

H Y M N S

FOR THE USE OF THE

CHURCH OF CHRIST.

By R. C. CHAPMAN,

MINISTER OF THE GOSPEL, BARNSTAPLE.

A New Edition.

TO WHICH IS ADDED AN APPENDIX,

SELECTED FROM VARIOUS SOURCES,

By JOHN CHAPMAN.

The profits arising from the sale of this work will be appropriated to the benefit of the four Orphan Houses in Wilson-street, Bristol.

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INDEX.

FIRST LINES OF HYMNS BY R.C. CHAPMAN.

HYMN

Behold the Lamb of God,	3
Beloved ! why garnish the tombs of your dead ?	58
By him who died upon the tree	17
By the hand of justice stricken,	42
Christ the spotless sacrifice	33
Father of lights, thy bounteous hand	13
Fountain of life, whose name is Love,	2
Go, behold the tomb of Jesus,	18
God, ere he a creature fashion'd,	6
God in his love to us can rest	41
God of all grace ! behold the man	57
God of glorious holiness,	49
I crave the place that Mary chose,	4
I rest in Christ the Son of God	40
If our heavenly Father's kindness	32
In Jesus one, we do not part,	53
" It is finish'd," said the Saviour,	5
Jesus did pass the angels by,	53
Jesus in his heavenly temple	8
Jesus once slain on Calvary,	27
Jesus our Ark of strength,	26
King of glory set on high,	31
My sins are blotted out	46
My soul amid this stormy world	47
My soul, remember how the Lord	10
My soul, when toss'd with tempest, sees	20
" No condemnation "—O my soul,	45
Now the bosom of the Father,	36
O glorious grace ! nor spot nor stain,	25
O God, whose wondrous name is Love,	29
Oh ! my Saviour crucified,	15
Our Father ! by whose Spirit's pow'r	55

HYMN

Our God and Father, dost thou try . . .	7
Our God and Father, hear the cry . . .	35
Our God proclaims his glorious name . . .	19
Our light and life are in the cross, . . .	9
Prince of life, and first-born brother . . .	11
Smitten rock of our salvation, . . .	43
Soon shall the Lord from heaven descend, . . .	30
The blood of Jesus, shed on earth, . . .	1
The dove that once on Jesus sat . . .	24
The Father bruis'd his only Son . . .	34
The hour decreed hastes on apace, . . .	44
The Lamb of God exalted reigns, . . .	48
The Prince of Life once slain for us . . .	23
The risen Saviour dies no more, . . .	14
The Son of God our kinsman Lord, . . .	50
Thine holy eyes, O God, survey . . .	54
Thou Son of God, our glorious Lord, . . .	37
Thy loving kindness, O my God, . . .	39
'Tis finish'd ! glorious voice, . . .	51
To God, my thirsty soul, . . .	12
To thee, my Father, would I bring . . .	38
Were I from this my house of clay . . .	21
With Jesus in our midst . . .	52
With Jesus we may kindred claim, . . .	16
With mingled joy and holy awe . . .	28
Ye who seek to know the Father, . . .	22

FIRST LINES OF APPENDIX.

A Friend there is—your voices join, . . .	105
"A little while," our Lord shall come, . . .	32
A pilgrim through this lonely world, . . .	80
"Abba, Father," Lord, we call thee, . . .	121
Again we meet in Jesus' name, . . .	128
And art thou, gracious Master, gone, . . .	18
As debtors to mercy alone, . . .	69
As the serpent raised by Moses . . .	145
Awake ! and sing the song . . .	12

HYMN

Awake, my heart ; arise, my tongue ; . . .	151
Awake our souls, away our fears, . . .	41
Begone, unbelief ! my Saviour is near, . . .	96
Behold the throne of grace ! . . .	63
Beneath this humble dwelling, . . .	156
Be still, my heart ! these anxious cares, . . .	97
Blest be the sweet, the sov'reign love, . . .	112
Bride of the Lamb, awake ! awake ! . . .	85
Bride of the Lamb, rejoice ! rejoice ! . . .	142
Cheer up, my soul, there is a mercy-seat ! . . .	148
Come on, my partners in distress, . . .	128
Come, ye sinners ! poor and wretched, . . .	107
Dear is the Lord's-day morn to me, . . .	111
Dear Lord, amid the throng that press'd . . .	70
Dear Refuge of my weary soul, . . .	81
Do we not love thee, O our Lord ? . . .	21
Encompass'd with clouds of distress, . . .	108
Faint not, Christian ! though the road, . . .	35
Farewell, ye fleeting joys of earth, . . .	76
Father, we commend our spirits . . .	62
For ever with the Lord ! . . .	42
For mercies countless as the sands, . . .	135
From every stormy wind that blows, . . .	47
From pole to pole let others roam, . . .	89
Glory, glory everlasting . . .	122
God moves in a mysterious way . . .	79
God of my life ! to thee I call, . . .	78
Grace is the sweetest sound . . .	40
Grace ! 'tis a joyful sound, . . .	61
Gracious Lord ! my heart is fixed ; . . .	125
Guide us, O thou great Jehovah, . . .	17
Happiness, thou lovely name ! . . .	94
Happy the heart where graces reign, . . .	114
Happy they who trust in Jesus ! . . .	120
Hark, my soul, it is the Lord, . . .	5
Heal us, Emmanuel, here we are, . . .	144
Here at thy cross, my dying God, . . .	150
Hope of our hearts, O Lord, appear, . . .	27

	HYMN
How bright those saints in glory shine ! . . .	25
How firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord, . .	141
How light (while supported by grace) . . .	104
How sad our state by nature is ! . . .	153
How sweet, around this humble board, . . .	157
How sweet the everlasting love . . .	65
How sweet the name of Jesus sounds . . .	20
How vast the treasure we possess ! . . .	149
I nothing have, and yet possess . . .	109
I thirst, but not as once I did, . . .	137
I want a principle within . . .	139
I want not India's pearly store, . . .	87
It is thy hand, my God ! . . .	91
Jesus ! and shall it ever be, . . .	43
Jesus ! how much thy name unfolds, . . .	60 *
Jesus, immutably the same ! . . .	59
Jesus, lead us by thy power . . .	19
Jesus, lover of my soul, . . .	7
Jesus, my all, to heaven is gone ; . . .	90
Jesus, our Lord ! to thee we call, . . .	10
Jesus, thou shepherd of thy sheep, . . .	117
Jesus, thy blood and righteousness . . .	52
Lamb of God ! our souls adore thee, . . .	129
Lamb of God ! thou now art seated . . .	130
Let me be with thee where thou art, . . .	140
Let sinners sav'd give thanks and sing . . .	66
Let us rejoice in Christ the Lord, . . .	9
Like sheep we went astray, . . .	22
Look, ye saints, the sight is glorious, . . .	15
Lord, in all my bitter pain, . . .	73
Lord Jesus, are we <i>one</i> with thee ? . . .	40
Lord, what a heaven of saving grace . . .	29
May the grace of Christ our Saviour, . . .	154
My God, my Father, while I stray, . . .	56
My God, the spring of all my joys, . . .	115
My heart is sad, my spirit's weak, . . .	74
My Lord ! my God ! my Saviour ! . . .	113
My rest is in heav'n, my rest is not here ; . .	83

	HYMN
Not all the blood of beasts,	2
Now in a song of grateful praise,	6
O God ! what cords of love are thine,	11
O gracious Shepherd ! bind us	4
O happy day ! when first we felt	33
O holy Saviour, friend unseen,	13
O Jesus, gracious Saviour,	39
O Jesus, to tell of thy love	124
O Lord, I would delight in thee,	55
O Lord, my best desire fulfil,	126
O Lord, when we the path retrace,	132
O love divine, how sweet thou art !	49
O my distrustful heart,	133
O Saviour ! whom absent we love,	24
Oft we, alas ! forget the love	54
Oh ! for a closer walk with God,	89
Oh ! for a heart to praise my God,	68
Oh ! from the world's vile slavery,	134
Oh precious blood ! oh glorious death !	116
Oh teach me more of thy blest ways,	99
Oh what a lonely path were ours,	101
One glance of thine, eternal Lord,	138
One there is, above all others,	45
Our times are in thy hand :	26
Physician of my sin-sick soul,	28
Poor wand'rer ! return to the home of thy bliss,	76
Poor, weak, and worthless though I am,	84
Praise God, from whom all blessings flow,	155
Press forward and fear not, the billows may roll,	57
Rise, my soul, thy God directs thee ;	1
Rock of ages, cleft for me,	51
Sad pilgrim of Zion, tho' chasten'd awhile	86
Salvation ! O the joyful sound !	64
Son of God ! thy people's shield !	147
Still in a world of sin and pain,	14
Submissive to thy will, my God,	72

	HYMN
Sweet feast of love divine !	127
Sweet the moments, rich in blessing,	3
Sweet was the hour, O Lord, to thee,	103
Sweeter, O Lord, than rest to thee,	102
The cross ! the cross ! oh that's my gain,	119
The fountain of Christ, Lord, help us to sing ;	67
'The Lord will happiness divine	146
The music of my heart is gone,	95
There is a fountain fill'd with blood,	44
There is a land of pure delight,	118
There is a place of placid rest,	106
Thou vain deceitful world, farewell !	100
Thou very present aid	71
Though troubles assail,	37
Thy gracious presence, O our God,	23
'Tis night—but O the joyful morn	30
'Tis past—the dark and dreary night,	58
We sing the praise of Him who died,	131
We're not of the world, that fadeth away,	38
"We've no abiding city here:"	16
What cheering words are these ?	34
What grace, O Lord, and beauty shone	31
What think you of Christ ? is the test,	98
What various hindrances we meet	136
When all thy mercies, O my God,	93
When darkness long has veil'd the mind,	82
When ev'ry scene this side the grave	110
When gathering clouds around I view,	92
When I survey the wondrous cross	8
When Israel by divine command,	53
When langour and disease invade	77
When sins and fears prevailing rise,	143
Who shall the Lord's elect condemn ?	152
Why those fears ? Behold 'tis Jesus	50
With joy we meditate the grace	48
Your harps, ye trembling saints,	36

HYMNS.

1

C. M.

Having therefore, brethren, boldness to enter into the holiest by the blood of Jesus.
Heb. x. 19.

THE blood of Jesus, shed on earth,
Has set him up on high,
We also rise with him by faith,
And unto God draw nigh.

See! how within the holiest
By his own blood he stands;
Jesus prepares for us the place,
With incense from his hands.

Brethren, his glory all is ours,
His fellowship with God,
Come let us sit with Christ the Lord,
And sing of precious blood.

Whate'er the bosom's joy or grief,
Our matters great or small,
Are but an errand to the throne,—
There go and tell out all.

No man hath seen God at any time; the only begotten Son, which is in the bosom of the Father, he hath declared him. John i. 18.

FOUNTAIN of life, whose name is Love,
 Who wast and art, and art to come,
 Thy children seek thy throne of grace,
 Thy bosom is our rest, our home;
 For Jesus counts it not his shame,
 To bear for us a brother's name.

Would'st thou to us thy nature tell,
 And take thy children to thy heart?
 The glass that shows the face of God
 Is he who did the kinsman's part;
 Thy Son was bound to break the chain,
 By thine own hand the Lamb was slain.

Darkness is past, now shines the light
 In Christ the first-born from the dead:
 His God is ours, his Father ours,
 Joint-heirs are we with Christ our Head;
 Love, that immeasurable sea,
 Our portion for eternity.

Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world. John i. 29.

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

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

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

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

4

C. M.

*She had a sister called Mary, which also
sat at Jesus' feet, and heard his word.*

Luke x. 39.

I CRAVE the place that Mary chose,
Who sat at Jesus' feet,
The lowly mind delights to take
This holy, happy seat.

The humble see the Son of God,
His majesty and love;
His Spirit's still small voice they hear,
They sit with Christ above.

They look at him they pierc'd and mourn,
But still their joys abound;
To all the contrite Jesus gives
The harp of solemn sound.

The bark within her haven sure
May winds and waves defy,
So humble spirits anchored safe
In Jesus' bosom lie.

5

8.7.4.

*When Jesus therefore had received the
vinegar, he said, It is finished : and he bowed
his head, and gave up the ghost.*

John xix. 30.

"It is finish'd," said the Saviour,
Hanging pierced on the tree ;
See the garment of salvation,
Oh ! my soul, it covers thee.
See the Fountain
Fill'd with reconciling blood.

He who in the Father's bosom
Ever dwelt, his only Son,
Was forsaken of the Father ;
Jesus calls our sins his own.
Bruised Saviour,
All our life is in thy cross.

Precious faith with holy mourning
Lays our sins upon the Lamb ;
God will surely commune with us
Who rejoice in Jesus' name.
Abba Father,
God is pleas'd to hear us cry.

According as he hath chosen us in him before the foundation of the world. Eph. i. 4.

God, ere he a creature fashion'd,
Gave us to his only Son,
Then the love of God the Father
Saw the head and members one,
Holy temple!
Where the love of God would dwell.

Christ has found for us a ransom
In his own atoning blood ;
Therefore have we life eternal,
It is hid with Christ in God.
We are children,
Ne'er condemn'd, though chasten'd oft.

Our High Priest, in heav'n exalted,
Pleads his perfect sacrifice ;
Now the Father gives the Spirit,
Who of Jesus testifies,
Dwelling in us,
Searching out the depths of God.

Father, Son, and Holy Spirit,
These foundations who shall move ?
Hallelujah, Hallelujah,
Praise our God, for God is love.
Abba Father,
Holy, holy, holy Lord.

Furthermore we have had fathers of our flesh which corrected us, and we gave them reverence: shall we not much rather be in subjection to the Father of spirits and live?

Heb. xii. 9.

OUR God and Father, dost thou try

Thy children's patient mind?

Shall we forget thy name is love,

Or deem our God unkind?

Thine own dear Son thou gavest up

A ransom for us all,

And this unmeasurable gift

Thou never canst recall.

With aught beside if call'd to part,

Shall we with God contend?

If darkness hide his face, shall we

Mistrust our heavenly Friend?

Our murm'ring we will chide, and say,

Our God gave up his Son,

Our tears are written in his book,

His will, not ours, be done.

This Man, after he had offered one sacrifice for sins, for ever sat down on the right hand of God. Heb. x. 12.

JESUS in his heavenly temple

Sits with God upon the throne,

Now no more to be forsaken,

His humiliation gone.

Never more shall God the Father
Smite the Shepherd with the sword
Ne'er again shall cruel scorers
Set at nought our glorious Lord.
Dwelling in eternal sunshine
Of the countenance of God,
Jesus fills all heaven with incense
Of his reconciling blood.
On his heart our names are graven,
On his shoulders we are borne ;
Of our God beloved in Jesus,
We can love him in return.

9

8s.

*This is he that came by water and blood,
even Jesus Christ ; not by water only, but by
water and blood. And it is the Spirit that
beareth witness, because the Spirit is truth.*

1 John v. 6.

OUR light and life are in the cross,
The precious promises it seals,
The cross of Christ, the Son of God,
Our heavenly Father's face reveals ;
My soul, come look upon the Lamb,
And mourn for him and bless his name.
The glorious holiness of God
In Jesus' blood is magnified,
The fountains of eternal love
Are open'd in his pierced side ;
The Lord of glory on the tree
Was bruise'd to set the guilty free.

Now Jesus' wounds cry, Hither come,
Ye needy, sorrowful and poor,
To all who seek the way of life,
The cross of Christ is mercy's door.
O God, thy Spirit be our guide,
And we at Jesus' cross abide.

10

C. M.

*Always bearing about in the body the dying
of the Lord Jesus, that the life also of Jesus
might be made manifest in our body.*

2 Cor. iv. 10.

My soul, remember how the Lord
A crown of thorns could wear,
The curse to thee so justly due
He undertook to bear.

Behold the man brought forth to scorn
By whom the heavens were made;
His purple robe declares the Lamb
On whom our sins were laid.

And will Jehovah's equal stoop
To take the servant's form?
Wilt thou, the Son of God, be thus
An outcast and a worm?

Beholding thee to slaughter led,
From things of earth we turn;
We go with thee to Calvary
For him we pierc'd to mourn.

11

8.7.4.

I also will make him my first-born, higher than the kings of the earth. Ps. lxxxix. 27.

PRINCE of life, and first-born brother
Of the chosen family,
Brightness of the Father's glory,
All whose fulness dwells in thee,
God and kinsman!
We extol thy majesty.

Every creature, man or angel,
Every tongue of friend or foe,
Lord of glory must confess thee;
Crucified and slain below,
Now exalted,
Shame and grief no more to know.
We consent with thee to suffer,
Since we hope with thee to reign;
Jesus! keep thy servants mindful
Of their Master's toil and pain,
Till we see thee
In thy glory come again.

12

S. M.

The Lord is the portion of mine inheritance and of my cup; thou maintainest my lot.

Ps. xvi. 5.

Heirs of God, and joint-heirs with Christ.

Rom. viii. 17.

To God, my thirsty soul,
In Jesus' name, draw nigh,
Thou art my portion, God of love,
All else is vanity.

Engrave thy holy name
On every gift of thine,
Deny me ought or take away,
But tell me Christ is mine.

My living fountain thou,
Send forth the plenteous stream,
Each bitter cup I drink shall then
My Father's kindness seem.

Thy Spirit's still small voice
Makes loss of all my gain,
While I by faith of Jesus live,
Who once for me was slain.

13

L. M.

My God shall supply all your need according to his riches in glory by Christ Jesus. Phil. iv. 19.

FATHER of lights, thy bounteous hand
Supplies thy children's utmost need,
Before thy glorious throne we stand,
And there our poverty we plead.

Boldly we come in Jesus' name,
Whose precious blood has brought us near;
Look thou upon that spotless Lamb
To thee and us for ever dear.

Thy terrors make us not afraid,
Nor is it hard thy heart to move,

The needy thou wilt not upbraid,
Nor stain with bitterness thy love.

Wisdom we ask, by nature blind ;
From guilty bondage set us free,
Renew the spirit of our mind,
And give us holy liberty.

14

8s.

Knowing that Christ, being raised from the dead, dieth no more ; death hath no more dominion over him. Rom. vi. 9.

THE risen Saviour dies no more,
Within the tomb his grave-clothes lie ;
Exalted on the Father's throne
He sits in glorious majesty.
Acquainted here with grief and tears,
Jesus within the veil appears.

Do not we bear his image now,
While in our earthly house of clay ?
Faith looks on Jesus crucified
And chases guilt and grief away,
And gathers in her cunning hand
The first-fruits of the promis'd land.

Yet burthen'd in our mortal clay,
We ask when shall the Lord appear ?
When shall we see him as he is,
And glorified his image bear ?
On Jesus' bosom all recline,
And sup with him on living wine ?

*I am not ashamed of the Gospel of Christ :
for it is the power of God unto salvation to
every one that believeth. Rom. i. 16.*

OH ! my Saviour crucified,
Near thy cross would I abide,
There to look, with steadfast eye,
On thy dying agony.

Jesus bruise'd and put to shame
Tells me all Jehovah's name,
God is love I surely know
By the Saviour's depths of woe.

In his spotless soul's distress
I perceive my guiltiness ;
Oh ! how vile my low estate,
Since my ransom was so great.

Dwelling on mount Calvary
Contrite shall my spirit be,
Rest and holiness shall find
Fashion'd like my Saviour's mind.

*We are members of his body, of his flesh,
and of his bones. Eph. v. 30.*

WITH Jesus we may kindred claim,
This holy bond shall never break,
For he is evermore the same;
Who once the servant's form did take.

His pain and sorrows all are gone,
His sinless tears have ceas'd to flow,
Exalted is that glorious One,
Who dwelt with us in flesh below.

The same who died upon the tree
Is with the Father glorified,
A Brother for adversity,
As when the soldier pierc'd his side.

Oh ! then may we to Jesus cleave,
Humbly on Jesus ever lean,
And so his faithful word believe,
That we may trust him tho' unseen.

17

8s.

*By him were all things created, that are in
heaven, and that are in earth. Col. i. 16.*

By him who died upon the tree
The worlds were made, by him sustain'd,
Great in creating majesty,
But greater when for us he deign'd
To take the suffering servant's form,
So poor, he calls himself a worm.

The Son of God—how little known
By all the creatures he has made !
But does he come unto his own
By them in purple robe array'd,
A crown of thorns does Jesus wear ?
His name and wondrous works appear.

Teach us, O God, and we shall learn
At Jesus' cross to meet with thee ;
While there we stay for Him to mourn,
Reveal to us the mystery
Of love to us in thy dear Son,
With whom thy love beholds us one.

18

8.7.4.

*Thou wilt not leave my soul in hell, neither
wilt thou suffer thine Holy One to see cor-
ruption. Ps. xvi. 10.*

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

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

Jesus lying cold and lifeless
Seems no more with death to strive,
But because he found our ransom,
Jesus buried must revive :
Hallelujah !
Jesus lives who once was slain.

Come then, Lord, among thy people,
Spotless Lamb for sinners slain,
"Peace be to you," be thy greeting,
"Peace be to you," say again ;
Bind us to thee
With thy golden chains of love.

19

C. M.

In this was manifested the love of God towards us, because that God sent his only begotten Son into the world, that we might live through him. 1 John iv. 9.

Our God proclaims his glorious name
Upon mount Calvary,
Jehovah's secret name of Love
'Tis there alone we see.

The Father's bosom who can shew
Save his beloved Son ?
Unlock the mystery of God,
And make his mercy known ?

God is well pleas'd in Jesus' cross,
The cross be our delight ;
The saints of God by blood redeem'd
Are blameless in his sight.

At Jesus' cross we learn the song
Jehovah can approve,
We cast our crowns before his throne,
And sing "Our God is Love."

When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee; and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee: when thou walkest through the fire, thou shalt not be burned; neither shall the flame kindle upon thee.

Isa. xliii. 2.

My soul, when toss'd with tempest, sees
The Prince of life draw near,
The burning furnace hurts me not,
For Christ is with me there.

With gracious words he cheers my heart,
" 'Tis I, be not afraid,
Behold my pierced hands and side,
On me thy sins were laid."

And shall my soul, by blood redeem'd,
Against my God repine?
Who deck'd me with that glorious robe
Of righteousness divine.

Come, sprinkle me, thou great high Priest,
With thy atoning blood,
And quench the violence of fire,
And calm the angry flood.

Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth: Yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labours; and their works do follow them. Rev. xiv. 13.

WERE I from this my house of clay
By death's kind hand set free,

My spirit would, by angels borne,
To Jesus' bosom flee.

My cares all hush'd in lasting sleep,
My toil and sorrow gone,
Then should my lute and harp awake
Before my Father's throne.

No guilt can there benumb the soul,
Escap'd from Satan's wiles,
Atoning blood perfumes that place,
And nothing there defiles.

Ceaseless my new and holy song,
And sung with heav'n-born skill,
Of Christ the Lamb for sinners slain
Who stands on Zion's hill.

22

8. 7. 4.

Jesus saith unto him, Have I been so long time with you, and yet hast thou not known me, Philip? He that hath seen me hath seen the Father; and how sayest thou then, Shew us the Father. John xiv. 9.

YE who seek to know the Father,
Come and sit at Jesus' feet,
Jesus is the Father's image,
Now in Christ are we complete,
All perfections
In the cross of Jesus meet.

Son of God! we all adore thee,
Heav'n and earth thy creatures are;
Son of man—thy people's surety,
Stooping low their sins to bear,

Justice bruis'd thee,
Pierc'd thine heart and could not spare.
Glorious kinsman, friend, and husband !
Shew thyself, thy truth reveal,
Then shall we no bosom secret
From our well-belov'd conceal,
Wond'rous friendship !
Sovereign balm, our wounds to heal.

23

C. M.

When he ascended up on high, he led captivity captive, and gave gifts unto men.

Eph. iv. 8.

THE Prince of life once slain for us
Ascended up on high,
Captivity was captive led,
And Christ no more can die.

With Jesus we are crucified,
With Christ our Head we live,
The glory first by him obtain'd
To us the Lord shall give.

His word is faithfulness and truth,
"Behold I quickly come ;"
And faith that counts the promise sure
Can pierce the midnight gloom.

Far spent already is the night:
In hope we hail the day
Of our beloved Lord's return,
To wipe all tears away.

Jesus at his appointed hour
In glory shall appear,
Then fashion'd by his mighty hand
We shall his image bear.
Thou Son of God, the heav'nly man,
Head of thy ransom'd seed,
We treasure up thy precious word,
"The Lord is ris'n indeed."

24

C. M.

Upon whom thou shalt see the Spirit descending, and remaining on him, the same is he which baptizeth with the Holy Ghost.

John i. 33.

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

25

8s.

Thou art all fair my Love, there is no spot in thee. Cant. iv. 7.

O GLORIOUS grace ! nor spot nor stain,
Is seen on the adopted child ;

Jesus, who died and rose again,
The holy, harmless, undefil'd,
Within the Holiest is gone,
And stands before my Father's throne.

My Saviour died upon the tree,
And sank for me beneath the flood,
My sins are cast into this sea
Of love, of sorrows, and of blood ;
Perfect in Jesus' sacrifice
Her foes my blameless soul defies.

My God! I give thee of thine own,
A heart by Jesus' cross cross subdued,
Polluted once, a heart of stone,
By thy good Spirit now renew'd ;
Look on my glorious Priest and King
While to my God this gift I bring.

26

S. M.

And the temple of God was opened in heaven, and there was seen in his temple the ark of his testament. Rev. xi. 19.

JESUS our Ark of strength,
Who gave himself to die,
Rais'd from the dead, now holds a throne
Of glorious majesty.

Jesus our ark of rest,
For us a ransom found,
By faith of him we enter heaven
And dwell on hallow'd ground.

We have no city here,
With Christ the Lord we rise,
And sit where he to God presents
His perfect sacrifice.

Earth is a barren land,
Her joy and grief unblest,
Return my soul into the Ark,
In Jesus be at rest.

27

8s.

*All flesh is as grass, and all the glory of man
as the flower of grass. The grass withereth,
and the flower thereof falleth away ; but the
word of the Lord endureth for ever.*

1 Pet. i. 24, 25.

JESUS once slain on Calvary,
The Son of man the Holy one,
Nor change, nor end of days can see :
His brethren he shall ne'er disown,
For still he hates to put away,
Though we from him unkindly stray.
As Autumn leaves, all creatures fade,
And all their excellency dies,
The man on whom our sins were laid,
Our great High Priest and Sacrifice,
The Christ, the Son of God most high,
The Prince of life can never die.
Thee, Lord, for shelter we embrace,
Jesus our everlasting rock :
Afraid of our own fickleness,
To thee we cling and brave the shock

Of principalities and powers,
For Christ the heavenly man is ours.

28

L. M.

*The sting of death is sin ; and the strength
of sin is the law. But thanks be to God, who
giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus
Christ. 1 Cor. xv. 56, 57.*

WITH mingled joy and holy awe
My soul looks back to Calvary ;
The dreadful record, Sinai's law,
Nail'd to my Saviour's cross I see.
Death and his sting I overcome :
Once Jesus proved their utmost power,
He tells me of his vacant tomb,
And makes me more than conqueror.
In glorious raiment white and clean,
I come to God without alarm ;
No spot on me by justice seen,
My safeguard, the Almighty's arm.
I cast away my slavish chains,
And to a Father now draw near,
Whilst Jesus' cross my soul constrains
To walk with God in holy fear.

29

8s.

*He that spared not his own Son, but de-
livered him up for us all, how shall he not
with him also freely give us all things.*

Rom. viii. 32.

O God, whose wondrous name is Love,
Whose hands have fashion'd us anew,

Before thy face now stands the Lamb,
Whom sinful man once pierc'd and slew;
Thy own dear Son thou didst not spare,
How shalt thou cease for us to care?

Our heavenly Father, grant us all
The new-born babe's simplicity,
The doubtful mind be far from us,
Who boast a God that cannot lie :
Array'd in comeliness divine
On Jesus' bosom we recline.

Thou art the Potter, we the clay,
Thy will be ours, thy truth our light,
Thy love the fountain of our joy,
Thine arm our safe-guard day and night,
Till thou shalt wipe our tears away,
And Jesus bring eternal day.

30

8s.

*This same Jesus, which is taken up from
you into heaven, shall so come in like manner
as ye have seen him go into heaven.*

Acts i. 11.

Soon shall the Lord from heaven descend,
Jesus the bright and morning star ;
Our kinsman our familiar friend,
Whose light now cheers us from afar,
While here as strangers we sojourn
Waiting our glorious Lord's return.
A suffering worm he once was made,
And thus our sins he blotted out,
Soon in the Father's glory clad,
With angel's and archangel's shout

The Lord shall come, and every eye
Shall see his power and majesty.

The Bridegroom comes ! then let the Bride
In hope go forth her Lord to meet,
He, for her sake, was crucified,
The iron pierc'd his hands and feet ;
Come, Son of God, once bruised Lamb,
Come and declare the Father's name.

31

7s.

*Who is the King of glory ? the Lord of
hosts, he is the King of glory. Psalm xxiv. 10.*

KING of glory set on high,
Girt with strength and majesty ;
We thy holy name confess,
Christ the Lord our righteousness.

Jesus, spotless Lamb of God,
Wondrous gift on man bestow'd,
Many crowns are on thy head,
Glorious first-born from the dead.

Gladly, Lord, we bow the knee
By the Father's great decree,
Unto his anointed one,
Jesus his beloved Son.

We Jehovah's throne surround,
Each with harp of solemn sound,
Giving glory to our God
For his gift on us bestow'd.

Even hereunto were ye called: because Christ also suffered for us, leaving us an example, that we should follow his steps.

1 Pet. ii. 21.

If our heavenly Father's kindness
 Bitter waters bid us drink,
 To Gethsemane resorting
 There on Jesus let us think;
 Looking on him
 Who did e'er in trouble sink?
 Watching with our Lord and Saviour,
 Hark'ning to his earnest prayer,
 Jesus' meek submission pondering,
 We perceive that God is there;
 To this Garden
 We would oft with Christ repair.
 How shall God's adopted children
 Any bitter cup refuse?
 Shall we charge the Lord with folly,
 Or of cruelty accuse?
 He was pleased
 His dear Son for us to bruise.

He shall spare the poor and needy, and shall save the souls of the needy. Ps. lxxii. 13.

CHRIST the spotless sacrifice
 Gives himself to save the poor;
 Hark, "'Tis finish'd" Jesus cries:
 Justice opens Mercy's door.

Come, my soul, be humbly bold
Jesus' name to magnify :
Christ, the Lamb of God, behold ;
He has triumphed gloriously.

Ask as largely as thou wilt
Of the Lamb for sinners slain,
Tell him all thy grief and guilt,
Christ shall wash away the stain.

Fountain of atoning blood,
In thy depths of love I sink :
Christ for sinners surety stood,
I the living water drink.

34

C. M.

*This is the record, that God hath given to
us eternal life, and this life is in his Son.*

1 John v. 11.

THE Father bruis'd his only Son
For us upon the tree ;
His death is our eternal life,
Our glorious liberty.

The Prince of life has entered heaven
A sufferer no more ;
Those sorrows now build up his throne
Which on his cross He bore.

Love mov'd the Father's hand to smite,
And mov'd the Son to bear ;
How sweet on Calvary to stand—
The God of love is there.

*Bow down thine ear, O Lord: hear me, for
I am poor and needy. Ps. lxxxvi. 1.*

OUR God and Father, hear the cry
Of poverty unfeign'd,
O keep our mind and conscience pure,
Our garments all unstain'd !

In Jesus glorified with Thee,
Our high estate we learn,
And hear a Father's voice that asks
The children's kind return.

Give us the Spirit of thy Son,
The Comforter send forth,
Raise us with Christ to sit on high
As suits our heavenly birth.

*And now, O Father, glorify thou me with
thine own self with the glory which I had
with thee before the world was. John xvii. 5.*

Now the bosom of the Father
Jesus crucified, requites;
Christ exalted, crown'd with glory
In this recompence delights.

Come, behold him, our Forerunner
Gone within the holy place,
Heaven itself is Jesus' temple,
There he sees the Father's face.

As the eye of God the Father
Ever loves on Christ to rest,
Even so are Jesus' members
In their Head beloved and blest.
Praise and thanks to God we render,
Cast our crowns before his throne;
Jesus crucified, our glory,
Jesus crucified alone.

37

C. M.

*The same day at evening, being the first
day of the week, when the doors were shut
where the disciples were assembled for fear of
the Jews, came Jesus and stood in the midst,
and saith unto them, Peace be unto you.*

John xx. 19.

THOU Son of God, our glorious Lord,
Our spirits long for thee ;
Speak with thy quick'ning voice and cheer
This waiting company.

Once other lords we blindly serv'd
And broken cisterns tried ;
But sick at heart we turn from them
To Jesus crucified.

Now shew thyself the Brother born
For our adversity ;
And say, as once thou didst of old,
Come, " handle me and see."

Jesus ! anoint our eyes to see
Thy pierced hands and feet,
Come Saviour, Kinsman, Lord, and God,
Make haste with us to meet.

*The sacrifices of God are a broken spirit :
a broken and a contrite heart, O God, thou
wilt not despise. Ps. li. 17.*

To thee, my Father, would I bring
A pleasant sacrifice,
My gift upon thine altar laid,
Thy love will not despise.

I bring my heart that turns from earth
To him I pierc'd and slew,
A heart which only Christ could break,
And Jesus' cross subdue.

On Jesus' head my hand I lay,
And while for him I mourn,
My gift I offer in his name
By whom my sins were borne.

*Because thy loving-kindness is better than
life, my lips shall praise thee. Ps. lxxiii. 3.*

THY loving kindness, O my God,
Is more than life to me,
Redeem'd from death by Jesus' blood
I walk in liberty.

In evil days, my anchor sure
Enters within the vail ;
Thou bindest up my broken heart
If storms thy child assail.

A worm from out the dust I came;
But in my low estate
"Be thou for me" thy love could say,
How shall that love abate ?
Though father, mother, both forsake,
Thine arm upholds me still ;
And thou shalt bear me all my days
Till I my course fulfil.
Thy loving-kindness will I sing
While yet a stranger here ;
More skilful when with Christ the Lord
In glory I appear.

40

C. M.

For we which have believed do enter into rest. Heb. iv. 3.

I **REST** in Christ the Son of God
Who took the servant's form,
By faith I flee to Jesus' cross,
My covert from the storm.
At peace with God, no ills I dread,
The cup of blessing mine ;
The Lord is ris'n, his precious blood
Is new and living wine.
Jesus put all my sins away
When bruised to make me whole ;
Who shall accuse or who condemn
My blameless ransom'd soul ?
O thou destroyer, see the blood
That makes the guilty clean,
No prey of thine the soul on which,
This token once is seen.

41

C. M.

The Lord thy God in the midst of thee is mighty ; he will save, he will rejoice over thee with joy ; he will rest in his love, he will joy over thee with singing. Zeph. iii. 17.

God in his love to us can rest
Through Jesus' sacrifice,
Can hear a moving voice of prayer
In speechless tears and sighs.

The longing of our thirsty soul,
A thought, an upward look,
The God of love delights to write
In his eternal book.

While mourners smite the breast and pray
With simple words and few,
Jesus from heaven their spirit cheers,
And says, " I died for you."

Father of lights, at Jesus' cross
Our loftiness abase ;
The contrite with Jehovah speak,
And commune face to face.

42

8. 7. 4.

Surely he hath borne our griefs, and carried our sorrows : yet we did esteem him stricken, smitten of God and afflicted.

Isa. liii. 4.

By the hand of justice stricken,
Christ our Passover was made :
Now the Father on his shoulder
All the government has laid ;

Trust in Jesus,
O my soul, nor be afraid.
Heaven and earth and restless ocean
Magnify his glorious name,
Winds and waves his word fulfilling,
Christ the Son of God proclaim ;
Let all creatures
Bow before the spotless Lamb.
Resting safe beneath his shadow
We discern the Father's face,
Who but Jesus slain for sinners
Can Jehovah's form express ?
We will glory
In the robe of righteousness.

43

8. 7. 4.

Unto thee will I cry, O Lord my rock.

Ps. xxviii. 1.

SMITTEN Rock of our salvation,
Son of God, our priest and king,
Shall the poor and needy perish
Who to thee for shelter cling?
Living waters
From the Rock of ages spring.
Should our heart, o'erwhelm'd within us,
Mourn as if all joy were dead,
Gracious God by thy good Spirit
To their Rock thy people lead,
Jesus' fulness
Shall supply our utmost need.

44

L. M. ,

*For yet a little while, and he that shall
come will come, and will not tarry.* Heb. x. 37.

THE hour decreed hastes on apace,

When children who in tears have sown,
Shall see their heavenly Father's face,

And know their God as they are known.

But how before the creature's eye

Shall God without a veil appear ?

The Lamb once slain on Calvary

Shall the great mystery declare.

Jesus the servant's form would take,

The Son of God for sinners died,

In Jesus' likeness I shall wake,

In Jesus' fulness satisfied.

Soon as a dream or tale that's told

The heavens and earth must pass away,

While we the Son of man behold,

Nor in one thought from Jesus stray.

Our city God himself shall build,

The Lamb its everlasting light ;

No tears, no curse, 'tis undefiled,

All blameless in Jehovah's sight.

45

C. M.

*There is therefore now no condemnation
to them which are in Christ Jesus, who walk
not after the flesh, but after the Spirit.*

Rom. viii. 1.

"No condemnation"—O my soul,

'Tis God that speaks the word ;

Perfect in comeliness art thou
In Christ thy glorious Lord.

In heaven his blood for ever speaks
In God the Father's ear;
His church the jewels on his heart
Jesus will ever bear.

"No condemnation" precious word!
Consider it my soul;
Thy sins were all on Jesus laid,
His stripes have made thee whole.

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

46

S. M.

*I have blotted out, as a thick cloud, thy
transgressions, and, as a cloud, thy sins: re-
turn unto me; for I have redeemed thee.*

Isa. xliv. 22.

My sins are blotted out
Since Jesus died for me,
My times are in a Father's hand,
My steps in his decree.

Jesus in heaven appears
For me to intercede,
And countless benefits proclaim,
"The Lord is risen indeed."

A little child is free
Of carefulness and guile,

Rests in a Mother's guardian love,
And waits a Father's smile.

Father of spirits hear,
Make me this little child,
May I delight myself in thee;
By no mistrust defiled.

47

C. M.

*The captive exile hasteneth that he may be
loosed, and that he should not die in the pit,
nor that his bread should fail. Isa. li. 14.*

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

The cords that bound my heart to earth
Are broken by his hand;
Before his cross I found myself
A stranger in the land.

That visage marr'd, those sorrows deep,
The vinegar and gall,
Were Jesus' golden chains of love
His captive to enthal.

My heart is with him on his throne,
And ill can brook delay,
Each moment listening for the voice,
"Rise up and come away."

With hope deferr'd oft sick and faint,
Why tarries he I cry?
And should the Saviour chide my haste
Sure I could make reply,

May not an exile, Lord, desire
His own sweet land to see?
May not a captive seek release,
A pris'ner to be free?

A child, when far away, may long
For home and kindred dear;
And she that waits her absent Lord
May sigh till he appear.

I would, my Lord and Saviour, know
That which no measure knows,
Would search the mystery of thy love,
The depths of all thy woes.

I fain would strike my golden harp
Before the Father's throne,
There cast my crown of righteousness,
And sing what grace has done.

Ah leave me not in this base world
A stranger still to roam;
Come, Lord, and take me to thyself,
"Come, Jesus, quickly come."

48

L. M.

He shall feed his flock like a shepherd : he shall gather the lambs with his arm, and carry them in his bosom, and shall gently lead those that are with young. Isa. xl. 11.

THE Lamb of God exalted reigns,
Once slain, he lives no more to die,
He broke a guilty pris'ner's chains,
And I within his bosom lie.

I laugh at famine, smile at fear,
While telling all my riches o'er,
I have the Lord my Shepherd near,
And in his fulness see my store.

If troubles rise, or cares annoy,
By wicked foes am I oppress'd,
He's my deep stream of peace and joy,
My pastures of eternal rest.

Satan would fright me from the way,
His wiles I prove, his snares I know;
Pride, folly, guilt, that make me stray,
Are poison'd arrows from his bow.

But still, in dark and gloomy days,
My Saviour does the Shepherd's part,
Restores me to his holy ways,
And baffles all the tempter's art:

To him who bore my sins I cry,
Tell him my foolishness and fears ;
And while his rod I justify,
With kiss of love he dries my tears.

My erring steps I call to mind,
And shame and sorrow fill my soul,
To think I should be so unkind
To him whose stripes have made me whole.

While I my daily battle wage
With foes that force and fraud combine,
My Captain, Shepherd, curbs their rage,
And cheers me with his bread and wine.

By his good Spirit's quick'ning breath
I taste his love, behold his power ;
His shame and glory, life and death,
Make me a more than conqueror.

His tender mercies follow still
Each step of my appointed race,
In weakness now I do his will,
But hope to see him face to face.

Then God shall wipe all tears away,
As we are known we then shall know,
Nor shall we from those fountains stray
Whence living waters ceaseless flow.

49

7s.

*Who is like unto thee, O Lord, among the
gods? who is like thee, glorious in holiness,
fearful in praises, doing wonders? Ex. xv. 11.*

God of glorious holiness,
Hearken while thy name we bless ;
Thou wast pleas'd thy Son to bruise,
Jesus' cross thy bosom shews.

Holy, Holy, Holy Lord,
Shall we dread thy hurtful sword?
Never shall it wake again,
Christ our Passover is slain.

We rejoice in thy dear Son,
Glory in his cross alone ;
Jesus bore our sins away,
On his head our hand we lay.

Faith discerns thy mercy seat,
Speaks with God in converse sweet;
Rais'd with Christ and set on high,
Children, "Abba Father" cry.

50

C. M.

*And he left them, and went away again,
and prayed the third time, saying the same
words. Matt. xxvi. 44.*

THE Son of God our kinsman Lord,
Thrice in the garden pray'd;
The sword was drawn that pierc'd the Lamb
On whom our sins were laid.

He ask'd if it were possible
The cup might pass away;
Made flesh for us the Son of God
A prostrate suppliant lay.

Strong crying, tears, and sweat of blood,
Bespeak his agony;
Yet must he sink in deeper grief
That we may never die.

The sword awaken'd cannot rest
Till God has slain his Son;
The Lord must die on Calvary,
And thus for sin atone.

Go to Gethsemane my soul
And watch with Jesus there,
Ponder his foretaste of the cup—
Then to the cross repair.

Seventy weeks are determined upon thy people and upon thy holy city, to finish the transgression, and to make an end of sins, and to make reconciliation for iniquity, and to bring in everlasting righteousness, and to seal up the vision and prophecy, and to anoint the most Holy. Dan. ix. 24.

'Tis finish'd ! glorious voice,
 The Son of God is slain ;
 Jehovah's mercy-seat appears,
 The vail is rent in twain.
 Now truth and mercy meet
 In holy unity,
 Since Jesus' blood the pardon seals
 That sets the pris'ner free.
 Within the holy place,
 Made by Jehovah's hand,
 Let Jesus, who was crucified,
 The King of glory stand.
 Lift up your head ye gates,
 With Christ we enter in ;
 The children's fellowship with God
 We claim by blood divine.

This do in remembrance of me. Luke xxii. 19.

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

Our sins were laid on him
When bruis'd on Calvary ;
With Christ we died and rose again,
And sit with him on high.

Faith eats the bread of life,
And drinks the living wine ;
Thus we in love together knit,
On Jesus' breast recline.

Soon shall the night be gone,
And we with Jesus reign ;
The marriage supper of the Lamb
Shall banish all our pain.

53

C. M.

JESUS did pass the angels by,
Our flesh on Him to take,
That God might bruise His Son for us,
And on the cross forsake.

Jehovah's terrors now no more
In darkness veil His throne ;
Mount Calvary proclaims His grace,
There all His name is known.

There justice counts the guilty clean ;
There truth and mercy meet ;
All boasting is excluded there,—
And God alone is great.

To God we sing of Jesus' cross ;
Our heavenly Father, hear ;—
Worthy the Lamb, and none but He,
The many crowns to wear.

In all thy glory let Him come ;
In His own brightness shine ;
And reap in joy, who sow'd in tears,
And shed his blood divine.

54

88.

THINE holy eyes, O God, survey
The glorious robe thy children wear :
Its beauty ne'er can fade away,
Nor can a spot on us appear :
We all to Jesus bow the knee,
And by thy Spirit worship thee.

In heaven the blood of Jesus pleads
For us, upon the mercy-seat ;
Thy justice hears the voice, and treads
Our enemies beneath our feet :
Thy royal priesthood we are made,
In Jesus' glorious robe array'd.

Let Sinai's mighty thunders roar,
And all the mount let darkness shroud,
On eagles' wings we rise and soar
Above the tempest, fire, and cloud,—
To sit with Christ the Lord on high,
Who died, but lives, no more to die.

Our God and Father, Judge of all,
Who shall accuse us, who condemn ?
'Twas Christ who drank the cup of gall,
The vile and guilty to redeem :
The Lord is ris'n—He spoil'd the grave,
Christ is Omnipotent to save !

SECOND PART.

IN thy great day the universe
Shall melt, and be dissolv'd in flames :
He that for sinners bore the curse,
And on his hands engraved our names—
The Lamb that died and rose again,
Shall be our rock and fortress then.

Made like the King of Righteousness,
Our bridegroom and thy well-belov'd,
We shall, with thy dear Son, possess
A world that never can be mov'd ;
In Jesus' robe of beauty shine,
And sing, with Him, of blood divine.

Angels their songs shall join with ours,
To magnify the Lamb of God ;
Hell's principalities and pow'rs
Shall be confounded by His blood ;
Man's pride and glory trodden down,
And thy great name extoll'd alone.

55

8s.

OUR Father ! by whose Spirit's pow'r
Thy Son was of a woman made,
And in His life and dying hour
The broken law for us obey'd ;
Thy Spirit in thy children dwells,
And to our hearts thy love reveals.

Jesus, enthron'd at thy right hand,
Sent forth from thee the Comforter,

By whom thy saints anointed stand
Within the holiest—and there,
In Christ unblemish'd and complete,
Adore thee at thy mercy-seat.

O let thy children's concord be
An image bright of things above,
A glass to shew the unity,
Of Father, Son, and Spirit's love ;—
A living picture to display
The love that we can ne'er repay !

This everlasting love redeems
The needy from their guilt and woe ;
These fountains yield the living streams,
Which through eternity shall flow ;
Stronger than death, this threefold cord,
Thou holy, holy, holy Lord.

56

C. M.

IN Jesus one, we do not part,
Though now we say farewell ;
Christ is our Head and risen Lord,
In whom, by faith, we dwell.

One Father communes with us all,
We have one mercy-seat,
And thither by one Spirit led,
The friends of Jesus meet.

Each from the other far away,
Much sea and land between,
Each to the other shall be dear,
As we so long have been.

From Jesus' cross we caught the fire
Of mutual love sincere ;
Jesus, who made us pure in heart,
Marks ev'ry parting tear.

We shall be gather'd to the Lord,
And ever with him dwell ;
Then shall the friends of Jesus meet,
And never say farewell.

57

C. M.

God of all grace ! behold the man
Who came from heaven to die,
Thy own dear Son whom thou didst bruise,
Now sits with thee on high.

Thy bosom was his dwelling place,
The universe he built ;
Of woman born, and crucified,
He put away our guilt.

He is the King of Righteousness,
His cross thy mercy seat,
There, Heav'nly Father, with thy saints,
Thou dost in friendship meet.

Thy children are with Jesus one,
In Him is thy delight,
As Christ the Head, the members all
Are precious in thy sight.

Thy Royal Priesthood offer praise,
Through Jesus' blood divine ;
Thou, Lord, art our inheritance,
And we, great God, are thine.

Our cup of joy is mix'd with tears,
A foreign land we tread,
And mourn the sins that pierc'd the Lord
Who suffer'd in our stead.

The Spirit and the Bride say "Come;"
Let Christ the Lord appear,
And to his bosom take his Bride,
To rest for ever there.

Then shall thy heart rejoice to see,
The marriage of the Lamb,
To hear us with the Bridegroom sing,
The praises of thy name.

Then all thy works in heav'n and earth,
And in the depths beneath,
Shall magnify Jehovah's love,
That love which conquers death.

Thus still our songs resound by night,
'Midst enemies and war,
For by thy Spirit we behold,
The bright and morning star.

BELOVED ! why garnish the tombs of your
dead ?

Why grave ye the name on the stone ?
Behold ! how the traveller rests in his bed,
His pilgrimage finish'd, right well has he sped,
To Jesus the spirit is gone !

The finger of mercy has written each name
In durable letters of blood,
Go, read it by faith in the book of the Lamb,
The record for ever and ever the same,
Laid up in the bosom of God !

Companions depart in the watches of night,
To meet us at dawning of day ;
The Bridegroom is coming with power and
might,
The ashes are ransom'd, and dear in his sight ;
Then why at the tomb will ye stay ?

Once Jesus could weep — He forbids not the
tear,

At winding the clay in the shroud !
Yet speaks from his throne to the circum-
cised ear,
Reminds us how quickly the Lord shall ap-
pear,
And points to the bow in the cloud !

APPENDIX.

APPENDIX.

I

8. 7.

Rise, my soul, thy God directs thee ;
Stranger hands no more impede ;
Pass thou on ; His hand protects thee,
Strength that has the captive freed.

Is the wilderness before thee,
Desert lands where drought abides ?
Heav'nly springs shall there restore thee,
Fresh from God's exhaustless tides.

Light divine surrounds thy going,
God himself shall mark thy way ;
Secret blessings, richly flowing,
Lead to everlasting day.

God, thine everlasting portion,
Feeds thee with the mighty's meat ;
Price of Egypt's hard extortion—
Egypt's food—no more to eat.

Art thou wean'd from Egypt's pleasures ?
God in secret thee shall keep,
There unfold his hidden treasures,
There his love's exhaustless deep.

In the desert God will teach thee
What the God that thou hast found,
Patient, gracious, powerful, holy,
All his grace shall there abound.

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

2

S. M.

Not all the blood of beasts,
On Jewish altars slain,
Could give the guilty conscience peace,
Or wash away the stain.
But Christ, the heav'nly Lamb,
Takes all our sins away ;
A sacrifice of nobler name,
And richer blood than they.
By faith I lay my hand
On that dear head of thine,
While like a penitent I stand,
And there confess my sin.

My soul looks back to see
The burdens thou didst bear,
When hanging on the cursed tree,
And knows her guilt was there.
Believing, we rejoice
To see the curse remove,
We bless the Lamb with cheerful voice,
And sing his bleeding love.

3

8. 7.

SWEET the moments, rich in blessing,
Which before the cross we spend,
Life, and health, and peace possessing,
From the sinner's dying friend.

Here we rest, in wonder viewing
All our sins on Jesus laid,
And a full redemption flowing
From the sacrifice he made.

Here we find the dawn of heaven,
While upon the cross we gaze,
See our trespasses forgiven,
And our songs of triumph raise.

Oh that near the cross abiding,
We may to the Saviour cleave,
Nought with him our hearts dividing,
All for him content to leave.

May we still, the cross discerning,
There for peace and comfort go,
There new wonders daily learning,
All the depths of mercy know.

O GRACIOUS Shepherd! bind us
 With cords of love to thee,
 And evermore remind us
 How mercy set us free:
 Oh may thy Holy Spirit
 Set this before our eyes,
 That we thy death and merit
 Above all else may prize.

We are of thy salvation
 Assured through thy love,
 Yet, ah! on each occasion,
 How faithless do we prove!
 Thou hast our sins forgiven,
 Then, leaving all behind,
 We would press on to heaven,
 Bearing the prize in mind.

Grant us henceforth, dear Saviour,
 While in this vale of tears,
 To look to thee, and never
 Give way to anxious fears.
 Thou, Lord, wilt not forsake us,
 Though we are oft to blame,
 Oh let thy love then make us
 Hold fast thy faith and name.

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

" I deliver'd thee when bound,
And when wounded heal'd thy wound,
Sought thee wand'ring, set thee right,
Turn'd thy darkness into light.

" Can a mother's tender care
Cease toward the child she bare?
Yes, she may forgetful be,
Yet will I remember thee.

" Mine is an unchanging love,
Higher than the heights above,
Deeper than the depths beneath,
Free and faithful, strong as death.

" Thou shalt see my glory soon,
When the work of grace is done,
Partner of my throne shalt be,
Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou me?"

Lord, it is my chief complaint
That my love is weak and faint;
Yet I love thee, and adore,
O for grace to love thee more!



L. M.

Now in a song of grateful praise,
To our dear Lord our voice we 'll raise;
With all his saints we'll join to tell,
"Our Jesus has done all things well."

All worlds his glorious power confess,
His wisdom all his works express,
But oh his love what tongue can tell?
"Our Jesus has done all things well."

And since our souls have known his love;
What mercies has he made us prove!
Mercies, which all our praise excel;
"Our Jesus has done all things well."

Though many a fiery, flaming, dart
The tempter levels at our heart,
With this we all his rage repel,
"Our Jesus has done all things well."

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



7s.

JESUS, lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly,
While the billows near me roll,
While the tempest still is high;
Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
Till the storm of life be o'er,
Safe into thy haven guide,
Where the tempest's heard no more.
Other refuge have I none,
Hangs my helpless soul on thee,
Leave, O leave me not alone.
Still support and comfort me.
All my trust on thee is stay'd,
All my help from thee I bring,
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of thy wing.

[Thou, O Lord, art all I want,
Boundless love in thee I find:
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick, and lead the blind;
Just and holy is thy name,
I am all unrighteousness,
I am full of sin and shame,
Thou art full of truth and grace.]

Plenteous grace with thee is found,
Grace to pardon all my sin,
Let the healing streams abound,
Make and keep me pure within;
Thou of life the fountain art,
Freely let me take of thee,
Spring thou up within my heart,
Now, and to eternity.

S

L. M.

WHEN I survey the wondrous cross
On which the King of glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride.
Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
Save in the death of Christ my God;
All the vain things that charm'd me most,
I sacrifice them to his blood.
See from his head, his hands, his feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down;
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so bright a crown?

Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were an off'ring far too small ;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my heart, my life, my all !

9

C.M.

LET us rejoice in Christ the Lord,
Who makes our cause his own,
The hope that's built upon his word
Can ne'er be overthrown.

Though many foes beset us round,
And feeble is our arm,
Our life is hid with Christ in God,
Beyond the reach of harm.

Weak as we are we shall not faint,
Or fainting cannot fail ;
Jesus, the strength of ev'ry saint,
Will to the end prevail.

Though now he's unperceiv'd by sense,
Faith sees him always near,—
A guide, a glory, a defence,
To save from ev'ry fear.

As surely as He overcame,
And conquer'd death and sin,
So surely those that love his name
Will all his triumph win.

10

L. M.

JESUS, our Lord ! to thee we call,
Thou art our life, our hope, our all ;
And we have no where else to flee,
No sanctuary, Lord, but thee.

In thee we ev'ry glory view,
Of safety, strength, and beauty too ;
'Tis all our rest and peace to see
Our sanctuary, Lord, in thee.

Whatever foes or fears betide,
In thy dear presence let us hide;
And while we rest our souls on thee,
Do thou our sanctuary be.

Quickly the day of light draws nigh,
Or we may bow our heads and die ;
But, oh what joy this witness gives !
Jesus, our sanctuary, lives.

He from the grave our dust will raise,
We in the heav'ns shall sing his praise ;
And when in glory we appear,
He'll be our sanctuary there.

II

C. M.

O God ! what cords of love are thine,
How gentle, yet how strong !
Thy truth and grace their strength combine
To draw our souls along.

The guilt of twice ten thousand sins
One moment takes away ;
And when the fight of faith begins,
Our strength is as our day.

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

Drawn by such cords, we'll onward move
In love and union sweet,
Till, fill'd with perfect joy above,
Around thy throne we meet.

12

S. M.

AWAKE! and sing the song
Of Moses and the Lamb;
Wake every heart, and every tongue,
To praise the Saviour's name.

Sing of His dying love,
Sing of His rising pow'r;
Sing how He intercedes above
For us whose sins He bore.

Sing on your heav'nly road,
Ye sons of glory, sing;
Rejoice ye in the Lamb of God,
In Christ th' eternal King.

Soon shall we hear Him say,
"Ye blessed children, come!"
Soon will He call us hence away,
To our eternal home.

There shall our raptur'd tongues
His endless praise proclaim;
And sweeter voices tune the song
Of Moses and the Lamb.

13

P. M.

O HOLY Saviour, friend unseen,
Since on thine arm thou bids't us lean,

Help us, throughout life's changing scene,
By faith to cling to thee.

[Blest with this fellowship divine,
Take what thou wilt we'll not repine;
E'en as the branches of the vine,
Our souls will cling to thee.]

Far from our home, fatigu'd, oppress'd,
In thee we've found our place of rest;
As exiles still, yet not unblest
While we can cling to thee.

[Without a murmur we dismiss
Our former dreams of earthly bliss,
Our joy, our consolation, this—
Each hour to cling to thee.]

What though the world deceitful prove,
And earthly friends and hopes remove;
With patient uncomplaining love
Still would we cling to thee.

Oft when we seem to tread alone
Some barren waste with thorns o'ergrown,
Thy voice of love, in gentlest tone,
Whispers, "Still cling to me."

Though faith and hope may oft be tried,
We ask not, need not aught beside,
So safe, so calm, so satisfied,
The souls that cling to thee.

They fear not Satan nor the grave,
They know thee near and strong to save,
Nor dread to cross e'en Jordan's wave,
Because they cling to thee.

Blest be our lot, whate'er befall,
What can disturb, or who appal,
While as our strength, our rock, our all,
Saviour, we cling to thee?

14

8s.

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

Thy hand is still around to bless,
'Thou dost not leave us comfortless;
Earth and its pain we still may feel,
But thou art ever near to heal;
Still as our day our strength shall be,
For all our cares are borne by thee.

Still as time's changing current rolls,
Thy comforts, Lord, delight our souls:
Thy mighty arm to smooth our way,
Thy light to turn our night to day;
Onward with firmer steps we move,
To our eternal rest above.

15

8.7.4.

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

Crown the Saviour, angels own Him,
Rich the trophies Jesus brings;
In the seat of power enthrone Him,
While the vault of heaven rings,
Crown Him! crown Him!
Crown the Saviour "King of kings."
Sinners in derision crown'd Him,
Mocking thus the Saviour's claim,
Saints and angels crowd around Him,
Own His title, praise His name:
Crown Him! crown Him!
Spread abroad the victor's fame.
Hark! those bursts of acclamation!
Hark! those loud triumphant chords!
Jesus takes the highest station.
Oh! what joy the sight affords!
Crown Him! crown Him!
"King of kings, and Lord of lords."

16

L. M.

"We've no abiding city here:"
This may distress the worldly mind,
But should not cost the saint a tear,
Who hopes a better rest to find.
"We've no abiding city here:"
Sad thought! were this to be our home;
But let this truth our spirits cheer,
We seek a city yet to come.
"We've no abiding city here:"
Then let us live as pilgrims do;
Let not this world our rest appear,
But let us haste from all below.

" We've no abiding city here,"
We seek a city out of sight,
It needs no sun, " the Lord is there,"
It shines with everlasting light.

Jehovah is her joy and strength,
Secure she smiles at all her foes,
And weary travellers, at length,
Within her sacred walls repose.

Oh sweet abode of peace and love!
Where pilgrims freed from toil are blest;
Had we the pinions of a dove,
We'd fly to thee and be at rest.

But hush, my soul, nor dare repine,
The time my God appoints is best;
While here, to do His will be mine,
And His to fix my time of rest.

17

8.7.4.

GUIDE us, O thou great Jehovah,
Pilgrims through this barren land;
We are weak but thou art mighty,
Hold us with thy powerful hand:
Bread of Heaven!
Feed us now and evermore.

Open wide the living fountain,
Whence the healing waters flow;
Be thyself our cloudy pillar
All the dreary desert through:
Strong Deliv'rer!
Be thou still our strength and shield.

While we tread this vale of sorrow,
May we in thy love abide;
Keep us! O our gracious Saviour,
Cleaving closely to thy side;
Still relying
On our Father's changeless love.
Saviour, come, we long to see thee,
Long to dwell with thee above,
And to know, in full communion,
All the sweetness of thy love:
Come, Lord Jesus!
Take thy waiting people home.

18

8s.

AND art thou, gracious Master, gone,
A mansion to prepare for me?
Shall I behold thee on thy throne,
And there for ever sit with thee?
Then let the world approve or blame,
I'll triumph in thy glorious name.
Should I, to gain the world's applause,
Or to escape its angry frown,
Refuse to countenance thy cause,
And make thy people's lot my own,
What shame would fill me in that day
When thou thy glory wilt display!
No; let the world cast out my name,
And vile account me if it will;
If to confess my Lord be shame,
O then would I be viler still;
For thee, my God, I all resign,
Content that I can call thee mine.

What transport then will fill my heart,
When thou my worthless name wilt own,
When I shall see thee as thou art,
And know as I myself am known;
When I, from sin and sorrow free,
Shall have eternal rest with thee!

19

8.7.

JESUS, lead us by thy power
Safe unto the promis'd rest,
Choose our path, and ever keep us
In the way thou seest best.
Be our guide in ev'ry peril,
Watch and guard us night and day,
Else our foolish hearts will wander
From thy presence far away.
Nothing can preserve our going,
But thy grace so full and free,
Nothing can our souls dishearten,
But forgetfulness of thee:
Nothing can delay our progress,
Nothing can disturb our rest,
If we can, whate'er the danger,
Lean, O Saviour, on thy breast.
In thy presence we are happy,
In thy presence we're secure;
In thy presence all afflictions
We can easily endure:
In thy presence we can conquer,
We can suffer, we can die;
Far from thee we faint and languish;
O, our Saviour, keep us nigh!

How sweet the name of Jesus sounds
In a believer's ear !
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
And drives away his fear.
It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast;
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary rest.
Dear Name ! the Rock on which we build,
Our Shield and Hiding-place;
Our never-failing Treas'ry, fill'd
With boundless stores of grace.
Jesus, our Saviour, Shepherd, Friend,
Our Prophet, Priest, and King,
Our Lord, our Life, our Way, our End,
Accept the praise we bring.
Weak is the effort of our heart,
And cold our warmest thought;
But when we see thee as thou art,
We'll praise thee as we ought.

Do we not love thee, O our Lord ?
Behold our hearts and see,
And chase each lingering idol thence,
That dares to rival thee.
Is not thy name melodious still
To our attentive ear ?
Do not our hearts with pleasure bound,
Our Saviour's voice to hear ?

Hast thou a lamb in all thy flock,
We would disdain to feed?
Hast thou a foe before whose face
We fear thy cause to plead?
Would not our hearts pour forth their blood,
In honour of thy name,
And challenge either life or death,
To quench the holy flame?
Thou know'st we love thee, dearest Lord,
But O we long to soar
Far from this sphere of partial joy,
And learn to love thee more.

22

S. M.

LIKE sheep we went astray,
And broke the fold of God,
Each wand'ring in a diff'rent way,
But all the downward road.
How awful was the hour,
When God our wand'rings laid,
And did at once his vengeance pour,
Upon the Shepherd's head!
How glorious was the grace,
When Jesus suffered thus!
His guiltless life the Shepherd pays
To give that life to us.
He bow'd his willing head,
He drank the bitter gall,
But God hath rais'd him from the dead,
And set him over all.

THY gracious presence, O our God,
 Our every wish contains ;
 With this beneath temptation's load,
 The heart no more complains.

This can our ev'ry care control,
 Gild each dark scene with light;
 This is the sunshine of the soul,
 Without it all is night.

O happy scenes of pure delight,
 Where thy full beams impart
 Unclouded beauty to the sight,
 And gladness to the heart.

Our part in those fair realms of bliss,
 Our spirits long to know;
 Our wishes terminate in this,
 Nor can they rest below.

Nor can these wishes of our heart
 Be told in vain to thee:
 We know, O Lord, that where thou art,
 We shall for ever be.

Here would our cheerful spirits sing
 The darkest hours away,
 And rise on faith's expanded wing
 To everlasting day.

O SAVIOUR! whom absent we love,
 Whom not having seen we adore,
 Whose name is exalted above
 All glory, dominion, and pow'r—

O come and acknowledge us thine,
And leave us not longer to roam,
Let the light of thy presence, Lord, shine,
Let the trumpet soon summon us home.
When that happy era begins,
When array'd in thy glories we shine,
Nor grieve any more by our sins
The bosom on which we recline,
O then shall all clouds be remov'd,
And round us thy brightness be pour'd;
We shall meet him whom absent we lov'd,
We shall see whom unseen we ador'd.
And then never more shall the fears,
The trials, temptations, and woes,
Which darken this valley of tears,
Intrude on our blissful repose.
Or if yet remember'd above,
Remembrance no sadness will raise,
They will bring but new thoughts of thy love,
Be new themes for our wonder and praise.

25

C. M.

How bright those saints in glory shine!
Whence all their bright array?
How came they to the happy seats
Of everlasting day?
Lo! these have come from suff'rings great,
To realms of endless light,
And in the blood of Christ have wash'd
Their robes which shine so bright.
Now with triumphant palms they stand
Before the throne on high;

And serve the Lord they love, amidst
The glories of the sky.

His presence fills each heart with joy,
Tunes every voice to sing;
By day, by night, the sacred courts
With glad hosannas ring.

Hunger and thirst are felt no more,
Nor sun with scorching ray,
God is their sun, whose cheering beams
Give them eternal day.

The Lamb, who dwells amidst the throne
Shall o'er them still preside,
Feed them with nourishment divine,
And all their footsteps guide.

To pastures green he'll lead his flock,
Where living streams appear,
And God, the Lord, from ev'ry eye
Shall wipe off ev'ry tear.

26

S. M.

Our times are in thy hand:
Our God, we wish them there ;
Our life, our souls, our all we leave
Entirely to thy care.

Our times are in thy hand,
Whatever they may be;
Pleasing or painful, dark or bright,
As best may seem to thee.

Our times are in thy hand:
Why should we doubt or fear ?
A Father's hand will never cause
His child a needless tear.

Our times are in thy hand,
Jesus the crucified !
The hand our many sins have pierc'd
Is now our guard and guide.
Our times are in thy hand,
Jesus our advocate !
Nor can that hand be stretch'd in vain
For us to supplicate.
Our times are in thy hand:
We'll always trust in thee,
Till we possess the promis'd land
And all thy glory see.

27

C. M.

HOPE of our hearts, O Lord, appear,
Thou glorious Star of day !
Shine forth and chase the dreary night,
With all our tears, away !
Strangers on earth, we wait for thee ;
O leave the Father's throne ;
Come with a shout of vict'ry, Lord,
And claim us as thine own.
O bid the bright archangel, now,
The trump of God prepare,
To call thy saints—the quick—the dead,
To meet thee in the air.
No resting-place we seek on earth,
No loveliness we see ;
Our eye is on the royal crown,
Prepar'd for us and thee.
But, dearest Lord, however bright
That crown of joy above ;

What is it to the *brighter* hope
Of dwelling in thy love?
What to the joy, the *deeper* joy,
Unmingled, pure, and free,
Of union with our living Head,
Of fellowship with thee?
This joy e'en now on earth is ours;
But only, Lord, above,
Our hearts without a pang shall know
The fulness of thy love.
There, near thy heart, upon the throne,
Thy ransom'd bride shall see
What grace was in the bleeding Lamb,
Who died to make her free.

28

C. M.

PHYSICIAN of my sin-sick soul,
To thee I bring my case;
My raging malady control,
And heal me by thy grace.
Pity the anguish I endure,
See how I mourn and pine;
For never can I hope a cure
From any hand but thine.
I would disclose my whole complaint,
But where shall I begin?
No words of mine can fully paint
The worst distemper, sin.
It lies not in a single part,
But through my frame is spread;
A burning fever in my heart,
A palsy in my head.

It makes me deaf, and dumb, and blind,
And impotent, and lame;
It overclouds, and fills my mind
With folly, fear, and shame.
A thousand evil thoughts intrude
Tumultuous in my breast;
Which indispose me for my food,
And rob me of my rest.
Lord, I am sick, regard my cry,
And set my spirit free;
Say, canst thou let a sinner die,
Who longs to live to thee?

29

L. M.

LORD, what a heaven of saving grace
Shines through the beauties of thy face,
And lights our passions to a flame!
Lord, how we love thy charming name.
When I can say, "My God is mine,"
When I can feel thy glories shine,
I tread the world beneath my feet,
And all that earth calls good or great.
While such a scene of sacred joys
Our raptured eyes and souls employs,
Here we could sit and gaze away
A long an everlasting day.

30

L. M.

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

Lord of our hearts, belov'd of thee,
Weary of earth, we sigh to rest,
Supremely happy, safe and free,
For ever on thy tender breast;
To see thee, love thee, feel thee near,
Nor dread, as now, thy transient stay;
To dwell beyond the reach of fear,
Lest joy should wane or pass away.
Children of hope, beloved Lord !
In thee we live, we glory now ;
Our joy, our rest, our great reward,
Our diadem of beauty thou !
And when exalted, Lord, with thee,
Thy royal throne at length we share,
To everlasting Thou shalt be
Our diadem, our glory there.

31

C. M.

WHAT grace, O Lord, and beauty shone
Around thy steps below ;
What patient love was seen in all
Thy life and death of woe.
For ever on thy burden'd heart
A weight of sorrow hung,
Yet no ungentle murm'ring word
Escap'd thy silent tongue.
Thy foes might hate, despise, revile,
Thy friends unfaithful prove ;
Unwearied in forgiveness still,
Thy heart could only love.

O give us hearts to love like thee,—
Like thee, O Lord, to grieve
Far more for other's sins, than all
The wrongs that we receive.

One with thyself, may every eye
In us, thy brethren, see
That gentleness and grace that spring
From union, Lord, with thee.

32

8s.

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

"A little while," he'll come again!
Let us the precious hours redeem;
Our only grief to give him pain,
Our joy to serve and follow him:
Watching and ready may we be,
As those who long their Lord to see.

"A little while"—'twill soon be past,
Why should we shun the shame and cross?
O let us in his footsteps haste,
Counting for him all else but loss:
O how will recompense his smile,
The sufferings of this "little while!"

"A little while,"—come, Saviour, come!
For thee thy Bride has tarried long;

Take thy poor wearied pilgrims home,
To sing the new eternal song,
To see thy glory, and to be
In ev'ry thing conform'd to thee!

33

L. M.

O HAPPY day ! when first we felt
Our souls with sweet contrition melt,
And saw our sins, of crimson guilt,
All cleans'd by blood on Calv'ry spilt.

O happy day ! when first thy love
Began our grateful hearts to move;
And gazing on thy wond'rous cross,
We saw all else as worthless dross.

O happy day ! when we no more
Shall grieve thee whom our souls adore;
When sorrows, conflicts, fears shall cease,
And all our trials end in peace.

O happy day ! when we shall see
And fix our longing eyes on thee,
On thee, our Light, our Life, our Love,
Our *All* below, our Heaven above.

O happy day of cloudless light !
Eternal day without a night;
Lord, when shall we its dawning see,
And spend it all in praising thee.

Come, Saviour, come, O quickly come,
Take us, thy waiting people, home;
We long to stand around thy throne,
And know thee as ourselves are known.

WHAT cheering words are these ?

Their sweetness who can tell ?

In time and to eternal days,

“ 'Tis WITH THE RIGHTEOUS WELL.”

In every state secure

Kept as Jehovah's eye,

'Tis well with them while life endures,

And well when call'd to die.

Well when they see his face,

Or sink amidst the flood,

Well in affliction's thorny maze,

Or on the mount with God.

'Tis well when joys arise,

'Tis well when sorrows flow,

'Tis well when darkness veils the skies,

And strong temptations grow.

But, above all, 'tis well

When Jesus speaks the word,

At the last trumpet's sounding swell,

“ Arise to meet your God.”

FAINT not, Christian ! though the road,

Leading to thy blest abode,

Darksome be, and dangerous too,

Christ, thy guide, will bring thee through.

Faint not, Christian ! though, in rage,

Satan would thy soul engage,

Gird on faith's anointed shield,
Bear it to the battle-field.

Faint not, Christian! though the world
Hath its hostile flag unfurl'd;
Hold the cross of Jesus fast,
Thou shalt overcome at last.

Faint not, Christian! though within
There's a heart so prone to sin;
Christ, the Lord, is over all,
He'll not suffer thee to fall.

Faint not, Christian! though thy God
Smite thee with the chast'ning rod;
Smite he must with father's care,
That he may his love declare.

Faint not, Christian! Jesu 's near;
Soon in glory he 'll appear:
Then shall cease thy toil and strife,
Thou shalt wear the "crown of life."

36

S. M.

Your harps, ye trembling saints,
Down from the willows take;
Loud to the praise of Christ our Lord,
Let every string awake.

Though in a foreign land,
We are not far from home;
And nearer to our house above
We every moment come.

His grace will to the end,
Clearer and brighter shine;

Nor present things, nor things to come,
Can change his love divine.
Secure within the veil,
Christ is our anchor strong;
While power supreme and love divine,
Still guide us safe along.
And should the surges rise,
Should sore afflictions come,
Blest is the sorrow, kind the storm,
That drives us nearer home.
Soon shall our pains and fears
For ever pass away,
For we shall soon the Saviour see,
In everlasting day.

37

104th.

THOUGH troubles assail,
And dangers affright,
Though friends should all fail,
And foes all unite ;
Yet one thing secures us,
Whatever betide,
The Scripture assures us,
"The Lord will provide."
The birds, without barn
Or storehouse, are fed ;
From them let us learn
To trust for our bread:
His saints, what is fitting,
Shall ne'er be denied,
So long as 'tis written,
"The Lord will provide."

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

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

38

104th.

WE'RE not of the world, that fadeth away,
We're not of the night, but children of day.
The chains that once bound us by Jesus are
riv'n,

We're strangers on earth, and our home is
in heav'n.

Our path is most rough and dangerous too,
A wide trackless waste our journey lies
through;

But the pillar that guides us, and shows us
our way,

Is our sure light by night, and our shade by
the day.

Our Shepherd is still our Guardian and Guide :
Before us he goes to keep and provide ;
We drink of the stream from the Rock that
was riv'n,

Our bread is the Manna that came down
from heav'n.

'Mid the mightiest foes, most feeble are we,
Yet, trembling, in each encounter they flee ;
The Lord is our banner, the battle is his,
The weakest of saints more than conqueror
is.

Soon, soon shall we reach our own promis'd
land,

Before his bright throne in glory shall stand ;
Our song then for ever and ever shall be,
" *All glory and blessing, Lord Jesus, to thee.*"

39

7.6.

O JESUS, gracious Saviour,
Upon the Father's throne,
Whose wond'rous love and favor
Have made our cause thine own ;
Thy people to thee ever
For grace and help repair,
For thou, they know, wilt never
Refuse their griefs to share.

O Lord, through tribulation
Our weary journey lies,
Through scorn and sore temptation,
And watchful enemies ;

'Midst never-ceasing dangers
We through the desert roam,
As pilgrims here and strangers,
We seek the rest to come.

O Lord, thou too hast hasted
This dreary desert through,
Once fully tried and tasted
Its bitterness and woe;
And hence thy heart is tender,
In truest sympathy,
Though now the heavens render
All praise to thee on high.

Oh! by thy Holy Spirit,
Reveal to us thy love,
The joy we shall inherit
With thee, our Head, above;
May all this consolation
Our trembling hearts sustain—
Sure—though through tribulation—
The promis'd rest to gain.

40

C. M.

Lord Jesus, are we *one* with thee?
O height, O depth of love!
With thee we died upon the tree,
In thee we live above.

Such was thy grace, that for our sake
Thou didst from heav'n come down,
Our mortal flesh and blood partake,
In all our misery *one*.

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

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

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

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

41

L. M.

AWAKE our souls, away our fears,
Let every trembling thought be gone;
Awake and run the heav'nly race,
And put a cheerful courage on.

True, 'tis a strait and thorny road,
And mortal spirits tire and faint;
But they forget the mighty God
That feeds the strength of every saint.

From thee, the everflowing Spring,
Our souls shall drink a fresh supply,
While such as trust their native strength,
Shall fade away, and droop, and die.

Swift as the eagle cuts the air,
We 'll mount aloft to thine abode;
On wings of love our souls shall fly,
Nor tire amid the heav'nly road.

42

S. M.

For ever with the Lord !
Amen, so let it be:
Life from the dead is in that word,
'Tis immortality.

Here in the body pent,
Absent from him I roam,
Yet nightly pitch my moving tent
A day's march nearer home.

My Father's house on high,
Home of my soul, how near
At times, to faith's transpiercing eye,
Thy golden gates appear !

My thirsty spirit faints
To reach the land I love,
The bright inheritance of saints,
Jerusalem above.

43

L. M.

Jesus ! and shall it ever be,
A mortal man ashamed of thee ?
Ashamed of thee whom angels praise,
Whose glories shine through endless days ?
Ashamed of Jesus ! sooner far
Let ev'ning blush to own a star ;

He shed the beams of light divine
O'er this benighted soul of mine.

Asham'd of Jesus ! just as soon
Let midnight be asham'd of noon :
'Twas midnight with my soul till he,
Bright morning star ! bade darkness flee.

Asham'd of Jesus ! that dear friend
On whom my hopes of heav'n depend ?
No—when I blush—be this my shame,
That I no more confess his name.

Asham'd of Jesus !—Yes I may,
When I've no guilt to wash away ;
No tears to wipe, no good to crave,
No fears to quell, no soul to save.

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

44

C. M.

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

The dying thief rejoic'd to see
That fountain in his day ;
And there have I, as vile as he,
Wash'd all my sins away.

Dear dying Lamb, thy precious blood
Shall never lose its pow'r,
Till all the ransom'd church of God
Be sav'd, to sin no more.

Since first by faith I saw the stream
Thy wound supplied for me,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall for ever be.

Soon in a nobler, sweeter song,
I'll sing thy pow'r to save ;
And with the heav'nly blood-bought throng
My palm of vict'ry wave.

Lord, I believe thou hast prepar'd,
Unworthy though I be,
For me a blood-bought free reward,
A golden harp for me.

'Tis form'd and strung for endless years,
And tun'd by love divine,
To sound in God the Father's ears
No other name but thine.

45

8. 7. 7.

ONE there is, above all others,
Well deserves the name of Friend ;
His is love beyond a brother's,
Costly, free, and knows no end.
They who once his kindness prove,
Find it everlasting love.

Which of all our friends to save us,
Could or would have shed his blood ;

But our Jesus died to have us'
Reconcil'd in him to God.
This was boundless love indeed,
Jesus is a friend in need.

When he liv'd on earth abased,
Friend of sinners was his name ;
Now above all glory raised,
He rejoices in the same :
Still he calls us brethren, friends,
And to all our wants attends.

Oh for grace our hearts to soften !
Teach us, Saviour, love for love ;
We, alas ! forget too often,
What a friend we have above ;
But when to our home we're brought,
We shall love thee as we ought.

46

S. M.

GRACE is the sweetest sound
That ever reach'd our ears ;
When conscience charg'd, and justice frown'd,
'Twas grace remov'd our fears.

'Tis freedom to the slave,
'Tis light and liberty ;
It takes its terror from the grave,
'Tis joy and victory.

Grace is a mine of wealth
Laid open to the poor ;
Grace is the sov'reign spring of health,
'Tis life for evermore.

Of grace then let us sing—
A joyful wond'rous theme !
To Jesus we our praises bring,
For grace proceeds from him.

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

47

L. M.

From every stormy wind that blows,
From every swelling tide of woes,
There is a calm, a sweet retreat,
'Tis found beneath the mercy-seat.

There is a place where Jesus sheds
The oil of gladness on our heads,
A place than all besides more sweet—
It is the blood-stain'd mercy-seat.

There is a spot where spirits blend,
And friend holds fellowship with friend;
Though sunder'd far, by faith they meet,
Around one common mercy-seat.

Ah ! whither could we flee for aid,
When tempted, desolate, dismay'd ?
Or how the host of hell defeat,
Had suff'ring saints no mercy-seat ?

There we, on eagles' wings, would soar,
Where time and sense are all no more;
There heav'nly joys our spirits greet,
For glory crowns the mercy-seat.

With joy we meditate the grace
Of our High Priest above;
His heart is fill'd with tenderness,
His very name is Love.

Touch'd with a sympathy within,
He knows our feeble frame;
He knows what sore temptations mean,
For he has felt the same.

But spotless, innocent, and pure,
Our great Redeemer stood;
While Satan's fiery darts he bore,
And did resist to blood.

He, in the days of feeble flesh,
Pour'd out his cries and tears,
And, though exalted, feels afresh
What ev'ry member bears.

Then boldly let our faith address
His mercy and his pow'r;
We shall obtain deliv'ring grace
In each distressing hour.

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

God only knows the love of God,
O that it were more shed abroad
 In this poor longing heart !
For love I'd sigh, for love I'd pine,
This only portion, Lord, be mine,
 Be mine the better part.
O that I may for ever sit,
Like Mary, at the Master's feet !
 Be this my happy choice ;
My only care, my only bliss,
My joy, my heav'n on earth, be this,
 To hear the Bridegroom's voice.

50

8.7.4.

WHY those fears ? Behold 'tis Jesus
 Holds the helm and guides the ship ;
Spread the sails and catch the breezes
 Sent to waft us through the deep—
 To the regions
 Where the mourners cease to weep.
Though the shore we hope to land on
 Only by report is known,
Yet we freely all abandon,
 Led by that report alone ;
 And with Jesus
 Through the trackless deep move on.
Led by that, we brave the ocean,
 Led by that the storm defy,
Calm amidst tumultuous motion,
 Knowing that our Lord is nigh ;
 Waves obey him,
 And the storms before him fly.

Render'd safe by his protection,
We shall pass the wat'ry waste;
Trusting to his wise direction,
We shall gain the port at last;
And with wonder
Think on toils and dangers past.
O what pleasures there await us!
There the tempests cease to roar;
There it is that they who hate us
Can molest our peace no more;
Trouble ceases
On that tranquil happy shore.

51

6.7.

Rock of ages, cleft for me,
Lo, I hide myself in thee,
Where the water and the blood,
From thy wounded side which flow'd,
Are of sin the double cure,
Cleansing from its guilt and pow'r.
Not the labour of my hands,
Could fulfil the law's demands:
Could my zeal no respite know,
Could my tears for ever flow,
All for sin could not atone,
Thou must save, and thou alone.
Nothing in my hands I bring,
Simply to thy cross I cling;
Naked, come to thee for dress,
Helpless, look to thee for grace;
Hungry, thirsty, still I flee,
All-sufficient Lord, to thee.

While I draw t fleeting breath,
Should my eyelids close in death,
When I soar to worlds above,
Still I'll triumph in thy love:
Rock of ages, cleft for me,
Still I'll hide myself in thee.

52

L. M.

JESUS, thy blood and righteousness
My beauty are, my glorious dress ;
Midst flaming worlds, in these array'd,
With joy shall I lift up my head.
Bold shall I stand in that great day,
For who aught to my charge shall lay ?
While by thy blood absolv'd I am
From sin and fear, from guilt and shame.
Thus Abraham the friend of God,
Thus all the saints redeem'd with blood,
Saviour of sinners, thee proclaim,
Sinners, of whom the chief I am.
This spotless robe the same appears
When ruin'd nature sinks in years,
No age can change its glorious hue—
The robe of Christ is ever new.
Soon shall I stand before thy throne.
And there still boast of thee alone,
My beauty this, my glorious dress,
Jesus the Lord, my righteousness.

53

C. M.

WHEN Israel by divine command,
The pathless desert trod,

They found, through all that barren land,
A sure resource in God.

A cloudy pillar mark'd the road,
And screen'd them from the heat;
From the hard rock the water flow'd,
And manna was their meat.

Like them we have a rest in view,
Secure from adverse pow'rs ;
Like them we pass a desert too ;
But Israel's God is our's.

His word, a light before us sheds,
By which our path we see ;
His love, a banner o'er our heads,
From harm preserves us free.

Jesus, the bread of life, is giv'n
To be our daily food ;
And from the Rock that once was riv'n
We drink the streams of God.

Lord 'tis enough, I ask no more,
These blessings are divine ;
I envy not the worldling's store,
Since Christ and heav'n are mine.

54

L. M.

Oft we, alas ! forget the love
Of Him who bought us with His blood ;
And now, as our High Priest above,
Stands as our advocate with God.

Oft we forget the woe, the pain,
The bloody sweat, th' accursed tree,
The wrath His soul did once sustain,
From sin and death to set us free.

Oft we forget that, strangers here,
This world is not our rest or home;
That, waiting till our Lord appear,
Our hearts should cry, "Come, Saviour,
come!"

Oft we forget that we are *one*
With every saint that loves His name;
United to him on the throne—
Our life, our hope, our Lord, the same.
Here, in the broken bread and wine,
We hear Him say, "Remember me!
"I gave my life to ransom thine,
"I bore thy curse to set thee free."
Lord, we are Thine—we praise Thy love—
One with Thy saints, all one in Thee;
We would, until we meet above,
In all our ways, *remember Thee.*

55.

C. M.

O LORD, I would delight in thee,
And on thy care depend;
To thee in every trouble flee,
My sure, my steadfast friend.
When human cisterns all are dried,
Thy fulness is the same;
May I with this be satisfied,
And glory in thy name.
Why should I thirst for aught below,
While there's a fountain near;
A fountain which doth ever flow,
The fainting heart to cheer.

No good in creatures can be found,
Apart, my Lord, from thee ;
I must have all things and abound,
Since thou art all to me.

O that I had but simpler faith,
To live within the veil ;
To feed on what my Saviour saith,
Whose word can never fail.

He that has made my heav'n secure,
Will all I need provide ;
While Christ is rich, can I be poor ?
What can I want beside ?

O Lord, I cast my care on thee,
I triumph and adore :
O that my great concern may be
To love and praise thee more.

56

P. M.

My God, my Father, while I stray,
Far from my home, on life's rough way,
O teach me from my heart to say,
Thy will be done.

Tho' dark my path, or sad my lot,
Let me be still and murmur not,
But breathe the prayer divinely taught,
Thy will be done.

If thou should'st call me to resign
What most I prize:—it ne'er was mine ;
I only yield thee what was thine ;
Thy will be done.

Control my will from day to day,
Blend it with thine, and take away
All that now makes it hard to say,
Thy will be done.

And when on earth I breathe no more
The prayer, oft mix'd with tears before,
I'll sing upon a happier shore,
Thy will be done.

57

11s.

Press forward and fear not, the billows may
roll,
But the power of Jesus their rage can control;
Though waves rise in anger their tumults shall
cease,
One word of his bidding shall hush them to
peace.

Press forward and fear not tho' trial be near,
The Lord is our refuge, whom then shall we
fear,
His staff is our comfort, our safeguard his rod;
Then let us be steadfast and trust in our God.

Press forward and fear not, be strong in the
Lord,
In the pow'r of his promise, the truth of his
word,
Through the sea and the desert our pathway
may tend,
But he who hath sav'd us will save to the end.

Then forward and fear not, we'll speed on our
way,
Why should we e'er shrink from our path in
dismay ;
We tread but the road which our leader has
trod,
Then let us press forward and trust in our
God.

58

C. M.

'Tis past—the dark and dreary night,
And, Lord, we hail thee now,
Our Morning Star without a cloud
Of sadness on thy brow.
Thy path on earth, the cross, the grave,
Thy sorrows now are o'er;
And, oh sweet thought ! thine eye shall weep,
Thy heart shall break no more.
Deep were those sorrows—deeper still
The love that brought thee low,
That bade the streams of life from thee,
A lifeless victim, flow.
The soldier, as he pierc'd thee, prov'd
Man's hatred, Lord, to thee;
While in the blood that stain'd the spear,
Love, only love, we see.
Drawn from thy pierc'd and bleeding side,
That pure and cleansing flood
Speaks peace to every heart that knows
The virtues of thy blood.

Yet 'tis not that we know the joy
Of cancell'd sin alone,
But, happier far, thy saints are call'd
To share thy glorious throne.

So closely are we link'd in love,
So wholly one with thee;
That all *thy* bliss and glory then,
Our bright reward shall be.

Yes, when the storm of life is calm'd,
The dreary desert pass'd;
Our way-worn hearts shall find in thee
Their full repose at last.

59

C. M.

JESUS, immutably the same!
Thou true and living Vine!
Around thy all-supporting stem,
My feeble arms I twine.

Quickened by thee, and kept alive,
I flourish and bear fruit;
My life, I from thy life derive,
My vigour from thy root.

I can do nothing without thee,
My strength is wholly thine;
Wither'd and barren should I be,
If sever'd from the vine.

Upon my leaf, when parch'd with heat,
Refreshing dews shall drop;
And when the rain and tempest beat,
Thou still wilt bear me up.

The object of the Father's care,
And prun'd by love divine;
Fruit to eternal life shall bear
The feeblest branch of thine.

60

C. M.

JESUS! how much thy name unfolds,
To every open'd ear;
The pardon'd sinner's mem'ry holds
None other half so dear.

Jesus!—it speaks a life of love,
And sorrows meekly borne;
It tells of sympathy above,
Whatever sins we mourn.

It tells us of thy sinless walk
In fellowship with God;
And, to our ears, no tale so sweet
As thine atoning blood,

This name encircles ev'ry grace
That God, as man, could show;
There only can the spirit trace
A perfect life below.

The mention of thy name shall bow
Our hearts to worship thee;
The chiefest of ten thousand *thou*,
The chief of sinners *we*.

61

S. M.

GRACE! 'tis a joyful sound,
Harmonious to the ear,

Heav'n with the echo shall resound,
And all the earth shall hear.
Grace taught my wand'ring feet
To tread the heav'nly road,
And new supplies each hour I meet
While trav'ling home to God.
'Twas grace that wrote my name
In life's eternal book,
'Twas grace that gave me to the Lamb,
Who all my sorrows took.
Grace taught my soul to pray,
And made my eyes o'erflow,
'Twas grace that kept me to this day,
And will not let me go.
Lord, let thy grace inspire
My soul with strength divine!
Thy glory only to desire,
To live, to walk as thine.

62

8. 7.

FATHER, we commend our spirits
To thy love in Jesus' name,
Love, that his atoning merits
Give us confidence to claim.
O how sweet, how true a pleasure,
Flows from love so full and free;
O how great, how rich a treasure,
Saviour, we possess in thee!
From the world and its confusions,
Here we turn, and find our rest;
From its cares and its delusions,
Turn to thee, and we are blest.

Though this scene is ever changing,
Since thy mercy changes not,
O'er its waste our spirits ranging,
Glory in their happy lot.

By the Holy Ghost anointed,
May we do thy holy will;
Walk the path by thee appointed
And thy pleasure still fulfil.

Till the welcome signal hearing,
Welcome to thy saints alone;
We rejoice at his appearing,
Who shall claim us for his own.

63

S. M.

BEHOLD the throne of grace!
His promise calls me near:
To seek my God and Father's face,
Who loves to answer prayer.

That rich, atoning blood,
Which sprinkled round I see,
Provides for all who come to God
An all-prevailing plea.

My soul ask what thou wilt,
Thou canst not be too bold;
Since for thy sake that blood was spilt,
What else will he withhold?

Beyond thy utmost wants
His love and pow'r can bless:
To praying souls he always grants
More than they can express.

Since 'tis the Lord's command,
My mouth I'll open wide;
Lord, open thou thy bounteous hand,
That I may be supplied.

64

C. M.

SALVATION ! O the joyful sound !
What pleasure to our ears !
A sov'reign balm for every wound,
A cordial for our fears.

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

Salvation ! O thou bleeding Lamb,
To thee the praise belongs:
Salvation shall inspire our hearts,
And dwell upon our tongues.

65

C. M.

How sweet the everlasting love
That will not let us part,
Our bodies may far off remove,
We still are one in heart.

Join'd in one Spirit to our head,
Where he appoints we'll go,
Seeking in all his steps to tread,
And here his praise to show.

Partakers of his love and grace,
And one in mind and heart,
Nor joy, nor grief, nor time, nor place,
Nor life, nor death can part.

O may we ever walk in him,
And nothing know beside,
Nothing desire, nothing esteem,
But Jesus crucified.

Closer and closer let us cleave
To his belov'd embrace,
From him all blessing to receive,
And grace to answer grace.

So hast'ning onward to the day
Which all things will restore,
Sorrow and death will pass away,
And we shall part no more.

66

L. M.

Let sinners sav'd give thanks and sing
Of mercies past, of joys to come,
The Lord their Saviour is, and King,
The cross their hope, and heav'n their home.

Let sinners sav'd give thanks and sing,
Salvation theirs, and of the Lord;
They draw from heav'n's eternal spring,
The living God, their great reward.

Let sinners sav'd give thanks and sing,
Sweet is the subject of their song,
Who, made the children of a King,
Expect to sing in heav'n ere long.

Let sinners sav'd give thanks and sing,
The Lord has kept in dangers past,
And, O! sweet thought will surely bring
His people safe to heav'n at last!

Let sinners sav'd give thanks and sing,
Of Jesus sing through all their days;
In heav'n their golden harps they'll string,
And there for ever sing His praise.

67

104th.

THE fountain of Christ, Lord, help us to sing;
The blood of our Priest, the crucified King,
Which perfectly cleanses from sin and from
filth,
And richly dispenses salvation and health.

This fountain so dear, he'll freely impart,
Unlock'd by the spear, it gush'd from his
heart,
With blood and with water—the first to
atone,
To cleanse us the latter—the fountain's but
one.

This fountain from guilt not only makes pure,
But gives, soon as felt, infallible cure;
Whatever diseases or dangers befall,
The fountain of Jesus doth rid us of all.

This fountain, though rich, from charge is
quite free,
The poorer the wretch, the welcomer he;
Here's strength for the weakly that hither
are led,
Here's health for the sickly, here's life for
the dead.

This fountain in vain has never been tried;
It takes out all stain whenever applied;
The water flows sweetly, with virtue divine,
To cleanse souls completely, tho' leprous as
mine.

68

C. M.

Oh! for a heart to praise my God,
A heart from sin set free,
A heart that always feels that blood
So freely shed for me.
A heart resign'd, submissive, meek,
My great Redeemer's throne:
Where only Christ is heard to speak;
Where Jesus reigns alone.
A humble, lowly, contrite heart,
Believing, true, and clean,
Which neither life nor death can part
From him that dwells within.
A heart in every thought renew'd,
And fill'd with love divine;
Perfect and right, and pure and good;
A copy, Lord, of thine.

69

8s.

As debtors to mercy alone,
Of covenant mercy we sing;
Nor fear, with thy righteousness on,
Our persons and off'rings to bring:
The wrath of a sin-hating God
With us can have nothing to do;
Our Saviour's obedience and blood
Hide all our transgressions from view.

The work which his goodness began,
The arm of his strength shall complete :
His promise is Yea and Amen,
And never was forfeited yet :
Things future, nor things that are now,
Nor all things below nor above,
Can make him his purpose forego,
Or sever our souls from his love.

Our names, from the palms of his hands,
Eternity will not erase ;
Impress'd on his heart this remains,
In marks of indelible grace :
And we to the end shall endure,
As sure as the earnest is given ;
More happy, but not more secure,
The souls of the blessed in heav'n.

70

L. M.

DEAR Lord, amid the throng that press'd
Around thee on the cursed tree,
Some loyal, loving hearts were there,
Some pitying eyes that wept for thee.

Like them may we rejoice to own
Our dying Lord, though crown'd with thorn ;
Like thee, thy blessed self, endure
The cross with all its joy or scorn.

Thy cross, thy lonely path below,
Shew what thy brethren all should be :
Pilgrims on earth, disown'd by those
Who see no beauty, Lord, in thee.

THOU very present aid
In suffering and distress,
The soul, which still on thee is stay'd,
Is kept in perfect peace.

Calmly the heart reclin'd,
By faith, on Jesus' breast,
In deepest woes exults to find
An everlasting rest.

Jesus, to whom I fly,
Does all my wishes fill:
What though the creature-streams are dry !
I have a fountain still.

Stripp'd of my earthly friends,
I find them all in One !
And peace, and joy that never ends,
And heav'n—in Christ alone !

SUBMISSIVE to thy will, my God,
I all to thee resign:
Bowing beneath thy chast'ning rod
I mourn, but not repine.

Why should my foolish heart complain,
When wisdom, truth, and love
Direct the stroke, inflict the pain,
And point to joys above ?

How short are all my sufferings here !
How needful ev'ry cross !
Away my unbelieving fear,
Nor call my gain my loss !
Then give, dear Lord, or take away,
I'll bless thy sacred name :
My Saviour, yesterday, to-day,
For ever, is the same.

73

In Suffering.

78.

LORD, in all my bitter pain,
Be my firm and constant stay :
Still my sinking strength sustain,
Drive impatient thoughts away.
Thou my anxious mind compose,
From temptations keep me free ;
Help me, now, to feel how close
Is my union, Lord, with thee.
One with thee, and thou dost feel
All my anguish, all my grief,
In thine own good time wilt heal,
Or, at least, wilt give relief.
While beneath thy chastening rod,
More of thy full peace be given ;
Make my spirit's home, my God,
With my Saviour, Christ, in heaven.
Then, though this poor frame may bear
Much of anguish, racking pains,
Thou my burden still wilt bear,
And thy love to me remains.

Now, thy present joy is mine !
Mine, thy future joys will be !
While such glories round me shine
I can think of nought but thee !

74

In Trial.

L. M.

My heart is sad, my spirit's weak,
My soul is brought so very low,
That when I would of mercy speak,
My lips can tell of nought but woe.

O take this weak and fleshy heart,
And fill it, Lord, with love divine;
Thy peace, thy rest, thy joy impart,
And make it wholly, truly thine.

Bid all this earthly grief away,
And fill my spirit full of thee;
Help me to look to that blest day,
When sin shall leave my body free.

75

For a Wanderer.

l l s.

Poor wand'rer ! return to the home of thy
bliss,
No arm is like Jesus', no fold is like his;
Tho' thy heart is now stricken, and mourn-
ing thy soul,
Our Jesus has pow'r and has will to make
whole.
Then, oh let not Satan still lead thee astray,
Return to thy Lord, to the one living way.

Long, long hast thou wander'd, but hast not
found rest;
Fear not to return! Be thine errors confest;
Christ is longing to welcome the poor tem-
pest tost;
To him nought so sweet as to succour the
lost:
His heart yearns to show thee the fulness of
love,
To teach thee thy portion, and draw thee
above.
Then wilt thou not trust him? For thee did
he die,
To win thee to heaven he came from on
high;
He bore all thy sins, all thy sorrows, and
thou,
Why seek'st thou to bear them, to groan
with them now?
Oh leave them to Jesus! But trust in his
word
And humbly, yet joyfully, follow thy Lord.

76

C. M.

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

Forth from his Father's loving breast,
To bear our sin and shame,

To face a cold unfeeling world,
The heavenly Stranger came.

This earth to him, the Lord of all,
No kindly welcome gave;
In Judah's land the Saviour found
No shelter but the grave.

Then fare thee well, thou faithless world !
Thine evil eye could see
No grace in him whose dying love
Hath weaned our hearts from thee.

The cross was his; and oh 'tis ours
Its weight on earth to bear,
And glory in the thought that he
Was once a sufferer there.



C. M.

WHEN languor and disease invade
This trembling house of clay,
'Tis sweet to look beyond our cage,
And long to fly away;

Sweet to look inward, and attend
The whispers of his love;
Sweet to look upward to the place
Where Jesus pleads above;

Sweet to look back, and see my name
In life's fair book set down;
Sweet to look forward, and behold
Eternal joys my own;

Sweet to reflect how grace divine,
My sins on Jesus laid;
Sweet to remember that his blood
My debt of suffering paid;
Sweet in his righteousness to stand,
Which saves from second death;
Sweet to experience, day by day,
His Spirit's quick'ning breath;
Sweet on his faithfulness to rest,
Whose love can never end;
Sweet on his covenant of grace
For all things to depend;
Sweet, in the confidence of faith,
To trust his firm decrees;
Sweet to lie passive in his hands,
And know no will but his.

78

L. M.

God of my life ! to thee I call,
Afflicted at thy feet I fall;
When the great water-floods prevail,
Leave not my trembling heart to fail.
Friend of the friendless and the faint,
Where should I lodge my deep complaint?
Where but with thee, whose open door
Invites the helpless and the poor ?
Did ever mourner plead with thee,
And thou refuse that mourner's plea ?
Does not the word still fix'd remain,
That none shall seek thy face in vain ?

That were a grief I could not bear,
Didst thou not hear and answer prayer;
But a prayer-hearing, answering God,
Supports me under every load.

Fair is the lot that's cast for me;
I have an Advocate with thee;
Those whom the world caresses most
Have no such privilege to boast.

Poor though I am, despis'd, forgot,
Yet God, my God forgets me not;
And he is safe, and must succeed,
For whom the Lord vouchsafes to plead.

79

C. M.

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

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

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

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

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

Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan his work in vain;
God is his own interpreter,
And he will make it plain.

80

C. M.

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

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

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

No—facing all its frowns or smiles,
Like him, obedient still,
We homeward press through storm or calm,
To Zion's blessed hill.

In tents we dwell amid the waste,
Nor turn aside to roam
In folly's paths, nor seek our rest
Where *Jesus* had no home.

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

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

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

81

God a Refuge.

C. M.

DEAR Refuge of my weary soul,
On thee, when sorrows rise,
On thee, when waves of trouble roll,
My fainting hope relies.

To thee I tell each rising grief,
For thou alone canst heal;
Thy word can bring a sweet relief
For every pain I feel.

But, ah! when gloomy doubts prevail,
I fear to call thee mine:
The springs of comfort seem to fail,
And all my hopes decline.

Yet, gracious God, where could I flee?
Thou art my only trust;
And still my soul would cleave to thee,
Though prostrate in the dust.

Thy mercy-seat is open still,
There let my soul retreat;
With humble hope attend thy will,
And wait beneath thy feet.

82

L. M.

WHEN darkness long has veil'd the mind,
And smiling day once more appears,
Then, Jesus, then it is we find
The folly of our doubts and fears.

I chide my unbelieving heart,
And blush that I should ever be
So prone to act so base a part,
And harbour one hard thought of thee.

O' let me then at length be taught,
What still I am so slow to learn,
That God is love, and changes not,
Nor knows the shadow of a turn.

Sweet truth ! and easy to repeat !
But when my faith is sharply tried,
I find myself a learner yet,
Unskilful, weak, and apt to slide.

But, O my Lord, one look from thee
Subdues my disobedient will,
Drives doubt and discontent away,
And thy rebellious worm is still.

Thou art as willing to forgive
As I am ready to repine;
Thou, therefore, all the praise receive,
Be shame and self-abhorrence mine.

My rest is in heaven, my rest is not here;
Then why should I tremble when trials are
near?

Be hushed, my sad spirit, the worst that can
come

But shortens thy journey, and hastens thee
home.

It is not for me to be seeking my bliss,
And building my hopes in a region like this :
I look for a city which hands have not piled—
I pant for a country by sin undefiled.

The thorn and the thistle around me may
grow—

I would not lie down e'en on roses below :
I ask not my portion, I seek not a rest,
Till I find them for ever on Jesus' lov'd breast.

Let trial and danger my progress oppose,
They only make heaven more sweet at the
close;

Come joy, or come sorrow, whate'er may
befall,

A home with my God will make up for it all.

With a scrip on my back, and a staff in my
hand,

I march on, in haste, through an enemy's
land;

The road may be rough, but it cannot be
long,
And I'll smooth it with hope, and I'll cheer
it with song.

84

Luke vii. 34.

L. M.

Poor, weak, and worthless though I am,
I have a rich Almighty friend;
Jesus, the Saviour, is his name,
He freely loves, and without end.

He ransom'd me from hell with blood,
And by his pow'r my foes controll'd;
He found me wand'ring far from God,
And brought me to his chosen fold.

He cheers my heart, my want supplies,
And says that I shall shortly be
Enthron'd with him above the skies:
O! what a friend is Christ to me!

But ah! my inmost spirit mourns,
And well my eyes with tears may swim,
To think of my perverse returns:
I've been a faithless friend to him.

Often my gracious friend I grieve,
Neglect, distrust, and disobey;
And often Satan's lies believe,
Sooner than all my friend can say.

He bids me always freely come,
And promises whate'er I ask;
But I am straiten'd, cold, and dumb,
And count my privilege a task.

Before the world that hates his cause,
My treach'rous heart has throbbed with
shame;
Loath to forego the world's applause,
I hardly dare avow his name.
Sure, were not I most vile and base,
I could not thus my friend requite!
And were not he the God of grace,
He'd frown and spurn me from his sight.

85

C. M.

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

Thou too shalt reign—he will not wear
His crown of joy alone,
And earth his royal Bride shall see
Beside him on the throne.

Then weep no more, 'tis all thine own,
His crown, his joy divine,
And sweeter far than all beside,
He, he himself is thine.

86

11s.

SAD pilgrim of Zion, tho' chasten'd awhile
In this valley of tears, hope bids thee to smile;
Far spent is the night,—and approaching the
day

That calls thee from sorrow and sighing away.

No tear of repentance, no heave of the storm,
Not a cloud shall o'ershadow the light of that
morn,

When thy sun sets no more, but for ever
shall shine

In the fulness of beauty and glory divine.

White thy robe, wash'd in blood, the price
that was giv'n

To redeem thee, and make thee a meet heir
of heav'n:

On thy head the bright crown that ne'er
fadeth away,

Which Jesus' own hand shall award at that
day.

And there in the presence of him thou shalt
dwell,
Who thus rais'd thee to heav'n, having sav'd
thee from hell:
His praises for ever shall be on thy tongue,
Thine heart's deepest wonder, thy lips' cease-
less song.
O pilgrim, till then be thou instant in prayer,
Thy conflicts and griefs thy Redeemer will
share ;
And in death should'st thou sleep, still the
love that ne'er dies,
Shall guard thee, and bear thee from hence
to the skies.

87

L. M.

I WANT not India's pearly store,
I want the joys of earth no more,
I want to quit each vain delight,
I want to walk with Christ in white.
I want to know my Saviour's love,
To fix my wandering heart above;
I want more grace to conquer sin,
I want to feel new life within.
I want to lean on Jesus' breast,
And feel him my eternal rest;
I want the Spirit's purging fire,
More faith, more love, to raise me higher.
I want with Jesus to sit down,
I want to wear my heav'nly crown;
I want the kingdom promis'd me,
I want no more, O Lord, but thee.

FROM pole to pole let others roam,
And search in vain for bliss ;
My soul is satisfied at home,
The Lord my portion is.

Jesus, who on his glorious throne
Rules heav'n, and earth, and sea,
Is pleas'd to claim me for his own,
And give himself to me.

His person fixes all my love,
His blood removes my fear,
And while he pleads for me above
His arm preserves me here.

His word of promise is my food,
His Spirit is my guide ;
Thus daily is my strength renew'd,
And all my wants supplied.

For him I count as gain, each loss,
Disgrace for him, renown ;
Well may I glory in his cross,
While he prepares my crown.

OH ! for a closer walk with God,
A calm and heav'nly frame ;
A light to shine upon the road
That leads me to the Lamb.

Where is the blessedness I knew,
When first I saw the Lord ?
Where is the soul-refreshing view
Of Jesus and his word ?

What peaceful hours I once enjoy'd,
How sweet their mem'ry still ;
But they have left an aching void
The world can never fill.

Return, O holy Dove, return,
Sweet messenger of rest ;
I hate the sins that made thee mourn,
And drove thee from my breast.

The dearest idol I have known,
Whate'er that idol be,
Help me to tear it from thy throne,
And worship only thee.

So shall my walk be close with God,
Calm and serene my frame ;
So purer light shall mark the road
That leads me to the Lamb.

90

L. M.

JESUS, my all, to heav'n is gone ;
He, whom I fix my hopes upon !
His track I see, and I'll pursue
The narrow way, till him I view.

This is the way I long had sought,
And mourn'd because I found it not ;
My grief and burden long had been
Because I could not cease from sin.

The more I strove against its pow'r,
I sinn'd and stumbled but the more,
Till Jesus did his grace display,
Himself revealing as the way.

Henceforth I'll tell to sinners round,
How dear a Saviour I have found;
I'll point to his redeeming blood,
And say—*Behold the way to God.*

91

In Sorrow.

S. M.

It is thy hand, my God !
My sorrow comes from thee—
I bow beneath thy chast'ning rod,
'Tis love that bruises me.

I would not murmur, Lord;
Before thee I am dumb;—
Lest I should breathe one murmuring word,
To thee for help I come.

My God—thy name is love,
A Father's hand is thine;
With tearful eyes I look above,
And cry, "Thy will be mine!"

I know thy will is right,
Though it may seem severe;
Thy path is still unsullied light,
Though dark it oft appear.

Jesus for me hath died,
Thy Son thou didst not spare;
His pierced hands, his bleeding side,
Thy love for me declare.

Here my poor heart can rest,
My God, it cleaves to thee;
Thy will is love, thine end is blest,
All work for good to me.

WHEN gathering clouds around I view,
And days are dark, and friends are few,
On him I lean, who not in vain
Experienced every human pain:
He sees my griefs, allays my fears,
And counts and treasures up my tears.

If aught should tempt my soul to stray
From heav'nly wisdom's narrow way;
To fly the good I would pursue,
Or do the thing I would not do ;
Still he who felt temptation's pow'r
Shall guard me in that dang'rous hour.

If wounded love my bosom swell,
Despis'd by those I priz'd too well ;
He shall his pitying aid bestow,
Who felt on earth severer woe ;
At once betray'd, denied, or fled,
By those who shared his daily bread.

When vexing thoughts within me rise,
And, sore dismay'd, my spirit dies ;
Yet he who once vouchsafed to bear
The sick'ning anguish of despair,
Shall sweetly smooth, shall gently dry,
The throbbing heart, the streaming eye.

When mourning o'er some stone I bend,
Which covers all that was a friend ;
And from his voice, his hand, his smile,
Divides me for a little while ;
Thou, Saviour, mark'st the tears I shed,
For thou didst weep o'er Lazarus dead.

And oh ! when I have safely past
Through every conflict but the last ;
Still, still unchanging watch beside
My painful bed—for thou hast died ;
Then point to realms of cloudless day,
And wipe the latest tear away.

93

C. M.

WHEN all thy mercies, O my God,
My rising soul surveys,
Transported with the view, I'm lost
In wonder, love, and praise.

O how shall words, with equal warmth,
The gratitude declare,
That glows within my ravish'd heart !
But thou canst read it there.

Unnumber'd comforts to my soul
Thy tender care bestow'd,
Before my infant heart conceiv'd
From whom those comforts flow'd.

Ten thousand thousand precious gifts
My daily thanks employ ;
Nor is the least a cheerful heart
To taste those gifts with joy.

When in the slippery paths of youth,
With heedless steps I ran,
Thine arm, unseen, convey'd me safe,
And led me up to man.

Through hidden dangers, toils, and deaths,
It gently clear'd my way,
And through the pleasing snares of vice,
More to be fear'd than they.

When worn with sickness, oft hast thou
With health renew'd my face ;
And when in sins and sorrows sunk,
Reviv'd my soul with grace.

Through ev'ry period of my life,
Thy goodness I'll pursue ;
And after death, in distant worlds,
The glorious theme renew.

Through all eternity, to thee
A joyful song I'll raise ;
But oh ! eternity 's too short
To utter all thy praise.

94

P. M.

HAPPINESS, thou lovely name !
Where 's thy seat, O tell me where ?
Learning, pleasure, wealth and fame,
All cry out, "It is not here ;"
Not the wisdom of the wise
Can inform me where it lies :
Not the grandeur of the great
Can the bliss I seek create.

Object of my first desire,
Jesus crucified for me,
All to happiness aspire,
Only to be found in thee :

Thee to praise and thee to know,
Constitute our bliss below ;
Thee to see and thee to love,
Constitute our bliss above.

Lord, it is not life to live,
If thy presence thou deny ;
But if thou thy presence give,
'Tis no longer death to die:
Source and giver of repose,
Singly from thy smile it flows ;
Peace and happiness are thine,—
Mine they are, if thou art mine.

Whilst I feel thy love to me,
Every object teems with joy ;
Here, Lord, may I walk with thee,
Guided by thy watchful eye ;
Let me but thyself possess,
Total sum of happiness,
Real joy I then shall know,
Heav'n begun on earth below.

95

In deep Affliction. L. M.

THE music of my heart is gone,
It cannot sing as once it sung ;
For grief hath marr'd its every tone,
And all its sweetest chords unstrung.
But, ah ! too long it thus hath lain,
Like some deserted, broken shell ;
Come heav'nly wind, and breathe again
Through each forlorn and silent cell.

And if but one responsive sigh,
Obedient to the call, awake,
Dearer to Jesus that reply,
Than melody that angels make.

For only he, whose skilful hand
To nicest sense attun'd the strings,
How slight the touch can understand,
Which every chord with anguish wrings.

Whate'er the bruised spirit grieves,
No light distress will Jesus deem;
There's not a throb my bosom heaves,
But stirs a kindred pulse in him.

Thrice welome then shall sorrow be,
Tho' nature faint beneath the smart;
Since every pang supplies a key
To open the Redeemer's heart.

96

104th.

BEGONE, unbelief! my Saviour is near,
And for my relief will surely appear;
By prayer let me wrestle, and he will perform:
With Christ in the vessel, I smile at the storm.

Though dark be my way, since he is my
guide,

'Tis mine to obey, 'tis his to provide:
Though cisterns be broken, and creatures all
fail,

The word he hath spoken will surely prevail.

His love in time past forbids me to think,
He'll leave me at last in trouble to sink;

Each sweet Ebenezer I have in review,
Confirms his good pleasure to help me quite
through.

Why should I complain of want or distress,
Temptation or pain? He told me no less:—
The heirs of salvation, I know, from his word,
Through much tribulation must follow the
Lord.

How bitter the cup no heart can conceive,
Which Jesus drank up, that sinners might
live!

His way was much rougher and darker than
mine,

Did Jesus thus suffer, and shall I repine?

Since all that I meet shall work for my good,
The bitter is sweet, the med'cine is food;
Tho' painful at present, 'twill cease before
long,

And then, O how pleasant the conqueror's
song!

97

L.M.

Be still, my heart! these anxious cares,
To thee are burdens, thorns, and snares;
They cast dishonour on thy Lord,
And contradict his gracious word.

Brought safely by his hand thus far,
Why wilt thou now give place to fear?
How canst thou want if he provide,
Or lose thy way with such a guide?

When first before his mercy seat,
Thou didst to him thy all commit,
He gave thee warrant, from that hour,
To trust his wisdom, love, and pow'r.

Did ever trouble yet befall,
And he refuse to hear thy call?
And has he not his promise pass'd,
That thou shalt overcome at last?

Like David, thou may'st comfort draw,
Sav'd from the bear's and lion's paw;
Goliath's rage I may defy,
For God, my Saviour, still is nigh.

He who has help'd me hitherto,
Will help me all my journey through;
And give me daily cause to raise
New Ebenezers to his praise.

Though rough and thorny be the road,
It leads thee home apace to God;
Then count thy present trials small,
For heav'n will make amends for all.

98

8s.

WHAT think you of Christ? is the test,
To try both your state and your scheme;
You cannot be right in the rest,
Unless you think rightly of him.
As Jesus appears in your view,
As he is beloved or not,
So God is disposed to you,
And mercy or wrath is your lot.

Some take him a creature to be,
A man, or an angel at most ;
Sure these have not feelings like me,
Nor know themselves wretched and lost:
So guilty, so helpless am I,
I durst not confide in his blood,
Nor on his protection rely,
Unless I were sure he is God.

Some call him a Saviour in word,
But mix their own works with his plan,
And hope he his help will afford
When they have done all that they can :
If doings prove rather too light,
(A little they own they may fail,)
They purpose to make up full weight,
By casting his name in the scale.

Some style him the pearl of great price,
And say he's the fountain of joys,
Yet feed upon folly and vice,
And cleave to the world and its toys:
Like Judas, the Saviour they kiss,
And while they salute him, betray:
Ah ! what will profession like this
Avail in his terrible day ?

If ask'd what of Jesus I think,
Tho' still my best thoughts are but poor,
I say he's my meat and my drink,
My life, and my strength, and my store ;
My shepherd, my guardian, my friend,
My Saviour from sin and from thrall ; .
My hope from beginning to end,
My portion, my Lord, and my all.

OH teach me more of thy blest ways,
 Thou holy Lamb of God !
 And fix and root me in thy grace,
 As one redeem'd by blood.
 O tell me often of thy love,
 Of all thy grief and pain ;
 And let my heart with joy confess,
 From thence comes all my gain.
 For this, oh may I freely count
 Whate'er I have but loss ;
 The dearest object of my love,
 Compar'd with thee, but dross.
 Engrave this deeply on my heart
 With an eternal pen,
 That I may, in some small degree,
 Return thy love again.

THOU vain deceitful world, farewell !
 Thine idle joys no more we love :
 By faith in brighter worlds we dwell,
 In spirit find our home above.
 Jesus, we go with thee to taste
 Of joy supreme that never dies ;
 Our feet still press the weary waste,
 Our heart, our home are in the skies.
 And oh ! while on to Zion's hill
 The toilsome path of life we tread,
 Around us, loving Father, still,
 Thy circling wings of mercy spread.

From day to day, from hour to hour,
O may our rising spirits prove
The strength of thine almighty power,
The sweetness of thy saving love !

101

C. M.

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

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

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

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

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

Yet little do thy saints at best,
Endure, O Lord, for thee ;
Whose suffering soul bore all our sins
And sorrows on the tree ;

Who faced our fierce, our ruthless foe,
Unaided, and alone;
To win us for thy crown of joy,
To raise us to thy throne.

102

C. M.

SWEETER, O Lord, than rest to thee,
While seated by the well,
Was thine own task of love, to all
Of grace and peace to tell.

One thoughtless heart that never knew
The pulse of life before,
There learn'd to love—was taught to sigh
For earthly joys no more.

Friend of the lost, O Lord, in thee
Samaria's daughter there
Found One whom love had drawn to earth,
Her weight of guilt to bear.

Fair witness of thy saving grace,
In her, O Lord, we see,
The wand'ring soul by love subdued,
The sinner drawn to thee.

Through all that sweet and blessed scene,
Dear Saviour, by the well,
More than enough the trembler finds,
His guilty fears to quell.

There, in the full repose of faith,
The soul delights to see,
Not only One who deeply loves,
But *Love itself*, in thee.

Not One alone who feels for all,
But fully knows the art
To meet the boundless sympathies
Of every loving heart.

103

C. M.

SWEET was the hour, O Lord, to thee,
At Sychar's lonely well,
When a poor outcast heard thee there,
Thy great salvation tell.

Thither she came; but oh! her heart,
All fill'd with earthly care,
Dream'd not of thee, nor thought to find
The Hope of Israel there.

Lord! 'twas thy power unseen that drew
The stray one to that place,
In solitude to learn from thee
The secrets of thy grace.

There Jacob's erring daughter found
Those streams unknown before,
The waterbrooks of life that make
The weary thirst no more.

And, Lord, to us, as vile as she,
Thy gracious lips have told
That mystery of love, reveal'd
At Jacob's well of old.

In spirit, Lord, we've sat with thee
Beside the springing well
Of life and peace—and heard thee there
Its healing virtues tell.

Dead to the world, we dream no more
Of earthly pleasures now;
Our deep, divine, unfailing spring
Of grace and glory, thou!

No hope of rest in aught beside,
No beauty, Lord, we see,
And, like Samaria's daughter, seek
And find our all in thee.

104 Comfort under Affliction. 8s.

How light (while supported by grace)
Are all the afflictions I see,
To those the dear Lord of my peace,
My Jesus, has suffer'd for me!

To him every comfort I owe,
Above what the fiends have in hell;
And shall I not sing as I go,
That Jesus does every thing well?

That Jesus, who stoop'd from his throne
To pluck such a brand from the fire;
A wretch that had nought of his own,
Not even a holy desire!

My only inheritance sin,
A slave to rebellion and lust;
Polluted without and within,
A child of corruption and dust!

Such was I when Jesus look'd down,
When none but himself could relieve:
What could I expect but a frown?
Yet he graciously smil'd, and said, 'Live!'

And shall I impatiently fret,
And murmur beneath his kind rod ?
His love and his mercy forget,
And fly in the face of my God ?

O, no ! in the strength he has giv'n,
And pledg'd his own word to bestow,
I'll fight through my passage to heaven,
And sing of his love as I go.

He 'll purge away nought but my dross,
Then let him afflict; I'll adore,
And cheerfully bear up the cross,
Which Jesus has carried before !

105 Christ's unparalleled Love. C. M.

A FRIEND there is—your voices join,
Ye saints, to praise his name !—
Whose truth and kindness are divine,
Whose love's a constant flame.

When most we need his helping hand,
This Friend is always near;
With heaven and earth at his command,
He waits to answer prayer.

His love no end or measure knows,
No change can turn its course;
Immutably the same it flows
From one eternal source.

When frowns appear to veil his face,
And clouds surround his throne,
He hides the purpose of his grace,
To make it better known.

And if our dearest comforts fall
Before his sov'reign will,
He never takes away our all;
Himself he gives us still!

Our sorrows in the scale he weighs,
And measures out our pains;
The wildest storm his word obeys,
His word its rage restrains.

106

Heb. xi. 13—16.

P. M.

THERE is a place of placid rest,
To weary pilgrims given;
There is a calm for souls distressed,
A balm for every wounded breast—
'Tis with the Lamb,—in heaven.

There is a downy perfum'd bed,
Prepar'd for saints at even;
There lay the Lord's anointed head,
'Tis for our slumbering ashes spread,
Whilst we repose in heaven.

There is a home for humble souls,
Tho' into exile driven;
Tho' tost on life's deceitful shoals,
Where tempests rage, and ocean rolls,
They dwell with Christ in heaven.

Amid the storm, faith lifts the eye,
And sees the peaceful haven;
She views life's tempest passing by,—
The shades of death fly swift away,
And day dawns bright in heaven.

There peace with sway immortal reigns,
And joys supreme are given;
There, praise pours forth seraphic strains,
The Lamb's full glory gilds the plains,
And love burns pure in heaven.

107 Matt. xi. 28—30. 8.7.4.

COME, ye sinners ! poor and wretched,
See the gospel's boundless store !
Jesus ready stands to heal you,
Full of mercy, join'd with power.
Christ is able—
He is willing ! doubt no more.

Ho, ye needy ! come, and welcome,
God's rich bounty glorify ;
True belief, and true repentance,
Every grace that brings us nigh—
Without money,
Come to Jesus Christ and buy.

Let not conscience make you linger,
Nor of fitness fondly dream ;
All your fitness is in Jesus,—
And to feel your need of him,
Jesus gives you !
'Tis the Spirit's rising beam.

SECOND PART.

Come, ye weary, heavy laden !
Bruis'd and mangled by the fall ;

If you tarry till you're better,
You will never come at all.
Not the righteous—
Sinners Jesus came to call.

View him grov'ling in the garden !
Lo your Maker prostrate lies !
On the bloody tree behold him !
Hark ! he speaks before he dies—
It is finish'd !
Sinner ! will not this suffice ?

Lo ! th' incarnate God, ascended,
Pleads the merit of his blood ;
Venture on him, venture wholly,
Let no other trust intrude.
None but Jesus
Can do helpless sinners good.

Saints and angels, join'd in concert,
Sing the praises of the Lamb ;
Hark ! the blissful seats of heaven
Sweetly echo with his name.
Hallelujah !
Sinners here may sing the same.

108

Psalm lxi. 2.

8s.

ENCOMPASS'D with clouds of distress,
To Jesus my cause I resign ;
I wait for the light of thy face,
Nor e'en at the darkness repine.

Does Jesus the trial prolong?

I flee to the throne with my load:
Disburden'd, I pour out my song,
And lift up my soul to my God.

Shine, Lord! and the tempest shall cease!
And whilst the rude billows are nigh,
I'll haste to thy bosom for peace,
The rock that is higher than I!

What though for a moment I mourn?
My hold of thy promise I keep;
The billows may proudly return,
And plunge me again in the deep.

Yet am I not cast from thy sight!
Almighty to rescue thou art;
Thou'lt quickly illumine my night,
And bid all my troubles depart.

Yes, Lord! for thy love has design'd
All covenant mercies for me;
And therefore it is that I find
Such sweetness in waiting for thee.

109

2 Cor. vi. 10.

C. M.

I NOTHING have, and yet possess
A never-failing store,—
An heir to heaven's immense estate,
Though now exceeding poor.

I nothing have, yet nothing want,
When I by faith can see
My title seal'd with Jesus' blood,
And heaven secur'd to me.

I nothing have in my poor self,
In Jesus is my all;
And what I have in him, was mine
Before my parent's fall.

I nothing have, my debt is large,
A debtor from the fall;
My Jesus took the whole amount,
And freely paid it all.

I nothing have but what's in him,—
Grace, mercy, peace, and joy,—
My portion's hid with Christ in God,
Where thieves cannot destroy.

I nothing have, and yet can boast
Of what my Lord has giv'n;
Some tokens of his sov'reign love,
Sweet foretastes of my heav'n.

I nothing have, yet have enough,
When smiles my Jesus' face,—
His love my highest glory is,
And this my richest grace.

110

Prov. xvli. 17.

L. M.

WHEN ev'ry scene this side the grave
Looks dark and cheerless to mine eye,
How sweet to know in Christ I have
A brother in adversity !

When father, mother, friends are gone,
When bursts affection's closest tie,
How sweet to have Christ still mine own;
A brother in adversity !

When frowns an angry world unkind,
And hope's delusive visions fly,
How sweet if God's own Christ I find,
My brother in adversity !

And who is this, whom still I find,
When all my earthly kindreds die,
A faithful, loving, tender friend,
My brother in adversity ?

Jesus ! in thee this friend I trace ;
'Thy love's unchanging, full, and free ;
Eternal smiles adorn thy face,
Thou brother in adversity.

Ere time began, or sin had birth,
Thou lov'dst from all eternity ;
But now a brother, born of earth,
Born for th' hour of adversity !

Ye pilgrims in this wilderness,
Would you the heart of Jesus see ?
His hands, his feet, his side confess,
The brother in adversity.

Hail ! brother, friend, Redeemer Lord !
Who didst for our salvation die,—
Be thou eternally adored,
Our refuge in adversity !

III

Rev. i. 9—11.

L. M.

DEAR is the Lord's-day morn to me,
When heavenly thoughts dawn with the
day ;
And savouring of eternity,
Woo me from earthly cares away.

And dear to me the perfum'd hour,
Spent in thy fragrant courts, O Lord ;
To feel the Spirit's soothing power,
And feed on Manna from the word.

And dear the voice of harmony,
Beyond the power of human art,—
That holy heavenly melody,
The music of a sinner's heart.

Most dear to me, Lord of the day!
Thy name is incense, ointment, balm,—
Sweet odour of all ministry,
The oil which makes each storm a calm.

Yes ; sweet to me, when on this morn,
I hear the Word and Spirit's voice,
These oft have found my heart forlorn,
And oft have bid that heart rejoice.

Go, worldling ; strike thy choicest lyre,—
Of mortal pleasures chaunt the charms ;
Ours be Elijah's car of fire,
That bears us to Jehovah's arms.

112 Jer. xxxii. 38—41. C. M.

BLEST be the sweet, the sov'reign love,
That never lets us part ;
Our persons may far off remove,
We still are one in heart.

Join'd by one Spirit to our Head,
Where Jesus leads we go ;
His name our song who for us bled,
His flesh our food below.

Oh may we ever walk in him,
And nothing know beside,
Nought else desire, nought else esteem,
But Jesus crucified.

Father! thou hast thy Fellow given,
And with thy Son thyself;
Be this our Paradise and Heaven,
Our souls' immortal health.

Closer and closer may we cleave
To Jesus' fond embrace;
Still long his fulness to receive,
And grace to answer grace.

On let us run our glorious race,
The same in mind and heart;
Nor joy, nor grief, nor time, nor place,
Nor life, nor death can part.

In hope let's hasten to the day,
Which shall our flesh restore;
When death shall all be done away,
And bodies part no more.

113

Isaiah xxv. 8, 9.

P. M.

My Lord! my God! my Saviour!
My brother, husband, friend,—
I triumph in thy favour,
And to thy presence tend.

This grace to me be given—
This bliss is my request,
I ask it as my heaven—
To live upon thy breast.

This place of peace I covet,
Beyond a seraph's throne;
To rest on my Beloved,
There breathe my final groan.

On thee, my Lord! relying,
I lose my sin and pain;
And on thy bosom dying,
My life eternal gain.

Soon I, with saints in glory,
With rapt'rous joy shall trace,
The pleasing, wondrous story,
Of Jesus' love and grace.

On his immense salvation,
My soul, for ever dwell!
And draw rich consolation,
From thy Lord Emmanuel.

114

Love to God.

C. M.

HAPPY the heart where graces reign,
Where love inspires the breast;
Love is the brightest of the train,
And strengthens all the rest.

This is the grace that lives and sings
When faith and hope shall cease;
'Tis this shall strike our joyful strings
In the sweet realms of bliss.

Before we quite forsake our clay,
Or leave this dark abode,
The wings of love bear us away
To see our smiling God.

115God's Presence is Light in
darkness. C. M.

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

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

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

My soul would leave this heavy clay
At that transporting word,
Run up with joy the shining way,
T' embrace my dearest Lord.

116

Heb. x. 19, 20. C. M.

Oh precious blood ! oh glorious death !
By this the sinner lives !
When stung with sin, the cross we view,
And all our joy revives !

We flourish as the water'd herb,
Who keep the Lamb in sight ;
His blood now gives our conscience peace,
And makes our garments white.

The blood that purchas'd our release,
To justice made amends;
We challenge earth and hell to slay
A soul whom Christ defends.
All vile and worthless as I am,
This blood for me was giv'n;
And boldness, through this blood, I have,
To enter into heav'n.
My scarlet crimes are white as wool,
And I'm brought nigh to God !
Thanks to my Lord's triumphant death,
And his all conquering blood !

117

L. M.

*The good Shepherd giveth his life for the
sheep.* John x. 11.

JESUS, thou Shepherd of thy sheep,
Thy little flock in safety keep;
The flock for which thou cam'st from heav'n,
The flock for which thy life was giv'n.
Thou saw'st them wand'ring far from thee,
Secure, as if from danger free;
Thy love did all their wand'rings trace,
And bring them to a wealthy place.
Lord, guard thy sheep from beasts of prey,
And keep them that they never stray;
Cherish the young, sustain the old,
Let none be feeble in thy fold.
Secure them from the scorching beam,
And lead them to the living stream;
In verdant pastures let them lie,
And guard them with a shepherd's eye.

O may thy sheep discern thy voice,
And in its sacred sound rejoice;
From strangers may they ever flee,
And know no other friend but thee.

118

C. M.

A better Country. Heb. xi. 16.

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

There everlasting spring abides,
And never-with'ring flow'rs;
Death, like a narrow sea, divides
This heav'nly land from ours.

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

But tim'rous mortals start and shrink,
To cross this narrow sea;
And linger shiv'ring on the brink,
And fear to launch away.

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

God forbid that I should glory, save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ. Gal. vi. 14.

THE cross ! the cross ! oh that's my gain,
Because on that the Lamb was slain;
'Twas there my Lord was crucified,
'Twas there my Saviour for me died.

What wondrous cause could move thy heart,
To take on thee my curse and smart;
Well knowing that my soul would be
So cold, so negligent of thee ?

The cause was love,—I sink with shame
Before my sacred Jesus' name;
That thou shouldst bleed and slaughter'd be,
Because, because thou lovedst me.

Happy are these thy servants.—1 Kings x. 8.

HAPPY they who trust in Jesus !

Sweet their portion is and sure:

When the foe on others seizes,

God will keep his own secure.

Happy people !

Happy, though despis'd and poor.

Ye whom God has sav'd from error,

Ye "who know the joyful sound,"

Fear ye not the mighty terror;

Arms of mercy close you round.

Dread no evil;

God will all your foes confound.

Sov'reign love and mercy found you,
You are precious in his sight;
Thousands now may fall around you,
Thousands more be put to flight:
But his presence
Keeps you safe by day and night.

Lo ! your Saviour never slumbers;
Ever watchful is his care ;
Though ye cannot boast of numbers,
In his strength secure you are :
Sweet their portion,
Who their Saviour's kindness share.

121

8. 7.

" ABBA, Father," Lord, we call thee,
(Hallow'd name!) from day to day:
'Tis thy children's right to know thee,
None but children, " Abba," say:
This high glory we inherit,
(Thy free gift) through Jesus' blood;
God the Spirit, with our spirit,
Witnesses we're sons of God.

Abba's love first gave us being,
When, *in Christ*, in that vast plan,
Abba chose the Church in Jesus,
Long before the world began:
O what love the Father bore us!
O how precious in his sight!
When he gave his church to Jesus!
Jesus, his whole soul's delight!

Though our nature's fall in Adam,
Seem'd to shut us out from God,
Thus it was his counsel brought us
Nearer still through Jesus' blood:
For in him we found redemption,
Grace and glory in the Son;
O the height and depth of mercy;
Christ and all the saints are one!

[Richest stores of heavenly blessings
God has given in Christ his Son,—
With the Holy Spirit's power,
Safe to lead his children on:
"Abba, Father," makes all certain,
E'en by word, and oath, and blood—
Abba saith, "They are my people,"
And they say, "The Lord our God."]

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

CHORUS.

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

122

8.7.4.

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

123

8.8.6.

COME on, my partners in distress,
My comrades in the wilderness,
Who still your troubles feel;
Awhile forget your griefs and fears,
And look beyond this vale of tears,
To yon celestial hill.
Look forward to that happy place,
Beyond the bounds of time and space,
The saints' secure abode;

On faith's strong eagle pinions rise,
And force your passage to the skies,
And scale the mount of God.

See where the Lamb in glory stands,
Encircled by his radiant bands,
And join th' angelic pow'rs;
For all that height of glorious bliss
Our everlasting portion is,
And all that heaven is ours.

Who suffer with their Master here,
Shall soon before his face appear,
And by his side sit down;
To patient faith the prize is sure,
And all who to the end endure
The cross, shall wear the crown.

Thrice blessed, joy-inspiring hope,
It lifts the fainting spirit up,
It brings to life the dead;
Our conflicts here will soon be past,
And we shall all ascend at last,
Triumphant with our Head.

124

8s.

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

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

125

8.7.4.

GRACIOUS Lord! my heart is fixed,
I will sing, and sing of thee,
Since the cup that justice mixed
Thou hast drank, and drank for me;
Great deliv'rer,
Thou hast set the pris'ner free.

Many were the chains that bound us,
But thou, Lord, hast loos'd them all,
Arms of mercy now surround us,
Favours these nor few nor small;
Saviour keep us,
Keep thy servants, lest we fall.

Fair the scene that lies before us,
Life eternal Jesus gives;
While he waves his banner o'er us,
Peace and joy the soul receives;
Sure his promise,
We shall live because he lives.

When the world would bid us leave thee,
Telling us of shame and loss,

Saviour, guard us, lest we grieve thee,
Lest we cease to love thy cross;
This is treasure,
All the rest we know is dross.

126

Submission.

C. M.

O LORD, my best desire fulfil,
And help me to resign
Life, health, and comfort to thy will,
And make thy pleasure mine.

Why should I shrink at thy command,
Whose love forbids my fears ?
Or tremble at the gracious hand
That wipes away my tears ?

No, rather let me freely yield
What most I prize to thee ;
Who never hast a good withheld,
Or wilt withhold, from me.

Thy favour, all my journey through,
Thou art engag'd to grant,
What else I want, or think I do,
'Tis better still to want.

Wisdom and mercy guide my way,
Shall I resist them both ;
A poor blind creature of a day,
And crush'd before the moth ?

But ah ! my inward spirit cries,
Still bind me to thy sway ;
Else the next cloud that veils the skies,
Drives all these thoughts away.

127

Lord's Supper.

S. M.

SWEET feast of love divine !
'Tis grace that makes us free,
To feed upon this bread and wine,
In mem'ry, Lord, of thee.

Here ev'ry welcome guest
Waits, Lord, from thee to learn,
The secrets of thy Father's breast,
And all thy grace discern.

Here conscience ends its strife,
And faith delights to prove
The sweetness of the bread of life,
The fulness of thy love.

128

Assembling of Saints.

L. M.

AGAIN we meet in Jesus' name,
Again his promis'd blessing claim;
Father, thy children seek thy face,
Oh let thy presence fill this place !

Thy Spirit's pow'r and grace supply,
On thee alone our souls rely:
So shall our prayers and praises rise,
As clouds of incense, to the skies.

Our God, our Father, wisdom give,
That we may to thy glory live,
Walk as the children of the day,
And all the light of life display.

Soon shall we meet on earth no more,
Our service, conflicts, here be o'er :
But then we'll meet to sing above
The wonders of thy grace and love.

129

8. 7.

LAMB of God ! our souls adore thee,
While upon thy face we gaze ;
There the Father's love and glory
Shine in all their brightest rays ;
Thine Almighty pow'r and wisdom
All creation's works proclaim :
Heav'n and earth alike confess thee,
As the ever great " I AM."

Lamb of God ! thy Father's bosom
Ever was thy dwelling-place ;
His delight, in him rejoicing,
One with him in pow'r and grace :
O what wondrous love and mercy !
Thou didst lay thy glory by,
And for us didst come from heaven,
As the Lamb of God to die.

Lamb of God !—when we behold thee
Lowly in the manger laid ;
Wand'ring as a homeless stranger,
In the world thy hands had made ;
When we see thee in the garden
In thine agony of blood—
At thy grace we are confounded,
Holy, spotless, Lamb of God !

When we see thee, as the victim,
Bound to the accursed tree,
For our guilt and folly stricken,
All our judgment borne by thee:
Lord we own, with hearts adoring,
Thou hast loved us unto blood;
Glory, glory everlasting,
Be to thee thou Lamb of God!

130 **SECOND PART.**

LAMB of God! thou now art seated
High upon thy Father's throne;
All thy gracious work completed,
All thy mighty vict'ry won:
Ev'ry knee in heav'n is bending,
To the Lamb for sinners slain;
Ev'ry voice and harp is swelling,
"Worthy is the Lamb to reign."

Lord, in all thy pow'r and glory,
Still thy thoughts and eyes are here;
Watching o'er thy ransom'd people,
To thy gracious heart so dear:
Thou for us art interceding,
Everlasting is thy love;
And a blessed rest preparing,
In our Father's house above.

Lamb of God! thou soon in glory
Wilt to this sad earth return;
All thy foes shall quake before thee,
All that now despise thee, mourn:

Then thy saints shall rise to meet thee,
With thee in thy kingdom reign;
Thine the praise, and thine the glory,
Lamb of God, for sinners slain !

131

L. M.

We sing the praise of him who died,
Of him who died upon the cross,
The sinner's hope, whom men deride,
For whom we count the world but loss.
Inscrib'd upon the cross we see,
In shining letters, "GOD IS LOVE;"
He bears our sins upon the tree,
And brings us mercy from above.
The cross ! it takes our guilt away,
It holds the fainting spirit up;
It cheers with hope the gloomy day,
And sweetens every bitter cup;
It makes the coward spirit brave,
And nerves the feeble arm for fight,
It takes its terror from the grave,
And gilds the bed of death with light;
The balm of life, the cure of woe,
The measure and the pledge of love,
The sinner's refuge here below,
The angel's theme in heav'n above!

132

C. M.

O LORD, when we the path retrace,
Which thou on earth hast trod,
To man thy wondrous love and grace,
Thy faithfulness to God ;

Thy love by man so sorely tried,
Prov'd stronger than the grave;
The very spear that pierc'd thy side
Drew forth the blood to save.

Faithful amidst unfaithfulness,
Midst darkness only light,
Thou didst thy Father's name confess,
And in his will delight.

Unmov'd by Satan's subtle wiles,
Or suff'ring, shame, and loss;
Thy path, uncheer'd by earthly smiles,
Led only to the cross.

O Lord, with sorrow and with shame,
We meekly would confess,
How little we, who bear thy name,
Thy mind, thy ways express.

Give us thy meek, thy lowly mind;
We would obedient be;
And all our rest and pleasure find,
In fellowship with thee.

133

6. 6. 8.

He hath said, I will never leave thee nor forsake thee. Heb. xiii. 5.

Oh my distrustful heart,
How low thy faith appears !
But greater, Lord, thou art
Than all my doubts and fears:
Did Jesus once upon me shine ?
Then Jesus is for ever mine.

Unchangeable his will,
Whatever be my frame,
His loving heart is still
Eternally the same :
Our souls through many changes go,
His love no change can ever know.
Thou, Lord, wilt carry on
And perfectly perform
The work thou hast begun
In me a sinful worm :
Midst all my fears, and sin, and woe,
Thy love will never let me go.
The blessings of thy grace
At first did freely move ;
I must then see thy face,
And know that thou art love ;
Myself into thine arms I cast,
Lord save, oh save thy child at last !

134

L. M.

Oh ! from the world's vile slavery,
Almighty Saviour, set me free ;
And as my treasure is above,
Be there my thoughts, be there my love.
But oft, alas ! too well I know,
My thoughts, my love, are fix'd below ;
In lifeless prayer how oft I find,
The heart unmov'd, the absent mind.
What can that frozen bosom move
That melts not at a Saviour's love ?
What can that sluggish spirit raise,
That will not sing the Saviour's praise ?

Lord, draw my best affections hence,
Above this world of sin and sense;
Cause them to soar beyond the skies,
And rest not till to thee they rise.

135

C. M.

FOR mercies countless as the sands,
Which daily I receive
From Jesus my Redeemer's hands,
My soul, what canst thou give?
Alas! from such a heart as mine,
What can I bring him forth?
My best is stain'd and dy'd with sin,
My all is nothing worth.

Yet, this acknowledgment I'll make
For all he has bestow'd;
Salvation's sacred cup I'll take,
And call upon my God.

The best returns for one like me,
So wretched and so poor,
Is from his gifts to draw a plea,
And ask him still for more.

I cannot serve him as I ought,
No works have I to boast;
Yet would I glory in the thought
That I should owe him most.

136

L. M

WHAT various hindrances we meet
In coming to a mercy seat;
Yet, who that knows the worth of prayer,
But wishes to be often there?

Pray'r makes the darken'd cloud withdraw,
Pray'r climbs the ladder Jacob saw,
Gives exercise to faith and love,
Brings ev'ry blessing from above.

Restraining pray'r, we cease to fight,
Pray'r makes the Christian's armour bright;
And Satan trembles when he sees
The weakest saint upon his knees.

Have you no words? Ah! think again;
Words flow apace when you complain,
And fill your fellow-creature's ear
With the sad tale of all your care.

Were half the breath thus vainly spent
To heav'n in supplications sent,
Your cheerful song would oft'ner be,
"Hear what the Lord has done for me!"

137

L. M.

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

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

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

Look upon the face of thine anointed. Ps.
lxxxiv. 9.

ONE glance of thine, eternal Lord,
Pierces all nature through ;
Nor heav'n, nor earth, nor hell afford
A shelter from thy view !
The mighty whole, each smaller part,
At once before thee lies ;
And ev'ry thought of ev'ry heart
Is open to thine eyes.
Though greatly from myself conceal'd,
Thou seest my inward frame ;
To thee I always stand reveal'd,
Exactly as I am.
Since therefore I can hardly bear
What in myself I see,
How vile and black must I appear,
Most holy God, to thee !
But since my Saviour stands between,
In garments dy'd in blood,
'Tis he, instead of me is seen,
When I approach to God.
Thus, though a sinner, I am safe ;
He pleads before the throne,
His life and death in my behalf,
And calls my sins his own.
What wondrous love, what mysteries,
In this appointment shine !
My breaches of the law are his,
And his obedience mine.

I WANT a principle within
Of jealous, godly fear;
A sensibility of sin,
A pain to feel it near.
I want the first approach to feel,
Of pride or fond desire:
To catch the wand'ring of my will,
And quench the kindling fire.
That I from thee no more may part,
No more thy goodness grieve,
The filial awe, the soften'd heart,
The tender conscience, give.
Quick as the apple of an eye,
O God, my conscience make!
Awake my soul when sin is nigh,
And keep it still awake.
If to the right or left I stray,
That moment, Lord, reprove;
And let me weep my life away,
Rather than grieve thy love.
O may the least omission pain
My well-instructed soul;
And drive me to the blood again,
Which makes the wounded whole.

LET me be with thee where thou art,
My Saviour, my eternal rest!
Then only will this longing heart
Be fully, and for ever, blest.

Let me be with thee where thou art,
Thy unveil'd glory to behold !
Then only will this wand'ring heart
Cease to be wayward, wand'ring, cold.

Let me be with thee where thou art,
Where none can die, where none remove !
Where nothing evermore can part
Me from thy presence and thy love.

141

11s.

How firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord,
Is laid up for faith in his excellent word !
What more can he say, than to you he has
said ?

You, who to the Saviour for refuge have fled ?

In every condition, in sickness, in health,
In poverty's vale, or abounding in wealth,
At home, or abroad, on the land, on the sea,
As thy day may demand, shall thy strength
ever be.

If through the deep waters he cause thee to go,
The rivers of grief shall not thee overflow ;
For he shall be with thee, thy troubles to bless,
And sanctify to thee thy deepest distress.

If through fiery trials thy pathway should lie,
His grace, all-sufficient, shall be thy supply ;
The flame shall not hurt thee ; his only de-
sign

Is thy dross to consume, and thy gold to
refine.

Fear not; he is with thee! O be not dis-
may'd!
He—he is thy God, and will still give thee aid;
He'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause
thee to stand,
Upheld by his righteous, omnipotent hand.
The soul that on Jesus hath lean'd for re-
pose,
He will not, he says it, give up to its foes;
That soul, though all hell should endeavour
to shake,
“I'll never—no never—no never forsake.”

142

C.M.

BRIDE of the Lamb, rejoice! rejoice!
Thy midnight watch is past:
True to his promise, lo, 'tis he!
The Saviour comes at last.
His heart, amid the blest repose
And glories of the throne,
With love's unwearied care, hath made
Thy sorrows all its own.
Through days and nights of suff'ring, taught
For human woe to feel,
He, only, with unerring skill,
Thy wounded heart could heal.
And now, at length, behold, he comes
To claim thee from above,
In answer to the ceaseless call
And deep desire of love.

Go, then, thou lov'd and blessed one,
Thou drooping mourner, rise !
Go—for he calls thee now to share
His dwelling in the skies.

For, thee, his royal Bride, for thee,
His brightest glories shine;
And, happier still, his changeless heart,
With all its love, is thine.

143

L. M.

WHEN sins and fears prevailing rise,
And fainting hope almost expires,
Jesus, to thee I lift mine eyes,
To thee I breathe my soul's desires.

Art thou not mine, my living Lord?
And can my hope, my comfort, die;
Fix'd on thine everlasting word,
That word that built the earth and sky?

If my immortal Saviour lives,
Then my immortal life is sure;
His word a firm foundation gives,
Here let me build and rest secure.

Here let my faith unshaken dwell,
Immovable the promise stands;
Not all the pow'rs of earth or hell,
Can e'er dissolve the sacred bands.

Here, O my soul, thy trust repose !
If Jesus only now be thine,
Not death itself, the last of foes,
Can break a union so divine.

Jehovah Rophi—I am the Lord that healeth thee. Ex. xv. 26.

HEAL us, Emmanuel, here we are,
Waiting to feel thy touch :
Deep-wounded souls to thee repair,
And, Saviour, we are such.

Our faith is feeble, we confess,
We faintly trust thy word ;
But wilt thou pity us the less ?
Be that far from thee, Lord !

Remember him who once apply'd,
With trembling, for relief ;
“Lord, I believe,” with tears he cry'd,
“O help my unbelief !”

She, too, who touch'd thee in the press,
And healing virtue stole,
Was answer'd, “ Daughter, go in peace,
Thy faith hath made thee whole.”

Conceal'd amid the gath'ring throng,
She would have shunn'd thy view ;
And, if her faith was firm and strong,
Had strong misgivings too.

Like her, with hopes and fears we come,
To touch thee if we may ;
O send us not despairing home,
Send none unheal'd away.

Look unto me and be ye saved. Isa. xiv. 22.

As the serpent rais'd by Moses
Heal'd the burning serpents' bite;
Jesus thus himself discloses
To the wounded sinner's sight;
Hear his gracious invitation,
"I have life and peace to give,
I have wrought out full salvation,
Sinner, look to me and live.

Pore upon your sins no longer,
Well I know their mighty guilt;
But my love than death is stronger,
I my blood have freely spilt:
Tho' your heart has long been harden'd,
Look on me—it soft shall grow;
Past transgressions shall be pardon'd,
And I'll wash you white as snow.

I have seen what you were doing,
Though you little thought of me;
You were badly bent on ruin,
But I said—It shall not be:
You had been for ever wretched,
Had I not espous'd your part;
Now behold my arms outstretched
To receive you to my heart.

Well may shame, and joy, and wonder,
All your inward passions move;
I could crush thee with my thunder,
But I speak to thee in love:

See! your sins are all forgiv'n,
I have paid the countless sum!
Now my death has open'd heav'n,
Thither you shall shortly come."

Dearest Saviour, we adore thee,
For thy precious life and death;
Melt each stubborn heart before thee,
Give us all the eye of faith:
From the law's condemning sentence,
To thy mercy we appeal;
Thou alone canst give repentance,
Thou alone our souls canst heal.

146

C. M.

The Contrite Heart. Isa. lvii. 15.

THE Lord will happiness divine
On contrite hearts bestow:
Then tell me, gracious God, is mine
A contrite heart or no?

I hear, but seem to hear in vain,
Insensible as steel;
If aught is felt, 'tis only pain,
To find I cannot feel.

I sometimes think myself inclin'd
To love thee, if I could;
But often feel another mind,
Averse to all that's good.

My best desires are faint and few,
I fain would strive for more;
But when I cry, "My strength renew,"
Seem weaker than before.

Thy saints are comforted, I know,
And love thy house of pray'r;
I therefore go where others go,
But find no comfort there.

O make this heart rejoice or ache;
Decide this doubt for me;
And if it be not broken, break;
And heal it, if it be.

147

7s.

Prayer for the Lord's promised Presence.
Zec. ii. 10.

SON of God! thy people's shield!
Must we still thine absence mourn;
Let thy promise be fulfill'd,
Thou hast said, "I will return!"

Gracious Leader, now appear,
Shine upon us with thy light!
Like the spring, when thou art near,
Days and suns are doubly bright.

As a mother counts the days,
Till her absent son she see,
Longs and watches, weeps and prays,
So our spirits long for thee.

Come, and let us feel thee nigh,
Then thy sheep shall feed in peace;
Plenty bless us from on high,
Evil from amongst us cease.

With thy love, and voice, and aid,
Thou canst ev'ry care assuage;

Then we shall not be afraid,
Though the world and Satan rage.

Thus each day for thee we'll spend,
While our callings we pursue;
And the thoughts of such a friend,
Shall each night our joy renew.

Let thy light be ne'er withdrawn,
Golden days afford us long!
Thus we pray at early dawn,
This shall be our ev'ning song.

148

The Effort.

10s.

CHEER up, my soul, there is a mercy-seat,
Sprinkled with blood, where Jesus answers
pray'r;
There humbly cast thyself beneath his feet,
For never needy sinner perish'd there.

Lord, I am come! thy promise is my plea,
Without thy word I durst not venture
nigh;
But thou hast call'd the burden'd soul to
thee:
A weary burden'd soul, O Lord, am I!

Bow'd down beneath a heavy load of sin,
By Satan's fierce temptations sorely prest,
Beset without, and full of fears within,
Trembling and faint, I come to thee for
rest.

Be thou my refuge, Lord, my hiding-place,
I know no force can tear me from thy
side ;
Unmov'd, I then may all accusers face,
And answer ev'ry charge, with "Jesus
died."

Yes, thou didst weep, and bleed, and groan,
and die,
Well hast thou known what fierce temp-
tations mean ;
Such was thy love, and now, enthron'd on
high,
The same compassions in thy bosom reign.
Lord, give me faith—he hears—what grace
is this ?
Dry up thy tears, my soul, and cease to
grieve :
He shows me what he did, and who he is ;
I must, I will, I can, I do believe.

149

L. M.

How vast the treasure we possess !
How rich thy bounty, King of grace !
This world is ours, and worlds to come :
Earth is our lodge, and heaven our home.

All things are ours ; the gifts of God ;
The purchase of a Saviour's blood ;
While the good Spirit shows us how
To use, and to improve them too.

If peace and plenty crown my days,
They help me, Lord, to speak thy praise :
If bread of sorrows be my food,
These sorrows work my lasting good.

I would not change my blest estate
For all the world calls good or great :
And while my faith can keep her hold,
I envy not the sinner's gold.

Father, I wait thy daily will ;
Thou shalt divide my portion still :
Grant me on earth what seems the best,
Till death and heaven reveal the rest.

150

L. M.

HERE at thy cross, my dying God,
I lay my soul beneath thy love,
Beneath the droppings of thy blood,
Jesus; nor shall it e'er remove.

Not all that tyrants think or say,
With rage and lightning in their eyes,
Nor hell shall fright my heart away,
Should hell with all its legions rise.

Should worlds conspire to drive me thence,
Moveless and firm this heart shall lie;
Resolved (for that's my last defence),
If I must perish, there to die.

But speak, my Lord, and calm my fear;
Am I not safe beneath thy shade ?
Thy vengeance will not strike me here,
Nor Satan dares my soul invade.

Yes, I'm secure beneath thy blood,
And all my foes shall lose their aim;
Hosanna to my dying God,
And my best honours to his name.

151

C. M.

AWAKE, my heart ; arise, my tongue ;
Prepare a tuneful voice ;
In God, the life of all my joys,
Aloud will I rejoice.

'Tis he adorn'd my naked soul,
And made salvation mine ;
Upon a poor polluted worm
He makes his graces shine.

And lest the shadow of a spot
Should on my soul be found,
He took the robe the Saviour wrought,
And cast it all around.

How far the heavenly robe exceeds
What earthly princes wear !
These ornaments, how bright they shine !
How white the garments are !

The Spirit wrought my faith and love,
And hope, and every grace ;
But Jesus spent his life to work
The robe of righteousness.

Strangely, my soul, art thou array'd
By the great sacred Three !
In sweetest harmony of praise
Let all thy powers agree.

Who shall the Lord's elect condemn ?
'Tis God that justifies their souls ;
And mercy, like a mighty stream,
O'er all their sins divinely rolls.

Who shall adjudge the saints to hell ?
'Tis Christ that suffer'd in their stead ;
And the salvation to fulfil,
Behold him rising from the dead !

He lives ! he lives ! and sits above,
For ever interceding there :
Who shall divide us from his love ?
Or what should tempt us to despair ?

Shall persecution, or distress,
Famine, or sword, or nakedness ?
He that hath loved us, bears us through,
And makes us more than conqu'rors too.

Faith hath an overcoming pow'r ;
It triumphs in the dying hour :
Christ is our life, our joy, our hope —
Nor can we sink with such a prop.

Not all that men on earth can do,
Nor powers on high, nor powers below,
Shall cause his mercy to remove,
Or wean our hearts from Christ, our love.

How sad our state by nature is !
Our sin how deep it stains !
And Satan binds our captive minds
Fast in his slavish chains.

But there's a voice of sovereign grace
 Sounds from the sacred word;
 "Ho! ye despairing sinners come,
 And trust upon the Lord."
 My soul obeys th' almighty call,
 And runs to this relief;
 I would believe thy promise, Lord;
 O help my unbelief!
 [To the dear fountain of thy blood,
 Incarnate God, I fly;
 Here let me wash my spotted soul
 From crimes of deepest dye.
 A guilty, weak, and helpless worm,
 On thy kind arms I fall:
 Be thou my strength and righteousness,
 My Jesus, and my all.]

154

8. 7.

MAY the grace of Christ our Saviour,
 And the Father's boundless love,
 With the Holy Spirit's favour,
 Rest upon us from above!
 Thus may we abide in union
 With each other and the Lord;
 And possess, in sweet communion,
 Joys which earth cannot afford.

155

L. M.

PRAISE God, from whom all blessings flow,
 Praise him, all creatures here below,
 Praise him above, ye heav'nly host,
 Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

HYMNS

FOR A SOCIAL MEETING OF BELIEVERS.

THE MEETING.

AIR—"Home, sweet Home."

156

7. 6.

BENEATH this humble dwelling,
Apart from strife and noise,
Our grateful hearts are swelling
With peaceful, heav'nly joys !

And what is it doth render
Our happiness so great ?
'Tis not the pomp and grandeur
Of royalty or state !

It is—that, though we're strangers
And pilgrims here below,
Amidst surrounding dangers,
And many a subtle foe,

We gather round the table,
As children of our Lord,
Believing He is able
All shelter to afford :

It is—because he loves us,
And cleanses in his blood;
And daily, hourly, proves us
To be the sons of God:

It is—because he weans us
From this poor barren land;
It is—because he screens us
From every hostile hand:

It is—because he never
Can change of purpose know,
And therefore nought can sever
His heart from ours below:

It is—because he binds us
In tender cords of love,
And sweetly thus reminds us
Of our blest "Home" above.

How glorious and surprising
The day when Christ shall come,
And bid us all be rising
To enter in our "Home."

Then let us love each other
Whilst here on earth we roam,
Rememb'ring that together
We have a "Heavenly Home."

And when, through mercy, meeting
On our Redeemer's breast,
Oh! this shall be our greeting,
We have a "Home,"—a Rest!

A home, a happy "Home,"
A heavenly, happy "Home."

THE PARTING.

157

C. M.

How sweet, around this humble board,
To meet with Jesus near !
How sweet that love which, like a cord,
Thus gently draws us here !

But, oh ! our joy is mixed with pain,
For here we cannot stay ;
On earth we meet to part again,
Again " Farewell " to say.

Then let us look for that bright day,
When sin shall ne'er be known ;
When God shall wipe all tears away,
And we shall share his throne !

In those fair realms of bliss above
We all with Christ shall dwell ;
We all shall rest in Jesus' love,
And never say " Farewell ! "