

- 2 Knock—for mercy lends an ear;  
Weep—she marks the sinner's sigh;  
Watch—till heavenly light appear;  
Pray—she hears the mourner's cry.
- 3 Mourning Pilgrim! what for thee  
In this world can now remain?  
Seek that world from which shall flee  
Sorrow, shame, and tears and pain.
- 4 Sorrow shall for ever fly;  
Shame shall never enter there;  
Tears be wiped from every eye;  
Pain in endless bliss expire.

## 118. P. M.

VITAL spark of heavenly flame,  
Quit, oh quit this mortal frame;  
Trembling, hoping, lingering, flying,  
Oh the pain, the bliss of dying!  
Cease, fond nature, cease thy strife,  
And let me languish into life.

- 2 Hark! they whisper! angels say,  
Sister spirit, come away!  
What is this absorbs me quite?  
Steals my senses—shuts my sight?  
Drowns my spirit, draws my breath!  
Tell me, my soul, can this be death?
- 3 The world recedes, it disappears!  
Heaven opens on my eyes! my ears  
With sounds seraphic ring!  
Lend, lend your wings! I mount! I fly,  
O grave, where is thy victory?  
O death, where is thy sting?

## 119. C. M.

JERUSALEM, my happy home!  
O how I long for thee!  
When will my sorrows have an end?  
Thy joys when shall I see?

- 2 Reach down, reach down thine arm of grace,  
And cause me to ascend  
Where congregations ne'er break up,  
And Sabbaths never end.
- 3 Jesus, my love, to glory's gone;  
Him will I go and see;  
And all my brethren here below,  
Will soon come after me.
- 4 My friends, I bid you all adieu;  
I leave you in God's care;  
And if I never more see you,  
Go on—I'll meet you there.
- 5 When we've been there ten thousand years,  
Bright-shining as the sun,  
We've no less days to sing God's praise,  
Than when we first begun.

## 120. C. M. D.

BEHOLD the pilgrim, as he dies,  
With glory in his view,  
To heaven he lifts his longing eyes,  
And bids the world adieu;  
While friends are weeping all around,  
And loth to let him go,  
He shouts with his expiring breath,  
And leaves them all below.

- 2 "Oh, Christians! are you ready now  
To cross the swelling flood?  
On Canaan's happy shore behold  
Your Saviour and your God:  
The dazzling charms of that bright world  
Attract my soul above;  
My tongue shall shout redeeming grace,  
And feast on Jesus' love.
- 3 "Go on, my brethren in the Lord,  
I'm bound to meet you there;  
Although ye tread enchanted ground,  
Be bold, and never fear:  
Fight on, fight on, ye valiant souls,  
(Your Captain is in view.)  
And when I gain fair Canaan's land,  
I hope to meet with you."

121. 3 8s and 2 7s.

**T**HERE is an hour of peaceful rest,  
'To mourning wanderers given;  
There is a joy for souls distressed,  
A balm for every wounded breast—  
'T is found above—in heaven.

- 2 There is a soft, a downy bed,  
'T is fair as breath of even;  
A couch for weary mortals spread,  
Where they may rest the aching head,  
And find repose—in heaven.
- 3 There is a home for weary souls,  
By sin and sorrow driven;  
When tossed on life's tempestuous shoals,  
Where storms arise, and ocean rolls,  
And all is drear—but heaven.

- 4 There, faith lifts up her cheerful eye,  
To brighter prospects given;  
And views the tempests passing by,  
The evening shadows quickly fly,  
And all serene—in heaven.
- 5 There fragrant flowers immortal bloom,  
And joys supreme are given:  
There joys divine disperse the gloom:  
Beyond the confines of the tomb,  
Appears the dawn of heaven.

122. 11s.

**C**OME, brethren, and sisters, that love my dear Lord,  
I pray give attention and ear to my word:  
What a wonder of mercy! behold now, and see  
What a tender, kind Saviour has done for poor me.

- 2 I was led by the devil, till lost and distressed,  
I thought that in torment I soon should be cast;  
No peace to the wicked, but all misery,  
Till by faith I saw Jesus hang bleeding for me.
- 3 "O sinners," said Jesus, "for you I have died,"  
All glory to Jesus, my soul then replied;  
The guilt was removed, my soul did rejoice,  
The blood was applied, the witnessing voice.
- 4 On my bended knees, before God I did fall;  
All glory to Jesus, for he's all in all!  
The heart of this rebel was burst in twain,  
To see my dear Jesus on Calvary slain.
- 5 There was peace now in heaven, and peace upon  
earth;  
The angels rejoice at a poor sinner's birth:  
"Your sins are forgiven," my Saviour did say,  
O, witness, kind heaven, on this my birth-day.
- 6 My soul, it was humbled, I fell to the ground;  
The time of refreshing, at length I have found:  
O Lord, thou hast ravished my soul with thy charms;  
Let me die, like old Simeon, with Christ in my arms.

## 123. L. M.

**M**Y dearest friends in bonds of love,  
Whose hearts the sweetest union prove  
Your friendship's like the strongest band;  
Yet we must take the parting hand.  
Your company's sweet, your union dear,  
Your words delightful to mine ear;  
And when I see that we must part,  
You draw like cords around my heart.

- 2 How sweet the hours have passed away,  
Since we have met to sing and pray;  
How loth we are to leave the place,  
Where Jesus shows his smiling face;  
O could I stay with friends so kind,  
How would it cheer my fainting mind;  
But duty makes me understand,  
'That we must take the parting hand.
- 4 How oft I've seen your flowing tears,  
And heard you tell your hopes and fears;  
Your hearts with love hath seemed to flame,  
Which makes me think we'll meet again.  
A few more days, or years at most,  
And we shall reach fair Canaan's coast!  
When in that holy, happy land  
We'll clasp anew the immortal hand.
- 5 I hope you will remember me,  
If you no more my face should see,  
An interest in your prayers I crave,  
That we may meet beyond the grave.  
O blessed day! O glorious hope!  
My soul leaps forward at the thought,  
When in that holy, happy land,  
We'll take no more the parting hand.

## 124. 11s.

**F**AREWELL, my dear brethren, the time is at hand  
That we must be parted from this social band;  
Our several engagements now call us away,  
Our parting is needful, and we must obey.

- 2 Farewell, my dear brethren, farewell for a while,  
We'll soon meet again, if kind Providence smile:  
But when we are parted and scattered abroad,  
We'll pray for each other, and wrestle with God.
- 3 Farewell, faithful soldiers, you'll soon be discharged,  
The war will be ended, your treasures enlarged:  
With shouting and singing, though Jordan may roar,  
We'll enter fair Canaan; and stand on the shore.
- 4 Farewell, ye young converts, who're listed for war,  
Sore trials await you, but Jesus is near;  
Altho' you must travel the dark wilderness,  
Your Captain's before you, he'll lead you to peace.
- 5 Farewell, seeking mourners, with sad broken heart,  
Go, hasten to Jesus, and choose the good part;  
He's full of compassion, and mighty to save,  
His arms are extended your souls to receive.
- 6 Farewell, faithful Christians, farewell all around,  
Perhaps we'll not meet till the last trump shall sound:  
To meet you in glory I give you my hand,  
Our Saviour to praise in the heavenly land.

## 125. C. M.

## CHILDREN.

**A**CCEPT our thanks for all your love,  
And kindness thus bestowed,  
And pray that we may meet above,  
In yonder blest abode.

## CHORUS.

" Oh, that will be joyful,  
Joyful, joyful, joyful,

Oh, that will be joyful,  
 To meet to part no more:  
 To meet to part no more,  
 On Canaan's peaceful shore:  
 There we shall meet at Jesus' feet,  
 Shall meet to part no more."

## TEACHERS.

- 2 Our gifts and prayers are freely given;  
 You live within our heart:  
 We therefore hope to meet in heaven,  
 Where we shall never part

## CHORUS.

" Oh, that will be joyful,  
 Joyful, joyful, joyful,  
 Oh, that will be joyful,  
 To meet to part no more:—  
 To meet to part no more,  
 On Canaan's peaceful shore:  
 There we shall meet at Jesus' feet,  
 Shall meet to part no more."

## 126. 7s and 6s.

WE come with joy and gladness,  
 To breathe our songs of praise,  
 Nor let one note of sadness  
 Be mingled in our lays,  
 For 't is a hallowed story,  
 This theme of freedom's birth;  
 Our father's deeds of glory  
 Are echoed round the earth.

- 2 The sound is waxing stronger,  
 And thrones and nations hear—

Proud man shall rule no longer,  
 For God the Lord is near;  
 And he will crush oppression,  
 And raise the humble mind,  
 And give the earth's possession  
 Among the good and kind.

- 2 And then shall sink the mountains,  
 Where pride and power are crowned,  
 And peace, like gentle fountains,  
 Shall shed its pureness round.  
 O, God! we would adore thee,  
 And in thy shadow rest;  
 Our fathers bowed before thee,  
 And trusted, and were blest.

## 127. 11s and 10s.

COME ye disconsolate, where'er you languish,  
 Come, at the mercy-seat fervently kneel;  
 Here bring your wounded hearts—here tell your anguish.  
 Earth hath no sorrow that heaven cannot heal.

- 2 Joy of the desolate, light of the straying,  
 Hope when all others die, fadeless and pure;  
 Here speaks the Comforter, in mercy saying,  
 " Earth hath no sorrow that heaven cannot cure."

## 128. L. M.

FROM every stormy wind that blows,  
 From every swelling tide of woes,  
 There is a calm, a sure retreat,  
 'T is found beneath the Mercy Seat.

- 2 There is a place where Jesus sheds  
 The oil of gladness on our heads,

A place than all besides more sweet—  
It is the blood-bought Mercy Seat.

3 There is a scene where spirits blend,  
Where friend holds fellowship with friend,  
Tho' Sundered far—by faith they meet  
Around one common Mercy Seat.

4 Ah! whither could we flee for aid,  
When tempted, desolate, dismayed—  
Or how the host of hell defeat,  
Had suffering saints no Mercy Seat.

5 There! there, on eagle wing we soar,  
And sin and sense seem all no more,  
And heaven comes down our souls to greet,  
And glory crowns the Mercy Seat.

6 Oh, let my hand forget her skill,  
My tongue be silent, cold, and still,  
This bounding heart forget to beat,  
If I forget the Mercy Seat.

129. 8 lines 8s and 7s.

**S**WEET the moments, rich in blessing,  
Which before the cross I spend!  
Life and health and peace possessing,  
From the sinner's dying friend.  
Here I'll sit forever viewing  
Mercy's streams, in streams of blood,  
Precious drops! my soul bedewing,  
Plead and claim my peace with God.

2 Truly blessed in this station,  
Low before his cross to lie;

While I see divine compassion  
Floating in his languid eye.  
Here it is I find my heaven,  
While upon the Lamb I gaze;  
Here I see my sins forgiven;  
Lost in wonder, love, and praise.

3 Love and grief my heart dividing,  
With my tears his feet I'll bathe;  
Constant still in faith abiding,  
Life deriving from his death.  
May I still enjoy this feeling,  
In all needs to Jesus go;  
Prove his wounds each day more healing,  
And Himself more fully know.

130. 8 lines 8s and 7s.

**H**AIL! ye sighing sons of sorrow,  
Learn with me your certain doom:  
Learn with me your fate to-morrow;  
Dead, perhaps laid in the tomb.  
See all nature fading, dying,  
Silent all things seem to mourn,  
Life from vegetation flying,  
Calls to mind the moldering urn.

2 Lo! in yonder forest standing,  
Lofty cedars how they nod,  
Scenes of nature; how surprising;  
Read in nature, nature's God.  
While the annual frosts are cropping  
Leaves and tendrils from the trees,  
So our friends are yearly dropping,  
We are like to one of these.

- 3 Hollow winds about me roaring,  
 Noisy waters round me rise,  
 While I sit my fate deploring,  
 Tears fast streaming from my eyes,  
 What to me is autumn's treasure,  
 Since I know no earthly joy,  
 Long I've lost all youthful pleasure,  
 Time will health and youth destroy.
- 4 Former friends, how oft I've sought them,  
 Just to cheer a troubled mind,  
 Now they're gone, like leaves of autumn,  
 Driven before the dreary wind.  
 When a few more days are wasted,  
 And a few more scenes are o'er,  
 When a few more griefs I've tasted  
 I shall fall to rise no more.
- 5 Fast my sun of life's declining,  
 Soon 't will set in endless night,  
 But my hopes, pure and reviving,  
 Rise to fairer worlds of light.  
 Cease this trembling, mourning, sighing,  
 Death shall burst this sullen gloom,  
 Then, my spirit, fluttering, flying,  
 Shall be borne beyond the tomb.

## 131. P. M.

REJOICE, O earth, the Lord is king,  
 To him your humble tribute bring;  
 Let Jacob rise, and Zion sing,  
 And all the world with praises ring,  
 And give to Jesus glory.

- 2 O! may the saints of every name  
 Unite to serve the bleeding Lamb!  
 May jars and discords cease to flame,  
 And all the Saviour's love proclaim,  
 And give to Jesus glory!
- 3 We long to see the Christians join  
 In union sweet and love divine,  
 And glory through the churches shine,  
 And Gentiles crowding to the sign,  
 To give to Jesus glory!
- 4 O may the distant lands rejoice,  
 And sinners hear the bridegroom's voice,  
 While praise their happy tongues employ  
 And all obtain immortal joys,  
 And give to Jesus glory!
- 5 A few more days of pain and woe,—  
 A few more sufferings here below,  
 And then to glory we shall go,  
 Where everlasting praises flow,  
 And give to Jesus glory!
- 6 Then shall we part and weep no more,  
 When we have met on Canaan's shore,  
 For Zion's warfare now is o'er;  
 Such shouts were never heard before,  
 And there we'll give him glory.
- 7 Then tears shall all be wiped away,  
 And Christians never go astray;  
 When we are freed from cumbrous clay,  
 We'll praise the Lord in endless day,  
 And give to Jesus glory.

132. 2 7s, 4 6s and 2 8s.

- T**HE pearl that worldlings covet,  
Is not the pearl for me;  
Its beauty fades as quickly,  
As sunshine on the sea:  
But there's a pearl sought by the wise,  
It's called the pearl of greatest price,  
Though few its value see,—  
O that's the pearl for me!
- 2 The crown that decks the monarch  
Is not the crown for me;  
It dazzles but a moment,  
Its brightness soon will flee:  
But there's a crown prepared above,  
For all who walk in humble love,  
Forever bright 'twill be—  
O, that's the crown for me!
- 3 The road that many travel,  
Is not the road for me,  
It leads to death and sorrow,  
And endless misery:  
But there's a road that leads to God,  
It's marked by Christ's most precious blood;  
The passage here is free—  
O, that's the road for me!
- 4 The hope that sinners cherish,  
Is not the hope for me:—  
Most surely will they perish,  
Unless from sin set free.  
But there's the hope which rests in God,  
And leads the soul to keep his word,  
And sinful pleasures flee—  
O that's the hope for me!

133. 11s.

- H**OW 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.
- 2 In every condition, in sickness, in health,  
In poverty's vale, or abounding in wealth;  
At home and abroad, on the land, on the sea,  
"As thy days may demand, shall thy strength  
ever be."
- 3 "Fear not, I am with thee, O be not dismayed,  
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 rivers of wo shall not thee overflow;  
For I will be with thee, thy troubles to bless,  
And sanctify to thee, thy deepest distress.
- 5 When thro' fiery trials thy path-way shall lie,  
My grace all sufficient shall be thy supply;  
The flame shall not hurt thee, I only design,  
Thy dross to consume, and thy gold to refine.
- 6 Even down to old age, all my people shall prove,  
My sov'reign, eternal, unchangeable love;  
And when hoary hairs shall their temples adorn,  
Like lambs they shall still in my bosom be borne.
- 7 The soul that on Jesus hath leaned for repose,  
I will not, I will not desert to his foes:  
That soul tho' all hell should endeavor to shake,  
I'll never—no never—no never forsake!"

134. 5, 6, 9.

**H**OW happy are they,  
 Who their Saviour obey,  
 And have laid up their treasure above;  
 Tongue cannot express  
 The sweet comforts and peace  
 Of a soul in its earliest love!

2 That comfort was mine,  
 When the favor divine  
 I first found in the blood of the Lamb;  
 When my heart it believed,  
 What a joy I received,  
 What a heaven in Jesus' name.

3 'T was a heaven below,  
 My Redeemer to know,  
 The angels could do nothing more,  
 Than fall at his feet,  
 And the story repeat,  
 And the Lover of sinners adore.

4 Jesus all the day long  
 Was my joy and my song:  
 O that all his salvation might see!  
 He hath loved me, I cried,  
 He hath suffered and died,  
 To redeem such a rebel as me.

5 On the wings of his love,  
 I was carried above  
 All sin, and temptation, and pain;  
 I could not believe  
 That I ever should grieve,  
 That I ever should suffer again.

6 I rode on the sky,  
 Freely justified I,  
 Nor did envy Elijah his seat:  
 My soul mounted higher  
 In a chariot of fire,  
 And the moon it was under my feet.

7 O the rapturous hight  
 Of that holy delight  
 Which I felt in the life-giving blood!  
 Of my Saviour possess,  
 I was perfectly blest,  
 As if filled with the fullness of God.

8 Now, my remnant of days  
 Would I spend in his praise,  
 Who hath died my poor soul to redeem:  
 Whether many or few,  
 All my days are his due:  
 May they all be devoted to him

135. 8, 7.

**S**AVIOUR, visit thy plantation,  
 Grant us, Lord, a gracious rain,  
 All will come to desolation,  
 Unless thou return again.  
 Lord revive us,  
 All our help must come from thee.

2 Keep no longer at a distance,  
 Shine upon us from on high;  
 Lest for want of thy assistance,  
 Every plant should droop and die.

3 Surely, once thy garden flourished,  
 Every plant looked gay and green;



- Then thy word our spirits nourished;  
Happy seasons we have seen.
- 4 But a drought has since succeeded,  
And a sad decline we see:  
Lord, thy help is greatly needed,  
Help can only come from thee.
- 5 Where are those we counted leaders,  
Filled with zeal, and love, and truth;  
Old professors, tall as cedars,  
Bright examples to our youth.
- 6 Some, in whom we once delighted,  
We shall meet no more below;  
Some, alas! we fear are blighted;  
Scarce a single leaf they show.
- 7 Younger plants—the sight how pleasant,  
Covered thick with blossoms, stood;  
But they cause us grief at present,  
Frost has nipped them in the bud!
- 8 Dearest Saviour, hasten hither,  
Thou canst make them bloom again:  
Oh! permit them not to wither,  
Let not all our hopes be vain.

## 136. 7s.

SAVIOUR, I do feel thy merit,  
Sprinkled with redeeming blood,  
And my troubled, weary spirit,  
Now finds rest in thee, my God.  
I am safe, and I am happy,  
While in thy dear arms I lie:

- Sin nor Satan cannot hurt me,  
While my Saviour is so nigh.  
Glory, &c.
- 2 Now I'll sing of Jesus' merit,  
Tell the world of his dear name;  
And if any want his Spirit,  
He is still the very same.  
He that asketh soon receiveth,  
He that seeks is sure to find;  
Come, for whomso'er believeth,  
He will never cast behind.  
Glory, &c.
- 3 Now our Advocate is pleading,  
With his Father and our God;  
Now for us he's interceding,  
As the purchase of his blood.  
Now, methinks, I hear him praying,  
"Father, spare them, I have died;"  
And the Father answers, saying,  
"They are freely justified."  
Glory, &c.

## 137. P. M.

- COME, ye sinners, poor and needy,  
Weak and wounded, sick and sore;  
Jesus ready stands to save you,  
Full of pity, love, and power!  
He is able,  
He is willing—doubt no more.
- 2 Now, ye needy, come and welcome,  
God's free bounty glorify!

- True belief and true repentance,  
Every grace that brings you nigh :  
Without money  
Come to Jesus Christ and buy.
- 3 Let not conscience make you linger,  
Nor of fitness fondly dream ;  
All the fitness he requireth  
Is, to feel your need of him :  
This he gives you !  
'Tis the Spirit's glimmering beam.
- 4 Come, ye weary, heavy laden,  
Bruised and mangled by the fall ;  
If you tarry till you're better,  
You will never come at all :  
Not the righteous,  
Sinners, Jesus came to call.
- 5 Agonizing in the garden,  
Lo, your Maker prostrate lies !  
On the bloody tree behold him !  
Hear him cry (before he dies),  
" It is finished !"  
Sinners, will not this suffice ?
- 6 Lo ! the incarnate God ascending,  
Pleads the merit of his blood !  
Venture on him, venture freely,  
Let no other trust intrude !  
None but Jesus  
Can do helpless sinners good.

## 138. 12s.

I AM weary of straying—oh fain would I rest  
In the far distant land of the pure and the blest.  
Where sin can no longer her blandishments spread,  
And tears and temptations forever are fled.

- 2 I am weary of hoping—where hope is untrue,  
As fair,—but as fleeting, as morning's bright dew,  
I long for that land whose blest promise alone,  
Is changeless and sure as eternity's throne
- 3 I am weary of sighing o'er sorrows of earth,  
O'er joy's glowing visions, that fade at their birth—  
O'er the pangs of the loved, which we cannot assuage,  
O'er the blightings of youth, and the weakness of age.
- 4 I am weary of loving what passes away ;  
The sweetest, the dearest, alas, may not stay,  
I long for that land where those partings are o'er,  
And death and the tomb can divide hearts no more.
- 5 I am weary, my Saviour ! of grieving thy love ;  
O when shall I rest in thy presence above ;  
I am weary—but oh, never let me repine ;  
While thy word, and thy love, and thy promise are  
mine.

## 139. C. M.

- AS on the cross the Saviour hung,  
And wept, and bled, and died,  
He poured salvation on a wretch,  
That languished at his side.
- 2 His crimes, with inward grief and shame,  
The penitent confessed ;  
Then turned his dying eyes to Christ,  
And thus his prayer addressed :
- 3 " Jesus, thou Son and Heir of heaven,  
'Thou spotless Lamb of God,  
I see thee bathed in sweat and tears ;  
And weltering in thy blood ;
- 4 " Yet quickly from these scenes of woe,  
In triumph thou shalt rise,  
Burst through the gloomy shades of death,  
And shine above the skies.

- 5 "Amid the glories of that world,  
Dear Saviour, think on me;  
And in the victories of thy death,  
Let me a sharer be."

## 140. 6, 8.

**A**RISE, my soul, arise,  
Shake off thy guilty fears,  
The bleeding sacrifice  
In my behalf appears;  
Before the throne my Surety stands,  
My name is written on his hands.

- 2 Five bleeding wounds he bears,  
Received on Calvary;  
They pour effectual prayers.  
They strongly plead for me:  
Forgive him, O forgive, they cry,  
Nor let that ransomed sinner die.
- 3 The Father hears him pray,  
His dear anointed one,  
He cannot turn away  
The presence of his Son,  
His Spirit answers to the blood,  
And tells me I am born of God.
- 4 My God is reconciled,  
His pardoning voice I hear;  
He owns me for a child,  
I can no longer fear;  
With confidence I now draw nigh,  
And Father, Abba Father, cry.

## 141. L. M.

**I** LONG to see the season come  
When sinners shall come flocking home,  
To taste the sweets of Jesus' love,  
And seek the joys that are above.

- 2 Hark! how the glorious gospel sounds,  
Inviting sinners all around;  
Behold, your loving Saviour stands,  
And spreads for you his bleeding hands.
- 3 Attend, poor sinners, to his word;  
Kiss him, yea, own him as your Lord;  
He'll wash you in atoning blood,  
And seal you heirs and sons of God.
- 4 A few more days, and you must go  
To realms of joy or endless woe;  
In worlds of light, with Christ to dwell,  
Or sink beneath his frowns, to hell.
- 5 Come, then, dear sinners, counsel take,  
And all your sinful ways forsake;  
The world give up, leave friends behind:  
In Christ you shall redemption find.
- 6 Take your companion by the hand,  
And all your children in a band,  
And give them up at Jesus' call  
To pardon, bless, and save them all.
- 7 Thus, when the day of Christ shall come,  
And he collect his children home,  
On Zion's mount you then shall stand,  
And join the bright angelic band.

8 O, what a glorious company!  
 May I be there, that sight to see,  
 And join in praise to Jesus' name,  
 All glorious in Jerusalem.

## 142. 8s.

**F**ROM whence doth this union arise,  
 That hatred is conquered by love?  
 It fastened our souls in such ties,  
 As nature and time can't remove.

- 2 It cannot in Eden be found,  
 Nor yet in a Paradise lost;  
 It grows on Immanuel's ground,  
 And Jesus' rich blood it did cost.
- 3 My friends are so dear unto me,  
 Our hearts are united in love;  
 Where Jesus is gone we shall be,  
 In yonder bright mansions above.
- 4 O, why then so loth for to part,  
 Since there we shall all meet again?  
 Engraved on Immanuel's heart,  
 At a distance we cannot remain.
- 5 And when we shall see that bright day,  
 And join with the angels above,  
 There, free from these bodies of clay,  
 We 'll dwell with Christ Jesus above.
- 6 With Jesus we ever shall reign,  
 And all his bright glories we 'll see;  
 There sing hallelujah, amen;  
 Amen, even so let it be.

## 143. 8s.

- M**Y gracious Redeemer I love,  
 His praises aloud I 'll proclaim,  
 And join with the armies above,  
 To shout his adorable name;  
 To gaze on his glories divine,  
 Shall be my eternal employ,  
 And feel them incessantly shine,  
 My boundless, ineffable joy.
- 2 He freely redeemed with his blood,  
 My soul from the confines of hell,  
 To live in the smiles of my God,  
 And in his sweet 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, and King.
- 3 My glorious Redeemer, I long  
 To see thee descend on the cloud,  
 Amid the bright, numberless throng,  
 And mix with the triumphing crowd.  
 O, when wilt thou bid me ascend,  
 To join in thy praises above,  
 To gaze on thee, world without end,  
 And feast on thy ravishing love.
- 4 No sorrows, no sickness, nor pain,  
 No sins, no temptations, nor fear,  
 Shall ever molest me again—  
 Perfection of glory reigns there;  
 This soul, and this body, shall shine  
 In robes of salvation and praise,  
 And banquet on pleasures divine,  
 Where God all his beauty displays.

- 5 Soon, soon shall my spirit exchange  
 This cell of corruptible clay  
 For mansions celestial, and range  
 Through realms of ineffable day;  
 The crown that my Saviour bestows,  
 Yon permanent sun shall outshine,  
 My joy everlastingly flows,  
 My God, my Redeemer is mine.

## 144. 10s and 11s.

**O** TELL me no more of this vain world's store,  
 The time for such trifles with me now is o'er;  
 A country I've found, where true joys abound,  
 To dwell I'm determined, on that happy ground.

2 The souls that believe, in Paradise live,  
 And me, in that number, will Jesus receive;  
 My soul, don't delay, he calls thee away,  
 Rise, follow the Saviour, and bless the glad day.

3 No mortal doth know what he can bestow,  
 What light, strength and comfort—go after him, go  
 Lo! onward I move, to a country above,  
 None guesses how wondrous my journey will prove.

4 Great spoils I shall win, from death, hell and sin;  
 Midst outward affliction, shall feel Christ within;  
 And when I'm to die, "Receive me," I'll cry,  
 For Jesus has loved me, I cannot tell why.

5 But still I do find, we two are so joined,  
 He'll not live in glory and leave me behind.  
 So, this is the race I'm running thro' grace,  
 Henceforth, till admitted to see my Lord's face.

6 And now I'm in cure, my neighbors may share  
 Those blessings; to seek them will none of you  
 dare?  
 In bondage, O why; and death, will you lie,  
 When one here assures you free grace is so nigh?

## 145. C. M.

- L**OOK up, when sorrow wrings the heart,  
 And threatening clouds appear,  
 When disappointment's bitter smart  
 Makes pleasant prospects drear—  
 Look up, and shadows hence will flee,  
 And heaven assume her brilliancy.
- 2 Look up, when they, the loved and true,  
 Are sleeping in the tomb;  
 From whom the bliss of life you drew,  
 The brightest stars of home;  
 Look up, and trace beyond the sky  
 The friends who never more can die.
- 3 Look up, in every scene of pain,  
 Of anguish and dismay;  
 Read there, ye will rejoice again,  
 And grief shall pass away;  
 Look up, and blessings thick will break  
 O'er every shadowy step you take.

## 146. C. M.

- B**EHOLD the leaves which fade and die,  
 They speak the summer gone;  
 Ah! listen to the warning cry,  
 When thou art left alone!
- 2 The fields, once green with waving corn,  
 The reaper's work is done;  
 The sheaves are gathered—none remain;  
 The tares are left alone!
- 3 Companions of thy youthful day  
 Are now to Jesus drawn,  
 Hark! as they pass they seem to say,  
 Wilt thou be left alone?

- 4 Hope beamed upon thy early spring,  
How bright thy rising shone!  
Yet others first their offerings bring,  
Wilt thou be left alone!
- 5 The world, with all its joys, must fade,  
The curtain must be drawn;  
And thou, upon a dying bed,  
Shalt soon be left alone!
- 6 And Oh!—if then no hope appear—  
No bright, immortal dawn—  
Will not thy trembling spirit fear  
To pass the gloom alone?
- 7 In the tremendous judgment-day,  
When the last trump is blown,  
How canst thou bear to hear Him say,  
“Depart!”—with fiends alone?
- 8 Ah! then, the harvest would be past—  
The gracious summer gone—  
Hope’s light forever overcast—  
And dark despair alone.

## 147. C. M.

CREATOR of the universe,  
Thy heart felt praise I sing,  
While to thine holy altar, Lord,  
My sacrifice I bring.

- 2 It is not treasures from the mine,  
Nor pearls from 'neath the sea,  
A dearer gift I offer here—  
My only child to Thee?

- 3 God of the widow—let thine arm  
Support his tender head,  
And o'er his earthly pilgrimage,  
Thine hallowed blessings shed.
- 4 O, guide him through life's devious way,  
Where'er his wanderings be,  
And gently lead him to that path  
That opens, Lord, on Thee.
- 5 And when his task on earth is done,  
When death shall hover near,  
O, smooth his couch—O, be Thou nigh,  
And quiet every fear.
- 6 In gratitude and love I bring  
The gift thou gavest me,  
And on thine altar consecrate  
My child—my all, to Thee.

## 148. 6s and 4s.

MY faith looks up to thee,  
'Thou Lamb of Calvary,  
Saviour divine!

Now hear me when I pray,  
Take all my guilt away,  
Oh let me from this day,  
Be wholly thine.

- 2 May thy rich grace impart,  
Strength to my fainting heart;  
My zeal inspire;  
As thou hast died for me,  
Oh may my love to thee,  
Pure, warm, and changeless be,  
A burning fire.

3 When life's dark maze I tread,  
And griefs around me spread,  
Be thou my guide:  
Bid darkness turn to day,  
Wipe sorrow's tears away,  
Nor let me ever stray,  
From thee aside.

4 When ends life's transient dream,  
When death's cold sullen stream  
Shall o'er me roll,  
Blest Saviour, then in love,  
Fear and distress remove,  
Oh bear me safe above,  
A ransomed soul.

149. 8s and 4s.

WHEN for eternal worlds we steer,  
And seas are calm and skies are clear,  
And faith in lively exercise,  
The distant hills of Canaan rise—  
The soul for joy now spreads her wings,  
And loud her lovely sonnet sings,  
Vain world adieu.

- 2 With cheerful hope her eyes explore  
Each landmark on the distant shore:  
The trees of life, the pastures green,  
The golden streets, the crystal stream—  
Again for joy she spreads her wings,  
And loud her lovely sonnet sings,  
I'm going home.
- 3 The nearer still she draws to land,  
More eager all her powers expand;

With steady helm, and free-bent sail,  
Her anchor drops within the vail;  
And now for joy she folds her wings,  
And loud her lovely sonnet sings,  
I'm safe at home.

150. 10, 11.

- ON wings of faith, mount up, my soul, and rise;  
View thine inheritance beyond the skies:  
Nor heart can think, nor mortal tongue can tell,  
What endless pleasures in those mansions dwell;  
Here our Redeemer lives, all bright and glorious,  
O'er sin, and death, and hell, he reigns victorious.
- 2 No gnawing grief, no sad, heart-rending pain,  
In that blest country can admission gain;  
No sorrow there, no soul-tormenting fear,  
For God's own hand shall wipe the falling tear.  
Here our Redeemer lives, &c.
- 3 Before the throne a crystal river glides;  
Immortal verdure decks its cheerful sides;  
Here the fair Tree of Life majestic rears  
Its blooming head, and sovereign virtue bears.  
Here our Redeemer lives, &c.
- 4 No rising sun his needless beams displays;  
No sickly moon emits her feeble rays;  
The Godhead here celestial glory sheds,  
Th' exalted Lamb eternal radiance spreads.  
Here our Redeemer lives, &c.
- 5 One distant glimpse my eager passion fires:  
Jesus, to thee my longing soul aspires;  
When shall I at my heavenly home arrive?  
When leave this earth, and when begin to live?  
For here my Saviour is all bright and glorious,  
O'er sin, and death, and hell, he reigns victorious

151. C. M.

ON Jordan's stormy banks I stand,  
And cast a wistful eye

To Canaan's fair and happy land,  
Where my possessions lie.  
O, the transporting, rapt'rous scene  
That rises to my sight!  
Sweet fields arrayed in living green,  
And rivers of delight.

2 There gen'rous fruits, that never fail,  
On trees immortal grow;  
There rocks and hills, and brooks and vales,  
With milk and honey flow.  
All o'er those wide extended plains,  
Shines one eternal day;  
There, God the Son, forever reigns,  
And scatters night away.

3 No chilling winds or poisonous breath  
Can reach that healthful shore;  
Sickness and sorrow, pain and death,  
Are felt and feared no more.  
When shall I reach that happy place,  
And be forever blessed?  
When shall I see my Father's face,  
And in his bosom rest?

4 Filled with delight, my raptured soul  
Can here no longer stay:  
Though Jordan's waves around me roll,  
Fearless I'd launch away.  
There on those high and flowery plains,  
Our spirits ne'er shall tire;  
But in perpetual joyful strains,  
Redeeming love admire.

## 152. 8s and 9s.

MY buried friends can I forget?  
Or must the grave eternal sever?  
They linger in my memory yet,  
And in my heart they'll live forever:  
They loved me once with love sincere;  
And never did their love deceive me;  
But often in my conflicts here,  
They rallied quickly to relieve me.

2 I fain would weep—but what of tears?  
No tears of mine could e'er recall them;  
Nor would I wish that grov'ling cares,  
Cares like mine, should e'er befall them;  
They rest in realms of light and love;  
They dwell upon the mount of glory;  
They bask in beams of bliss above,  
And shout to tell their happy story.

3 I heard them bid the world adieu,  
I saw them on the rolling billow;  
Their far-off home appeared in view,  
While yet they pressed a dying pillow.  
I heard the parting pilgrim tell,  
While passing Jordan's stormy river,  
"Adieu to earth, for all is well;  
Now all is well with me forever."

4 O how I long to join their wing,  
And range their fields of blooming flowers!  
Come, holy watchers, come and bring,  
A mourner to your blissful bowers.  
I'd speed with rapture on my way,  
Nor would I pause at Jordan's river;  
With songs I'd enter endless day,  
And live with my loved friends forever.



## 153. P. M.

**S**PIRIT! thy labor is o'er,  
Thy term of probation is run;  
Thy steps are now bound for the untrodden  
shore,  
And the race of immortals begun.

- 2 Spirit! look not on the strife  
Or the pleasures of earth regret;  
Pause not on the threshold of limitless life,  
To mourn for the day that is set.
- 3 No wicked have power to molest,  
There the weary, like thee—the wretched  
shall find,  
A heaven, a mansion of rest.
- 4 Spirit! how bright is the road,  
For which thou art now on the wing;  
Thy home, it will be with thy Saviour and God  
There loud hallelujah to sing.

## 154. C. M.

**S**ISTER! thou art gone before me,  
Sad the thought, we meet no more;  
Let my stricken heart deplore thee,  
Ere its burst of grief is o'er.

- 2 Thy last prayer for me is spoken,  
Hushed its aspirations now;  
Yes, life's silver cord is broken;  
Death's stern seal is on thy brow.
- 3 Never more thy voice shall reach me  
In affection's kindest tone;

- Never more its accents reach me,  
Thy high trust in God alone.
- 4 Heart to heart, each thought revealing,  
Many happy hours we've spent,  
Till in one united feeling  
Every varying thought was blent.
- 5 Sister! yet thy spirit hovers  
O'er the loved ones left behind;  
Though the earth thy relics covers,  
Thy free soul is unconfined.
- 6 Happy spirit! could I call thee  
Back from thy eternal home,  
Where earth's sorrows would appal thee;  
No! I would not bid thee come.

## 155. 12s.

**Y**ES, there's one place like home—'tis at God's holy  
shrine,  
Where high thoughts are kindled, and feelings divine;  
Where the anthems of praise so melodiously roll;  
There's the home of devotion—the home of the soul.

- 2 As weary and sad, through this "lone vale of tears"  
Our steps we pursue, filled with doubts and with fears;  
How the Spirit's sweet breathings calm peace can  
impart,  
In the home of devotion—the home of the heart.
- 3 Though darkness and gloom overshadow our path,  
And the world's blighting tempest comes on in its  
wrath,  
Yet on Jesus' kind breast we repose all our care,  
In this home of devotion—this sweet home of prayer.
- 4 As the Sabbath's calm hours we delightfully spend,  
In holding high converse with Jesus our Friend;  
Though often our thoughts to our absent friends roam,  
Yet we feel that God's house is the Christian's own  
home.

5 And trusting in Jesus, almighty to save,  
We rob death of its sting—of its victory the grave :  
All honor, and glory, and praise shall be given.  
While we swell the full song in that better home—  
heaven.

## 156. 11s.

I WOULD not weep alway, though many a tear  
Must fall on life's pathway, so lonely and drear;  
But e'en in the desert, love's fountain is free,  
And Mercy's sweet words are as manna to me.

2 I would not smile alway, for oft on the air,  
Comes the deep sigh of anguish, the voice of despair;  
Yet e'en for the wretched, whose hopes are all riv'n,  
Still, still there is joy, there is rapture in heaven.

3 I would not fear alway, though error's dark cloud  
Gather thick the blest beacon of faith to enshroud;  
The bright "Son of Righteousness" shines thro' the  
gloom,  
And the rainbow of promise o'erarches the tomb.

4 But I would hope alway, till o'er my rapt soul,  
The waves of fruition unceasing shall roll;  
Then, then shall this restless, worn spirit be free:  
My Saviour, 'tis waiting a summons from thee.

## 157. 8s and 7s.

CHEER up, for grief is of the night,  
But morning with its rosy light  
Dispels the clouds of sorrow;  
If shadowy doubts obscure the day,  
Remember they will flee away;  
The sky will smile to-morrow.

2 What though the past be thickly strown  
With faded flowers,—thy path o'ergrown  
With thorns of wo and sadness?  
Yet sigh not always—murmur not,  
There's promise in thy future lot,  
That speaks of hope and gladness.

3 True, life is but a vale of tears,  
And hope is often linked with fears,  
Yet why be ever weeping?  
There's many a bright spot on the earth,  
And many a joy of noble birth  
The future hath in keeping.

4 A cloud upon thy brow will throw  
New shadows on thy brother's woe,  
And make life's journey weary;  
A smile, in holy calmness given,  
Will light thy brother's path to heaven,  
And cheer the pilgrim weary.

5 Cheer up, then, for our guide-star here,  
Will soon disclose a holier sphere,  
Where care assails us never;  
Man hath a hope beyond the tomb,  
In heaven's congenial air to bloom;  
That hope shall live forever.

## 158. C. M.

UPON a hill, a tree there stands,  
Where golden fruit is found;  
'T is seen alike by distant lands,  
It shines for all around.

2 Here many come, by day and night,  
Its gold their fond pursuit,  
They shake its branches with delight,  
And bear away the fruit.

3 And yet its riches always stay,  
The tree is never bare,  
Whatever fruit is borne away,  
As much still glitters there.

- 4 "What is its name?—and where its place?  
Can we this wonder see?  
What man can tell us?—Who can guess?"  
The Bible is that tree.

## 159. C. M.

- A YOUNG rose, in the summer time,  
Is beautiful to me,  
And glorious the many stars  
That glimmer on the sea;  
But gentle words and loving hearts,  
And hands to clasp my own,  
Are better than the brightest flowers,  
Or stars that ever shone!
- 2 The sun may warm the grass to life,  
The dew the drooping flower,  
And eyes grow bright and watch the light,  
Of autumn's opening hour—  
But words that breathe of tenderness,  
And smiles we know are true,  
Are warmer than the summer time,  
And brighter than the dew.
- 3 It is not much the world can give,  
With all its subtle art,  
And gold or gems are not the things  
To satisfy the heart;  
But Oh! if those who cluster round  
The altar and the hearth,  
Have gentle words and loving smiles,  
How beautiful is earth!

## 160. P. M.

SHE wept beneath his cross when all beside  
Forsook him—when a trembling seized the earth,  
When terror shook the nations far and wide,  
And from their graves the buried dead came forth;  
She wept beneath his cross when fear was rife,  
Like flowers that bowed, but broke not with the strife

- 2 She followed to his tomb, and saw him laid,  
Even as mortal in the darkening dust;  
With streaming eyes his resting-place surveyed,  
But never failed a moment in her trust  
That he would burst his bonds again, and rise,  
Amidst rejoicing angels, to the skies.
- 3 She stood beside his grave, ere the first light  
Of morning shone upon the dew-charged flowers;  
The seal was gone, the guards were put to flight,  
And Death, the tyrant that the earth devours,  
Overcome—her Saviour could his sting destroy—  
And now she wept!—ay, wept again for joy!
- 4 Oh, woman, ever thus forsake him not,  
And He shall not forsake thee—He shall be  
Thy constant friend, whatever be thy lot,  
And in thy parting hour the stay for thee;  
Thy faith shall strengthen—from despair shall save,  
And at thy rising, call thee from thy grave.

## 161. C. M.

- FAR, far from home, the rising waves  
Assail our fragile bark,  
And open round their yawning graves  
With hissing waters dark.
- 2 Like battle-drums, the thunders roll  
Above the sullen deep,  
And see, from lurid pole to pole  
The livid lightnings leap.

- 3 With bloodless lip and pallid cheek,  
The boatman plies his oar,  
And anxious eyes through storm-clouds seek  
The channel to the shore.
- 4 Down the long waste of waves and flood  
Our eyes discern no speck :  
No hand but thine, almighty God,  
Can save us from a wreck.
- 5 O Thou who hold'st the wind and wave  
Within thy mighty hand,  
Canst snatch us from this threatening grave,  
And bring us safe to land.

## 162. C. M.

- Y**OUR slender boy his bark hath launched  
On life's deceitful tide ;  
His balmy years of childhood o'er,  
He goes without a guide.  
Amid the stir and strife of men  
His devious course to run,  
The tempter and the snare to bide—  
God bless the widow's son.
- 2 He turneth from the pleasant door,  
And from the garden fair,  
Where with a little spade he wrought  
Beneath a mother's care—  
He bears his head like manhood high,  
Yet tears their course will run,  
When on his stranger-bed he rests—  
God bless the widow's son.
- 3 Yet say he goeth forth alone  
To dare the eventful field—

No ! no ! a spell is round him thrown,  
More firm than diamond shield ;  
A mournful mother's fervent prayer :  
So till his life is done,  
Till time, and toil, and change are o'er—  
God bless the widow's son.

## 163. C. M.

- T**HY heavenly Father kindly took  
Two of thy babes away ;  
And two he suffered to remain  
Through many a pleasant day.
- 2 Brother and sister—side by side  
Around thy hearth they played ;  
And daily, nestling to thy heart,  
A paradise they made.
- 3 But when the summer flowers were gone,  
And autumn days had fled,  
That beautiful and lovely boy  
Was laid among the dead.
- 4 Those jewels sparkle still, though thou  
Canst not the casket see ;  
And rescued from the blight of sin,  
Are treasured up for thee.
- 5 And surely, three celestial harps  
Will swell the chorus high,  
When, loosed from earth, thy spirit seeks  
Its home beyond the sky.
- 6 Then meekly bow, and kiss the rod,  
Though thou a sufferer be ;  
'T was still in kindness, when he took  
That darling boy from thee.

## 164. P. M.

YONDER comes an angel bright;

See him on expanded wing,  
Hovering o'er the realms of light;

Listen—hear him chant and sing.

See, he comes; a ransomed soul

In his keeping and his care,

Spotless, white, redeemed and whole,

As all happy spirits are.

- 2 “ Welcome, yes, with ecstasy,  
Welcome here, my son;  
Is it thou? O yes, 't is thee;  
Victory thou through Christ hast won.  
Tell me how thou camest here—  
Tell me all about the past—  
Tell me how thy Saviour dear  
Saved thy precious soul at last.”
- 3 “ Father, hear my story all—  
Troubles brought me to resign;  
Earthly pleasures turned to gall,  
Starved and left my soul to pine.  
In my straits I turned to God;  
He my broken spirit cheered,  
Led me by his staff and rod,  
Till cold Jordan's banks I neared;
- 4 Even then he held me up,  
Although sinking in the wave;  
Gave me faith, increased my hope,  
Magnified his power to save.  
“ Father, now your prayers are heard;  
I am saved—a brand from hell;  
Saved from ruin I deserved;  
Saved the story here to tell.

*Chorus.*—Father, let us raise the song.  
Endless praise to God above;  
While the ages roll along,  
Let us sing redeeming love.”

## 165. 8s and 7s.

- CHILD of sorrow!—Child of sorrow,  
Murmur not beneath the rod,  
There may be a joyful morrow,  
Treasured up for thee with God.
- 2 When thy night of pain is darkest,  
When thy path is cold and drear  
Trust in God—He surely marketh  
Every pang and every tear.
- 3 If thy spirit bow before him,  
With a heart-felt, humble prayer,  
If thy fervent faith adore him,  
He will banish thy despair.
- 4 He will teach thee resignation,  
He will give thee heart-felt peace,  
Blessed hope, and consolation,  
Riches and immortal bliss.

## 166. L. M.

THERE is a tear of sweet relief,  
A tear of rapture and of grief:  
The feeling heart alone can know,  
What soft emotions bid it flow.  
It is when memory charms the mind,  
With tender images refined:  
'T is when her magic spells restore  
Departed friends, and joys no more.

- 2 There is an hour—a pensive hour—  
 And Oh! how dear its soothing power,  
 It is when twilight spreads her veil,  
 And steals along the silent dale;  
 'Tis when the fading blossoms close,  
 And all is silence and repose:  
 Then memory wakes, and loves to mourn  
 The days that never can return.
- 3 There is a strain—a plaintive strain,  
 The source of joy, and yet of pain;  
 It is the song whose dying measure  
 Some friend beloved has heard with pleasure,  
 Some friend who ne'er again may hear  
 The melting lay to memory dear;  
 Ah! then by magic spells restore  
 Visions of blissful days no more.

## 167. S. M.

A LITTLE word, in kindness spoken,  
 A motion or a tear,  
 Has often healed a heart that's broken,  
 And made a friend sincere.

- 2 A word—a look—has crushed to earth  
 Full many a budding flower,  
 Which, had a smile but owned its birth,  
 Would bless life's darkest hour.
- 3 Then deem it not an idle thing,  
 A pleasant word to speak;  
 The face you wear, the thoughts you bring,  
 A heart may heal or break.

## 168. L. M.

- TO Jesus, the crown of my hope,  
 My soul is in haste to be gone;  
 Oh, bear me, ye cherubims, 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;
- 3 Dissolve thou the bands that detain  
 My soul from her portion in thee;  
 Oh! strike off the adamant chain,  
 And make me eternally free!
- 4 When that happy era begins,  
 When arrayed in thy glory I shine,  
 And no longer pierce with my sins,  
 The bosom on which I recline.

## 169. C. M.

- O PILOT! 't is a fearful night,  
 There's danger on the deep;  
 I'll come and pace the deck with thee,  
 I do not dare to sleep.
- 2 Go down! the sailor cried, go down,  
 This is no place for thee;  
 Fear not, but trust in providence,  
 Wherever thou may'st be.
- 3 Ah! pilot, dangers often met,  
 We all are apt to slight,  
 And thou hast known these raging waves  
 But to subdue their might.

- 4 It is not apathy, he cried,  
That gives this strength to me;  
Fear not, but trust in providence,  
Wherever thou may'st be.
- 5 On such a night the sea engulfed  
My father's lifeless form:  
My only brother's boat went down,  
In just so wild a storm.
- 6 And such, perhaps, may be my fate,  
But still I say to thee,  
Fear not, but trust in providence,  
Wherever thou may'st be

## 170. P. M.

- L**AUNCH thy bark, mariner!  
Christian, God speed thee!  
Let loose the rudder bands—  
Good angels speed thee!
- 2 Set thy sails warily;  
Tempests will come;  
Steer thy course steadily;  
Christian, steer home!
- 3 Look to the weather-bow;  
Breakers are around thee!  
Let fall the plummet now,  
Shallows may ground thee.
- 4 Reef in the fore-sail, there!  
Hold the helm fast!  
So—let the vessel wear—  
There sweeps the blast.

- 5 "What of the night, watchman?  
What of the night?"  
"Cloudy—all quiet—  
No land yet, all 's right."
- 6 Be wakeful, be vigilant,  
Danger may be  
At an hour when all seemeth  
Securest to thee.
- 7 How gains the leak so fast?  
Clean out the hold—  
Hoist up thy merchandize—  
Heave out thy gold.
- 8 There let the ingots go;  
Now the ship rights—  
Hurrah! the harbor's near  
Lo, the red lights!
- 9 Slacken not the sail yet,  
At inlet or island;  
Straight for the beacon steer;  
Straight for the highland.
- 10 Crowd all thy canvas on,  
Cut through the foam;  
Christian, cast anchor now,  
Heaven is thy home.

## 171. C. M.

- T**HIS book is all that's left me now!  
Tears will unbidden start;  
With faltering lips and throbbing brow,  
I press it to my heart.
- 2 For many generations past,  
Here is our family tree;  
10

My mother's hand this Bible clapsed—  
She dying gave it me.

- 3 Ah! well do I remember those  
Whose names these records bear;  
Who round the hearthstone used to close,  
After the evening prayer;
- 4 And speak of what these pages said,  
In tones my heart would thrill!  
Though they are with the silent dead,  
Here are they living still!
- 5 My father read this holy book,  
To brothers, sisters, dear;  
How calm was my poor mother's look,  
Who loved God's word to hear.
- 6 Her angel face—I see it yet!  
What thronging memories come!  
Again that little group is met  
Within the walls of home.
- 7 Thou truest friend man ever knew,  
Thy constancy I've tried:  
When all were false I've found thee true,  
My counsellor and guide.
- 8 The mines of earth do 'nt treasures give,  
That could this volume buy;  
In teaching me the way to live.  
It taught me how to die.

172. 8s.

**F**AREWELL to afflictions of earth,  
Though tempests of sorrow may blow,

- To realms of unsullied delight,  
O'er Jordan's swift waters I go.
- 2 Adieu to the church of my heart;  
Oh! long may its banner be spread,  
As anthems of victory roll,  
To Jesus the shepherd and head.
- 3 And thou my dear partner in time,  
Weep not, for I'll visit thy home,  
If spirits on missions of love,  
From glory's dominions may roam.
- 4 I'll come at the darkness of night,  
I'll come at the dawning of day,  
As thou art communing with God,  
And teaching thy orphans to pray.
- 5 Hail, river of life! from the throne,  
I long on thy beauties to gaze,  
And hearken to music above,  
Entrancing, angelical lays.
- 6 Hail, Saviour! on Calvary slain!  
Hail, glory ineffably bright!  
Celestial attendants descend,  
And waft me to fields of delight.
- 7 The prospect increases to view,  
The darkness is yielding to day,  
The palm wreath of victory waves;  
Now hasten my spirit away.

173. P. M.

**S**INNERS are bending  
Low at the throne,  
Jesus is sending  
His good Spirit down;



Sunlight is beaming  
Soft from the sky;  
Bright are the visions  
That gleam on the eye.

- 2 Angels are watching  
Over the place,  
Glad souls are singing  
Wonders of grace;  
Mercy is shedding  
Bliss from on high;  
Free hearts are soaring  
Away to the sky.

## 174. 8s.

I SAID to my wavering heart,  
While grief held her sway in my breast,  
'T is time from life's follies to part,  
And seek for a haven of rest.

- 2 The world cannot solace my grief,  
With anguish my soul is oppressed,  
O! where can I look for relief,  
Where find a sweet haven of rest?
- 3 Religion! to thee let me fly,  
For thou canst relieve the distressed,  
And pointing to regions on high,  
Wilt show the true haven of rest.

## 175. P. M.

OH! why should we ever be shading  
Moments of pleasure with pain?  
Tho' the rose we have cherished be fading,  
Time will bring roses again.

Though fate our destinies sever—  
Though for a season deprest—  
Trusting in Providence ever,  
Still let us hope for the best.

- 2 There's a star ever beaming above us,  
Still shining for happier days;  
There's a Spirit that ever will love us  
Beaming beyond the stars' rays!  
Though for a time we may sever,  
Clasp this deep truth to thy breast,  
Trusting in Providence ever—  
*Come what there may—is the best!*

## 176. 11s.

THE Prince of salvation is coming, prepare,  
Away in the desert his blessing to share;  
He comes to release us from sins and from woes,  
And make the rude wilderness bloom like the rose.

2 His reign shall extend from the east to the west,  
Compose all the tumults of nature to rest;  
The day-spring of glory illumine the skies,  
And ages on ages of happiness rise.

3 Hail! scenes of felicity, transport, and joy,  
When hatred and passion shall cease to annoy;  
Rich blessings of grace from above shall be given,  
And life only serve as a passage to heaven.

## PRAYER AND SOCIAL WORSHIP.

## 177. L. M.

PRAYER was appointed to convey  
The blessings God designs to give :  
Long as they live should Christians pray,  
For only while they pray they live.

The Christian's heart his prayer indites,  
He speaks as prompted from within ;  
The Spirit his petition writes,  
And Christ receives and gives it in.

And wilt thou in dead silence lie,  
When Christ stands waiting for thy prayer ?  
My soul, thou hast a Friend on high ;  
Arise and try thy interest there.

4 If pains afflict, or wrongs oppress ;  
If cares distract, or fears dismay ;  
If guilt deject, if sin distress,  
The remedy's before thee—Pray !

5 Depend on Christ—thou canst not fail ;  
Make all thy wants and wishes known ;  
Fear not—His merits must prevail !  
Ask what thou wilt, it shall be done.

## 178. L. M.

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 darkest 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 armor 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 heaven in supplications sent,  
Your cheerful songs would oftener be,  
" Hear what the Lord has done for me."

## 179. C. M.

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

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

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

- 4 Prayer is the Christian's vital breath,  
The Christian's native air ;  
His watchword at the gates of death,  
He enters heaven with prayer.
- 5 Prayer is the contrite sinner's voice,  
Returning from his ways ;  
While angels in their songs rejoice,  
And cry, " Behold, he prays !"
- 6 Nor prayer is made on earth alone ;  
The Holy Spirit pleads ;  
And Jesus, on th' eternal throne,  
For sinners intercedes.

## 180. L. M.

WHERE two or three, with sweet accord,  
Obedient to their sovereign Lord,  
Meet to recount his acts of grace,  
And offer solemn prayer and praise ;

- 2 There will the gracious Saviour be,  
To bless the little company ;  
There to unvail his smiling face,  
And with his glories fill the place.
- 3 We meet at thy command, O Lord,  
Relying on thy faithful word :  
Now send the Spirit from above,  
And fill our hearts with heavenly love.

## 181. C. M.

APPROACH, my soul, the mercy-seat,  
Where Jesus answers prayer ;  
There humbly fall before his feet,  
For none can perish there.

- 2 Thy promise is my only plea,  
With this I venture nigh :  
Thou callest burdened souls to thee,  
And such, O Lord, am I.
- 3 Bowed down beneath a load of sin,  
By Satan sorely prest,  
By war without and fears within,  
I come to Thee for rest.
- 4 Be thou my shield and hiding-place,  
That sheltered near thy side,  
I may my fierce accuser face,  
And tell him, " Thou hast died."
- 5 O wond'rous love, to bleed and die,  
To bear the cross and shame,  
That guilty sinners, such as I,  
Might plead thy gracious name !

## 182. S. M.

COME all who love to pray,  
On Jesus cast your care ;  
And every praying soul shall find  
He loves to answer prayer.

- 2 See how he looks and smiles,  
From yonder shining throne ;  
Pleased, he attends your every prayer,  
And sends rich blessings down !
- 3 Ye hungering, thirsting souls,  
O pray, and never faint ;  
Fresh scenes of love the Lord displays  
To every praying saint.

- 4 And whither should we fly,  
But to a throne of grace!  
For there we prove celestial joys,  
And find substantial peace.
- 5 Lord, from thy throne, behold  
Thy saints assembled here,  
Whose hearts ascend with warm desire,  
To feel thy presence near.

## 183. L. M.

JESUS, where'er thy people meet,  
There they behold thy mercy-seat;  
Where'er they seek Thee, thou art found;  
And every place is hallowed ground.

- 2 Dear Shepherd of thy chosen few,  
Thy former mercies here renew;  
Here, to our waiting hearts, proclaim  
The sweetness of thy saving name.
- 3 Here may we prove the power of prayer  
To strengthen faith and banish care;  
To teach our faint desires to rise,  
To things unseen beyond the skies.
- 4 Lord, we are few, but thou art near;  
Nor short thine arm, nor deaf thine ear;  
O, rend the heavens, this favored hour;  
Let thousands feel thy saving power.

## 184. S. M.

COME, praying souls, rejoice,  
And bless your Father's name;  
Joyful to him lift up your voice,  
And all his love proclaim.

- 2 Your mournful cry he hears,  
He marks your feeblest groan,  
Supplies your wants, dispels your fears,  
And makes his mercy known.
- 3 To all his praying saints  
He ever will attend;  
And to their sorrows and complaints,  
Will timely succor send.
- 4 Then blessed be the Lord,  
Who has not turned away  
His mercy, nor his precious word,  
From those who love to pray.

## 185. C. M.

LORD, in thy courts we now appear,  
And bow before the Lord;  
Before our lips begin to move,  
Our wants to thee are known.

- 2 Thou knowest the language of the heart,  
The meaning of a sigh;  
Dear Father, hear our humble prayer,  
And bring the blessing nigh.
- 3 Few be our words and short our prayers,  
While we together meet;  
Short duties keep religion up,  
And make devotion sweet.

## 186. L. M.

COME, gracious Lord, descend and dwell  
By faith and love in every breast;  
Then shall we know, and taste, and feel  
The joys that cannot be expressed.

- 2 Come fill your hearts with inward strength,  
 Make our enlarged souls possess,  
 And learn the height, and breadth, and length,  
 Of thine immeasurable grace.
- 3 Now, to the God whose power can do  
 More than our thoughts or wishes know,  
 Be everlasting honors done,  
 By all the church, through Christ his Son.

## 187. S. M.

DEAR Lord, attend our prayer,  
 And all our wants relieve;  
 Come to our hearts, and dwell thou there,  
 That thou in us may'st live.

- 2 In weakness we draw nigh  
 Unto the throne of grace:  
 Answer a sinner's mournful cry,  
 And fill us with thy peace.
- 3 Thou knowest every guest;  
 For liberty we groan;  
 We sigh, in thee our Lord, to rest;  
 And worship thee alone.
- 4 If trials vex our mind,  
 Close to thy wounds we'll flee;  
 No refuge may we elsewhere find,  
 But what we find in thee.
- 5 To thee we come, our Friend,  
 As sinners poor indeed;  
 On thee for future grace depend,  
 Our help in every need.

## 188. S. M.

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

- 2 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?
- 3 Beyond thy utmost wants,  
 His love and power can bless;  
 To praying souls he always grants  
 More than they can express.
- 4 Thine image, Lord, bestow,  
 Thy presence and thy love;  
 I ask to serve thee here below,  
 And reign with thee above.
- 5 Teach me to live by faith,  
 Conform my will to thine;  
 Let me victorious be in death,  
 And then in glory shine!

## 189. C. M.

INQUIRE, ye pilgrims, for the way,  
 That leads to Zion's hill,  
 And thither set your steady face,  
 With a determined will.

- 2 Invite the strangers all around,  
 Your pious march to join;  
 And spread the sentiments you feel,  
 Of faith and love divine.

- 3 O! come, and to his temple haste,  
And seek his favor there;  
Before his footstool humbly bow,  
And pour your fervent prayer.
- 4 O! come, and join your souls to God,  
In everlasting bands;  
Accept the blessings he bestows,  
With thankful hearts and hands.

## 190. S. M.

- H**OW sweet the melting lay  
Which breaks upon the ear,  
When at the hour of rising day,  
Christians unite in prayer.
- 2 The breezes waft their cries  
Up to Jehovah's throne;  
He listens to their heaving sighs,  
And sends his blessings down.
- 3 So Jesus rose to pray,  
Before the morning light;  
Once on the chilling mount did stay,  
And wrestle all the night.
- 4 Glory to God on high,  
Who sends his blessings down  
To rescue souls condemned to die,  
And make his people one.

## 191. 7s.

**C**OME, my soul, thy suit prepare,  
Jesus loves to answer prayer,  
He himself has bid thee pray,  
Therefore will not say thee nay.

- 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.

## 192. L. M.

- B**RETHREN, beloved for Jesus' sake,  
A hearty welcome here receive;  
May we together now partake  
The joys which he alone can give.
- 2 May he, by whose kind care we meet,  
Send his good Spirit from above;

- Make our communications sweet,  
And cause our hearts to burn with love!
- 3 Forgotten be each worldly theme,  
When thus we meet to pray and praise;  
We only wish to speak of him,  
And tell the wonders of his grace.
- 4 We'll talk of all he did and said,  
His suffering and his dying love  
The path he marked for us to tread,  
And how he triumphs now above.
- 5 Thus as the moments pass away,  
We'll love, and wonder, and adore;  
Then hasten on the glorious day,  
When we shall meet to part no more.

## 193. C. M.

- LORD, when we bend before thy throne  
And our confessions pour,  
O! may we feel the sins we own,  
And hate what we deplore.
- 2 Our contrite spirits, pitying, see;  
True penitence impart:  
And let a healing ray from thee,  
Beam hope on every heart.
- 3 When our responsive tongues essay  
Their grateful songs to raise,  
Grant that our souls may join the lay,  
And rise to thee in praise.
- 4 When we disclose our wants in prayer,  
O! let our wills resign;  
And not a thought our bosom share,  
Which is not wholly thine.

- 5 Let faith each meek petition fill,  
And waft it to the skies;  
And teach our hearts 't is goodness still  
That grants it or denies.

## 194. S. M.

JESUS, who knows full well  
The heart of every saint,  
Invites us all our griefs to tell,  
To pray and never faint.

- 2 He bows his gracious ear,  
We never plead in vain;  
Yet we must wait till he appear,  
And pray, and pray again.
- 3 Though unbelief suggest,  
Why should we longer wait?  
He bids us never give him rest,  
But be importunate.
- 4 Jesus the Lord will hear  
His chosen when they cry;  
Yes, though he may awhile forbear,  
He'll help them from on high.
- 5 Then let us earnest be,  
And never faint in prayer;  
He loves our importunity,  
And makes our cause his care.

## 195. C. M.

PRAYER is the work the Lord commands,  
And owns and honors too;  
To him we lift our hearts and hands,  
And worship is his due.

- 2 Nor shall our labors be in vain,  
In Christ our loving Lord,  
Who will our faith and hope maintain,  
According to his word.
- 3 Wait on him then, each praying soul,  
And humbly trust his grace;  
The happy end will crown the whole,  
For you shall see his face.
- 4 There, to eternity you 'll sing,  
In raptures all divine,  
The boundless glories of our King,  
And like him ever shine.

## 196. C. M.

WHAT glory gilds the sacred page,  
Majestic like the sun!  
It gives a light to every age,  
It gives, but borrows none.

- 2 The hand that gave it, still supplies  
His gracious light and heat;  
His truths upon the nations rise,  
They rise, but never set.
- 3 Let everlasting thanks be thine,  
For such a bright display,  
As makes the world of darkness shine  
With beams of heavenly day.
- 4 My soul rejoices to pursue  
The paths of truth and love,  
Till glory breaks upon my view  
In brighter worlds above.

## 197. C. M.

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

- 2 It sweetly cheers our drooping hearts,  
In this dark vale of tears;  
Life, light and joy it still imparts,  
And quells our rising fears.
- 3 This lamp, through all the tedious night  
Of life shall guide our way,  
Till we behold the clearer light  
Of an eternal day.

## 198. C. M.

O LORD, our languid souls inspire,  
For here, we trust, thou art:  
Kindle a flame of heavenly fire,  
In every waiting heart.

- 2 Dear Shepherd of thy people, hear:  
Thy presence now display;  
As thou hast given a place for prayer,  
So give us hearts to pray.
- 3 Show us some token of thy love,  
Our fainting hope to raise;  
And pour thy blessing from above,  
That we may render praise.
- 4 Within these walls let holy peace,  
And love and concord dwell;  
Here give the troubled conscience ease,  
The wounded spirit heal.



5 The feeling heart, the melting eye,  
The humbled mind bestow;  
And shine upon us from on high,  
To make our graces grow!

6 May we in faith receive thy word,  
In faith present our prayers;  
And, in the presence of our Lord,  
Unbosom all our cares.

7 And may the gospel's joyful sound,  
Enforced by mighty grace,  
Awaken many sinners round,  
To come and fill the place.

## 199. L. M.

WHERE is my God! does he retire  
Beyond the reach of humble sighs?  
Are these weak breathings of desire,  
Too languid to ascend the skies!

2 No, Lord! my breathings of desire,  
My weak petitions, if sincere,  
Are not forbidden to aspire,  
But reach to thy all-gracious ear.

3 Look up, my soul, with cheerful eye,  
See where the great Redeemer stands—  
The glorious Advocate on high,  
With precious incense in his hands.

4 He smiles on every humble groan,  
He recommends each broken prayer;  
Recline thy hope on him alone,  
Whose power and love forbid despair.

5 Teach my weak heart, O gracious Lord,  
With stronger faith to call thee mine;  
Bid me pronounce the blissful word,  
My Father, God, with joy divine.

## 200. L. M.

HOW sweet to leave the world awhile,  
And seek the presence of the Lord,  
Dear Saviour, on thy people smile,  
According to thy faithful word.

2 From busy scenes we now retreat,  
That we may here converse with thee;  
O Lord, behold us at thy feet,  
Let this the gate of heaven be.

3 Chief of ten thousands, now appear,  
That we by faith may see thy face,  
Oh! speak, that we thy voice may hear,  
And let thy presence fill the place.

## 201. C. M.

IN thy great name, O Lord, we come  
To worship at thy feet;  
O! pour thy Holy Spirit down  
On all that now shall meet.

2 We come to hear Jehovah speak,  
To hear the Saviour's voice;  
Thy face and favor, Lord, we seek,  
Now make our hearts rejoice.

3 Teach us to pray, and praise—to hear  
And understand thy word;  
To feel thy blissful presence near,  
And trust our living Lord.

- 4 Let sinners now thy goodness prove,  
And saints rejoice in thee;  
Let rebels be subdued by love,  
And to the Saviour flee.

## 202. C. M.

FATHER Divine, thy piercing eye  
Sees through the darkest night,  
In deep retirement thou art nigh,  
With heart-discerning sight.

- 2 There may thy piercing eye survey,  
My solemn homage paid,  
With every morning's dawning ray,  
And every evening's shade.
- 3 Oh, let thy own celestial fire  
The incense still inflame;  
While my warm vows to thee aspire,  
Through my Redeemer's name.
- 4 So shall the visits of thy love  
My soul in secret bless;  
So shalt thou deign in worlds above,  
Thy suppliant to confess.

## 203. C. M.

I LOVE to steal awhile away  
From every cumbering care,  
And spend the hours of setting day  
In humble, grateful prayer.

- 2 I love in solitude to shed  
The penitential tear,  
And all His promises to plead,  
Where none but God can hear.

- 3 I love to think on mercies past,  
And future good implore;  
And all my cares and sorrows cast  
On Him whom I adore.
- 4 I love by faith to take a view  
Of brighter scenes in heaven;  
The prospect doth my strength renew,  
While here by tempests driven.
- 5 Thus, when life's toilsome day is o'er,  
May its departing ray  
Be calm as this impressive hour,  
And lead to endless day.

## 204. C. M.

RETURN, O God of love—return;  
Earth is a tiresome place;  
How long shall we, thy children, mourn  
Our absence from thy face?

- 2 Let heaven succeed our painful years;  
Let sin and sorrow cease;  
And in proportion to our tears,  
So make our joys increase.
- 3 Thy wonders to thy servants show,  
Make thine own work complete;  
Then shall our souls thy glory know,  
And own thy love was great.

## 205. C. M.

JESUS, I throw my arms around,  
And hang upon thy breast;  
Without a gracious smile from thee,  
My spirit cannot rest.

- 2 O! tell me that my worthless name  
Is graven on thy hands!  
Show me some promise in thy book,  
Where my salvation stands.
- 3 Give me some kind assuring word,  
To sink my fears again;  
And cheerfully my soul shall wait  
Her threescore years and ten.

## 206. C. M.

- O FOR a closer walk with God,  
A calm and heavenly frame!  
A light to shine upon the road  
That leads me to the Lamb!
- 2 Where is the blessedness I knew  
When first I saw the Lord?  
Where is the soul-refreshing view  
Of Jesus, and his word?
- 3 What peaceful hours I then enjoyed!  
How sweet their memory still!  
But now I find an aching void  
The world can never fill.
- 4 Return, O Holy Dove! return,  
Sweet messenger of rest!  
I hate the sins that made thee mourn,  
And drove thee from my breast.
- 5 The dearest idol I have known,  
Whate'er that idol be,  
Help me to tear it from thy throne,  
And worship only thee.

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

## 207. C. M.

- DO not I love thee, O my Lord?  
Behold my heart and see;  
And turn each cursed idol out  
That dares to rival thee.
- 2 Do not I love thee from my soul?  
Then let me nothing love:  
Dead be my heart to ev'ry joy,  
When Jesus cannot move.
- 3 Is not thy name melodious still  
To mine attentive ear?  
Doth not each pulse with pleasure bound  
My Saviour's voice to hear?
- 4 Hast thou a lamb in all thy flock  
I would disdain to feed!  
Hast thou a foe, before whose face  
I fear thy cause to plead?
- 5 Could not my heart pour forth its blood  
In honor of thy name?  
And challenge the cold hand of death  
To damp the immortal flame?
- 6 Thou knowest I love thee, dearest Lord;  
But oh! I long to soar  
Far from the sphere of mortal joys,  
And learn to love thee more.

## 208. C. M.

O COULD I find, from day to day,  
A nearness to my God,  
Then should my hours glide sweet away,  
And live upon thy word.

- 2 Lord, I desire with thee to live  
Anew from day to day,  
In joys the world can never give,  
Nor ever take away.
- 3 O Jesus, come and rule my heart,  
And make me wholly thine,  
That I may never more depart,  
Nor grieve thy love divine.
- 4 Thus till my last expiring breath,  
Thy goodness I'll adore;  
And when my flesh dissolves in death,  
My soul shall love thee more.

## 209. C. M.

WHILST thee I seek, protecting Power,  
Be my vain wishes stilled;  
And may this consecrated hour  
With better hopes be filled.

- 2 Thy love the power of thought bestowed;  
To thee my thoughts would soar!  
Thy mercy o'er my life has flowed;  
That mercy I adore.
- 3 In each event of life, how clear  
Thy ruling hand I see!  
Each blessing to my soul most dear,  
Because conferred by thee.

- 4 In every joy that crowns my days,  
In every pain I bear,  
My heart shall find delight in praise,  
Or seek relief in prayer.
- 5 When gladness wings my favored hour,  
Thy love my thoughts shall fill;  
Resigned, when storms of sorrow lower,  
My soul shall meet thy will.
- 6 My lifted eye, without a tear,  
The gath'ring storm shall see;  
My steadfast heart shall know no fear;  
That heart will rest on thee.

## 210. C. M.

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

- 2 Look, how we grovel here below,  
Fond of these trifling toys;  
Our souls can neither fly nor go,  
To reach eternal joys.
- 3 In vain we tune our formal songs,  
In vain we strive to rise;  
Hosannas languish on our tongues,  
And our devotion dies.
- 4 Dear Lord, and shall we ever live  
At this poor dying rate?  
Our love so faint, so cold to thee,  
And thine to us so great!

5 Come, holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,  
With all thy quick'ning powers;  
Come, shed abroad a Saviour's love,  
And that shall kindle ours.

## 211. C. M.

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

- 2 To thee I tell each rising grief,  
For thou alone canst heal;  
Thy word can bring a sweet relief  
For every pain I feel.
- 3 But O! when gloomy doubts prevail,  
I fear to call thee mine;  
The springs of comfort seem to fail,  
And all my hopes decline.
- 4 Yet, gracious God, where shall I flee?  
Thou art my only trust;  
And yet my soul would cleave to thee,  
Tho' prostrate in the dust.
- 5 Hast thou not bid me seek thy face?  
And shall I seek in vain?  
And shall the ear of sovereign grace  
Be deaf when I complain?
- 6 No, still the ear of sovereign grace  
Attends the mourner's prayer;  
O may I ever find access  
To breathe my sorrows there!

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

## 212. C. M.

MY times of sorrow and of joy,  
Great God, are in thy hand;  
All my enjoyments come from thee,  
And go at thy command.

- 2 O Lord, shouldst thou withhold them all  
Yet would I not repine;  
Before they were by me possessed,  
They were entirely thine.
- 3 Nor would I drop a murmuring word  
If all the world were gone,  
But seek substantial happiness,  
In thee, and thee alone.

## 213. C. M.

JESUS, my Saviour, bind me fast  
In cords of heavenly love;  
Then sweetly draw me to thy breast,  
Nor let me thence remove.

- 2 Draw me from all created good,  
From self, the world, and sin;  
To the dear fountain of thy blood,  
And make me pure within.
- 3 Oh lead me to thy mercy-seat,  
Attract me nearer still;

Draw me, like Mary, to thy feet,  
To sit and learn thy will.

- 4 Oh draw me by thy providence,  
Thy Spirit and thy word,  
From all the things of time and sense,  
To thee, my gracious Lord.

## 214. C. M.

O FOR a heart to praise my God,  
A heart from sin set free!  
A heart that always feels thy blood  
So freely spilt for me.

- 2 A heart resigned, submissive, meek,  
My great Redeemer's throne;  
Where only Christ is heard to speak,  
Where Jesus reigns alone.
- 3 O for a lowly, contrite heart,  
Believing, true, and clean!  
Which neither life nor death can part  
From him that dwells within.
- 4 A heart in every thought renewed,  
And full of love divine;  
Perfect, and right, and pure, and good,  
A copy, Lord, of thine.

## 215. C. M.

FATHER, whate'er of earthly bliss  
Thy sovereign will denies,  
Accepted at thy throne of grace  
Let this petition rise:

- 2 "Give me a calm, a thankful heart,  
From every murmur free;  
The blessings of thy grace impart,  
And make me live to thee.
- 3 "Let the sweet hope that thou art mine  
My life and death attend;  
Thy presence through my journey shine,  
And crown my journey's end!"

## 216. C. M.

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

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

## 217. C. M.

A MAZING grace! (how sweet the sound!)  
That saved a wretch like me!  
I once was lost, but now am found;  
Was blind, but now I see.

- 2 'T was grace that taught my heart to fear,  
And grace my fears relieved :  
How precious did that grace appear,  
The hour I first believed !
- 3 Through many dangers, toils and snares,  
I have already come :  
'T is grace has brought me safe thus far,  
And grace will lead me home.
- 4 The Lord has promised good to me,  
His word my hope secures ;  
He will my shield and portion be,  
As long as life endures.
- 5 Yes, when this flesh and heart shall fail,  
And mortal life shall cease,  
I shall possess, within the veil,  
A life of joy and peace.
- 6 The earth shall soon dissolve like snow,  
The sun forbear to shine ;  
But God, who called me here below,  
Will be forever mine.

## 218. S. M.

COME, we that love the Lord,  
And let our joys be known ;  
Join in a song with sweet accord,  
And thus surround the throne.

- 2 The sorrows of the mind  
Be banished from the place ;  
Religion never was designed  
To make our pleasures less.

- 3 Let those refuse to sing  
That never knew our God ;  
But children of the heavenly King  
May speak their joys abroad.
- 4 The men of grace have found  
Glory begun below !  
Celestial fruits, on earthly ground,  
From faith and hope may grow.
- 5 The hill of Sion yields  
A thousand sacred sweets,  
Before we reach the heavenly fields,  
Or walk the golden streets.
- 6 Then let our songs abound,  
And every tear be dry :  
We 're marching thro' Immanuel's ground,  
To fairer worlds on high.

## 219. C. M.

MY God ! the spring of all my joys,  
The life of my delights,  
The glory of my brightest days  
And comfort of my nights :

- 2 In darkest shades, if he appear,  
My dawning is begun !  
He is my soul's sweet morning star,  
And he my rising sun.
- 3 The opening heavens around me shine  
With beams of sacred bliss,  
While Jesus shows his mercy 's 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  
T' embrace my dearest 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 conqueror through.

## 220. 6s.

**H**OW charming is the place,  
Where my redeemer, God,  
Unveils his beauteous face,  
And sheds his love abroad!

- 2 Not the fair palaces,  
To which the great resort,  
Can be compared with this,  
Where Jesus holds his court.
- 3 Here, on the mercy-seat,  
With radiant glory crowned,  
Our eyes behold him sit,  
And smile on all around.
- 4 To him their prayers and cries  
Each humble soul presents;  
He hears their broken sighs,  
And grants them all their wants.
- 5 To them his sovereign will  
He graciously imparts,  
And, in return, accepts  
The tribute of their hearts.

- 6 Give me, O Lord, a place  
Within thy blest abode,  
Among the children of thy grace,  
The servants of my God.

## 221. C. M.

- A**M I a soldier of the cross?  
A follower of the Lamb?  
And shall I fear to own his cause,  
Or blush to speak his name?
- 2 Must I be carried to the skies  
On flowery beds of ease,  
While others fight to win the prize,  
And sail through bloody seas?
- 3 Are there no foes for me to face?  
Must I not stem the flood?  
Is this vile world a friend to grace,  
To help me on to God?
- 4 Sure I must fight if I would reign;  
Increase my courage, Lord;  
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,  
Supported by thy word.
- 5 Thy saints in all this glorious war,  
Shall conquer, though they die!  
They see the triumph from afar,  
And seize it with their eye.
- 6 When that illustrious day shall rise,  
And all thy armies shine  
In robes of victory through the skies,  
The glory shall be thine.



## 222. 7s and 6s.

O WHEN shall I see Jesus,  
And reign with him above,  
And from the flowing fountains  
Drink everlasting love?  
When shall I be delivered  
From this vain world of sin,  
And with my blessed Jesus,  
Drink endless pleasures in?

- 2 But now I am a soldier,  
My Captain's gone before,  
He's given me my orders,  
And tells me not to fear;  
And as he has proved faithful,  
A crown of life he'll give,  
And all his valiant soldiers  
Eternal life shall live.
- 3 Through grace I am determined  
To conquer, though I die;  
And then, away to Jesus,  
On wings of love I'll fly.  
Farewell to sin and sorrow;  
I bid it all adieu!  
And you, my friends, prove faithful,  
And on your way pursue.
- 4 And if you meet with troubles  
And trials on your way,  
Then cast your care on Jesus,  
And do 'nt forget to pray;  
Gird on the heavenly armor,  
Of faith and hope and love,  
And when the battle's ended,  
You'll reign with him above.

5 O, do not be discouraged,  
For Jesus is your friend,  
And if you lack for knowledge,  
He'll not refuse to send;  
Neither will he upbraid you,  
Though often you request;  
He'll give you grace to conquer,  
And take you up to rest.

## 223. C. M. D.

- COME, let us join our friends above,  
Who have obtained the prize,  
And on the eagle wings of love,  
To joys celestial rise:  
Let all the saints terrestrial sing,  
With those to glory gone:  
For all the servants of our King,  
In earth and heaven are one.
- 2 One family, we dwell in him,  
One church, above, beneath,  
Though now divided by the stream,  
The narrow stream of death:  
One army of the living God,  
To his command we bow;  
Part of the host have crossed the flood,  
And part are crossing now.
- 3 Ten thousand to their endless home,  
This solemn moment fly;  
And we are to the margin come,  
And we expect to die;  
His militant, embodied host,  
With wishful looks we stand,  
And long to see that happy coast,  
And reach the heavenly land.

- 4 Our spirits, too, shall quickly join,  
Like theirs with glory crowned ;  
And shout to see our Captain's sign,  
And hear his trumpet's sound :  
O that we now might grasp our guide !  
O that the word were given !  
Come, Lord of Hosts, the waves divide,  
And land us all in heaven !

## 224. C. M.

**R**ELIGION is the chief concern  
Of mortals here below :  
May I its great importance learn,  
Its sov'reign virtue know.

- 2 More needful this, than glitt'ring wealth,  
Or aught the world bestows ;  
Not reputation, food, or health,  
Can give us such repose.
- 3 Religion should our thoughts engage,  
Amidst our youthful bloom ;  
'T will fit us for declining age,  
And for the awful tomb.
- 4 O may my heart, by grace renewed,  
Be my Redeemer's throne !  
And be my stubborn will subdued,  
His government to own.
- 5 Let deep repentance, faith, and love,  
Be joined with godly fear ;  
And all my conversation prove,  
My heart to be sincere.

- 6 Preserve me from the snares of sin,  
Through my remaining days ;  
And in me let each virtue shine,  
To my Redeemer's praise.

## 225. 7s.

**'T**IS religion that can give  
Sweetest pleasures while we live  
'Tis religion must supply  
Solid comfort when we die.

- 2 After death its joys will be  
Lasting as eternity !  
Be the living God my friend,  
Then my bliss shall never end.

## 226. C. M.

**I**'M not ashamed to own my Lord,  
Or to defend his cause,  
Maintain the honor of his word,  
The glory of his cross.

- 2 Jesus my God ! I know his name ;  
His name is all my trust ;  
Nor will he put my soul to shame,  
Nor let my hope be lost.
- 3 Firm as his throne, his promise stands,  
And he can well secure  
What I've committed to his hands,  
Till the decisive hour.
- 4 Then will he own my worthless name,  
Before his Father's face,  
And in the New Jerusalem  
Appoint my soul a place.

## 227. C. M.

HOW sweet, how heavenly is the sight,  
 When those that love the Lord,  
 In one another's peace delight,  
 And so fulfill his word.

- 2 When each can feel his brother's sigh,  
 And with him bear a part;  
 When sorrow flows from eye to eye,  
 And joy from heart to heart.
- 3 When free from envy, scorn, and pride,  
 Our wishes all above;  
 Each can his brother's failings hide,  
 And show a brother's love.
- 4 When love in one delightful stream,  
 Through every bosom flows:  
 When union sweet, and dear esteem,  
 In every action glows.
- 5 Love is the golden chain that binds  
 The happy souls above;  
 And he 's an heir of heaven that finds  
 His bosom glow with love.

## 228. S. M.

LET party names no more  
 The Christian world o'erspread;  
 Gentile and Jew, and bond and free,  
 Are one in Christ, their Head.

- 2 Among the saints on earth  
 Let mutual love be found:  
 Heirs of the same inheritance,  
 With mutual blessings crowned.

- 3 Let envy and ill-will  
 Be banished far away;  
 And all in Christian bonds unite,  
 Who the same Lord obey.
- 4 Thus will the church below  
 Resemble that above,  
 Where no discordant sounds are heard,  
 But all is peace and love

## 229. S. M.

BLEST be the tie that binds  
 Our hearts in Christian love!  
 The fellowship of kindred minds  
 Is like to that above.

- 2 Before our Father's throne  
 We pour our ardent prayers:  
 Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one,  
 Our comforts and our cares.
- 3 We share our mutual woes;  
 Our mutual burdens bear;  
 And often for each other flows  
 The sympathizing tear.
- 4 When we asunder part,  
 It gives us inward pain;  
 But we shall still be joined in heart,  
 And hope to meet again.
- 5 This glorious hope revives  
 Our courage by the way;  
 While each in expectation lives,  
 And longs to see the day.

- 6 From sorrow, toil, and pain,  
And sin, we shall be free :  
And perfect love and friendship reign  
To all eternity.

## 230. S. M.

I LOVE thy kingdom, Lord,  
The house of thine abode,  
The church our blest Redeemer saved  
With his own precious blood.

- 2 I love thy church, O God !  
Her walls before thee stand,  
Dear as the apple of thine eye,  
And graven on thy hand.
- 3 If e'er to bless thy sons,  
My voice, or hands deny,  
These hands let useful skill forsake,  
This voice in silence die.
- 4 For her my tears shall fall ;  
For her my prayers ascend ;  
To her my cares and toils be given,  
Till toils and cares shall end.
- 5 Beyond my highest joy  
I prize her heavenly ways,  
Her sweet communion—solemn vows,  
Her hymns of love and praise.
- 6 Jesus, thou friend divine,  
Our Saviour, and our King,  
Thy hand from every snare and foe,  
Shall great deliverance bring.

- 6 Sure as thy truth shall last,  
To Zion shall be given  
The brightest glories earth can yield,  
And brighter bliss of heaven.

## 231. S. M.

ONCE more, before we part,  
Oh bless the Saviour's name ;  
Let every tongue and every heart  
Adore and praise the same.

- 2 Lord, in thy grace we came,  
That blessing still impart ;  
We meet in Jesus' sacred name,  
In Jesus' name we part.
- 3 Still on thy holy word  
We'll live, and feed, and grow,  
And still go on to know the Lord,  
And practice what we know.
- 4 Now, Lord, before we part,  
Help us to bless thy name :  
Let every tongue and every heart  
Adore and praise the same.

## 232. L. M.

DISMISS us with thy blessing, Lord,  
Help us to feed upon thy word ;  
All that has been amiss, forgive,  
And let thy truth within us live.

- 2 Though we are guilty, thou art good,  
O wash us in the Saviour's blood ;  
Give every fettered soul release,  
And bid us all depart in peace.

## 233. 6 lines 7s.

**I**f 't is sweet to mingle where  
 Christians meet for social prayer;  
 If 't is sweet with them to raise  
 Songs of holy joy and praise—  
 Passing sweet that state must be.  
 Where they meet eternally.

- 2 Saviour, may these meetings prove,  
 Antepasts to that above;  
 While we worship in this place,  
 May we go from grace to grace,  
 Till we each, in his degree,  
 Fit for endless glory be.

## 234. P. M.

**C**OME to the house of prayer. It is the night,  
 When, by a compact sweeter than command,  
 Their mutual prayers throughout this happy land,  
 The scattered family of Christ unite.  
 Nor here alone observe the simple rite,  
 In western climes, prolonged by many a band,  
 In busy town, lone wild, or coral strand—  
 Where the blest gospel shines, a beacon light,  
 Taught by one spirit, all their prayers agree.  
 This night the self-exiled for Christ can dare  
 Dwell on dear friends he ne'er again may see:  
 The thought is balm, that on their hearts may bear  
 His name, while blending, thus in harmony  
 The vows of faith. Come to the house of prayer.

## 235. C. M.

**C**OME, trembling sinner, in whose breast  
 A thousand thoughts revolve;  
 Come, with your guilt and fear oppressed,  
 And make this last resolve:

- 2 "I'll go to Jesus, though my sins  
 Have like a mountain rose;  
 I know his courts, I'll enter in,  
 Whatever may oppose.
- 3 "Prostrate I'll lie before his throne,  
 And there my guilt confess;  
 I'll tell him I'm a wretch undone,  
 Without his sovereign grace:
- 4 "I'll to my gracious King approach,  
 Whose scepter pardon gives;  
 Perhaps he may command a touch,  
 And then the suppliant lives.
- 5 "Perhaps he may admit my plea,  
 Perhaps he'll hear my prayer;  
 But if I perish, I will pray,  
 And perish only there.
- 6 "I can but perish if I go,  
 I am resolved to try;  
 For if I stay away, I know  
 I must for ever die."

## 236. L. M.

**S**HOW pity, Lord; O Lord, forgive  
 Let a repenting rebel live;  
 Are not thy mercies large and free?  
 May not a sinner trust in thee?

- 2 My crimes are great, but can't surpass  
 The power and glory of thy grace:  
 Great God, thy nature hath no bound,  
 So let thy pardoning love be found.

- 3 O wash my soul from every sin ;  
And make my guilty conscience clean ;  
Here on my heart the burden lies,  
And past offenses pain mine eyes.
- 4 My lips with shame my sins confess,  
Against thy law, against thy grace :  
Lord, should thy judgment grow severe,  
I am condemned, but thou art clear.
- 5 Should sudden vengeance seize my breath,  
I must pronounce thee just in death :  
And if my soul were sent to hell,  
Thy righteous law approves it well.
- 6 Yet save a trembling sinner, Lord,  
Whose hopes still hovering round thy word  
Would light on some sweet promise there,  
Some sure support against despair.

## 237. L. M.

- J**ESUS! and shall it ever be,  
A mortal man ashamed of thee!  
Ashamed of thee, whom angels praise,  
Whose glories shine thro' endless days!
- 2 Ashamed of Jesus! sooner far  
Let evening blush to own her star ;  
He sheds the beams of light divine,  
O'er this benighted soul of mine.
- 3 Ashamed of Jesus! just as soon  
Let midnight be ashamed of noon!  
'Tis midnight with my soul, till he,  
Bright Morning Star, bids darkness flee.

- 4 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.
- 5 Ashamed of Jesus! yes I may,  
When I've no guilt to wash away,  
No tears to wipe, no good to crave,  
No fears to quell, no soul to save.
- 6 Till then, nor is my boasting vain,  
Till then I boast a Saviour slain ;  
And O may this my glory be,  
That Christ is not ashamed of me.

## 238. C. M.

- E**ARLY, my God, without delay,  
I haste to seek thy face ;  
My thirsty spirit faints away,  
Without thy cheering grace.
- 2 So pilgrims on the scorching sand,  
Beneath the burning sky,  
Long for a cooling stream at hand,  
And they must drink—or die.
- 3 I've seen thy glory and thy power  
Through all thy temple shine—  
My God, repeat that heavenly hour,  
That vision so divine.
- 4 Not life itself—with all its joys,  
Can my best passions move,  
Or raise so high my cheerful voice,  
As thy forgiving love.

- 5 Thus, till my last expiring day,  
I'll bless my God and King;  
Thus will I lift my hands to pray,  
And tune my lips to sing.

## 239. C. M.

MY God, my portion, and my love,  
My everlasting all;  
I've none but thee in heaven above,  
Or on this earthly ball.

- 2 [ What empty things are all the skies,  
And this inferior clod;  
There's nothing here deserves my joys,  
There's nothing like my God.]
- 3 [ In vain the bright, the burning sun  
Scatters his feeble light;  
'T is thy sweet beams create my noon;  
If thou withdraw 't is night.
- 4 And whilst upon my restless bed,  
Among the shades, I roll,  
If my Redeemer shows his head,  
'T is morning with my soul.]
- 5 To thee we owe our wealth, and friends,  
And health, and safe abode;  
Thanks to thy name for meaner things,  
But they are not my God.
- 6 How vain a toy is glitt'ring wealth,  
If once compared to thee!  
Or what's my safety, or my health,  
Or all my friends to me?

- 7 Were I possessor of the earth,  
And called the stars my own;  
Without thy graces and thyself,  
I were a wretch undone!
- 8 Let others stretch their arms like seas,  
And grasp in all the shore;  
Grant me the visits of thy face,  
And I desire no more.

## 240. S. M.

- ONCE more before we part,  
We'll bless the Saviour's name;  
Record his mercies, every heart,  
Sing, every tongue, the same.
- 2 Lay up his sacred word,  
And feed thereon, and grow;  
Go on and seek to know the Lord,  
And practice what you know.
- 3 And if we meet no more  
On Zion's earthly ground,  
O may we reach that blissful state  
Where all thy saints are bound!

## 241. C. M.

- ONCE more we come before our God,  
Once more his blessing ask;  
O, may not duty seem a load,  
Nor worship prove a task.
- 2 Father, thy quick'ning Spirit send  
From heaven, in Jesus' name,  
To make our waiting minds attend,  
And put our souls in frame.

- 3 May we receive the word we hear,  
Each in an honest heart;  
Lay up the precious treasure there,  
And never with it part.
- 4 To seek thee all our hearts dispose,  
To each thy blessings suit;  
And let the seed thy servant sows,  
Produce a copious fruit.
- 5 Bid the refreshing north wind, wake;  
Say to the south wind, blow;  
Let every plant thy power partake,  
And all the garden grow.
- 6 Revive the parch'd with heavenly showers,  
The cold with warmth divine;  
And as the benefit is ours,  
Be all the glory thine.

## 242. L. M.

COME, Christian brethren, ere we part,  
Join every voice and every heart;  
One solemn hymn to God we raise,  
One final song of grateful praise.

- 2 Christians, we here may meet no more,  
But there is yet a happier shore;  
And there, released from toil and pain,  
Dear brethren, we shall meet again.

## MISSIONARY HYMNS.

## 243. 7s and 6s.

FROM Greenland's icy mountains,  
From India's coral strand,  
Where Afric's sunny fountains  
Roll down their golden sand;  
From many an ancient river,  
From many a palmy plain,  
They call us to deliver  
Their land from error's chain.

- 2 What though the spicy breezes  
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle;  
Though every prospect pleases,  
And only man is vile!  
In vain with lavish kindness  
The gifts of God are strown;  
The heathen, in his blindness,  
Bows down to wood and stone!
- 3 Shall we, whose souls are lighted  
With wisdom from on high—  
Shall we to men benighted,  
The lamp of life deny?  
Salvation! O Salvation!  
The joyful sound proclaim,  
Till earth's remotest nation  
Has learned Messiah's name!
- 4 Waft, waft, ye winds, his story;  
And you, ye waters, roll,



Till, like a sea of glory,  
It spreads from pole to pole!  
Till o'er our ransomed nature,  
'The Lamb for sinners slain,  
Redeemer, King, Creator,  
In bliss returns to reign!

244. 2 8s, 3 7s, and 1 4.

**Y**ES, my native land, I love thee.  
All thy scenes, I love them well;  
Friends, connections, happy country,  
Can I bid you all farewell?  
Can I leave you—  
Far in heathen lands to dwell!

2 Home! thy joys are passing lovely,  
Joys no stranger heart can tell;  
Happy home! as I have proved thee,  
Can I, can I say—farewell?  
Can I leave thee—  
Far in heathen lands to dwell?

3 Scenes of sacred peace and pleasure,  
Holy days, and Sabbath bell;  
Richest, brightest, sweetest treasure,  
Can I say at last—farewell?  
Can I leave you—  
Far in heathen lands to dwell?

4 Yes, I hasten from you gladly,  
From the scenes I love so well,  
Far away, ye billows, bear me;  
Lovely, native land, Farewell!  
Pleased I leave thee—  
Far in heathen lands to dwell.

5 In the desert let me labor,  
On the mountains let me tell  
How he died—the blessed Saviour—  
To redeem a world from hell;  
Let me hasten  
Far in heathen lands to dwell.

6 Bear me on, thou restless ocean;  
Let the winds my canvas swell—  
Heaves my breast with warm emotion,  
While I go far hence to dwell.  
Glad I bid thee,  
Native land—farewell—farewell!

245. 8s, 7s, 4s.

**M**EN of God, go take your stations;  
Darkness reigns o'er all the earth,  
Loud proclaim among the nations  
Joyful news of heavenly birth:  
Bear the tidings,  
'Tidings of the Saviour's worth!

2 Go to men in darkness sleeping;  
Tell that Christ is strong to save;  
Go to men in bondage weeping;  
Publish freedom to the slave:  
Tell the dying,  
Christ has triumphed o'er the grave.

3 What though earth, by hell excited,  
Should oppose the Saviour's reign!  
Plead his cause to souls benighted;  
Fear ye not the face of men:  
Vain the tumult,  
Earth and hell will rage in vain.

- 4 Through exposed to fearful dangers,  
 Jesus will his own defend ;  
 Borne afar 'mid foes and strangers,  
 Jesus is your heavenly friend ;  
 And his presence  
 Shall be with you to the end.

## 246. 7s.

**WATCHMAN!** tell us of the night,

What its signs of promise are :  
 Traveler ! o'er yon mountain's height,  
 See that glory-beaming star !  
 Watchman ! does its beauteous ray  
 Aught of hope or joy foretell !  
 Traveler ! yes ; it brings the day—  
 Promised day of Israel.

- 2 Watchman ! tell us of the night,  
 Higher yet that star ascends :  
 Traveler ! blessedness and light,  
 Peace and truth its course portends.  
 Watchman ! will its beams alone  
 Gild the spot that gave them birth !  
 Traveler ! ages are its own.  
 See, it bursts o'er all the earth.
- 3 Watchman ! tell us of the night,  
 For the morning seems to dawn ;  
 Traveler ! darkness takes its flight ;  
 Doubt and terror are withdrawn.  
 Watchman ! let thy wanderings cease,  
 Hie thee to thy quiet home ;  
 Traveler ! lo, the Prince of Peace,  
 Lo, the Son of God is come !

## 247. 8 lines 8s and 7s.

**WHO** will go to rear the standard  
 Of the cross in heathen lands,  
 Where the people sit in darkness,  
 Bound by superstition's bands ?  
 Who will leave their friends and country  
 Bid adieu to earthly bliss,  
 Yield their lives a willing offering,  
 To so great a work as this ?

- 2 Who will go to Afric's center,  
 Tell the Ethiop there's a God,  
 Point him to the crimson fountain  
 Of a Saviour's cleansing blood ?  
 Who will climb the Rocky Mountains,  
 Thro' the western forests stray,  
 Where thick gloom and pagan darkness  
 Long have held unrivaled sway ?

- 3 Oh ! for Paul's denying spirit,  
 For his missionary zeal ;  
 And the perfect love of Jesus,  
 Every Christian heart to fill :  
 Then the earth would soon be covered  
 With the knowledge of the Lord,  
 And the far-off isles of ocean  
 Soon would all receive his word.

## 248. L. M.

**LORD!** while the little heathens bend  
 And call some wooden God their friend,  
 Or stand and see, with bitter cries,  
 Their mothers burnt before their eyes :

- 2 While many a dear and tender child  
Is thrown to bears and tigers wild,  
Or left upon the river's brink,  
To suffer more than heart can think :
- 3 Behold! what mercies we possess!  
How far beyond our thankfulness!  
By happy thousands, here we stand,  
To serve thee in a Christian land.
- 4 O! when that awful day shall rise,  
When Christ shall come in yonder skies,  
And we must answer one by one  
For every deed our hands have done :
- 5 Lord, let it not be said of us,  
'That heathens could not have been worse,  
But may we now that pardon crave,  
Which can the guiltiest sinner save.
- 6 With all the bright and happy crowd,  
We then would praise thee long and loud;  
And O! to little heathens send  
The news of Christ, the sinner's friend.

## 249. 8s, 7s, 4s.

**C**HRISTIAN, see the orient morning,  
Breaks along the heathen sky;  
Lo! the expected day is dawning,  
Glorious Day-spring from on high:  
Hallelujah!  
Hail the Day-spring from on high.

- 2 Heathen at the sight are singing;  
Morning wakes the tuneful lays;

- Precious offerings they are bringing,  
Earnest of more perfect praise:  
Hallelujah!  
Hail the Dayspring from on high.
- 3 Zion's Sun, salvation beaming,  
Gilding now the radiant hills;  
Rise and shine, till brighter gleaming,  
All the world thy glory fills:  
Hallelujah!  
Hail the Dayspring from on high.
- 4 Then the valleys, and the mountains  
Breaking forth, in joy shall sing;  
Then the living crystal fountains  
From the thirsty ground shall spring:  
Hallelujah!  
Hail the Dayspring from on high.
- 5 While the wilderness rejoices,  
Roses shall the desert cheer;  
Then the dumb shall tune their voices,  
Blind shall see, the deaf shall hear:  
Hallelujah!  
Hail the Dayspring from on high.
- 6 Lord, of every tribe and nation,  
Spread thy truth from pole to pole;  
Spread 'he light of thy salvation,  
Till it shine on every soul:  
Hallelujah!  
Hail the Dayspring from on high.