

THE NEW
TIMES OF REFRESHING

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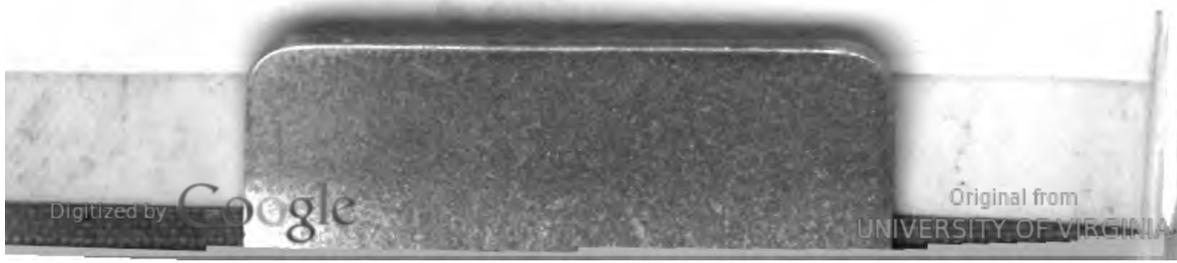
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Given to me by
my old friend &
Comrade, Thompson
B. Moore,
April, 1907.

THE NEW
TIMES OF REFRESHING.

H Y M N S

FOR

General and Special Use.

COMPILED BY

J. DENHAM SMITH.

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PREFATORY NOTE.

THIS collection contains a large number of well-known favourite Hymns, for the most part unaltered; together with many from the best sources of latest origin. They are arranged according to their subjects. The classification is merely intended to aid the selection, not to limit it to the several headings, for Hymns suited to each occasion will be found under other headings. They are so ordered that each Hymn naturally leads to another. The charm of those for the special use of the Evangelist is, that they present so rich and full an exhibition of the gospel, and form such a harmony of voices—all telling forth the same blessed story of redeeming grace and dying love.

The Hymns for special occasions are placed last. At the end will be found an index of the first lines with the authors' names, so far as they could be ascertained. A considerable number are *copyright*; and grateful acknow-

PREFATORY NOTE.

ledgments are given to their several authors and publishers.

Looking at the varied sources from which they have been drawn, we have striking evidence that, notwithstanding the barriers which divide Christians, there is yet, as to Divine Truth, a blessed unity of the Spirit, and, as to Worship, much precious ground for the enjoyment of realized communion one with another.

The book is commended to the children of God as suited to every occasion of Worship, public and private, and to every form of Christian Service, especially at the present time. Our prayer is that the Lord will use it to the praise of His own Name, not only in saving the unsaved, but in the edification of His people, who in times of sorrow or joy, may find their needed relief in "psalms and hymns and spiritual songs, making melody in their hearts to the Lord."

J. DENHAM SMITH.

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H Y M N S .



1

C. M.

- 1 JESUS, the very thought of Thee
With sweetness fills my breast ;
But sweeter far Thy face to see,
And in Thy presence rest.
- 2 Nor voice can sing, nor heart can frame,
Nor can the memory find,
A sweeter sound than Thy blest name,
O Saviour of mankind !
- 3 Oh, hope of every contrite heart,
Oh, joy of all the meek !
To those who fall, how kind Thou art !
How good to those who seek !
- 4 But what to those who find ? Ah ! this
Nor tongue nor pen can show ;
The love of Jesus—what it is,
None but His loved ones know.
- 5 Jesus, our only joy be Thou,
As Thou our crown wilt be ;
Jesus be Thou our glory now
And through eternity.

A

THE LORD JESUS.

2

C.M.

- 1 How sweet the name of Jesus sounds
In a believer's ear !
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
And drives away his fear.
- 2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast ;
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary, rest.
- 3 Dear Name, the rock on which I build,
My shield and hiding-place ;
My never-failing treasury, fill'd
With boundless stores of grace.
- 4 Jesus, my Saviour, Shepherd, Friend,
My Prophet, Priest, and King ;
My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End,
Accept the praise I bring.
- 5 Weak is the effort of my heart,
And cold my warmest thought ;
But when I see Thee as Thou art,
I'll praise Thee as I ought.
- 6 Till then I would Thy love proclaim
With every fleeting breath ;
And may the music of Thy name
Refresh my soul in death.

3

C.M.

- 1 **T**HERE is a name I love to hear ;
I love to sing its worth ;
It sounds like music in mine ear—
The sweetest Name on earth.

THE LORD JESUS.

- 2 It tells me of a Saviour's love
Who died to set me free ;
It tells me of His precious blood—
The sinner's perfect plea.
- 3 It tells me of a Father's smile
Beaming upon His child ;
It cheers me through this "little while,"
Through desert, waste, and wild.
- 4 It tells me what my Father hath
In store for every day ;
And though I tread a darksome path,
Yields sunshine all the way.
- 5 It tells of One whose loving heart
Can feel my smallest woe—
Who in each sorrow bears a part
That none can bear below.
- 6 It bids my trembling soul rejoice,
And dries each rising tear ;
It tells me, in a "still small voice,"
To trust, and not to fear.
- 7 Jesus, the Name I love so well,
The Name I love to hear,
No saint on earth its worth can tell—
No heart conceive how dear.
- 8 This name shall shed its fragrance still
Along this thorny road—
Shall sweetly smooth the rugged hill
That leads me up to God.

THE LORD JESUS.

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

4

C. M.

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

2 Jesus—it speaks a life of love,
And sorrows meekly borne ;
It tells of sympathy above,
Whatever makes us mourn.

3 It speaks of righteousness complete,
Of holiness to God ;
And to our ears no tale so sweet
As Thine atoning blood.

4 Jesus—the One who knew no sin ;
Made sin to make us just ;
Worthy art Thou our love to win,
Worthy of all our trust.

5 Thy name encircles every grace
That God as man could show ;
There only can the spirit trace
A perfect life below.

6 The mention of Thy name shall bow
Our hearts to worship Thee ;
The chiefest of ten thousand Thou,
The chief of sinners we.

THE LORD JESUS.

5

C.M.

- 1 **JESUS, the name to sinners dear,
The name to sinners given ;
It scatters all their guilty fear,
It turns their hell to heaven.**
- 2 **Jesus the pris'ners' fetters breaks,
And bruises Satan's head ;
Pow'r into strengthless souls He speaks,
And life into the dead.**
- 3 **O that the world might taste and see
The riches of His grace !
The arms of love that compass me,
Would all mankind embrace.**
- 4 **His only righteousness I show,
His saving truth proclaim :
'Tis all my business here below
To cry, " Behold the Lamb ! "**
- 5 **Happy, if with my latest breath
I may but gasp His name ;
Preach Him to all, and cry in death,
" Behold, behold the Lamb ! "**

6

8.7.4.

- 1 **My Redeemer, O what beauties
In that lovely name appear ;
None but Jesus, in His glories,
Shall the honour'd title wear.
My Redeemer,
Thou hast my salvation wrought.**

THE LORD JESUS.

- 2 Sunk in ruin, sin, and mis'ry,
Bound by Satan's captive chain,
Guided by his artful treach'ry,
Hurrying on to endless pain,
My Redeemer
Plucked me as a brand from hell.
- 3 Mine for time, and mine for ever,
Mine by oath, and mine by blood,
Mine—nor time the bond shall sever,
Mine as an unchanging God.
My Redeemer !
Oh, how sweet to call Thee mine !
- 4 When in heaven I see Thy glory,
When before Thy throne I bow,
Perfectly I shall be like Thee,
Fully Thy redemption know.
My Redeemer
Then shall hear me shout His praise.

7

P.M.

- 1 THY name we love, Lord Jesus ;
And lowly bow before Thee ;
And while we live, to Thee we give
All blessing, worship, glory ;
We sing aloud Thy praises,
Our hearts and voices blending ;
'Tis Thou alone we worthy own,
Thy beauty's all transcending.

THE LORD JESUS.

- 2 Thy name we love, Lord Jesus ;
It tells God's love unbounded,
To ruined man, ere time began,
Or heaven and earth were founded.
Thine is a love eternal,
That found in us its pleasure,
That brought Thee low, to bear our woe,
And make us Thine own treasure.
- 3 Thy name we love, Lord Jesus ;
It tells Thy birth so lowly,
Thy patience, grace, Thy gentleness,
Thy lonely path, so holy ;
Thou wast the "Man of sorrows" ;
Our grief, too, Thou didst bear it ;
Our bitter cup Thou drankst up ;
The thorny crown—didst wear it.
- 4 Thy name we love, Lord Jesus :
God's Lamb—Thou wast ordainèd
To bear our sin ('Thyself all clean),
And hast our guilt sustainèd ;
We see Thee crowned in glory,
Above the heavens now seated,
The victory won, Thy work well done,
Our righteousness completed.

8

C. M.

- 1 JESUS ! Thou Name of power Divine
To all of heavenly birth !
Jesus ! the never-failing mine
Of richest, sweetest worth !

THE LORD JESUS.

- 2 Each bitter grief, each anxious care,
O Lord, Thy goodness knows ;
My wounded spirit only there,
'Mid conflict, finds repose.
- 3 Here, love may meet a kindred heart,
But not a heart like Thine :
Lord, from Thy love I cannot part,
Nor canst Thou part with mine.
- 4 With Thee I cannot feel alone—
I cannot be forgot :
Though friends are changing one by one,
Thou, Saviour, changest not.
- 5 My future path I know may be
A path of anxious care ;
But love hath plann'd that path for me—
That love in which I share.
- 6 The Shepherd's bosom bears each lamb
O'er rock, and waste, and wild ;
The object of that love I am—
And carried like a child.
- 7 And is not this, O Lord, enough,
Thy perfect love to share,
Till Thou shalt call Thy saints above,
To meet Thee in the air ?
- 8 It is enough : Thy tender smile,
Till I behold Thee there,
Shall cheer me through the "little while"
I'm waiting for Thee here.

THE LORD JESUS.

9

C.M.

- 1 O SACRED Name! O Name of power!
What grace therein doth shine;
I'll treasure with each passing hour,
Its memories sublime.
- 2 It tells of the Unchangeable,
The Faithful and the True;
Incarnate God! Immanuel!
Oh, wonder ever new.
- 3 It tells me of the sinner's Friend,
Whose blood hath set me free;
But never can I comprehend
His deep, deep love to me.
- 4 It tells me of the risen Lord,
Who now in Heaven appears;
And by His Spirit and His Word,
Calms all my doubts and fears.
- 5 It tells me of the Advocate,
Who pleads before the Throne
My cause, though dark and intricate,
As though it were His own.
- 6 It tells me that I'm linked with God
In fellowship divine,
It breathes throughout the written Word,
And whispers "All is thine."
- 7 It brings to me each passing day
Sweet earnest from above;
And scatters on my heavenly way
Fresh tokens of His love.

THE LORD JESUS.

8 It tells me of eternal rest
 Beneath a cloudless sky ;
Oh happy souls ! divinely blest,
 With JESUS ever nigh.

10

P.M.

1 THY name we bless, Lord Jesus !
That name all names excelling :
 How great Thy love,
 All praise above,
Should every tongue be telling ;
The Father's loving-kindness,
In giving Thee was shown us :
 Now by Thy blood,
 Redeemed to God,
As children He doth own us.

2 From that eternal glory
Thou hadst with God the Father,
 He gave His Son,
 That He in one
His children all might gather :
Our sins were all laid on Thee,
God's wrath Thou hast endured :
 It was for us
 Thou suffer'dst thus,
And hast our peace securèd.

3 Thou from the dead wast raisèd,
And from all condemnation
 The Church is free,
 As risen in Thee,
Head of the new creation !

THE LORD JESUS.

On high Thou hast ascended,
To God's right hand in heaven ;
The Lamb once slain,
Alive again :
To thee all power is given.

- 4 Thou hast bestow'd the earnest
Of that we shall inherit ;
Till Thou shalt come,
To take us home,
We're seal'd by God the Spirit :
We wait for Thine appearing.
When we shall know more fully
The grace divine
That made us Thine,
Thou Lamb of God most holy !

11

C. M.

- 1 JESUS, I love Thy charming name,
'Tis music to mine ear ;
Fain would I sound it out so loud,
That earth and heaven should hear.
- 2 Yes, Thou art precious to my soul,
My transport and my trust ;
Jewels to Thee are gandy toys,
And gold is sordid dust.
- 3 All my capacious powers can wish,
In Thee doth richly meet ;
Nor to mine eyes is light so dear,
Nor friendship half so sweet.

THE LORD JÉSUS.

- 4 Thy grace still dwells upon my heart,
And sheds its fragrance there ;
The noblest balm of all its wounds,
The cordial of its care.
- 5 I'll speak the honours of Thy name
With my last lab'ring breath ;
Then speechless clasp Thee in mine arms,
The antidote of death.

12

P.M.

- 1 JESUS! That name is love,
Jesus, our Lord!
Jesus, all names above,
Jesus, the Lord!
Thou, Lord, our all must be;
Nothing that's good have we,
Nothing apart from Thee,
Jesus, our Lord!
- 2 As Son of Man it was,
Jesus, the Lord!
Thou gav'st Thy life for us,
Jesus, our Lord!
Great was indeed Thy love,
All other loves above,
Love Thou didst dearly prove,
Jesus, our Lord!

THE LORD JESUS.

3 Righteous alone in Thee,
 Jesus, the Lord !
Thou wilt a refuge be,
 Jesus, our Lord !
Whom then have we to fear,
What trouble, grief, or care,
Since Thou art ever near,
 Jesus, our Lord ?

4 Soon Thou wilt come again,
 Jesus, the Lord !
We shall be happy then,
 Jesus, our Lord !
When Thine own face we see,
Then shall we like Thee be—
Then evermore with Thee,
 Jesus, our Lord !

13

7.6.

1 JESUS, my Lord and Saviour !
 How great a love is thine !
The riches of Thy favour,
 How boundless ! how divine !
No angel's thought can measure,
 In all its depth and height,
Th' extent of the good pleasure
 Of goodness infinite !

2 Redeemèd sinners only
 Thy praises may proclaim ;
For only they can know Thee,
 'The glories of 'Thy name.

THE LORD JESUS.

But oh ! to them is given
(Munificence of love !)
To bask in love's own heaven,
And all its sweetness prove.

3 All that the Father gave Thee,
Have each his treasured share,
In the secrets of Thy travail ;—
The burden of Thy prayer.
No stranger intermeddleth
With joy so deep and high ;
No human thought unrav'leth
The wondrous mystery.

4 'Tis not the public owning,
When multitudes are there ;
'Tis not the bright enthroning—
The crowns that we shall wear !
These are not love's ambition,
To us how far more dear
The smile of recognition,
The tone that calms our fear !

14

P.M.

1 THY love we own, Lord Jesus :
In service unremitting,
Within the veil, Thou dost prevail,
Each soul for worship fitting :
Encompass'd here with failure,
Each earthly refuge fails us ;
Without, within, beset with sin—
Thy name alone avails us.

THE LORD JESUS.

- 2 Thy love we own, Lord Jesus :
For though Thy toils are ended,
Thy tender heart doth take its part
With those Thy grace befriended.
Thy sympathy, how precious !
Thou succourest in sorrow,
And bid'st us cheer, while pilgrims here,
And haste the hopeful morrow.
- 3 Thy love we own, Lord Jesus :
Thy way is traced before Thee :
Thou wilt descend, and we ascend,
To meet in heavenly glory :
Soon shall the blissful morning
Call forth Thy saints to meet Thee,
Our only Lord, alone adored,
With gladness then we'll greet Thee.
- 4 Thy love we own, Lord Jesus ;
And wait to see Thy glory,
To know as known, and fully own
Thy perfect grace before Thee :
We plead Thy parting promise,
Come, Saviour, to release us,
Then endless praise our lips shall raise,
For love like Thine, Lord Jesus.

15

7.6.

- 1 I NEED Thee, precious Jesus !
For I am full of sin ;
My soul is dark and guilty,
My heart is dead within ;

THE LORD JESUS.

I need the cleansing fountain,
Where I can always flee—
The blood of Christ most precious,
The sinner's perfect plea.

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

3 I need Thee, blessed Jesus!
I need a friend like Thee;
A friend to soothe and sympathize,
A friend to care for me:
I need the heart of Jesus
To feel each anxious care,
To tell my every want,
And all my sorrows share.

4 I need Thee, blessed Jesus!
And hope to see Thee soon,
Encircled with the rainbow,
And seated on Thy throne;
There, with Thy blood-bought children,
My joy shall ever be,
To sing Thy praises, Jesus—
To gaze, my LORD, on Thee.

2

THE LORD JESUS.

16

P.M.

**1 I NEED Thee every hour,
Most gracious Lord ;
No tender voice like Thine
Can peace afford.**

**I need Thee, oh, I need Thee,
Every hour I need Thee :
Oh, bless me now, my Saviour !
I come to Thee.**

**2 I need Thee every hour ;
Stay Thou near by :
Temptations lose their power
When Thou art nigh.**

**3 I need Thee every hour :
In joy or pain ;
Come quickly and abide,
Or life is vain.**

**4 I need Thee every hour :
Teach me Thy will ;
And Thy rich promises
In me fulfil.**

**5 I need Thee every hour,
Most Holy One ;
Oh, make me Thine, indeed,
Thou blessed Son.**

B

THE LORD JESUS.

17

7.6.

- 1 **THOU art my joy, Lord Jesus,
Thou art my glorious Sun ;
In the light that shineth from Thee,
I gladly journey on.**
- 2 **Oh ! purer than the morning,
And brighter than the noon,
And sweeter than the evening,
A thousand joys in one—**
- 3 **Thou brightness of God's glory,
And Lord of all above,
Son of the Father's bosom,
And image of His love.**
- 4 **O Jesus, let me ever
Behold Thee as my Friend,
And let my deep communion
Be with Thee to the end.**
- 5 **In secret let me see Thee,
Let all that Thou hast been,
And all Thou art in heaven,
Outshine before me then.**
- 6 **And let my memory treasure
Each little word and way,
Expressing in its measure
The deeps that in Thee lay.**
- 7 **O lift Thy face upon me,
And keep me by Thy side,
And fill me with Thy presence,
And in my heart abide.**

THE LORD JESUS.

18

7.6.

- 1 I know no life divided,
O Lord of life, from Thee ;
In Thee is life provided
For all Thy saints and me ;
I know no death, O Jesus,
Because I live in Thee :
Thy death it is which frees us
From death eternally.
- 2 I fear no tribulation,
Since whatso'er it be,
It makes no separation
Between my Lord and me.
If Thou my God and Teacher,
Vouchsafe to be my own,
Though poor, I shall be richer
Than monarch on his throne.
- 3 Thy love it was which sought me,
Thyself unsought by me,
And to the haven brought me
Where I would gladly be ;
The things which once distressed me,
My heart no longer move,
Since this sweet truth impressed me,
That I possess Thy love.

19

C. M.

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

THE LORD JESUS.

- 2 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.
- 3 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.
- 4 O teach us, Lord, to know and own
This wondrous mystery—
That Thou with us are truly one
And we are one with Thee.
- 5 Soon, soon shall come that glorious day,
When, seated on Thy throne,
Thou wilt to wond'ring worlds display,
That Thou with us art one !

20

L.M.

- 1 Just as Thou art—how wondrous fair,
Lord Jesus, all Thy members are !
A life divine to them is given—
A long inheritance in heaven.
- 2 Just as I was I came to Thee,
An heir of wrath and misery ;
Just as Thou art before the Throne,
I stand in righteousness Thine own.
- 3 Just as Thou art—how wondrous free !
Loosed by the sorrows of the tree :
Jesus! the curse, the wrath were Thine,
To give Thy saints this life divine.

THE LORD JESUS.

- 4 Just as Thou art—nor doubt nor fear,
Can with Thy spotlessness appear ;
O timeless love ! as Thee, I'm seen
The "righteousness of God in Him."
- 5 Just as Thou art—Thou Lamb Divine !
Life, light, and holiness are Thine :
Thyself their endless source I see,
And they, the life of God, in me.
- 6 Just as Thou art—O blissful ray,
That turned my darkness into day !
That woke me from my death of sin,
To know my perfectness in Him.
- 7 O teach me, Lord, this grace to own,
That self and sin no more are known :
That love—Thy love—in wondrous right,
Hath placed me in its spotless light !
- 8 Soon, soon, 'mid joys on joys untold,
Thou wilt this grace and love unfold,
Till worlds on worlds adoring see
The part Thy members have in Thee.

21

6-8. 7s.

- 1 As within His Temple olden,
Was there seen no costly stone,
Nought but cedar, carved and golden,
Nought but Christ, and Christ alone.
So the stones so dearly bought,
God in heaven beholds them not.
- 2 All the worth I have before Him
Is the value of the Blood ;
I present, when I adore Him—

THE LORD JESUS.

Christ, the Firstfruits unto God.
Him with joy doth God behold,
Thus is my acceptance told.

22

S. M.

- 1 "TOGETHER with the Lord ;"
What bursts of light I see !
Light, life, and joy are in that word ;
"As He is, so are we."
- 2 Together judged and slain ;
Yea, "dead," as in His grave ;
But freed from sin, we rise again,
And life eternal have !
- 3 "Together with the Lord,"
Nor curse, nor death to see ;
But "seated,"—oh ! that glorious word—
Where "heavenly places," be.
- 4 And "heirs " we are with Him
Of God—oh, wondrous love !
"Joint heirs with Christ ;" in bliss supreme
To reign with Him above.
- 5 And with Him "glorified
Together " we shall be,
To dwell for ever at His side,
And all His love to see.
- 6 In newness, now, of life,
We would our powers employ ;
Save sin, to know no other strife,
Save Christ, no other joy.

THE LORD JESUS.

23

C.M.

- 1 **JESUS, do Thou my vision fill,
My heart's affections claim :
Bid every troubled thought be still ;
My feeble faith sustain.**
- 2 **O let Thine all-transcendent love
My highest powers employ ;
Most wondrous theme ! all themes above,
Source of eternal joy.**
- 3 **My study and my boast be this,
The love of Christ divine :
Oh, deep, oh, fathomless abyss !
And mystery sublime.**
- 4 **My sins and griefs were made Thine own
Upon the awful tree,
That Thou might'st raise e'en to Thy Throne
A guilty worm like me.**
- 5 **'Tis here my soul finds sweetest rest,
Beneath Thy sheltering cross ;
And counts, while thus divinely blest,
All other gain but loss.**
- 6 **And while a pilgrim in the land,
I'm daily made to prove
The wonders which Thy gracious hand
Hath wrought for me in love.**
- 7 **Adoringly I bow me down
Before Thy Throne, O God ;
And cast before Thy feet the crown,
Made mine through Jesus' blood.**

THE LORD JESUS.

24

8.7s.

1 "I HAVE heard Him and observed Him,"
Seen His beauty rich and rare,
Seen His majesty and glory,
And His bliss beyond compare.

2 I have heard the voice that speaketh
Sweetest music to mine ear,
Words of power, and love, and mercy,
Ah ! none other half so dear.

3 I have known the secret purpose,
Dwelling in that heart of love,
To redeem His scattered members,
Join them to Himself above.

4 "What have I to do with idols,"
When such visions fill mine eye ?
How be occupied with *shadows*,
While the *substance* passes by.

5 Shine the moon's fair beams at noontide ?
Can the stars be seen by day ?
Nay, beside excelling glories
Lesser beauties fade away.

25

P.M.

1 In the depths of His bright glory,
Where the heavens rejoice,
I have seen Him, I have known Him,
I have heard His voice.

THE LORD JESUS.

- 2 He has told me how He sought me,
In the cloudy day,
On the waste and lonely mountains,
Very far away.
- 3 Words unutterable He speaketh,
Words that none can tell—
Yet, O Lord, Thy wondrous secret
Knows my heart full well.
- 4 I in wonder and in silence,
Listen and adore,
Whilst the heart of God He tells me—
Whilst my cup runs o'er.
- 5 Is it sweet to know He careth
For my smallest need—
Know that He will ever tend me,
Watch and guard and feed ?
- 6 Yet unutterably sweeter,
Wondrous though it be,
His desire is toward me,
He had need of me.
- 7 Lost in silent love and wonder,
There my soul abides,
Portion blest beyond all telling—
Christ, and nought besides.

26

P.M

- 1 It passeth knowledge, that dear love of
Thine.
My Jesus, Saviour ; yet this soul of mine

THE LORD JESUS.

Would of Thy love, in all its breadth and
length,
Its height and depth, its everlasting
strength

Know more and more.

- 2 It passeth telling, that dear love of Thine,
My Jesus, Saviour; yet these lips of mine
Would fain proclaim to sinners, far and
near,
A love which can remove all guilty fear,
And love beget.
- 3 It passeth praises, that dear love of Thine,
My Jesus, Saviour; yet this heart of mine
Would sing that love, so full, so rich, so free,
Which brings a rebel sinner, such as me,
Nigh unto God.
- 4 But though I cannot sing, or tell, or know
The fulness of Thy love while here below,
My empty vessel I may freely bring;
O Thou who art of love the living spring,
My vessel fill.
- 5 I am an empty vessel—not one thought,
Or look of love, I ever to Thee brought;
Yet I may come, and come again to Thee,
With this, the empty sinner's only plea,
Thou lovest me.
- 6 O fill me, Jesus, Saviour, with Thy love!
Lead, lead me to the living Fount above;
Thither may I, in simple faith, draw nigh,
And never to another fountain fly,
But unto Thee.

THE LORD JESUS.

7 And when my Jesus face to face I see,
When at His lofty throne I bow the knee;
Then of His love, in all its breadth and length,
Its height and depth, its everlasting
strength,
My soul shall sing!

27

7.6.

- 1 O LAMB of God, still keep me
Near to Thy wounded side ;
'Tis only there in safety
And peace I can abide.
What foes and snares surround me !
What lusts and fears within !
The grace that sought and found me
Alone can keep me clean.
- 2 'Tis only in Thee hiding,
I know my life secure :
Only in Thee abiding,
The conflict can endure :
Thine arm the vict'ry gaineth
O'er every hurtful foe :
Thy love my heart sustaineth
In all its cares and woe.
- 3 Soon shall my eyes behold Thee,
With rapture face to face :
One half hath not been told me
Of all Thy power and grace :
Thy beauty Lord, and glory,
The wonders of Thy love,
Shall be the endless story
Of all Thy saints above.

THE LORD JESUS.

28

8-8.7s.

- 1 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."
- 2 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 !
- 3 When we see Thee, as the victim,
Bound to the accursèd tree,
For our guilt and folly stricken,
All our judgment borne by Thee,
Lord, we own, with hearts adoring,
Thou hast lov'd us unto blood ;
Glory, glory everlasting,
Be to Thee, Thou Lamb of God !

29

L.M.

- 1 O COME, Thou stricken Lamb of God,
Who shed'st for us Thine own life-blood !
And teach us all Thy love : then pain
Were sweet, and life or death were gain.

THE LORD JESUS.

- 2 Take Thou our hearts, and let them be
For ever clos'd to all but Thee ;
Seal Thou our breasts, and let us wear
That pledge of love for ever there.
- 3 How blest are they who still abide
Close sheltered by Thy watchful side ;
Who life and strength from Thee receive,
And with Thee move, and in Thee live !
- 4 How can it be, Thou heavenly King,
That Thou should'st man to glory bring ?
Make slaves the partners of Thy throne,
Deck'd with a never fading crown ?
- 5 Ah, Lord ! enlarge our scanty thought,
To know the wonders Thou hast wrought ;
Unloose our stamm'ring tongues to tell
Thy love, immense, unsearchable.
- 6 First-born of many brethren, Thou !
To whom both heaven and earth must bow !
Heirs of Thy shame and of Thy throne,
We bear the cross, and seek the crown.

30

P.M.

- 1 Who is He in yonder stall,
At whose feet the shepherds fall ?
'Tis the Lord ! O wondrous story !
'Tis the Lord, the King of Glory !
At His feet we humbly fall—
Crown Him ! crown Him, Lord of all,
- 2 Who is He in deep distress,
Fasting in the wilderness ?

THE LORD JESUS.

- 3 Who is He the people bless
For His words of gentleness?
- 4 Who is He to whom they bring
All the sick and sorrowing?
- 5 Who is He who stands and weeps
At the grave where Lazarus sleeps?
- 6 Who is He the gathering throng
Greet with loud triumphant song?
- 7 Lo! at midnight, who is He
Prays in dark Gethsemane?
- 8 Who is He on yonder tree
Dies in grief and agony?
- 9 Who is He who from the grave
Comes to succour, help, and save?
- 10 Who is He who from His throne
Rules through all the worlds alone?

31

P.M.

1 THOU did'st leave Thy throne and Thy
kingly crown
When Thou camest to earth for me;
But in Bethlehem's home was there found
no room
For Thy Holy Nativity.
O come to my heart, Lord Jesus,
There is room in my heart for Thee.

THE LORD JESUS,

- 2 Heaven's arches rang when the angels
sang,
Proclaiming Thy royal degree ;
But in lowly birth didst Thou come to earth,
And in great humility.
- 3 The foxes found rest, and the birds had
their nest
In the shade of the cedar tree ;
But Thy couch was the sod, O Thou Son
of God,
In the deserts of Galilee !
- 4 Thou camest, O Lord, with the living word,
That should set Thy people free ;
But with mocking scorn, and with crown
of thorn,
They bore Thee to Calvary.
- 5 When heaven's arches shall ring, and its
choir shall sing,
At Thy coming to victory ;
Let Thy voice call me home, saying, " Yet
there is room,
There is room at My side for Thee."

32

7s.

- 1 O my Saviour crucified,
Near Thy cross would I abide,
There to look with steadfast eye,
On Thy dying agony.

THE LORD JESUS.

- 2 Jesus bruised and put to shame
Tells me all Jehovah's name ;
God is love, I surely know
By the Saviour's depth of woe.
- 3 In His spotless soul's distress
I perceive my guiltiness ;
Oh! how vile my low estate,
Since my ransom was so great !
- 4 Dwelling on Mount Calvary,
Contrite shall my spirit be ;
Rest and holiness shall find,
Fashion'd like my Saviour's mind.

33

- 1 O PERFECT life of love!
All, all is finished now,
All that He left the Throne above
To do for us below.
- 2 No work is left undone
Of all the Father willed ;
His toil, His sorrows, one by one,
The Scriptures have fulfilled.
- 3 No pain that we can share
But He has felt its smart ;
All forms of human grief and care
Have pierced His tender heart.
- 4 And on His thorn-crowned head,
And on His sinless soul,
Our sins in all their guilt were laid
That He might make us whole.

THE LORD JESUS.

6 In perfect love He dies ;
For me He dies, for me ;
O all-atoning Sacrifice,
I cling by faith to Thee !

34

8.7.4.

1 AH ! what life and benediction
All around the cross I see !
Death and sin in crucifixion—
Hell impaled upon the tree.
Great Deliv'rer !
Wondrous work for Thee, for me !

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

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

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

C

THE LORD JESUS.

35

7a.

- 1 Of the sons of men was none
Who could break the bonds of Death,
Sin this mischief dire had done,
Innocent was none on earth ;
Wherefore Death grew strong and bold,
Death would all men captive hold.
Hallelujah !
- 2 Jesus Christ, God's only Son,
Came at last our foe to smite,
All our sins away hath done.
Done away Death's power and right,
But the form of Death is left,
Of his sting he is bereft.
Hallelujah !
- 3 'Twas a wondrous war I trow,
When Life and Death together fought :
But Life hath triumphed o'er his foe,
Death is mocked and set at nought,
Yea, 'tis as the Scripture saith,
Christ through death has conquered
Death. Hallelujah !
- 4 Now, our Paschal Lamb is He,
And by Him alone we live,
Who to death upon the tree
For our sakes Himself did give,
Faith His blood strikes on our door,
Death dares never harm us more.
Hallelujah !

THE LORD JESUS.

36

S.M.

- 1 CHRIST'S grave is vacant now,
Left for the throne above ;
His cross asserts God's right to bless
In His own boundless love.
- 2 'Twas there the blood was shed,
'Twas there the life was poured,
There mercy gained her diadem,
While justice sheathed her sword.
- 3 And thence the child of faith
Sees judgment all gone by,
Perceives the sentence fully met,
"The soul that sins shall die."
- 4 Learns how that God in love
Gave Christ the sins to bear,
Of all who own Him Saviour now,
That they His Throne might share.
- 5 And cries with wondering joy,
"As He is so am I,
Pure, holy, loved as Christ Himself,
Who shall my peace destroy ?"
- 6 Reach my blest Saviour first,
Take Him from God's esteem,
Prove Jesus bears one spot of sin,
Then tell me I'm unclean !
- 7 Nay ! for He purged my guilt
By His own precious blood,
And such its virtue, not a stain
E'er meets the eye of God.

THE LORD JESUS.

37

P.M.

- 1 **JESUS lives : no longer now,
Can thy terrors, Death, appal us ;
Jesus lives : by this we know,
Thou, O Grave, can'st not enthrall us.
Hallelujah !**
- 2 **JESUS lives : henceforth is death
But the gate of life immortal ;
This shall calm our trembling breath,
When we pass its gloomy portal.
Hallelujah !**
- 3 **JESUS lives : for us He died :
Then, alone to Jesus living,
Pure in heart may we abide,
Glory to our Saviour giving.
Hallelujah !**
- 4 **JESUS lives : our hearts know well,
Nought from us His love shall sever
Life, nor death, nor powers of hell,
Tear us from His keeping ever.
Hallelujah !**

38

7s.

- 1 **"CHRIST, the Lord, is risen to-day,"
Sons of men and angels say !
Raise your joys and triumphs high ;
Sing, ye heavens ; and earth reply.**
- 2 **Love's redeeming work is done :
Fought the fight, the battle won :
Lo ! the sun's eclipse is o'er ;
Lo ! he sets in blood no more !**

THE LORD JESUS.

- 3 Vain the stone, the watch, the seal,
Christ has burst the gates of hell ;
Death in vain forbids His rise,
Christ hath opened paradise.
- 4 Lives again our glorious King !
“ Where, O death, is now thy sting ? ”
Once He died, our souls to save ;
“ Where’s thy victory, O grave ? ”
- 5 Soar we now where Christ has led,
Following our exalted Head ;
Made like Him, like Him we rise :
Ours the cross, the grave, the skies.
- 6 Hail, the Lord of earth and heaven !
Praise to Thee by both be given !
Thee we greet triumphant, now
Hail, the Resurrection—Thou !

39

S.M.

- 1 “ THE Lord is risen indeed ! ”
And are the tidings true ?
Yes, they beheld the Saviour bleed,
And saw Him living too.
- 2 “ The Lord is risen indeed, ”
Then is His work performed,
The captive Surety now is freed,
And death, our foe, disarmed.
- 3 “ The Lord is risen indeed. ”
Then hell has lost its prey ;
With Him is risen the ransomed seed,
To reign in endless day.

THE LORD JESUS.

- 4 "The Lord is risen indeed,"
This yields my soul a plea ;
He bore the punishment decreed,
And satisfied for me,
- 5 "The Lord is risen indeed,"
Attending angels hear,
Up to the courts of heaven, with speed,
The joyful tidings bear.
- 6 Then take your golden lyres,
And strike each tuneful chord,
Join all the bright celestial choirs,
To sing our risen Lord!

40

6-8s.

- 1 Oh ! sweet relief from sin and woe,
My risen Lord in heaven to know
No more as bowed in death for me,
No more His soul's deep agony ;
Th' ascended One has entered there,
And as He is His members are !
- 2 Oh, glorious place ! Oh, blest abode,
Where dwells for me the Christ of God,
On Thee I gaze, Thou blessed Lamb,
God's righteousness in Thee I am :
To know *Thy* place, and there to be—
Thy joy—Thy love—'tis heaven to me.
- 3 What matchless height ! to gaze within
Thy loving heart—its thought of me ;
For there eternal I have been ;
Loved and redeemed beyond degree ;
But, oh ! as only " through a glass
Darkly " I see the glory pass.

THE LORD JESUS.

4 And now I'm looking for that day,
When death itself shall die away ;
When I no more shall wander here,
But in Thy glory bright appear ;
When, like Thee, all Thy saints shall be,
And with Thee through eternity.

41

8.7.

- 1 Rise, my soul ! behold 'tis Jesus,
Jesus fills thy wond'ring eyes ;
See Him now, in glory seated,
Where thy sins no more can rise.
- 2 There, in righteousness transcendent,
Lo ! He doth in heaven appear,
Shows the Blood of His atonement.
As thy title to be there.
- 3 All thy sins were laid upon Him,
Jesus bore them on the tree ;
God, who knew them laid them on Him,
And, believing, thou art free.
- 4 God now brings thee to His dwelling,
Spreads for thee His feast divine,
Bids thee welcome, ever telling
What a portion there is thine.
- 5 In that circle of God's favour,
(Circle of the Father's love)
All is rest—and rest for ever—
All is perfectness above.

THE LORD JESUS.

6 Blessed, glorious word "for ever"!—
Yea, "for ever" is the word ;
Nothing can the ransomed sever,
Nought divide them from the Lord.

42

L.M.

- 1 BEFORE the throne of God above
I have a strong, a perfect plea—
A great High Priest, whose name is Love,
Who ever lives and pleads for me.
- 2 My name is graven on His hands,
My name is written on His heart ;
I know that while in heaven He stands,
No tongue can bid me thence depart.
- 3 When Satan tempts me to despair,
And tells me of the guilt within,
Upward I look, and see Him there
Who made an end of all my sin.
- 4 Because the sinless Saviour died,
My sinful soul is counted free ;
For God, the Just, is satisfied
To look on Him and pardon me.
- 5 Behold Him there!—the bleeding Lamb!
My perfect, spotless Righteousness,
The great unchangeable "I AM,"
The King of glory and of grace.
- 6 One with Himself, I cannot die,
My soul is purchased by His blood :
My life is hid with Christ on high,
With Christ, my Saviour and my God.

THE LORD JESUS.

43

C.M.

- 1 WITH joy we meditate the grace
Of our High Priest above ;
His heart is fill'd with tenderness,
His bowels melt with love.
- 2 Touch'd with a sympathy within,
He knows our feeble frame,
He knows what sore temptations mean,
For He has felt the same.
- 3 But spotless, innocent, and pure
The great Redeemer stood ;
While Satan's fiery darts He bore,
And did resist to blood.
- 4 He, in the days of feeble flesh,
Pour'd out His cries and tears,
And in His measure feels afresh
What every member bears.
- 5 Then boldly let our faith address
His mercy and His power ;
We shall obtain deliv'ring grace,
In each distressing hour.

44

8s.

- 1 To Jesus, the crown of my hope,
My soul is in haste to be gone ;
Oh ! bear me, ye seraphim, up,
And waft me away to His throne.
- 2 My Saviour ! whom, absent, I love,
Whom, not having seen, I adore,
Whose name is exalted above
All glory, dominion, and power—

THE LORD JESUS.

- 3 Dissolve Thou the bonds that detain
My soul from her portion in Thee ;
Ah, strike off the adamant chain,
And make me eternally free !
- 4 When that happy era begins—
When array'd in Thy glories I shine,
Nor grieve any more by my sins
The bosom on which I recline—
- 5 Oh ! then shall the veil be removed,
And round me Thy brightness be pour'd ;
I shall meet Him whom absent I loved,
I shall see whom unseen I adored.
- 6 And then, never more shall the fears,
The trials, temptations, and foes,
Which darken this valley of tears,
Intrude on my blissful repose :
- 7 Or if yet remember'd above,
Remembrance no sadness shall raise ;
They will be but new signs of Thy love,
New themes for my wonder and praise.
- 8 Thus the strokes which from sin and from
pain
Shall set me eternally free,
Will but strengthen and rivet the chain
Which binds me, my Saviour, to Thee.

45

C.M.

- 1 THOU dear Redeemer ! dying Lamb
We love to hear of Thee ;
No music like Thy charming name,
Nor half so sweet can be.

THE LORD JESUS.

- 2 O let us ever hear Thy voice,
In mercy to us speak ;
And in our Priest will we rejoice,
Thou great Melchisedec !
- 3 Our Jesus shall be still our theme,
While in this world we stay ;
We'll sing our Jesu's lovely name,
When all things else decay.
- Thou*
- 4 When we appear in yonder cloud,
With all the favoured throng,
Then we will sing more sweet, more loud,
And Christ shall be our song.

46

C.M.

- 1 THE head that once was crown'd with
thorns,
Is crown'd with glory now ;
A royal diadem adorns
The mighty Victor's brow.
- 2 Delight of all who dwell above !
The joy of saints below !
To us still manifest Thy love,
That we its depths may know.
- 3 To us Thy cross, with all its shame—
With all its grace, be given !
Though earth disowns Thy lowly name,
All worship it in heaven.

THE LORD JESUS.

- 4 Who suffer with Thee, Lord, below,
Will reign with Thee above ;
Then let it be our joy to know
The way of peace and love.
- 5 To us Thy cross is life and health,
Though shame and death to Thee !
Our present glory, joy, and wealth,
Our everlasting stay !

47

6s.

- 1 I HUNGER and I thirst,
Jesu ! my manna be ;
Ye living waters, burst
Out of the rock for me.
- 2 Thou bruised and broken Bread,
My life-long wants supply ;
As living souls are fed,
O feed me, or I die.
- 3 Thou true life-giving Vine,
Let me Thy sweetness prove,
Renew my life with Thine,
Refresh my soul with love.
- 4 Rough paths my feet have trod,
Since first my course began,
Feed me, Thou Bread of God ;
Help me, Thou Son of Man.
- 5 For still the desert lies
My thirsting soul before,
O living waters, rise
Within me evermore.

THE LORD JESUS.

48

C M.

- 1 **JESUS!** of Thee we ne'er would tire ;
The new and living food
Can satisfy our hearts' desire ;
And life is in Thy blood.
- 2 If such the happy midnight song
Our prison'd spirits raise,
What are the joys that cause ere long
Eternal bursts of praise ?
- 3 To look within and see no stain—
Abroad no curse to trace ;
To shed no tears, to feel no pain,
But see Thee face to face.
- 4 To find each hope of glory gain'd—
Fulfill'd each precious word ;
And fully all to have attain'd
The image of our Lord.
- 5 For this, we're pressing onward still,
And in this hope would be
More subject to the Father's will,
E'en now much more like Thee.

49

8.7.4.

- 1 **HAPPY** they who trust in Jesus !
Sweet their portion is, and sure ;
When the foe on others seizes,
He will keep His own secure :
Happy people !
Happy, though despised and poor.

THE LORD JESUS.

- 2 Since His love and mercy found us,
We are precious in His sight ;
Thousands now may fall around us,
Thousands more be put to flight :
But His presence
Keeps us safe by day and night.
- 3 Lo ! our Saviour never slumbers ;
Ever watchful in His care ;
Though we cannot boast of numbers,
In His strength secure we are :
Sweet their portion,
Who our Saviour's kindness share !
- 4 As the bird beneath her feathers
Guards the object of her care,
So the Lord His children gathers,
Spreads His wings, and hides them there :
Thus protected,
All their foes they boldly dare.

50

7.6.

- 1 SAFE in the arms of Jesus,
Safe on His gentle breast,
'There, by His love o'ershadowed,
Sweetly my soul shall rest.
Hark ! 'tis the voice of angels
Borne in a song to me,
Over the fields of glory,
Over the jasper sea.

THE LORD JESUS.

2 Safe in the arms of Jesus,
Safe from corroding care ;
Safe from the world's temptations,
Sin cannot harm me there :
Free from the blight of sorrow,
Free from my doubts and fears
Only a few more trials,
Only a few more tears.

3 Jesus, my heart's dear Refuge,
Jesus has died for me,
Firm on the Rock of Ages
Ever my trust shall be.
Here let me wait with patience,
Wait till the night is o'er ;
Wait till I see the morning
Break on the golden shore.

51

6-8s.

- 1 Thou hidden Source of calm repose !
Thou all-sufficient Love divine !
My help and refuge from my foes,
Secure I am, for I am Thine ;
Thou art my fortress, strength, and tower,
My trust and portion evermore.
- 2 Thy mighty Name salvation is :
It keeps my happy soul above ;
Comfort it brings, and power, and peace,
And joy, and everlasting love :
To me, with Thy dear Name, are given,
Pardon, and holiness, and heaven.

THE LORD JESUS.

- 3 Jesus! my All-in-all Thou art;
My rest in toil, my ease in pain;
The healer of my broken heart;
'Mid storms my peace; in loss my gain;
My fortress 'neath the tyrant's frown;
In shame, my glory and my crown.
- 4 In want, my plentiful supply;
In weakness, my Almighty power;
In bonds, my perfect liberty;
My refuge in temptation's hour;
My comfort 'midst all grief and thrall,
My life in death, my All-in-all.

52

L.M.

- 1 JESUS, Thou joy of loving hearts!
Thou Fount of life! Thou Light of men!
From the best bliss that earth imparts,
We turn, unfilled, to Thee again.
- 2 Thy truth unchanged hath ever stood;
Thou savest those that on Thee call;
To them that seek Thee, Thou art good,
To them that find Thee, All-in-all!
- 3 We taste Thee, O Thou living Bread,
And long to feast upon Thee still!
We drink of Thee, the fountain-head,
And thirst our souls from Thee to fill!
- 4 Our restless spirits yearn for Thee
Where'er our changeful lot is cast;
Glad, since Thy gracious smile we see,
Blest, since our faith can hold Thee fast.

THE LORD JESUS.

5 O Jesus, ever with us stay!
Make all our moments calm and bright;
Chase the dark night of sin away,
Shed o'er the world Thy holy light!

53

8.7.4.

- 1 Jesus, I am never weary
Looking on Thy cross and shame;
Gazing there I seem so near Thee,
Dear to me each throb of pain.
Ever near Thee,
Ling'ring here I would remain.
- 2 Little cared I for the anguish
Of Thy bitter, bitter cry;
Left alone, dear Lord, to languish,
None to share Thy parting sigh,
All forsaken:
Left alone, dear Lord, to die.
- 3 Precious Saviour! I have found Thee,
All my utmost need required:
In Thyself, dear Lord, Thou'st found me,
All Thy loving heart desired.
I would praise Thee,
From my soul, by love inspired!
- 4 All my sins were laid upon Thee,
All my guilt was on Thee laid;
For the blood of Thine atonement,
All my utmost debt has paid.
Dearest Saviour,
I believe, for Thou hast said.

D

THE LORD JESUS.

5 Both mine arms are clasp'd around Thee,
And my head is on Thy breast ;
For my weary soul has found Thee,
Such a perfect, perfect rest.
Dearest Saviour,
Now I know that I am blest.

54

S.M.

- 1 O PATIENT, spotless One !
Our hearts in meekness train
To bear Thy yoke, and learn of Thee,
That we may rest obtain.
- 2 Jesus, Thou art enough
The mind and heart to fill :
Thy life—to calm each anxious thought,
Thy love—each fear dispel.
- 3 O fix our earnest gaze
So wholly, Lord, on Thee,
That, with Thy beauty occupied,
We elsewhere none may see.

55

L.M. OR P.M.

- 1 O HOLY Saviour! Friend unseen!
Since on Thine arm Thou bidst us lean,
Help us throughout life's changing scene,
By faith to cling to Thee!
- 2 Far from our home, fatigued, opprest,
Here we have found our place of rest ;
As exiles still, yet not unblest,
While we can cling to Thee.

THE LORD JESUS.

- 3 Without a murmur we dismiss
Our former dreams of earthly bliss,
Our joy, our consolation this—
Each hour to cling to Thee.
- 4 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."
- 5 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.
- 6 Blest is our lot! whate'er befall,
Who can affright, or who appal,
While as our strength, our rock, our all,
Saviour, we cling to Thee?

56

C.M.

- 1 A PILGRIM through this lonely world,
The blessed Saviour pass'd;
A mourner all His life was He—
A dying Lamb at last.
- 2 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.
- 3 Dead to the world, with Him who died
To win our hearts, our love,
We, risen with our risen Head,
In spirit dwell above.

THE LORD JESUS.

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

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

57

P.M.

1 ONE there is above all others—
Oh, how He loves !
His is love beyond a brother's—
Oh, how He loves !
Earthly friends may fail or leave us,
One day soothe, the next day grieve us,
But this Friend will ne'er deceive us—
Oh, how He loves !

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

3 We have found a friend in Jesus—
Oh, how He loves !
'Tis His great delight to bless us—
Oh, how He loves !

THE LORD JESUS.

How our hearts delight to hear Him,
Bid us dwell in safety near Him :
Why should we distrust or fear Him ?
Oh, how He loves !

- 4 Through His name we are forgiven—
Oh, how He loves !
Backward shall our foes be driven—
Oh, how He loves !
Best of blessings He'll provide us,
Nought but good shall e'er betide us,
Safe to glory He will guide us—
Oh, how He loves !

58

C.M.

- 1 I've found the Friend of greatest price !
My heart doth sing for joy ;
And sing I must, for Christ I have !
A precious Christ have I !
- 2 Christ Jesus is the Lord of lords,
He is the King of kings ;
He is the Sun of Righteousness,
With healing in His wings.
- 3 Christ is my meat, Christ is my drink,
My healer and my health ;
My peace, my strength, my joy, my crown,
My glory, and my wealth.
- 4 Christ Jesus is the heaven of heaven ;
My Christ, what shall I call ?
Christ is the first, Christ is the last,
And Christ is all in all.

THE LORD JESUS.

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

59

L. M.

- 1 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.
- 2 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.
- 3 He cheers my heart, my want supplies,
And says that I shall shortly be
Enthron'd with Him above the skies :—
Oh, what a Friend is Christ to me !

60

C. M.

- 1 O LORD, when we the path retrace
Which Thou on earth hast trod,
To man, Thy wondrous love and grace,
Thy faithfulness to God.
- 2 Thy love to man, so sorely tried,
Proved stronger than the grave ;
The very spear that pierced Thy side
Drew forth the blood to save.

THE LORD JESUS.

- 3 Faithful amidst unfaithfulness,
'Midst darkness only light,
Thou didst Thy Father's name confess,
And in His will delight.
- 4 Unmoved by Satan's subtle wiles,
By suff'ring, shame, and loss ;
Thy path, uncheered by earthly smiles,
Led only to the cross.
- 5 O Lord, with sorrow and with shame,
We meekly would confess
How little we, who bear Thy name
Thy mind, Thy ways express.
- 6 Give us thy meek, Thy lowly mind ;
We would obedient be ;
And all our rest and pleasure find
In fellowship with Thee.

61

7.6.

- 1 O LIPS so full of grandeur !
So softened o'er with love :
How shall our hearts endeavour
Their perfectness to prove ?
For God, His God, hath poured
Into those lips His grace,
That we, who know and love Him,
With joy each word may trace.
- 2 No times had He unguarded,
No seasons of unrest ;
He ne'er a heart discarded
That looked to Him for rest.

THE LORD JESUS.

He ne'er was ill-advisèd,
Nor used a hurtful word,
No moment Him surprisèd—
The meek and lowly Lord!

- 3 Oh, blessed, perfect Jesus!
Bestow Thy grace on me,
That daily, thus, my spirit
May be conformed to Thee.
As flowers betray their sweetness
When bruised amid their bloom,
So would I know completeness,
When sudden dangers come.
- 4 O for that time of brightness—
The coming time above!
When with our robes of whiteness,
And language all of love—
When all the blood-bought pilgrims,
Of every name and clime,
Will dwell, each one like Jesus,
In perfectness divine!

62

C.M.

- 1 **WHAT** grace, O Lord, and beauty shone
Around Thy steps below!
What patient love was seen in all
Thy life and death of woe!
- 2 For ever on Thy burden'd heart
A weight of sorrow hung;
Yet no ungentle murmuring word
Escaped Thy silent tongue.

THE LORD JESUS.

- 3 Thy foes might hate, despise, revile—
Thy friends unfaithful prove ;
Unwearied in forgiveness still,
Thy heart could only love.
- 4 Oh ! give us hearts to love like Thee—
Like Thee, O Lord, to grieve
Far more for others' sins than all
The wrongs that we receive.
- 5 One with Thyself, may every eye,
In us, Thy brethren, see
That gentleness and grace that spring
From union, Lord, with Thee.

63

L.M.

- 1 My dear Redeemer and my Lord,
I read my duty in Thy Word ;
But in Thy life the law appears
Drawn out in living characters.
- 2 Such was Thy truth, and such Thy zeal,
Such deference to Thy Father's will,
Such love, and meekness so divine,
I would transcribe and make them mine.
- 3 Cold mountains and the midnight air
Witness'd the fervour of Thy prayer ;
The desert Thy temptation knew,
Thy conflict and Thy victory too.
- 4 Be Thou my pattern ; make me bear
More of Thy gracious image here ;
Then God the Judge shall own my name
Amongst the followers of the Lamb.

THE GOSPEL.

64

P. M.

- 1 COME, let us all unite to sing,
God is love.
Let heaven and earth their praises bring :
God is love.
Let every soul from sin awake,
Each in his heart sweet music make,
And sing with us, for Jesus' sake,
God is love.
- 2 Oh ! tell to earth's remotest bound,
God is love.
In Christ we have redemption found :
God is love.
His blood has washed our sins away,
His Spirit turned our night to day ;
And now we can rejoice to say,
God is love.
- 3 How happy is our portion here !
God is love.
His promises our spirits cheer ;
God is love.
He is our sun and shield by day,
Our help, our hope, our strength and stay ;
He will be with us all the way :
God is love.
- 4 In glory we shall sing again,
God is love.
Yes, this shall be our lofty strain,
God is love.

THE GOSPEL:

**Whilst endless ages roll along,
In concert with the heavenly throng,
This shall be still our sweetest song,
God is love.**

65

C. M.

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

66

C. M.

- 1 God loved the world of sinners lost
And ruined by the fall ;
Salvation full, at highest cost,
He offers free to all.**

THE GOSPEL.

Oh, 'twas love, 'twas wondrous love,
'The love of God to me !
It brought my Saviour from above,
To die on Calvary.

2 E'en now by faith I claim Him mine,
The risen Son of God.
Redemption by His death I find,
And cleansing through the blood.

3 Love brings the glorious fulness in,
And to His saints makes known
The blessed rest from inbred sin,
Through faith in Christ alone.

4 Believing souls, rejoicing go ;
There shall to you be given
A glorious foretaste here below,
Of endless life in heaven.

5 Of vict'ry now o'er Satan's power
Let all the ransomed sing,
And triumph in the dying hour
Through Christ the Lord, our King.

67

6. 7s.

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

THE GOSPEL.

2 Not the labour of my hands
Can fulfil Thy law's demands :
Could my zeal no respite know—
Could my tears for ever flow,
All for sin could not atone :
Thou must save, and Thou alone.

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

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

68

S.M.

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

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

THE GOSPEL.

- 3 My faith would lay her hand
On that dear head of Thine,
While like a penitent I stand,
And there confess my sin.
- 4 My soul looks back to see
The burden Thou didst bear,
While hanging on the cursèd tree,
And knows her guilt was there.
- 5 Believing we rejoice
To see the curse removed ;
We bless the Lamb with cheerful voice
And sing His bleeding love.

69

C.M.

- 1 As when the Hebrew prophet raised.
The brazen serpent high,
The wounded looked, and straight were
cured,
The people ceased to die :
- 2 So from the Saviour on the cross
A healing virtue flows :
Who looks to Him with lively faith
Is saved from endless woes.
- 3 For God gave up His Son to death,
So generous was His love,
That all the faithful might enjoy
Eternal life above.
- 4 Not to condemn the sons of men
The Son of God appeared :
No weapons in His hands are seen,
Nor voice of terror heard :

THE GOSPEL.

5 He came to raise our fallen state,
And our lost hopes restore :
Faith leads us to the mercy-seat,
And bids us fear no more.

6 But vengeance just, for ever lies
Upon the rebel race,
Who God's eternal Son despise,
And scorn His offered grace.

70

8.7.4.

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

2 Finish'd all the types and shadows
Of the ceremonial law !
Finish'd all that God had promised ;
Death and hell no more shall awe ;
“ It is finish'd ! ”
Saints, from hence your comforts draw.

3 Tune your hearts anew, ye ransom'd !
Join to sing the glorious theme ;
All on earth, and all in heaven,
Join to praise the Saviour's Name !
Hallelujah !
Glory to the bleeding Lamb !

Philip Doddridge

THE GOSPEL.

1702/57

71

S.M.

- 1 GRACE! 'tis a charming sound,
Harmonious to the ear ;
Heaven with the echo shall resound,
And all the earth shall hear.
- 2 Grace first contrived the way
To save rebellious man ;
And all the steps that grace display,
Which drew the wondrous plan.
- 3 'Twas grace that wrote my name
In life's eternal book ;
'Twas grace that gave me to the Lamb,
Who all my sorrows took.
- 4 Grace led my wand'ring feet
To tread the heavenly road ;
And new supplies each hour I meet,
While pressing on to God.
- 5 Grace taught my soul to pray,
And made my eyes o'erflow ;
'Tis grace has kept me to this day,
And will not let me go.
- 6 Grace all the work shall crown,
'Through everlasting days ;
It lays in heaven the topmost stone,
And well deserves the praise.

THE GOSPEL.

72

6-7a

- 1 **FROM** the cross uplifted high,
Where the Saviour deign'd to die,
What melodious sounds I hear,
Bursting on my ravish'd ear!—
“Love's redeeming work is done,
Come and welcome, sinner, come!”
- 2 “Sprinkled now with blood the throne,
Why beneath thy burden groan?
On My piercèd body laid,
Justice owns the ransom paid;
Bow the knee, and kiss the Son,
Come and welcome, sinner, come!”
- 2 “Spread for thee the festal board,
See with richest dainties stor'd;
To the Father's bosom press'd,
All thy sins to Him confess'd;
Never from His house to roam,
Come and welcome, sinner, come!”

73

8.6.

- 1 **O CHRIST**, what burdens bow'd Thy head!
Our load was laid on Thee :
Thou stoodest in the sinner's stead—
To bear all ill for me :
A Victim led, Thy blood was shed ;
Now there's no load for me.

E

THE GOSPEL.

- 2 Death and the curse were in our cup—
O CHRIST, 'twas full for Thee!
But Thou hast drained the last dark drop—
'Tis empty now for me.
Thine own free will bore all the ill;
Now—life and peace for me.
- 3 Jehovah lifted up His rod—
O CHRIST, it fell on Thee!
Thou wast sore stricken of Thy God;
There's not one stroke for me.
Thy tears, Thy blood beneath it flow'd;
Thy bruising healeth me.
- 4 The tempest's awful voice was heard—
O CHRIST, it broke on Thee!
Thine open bosom was my ward;
It braved the storm for me.
Thy form was scarr'd, Thy visage marr'd;
Now cloudless peace for me.
- 5 For me, LORD JESUS, Thou hast died,
And I have died in Thee;
Thou'rt risen; my bands are all untied;
And now Thou liv'st in me.
The Father's face, of radiant grace,
Shines now in light on me.

74

8.8.8.6.

- 1 THE love that Jesus had for me,
To suffer on the cruel tree,
That I a ransomed soul might be,
Is more than tongue can tell!

THE GOSPEL.

His love is more than tongue can tell :
His love is more than tongue can tell !
The love that Jesus had for me
Is more than tongue can tell !

- 2 The bitter sorrow that He bore,
And oh, that crown of thorns He wore,
That I might live for evermore,
Is more than tongue can tell !
- 3 The peace I have in Him, my Lord,
Who pleads before the throne of God,
The merit of His precious blood,
Is more than tongue can tell !
- 4 The joy that comes when He is near,
The rest He gives so free from fear,
The hope in Him, so bright and clear,
Is more than tongue can tell !

75

C.M.

- 1 **THERE** is a fountain fill'd with blood,
Drawn from Immanuel's veins,
And sinners plunged beneath that flood
Lose all their guilty stains.
- 2 The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day ;
And there may I, though vile as he,
Wash all my sins away.
- 3 Dear dying Lamb, Thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransom'd Church of God
Be saved, to sin no more.

THE GOSPEL

- 4 E'er since by faith I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be till I die.
- 5 Then in a nobler, sweeter song,
I'll sing Thy power to save ;
When this poor lisp'ing, stamm'ring tongue
Lies silent in the grave.
- 6 Lord, I believe Thou hast prepared
(Unworthy though I be)
For me a blood-bought, free reward,
A golden harp for me.
- 7 'Tis strung and tuned for endless years,
And form'd by power divine,
To sound in God the Father's ears
No other name than Thine.

76

6.8.

- 1 TH' atoning work is done—
The Victim's blood is shed ;
And Jesus now is gone,
His people's cause to plead ;
He stands in heav'n their great High Priest,
And bears their name upon His breast.
- 2 He sprinkled with His blood
The mercy seat above ;
For Justice had withstood
The purposes of love ;
But Justice now withstands no more,
And Mercy yields its boundless store.

THE GOSPEL.

3 No temple made with hands
His place of service is ;
In heaven itself He stands—
A heav'nly priesthood His :
In Him the shadows of the law
Are all fulfill'd and now withdraw.

4 And though a while He be
Hid from the eyes of men,
His people look to see
Their great High Priest again ;
In brightest glory He will come,
And take His waiting people home.

77

P.M.

1 NOTHING either great or small
Nothing, sinner, no ;
Jesus did it, did it all,
Long, long ago.
“IT IS FINISH'D!” Yes, indeed,
Finish'd every jot.
Sinner, this is all you need ;
Tell me, is it not ?

2 When He from His lofty throne,
Stoop'd to do and die,
Everything was fully done.
Hearken to His cry—

3 Weary, working, burden'd one,
Wherefore toil you so ?
Cease your doing ; all was done
Long, long ago.

THE GOSPEL.

- 4 Till to JESUS' WORK you cling
By a simple faith,
"Doing" is a deadly thing—
"Doing" ends in death.
- 5 Cast your deadly "doing" down—
Down at Jesus' feet ;
Stand "IN HIM," in *Him* alone,
Gloriously "COMPLETE !"

78

7a.

- 1 JESUS ! Lover of my soul,
Let me to Thy bosom fly,
While the raging billows roll—
While the tempest still is high !
Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
Till the storm of life is past ;
Safe into the haven guide ;
Oh, receive my soul at last !
- 2 Other refuge have I none !
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee !
Leave, ah ! leave me not alone !
Still support and comfort me !
All my trust on Thee is stay'd ;
All my help from Thee I bring :
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of Thy wing.
- 3 Thou, O Christ, art all I want,
All in all in Thee I find ;
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick and lead the blind.

THE GOSPEL.

Just and holy is Thy name—
I am all unrighteousness ;
Vile and full of sin I am—
Thou art full of truth and grace.

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

79

P.M.

- 1 THE great Physician now is near,
The sympathizing Jesus ;
He speaks, the drooping heart to cheer :
Oh, hear the voice of Jesus !
Sweetest note in seraph song,
Sweetest name on mortal tongue,
Sweetest carol ever sung :
Jesus ! blessed Jesus !
- 2 Your many sins are all forgiven ;
Oh, hear the voice of Jesus !
Go on your way in peace to heaven,
And wear a crown with Jesus.
- 3 All glory to the risen Lamb !
I now believe in Jesus :
I love the blessed Saviour's name,
I love the name of Jesus.

THE GOSPEL.

- 4 His name dispels my guilt and fear,
No other name but Jesus !
Oh, how my soul delights to hear
The precious name of Jesus !
- 5 Come, brethren, help me sing His praise ;
Oh, praise the name of Jesus !
Come, sisters, all your voices raise,
Oh, bless the name of Jesus !
- 6 The children, too, both great and small,
Who love the name of Jesus,
May now accept the gracious call
To work and live for Jesus.
- 7 And when to that bright world above
We rise to see our Jesus,
We'll sing around the throne of love
His name, the name of Jesus.

80

I. M.

- 1 At even, ere the sun was set,
The sick, O Lord, around Thee lay :
Oh, in what divers pains they met !
Oh, with what joy they went away !
- 2 Once more 'tis eventide; and we,
Oppressed with various illa, draw near ;
What if Thy form we cannot see !
We know and feel that Thou art here.
- 3 O Saviour Christ, our woes dispel !
For some are sick, and some are sad ;
And some have never loved Thee well,
And some have lost the love they had :

THE GOSPEL.

- 4 And all, O Lord, crave perfect rest,
And to be wholly free from sin ;
And they who fain would serve Thee best,
Are conscious most of sin within.
- 5 O Saviour Christ, Thou too art man,
Thou hast been troubled, tempted, tried ;
Thy kind but searching glance can scan
The very wounds that shame would hide :
- 6 Thy touch has still its ancient power ;
No word from Thee can fruitless fall :
Hear in this solemn evening hour,
And in Thy mercy heal us all.

81

P.M.

- 1 SHE only touched the hem of His garment,
As to His side she stole,
Amid the crowd that gathered around Him,
And straightway she was whole.
Oh, touch the hem of His garment,
And thou, too, shall be free !
His saving power this very hour
Shall give new life to thee !
- 2 She came with fear and trembling before
Him,
She knew her Lord had come ;
She felt that from Him virtue had healed
her ;
The mighty deed was done.

THE GOSPEL.

3 He turned with, "Daughter, be of good
comfort,
Thy faith hath made thee whole ;"
And peace that passeth all understanding
With gladness filled her soul.

82

L. M.

- 1 COME, weary souls, in Christ your Lord
To more than Paradise restored,
His proffered benefits embrace,
The plenitude of Gospel grace.
- 2 A pardon written with His blood,
The favour and the peace of God,
The seeing eye, the feeling sense,
The mystic joys of penitence.
- 3 The guiltless shame, the calm distress,
Th' unutterable tenderness,
The genuine meek humility,
The wonder why such love to me.
- 4 Th' o'erwhelming power of saving grace,
The sight that veils the seraph's face,
The speechless awe that dares not move,
And all the silent heaven of love.

83

P. M.

- 1 OH, come to Jesus now,
All near Him lowly bow,
Jesus is here,
Jesus is here.

THE GOSPEL.

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

2 Oh ! come this place within,
Jesus is here ;
He sees you full of sin,
Jesus is here.
He knows you why you come,
Poor, wretched, and undone,
Seeking Him and Him alone—
Jesus is here.

3 Come, then, to Jesus now,
Jesus is here.
All low before him bow,
Jesus is here.
Oh, ye that feel your sin,
And coming long have been,
Now find your rest in Him—
Jesus is here.

4 Come, come to Jesus now,
Jesus is here.
Old and young together bow,
Jesus is here.
Oh ! what a glorious thing,
Sin's weary load to bring,
And lose it while we sing,
Jesus is here !

THE GOSPEL.

- 5 Oft as I come and go,
His presence well I know,
Sometimes I seem to stand
Rapt in the radiant land,
Singing with the sinless band,
Jesus is here ;
Jesus is here.
Jesus is here.
- 6 All then to Jesus now,
All round Him joyous bow,
Soon we shall reach the shore,
Where we shall praise Him more,
Singing, ever, evermore,
Jesus is here.
Jesus is here.
Jesus is here !

84

C.M.

- 1 COME, sinner, to the Gospel feast :
Oh, come without delay ;
For there is room on Jesus' breast
For all who will obey.
- 2 There's room in God's eternal love
To save thy precious soul ;—
Room in the Spirit's grace above,
To heal and make thee whole.
- 3 There's room within the Church redeem'd,
With blood of Christ divine—
Room 'mid the white-robed throng con-
vened,
For that dear soul of thine.

THE GOSPEL.

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

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

85

7s.

1 Look to Jesus,—*look* and *live*;
Mercy at His hands receive;
He has died upon the tree,
And His words are, “Look to Me.”

2 *Come* to Jesus,—*come* and *live*;
He has endless life to give;
He from sin will set thee free,
For His words are, “Come to Me.”

3 *Trust* in Jesus,—*trust* and *live*;
Now upon His name believe;
He has blessings e'en for thee,
For His words are, “Trust in Me.”

4 *Rest* in Jesus,—there repose,
Shelter find from all thy foes;
Let His promise be thy plea,
For His words are, “*Rest in Me.*”

THE GOSPEL.

86

P.M.

- 1 THERE is LIFE in a LOOK at the Crucified
One ;
There is life at this moment for thee :
Then look, sinner—look unto Him, and
be saved—
Unto Him who was nailed to the tree.
- 2 Oh ! why was He there as the bearer of sin,
If on Jesus thy sins were not laid ?
Oh ! why from His side flow'd the sin-
cleansing blood,
If His dying thy debt has not paid ?
- 3 It is not thy tears of repentance or prayers,
But THE BLOOD that atones for the
soul ;
On Him, then, who shed it thou mayest at
once
Thy weight of iniquities roll.
- 4 His anguish of soul on the cross hast thou
seen ?
His cry of distress hast thou heard ?
Then why, if the terrors of wrath He
endured,
Should pardon to thee be deferr'd ?
- 5 We are heal'd by His stripes ;—wouldst
thou add to the word ?
And He is our righteousness made :
The best robe of heaven He bids thee put
on :
Oh ! couldst thou be better arrayed ?

THE GOSPEL.

6 Then doubt not thy welcome, since God
has declared,
There remaineth no more to be done ;
That once in the end of the world He
appeared,
And completed the work He began.

7 But take, with rejoicing, from Jesus at once,
The life everlasting He gives ;
And know, with assurance, thou never
canst die,
Since Jesus, thy righteousness, lives.

87 *J. M. N. La., 1862 . P.M.*

- 1 ART thou weary ? art thou languid ?
Art Thou sore distrest ?
“Come to Me,” saith One ; “and coming,
Be at rest.”
- 2 Hath He marks to lead me to Him,
If He be my Guide ?
“In His feet and hands are wound-prints,
And His side.”
- 3 Is there diadem as Monarch
That His brow adorns ?
“Yea, a crown in very surety,
But of thorns.”
- 4 If I find Him, if I follow,
What His guerdon here ?
“Many a sorrow, many a labour,
Many a tear.”

THE GOSPEL.

5 If I still hold closely to Him,
What hath He at last ?
“ Sorrow vanquished, labour ended,
Jordan passed.”

6 If I ask Him to receive me,
Will He say me nay ?
“ Not till earth, and not till heaven
Pass away.”

83

Hart

8.7.1.

1 **COME**, ye sinners, poor and wretched,
Weak and wounded, sick and sore ;
Jesus ready stands to save you,
Full of mercy, love, and power :
He is able—
He is willing ; doubt no more.

2 Let not conscience make you linger,
Nor of fitness fondly dream ;
All the fitness He requireth,
Is to know your need of Him ;
This He gives you ;
'Tis the Spirit's rising beam.

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

THE GOSPEL.

- 4 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.

89

8.7.4.

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

F

THE GOSPEL.

90

11.10.

- 1 HARK! hark! my soul! angelic songs are
swelling
O'er earth's green fields and ocean's
wave-beat shore;
How sweet the truth those blessed strains
are telling
Of that new life when sin shall be no
more!
Angels, sing on! your faithful watches
keeping;
Sing us sweet fragments of the songs
above,
Till morning's joy shall end the night
of weeping,
And night's long shadows break in
cloudless love.
- 2 Far, far away, like bells at evening
pealing,
The voice of Jesus sounds o'er land
and sea,
And laden souls, by thousands meekly
stealing,
Kind Shepherd, turn their weary steps to
Thee.
- 3 Onward we go, for still we hear them
singing,
"Come, weary souls, for Jesus bids you
come:"
And through the dark, its echoes sweetly
ringing,
The music of the Gospel leads us home.

THE GOSPEL.

- 4 Rest comes at length ; though life be long
and dreary,
The day must dawn and darksome night
be past ;
Faith's journey ends in welcome to the
weary,
And heaven, the heart's true home, will
come at last.

91

7.6.

- 1 " COME unto Me, ye weary,
And I will give you rest."
O blessed voice of Jesus,
Which comes to hearts opprest ;
It tells of benediction,
Of pardon, grace, and peace,
Of joy that hath no ending,
Of love which cannot cease.
- 2 " Come unto Me, ye wanderers,
And I will give you light."
O loving voice of Jesus,
Which comes to cheer the night ;
Our hearts were filled with sadness,
And we had lost our way,
But He has brought us gladness,
And songs at break of day.
- 3 " Come unto Me, ye fainting,
And I will give you life."
O cheering voice of Jesus,
Which comes to aid our strife ;

THE GOSPEL.

The foe is stern and eager,
The fight is fierce and long,
But He has made us mighty,
And stronger than the strong.

- 4 " And whosoever cometh,
I will not cast him out."
O welcome voice of Jesus,
Which drives away our doubt ;
Which calls us very sinners,
Unworthy though we be—
Of love so free and boundless,
To come, blest Lord to Thee.

92

P.M.

- 1 SING them over again to me,
Wonderful words of Life !
Let me more of their beauty see,
Wonderful words of Life !
Words of life and beauty,
Teach me faith and duty !
Beautiful words ! wonderful words !
Wonderful words of Life !
- 2 Christ, the blessed One, gives to all
Wonderful words of Life !
Sinner, list to the loving call,
Wonderful words of Life !
All so freely given,
Wooing us to heaven !

THE GOSPEL.

3 Sweetly echo the Gospel call,
Wonderful words of Life !
Offer pardon and peace to all,
Wonderful words of Life !
Jesus, only Saviour,
Sanctify for ever !

93

L.M.

1 WITH tearful eyes I look around,
Life seems a dark and stormy sea ;
Yet 'mid the gloom, I hear a sound,
A heavenly whisper, " Come to Me. "

2 It tells me of a place of rest,
It tells me where my soul may flee ;
Oh, to the weary, faint, oppress'd,
How sweet the bidding, " Come to Me " !

3 " Come, for all else must fail and die,
Earth is no resting-place for thee ;
To heaven direct thy weeping eye,
I am thy portion ; come to Me. "

4 O voice of mercy ! voice of love !
In conflict, grief, and agony,
Support me, cheer me from above !
And gently whisper, " Come to Me. "

94

P.M.

1 SINNERS Jesus will receive ;
Sound this word of grace to all
Who the heavenly pathway leave,
All who linger, all who fall !

• THE GOSPEL

Sing it o'er and o'er again :
Christ receiveth sinful men :
Make the message clear and plain ;
Christ receiveth sinful men.

2 Come : and He will give you rest ;
Trust Him : for His word is plain ;
He will take the sinfulest :
Christ receiveth sinful men.

3 Now my heart condemns me not,
Pure before the law I stand ;
He who cleansed me from all spot,
Satisfied its last demand.

4 Christ receiveth sinful men,
Even me with all my sin ;
Purged from ev'ry spot and stain,
Heaven, with Him, I enter in.

95

P. M.

1 THERE'S a Stranger at the door :
Let Him in !
He has been there oft before :
Let Him in !
Let Him in, ere He is gone ;
Let Him in, the Holy One,
Jesus Christ, the Father's Son :
Let Him in !

2 Hear you now His loving voice ?
Let Him in !
Now, oh now, make Him your choice :
Let Him in !

THE GOSPEL.

He is standing at the door
Joy to you He will restore,
And His name you will adore :
Let Him in !

- 3 Now admit the heav'nly Guest :
Let Him in !
He will make for you a feast :
Let Him in !
He will speak your sins forgiven ;
And when earth-ties all are riven,
He will take you home to heaven :
Let Him in !

96

P. M.

- 1 ARE your souls the Saviour seeking ?
Peace, peace—be still ;
'Tis the Lord Himself is speaking,
Peace, peace—be still ;
For before the world's foundation,
God secured a full salvation,
Happy people—chosen nation !
Peace, peace—be still.
- 2 'Tis the blood of Christ hath spoken
Peace, peace—be still ;
The destroyer sees the token :
Peace, peace—be still.
On God's Word we boldly venture,
All our hopes in Jesus centre,
Into rest our souls can enter.
Peace, peace—be still.

THE GOSPEL.

- 3 Great the calm the Saviour spreadeth,
Peace, peace—be still :
Whatsoe'er your spirit dreadeth,
Peace, peace—be still :
Though with mighty foes engaging,
War with sin and Satan waging,
Storms of trial fiercely raging,
Peace, peace—be still.
- 4 Jesus walks upon the ocean,
Peace, peace—be still ;
He shall hush its loud commotion,
Peace, peace—be still.
Soon shall end our days of sighing,
Pain and sorrow, death and dying,
Till that hour on God relying,
Peace, peace—be still.

97 Ps. 40 v. 15.

7.6.

- 1 My sins, my sins, my Saviour !
How sad on Thee they fall,
Seen through Thy gentle patience,
I tenfold feel them all.
- 2 I know they are forgiven,
But still their pain to me
Is all the grief and anguish
They laid, my Lord, on Thee.
- 3 My sins, my sins, my Saviour !
Their guilt I never knew
Till, with Thee, in the desert
I near Thy passion drew ;

THE GOSPEL.

- 4 Till with Thee in the garden
I heard Thy pleading prayer,
And saw the sweat-drops bloody
That told Thy sorrow there.

See fly leaf at end

98

S.M.

- 1 Ah! whither should I go,
Burden'd and sick, and faint?
To whom should I my troubles show,
And pour out my complaint?
- 2 My Saviour bids me come:
Ah! why do I delay?
He calls the weary wanderer home!
And yet from Him I stay.
- 3 What is it keeps me back,
From which I cannot part,
Which will not let my Saviour take
Possession of my heart!
- 4 Jesus, the hindrance show,
Which I have fear'd to see:
Yet let me now consent to know
What keeps me thus from Thee.
- 5 Searcher of hearts, in mine
Thy trying power display:
Into its darkest corners shine,
And take the veil away.

THE GOSPEL.

99

P. M.

- 1 FROM whence this fear and unbelief,
If God, my God, hath put to grief
His spotless Son for me ?
Can He, the righteous Judge of men,
Condemn me for that debt of sin,
Which, Lord, was charged on Thee ?
- 2 Complete atonement Thou hast made,
And to the utmost farthing paid
Whate'er Thy people owed ;
How then can wrath on me take place,
Now standing in God's righteousness,
And sprinkled by Thy blood ?
- 3 If Thou hast my discharge procured,
And freely in my place endured
The whole of wrath Divine,
Payment God will not twice demand,
First at my bleeding Surety's hand,
And then again at mine.
- 4 Turn then, my soul, unto thy rest ;
The merits of thy great High Priest
Speak peace and liberty ;
Trust in His efficacious blood,
Nor fear thy banishment from God,
Since Jesus died for thee.

100

P.M.

- 1 OH, hear my cry, be gracious now to me !
Come, Great Deliv'rer, come !
My soul, bowed down, is longing now for
Thee,
Come, Great Deliv'rer, come !

THE GOSPEL.

I've wandered far away o'er moun-
tains cold,

I've wandered far away from home ;
Oh, take me now, and bring me to
Thy fold.

Come, Great Deliv'rer, come !

2 I have no place, no shelter from the night,
Come, Great Deliv'rer, come !

One look from Thee would give me life and
light,

Come, Great Deliv'rer, come !

3 My path is lone, and weary are my feet,
Come, Great Deliv'rer, come !

Mine eyes look up Thy loving smile to
meet !

Come, Great Deliv'rer, come !

4 Thou wilt not spurn contrition's broken
sigh,

Come, Great Deliv'rer, come !

Regard my prayer, and hear my humble
cry,

Come, Great Deliv'rer, come !

401

8.8.8.6.

1 JESUS, my Lord, to Thee I cry ;
Unless Thou help me, I must die :
Oh, bring Thy free salvation nigh,
And take me as I am !

And take me as I am !

And take me as I am !

My only plea—Christ died for me !

Oh, take me as I am !

THE GOSPEL.

- 2 Helpless I am, and full of guilt ;
But yet for me Thy blood was spilt,
And Thou canst make me what Thou wilt,
And take me as I am !
- 3 No preparation can I make,
My best resolves I only break,
Yet save me for Thine own name's sake,
And take me as I am !
- 4 Behold me, Saviour, at Thy feet,
Deal with me as Thou seest meet ;
Thy work begin, Thy work complete,
But take me as I am !

102

11s.

- 1 JESUS, I will trust Thee, trust Thee with
my soul !
Guilty, lost, and helpless, Thou canst make
me whole,
There is none in heaven or on earth like
Thee ;
Thou hast died for sinners—therefore,
Lord, for me.
In Thy love confiding, I will seek
thy face,
Worship and adore Thee for Thy
wondrous grace.
Jesus, I will trust Thee, trust Thee
with my soul !
Guilty, lost, and helpless, Thou canst
make me whole.

THE GOSPEL.

2 Jesus, I can trust Thee, trust Thy written
Word ;
Since Thy voice of mercy I have often
heard,
When Thy Spirit teacheth, to my taste,
how sweet !
Only may I hearken, sitting at Thy feet.

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

103

D.C.M.

1 I HEARD the voice of Jesus say,
“ Come unto Me and rest ;
Lay down, thou weary one, lay down
Thy head upon My breast.”
I came to Jesus as I was,
Weary, and worn, and sad ;
I found in Him my resting-place,
And He has made me glad.

2 I heard the voice of Jesus say,
“ Behold, I freely give
The living water—thirsty one,
Stoop down, and drink, and live.”

THE GOSPEL.

I came to Jesus, and I drank
Of that life-giving stream ;
My thirst was quenched, my soul revived,
And now I live in Him.

- 3 I heard the voice of Jesus say,
“ I am this dark world’s Light ;
Look unto Me, thy morn shall rise,
And all thy day be bright.”
I look’d to Jesus, and I found
In Him my Star, my Sun ;
And in that light of life I’ll walk
Till trav’ling days are done.

104

L.M. OR P.M.

- 1 JUST as I am—without one plea,
But that Thy blood was shed for me,
And that Thou bidst me come to Thee,
O Lamb of God, I come !
- 2 JUST as I am—and waiting not
To rid my soul of one dark blot,
To Thee whose blood can cleanse each spot,
O Lamb of God, I come !
- 3 JUST as I am—though toss’d about
With many a conflict, many a doubt,
“ Fightings within, and fears without,”
O Lamb of God, I come !
- 4 JUST as I am—poor, wretched, blind,
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
Yea, all I need in Thee to find,
O Lamb of God, I come !

THE GOSPEL.

- 5 Just as I am—Thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve,
Because Thy promise I believe,
O Lamb of God, I come !
- 6 Just as I am—Thy love unknown
Has broken every barrier down :
Now to be Thine, yea, Thine alone,
O Lamb of God, I come !
- 7 Just as I am—of that free love
The breadth, length, depth, and height to
prove,
Here for a season, then above,
O Lamb of God, I come !

105

C.M.

- 1 CHARGED with the complicated load
Of our enormous debt,
By faith, I see the Lamb of God
Expire beneath its weight !
- 2 My numerous sins transferr'd to Him,
Shall never more be found,
Lost in His blood's atoning stream
Where every crime is drown'd !
- 3 My mighty sins to Thee are known ;
But mightier still is He
Who laid His life a ransom down,
And pleads His death for me.
- 4 Oh may my life while here below,
Bear witness to Thy love,
Till I before Thy footstool bow,
And chant Thy praise above !

THE GOSPEL.

106

P.M.

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

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

3 Nothing can for sin atone—
Nothing but the blood of Jesus !
Nought of good that I have done—
Nothing but the blood of Jesus !

4 This is all my hope and peace—
Nothing but the blood of Jesus !
This is all my righteousness—
Nothing but the blood of Jesus !

107

P.M.

1 **BLESSED** be the dear Lamb of God
To a world of sinners revealed ;
Blessed be the dear Son of God :
Only by **His** stripes we are healed.

THE GOSPEL.

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

Whiter than snow,
Whiter than snow ;
Wash me in the blood of the Lamb,
And I shall be whiter than snow !

2 Thorny was the crown that He wore,
And the cross His body o'ercame ;
Grievous were the sorrows He bore,
But He suffered not thus in vain.
May I to that Fountain be led,
Made to cleanse my sins here below ;
Wash me in the Blood that He shed,
And I shall be whiter than snow !

3 Father, I have wandered from Thee,
Often has my heart gone astray ;
Crimson do my sins seem to me—
Water cannot wash them away,
Jesus, to that Fountain of Thine,
Leaning on Thy promise I go !
Cleanser me by Thy washing divine,
And I shall be whiter than snow !

108

85.

1 THE moment a sinner believes,
And trusts in his crucified Lord,
His pardon at once he receives,
Redemption in full through His blood ;

G

THE GOSPEL.

Though thousands and thousands of foes
Against him in malice unite,
Their rage he through Christ can oppose,
Led forth by the Spirit to fight.

- 2 The faith that unites to the Lamb,
And brings such salvation as this,
Is more than mere notion or name ;
The work of God's Spirit it is ;
A principle, active and young,
That lives under pressure and load ;
That makes out of weakness more strong,
And draws the soul upward to God.

- 3 It treads on the world, and on hell ;
It vanquishes death and despair ;
And what is still stranger to tell,
It overcomes heaven by prayer ;
Permits a vile worm of the dust
With God to commune as a friend ;
To know His forgiveness as just,
And look for His love to the end.

- 4 It says to the mountains, Depart,
That stand betwixt God and the soul ;
It binds up the broken in heart.
And makes wounded consciences whole ;
Bids sins of a crimson-like dye
Be spotless as snow, and as white,
And makes such a sinner as I
As pure as an angel of light.

THE GOSPEL.

109

P.M.

- 1 ALL glory to Jesus be given,
That life and salvation are free,
And all may be washed and forgiven ;
And Jesus can save even me.
Yes, Jesus is mighty to save,
And all His salvation may know
On His bosom I lean,
And His blood makes me clean,
For His blood can wash whiter than
snow.
- 2 From darkness, and sin, and despair,
Out into the light of His love,
He has brought me and made me an heir
To kingdoms and mansions above.
- 3 Oh, the rapturous height of His love,
The measureless depth of His grace !
My soul all His fulness would prove,
And live in His loving embrace.
- 4 In Him all my wants are supplied,
His love makes my heaven below ;
For freely His blood was applied,
His blood that makes whiter than snow.

110

C.M.

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

THE GOSPEL.

Oh ! the blood of Jesus, the precious blood of
Jesus ;
Oh ! the blood of Jesus, it cleanses from all
sin.

2 Was it for crimes that I have done
He groaned upon the tree ?
Amazing pity, grace unknown,
And love beyond degree.

3 Well might the sun in darkness hide,
And shut its glories in,
When Christ th' Incarnate Maker died
For man, His creature's sin.

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

111

S.M.

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

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

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

THE GOSPEL.

- 4 Thy love to me, O God,
Not mine, O Lord, to Thee,
Can rid me of this dark unrest,
And set my spirit free.
- 5 Thy grace alone, O God,
To me can pardon speak ;
Thy power alone, O Son of God,
Can this sore bondage break.
- 6 I bless the Christ of God ;
I rest on love divine ;
And with unfaltering lip and heart,
I call this Saviour mine.

112

6-7s.

- 1 CHIEF of sinners though I be,
Jesus shed His blood for me ;
Died, that I might live on high,
Lives, that I may never die.
As the branch is to the vine,
I am His, and He is mine.
- 2 Oh! the height of Jesu's love,
Higher than the heavens above ;
Deeper than the depths of sea,
Lasting as eternity ;
Love that found me, wondrous thought,
Found me when I sought Him not.
- 3 Jesus only can impart
Balm, to heal the wounded heart,
Peace, that flows from sin forgiven,
Joy, that lifts the soul to heaven ;

THE GOSPEL.

- Faith and hope to walk with God,
In the way that Enoch trod,
4 O my Saviour ! help afford,
By Thy Spirit and Thy word ;
When my wayward heart would stray,
Keep me in the narrow way ;
Give the grace to speed me home,
Watching, hoping, till Thou come.

113

S.M.

- 1 Why should I sorrow more ?
I trust a Saviour slain,
And safe beneath His sheltering cross,
Unmoved I shall remain.
- 2 Let Satan and the world,
Now rage or now allure,
The promises in Christ are made
Immutable and sure.
- 3 The oath infallible
Is now my spirit's trust ;
I know that He who spake the word,
Is faithful, true, and just.
- 4 He'll bring me on my way,
Unto my journey's end ;
He'll be my Father and my God,
My Saviour and my Friend.
- 5 So all my doubts and fears
Shall wholly flee away,
▲ And every mournful night of tears
Be turn'd to joyous day.

THE GOSPEL.

- 6 All that remains for me
Is but to love and sing,
And wait until the angels come
To bear me to the King.

114

- 1 Does the Gospel-word proclaim
Rest for those who weary be?
Then, my soul, thou hast a claim,
For that promise speaks to thee.
Nought of merit can I show,
All polluted is my best,
Yet I weary am I know,
And the weary long for rest.
- 2 In the Ark the weary dove
Found a welcome resting-place,
Thus my spirit longs to prove
Rest in Christ—the Ark of grace.
Tempest-toss'd I long have been,
And the flood increases fast;
Open, Lord, and take me in,
Till the storm be overpast.
- 3 Safely lodged within Thy breast,
What a wondrous change I find!
Now I know Thy promised rest
Can compose a troubled mind.
You that weary are like me,
Hearken to the Gospel-call;
To the Ark for refuge flee,
Jesus will receive you all.

THE GOSPEL.

115

L.M.

- 1 I look to Jesus, and the cloud
Of my transgressions melts away,
E'en as the blackest midnight shroud
Gives place to the returning day.
- 2 I look to Jesus, and the stains
Of my life's guilt, though dark and deep,
Are washed till not a spot remains,
And I can safely wake and sleep.
- 3 I look to Jesus, and the face
Of God is turned on me in love ;
I feel a Father's fond embrace,
And all my doubts and fears remove.
- 4 I look to Jesus when my zeal,
And faith, and love grow dead and cold ;
Then Calvary He doth reveal,
And makes me in His service bold.
- 5 Thus let me, Lord, while life doth las',
In faith look ever up to Thee ;
And when life's sinful days are past,
I shall Thy face in glory see.

116

C.M.

- 1 ALL that I was, my sin, my guilt,
My death, was all my own ;
All that I am I owe to Thee,
My gracious God, alone.

THE GOSPEL.

- 2 The evil of my former state
Was mine, and only mine ;
The good in which I now rejoice
Is Thine, and only Thine.
- 3 The darkness of my former state,
The bondage—all was mine ;
The light of life in which I walk,
The liberty—is Thine.
- 4 Thy grace first made me feel my sin,
And taught me to believe ;
Then, in believing, peace I found,
And now I live, I live.
- 5 All that I am e'en here on earth,
All that I hope to be—
When Jesus comes, and glory dawns,
I owe it, Lord, to Thee.

117

8.7.

- 1 Oh ! what joy ! what praise ascending !
Joy to see a son return !
Thousand, thousand friends attending,
God's unmeasured grace to learn !
 Depths of mercy—boundless mercy—
They through us in Him discern !
- 2 Oh what rapturous hallelujahs
In our Father's home above !
Hallelujahs ! Hallelujahs !
O'er the embraces of His love !
Wondrous welcome—God's own welcome
May the chief of sinners prove.

THE GOSPEL.

- 3 Sweet melodious strains ascending,
All around, a mighty flood ;
Servants, friends with joy attending,
Oh ! the happiness of God !
Grace abounding, all transcending,
Through a Saviour's precious blood.
- 4 Rags exchanged for costly treasure,
Shoes and ring and heaven's best robe !
Gifts of love which knows no measure ;
Who can tell the heart of God ?
All His loved ones—His redeemed ones
Perfect are in His abode.
- 5 O may I, this feast enjoying,
Seated at the Father's board,
All my ransomed powers employing,
Glory only in the Lord ;
There remaining, and confiding,
Sweetly resting on His word.

118

P. M.

- 1 RING the bells of heaven ! there is joy to-day,
For a soul returning from the wild.
See ! the Father meets him out upon the
way,
Welcoming His weary, wandering child.
Glory, glory how the angels sing !
Glory, glory, how the loud harps ring ;
'Tis the ransomed army, like a mighty sea
Peaking forth the anthems of the free.

THE GOSPEL.

- 2 Ring the bells of heaven ! there is joy to-day,
For the wand'rer now is reconciled ;
Yes, a soul is rescued from his sinful way,
And is born anew, a ransomed child.
- 3 Ring the bells of heaven ! spread the feast
to-day,
Angels swell the glad triumphant strain,
Tell the joyful tidings, bear it far away,
For a precious soul is born again.

119

P. M.

- 1 THERE are angels hov'ring round,
There are angels hov'ring round,
There are angels, angels hov'ring round.
- 2 To carry the tidings home, etc.
- 3 To the new Jerusalem.
- 4 Poor sinners are coming home.
- 5 And Jesus bids them come.
- 6 For Jesus loves to save.
- 7 All heaven is filled with joy.

120

C. M.

- 1 Now I can read my title clear
To mansions in the skies,
I'll bid farewell to every fear,
And wipe my weeping eyes.
- 2 Should earth against my soul engage,
And hellish darts be hurl'd
Then I can smile at Satan's rage,
And face a frowning world.

THE GOSPEL.

- 3 Let cares, like a wild deluge, come,
And storms of sorrow fall ;
May I but safely reach my home,
My God, my heaven, my all.
- 4 There shall I bathe my weary soul
In seas of heavenly rest,
And not a wave of trouble roll
Across my peaceful breast.

121

8.7.

- 1 I've found a Friend ; oh, such a Friend !
He loved me ere I knew Him !
He drew me with the cords of love,
And thus he bound me to Him :
And round my heart still closely twine
Those ties which nought can sever,
For I am His, and He is mine,
For ever and for ever.
- 2 I've found a Friend ; oh, such a Friend !
He bled, He died to save me ;
And not alone the gift of life,
But His own self He gave me.
Nought that I have my own I call,
I hold it for the Giver :
My heart, my strength, my life, my al',
Are His, and His for ever.
- 3 I've found a Friend ; oh, such a Friend !
All power to Him is given,
To guard me on my onward course,
And bring me safe to heaven.

THE GOSPEL.

Th' eternal glories gleam afar,
To nerve my faint endeavour:
So now—to watch!—to work!—to war!
And then—to rest for ever!

- 4 I've found a Friend; oh, such a Friend!
So kind, and true, and tender,
So wise a Counsellor and Guide,
So mighty a Defender,
From Him, who loves me now so well,
What power my soul can sever?
Shall life?—or death?—or earth?—or hell?
No! I am His for ever!

122

L. M.

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

THE GOSPEL.

123

P. M.

- 1 **Oh joy of the justified, joy of the free,
I'm washed in that crimson tide opened
for me ;
In Christ, my Redeemer, rejoicing I stand,
And point to the print of the nails in
His hand.
Oh sing of His mighty love, mighty
to save !**
- 2 **Oh, Jesus the crucified, Jesus is mine ;
Though once a lost sinner, yet now I am
Thine,
In conscious salvation I sing of His grace
Who lifts now upon me the smile of His
face.
Oh sing of His mighty love, mighty
to save !**
- 3 **Oh joy of the purified, joy of the pure,
No wound hath the soul that His blood
cannot cure,
No sorrow-bowed head but may sweetly
find rest,
No tears but may dry them on Jesus'
loved breast.
Oh sing of His mighty love, mighty
to save !**
- 4 **Lord Jesus, my Saviour, I'll still sing of
Thee,
Yes, sing of Thy precious blood poured
out for me ;**

THE GOSPEL:

And when in the mansions of glory above,
I'll praise and adore Thine unchangeable
love.

Oh sing of His mighty love, mighty
to save!

124

P.M.

1 **My God, I have found**
 The thrice blessed ground,
Where life, and where joy, and true comfort
 abound.

Hallelujah ! Thine the glory !
 Hallelujah ! amen !
 Hallelujah ! Thine the glory !
 Revive us again !

2 **'Tis found in the blood**
 Of Him who once stood
My refuge and safety, my surety with God.

3 **He bore on the tree**
 'The sentence for me,
And now both the Surety and sinner are free.

4 **Accepted I am**
 In the once-offered Lamb :
It was God who Himself had devised the plan.

5 **And though here below,**
 'Mid sorrow and woe,
My place is in heaven with Jesus, I know.

6 **And this I shall find,**
 For such is His mind,
“ He'll not be in glory and leave me behind.”

THE GOSPEL.

7 For soon He will come
And take me safe home,
And make me to sit with Himself on His
throne.

Hallelujah ! Thine the glory !
Hallelujah ! amen !
Hallelujah ! soon the glory !
Come, Saviour, again !

125

L.M.

- 1 JESUS, Thy blood and righteousness
My beauty are, my glorious dress ;
'Midst flaming worlds, in these array'd,
With joy shall I lift up the head.
- 2 Bold shall I stand in that great day ;
For who ought to my charge shall lay,
While by Thy blood absolved I am
From sin's tremendous curse and shame ?
- 3 Thus Abraham, the friend of God,
Thus all the saints redeem'd with blood,
Saviour of sinners Thee proclaim,
And all their boast is in Thy name.
- 4 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.
- 5 Oh ! let the dead now hear Thy voice,
And bid Thy chosen ones rejoice !
Their beauty this, their glorious dress—
Jesus, the Lord, our Righteousness !

THE GOSPEL.

126

S.M.

- 1 I HEAR th' Accuser roar
Of ills that I have done,
I know them well, and thousands more—
Jehovah findeth none.

- 2 Sin, Satan, Death, press near
To harass and appal ;
Let but my bleeding Lord appear,
Backward they go and fall.

- 3 There in His book I bear
A more than conqu'ror's name,
A soldier, son, and fellow-heir,
Who fought and overcame.

- 4 His be the Victor's name,
Who fought the fight alone :
Triumphant saints no honour claim—
His conquest was their own !

- 5 By weakness and defeat,
He won the meed and crown,
Trode all our foes beneath His feet,
By being trodden down.

- 6 He Hell in hell laid low ;
Made sin, He sin o'erthrew :
Bow'd to the grave, destroyed it so,
And Death, by dying, slew.

THE GOSPEL.

- 7 Bless, bless, the Conqu'ror slain,
Slain in His victory ;
Who lived, who died, who lives again,
For thee, my soul ! for thee.

127

C.M.

- 1 SALVATION ! oh, the joyful sound !
'Tis pleasure to our ears !
A sovereign balm for every wound
A cordial for our fears.
- 2 Buried in sorrow and in sin,
At hell's dark door we lay ;
But we arise by grace divine,
To see a heavenly day.
- 3 Salvation ! let the echo fly
The spacious earth around ;
While all the armies of the sky
Conspire to raise the sound.
- 4 Salvation ! O Thou bleeding Lamb,
To Thee the praise belongs ;
Salvation shall inspire our hearts,
And dwell upon our tongues.

128

C.M.

- 1 " No condemnation ! "—O my soul,
'Tis God that speaks the word—
Perfect in comeliness art tkou
In Christ, thy risen Lord.

THE GOSPEL.

- 2 In heaven His blood for ever speaks
In God the Father's ear :
His Church, the jewels, on His heart
Jesus will ever bear.
- 3 "No condemnation!"—precious word—
Consider it, my soul ;
Thy sins were all on Jesus laid,
His stripes have made thee whole.
- 4 Teach us, O God, to fix our eyes
On Christ, the spotless Lamb ;
So shall we love Thy gracious will,
And glorify Thy name.

129

10a.

- 1 "YET there is room!" The Lamb's bright
hall of song,
With its fair glory, beckons thee along,
Room, room, still room !
Oh, enter, enter now !
- 2 Day is declining, and the sun is low :
The shadows lengthen, light makes haste
to go.
- 3 The bridal hall is filling for the feast ;
Pass in ! pass in ! and be the Bridegroom's
guest.
- 4 It fills, it fills, that hall of jubilee !
Make haste, make haste ! 'tis not too full
for thee.

THE GOSPEL.

5 Yet there is room ! Still open stands the
gate,
The gate of love ; it is not yet too late.

6 Pass in ! pass in ! That banquet is for
thee ;
That cup of everlasting love is free.

7 All heaven is there ; all joy ! Go in !
go in !
The angels beckon thee the prize to win.

8 Louder and sweeter sounds the loving
call :
Come, lingerer, come ; enter that festal
hall.

9 Ere night that gate may close, and seal
thy doom :
Then the last low, long cry, " No room !
no room ! "

No room ! no room !

Oh, woful cry !—" No room ! "

130

P.M.

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

2 When the rich gales of mercy no longer
shall blow,
The Gospel no message declare ;
Sinner, how canst thou bear the deep
wailings of woe ?
How suffer the night of despair ?

THE GOSPEL.

- 3 When the holy have gone to the regions
of peace,
To dwell in the mansions above ;
When their harmony wakes, in the fulness
of bliss,
Their song to the Saviour they love :
- 4 Say, O sinner, that liveth at rest and secure,
Who fearest no trouble to come ;
Can thy spirit the swellings of sorrow
endure,
Or bear the impenitent's doom ?

131

P. M.

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

THE GOSPEL.

Ss.

132

- 1 **Oh!** do not let the Word depart,
And close thine eyes against the light ;
Poer sinner, barden not thy heart ;
Thou would'st be saved—Why not
to-night ?
- 2 To-morrow's sun may never rise,
To bless thy long deluded sight ;
This is the time ! Oh, then be wise !
Thou would'st be saved—Why not
to-night ?
- 3 The world has nothing left to give—
It has no new, no pure delight ;
Oh, try the life which Christians live !
Thou would'st be saved—Why not
to-night ?
- 4 Our God in pity lingers still,
And wilt thou thus His love requite ?
Renounce at length thy stubborn will.
Thou would'st be saved—Why not
to-night ?
- 5 Our blessed Lord refuses none
Who would to Him their souls unite ;
Then be the work of grace begun !
Thou would'st be saved—Why not
to-night ?

133

S.M.

- 1 How solemn are the words,
And yet to faith how plain,
Which Jesus uttered while on earth—
“*Ye must be born again !*”

THE GOSPEL.

- 2 "*Ye must be born again!*"
For so hath God decreed;
No reformation will suffice—
'Tis life poor sinners need.
- 3 "*Ye must be born again!*"
And life *in Christ* must have;
In vain the soul elsewhere may go—
'Tis He alone can save.
- 4 "*Ye must be born again!*"
Or never enter heaven;
'Tis only blood-washed ones are there—
The ransomed and forgiven.
- 5 "*Ye must be born again!*"
Then look to *Christ* and live;
He is "the life," and waits in heaven
Eternal life to give.

134 THE HOLY SPIRIT. C.M.

- 1 Nor all the outward forms on earth,
Nor rites that God has given,
Nor will of man, nor blood, nor birth,
Can raise a soul to heaven.
- 2 The Sovereign will of God alone
Creates us heirs of grace;
Born in the image of His Son,
A new peculiar race.

THE HOLY SPIRIT.

3 The Spirit, like some heavenly wind,
Blows on the sons of flesh :
Creates a new, a heavenly mind,
And forms our lives afresh.

4 Our quicken'd souls awake and rise
From the long sleep of death ;
On heavenly things we fix our eyes,
And praise employs our breath.

135

P. M.

1 OUR blest Redeemer, ere He breathed
His tender, last farewell,
A Guide, a Comforter, bequeath'd,
With us to dwell.

2 He came, the mystic heavenly Dove,
With sheltering wings outspread,
The holy balm of peace and love
On earth to shed.

3 He comes, sweet influence to impart,
A gracious, willing guest,
Where He can find an humble heart
Wherein to rest.

4 And His that gentle voice we hear,
Soft as the breath of even,
That checks each fault, that calms each
fear,
And speaks of heaven.

THE HOLY SPIRIT.

**5 And every virtue we possess,
And every victory won,
And every thought of holiness,
Are His alone.**

136

S.M.

- 1 BLEST Paraclete ! now come
To dwell our souls within ;
Nor ever leave us till we pass
Beyond this world and sin.**
- 2 O blessed is His work !
Remembrance to restore—
Of all the Lord hath said and done
This is the Spirit's power !**
- 3 He speaks not of Himself,
But Christ who bore our sin,
Taking the fulness of the Head—
He fills complete from Him.**
- 4 Of promise He's the seal ;
And present earnest given
Of that inheritance divine
Reserved for us in heaven.**

WORSHIP.

- 5 What sympathies are His
In weakness or in grief;
Swift to reveal some bright'ning word
Some promise of relief!
- 6 Blest Comforter and Guide!
Through all our heavenward way,
He leads to where the Lord will come
To take His saints away.

137

WORSHIP.

C.M.

- 1 ALL hail the power of Jesu's name!
Let angels prostrate fall;
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown Him Lord of all.
- 2 Let high-born seraphs tune the lyre,
And, as they tune it, fall
Before His face, who form'd their choir,
And crown Him Lord of all.
- 3 Ye souls redeem'd of Adam's race!
Ye ransom'd from the Fall!
Hail Him who saves you by His grace
And crown Him Lord of all.
- 4 Let every tribe and every tongue,
On this terrestrial ball,
Join in the universal song,
And crown Him Lord of all.

WORSHIP.

138

8.7.4.

- 1 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 Victors brow.
- 2 Crown the Saviour ! angels crown Him !
Rich the trophies Jesus brings ;
In the seat of power enthrone Him,
While the vault of heaven rings.
Crown Him ! crown Him !
Crown the Saviour " King of kings ! "
- 3 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.
- 4 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 ! "

139

P.M.

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

WORSHIP.

- 2 Bearing shame and scoffing rude,
In my place condemned He stood ;
Sealed my pardon with His blood :
Hallelujah ! what a Saviour !
- 3 Guilty, vile, and helpless we,
Spotless Lamb of God was He :
“ Full atonement, ”—can it be ?
Hallelujah ! what a Saviour !
- 4 “ Lifted up ” was He to die,
“ It is finished ” was His cry ;
Now in heaven exalted high :
Hallelujah ! what a Saviour !
- 5 When He comes, our glorious King,
All His ransomed home to bring,
Then anew this song we'll sing—
“ Hallelujah ! what a Saviour ! ”

140

8.7.

- 1 COME, thou Fount of every blessing,
Tune my heart to sing Thy grace ;
Streams of mercy never ceasing,
Call for songs of loudest praise.
- 2 Here I raise my Ebenezer,
Hither by Thine help I'm come ;
And I hope, by Thy good pleasure,
Safely to arrive at home.
- 3 Jesus sought me when a stranger,
Wand'ring from the fold of God ;
He, to save my soul from danger,
Interposed His precious blood.

WORSHIP.

- 4 Oh, to grace how great a debtor
Daily I'm constrain'd to be!
Let that grace, Lord, like a fetter,
Bind my wand'ring heart to Thee.
- 5 Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it ;
Prone to leave the God I love ;
Here's my heart, Lord, take and seal it,
Seal it for Thy courts above.

141

C. M.

- 1 COME, let us join our cheerful songs
With angels round the throne ;
Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,
But all their joys are one.
- 2 "Worthy the Lamb that died," they cry,
"To be exalted thus,"
"Worthy the Lamb," our lips reply,
"For He was slain for us."
- 3 Jesus is worthy to receive
Honour and power divine ;
And blessings more than we can give
Be, Lord, for ever Thine.
- 4 Let all that dwell above the sky,
And air, and earth, and seas,
Conspire to lift Thy glories high,
And speak Thine endless praise.
- 5 Let all creation join in one,
To bless the sacred name
Of Him that sits upon the throne,
And to adore the Lamb.

WORSHIP.

142

C. M.

- 1 **OH** for a thousand tongues to sing
My great Redeemer's praise!
The glories of my God and King,
The triumph of His grace.
- 2 **My** gracious Master and my God,
Assist me to proclaim,
And spread through all the earth abroad
The honours of Thy name.
- 3 **Jesus**, the name that charms our fears,
That bids our sorrows cease;
'Tis music in the sinner's ears,
Tis life, and health, and peace.
- 4 **He** breaks the power of cancell'd sin,
He sets the prisoners free;
His blood can make the foulest clean,
His blood avail'd for me.

143

C. M.

- 1 **WHEN** all Thy mercies, O my God,
My rising soul surveys,
Transported with the view. I'm lost
In wonder, love, and praise.
- 2 **Unnumbered** comforts on my soul
Thy tender care bestowed,
Before my infant heart conceived
From whom those comforts flowed.
- 3 **When** in the slippery path of youth
With heedless steps I ran,
Thine arm, unseen, conveyed me safe,
And led me up to man.

WORSHIP.

- 4 When worn with sickness, oft hast Thou
With health renewed my face ;
And, when in sins and sorrows sunk,
Revived my soul with grace.
- 5 Ten thousand thousand precious gifts
My daily thanks employ :
Nor is the least a thankful heart
That tastes those gifts with joy.
- 6 Through every period of my life
Thy goodness I'll pursue ;
And after death in distant worlds
The glorious theme renew.
- 7 Through all eternity to Thee
A joyful song I'll raise ;
For oh ! eternity's too short
To utter all Thy praise.

144

C.M.

- 1 EARTH has engross'd my love too long,
'Tis time I lift mine eyes
Upward, dear Father, to Thy throne,
And to my native skies.
- 2 There the blest man, my Saviour, sits :
The God ! how bright He shines !
And scatters infinite delights
On all the happy minds.
- 3 Seraphs with elevated strains
Circle the throne around ;
And move and charm the starry plains
With an immortal sound.

WORSHIP.

- 4 Jesus, the Lord, their harps employs :—
Jesus, their Lord, they sing !
Jesus the life of both our joys,
Sounds sweet from every string.
- 5 Hark, how beyond the narrow bound
Of time and space they run ;
And echo in majestic sounds
The Godhead of the Son.
- 6 And now they sink the lofty tune ;
And gentler notes they play :
And bring the Father's Equal down
To dwell in humble clay.
- 7 But when to Calvary they turn,
Silent their harps abide ;
Suspended songs a moment mourn
The Lord that loved and died.
- 8 Then all at once, to living strains,
They summon every chord,
Teh how He triumph'd o'er His pains,
And chant the rising Lord.
- 9 I would begin the music here,
And so my soul should rise :
Oh for some heavenly notes to bear
My passions to the skies !
- 10 There ye that love my Saviour sit,
There I would fain have place,
Among your thrones or at your feet,
So I might see His face.

WORSHIP.

145

7s,

- 1 Soon as faith the Lord can see
Bleeding on a cross for me,
Quick my idols all depart,
Jesus gets and fills my heart.
- 2 None among the sons of men,
None among the heavenly train,
Can with Jesus then compare,
None so sweet, and none so fair!
- 3 Then my tongue would fain express
All His love and loveliness ;
But I lisp, and falter forth
Broken words, not half His worth.
- 4 Vex'd I try and try again,
Still my efforts all are vain :
Living tongues are dumb at best,
We must die to speak of Christ.

146

6.6.4.

- 1 " GLOBY to God on high !
Peace upon earth and joy,
Good will to man."
We who God's blessing prove,
His Name all names above,
Sing now, " the Saviour's love,
Too vast to scan."
- 2 Mercy and truth unite,
O 'tis a wondrous sight—
All sights above !
Jesus the curse sustains !
Guilt's bitter cup He drains !
Nothing for us remains—
Nothing but love.

I

WORSHIP.

3 Love that no tongue can teach,
Love that no thought can reach :
 No love like His.
God is its blessed source,
Death ne'er can stop its course,
Nothing can stay its force ;
 Matchless it is.

4 Blest in this love, we sing,
To God our praises bring ;
 All sin's forgiven.
Jesus, our Lord, to Thee
Honour and majesty,
Now and for ever be,
 Here, and in heaven !

147

L.M.

- 1 AWAKE, my soul, with joyful lays,
And sing thy great Redeemer's praise ;
He justly claims a song from thee ;
His loving-kindness, oh, how free !
- 2 He saw me ruined in the fall,
Yet loved me notwithstanding all ;
He saved me from my lost estate :
His loving-kindness, oh, how great !
- 3 Though num'rous hosts of mighty foes,
Though earth and hell its way oppose,
He safely leads His Church along :
His loving-kindness, oh, how strong !

WORSHIP.

- 4 When trouble, like a gloomy cloud,
Has gather'd thick, and thunder'd loud,
He with His Church has ever stood :
His loving-kindness, oh, how good !
- 5 Soon shall we mount, and soar away
To the bright world of endless day,
And sing with rapture and surprise
His loving-kindness in the skies.

148

C.M.

- 1 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.
- 2 Oh, tell me often of Thy love,
Of all Thy grief and pain ;
And let my heart with joy confess
That thence comes all my gain.
- 3 For this, oh, may I freely count
Whate'er I have but loss ;
The dearest object of my love,
Compared with Thee, but dross.
- 4 Engrave this deeply on my heart
With an eternal pen,
That I may, in some small degree,
Return Thy love again

WORSHIP.

149

8.7.4.

1 SOV'REIGN grace ! o'er sin abounding,
Ransom'd souls the tidings swell ;
'Tis a deep that knows no sounding —
Who its breadth or length can tell ?
On its glories
Let my soul for ever dwell ?

2 Souls above, in blest communion,
Rest from conflict with their Head ;
And we sing the precious union,
Though in thorny paths we tread.
One with Jesus,
Oh, what wonders grace hath done !

3 On such love, my soul, still ponder—
Love so great, so rich, so free !
Say, while lost in holy wonder—
Why, O Lord, such love to me ?
Hallelujah !
Grace shall reign eternally.

150

P.M.

1 PRAISE the Saviour, ye who know Him :
Who can tell how much we owe Him ?
Gladly let us render to Him
All we have and are.

2 Jesus is the name that charms us,
He for conflict fits and arms us,
Nothing moves, and nothing harms us,
When we trust in Him.

WORSHIP.

- 3 Trust in Him, ye saints, for ever ;
He is faithful, changing never ;
Neither force nor guile can sever
Those He loves from Him.
- 4 Keep us, Lord, oh ! keep us cleaving
To Thyself, and still believing,
Till the hour of our receiving
Promised joys in heaven.
- 5 Then we shall be where we would be ;
Then we shall be what we should be,
Things which are not now nor could be,
Then shall be our own.

151

11s.

- 1 I'm weary, I'm weary, with words such as
mine,
My Saviour! to tell forth Thy praises
divine :
I would, but I cannot, for love is so cold,
I would, but I cannot, Thy beauties unfold.
- 2 I'm weary, I'm weary, my Saviour to be
Where love is not measured by present de-
gree ;
Where the anthems of glory eternally roll,
And the joy of the Lord is the feast of the
soul.
- 3 I'm weary to gaze on that face which had
tears;
For the Lord, He once suffered strong
cryings and fears ;

WORSHIP.

I'm weary to look on the brow that was
torn;
For the Lord, He was piercèd with nail and
with thorn.

4 I'm weary to crown Him—the Lamb that
was slain,
And never more grieve Him, or doubt Him
again ;
Of sin I am weary, and life such as mine,
And I long for a service completely divine.

5 I'm weary of even what once was so dear ;
Compared with my Saviour there's nothing
to cheer ;
All truth and all labours, and even *the*
word—
How blessed soever—they are not *the Lord*.

6 I'm weary when grace doth most gladden
my soul ;
'Tis then that I long for the measureless
whole ;
As streams to the ocean do earnestly flow,
So panteth my soul her full portion to know.

7 I'm weary for *Jesus*,—'tis Him I would see ;
I want in His presence for ever to be ;
He suffered that I, who had nothing but
sin,
Should find all my heaven for ever in Him.

WORSHIP.

152

C. M.

- 1 **BEHOLD** the Lamb with glory crown'd !
To Him all power is given ;
No place too high for Him is found,
No place too high in heaven.
- 2 He fills the throne—the throne above ;
He fills it without wrong ;
The object of His Father's love,
The theme of angels' song.
- 3 Though high, yet He accepts the praise
His people offer here ;
The faintest, feeblest cry they raise,
Will reach the Saviour's ear.
- 4 This song be ours, and this alone,
That celebrates the name
Of Him that sits upon the throne,
And that exalts the Lamb.
- 5 To Him whom men despise and slight,
To Him be glory given ;
The crown is His, and His by right
The highest place in heaven.

153

8.7.4.

- 1 **COME**, ye saints, rejoice with Jesus,
Called with Him His joy to share ;
Seraphs worship, angels praise Him ;
We His friends and fellows are.
Lost ones found, and
Dead ones raised,
Now the heart of Jesus cheer,

WORSHIP.

- 2 Praise the Lord with hallelujahs!
Endless praises let us bring ;
Praise His name for these great mercies,
Turn we now His praise to sing.
Loudest praises
Make the court of heaven ring.
- 3 Praise Him ! praise Him ! never ceasing,
Ye who prove God's boundless grace ;
Have we asked, and has He answered ?
Thankful hearts to heaven raise.
He is worthy
To receive His children's praise.
- 4 Hallelujah ! hallelujah !
Heartfelt praise to God we give ;
They should loudest sing His praises,
Who His blessings thus receive.
Songs of praises
Let us render while we live.
- 5 Shout, ye ransomed heirs of heaven !
Saved to show God's praises forth ;
While ye shout, let joys unspoken
Fill your hearts with heavenly mirth.
Hearts exulting,
Songs outbursting,
Put to shame the joys of earth.

154

S. M.

- 1 COMMUNION with the Lord !
'Tis not on earth the scene ;
'Tis on the throne th' Incarnate One,
In perfectness is seen.

WORSHIP.

- 2 The scene is in the light,
Yea, light ineffable ;
Where Jesus, precious in His sight,
Doth with the Father dwell.
- 3 'Tis there unveiled we gaze
On love before unknown,
Where eye of angel ne'er was raised,
Or cherubim looked on.
- 4 There—glorious place—within,
We commune with our God,
Who sees us as He sees His Son,
Accepted through His blood.
- 5 There we adore the grace,
The vast, unfathomed love ;
Whilst Jesus tells us of our place,
As one with Him above.
- 6 Oh ! what a height is this,
For soul once dead as mine,
To find in God so great a bliss,
Eternal and divine.
- 7 O for the sweetest lays
That e'er Thine ear hath heard ;
O for the long, eternal days,
T' adore and praise the Lord !

155

C.M.

- 1 THAT brightest scene in yonder heaven,
The place of God's own throne,
Is where we rest, with sins forgiven,
Made nigh through Christ alone.

WORSHIP.

- 2 No veil, o'ershadowing the Light
That shines effulgent there ;
The blood, so precious in God's sight,
Proclaims us spotless, fair.
- 3 'Tis always sin and sorrow here ;
Yea, warfare great and strong ;
But there, no conflict can appear
Purged worshippers among.
- 4 Oh, may our spirits constant be
In full communion there ;
Our home, our rest in Him to see,
The Altogether Fair !

156

7.6.

- 1 O SAVIOUR, we adore Thee,
We bless Thy precious name.
That Thou abidest faithful,
That Thou art still the same
As when Thy children saw Thee,
And heard Thy loving voice,
“Behold My hands,—and touch Me
O fear not !—but rejoice !”
- 2 (We cried to Thee for succour,
We look for light to Thee,
Thy smile our souls has gladdened
With holy radiancy !
And now with quickened footsteps
We'll run our heav'nly way,
Until the shadows vanish,—
Until the break of day !)

WORSHIP.

3 We've sat beside the river,
And tasted of Thy grace ;
We long to drink the fountain,
And see Thee face to face !
Sweet, sweet have been the moments,
That we have spent in prayer ;
But Oh ! the holy worship,
Wherewith we'll praise Thee there.

4 Come, let us blend our voices
With yonder choirs above,
Swell ! swell the mighty anthem
Which tells that " God is love !"
Soon shall the fainting warrior, —
Soon shall the pilgrim band
Have fought the last great battle,
Have reached the promised land !

157

8.7.

- 1 HARK ! ten thousand voices crying,
" Lamb of God," with one accord ;
Thousand thousand saints replying
Wake at once the echoing chord.
- 2 " Praise the Lamb !" the chorus waking,
All in heaven together throng,
Loud and far, each tongue partaking,
Rolls around the endless song.
- 3 Grateful incense this ascending
Ever to the Father's throne,
Every knee to Jesus bending,
All the mind in heaven is one.

WORSHIP.

- 4 All the Father's counsels claiming
Equal honour to the Son ;
All the Son's effulgence beaming,
Makes the Father's glory known.
- 5 By the Spirit all pervading,
Hosts unnumbered round the Lamb,
Crowned with light and joy unfading,
Hail Him as the great " I AM. "
- 6 Joyful now the whole creation
Rests in undisturbed repose,
Bless'd in Jesu's full salvation,
Sorrow now nor thraldom knows.
- 7 Hark ! the heavenly notes again !
Louder swell the song of praise ;
Throughout creation's vault, Amen !
Amen responsive joy doth raise.

158

7a.

- 1 Jesus, spotless Lamb of God,
Thou hast bought us with Thy blood ;
We would boast in nought beside
Jesus—Jesus crucified !
- 2 We are Thine, and Thine alone ;
This we gladly, fully own :
And, in all our works and ways,
Only now would seek Thy praise.
- 3 Help us to confess Thy name,
Bear with joy the cross and shame ;
Only seek to follow Thee,
Though reproach our portion be.

WORSHIP.

4 When Thou shalt in glory come,
And we reach our heav'nly home ;
Louder still our lips shall own,
We are Thine, and Thine alone !

159

6.6.6.6.8.8.

1 **WHAT** was it, O our God,
Led Thee to give Thy Son,
To yield Thy Well-belov'd
For us by sin undone ?
'Twas love unbounded led Thee thus
To give Thy well-belov'd for us.

2 What led the Son of God
To leave His throne on high,
To shed His precious blood,
To suffer and to die ?
'Twas love, unbounded love for us,
Led Him to die and suffer thus.

3 What moved Thee to impart
Thy Spirit from above,
Therewith to fill our heart
With heavenly peace and love ?
'Twas love, unbounded love to us,
Moved Thee to give Thy Spirit thus.

4 What love to Thee we owe,
Our God, for all Thy grace ;
Our hearts should overflow
In everlasting praise !
Help us, O Lord, to praise Thee thus
For all Thy boundless love to us.

WORSHIP.

160

S. M.

- 1 **WHAT** raised the wondrous thought ;
Or who did it suggest,—
“That we, the Church, to glory brought,
Should with the Son be blest” ?
- 2 O God, the thought was Thine !
(Thine only it could be)
Fruit of the wisdom, love divine,
Peculiar unto Thee :
- 3 For sure, no other mind,
For thoughts so bold, so free,
Greatness or strength could ever find,
Thine only could it be.
- 4 The motives, too, Thine own ;
The plan, the counsel, Thine !—
Made for Thy Son, bone of His bone,
In glory bright to shine.
- 5 O God, with great delight
Thy wondrous thought we see,
Upon His throne, in glory bright,
Thy saints shall ever be.
- 6 Sealed with the Holy Ghost,
We triumph in that love,
Thy wondrous grace hath made our boast,
“Glory with Christ above.”

WORSHIP.

161

8.7.4.

1 GLOBY, glory everlasting
Be to Him who bore the cross !
Who redeem'd our souls by tasting
Death—the death deserved by us :
Spread His glory,
Who redeemed His people thus !

2 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 !

3 While we hear the wondrous story
Of the Saviour's cross and shame,
Sing we, " Everlasting glory
Be to God and to the Lamb ! "
Hallelujah !
Give ye glory to His name !

162

8.7.

1 HAIL ! Thou once despisèd Jesus !
Hail, Thou Galilean King !
Thou didst suffer to release us,
Thou didst free salvation bring :
Hail ! Thou agonizing Saviour,
Bearer of our sin and shame !
By Thy merits we find favour.
Life is given through Thy name.

WORSHIP.

- 2 Paschal Lamb, by God appointed,
All our sins on Thee were laid ;
By almighty love anointed,
Thou hast full atonement made.
All Thy people are forgiven,
Through the virtue of Thy blood ;
Opened is the gate of heaven ;
Peace is made 'twixt man and God.
- 3 Jesus, hail ! enthroned in glory,
Where for us Thou dost abide !
All the heavenly hosts adore Thee,
Seated at Thy Father's side.
There, for sinners Thou art pleading,
There Thou dost our place prepare ;
Ever for us interceding,
Till in glory we appear.
- 4 Worship, honour, power, and blessing
Thou art worthy to receive !
Loudest praises, without ceasing,
Meet it is for us to give.
Help, ye bright angelic spirits !
Bring your sweetest, noblest lays ;
Help to sing our Saviour's merits ;
Help to chant Immanuel's praise !

163

8.7.

- 1 LAMB of God, Thou now art seated
High upon Thy Father's throne
All Thy gracious work completed.
All Thy mighty vict'ry won :

WORSHIP.

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.”

2 Lord! in all Thy power 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.

3 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 too shall attend Thee,
With Thee in Thy kingdom reign ;
Thine the praise, and Thine the glory,
Lamb of God, for sinners slain !

164

7.6

1 O LORD, who now art seated
Above the heavens on high,
(The gracious work completed,
For which Thou cam'st to die,)
To Thee our hearts are lifted,
While pilgrims wand'ring here,
For Thou alone art gifted
Our every weight to bear.

K

WORSHIP.

2 We know that Thou hast bought us,
And wash'd us in Thy blood :
We know Thy grace has brought us,
As kings and priests, to God :
We know that soon the morning,
Long look'd for, hasteth near,
When we, at Thy returning,
In glory shall appear.

3 O Lord, Thy love's unbounded !
So full, so vast, so free !
Our thoughts are all confounded
Whene'er we think of Thee :
For us Thou cam'st from heaven,
For us to bleed and die ;
That, purchased and forgiven,
We might ascend on high.

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

165

C.M.

1 Look, look, ye saints, within the veil,
And raise your happy song :
Your joys can never, never fail,
For you to Christ belong.

WORSHIP.

- 2 O happy saints, for ever freed,
From guilt and every care ;
Dwell, dwell with your exalted Head,
And let your life be there.
- 3 And glory in your Lord and God ;
See, see Him as He is ;
Your robes are spotless through His blood
Your happiness is His.
- 4 O think not of this world of woe,
Though subject still to grief ;
But seek your portion there to know,
For this will give relief.

166

P.M.

- 1 **HEAD** of the Church triumphant !
We joyfully adore Thee ;
Till Thou appear, Thy members here
Shall sing like those in glory !
We lift our hearts and voices
In blest anticipation,
And cry aloud, and give to God
The praise of our salvation.
- 2 While in affliction's furnace,
And passing through the fire,
Thy love we praise, which tries our
ways,
And ever brings us nigher.
We clap our hands exulting
In Thine almighty favour ;
The love divine which made us
Thine,
Shall keep us Thine for ever.

WORSHIP.

- 3 Thou dost conduct Thy people
Through torrents of temptation ;
Nor will we fear whilst Thou art near
The fire of tribulation.
The world (with sin and Satan)
In vain our march opposes ;
By Thee we shall break through
them all,
And sing the song of Moses !
- 4 By faith we see the glory
Of which Thou dost assure us ;
The world despise for that high prize
Which Thou hast set before us :
And if Thou count us worthy,
We each, as dying Stephen,
Shall see Thee stand at God's right
hand,
To take us up to heaven !

167

7.6.

- 1 THE holiest we enter,
In perfect peace with God ;
He brings our thoughts to centre
Round Jesus and His blood ;
And while we mourn our dulness,
In thought, and word, and deed,
We glory in the fulness
That meets our utmost need.
- 2 Much incense is ascending
Before our Father's throne ;
His gracious ear is bending
To hear our feeblest groan ;

WORSHIP.

To all our prayers and praises
Christ adds His sweet perfume ;
And love the altar raises,
These odours to consume.

- 3 O God ! we come with singing,
Because our great High Priest
Our names to Thee is bringing,
Nor e'er forgets the least ;
For us He wears the mitre,
Where " Holiness " shines bright ;
For us His robes are whiter
Than heaven's unclouded light.

168

7s.

- 1 SWEET the time, exceeding sweet,
When the saints together meet ;
When the Saviour is the theme,
When they join to sing of Him.
- 2 Sing we then eternal love,
Such as did the Father move ;
He beheld the world undone,
Loved the world and gave His Son.
- 3 Sing the Son's amazing love,
How He left the realms above,
Took our nature and our place,
Lived and died to save our race.
- 4 Sing we too the Spirit's love ;
With our wretched hearts He strove,
Chased the mists of sin away,
Turned our night to glorious day.

WORSHIP.

5 Sweet the place, exceeding sweet,
Where the saints in glory meet;
Where the Saviour is the theme,
Where they see, and sing of Him!

169

L.M.

- 1 Now, in a song of grateful praise,
To my blest Lord my voice I'll raise;
With all His saints I'll join to tell—
My Jesus has done all things well.
- 2 All worlds His glorious power confess,
His wisdom all His works express;
But, oh, His love, what tongue can tell!
My Jesus has done all things well.
- 3 How sovereign, wonderful, and free,
Has been His love to sinful me!
He plucked me from the gates of hell—
My Jesus has done all things well.
- 4 And since my soul has known His love,
What mercies has He made me prove!
Mercies which do all praise excel!
My Jesus has done all things well.
- 5 Though many a fiery, flaming dart,
The tempter levels at my heart;
With this I all his rage repel—
My Jesus has done all things well.
- 6 And when to that bright world I rise,
And join the anthems of the skies,
Above the rest this note shall swell—
My Jesus has done all things well.

WORSHIP.

170

D. C. M.

- 1 **FILL** Thou my life, O Lord my God,
In every part with praise ;
That my whole being may proclaim
Thy being and Thy ways.
Not for the lip of praise alone,
Nor e'en the praising heart,
I ask but for a life made up
Of praise in every part.

- 2 **Enduring** wrong, reproach, or loss,
With sweet and steadfast will,
Loving and blessing those who hate,
Returning good for ill ;
Surrendering my fondest will
In things or great or small,
Seeking the good of others still,
Nor pleasing self at all.

- 3 **Fill** every part of me with praise,
Let all my being speak
Of Thee and of Thy love, O Lord,
Poor though I be, and weak,
So shalt Thou, Lord, from me—e'en me,
Receive the glory due ;
And so shall I begin on earth
The song for ever new.

- 4 **So** shall each fear, each fret, each care,
Be turnèd into song ;
And every winding of the way
The echo shall prolong.

WORSHIP.

So shall no part of day or night
From sacredness be free.
But all my life, in every step,
Be fellowship with Thee.

171

8.7.4.

- 1 PRAISE the Lord, who died to save us ;
Praise His ever gracious name ;
Praise Him that He lives to bless us,
Now and evermore the same,
Precious Saviour !
We would all Thy love proclaim.
- 2 Grace it was, yea, grace abounding,
Brought Thee down to save the lost ;
Ye above, His throne surrounding,
Praise Him, praise Him, all His host.
Saints adore Him,
Ye are they who owe Him most.
- 3 We of all His hand created,
Objects are of grace alone,
By eternal love elected,
Destined now to share His throne.
Sing with wonder,
Sing of what our Lord hath done.
- 4 Praise His name who died to save us ;
'Tis by Him His people live ;
And in Him the Father gave us
All that boundless love could give :
Life eternal
In our Saviour we receive.

WORSHIP.

172

C.M.

- 1 To our Redeemer's glorious name,
Awake the sacred song ;
Oh, may His love (immortal flame!)
Tune every heart and tongue.
- 2 He left His radiant throne on high—
Left the bright realms of bliss,
And came on earth to bleed and die :
Was ever love like this ?
- 3 Dear Lord, while we adoring pay
Our humble thanks to Thee,
May every heart with rapture say,
" The Saviour died for me."
- 4 Oh, may the sweet, the blissful theme,
Fill every heart and tongue,
Till strangers love Thy charming name,
And join the sacred song !

173

8s.

- 1 My gracious Redeemer I love,
His praises aloud I'll proclaim,
And join with the ransom'd above,
To sound His adorable name :
To gaze on His glories divine,
Shall be my eternal employ ;
To feel them incessantly shine,
My boundless, ineffable joy.

WORSHIP.

- 2 He freely redeemed with His blood
My soul from the confines of hell,
To live on the smiles of my God,
And in His blest presence to dwell ;
To shine with the angels of light ;
With saints and with seraphs to sing ;
To view with eternal delight,
My Jesus, my Saviour, my King.
- 3 My glorious Redeemer ! I long
To see Thee descend on the cloud,
Amidst the great numberless throng,
And mix with the triumphing crowd.
Oh ! when wilt Thou bid me ascend,
To join in Thy praises above—
To gaze on Thee, world without end,
And feast on Thy heavenly love ?

174

S.M.

- 1 AWAKE, and sing the song
Of glory to the Lamb !
Wake every heart and every tongue
To praise the Saviour's name.
- 2 Sing of His dying love,
Sing of His rising power ;
Sing how He intercedes above,
For those whose sins He bore.
- 3 Sing on your heavenly way,
Ye sons of glory sing ;
Sing on rejoicing every day,
In Christ, th' eternal King !

WORSHIP.

- 4 Soon shall we hear Him say,
“ Ye blessed children, come ! ”
Soon shall He call you hence away,
And take His wanderers home.
- 5 There shall our raptured tongue
His endless praise proclaim,
And sweeter voices swell the song
Of glory to the Lamb.

175

6.8.4.

- 1 THE God of Abraham praise
Who reigns enthroned above,
Ancient of everlasting days
And God of love !
Jehovah, great I AM !
By earth and heaven confest ;
I bow, and bless the sacred name,
For ever blest !
- 2 The God of Abraham praise
At whose supreme command,
From earth I rise, and seek the joys
At His right hand :
I all on earth forsake,
Its wisdom, fame, and power ;
And Him my only portion make,
My shield and tower.
- 3 The God of Abraham praise,
Whose all-sufficient grace
Shall guide me all my happy days
In all His ways :

THE LORD'S SUPPER.

He calls a worm His friend,
He calls Himself my God!
And He shall save me to the end,
Through Jesus' blood.

4 He by Himself hath sworn,
I on His oath depend;
I shall, on eagles' wings upborne,
To heaven ascend:
I shall behold His face,
I shall His power adore,
And sing the wonders of His grace
For evermore.

176

THE LORD'S SUPPER.

C.M.

- 1 To Calv'ry, Lord, in spirit now
Our weary souls repair,
To dwell upon Thy dying love,
And taste its sweetness there.
- 2 Sweet resting-place of every heart
That feels the plague of sin,
Yet knows that deep mysterious joy,
The peace of God within.
- 3 There, through Thine hour of deepest woe,
Thy suffering spirit pass'd;
Grace there its wondrous vict'ry gain'd,
And love endured its last.
- 4 Dear suffering Lamb, Thy bleeding wounds
With cords of love divine,
Have drawn our willing hearts to Thee,
And link'd our life with Thine.

THE LORD'S SUPPER.

- 5 Our longing eyes would fain behold
That bright and blessed brow,
Once wrung with bitterest anguish, wear
Its crown of glory now.
- 6 Why linger then? Come, Saviour, come,
Responsive to our call ;
Come, claim Thine ancient power, and
reign
The Heir and Lord of all.

177

S.M.

- 1 WITH Jesus in our midst
We gather round the board ;
Though many, we are one with Christ,
One body in the Lord.
- 2 Our sins were laid on Him
When bruis'd on Calvary ;
With Christ we died and rose again,
And sit with Him on high,
- 3 Faith eats the bread of life,
And drinks the living wine ;
Thus we in love together knit,
On Jesu's breast recline.
- 4 Soon shall the night be gone,
And we with Jesus reign ;
The marriage supper of the Lamb
Shall banish all our pain.

THE LORD'S SUPPER.

178

8.7.4.

- 1 **J**ESUS, Saviour! O what pleasure
Do the wondrous words afford,
Eat, O friends, drink, O belovèd,
Feast abundant at My board;
Hallelujah!
We respond with glad accord.
- 2 **O**f the vine-fruit Thou hast told us
I will drink it here no more,
Till anew with you I drink it,
In the kingdom of My power
Hallelujah!
All Thy long rejection o'er.
- 3 **L**ord, what joy, what blest communion
When we see Thee as Thou art!
Call to mind Thy dying sorrows,
Love inscribed upon Thine heart.
Hallelujah!
Never from such love to part.
- 4 **W**here are they, on earth, in heaven,
Favour'd, Lord, as are Thine own?
With Thee now in Thy temptation,
Seated soon upon Thy throne:
Hallelujah!
All through sovereign grace alone.

179

8.7.

- 1 **W**HILE in sweet communion feeding
On this earthly bread and wine,
Saviour, may we see Thee bleeding
On the cross, to make us Thine!

THE LORD'S SUPPER.

- 2 Now our eyes for ever closing
To this fleeting world below,
On Thy gentle breast reposing,
Teach us, Lord, Thy grace to know.
- 3 Though unseen, be ever near us,
With the still, small voice of love :
Whisp'ring words of peace to cheer us,
Every doubt and fear remove.
- 4 Bring before us all the story
Of Thy life and death of woe,
And, with hopes of endless glory,
Wean our hearts from all below.

180

Gas. M. S. T. y. ...

C.M.

- 1 ACCORDING to Thy gracious word,
In meek humility,
This will I do, my dying Lord,
I will remember Thee.
- 2 Thy body, broken for my sake,
My bread from heaven shall be ;
Thy testamental cup I take,
And thus remember Thee.
- 3 Gethsemane can I forget ?
Or there Thy conflict see,
Thine agony and bloody sweat,
And not remember Thee ?
- 4 When to the cross I turn mine eyes,
And rest on Calvary,
O Lamb of God, my sacrifice !
I must remember Thee :—

THE LORD'S SUPPER.

5 Remember Thee, and all Thy pains,
And all Thy love to me ;
Yea, while a breath—a pulse remains,
Will I remember Thee.

181 *J. Denham Smith* L.M.

1 JESUS, Thy dying love I own,
A love unfathomed and unknown !
All other love can measured be,
But not Thy dying love to me.

2 Oh ! wonder to myself I am,
Thou loving, bleeding, suffering Lamb,
That I can scan the mystery o'er,
And not be moved to love Thee more !

3 'Tis well, my Lord, that 'twas *Thy* love,
Not *mine*, that brought Thee from above ;
And well that 'twas Thy bitter grief,
Not mine, that gave my soul relief.

4 Oh ! I am weary of my love,
That doth so little tow'rd's Thee move ;
Yet do I constant, inly groan,
To know the depth of all Thine own.

5 Loved, and for ever on Thy throne,
Adored, and loved, Thou timeless One !
Thou wilt through one eternal day,
The height and depth of all display.

THE LORD'S SUPPER.

6 Meanwhile, Thou precious, wondrous
Lamb,
Content at least with this I am,
To count my love too mean to own,
And know but Thine—*Thy love alone.*

182

S.M.

- 1 THIS feast of bread and wine,
This gathering to the Lord,
This fellowship and love divine,
This comfort of the word :
Oh ! these are Elim-palms,
Which God for us hath spread—
Hath spread beyond Egyptian lands,
Those regions of the dead !
- 2 And this is Elim-rest,
Where living waters rise,
The fruit of Him who died our death,
Who all our wants supplies ;
We rest, fair Canaan's side,
By faith are in the land,
And though the desert round is wide,
We're guided by His hand.
- 3 No more the sea of death
'Twixt us and Canaan rolls,
But all its gloomy waters lie
'Twixt Egypt and our souls :
That place of death once passed,
None tread again its shore ;
With Christ, who trod its deepest depths,
We live to die no more.

L

THE LORD'S SUPPER.

4 Ah, Lord! the praise is Thine,
The glory all Thine own,
Our lives, these palms, and desert springs,
Direct are from the Throne,
But palms, and shade, and springs,
However loved and blest,
Are not the long eternal things
Of our eternal rest.

183

7.7.7.6.

- 1 JESUS, we remember Thee,
Thy deep woe and agony,
All Thy suffering on the tree—
Jesus, we adore Thee!
- 2 Calvary O, Calvary!
Mercy's vast unfathomed sea,
Love, eternal love to me—
Jesus, we adore Thee!
- 3 Darkness hung around Thy head,
When for sin Thy blood was shed,
Victim in the sinner's stead—
Jesus, we adore Thee!
- 4 Soon with joyful, glad surprise
We shall hear Thy word: "Arise!"
Mounting upward to the skies,
Glory, glory, glory!
- 5 From the piercèd hand of Thine
We would take this cup of wine;
Grace and mercy how divine—
Jesus, we adore Thee!

THE LORD'S SUPPER.

6 Jesus, we Thy love adore,
We would praise Thee more and more,
Spread Thy name from shore to shore—
Jesus, we adore Thee !

184

7.7.7.6.

- 1 For the bread and for the wine,
For the pledge that seals Him mine,
For the words of love divine,
We give Thee thanks, O Lord.
- 2 Only bread and only wine,
Yet to faith the solemn sign
Of the heavenly and divine !
We give Thee thanks, O Lord.
- 3 For the words that turn our eye
To the cross of Calvary,
Bidding us in faith draw nigh,
We give Thee thanks, O Lord.
- 4 For the words that fragrance breathe,
These poor symbols underneath,
Words that His own grace bequeath,
We give Thee thanks, O Lord.
- 5 For the words that tell of home,
Pointing us beyond the tomb,
“Do ye this until I come,”
We give Thee thanks, O Lord.
- 6 Till He come we take the bread,
Type of Him on whom we feed,
Him who liveth and was dead !
We give Thee thanks, O Lord.

THE LORD'S SUPPER.

7 Till He come we take the cup ;
As we at His table sup,
Eye and heart are lifted up !
We give Thee thanks, O Lord.

8 For that coming here foreshown,
For that day to man unknown,
For the glory and the throne,
We give Thee thanks, O Lord.

185

S.M.

- 1 BEHOLD th' amazing sight,
The Saviour lifted high,
The Son of God—His soul's delight—
Expire in agony.
- 2 For whom, for whom, my heart,
Were all those sorrows borne ?
Why did He feel that piercing smart,
And wear that crown of thorn ?
- 3 For us in love He bled,
For us in anguish died ;
'Twas love that bowed His sacred head,
And pierced His precious side.
- 4 We see, and we adore,
We trust that dying love,
We feel its strong attractive power
To lift the heart above.
- 5 Behold the amazing sight,
Nor trace His griefs alone,
But, from the cross, pursue our flight
To His triumphant throne.

THE LORD'S SUPPER.

186

L. M.

- 1 **WHEN I survey the wondrous cross
On which the Prince of Glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride.**
- 2 **Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast
Save in the death of Christ my Lord !
All the vain things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them to His blood.**
- 3 **See, from His head, His hands, His feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down !
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown ?**
- 4 **His dying crimson, like a robe,
Spreads o'er His body on the tree,
Then am I dead to all the globe,
And all the globe is dead to me.**
- 5 **Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small ;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.**

187

C. M.

- 1 **'Tis past—the dark and dreary night,
And, Lord, we hail Thee now—
Our morning star, without a cloud
Of sadness on Thy brow.**

THE LORD'S SUPPER.

- 2 Thy path on earth, the cross, the grave,
Thy sorrows, all are o'er ;
And, O sweet thought! Thine eyes shall
weep,
Thy heart shall break no more.
- 3 Deep were those sorrows—deeper still
The love that brought Thee low—
That bade the streams of life from Thee,
A lifeless victim, flow.
- 4 The soldier, as he pierced Thee, proved
Man's hatred, Lord, to Thee ;
While, in the blood that stain'd the spear
Love, only love, we see.
- 5 Drawn from Thy pierced and bleeding side,
That pure and cleansing flood
Speaks peace to every heart that knows
The virtue of Thy blood.
- 6 Yet, 'tis not that we know the joy
Of cancelled sin alone,
But, happier far, Thy saints are called
To share Thy glorious throne.
- 7 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.

THE LORD'S SUPPER.

188

6.7s.

- 1 "*Till He come!*"—Oh let the words
Linger on the trembling chords;
Let the "little while" between
In their golden light be seen;
Let us think how heaven and home
Lie beyond that "*Till He come!*"
- 2 When the weary ones we love
Enter on their rest above,
When their words of love and cheer
Fall no longer on our ear,
Hush! be every murmur dumb,
It is only "*Till He come!*"
- 3 Clouds and darkness round us press!
Would we have one sorrow less?
All the sharpness of the cross,
All that tells the world is loss,
Death, and darkness, and the tomb,
Pain us only "*Till He come!*"
- 4 See the the feast of love is spread,
Drink the wine and eat the bread;
Sweet memorials, till the Lord
Call us round His heavenly board,
Some from earth, from glory some,
Severed only "*Till He come!*"

189

8.7.

- 1 SWEET the moments, rich in blessing,
Which before the cross we spend;
Life and health and peace possessing,
From the sinner's dying Friend!

THE LORD'S SUPPER.

- 2 Here we rest, in wonder viewing .
All our sins on Jesus laid ;
Here we see redemption flowing
From the sacrifice He made.
- 3 Truly blessed is the station,
Low before the cross to lie ;
And behold the great salvation
To rebellious man brought nigh.
- 4 Here we find the dawn of heaven,
While upon the cross we gaze ;
See our trespasses forgiven,
And our songs of triumph raise.
- 5 Oh ! that near the cross abiding,
We may to the Saviour cleave !
Nought with Him our hearts dividing,
All for Him content to leave.
- 6 May we still, the cross discerning,
There alone for comfort go ;
And new wonders daily learning,
More of Jesu's fulness know.

190

S.M.

- 1 SWEET feast of love divine !
'Tis grace that makes us free
To feed upon this bread and wine
In mem'ry, Lord, of Thee.
- 2 Here every welcome guest
Waits, Lord, from Thee to learn
The secrets of Thy Father's breast,
And all Thy grace discern.

THE LORD'S SUPPER.

3 Here conscience ends its strife,
And faith delights to prove
The sweetness of the Bread of Life—
The fulness of Thy love.

4 The blood that flow'd for sin
In symbol here we see,
And feel the blessed pledge within,
That we are lov'd of Thee.

5 Oh ! if this glimpse of love
Is so divinely sweet,
What will it be, O Lord, above,
Thy gladdening smile to meet !

6 To see Thee face to face,
Thy perfect likeness wear,
And all Thy ways of wondrous grace
Through endless years declare !

191

8.7s.

1 " ABBA, Father," we approach Thee
In our Saviour's precious name ;
We, Thy children, here assembling,
Now Thy promised blessing claim.
From our sins His blood hath wash'd us :
'Tis through Him our souls draw nigh ;
And Thy Spirit, too, has taught us
" Abba, Father," thus to cry.

THE LORD'S SUPPER.

- 2 Once, as prodigals, we wandered,
In our folly, far from Thee ;
But Thy grace, o'er sin abounding,
Rescued us from misery.
Cloth'd in garments of salvation,
At Thy table is our place ;
We rejoice, and Thou rejoicest,
In the riches of Thy grace.
- 3 " Abba, Father," all adore Thee,
All rejoice in heaven above !
While in us they learn the wonders
Of Thy wisdom, grace, and love.
Soon before Thy throne assembled,
All Thy children shall proclaim
" Glory, everlasting glory,
Be to God, and to the Lamb ! "

192

P.M.

- 1 No blood, no altar now,
The sacrifice is o'er ;
No flame, no smoke ascends on high,
The lamb is slain no more.
But richer blood has flow'd from nobler veins,
To purge the soul from guilt, and cleanse the
reddest stains.
- 2 We thank Thee for the blood,
The blood of Christ, Thy Son :
The blood by which our peace is made,
Our victory is won :
Great victory o'er hell, and sin, and woe,
That needs no second fight, and leaves no
second foe.

THE LORD'S SUPPER.

3 We thank Thee for the grace,
Descending from above,
That overflows our widest guilt,
The eternal Father's love.
Love of the Father's everlasting Son,
Love of the Holy Ghost, Jehovah, three in
One.

4 We thank Thee for the hope,
So glad, and sure, and clear ;
It holds the drooping spirit up
Till the long dawn appear :
Fair hope ! with what a sunshine does it cheer
Our roughest path on earth, our dreariest
desert here !

5 We thank Thee for the crown
Of glory and of life ;
'Tis no poor withering wreath of earth,
Man's prize in mortal strife :
'Tis incorruptible as is the throne,
The kingdom of our God and His Incarnate
Son.

193

7.6.

1 O HEAD ! once full of bruises,
So full of pain and scorn :
Midst other sore abuses,
Mock'd with a crown of thorn !
O Head ! ere now surrounded
With brightest majesty,
In death once bow'd and wounded,
Accursèd on the tree !

THE LORD'S SUPPER.

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

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

194

L.M.

- 1 LORD, we would ne'er forget Thy love,
Who hast redeemed us by Thy blood;
And now, as our High Priest above,
Dost intercede for us with God.
- 2 Lord, we would not forget the pain,
The bloody sweat, the shameful tree,
The wrath Thy soul did once sustain,
From sin and death to set us free.
- 3 We should remember we are one
With every saint that loves Thy name;
United to Thee on the throne—
Our life, our hope, our Lord the same,

THE LORD'S SUPPER.

- 4 Here, in the broken bread, and wine,
We hear Thee say, "Remember me!
I gave My life to ransom thine,
I bore the wrath to set thee free."
- 5 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.

195

8.7.

- 1 JESUS, Lord, I know Thee present
At Thy table freshly spread,
Seated at Thy priceless banquet,
With Thy banner overhead :
Precious moments at Thy table,
From all fear and doubt set free!
Here to rest, so sweetly able,
Occupied alone with Thee.
- 2 Here rejoicing in Thy nearness,
Gladly by Thy Spirit led ;
Calmly, in the blest remembrance
Of Thy precious blood once shed ;
Lord, I take each simple token
In fond memory of Thee :
Muse upon Thy body broken,
And Thy blood outpoured for me.
- 3 Oh, what joy it is to see Thee
In these emblems gathered here !
In the bread and wine of blessing,
Bread to strengthen, wine to cheer.

THE LORD'S SUPPER.

Lord, behold us met together,
Members of our risen Head,
Thus to take the cup of blessing,
Thus to share the broken bread.

- 4 Lord, we know how true Thy promise,
To be with us where we meet ;
When in Thy loved name we gather
To enjoy communion sweet.
Dearer still that looked-for promise,
To each waiting, yearning heart,
That we are to be with Thee, Lord,
And "for ever" where Thou art.

196

C. M.

- 1 AROUND Thy table, Holy Lord,
In fellowship we meet,
Obedient to Thy gracious word,
This feast of love to eat.
- 2 Here every one that loves Thy name,
Our willing hearts embrace,
Our source of life, and hope the same,
All debtors to Thy grace.
- 3 Commune with each at this blest hour,
Thy peace—Thy joy impart ;
Thy thoughts of love, of truth of power,
Impress upon each heart.

197

7.6.

- 1 THE sprinkled blood is speaking
Before the Father's throne ;
The Spirit's power is seeking
To make its virtues known.

THE LORD'S SUPPER.

- 2 The sprinkled blood is speaking
 Forgiveness full and free,
Its wondrous power is breaking
 Each bond of guilt for me.
- 3 The sprinkled blood's revealing
 A Father's smiling face ;
The Spirit's power is sealing
 Each monument of grace.
- 4 The sprinkled blood is pleading
 Its virtue as my own,
And there my soul is reading
 Her title to the throne.
- 5 The sprinkled blood is owning '
 The weak one's feeblest plea ;
'Mid sighs, and tears, and groaning,
 Father, it pleads with Thee,
- 6 The sprinkled blood secureth
 Our mansions bright and fair ;
There sinless joy endureth,
 We rest with Jesus there.

198

C.M.

- 1 How sweet and sacred is the place
 With Christ within the doors,
Where everlasting love displays
 The choicest of her stores.
- 2 While all our hearts and all our tongues
 Join to admire the feast,
Each of us cries, in thankful songs,
 " Lord, why am I a guest ? "

THE LORD'S SUPPER.

- 3 " Why was I made to hear Thy voice,
And enter while there's room ;
While thousands make a wretched choice,
And rather starve than come ?
- 4 " 'Twas the same love that spread the feast,
That sweetly forced me in ;
Else I had still refused to taste,
And perished in my sin."

199

S.M.

- 1 Jesus invites His saints
To meet around His board ;
Here pardon'd rebels sit, and hold
Communion with their Lord.
- 2 Our heav'nly Father calls
Christ and His members one ;
We the young children of His love,
And He the first-born Son.
- 3 We are but several parts
Of the same broken bread ;
The body hath its several limbs,
But Jesus is the Head.
- 4 Let all our powers be join'd,
His glorious name to raise ;
Pleasure and love fill every mind,
And every voice be praise.

THE LORD'S SUPPER.

200

7.6.

- 1 No bone of Thee was broken,
Thou spotless paschal Lamb !
Of life and peace a token,
To us who know Thy name ;
The Head, for all the members,
The curse—the vengeance bore,
And God, our God, remembers
His people's sins no more.
- 2 We, Thy redeem'd, are reaping
What Thou didst sow in tears,
This feast which we are keeping
Thy name to us endears :
It tells of justice hiding
The face of God from Thee ;
Proud men around deriding
Thy sorrows on the tree.
- 3 Thy death of shame and sorrow
Was like unto Thy birth,
Which would no glory borrow,
No majesty from earth :
Thy pilgrims, we are hasting
To our eternal home,
Its joy already tasting
Of vict'ry o'er the tomb.
- 4 Thy life and death reviewing,
We tread the narrow way ;
Our homeward path pursuing,
We watch the dawn of day :

M

THE LORD'S SUPPER.

We eat and drink with gladness
The living bread and wine,
And sing with sweetest sadness
Our song of love divine.

201

7s.

- 1 **WHEN** on Sinai's top I see
God descend in majesty,
To proclaim His holy law,
All my spirit sinks with awe.
- 2 When in ecstasy sublime,
Tabor's glorious steep I climb,
At the too-transporting light,
Darkness rushes o'er my sight.
- 3 When on Calvary I rest,
God, in flesh made manifest,
Shines in my Redeemer's face.
Full of beauty, truth and grace.
- 4 Here I would for ever stay,
Weep and gaze my soul away ;
Thou art heaven on earth to me,
Lovely, mournful, Calvary.

202

C.M.

- 1 **MY** right and title, Lord, to be
A guest at Thine own board
Is, Thou hast said, "**REMEMBER ME**"—
I need no other word.
- 2 If ever I remembered, Lord,
I would remember now ;
Each drop of woe, each dying word,
Thy weary, suffering brow.

THE LORD'S SUPPER.

- 3 I would remember all the grief,—
Which once was laid on Thee,
Thy sorrows are a sure relief
To those that fall on me.
- 4 I would, I would remember, Lord,
But oh ! my thought is poor,
What wrath for sin was on Thee poured,
What death Thou didst endure.
- 5 I'd fain remember every word
Which fell from lips like Thine,
And all that else Thy ways afford
To tell me Thou art mine.
- 6 O what rich mem'ries Thee will greet
In glory coming now ;
What crowns on crowns will shortly meet
Upon Thy lov'd, lov'd brow.
- 7 My soul would haste to take her part
In all that glorious scene,
And long, with full adoring heart,
To see as Thou art seen.

203

S.M.

- 1 MORE marr'd that any man's,
The Saviour's visage see ;
Was ever sorrow like to His
Endured on Calvary ?
- 2 Oh, hear that piercing cry !
What can its meaning be ?
“ My God ! my God ! oh ! why hast Thou
In wrath forsaken me ? ”

THE LORD'S SUPPER.

- 3 Oh, 'twas because our sins
On Him by God were laid ;
He who Himself had never sinn'd,
For sinners, sin was made.
- 4 Thus sin He put away
By His one sacrifice,
Then, conqueror o'er death and hell,
He mounted to the skies.
- 5 Therefore let all men know
That God is satisfied ;
And sinners *all* who Jesus trust,
Through Him are justified.

204

P. M.

- 1 THROUGH Thy precious body broken—
 Inside the Veil.
Oh! what words to sinners spoken—
 Inside the Veil.
Precious, as the blood that bought us ;
Perfect, as the love that sought us ;
Holy, as the Lamb that brought us ;
 Inside the Veil.
- 2 When we see Thy love unshaken,
 Outside the Camp.
Scorn'd by man, by God forsaken,
 Outside the Camp.
Thy loved cross alone can charm us ;
Shame doth now no more alarm us ;
Glad we follow, nought can harm us,
 Outside the Camp.

THE LORD'S SUPPER.

2. His precious blood was shed,
His body bruised for sin ;
Rememb'ring this, we break the bread,
And, thankful, drink the wine.
- 3 Lord, let us ne'er forget
Thy rich, Thy precious love ;
Our theme of joy and wonder here,
Our endless song above.
- 4 Oh, let Thy love constrain
Our souls to cleave to Thee,
And ever in our hearts remain
That word, *Remember me.*

206

C.M.

- 1 THE veil is rent—lo ! Jesus stands
Before the Throne of Grace ;
And clouds of incense from His hands
Fill all that glorious place.
- 2 His precious blood is sprinkled there,
Before and on the throne ;
And His own wounds in heaven declare
His work on earth is done.
- 3 “ ‘*Tis finished !* ” on the cross He said,
In agonies and blood ;
“ ‘*Tis finished !* ” now He lives to plead,
Before the face of God.
- 4 “ ‘*Tis finished !* ” here our souls can rest,
His work can never fail :
By Him, our sacrifice and Priest,
We enter through the veil.

THE LORD'S SUPPER.

- 5 Within the holiest of all,
Cleansed by His precious blood,
Before Thy throne Thy children fall,
And worship Thee, our God.
- 6 Boldly our hearts and voice we raise,
His name, His blood, our plea ;
Assured our prayers and songs of praise.
Ascend by Him to Thee.

207

10s.

- 1 Too soon we rise ; the symbols disappear ;
The feast, though not the love, is past
and gone ;
The bread and wine remove, but Thou
art here ;
Nearer than ever ; still my shield and
sun.
- 2 I have no help but Thine ; nor do I need
Another arm save Thine to lean upon ;
It is enough, my Lord, enough indeed
My strength is in Thy might, Thy might
alone.
- 3 I have no wisdom, save in Him who is
My wisdom and my teacher, both in
one ;
No wisdom can I lack while Thou art
wise,
No teaching do I crave save Thine alone.

THE LORD'S RETURN.

- 4 Mine is the sin, but Thine the righteousness ;
Mine is the guilt, but Thine the cleansing blood ;
Here is my robe, my refuge, and my peace,
Thy blood, Thy righteousness, O Lord,
my God.
- 5 But see the pillar-cloud is rising now
And moving onward through the desert night ;
It beckons and I follow, for I know
It leads me to Thy heritage of light.

208

THE LORD'S RETURN.

C.M.

- 1 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.
- 2 The cords that bound my heart to earth,
Are loosed by Jesu's hand ;
Before His cross I now am left,
A stranger in the land.
- 3 That visage marred, those sorrows deep,
The thorns, the scourge, the gall—
These were the golden chains of love,
His captive to enthal.
- 4 My heart is with Him on His throne,
And ill can brook delay ;
Each moment listening for the voice,
"Rise up, and come away."

THE LORD'S RETURN.

- 5 May not an exile, Lord, desire
His own sweet land to see?
May not a captive seek release,
A prisoner to be free?
- 6 A child, when far away, may long
For home and kindred dear;
And she that waits her absent lord,
May sigh till he appear.
- 7 Fain would I, Jesus, know Thy love,
Which yet no measure knows—
Would search the depth of all Thy wounds,
The secret of Thy woes.
- 8 Fain would I strike the golden harp,
And wear the promised crown;
And at Thy feet, while bending low,
Would sing what grace has done.
- 9 Then leave me not in this dark world,
A stranger long to roam:
Come, Lord, and take me to Thyself—
Come, Jesus, quickly come!

209

P.M.

- 1 'Midst the darkness, storm, and sorrow,
One bright gleam I see;
Well I know the blessed morrow,
Christ will come for me.
- 2 'Midst the light and peace and glory
Of the Father's home,
Christ for me is watching, waiting—
Waiting till I come.

THE LORD'S RETURN.

- 3 Long the blessed Guide has led me
By the desert road ;
Now I see the golden towers—
City of my God.
- 4 There amidst the love and glory,
He is waiting yet ;
On His hands a name is graven,
He can ne'er forget.
- 5 There amidst the songs of heaven—
Sweeter to His ear
Is the footfall through the desert,
Ever drawing near.
- 6 There, made ready are the mansions,
Glorious, bright and fair ;
But the Bride the Father gave Him
Still is wanting there.
- 7 Who is this who comes to meet me
On the desert way,
As the Morning Star foretelling
God's unclouded day ?
- 8 He it is who came to win me,
On the cross of shame ;
In His glory well I know Him,
Evermore the same.
- 9 Oh ! the blessed joy of meeting,
All the desert past !
Oh ! the wondrous words of greeting
He shall speak at last !

THE LORD'S RETURN.

- 10 He and I together entering
Those bright courts above ;
He and I together sharing
All the Father's love.
- 11 Where no shade nor stain can enter,
Nor the gold be dim ;
In that holiness unsullied,
I shall walk with Him.
- 12 Meet companion then for Jesus,
From Him, for Him made ;
Glory of God's grace for ever
There in me displayed.
- 13 He who in His hour of sorrow
Bore the curse alone ;
I who through the lonely desert
Trode where He had gone.
- 14 He and I in that bright glory,
One deep joy shall share ;
Mine, to be for ever with Him ;
His, that I am there.

210

S.M.

- 1 THE Lord Himself shall come,
And shout the quick'ning word ;
Thousands shall answer from the tomb,
"For ever with the Lord."
- 2 That resurrection word,
That shout of victory,
Resound "For ever with the Lord!"
Amen, so let it be !

THE LORD'S RETURN.

- 3 Then upward as we fly,
That resurrection word
Shall be our shout of victory,
"For ever with the Lord!"
- 4 How shall I meet those eyes?
Mine on Himself I cast,
And own myself the Saviour's prize:
Mercy from first to last.

211

8.7.4.

- 1 BLESSED LORD, our souls are longing
Thee, our risen Head, to see;
And the cloudless morn is dawning,
When Thy saints shall gathered be:
Grace and glory,
All our fresh springs are in Thee.
- 2 All the joy we now are tasting
Is but as the dream of night;
To the day of God we're hasting,
Looking for it with delight:
Thou art coming,
And wilt satisfy our sight.
- 3 True, the silent grave is keeping
Many a seed in weakness sown;
But the saints, in Thee now sleeping,
Raised in power shall share Thy throne.
Resurrection!
Lord of Glory! 'tis Thine own.

THE LORD'S RETURN.

4 As we sing, our hearts grow lighter ;
We are children of the day ;
Sorrow makes our hope the brighter ;
Faith regards not the delay :
Sure the promise,
We shall meet Thee on the way.

212

7.6.

- 1 Oh ! for the songs of gladness,
Sweet sounding through the air ;
Oh ! for the no more sadness
Of all the ransomed there.
- 2 Oh ! for the long, long meeting
Of Jesus with His own ;
Oh ! for the loved, loved greeting
Of pilgrims in their home.
- 3 Oh ! for the sweet re-union
Of friend restored to friend ;
That loved and long communion,
Which never more can end.
- 4 Oh ! for that life immortal,
For bodies like His own ;
Oh ! for within that portal,
Which leads me to His throne.
- 5 Oh ! for the no more dying,
The no more oft distress ;
The sweetness there of lying
For ever on His breast.

THE LORD'S RETURN.

6 Oh ! for the joy of being
For ever with the Lord ;
The long, long joy of seeing
How perfect was His word.

213

8.7.4.

1 'Mid the splendours of the glory
Which we hope ere long to share ;
Christ our Head, and we, His members,
Shall appear divinely fair.
O how glorious !
When we meet Him in the air.

2 From the dateless, timeless periods,
He has loved us without cause ;
And for all His blood-bought myriads,
His is love that knows no pause.
Matchless Lover !
Changeless as the eternal laws !

3 Oh what gifts shall yet be granted,
Palms, and crowns, and robes of white,
When the Hope for which we panted
Bursts upon our gladden'd sight,
And our Saviour
Makes us glorious through His might.

214

8.7.

1 LORD, we see the day approaching
When Thou wilt again appear ;
Sinners, still Thy garments touching,
Stay Thee in Thy coming here.

THE LORD'S RETURN.

- 2 Day by day Thy hand is dealing
Full salvation where Thou wilt ;
By delay, Thy blood is healing
Souls oppress'd with fear and guilt.
- 3 Lord, we wait Thy gracious pleasure,
Patience well becomes Thy saints ;
Hid in heav'n is all our treasure ;
Faith shall silence all complaints.
- 4 Make each waiting child obedient,
Stay our anxious hearts on this ;
If Thy going were expedient,
Surely Thy return is bliss.

215

C.M

- 1 COME, let us of our blessed hope,
Ye saints of Jesus, sing,
While in anticipation now
Our upward way we sing.
- 2 Come, while together o'er our souls
Bright thoughts of glory smile,
We'll praise Him that our weeping time
Is but " a little while : "
- 3 " A little while " of suffering,
Of pain and weakness here ;
" A little while " of patience yet,
And Jesus will appear :
- 4 " A little while, " and we no more
A feeble few shall meet ;
But there a mighty army stand
Before His throne complete.

THE LORD'S RETURN.

- 5 Sweet is the song of victory
That ends the battle's roar ;
And sweet the weary warrior's rest
When all his toil is o'er.
- 6 Sweeter, beyond the " little while,"
The dawn of morn to view,
The morning of a brighter day
Than ever Eden knew.
- 7 We praise Him for His promise now,
Nor fear that He'll forsake ;
And heaven's ten thousand echoes ne'er
To sweeter notes shall wake.

216

P.M.

- 1 OUR Lord is now rejected,
And by the world disowned,
By the many still neglected,
And by the few enthroned ;
But soon He'll come in glory !
The hour is drawing nigh,
For the crowning day is coming
By-and-by.
Oh, the crowning day is coming !
Is coming by-and-by !
When our Lord shall come in " power "
And " glory " from on high !
Oh, the glorious sight will gladden
Each waiting, watchful eye,
In the crowning day that's coming
By-and-by.

THE LORD'S RETURN.

- 2 The heavens shall glow with splendour ;
But brighter far than they
The saints shall shine in glory,
As Christ shall them array :
The beauty of the Saviour
Shall dazzle every eye,
In the crowning day that's coming
By-and-by.
- 3 Our pain shall then be over ;
We'll sin and sigh no more.
Behind us all of sorrow,
And nought but joy before.
A joy in our Redeemer,
As we to Him are nigh,
In the crowning day that's coming
By-and-by.
- 4 Let all that look for, "hasten"
The coming joyful day,
By earnest consecration,
To walk the narrow way !
By gathering in the lost ones,
For whom the Lord did die,
For the crowning day that's coming
By-and-by.

217

8.7.4.

- 1 BRIGHT with all His crowns of glory,
See the Royal Victor's brow ;
Once for sinners marr'd and gory—
See the Lamb exalted now,
While before Him
All His ransom'd brethren bow.

N

THE LORD'S RETURN.

- 2 Blessed morning ! long expected,
Lo ! they fill the peopled air,
Mourners once, by man rejected,
They, with Him, exalted there,
Sing His praises,
And His throne of glory share.
- 3 King of kings ! let earth adore Him,
High on His exalted throne ;
Fall, ye nations, fall before Him,
And His righteous sceptre own :
All the glory
Be to Him, and Him alone.

218

P.M.

- 1 LORD, Thou hast tarried long ;
Haste on Thy way.
Now, while we breathe in song,
Shine forth to-day.
Dark and dreary this our night,
Waiting for the welcome sight
Watching for the dawn of light,
Come, Lord, we pray.
- 2 Lord, we should weep no more
That Thou hast gone
Now (where Thou wast before)
On thy Father's throne.
Soon—soon Thou wilt appear,
Even now Thou drawest near,
Farewell, the sigh—the tear !
Come for Thine own.

THE LORD'S RETURN.

- 3 Sorrows have crushed each heart,
 And bowed each head,
Ties have been rent apart ;
 Tears have been shed :
But when Thy loved face we see,
And for ever dwell with Thee,
Then we shall ever be
 With our loved dead.
- 4 Sweet will that meeting be
 With those we mourn,
Now sleeping calm in Thee,
 Till Thou return.
Severed ties shall be no more,
Tears and sighs shall then be o'er,
Upward—upward we shall soar
 To share Thy throne.

219

7.6.

- 1 Oh ! for the robes of whiteness ;
 Oh ! for the tearless eyes ;
Oh ! for the glorious brightness
 Of the unclouded skies.
- 2 Oh ! for the “ no more weeping ”
 Within the land of love—
The endless joy of keeping
 The bridal feast above.
- 3 Oh ! for the bliss of rising,
 My coming Lord to meet ;
Oh ! for the rest of lying
 For ever at His feet.

THE LORD'S RETURN.

- 4 Oh ! for the hour of seeing
My Saviour face to face—
The hope of ever being
In that sweet meeting-place.
- 5 Jesus ! Thou King of glory,
I soon shall dwell with Thee !
I soon shall sing the story
Of Thy great love to me !
- 6 Meanwhile my soul would enter,
E'en now before Thy throne,
That all my love might centre
On Thee, and Thee alone !

220

C.M.

- 1 O LORD, who art Thy people's light,
When shall Thy face be seen ?
When wilt Thou meet our longing sight,
Without a cloud between ?
- 2 We know, Lord Jesus, that Thy heart
Still for Thy saints doth care ;
But we would see Thee as Thou art,
And Thy full image bear.
- 3 Thy love sustains us on our way,
While pilgrims here below ;
And grace to help us day by day,
Thou dost, O Lord, bestow.
- 4 But oh, the more we learn of Thee,
And Thy rich mercy prove,
The more we long Thyself to see,
And fully know Thy love.

THE LORD'S RETURN.

5 Then shine, Thou bright and morning star,
Dispel the dreary gloom ;
Oh ! take from sin and grief afar,
Thy blood-bought people home.

221

S.M.

1 WATCHMEN ! the words repeat—
Good night, dear friends, good night :
We're out, each one, upon our beat :
Good night, dear friends, good night !

2 We part at dead of night,
To tread each one our way ;
We careful watch till morning light ;
We meet again at day.

3 Some watch in crowded place,
And some in lonely way ;
Some weary are to see *His* face,
And longing are, they say.

4 For lo ! His word is true !
Our watch-word—oh how dear,—
“ I'll come again,” He says, for you,—
For you at dawn appear.

5 We all are of the light,
And children of the day ;
And many are the sons of night
Who join us on the way.

THE LORD'S RETURN.

- 6 We're nearer now than when
We first His name believed ;
"Surely," He says, "I come again :"
We cannot be deceived.
- 7 I charge ye, watchmen, all,
To mark the night—how dead !
And loud to one another call,
When the first shadow's fled.
- 8 Till then—good night ! good night !
Work on, and "watch," and "pray ;"
We part each one *at dead of night*,
To **MEET AGAIN AT DAY** !

222

P.M.

- 1 HARK ! 'tis the watchman's cry !
Wake, brethren, wake !
Jesus, our Lord, is nigh!—Wake, &c.
Sleep is for sons of night,
Ye are children of the light,
Yours is the glory bright!—Wake, &c.
- 2 Call to each waking band,
Watch, brethren, watch !
Clear is our Lord's command!—Watch, &c.
Be ye as men that wait
Always at the Master's gate.
E'en tho' He tarry late!—Watch, &c.

THE LORD'S RETURN.

- 3 Hear we the Shepherd's voice,
Pray, brethren, pray !
Would ye His heart rejoice ?—Pray, &c.
Sin calls for constant fear,
Weakness needs the strong one near,
Long as ye struggle here !—Pray, &c.
- 4 Now sound the final chord,
Praise, brethren, praise !
Thrice holy is our Lord.—Praise, &c.
What more befits the tongues
Soon to lead the angels' songs,
While heaven the note prolongs ?—
Praise, brethren, praise.

223

8.7.

- 1 I AM waiting for the dawning
Of the bright and blessed day ;
When the darksome night of sorrow
Shall have vanished far away.
When for ever with the Saviour,
Far beyond this vale of tears,
I shall swell the song of worship,
Through the everlasting years.
- 2 I am looking at the brightness,
(See, it shineth from afar,)
Of the clear and joyous beaming,
Of the "Bright and Morning Star ;"
Through the dark grey mist of morning
Do I see its glorious light ;
Then away with every shadow
Of this sad and weary night.

THE LORD'S RETURN.

- 3 I am waiting for the coming
Of the Lord who died for me :
Oh, His words have thrilled my spirit,
" I will come again for thee."
I can almost hear His foot-fall,
On the threshold of the door,
And my heart, my heart is longing
To be His for evermore.

224

C.M.

- 1 HOPE of our hearts, O Lord, appear,
Thou glorious Star of day !
Shine forth, and chase the dreary night,
With all our tears, away !
- 2 No resting-place we seek on earth,
No loveliness we see !
Our eye is on the royal crown
Prepared for us and Thee.
- 3 But, dearest Lord ! however bright
That crown of joy above,
What is it to the brighter hope
Of dwelling in Thy love ?
- 4 What to the joy, the deeper joy,
Unmingled, pure and free,
Of union with our living Head,
Of fellowship with Thee ?

THE LORD'S RETURN.

- 5 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.
- 6 There, near Thy heart, upon the throne,
Thy ransom'd Church shall see
What grace was in the bleeding Lamb,
Who died to make us free.

225

8.7.4.

- 1 SAVIOUR, come, Thy saints are waiting—
Waiting for the joyful day,
Thence their promised glory dating,
Come and bear Thy saints away.
Come, Lord Jesus!
Thus Thy waiting people pray.
- 2 Lord, we wait for Thy appearing ;
“ Tarry not ” Thy people say ;
Bright the prospect is, and cheering,
Of beholding Thee that day ;
When our sorrow
Shall for ever pass away.
- 3 Till it comes, oh ! “ keep us steady ;
Keep us walking in Thy ways ;
At Thy call may we be ready,
And our heads with triumph raise :
Then with angels
Sing Thine everlasting praise.

THE LORD'S RETURN.

226

6. 8s.

- 1 "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 hath gone before—
To dwell with Him, to see His face,
And sing the glories of His grace.

- 2 "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.

- 3 "A little while"—'twill soon be past!
Why should we shun the shame and
cross?
Oh, let us in His footsteps haste,
Counting for Him all else but loss;
Oh, how will recompense His smile,
The suffering of this "little while"!

- 4 "A little while"—come, Saviour, come!
For Thee Thy Church has tarried long;
Take Thy poor wearied pilgrims home,
To sing the new eternal song,
To see Thy glory, and to be
In everything conform'd to Thee.

THE LORD'S RETURN.

227

P. M.

1 LORD JESUS, come ;
Nor let us longer roam
Afar from Thee, and that bright place
Where we shall see Thee face to face.
Lord Jesus, come !

2 Lord Jesus, come !
Thine absence here we mourn ;
No joy we know apart from Thee,
No sorrow in Thy presence see.
Lord Jesus, come !

3 Lord Jesus, come !
And claim us as Thine own ;
Our weary feet would wander o'er
This dark and sinful world no more.
Lord Jesus, come !

4 Lord Jesus, come !
And take Thy people home ;
That all Thy flock, so scattered here,
With Thee in glory may appear.
Lord Jesus, come !

228

P. M.

1 HARK ! hark ! hear the glad tidings, soon,
soon, Jesus will come,
Robed, robed, in honour and glory, to
gather His ransomed ones home.
Yes, yes, oh ! yes, to gather His ransomed
ones home.

THE LORD'S RETURN.

- 2 Joy, joy, sound it more loudly, sing, sing
glory to God,
Soon, soon, Jesus is coming, publish the
tidings abroad.
Yes, yes, oh! yes, publish the tidings
abroad.
- 3 Bright, bright, seraphs attending, shouts,
shouts, filling the air,
Down, down, swiftly from heaven, Jesus
our Lord will appear.
Yes, yes, oh! yes, Jesus our Lord will
appear.
- 4 Now, now, through a glass darkly, shine,
shine, visions to come,
Soon, soon, we shall behold Him, cloudless
and bright in our home.
Yes, yes, oh! yes, cloudless and bright in
our home.
- 5 Long, long, have we been waiting, who,
who, love His blest name;
Now, now, we are delighting, Jesus is near
to proclaim.
Yes, yes, oh! yes, Jesus is near to proclaim.
- 6 Still, still, rest on the promise, cling, cling,
fast to His word,
Wait, wait, if He should tarry, we'll
patiently wait for the Lord.
Yes, yes, oh! yes, we'll patiently wait for
the Lord.

THE LORD'S RETURN.

229

8.7.4.

- 1 FLY, ye seasons, fly still faster !
Let the glorious day come on,
When we shall behold our Master
Seated on His heavenly throne—
When the Saviour
Shall descend to claim His own.
- 2 What is earth with all its treasures,
To the joy this promise brings ?
Well may we resign its pleasures ;
Jesus brings us better things :
All His people
Draw from heaven's eternal springs.
- 3 Fly, ye seasons, fly still faster !
Swiftly bring the glorious day ;
Jesus, come, our Lord, our Master,
Come from heaven without delay :
Take Thy people,
Take, oh, take us hence away !

230

P.V.

- 1 I KNOW not the hour when my Lord will
come,
To take me away to His own dear home ;
But I know that His presence will lighten
the gloom,
And that will be glory for me.
And that will be glory for me ! oh, that
will be glory for me !
But I know that His presence will lighten
the gloom.
And that will be glory for me !

THE LORD'S RETURN.

- 2 I know not the song that the angels sing,
I know not the sound of the harp's glad
ring;
But I know there'll be mention of Jesus
the King,
And that will be music for me.
And that will be music for me, etc.
- 3 I know not the form of my mansion fair,
I know not the name that I then shall bear;
But I know that my Saviour will welcome
me there.
And that will be heaven for me
And that will be heaven for me, etc.

231

P.M.

- 1 It may be at morn, when the day is awaking,
When sunlight through darkness and
shadow is breaking,
That Jesus will come in the fulness of glory,
To receive from the world "His own."
O Lord Jesus, how long?—
How long—ere we shout the glad song?—
Christ returneth! Hallelujah!
Hallelujah! Amen!
Hallelujah! Amen!
- 2 It may be at midday, it may be at twilight
It may be, perchance, that the blackness
of midnight
Will burst into light at the blaze of His
glory,
When Jesus receives "His own."

THE LORD'S RETURN.

- 3 Oh, joy ! oh, delight ! should we go without dying !
No sickness, no sadness, no dread and no crying ;
Caught up through the clouds with our Lord into glory,
When Jesus receives " His own."

232

P.M.

- 1 CAUGHT up ! caught up ! no wing required.
Caught up to Him by love inspired,
To meet Him in the air !
Spurning the earth, with upward bound,
Nor casting a single glance around,
Nor listing a single earth-born sound,
Caught up in the radiant air !
- 2 Caught up, with rapture and surprise,
" Caught up," our fond affections rise,
Our coming Lord to meet ;
Hearing the trumpets' glorious sound,
Soaring to join the rising crowd,
Gazing beyond the parted cloud,
Beneath His pierced feet !
- 3 O blessed, O thrice-blessed word !
To be for ever with the Lord
In heavenly beauty fair !
Up, up ! we long to hear the cry ;
Up, up ! our absent Lord draws nigh,
Yes, in the twinkling of an eye,
Caught up in the radiant sky !

THE LORD'S RETURN.

233

P. M.

- 1 THE night is wearing fast away,
The glorious day is dawning,
When Christ shall all His grace display—
The fair millennial morning.
- 2 Gloomy and dark the night hath been,
And long the way, and dreary ;
And sad the weeping saints are seen,
And faint, and worn, and weary.
- 3 Ye mourning pilgrims, dry your tears,
And hush each sigh of sorrow ;
The light of that bright morn appears,
The long sabbatic morrow.
- 4 Lift up your heads—behold from far
A flood of splendour streaming ;
It is the Bright and Morning Star
In living lustre beaming.
- 5 And see that star-like host around
Of angel bands attending ;
Hark ! hark ! the trumpet's gladd'ning
sound
'Mid shouts triumphant blending.
- 6 He comes ! the Bridegroom promised long :
Go forth with joy to meet Him,
And raise the new and nuptial song,
In cheerful strains to greet Him.
- 7 Adorn thyself, the feast prepare ;
With hallelujahs swelling,
He comes, with thee all joys to share,
And make this earth His dwelling.

THE LORD'S RETURN.

234

L.M.

- 1 OH! what a bright and blessed world
This groaning earth of ours will be,
When from its throne the tempter hurled,
Shall leave it all, O Lord, to Thee!
- 2 But brighter far that world above,
Where we, as we are known, shall know;
And in the sweet embrace of love,
Reign o'er this ransomed earth below.
- 3 O blessed Lord! with longing eyes,
That blissful hour we wait to see;
While every worm or leaf that dies
Tells of the curse, and calls for Thee.
- 4 Come, Saviour, then, o'er all below
Shine brightly from Thy throne above;
Bid heaven and earth Thy glory know,
And all creation feel Thy love.

235

7.6

- 1 THE world is very evil,
The times are waxing late,
Be sober and keep vigil,
The Judge is at the gate—
The Lord who comes in mercy,
The Lord who comes with might,
Who comes to end the evil,
Who comes to crown the right.

o

THE LORD'S RETURN.

2 Arise, arise, O Christian !
Let right to wrong succeed ;
Let penitential sorrow
To heavenly gladness lead,
The light that has no evening,
That knows nor moon nor sun,
The light as new and golden,
The light that is but one.

236

8.7.4.

- 1 Lo! He comes, with clouds descending,
Once for favour'd sinners slain ;
Thousand, thousand saints attending
Swell the triumph of His train :
Hallelujah !
Jesus comes on earth to reign !
- 2 Zion's sons ! awake behold Him
Clothed in grace and majesty ;
Ye who set at nought and sold Him,
Pierced and nailed Him to the tree,
Deeply mourning,
Now your true Messiah see !
- 3 Lo! the tokens of His passion,
Still His glorious body bears ;
Cause of endless exultation
To His ransom'd worshippers :
Hallelujah !
Christ appears on earth to reign !

THE LORD'S RETURN.

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

237

A.M.

- 1 AND will the Judge descend,
And must the dead arise ;
And not a single soul escape,
His all-discerning eyes ?
- 2 And from His righteous lips,
Shall a dread sentence sound ;
And through the numerous, guilty throng
Speak black despair around.
- 3 How will thy heart endure
The terrors of that day,
When heaven and earth before His face
Astonished shrink away ?
- 4 Eut ere the trumpet shakes
The mansions of the dead,
Hark ! from the gospel's cheering sound
What joyful tidings spread.
- 5 Ye sinners, trust His grace,
Whose wrath ye cannot bear ;
Trust in the blood shed on the cross,
And find salvation there.

PRAYER.

238

8.7.7.

- 1 No more veil ! God bids me enter
By the new and living way—
Not in trembling hope I venture,
Boldly I His call obey ;
There with Him, my God I meet,
God upon the mercy seat.

- 2 In the robes of spotless whiteness,
With the blood of priceless worth,
He has gone into that brightness,
Christ rejected from the earth—
Christ accepted there on high,
And in Him do I draw nigh.

- 3 O the welcome I have found there,
God in all His love made known !
O the glory that surrounds there !
Those accepted in His Son !
Who can tell the depths of bliss
Spoken by the Father's kiss ?

239

6.6.8.

- 1 FATHER, to seek Thy face
Thy children now draw near ;
Before the throne of grace
With boldness we appear :
We plead His name, His precious blood,
Who loved, and made us priests to God.

PRAYER.

2 No more we shun the light,
No more Thy presence fear ;
In robes of spotless white
Before Thee we appear ;
Our great High Priest for us is there,
And He presents our praise and prayer.

3 No power have we to praise
Thy name, O God of Love,
Unless Thy Spirit raise
Our thoughts and hearts above ;
His grace avails in all our need,
May He our priestly worship lead.

4 Lord, give us faith to plead
Thy true and faithful word ;—
Grace for each time of need,
And help to us afford.
Thy promises in Christ are yea,
In Him, Amen ! to endless day.

240

S. M.

1 BEHOLD the throne of grace !
The promise calls me near,
There Jesus shows a smiling face,
And waits to answer prayer.

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

PRAYER.

- 3 My soul, ask what thou wilt,
Thou canst not be too bold ;
Since His own blood for thee He spilt,
What else can He withhold ?
- 4 Beyond thy utmost wants
His love and power can bless ;
To praying souls He always grants
More than they can express.
- 5 Thine image, Lord, bestow,
Thy presence and Thy love ;
I ask to serve Thee here below,
And reign with Thee above.

241

8.7.

- C. J. ...*
H. B. ...
- 1 WHAT a Friend we have in Jesus,
All our sins and griefs to bear !
What a privilege to carry
Everything to God in prayer !
Oh, what peace we often forfeit,
Oh, what needless pain we bear—
All because we do not carry
Everything to God in prayer !
- 2 Have we trials and temptations ?
Is there trouble anywhere ?
We should never be discouraged ;
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Can we find a Friend so faithful,
Who will all our sorrows share ?
Jesus knows our every weakness,
Take it to the Lord in prayer.

PRAYER.

- 3 Are we weak and heavy-laden ?
 Cumbered with a load of care ?
Precious Saviour, still our refuge, —
 Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Do thy friends despise, forsake thee ?—
 Take it to the Lord in prayer ;
In His arms He'll take and shield thee,
 Thou wilt find a solace there.

242

L.M.

- 1 How sweet to leave the world awhile
 And seek the presence of our Lord !
Dear Saviour, on Thy people smile,
 And come, according to Thy word.
- 2 From busy scenes we now retreat,
 That we may here converse with Thee.
Ah, Lord ! behold us at Thy feet ;
 Let this " the gate of heaven " be.
- 3 Chief of ten thousand ! now appear,
 That we by faith may see Thy face ;
Oh, speak, that we Thy voice may hear,
 And let Thy presence fill this place.

243

L.M.

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

PRAYER.

- 2 There is a place where Jesus sheds
“ The oil of gladness ” on our heads ;
A place than all beside more sweet ;
It is the blood-stained mercy-seat.
- 3 There is a spot where spirits blend,
And friend holds fellowship with friend ;
Though sunder'd far, by faith we meet
Around one common mercy-seat.
- 4 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 ?
- 5 There ! there on eagle wings we soar,
And time and sense seem all no more ;
And heaven comes down, our souls to greet,
And glory crowns the mercy-seat.

244

Coleridge

L.M.

- 1 JESUS, where'er Thy people meet,
There they behold the mercy-seat ;
Where'er they seek Thee Thou art found,
And every place is hallow'd ground.
- 2 For Thou, within no walls confined,
Inhabitest the humble mind ;
Such ever bring Thee where they come,
And, going, take Thee to their home.
- 3 Dear Shepherd of Thy chosen few,
Thy former mercies here renew ;
Here to our waiting hearts proclaim
The sweetness of Thy saving name.

PRAYER.

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

245

Confession

L.M.

- 1 **WHAT** various hindrances we meet
In coming to the mercy-seat ;
Yet, who that knows the worth of prayer,
But wishes to be often there ?
- 2 Prayer makes the darken'd cloud withdraw,
Prayer climbs the ladder Jacob saw,
Gives exercise to faith and love,
Brings every blessing from above.
- 3 Restraining prayer, we cease to fight ;
Prayer makes the Christian's armour
bright,
And Satan trembles, when he sees
The weakest saint upon his knees.
- 4 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.
- 5 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 ! "

PRAYER.

246

J. A. Mahoney

C.M.

- 1 **THERE** is an eye that never sleeps,
Beneath the wing of night ;
There is an ear that never shuts,
When sink the beams of light.
- 2 There is an arm that never tires,
When human strength gives way ;
There is a love that never fails,
When earthly loves decay.
- 3 That eye is fixed on seraph throngs ;
That arm upholds the sky ;
That ear is filled with angel songs ;
That love is thron'd on high.
- 4 But there's a power which faith can wield,
When mortal aid is vain ;
That eye, that arm, that love to reach,
That listening ear to gain.
- 5 That pow'r is pray'r, which soars on high,
Through Jesus, to the throne,
And moves the hand which moves the world,
To bring deliverance down.

247

P.M.

- 1 **I HAVE** a Saviour, He's pleading in glory,
A dear loving Saviour, though earth-
friends be few,
And now He is watching in tenderness
o'er me,
And, oh, that my Saviour were your
Saviour too !

PRAYER.

For you I am praying, for you I am praying,
For you I am praying, I'm praying for you.

- 2 I have a Father : to me He has given
 A hope for eternity, blessed and true ;
And soon He will call me to meet Him in
 heaven,
 But, oh, may He lead you to go with me
 too !
- 3 I have a robe : 'tis resplendent in white-
 ness,
 Awaiting in glory my wondering view ;
Oh, when I receive it, all shining in bright-
 ness,
 Dear friend, could I see you receiving one
 too !
- 4 I have a peace : it is calm as a river—
 A peace that the friends of this world
 never knew ;
My Saviour alone is its Author and Giver :
 And, oh, could I know it was given to
 you !
- 5 When Jesus has found you, tell others the
 story,
 That my loving Saviour is your Saviour
 too!
Then pray that your Saviour may bring
 them to glory,
 And prayer will be answered—'twas an-
 swered for you.

PRAYER.

248

8.8.8.6.

- 1 Oh, Saviour ! I have nought to plead
In earth beneath or heaven above,
But just my own exceeding need,
And Thy exceeding love.
- 2 The need will soon be past and gone,
Exceeding great,—but quickly o'er :
The love unbought is all Thine own,
And lasts for evermore !

249

L.M.

- 1 WHERE high the heavenly temple stands
The house of God not made with hands,
A great High Priest our nature wears,
The Patron of mankind appears.
- 2 He, who for men their Surety stood,
And pour'd on earth His precious blood,
Pursues in heaven His mighty plan,
The Saviour and the Friend of man.
- 3 Though now ascended up on high,
He bends on earth a brother's eye,
Partaker of the human name,
He knows the frailty of our frame.
- 4 In every pang that rends the heart,
The Man of Sorrows had a part ;
He sympathises in our grief.
And to the sufferer sends relief.

PRAYER.

5 With boldness therefore at the throne,
Let us make all our sorrows known,
And ask the aid of heavenly power,
To help us in the trying hour.

250

J. D. ... 8.7.4.

1 ONCE upon a time of sadness,
Jesus called His servants nigh,
And this word of lasting gladness,
Did with healing power apply,
Sweetly telling
Of His merit from on high :

2 "Hitherto ye've asked nothing,
Nothing in My saving name ;
Prayer itself has been as nothing,
And your faith in Me the same,
Now with boldness
Asking, ye shall sure obtain."

3 Saviour ! all our prayers are "nothing,"
Measured by this gracious word,
All our hopes and joys are "nothing,"
When with Thy rich stores compared :
Stores of blessings
By Thy boundless love prepared.

4 Hitherto we've asked "nothing,"
Sad and empty do we go ;
All our present life is "nothing"
To the life we long to know—
Life abounding,
When the Lord shall bid it flow.

PRAYER.

5 Oh, for asking and receiving!
Such as Jesus bids us have,
Always coming and believing—
Always knowing of His love :
Oh, what blessings!
Glorious blessings may we have!

251 *J. G. Howard* C.M.

- 1 THERE is no sorrow, Lord, too light
To bring in prayer to Thee ;
There is no anxious care too slight
To wake Thy sympathy.
- 2 Thou who hast trod the thorny road
Wilt share each small distress :
The love which bore the greater load
Will not refuse the less.
- 3 There is no secret sigh we breathe
But meets Thine ear divine ;
And every cross grows light beneath
The shadow, Lord, of Thine.
- 4 Life's ills without, sin's strife within,
The heart would overflow,
But for that love which died for sin
That love which wept with woe.

252 *J. G. Howard* 7s.

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

PRAYER.

- 2 Thou art coming to a King,
Large petitions with thee bring,
For His grace and power are such
None can ever ask too much.
- 3 With my burden I begin,
Lord remove this load of sin !
Let Thy blood for sinners spilt,
Set my conscience free from guilt.
- 4 Lord ! I come to Thee for rest,
Take possession of my breast :
There Thy blood-bought right maintain,
And without a rival reign.
- 5 As the image in the glass,
Answers the beholder's face ;
Thus unto my heart appear,
Print Thine own resemblance there.
- 6 While I am a pilgrim here,
Let Thy love my spirit cheer :
As my Guide, my Guard, my Friend,
Lead me to my journey's end.
- 7 Show me what I have to do,
Every hour my strength renew ;
Let me live a life of faith,
Let me die Thy people's death.

253. *Ch. Wesley.* C.M.

- 1 TALK with me, Lord, Thyself reveal
While here o'er earth I rove ;
Speak to my heart, and let me feel
The kindling of Thy love.

PRAYER.

- 2 With Thee conversing I forget,
All time and toil and care ;
Labour is rest, and pain is sweet,
If Thou, my God, art here.
- 3 Here then, my God, vouchsafe to stay,
And bid my heart rejoice ;
My bounding heart shall own Thy sway,
And echo to Thy voice.
- 4 Let this, mine every hour employ,
Till I Thy glory see ;
Enter into my Master's joy,
And find my heaven in Thee.

254

C.M.

- 1 I WOULD commune with Thee, my God,
E'en to Thy seat I come ;
I leave my joys, I leave my sins,
And seek in Thee my home.
- 2 I stand upon the mount of God,
With sunlight in my soul ;
I hear the storms in vales beneath ;
I hear the thunders roll.
- 3 But I am calm with Thee, my God,
Beneath these glorious skies ;
And to the height on which I stand
Nor storms nor clouds can rise.
- 4 O this is life ! O this is joy !
My God, to find Thee so ;
Thy face to see, Thy voice to hear,
And all Thy love to know.

PRAYER.

255

8.7--

- 1 FATHER, we commend our spirits
To Thy love in Jesu's name ;
Love, that His atoning merits
Give us confidence to claim.

- 2 O how sweet, how real a pleasure
Flows from love so true and free ;
O how vast, how rich a treasure,
Saviour, we possess in Thee !

- 3 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.

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

- 5 By the Holy Ghost anointed,
May we do our Father's will ;
Walk the path by Him appointed,
Jesu's pleasure to fulfil ;

- 6 Till the welcome signal hearing,
Welcome to His saints alone,
We rejoice at His appearing,
Who shall claim us for His own.

P

PARTING.

256

C.M.

- 1 BLEST be the dear uniting love
That will not let us part ;
Our bodies may far off remove,
We still are one in heart.

- 2 Joined in one Spirit to our Head,
Where He appoints we go ;
And still in Jesu's footsteps tread,
And show His praise below.

- 3 Oh may we ever walk in Him,
And nothing know beside,
Nothing desire, nothing esteem,
But Jesus crucified.

- 4 Closer and closer let us cleave
To His beloved embrace ;
Expect His fulness to receive,
And grace to answer grace.

- 5 Partakers of the Saviour's grace,
And one in mind and heart,
Nor joy, nor grief, nor time, nor place,
Nor life, nor death can part.

- 6 But let us hasten to the day
Which shall our Lord restore,
When death shall all be done away,
And bodies part no more.

PARTING.

257

8.7.4.

- 1 Yes, we part, but not for ever—
Joyful hopes our bosoms swell ;
They who love the Saviour never
Know a long, a last farewell.
Blissful unions !
Lie beyond this parting vale.
- 2 Sweet this hour of benediction,
When such unions come to mind,
When each holy heart conviction,
With the promises combined,
Tell of meetings
By the Lord for us designed.
- 3 O, what meetings are before us,
Brighter far than tongue can tell,
Glorious meetings, to restore us
Him with whom we long to dwell.
With what raptures
Will the sight our passions swell !
- 4 Now indeed we meet and sever ;
Chequered is our transient day :
Life's best flowers perish, ever
Tending to a long decay.
Fairest flowers
Bud and bloom, and die away.
- 5 Soon will cease such short-lived pleasures—
Soon will fade this earth away ;
Brighter, fairer, nobler treasures
Wait the full redemption day.
Hail the rising
Of the wished-for new-born ray !

DISMISSION.

258

8.7.4.

- 1 LORD, dismiss us with Thy blessing,
Fill our hearts with joy and peace ;
Let us each, Thy love possessing,
Triumph in redeeming grace :
O refresh us ;
Travelling through this wilderness.
- 2 Thanks we give, and adoration,
For Thy gospel's joyful sound ;
May the fruits of Thy salvation
In our hearts and lives abound ;
May Thy presence
With us, evermore, be found !
- 3 So, when'er the signal's given,
Us from earth to call away,
Borne on angel's wings to heaven,
Glad the summons to obey,
We shall surely
Reign with Christ in endless day !

259

SERVICE.

P.M.

- 1 COME ye aside a space,
Rest, rest awhile !
Come ! in this desert place,
Rest, rest awhile !
Many coming, going are,
All around are griefs and care,
There's a need for rest and prayer,
Rest, rest awhile !

SERVICE.

2 Come, all ye weary ones,
 Rest, rest awhile !
Come, all ye burdened ones,
 Rest, rest awhile !
Come, see the Saviour's face,
Know "the riches of His grace,"
Happy in this sheltered place,
 Rest, rest awhile !

3 Come, ye of toil and care,
 Rest, rest awhile !
Lab'ring, working everywhere,
 Rest, rest awhile !
Rest and working well agree,
Prayer and resting pleasant be,
Rest—divinest rest to see—
 Rest, rest awhile !

4 Rest, obedient at His cross—
 Rest, heavenly rest !
Rest to count our gain but loss—
 Rest, heavenly rest !
Rest, the Risen One to see,
Life and Immortality !
Rest ! "as *He is so are we*"—
 Rest, perfect rest.

260

L.M.

1 LORD, speak to me, that I may speak
 In living echoes of Thy tone ;
As Thou hast sought, so let me seek
 Thy erring children, lost and lone.

SERVICE.

- 2 O lead me, Lord, that I may lead
The wand'ring and the wav'ring feet ;
O feed me, Lord, that I may feed
Thy hungering ones with manna sweet.
- 3 O strengthen me, that while I stand
Firm on the rock and strong in Thee,
I may stretch out a loving hand
To wrestlers with the troubled sea.
- 4 O teach me, Lord, that I may teach
The precious things Thou dost impart,
And wing my words, that they may reach
The hidden depths of many a heart.
- 5 O give Thine own sweet rest to me,
That I may speak with soothing power
A word in season as from Thee,
To weary ones in needful hour.
- 6 O fill me with Thy fulness, Lord,
Until my very heart o'erflow,
In kindling thought and glowing word,
Thy love to tell, Thy praise to show.
- 7 O use me, Lord, use even me,
Just as Thou wilt, and when, and where,
Until Thy blessed face I see,
Thy rest, and Thy full joy to share.

261

P.M.

- 1 I GAVE My life for thee,
My precious blood I shed,
That thou might'st ransomed be,
And quickened from the dead.
I gave My life for thee ;
What hast thou given for Me ?

SERVICE.

- 2 I spent long years for thee
In weariness and woe,
That one eternity
Of joy thou mightest know ;
I spent long years for thee ;
Hast thou spent *one* for Me ?
- 3 My Father's house of light,
My rainbow circled throne,
I left for earthly night,
For wand'rings sad and lone ;
I left it all for thee ;
Hast thou left *ought* for Me ?
- 4 I suffered much for thee,—
More than thy tongue can tell,
Of bitterest agony,
To rescue thee from hell ;
I suffered much for thee ;
What canst thou *bear* for Me ?
- 5 And I have brought to thee,
Down from My home above,
Salvation full and free,
My pardon and My love ;
Great gifts I brought to thee ;
What hast thou *brought* to Me ?
- 6 Oh, let thy life be given,
Thy years for Me be spent,
World fetters all be riven,
And joy with suffering blent ;
Bring thou thy worthless all,
Follow thy Saviour's call.

S. D. P. A. S.

SERVICE.

262

P.M.

- 1 SAVIOUR! Thy dying love Thou gavest me,
Nor should I aught withhold, my Lord,
from Thee :
In love my soul would bow,
My heart fulfil its vow,
Some off'ring bring Thee now,
Something for Thee.
- 2 At the blest mercy-seat, pleading for me,
My feeble faith looks up, Jesus to Thee;
Help me the cross to bear,
Thy wondrous love declare,
Some song to raise, or prayer—
Something for Thee.
- 3 Give me a faithful heart—likeness to
Thee—
That each departing day henceforth may
see
Some work of love begun,
Some deed of kindness done,
Some wand'rer sought and won,
Something for Thee.
- 4 All that I am and have—Thy gifts so
free—
In joy and grief, through life, O Lord, for
Thee;
And when Thy face I see,
My ransomed soul shall be,
Through all eternity,
Something for Thee.

SERVICE.

263

7s.

- 1 TAKE my life and let it be
Consecrated, Lord, to Thee ;
Take my moments and my days,
Let them flow in ceaseless praise.

- 2 Take my hands, and let them move
At the impulse of Thy love ;
Take my feet, and let them be
Swift and beautiful for Thee.

- 3 Take my voice, and let me sing
Always, only, for my King ;
Take my lips, and let them be
Filled with messages for Thee.

- 4 Take my silver and my gold ;
Not a mite would I withhold :
Take my intellect, and use
Every power as Thou shalt choose.

- 5 Take my will, and make it Thine ;
It shall be no longer mine :
Take my heart : it is Thine own,
It shall be Thy loyal throne.

- 6 Take my love : my Lord, I pour
At Thy feet its treasure store :
Take myself, and I will be
Ever, only, all for Thee.

SERVICE.

264

10s.

- 1 TEACH me to live, 'tis easier far to die—
Gently and silently to pass away—
On earth's long night to close the heavy
eye,
And waken in the glorious realms of
day.
- 2 Teach me that harder lesson—how to live ;
To serve Thee in the darkest paths of
life ;
Arm me for conflict, now fresh vigour give,
And make me more than conqueror in
the strife.
- 3 Teach me to live, Thy purpose to fulfil ;
Bright for Thy glory let my taper shine ;
Each day renew, remould the stubborn
will ;
Closer round Thee my heart's affections
twine.
- 4 Teach me to live for self and sin no more,
But use the time remaining to me yet—
Not mine own pleasure seeking as before,
Wasting no precious hours in vain
regret.
- 5 Teach me to live, and find my life in Thee,
Looking from earth and earthly things
away ;
Let me not falter, but untiringly
Press on, and gain new strength and
power each day.

SERVICE.

265

7.6.

1 'Tis sweet to work for Jesus,
In this life's little day ;
To spread around "the joyful sound,"
As those forgiven may ;
To tell His loving kindness,
His promises so true ;
To urge the young that they may come,
And trust this Saviour too.

2 'Tis sweet to work for Jesus,
For Him who loved, and gave
Himself for us, an offering thus
Our ruined souls to save.
Glad service we would render
For grace so rich and free ;
Yet, Lord, we mourn, that we have borne
So little fruit to Thee.

3 'Tis sweet to work for Jesus ;
Be this our one desire,
Our purpose still, to do His will,
Whatever He require.
No action is too lowly,
No work of love too small ;
If Christ but lead, we may indeed
Well follow such a call.

4 'Tis sweet to work for Jesus,
While our weak spirits rest
In His own care, safe sheltered there,
And with His presence blest :

SERVICE.

In such calm, happy moments,
No greater joy we know ;
Redeemed from sin, we live for Him
To whom our all we owe.

- 5 'Tis sweet to work for Jesus—
Oh ! weary not of this,
But onward press with cheerfulness,
Though rough the pathway is.
Hold on unmoved and patient,
Till He shall call thee home,
With joy to stand at God's right hand,
To serve before the throne !

266

P.M.

- 1 WORK, for the night is coming !
Work through the morning hours :
Work while the dew is sparkling,
Work 'mid springing flowers :
Work when the day grows brighter,
Work in the glowing sun ;
Work, for the night is coming,
When man's work is done.
- 2 Work, for the night is coming !
Work through the sunny noon :
Fill brightest hours with labour,
Rest comes sure and soon.
Give every flying minute
Something to keep in store :
Work, for the night is coming,
When man works no more.

SERVICE.

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

267

6.7.9.7.

- 1** ONLY a little while
Of walking with weary feet,
Patiently over the thorny way
That leads to the golden street.
- 2** Suffer—if 'tis God's will,
And work for Him while we may ;
From Calvary's cross to Zion's crown
Is only a little way.
- 3** Only a little while—
For toiling a few short days,
And then comes the rest, the quiet rest,
Eternity's endless praise.

268

11.10.

- 1** OH for the peace that floweth as a river,
Making life's desert places bloom and
smile!
Oh for the faith to grasp Heaven's bright
"for ever,"
Amid the shadows of earth's "little
while!"

SERVICE.

- 2 “ A little while ” for patient vigil keeping,
To face the storm and wrestle with the
strong ;
“ A little while ” to sow the seed with
weeping,
Then bind the sheaves and sing the
harvest song.
- 3 “ A little while ” the earthen pitcher
taking
To wayside brooks, from far-off fountains
fed ;
Then the parched lip its thirst for ever
slaking
Beside the fulness of the Fountain-head.

269

11.10.

- 1 Nor *now*, my child,—a little more rough
tossing—
A little longer on the billows’ foam,—
A few more journeyings in the desert dark-
ness,
And *then* the sunshine of Thy Father’s
home!
- 2 Not *now*,—for I have wand’ers in the
distance,
And thou must call them in with patient
love ;
Not *now*,—for I have sheep upon the moun-
tains,
And thou must follow them where’er
they rove.

SERVICE.

- 3 Not *now*,—for I have loved ones, sad and weary ;
Wilt thou not cheer them with a kindly smile ?
Sick ones, who need thee in their lonely sorrow ;
Wilt thou not tend them yet a little while ?
- 4 Not *now*,—for hell's eternal gulf is yawning,
And souls are perishing in hopeless sin ;
Jerusalem's bright gates are standing open,—
Go to the banished ones, and fetch them in.
- 5 Go with the name of Jesus to the dying,
And speak that Name in all its living power,
Why should thy fainting heart grow chill and weary ?
Canst thou not *watch with Me* one little hour ?
- 6 One little hour ! and then the glorious crowning—
The golden harp-strings and the victor's palm,
One little hour!—and then the Hallelujah !
Eternity's long, deep, thanksgiving psalm !

SERVICE.

270

11.10.

- 1 "A LITTLE while" of mingled joy and
sorrow,
"A little while" to love and serve below,
To wait the dawning of that bright to-
morrow,
When morn shall break upon our night
of woe.

- 2 A little longer in this vale of weeping,
Of yearning for the sinless home above ;
"A little while" of watching, and of keep-
ing
Our garments, by the power of Him we
love.

- 3 "A little while" for winning souls to
Jesus,
Ere we behold His beauty face to face ;
A little while for healing soul diseases,
By telling others of a Saviour's grace.

- 4 "A little while" to spread the joyful
story
Of Him, who made our guilt and curse
His own ;
"A little while," ere we behold the glory,
To gather jewels for His heavenly crown.

SERVICE.

5 "A little while!" and we shall dwell for
ever
Within our bright, our everlasting home;
Where time, or space, or death no more can
sever
Our grief-wrung hearts, and pain can
never come.

271.

P.M.

- 1 Sowing in the morning, sowing seeds of
kindness,
Sowing in the noontide and the dewy
eves:
Waiting for the harvest, and the time of
reaping,
We shall come rejoicing, bringing in the
sheaves!
Bringing in the sheaves,
Bringing in the sheaves,
We shall come rejoicing,
Bringing in the sheaves.
- 2 Sowing in the sunshine, sowing in the
shadows,
Fearing neither clouds nor winter's chil-
ling breeze;
By-and-by the harvest and the labour
ended,
We shall come rejoicing, bringing in the
sheaves.

Q

SERVICE.

3. Go then ever, weeping, sowing for the
Master,
Though the loss sustained our spirit
often grieves ;
When our weeping's over, He will bid us
welcome,
We shall come rejoicing, bringing in the
sheaves.

272

9s.

- 1 LIGHT after darkness, gain after loss ;
Strength after weakness, crown after cross ;
Sweet after bitter, hope after fears,
Home after wandering, praise after tears.
- 2 Sheaves after sowing, sun after rain,
Sight after mystery, peace after pain ;
Joy after sorrow, calm after blast,
Rest after weariness, sweet rest at last.
- 3 Near after distant, gleam after gloom,
Love after loneliness, life after tomb ;
After long agony, rapture of bliss,
Right was the pathway leading to this.

273

G. C. Luther 8.7.

- 1 "Must I go, and empty-handed?—
Thus my blest Redeemer meet?
Not one day of service give Him,
Lay no trophy at His feet?"
"Must I go, and empty-handed?—
Must I meet my Saviour so!—
Not one soul with which to greet Him?
Must I empty-handed go?"

SERVICE.

- 2 " Not at death I shrink or falter,
For my Saviour saves me now ;
But to meet Him empty-handed !—
Thought of that now clouds my brow " :
- 3 " Oh, the years of sinning wasted,
Could I but recall them now,
I would give them to My Saviour :
To His will I'd gladly bow."
- 4 Oh, ye saints ! arouse ; be earnest !
Up and work while yet 'tis day,
Ere the night of death o'ertake you !
Strive for souls while yet you may.

274

P.M.

- 1 How many sheep are straying,
Lost from the Saviour's fold ;
Upon the lonely mountains
They shiver with the cold ;
Within the tangled thickets
Where poison vines do creep,
And over rocky ledges
Wander the poor lost sheep.
O come, let us go and find them,
In the paths of death they roam ;
At the close of the day 'twill be sweet
to say,
" I have brought some lost one home."
- 2 Oh, who will go to find them !
Who, for the Saviour's sake,
Will search with tireless patience
Thro' brier and thro' brake ?

SERVICE.

Unheeding thirst or hunger,
Who still from day to day,
Will seek as for a treasure,
The sheep that went astray.

3 Say will you seek to find them !
From pleasant bow'rs of ease,
Will you go forth determined,
To find the "least of these?"
For still the Saviour calls them,
And looks across the wold ;
And still He holds wide open
The door into His fold.

4 How sweet 'twould be at evening,
If you and I could say,
" Good Shepherd we've been seeking
The sheep that went astray ;
Heart sore and faint with hunger
We heard them making moan,
And lo ! with joy returning,
We bear them safely home."

275

Handwritten: 1120. 521/275 8.7.

1 " CALL them in !"—the poor, the wretched,
Sin-stained wand'ers from the fold :
Peace and pardon freely offer ;
Can you weigh their worth with gold ?
" Call them in !"—the weak, the weary,
Laden with the doom of sin ;
Bid them come and rest in Jesus ;
He is waiting, " call them in !"

SERVICE.

- 2 "Call them in!"—the Jew, the Gentile,
Bid the stranger to the feast;
"Call them in!"—the rich the noble,
From the highest to the least—
Forth the Father runs to meet them,
He hath all their sorrows seen;
Robe and ring, and royal sandals
Wait the lost ones; "call them in!"
- 3 "Call them in!"—the broken-hearted,
Cowering 'neath the brand of shame;
Speak love's message, low and tender,—
" 'Twas for sinners Jesus came."
See! the shadows lengthen round us,
Soon the day dawn will begin;
Can you leave them lost and lonely?
Christ is coming; "call them in!"

276

7.6.

- 1 FROM Greenland's icy mountains,
From India's coral strand,
Where Afric's sunny fountains
Roll down their golden sand;
From many an ancient river,
From many a palmy plain,
They call us to deliver
Their land from error's chain.
- 2 What, though the spicy breezes
Blow soft on Ceylon's isle;
Though ev'ry prospect pleases,
And only man is vile;

SERVICE.

In vain with lavish kindness,
The gifts of God are strewn;
The heathen, in his blindness,
Bows down to wood and stone.

- 3 Shall we whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high,—
Shall we to men benighted
The lamp of life deny?
Salvation! O salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till each remotest nation
Has heard Messiah's name.

277

C.M.

- 1 For Zion's sake we will not rest,
We will not hold our peace,
Till Israel's wrongs be all redressed,
And her dispersion cease.
- 2 Stir up Thy watchman, gracious Lord,
Unceasingly to cry,
O Lord be mindful of Thy word,
Thy promise verify.
- 3 Jerusalem make thou a praise,
Abroad in all the earth,
And let her to Messiah raise,
A song of holy mirth.
- 4 By day and night we cry to Thee,
As Thy remembrancers,
Oh, set the sons of Zion free,
And dry up all their tears.

SERVICE.

- 5 Proclaim the marriage of the land,
With its long faithless sons,
And restoration, near at hand,
From North and Southern zones.
- 6 To Zion's daughter we'll proclaim
The advent of her Lord,
Salvation for her in His name,
Messiah's blest reward.

278

S.M.

- 1 Revive Thy work, O Lord,
Thy mighty arm make bare ;
Speak with the voice that wakes the dead,
And make Thy people hear.
- 2 Revive Thy work, O Lord,
Disturb this sleep of death,
Quicken the smouldering embers now,
By Thine almighty breath.
- 3 Revive Thy work, O Lord,
Create soul-thirst for Thee;
And hungering for the bread of life,
Oh may our spirits be !
- 4 Revive Thy work, O Lord,
Exalt Thy precious name :
And, by the Holy Ghost, our love
For Thee and Thine inflame.
- 5 Revive Thy work, O Lord,
And give refreshing showers,
The glory shall be all Thine own,
And blessing, Lord, be ours.

SERVICE.

279

P. M.

- 1 THOU, whose almighty word,
Chaos and darkness heard,
And took their flight :
Hear us, we humbly pray,
And where the Gospel's day
Sheds not its glorious ray,
"Let there be light."
- 2 Thou, who didst come to bring,
On Thy redeeming wing,
Healing and sight,
Health to the sick in mind,
Sight to the inly blind :
Oh ! now to all mankind
"Let there be light."
- 3 Spirit of truth and love,
Life-giving, holy Dove,
Speed forth Thy flight :
Move o'er the waters' face,
Bearing the lamp of grace,
And in earth's darkest place,
"Let there be light."
- 4 Blessèd and Holy Three,
Glorious Trinity,
Wisdom, Love, Might !
Boundless as ocean's tide
Rolling in fullest pride,
Through the world, far and wide,
"Let there be light !"

EXPERIENCE.

280

P.M.

- 1 THE cross! the cross! the Christian's only
glory;
I see the standard rise;
March on, march on, the cross of Christ
before thee—
That cross all hell defies,
- 2 The cross! the cross! Redemption's stan-
dard raising;—
I see the banner wave;
Sing on, sing on, Salvation's Captain
praising;
'Tis Christ alone can save.
- 3 The crown! the crown!—ah! who at last
shall gain it?—
The cross a crown affords;
Press on, press on, with courage to obtain it,
The battle is the Lord's.

281

EXPERIENCE.

11s.

- 1 I ONCE was a stranger to grace and to God,
I knew not my danger and felt not my
load;
Though friends spoke in rapture of Christ
on the tree,
"JEHOVAH TSIDKENU" was nothing to me.

"(our) righteous God"

EXPERIENCE.

- 2 Like tears from the daughters of Zion that
roll,
I wept when the waters went over His soul ;
Yet thought not that my sins had nail'd to
the tree
"JEHOVAH TSIDKENU:" 'twas nothing to me.
- 3 When free grace awoke me, by light from
on high,
Then legal fears shook me, I trembled to
die ;
No refuge nor safety in self could I see—
"JEHOVAH TSIDKENU" my Saviour must be.
- 4 My terrors all vanish'd before the sweet
name,
My guilty fears banish'd with boldness I
came
To drink at the fountain, life-giving and
free ;
"JEHOVAH TSIDKENU" is all things to me.
- 5 E'en treading the valley, the shadow of
death,
This "watchword" should rally my falter-
ing breath ;
For if from life's fever my God set me free,
"JEHOVAH TSIDKENU" my death-song shall
be.

282

7.6.

- 1 I THOUGHT that I was strong, Lord,
And did not need Thine arm :
Though troubles thronged around me,
My heart felt no alarm.

EXPERIENCE.

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

2 But Thou hast broke the spell, Lord,
And waked me from my dream ;
The light has burst into my soul,
With bright unerring beam.
Oh ! Thou hast given me sight, Lord,
And I can see within ;
I see that all my heart is dyed
With deepest stain of sin.

3 For I know Thy blood has cleansed my soul,
And I know that I'm forgiven ;
And all the roughest paths on earth
Will surely end in heaven.
For I know that I am Thine, Lord,
That none can pluck away
The feeblest sheep that ever yet
Did make Thine arm its stay.

4 My soul it slept the sleep of death,
But Thou hast given it life ;
And with a spirit strong in Thee,
I'm ready for the strife :
Ready to work and suffer—
To love, and hope, and pray :
Ready to go to Thee, Lord,
When Thou shalt call away.

EXPERIENCE.

283

C. M.

- 1 In evil long I took delight,
Unawed by shame or fear,
Till a new object struck my sight,
And stopped my wild career.
- 2 I saw One hanging on a tree,
In agonies and blood,
Who fix'd His languid eyes on me,
As near His cross I stood.
- 3 Sure never till my latest breath
Can I forget that look ;
It seem'd to charge me with His death,
Though not a word He spoke.
- 4 My conscience felt and own'd the guilt,
And plung'd me in despair ;
I saw my sins His blood had spilt,
And help'd to nail Him there.
- 5 Alas, I knew not what I did,
But now my tears are vain ;
Where shall my trembling soul be hid,
For I, the Lord, have slain.
- 6 A second look He gave, which said,
I freely all forgive ;
This blood is for thy ransom paid,
I die that thou may'st live.
- 7 Thus while His death my sin displays
In all its blackest hue,
Such is the mystery of grace,
It seals my pardon too.

EXPERIENCE.

8 With pleasing grief and mournful joy
My spirit now is fill'd,
That I should such a life destroy,
Yet live by Him I kill'd.

284 *Bella*

S.M.

- 1 I WAS a wand'ring sheep,
I did not love the fold ;
I did not love my Shepherd's voice,
I would not be controll'd.
- 2 I WAS a wayward child,
I did not love my home ;
I did not love my Father's voice,
I loved afar to roam.
- 3 The Shepherd sought His sheep,
The Father sought His child,
They follow'd me o'er vale and hill,
O'er desert, waste, and wild.
- 4 They found me nigh to death,
Famish'd, and faint, and lone ;
They bound me with the bands of love,
They saved the wand'ring one.
- 5 They spoke in tender love,
They raised my drooping head,
They gently closed my bleeding wounds,
My fainting soul they fed.
- 6 Jesus my Shepherd is—
'Twas He that loved my soul ;
'Twas He that washed me in His blood ;
'Twas He that made me whole.

EXPERIENCE.

7 'Twas He that sought the lost,
That found the wand'ring sheep ;
'Twas He that brought me to the fold ;
'Tis He that still doth keep.

285

L.M. P.M

- 1 THE wanderer no more will roam,
The lost one to the fold hath come,
The prodigal is welcomed home,
O Lamb of God, in Thee !
- 2 Though clad in rags, by sin defiled,
The Father hath embraced His child ;
And I am pardon'd, reconciled,
O Lamb of God, in Thee !
- 3 It is the Father's joy to bless ;
His love provides for me a dress—
A robe of spotless righteousness,
O Lamb of God, in Thee !
- 4 Now shall my famish'd soul be fed,
A feast of love for me is spread ;
I feed upon the children's bread,
O Lamb of God, in Thee !
- 5 Yea, in the fulness of His grace,
He puts me in the children's place,
Where I may gaze upon His face,
O Lamb of God, in Thee !
- 6 I cannot half His love express ;
Yet, Lord, with joy my lips confess
This blessed portion I possess,
O Lamb of God, in Thee !

EXPERIENCE.

7 And when I in Thy likeness shine,
The glory and the praise be Thine,
That everlasting joy is mine,
O Lamb of God, in Thee!

286

P.M.

- 1 Now I have found a Friend,
His love shall never end,
Though earthly joys decrease,
Though human friendships cease,
Now I have lasting peace—
- Jesus is mine.
Jesus is mine.
Jesus is mine.
- 2 Though I grow poor and old,
He will my faith uphold,
He shall my wants supply,
His precious blood is nigh,
Nought can my hope destroy—
- Jesus is mine.
Jesus is mine.
Jesus is mine.
- 3 When earth shall pass away,
In the great judgment day,
Oh! what a glorious thing,
Soon to behold my King,
On tuneful harp to sing,
- Jesus is mine.
Jesus is mine.
Jesus is mine.

EXPERIENCE.

- 4 Farewell mortality !
Welcome eternity !
He my Redemption is,
Wisdom and Righteousness,
Life, Light, and Holiness—
- Jesus is mine.
Jesus is mine.
Jesus is mine.
- 5 Father, Thy name I bless,
Thine was the sovereign grace,
Spirit of holiness,
Sealing the Father's grace,
Thou mad'st my soul embrace,
- Jesus is mine.
Jesus is mine.
Jesus as mine.

287

8s.

- 1 A DEBTOR to mercy alone,
Of covenant mercy I sing,
Nor fear, with Thy righteousness on,
My person and off'rings to bring,
The terrors of law and of God,
With me can have nothing to do ;
My Saviour's obedience and blood,
Hide all my transgressions from view.
- 2 The work which His goodness began,
The arm of His strength will complete ;
His promise is "Yea and Amen,"
And never was forfeited yet ;

EXPERIENCE.

Things future, nor things that are now,
Not all things below or above,
Can make Him His purpose forego,
Or sever my soul from His love.

- 3 My name from the palms of His hands
Eternity will not erase—
Impressed on His heart it remains,
In marks of indelible grace.
Yes, I to the end shall endure,
As sure as the earnest is given—
More happy but not more secure,
The souls of the blessed in heaven.

288

7.6.

- 1 LORD JESUS, we believing
In Thee have peace with God,
Eternal life receiving,
The purchase of Thy blood.
Our curse and condemnation
Thou bearest in our stead ;
Secure is our salvation
In Thee, our risen Head.
- 2 The Holy Ghost revealing
Thy work, has made us blest ;
Thy stripes have giv'n us healing :
Upon Thy love we rest.
In Thee the Father sees us,
Accepted and complete ;
Thy blood from sin which frees us,
For glory makes us meet.

R

EXPERIENCE.

- 3 We know that nought can sever
Our souls, O Lord, from Thee,
And thus united ever
To all Thy saints are we.
We know Thy word declaring
The Father's wondrous love,
In which we all are sharing
With Thee, our Head, above.
- 4 May we this love be showing
To all Thy members here,
The channels for its flowing,
Until Thou shalt appear;
Till all the Church in union
Around the Father's throne
Shall stand in blest communion,
For ever join'd in one.

289

7s.

- 1 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 ? ”
- 2 “ 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.
- 3 “ Can a mother's tender care
Cease toward the child she bare ?
Yes, she may forgetful be,
Yet will I remember thee.

EXPERIENCE.

- 4 " Mine is an unchanging love,
Higher than the heights above,
Deeper than the depths beneath ;
Free and faithful, strong as death.
- 5 " Thou shalt see My glory soon,
When the work of grace is done ;
Partner of My throne shall be ;
Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou Me ? "
- 6 Lord, it is my chief complaint,
That my love is weak and faint ;
Yet I love Thee and adore ;—
Oh for grace to love Thee more !

290

S.M.

- 1 I HEAR the words of love,
I gaze upon the blood,
I see the mighty sacrifice,
And I have peace with God.
- 2 'Tis everlasting peace !
Sure as Jehovah's name,
'Tis stable as His steadfast throne,
For evermore the same.
- 3 My love is oftentimes low,
My joy still ebbs and flows,
But peace with Him remains the same,
No change Jehovah knows.
- 4 That which can shake the Cross
May shake the peace it gave,
Which tells me Christ has never died,
Or never left the grave !

EXPERIENCE.

- 5 Till then my peace is sure,
It will not, cannot yield ;
Jesus, I know, has died and lives—
On this firm rock I build.
- 6 I change, He changes not ;
My Christ can never die :
His love, not mine, the resting-place,
His truth, not mine, the tie.
- 7 The Cross still stands unchanged,
Though heaven is now His home ;
The mighty stone is rolled away,
But yonder is His tomb.
- 8 And yonder is my peace,
The grave of all my woes !
I know the Son of God has come,
I know He died and rose.
- 9 I know He liveth now
At God's right hand above ;
I know the throne on which He sits,
I know His truth and love !

291

S.M.

- 1 I BLESS the Christ of God ;
I rest on love divine ;
And with unfaltering love and heart,
I call this Saviour mine.
- 2 His cross dispels each doubt ;
I bury in His tomb
Each thought of unbelief and fear,
Each lingering shade of gloom.

EXPERIENCE.

- 3 I praise the God of grace ;
I trust His truth and might ;
He calls me His, I call Him mine,
My God, my joy, my light.
- 4 In Him is only good,
In me is only ill ;
My ill but draws His goodness forth,
And me He loveth still.
- 5 'Tis He who saveth me,
And freely pardon gives ;
I love because He loveth me,
I live because He lives.
- 6 My life with Him is hid,
My death has pass'd away,
My clouds have melted into light,
My midnight into day.

292

6.10s.

- 1 Long did I toil, and knew no earthly rest ;
Far did I rove, and found no certain
home :
At last I sought them in His sheltering
breast,
Who opes His arms and bids the weary
come.
With Him I found a home, a rest divine ;
And I since then am His, and He is mine.

EXPERIENCE.

- 2 Yes, He is mine ! and nought of earthly things,
Not all the charms of pleasure, wealth or power,
The fame of heroes, or the pomp of kings,
Could tempt me to forego His love an hour.
“Go, worthless world,” I cry, with all that’s thine !
“Go ! I, my Saviour’s am, and He is mine.”
- 3 Whate’er may change, in Him no change is seen,
A glorious sun, that wanes not, nor declines ;
Above the clouds and storm He walks serene,
And sweetly on His people’s darkness shines :
All may depart ; I fret not, nor repine,
While I my Saviour’s am, while He is mine.
- 4 He stays me falling, lifts me up when down,
Reclaims me wandering, guards from every foe,
Plants on my worthless brow the victor’s crown,
Which in return before His feet I throw ;
Grieved that I cannot better grace His shrine,
Who deigns to own me His, as He is mine.

EXPERIENCE.

5 While here alas ! I know but half His love,
But half discern Him, and but half
adore ;
But when I meet Him in the realms above,
I then shall love Him better, praise Him
more ;
And feel, and tell, amid the choir divine,
How fully I am His, and He is mine.

293

10s.

- 1 WEARY of earth, and laden with my sin,
I look at heaven, and long to enter in ;
But there no evil thing may find a home,
And yet I hear a voice that bids me
“Come.”
- 2 It is the voice of Jesus that I hear,
His are the hands stretched out to draw
me near,
And His the blood that did for all atone,
And set me faultless there before the
Throne.
- 3 Yea, Thou dost answer for me, Righteous
Lord ;
Thine all the merit, mine the great reward.
Thine the sharp thorns, and mine the
golden crown ;
Mine the life won, and Thine the life laid
down.

EXPERIENCE.

4 Nought can I bring, dear Lord, for all I
owe,
Yet, let my full heart what it can bestow ;
Like Mary's gift let my devotion prove,
Forgiven greatly, how I greatly love.

294

S. M.

- 1 LORD, Thou hast won my heart,
It rests alone in Thee ;
Sweet conscious rest I know is mine,
Through Thy great love to me.
- 2 Long had I wished for love ;
I tried, but all in vain ;
Those days, alas ! were weary days,
I wish them not again.
- 3 How could I give Thee that
Which never was mine own ;
How could I ever love, while yet,
Love's object was unknown.
- 4 Ah, no—I found Thy love—
Thyself must first be seen,
Ere love to Thee could freely flow,
This cold, dead heart within.
- 5 As ivy firmly clings
Unbidden to its stay—
As flow'rs, untoiling, sweetly yield
Their fragrance to the day—
- 6 So, when I saw Thy love,
At once I felt mine own,
With no more effort, fondly clasped
Around *Thyself* alone.

EXPERIENCE.

- 7 Oh! Saviour, Lord, still make
Thyself much more to me!
And my responsive, conscious love
A bright reality!

295

8.7.

- 1 MARVEL not that Christ in glory,
All my inmost heart hath won—
Not a star to cheer my darkness,
But a light beyond the sun.
All below lies dark and shadowed,
Nothing there to rest my heart,
Save the lonely track of sorrow,
Where of old He walked apart.
- 2 I have seen the face of Jesus,
Tell me not of aught beside:
I have heard the voice of Jesus—
All my soul is satisfied.
In the radiance of the glory,
First I saw His blessed face,
And for ever shall that glory
Be my home, my dwelling-place.
- 3 Sinners, it was not to angels,
All this wondrous love was given,
But to one who scorned, despised Him—
Scorned, and hated Christ in heaven
From the lowest depths of darkness
To the throne in heaven on high.
Thus in me He told the measure
Of His love's great mystery.

EXPERIENCE.

296

11s.

- 1 My Jesus, I love Thee, I know Thou art
mine,
My Rock and my Fortress, my Surety
Divine,
My gracious Redeemer, my Saviour, art
Thou,
If ever I loved Thee, my Jesus, 'tis now.
- 2 I love Thee because Thou hast first lovèd
me,
And purchased my pardon on Calvary's
tree ;
I love Thee for wearing the thorns on
Thy brow—
If ever I loved Thee, my Jesus, 'tis now.
- 3 I will love Thee in life, I will love Thee
in death,
And praise Thee as long as Thou lendest
me breath ;
And say, if the death-dew lie cold on my
brow
If ever I loved Thee, my Jesus, 'tis now.
- 4 In mansions of glory, and endless delight,
I then will adore Thee in regions of light
I will sing with the glittering crown on
my brow—
If ever I loved Thee, my Jesus, 'tis now.

(S. P. ...)

EXPERIENCE.

297 *S. P. ... 1869, P.M.*

1 MORE love to Thee, O Christ!

More love to Thee!

Hear Thou the prayer I make

On bended knee;

This is my earnest plea—

More love, O Christ to Thee!

More love to Thee!

2 Once earthly joy I craved,

Sought peace and rest;

Now Thee alone I seek,

Give what is best.

This all my prayer shall be—

More love, O Christ, to Thee!

More love to Thee!

3 Let sorrow do its work,

Send grief and pain;

Sweet are Thy messengers,

Sweet their refrain,

When they can sing with me—

More love, O Christ, to Thee!

More love to Thee!

4 Then shall my latest breath

Whisper Thy praise;

This be the parting cry

My heart shall raise,

This still its prayer shall be—

More love, O Christ, to Thee!

More love to Thee!

EXPERIENCE.

298

7.6.

- 1 O LORD, Thy love's unbounded,
So sweet, so full, so free—
My soul is all transported,
Whene'er I think on Thee.
- 2 Yet, Lord, alas! what weakness
Within myself I find!
No infant's changing pleasure
Is like my wand'ring mind.
- 3 And yet Thy love's unchanging,
And doth recall my heart
To joy in all its brightness—
The peace its beams impart.
- 4 Yet sure, if in Thy presence
My soul still constant were,
Mine eye would, more familiar,
Its brighter glories bear.
- 5 And thus, Thy deep perfections
Much better should I know,
And with adoring fervour
Should in Thy likeness grow.
- 6 How sweet 'tis to discover,
If clouds have dimmed my sight,
When pass'd, Eternal Lover!
Towards me, as e'er, Thou'rt bright!
- 7 Oh, keep my soul then, Jesus!
Abiding still with Thee;
And if I wander, teach me,
Soon back to Thee to flee.

EXPERIENCE.

8 That all Thy gracious favour
May to my soul be known ;
And versed in this—Thy goodness,
My hopes Thyself shall crown.

299

P. M.

- 1 I WOULD abide in that deep love of Thine,
My Jesus, Lord, Thou Lamb of God divine !
Down, closely down, as living branch with
tree,
I would abide, my Lord, my Christ, in Thee,
And Thou in me.
- 2 Abide in Thee, my Saviour God, I know
How love of Thine so vast in me may flow,
My empty vessel running o'er with joy,
Now overflows to Thee, without alloy,
My best employ.
- 3 Abide in Thee, nor doubt, nor self, nor sin,
Can e'er prevail with Thy blest life within ;
Joined to Thyself, communing deep, my soul
Knows nought besides its motions to
control—
Thou hast my whole.
- 4 Abide in Thee, dear hiding place secure,
May oft deep purging for my sins ensure,
But branch, when pruned is nearest to the
hand,
Though bleeding much, is what Thy love
hath planned.
Shall I withstand !

EXPERIENCE.

- 5 Abide in Thee, 'tis thus I inly know,
The secrets of Thy mind e'en while below,
All joy and peace, all knowledge of Thy
word,
All power and fruit in service for the Lord,
It doth afford.
- 6 Abide in Thee, one life is mine and Thine,
All fulness that's in Thee is counted mine,
As branch must bear the life fruit of the
tree,
So thus to show Thyself Thou needest me,
As I need Thee.

300

C.M.

- 1 O JESUS Lord, grow Thou in me,
And all things else recede :
My heart be daily nearer Thee,
From sin be daily freed.
- 2 Each day let Thy supporting might
My weakness still embrace.
My darkness vanish in Thy light,
Thy life my death efface.
- 3 In Thy bright beams which on me fall,
Fade every evil thought ;
That I am nothing, Thou art all,
I would be daily taught.
- 4 Daily more filled with Thee my heart,
Daily from self more free ;
Thou to whom prayer did strength impart,
Of my prayer hearer be.

EXPERIENCE.

5 Let faith in Thee, and in Thy might,
My every motive move,
Be Thou alone my soul's delight,
My passion and my love.

301

7.6.

1 To Thee, O blessed Saviour !
My spirit turns for rest,
My peace is in Thy favour,
My pillow on Thy breast :
Though all the world deceive me,
I know that I am Thine,
And Thou wilt never leave me,
Oh, blessed Saviour, mine.

2 In Thee my trust abideth,
On Thee my hope relies,
O Thou whose love provideth
For all beneath the skies :
O Thou whose mercy found me,
From bondage set me free,
And then for ever bound me
With threefold cords to Thee.

3 Alas that I should ever
Have failed in love to Thee,
The only One who never
Forgot or slighted me !
O for a heart to love Thee
More truly as I ought,
And nothing place above Thee,
In deed, or word, or thought !

EXPERIENCE.

302

P. M.

- 1 JESUS, I rest in Thee,
In Thee myself I hide ;
Laden with guilt and misery,
Where can I rest beside ?
'Tis on Thy meek and lowly breast
My weary soul alone I rest.
- 2 Thou Holy One of God,
The Father rests in Thee ;
And in the savour of that blood,
Which speaks to Him for me,
The curse is gone—through Thee I'm blest,
God rests in Thee—in Thee I rest.
- 3 The slave of sin and fear,
The truth my bondage broke ;
My happy spirit loves to wear
Thy light and easy yoke ;
Thy love which fills my grateful breast,
Makes duty joy, and labour rest.
- 4 Soon the bright glorious day,
The rest of God shall come,
Sorrow and sin shall pass away,
And I shall reach my home ;
There of the promised land possessed,
My soul shall know eternal rest.

303

8. 7.

- 1 In the bosom of the Father,
Centre of His endless love ;
In the light and in the glory,
Thus in Christ I dwell above.

EXPERIENCE.

- 2 There, above, I rest, untroubled,
All my service to adore !
Cross and chain, and death and sorrow,
Left behind for evermore.
- 3 Therefore am I never weary,
Journeying onward through the waste,
And the bitter Marah waters
Have but sweetness to my taste.
- 4 Can there be but joy and glory
In His cross and shame below ?
Sweet each mark of His rejection,
Where His steps are I must go.
- 5 One the path, and one the sorrow,
Path the angels cannot tread ;
Sorrow giving sweet assurance,
We are members, He the Head,
- 6 There, on high, that path will bring us
To the place where He is gone,
Thus, the silver trumpet, sounding,
Through the waste we journey on.

304

8.5.

- 1 WHERE the heart of God is resting,
There my rest I find ;
Christ in all His stainless glory,
His delight and mine.
There, in deep unhindered fulness,
Doth my joy flow free—
On through everlasting ages,
Lord, beholding Thee.

8

EXPERIENCE.

Round me is creation groaning,
Death, and sin, and care ;
But there is a rest remaining,
And my Lord is there.
There I find a blessed stillness,
Where He rests in love ;
All below, the strife and darkness,
Cloudless peace above.

305

P. M.

- 1 My God ! what perfect rest is Thine !
Thy rest is in Thy Son ;
'Tis all unspeakable, divine,
Thy rest and mine are one.
Inside the circle of Thy love,
Joined to His Life I am above ;
How sweet with Thee, my God, to share
The joy which is Thy portion there !
- 2 My Jesus, Lord, in Thee I rest ;
Thou bidst me rest in Thee ;
My welcome to Thy loving breast
Is Thy dear thought of me.
The peace which thus I have above
Rests on Thy deep, unchanging love :
Oh ! then, my soul, but rest the more,
Nor yield to sin or Satan's power.
- 3 God finds, Thou spotless One, in Thee,
Where all perfections dwell,
All that His heart could wish for me—
All that He e'er could tell.

EXPERIENCE.

He finds me ransomed, righteous, fair,
Where all His joys transcendent are,
He finds me perfect for His praise,
His glory through eternal days.

- 4 O keep me then, dear, loving Lord,
Abiding in Thee still ;
In deep communion through Thy word,
Thy life in me fulfil.
Dark shadows here are all around,
I'm only safe as in Thee found :
Soon, and for ever, on Thy breast
Will be my long, eternal rest.

306

D.C.M.

- 1 My heart is resting, O my God ;
I will give praise and sing ;
My heart is at the secret source
Of every precious thing.
Now the frail vessel Thou hast made,
No hand but Thine shall fill ;
For waters of the earth have failed,
And I am thirsting still.
- 2 I thirst for springs of heavenly life,
And here all day they rise ;
I seek the treasure of Thy love,
And close at hand it lies.
And a new song is in my mouth,
To long-loved music set :
Glory to Thee for all the grace
I have not tasted yet.

EXPERIENCE.

3 I have a heritage of joy
That yet I must not see :
The hand that bled to make it mine
Is keeping it for me !
My heart is resting on His truth
Who hath made all things mine,
Who draws my captive will to Him,
And makes it one with Thine.

307

10s.

1 Not what I am, O Lord, but what Thou
art !
That, that alone can be my soul's true rest ;
Thy love, not mine, bids fear and doubt
depart,
And stills the tempest of my tossing breast.

2 'Tis what I know of Thee, my Lord and
God,
That fills my soul with peace, my lips with
song ;
Thou art my health, my joy, my staff and rod,
Leaning on Thee, in weakness I am strong.

3 I am all want and hunger ; this faint heart
Pines for a fulness which it finds not here ;
Dear ones are leaving, and as they depart,
Make room within for something yet more
dear.

EXPERIENCE.

4 More of Thyself, oh ! show me, hour by
hour,
More of Thy glory, O my God and Lord :
More of Thyself, in all Thy grace and power ;
More of Thy love and truth Incarnate
Word !

308

L. M.

- 1 JESUS, my Lord, 'tis sweet to rest
Upon Thy loving, faithful breast,
Where deep compassions ever roll
To soothe my helpless, weary soul.
- 2 Thy love, my Saviour, dries my tears ;
Expels my griefs, and calms my fears ;
Sheds light and gladness o'er my heart,
And bids each anxious thought depart.
- 3 Blest foretaste this of joys to come
In Thine eternal, heavenly home,
Where I shall see Thy smiling face,
And know Thy rich unfathom'd grace !
- 4 That grace sustains my spirit now,
Though still a pilgrim here below ;
That grace suffices, comforts, guides,
Upholds, defends, preserves, provides.
- 5 Yes, Thou art with me, O my God,
To bear me on to Thine abode,
Where I shall never cease to prove
Thy deep, divine, unfailing love.

EXPERIENCE.

6 Help me to praise Thee day by day,
Till earth's dark scenes have pass'd away,
Till in Thine own unclouded light
Thy glory satisfies my sight.

309

8.7.

1 'Tis in trusting Thee, my Saviour,
Peace and joy and strength are found ;
'Tis while hiding in Thy bosom,
Balm is felt for every wound.
'Tis in knowing Thee, O Jesus,
Life and love possess the heart ;
Richest grace and truest freedom,
Thou dost to my soul impart.

2 'Tis in cleaving to Thee only
That my spirit finds its rest ;
'Tis while gazing on Thy beauty,
I am truly, fully blest.
'Tis in drawing from Thy fulness
Every want becomes supplied ;
Truly Thou hast made me righteous,
Thou for my deep guilt hast died.

3 Thou art pleading for me ever,
In the Father's house above :
Nothing shall my spirit sever
From Thy true, Thy changeless love.
Thou canst scatter all my sadness ;
Chase my every grief and pain ;
Fill my heart with joy and gladness ;
Wake my song of praise again.

EXPERIENCE.

- 4 Keep me then, Lord Jesus, near Thee,
Resting in Thy precious love,
Till Thine unveiled presence cheer me
In Thine own blest courts above.
O to sound Thine endless praises
Where Thy ransomed hosts adore ;
Where nor earth, nor sin, nor sorrow,
Cast a shadow evermore !
- 5 Where Thy brightness makes the glory ;
Where Thy love diffused is heaven ;
Where Thy smile is constant sunlight
On the souls Thou hast forgiven—
There I long to dwell before Thee,
Know Thy presence as my home,
Love and worship and adore Thee—
Come, Lord Jesus, quickly come !

310

8.7.4.

- 1 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.
- 2 Could we stay where death is hov'ring ?
Could we rest on such a shore ?
No ; the awful truth discov'ring,
We could linger there no more.
We forsake it,
Leaving all we loved before.

EXPERIENCE.

3 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.

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

5 Render'd safe by His protection,
We shall pass the watery waste,
Trusting in His wise direction,
We shall gain the port at last ;
And with wonder
Think on toils and dangers past,

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

311

7.6.

1 O Jesus, at Thy shining,
The shadows flee away ;
Upon Thy breast reclining,
My strength is as my day.

EXPERIENCE.

Thy love, Thy grace abounding,
Met all my sin and shame ;
O for a harp resounding
The music of Thy name.

2 Oh ! Jesus faileth never !
And 'tis my sweet employ
To sit and rest for ever
By this one well of joy ;
If nought beside abiding—
If spent be all my store—
In Jesus' love confiding,
My cup must still run o'er.

3 If here on earth I wander
So happy in Thy love,
What bliss awaits me yonder,
With Thee, O Lord, above.
Through Thy atoning merit,
Made victor in the strife ;
The kingdom I'll inherit,
And wear the crown of life.

4 Oh Jesus ! it is written
(With transports be it told),
Thou for Thy sheep wast smitten !
Such love can ne'er grow cold !
My lonely bark was drifting
Far on a shoreless sea,
Thine eye beheld my peril,
Thy mercy rescued me.

EXPERIENCE.

5 Now in the quiet haven
Of Thy almighty grace,
I sing of sins forgiven,
Of Christ my hiding-place.
Here nothing may alarm me,
In safety I abide ;
There's not a foe can harm me,
With Jesus at my side.

312

7.6.

- 1 **SOMETIMES** a light surprises
The Christian while he sings ;
It is the Lord who rises
With healing in His wings.
When comforts are declining,
He grants the soul again
A season of clear shining,
To cheer it after rain.
- 2 In holy contemplation,
We sweetly then pursue
The theme of God's salvation,
And find it ever new ;
Set free from present sorrow,
We cheerfully can say
E'en let the unknown morrow
Bring with it what it may.
- 3 It can bring with it nothing
But He will bear us through ;
Who gives the lilies clothing,
Will clothe His people too ;

EXPERIENCE.

Beneath the spreading heavens
No creature but is fed ;
And He who feeds the ravens,
Will give His children bread.

- 4 Though vine nor fig-tree neither
Their wonted fruit shall bear,
Though all the field should wither,
Nor flocks nor herds be there ;
Yet God the same abiding,
His praise shall tune my voice ;
For, while in Him confiding,
I cannot but rejoice.

313

8.7.

- 1 PRECIOUS SAVIOUR ! Thou hast link'd us
In Thy deep, unchanging love ;
There in spirit Thou wilt keep us,
Happy in Thyself above.
There remaining and confiding,
Love unbounded Thou dost prove.
- 2 Blessèd is each sweet endeavour
Of our souls Thy grace to own ,
Blessèd, too, the Father's favour—
Love of Father to the Son—
Ever flowing, flowing to us,
Through Thyself, His perfect One.
- 3 Sweet it is, with sins forgiven,
Yea, with bitter conflicts o'er,
Still to find in Thee our heaven,
Still to find Thy love the more.
Grace abounding, never ending,
Is in Thee a plenteous store.

EXPERIENCE.

- 4 Blessed Lord ! what times of sorrow
Do our failings oft ensure,
As to-day, the same to-morrow,
Till the dark'ning cloud is o'er ;
But Thy pity, wondrous pity,
Meets us in the contrite hour.
- 5 O ! to keep for ever near Thee,
Go no more from where Thou art,
Know Thee, trust 'Thee, never grieve Thee,
Love Thee with adoring heart :
Sweet communion, still enjoying,
Freed from sins condemning smart.
- 6 Endless pleasures soon await us,
Tears no more shall dim our eyes,
Thou Thyself wilt come and take us
To our home beyond the skies ;
Full redemption, in a moment !
Ours eternal as we rise.

314

6. 8s.

- 1 THOU hidden love of God, whose height,
Whose depth unfathom'd no man knows,
I see from far Thy beauteous light,
And inly sigh for Thy repose :
My heart is pain'd, nor can it be
At rest, till it finds rest in Thee.
- 2 Is there a thing beneath the sun
That strives with Thee my heart to share ?
Oh ! tear it thence and reign alone,
The Lord of every motion there.

EXPERIENCE.

Then shall my heart from earth be free,
When it has found repose in Thee.

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

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

315

6.8a.

1 O LORD, Thy boundless love to me
No thought can reach, no tongue declare;
Then bend my wayward heart to Thee,
And reign without a rival there.
From Thee, my Lord, I all receive—
Thine, wholly Thine, alone I'd live.

2 O Lord, how cheering is Thy way!
How blest, how gracious in mine eyes!
Care, anguish, sorrow, pass away,
And fear before Thy presence flies!
Lord Jesus, nothing would I see,
Nothing desire, apart from Thee.

EXPERIENCE.

- 3 'Mid conflict be Thy love, my peace,
In weakness be Thy love, my strength :
And when the storms of life shall cease,
And Thou from heav'n shall come at
length,
O Jesus, then this heart shall be
For ever satisfied with Thee.

316

P.M.

- 1 PASS away earthly joy,
Jesus is mine !
Break every mortal tie,
Jesus is mine !
Dark is the wilderness ;
Distant my resting-place ;
Jesus alone can bless :—
Jesus is mine !
- 2 Tempt not my soul away,
Jesus is mine !
Here would I ever stay,
Jesus is mine !
Perishing things of clay,
Born but for one brief day,
Pass from my heart away,
Jesus is mine !
- 3 Fare ye well, dreams of night,
Jesus is mine !
Mine is a dawning bright,
Jesus is mine !

EXPERIENCE.

All that my soul has tried
Left but a dismal void ;
Jesus has satisfied,—
Jesus is mine !

4 Farewell mortality,
Jesus is mine !
Welcome eternity,
Jesus is mine !
Welcome ye scenes of rest,
Welcome ye mansions blest,
Welcome a Saviour's breast,
Jesus is mine !

317

W. A. 15

L.M.

- 1 WHAT sinners value I resign :
Lord, 'tis enough that Thou art mine ;
I shall behold Thy blissful face,
And stand complete in righteousness.
- 2 This life's a dream, an empty show ;
But the bright world to which I go
Hath joys substantial and sincere :
When shall I wake and find me there ?
- 3 Oh glorious hour ; oh blest abode !
I shall be near and like my God ;
And flesh and sin no more control
The sacred pleasures of my soul.
- 4 My flesh may slumber in the ground
Till the last trumpet's joyful sound ;
Then burst the chains with sweet surprise,
And in my Saviour's image rise.

EXPERIENCE.

318

8.7.4.

- 1 Ours are flowers that know no fading,
Everlasting is their bloom :
Ours is light that knows no shading,
Shining e'en 'mid Egypt's gloom.
Ours is glory—
Ours is life beyond the tomb.
- 2 Ours is strength that never faileth,
Rough and dreary though the way ;
Ours is power that still prevaieth
'Gainst the hostile foe's array.
Ours is pardon—
Peace that none can take away.
- 3 One there is to whom we're going—
One to whom we owe our all ;
Daily grace is He bestowing ;
He sustains us lest we fall.
Precious Saviour !
On His name we love to call.
- 4 All the flowers that know no fading,
Sprang to beauty at His word ;
All the light that knows no shading,
Shines in Jesus Christ the Lord.
Life and glory
Have we in the Lamb of God.
- 5 Strength have we that never faileth,
In the shining of His face—
Power that ever more prevaieth,
Through His all-sufficient grace :
Blood-bought pardon—
Jesus is our Hiding-Place !

EXPERIENCE.

319

P.M.

1 O TELL me no more
Of this world's vain store ;
The time for such trifles with me now is o'er.

2 A country I've found,
Where true joys abound ;
To dwell I'm determined on that happy
ground,

3 The souls that believe,
In Paradise live ;
And me in that number will Jesus receive.

4 My soul, don't delay,
He calls thee away !
Rise, follow thy Saviour, and bless the glad
day.

5 No mortal doth know
What He can bestow—
What light, strength, and comfort ; go after
Him go !

6 Perhaps for His name,
Poor dust as I am,
Some works I shall finish with glad loving
aim.

7 I still (which is best)
Shall on His dear breast,
As at the beginning, find pardon and rest.

T

EXPERIENCE.

8 And if I'm to die,
 "Receive me," I'll cry.
For Jesus hath loved me, I cannot say why :

9 But this I do find,
 To Him I'm so joined,
He'll not live in glory and leave me behind.

320

C.M.

- 1 O LORD, my best desire fulfil,
 And help me to resign
 Life, health, and comfort to Thy will,
 And make Thy pleasure mine.
- 2 Why should I shrink at Thy command,
 Whose love forbids my fears ?
Or tremble at the gracious hand
 That wipes away my tears ?
- 3 No, rather let me freely yield
 What most I prize to Thee,
Who never hast a good withheld,
 Nor wilt withhold from me.
- 4 Thy favour all my journey through,
 Thou art engaged to grant ;
What else I want, or think I do,
 'Tis better still to want.
- 5 Wisdom and mercy guide my way,
 Shall I resist them both ?
A poor blind creature of a day,
 And crush'd before the moth !

EXPERIENCE.

6 But ah ! my inward spirit cries,
Still bind me to Thy sway ;
Else the next cloud that veils my skies
Drives all these thoughts away.

321

7.6.

- 1 WHERE are thy waves, O Jordan ?
Thy emptied bed lies dry,
And all thy power is broken,
Thy waters stand on high.
I fear not Jordan's river ;
Its flood is passed from me ;
And, hasting dry-shod over,
I soon at rest shall be.
- 2 I do not dread death's valley,
To me a pasture green ;
For there, beside still waters,
Is laid its peaceful scene.
I do not fear death's shadow,
A shadow ne'er can harm.
I must rejoice in Jesus,
When resting on His arm.
- 3 O grave, where is thy victory ?
O death, where is thy sting ?
Thy sting was lost on Calvary ;
Thou art a powerless thing.
Then lead me through thy portals,
Where Jesus passed before.
He comes to take me to my home,
Where I shall die no more.

EXPERIENCE.

4 I know my strength is failing,
I feel this eye grow dim ;
I gaze upon each loved one,
Yet long to be with Him—
With Him who is the glory
Of all that promised land,
And there to dwell in mansions
Prepared by His own hand.

322

C.M.

- 1 Oh, what a lonely path were ours,
Could we, O Father, see
No home nor rest beyond it all—
No guide nor help in Thee !
- 2 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.
- 3 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.
- 4 There, Jesus, on His heavenly throne,
Our wond'ring eyes shall see ;
While we, the blest associates there
Of all His joy shall be.
- 5 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.

EXPERIENCE.

323

11s.

- 1 O EYES that are weary, and hearts that
are sore !
Look off unto Jesus, and sorrow no more !
The light of His countenance shineth so
bright,
That on earth, as in heaven, there need be
no night.

- 2 "Looking off unto Jesus," my eyes cannot
see
The troubles and dangers that throng
around me :
They cannot be blinded with sorrowful
tears,
They cannot be shadowed with unbelief-
fears.

- 3 "Looking off unto Jesus," my spirit is
blest,
In the world I have turmoil—in Him I
have rest.
The sea of my life all about me may roar,
When I look unto Jesus I hear it no more.

- 4 "Looking off unto Jesus," I go not astray ;
My eyes are on Him, and He shows me the
way :
The path may seem dark, as He leads me
along,
But following Jesus, I cannot go wrong.

EXPERIENCE.

5 "Looking off unto Jesus," oh! may I be
found,
Though the waters of Jordan encompass
me round:
Let them bear me away in His presence
to be
'Tis but seeing Him nearer, whom always
I see.

6 Then, then shall I know the full beauty
and grace
Of Jesus my Lord, when I stand face to
face:
I shall know how His love went before me
each day,
And wonder that ever my eyes turned
away.

324

B. O. O. O. O.

7.6.

1 I LAY my sins on Jesus—
The spotless Lamb of God:
He bears them all, and frees us
From the accursèd load.
I bring my guilt to Jesus,
To wash my crimson stains
White in His blood most precious,
Till not a spot remains.

2 I lay my wants on Jesus—
All fulness dwells in Him;
He healeth my diseases,
He doth my soul redeem.

EXPERIENCE.

I lay my griefs on Jesus,
My burdens and my cares ;
He from them all releases,
He all my sorrow shares.

3 I rest my soul on Jesus,
This weary soul of mine ;
His right hand me embraces,
I on His breast recline.
I love the name of Jesus—
Immanuel, Christ, the Lord ;
Like fragrance on the breezes,
His name abroad is pour'd.

4 I long to be like Jesus—
Meek, loving, lowly, mild ;
I long to be like Jesus,
The Father's holy child.
I long to be with Jesus,
Amid the heavenly throng ;
To sing with saints His praises,
To join the angels' song.

325

E. B. ...

P.M.

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

EXPERIENCE.

- 2 I leave it all with Jesus, for He knows
How to steal the bitter from life's woes ;
How to gild the tear-drop with His smile,
Make the desert garden bloom awhile :
 When my weakness leaneth
 On His might, all seems light.
- 3 I leave it all with Jesus day by day ;
Faith can firmly trust Him, come what
 may,
Hope has dropp'd her anchor, found her
 rest
In the calm, sure haven of His breast ;
 Love esteems it heaven
 To abide, at His side.
- 4 Oh, leave it all with Jesus, drooping soul !
Tell not half thy story, but the whole.
Worlds on worlds are hanging on His
 hand,
Life and death are waiting His command ;
 Yet His tender bosom
 Makes thee room—Oh, come home !

326

Gerhard

S.M.

- 1 GIVE to the winds thy fears.
 Hope, and be undismay'd :
God hears thy sighs, and counts thy tears,
 God shall lift up thy head.
- 2 Through waves, and clouds, and storms,
 He gently clears thy way ;
Wait thou His time, so shall the night
 Soon end in joyful day.

EXPERIENCE.

- 3 Thou comprehend'st Him not ;
Yet earth and heaven tell
God sits as sovereign on the throne,
He ruleth all things well.
- 4 Leave to His sovereign will
To choose and to command ;
With wonder fill'd, thou then shalt own
How wise, how strong His hand.
- 5 Far, far above thy thought,
His counsel shall appear ;
When fully He the work hath wrought
Which caused thy needless fear.
- 6 Thou see'st our weakness, Lord,
Our hearts are known to Thee :
Oh ! lift Thou up the sinking hand,
Confirm the feeble knee !
- 7 Let us, in life and death,
Thy steadfast truth declare ;
And publish with our latest breath
Thy love and guardian care !

327

7s.

- 1 'Tis my happiness below
Not to live without the cross,
But the Saviour's power to know,
Sanctifying every loss.
- 2 Trials must and will befall ;
But with humble faith to see
Love inscribed upon them all,
This is happiness to me.

EXPERIENCE.

- 3 Trials make the promise sweet ;
Trials give new life to pray'r :
Trials bring me to His feet ;
Lay me low and keep me there.
- 4 Did I meet no trials here,
No chastisement by the way,
Might I not with reason fear,
I should prove a cast-away ?

328

C.M.

- 1 My Jesus, while in mortal flesh
I hold my frail abode,
Still would my spirit rest on Thee,
My Saviour and my God.
- 2 Yes, Thou didst love me tho' so vile—
Didst give Thyself for me—
Didst save me from eternal death,
Nail'd to the cursèd tree.
- 3 On Thy dear cross I fix mine eyes,
Then raise them to Thy seat ;
Till love dissolves my inmost soul,
At my Redeemer's feet.
- 4 Be dead, my heart, to worldly charms ;
Be dead to every sin ;
And tell the boldest foes without,
That Jesus reigns within.
- 5 My life with His united stands,
Nor asks a surer ground ;
He keeps me in His gracious arms,
Where heaven itself is found.

EXPERIENCE.

329 *Lady Powerscourt, &c.*

- 1 JESUS, my sorrow lies too deep
For human ministry :
It knows not how to tell itself
To any but to Thee.
- 2 Thou dost remember still, amid
The glories of God's throne,
The sorrows of mortality,
For they were once Thine own.
- 3 Yes, for as if Thou would'st be God,
E'en in Thy misery,
There's been no sorrow but Thine own
Untouched by sympathy.
- 4 Jesus, my fainting spirit brings
Its fearfulness to Thee,
Thine eye at least can penetrate
The clouded mystery.
- 5 And is it not enough—enough,
Thy tender sympathy ?
There is no sorrow e'er so deep,
But I may bring to Thee.

330

a. f.
Mrs. M. G.

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

EXPERIENCE.

- 2 I ask Thee for a thoughtful love,
Through constant watching wise,
To meet the glad with joyful smiles
To wipe the weeping eyes ;
And a heart at leisure from itself,
To soothe and sympathise.
- 3 I would not have the restless will
That hūries to and fro ;
Seeking for some great thing to do,
Or secret thing to know :
I would be treated as a child,
And guided where I go.
- 4 Wherever in the world I am,
In whatsoe'er estate,
I have a fellowship with hearts
To keep and cultivate ;
And a work of lowly love to do,
For the Lord on whom I wait.
- 5 So I ask Thee for the daily strength,
To none that ask denied,
And a mind to blend with outward life,
While keeping at Thy side ;
Content to fill a little space,
If Thou be glorified.
- 6 And if some things I do not ask
In my cup of blessing be,
I would have my spirit filled the more
With grateful love to Thee ;
More careful not to serve Thee much,
But to please Thee perfectly.

EXPERIENCE.

- 7 There are briars besetting every path,
That call for patient care ;
There is a cross in every lot,
And an earnest need for prayer ;
But a lowly heart that leans on Thee
Is happy anywhere.
- 8 In a service which Thy will appoints
There are no bonds for me ;
For my inmost heart is taught the truth
That makes Thy children free ;
And a life of self-renouncing love
Is a life of liberty !

331

C.M.

- 1 I bow me to Thy will, O God,
And all Thy ways adore ;
And every day I live I'll seek
To please Thee more and more.
- 2 I love to kiss each print where Christ
Did set His pilgrim feet ;
Nor can I fear that blessed path,
Whose traces are so sweet.
- 3 When obstacles and trials seem
Like prison walls to be,
I do the little I can do,
And leave the rest to Thee.
- 4 I have no cares, O blessed Lord,
For all my cares are Thine ;
I live in triumph, too, for Thou
Hast made Thy triumphs mine.

EXPERIENCE.

- 5 And when it seems no chance nor change
From grief can set me free,
Hope finds its strength in helplessness
And, patient, waits on Thee.
- 6 Lead on, lead on, triumphantly,
O blessed Lord, lead on!
Faith's pilgrim-sons behind Thee seek
The road that Thou hast gone.

332

7.6.

- 1 O JESUS ! Friend unfailing ! how dear Thou
art to me !
Are cares or fears assailing ? I find my
strength in Thee.
Why should my feet grow weary of this
my pilgrim way ?
Rough though the path and dreary, it ends
in perfect day !
- 2 Why should I droop in sorrow ?—Thou'rt
ever by my side !
Why, trembling, dread the morrow ?—
what ill can e'er betide ?
If I my cross have taken, 'tis but to follow
Thee ;
If scorn'd, despised, forsaken, nought
severs Thee from me !
- 3 O worldly pomp and glory ! your charms
are spread in vain !
I've heard a sweeter story ; I've found a
truer gain !

EXPERIENCE.

Where Christ a place prepareth, there is
my loved abode !
There shall I gaze on Jesus ! there shall I
dwell with God !

- 4 For every tribulation, for every sore dis-
tress,
In Christ I've full salvation, sure help and
quiet rest.
No fear of foes prevailing ! I triumph,
Lord, in Thee !
O Jesus ! Friend unfailing ! how dear art
Thou to me !

333

C. 2 000 000 P.M.

- 1 My God, my Father, while I stray
Far from my home, on life's rough way,
Oh ! teach me from my heart to say,
Thy will be done.
- 2 Though dark my path, or sad my lot,
Let me be still and murmur not ;
But breathe the prayer divinely taught,
Thy will be done.
- 3 What though in lonely grief I sigh
For friends beloved, no longer nigh,
Submissive still would I reply,
Thy will be done.
- 4 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.

EXPERIENCE.

- 3 That I should trust Thy loving care,
And look to Thee alone,
To calm each troubled thought to rest,
In prayer before Thy throne
- 4 Why should my heart then be distressed,
By dread of future ill?
Or why should unbelieving fear
My trembling spirit fill?

335

P.M.

- 1 My God, I am Thine;
What a comfort divine—
What a blessing to know, that my Jesus is
mine!
Hallelujah! Thine the glory
Hallelujah! Amen.
Hallelujah! Thine the glory.
Revive us again.
- 2 In the heavenly Lamb
Thrice happy I am;
And my heart doth rejoice at the sound of
His name.
- 3 True pleasures abound
In the rapturous sound;
And whoever hath found it, hath paradise
found.
- 4 My Jesus to know,
And feel His love flow.
'Tis life everlasting—'tis heaven below.

U

EXPERIENCE.

5 Yet onward I haste
To the heavenly feast :
That— that is the fulness, but this is the taste !

6 And this I shall prove,
Till with joy I remove
To the heaven of heavens, in Jesus' own love.

336

C.M.

- 1 LORD, I desire to live as one
Who bears a blood-bought name,
As one who fears but grieving Thee,
And knows no other shame ;
- 2 As one by whom *Thy* walk below
Should never be forgot ;
As one who fain would keep apart
From all Thou lovest not.
- 3 I want to live as one who knows
Thy fellowship of love ;
As one whose eyes can pierce beyond
The pearl-built gates above.
- 4 As one who daily speaks to Thee,
And hears Thy voice divine
With depths of tenderness declare,
“ Beloved ! thou art Mine.”

337

C.E.

- 1 WALK in the light, so shalt thou know
That fellowship of love
His Spirit only can bestow,
Who reigns in light above.

EXPERIENCE.

- 2 Walk in the light, and sin abhorred
Shall ne'er defile again ;
The blood of Jesus Christ thy Lord
Shall cleanse from every stain.
- 3 Walk in the light, and thou shalt find
Thy heart made truly His,
Who dwells in cloudless light enshrined,
In whom no darkness is.
- 4 Walk in the light, and thou shalt own
Thy darkness pass'd away ;
Because that light hath on thee shone,
In which is perfect day.
- 5 Walk in the light, and e'en the tomb
No fearful shade shall wear ;
Glory shall chase away its gloom,
For Christ hath conquered there.
- 6 Walk in the light, and thine shall be
A path, though thorny, bright ;
For God by grace shall dwell in thee,
And God Himself is light.

338

Dodds.

7.6.

- 1 JESUS, my heart rejoices,
While on Thy love I dwell,
'Tis like a flowing river,
A deep, up-springing well.
Ineffable, unchanging,
Love that no measure knows ;
'Tis here, with joy adoring,
I peacefully repose.

EXPERIENCE.

- 2 Thy presence, Lord, sustaineth,
Amid the conflict here ;
I cannot now be lonely,
Nor will I yield to fear.
In Thee I well may glory,
Apart from all below,
My one, my only Treasure,
Surpassing all I know.
- 3 O Jesus! Saviour! keep me,
Abiding in Thy love,
Till Thou shalt come to take me,
Home to the rest above.
For Thee, blest Lord, I'm waiting ;
Waiting Thy face to see,
To share Thy throne and glory,
To be conformed to Thee,

339

L.M.

- 1 JESUS, my All, to heaven is gone,
He whom I fix my hopes upon,
His track I see, and I'll pursue
The narrow way, till Him I view.
- 2 The way the holy prophets went,
The road that leads from banishment,
The King's highway of holiness,
I'll go, for all His paths are peace.
- 3 This is the way I long had sought,
And mourned because I found it not ;
My grief and burden long had been,
Because I could not cease from sin.

EXPERIENCE.

- 4 The more I strove against its power,
I sinned and stumbled but the more ;
Till late I heard my Saviour say,
“ Come hither, soul! I am the Way!”
- 5 Lo! glad I come: and Thou, blest Lamb
Shalt take me to Thee as I am :
Nothing but sin have I to give ;
Nothing but love shall I receive.
- 6 Now will I tell to sinners round,
What a dear Saviour I have found ;
I'll point to Thy redeeming blood,
And say, “ Behold the Way to God ! ”

340

L.M.

- 1 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.
- 2 It was the sight of Thy dear cross
First wean'd my soul from earthly
things—
And taught me to esteem as dross
The mirth of fools and pomp of kings.
- 3 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.
- 4 Dear fountain of delight unknown !
No longer sink below the brim ;
But overflow, and pour me down
A living and life-giving stream !

EXPERIENCE.

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

341

7.6.

1 My Saviour, I would own Thee
Amid the world's proud scorn,
The world that mocked and crowned Thee
With diadem of thorn :
The world that now rejects Thee,
Makes nothing of Thy love,
Counts not the grace and pity
That brought Thee from above.

2 My Lord, my Master help me
To walk apart with Thee
Outside the camp, where only
Thy beauty I may see :
Far from the world's wild turmoil,
Far from its busy din,
Far from its praise and honour,
Its unbelief and sin.

3 O keep my heart at leisure
From all the world beside,
In close communion, ever
Thus with Thee to abide—
So all Thy whispered breathings
Of love and truth to hear ;
And hail Thee with rejoicing,
When Thou shalt soon appear.

EXPERIENCE.

342

L.M.

- 1 JESUS! and shall it ever be,
A mortal man ashamed of Thee?
Ashamed of Thee, whom angels praise,
Whose glories shine through endless days.
- 2 Ashamed of Jesus! sooner far
Let evening blush to own a star:
Ashamed of Jesus! just as soon
Let midnight be ashamed of noon.
- 3 Ashamed of Jesus! that dear Friend
On whom my hopes of heaven depend!
No; when I blush, be this my shame,
That I no more revere His name.
- 4 Ashamed of Jesus! yes, I may,
When I've no guilt to wash away—
No tear to wipe—no good to crave—
No fears to quell—no soul to save.
- 5 Till then—nor is my boasting vain—
Till then I boast a Saviour slain;
And oh, may this my glory be,
That Christ is not ashamed of me!

343

7.6.

- 1 STAND up! stand up for Jesus
Ye soldiers of the cross;
Lift high His royal banner,
It must not suffer loss:
From vict'ry unto vict'ry
His army shall be led,
Till every foe is vanquish'd,
And Christ is Lord indeed.

EXPERIENCE.

**2 Stand up ! stand up for Jesus !
The trumpet call obey ;
Forth to the mighty conflict
In this His glorious day ;
Ye that are men, now serve Him,
Against unnumbered foes ;
Let courage rise with danger,
And strength to strength oppose.**

**3 Stand up ! stand up for Jesus !
Stand in His strength alone ;
The arm of flesh will fail you,
Ye dare not trust your own :
Put on the gospel armour,
And, watching unto prayer,
Where duty calls, or danger,
Be never wanting there.**

**4 Stand up ! stand up for Jesus !
The strife will not be long ;
This day the noise of battle,
The next the victor's song ;
To him that overcometh
A crown of life shall be ;
He with the King of glory
Shall reign eternally.**

344

8.7.

**1 JESUS, I my cross have taken,
All to leave and follow Thee ;
All things else for Thee forsaken,
Thou from hence my all shalt be.**

EXPERIENCE.

Perish ev'ry fond ambition,
All I've sought, or hoped, or known ;
Yet, how rich is my condition !
God and heav'n are still my own.

2 Go, then, earthly fame and treasure,
Come, disaster, scorn and pain :
In Thy service, pain is pleasure ;
With Thy favour, loss is gain.
Oh 'tis not in grief to harm me.
While Thy love is left to me ;
Oh 'twere not in joy to charm me,
Were that joy unmix'd with Thee.

3 Soul, then know thy full salvation,
Rise o'er sin, and fear, and care,
Joy to find in ev'ry station,
Something still to do or bear ;
Think what Spirit dwells within thee,
Think what Father's love is thine,
Think that Jesus died to win thee,
Child of heav'n, canst thou repine ?

4 Haste thee on from grace to glory,
Arm'd by faith, and wing'd by pray'r ;
Heav'n's eternal day's before thee,
God's own hand shall guide thee there ;
Soon shall close thy earthly mission,
Soon shall pass thy pilgrim days,
Hope shall change to full fruition,
Faith to sight, and pray'r to praise !

EXPERIENCE.

345

P.M.

- 1 Oh, the bitter shame and sorrow
That a time could ever be,
When I let the Saviour's pity
Plead in vain, and proudly answered,
"All of self and none of Thee!"
- 2 Yet He found me, I beheld Him
Bleeding on th' accursèd tree,
Heard Him pray, "Forgive them, Fa-
ther,"
And my wistful heart said faintly,
"Some of self and some of Thee."
- 3 Day by day His tender mercy,
Healing, helping, full and free,
Sweet and strong, and, ah! so patient,
Brought me lower while I whispered,
"Less of self, and more of Thee."
- 4 Higher than the highest heavens,
Deeper than the deepest sea:
Lord, Thy love at last has conquered,
Grant me now my soul's desire:
None of self and all of Thee.

346

E.M.

- 1 SAFE planted in the land—
Oh, where's thy victory, Grave?—
One with the Lord who died, but lives,
We life eternal have.

EXPERIENCE.

- 2 The wilderness is past,
And Jordan's depths are o'er ;
We've reached that bright and blessed place
Where we shall die no more.
- 3 He brings us in as free,
From sting of death, and hell ;
And shows 'tis life and peace to be
Where He Himself doth dwell.
- 4 With old corn of the land
He doth our spirits feed ;
The Son—*His rank, His life, His peace,*
Are wond'rous food indeed.
- 5 O, to be always free
In spirit from this earth,
To eat and drink, dear Lord, from Thee,
Thou food of priceless worth !
- 6 *His life*—the life of God,
His peace—the peace of Son,
His home—His rest, and *His abode,*
He says are all our own.
- 7 Oh, vast, eternal love,
And grace beyond degree !
That Lord, Thy Church—below, above—
Should thus be one with Thee.

347

S.M.

- 1 In spirit I have passed
This desert world below ;
I rest in heavenly places, where
Eternal comforts flow,

EXPERIENCE.

- 2 No fear of judgment now,
 "'Tis finished," Jesus saith : '
My home is where the Lord hath gone,
 The other side of death.
- 3 As one with Him, I'm raised
 Above this earth and sin,
From all that outwardly attracts,
 Or sorrow gives within.
- 4 Ah, yes ! in risen life,
 Beyond His emptied grave,
Is only perfectness and rest,
 Which all His members have.
- 5 Then why, my soul, the thought
 To earth and self oft given,
When all below is wilderness,
 And all above is heaven.
- 6 Soon shall I reach where now
 My spirit is on high,
Dwell in the deep eternal love,
 With Jesus ever nigh.

348

8.7.

- 1 FAR beyond the storm and tempest,
 That untroubled calm above,
There the Son of God abideth,
 Resting in the Father's love.
- 2 Loved with love beyond all measure
 Love that knows no check nor shade,
Loved before the worlds were founded,
 Loved before the heavens were made.

EXPERIENCE.

- 3 Loved with all the love that dwelleth
In the very heart of God,
Loved with all the love befitting
Him in whom all grace abode.
- 4 Loved with all the love He claimeth,
Who endured the cross and shame,
There, by God and man forsaken
Telling forth the Father's name.
- 5 Now in God's unmingled gladness,
God's unmeasured, endless peace,
He abideth, and rejoiceth
With a joy that cannot cease.
- 6 And amidst that joy and glory,
In that peace no tongue can tell,
Far above the storm and tempest,
There on high with Him we dwell.
- 7 Unto this His love has brought us,
Nothing less than this He gives ;
This the secret joy and power
Of the heart wherein He lives.
- 8 Let us praise that love for ever,
Fall in worship at His feet,
Lost in silent joy and wonder,
Sinners made in Him complete:

349

7.6.

- 1 In heavenly love abiding,
No change my heart shall fear,
And safe in such confiding,
For nothing changes here.

EXPERIENCE.

The storm may roar about me,
My heart may low be laid,
But God is round about me,
And can I be dismay'd?

2 Wherever He may guide me,
No want shall turn me back;
My Shepherd is beside me,
And nothing can I lack.
His wisdom ever waketh,
His sight is never dim,—
He knows the way He taketh,
And I will walk with Him.

3 Green pastures are before me,
Which yet I have not seen,
Bright skies will soon be o'er me,
Where the dark clouds have been,
My hope I cannot measure,
My path to life is free,
My Saviour has my treasure,
And He will walk with me.

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6.8s.

1 My hope is built on nothing less
Then Jesu's blood and righteousness;
I dare not trust the sweetest frame,
But wholly lean on Jesu's name:
On Christ the solid rock I stand;
All other ground is sinking sand.

EXPERIENCE.

2 When darkness seems to veil His face,
I rest on His unchanging grace ;
In every high and stormy gale,
My anchor holds within the veil :
On Christ the solid rock I stand ;
All other ground is sinking sand.

3 His oath, His covenant, and blood,
Support me in the whelming flood ;
When all around my soul gives way,
He then is all my hope and stay :
On Christ the solid rock I stand ;
All other ground is sinking sand.

351

P.M.

1 NEARER, my God, to Thee, nearer to
Thee !

E'en though it be a cross that raiseth me ;
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to Thee, nearer to Thee !

2 Though like a wanderer, the sun gone
down,
Darkness comes over me, my rest a stone,
Yet in my dreams I'd be
Nearer, my God, to Thee, nearer to Thee !

3 There let my way appear, steps up to
heaven ;
All that Thou sendest me, in mercy given,
Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my God, to Thee, nearer to Thee !

EXPERIENCE.

4 Then with my waking thoughts, bright
with Thy praise,
Out of my stony griefs Bethel I'll raise ;
So by my woes to be
Nearer, my God, to Thee, nearer to Thee !

5 And when, on joyful wing, cleaving the
sky ;
Sun, moon, and stars forgot, upward I fly ;
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to Thee, nearer to Thee !

352

P.M.

1 I AM Thine, O Lord ; I have heard Thy
voice,
And it told Thy love to me ;
But I long to rise in the arms of faith,
And be closer drawn to Thee.
Draw me nearer, nearer, blessed
Lord,
To the cross where Thou hast
died ;
Draw me nearer, nearer, nearer,
blessed Lord,
To Thy precious, bleeding side.

2 Consecrate me now to Thy service, Lord,
By the power of grace divine ;
Let my soul look up with a steadfast hope,
And my will be lost in Thine.

EXPERIENCE.

**3 Oh, the pure delight of a single hour
That before Thy throne I spend,
When I kneel in prayer, and with Thee,
my God,
I commune as friend with friend.**

**4 There are depths of love that I cannot know
Till I cross the narrow sea ;
There are heights of joy that I may not
reach,
Till I rest in peace with Thee.**

353

P.M.

**1 LORD Jesus, Thine ;
No more this heart of mine
Shall seek its joy apart from Thee ;
The world is crucified to me,
And I am Thine.**

**2 Thine, Thine alone,
My joy, my hope, my crown ;
Now earthly things may fade and die,
They charm my soul no more, for I
Am Thine alone.**

**3 Thine, ever Thine.
For ever to recline
On love eternal, fixed and sure.
Yes, I am Thine for evermore,
Lord Jesus, Thine.**

X

EXPERIENCE.

4 Then let me live,
Continual praise to give
To Thy dear name, my precious Lord,
Henceforth alone beloved, adored,
To Thee I'd live.

5 Till Thou shalt come
And bear me to Thy home,
For ever freed from earthly care,
Eternally Thy love to share,
Lord Jesus, come.

354

C.M.

- 1 THE Lord's my Shepherd, I'll not want,
He makes me down to lie
In pastures green : He leadeth me,
The quiet waters by.
- 2 My soul He doth restore again,
And me to walk doth make,
Within the paths of righteousness,
E'en for His own name's sake.
- 3 Yea, though I walk through death's dark
vale,
Yet will I fear no ill :
For Thou art with me, and Thy rod
And staff me comfort still.
- 4 My table Thou has furnished
In presence of my foes :
My head Thou dost with oil anoint,
And my cup overflows.

EXPERIENCE.

5 Goodness and mercy all my life
Shall surely follow me :
And in God's house for evermore
My dwelling-place shall be.

355

P.M.

- 1 **THE** King of love my Shepherd is,
Whose goodness faileth never ;
I nothing lack since I am His,
And He is mine for ever.
- 2 Where streams of living water flow
My ransomed soul He leadeth,
And, where the verdant pastures grow,
With food celestial feedeth.
- 3 Perverse and foolish oft I strayed,
But yet in love He sought me,
And on His shoulder gently laid,
And home, rejoicing, brought me.
- 4 In death's dark vale I fear no ill
With Thee, dear Lord, beside me ;
Thy rod and staff my comfort still,
Thy cross before to guide me.
- 5 And so through all the length of days
Thy goodness faileth never :
Good Shepherd, I shall sing Thy praise
Within Thy house for ever.

EXPERIENCE.

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7s.

- 1 OTHER name than my dear Lord's
Never to my heart affords
Equal influence to move
Its deep springs of joy and love.
- 2 He from youth has been my guide,
He to hoar hairs will provide,
Every light and every shade,
On my path His presence made.
- 3 He hath been my joy in woe,
Cheer'd my heart when it was low,
And, with warnings softly sad,
Calm'd my heart when it was glad.
- 4 Change or chance could ne'er befall,
But He proved mine all in all ;
All He asks in answer is,
That I should be wholly His.
- 5 O that I may ever prove,
By a life of earnest love,
How, by right of grace divine,
I am His and He is mine.

ev. H. Baker
357 *Bonar, 1886-89* C.M.

- 1 CALM me, my God, and keep me calm,
Let Thine outstretchéd wing,
Be like the shade of Elim's palm
Beside her desert spring.

EXPERIENCE.

- 2 Yes ; keep me calm, though loud and rude
The sounds my ear that greet ;
Calm in the silent solitude,
Calm in the bustling street ;
- 3 Calm in the hour of buoyant health,
Calm in my hour of pain ;
Calm in my poverty or wealth,
Calm in my loss or gain ;
- 4 Calm in the sufferance of wrong,
Like Him who bore my shame ;
Calm 'mid the threatening, taunting
throng,
Who hate Thy holy name ;
- 5 Calm me, my God, and keep me calm,
Soft resting on Thy breast ;
Soothe me with holy hymn and psalm,
And bid my spirit rest.

358

C. M.

- 1 My God, the spring of all my joys,
The life of my delights,
The glory of my brightest days,
And comfort of my nights.
- 2 In darkest shades, if He appear,
My dawning is begun ;
He is my soul's sweet morning star,
And He my rising sun.

EXPERIENCE.

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

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

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

359

C. Peart -

C.M.

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

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

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

EXPERIENCE.

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

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

360

C. Paget

P.M.

1 **WHEN** peace, like a river, attendeth my way,
When sorrows, like sea-billows, roll ;
Whatever my lot, Thou hast taught me to
know,
" It is well, it is well with my soul."
It is well with my soul,
It is well, it is well with my soul.

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

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

EXPERIENCE.

- 4 For me, be it Christ, be it Christ hence to
live!
If Jordan above me shall roll,
No pang shall be mine, for in death as in
life,
Thou wilt whisper Thy peace to my soul.
- 5 But, Lord, 'tis for Thee, for Thy coming,
we wait,
The sky, not the grave, is our goal ;
Oh, trump of the angel ! oh, voice of the
Lord !
Blessed hope ! blessed rest of my soul !

361

P.M.

- 1 THROUGH the love of God, our Saviour,
All will be well.
Free and changeless is His favour ;
All, all is well.
Precious is the blood that heal'd us—
Perfect is the grace that seal'd us—
Strong the hand stretched forth to shield us,
All must be well.
- 2 Though we pass through tribulation,
All will be well.
Ours is such a full salvation,
All, all is well.
Happy, still in God confiding,
Fruitful, if in Christ abiding,
Holy, through the Spirit's guiding,
All must be well.

EXPERIENCE.

- 3 We expect a bright to-morrow ;
All will be well.
Faith can sing through days of sorrow,
“ All, all is well.”
On our Father’s love relying,
Jesus every need supplying,
Or in living, or in dying,
All must be well.

362

P.M.

- 1 God’s almighty arms are round me,
Peace, peace is mine !
Judgment scenes need not confound me,
Peace, peace is mine !
Jesus came Himself and sought me !
Sold to death, He found and bought me !
Then my blessed freedom taught me,
Peace, peace is mine !
- 2 While I hear life’s surging billows,
Peace, peace is mine !
Why suspend my harp on willows ?
Peace, peace is mine !
I may sing with Christ beside me,
Though a thousand ills betide me,
Safely He hath sworn to guide me !
Peace, peace is mine !
- 3 Every trial draws Him nearer,
Peace, peace is mine !
All His strokes but make Him dearer,
Peace, peace is mine !

EXPERIENCE.

Bless I then the hand that smiteth
Gently, and to heal delighteth,
'Tis against my sins He fighteth,
Peace, peace is mine !

4 Welcome ! every rising sunlight,
Peace, peace is mine !
Nearer home each rolling midnight,
Peace, peace is mine !
Death and hell cannot appal me,
Safe in Christ whate'er befall me,
Calmly wait I, till He call me.
Peace, peace is mine !

363

10.10.

- 1 PEACE ! perfect peace ! in this dark world
of sin ;
The blood of Jesus whispers peace within.
- 2 Peace ! perfect peace ! by thronging duties
press'd ;
To do the will of Jesus, this is rest.
- 3 Peace ! perfect peace ! with sorrows surging
round ;
On Jesus' bosom nought but calm is found.
- 4 Peace ! perfect peace ! with loved ones far
away ;
In Jesu's keeping we are safe, and they.
- 5 Peace ! perfect peace ! our future all un-
known ;
Jesus we know, and He is on the throne.

EXPERIENCE.

- 6 Peace ! perfect peace ! death shadowing us
and ours ;
Jesus has vanquish'd death and all its
powers.
- 7 It is enough : earth's struggles soon shall
cease,
And Jesus call to heaven's perfect peace.

364

P.M.

- 1 THROUGH the dark path of sorrow,
Which Jesus has trod,
Thy feeble ones wander,
Our Father, our God ;
And the thick clouds that gather
But turn us away
From the waste howling desert
Where He could not stay.
- 2 From the cold world that knoweth
And loveth its own,
Where Jesus was hated
Rejected, unknown ;
We will cheerfully hasten,
Rejoicing to be
Counted worthy to suffer,
Lord Jesus, for Thee.
- 3 In the fierce hour that trieth
The children of men—
In the hour of temptator,
Oh, succour us then ;

X *Let the weak and the feeble*
"Heavenly"

EXPERIENCE.

**Let the weak and the feeble
Find under Thine arm,
In the blast of the terrible ;
Shelter from storm.**

**4 When the proud are exalted,
And seated on high ;
When trouble and desperate
Sorrow draw nigh ;
When the hearts of all others
Are failing for fear,
Then we lift up our heads,
For the glory is near.**

**5 Oh, hasten Thy coming,
We long for the day—
Bright Star of the Morning,
No longer delay ;
Let the groaning creation
From sorrow be free,
And the purchased possession
Be gather'd to Thee.**

365 *G. Keith,* X

11s.

**1 How firm a foundation, ye saints of the
Lord,
Is laid for your faith in His excellent word !
What more can He say than to you He
hath said,
You, who unto Jesus for refuge have fled !**

EXPERIENCE.

2 In every condition, in sickness, in health,
In poverty's vale, or abounding in wealth,
At home or abroad, on the land or the sea,
As the day may demand, shall thy strength
ever be.

3 "Fear not, I am with Thee ; O be not dis-
mayed !
I—I am thy God, and will still give thee aid ;
I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause
thee to stand,
Upheld by My righteous, omnipotent hand.

4 " When through the deep waters I call thee
to go,
The floods of distress shall not thee over-
flow ;
For I will be with thee, thy troubles to bless,
And sanctify to thee thy deepest distress.

5 " E'en down to old age, all My people shall
prove
My sovereign, eternal, unchangeable love ;
And when hoary hairs shall their temples
adorn,
Like lambs they shall still in My bosom be
borne.

6 " The soul that on Jesus hath lean'd for
repose,
I will not, I will not, desert to its foes ;
That soul, though all hell should endeavour
to shake,
I'll never, no never, no never forsake."

EXPERIENCE.

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10.11s.

- 1 **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."

- 2 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."

- 3 When Satan appears to stop up our path,
And fill us with fears, we triumph by faith :
He cannot take from us, though oft he has
tried,
This heart-cheering promise,—“The Lord
will provide.”

- 4 He tells us we're weak, our hope is in vain,
The good that we seek we ne'er shall obtain ;
But when such suggestions our spirits have
tried,
This answers all questions,—“The Lord
will provide.”

EXPERIENCE.

5 No strength of our own, or goodness we
claim ;
Yet since we have known the Saviour's
great name,
In this, our strong tower, for safety we
hide,
The Lord is our power, "The Lord will
provide."

367

7.6.

- 1 Is God for me ? I fear not,
Though all against me rise ;
When I call on Christ my Saviour,
The host of evil flies.
My Friend, the Lord Almighty,
And He who loves me, God,
What enemy shall harm me,
Though coming like a flood ?
- 2 The world may pass and perish,
Thou, God, wilt not remove ;
No hatred of all devils
Can part me from Thy love ;
No height, no depth, no creature
That has been or can be,
Can drive me from 'Thy bosom,
Can sever me from Thee ;
- 3 My heart in joy upleapeth,
Grief cannot linger there,
She singeth high in glory,
Amidst the sunshine fair ;

EXPERIENCE.

The sun that shines upon me
Is Jesus and His love ;
The fountain of my singing
Is deep in heaven above,

368

7.6.

- 1 A Rock that stands for ever
Is Christ my righteousness,
And there I stand unfearing
In everlasting bliss ;
No earthly thing is needful
To this my life from heaven,
And nought of love is worthy
Save that which Christ has given.
- 2 For me there is no sentence,
For me death has no sting,
Because the Lord who loves me
Shall shield me with His wing ;
Above my soul's dark waters
His spirit hovers still,
He guards me from all sorrows,
From terror and from ill ;
- 3 And if in lonely places,
A fearful child, I shrink,
He prays the prayers within me,
I cannot ask or think,—
The deep unspoken language
Known only to that love,
Who fathoms the heart's myst'ry
From the throne of light above.

EXPERIENCE.

- 4 His Spirit to my spirit
Sweet words of comfort saith,
How God the weak one strengthens
Who leans on Him in faith,
How He hath built a city
Of love and light and song,
Where th' eye at last beholdeth
What the heart had loved so long.
- 5 And there is mine inheritance,
My kingly palace, home :
The leaf may fall and perish,
Not less the spring will come ;
Like wind and rain of winter,
Our earthly sighs and tears,
Till th' golden summer dawneth
Of the endless year of years.

369

C.M.

- 1 O CHRIST, in Thee my soul hath found,
And found in thee alone,
The peace, the joy, I sought so long,
The bliss till now unknown.
Now none but Christ can satisfy,
None other name for me !
There's love, and life, and lasting joy,
Lord Jesus, found in Thee !
- 2 I sighed for rest in happiness,
I yearned for them, not Thee :
But while I passed my Saviour by,
His love laid hold on me.

Y

EXPERIENCE.

- 3 I tried the broken cisterns, Lord,
But, ah ! the waters failed ;
E'en as I stooped to drink they'd fled,
And mocked me as I wailed,
- 4 The pleasure lost I sadly mourned,
But never wept for Thee,
Till grace the sightless eyes received
Thy loveliness to see.

370

8s.

- 1 In God I have found a retreat,
Where I can securely abide ;
No refuge nor rest so complete :
And here I intend to reside.
Oh, what comfort it brings,
As my soul sweetly sings :
I am safe from all danger.
While under His wings !
- 2 I dread not the terror by night,
No arrow can harm me by day :
His shadow has covered me quite,
My fears He has driven away.
- 3 The pestilence walking about,
When darkness has settled abroad,
Can never compel me to doubt
The presence and power of God.
- 4 The wasting destruction at noon
No fearful foreboding can bring :
With Jesus my soul doth commune,
His perfect salvation I sing.

PILGRIM SONGS.

- 5 A thousand may fall at my side,
And ten thousand at my right hand ;
Above me His wings are spread wide,
Beneath them in safety I stand.

371

PILGRIM SONGS.

C.M.

- 1 WE thank Thee, Lord, for weary days,
When desert springs were dry,
And first we knew what depth of need
Thy love could satisfy.
- 2 Days when beneath the desert sun,
Along the toilsome road,
O'er roughest ways we walked with One,
That One the Son of God.
- 3 We thank Thee for that rest in Him
The weary only know—
The perfect, wondrous sympathy
We needs must learn below.
- 4 The sweet companionship of One,
Who once the desert trod ;
The glorious fellowship with One,
Upon the throne of God.
- 5 The joy no desolation here
Can reach, or cloud, or dim,
The present Lord, the living God,
And we alone with Him.
- 6 We know Him as we could not know,
Through heaven's golden years ;
We there shall see His glorious face,
But Mary saw His tears.

PILGRIM SONGS.

- 7 The touch that heals the broken heart
Is never felt above ;
The angels know His blessedness,
His way-worn saints His love.
- 8 When in the glory, and the rest,
We joyfully adore,
Remembering the desert way
We yet shall praise Him more.
- 9 Remembering how, amidst our toil,
Our conflict and our sin,
He brought the water for our thirst,
It cost his blood to win.
- 10 And now in perfect peace we go
Along the way He trod,
Still learning from all need below
Depths of the heart of God.

372

P.M.

- 1 BE the pathway smooth or thorny,
Dark with storms or bright,
All along life's changeful journey,
Day and night;
- 2 Through the desert winding lonely ;
Or with loved ones nigh ;
Bread to spare, or given only
As we cry.
- 3 Way-worn in its weary stages,
Or by crystal springs,
Where the smitten Rock of Ages,
Comfort brings;

PILGRIM SONGS.

- 4 Onward still, come joy or sorrow,
Blossom or decay,
Knowing nothing of to-morrow,
Calm to-day.
- 5 Over death, among the meadows,
Where His own are led,
And in perfect day the shadows
All have fled.
- 6 Over death—all told the story
Of an earthly strife,
There to prove in Canaan's glory
Life of life.

373

L.M.

- 1 "WE'VE no abiding city here,"
This may distress the worldling's mind;
But should not cost the saint a tear,
Who hopes a better rest to find.
- 2 "We've no abiding city here,"
Then let us live as pilgrims do;
Let not the world our rest appear,
But let us haste from all below.
- 3 "We've no abiding city here,"
We seek a city out of sight,
Zion its name, the Lord is there;
It shines with everlasting light.
- 4 O sweet abode of peace and love,
Where pilgrims freed from toil are blest,
Had I the pinions of a dove,
I'd fly to thee and be at rest.

PILGRIM SONGS.

5 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.

374

11s.

1 My rest is in heaven, my rest is not here ;
Then why should I tremble when trials are
near ?
Be hush'd, my sad spirit, the worst that can
come,
But shortens thy journey, and hastens thee
home.

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

3 The thorn and the thistle around me may
grow—
I would not lie down e'en on roses below ;
I ask not a portion, I seek not a rest,
Till I find them for ever on Jesu's loved
breast.

4 Let trial and danger my progress oppose,
They'll 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.

PILGRIM SONGS.

5 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.

375

8.7.

- 1 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.
- 2 Is the wilderness before thee,
Desert lands where drought abides ?
Heav'nly springs shall there restore thee,
Fresh from God's exhaustless tides,
- 3 Light Divine surrounds thy going,
God Himself shall mark thy way ;
Secret blessings, richly flowing,
Lead to everlasting day.
- 4 In the desert God will teach thee
What the God that thou hast found—
Patient, gracious, powerful, holy,
All His grace shall there abound.

PILGRIM SONGS.

- 5 Though thy way be long and weary,
Eagle-strength He'll still renew ;
Garments fresh, and feet unwearied,
Tell how God hath brought thee through.
- 6 When to Canaan's long-loved dwelling
Love Divine thy foot shall bring,
There, with shouts of triumph swelling,
Zion's songs in rest to sing.
- 7 There, no stranger God shall meet thee—
Stranger thou in courts above !
He who to His rest shall greet thee,
Greeted thee with a well-known love.

376

8.7.

- 1 Jesus lead us by Thy power,
Safe into the promised rest,
Hide our souls within Thy bosom,
Let us lean upon Thy breast ;
Be our guide in every peril,
Watch and guard us night and day,
Else our foolish hearts will wander
From Thy presence far away.
- 2 Nothing can preserve our going
But salvation 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.

PILGRIM SONGS.

3 In Thy presence we are happy,
In Thy presence we're secure,
In Thy presence all afflictions
We can cheerfully endure ;
In Thy presence we can conquer,
We can suffer, we can die ;
Far from Thee, we faint and languish,
Oh ! our Saviour, keep us nigh.

377

8.7.4.

- 1 GUIDE me, O Thou great Jehovah !
Pilgrim through this barren land ;
I am weak, but Thou art mighty ;
Hold me with Thy powerful hand ;
Bread of heaven !
Feed me till I want no more.
- 2 Open wide the crystal fountain
Whence the healing waters flow ;
Let the fiery, cloudy pillar
Lead me all my journey through ;
Strong Deliverer !
Be Thou still my strength and shield.
- 3 When I tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid my anxious fears subside ;
Death of deaths, and hell's destruction,
Land me safe on Canaan's side :
Songs of praises
I will ever give to Thee.

PILGRIM SONGS.

378

8.7.4.

- 1 SAVIOUR, through the desert lead us !
Without Thee we cannot go :
Thou from cruel chains hast freed us,
Thou hast laid the tyrant low ;
Let Thy presence
Cheer us all the journey through.
- 2 With a price Thy love has bought us,
Saviour ! what a love is Thine !
Hitherto Thy power has brought us,
Power and love in Thee combine ;
Lord of glory
Ever on Thy people shine !
- 3 Through the desert waste and cheerless,
Though our destin'd journey lie,
Render'd by Thy presence fearless,
We may every foe defy ;
Naught shall move us,
While we see the Saviour nigh.
- 4 When we halt (no track discov'ring,)
Fearful lest we go astray,
O'er our path Thy pillar hov'ring,—
Fire by night, and cloud by day,
Shall direct us :
Thus we shall not miss our way.
- 5 When we hunger, Thou wilt feed us,
Manna shall our camp surround,
Faint and thirsty, Thou wilt heed us,
Stream shall from the rock abound :
Happy people,
What a Saviour we have found !

PILGRIM SONGS.

379

C.M.

- 1 O God of Bethel, by whose hand
Thy people still are fed ;
Who through this weary pilgrimage
Hast all our fathers led.
- 2 Our vows, our prayers, we now present
Before Thy throne of grace :
God of our fathers, be the God
Of their succeeding race.
- 3 Through each perplexing path of life
Our wandering footsteps guide :
Give us, each day, our daily bread,
And raiment fit provide.
- 4 Oh, spread Thy covering wings around,
Till all our wanderings cease,
And at our Father's loved abode,
Our souls arrive in peace.
- 5 Such blessings from Thy gracious hand
Our humble prayers implore :
And Thou shalt be our chosen God,
And portion evermore.

380

7.6.

- 1 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.

PILGRIM SONGS.

2 O Lord, Thou, too hast hasted
This weary desert through,
Once fully tried and tasted,
Its bitterness and woe ;
And hence Thine heart is tender,
In truest sympathy,
Though now the heavens render
The highest praise to Thee.

3 O 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 heart sustain—
Sure, though through tribulation,
The promised rest to gain.

381 *Bona*

6s.

1 Thy way, not mine, O Lord,
However dark it be !
Lead me by Thine own hand,
Choose out the path for me.

2 Smooth let it be or rough,
It will be still the best,
Winding or straight, it leads
Right onward to Thy rest.

3 I dare not choose my lot ;
I would not, if I might :
Choose Thou for me, my God,
So shall I walk aright.

PILGRIM SONGS.

- 4 The kingdom that I seek
Is Thine; so let the way
That leads to it be Thine,
Else I must surely stray.
- 5 Take Thou my cup, and it
With joy or sorrow fill,
As best to Thee may seem;
Choose Thou my good and ill.
- 6 Not mine, not mine, the choice,
In things or great or small;
Be Thou my guide, my strength,
My wisdom and my all.

382

P.M.

- 1 I know not the way I am going,
But well do I know my Guide:
With a child-like trust I give my hand
To the mighty Friend by my side,
- 2 The only thing that I say to Him,
As He takes it, holds it fast,
Is—"Suffer me not to lose my way,
And bring me safe home at the last."
- 3 As when some helpless wanderer feels
Alone in an unknown land,
Tells the guide his destined place of rest,
And leaves all beside in his hand:
- 4 'Tis home, 'tis home, that we wish to reach;
He who guides may choose the way;
Little we heed what path we may take,
If we are nearer home each day.

PILGRIM SONGS.

383

10s.

- 1 I JOURNEY through a desert drear and wild,
Yet is my heart by such sweet thoughts
beguiled,
Of Him on whom I lean, my strength, my
stay,
I can forget the sorrows of the way.
- 2 Thoughts of His love—the root of ev'ry
grace
Which finds in this poor heart a dwelling-
place.
The sunshine of my soul, than day more
bright,
And my calm pillow of repose by night.
- 3 Thoughts of His sojourn in this vale of
tears;
The tale of love unfolded in those years
Of sinless suffering and patient grace,
I love again—and yet again to trace.
- 4 Thoughts of His glory,—on the cross I gaze,
And there behold its sad, yet healing rays,
Beacon of hope, which lifted up on high,
Illumes with heavenly light the tear-
dimm'd eye.
- 5 Thoughts of His coming,—for that joyful
day
In patient hope I watch, and wait, and
pray;
The day draws nigh, the midnight shadows
flee,
Oh, what a sun-rise will that advent be!

PILGRIM SONGS.

6 Thus while I journey on, my Lord to meet,
My thoughts and meditations are so sweet,
Of Him on whom I lean, my strength, my
stay,
I can forget the sorrows of the way.

384

P.M.

1 RISE up and hasten ! my soul haste along !
And speed on Thy journey, with hope and
with song ;
Home, home is nearing, 'tis coming into
view,
A little more of toiling, and then to earth
adieu !

Come, then come ! and raise the joyful
song,

Ye children of the wilderness, our
time cannot be long ;

Home, home, home ! oh, why should
we delay—

The morn of heaven is dawning,
we're near the break of day.

2 Why should we linger when heaven lies
before ?
Earth's fast receding, and soon will be no
more ;
Its joys and its treasures which once here
we knew,
Now never more can charm us, with such
a goal in view.

PILGRIM SONGS.

- 3 Loved ones in Jesus, have passed on
before,
Resting in glory, they weary are no more ;
Desert-toils are ended, nothing now but joy
And praises loud ascending their ever glad
employ.
- 4 No condemnation ! blessed is the word ;
No separation ! for ever with the Lord.
By His blood He bought them, washed
their every stain,
With rapture now they praise Him, the
Lamb that once was slain.
- 5 Soon we shall join them, see Him with
these eyes ;
Sing hallelujahs triumphant in the skies :
He will be with us, who loved us long
before,
And Jesus, blessed Jesus, is ours for ever-
more !

385

P.M.

- 1 THE gloomy night will soon be past,
The morning will appear,
The rays of blessed light at last
Each eye will cheer.
- 2 Thou bright and Morning Star, Thy light
Will to our joy be seen ;
Thou, Lord, will meet our longing sight,
No cloud between.

PILGRIM SONGS.

- 3 Thy love sustains us on our way,
While pilgrims here below ;
Thou dost, O Saviour, day by day,
Thy grace bestow.
- 4 But, oh! the more we learn of Thee,
And Thy rich mercy prove,
The more we long Thy face to see,
And know Thy love.
- 5 Then shine, thou bright and Morning Star,
Dispel the dreary gloom ;
Oh, take from sin and grief afar
Thy people home.

386

7a

- 1 CHILDREN of the Heavenly King,
As ye journey sweetly sing ;
Sing your Saviour's worthy praise,
Glorious in His works and ways.
- 2 Ye are travelling home to God,
In the way the fathers trod ;
They are happy now, and we
Soon their happiness shall see.
- 3 Shout, ye little flock and blest,
Ye on Jesus' throne shall rest ;
There your seat is now prepared ;
There your kingdom and reward.
- 4 Fear not, though a feeble band ;
'Mid the conflict boldly stand ;
Christ, your Lord, the day who won,
Bids you undismayed go on.

Z

PILGRIM SONGS.

5 Lord, obediently we go,
Gladly leaving all below ;
Only Thou our leader be,
And we still will follow Thee.

387

P. M.

1 I know not what awaits me ;
God kindly veils mine eyes,
And o'er each step of my onward way
He makes new scenes to rise ;
And every joy He sends me comes
A sweet and glad surprise.
Where He may lead I'll follow,
My trust in Him repose ;
And every hour in perfect peace
I'll sing, " He knows," " He knows ! "

2 One step I see before me ;
'Tis all I need to see :
The light of heaven more brightly shines,
When earth's illusions flee ;
And sweetly thro' the silence comes
His loving " Follow Me ! "

3 Oh, blissful lack of wisdom !
'Tis blessed not to know :
He holds me with His own right hand,
And will not let me go ;
And lulls my troubled soul to rest
In Him who loves me so.

PILGRIM SONGS.

- 4 So on I go—not knowing,
I would not if I might ;
I'd rather walk in the dark with God
Than go alone in the light ;
I'd rather walk by faith with Him
Than go alone by sight.

388

P.M.

- 1 LEAD, kindly Light, amid the encircling
gloom,
Lead Thou me on.
The night is dark, and I am far from home,
Lead Thou me on.
Keep Thou my feet ; I do not ask to see
The distant scene ; one step's enough for
me.
- 2 I was not ever thus, nor prayed that Thou
Shouldst lead me on :
I loved to choose and see my path, but now
Lead Thou me on.
I loved the glare of day, and, spite of fears,
Pride ruled my will. Remember not past
years.
- 3 So long Thy power hath blest me, sure it
still
Will lead me on.
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till
The night is gone ;
And with the morn those angel faces smile
Which I have loved long since, and lost
awhile.

PILGRIM SONGS.

389

7s.

- 1 **SIMPLY** trusting ev'ry day,
Trusting through a stormy way
Even when my faith is small,
Trusting Jesus, that is all.
Trusting as the moments fly,
Trusting as the days go by ;
Trusting Him whate'er befall,
Trusting Jesus, that is all.
- 2 **Brightly** doth His Spirit shine
Into this poor heart of mine ;
While He leads I cannot fall ;
Trusting Jesus, that is all.
- 3 **Singing**, if my way be clear ;
Praying, if the path be drear :
If in danger for Him call ;
Trusting Jesus, that is all.
- 4 **Trusting** Him while life shall last
Trusting Him till earth be past,
Till within the jasper wall :
Trusting Jesus, that is all.

390

7.6.

- 1 **WE'RE** pilgrims in the wilderness ;
Our dwelling is a camp ;
Created things, though pleasant,
Now bear to us death's stamp.
But onward we are speeding.
Though often let and tried :
The Holy Ghost is leading
Home to the Lamb, who died.

PILGRIM SONGS.

2 With fellow-pilgrims meeting,
As through the waste we roam,
'Tis sweet to sing together,
“ We are not far from home ! ”
And when we've learned our lesson,
Our work, in suffering, done,
Our ever-loving Father
Will welcome every one.

3 We look to meet our brethren,
From every distant shore,
Not one will seem a stranger,
Though never seen before :
With angel hosts attending,
In myriads, through the sky ;
Yet, 'midst them all, Thou only,
O Lord, wilt fix the eye !

4 Lord, since we sing as pilgrims,
O give us pilgrims' ways !
Low thoughts of self-befitting
Proclaimers of Thy praise.
O make us each more holy
In spirit, pure and meek :
More like to heavenly citizens,
As more of heaven we speak.

391

L. M.

1 AND do we hope to be with Him,
Who on the cross resign'd His breath,
Who died a victim to redeem
His people from eternal death ?

PILGRIM SONGS.

- 2 Then should the question oft recur,
What do we more than others do?
How do we show that we prefer
The things above to things below?
- 3 Where is the holy walk that suits
The name and character we bear?
And where are seen those heav'nly fruits
That show we're not what once we
were?
- 4 Allied to Him who bore the cross,
And call'd the people of the Lord,
The world to us should seem but loss,
And worthless all it can afford.
- 5 As pilgrims on their journey home,
'Tis thus His people should be found,
Who seek a city yet to come,
And cannot rest on earthly ground.

392

P. M.

- 1 I'm a pilgrim and a stranger,
Rough and thorny is the road,
Often in the midst of danger,—
But it leads to God.
Clouds and darkness oft distress me;
Great and many are my foes;
Anxious care and thoughts perplex me—
But my Father knows.

PILGRIM SONGS.

2 Oh, how sweet is this assurance.
'Midst the conflict and the strife !
Although sorrows, past endurance,
Follow me through life.
Home in prospect still can cheer me ;
Yes, and give me sweet repose,
While I feel His presence near me—
For my Father knows.

3 Yes, He sees and knows me daily ;
Watches over me in love ;
Sends me help when foes assail me,
Bids me look above.
Soon my journey will be ended—
Life is drawing to a close ;
I shall then be well attended—
This my Father knows.

4 I shall then with joy behold Him—
Face to face my Father see ;
Fall with rapture and adore Him
For His love to me.
Nothing more shall then distress me,
In the land of sweet repose ;
Jesus stands engaged to bless me—
This my Father knows.

393

10s.

1 BEGONE, unbelief ! my Saviour is near,
And for my relief will surely appear ;
By prayer let me wrestle, and He will per-
form ;
With Christ in the vessel, I smile at the
storm.

PILGRIM SONGS.

- 2 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 has spoken shall surely prevail.
- 3 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.
- 4 Determined to save, He watched o'er my
path,
When, Satan's blind slave, I sported with
death ;
And can He have taught me to trust in His
name,
And thus far have brought me, to put me
to shame?
- 5 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
their Lord.
- 6 How bitter that cup no heart can conceive,
Which He drank quite up, that sinners
might live !
His way was much rougher and darker than
mine ;
Did Jesus thus suffer, and shall I repine ?

PILGRIM SONGS.

7 Since all that I meet shall work for my good,
The bitter is sweet, the med'cine is food ;
Though painful at present, 'twill cease
before long ;
And then, Oh ! how pleasant the conqueror's
song.

394

C.M.

- 1 OUR souls are in God's mighty hand ;
We're precious in His sight ;
And you and I shall surely stand
With Him in glory bright.
We'll stem the storm ; it can't last long :
We'll anchor by-and-by,
In the haven of eternal rest,
With Jesus ever nigh.
- 2 Him eye to eye we soon shall see ;
Our face like His shall shine :
Oh ! what a glorious company,
When saints and angels join !
- 3 Oh ! what a joyful meeting there !
In robes of white arrayed,
We'll all unite in praising Him
Whose glories never fade.
- 4 When we've been there ten thousand years,
Bright shining as the sun,
We'll have no less days to sing God's praise
Then when we first begun.

PILGRIM SONGS.

5 Then let us hasten to the day
When all shall be brought home.
Come, O Redeemer!—come away!
Come, Jesus! quickly come.

395

Complete

C.M.

- 1 God moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform;
He plants His footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.
- 2 Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never-failing skill,
He treasures up His bright designs,
And works His sovereign will.
- 3 Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take,
The clouds ye so much dread
Are big with mercy, and shall break
In blessings on your head.
- 4 Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust Him for His grace:
Behind a frowning providence
He hides a smiling face.
- 5 His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding every hour;
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flower.

PILGRIM SONGS.

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

396 *W. E. Gladstone*

S. M.

- 1 My times are in Thy hand ;
My God, I wish them there :
My life, my soul, my all, I leave
Entirely to Thy care.
- 2 My times are in Thy hand,
Whatever they may be ;
Pleasing or painful, dark or bright,
As best may seem to Thee.
- 3 My times are in Thy hand,
Why should I doubt or fear ?
A father's hand will never cause
His child a needless tear.
- 4 My times are in Thy hand,
Jesus, the Crucified !
The hand my many sins have pierced,
Is now my guard and guide.
- 5 My times are in Thy hand,
Jesus, my Advocate !
Nor can that hand be stretch'd in vain
For me to supplicate.
- 6 My times are in Thy hand,
I'll always trust in Thee,
Till I possess the promised land,
And all Thy glory see.

PILGRIM SONGS.

397

8.7.

- 1 SAFE enrolled, the promise ever
Writ in hallowed pages stands ;
“ I will never leave thee, never ;
None shall pluck thee from my hands.”
- 2 No, my Saviour ! never, never !
Thou hast bought me,—I am Thine ;
Nothing shall prevail to sever
From Thy love, this soul of mine.
- 3 Never wilt Thou leave me, never,
I can trust my all with Thee ;
Past, and present, and for ever,
Loved throughout eternity.
- 4 Not the shadow of a turning,
Knows th' eternal love divine ;
Pity, in Thy bosom burning.
Made me, keeps me, ever Thine.

398

P.M.

- 1 I SHALL walk through the valley of the
shadow of death ;
I shall walk through the valley in peace.
For Jesus Himself will be my Leader,
I shall walk through the valley in
peace.
- 2 We shall reach our home in peace.
- 3 There will be no sorrow there.
- 4 We shall meet our loved ones there.
- 5 There will be no partings there.

THE GLORY. ,

399

C.M.

- 1 JESUS, these eyes have never seen
That radiant form of Thine ;
The veil of sense hangs dark between
Thy blessèd face and mine.
- 2 I see Thee not, I hear Thee not,
Yet art Thou oft with me ;
And earth has ne'er so dear a spot,
As where I meet with Thee.
- 3 Like some bright dream, that comes un-
sought,
When slumbers o'er me roll,
Thine image ever fills my thought
And charms my ravish'd soul.
- 4 Yea, though I have not seen, and still
Must rest in faith alone,
I love Thee, dearest Lord, and will,
Unseen but not unknown.
- 5 When death these mortal eyes may seal,
And still this throbbing heart ;
The rending veil shall Thee reveal,
All-glorious as Thou art.

400

L.M.

- 1 WOULD that my faith were more like sight,
Not subject to this low degree,
How pure and holy the delight,
Of those from bonds of flesh set free.

THE GLORY.

2 Sweet with no death or ought between,
By sight, undimmed, to see Thee near
To see Thee as Thou now art seen,
No earth-born cloud, no sinful fear.

3 'Tis in this never seeing Thee,
That present distance seems so far,
Faith's very best Thy face to see,
Is gained amidst perpetual war.

4 How glorious! Lord, 'twill ever be
With harps of gold and tongues of joy,
Thy very inmost love to see,
And all for Thee my love employ.

401

P.M.

1 Oh! what shall I do, Lord, when first I
behold,
Thyself in the glory so often foretold?
What moment of rapture, the highest for
me,
When once I shall see Thee, and like
Thee shall be.
Say shall I indulge, Lord, low down at
Thy feet,
My soul in the thought of her portion so
great?
Or shall I, forgetful of all I may be,
Think only of Thee, Lord, think only of
Thee?

THE GLORY.

- 2 Oh, fain would I rest on Thy bosom so dear,
Thou, blessed Lord Jesus, wilt welcome
me there ;
Thy words, and Thy love, and Thy joy all
divine
Will show how completely Thou ownest
me Thine.
How could I thus near Thee, 'mid glory so
fair,
Turn off my fond gaze from Thy precious-
ness there,
Unless it were looking more fully to know,
What streams from Thy presence for ever
must flow ?
- 3 Oh ! this be my worship, sweet worship of
heaven !—
To gaze on those hands, and those feet,
which were riven ;
To see my Beloved, and own Him as mine,
And know I am His, in His deep love divine.
Ah, Lord ! I will leave it for that coming
day,
When Thou in the glory wilt mark out my
way,
Assured that whatever that glory may be,
I shall find all my heaven for ever in Thee.
- 4 Meanwhile for this glory my spirit must
wait,
And count all but dross for a glory so great ;
What oceans on oceans ere long will o'er-
flow—
Of love passing knowledge eternal to know.

THE GLORY.

Then come, oh Lord Jesus, yea, come
quickly, now,
Thy Church waits to see Thee, Thy once
pierced brow,
Content in Thy presence for ever to be,
We'll cast all our crowns, blessed Saviour,
to Thee !

402

7.6.

- 1 THE sands of time are sinking,
The dawn of heaven breaks,
The summer morn I've sighed for—
The fair, sweet morn awakes.
Dark, dark hath been the midnight,
But dayspring is at hand,
And glory, glory dwelleth,
In Immanuel's land.
- 2 Oh ! Christ He is the Fountain,
The deep sweet well of love !
The streams on earth I've tasted,
More deep I'll drink above :
There, to an ocean fulness,
His mercy doth expand,
And glory—glory dwelleth
In Immanuel's land.
- 3 With mercy and with judgment
My web of time He wove,
And aye the dews of sorrow
Were lustered with His love :

THE GLORY.

I'll bless the Hand that guided,
I'll bless the Heart that plann'd,
When throned where glory dwelleth
In Immanuel's land.

4 The Bride eyes not her garment,
But her dear Bridegroom's face ;
I will not gaze at glory,
But on my King of Grace—
Not at the crown He giveth,
But on His piercèd hand :
The Lamb is all the glory
Of Immanuel's land.

5 Oh ! I am my Beloved's,
And my Beloved is mine !
He brings a poor vile sinner
Into His "house of wine !"
I stand upon His merit,
I know no other stand,
Not e'en where glory dwelleth
In Immanuel's land.

6 I've wrestled on t'ward heaven,
'Gainst storm, and wind, and tide ;
Now, like a weary trav'ler
That leaneth on his guide,
Amid the shades of evening,
While sinks life's ling'ring sand,
I hail the glory dawning
From Immanuel's land.

THE GLORY.

7 Deep waters crossed life's pathway,
The hedge of thorns was sharp ;
Now these lie all behind me—
Oh for a well-tuned harp !
Oh to join Hallelujah
With yon triumphant band,
Who sing, where glory dwelleth,
In Immanuel's land !

403

P.M.

- 1 I'm but a stranger here ;
Heaven is my home.
Earth is a desert drear ;
Heaven is my home.
Danger and sorrow stand
Round me on every hand,
Heaven is my fatherland—
Heaven is my home.
- 2 What though the tempests rage ?
Heaven is my home.
Short is my pilgrimage ;
Heaven is my home.
And Time's wild wintry blast
Soon will be overpast,
I shall reach home at last ;
Heaven is my home.
- 3 There, at my Saviour's side,
Heaven is my home.
I shall be glorified ;
Heaven is my home.

THE GLORY.

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

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

404

P.M.

1 On to be over yonder,
 In that bright land of wonder,
Where the angel voices mingle, and
 the angel harps do ring !
To be free from care and sorrow,
 And the anxious dread to-morrow,
To rest in light and sunshine in the pre-
 sence of the King !
Oh to be over yonder.
In that land of wonder !.
There to be for ever,
In the presence of the King !

2 Oh to be over yonder !
 My longing heart grows fonder
Of looking to the far-off east, to see the
 day-star bring

THE GLORY.

Some tidings of the awaking,
Of the cloudless, pure day breaking :
My heart is yearning—yearning for the
coming of the King.

3 Oh to be over yonder !
Alas ! I sigh and ponder—
Why clings this poor weak heart of
mine to any earthly thing ?
For each earthly tie must sever,
And pass away for ever :
There's no more separation in the pre-
sence of the King !

4 Oh, when shall I be dwelling
Where angel voices, swelling
In triumphant hallelujahs, make the
vaulted heavens ring ?—
Where the pearly gates are gleam-
ing,
And the Morning Star is beaming ?
Oh, when shall I be yonder in the pre-
sence of the King ?

5 Oh, when shall I be yonder ?
The longing groweth stronger
To join in all the praises the redeemed
ones do sing,
Within those heavenly places,
Where the angels veil their faces
In awe and adoration, in the presence of
the King.

THE GLORY.

405

C.M.

- 1 FAR from these narrow scenes of night
Unbounded glories rise,
And realms of infinite delight,
Unknown to mortal eyes.
- 2 There pain and sickness never come,
And grief no more complains,
Health triumphs in immortal bloom,
And endless pleasure reigns.
- 3 No cloud those blissful regions know,
For ever bright and fair,
For sin, the source of mortal woe,
Can never enter there.
- 4 There no alternate night is known,
Nor sun's imperfect ray,
But glory, from the sacred throne,
Spreads everlasting day.
- 5 Fair distant land, could now our eyes
But half its charms explore,
How would our spirits long to rise,
And dwell on earth no more!
- 6 Oh, may the heavenly vision fire
Our hearts with ardent love,
Till wings of faith and strong desire
Bear every thought above.

THE GLORY.

406

C.M.

- 1 **THERE** is a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign ;
Infinite day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain.
- 2 There everlasting spring abides,
And never-withering flowers :
Death, like a narrow sea, divides
This heavenly land from ours.
- 3 Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood
Stand dress'd in living green :
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
While Jordan roll'd between.
- 4 But timorous mortals start and shrink
To cross this narrow sea,
And linger, shivering on the brink,
And fear to launch away.
- 5 Oh ! could we make our doubts remove,
Those gloomy doubts that rise,
And see the Canaan that we love
With unbeckoned eyes !
- 6 Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er,
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold
flood,
Should fright us from the shore !

THE GLORY.

407

S. M.

- 1 I HAVE a home above,
From sin and sorrow free ;
A mansion which eternal love
Design'd and form'd for me.
- 2 The Father's gracious hand
Has built this blest abode ;
From everlasting it was plann'd,
The dwelling-place of God,
- 3 The Saviour's precious blood
Has made my title sure ;
He passed through death's dark raging
flood,
To make my rest secure.
- 4 The Comforter is come,
The Earnest has been given ;
He leads me onward to the home
Reserved for me in heaven.
- 5 Bright angels guard my way ;
His ministers of power,
Encamping round me night and day,
Preserve in danger's hour.
- 6 Loved ones are gone before,
Whose pilgrim days are done ;
I soon shall greet them on that shore,
Where partings are unknown.
- 7 But more than all I long
His glories to behold,
Whose smile shall fill the radiant throng
With ecstacies untold.

THE GLORY.

- 8 That bright, yet tender smile,
My sweetest welcome there,
Shall cheer me through the "little while"
I tarry for Him here.
- 9 Thy love, most gracious Lord,
My joy and strength shall be ;
Till Thou shalt speak the gladdening
word
That bids me rise to Thee.
- 10 And then through endless days
Where all Thy glories shine,
In happier, holier strains I'll praise
The grace that made me Thine.

408

6s.

- 1 **THERE** is a blessed home,
Beyond this land of woe,
Where trials never come,
Nor tears of sorrow flow ;
Where faith is lost to sight,
And patient love is crowned,
And everlasting light,
Its glory throws around.
- 2 There is a land of peace,
Bright angels know it well,
Glad songs that never cease,
Within its portals swell ;
Around its glorious throne,
Ten thousand saints adore,
Christ with the Father One,
And Spirit evermore.

THE GLORY.

- 3 O joy, all joys beyond,
To see the Lamb who died,
And count each sacred wound,
In hands, and feet, and side ;
To give to Him the praise,
Of every triumph won,
And sing through endless days,
The great things He hath done.
- 4 Look up, ye saints of God,
Nor fear to tread below,
The path your Saviour trod
Of daily toil and woe ;
Wait but a little while
In uncomplaining love ;
His own most gracious smile,
Shall welcome you above.

409

8.7.

- 1 WHEN we reach our peaceful dwelling,
On the strong eternal hills,
And our praise to Him is swelling,
Who the vast creation fills.
When the paths of prayer and duty,
And affliction, all are trod,
And we wake and see the beauty,
Of our Saviour and our God.
- 2 With the light of resurrection,
When our changèd bodies glow,
And we gain the full perfection,
Of the bliss begun below—

THE GLORY.

Oh! 'twill be a glorious morrow,
To a dark and stormy day,
When we smile upon our sorrow,
When the storms have passed away.

3 When we wave the palms of glory
Through the long eternal years,
Shall we e'er forget the story
Of our mortal griefs and fears;
Shall we e'er forget the sadness,
And the clouds that hung so dim,
When our hearts are filled with gladness,
And our tears are dried by Him.

4 Shall the memory be banished
Of His kindness and His care,
When the wants and woes are vanished,
Which He loved to soothe and share?
All the way by which He led us,
All the grievings which He bore,
All the patient love He taught us,
Shall we think of them no more.

5 We shall read the tender meaning
Of the sorrows and alarms,
As we trod the desert, leaning,
On His everlasting arms.
And His rest will be the dearer
As we think on weary ways
And His light will shine the clearer,
As we muse on cloudy days.

McClay

THE GLORY.

410 *Robert M. McClay* 6.7s. ¹¹

- 1 WHEN this passing world is done,
When has sunk yon radiant sun,
When we stand with Christ on high,
Looking o'er life's history ;
Then, Lord, shall I fully know—
Not till then—how much I owe.
- 2 When I stand before the throne,
Dress'd in beauty not my own ;
When I see Thee as Thou art,
Love Thee with unsinning heart,
Then, Lord, shall I fully know—
Not till then—how much I owe !
- 3 When the praise of heaven I hear,
Loud as thunders to the ear,
Loud as many waters' noise,
Sweet as harps' melodious voice ;
Then, Lord, shall I fully know—
Not till then—how much I owe !
- 4 E'en on earth, as through a glass
Darkly, let Thy glory pass ;
Make forgiveness feel so sweet ;
Make Thy Spirit's help so meet ;
E'en on earth, Lord, make me know
Something of how much I owe.
- 5 Chosen, not for good in me ;
Wakened up from wrath to flee ;
Hidden in the Saviour's side ;
By the Spirit sanctified ;
Teach me, Lord, on earth to show,
By my love, how much I owe.

THE GLORY.

411

Denham Smith

P.M.

- 1 WHEN the night shall have passed, and the shadows are gone,
And sorrows and sins shall be o'er ;
When the glory shall break from the long-promised morn,
And Jesus be absent no more.
- 2 When the bright streams of glory for ever shall flow,
And Christ all His love shall declare,
Not a fear shall we have of the once dreaded woe,
Not a thought of the night of despair.
- 3 When the holy have entered the region of peace,
To dwell in their mansions above ;
When their harmony wakes in the fulness of bliss,
Sweet songs to the Saviour of love.
- 4 Oh, then we shall rest in His presence secure,
Nor think more of troubles to come,
But dwell where the ages eternal endure
“ With Christ ” in His heavenly home.

412

C.M.

- 1 THERE is a fold where none can stray,
And pastures ever green ;
Where sultry sun, or stormy day,
Or night, are never seen.

THE GLORY.

- 2 Far up the everlasting hills,
In God's own light it lies ;
His smile its vast dimension fills
With joy that never dies.
- 3 There is a Shepherd living there,
The First-born from the dead,
Who tends, with sweet unwearied care,
The flock for which He bled.
- 4 There congregate the sons of light,
Fair as the morning sky ;
And taste of infinite delight,
Beneath their Saviour's eye.
- 5 There in the power of heavenly sight,
They gaze upon the throne,
And scan perfection's utmost height,
And know as they are known.
- 6 Their joy bursts forth in strains of love,
In one harmonious song ;
And through the heavenly courts above,
The echoes roll along.
- 7 O may our faith take up that sound,
Though toiling here below !
'Midst trials may our joys abound,
And songs amidst our woe !
- 8 Until we reach that happy shore,
And join to swell their strain ;
And from our God go out no more,
And never weep again.

THE GLORY.

413

S.M.

- 1 Rest of the saints above,
Jerusalem of God,
Who in thy palaces of love—
Thy golden streets hath trod.
- 2 To me thy joy to tell,
Those courts secure from ill,
Where God Himself vouchsafes to dwell,
And every bosom fill ?
- 3 Who shall to me that joy
Of saint-thronged courts declare,
Tell of that constant sweet employ
My spirit longs to share ?
- 4 That rest secure from ill,
No cloud of grief e'er stains,
Unfailing praise each heart doth fill,
And love eternal reigns.
- 5 The Lamb is there, my soul—
There God Himself doth rest,
In love divine diffused through all
With Him supremely blest.
- 6 God and the Lamb !—'tis well,
I know that source divine
Of joy and love no tongue can tell,
Yet know that all is mine.
- 7 There on the hidden bread
Of Christ—once humbled here—
God's treasured store—for ever fed,
His love my soul shall cheer.

THE GLORY.

8 There in effulgence bright,
Saviour and Guide, with Thee
I'll walk, and in Thy heavenly light
Whiter my robe shall be.

9 God and the Lamb shall there
The light and temple be,
And radiant hosts for ever share,
The unveiled mystery.

414

P.M.

1 O PARADISE! O Paradise!
Who doth not crave for rest?
Who would not seek the happy land
Where they that loved are blest?
Where loyal hearts and true
Stand ever in the light
All rapture through and through
In God's most holy sight?

2 O Paradise! O Paradise!
The world is growing old.
Who would not be at rest and free
Where love is never cold?
Where loyal hearts, &c.

3 O Paradise! O Paradise!
'Tis weary waiting here;
I long to be where Jesus is,
To feel, to see Him near.
Where loyal hearts, &c.

THE GLORY.

- 4 O Paradise! O Paradise!
I want to sin no more;
I want to be as pure on earth
As on Thy spotless shore.
Where loyal hearts, &c.
- 5 O Paradise! O Paradise!
I greatly long to see
The special place my dearest Lord
In love prepares for me;
Where loyal hearts &c.,
- 6 Lord Jesus, King of Paradise,
O keep me in Thy love,
And guide me to that happy land
Of perfect rest above;
Where loyal hearts, &c.

415

7.6.

- 1 JERUSALEM the golden,
With milk and honey blest,
Beneath thy contemplation
Sink heart and voice oppress'd:
I know not, oh I know not
What joys await me there:
What radiancy of glory,
What bliss beyond compare!
- 2 O home of fadeless splendour,
Of flowers that fear no thorn,
Where they shall dwell as children
Who here as exiles mourn;

THE GLORY.

'Midst power that knows no limit,
Where wisdom has no bound,
The Beatific Vision
Shall glad the saints around.

3 They stand, those halls of Sion,
Conjubilant with song,
And bright with many an angel,
And all the martyr throng :
The Prince is ever in them,
The daylight is serene ;
The pastures of the blessed
Are deck'd in glorious sheen.

4 There is the throne of David,
And there, from care released,
The song of them that triumph,
The shout of them that feast ;
And they who with their Leader
Have conquer'd in the fight,
For ever and for ever
Are clad in robes of white !

416

7.6.

1 BRIEF life is here our portion ;
Brief sorrow, short-lived care ;
The life that knows no ending,
The tearless life is there.
O happy retribution,
Short toil, eternal rest ;
For mortals and for sinners
A mansion with the blest !

2 B

THE GLORY.

- 2 And now we fight the battle,
But then shall wear the crown
Of full and everlasting
And passionless renown ;
The morning shall awaken,
The shadows shall decay,
And each true-hearted servant
Shall shine as doth the day.
- 3 There He whom now we trust in,
Shall then be seen and known ;
And they, that know and see Him,
Shall have Him for their own.
Exult, O dust and ashes !
The Lord shall be thy part :
His only, His for ever,
Thou shalt be, and thou art !
- 4 O sweet and blessed country,
The home of God's elect !
O sweet and blessed country,
That eager hearts expect !
Jesus in mercy bring us
To that dear land of rest,
Who art with God the Father
And Spirit, ever blest.

417

7.6.

- 1 For thee, O dear, dear country,
Mine eyes their vigils keep ;
For very love beholding
Thy happy name, they weep ;

THE GLORY.

The mention of thy glory
Is unction to the breast,
And medicine in sickness,
And love, and life, and rest.

2 Jerusalem, the glorious—
O Paradise of joy!
Where tears are ever banished,
And smiles have no alloy:
There grief is turn'd to pleasure,
Such pleasure as below
No human voice can utter,
No human heart can know.

3 The Lamb is all thy splendour,
The Crucified thy praise;
His laud and benediction
Thy ransomed people raise.
Thou hast no shore, fair ocean!
Thou hast no time, bright day!
Dear fountain of refreshment
To pilgrims far away!

4 With jasper glow thy bulwarks,
Thy streets with emeralds blaze;
The sardius and the topaz
Unite in thee their rays;
Thine ageless walls are bonded
With amethyst unpriced;
Thy saints build up thy fabric,
The corner-stone is Christ.

THE GLORY.

418

7.6.

- 1 THE glory shines before me !
I cannot linger here !
Though clouds may darken o'er me,
My Father's house is near.
If through this barren wilderness
A little while I roam,
The glory shines before me,
I am not far from home !
- 2 Beyond the storms I'm going,
Beyond this vale of tears,
Beyond the floods o'erflowing,
Beyond the changing years ;
I'm going to the better land,
By faith long since possess'd,
The glory shines before me,
For this is not my rest.
- 3 The Lamb is there the glory !
The Lamb is there the light !
Affliction's grasp but tore me
From phantoms of the night.
The voice of Jesus calleth me,
My race will soon be run ;
The glory shines before me,
The prize will soon be won !
- 4 The glory shines before me !
I know that all is well !
My Father's care is o'er me,
His praises I would tell.

THE GLORY.

The love of Christ constraineth me,
His blood hath wash'd me white,
Where Jesus is the glory—
'Tis home! and love! and light!

419

C. M.

- 1 How bright those glorious spirits shine!
Whence all their white array?
How came they to the blissful seats
Of everlasting day?
- 2 Lo, these are they, from sufferings great,
Who came to realms of light,
And in the blood of Christ have wash'd
Those robes which shine so bright!
- 3 Now with triumphal palms, they stand
Before the throne on high,
And serve the God they love amidst
The glories of the sky.
- 4 His presence fills each heart with joy—
Tunes every voice to sing;
By day, by night, the sacred courts
With glad hosannas ring.
- 5 Hunger and thirst are felt no more,
Nor sun, with scorching ray;
God is their sun, whose cheering beams
Diffuse eternal day.
- 6 The Lamb who dwells amidst the throne,
Shall o'er them still preside—
Feed them with nourishment divine,
And all their footsteps guide.

THE GLORY.

420

L.M.

- 1 THE countless multitude on high,
Who tune their songs to Jesu's name,
All merit of their own deny,
And Jesu's worth alone proclaim.
- 2 Firm on the ground of sov'reign grace,
They stand before Jehovah's throne :
The only song in that blest place
Is—"Thou art worthy ! Thou alone !"
- 3 Salvation's glory all be paid
To Him who sits upon the throne :
And to the Lamb whose blood was shed :
"Thou ! Thou are worthy ! Thou alone !"
- 4 For Thou wast slain, and in Thy blood
These robes were wash'd, so spotless,
pure
Thou mad'st us kings and priests to God,
For ever let Thy praise endure.
- 5 Let us with joy adopt the strain
We hope to sing for ever there :
"Worthy's the Lamb for sinners slain,
Worthy alone the crown to wear !"
- 6 Without one holy thought to plead,
Oh, what could shield us from despair ?
But this, though we are vile indeed,
The Lord our Righteousness is there !

THE GLORY.

421

P.M.

- 1 No shadows yonder,—
All light and song,—
Each day I wonder,
And say, how long
Shall time me sunder
From that dear throng ?
- 2 No weeping yonder,—
All fled away !
While here, I wander
Each weary day,
And sigh as I ponder
My long, long stay.
- 3 No partings yonder,—
Time and space never
Again shall sunder,—
Hearts cannot sever,—
Dearer and fonder
Hands clasp for ever.
- 4 None wanting yonder,—
Bought by the Lamb.
All gathered under
The ever-green palm,
Loud as night's thunder
Ascends the glad psalm.

422

8s.

- 1 AWAY with our sorrow and fear,
We soon shall have entered our home,
The city of saints shall appear ;
The day of eternity come :

THE GLORY.

From earth we shall quickly remove,
And mount to our native abode ;
The house of our Father above,
The palace of angels and God.

2 Our mourning is all at an end,
When, raised by the life-giving word,
We see the new city descend,
Adorned as a bride for her Lord ;
The city so holy and clean,
No sorrow can breathe in the air ;
No gloom of affliction or sin,
No shadow of evil is there !

3 No need of the sun in that day,
Which never is followed by night,
Where the beauties of Jesus display
A pure and a permanent light :
The Lamb is their Light and their Sun,
And lo ! by reflection they shine,
With Jesus ineffably one,
And bright in effulgence divine.

4 Not all the bright angels can tell
The joys of that holiest place,
Where Jesus is pleased to reveal
The light of His heavenly face.
All tears shall be wiped from our eyes,
When Thee we behold in the cloud,
And echo the joys of the skies,
And shout to the trumpet of God.

THE GLORY.

423

8.7.

- 1 THIS is not my place of resting,
Mine's a city yet to come ;
Onwards to it I am hasting,
On to my eternal home.
- 2 In it all is light and glory,
O'er it shines a nightless day ;
Every trace of sin's sad story,
All the curse has pass'd away.
- 3 There the Lamb our Shepherd leads us
By the streams of life along ;
On the freshest pastures feeds us,
Turns our sighing into song.
- 4 Soon we pass this desert dreary,
Soon we bid farewell to pain ;
Never more be sad or weary,
Never, never sin again.

424

P.M.

- 1 THERE'S a beautiful land on high,
To its glories I fain would fly
When by sorrow press'd down
I long for my crown
In that beautiful land on high.
In that beautiful land I'd be,
From sin and from care set free,
My Jesus is there,
He's gone to prepare
A place in that land for me.

THE GLORY.

- 2 There's a beautiful land on high,
And though here I oft weep and sigh,
Yet my Saviour has said
That no tear shall be shed
In that beautiful land on high.
- 3 There's a beautiful land on high,
And my kindred its bliss enjoy,
And methinks I now see
Them waiting for me
In that beautiful land on high.
- 4 There's a beautiful land on high,
Where we never shall say good-bye,
When over the river,
We are happy together
In that beautiful land on high.

425

8s.

- 1 WE talk of the land of the blest,
That country so bright and so fair;
And oft are its glories confess'd—
But what must it be to be there !
- 2 We talk of its pathways of gold,
Its walls deck'd with jewels so rare;
Its wonders and pleasures untold—
But what must it be to be there !
- 3 We talk of its peace and its love,
The robes which the glorified wear;
The songs of the blessed above—
But what must it be to be there !

THE GLORY.

- 4 We talk of its freedom from sin,
From sorrow, temptation, and care ;
From trials without and within—
But what must it be to be there !
- 5 Do Thou, Lord, 'midst pleasure or woe,
For heaven our spirits prepare ;
Then shortly we also shall know,
And *feel* what it is to be there !

426

P.M.

- 1 Oh, think of the home over there,
By the side of the river of light,
Where the saints all immortal and fair
Are robed in their garments of white.
Over there, over there, oh, think of the
home over there.
- 2 Oh, think of the friends over there,
Who before us the journey have trod,
Of the songs that they breathe on the air,
In their home in the palace of God.
Over there, over there, oh, think of the
friends over there.
- 3 My Saviour is now over there,
There my kindred and friends are at rest ;
Then, away from my sorrow and care,
Let me fly to the land of the blest.
Over there, over there, my Saviour is now
over there.

X Then, then I feel that the
The Lord is so near from me
THE GLORY.

4 I'll soon be at home over there,
For the end of my journey I see ;
Many dear to my heart over there
Are watching and waiting for me.
Over there, over there, I'll soon be at home
over there.

427

- 1 "FOR ever with the Lord!"
Amen! so let it be!
Life from the dead is in that word,
'Tis immortality!
- 2 Here in the body pent,
Absent from Him I roam,
Yet nightly pitch my moving tent
A day's march nearer home.
- 3 My Father's house on high,
Home of my soul! how near,
At times, to faith's transpiercing eye,
Thy golden gates appear!
- 4 Ah! then my spirit faints
To reach the land I love,
The bright inheritance of saints,
Jerusalem above!
- 5 "FOR ever with the Lord!"
Father, if 'tis Thy will,
The promise of that faithful word,
E'en here to me fulfil.

S.M.

Handwritten notes:
The book is done
I hope to see
X

Remembered as I stand
Through Jesus' blood
THE GLORY.

- 6 Be Thou at my right hand,
Then can I never fail,
Uphold Thou me, and I shall stand,
Fight, and I must prevail.
- 7 So when my latest breath
Shall rend the veil in twain,
By death I shall escape from death,
And life eternal gain.
- 8 Knowing as I am known,
How shall I love that word,
And oft repeat before the throne,
"For ever with the Lord!"
- 9 That resurrection word,
That shout of victory,
Once more, "For ever with the Lord!"
Amen—so let it be!

428

L.M

- 1 **AMEN**—one lasting, long **AMEN**!
Blest anthem of eternal days,
The fulness of the rapturous song,
To Christ, the Saviour's endless praise.
- 2 **AMEN**—one lasting, long **AMEN**!
Heaven's blissful cadence, deep and loud
While every heart before the Throne,
In holy, solemn awe is bowed.
- 3 **AMEN**; **AMEN**; it rolls along!
Re-echoing from the Throne again!
Be ours to mingle with the throng
In that eternal, loud "**AMEN.**"

BAPTISM.

429

7.6.

- 1 AROUND Thy grave, Lord Jesus,
Thine empty grave we stand ;
With hearts all full of praises,
To keep Thy blest command ;
Our souls by faith rejoicing
To trace Thy path of love,
Through death's dark angry billows,
Up to the throne above.
- 2 Lord Jesus, we remember
The travail of Thy soul,
When in Thy love's deep pity,
The waves did o'er Thee roll ;
Baptized in death's deep waters,
For us the blood was shed :
For us the Lord of glory
Was numbered with the dead.
- 3 O Lord, Thou now art risen ;
Thy travail all is o'er ;
For sin Thou once hast suffer'd
Thou liv'st to die no more ;
Lo ! death and hell are vanquish'd
By Thee, the church's Head ;
And now we share Thy triumphs,
Thou first-born from the dead !
- 4 Into Thy death baptizèd,
We own with Thee we died ;
With Thee, our Life, are risen,
And shall be glorified.

BAPTISM.

From sin, the world, and Satan,
We're ransom'd by Thy blood,
And now would walk as strangers,
Alive with Thee to God.

430

S.M.

- 1 JESUS, Thy ransomed flock
Obey Thy gracious voice ;
Thus would we keep Thy blest commands,
And make Thy ways our choice.
- 2 Here we recall the truth,
So precious to the heart,
That all Thy saints are one with Thee,
That all with Thee have part.
- 3 One with Thee in Thy death,
Thy burial in the tomb,
Thy risen life at God's right hand,
And glory yet to come.
- 4 Baptized into Thee,
We would Thy name confess,
Would glory only in Thy cross,
Thy blood, Thy righteousness.
- 5 Baptiz'd into Thy death,
From former bondage free,
We own that to the flesh and sin
We now have died in Thee
- 6 Partaking of Thy life,
Conformed to Thee our Head,
May we henceforth live to Thy praise,
And in Thy footsteps tread.

BAPTISM.

431

C.M.

- 1 COME, ye who bow to sovereign grace,
Record Immanuel's love ;
Join in a song of noble praise,
To Him who reigns above.
- 2 Once in the gloomy grave He lay,
But by His rising power,
He bore the gates of death away :
Hail ! mighty Conqueror.
- 3 Here we declare in emblem plain,
Our burial in His grave ;
And since in Him we rose again,
We rise from out the wave.
- 4 No trust in water do we place,
'Tis but an outward sign ;
The great reality is grace,
The fountain, blood divine.

432

S.M.

- 1 HERE, O ye faithful, see,
Your Lord baptized in woe,
Immersed in seas of agony,
Which all His soul o'erflow.
- 2 Here we behold the grave
Which held our buried Head ;
We claim a burial in the wave
Because with Jesus dead.
- 3 Here, too, we see Him rise,
And live no more to die ;
And one with Him by sacred ties
We rise to live on high.

BAPTISM.

433

C M.

- 1 O LORD, while we confess the worth
Of this, the outward seal,
Do Thou the truths herein set forth,
To every heart reveal.
- 2 Death to the world we here avow,
Death to each fleshly lust ;
Newness of life our calling now,
A risen Lord our trust.
- 3 And we, O Lord, who now partake
Of resurrection life,
With every sin, for Thy dear sake,
Would be at constant strife.
- 4 Baptized into the Father's name,
We'd walk as sons of God ;
Baptized in Thine, we own Thy claim,
As ransomed by Thy blood.
- 6 Baptized into the Holy Ghost,
We'd prove His mighty power ;
And making Thee our only boast,
Obey Thee hour by hour.

434

MARRIAGE.

C.M.

- 1 SINCE Jesus freely did appear
To grace a marriage feast,
O Lord, we ask Thy presence here,
To make a wedding guest.

2 C

MARRIAGE.

- 2 Upon the bridal pair look down,
Who now have plighted hands,
Their union with Thy favour crown,
And bless their nuptial bands.
- 3 With gifts of grace their hearts endow,
Of all rich dowries best ;
Their substance bless and peace bestow
To sweeten all the rest.
- 4 In purest love their souls unite,
That they, with Christian care,
May make each others burdens light,
By taking mutual share.

435

S. M.

- 1 How welcome was the call,
And sweet the festal lay,
When Jesus deigned in Cana's hall
To bless the marriage-day.
- 2 And happy was the bride,
And glad the bridegroom's heart,
For He who tarried at their side
Bade grief and ill depart.
- 3 His gracious power divine
The water-vessels knew,
And plenteous was the mystic wine
The wondering servants drew.
- 4 O Lord of life and love,
Come Thou again to-day,
And bring a blessing from above,
That ne'er shall pass away.

MARRIAGE.

- 5 O bless, as erst of old,
The bridegroom and the bride ;
Bless with the holier stream that flowed
Forth from Thy piercèd side.
- 6 Before Thy altar-throne
This mercy we implore :
As Thou dost knit them, Lord, in one,
So bless them evermore !

436 DEDICATION OF AN INFANT. C.M.

- 1 O SOVEREIGN Lord of earth and heaven,
Let but Thy blessing rest
Upon this babe which Thou hast given,
It shall indeed be blest !
- 2 We join to dedicate to Thee
This spirit, body, soul ;
For time and for eternity,
Do Thou possess the whole.
- 3 Oh let this heart be filled with grace ;
These ears oped to Thy Word ;
And may these feet soon run apace
The errands of our God.
- 4 Keep eyes and hands from vanity :
And patient, gentle, meek,
For God and for eternity,
May this tongue ever speak,
- 5 Thus, in the changing path of life,
Shall this child ever be,
Amidst its conflict, sin, and strife,
Securely kept by Thee.

DEDICATION OF AN INFANT.

437

C. M.

- 1 FAIN, O my babe, I'd have thee know
The God whom angels love,
And teach thee feeble strains below,
Akin to those above.
- 2 Oh ! when thy lisping tongue shall read
Of truths divinely sweet,
May'st thou, a little child indeed,
Sit down at Jesu's feet.
- 3 I'll move thine ear, I'll point thine eye.
But ah, the inward part !
My God, my Father hear the sigh,
That trembles through my heart.
- 4 Break with Thy gracious beam benign,
O'er all the mental wild,
Bright on the human chaos shine,
And new-create my child.

438

CHILDREN.

S. M.,

- 1 THERE is a green hill far away,
Without a city wall,
Where the dear Lord was crucified
Who died to save us all.
- 2 We may not know, we cannot tell,
What pains He had to bear,
But we believe it was for us
He hung and suffered there.

CHILDREN.

- 3 He died that we might be forgiven !
He died to make us good ;
That we might go at last to Heaven,
Saved by His precious blood !
- 4 There was no other good enough
To pay the price of sin,
He only could unlock the gate
Of heaven and let us in !
- 5 O dearly, dearly has He loved,
And we must love Him too !
And trust in His redeeming blood,
And try His works to do.

439

P.M.

- 1 THERE is a happy land,
Far, far away,
Where saints in glory stand
Bright, bright as day.
Oh, how they sweetly sing,
Worthy is our Saviour King :
Loud let His praises ring—
Praise, praise for aye.
- 2 Come to this happy land,
Come, come away :
Why will ye doubting stand ?
Why still delay ?
Oh, we shall happy be,
When from sin and sorrow free,
Lord, we shall live with Thee,
Blest, blest for aye.

CHILDREN.

3 Bright in that happy land
Beams every eye :
Kept by a Father's hand,
Love cannot die.
On then to glory run,
Be a crown and kingdom won ;
And bright above the sun,
Reign, reign for aye.

440

P. M.

- 1 I THINK when I read that sweet story of
old,
When Jesus was here among men,
How He called little children as lambs
to His fold ;
I should like to have been with Him
then.
I wish that His hands had been placed on
my head,
That His arms had been thrown around
me,
And that I might have seen His kind look
when He said,
“ Let the little ones come unto me.”
- 2 Yet still to His footstool in prayer I may
go,
And ask for a share of His love ;
And if I thus earnestly seek Him below,
I shall see Him and hear Him above—

CHILDREN.

In that beautiful place He has gone to
prepare,
For all who are washed and forgiven ;
And many dear children are gathering
there,
For "of such is the kingdom of heaven."

- 3 But thousands and thousands, who wander
and fall,
Never heard of that heavenly home :
I should like them to know there is room
for them all,
And that Jesus has bid them to come.
I long for that blessed and glorious time,
The fairest, and brightest, and best ;
When the dear little children of every
clime
Shall crowd to His arms and be blest.

441

SICKNESS.

C. M.

- 1 When languor and disease invade
This trembling house of clay.
'Tis sweet to look beyond our cage,
(And long to fly away :)
- 2 Sweet to look inward, and attend
The whispers of His love ;
Sweet to look upward to the place
Where Jesus pleads above.
- 3 Sweet to reflect how grace divine
My sins on Jesus laid ;
Sweet to remember that His blood
My debt of suffering paid.

SICKNESS.

- 4 Sweet, in the confidence of faith,
To trust His firm decrees ;
Sweet to lie passive in His hands,
And know no will but His.
- 5 If such the sweetness of the *stream*,
What must the *fountain* be,
Where saints and angels draw their bliss
Immediately from Thee !

442

THE AGED.

8.5.

- 1 GLOIOUS and solemn hour,
Thus at last to stand ;
All behind us is the desert,
All before the land !
- 2 Past the shadows of the valley,
Past the weary plain ;
Past the rugged mountain pathway,
Ne'er to be again.
- 3 And before us ever stretching
In its golden sheen,
Lies the fair, the blessed country,
Where our hearts have been.
- 4 Where our hearts have been whilst wan-
d'ring
Through the desert bare ;
For the soul's ador'd, beloved One,
He abideth there.

DEATH.

5 Clad in love and glory stands He
On that glowing shore,
There to speak the blessed welcome,
All our journeyings o'er.

6 Glorious and solemn hour,
On the verge to stand ;
Of that endless day of worship,
Of that blessed land !

443

S.Y.

1 It is not death to die—
To leave this weary road,
And, midst the brotherhood on high,
To be at home with God.

2 It is not death to close
The eye long dimmed by tears ;
And wake in glorious repose
To spend eternal years.

3 It is not death to bear
The wrench that sets us free,
From dungeon chain to breathe the air
Of boundless liberty.

4 It is not death to fling
Aside this mortal dust,
And rise on strong, exultant wing,
To live among the just.

DEPARTING.

5 Jesus, thou Prince of Life,
Thy chosen cannot die ;
Like Thee they conquer in the strife,
To reign with Thee on high.

444

L. M.

- 1 How blest the righteous when he dies !
When sinks a weary soul to rest ;
How mildly beam the closing eyes,
How gently heaves the expiring breast !
- 2 So fades a summer cloud away,
So sinks the gale when storms are o'er ;
So gently shuts the eye of day ;
So dies a wave along the shore.
- 3 A holy quiet reigns around,
A calm which life nor death destroys ;
Nothing disturbs that peace profound,
Which his unfettered soul enjoys.
- 4 Farewell, conflicting hopes and fears,
Where lights and shades alternate
dwell !
How bright the unchanging morn appears,
Farewell, inconstant world, farewell !
- 5 Life's labour done, as sinks the day,
Light from its load the spirit flies ;
While heaven and earth combine to say,
How blest the righteous when he dies.

THE DEPARTED.

445

C.M.

- 1 GIVE me the wings of faith to rise
 Within the veil, and see
 The saints above, how great their joys,
 How bright their glories be.
- 2 Once they were mourning here below,
 And wet their couch with tears;
 They wrestled hard, as we do now,
 With sins, and doubts, and fears.
- 3 I ask them whence their victory came ;
 They, with united breath,
 Ascribe their conquest to the Lamb,
 Their triumph to His death.
- 4 They marked the footsteps that He trod,
 His zeal inspired their breast,
 And following their incarnate God,
 They gained the promised rest.
- 5 Our glorious Leader claims our praise
 For His own pattern given,
 While the long cloud of witnesses
 Show the same path to heaven.

446

THE GRAVE.

7.6.

- 1 THOU hast stood here, Lord Jesus,
 Beside the still, cold grave ;
 And prov'd Thy deep compassion,
 And mighty pow'r to save.

THE GRAVE.

Thy tears of tender pity
Thy sympathy declare ;
And still for us Thou feelest,
And dost our sorrows share.

2 Thou hast lain here, Lord Jesus,
Thyself the victim then ;
The Lord of life and glory,
Once slain for wretched men.
From sin and condemnation,
When none but Thou could save,
Thy love than death was stronger,
And deeper than the grave.

3 Yes, Thou wast here, Lord Jesus,
But Thou art here no more ;
The terror and the darkness,
The night of death are o'er.
Great Captain of salvation,
Thy triumphs now we sing !
“ O Grave, where is thy vict'ry ?
O Death, where is thy sting ? ”

4 We wait for Thine appearing :
We weep, but we rejoice :
In all our depths of sorrow,
We still can hear Thy voice—
“ I am the resurrection !
I live who once was slain !
Fear not ! thy friend and brother [sister]
Shall rise with Me to reign ! ”

THE GRAVE.

447.

- 1 HEAR what the voice from heaven pro-
claims,
For all the pious dead :
Sweet is the savour of their names,
And soft their sleeping bed.

- 2 They sleep in Jesus, and are blest,
How kind their slumbers are !
From suffering and from sins released,
And freed from every snare.

- 3 Far from this world of toil and strife,
They're present with the Lord ;
The labours of their mortal life
End in a large reward.

448

P. M.

The early Christians were accustomed to bid their dying friends " Good-night," so sure were they of their awakening on the Resurrection Morning.

- 1 SLEEP on, beloved, sleep, and take thy
rest ;
Lay down thy head upon thy Saviour's
breast ;
We love thee well ; but Jesus loves thee
best —
Good-night ! Good-night ! Good-night !

THE GRAVE.

- 2 Calm is thy slumber as an infant's
sleep ;
But thou shalt wake no more to toil and
weep :
Thine is a perfect rest, secure and deep—
Good-night !
- 3 Until the shadows from this earth are
cast ;
Until He gathers in His sheaves at
last ;
Until the twilight gloom be overpast—
Good-night !
- 4 Until the heavenly glory lights the
skies ;
Until the dead in Jesus shall arise,
And He shall come, but not in lowly
guise—
Good-night !
- 5 Until made beautiful by Love Divine,
Thou, in the likeness of thy Lord shalt
shine,
And He shall bring that golden crown
of thine—
Good-night !
- 6 Only “good-night,” belovèd—not “fare-
well !”
A little while, and all His saints shall
dwell
In hallowed union, indivisible—
Good-night !

THE GRAVE.

7 Until we meet again before His throne,
Clothed in the spotless robe He gives His
 own,
Until we know even as we are known—
 Good-night!

449

C. M.

- 1 So heaven is gathering, one by one,
 In its capacious breast,
 All that is pure and permanent
 And beautiful and blest.
- 2 The family is scattered yet,
 Though of one home and heart ;
 Part militant in earthly gloom ;
 In heavenly glory part.
- 3 But who can speak the rapture when
 The number is complete ;
 And all the children scattered now
 Around one Father meet ?—
- 4 One fold, one Shepherd, one employ,
 One everlasting home,
 Our Father's house from whose dear rest
 No wanderer e'er shall roam.

450

BURIAL.

7.6.

- 1 GREAT Captain of salvation !
 We bless Thy glorious name :
 Of death and hell the Victor,
 With all their power and shame ;

BURIAL.

Weak, helpless, poor and trembling,
As in ourselves we stand,
We triumph more than conqu'rors,
Through Thine almighty hand.

2 Our brother's fight is over,
His arduous course is run ;
'Twas by Thy grace and power,
The race of life he won.
He now is sweetly sleeping !
His spirit rests with Thee ;
And though Thy saints are weeping,
Our song is—Victory !

3 Soon wilt Thou come in glory,
With all Thy Church to shine,
Our bodies raised in honour
And beauty, Lord, like Thine :
Then, then, we'll shout still louder
The song which now we sing—
“ O Grave, where is thy victory ?
O Death, where is thy sting ? ”

4 O Son of God ! we thank Thee,
We bless Thy holy name :
Thy love once made Thee willing
To bear our sin and shame ;
And now Thy love is waiting,
Thy Church, like Thee, to raise :
First-born of many brethren,
Thine, thine be all the praise.

THE BEREAVED.

451

C.M.

- 1 WHY should we mourn departing friends,
Or shake at death's alarms ?
'Tis but the voice which Jesus sends
To call them to His arms.
- 2 Are we not tending upward, too,
As fast as time can move ?
Nor would we wish the hours more slow
To keep us from our Love.
- 3 Why should we tremble to convey
Their bodies to the tomb ?
There the dear flesh of Jesus lay,
And left a long perfume.
- 4 The graves of all His saints He blest,
And softened every bed ;
Where should the dying members rest,
But with the dying Head ?
- 5 Thence He arose, ascending high,
And showed our feet the way :
Up to the Lord our flesh shall fly,
At the great rising day.

452

L.M.

- 1 HE wipes the tear from every eye :
What precious words to mourners given :
They lull to rest the deepest sigh,
They heal the heart with anguish riven.

2 D

RESURRECTION.

- 2 Thrice precious words! how sweet their
 sound
 When skies are bright or storms are nigh,
 In life or death their joys abound ;
 He wipes the tear from every eye.
- 3 If in this vale of death and sin
 We still remain, tho' loved ones die,
 Yet will we cleave more close to Him
 Who wipes the tear from every eye.
- 4 The grave! that wardrobe of the just
 Where their material garments lie—
 To Him will safely yield its trust
 Who wipes the tear from every eye.
- 5 As rose oft fragrant still, tho' dead,
 But fills its urn with sweet supply,
 So with the place where He was laid
 Who wipes the tear from every eye.
- 6 O Lord! 'twill be a heaven of love
 When hearts like ours no more shall sigh,
 But we, like Thee, shall be above,
 Where tears no more bedim the eye.

453

8.7.4.

- 1 SWEET that word of Thine, O Jesus!—
 “ I the resurrection am :”
 From among the dead it frees us,
 We believing in Thy name.
 Dearest Saviour,
 Let us now Thy love proclaim.

RESURRECTION.

- 2 Should we *die*, then resurrection !
Then the glorious mystery !
Raised to know a long perfection,
In Thy likeness we shall be.
In a moment
Raised to immortality.
- 3 They who *live*, on earth remaining
Till Thy coming ne'er shall die,
Never need a resurrection—
Simply gathered to the sky :
In a moment
In the twinkling of an eye.
- 4 Grieve we not for loved ones sleeping,
When they soon will rise again :
Better look for days of greeting,
Days of resurrection gain :
Blissful greetings
Wait us 'mid that glittering train !
- 5 Oh, what songs of Hallelujah
Then will burst with glad accord !
Loud, triumphant songs ascending,
Giving glory to the Lord !
Never ending,
Songs ascending,
Harpers harping with each word.
- 6 'Mid the promised incorruption,
'Mid the glorious mystery,
Death and sin, in long destruction,
Swallowed up in victory !
In the image
Of the heavenly we shall be.

RESURRECTION.

7 Hallelujah ! Hallelujah !
Hallelujah ! 'mid the skies !
Hallelujah ; Hallelujah ;
From our ransomed tongues shall rise !
Oh, what glory
To have gained our long loved "prize" !

454

7.6

- 1 I KNOW what bringeth gladness,
In deepest woe to me ;
What cheers my spirit's sadness,
When death's cold hand I see :
- 2 'Tis one sweet expectation
That makes faith's garden bloom,
The hope of God's salvation
And life beyond the tomb !
- 3 "*The body's resurrection*"
Oh ! word of soothing might !
Our objects of affection
Restored to our sight !
- 4 Our faded flowers blooming,
In glory we shall own.
The earth no more entombing
That seed in weakness sown.
- 5 How fresh the recognition
That restoration day !
What bliss in our fruition,
Of joys long passed away !

RE-UNION.

6 Christ shall bring in the glory ;
'Tis He who is our life, .
The Lamb of God most holy,
The Lion in the strife!

7 No cloud is looming o'er me,
For Jesu's word is true ;
His Eden lies before me,
In beauty ever new..

8 I sing of life eternal,
That Jesus Christ doth give ;
He crushed the powers infernal,
He doth for ever live.

455

8.7.4.

1 WHAT are partings to the meetings
In the glory now so nigh ?
What are farewells to the greetings
Of our loved ones in the sky ?
Sweet re-unions !
With the Saviour ever nigh.

2 There, beyond the resurrection,
Clothed with bodies like His own,
We shall know a long perfection,
Seated with Him on His throne—
Sweet re-unions !
Pilgrims meeting in their home.

RE-UNION.

3 O the brightness of these regions
Where the living die no more,
Where, amidst the white-robed legions,
Are the friends we loved before—
Sweet re-unions,
All our separations o'er.

4 Lo ! the blissful moment's nearing,
Even now He says, "I come ;"
Soon the longed-for re-appearing,
Soon the meeting in our Home—
Sweet re-unions !
Soon the Saviour will have come.

5 Think we only then of meeting,
Grieve not at each parting sigh,
Think we only of the greeting
That awaits us in the sky.
Sweet reunions !
Full of immortality !

456

MORNING.

L.M.

1 New every morning is the love
Our wakening and uprising prove ;
Through sleep and darkness safely brought,
Restored to life and power, and thought.

2 New mercies, each returning day.
Hover around us while we pray ;
New perils past, new sins forgiven,
New thoughts of God, new hopes of heaven.

MORNING.

- 3 Old friends, old scenes will lovelier be,
As more of heaven in each we see ;
Some softening gleam of love and prayer
Shall dawn on every cross and care.
- 4 The trivial round, the common task,
Will furnish all we ought to ask,
Room to deny ourselves ; a road
To bring us daily nearer God.
- 5 Only, O Lord, in Thy dear love
Fit us for perfect rest above,
And help us, this. and every day,
To live more nearly as we pray.

457

S. M.

- 1 SWEETLY the holy hymn
Breaks on the morning air :
Before the world with smoke is dim
We meet to offer prayer.
- 2 While flowers are wet with dews,
Dew of our souls descend :
Ere yet the sun the day renews ;
O Lord, Thy Spirit send.
- 3 Upon the battle-field
Before the fight begins,
We seek, O Lord, Thy sheltering shield,
To guard us from our sins.
- 4 Ere yet our vessel sails
Upon the stream of day,
We plead, O Lord, for heavenly gales
To speed us on our way.

EVENING.

- 5 On the lone mountain side
Before the morning's light,
The Man 'of Sorrows wept and cried
And rose refresh'd with might.
- 6 Oh hear us then, for we
Are very weak and frail,
We make the Saviour's name our plea,
And surely must prevail.

458

L.M.

- 1 SUN of my soul, Thou Saviour dear,
It is not night if Thou be near :
O may no earth-born cloud arise,
To hide Thee from Thy servant's eyes.
- 2 When the soft dews of kindly sleep
My wearied eyelids gently steep,
Be my last thought, how sweet to rest
For ever on my Saviour's breast !
- 3 Abide with me from morn till eve,
For without Thee I cannot live ;
Abide with me when night is nigh,
For without Thee I dare not die.
- 4 Watch by the sick, enrich the poor
With blessings from Thy boundless store ;
Be every mourner's sleep to-night,
Like infant's slumbers, pure and light.
- 5 If some poor wandering child of Thine
Have spurn'd to-day the voice divine,
Now, Lord, the gracious work begin ;
Let him no more lie down in sin.

EVENING.

6 Come near and bless me when I wake,
Ere through the world my way I take,
Till in the ocean of Thy love
I lose myself in heaven above.

459

10s.

- 1** **ABIDE** with me : fast falls the eventide :
The darkness thickens, Lord with me abide.
When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,
Help of the helpless, oh, abide with me.
- 2** Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day !
Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass
away ;
Change and decay in all around I see ;
O Thou who changest not, abide with me.
- 3** Not a brief glance I beg, a passing word,
But as Thou dwelt with Thy disciples, Lord,
Familiar, condescending, patient, free,
Come not to sojourn, but abide with me,
- 4** I need Thy presence every passing hour,
What but Thy grace can foil the tempter's
power ?
Who like Thyself my guide and stay can be ?
Through cloud and sunshine, oh, abide
with me.
- 5** I fear no woe, with Thee at hand to bless ;
Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness ;
Where is Death's sting ? where Grave, thy
victory ?
I triumph still, if Thou abide with me,

EVENING.

460

8.7.

1 THROUGH the day Thy love has kept us,
Now we lay us down to rest ;
Through the silent watches guard us,
Let no foe our peace molest :
Jesus, Thou our guardian be,
Sweet it is to trust in Thee.

2 Pilgrims here on earth, and strangers,
Dwelling in the midst of foes,
Us and ours preserve from dangers,
In Thine arms may we repose ;
And when life's short day is past,
Rest with Thee in heaven at last.

461

8.7.

1 SAVIOUR, breathe an evening blessing,
Ere repose our spirits seal ;
Sin and want we come confessing ;
Thou canst save and Thou canst heal.

2 Though destruction walk around us,
Though the arrows past us fly,
Angel-guards from Thee surround us,
We are safe if Thou art nigh.

3 Though the night be dark and dreary,
Darkness cannot hide from Thee ;
Thou art He, who, never weary,
Watchest where Thy people be.

EVENING.

- 4 Should swift death this night o'ertake us,
And our couch become our tomb,
May the morn in heaven awake us,
Clad in light and deathless bloom!

462

C.M.

- 1 **GOOD-NIGHT**, dear friends, adieu! adieu!
Still in God's way delight;
May grace and truth remain with you,—
Good-night, dear friends, good-night.
- 2 Let God the Father, and the Son,
Whose love transcends all height,
Dwell in our hearts and make us one,—
Good-night, dear friends, good-night.
- 3 Oh! that the penitent may feel
The Christian's calm delight;
May joy and peace their pardon seal,
Good-night, dear friends, good-night.
- 4 And when Christ's banner is unfurl'd,
A signal for our flight;
We then shall say to this vain world—
Good-night, vain world, good-night.
- 5 When we ascend to realms above,
And view the glorious sight,
We'll sing of His redeeming love,
And never say, good-night.

FOR THOSE AT SEA.

463

P.M.

- 1 **ETERNAL** Father, strong to save,
Whose arm hath bound the restless
wave,
Who bids't the mighty ocean deep
Its own appointed limits keep ;
O hear us when we cry to Thee
For those in peril on the sea.

- 2 O Christ, whose voice the waters heard,
And hushed their raging at Thy word,
Who walked upon the foaming deep,
And calm amid the storm didst sleep,
O hear us when we cry to Thee,
For those in peril on the sea.

- 3 O Holy Spirit, who didst brood
Upon the waters dark and rude,
And bid their angry tumult cease,
And give for wild confusion peace ;
O hear us when we cry to Thee
For those in peril on the sea.

- 4 O Trinity of love and power,
Our brethren shield in danger's hour,
From rock and tempest, fire and foe,
Protect them wheresoe'er they go ;
Thus evermore shall rise to Thee
Glad hymns of praise from land and sea.

THE NATIVITY.

464

D.C.M.

- 1 It came upon the midnight clear,
That glorious song of old,
From angels bending near the earth
To touch their harps of gold :
Peace on the earth, good will to men
From heaven's all gracious King :—
The world in solemn stillness lay
To hear the angels sing.
- 2 Swift through the cloven skies they came
With peaceful wings unfurl'd ;
And still that heavenly music floats
O'er all the weary world ;
Above its sad and lowly plains
They bend on hovering wing,
And ever o'er its Babel sounds
The angels still would sing.
- 3 O ye, beneath life's crushing load
Whose forms are bending low,
Who toil along the climbing way
With painful steps and slow :
Look now, for glad and golden hours
Come swiftly on the wing ;
O rest beside the weary road,
And hear the angels sing.
- 4 For, lo, the days are hastening on,
By prophets seen of old,
When with the ever circling years
Shall come the time foretold,

THE NATIVITY.

When the new heaven and earth shall own
The Prince of Peace their King,
And the whole world send back the song
Which now the angels sing.

465

7s.

- 1 HARK ! the herald-angels sing,
“Glory to the new-born King ;
Peace on earth, and mercy mild,
God and sinners reconciled.”
- 2 Joyful, then, ye nations rise,
Join the triumph of the skies ;
Hail the heaven-born Prince of Peace!
Hail the Sun of Righteousness ;
- 3 Veiled in flesh the Godhead see :
Hail the Incarnate Deity !
Pleased as man with men t' appear,
Jesus our Immanuel here.
- 4 Mild, He lays His glory by ;
Born, that men no more might die ;
Born, to raise the sons of earth ;
Born, to give them second birth.
- 5 “Glory to the new-born King ;
Let us all the anthem sing ;
“Glory in the highest heaven,
Peace on earth, and man forgiven.”

THE NATIVITY.

466

7s.

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

THE OLD YEAR.

467

C.M.

- 1 O God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Our shelter from the stormy blast,
And our eternal home ;
- 2 Under the shadow of Thy throne
Thy saints have dwelt secure ;
Sufficient is Thine arm alone,
And our defence is sure.
- 3 Before the hills in order stood,
Or earth received her frame,
From everlasting Thou art God,
To endless years the same.
- 4 A thousand ages in Thy sight
Are like an evening gone ;
Short as the watch that ends the night
Before the rising sun.
- 5 O God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come ;
Be Thou our guard while life shall last,
And our eternal home.

468

S.M.

- 1 To-morrow, Lord, is Thine,
Lodged in Thy sovereign hand,
And if its sun arise and shine,
It shines by Thy command.

TIME.

- 2 The present moment flies,
And bears our life away ;
O make Thy servants truly wise,
That they may live to-day.
- 3 Since on this wingèd hour
Eternity is hung,
Waken by Thine almighty power
The aged and the young.
- 4 One thing demands our care,
Oh be it still pursued,
Lest slighted once, the season fair
Should never be renewed.
- 5 To Jesus may we fly,
Swift as the morning light,
Lest life's young golden beams should
die,
In sudden, endless night.

469

7s.

- 1 **TIME** is earnest, passing by ;
Death is earnest, drawing nigh :
Sinner, wilt thou trifling be ?
Time and death appeal to thee.
- 2 Life is earnest ; when 'tis o'er,
Thou returnest—never more ;
Soon to meet eternity,
Wilt thou never earnest be ?

2 E

TIME.

3 God is earnest ; kneel and pray,
Ere thy season pass away ;
Ere be set His Judgment throne—
Vengeance ready, mercy gone.

470

8.7.4.

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

ETERNITY.

471

P.M.

- 1 It is not time that flies ;
 'Tis we, 'tis we are flying :
It is not life that dies ;
 'Tis we, 'tis we are dying.
- 2 Time and Eternity are one ;
Time is Eternity begun :
Life changes, yet without decay,
 'Tis we alone who pass away.
- 3 Yet we but die to live ;
 It is from Death we're flying :
For ever lives our life ;
 For us there is no dying.
- 4 We die, but as the spring-bud dies,
In summer's golden glow to rise.
These be our days of April bloom ;
Our Summer is beyond the tomb.

472

P.M.

- 1 OH, the clanging bells of Time !
 Night and day they never cease ;
We are wearied with their chime,
 For they do not bring us peace.
And we hush our breath to hear,
 And we strain our eyes to see,
If thy shores are drawing near,
 Eternity ! Eternity !

ETERNITY.

- 2 Oh, the clanging bells of Time,
How their changes rise and fall !
But in undertone sublime,
Sounding clearly through them all,
Is a voice that must be heard,
As our moments onward flee,
And it speaketh aye one word—
Eternity! Eternity!
- 3 Oh, the clanging bells of Time!
To their voices, loud and low,
In a long unresting line
We are marching to and fro :
And we yearn for sight or sound
Of the life that is to be,
For thy breath doth wrap us round—
Eternity! Eternity!
- 4 Oh, the clanging bells of Time!
Soon their notes will all be dumb ;
And in joy and peace sublime
We shall feel the silence come :
And our souls their thirst will slake,
And our eyes the King will see,
When thy glorious morn shall break—
Eternity! Eternity!

473

THE NEW YEAR.

7s.

- 1 I MY Ebenezer raise
To my kind Redeemer's praise ;
With a grateful heart I own,
Hitherto Thy help I've known.

THE NEW YEAR

- 2 What may be my future lot,
Well I know concerns me not ;
This should set my heart at rest,
What Thy will ordains is best.

- 3 I my all to Thee resign :
Father let Thy will be mine ;
May but all Thy dealings prove
Fruits of Thine eternal love.

- 4 Guard me, Saviour, by Thy power ;
Guard me in the trying hour ;
Let Thy unremitting care
Save me from the lurking snare.

- 5 Let my few remaining days
Be directed to Thy praise ;
So the last, the closing scene,
Shall be tranquil and serene.

- 6 To Thy will I leave the rest,
Grant me but this one request,
Both in life and death to prove
Tokens of Thy special love.

474

7.6.

- 1 **ANOTHER** year is dawning,
Dear Master let it be,
In working or in waiting,
Another year with Thee.

THE NEW YEAR.

Another year of leaning
Upon Thy loving breast,
Of ever-deepening trustfulness,
Of quiet, happy rest.

2 Another year of mercies,
Of faithfulness and grace ;
Another year of gladness
In the shining of Thy face.
Another year of progress,
Another year of praise ;
Another year of proving
Thy presence " all the days."

3 Another year of service,
Of witness for Thy love,
Another year of training
For holier work above.
Another year is dawning,
Dear Master, let it be,
On earth, or else in heaven,
Another year for Thee !

475

S. M.

1 A FEW more years may roll,
A few more seasons come,
And we shall be with Christ above,
In our eternal home.

2 A few more suns may set
O'er these dark hills of time,
And we shall be where suns are not,
A far serener clime.

THE NEW YEAR.

3 A few more storms may beat
On this wild rocky shore,
And we shall be where tempests cease
And surges swell no more.

4 A few more struggles here,
A few more partings o'er,
A few more toils, a few more tears,
And we shall weep no more.

5 A few more meetings here
Shall cheer us on our way,
And we shall reach the endless rest,
Th' eternal Sabbath-day,

6 'Tis but "a little while,"
And He shall come again,
Who died that we might live, Who lives
That we with Him may reign.

476

TO-DAY.

Phoebe Cary

S.M.

1 ONE sweetly solemn thought
Comes to me o'er and o'er—
I'm nearer home to-day, to-day,
Than e'er I've been before.

2 Nearer my Father's house,
Where many mansions be ;
Nearer the blessed throne to-day,
Nearer the crystal sea.

TO-DAY.

- 3 Nearer the bound of life
Where burdens are laid down,
Nearer leaving the cross to-day,
Nearer gaining the crown.
- 4 Jesus, perfect my trust,
Strengthen my hand of faith,
Let me feel Thee near when I stand
Nearing the shores of death.
- 5 Be near me when my feet
Are passing o'er the brink
It may be that I'm nearer home,
Nearer now than I think.

SEALY, BRYERS & WALKER, Abbey Street, Dublin.

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1872
I in Thine a broad heart you
The S. K. ... of Thy ...
Shine,
The brightness of Thy
face,



