To rest inactive since this world was made ?
Shall power Omnipotent be laid aside,
With six days' labor ever satisfied ?
Shall wisdom infinite no more have place,
For exercise of skill, 'mid boundless space ?
What if the universe e'en now can show
Wonders beyond our utmost power to know ?
Is man the only being to discern
The myst'ries of creation, and to learn

Fit lessons of true wisdom from the view
Of all the works of God, or old or new?
Presumptuous were the thought! Myriads unseen
Of bright intelligences may convene
In worlds remote beneath Jehovah's eye,
Who witnesses alone their ecstasy.
Myriads on myriads, still in endless train,
May rise rejoicing in Jehovah's reign,
The God o'er all, Creator, Parent, Friend,
The source of happiness which ne'er shall end.
This truth to know, while we our harps employ
In paradise, will swell the tide of joy.
See how the thought each heav'nly mind expands!
Countless intelligences lift their hands
In holy exultation! Th' immortal mind
Of man was never by our God designed
To rest in its achievements. If it flies
In search of knowledge through the boundless skies,
Or plunges in the depths of ocean's flood
For tokens of a wonder-working God,
Its finite powers must ever labor on,
While the discov'ries are but just begun.
Turns he to things minute? Yon crystal drop
Becomes a mighty ocean in its scope.
Countless existences, with aspect strange,
Upon a single speck of earth will range.
Creatures minute no less than orbs that roll,
Inspire with wonder each enraptured soul.
Man's powers sublimely heightened and employed
To all eternity, will find no void

Where exercise is fruitless. Even those
Who while on earth the walks of ignorance chose,
Will evermore delight in knowledge found
Where wonders of creative power abound.
All with one spirit there delight to sing
The praises of the wide creation's King.

Hark! that sweet seraphic sound,
Holy anthems fill the soul,
Hallelujahs echoing round,
O'er the plains celestial roll.

To the great creation's Lord,
Who hath framed the boundless sky,
Let the tide of song be poured,
Through the vast immensity!

Wisdom, power, and glory shine,
Wondrous all thy works appear:
Praise Jehovah all divine,
Maker of each rolling sphere!

But Heav'n employs a still diviner theme,
The moral government of God supreme.
The laws of instinct which have long controlled,
Existences whose numbers are untold,
With natures various, or weak or strong,
Or opposite, are not unknown to song.
But minds to govern, that shall yet be free
To range at will throughout eternity,
By love persuaded or by fear o'erawed,
Bespeaks the boundless wisdom of a God.

That every purpose, motive, thought, and deed,
Should be foreknown as if by fate decreed,
Yet voluntary all, as unconfined
As fitful breezes of the passing wind ;
Sure this is wonderful ! It must be true,
Or endless disappointment would ensue
Throughout the universe. God's plans would fail,
And wisdom infinite would nought avail ;
Nor should we deem it strange for sin to gain
Admittance for awhile, and strive to reign
Freedom to holiness and not to sin
Were but as instinct blind to work within,
Aside from mortal virtue. If *none could* err,
Where were the estimate of character ?
If none *had ever erred*, how should we know
Men voluntary in whate'er they do ?
'Tis chiefly by experience we are taught :
Mere abstract views of truth affect us not.

All minds created may perhaps demand
Progressive training from Jehovah's hand.
Adam in paradise could still abide,
Till fierce temptation turned his feet aside.
Job would not murmur in affliction's hour,
Till tribulation reached its utmost power.
Joseph, imprisoned in a foreign land,
Rises through suff'rings to his high command.
What tribulations fell on Jesse's son,
Ere he ascended to the Jewish throne !
The Man of Sorrows, too, was sorely tried,
Ere on the cross for sinful man he died.

He learned obedience as a faithful son,
Through scenes of suff'ring, till his work was done.
It was his glory, that, from day to day,
While free to act, he ever chose t' obey.

Man had been tried and ruined. Sunk so low,
What hand could rescue from the depths of woe!
All hell rejoiced at his inglorious fall,
And wove for him the dark funereal pall.
Angels could pity, but could ne'er redeem:
The claims of justice formed the glorious theme
Of heav'nly contemplations. Mercy then
Could not b' extended to the race of men.

The second Adam came, was tried, and found
Invincible. His body they could wound,
His mind afflict, but never lead astray
His soul one moment from the heav'nly way.
All that their fiendish malice could invent,
From day to day, was just as idly spent
As waves of ocean 'mid the tempest's roar,
Dashing in rage against the rock-bound shore.
E'en when by friends forsaken and by foes betrayed,
And by the Father left, his heart was staid.
The universe united could not turn
His faithful spirit, nor one stain discern
On all his raiment. This living test supplied,
O how the law of God was magnified!
Such righteousness would yet victorious prove,
And win the nations to the Father's love.
The friends of Jesus would his virtues know,
And evermore into his likeness grow,
Till rendered perfect.

And could pardon now
Be freely offered? Were it safe t' avow
That subjects might rebel and be forgiv'n,
Through mere compassion of the King of heav'n?
Angels would tremble at a thought so dire,
And demons mock at everlasting fire:
Revolt would thicken on th' ethereal plains,
And change to wailings the celestial strains;
Invade the mansions where the righteous dwell,
Till heav'n were made the vestibule of hell!

Ah, no. Forgiveness cannot thus proceed,
Yon holy victim first must freely bleed.
'Tis he, God's only well-beloved Son,
Whose pure obedience hath such honor done:
Rendered so glorious the righteous law,
As filled the universe with deepest awe.
'Tis he, the righteous, who so freely died,
That holy justice might be satisfied;
And rose again to live, and reign, and bless
Returning penitents with pard'ning grace.
But, O what love was there! Heav'n's arches ring
With hallelujahs to redemption's King!
The law has now been perfectly obeyed,
Its penalty endured. The debt is paid:
The universe is safe, and man may live;
And God the Father freely can forgive.

Is man a rebel still! And is such love
As e'en a heart of adamant might move,
Such love as fills all heav'n with songs of joy,
Nothing to him? And must Heav'n yet employ

Another Messenger to melt, subdue,
Reclaim the wand'rer, and his soul renew?
'Tis done. The Comforter Divine is near,
To draw from man the penitential tear,
To guide him onward in the paths of peace
And holiness, till mortal life shall cease;
And fit him for the mansions that await
The heirs of bliss in heav'n's exalted state.

O wondrous depths of condescending grace!
The Triune God approaches man's weak race,
Redeems, invites, persuades, forgives, and trains
The ruined sinner for th' ethereal plains!
Well may the golden lyres of heav'n resound,
When *one* poor sinner lost, hath thus been found,
And made an heir of glory. But the throng
Of untold millions saved, shall wake the song
Of everlasting ages, uttering joy
That knows no diminution or alloy.
Myriads on myriads, countless and sublime,
Shall yet be ransomed ere the wreck of time,
To stand together on the heav'nly hill,
While brightest radiance all their souls shall fill!

Great is the bliss of heav'n. Creative power,
Filling with wonder every circling hour,
Expands the mind: but bleeding love far more
Will bid the soul eternally adore,
When Christ breaks up the empire of the tomb,
Wakens to life and brings his people home,
Spotless and purified from every stain,
To live with him, rejoicing in his reign,

Long as the everlasting ages roll ;
What scenes sublime will fill th' enraptured soul !
Each sinner saved upon that holy mount,
God's wondrous dealings will with joy recount ;
Discov'ring still, at every glad review,
Depths of compassion, love for ever new.
Then earthly sorrows, trials, and temptations,
Perplexities and with'ring desolations,
Which so mysterious and dark appeared,
Will beam with radiance, be for ever cleared
From dim obscurity, as mercies bright,
Still dazzling and bewildering the sight.

All histories then will seem to be entwined,
Each incident for many a soul designed ;
One heart o'erwhelming with afflictions deep,
Another quick'ning from death's dull sleep,
Strength'ning a third by faith's severest trial,
Urging a fourth to sterner self-denial ;
Filling full many a foe unseen with shame,
And magnifying the Redeemer's name.

Then influences scarce noticed on the earth,
With strange realities will spring to birth ;
Each motive, action, thought, or printed page,
Accumulating power from age to age ;
All overruled for good, or owned and blest
To heighten the rewards of endless rest,
And spread fresh glories through the boundless sky
On Him whose goodness fills immensity.

There fellow-pilgrims oft will love to meet,
Who while on earth had held communion sweet ;

Labored and struggled hard from day to day,
As mutual helpers in the narrow way.
Parents, and children, and familiar friends ;—
Bliss unalloyed each greeting here attends.
Sweet reminiscences will fill each heart
With raptures which the world could ne'er impart :
Pastors and people there will join, to trace
Anew the wonders of converting grace :
Prophets and martyrs blest will strike the lyre,
Who passed on earth through raging flames of fire,
Or seas of blood, unshaken by alarm,
Leaning by faith upon Jehovah's arm.
There stand the heralds of the cross who spent
Their lives in voluntary banishment,
Through heathen lands salvation to declare
To those who sat in borders of despair.
With prophets, martyrs, and apostles crowned,
They strike the harp with loud exulting sound,
Sitting together in communion sweet,
Casting their crowns beneath the Saviour's feet,
Greeting the thousands who by them were led,
Through grace divine, to their exalted Head,
Giving to him the glory.

Floods of light

Ineffable are poured upon the sight
Of all the happy myriads as they stray,
Or chant with holy love each heav'nly lay,
In purest fellowship for ever free,
Yet found in holiest activity.
God is the fountain whence that light is pour'd,
They see his image in their glorious Lord :

And bright reflections in the heirs of grace,
 With beauteous beams on every smiling face
 They meet in heav'n.

So have we seen the sun,
 From earth too glorious to be gazed upon,
 Pouring around his mild enliv'ning rays,
 To fill with joy some favored, golden days.
 On every face of love we see his beams,
 Behold his image in the lakes and streams ;
 We see him glist'ning in the morning dew,
 Or shining in the rainbow's varied hue :
 Over the landscape wide his rays extend,
 Where all the charms of nature sweetly blend.

The cross more mysteries of love will tell
 Than man's redemption from the depths of hell.
 Millions of worlds that through creation roll
 Will feel its power and yield to its control.
 The curse of sin, that shed redeeming blood,
 The dreadful suff'rings of the Son of God,
 The dire destructions of the host unsaved,
 Who all the terrors of the law had braved,
 And sunk in black, remediless despair,
 Stern justice punitive to answer there ;
 The myriads of redeemed whose lyres well strung,
 The sweetest wonders of the cross have sung,
 With faces veiled before the Great I AM,
 Yielding their crowns to Christ th' atoning Lamb,
 While angels, principalities, and thrones,
 Acknowledge them as heav'n's adopted sons :—
 These are bright sanctions of the law divine,
 Through all th' extended universe to shine,

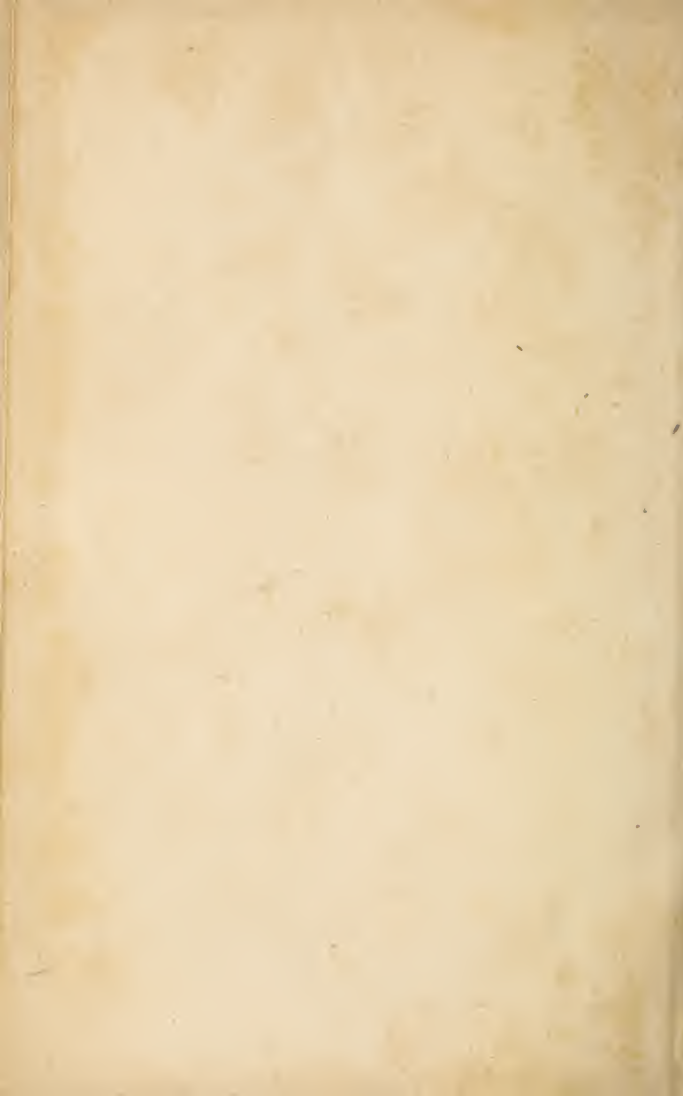
Throughout eternal ages, still to show,
The dread alternative of bliss or woe.
These sanctions will suffice. The law will then
Be held inviolate, while God shall reign.
Thenceforth no creature rational will dare,
To lift his puny arm in hostile war.
Justice and mercy, causing filial fear,
Will then as true benevolence appear.
The reign of Heav'n will then for ever prove
The sovereignty of universal love.
Thus much accomplished, Jesus all divine,
The kingdom mediatorial will resign
To God the Father, as before the fall :
The Triune God will then be all in all.

Where are the rebels now ! What hope remains
To those o'erwhelmed in darkness, fire, and chains !
They who refused the Lamb's atoning blood,
Disowned him as an advocate with God,
Abused the Messenger of heav'nly peace,
Bade from their minds the Holy One to cease,
Against his threat'nings wickedly rebelled,
And all conviction in their bosoms quelled,
Till mercy with her folded wings had fled,
And they were numbered with the silent dead :
What hope for them, when Christ the Lord resigns
His office mediatorial, and declines
To offer pardon ! O draw close, my soul,
The sable curtain where those billows roll !
Such deep destruction, how couldst thou reveal ?
Such woes eternal, couldst thou but conceal !—

Close, close the curtain : yet in God rejoice,
And lift on high thy consecrated voice.

Mark, how the ransomed millions rise and sing :—
“Who would not fear thee, all victorious King !—
O, great and marvellous thy works appear,
Lord God Almighty, Sovereign Ruler here !
Thine be the wisdom, honor, glory, power ;
Anthems of praise to fill each favored hour :
To thee for ever be the empire given,
Thou Triune God, o'er all the hosts of heaven !
God of the universe, ascend thy throne :
The realm of boundless love is all thy own !”

Earth's brightest scenes will shortly disappear ;
The blest realities of heav'n are near :
Death's evening shadows soon will roll away,
And bring the morn of everlasting day !
Christian, awake ! The bridegroom comes ! Arise,
And join the endless anthems of the skies !



Bull + Amuck

Aug 99 2/

