

Ann McCallough

1853.

MIRIAM'S TIMBREL,

OR

SACRED SONGS,

SUITED TO

REVIVAL OCCASIONS ;

AND ALSO FOR

ANTI-SLAVERY, PEACE, TEMPERANCE,
AND REFORM MEETINGS.

SECOND EDITION, REVISED AND ENLARGED.

COMPILED BY

JOHN P. BETKER, M. G.

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fifty-three, by E. SMITH, in the Clerk's Office of
the District Court of the United States, for the
District of Ohio.

PREFACE.

* THE first edition of MIRIAM'S TIMBREL being entirely exhausted, and the demand for it increasing, the compiler has, with considerable labor prepared another for the press. This edition contains a larger amount of matter than the first.

As far as they could be ascertained, the names of the authors from whom selections have been made, are given in the index. The only apology the compiler has to give for the appearance of the work is the imperative demands of the reforms of the age, for something of the kind in the singing department of social worship. Very few of the spiritual song books now before the public sympathise with the practical reformatations going on to improve the social and moral condition of human society. It is believed that this deficiency is met in this little volume. With these remarks the work is submitted to the lovers of sacred songs, accompanied with the prayer that the Great Head of the Church may attend it with his blessing wherever it may go.

JOHN P. BETKER, *Compiler.*
Brownsville, Fayette Co., Pa. 1853.

MIRIAM'S TIMBREL.

REVIVALS.

HYMN 1.

MIRIAM'S SONG OF TRIUMPH.

AIR—"Avison."

"And Miriam the prophetess, the sister of Aaron, took a timbrel in her hand, and all the women went out after her with timbrels and dances. And Miriam answered them, Sing ye to the Lord, for he hath triumphed gloriously; the horse and his rider hath he thrown into the sea."—EXODUS xv. 20, 21.

1 SOUND the loud timbrel o'er Egypt's dark sea!
Jehovah has triumphed—his people are free.
Sing, for the pride of the tyrant is broken,
His chariots and horsemen all splendid and
brave:
How vain was their boasting,—the Lord hath
but spoken,
And chariots and horsemen are sunk in the
wave.
Sound the loud timbrel o'er Egypt's dark sea,
Jehovah has triumphed—his people are free!

2 Praise to the Conqueror, praise to the Lord!
His word was our arrow, his breath was our
sword!

Who shall return to tell Egypt the story
Of those she sent forth in the hour of her pride?
For the Lord hath looked out from his pillar of
glory,

And all her brave thousands are dashed in
the tide!

Sound the loud timbrel o'er Egypt's dark sea!
Jehovah has triumphed—his people are free.

HYMN 2.

SECESSION.

AIR—"Crambambule."

"And I heard a voice from heaven saying,
Come out of her my people, that ye be not parta-
kers of her sins, and that ye receive not of her
plagues."—REV. xviii. 4.

1 O come, come away,
Fell on my ear from heaven,
The voice of God proclaimed aloud,
O come, come away.
Come out of her, my people,—all
Who on my name sincerely call,
Lest sin become your thrall—
O come, come away.

2 O come, come away,
From base associations,

Nor let your name sustain their shame.

O come, come away,

From those whose prophets dare not speak,
The truths of God, which else would break,
The chain that binds the weak—

O come, come away.

3. O come, come away,

From all those sects and parties
Who shun the light, and trample right,

O come, come away,

From those who nurture slavery,
The sum of all iniquity,
From such, oh Christian, flee:

O come, come away.

4. O come, come away,

Nor let your influence cherish
The dreadful crimes that curse our times.

O come, come away,

From those that justify the laws
That sanction the oppressor's cause,
To gain the world's applause.

O come, come away.

5. O come, come away,

And join the friends of freedom,
Be brave and strong against the wrong;

O come, come away,

To such as fight for liberty,
Whose arms are truth and parity—

God promises victory,

O come, come away.

- 6 Then come, come away,
 Obey the voice of heaven,
 Dear child of God, redeemed with blood—
 O come, come away,
 From all pre-slavery churches, come,
 Nor with the wicked make thy home,
 In Freedom's ranks there's room,
 O come, come away.

HYMN 3.

P. M.

THE PURE TESTIMONY.

- 1 THE pure testimony set forth in the spirit,
 Cuts like a keen two-edged sword;
 And hypocrites now are most sorely tormented
 Because they're condemned by the word.
 The pure testimony discovers the dross,
 While wicked professors make light of the cross
 And Babylon trembles for fear of her loss.
- 2 Is not the time come for the church to be
 Into the one Spirit of God? [gathered
 Baptized by one spirit into the same body,
 Partaking Christ's flesh and his blood? [see
 They drink of one spirit, which makes them all
 They're one in Christ Jesus wherever they be,
 The Jew and the Gentile, the bond and the free.
- 3 Then blow ye the trumpet in pure testimony,
 And let the world hear it again;
 O come ye from Babylon, Egypt and Sodom,
 And make your way over the plain;

And gird on your armor, ye saints of the Lord,
 For Christ will direct you by his living word,
 The pure testimony will cut like a sword.

4 The great Prince of Darkness is mustering
 his forces,

To make you his prisoners again;
 By flatt'ries, reproaches, and vile persecution,
 That you in his cause may remain;
 But shun his temptations wherever they lay,
 And mind not his servants, whatever they say;
 The pure testimony will give you the day.

5 The world will not persecute those who are
 like them,

But hold them the same as their own,
 The pure testimony cries out separation,
 And calls you your life to lay down.
 Come out from their spirit and practices too,
 The track of the Saviour keep still in your view,
 The pure testimony will cut the way through.

6 A battle is coming between the two kingdoms,
 The armies will gather anon;

The pure testimony and vile persecution
 Will come to close battle ere long;
 Then wash all your robes in the blood of the
 Lamb,

And walk in the spirit of Jesus's name;
 In pure testimony you shall overcome.

HYMN 4.

L. M.

THE GOOD OLD WAY.

1. Lift up your heads, Immanuel's friends,
And taste the pleasures Jesus sends;
Let nothing cause you to delay;
But hasten on the good old way.
2. Our conflicts here though great they be,
Shall not prevent our victory;
If we but watch, and strive, and pray,
Like soldiers in the good old way.
3. Though Satan may his power employ,
Our happiness for to destroy;
Yet never fear, we'll win the day,
And shout and sing the good old way.
4. O good old way, how sweet thou art!
May none of us from thee depart;
But may our actions always say,
We're walking in the good old way.
5. And when on Pisgah's top we stand,
And view by faith the promised land;
Then we will shout, and sing and pray,
And march along the good old way.
6. Ye valiant souls for heaven contend,
Remember life is at the end,
Our God will wipe all tears away,
When we have run the good old way.

- 7 Then far beyond this mortal shore,
We'll join with those who're gone before,
And shout to think we've gained the day,
By walking in the good old way.

HYMN 5. L. M.

THE BLESSEDNESS OF PRAYER.

- 1 What various hindrances we meet
In coming to the mercy seat;
Yet who that knows the worth of prayer,
But wishes to be often there.
- 2 Prayer makes the darkest clouds 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 When Moses stood with arms spread wide,
Success was found on Israel's side;
But when through weariness they fail'd
That moment Amalek prevailed.
5. Have you no words? Ah think again,
Words flow apace when you complain,
And fill your fellow creature's ears
With the sad tale of all your cares.

- 6 Were half the breath thus vainly spent
 To heaven in supplication sent,
 Our cheerful songs would often be,
 Hear what the Lord has done for me,

HYMN 6. L. M.

THE MERCY SEAT.

- 1 From every stormy wind that blows,
 From every swelling tide of woes,
 There is a calm, a sure retreat:
 'Tis 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;
 Though sundered far, by faith they meet
 Around one common "Mercy Seat."
- 4 Ah, whither could we flee for aid,
 When tempted, desolate, dismay'd,
 Or how the hosts of hell defeat
 Had suff'ring saints no "Mercy Seat."
- 5 There, there on eagle-wings 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 O 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."

HYMN 7.

S. M.

PRAYER.

- 1 How sweet when sorrows come,
To kneel in humble prayer;
And ask the God of boundless love,
For strength our woes to bear.
- 2 How blissful is the thought,
That not in vain we plead:
For God his people ne'er forsakes,
When they his pity need.
- 3 Unto the drooping heart,
Fresh courage he bestows;
He whispers, "place thy trust in me,
And I will heal thy woes."
- 4 'Tis sweet when joys are ours,
In gratitude to kneel,
And offer unto God our thanks,
For happiness we feel.
5. 'Tis always sweet to pray,
In poverty---in wealth,
In the sad hour when sickness *come,*
Or in the glow of health.

HYMN 8.

C. M.

PRAYER.

- 1 Prayer is the food of Heaven-born souls,
That never are to die;
Their destiny on earth controls,
And fits them for the sky.
- 2 Prayer is the telegraph that's fraught
With tidings for God's ear;
The language of a silent thought,
Which none save God can hear.
- 3 Prayer is the breathing of a soul,
Who loves and fears his God;
His evil passions to control,
Prayer is his only rod.
- 4 Prayer is the whispering you may hear,
From yon poor felon's cell;
His thoughts have quit their earthly sphere,
And fain in heaven would dwell.
5. He tells his guilt to Jesus, He
Who to a thief once said,
"This day in Paradise with me
Thy happy home is made."
- 6 Prayer is the only certain way
To know our sins forgiven,
By him who taught his saints to pray,
"Our Father who's in Heaven,"

- 7 Prayer opens up the intercourse
 Between our souls and God,
 If it be uttered from the heart,
 With faith in Jesus' blood.
- 8 O! thou who prayed, "Forgive them, Lord,
 They know not what they do!"
 Endow us with thy holy word,
 Thy praying spirit too.

HYMN 9. 8's & 7's.

DECLINE OF RELIGION.

Air—"Absence."

- 1 ONCE, O Lord, thy garden flourish'd,
 Every part looked gay and green;
 Then thy word our spirits nourished,
 Happy seasons we have seen.
 But a drought has since succeeded,
 And a sad decline we see;
 Lord, thy help is greatly needed,
 Help can only come from thee.
- 2 Some in whom we once delighted,
 We shall meet no more below:
 Some, alas! we fear are blighted—
 Scarce a single leaf they show.
 Dearest Saviour, hasten hither,
 Thou canst make them bloom again;
 Oh! permit them not to wither,
 Let not all our hopes be vain!

HYMN 10. L. M.

REVIVAL PRAYED FOR.

- 1 WHILE I to grief my heart gave way
 To see the work of God decline,
 Methought I heard the Savior say,
 "Dismiss thy fears—the ark is mine.
- 2 "Though for a time I hide my face,
 Rely upon my love and power!
 Still wrestle at the Throne of Grace,
 And wait for a reviving hour.
- 3 "Take down thy long neglected harp,
 I've seen thy tears and heard thy pray'r:
 The winter season has been sharp,
 But Spring shall all its wastes repair."
- 4 Lord, I obey, my hopes revive!
 Come join with me, ye saints, and sing!
 Our foes in vain against us strive,
 For God will help and triumph bring!

HYMN 11. P. M.

CHRISTIAN EXPERIENCE.

- 1 Ye people that wonder at me and my ways,
 And oft with astonishment on me do gaze,
 Come, lend your attention, and I will relate,
 My past exercises, and my present state.
- 2 The people I follow I once did despise,
 And oft times like you I gazed on with surprise;
 I gazed with a mixture of pride and disdain,
 Yet still from their meetings I could not refrain,

- 3 I sometimes did jest at their sighs and their
groans,
And sometimes in spirit felt deeply to mourn,
Their praying and mourning gave me such of-
fence,
I thought it delusion, and nought but pretence,
- 4 I oft-times determined I'd hear them no more,
But still on occasions would go as before;
Although persecuting I still would return,
The sparks of conviction beginning to burn.
- 5 The word cloth'd with power at length reach'd
my heart,
I sat under preaching, and there felt the dart;
I strove to conceal it, but soon found it vain,
To pray, weep and tremble, it did me constrain.
- 6 I sunk down in sorrow, so deep my distress,
I lay for some hours almost motionless,
'Till Jesus in mercy His love did reveal!
A wonder! a wonder! O how did I feel!
- 7 My burden of guilt was removed and gone,
My spirit was joyful, my soul was serene;
I stood up and prais'd Him, without dread or fear,
Nor would I regard though the world had been
there.
- 8 My friends may despise me, and foes ridicule:
The wise of this world may esteem me a fool:
But all their attempts will be fruitless and vain,
For Jesus has bless'd me and I'll praise His name!

HYMN 12.

INVITATION TO CHRIST.

AIR—"Sunset Tree."

- 1 COME, come, come!
 Come, for the Father waits,
 His fatlings are all slain :
 Come, ere he close his gates,
 And thou knock without in vain.
 How long will ye refuse
 Rich mercies from on high,
 And madly, madly choose,
 In thy wretchedness to die.

[For a Chorus, repeat the first four lines of
 each verse.]

- 2 Come, come, come!
 Come for the Savior stands
 To plead thy guilty cause ;
 And spreads for you his hands ;
 As he spreads them on the cross.
 His grace will Jesus give,
 His saving health is nigh ;
 Come unto him and live,
 And thou never more shalt die.

[Chorus.]

- 3 Come, come, come!
 Come, for the Spirit pleads,
 Pleads with thee to return ;
 Forsake thy evil deeds,

And for all thy follies mourn.
 Grieve not that friend divine,
 Pass not his proffers by ;
 He is thy friend, e'en thine.
 And he would not have thee die.

[Chorus.]

4 Come, come, come !
 Come, and the angel-strain,
 From thousand harps shall sound ;
 The dead one lives again,
 And the long lost child is found.
 Loud are the songs of heaven,
 Great raptures are on high,
 When sinners are forgiven,
 And they live no more to die.

[Chorus.]

HYMN 13.

GOSPEL MESSAGE.

AIR—Zion.

- 1 SINNERS will you scorn the message
 Sent in mercy from above ?
 Every sentence, O how tender !
 Every line is full of love ;
 Listen to it—
 Every line is full of love.
2. Hear the heralds of the gospel,
 News from Zion's King proclaim

To each rebel sinner—' Pardon
 Free forgiveness in his name :—
 How important !
 Free forgiveness in his name.

3: Tempted souls, they bring you succor ;
 Fearful hearts, they quell your fears ;
 And with news of consolation,
 Chase away the falling tears :
 Tender heralds—
 Chase away the falling tears.

4: False professors, groveling worldlings,
 Callous hearers of the word,
 While the messengers address you,
 Take the warnings they afford ;
 We entreat you
 Take the warnings they afford.

5 Who hath our report believed ?
 Who received the joyful word ?
 Who embraced the news of pardon
 Offered to you by the Lord ?
 Can you slight it,
 Offered to you by the Lord ?

HYMN 14.

P. M.

WILL YOU GO?

1 WE'RE traveling home to heaven above,
 Will you go ? will you go ?
 To sing a Savior's dying love,
 Will you go ? will you go ?

Our sun will there no more go down,
 Our moon no more will be withdrawn,
 Our days of mourning past and gone.
 Will you go ? will you go ?

2 We're going to walk the plains of light,
 Will you go ? will you go ?
 Where perfect day excludes all night,
 Will you go ? will you go ?
 The crown of life we there shall wear,
 The palm of victory ever bear,
 And all the joys of heaven share.
 Will you go ? will you go ?

3 We're going to reap the great reward,
 Will you go ? will you go ?
 Which Christ in heaven for us prepared,
 Will you go ? will you go ?
 A rich supply of milk and wine,
 And everlasting joys divine,
 And robes that will the sun outshine,
 Will you go ? will you go ?

4 We're going to strike the golden lyre,
 Will you go ? will you go ?
 And shout in strains of heavenly fire,
 Will you go ? will you go ?
 We'll tell of God's redeeming grace,
 And see our Saviour face to face,
 And evermore we'll shout his praise.
 Will you go ? will you go ?

The way to heaven is free for all,
 Will you go ? will you go ?
 Both Jew and Gentile, great and small,
 Will you go ? will you go ?
 Make up your mind, give God your heart,
 From every sin and idol part,
 And now for glory make a start !
 Will you go ? will you go ?

6 O could I hear some sinner say :
 I will go ! I will go !
 I'll start this moment, clear the way,
 Let me go, let me go !
 My old companions, fare you well !
 I will not go with you to hell,
 I mean with Jesus Christ to dwell :
 Let me go, let me go !

HYMN 15.

P. M.

GOSPEL TRUMPET.

- 1 HARK the Gospel trumpet's sounding !
 Sinners hear the joyful call ;
 Christ in pard'ning love abounding,
 Offers liberty to all.
*Turn to the Lord and seek Salvation
 Through the precious Savior's name,
 Pardon, peace and full redemption,
 None that seek shall seek in vain.*
- 2 Tho' your crimes have reach'd to heaven,
 And of deepest die appear ;

Ask, and they shall be forgiven,
Seek and you shall find him near.

[Chorus.]

3 Though the sinful world reject you,
Guardian angels hovering round,
Ever ready to protect you,
Flaming ministers are found.

[Chorus.]

4 Cast your load of guilt behind you,
To the Lord for mercy flee;
Though the strongest fetters bind you,
His salvation makes you free.

[Chorus.]

5 Free from hell's eternal prison,
Unbelief's tormenting chain;
Endless wo, and sad perdition;
Free from everlasting pain.

[Chorus.]

6 Turn poor sinners, turn to Jesus,
Now while he inviting stands;
See, the blessed, loving Saviour
Holds to you his wounded hands.

[Chorus.]

HYMN 16.

C. M.

THE EARNEST EXHORTATION.

1 COME, humble sinner, in whose breast
A thousand thoughts revolve;

Come with your guilt and fear oppress'd
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 sov'reign grace.
- 4 "I'll to my gracious king approach
Whose sceptre 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 forever die."

HYMN 17.

P. M.

GOING TO CHRIST.

"Him that cometh unto me, I will in wise cast out."—JOHN 6: 37.

AIR—"Scotland."

- 1 JUST as I am---without one plea,
But that thy blood was shed for me,

And that thou bidst me come to thee,
O Lamb of God, I come!

2 Just as I am—and waiting not
To rid my soul of one dark blot,
To thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot,
O Lamb of God, I come!

3 Just as I am—though tossed about
With many a conflict, many a doubt,
Fightings within, or fears without,
O Lamb of God, I come!

4 Just as I am—poor, wretched, blind;
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
Yea, all I need, in thee to find,
O Lamb of God, I come!

5 Just as I am—Thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve,
Because thy promise I believe,
O Lamb of God, I come!

6 Just as I am—thy love unknown,
Has broken every barrier down;
Now, to be thine, yea, thine alone;
O Lamb of God, I come!

HYMN 18.

L. M.

I SING THE CROSS.

1 Of Jesus and his cross I sing,
My best affections cluster there;

Thence all my sweetest comforts spring,—
Joys to my soul, than life more dear.

2 I love to linger near the cross,
And feel as if my Lord were there;
It makes me count the world but dross,
And fills my soul with faith and prayer.

3 While with a melting heart I gaze,
And drink my Saviour's sorrows in,
He bows his head, and sweetly says,
'Tis finished.' 'There's an end of sin.'

4 Strangely my sorrows turn to joy,
I hail the dying, conquering King;
The victor's crown my thoughts employ,
And Christ, the living Christ, I sing.

HYMN 19.

P. M.

THE HAPPY CONVERT.

1 Come ye that fear the Lord, unto me; unto me,
Come ye that fear the Lord, unto me,
I've something good to say;
About the narrow way,
For Christ the other day saved my soul, saved
my soul.

2 He gave me first to see, what I was, what I was,
He gave me first to see what I was,
He gave me first to see,

My guilt and misery,

And then he set me free, bless his name, bless
his name.

3 My old companions said, he's undone, he's
undone,

My old companions said, he's undone,

My old companions said,

He is surely going mad,

But Jesus makes me glad, bless his name, bless
his name.

4 O! if they did but know what I feel, what I
feel,

O if they did but know what I feel,

Had they but eyes to see,

Their guilt and misery,

They'd be as mad as me, I believe, I believe.

5 Some said he'll soon give o'er, you shall see,
you shall see,

Some said he'll soon give o'er, you shall see,

Some time has pass'd away,

Since I began to pray,

And I feel the same to-day, bless his name,
bless his name.

6 And now I'm going home, to the Lord, to
the Lord,

And now I'm going home, to the Lord.

And now I'm going home,

Poor sinner, wilt thou come,

Or meet an awful doom, from the Lord, from
the Lord.

7 O had I angel's wings, I would fly, I would fly,
 O had I angel's wings, I would fly,
 Had I wings like yonder dove,
 I soon would soar above,
 And see the God I love, on his throne, on his
 throne.

HYMN 20.

P. M.

"LOOK TO JESUS!"

- 1 "Look to Jesus!" See, he stands,
 Holding forth his bleeding hands,
 Saying, "Come to me for rest,
 And be saved among the blest!"
- 2 "Look to Jesus!" Sinner come!
 Without Christ, behold your doom:
 Present pain and endless hell!
 Come, and all may yet be well!
- 3 "Look to Jesus!" Mourner, hear
 Mercy whisp'ring in your ear:
 "Though your sins as scarlet be,
 He can cleanse and set thee free."
- 4 "Look to Jesus!" Weeping one!
 Hope, for thou art not undone;
 Those are blest who shed such tears:
 He will hush thy doubts and fears.
5. "Look to Jesus!" Christian, look,
 Thy dear name is in his book;

Read it there, and with delight
Humbly seek perfection's height.

- 5 "Look to Jesus!" Joy in life;
Care for sin and end of strife;
Life in death and endless bliss
Where the blessed Saviour is.

HYMN 21.

P. M.

INVITATION OF THE GOSPEL.

- 1 "Come to Calvary's holy mountain,
Sinners ruined by the fall;
Here a pure and healing fountain
Flows to cleanse the guilty soul,
In a full perpetual tide,
Open'd when the Saviour died.
- 2 Come in sorrow and contrition,
Wounded, impotent, and blind;
Here the guilty seek remission,
Here the lost a refuge find;
Health this fountain will restore,
He that drinks shall thirst no more.
- 3 Come, ye dying, live forever,
'Tis a soul-reviving flood;
God is faithful, he will never
Break his covenant, sealed in blood;
Signed when our Redeemer died,
Sealed when he was glorified."

HYMN 22.

P. M.

THE PARALYTIC.

- 1 Review the palsied sinner's case,
Who sought for health in Jesus;
His friends convey'd him to the place,
Where he might meet with Jesus.
But from the roof they let him down,
Before the face of Jesus.
A multitude were thronging round,
To keep them back from Jesus.
- 2 Thus, brethren, help these friends of yours
To find their way to Jesus;
His grace the worst diseases cures;
Oh! help them on to Jesus.
The palsy's fearful stroke they feel;
There's none can save but Jesus;
'Tis he alone their souls can heal;
Oh! help them on to Jesus.
- 3 The fainting souls by sin diseased,
There's none can save but Jesus;
With more than plague or palsy seized,
Oh! help them on to Jesus.
The seeds of death are sown within,
There's none can save but Jesus;
The worst disease on earth is sin,
Oh! help them on to Jesus.
- 4 Oh! Saviour, hear their mournful cry,
And tell them thou art Jesus;

Oh! speak the word, or they must die,
And bid farewell to Jesus:
Now let them hear thy voice declare,
Thou all-sufficient Jesus,
That thou didst die to hear their prayer,
And give them health in Jesus.

5 The great Physician now is near,
The sympathizing Jesus;
He speaks the drooping heart to cheer,
Oh! hear the voice of Jesus;
Your many sins are all forgiven,
Oh hear the voice of Jesus;
Go on your way in peace to heaven,
And wear a crown with Jesus.

6 All glory to the dying Lamb,
I now believe in Jesus;
I love the blessed Saviour's name,
I love the name of Jesus;
His name dispels my guilt and fear,
No other name but Jesus;
Oh! how my soul delights to hear
The charming name of Jesus.

7 Come, brethren, help me sing his praise;
Oh! praise the name of Jesus;
And, sisters, all your voices raise;
Oh! bless the name of Jesus:
And when to that bright world above,
We rise to see our Jesus,

We'll sing around the throne of love
The blessed name of Jesus.

HYMN 23.

P. M.

1 Did you hear that Jesus came ? Did you hear
that Jesus came ?

CHORUS.

Oh ! he came for you, and he came for me.
And he came for every one—he came for every
one.

2 Did you hear that Jesus wept ? Did you hear
that Jesus wept ?

O ! he wept for you, etc.

3 Did you hear that Jesus prayed ? Did you
hear that Jesus prayed ?

O ! he prayed for you, etc.

4 Did you hear that Jesus died ? Did you hear
that Jesus died ?

O ! he died for you, etc.

5 Did you hear that Jesus rose ? Did you hear
that Jesus rose ?

O ! he rose for you, etc.

6 Did you hear that Jesus pleads ? Did you hear
that Jesus pleads ?

O ! he pleads for you, etc.

7 Did you hear of the mansions above ? Did you
hear of the mansions above ?

Yes ! a mansion for you, etc.

8 Did you hear of the crown of life ? Did you
hear of the crown of life ?

Yes ! a crown for you, etc.

9 Did you hear of the golden harps ? Did you
hear of the golden harps ?

Yes ! a harp for you, etc.

10 Did you hear of the shout above ? Did you
hear of the shout above ?

Yes ! a shout for you, etc.

11 Did you hear of the rest above ? Did you
hear of the rest above ?

Yes ! a rest for you, etc.

HYMN 24.

L. M.

LONGINGS FOR THE HEAVENLY HOME.

1 The time draws near—I long for home
In heaven where sorrows never come.

CHORUS.

O heaven ! sweet heaven ! when shall I see ?
O when shall I get there ?

2 The Lord has kept me many years,
Sometimes through joys, sometimes through
fears.

CHORUS.

O heaven ! sweet heaven ! when shall I see ?
O when shall I get there ?

- 3 Sometimes my soul would mount on high,
And claim my mansion in the sky.

CHORUS.

O heaven! sweet heaven! when shall I see!
O when shall I get there?

- 4 Sometimes I'm like the lonely dove,
Mourning in sadness through the grove.

CHORUS.

O heaven! sweet heaven! when shall I see?
O when shall I get there?

- 5 With notes of grief I oft complain,
And sigh the bliss of heaven to gain.

CHORUS.

O heaven! sweet heaven! when shall I see?
O when shall I get there?

- 6 To me this world's a world of wo,
Its joys but vanity and show.

CHORUS.

O heaven! sweet heaven! when shall I see?
O when shall I get there?

- 7 No foot of land do I possess,
No cottage in the wilderness.

CHORUS.

O heaven! sweet heaven! when shall I see?
O when shall I get there.

- 8 To that bright world of joy unknown,
My friends are passing one by one.

CHORUS.

O heaven! sweet heaven, when shall I see?
O when shall I get there?

9 O may I gain that world of bliss,
Where angels dwell, and Jesus is!

CHORUS.

O heaven! sweet heaven! when shall I see?
O when shall I get there?

HYMN 25.

L. M.

1 Jesus my all to heaven is gone,
To join with the angels around God's throne,
He whom I fix my hopes upon,
To join with the angels around God's throne.

CHORUS.

We're travelling to our happy, happy home,
To join with the angels around God's throne.

2 His track I see and I'll pursue,
To join with the angels around God's throne,
The narrow way till him I view,
To join with the angels around God's throne.

Chorus.

3 Till late I heard my Saviour say,
To join with the angels around God's throne,
Come hither soul, I am the way,
To join with the angels around God's throne.

Chorus.

4 The way the holy prophets went,
 And join'd with the angels 'round the throne,
 I'll travel till my days are spent,
 And join with the angels around God's throne.
 Chorus.

5 I have some friends before me gone,
 To join with the angels around God's throne,
 And I'm resolved to follow on,
 And join with the angels around God's throne.
 Chorus.

6 They dwell in heaven's blissful home,
 And sing with the angels around God's throne,
 They're looking out for me to come,
 And shout with the angels around the throne.
 Chorus.

7 I soon shall join that radiant throng,
 And sing with the angels around God's throne,
 And swell the raptures of their song.
 When I join with the angels around God's
 Chorus, [throne.

8 If you get there before I do,
 To sing with the angels around God's throne,
 Look out for me, I'm coming too,
 To join with the angels around God's throne,
 Chorus.

9 I soon shall quit this vale of tears,
 And join with the angels around God's throne,

And leave behind earth's griefs and fears,
 And sing with the angels around God's
 Chorus. [throne.

HYMN 26.

P. M.

GIVE ME JESUS.

1 While wandering to and fro,
 In this wide world of wo,
 Where streams of sorrow flow—
 Give me Jesus!

CHORUS.

Give me Jesus! Give me Jesus!
 You may have all this world—give me Jesus!

2 When tears o'erflow mine eye,
 When press'd with grief I sigh,
 Still this shall be my cry—
 Chorus. Give me Jesus!

3 When to the mercy seat,
 I go my Lord to meet,
 My heart shall still repeat—
 Chorus. Give me Jesus!

4 And when my faith is tried,
 In him will I confide,
 And cry, whate'er betide—
 Chorus. Give me Jesus!

5 Tho' wealth and friends should fail,
 And foes my soul assail,

Through him I shall prevail—

Chorus. Give me Jesus.

6 And when my toils are o'er,
When nearing Jordan's shore,
I'll sing as up I soar—

Chorus. Give me Jesus!

7 When at the judgment seat,
Earth's countless millions meet,
The choice will then be sweet,

Chorus. Give me Jesus!

8 When time shall cease to be,
When heaven and earth shall flee,
I'll sing, eternally—

Chorus. Give me Jesus.

HYMN 27. P. M.

MARCHING TO GLORY.

1 OUR kindred dear, to heaven are gone;
We'll meet our friends in glory.
They landed safe, we'll follow on
To meet our friends in glory.

CHORUS.

We're marching to glory, We're marching to
glory!

We soon shall cross cold Jordan's wave,
And meet our friends in glory!

2 Like us they had their cares and fears;
We'll meet our friends in glory,

Like us, they shed affliction's tears;
 We'll meet our friends in glory.
 Chorus.

3 They had to fight their passage through,
 We'll meet our friends in glory,
 But conquered, as we soon shall do,
 We'll meet our friends in glory.
 Chorus.

4 Safe housed in their eternal home,
 We'll meet our friends in glory,
 They wait, till we with songs shall come,
 We'll meet our friends in glory.
 Chorus.

5 How happy they, from sorrow free,
 We'll meet our friends in glory,
 And such our happiness shall be;
 We'll meet our friends in glory.
 Chorus.

6 How bright the crown their temples bear !
 We'll meet our friends in glory,
 Like crowns for us are waiting there,
 We'll meet our friends in glory.
 Chorus.

7 What harps of gold they all employ !
 We'll meet our friends in glory,
 Such harps our hands shall strike with joy;

We'll meet our friends in glory,
Chorus.

8 What notes divine are on their tongues!
We'll meet our friends in glory,
And raise with them our rapturous songs,
We'll meet our friends in glory,
Chorus.

9 How green the fields o'er which they rove!
We'll meet our friends in glory,
And range with them those fields above,
We'll meet our friends in glory,
Chorus.

10 And oh! there dwells our one great Friend,
We'll meet that Friend in glory,
And with him endless ages spend:
We'll meet that Friend in glory,
Chorus.

11 And now in one united band,
We'll meet our friends in glory,
We're marching forward heart and hand,
To meet our friends in glory,
Chorus.

12 Though rough the way, 'twill soon be past,
We'll meet our friends in glory,
And share their blissful home at last,
We'll meet our friends in glory!
Chorus.

HYMN 28.

C. M.

ON UNITING WITH THE CHURCH.

1 Oh yes, I'll join the union band,
 My heart's already there,
 And travel with them to that land,
 Forever bright and fair.

CHORUS.

Oh! hail! hail! hail! I come to join the union
 band,
 Oh hail, hail, hail, I'm on my journey home.

2 I'll join the band whose hearts are one
 In grief, and joy, and love;
 Whose hopes mount up and seize the throne
 Reserved for them above.

Chorus.

3 Oh yes, I'll join that union band,
 I come, my friends, I come;
 Here is my willing heart and hand,
 To travel with you home.

Chorus.

4 I'd rather be your threshold's stay,
 A porter at your door,
 Than live in mansions great and gay,
 And be as heretofore.

Chorus.

5 One day in such a place is worth
 A thousand other days;
 'Tis here I date my second birth,
 My soul's own native place.
 Chorus

6 'Tis here my better friends I meet,
 Friends of my heart and soul;
 With them in heavenly places sit,
 With them my name enrol.
 Chorus.

7 There, in the register of love,
 Forever let it stand,
 Until transcribed to that above,
 By Jesus' wounded hand.
 Chorus.

HYMN 29. P. M.

1 Oh! when shall I see Jesus,
 And reign' with him above;
 To drink the flowing fountains
 Of 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 if I hold out faithful,
A crown of life he'll give,
And all his valiant soldiers
Eternal life shall have.

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 you all adieu :
And you my friends prove faithful,
And on your way pursue.

4 And if you meet with trials
And troubles on your way,
Then cast your care on Jesus,
And don't forget to pray.
Gird on the heavenly armor,
Of faith, and hope, and love,
And when your race is 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 lend,
Neither will he upbraid you,
Though often you request;
He'll give you grace to conquer,
And take you home to rest.

HYMN 30.

L. M.

SWEET CANAAN.

- 1 FAREWELL vain world, I'm going home,
 I am bound for the land of Canaan!
 My Saviour smiles, and bids me come.
 I am bound for the land of Canaan
 Bright angels beckon me away,
 I am bound for the land of Canaan!
 To sing God's praise in endless day.
 I am bound for the land of Canaan!

CHORUS.

- O Canaan, sweet Canaan!
 I'm bound for the land of Canaan.
 O Canaan, it is my happy, happy home:
 I'm bound for the land of Canaan!
- 2 I'm glad that I was born to die,
 From grief and wo my soul shall fly,
 Bright angels shall convey me home,
 Away to New Jerusalem.
 Chorus.

- 3 And when to that bright world I fly,
 And join the anthems in the sky,
 Oh, then my happy soul shall tell,
 My Jesus has done all things well.
 Chorus.

- 4 I hope to meet my brethren there,
 Who used to join with me in prayer;

Our mourning time will then be o'er,
And we shall live, to die no more.

Chorus.

5 I'll praise my Maker while I've breath;
I hope to praise him after death.
I hope to praise him when I die,
And shout salvation as I fly.

Chorus.

6 There I shall see my blessed God,
And praise him in his blest abode.
My theme through all eternity,
Shall glory, glory, glory, be!

Chorus.

HYMN 31.

L. M.

CHRISTIAN'S BATTLE SONG.

1 THIS day our souls have caught new^o fire,
Oh, glory, hallelujah!
We feel that heaven is drawing nigh'r.
Oh, glory, hallelujah!
We long to quit this cumbrous clay,
Oh, glory, hallelujah!
And shout with Christ in endless day,
Oh, glory, hallelujah!

CHORUS.

Sing on, pray on | we're gaining ground,
Oh, glory, hallelujah!
The power of God is coming down,
Oh, glory, hallelujah!

2 When Christians pray, the Devil runs,
 And leaves the field to Zion's sons;
 One single saint can put to flight,
 A thousand blustering sons of night.
 Chorus.

3 Ye sons of Israel, up and fight,
 Put the Philistine host to flight,
 The troops of hell are marching round,
 But Zion's sons are gaining ground.
 Chorus.

4 Their hottest fire is now begun,
 Come stand the flame till it is done;
 Some souls are wounded, others fell -
 Our Lord is saving souls from hell.
 Chorus.

5 See Gideon marching out to fight,
 And had no weapon but his light.
 He took his pitcher and his lamp,
 And stormed with ease the Midian camp.
 Chorus.

6 Saint Paul and Silas bound in jail,
 Would sing and pray in spite of hell;
 God heard, and with a dread earthquake,
 He made their prison walls to shake.
 Chorus.

7 The devil soon will shout his last,
 Our fighting then will all be past.

And we shall lay our armor by,
And shout salvation through the sky.

Chorus.

8 Come help me praise Immanuel's name,
Through all my soul I feel the flame;
Oh, had I wings like Noah's dove,
I soon would shout with those above,
Chorus.

HYMN 32.

C. M.

REMEMBER ME.

1 Oh Thou from whom all goodness flows,
I lift my heart to thee;
In all my sorrows, conflicts, woes,
O Lord, remember me.

CHORUS.

Remember me, remember me,
O Lord, remember me;
Remember, Lord, thy dying groans,
And then remember me.

2 Remember Lord, the mourning soul,
Oh, soothe my agony,
Now, now away my burden roll,
Remember Calvary.

[Chorus.]

3 While with a broken, contrite heart,
I lift mine eyes to thee,

Thy name proclaim, thyself impart,
In love remember me.

[Chorus.]

4 And when I tread the vale of death,
And bow at thy decree,
Then, Saviour, with my latest breath,
I'll cry, remember me.

[Chorus.]

HYMN 33.

L. M.

A SOLDIER OF JESUS.

1 I'm not ashamed to own my Lord,
Who lives by angels now ador'd,
That Jesus who once died for me,
Who bore my sins in agony.

CHORUS.

I'm a soldier for Jesus,
I've listed in the war,
And I'll fight until I die.

2 I'm not ashamed to own His laws,
Nor to defend His holy cause;
The way He's gone is mark'd with blood;
O may I tread the steps He trod.

Chorus.

3 I'm not ashamed His name to bear,
With those who His disciples are!
Christian! sweet name, its worth I view;
O may I wear its nature, too.

Chorus.

- 4 I'm not ashamed to bear my cross,
 For which I count all things as dross;
 Whate'er I'm bid to do or say,
 If Christ command, I will obey.

Chorus.

- 5 I'm not ashamed to be despised
 By those who ne'er religion priz'd;
 Nor will I prove to Christ untrue,
 For all that man can say or do.

Chorus.

- 6 This world's vain honors I will shun,
 The narrow way of life to run,
 That this at last my boast may be,
 The Saviour's not asham'd of me!

Chorus.

HYMN 34.

P. M.

THE PEARL OF GREATEST PRICE.

- 1 The pearl the 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,
 Its call'd the pearl of greatest price,
 Though few its value see,
 Oh, 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 shall flee.
 But there's a crown prepared above,
 For all who walk in humble love;
 Forever bright 'twill be—
 Oh, that's the crown for me!

3 The road that many travel,
 Is not the road for me,
 It leads to death and sorrow,
 In it I would not be;
 But there's a road that leads to God,
 'Tis marked by Christ's most precious blood.
 The passage here is free—
 Oh, 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 made free;
 But there's a hope that rests in God,
 And leads the soul to keep his word,
 And sinful pleasures flee—
 Oh, that's the hope for me!

HYMN 35.

COME, COME AWAY.

AIR—"Crambambule."

1 Oh! come, come away,
 From sin, that dreadful monster;

Let Christ awhile upon you smile—

O come, come away:

Oh come along and join our throng,

And sing with us the cheerful song,

And heaven shall be your home—

O come, come away.

2 From death and the curse,

In which you now are sinking,

Redeeming love will you remove—

O come, come away.

Oh come and taste redeeming love,

And then his truth and friendship prove,

And onward sweetly move—

O come, come away.

3 While watchmen are standing

On the walls of Zion,

Inviting you to join in too—

O come, come away.

Oh! will you still refuse the call,

And into misery blindly fall,

And drink the burning gall—

O come, come away.

4 The bright morn of youth

Is passing to its zenith,

Its dazzling light may set in night—

O come, come away.

Oh! come, while youth is in its prime,

And seek redeeming love divine,

And in Christ's army shine—

O come, come away.

5 When free from this world

Of sorrow and temptation,

We'll sail above on wings of love--

O come, come away.

And while angelic armies sing,

And make the heavenly arches ring,

We'll praise our eternal King---

O come, come away.

HYMN 36.

P. M.

LISTEN, SINNERS!

1 CHRIST was born in Bethlehem,

Christ was born in Bethlehem,

Christ was born in Bethlehem,

And in a manger laid;

And in a manger laid.

Christ was born in Bethlehem,

And in a manger laid.

2 His life is our example, etc.

His death our only hope, etc.

3 The Jews crucified him, etc.

And nailed him to the tree, etc.

4 Joseph begged his body, etc.

And laid it in a tomb, etc.

5 Mary came weeping, etc.

To see her loving Lord, etc.

- 6 Down came an angel, etc.
And roll'd away the stone, etc.
- 7 Christ rose triumphant, etc.
And conquered death and hell, etc.
- 8 Tell my disciples, etc.
I'm risen from the dead, etc.
- 9 I feel he is risen, etc.
With healing in his wings, etc.
- 10 Shout, shout the victory, etc.
We're on our journey home, etc.
- 11 There we hope to meet him, etc.
And never part again, etc.

HEAVENLY PROSPECTS.

HYMN 37. L. M.

- 1 "WE'VE no abiding city here,"---
This may distress the worldly mind,
But should not cost the saint a tear,
Who hopes a better rest to find.
- 2 "We've no abiding city here,"
Sad truth, were this to be our home:
But let this thought our spirits cheer,
"We seek a city yet to come."
- 3 "We've no abiding city here,"
Then let us live as pilgrims do;
Let not the world our rest appear,
But let us haste from all below.
- 4 "We've no abiding city here,"
We seek a city out of sight:
Zion its name---the Lord is there---
It shines with everlasting light.

HYMN 38. L. M.

GOING HOME.

- 1 It is the hour of time's farewell,
And soon with Jesus we shall dwell;

The speeding moments hasten on,
And quickly they will all be gone!

CHORUS.

I'm going, I'm going, I'm on my journey home;
I'm traveling to a city just in sight!
Yes, I'm going, I'm going, I'm on my journey
home,
I'm traveling to the New Jerusalem!

2 Then will the sleeping martyrs rise,
To meet the Saviour in the skies;
No more they'll cry, "How long, O Lord!"
But be avenged, and have reward.

Chorus.

3 Then will the sleeping saints come forth,
Who lie entomb'd in sea and earth,
And rob'd in Immortality,
There Jesus "face to face" will see.

Chorus.

4 The living saints---they too will be
Remembered in this Jubilee---
"Caught up together" in the air,
Their Saviour's triumph they will share.

Chorus.

5 O, young converts who've just began,
(For glory and the prize) to run;
Gird on the armor, press along,
Soon you will sing Redemption's song.

Chorus.

- 6 Come all who love and fear the Lord,
 Show that you've faith in his bless'd word,
 If you would crowns of glory wear---
 For the burning day prepare! prepare!
 Chorus.

HYMN 39.

DREAMS OF HEAVEN.

AIR---"Oft in the stilly night."

- 1 Oft in the stilly night,
 When slumber's chain has bound us,
 Kind spirits bring the light
 Of other spheres around us.
 They whisper soft of joy and peace,
 Our dreams of heaven inspiring;
 Their vigils o'er us never cease,
 They're constant and untiring;
 Thus in the stilly night,
 When slumber's chain has bound us,
 Kind spirits pure as light,
 Are hovering gently round us.
- 2 And when the noisy scenes
 Of busy life allure us,
 From ills, to us unseen,
 They're watchful to secure us;
 Unconsciously we feel their power,
 Their warnings, timely given,
 Unseen, they guide, at every hour,
 Our onward way to heaven.

[Repeat the first four lines.]

HYMN 40.

THE DEATH OF THE RIGHTEOUS.

AIR---"Afton."

- 1 How fair and how lovely is it to behold
 The sun in its splendor approaching the West;
 Its race is near run, and, refulgent as gold,
 It glides through the ether, as hastening to rest.
- 2 It sinks, but in sinking 'tis only to rise,
 Its splendor and glory afresh to display;
 It sets, but in other and far distant skies
 It rises and reigns in the brightness of day.
- 3 Yet far more resplendent than this is the
 scene
 Of the good man approaching the confines
 of time;
 All loving, all peaceful, all calm and serene,
 He passes away with a brightness sublime!
- 4 He dies, but no pencil can ever display
 The splendor and glory that burst on his sight,
 As guided by angels, he speeds on his way,
 Through the portals of praise to the temple
 of light.

HYMN 41.

S. M.

THE DYING CHRISTIAN.

AIR---"Keely."

- 1 My boat is on the sea,
 Tempestuous winds are gone;

The waves float past half joyfully,
While I look calmly on.

2 Not so in days gone by,
When, launched upon the deep,
Winds howled, and clouds rode in the sky,
While waves my boat would sweep.

3 My sails above I spread :
Those sails how white they are!
How pure, while floating overhead,
Like some bright beacon-star !

4 Once they were black as night,
With sin all stained and dark,
But Christ's pure blood hath washed them
white,
And hung them o'er my bark.

5 My boat is on the seas,
Its sails are spread to-day,
I only wait a friendly breeze
To bear my boat away.

6 Away! away! I long to go,
Kind winds, O come, O come!
I'm weary of my stay below,
I pine, I pant for home!

6 Home! home! sweet home! dear word!
When will the moment come?
Joy! joy! I move; my sails are stirred,
Home! home! I'm going home!

HYMN 42.

S. M.

AIR---"Boylston."

O SING TO ME OF HEAVEN.

- 1 O sing to me of Heaven,
When I am called to die,
Sing songs of holy ecstasy,
To waft my soul on high.
- 2 When cold and sluggish drops,
Roll off my marble brow,
Break forth in strains of joyfulness,
Let heaven begin below.
- 3 When the last moment comes,
Then watch my dying face,
And catch the bright seraphic gleams
That on each feature pass.
- 4 Then to my ravished ear
Let one sweet song be given,
Let music charm me last on earth,
And greet me first in heaven.

HYMN 43.

AIR---"Believe me."

THE SPIRIT OF THE DEPARTED.

- 1 I know thou hast gone to the home of the blest,
Then why should my soul be so sad ?
I know thou hast gone where the weary have rest,
And the mourner looks up and is glad,---

Where Love has put off in the land of its birth,
 The stains that it gathered in this ;
 And Hope, the the sweet singer, a creature of
 earth,
 Lies asleep on the bosom of Bliss.

2 I know thou hast gone where thy forehead is
 starred
 With the beauty that dwelt in thy soul,
 Where the light of thy leveliness cannot be
 marred,
 Nor thy spirit flung back from its goal;
 I know thou hast drunk from the river that flows
 Through a land where they never forget---
 That sheds o'er the memory only repose.
 And takes from it only regret.

3 And though, like a mourner that sits by the
 tomb,
 I am wrapped in a mantle of care,
 Yet the grief of my bosom---oh, call it not gloom,
 Is not the dark grief of despair.
 By sorrow revealed, as the stars are by night,
 Far off a bright vision appears,
 And Hope, like the rainbow, a creature of light,
 Is born, like the rainbow, in tears.

HYMN 44. P. M.

WHAT MUST IT BE TO BE THERE!

1 We speak of the realms of the blest,
 Of that country so bright and so fair ;

And oft hear its glories confessed ;
But what must it be to be there !

2 We speak of its pathway of gold,
And its walls deck'd with jewels most rare ;
Of its wonders and pleasures untold :
But what must it be to be there !

3 We speak of its freedom from sin ;
From sorrow, temptation and care ;
From trials without and within ;
But what must it be to be there !

4 We speak of its service and love,
Of the robes which the glorified wear,
Of the Church of the first born above ;
But what must it be to be there !

5 Then let us, 'midst pleasure and wo,
Still for heaven our spirits prepare ;
And shortly we also shall know,
And feel what it is to be there !

HYMN 45.

P. M.

1 BRIGHT scenes of glory strike my sense,
And all my passions capture,
Eternal beauties round me shine,
Infusing warmest rapture ;
I dive in pleasures deep and full,
In swelling waves of glory,
And feel my Saviour in my soul,
And groan to tell my story.

- 2 I feast on honey, milk and wine,
 I drink perpetual sweetness ;
 Mount Zion's beauties round me shine,
 While Christ unfolds his glory !
 No mortal tongue can show my joys,
 Nor can an angel tell them ;
 Ten thousand times surpassing all
 Terrestrial worlds or emblems.
- 3 The bliss that rolls through those above,
 Through those in glory seated,
 Which causes them loud songs to sing,
 Ten thousand times repeated---
 Dart through my soul in radiant flame,
 Constraining loudest praises ;
 O'erwhelming all my powers with joy,
 While all within me blazes.
- 4 When earth and sea shall be no more,
 And all their glory perish ;
 When sun and moon shall cease to shine,
 And stars at midnight languish,
 My joys refined shall higher shine,
 With heaven's radiant glory,
 And tell through one eternal day,
 Love's all immortal story.

HYMN 46.

OUR HOME IN HEAVEN.

"He looked for a city which hath foundations, whose builder and maker is God."---Hebrews xi. 10.

- 1 Oh ! speak not of honors and riches below ;
 The pleasures of earth, are but folly and show.

The bright sunny days, here, are darkness and
gloom,
Compared with the twilight of Heaven my home,
Home, home, sweet, sweet home,
The land where the sun never sets is my home.

2 Oh! speak not of friendship as changeless
and pure,
Where selfishness reigns, and temptations
allure:
No union of spirits may last to the tomb,
But friendship is endless in heaven my home,
Home, home, sweet, sweet home,
The land of the purified, O! that is my home.

3 Oh! speak not of life here as free from all
dread,
Surrounded with sickness the dying and dead.
The grave will enclose us, where'er we may roam,
But death never enters yon beautiful home.
Home, home, sweet, sweet home,
The land where they ne'er dig a grave is my
home.

4 Oh! speak not of mansions and palaces gay,
Where cities and empires have gone to decay.
The strength of the mountains the fire may
consume;
But naught can destroy yonder Heaven my
home,
Home, home, sweet, sweet home,

Mid'st Eden's sweet bowers, O! there is my
home.

5 Oh! speak not of sorrow, and suffering and
wo,

While travelling this rough thorny pathway
below;

For soon will the time of deliverance come.

And angels shall wing us away to our home,

Home, home, sweet, sweet home,

And naught shall disturb the repose of that
home.

HYMN 47.

HEAVENLY VISIONS.

AIR—"The Watcher."

- 1 By faith I see before me,
The country of the blest,
The land of light and glory,
In native beauty drest.
There ever gushing fountains,
Of pleasure and delight,
Leap down the jasper mountains,
That girt the fields of light.

- 2 There, onward, flowing ever,
Unchanged by winds or tides,
Life's broad and placid river
With noiseless current glides,—
Earth's weary sons and daughters,

Who gain that blissful shore,
Bathe in those sacred waters,
And live forever more.

3 There, ever fragrant flowers,
In peerless freshness bloom;
And through those Eden bowers,
Diffuse their sweet perfume.
Within those bowers reclining,
The pilgrim to the skies,
Is freed from earth's repinings,
Its pains and agonies.

4 Where grow the trees immortal,
Beside yon waters bright,
Are gathered fruits ambrosial,
To feast the sons of light.
Earth's children, now in sadness
And want, whose life is good,
Shall share that world of gladness,
And feast on angel's food.

5 There sunlight shineth never,
Nor night star sheds a beam,
Nor silvery moon-rays quiver,
O'er mountain, vale, or stream.
Yes, o'er those mountains vernal,
And plains by angels trod,
Pervades a light eternal,
The cloudless smile of God.

HYMN 48.

THE HEAVENLY SOCIETY.

AIR:—"The Watcher."

- 1 The fell and dread transgressor
Against the law of love,
The voice of the oppressor
Is never heard above.
All wrong and pain and anguish
From Paradise is driven:
None sigh, or grieve, or languish
In all the bowers of heaven.
- 2 The true and pure in spirit,
Who battle for the right,
Shall all that land inherit,
And walk with God in white,
Yea, all the honest-hearted
Whose life-work is complete,
Shall never more be parted,
When there again they meet.
- 3 A fond and sainted mother,
Who taught me first to pray—
A lovely little brother
Are happy there to-day.
And loved ones sweetly cherished
In memories of the past,
Whose earth-born hopes have perished,
Are safe in heaven at last.
- 4 O! Land of fadeless splendor,
Thou palace of my God:

My life I would surrender,
To make thee my abode;
My anxious hopes explore thee,
And o'er thy valleys roam;
O! land of light and glory,
I claim thee as my home.

HYMN 49.

C. M.

THE HEAVENLY LAND.

- 1 The glories of that heavenly land,
I've oft times felt before;
But what I feel is just a taste,
And makes me long for more.
- 2 Had I the pinions of a dove,
I'd fly and be at rest;
Then would I soar to worlds above,
And dwell among the blest.
- 3 O could I reach my heavenly home!
And ne'er return again,
I would not wish the seasons long,
That I should suffer pain.
- 4 The sons of Zion marching home,
Along the heavenly street;
Then will we hail them as they come,
And fall at Jesus' feet.
- 5 Says faith, Look yonder! see the prize
Laid up in heaven above;

Says hope, It shortly shall be mine;
I'll wear it soon, says love.

6 Desire says, Is that my home?
Then to my place I'll flee:
I cannot bear a longer stay—
O let me come to thee!

7 But stop, says patience, wait awhile!
The crown's for them that fight;
The prize for them that win the race
By faith, and not by sight.

HYMN 50.

P. M.

THE BEAUTIFUL LAND.

1 There is a land immortal,
The beautiful of lands;
Beside the ancient portal,
A sentinel grimly stands.
He only can undo it,
And open wide the door;
And mortals who pass through it,
Are mortals never more.

2 That glorious land is Heaven,
And death the sentry grim;
The Lord therefore has given
The opening keys to him.
And ransomed spirits sighing
And sorrowful for sin,
Do pass the gate in dying,
And freely enter in.

3 Though dark and drear the passage,
 That leadeth to the gate,
 Yet grace comes with the message,
 To souls that watch and wait;
 And at the time appointed,
 A messenger comes down,
 And leads the Lord's anointed
 From the cross to glory's crown.

4 Their sighs are lost in singing,
 They're blessed in their tears;
 Their journey heavenward winging,
 They leave to earth their fears,
 Death like an angel seemeth—
 "We welcome thee," they cry;
 Their face with glory beameth—
 'Tis life for them to die.

HYMN 51.

P. M.

A LAND OF CALM DELIGHT.

1 There is a land of calm delight
 To sorrowing mortals given;
 There rapturous scenes enchant the sight,
 And all to soothe their souls unite;
 Sweet is their rest in heaven

2 There glory beams on all the plains,
 And joy for hope is given;
 There music swells in sweetest strains,
 And spotless beauty ever reigns,
 And all is love in heaven.

- 3 There cloudless skies are ever bright;
 Thence gloomy scenes are driven
 There suns dispense unsullied light,
 And planets beaming on the sight,
 Illume the fields of heaven.
- 4 There is a stream that ever flows,
 To passing pilgrims given;
 There fairest fruit immortal grows;
 The verdant flower eternal blows
 Amid the fields of heaven.
- 5 There is a great and glorious prize,
 For those with sin who've striven;
 'Tis bright as star of evening skies,
 And far above it, glittering, lies
 A golden crown, in heaven.

HYMN 52.

P. M.

THE HAPPY LAND.

- 1: THERE is a happy land,
 Far, far away,
 Where saints in glory stand,
 Bright, bright as day.
 O how they sweetly sing,
 Worthy is our Saviour King;
 Loud let his praises ring—
 Praise, praise for aye.
- 2 Come to this happy land,
 Come, come away;

Why will ye doubting stand—
 Why still delay ?
 O we shall happy be,
 When from sin and sorrow free,
 Lord, we shall live with thee—
 Blest, blest for aye.

3 Bright in that happy land,
 Beams every eye---
 Kept by a Father's hand,
 Love cannot die.
 On, then to glory run ;
 Be a crown and kingdom won ;
 And bright above the sun.
 We reign for aye.

HYMN 53.

A MOTHER'S COMFORT IN SORROW.

Arr---"Mount Vernon."

- 1 FAREWELL lov'd ones, death hath torn you
 From a mother's fond embrace,
 I am left alone in sorrow,
 Never more to see your face.
- 2 From this world of pain and anguish,
 You have fled for joys above,
 All your sorrows now are ended ;
 You are bless'd with Jesus' love.
- 3 In that blissful world I'll meet you,
 When the storms of life are past,

There to range the groves of pleasure
While eternal ages last.

4 Hark ! I hear a voice from heaven,
Bids me banish all my fears ;
Those you grieve are only sleeping,
Weeping mother, dry thy tears !

3 Sleep on, lov'd ones, none disturb you,
Sleep till Jesus bids you rise,
Then with all God's ransomed people,
I will meet you in the skies.

HYMN 54.

THE GOOD LAND.

AIR---"Buy a Broom."

1 WE'VE bid the vain pleasures of earth now
adieu,
The glories of Zion stand full in our view ;
With joy we press onward at Jesus' command,
And soon we'll go up to possess the good land.

CHORUS.

Give him glory, hallelujah !
Give him glory ! he is worthy !
We will all give him glory,
When we arrive at home !
When you arrive, and I arrive,---
When they arrive, and all arrive---
Then we'll all give him glory !
When we arrive at home !

2 The bondage of sin, it was hard, but we're
free,

And sweetly possessing the true liberty;
And all may unite now with us in our band,
And soon we'll go up and possess the good land.

Chorus.

3 The tall sons of Anak may stand in our way,
But Jesus our Captain is stronger than they;
The power of his gospel they cannot withstand,
So come, let us go and possess the good land.

Chorus.

4 By faith in his blood, we will trample on sin,
Arrayed in his strength, we the conquest shall
win;

The sword of his spirit we bear in our hand,
With this we'll go up and possess the good land.

Chorus.

5 'Tis now to the bank of the river we come,
Our spirits are leaping with joy to get home;
Lo! Jordan rolls back at the Savior's command,
He bids us come on, you shall have the good

Chorus.

[land

6 When safely arrived, on that happy ground
With honor and glory each victor is crowned;
The conqueror's palm-wreath they bear in their
hand,

And rest with the Saviour, the God of the land,

Chorus.

HYMN 55.

MY FATHER'S LAND.

1 THERE is a place where my hopes are stay'd,
 My heart and my treasure are there,
 Where verdure and blossoms never fade;
 And fields are eternally fair.

CHORUS.

That blissful place is my Father's land;
 By faith its delights I explore;
 Come, favor my flight, angelic band,
 And waft me in peace to the shore.

2 There is a place where the angels dwell,
 A pure and a peaceful abode;
 The joys of that place no tongue can tell,
 But there is the palace of God.

Chorus.

3 There is a place where my friends are gone,
 Who suffered and worshipped with me;
 Exalted with Christ high on his throne,
 The King in his beauty they see.

Chorus.

4 There is a place where I hope to live,
 When life and its labors are o'er;
 A place which the Lord to me will give,
 And then I shall sorrow no more.

Chorus.

HYMN 56.

*THE CHRISTIAN'S SONG OF TRIUMPH
IN VIEW OF HEAVEN.*

AIR—"Troubador."

- 1 JOYFULLY, joyfully, onward I move,
Bound for the land of bright spirits above;
Angelic choristers sing as I come,
Joyfully, joyfully haste to thy home.
- 2 Soon with my pilgrimage ended below,
Home to that land of delight will I go:
Pilgrim and stranger no more shall I roam;
Joyfully, joyfully resting at home.
- 3 Friends fondly cherished have gone on before,
Waiting, they watch me approaching the shore;
Singing, to cheer me through death's chilling
gloom,
Joyfully, joyfully haste to thy home.
- 4 Death, with thy weapons of war lay me low,
Strike, king of terrors, I fear not the blow;
Jesus hath broken the bars of the tomb;
Joyfully, joyfully will I go home.
- 5 Bright will the morn of eternity dawn,
Death shall be banished, his sceptre be gone;
Joyfully then shall I witness his doom;
Joyfully, joyfully, safely at home.

ANTI-SLAVERY.

HYMN 57.

IS THIS THE HOME OF FREEDOM?

AIR—"Missionary Hymn."

- 1 HARK! hark! the voice of anguish,
Borne over Freedom's plains;
A groan from those who languish
In slavery's galling chains!
'Tis wafted o'er the mountains,
From Camden's sacred field,
From Eutaw's hallowed fountains,
Where patriot blood was spill'd.

- 2 Hark! hark! the clank of fetters,
From shady grove and dell,
A shriek, where Freedom's martyrs
In glorious combat fell:
What! stripes and chains and fetters,
In freedom's boasted land;
Where Liberty's proud altars,
And tow'ring temples stand?

- 3 Is this the home of freedom,
Of truth and holy light?
Where millions grope in thralldom,
Depriv'd of every right!—

A refuge from oppression
 For Europe's sons to share;
 While for a dark complexion
 Her own the chain must wear!

4 Say, is that voice of wailing—
 That undissembled cry—
 That tale the slave is telling—
 Not worth a single sigh?
 And shall their many sorrows
 Be heard by us in vain?
 No! no! we'll end their horrors,
 We'll break off every chain.

HYMN 58.

P. M.

MY CHILD IS GONE!

- 1 HARK from the winds a voice of woe!
 The wide Atlantic in its flow,
 Bears on its breast the murmur low,
 My child is gone!
- 2 Like savage tigers o'er their prey,
 They tore him from my heart away,
 And now I cry, by night and day,
 My child is gone!
- 3 How many a free-born babe is press'd
 With fondness to its mother's breast,
 And rock'd upon her arm to rest,
 While mine is gone!

- 4 No longer now at eve I see,
Beneath the sheltering plantain tree,
My little boy upon my knee,
 For he is gone!
- 5 And when I seek my cot at night,
There's not a thing that meets my sight,
But tells me that my heart's delight—
 My child is gone!
- 6 I sink to sleep and then I seem
To hear again his parting scream:
I start and wake—'tis but a dream—
 My child is gone!
- 7 Gone, till my toils and griefs are o'er,
And I shall reach that happy shore,
Where negro mothers cry no more,
 My child is gone!

HYMN 59,

O PITY THE SLAVE MOTHER.

1 I pity the slave mother, careworn and weary,
Who sighs as she presses her babe to her breast;
I lament her sad fate, all so hopeless and dreary.
I lament for her woes and her wrongs un-
 dressed.

O who can imagine her heart's deep emotion,
As she thinks of her children about to be sold;
You may picture the bounds of the rock-gird-
 led ocean,
But the grief of that mother can never be
 known,

2 The mildew of slavery has blighted each
 blossom,
 That ever has bloomed in her pathway below ;
 It has froze every fountain that gushed in her
 bosom,
 And chilled her heart's verdure with pitiless wo :
 Her parents, her kindred, all crushed by op-
 pression ;
 Her husband still doomed in its desert to stay
 No arm to protect from the tyrant's aggression
 She must weep as she treads on her desolate way.

3 O slave-mother, hope ! see—the nation is
 shaking !
 The arm of the Lord is awake to thy wrong !
 The slaveholder's heart now with terror is
 quaking,
 Salvation and mercy to heaven belong !
 Rejoice, O rejoice ! for the child thou art rearing
 May one day lift up its unmanacled form,
 While hope, to thy, heart, like the rainbow so
 cheering,
 Is born, like the rainbow, 'mid tempest and
 storm.

HYMN 60.

THE BEREAVED MOTHER.

AIR—"Kathleen O'Moore."

1 Oh deep was the anguish of the slave mother's
 heart,
 When called from her darling forever to part;

So grieved that lone mother, that heart broken
mother,

In sorrow and wo.

2 The lash of the master her deep sorrows mock,
While the child of her bosom is sold on the block
Yet loud shrieked that mother, poor heart bro-
ken mother,

In sorrow and wo.

3 The babe in return, for its fond mother cries-
While the sound of their wailings together arise;
They shriek for each other, the child and the
mother,

In sorrow and wo.

4 The harsh auctioneer. to sympathy cold,
Tears the babe from its mother, and sells it for
gold,
While the infant and mother, loud shriek for
each other,

In sorrow and wo.

5 At last came the parting of mother and child,
Her brain reeled with madness, that mother was
wild,

Then the lash could not smother the shrieks of
that mother,

Of sorrow and wo.

6 The child was borne off to a far distant clime,

While the mother was left in deep anguish to
 pine,
 But reason departed, and she sank broken
 hearted,

In sorrow and wo.

7 That poor mourning mother, of reason bereft,
 Soon ended her sorrows, and sank cold in death:
 Thus died that slave mother, poor heart broken
 mother,

In sorrow and wo.

8 Oh! list ye kind mothers to the cries of the
 slave;

The parents and children implore you to save;
 Go! rescue the mothers, the sisters and brothers,

From sorrow and wo.

HYMN 61.

THE BLIND SLAVE BOY.

AIR—"Afton."

1 Come, back to me, mother! why linger away,
 From thy poor little blind boy, the long weary
 day?

I mark every foot-step, I list to each tone,
 And wonder my mother should leave me alone.
 There are voices of sorrow, and voices of glee,
 But there's no one to joy or to sorrow with me,
 For each hath of pleasure or trouble his share,
 And none for the poor little blind boy will care.

2 My mother, come back to me! close to thy
breast,

Once more let thy poor little blind one be press'd

Once more let me feel thy warm breath on my
cheek,

And hear thee in accents of tenderness speak;

O mother! I've no one to love me—no heart

Can bear like thine own in my sorrows a part;

No hand is so gentle, no voice is so kind,

Oh! none like a mother can cherish the blind!

3 Poor blind one! No mother thy wailing can
hear,

No mother can hasten to banish thy fear;

For the slave owner drives her, o'er mountain
and wild,

And for one paltry dollar hath sold thee poor
child!

Ah! who can in language of mortals reveal

The anguish that none but a mother can feel,

When man in his vile lust of mammon hath
trod

On her child, who is stricken and smitten of
God!

4 Blind, helpless, forsaken, with strangers
alone,

She hears in her anguish his piteous moan;

As he eagerly listens—but listens in vain,

To catch the lov'd tones of his mother again!

The curse of the broken in spirit shall fall

On the wretch who hath mingled this worr-

wood and gall,

And his gain like a mildew shall blight and
 destroy,
 Who hath torn from his mother the little blind
 boy!

HYMN 62.

OFT IN THE CHILLY NIGHT,

- 1 Oft in the chilly night,
 Ere slumber's chain has bound me,
 When all her silvery light
 The moon is pouring round me,
 Beneath its ray I kneel and pray
 That God would give some token
 That slavery's chains on Southern plains,
 Shall all ere long be broken ;
 Yes, in the chilly night,
 Though slavery's chain has bound me,
 Kneel I, and feel the might
 Of God's right arm around me,
- 2 When at the driver's call,
 In cold or sultry weather,
 We slaves, both great and small,
 Turn out to toil together,
 I feel like one from whom the sun
 Of hope has long departed ;
 And morning's light, and weary night,
 Still find me broken hearted :
 Thus, when the chilly breath
 Of night is sighing round me,

Kneel I, and wish that death
In his cold chain had bound me.

HYMN 63.

FORGET NOT THE CAPTIVE.

AIR—"Be kind to thy Father."

1 Forget not the captive! his friends are but
few :

Yet who can recount all his woes?
Alas! that the many, who his chains might
undo,

Should have given their aid to his foes.
Forget not the captive! no joy comes to him,
For the cup of his sorrow is full,
Every thought of to-morrow enhances his
grief,

For the iron hath entered his soul.

2 Forget not the captive! The loved one he
press'd

With fondness and warmth to his heart,
And felt, as he called her his own he was
bless'd,

And that nothing but death should them part;
The hands of the spoiler that lov'd one has
left

Forever away from his side;
And now, broken-hearted, forlorn he is left,
To weep as for one that had died.

3 Forget not the captive! his children are gone;

They gambol no more in his sight,
 The sweet name of Father, in infancy's tones,
 No more fills his ear with delight,
 Oppression hath bartered his children for gold,
 Not a jewel of love now remains,
 That captive's deep anguish can never be told,
 As sadly he weareth his chains.

4 The lids of that Bible, where God has revealed,
 His thoughts of good will to mankind;
 To that wretched captive oppression has sealed,
 And shut out its hopes from his mind.
 Forget not the captive! the favor and grace
 Which beam on thy pathway below,
 To him sends no angels of mercy, to place
 A star in the night of his woe.

5 Forget not the captive! when in worship devout
 Thou prayest, remember him then!
 And when thou selectest thy rulers, oh! vote
 For none but the pure-hearted men.
 Forget not the captive! forget not his wife!
 Forget not his children in pain!
 Awaken thy kindness to give them relief,
 And Jesus will bless you again.

HYMN 64.

P. M.

WE ARE COME, ALL COME.

1 We are come, all come, with the crowded
 throng,
 To join our notes in a plaintive song;

For the bondman sighs, and the scalding tear
Runs down his cheek white we mingle here.

2 We are come, all come, with a hallowed vow,
At the shrine of slavery never to bow,
For the despot's reign, o'er hill and plain,
Spreads grief and wo in his horrid train.

3 We are come, all come, a determined band,
To rescue the slave from the tyrant's hand;
And our prayers shall ascend with our songs
 to Him
Who sits in the midst of the cherubim.

4 We are come, all come, in the strength of
 youth,
In the light of hope and the power of truth;
And we joy to see in our ranks to-day,
The honored locks of the good and grey.

5 We are come, all come, in our holy might,
And freedom's foes shall be put to flight.
Oh God! with favoring smiles from thee,
Our songs shall soon chant the victory.

HYMN 65.

FOR THE ELECTION.

Air—'Scots wha hae with Wallace bled.'

1 Ye who know and do the right,
Ye who cherish honor bright,
Ye who worship love and light,
 Choose your side to-day,

Succor Freedom, now you can,
 Voting for an honest man ;
 Let not slavery's blight and ban,
 On your ballot lay.

2 Boasts your vote no higher aim,
 Than between two blots of shame
 That would stain our country's fame,
 Just to choose the least ?
 Let it sternly answer no !
 Let it straight for Freedom go ;
 Let it swell the winds that blow
 From the north and east.

3 Blot—the smaller—is a curse
 Blighting honor, conscience, purse ;
 Give us any, give the worse,
 'Twill be less endured.
 Freemen, is it God who wills
 You to choose, of foulest ills,
 That which only lastest kills ?
 No ; he wills it cured.

4 Do your duty, He will aid ;
 Dare to vote as you have prayed ;
 Who e'er conquered, while his blade
 Served his open foes.
 Right established would you see ?
 Feel that you yourselves are free ;
 Strike for that which ought to be—
 God will bless the blows.

HYMN 66. P. M.

MAN, BE FREE.

- 1 The storm winds wildly blowing,
The bursting billows mock,
As with their foam-crests glowing.
They dash their sea-girt rock ;
Amid the wild commotion,
The revel of the sea;
A voice is on the ocean,
Be free, O man, be free.

- 2 Behold the sea-brine leaping
High in the murky air ;
List to the tempest sweeping
In chainless fury there.
What moves the mighty torrent,
And bids it flow abroad ?
Or turns the rapid current ?
What but the voice of God ?

3. Then, answer, is the spirit
Less noble or less free ?
From whom does it inherit
The doom of slavery ?
When man can bind the waters,
That they no longer roll,
Then let him forge the fetters,
To clog the human soul.

- 4 Till then a voice is stealing
From earth, and sea, and sky,

And to the soul revealing
 Its immortality.
 The swift wind chaunts the numbers
 Career'ing o'er the sea,
 And earth aroused from slumbers,
 Re-echoes, "Man, be free."

HYMN 67.

THE CONSCIENTIOUS VOTER'S CHOICE.

AIR—"The rose that all are praising."

- 1 He's not the man for me,
 Who sells a man for gain,
 Who bends the pliant, servile knee,
 To slavery's god of shame!
 But he whose Godlike form, erect,
 Proclaims that all alike are free
 To think, and speak, and vote, and act,
 O, that's the man for me.

- 2 He sure is not the man for me
 Whose spirit will succumb,
 When men endowed with liberty
 Lie bleeding; bound and dumb;
 But he whose faithful words of might
 Ring through the land from shore to sea,
 For man's eternal equal right;
 O, that's the man for me.

- 3 No, no, he's not the man for me
 Whose voice o'er hill and plain,
 Breaks forth for glorious liberty,

But binds, himself, the chain!
 The mightiest of the noble band
 Who prays and toils the world to free,
 With head and heart and voice and vote;
 O, that's the man for me:

HYMN 68.

THE OLD FASHIONED DOCTRINE.

AIR—: "Rosin the bow."

- 1 Success to the old fashioned doctrine,
 That men are created all free!
 We ever will boldly maintain it,
 Nor care who the tyrant may be.
- 2 We're foes unto wrong and oppression,
 No matter which side of the sea;
 And ever intend to oppose them,
 Till all with God's image are free.
- 3 Some tell us because men are colored,
 They should not our sympathy share;
 We ask not the form or complexion—
 The seal of our Maker is there!
- 4 Success to the old fashioned doctrine,
 That men are created all free!
 And down with the power of the despot,
 Wherever his strongholds may be.
- 5 We're proud of the name of a freeman,
 And proud of the character, too;

And never will do any action,
Save such as a freeman may do.

6 We'll finish the Temple of Freedom,
And make it capacious within;
That all who seek shelter may find it,
Whatever the hue of their skin.

7 For thus the Almighty designed it,
And gave to our fathers the plan;
Intending that liberty's blessings,
Should rest upon every man.

8 Then up with the cap-stone and cornice,
With columns encircle its wall,
Throw open its gateway, and make it
A HOME AND A REFUGE FOR ALL!

HYMN 69.

SING ME A TRIUMPH SONG.

AIR—"America."

1 Sing me a triumph song,
Roll the glad notes along,
Great God, to thee!
Thine be the glory bright,
Source of all power and might!
For thou hast said, in might,
Man shall be free.

2 Sing me a triumph song,
Let all the sound prolong;

MIRIAM'S TIMBREL.

Air, earth, and sea;
 Down falls the tyrant's power,
 See his dread minions cower;
 Now, from this glorious hour,
 Man will be free.

3 Sing me a triumph song,
 Sing in the mighty throng,
 Sing jubilee!
 Let the broad welkin ring,
 While to heaven's mighty King,
 Honor and praise we bring,
 For man is free.

HYMN 70.

Air---"America."

1 Ye who in bondage pine,
 Shut out from light divine,
 Bereft of hope;
 Whose limbs are worn with chains,
 Whose tears bedew our plains,
 Whose blood our glory stains,
 In gloom who grope.

2 Shout! for the hour draws nigh,
 That gives you liberty!
 And from the dust---
 So long your vile embrace,
 Uprising, take your place
 Among earth's noblest race,
 By right the first!

3 The night, the long, long night
 Of infamy and slight,
 Shame and disgrace,
 And slavery, worse than e'er
 Rome's serfs were deemed to bear,
 Bloody beyond compare---
 Recedes space!

4 Speed, speed the hear, O Lord!
 Speak, and at thy dreadful word,
 Fetters shall fall
 From every limb---the strong
 No more the weak shall wrong,
 But Liberty's sweet song
 Be sung by all!

HYMN 71.

SLAVERY.

Ann---"Sparkling and Bright."

1 HEAVY and cold in his dungeon hold
 Is the yoke of the oppressor;
 Dark o'er the soul is the fell control
 Of the stern and dread transgressor.
 O then come all to bring the thrall
 Up from his deep despairing,
 And out of the jaw of the bandit's law,
 Retake the prey he is tearing.

2 Brothers be brave, for the pining slave,
 From his wife and children riven;

From every vale their bitter wail
 Goes sounding up to heaven.
 Then for the life of that poor wife,
 And for those children pining,
 O ne'er give o'er till the chains no more
 Around their limbs are twining.

3 Gloomy and damp is the low rice swamp;
 Where the meagre hands are wasting;
 All worn and weak, in vain they seek
 For rest to the cool shade hasting;
 For drivers fall, like fiends from hell,
 Cease not their savage shouting;
 And the scourges crack, from quivering back,
 Sends up the red blood spouting.

4 Into the grave only looks the slave;
 For rest to his limbs aweary,
 His spirit's light comes from that night
 To us so dark and dreary.
 That soul shall nurse its heavy curse,
 Against a day of terror,
 When the lightning gleam of his wrath shall
 stream
 Like fire, on the hosts of Error.

5 Heavy and stern, are the bolts which burn
 In the right hand of Jehovah,
 To smite the strong red arm of Wrong,
 And dash his temples over;
 Then on amain to rend the chain,
 Ere bursts the vollied thunder;

Right onward speed till the slave is freed---
His manacles torn asunder.

HYMN 72.

The Lord is with us, fear them not.---NUM-
BERS xiv. 9.

AIR---'Life let us cherish.'

- 1 FEAR not when your cause is just,
O! never! for triumph it must,
But still in its truthfulness trust,
The RIGHT will make you free;
The path of truth is ever bright,
On it descends no cloud of night,
Then trust in God, 'Truth's own pure light,
And all will be well with thee.

- 2 When cometh the battle shock,
Be firm as the hill's granite rock,
Nor heed when your enemies mock,
Nor fear their idle boasts.
Be valiant in truth's battle field,
Jehovah is your sun and shield,
To him both earth and hell must yield,
For he is the Lord of Hosts.

- 3 While tyrants of truth make mirth,
Grievest thou amid slavery's dearth?
Feelest thou for the crushed of the earth?
Lovest thou fair Freedom's God?
Then buckle on Truth's armor bright,
And manfully maintain the RIGHT,

The God of Israel in his might,
Shall break the oppressor's rod.

HYMN 73.

TO THE TRUE GOSPEL MINISTRY.

AN---Marseilles Hymn.

- 1 Ye friends of truth and heaven-born freedom,
Who own no sway but Jehovah's control—
Who seek for honor through Faith's holy
medium---
- Who feel the smile of God in your soul,
Who feel the smile of God in your soul.
Your commission from Christ is glad tidings,
To all of Adam's fallen race---
To each probationer of time,
To all of every hue and clime.
Then lift the gospel standard high,
And let your watchword ever be,
March on! March on! through grace re-
solved,
To conquer though you die.
- 2 The wide, wide world is your field of labor---
Your task to save the lost and wretched from
wo,
God has made every man your neighbor,
Whether foolish or wise, friend or foe.
Whether foolish or wise, friend or foe,
Whether colored or light be his features,
Yet ever knew he is thy fellow man.
Then let your love to all abound,

This wide, this spacious earth around;
 O! lift the gospel standard high,
 And let your watchword ever be,
 March on! March on! thro' grace resolved,
 To conquer though you die.

3 Tho' war, intemperance, and cruel slavery,
 Sweep o'er the earth as a besom of wrath,
 Yet armed with God-like, Christian bravery,
 In all the iron strength of faith,
 In all the iron strength of faith,
 Encompassed round with legions of angels,
 Ye shall triumph through the Lord of hosts,
 Then fear not, little, little band,
 Tho' your enemies should fill the land,
 But lift the gospel standard high,
 And let your watchword ever be,
 March on! march on! thro' grace resolved,
 To conquer though you die.

HYMN 74.

THE BONDMAN'S HOPE.

Air—"Watchman, tell us of the night."

1 FREEMEN! tell us of the night,
 What its signs of promise are!
 Bondmen! lo! yon spreading light—
 Freedom's glorious, beaming star!
 Freeman! do its blessed rays
 Shine for those in slavery?

Bondmen! yes, its heavenly blaze,
Lights your path to liberty.

- 2 Freemen! tell us of the night,
Does that star approach our land?
Bondmen! mark yon dawning light,
Lo! the breaking day's at hand.
Freemen! can its beams alone
Bid our dreadful bondage cease?
Bondmen! God is on the throne:
He will bring you quick release.

- 3 Freemen! shall our fettered race
Cease to wear the galling chain?
Bondmen! lo! the God of grace,
Comes to end th' oppressor's reign.
Freemen! can it, can it be!
Shall we share thy glorious name?
Bondmen! yes, all men are free,
Thus proclaims the great I AM.

HYMN 75.

P. M.

STRIKE FOR FREEDOM.

- 1 STRIKE ye for Freedom bold!
By birth-right man is free!
For slaves, let it be told,
There is a Jubilee!
That "Year of Jubilee" shall come,
When Tyranny shall meet its doom!
- 2 Strike ye for Freedom, now!
In this propitious hour,

When tyrants trembling know
 There is redeeming pow'r,
 And that the Year of Jubilee
 Shall soon be spread o'er land and sea.

3 Strike ye for Freedom! God,
 The Saviour, Spirit, too,
 And Nature's voice abroad,
 Loud cry, as urging you,
 "The year of Jubilee proclaim,
 Joy to the slave in Heaven's name!"

4 Strike ye for Freedom! hear:
 "There's wrath for those who quail!"
 'Tis God's assisting hour,
 A cause which cannot fail.
 The Year of Jubilee will soon
 Unloose the slave, and hush his moan.

5 Strike ye for Freedom! shall
 Our boasted flag and land
 Be stain'd, and we be still,
 While, heard on every hand,
 The slave lifts his impatient cry,
 "O haste, O haste the Jubilee!"

6 Strike ye for Freedom! kind,
 The truth to worlds unroll!
 It shall prevail, unbind
 The body and the soul!
 The year of Jubilee sends forth
 Its morning rays upon the earth!

TEMPERANCE.

HYMN 76.

P. M.

- 1 Round the temp'rance standard rally,
All the friends of human kind;
Snatch the devotees of folly,
Wretched, perishing and blind,
Loudly tell them
How they comfort now may find.
- 2 Bear the blissful tidings onwards,
Bear them all the world around;
Let the myriads thronging downwards,
Hear the sweet and blissful sound,
And obeying
In the paths of peace be found.
- 3 Plant the temp'rance standard firmly,
Round it live, and round it die;
Young and old defend it sternly,
Till we gain the victory,
And all nations
Hail the happy Jubilee.
- 4 Now unto the Lamb forever,
Fountain of all light and love;

Let the glory now and ever,
 Be ascribed to Him above,
 Whose compassion
 Did the friends of temp'rance move.

HYMN 77.

P. M.

TEMPERANCE TRIUMPH.

- 1 ONWARD! ONWARD! all victorious,
 Bright thou sun of temp'rance shine!
 Soon our triumph will be glorious,
 For our leader is divine.
 Sing victorious!
 Sing victorious!
 For our leader is divine.
- 2 God does work! See none can hinder;
 Weak the agents he'll employ:
 With his trumpet loudly thunder,
 Compass round, and then destroy!
 Walls of Satan!
 Walls of Satan!
 Compass round, He will destroy!
- 3 Rouse thee! rouse thee! Christian sleeping!
 Hark! thy Master draweth near,
 Search the camp; in wrath He's speaking,
 "That an Achan's sheltered there!"
 Sons of Zion!
 Sons of Zion!
 See, an Achan's sheltered there.

HYMN 78. C. M.

THE MADDENING BOWL.

- 1 O take the maddening bowl away
 Remove the poisonous cup;
 My soul is sick—its burning ray,
 Hath drunk my spirit up.
- 2 Say not, "Behold its ruddy hue;
 O press it to thy lips;"
 For 'tis more deadly than the dew
 That from the Upas drips.
- 3 Say not, "It hath a spell to soothe
 The soul in misery deep;"
 Go, ask the conscience if the bowl
 Can give *eternal* sleep!
- 4 Go! I will have no more of thee,
 Thou bane of Adam's race;
 But to a heavenly fountain flee,
 And drink the dews of grace.

HYMN 79. P. M.

PURE WATER FOR ME.

- 1 The drink that's in the drunkard's bowl,
 Is not the drink for me;
 It kills his body and his soul,
 How sad a sight is he.
 But there's a drink which God has given,
 Distilling in the showers of heaven,

In measures large and free—

O, that's the drink for me,

O, that's the drink for me,

O, that's the drink for me.

2 The stream that many prize so high,

Is not the stream for me;

For he who drinks it still is dry,

Forever dry he'll be.

But there's a stream, so cool and clear:

The thirsty traveller lingers near,

Refreshed and glad is he;

O, that's the stream for me,

O, that's the stream for me,

O, that's the stream for me.

3 The wine cup that so many prize,

Is not the cup for me,

The aching head, the bloated face,

In its sad train I see.

But there's a cup of water pure,

And he that drinks it may be sure

Of health and length of days,

O, that's the cup for me,

O, that's the cup for me,

O, that's the cup for me.

HYMN 80.

SONG OF TEMPERANCE.

AIR—"Never part again."

1 Your rev'ling bards may sing of wine,

Whose draughts so craze the brain,

Causing their footsteps to incline
 Where every step is pain;
 The draught we sing
 No pain will bring,
 Though thousand times the cup we drain.

CHORUS—The draught we sing
 No pain will bring,
 Though thousand times the cup we drain.

2 No sparkling "beads" come dancing up,
 Like syrens round the brim,
 To beckon mortals to the cup
 Where lurks the demon grim;
 But Hygeia fair
 Inviteth there
 The man who thirsts, and blesses him.

3 Cold water from the rock bound spring,
 Or deeply sunken well,
 Is first of remedies to bring
 Health where diseases dwell;
 Blest remedy,
 Round thee we see
 The hopes of millions gathering.

4 When fevers light their scorching flame
 Within the heart and brain,
 And send through all the anguished frame
 Life's current fraught with pain,
 Cold water! thou
 Can'st cool the brow,
 And bid the flame subside again.

5 Thou art the truest remedy—
 The *panacea* God hath sent,
 Which from earth's bosom runs so free,
 Not tubes like serpents bent.

From such a cup,
 'Tis well to sup;
 It bringeth health to every one.

6 The Arab on his desert plain,
 And prince on Thames or Rhine,
 Enjoy alike this boon, and gain
 Bliss never found in wine.

Fill then the bowl,
 And quaff the whole,
 And all besides forbidden deem.

HYMN 81.

P. M.

A TEMPERANCE RALLY SONG.

1 Awaken! ye friends of a pure reformation
 Awaken, ye friends of the temperance cause.
 Too long have we slumbered,
 While Alcohol numbered

Our temperance triumphs as something that
 was—

Something that was—

Something that was—

Our temperance triumphs as something that was .

2 The woes of the drunkard, the cries of his
 children,

The moans of his wife fill with sadness the air,
 Then haste to the rescue,

And God will assist you
To snatch them as victims from certain
despair,

Certain despair—

Certain despair---

To snatch them as victims from certain
despair.

3 Come let us arise, in the strength of Jehovah,
Our weapons of warfare courageously seize;

And face the Rum tyrant,

With spirit defiant,

Unfurling our banners to wave in the breeze.

Wave in the breeze;

Wave in the breeze,

Unfurling our banners to wave in the breeze.

4 Come all who have felt the Rum tyrant's
enslavement,

To bind on your souls with a magical spell---

Enlist in our army,

And virtue will arm ye

To drive the bold demon away to his hell---

Down to his hell,

Down to his hell,

To drive the bold demon away to his hell.

5 If ye would be happy and healthy and wealthy,
Surrounded and safe in sobriety's hedge,

Then fathers and mothers,

And sisters and brothers,

Come give us your names to the temperance
pledge,

Temperance pledge,

Temperance pledge,

Let every one sign the temperance pledge.

6 O Temperance! we hail thee with hearts full
of gladness,

May all the earth yield to thy generous sway,

While thy banner waves o'er us,

We'll swell the glad chorus,

And usher thy reign with a temperance
hurrah!

Temperance hurrah,

Temperance hurrah,

And usher thy reign with a Temperance
hurrah!

HYMN 82.

TEMPERANCE SONG.

ARK—"Crambambule."

1 We hail the glad day, the monsters dens are
closing,

No more the slave his cup will crave,

O come, come away:

Come, come, the temperance theme renew,

And each be to his honor true,

And heaven will welcome you.

O come, come away.

2 No longer the glass, though shining e'er so
brightly,

Shall tempt our youth to stray from truth ;

O come, come away
From that dread foe whose giant stride
Has spread his ruin far and wide,
And hope and truth defied :

O come, come away.

3 O let us be firm and ever persevering,
And while we live we'll warning give,

O come, come away.

O come where hope will smile on thee,
And in thy heart will gladness be,
And peace, joy, liberty :

O come, come away.

4 The dark night is gone—a brighter day is
dawning,

When sober peace brings sweet release,

O come, come away.

Come to our arms ye suffering few,
We ever will prove kind to you.
If to yourselves you're true :

Then come, come away.

5 The shame and the ~~were~~ the inebriate's long
been feeling;

All soon will flee if firm he'll be,

And come, come away.

Come, let the heavenly theme invite,
And in the war of temp'rance fight,
With all your heart and might :

O come, come away.

6 And now we'll all join with the most ardent
feeling,

And each pursue the song anew :

O come, come away.

In tuneful songs of sympathy,

We'll chant the song of liberty,

And loud shout victory :

O come, come away.

HYMN 83.

P. M.

*FOR THE JUVENILE TEMPERANCE
JUBILEE.*

1 CHEERILY, cheerily sound the joyful strain ;
Happily, happily, now we meet again,

Here we stand,

On this cheerful temperance day,

Gracious God, to Thee we pray,

Let our cause, so righteous, sway

Every heart in the land.

2 Cheerily, cheerily sound the joyful strain ;
Happily, happily, now we meet again ;

We are here,

We who love the temperance cause,

We who wish for righteous laws,

We cold water girls and boys,

We are here—we are here.

3 Cheerily, cheerily sound the joyful strain,
Happily, happily, now we meet again ;

Here we raise

Songs of praise to God who sends
 Blessings on our temperance friends,
 On him all our hope depends;
 For success in this cause.

THE REIGN OF PEACE.

HYMN 84.

S. M.

SONG OF PEACE.

AIR—"Watchman."

PART FIRST.

- 1 Awake the song of peace—
 Let nations join the strain;
 The march of blood and pomp of war,
 We will not have again!
 Let fruit trees crown our fields,
 And flowers our valleys fair;
 And on our mountain steeps, the songs
 Of happy swains be there!
- 2 Our maidens shall rejoice,
 And bid the timbrel sound;
 Soft dreams no more shall broken be
 With drums parading round.

No tears for lovers slain
 From lovely eyes shall fall,
 But happiness and love shall come
 In halcyon joy to all!

3 The rider and his steed,
 Their path of fame is o'er;
 The trumpet and the trumpeter
 Shall squadrons rouse no more!
 No field of victory won
 With blade and battle brand,
 A nobler triumph shall be ours—
 A bright and happy land!

HYMN 85.

S. M.

SONG OF PEACE.

AIR—"Watchman."

PART SECOND.

1 Too long the man of blood
 Hath ruled without control;
 Nor widow's tears, nor orphans' sighs
 Could touch his iron soul!
 But lo! the mighty's fallen—
 And from his lofty brow
 The chaplet fades that circled there—
 Where are his trophies now?

2 Look to the countless graves,
 Where sleep the thousands slain!
 The morning songs no more call forth
 The stirring bands again.

The din, the strife is past
 Of foe with falling foe—
 The grassy leaves wave o'er their heads
 And still they rest below.

3 Sound high the harps of song,
 And raise the joyous strain;
 But war's rough note, be it ne'er heard
 To swell the chords again.
 But all its trappings past—
 Vain pomp of by-gone years—
 To ploughshares beat the pointed swords,
 To pruning hooks the spears,

4 Come man to brother men,
 Come in the bonds of peace,
 Then strife and war with all their train
 Of dark'ning wo shall cease.
 Come with that spirit free
 That art and science give,
 Come with the patient mind for truth,
 Seek it and ye shall live!

· HYMN 86.

AIR—"Absence."

1 HAIL the bright auspicious morning,
 When the reign of peace begun,
 Men no more shall hate each other,
 But in heart and hope be one!
 Glorious morning!
 Haste upon our world to dawn.

- 2 Sword and spear, those hostile weapons,
 Changed to harmless use shall be,
 And the warlike clarion answer,
 To the notes of harmony,
 Swell the chorus,
 Universal harmony.
- 3 Then no more the field of battle,
 Strewed with kindred forms we see,
 Each in each shall find a brother,
 Near, or far beyond the sea,
 Distant nations,
 Meet in bonds of unity.
- 4 Then no more the widow's anguish,
 Shall with wailings fill the ear;
 Love shall soothe the hearts that languish,
 Pity wipe the orphan's tear;
 Love shall triumph,
 Eden flowers again appear.
- 5 O thou dear Redeemer, Saviour,
 Come and bring thy reign of peace;
 Earth shall shout a joyous welcome,
 War and strife forever cease.
 Hail Messiah!
 "God of love and Prince of peace."

HYMN 87.

THE BLESSED REIGN OF JESUS.

Ann—"Eltham."

- 1 HASTEN, Lord, the glorious time,
 When beneath Messiah's sway,

Every nation, every clime,
Shall the gospel call obey.
Mightiest kings his power shall own,
Heathen tribes his name adore;
Satan and his host o'erthrown,
Bound in chains shall hurt no more.

- 2 Then shall wars and tumults cease,
Then be banished grief and pain;
Righteousness and joy and peace,
Undisturbed, shall ever reign.
Bless we, then, our gracious Lord,
Ever praise his glorious name;
All his mighty acts record,
All his wond'rous love proclaim.

SONGS OF THE REFORMER.

HYMN 88. L. M.

RELIGION,--WHAT IS IT?

AIR--"Hebron."

- 1 Is it to go to church to-day,
To look devout and seem to pray,
And ere to-morrow's sun goes down,
Be dealing slander through the town.
- 2 Is it for sect and creeds to fight,
To call our zeal the rule of right---
When what we wish is, at the best,
To see our church excel the rest?
- 3 Is it to wear the Christian dress,
And love to all mankind profess,
To treat with scorn the humble poor,
And bar against them every door?
- 4 O no, religion means not this,
Its fruit more sweet and fairer is---
Its precept this---To others do
As you would have them do to you.

- 5 It grieves to hear an ill report,
 And scorns with human woes to sport---
 Of other's deeds it speaks no ill,
 But tells of good, or else keeps still.
- 6 And does religion this impart?
 Then may its influence fill my heart;
 O! haste the blissful, joyful day,
 When all the earth may own its sway.

HYMN 89.

TRUE BRAVERY.

AIR---"Nuremburg."

- 1 Is true freedom but to break
 Fetters for our own dear sake,
 And with leathern hearts forget
 That he owe mankind a debt?
 No! true freedom is to share
 All the chains our brothers wear,
 And with hand and heart to be
 Earnest to make others free.
- 2 They are slaves who fear to speak
 For the fallen and the weak;
 They are slaves who will not choose
 Hatred, scoffing, and abuse,
 Rather than, in silence, shrink
 From the truth they needs must think;
 They are slaves who dare not be
 In the right with *two* or *three*.

HYMN 90.

P. M.

THE REFORMER.

- 1 HAPPY he whose inward ear
 Angel-comfortings can hear,
 O'er the rabble's laughter;
 And, while Hatred's faggots burn,
 Glimpses through the smoke discern,
 Of the good hereafter.
- 2 Knowing this that never yet
 Share of truth was vainly set
 In the world's wide fallow;
 After hands shall sow the seed,
 After hands from hill and mead,
 Keap the harvest yellow.
- 3 Thus, with somewhat of the Seer,
 Must the moral pioneer
 From the future borrow;
 Clothe the waste with dreams of grain,
 And on midnight's sky of rain,
 Paint the golden morrow!

HYMN 91.

C. M.

LAY OF REFORM.

AIR---"Belerma."

"*Why stand ye here all the day idle?*"

- 1 HEAR ye not still those searching words?
 Ye who so idly stand!
 Say not, "no man hath hired us"
 To till the Master's land!

- 2 Enter with self-devoting will,
And purpose firm and strong;
The earnest worker ne'er shall want
For compensation long.
- 3 Should e'en the eleventh hour arrive
Before your work's begun,
The Master will as freely pay,
As if ye more had done.
- 4 Now, as in days of old, believe,
'Tis not by hours alone
The recompense shall measured be,
Nor yet by progress shown.
- 5 Not not by such a slavish rule,
In the vineyard of Reform,
Are workmen judged and recompensed,
In sunshine or in storm.
- 6 The *spirit*, rather, which we show,
Shall measure be of pay---
The heart must beat in unison
With all the hands essay!
- 7 Ho! then, ye idlers, dream no more!
Behold the vineyard wide,
And enter willingly at once,
E'en at life's even tide!

HYMN 92. C. M.

WE WILL SPEAK OUT.

Air---"Kirkland."

- 1 We will speak out. We will be heard,
Though all earth's systems crack;
We will not bate a single word,
Nor take a letter back.
- 2 We speak the truth, and what care we
For hissing and for scorn,
While some faint gleamings we can see
Of freedom's coming morn ?
- 3 Let liars fear; let cowards shrink;
Let traiters turn away;
Whatever we have dared to think,
That dare we also say!

HYMN 93. C. M.

THE LIFE-GUAGE.

Air---"Martinsville."

- 1 THEY err who measure life by years,
With false or thoughtless tongue;
Some hearts grow old before their time,
While some are always young!
- 2 'Tis not the number of the lines
On life's fast filling page;
'Tis not the pulse's added throbs,
Which constitute our age.

- 3 Some souls are serfs among the free,
 While others nobly strive;
 They stand just where their fathers stood;
 Dead, even while they live!
- 4 Others, all spirit, heart and sense;—
 Theirs the mysterious power
 To live, in thrills of joy or wo,
 A twelvemonth in an hour!
- 5 Seize, then, the minutes as they pass---
 The woof of life is thought!
 Warm up the colors; let them glow;
 By fire or fancy fraught!
- 6 Live to some purpose---make thy life
 A gift of use to thee---
 A joy, a good, a golden hope,
 A heavenly argosy!

HYMN 94.

THE SONG OF TOIL.

AIR---"Duane Street."

- 1 LET him who will rehearse the song
 Of gentle love and bright romance;
 Let him who will with tripping tongue
 Lead gleaming thoughts to fancy's dance
 But let me strike mine iron harp,
 As northern harps were struck of old---
 And let its music, stern and sharp,
 Arouse the pure, the free, and bold!

2 My hand that iron harp shall sweep,
 Till from each stroke new strains recoil,
 And forth the sounding echoes leap,
 To join the arousing song of toil;
 Till men of thought their thoughts outspcak,
 And thoughts awake in kindred mind,
 And stirring words shall arm the weak,
 And galling fetters cease to bind!

3 And coursing soon, o'er soul and sense,
 That glorious harp, whose iron strings
 Are Labor's mighty instruments,
 Shall shake the thrones of mortal kings;
 And ring of axe and anvil note,
 And rush of plough through yielding soil,
 And laboring engine's vocal throat,
 Shall swell the song of honest toil!

HYMN 95. C. M.

GOD AND MAN.

1 LET Nature judge? Are all things right?
 Or is the Present wrong?
 Why are there wo, and fraud, and blight,
 To paralyze my song?

2 My soul would wind itself in love
 Around all human things—
 For struggling man to mount above,
 My songs should be as wings!

3 Why do the outcasts crowd my path,
 And fasten on my heart?

Why do the vicians wake my wrath,
Or cause my tears to start ?

4 It is not right! I ask ye all—
If God is great and wise,
Why Vice still holds mankind in thrall ?
Why Virtue struggling dies ?

5 Man on his Brother's heart hath trod—
Man is man's mortal foe!
Man is antagonist to God—
This only do I know!

6 God help us! we have threescore years
And ten, at most, to live—
And yet we scatter griefs and tears—
And pray and ne'er forgive!

HYMN 96.

P. M.

SONG OF HUMANITY.

1 In the God of Truth be strong!
For the truth shall perish never,
Nor the weak be crushed forever—
Right shall triumph over Wrong!
Cherish, then, our bond of union—
Live in brotherly communion—
Love our Neighbor—help our Brother;
With our watchword cheer each other:
"O be strong—O be strong!"
In the God of Truth be strong!

2 In the cause of Man press on !
 Let new sympathy be kindled
 In the breast where love hath dwindled,
 Until warmth of soul be won !
 Here upon our common altar,
 With true hearts that ne'er shall falter,
 Let us pledge our life's devotion
 To Humanity's promotion :
 O press on !—O press on !
 In the cause of Man press on !

3 Man is destined to be free !
 Free from Slavery's aggression—
 Free from Tyranny's oppression—
 And from cheerless Poverty ;
 Free from Prejudice and Error—
 Free from Vice the greatest terror ;
 Since the day of hapless Edom,
 Truth hath plead for Human Freedom :
 O fear not !—O fear not !
 Man is destined to be free !

HYMN 97. P. M.

NEVER MIND.

Air---“ Bruce's Address.”

1 SOUL, be strong, whate'er betide,
 God himself is guard and guide—
 With my Father at my side,
 Never, never mind !

2 Clouds and darkness hover near,
 Men's hearts failing them for fear,

But be thou of right good cheer,
Never, never mind!

3 Come what may, some work is done,
Praise the Father through the Son,
Goals are gained and prizes won,
Never, never mind!

4 And if now the skies look black,
All the past behind my back,
Is a bright and blessed track;
Never, never mind!

5 Stand in patient courage still,
Working out thy Master's will,
Compass good and conquer ill;
Never, never mind!

6 Fight, for all their bullying boast,
Dark temptation's evil host,
This is thy predestined post;
Never, never mind!

7 Be then tranquil as a dove;
Through these thunder clouds above
Shines afar the heaven of love;
Never, never mind!

HYMN 98.

P. M.

THE ACRES AND THE HANDS.

1 "THE earth is the Lord's, and the fullness thereof."

Says God's most holy word,
 The water hath fish, and the land hath flesh,
 And the air hath many a bird;
 And the soil is teeming o'er the earth,
 And the earth has numberless lands,
 Yet millions of hands want acres,
 While millions of acres want hands!

2 Sunlight and breeze and gladsome flowers,
 Are o'er the earth spread wide,
 And the good God gave these gifts to men,
 To men who on earth abide.
 Yet thousands are toiling in ponderous gloom,
 And shackled with iron bands,
 While millions of hands want acres,
 And millions of acres want hands!

3 Never a rood hath the poor man here,
 To plant with a grain of corn;
 And never a plot where a child may cull
 Fresh flowers in the dewy morn;
 The soil lies fallow, the woods grow rank,
 Yet idle the poor man stands!
 Ah! millions of hands want acres,
 And millions of acres want hands!

4 'Tis writ that we "shall not muzzle the ox
 That treadeth out the corn!
 Yet behold ye shackle the poor man's limbs,
 That have all earth's burdens borne;
 The land is a gift of a bounteous God

And to labor his word commands,
 Yet millions of hands want acres,
 And millions of acres want hands.

5 Who hath ordained that the few should hoard
 Their millions of useless gold?
 And rob the earth of its fruits and flowers,
 While profitless soil they hold?
 Who hath ordained that a parchment scroll
 Shall fence round miles of lands,
 While millions of hands want acres,
 And millions of acres want hands!

6 'Tis a glaring lie on the face of day,
 This robbery of men's rights!
 'Tis a lie that the Word of the Lord disowns,
 'Tis a curse that burns and blights!
 And 'twill burn and blight till the people rise
 And declare, while they burst their bands,
 That the hands henceforth shall have acres,
 And acres henceforth shall have hands!

HYMN 99.

FEARLESS AND FAITHFUL.

AIR---"Absence."

1 LABOR fearless, labor faithful,
 Labor while the day shall last,
 For the shadows of the evening
 Soon thy sky will overcast,
 Ere shall end thy day of labor,

Ere shall rest thy manhood's sun,
 Strive with every power within thee,
 That th' appointed task be done.

2 Life is not the traceless shadow,
 Nor the wave upon the beach;
 Though our days are brief, yet lasting
 Is the stamp we give to each.
 Life is real; life is earnest,
 Full of labor, full of thought;
 Every hour and every moment
 Is with living vigor fraught.

3 Fearless wage life's sternest conflict,
 Faithful be to thy high trust,
 If thou'lt have a memory cherished,
 And a path bright as the just.
 Labor fearless, labor faithful,
 Labor until set of sun,
 And the welcome shall await thee,
 Promised plaudit of "well done."

HYMN 100.

L. M.

PROSPECTS OF FREEDOM.

1 As when on Carmel's sterile steep
 The anointed prophet bowed the knee,
 And seven times sent his servant forth
 To look toward the distant sea;

2 There came at last a little cloud,
 Scarce broader than a human hand,

Spreading and swelling as it broke
In showers on all the herbless land;

3 And hearts were glad, and shouts went up,
In praise to Israel's mighty God,
As the serahills grew green again,
And verdure clothed the naked sod;

4 Even so our eyes have waited long;
But now a little cloud appears,
Spreading and swelling as it glides
Onward into the coming years.

5 Bright cloud of Liberty! full soon,
Far stretching from the ocean strand,
Thy glorious folds shall spread abroad,
Encircling our beloved land.

6 Like that sweet rain on Judah's hills,
The glorious boon of love shall fall,
And our bond millions shall arise,
As at an angel's trumpet call.

7 Then shall a shout of joy go up,
The wild, glad cry of Freedom come
From hearts long crushed by cruel hands,
And songs from lips long sealed and dumb.

HYMN 101.

AIR---"Isle of Beauty."

1 UPWARD, onward, is our watchword:
Though the winds blow good or ill,

Though the sky be fair or stormy :
 These shall be our watchwords still.

- 2 Upward, onward, in the battle
 Waged for freedom and the right,
 Never resting, never weary,
 Till a victory crowns the fight.
- 3 Upward, onward, pressing forward
 Till each bondman's chains shall fall,
 Till the flag that floats above us,
 Liberty proclaims to all.
- 4 Waking every morn to duty,
 Ere its hours shall pass away,
 Let some act of love or mercy
 Crown the labors of the day.
- 5 Lo ! a brighter day is coming,
 Brighter prospects ope before ;
 Spread your banner to the breezes—
 Upward, onward, evermore !

HYMN 102.

C. M.

WHERE IS THY BROTHER ?

“What mean ye that ye beat my people to pieces, and grind the faces of the poor ? saith the Lord God of hosts.”

- 1 **WHAT** mean ye that ye bruise and bind
 My people, saith the Lord,

And starve your craving brother's mind,
That asks to hear my word ?

2 What mean ye that ye make them toil
Through long and dreary years,
And shed like rain upon your soil
Their blood and bitter tears ?

3 What mean ye that ye dare to rend
The tender mother's heart;
Brothers from sisters, friend from friend,
How dare you bid them part ?

4 What mean ye, when God's bounteous hand,
To you so much has given,
That from the slave who tills your land
You keep both earth and heaven ?

5 When at the judgment God shall call,
WHERE IS THY BROTHER ? say,
What mean ye to the Judge of all
To answer on that day ?

HYMN 103.

C. M.

LAYS OF FREEDOM.

1 CHEER up ! ye strugglers for the right,
Ye lovers of the true;
A brighter day shall open yet,
Through what ye dare and do ?

- 2 It may not be your lot to live,
That day of joy to share;
But still most thankful ye should feel,
The good way to prepare.
- 3 The way for Truth's triumphal march
O'er a succeeding race,
Mercy with whom shall hold the sway
In dark oppression's place.
- 4 Yes, sure as ye with faithful hearts,
Toil on in duty's sphere,
Justice shall take the place of might,
With mercy for compeer.
- 5 Cheer, then, ye strugglers for the right,
Ye lovers of the true;
A brighter day shall open yet,
Through what ye dare and do!

HYMN 104. L. M.

THE RULE OF LIFE.

- 1 WHAT law, fulfilled, insures to man
His kinship with the saints in light?
One simple law—one only can—
The rule of universal Right.
- 2 To serve thy God with humble zeal,
Thine erring brother's heart to win,
By deeds of mercy, and a will
To cover, yet not share, his sin.

- 3 To choose the right, the wrong to shun,
 Yet humbly on his grace to fall,
 For whose sweet sake no duty done
 Is e'er too weighty or too small.
- 4 This is the work thy God has given,
 Thou candidate for life above !
 This is the passport to His heaven—
 The claim to His inviolate love !
- 5 God's law demands one living faith,
 Not a gaunt crowd of lifeless creeds,
 Its warrant is a firm 'God saith'—
 Its claim, not words, but loving deeds.

HYMN 105.

TRUTH AND FREEDOM.

AIR---"Harwell."

"He is the freeman whom the truth makes free,
 And all are slaves besides." COWPER.

- 1 FOR the Truth, then, let us battle,
 Whatsoever fate betide !
 Long the boast that we are Freemen
 We have made and published wide.
- 2 He who has the Truth and keeps it,
 Keeps what not to him belongs,
 But performs a selfish action,
 That his fellow mortal wrongs.
- 3 He who seeks the Truth, and trembles
 At the dangers he must brave,

Is not fit to be a Freeman,
He, at best, is but a slave.

4 He who bears the Truth, and places
Its high promptings under ban,
Loud may boast of all that's manly,
But can never be a Man!

5 Friend, this simple lay who readeſt,
Be not thou like unto them---
But to Truth give utmost freedom,
And the tide it raises, stem.

6 Bold in ſpeech, and bold in action,
Be forever! Time will teſt,
Of the free ſoul'd and the ſlavish,
Which fulfilſ life's miſſion beſt.

7 Be thou like the noble Ancient;
Scorn the threat that bids thee fear.
Speak! no matter what betide thee:
LET them ſtrike, but MAKE them hear!

8 Be thou like the twelve apoſtles,
Be thou like heroic Paul;
If a free thought ſeek expreſſion,
Speak it boldly! ſpeak it all!

9 Face thine enemies--accuſers;
Scorn the priſon, rack, or rod;
And, if thou haſt Truth to utter,
SPEAK! and leave the reſt to God.

HYMN 106.

P. M.

TRUTH SHALL TRIUMPH.

1 **REJOICE**, rejoice, the promised time is
coming,

Rejoice, rejoice, the wilderness shall bloom,
And Zion's children then shall sing,

The deserts all are blossoming :

Rejoice, rejoice, the promised time is coming,

Rejoice, rejoice, the wilderness shall bloom;
The Gospel banner, wide unfurled,

Shall wave in triumph o'er the world,
And every creature, bond and free,

Shall hail the glorious jubilee :

Rejoice, rejoice, the promised time is coming,

Rejoice, rejoice, the wilderness shall bloom.

2 **Rejoice**, rejoice, the promised time is coming.

Rejoice, rejoice, Jerusalem shall sing,

From Zion shall the law go forth,

And all shall hear from south to north:

Rejoice, rejoice, the promised time is coming,

Rejoice, rejoice, Jerusalem shall sing:

And truth shall sit on every hill,

And blessings flow in every rill,

And praise shall every heart employ,

And every voice shall shout with joy:

Rejoice, rejoice, the promised time is coming,

Rejoice, rejoice, Jerusalem shall sing.

3 **Rejoice**, rejoice, the promised time is coming,

Rejoice, rejoice, the Prince of Peace shall reign,

And lambs shall with the leopard play,
For naught shall harm in Zion's way:
Rejoice, rejoice, the promised time is coming,
Rejoice, rejoice, the Prince of Peace shall reign,
The sword and spear, of needless worth,
Shall prune the tree and plow the earth,
And peace shall smile from shore to shore,
And nations shall learn war no more:
Rejoice, rejoice, the promised time is coming,
Rejoice, rejoice, the Prince of Peace shall
reign.

MISCELLANEOUS.

HYMN 107. C. M.

THE DOOMED ONE.

‘My Spirit shall not always strive with man.’
—GEN. vi. 3.

1 THERE is a time, we know not when,
A point we know not where,

That marks the destiny of men,
To glory or despair.

2 There is a time by us unseen,
That crosses every path ;
The hidden boundary between
God's patience and His wrath.

3 To pass that limit is to die,
To die as if by stealth ;
It does not quench the beaming eye,
Nor pale the glow of health.

4 The conscience may be still at ease,
The spirit light and gay ;
That which is pleasing still may please,
And care be thrust away.

5 But on that forehead God has set
Indellibly a mark,
Unseen by man, for man as yet
Is blind and in the dark.

6 O, where is this mysterious borne,
By which our path is crossed,
Beyond which God himself hath sworn
That he who goes is lost ?

7 A message from the skies is sent ;
Ye that from God depart :—
While it is called to-day, repent,
And harden not your heart !

HYMN 108.

L. M.

Air—'Tallis' Evening Hymn."

LONGINGS OF SOUL.

- 1 Descend from heaven, immortal Dove,
 Stoop down, and take us on thy wings,
 And mount, and bear us far above
 The reach of these inferior things:
 Beyond, beyond this lower sky,
 Up where eternal ages roll,
 Where solid pleasures never die,
 And fruits immortal feast the soul.

- 1 O for a sight, a pleasing sight,
 Of our Almighty Father's throne!
 There sits our Saviour crown'd with light,
 Clothed in a body like our own.
 When shall the day, dear Lord, appear,
 That I shall mount and dwell above,
 And stand and bow before thee there,
 And view thy face, and sing thy love?

HYMN 109. 7s, 6 lines.

Air—"Nuremberg."

BACKSLIDDEN STATE.

- 1 Once I thought my mountain strong,
 Firmly fixed, no more to move;
 Then my Saviour was my song,
 Then my soul was filled with love:
 Those were happy, golden days,
 Sweetly spent in prayer and praise.

2 Little, then, myself I knew,
 Little thought of Satan's power:
 Now I feel my sins anew;
 Now I feel the stormy hour!
 Sin has put my joys to flight;
 Sin has turn'd my day to night.

3 Saviour, shine, and cheer my soul,
 Bid my drooping hopes revive:
 Make my wounded spirit whole;
 Far away the tempter drive;
 Speak the word and set me free,
 Let me live alone to thee.

HYMN 110. L. M.

AIR—"Ward."

BLESSED ARE THEY THAT MOURN.

- 1 O, deem not they are bless'd alone
 Whose lives a peaceful tenor keep;
 The Power who pities man has shown
 A blessing for the eyes that weep.
- 2 The light of smiles shall fill again
 The eyes that overflow with tears;
 And weary hours of woe and pain
 Are promises of happier years.
- 3 There is a day of sunny rest,
 For every dark and troubled night;
 And grief may hide an evening guest,
 But joy shall come with early light.

- 4 And thou, who o'er thy friend's low bier
 Sheddest the bitter drops like rain,
 Hope that a brighter, happier sphere,
 Will give him to thy arms again.
- 5 Nor let the good man's trust depart.
 Though life its common gifts deny;
 Though with a pierced and broken heart,
 And spurned of men he goes to die.
- 6 For God has marked each sorrowing day,
 And numbered every secret tear;
 For heaven's long age of bliss shall pay
 For all his children suffer here.

HYMN 111.

P. M.

ALL IS WELL.

- 1 What's this that steals, that steals upon my
 frame?
 Is it death? is it death? [flame?
 That soon will quench will queach this vital
 Is it death? is it death?
 If this be death I soon shall be
 From every pain and sorrow free;
 I shall the King of glory see:
 All is well, all is well.
- 2 Weep not, my friends; my friends, weep not
 for me;
 All is well, all is well.

My sins are pardon'd, pardon'd, I am free :

All is well all is well,

There's not a cloud that doth arise,

To hide my Saviour from mine eyes ;

I soon shall mount the upper skies :

All is well, all is well.

3 Tune, tune your harps, your harps, ye saints
in glory,

All is well. all is well.

I will rehearse, rehearse the pleasing story,

All is well, all is well.

Bright angels are from glory come,

They're round my bed, they're in my room,

They wait to waft my spirit home :

All is well, all is well.

4 Hark, hark ! my Lord, my Lord and Master
calls me ;

All is well, all is well.

I soon shall see, shall see his face in glory :

All is well, all is well.

Farewell, my friends, adieu, adieu,

I can no longer stay with you,

My glittering crown appears in view :

All is well, all is well.

5 Hail, hail, all hail, all hail, ye blood wash'd
throng,

Sav'd by grace, sav'd by grace,

I come to join, to join your rapturous song,

Sav'd by grace, sav'd by grace :

All, all is peace and joy divine,
 And heaven and glory now are mine;
 O, hallelujah to the Lamb!
 All is well, all is well.

HYMN 112.

P. M.

- 1 Our bondage here shall end
 By and by, by and by;
 Our griefs will vanish then,
 With our three score years and ten,
 And bright glory crown the day,
 By and By, by and by.
- 2 When our Deliverer comes
 By and by, by and by,
 From Egypt's yoke set free,
 We will hail our jubilee,
 And to Canaan all return
 By and by, by and by.
- 3 Though strong our foes appear
 We'll go on, we'll go on:
 Our hearts shall know no fear,
 For Israel's God is near:
 While the fiery pillar moves
 We'll go on, we'll go on.
- 4 By Marah's bitter streams
 We'll go on, we'll go on;
 Though Baca's vale be dry,
 The Rock shall yield supply:

To a land of corn and wine
We'll go on, we'll go on.

5 And when to Jordan's flood
We are come, we are come,
Jehovah rules the tide,
And the waters will divide,
While the ransomed host shall shout,
"We are come, we are come."

6 There friends shall meet again
Who have loved, who have loved;
Our embraces shall be sweet,
When we each other greet,
At our great Redeemer's feet,
Who have loved, who have loved.

7 There with the happy throng
We'll rejoice, we'll rejoice;
Shouting "Glory to our King,"
Till the heavenly dome shall ring,
And through all eternity,
We'll rejoice, we'll rejoice.

HYMN 113.

P. M.

1 Religion is a glorious treasure,
Diffusion of the Saviour's love;
The Spirit's comfort without measure;
It-joins our souls to those above;

It calms our fears, it soothes our sorrows ;
It smoothes our way o'er life's rough sea ;
While endless ages are onward rolling,
This heavenly portion ours shall be.

2 While journeying here through tribulations,
In phalanx firm we'll march along :
Contentions may dilide the nations,
But Christ shall be our common song.
For pure religion knits together---
It binds in love and makes us free ;
While endless ages are onward rolling,
This heavenly portion ours shall be.

3 How vain ! how frail ! how transitory !
This world with all its pomp and show ;
Its mighty names, renowned in story,
We'll gladly leave them all below.
A brighter object now enraptures---
In Christ alone we beauties see :
While endless ages are onward rolling,
This heavenly portion ours shall be.

4 Our earthly house is now dissolving,
And mortal life will soon be o'er ;
The cares within us now revolving,
Will soon afflict our hearts no more ;
But pure religion last forever ;
In death our souls shall strengthened be ;
While endless ages are onward rolling,
This heavenly portion ours shall be.

HYMN 114.

P. M.

THE BEAUTIFUL VALLEY.

- 1 'Tis low down that beautiful valley,
 Where love crowns the meek and the lowly ;
 Where no storms of envy or folly,
 Can ever roll their billows again ;
 The meek soul, in humble subjection,
 Can there find unshaken protection ;
 There soft gales of cheering reflection ;
 The mind soothed from sorrow and pain.
- 2 This low vale is far from contention,
 Where no soul can dream of dissension ;
 Where no wiles of evil intention,
 Can find out those regions of peace.
 'Tis there, there, the Lord will deliver ;
 And souls drink of that beautiful river,
 Where flows peace, forever and ever ;
 And love and joy forever increase.
- 3 'Tis there, those who by storms have been
 driven,
 Shall moor their barks in that beautiful haven,
 And there bask in the sunshine of heaven,
 And triumph in Immanuel's name.
 'Tis there; there, in yonder bright glory,
 We'll shout and sing, and tell the glad story,
 When we've passed old Jordan quite over,
 We'll sing hallelujah to God and the
 Lamb!

HYMN 115. P. M.

1 How sad are the moments when wand'ring
from God,

And thorny and dark is the dangerous road!
But light is the pathway which leads to the
tomb,

When cheer'd by the presence of Jesus, my
home.

Home! home! sweet, sweet home,

When cheered by the presence of Jesus, my
home.

2 Though fading are joys which earth can be-
stow,

And false is the light which illumines us below,
Though sorrows, like clouds, hang around us
in gloom,

The beams of his love light me on my way home.

Home! home! sweet, sweet home,

The beams of his love light me on my way
home.

3 When the tempest of life has sunk into repose,
And death shall the beauties of heaven disclose,
With all the redeem'd, I o'er it will roam,
And sing hallelujah to Jesus my home.

Home! home! sweet, sweet home,

And sing hallelujah to Jesus, my home.

HYMN 116.

7's,

FAREWELL HYMN.

1 FARE ye well, ye favorite few,
I must bid you all adieu;

But the Lord is with you still,
Fear you not, but fare you well.

- 2 Fare ye well, ye little flock,
Whom the world revile and mock ;
Keep the way to endless bliss,
Then you cannot fare amiss.
- 3 Fare ye well, ye saints of God,
Wash'd and cleansed in Jesus' blood ;
Strive in goodness to excel,
Live to God, and you'll fare well.
- 4 Fare ye well, ye pions band,
March ye on for Canaan's land,
Tread on all the powers of hell,
March in faith, and you'll fare well.
- 5 Fare ye well, brave soldiers dear,
Crowns of life you all may wear :
Christ will all your foes repel,
Fight in faith, and you'll fare well.
- 6 Ye who taste a Savior's love,
Feel his dawnings from above,
Still endeavor to excel,
And you'll finally fare well!
- 7 Fare ye well, poor sinners, too,
Jesus Christ still waits for you ;
Now repent, and 'scape from hell,
Flee to Christ, and you'll fare well.

HYMN 117. P. M.

1 'MID scenes of confusion and creature complaints,

How sweet to my soul is communion with saints!
To find at the banquet of mercy there's room,
And feed in the presence of Jesus at home.

Home! home! sweet, sweet home,

Prepare me, dear Savior, for glory, at home.

2 Sweet bonds, that unite all the children of peace,

And their precious Jesus, whose love cannot cease,

Though oft from thy presence in sadness I roam,
I long to behold thee in glory at home.

CHORUS.

3 I sigh from this body of sin to be free;
Which hinders my joy and communion with thee:

Though now my temptations like billows may foam,

All, all will be peace when I'm with thee at

CHORUS. [home.

4 While here in the valley of conflict I stay,
O give me submission and strength as my day.
In all my afflictions to thee would I come
Rejoicing in hope of my glorious home.

CHORUS.

5 Whate'er thou deniest, O give me thy grace,
 The spirit's sure witness, and smiles of thy face;
 Indulge me with patience to wait at thy throne,
 And find even now, a sweet foretaste of home.

CHORUS.

6 I long, dearest Lord, in thy beauties to shine,
 No more as an exile, in sorrow to pine,
 And in thy dear image, arise from the tomb,
 With glorified millions to praise thee at home.

CHORUS.

HYMN 118.

P. M.

- 1 WHEN shall we all meet again ?
 When shall we all meet again ?
 Oft shall glowing hope aspire,
 Oft shall wearied love retire;
 Oft shall death and sorrow reign,
 Ere we all shall meet again.
- 2 Tho' in distant lands we sigh,
 Parch'd beneath the burning sky;
 Tho' the deep between us rolls,
 Friendship shall unite our souls,
 And in heaven's wide domain,
 There shall we all meet again.
- 3 When the dreams of life are fled,
 When its wasted lamps are dead,
 When in cold oblivion's shade
 Beauty, wealth and fame are laid;
 Where immortal spirits reign,
 There may we all meet again.

HYMN 119.

P. M.

I WOULD NOT LIVE ALWAY.

1 I WOULD not live alway: I ask not to stay,
Where storm after storm rises dark o'er the way,
The few lurid mornings that dawn on us here,
Are enough for life's woes, full enough for its
cheer.

2 I would not live alway, thus fettered by sin,
'Temptation without, and corruption within,
E'en the rapture of pardon is mingled with fears
And the cup of thanksgiving with penitent
tears.

3 I would not live alway: no, welcome the tomb!
Since Jesus hath lain there, I dread not its gloom;
There sweet be my rest, till he bid me arise
To hail him in triumph descending the skies.

4 Who, who would live alway, away from his
God;
Away from yon heaven, that blissful abode,
Where the rivers of pleasure flow o'er the bright
plains,
And the noontide of glory eternally reigns.

5 Where the saints of all ages in harmony meet,
Their Savior and brethren transported to greet,
While the anthems of pleasure unceasingly roll,
And the smile of the Lord is the feast of the soul!

HYMN 120.

BIRTH OF CHRIST.

1 Hark! what mean those holy voices,
 Sweetly sounding through the skies;
 Lo! the angelic host rejoices;
 Heavenly hallelujahs rise.
 Hear them tell the wondrous story,
 Hear them chaunt in hymns of joy,
 "Glory in the highest!" glory!
 Glory be to God most high!

2 Christ is born, the great Anointed,
 Heaven and earth his praises sing!
 Oh receive whom God appointed,
 For your Prophet, Priest and King.
 Haste, ye mortals, to adore him:
 Learn his name and taste his joy;
 Till in heaven ye sing before him,
 Glory be to God most high.

HYMN *121.

BIRTH OF CHRIST,

AIR—"Portuguese Hymn."

1 Lo! on the night's vesture, light and truth
 displaying
 The bright Star of Bethlehem in glory set;
 Hear it O! Earth, 'tis Jesus the Messiah;
 O come and let us worship at his feet.

2 Hark! strains immortal, wakes the dawn
 of morning.

The angels of glory have in concert met ;
 Unto the Lord of life they sing hozanna,
 O come and let us worship at his feet.

3 Softly the anthem dies upon the breezes,
 The last heav'nly number falls in accents
 sweet :

"Good will to Man," AMEN ! our heart replieth ;
 O come and let us worship at his feet.

4 Hither, ye faithful, haste with songs of tri-
 umph ;

To Bethlehem haste, the Lord of life to meet.
 To you this day is born a Prince and Savior ;
 O come and let us worship at his feet.

5 O Jesus ! for such wond'rous condescension,
 Our praises and rev'ence are an off'ring meet,
 Now is the Word made flesh, and dwells among
 us !

O come and worship at his feet.

6 Shout his almighty name, ye choirs of angels,
 And let the celestial courts his praise repeat

Unto our God be glory in the highest !

O come and let us worship at his feet.

HYMN 122.

P. M.

ISRAEL'S HOPE.

1 Thy battlements, Judah, are low in the dust,
 Thy children are scatter'd in exile afar,
 And the halls of thy beauty, and towers of thy
 trust,

Have been crush'd in the fury of faction and
 war.

2 Thy mighty are perish'd, thy glory is past,
The wrath of JEHOVAH hath humbled thy
pride;

In the depths of affliction and poverty cast,
The foes who oppress thee thy sorrows deride.

3 Yet deem not forever that thou art forsaken,
So long thou hast not been preserved in vain;
Wipe the tears from thine eyes, see the bright
future breaking,

When the people shall gather around thee
again.

4 Once more shall thy cities from ruin arise,
Established in strength, and with comeliness
crowned;

While earth yields for thee her abundant sup-
plies,

Where the wilderness, now, and the desert is
found.

5 On HIM, the REJECTED, thy children shall
call,

Whom, once, in their madness, they nailed
to the tree;

And low at the shrine of the Crucified fall,

Thy GOD, and MESSIAH, and SAVIOUR is HE.

HYMN 123.

P. M.

A MISSIONARY HYMN.

1 Go, herald of salvation—

Go, messenger of bliss,

To every heathen nation,
 With messages of peace.
 Illume with living splendor,
 The lands in midnight gloom;
 Array in matchless grandeur,
 The wastes that never bloom.

- 2 Go, heal the sick and dying—
 Go, be the wanderer's guide;
 Go, lead the soul that's sighing,
 To bathe in Calvary's tide.
 Go, bid the star of morning,
 From Bethlehem's forest shine:
 And barren wastes adorning,
 Illume with light divine.

HYMN 124.

P. M.

"ON THE LOFTY MOUNTAINS."

- 1 On the lofty mountains,
 Bid the heralds stand;
 While the opening fountains
 Flow through every land.
- 2 Home and friends forsaking,
 Speed them on their way;
 While the light is breaking,
 For a glorious day.
- 3 Bid the great salvation
 Through the earth be known,

Till each tribe and nation
Shall the Saviour own.

4 Then let songs of gladness
Fill the earth around:
Till no note of sadness
Mingle with the sound.

5 O what sacred pleasures
Will around us roll!
Heavenly joys and treasures
Then will fill the soul.

6 Send the joyful story
Round this earthly ball;
Hail the Prince of Glory,
"Crown him Lord of all."

HYMN 125.

L. M

THE ISLES OF THE GENTILES.

- 1 Calm on the bosom of the deep,
A thousand beauteous islets lie;
While glassy seas, that round them sleep,
Reflect the glories of the sky.
- 2 How radiant, 'mid the watery waste,
Their groves of emerald verdure smile,
Like Eden-spots, in ocean placed,
The weary pilgrim to beguile.
- 3 Alas! that in those happy vales,
Meet homes for pure and heaven-born love

Unholy discord still prevails,
And weeping peace forsakes the grove.

4 Alas ! that on those lovely shores,
Where earth and sky in beauty shine,
And heaven profusely sheds its stores,
Man should in heathen bondage pine.

5 O haste, ye messengers of God,
With hearts of zeal and tongues of flame ;
Go, spread the welcome sound abroad,
That all may " bless Messiah's name."

6 That where the smoke of offerings base,
From idol-fanes obscure the day,
May rise the incense of a race,
Whose souls are taught by heaven to pray.

7 When shall the solemn Sabbath bell
Chime thro' those plains at morning prime,
And choral hymns and praises swell
Thro' those deep woods in notes sublime !

8 Soft mingling with the wave's low moan
The sound shall float o'er ocean's breast,
To tell the wave-tossed wanderer lone
"The ark of mercy here doth rest."

HYMN 126. L. M.

FOURTH OF JULY SONG.

AIR—"Rockingham."

1 This is our freedom's natal day,
And on thy bloodless altar, Lord!

Our sacrifice of praise we lay,
In solemn joy, with one accord.

2 Not with the warlike pageant's pomp,
Not with the sound of fife and drum,
Not with the blast of the mighty trump,
Into thy holy house we come!

3 No war-vent banner flouts the sky
In pride above our gathered ranks;
No red-mouthed cannon gives reply
In thunder to our solemn thanks.

4 The praises of our warrior-sires—
The blood-bought honors of the dead,
We pour not from our tuneful lyres,
Jehovah! as thy courts we tread.

5 THINE are the honors which we pay,
As in thy temple-gates we stand—
THINE be the triumphs of the day!
And this, the Sabbath of our land!

6 We celebrate our nation's birth,
Not with profane, unholy songs—
Not amid rioting and mirth—
But with hosannas on our tongues!

7 Blessing thy goodness for the past,
And trustful of thy favor still,
We hold each precious promise fast,
And humbly wait to know thy will.

HYMN 127.

C. M.

THOUGHTS BEFORE SUNSET.

- 1 God of the sunlight hours, how sad
Would evening shadows be;
Or night in deeper shadows clad,
If aught were dark to thee!
- 2 How mournfully that golden gleam
Would touch the thoughtful heart,
If, with it's soft retiring beam,
We saw thy light depart!
- 3 But no: the sunset hours may hide
These gentle rays awhile;
And deep through ocean's waves may glide
The slumber of their smiles.
- 4 Enough, while these dull heav'ns may low'r
If here thy presence be;
Then midnight shall be morning hour,
And darkness light to me.
- 5 Through the deep night of mortal things,
Thy light of love can throw
That ray which gilds an angel's wings,
To soothe a pilgrim's wo.

HYMN 128.

7s.

VESPER HYMN.

- 1 Shades of evening, ye have cast
To the earth your woven pall,

And the night is coming fast
Over wood and waterfall.

2 Dimer grows the dying light,
Though its beauty lingers yet—
Look!—upon the brow of night,
Like a gem, is Venus set!

3 Softly, in the shadowy pines,
Floats a spirit-winged breeze;
And the star-light dimly shines
On the tall and ancient trees:

4 Tones of music linger there,
Lifted on the willing wind—
Holy as the whispered prayer
From the soul that never sinned!

5 Bounteous Benefactor, thou
Hast preserved us through the day;
Humbly would we thank thee now,
As we kneel to praise and pray.

6 While the day of life shall last,
Guide us wheresoe'er we roam—
When the night of death is past,
Take us to thy heavenly home!

HYMN 129. 6 & 8s,

SATURDAY EVENING.

1 Sweet to the soul the parting ray
Which ushers placid evening in,

When, with the still expiring day,
The peaceful Sabbath's hours begin;
How grateful to the anxious breast
The sacred hours of holy rest!

2 I love the blush of vernal bloom,
When morning gilds night's sullen fear,
And dear to me the mournful gloom
Of autumn, Sabbath of the year:
But purer pleasures, joys sublime,
Await the dawn of holy time.

3 Hushed is the tumult of the day,
And worldly cares and business cease,
While the soft vesper breezes play,
To hymn the glad return of peace;
O season blest! O moments given
To turn the vagrant thoughts to heaven!

4 What though, involved in lurid night,
The loveliest forms of nature fade,
Yet 'mid gloom shall heavenly light
With joy the contrite heart pervade;
O then, great Source of light divine,
With beams ethereal gladden mine!

5 Oft as this hallowed hour shall come,
O raise my thoughts from earthly things,
And bear them to my heavenly home,
On living faith's immortal wings,—
Till the last gleam of life decay
In one eternal Sabbath day!

HYMN 130.

7 & 6s.

SABBATH MORNING.

AIR—"Tis dawn, the lark is singing."

- 1 The rosy light is dawning,
 Upon the mountain's brow :
 It is the Sabbath morning,
 Arise and pay thy vow ;
 Lift up thy heart to heaven,
 In sacred praise and prayer;
 While unto thee is given
 The light of life to share.
- 2 The landscape lately shrouded
 By evening's paler ray,
 Smiles beauteous and unclouded
 Before the eye of day :
 So let our souls, benighted
 Too long in folly's shade,
 By Jesus' smile be lighted
 To joys that never fade.
- 3 Oh ! see those waters streaming,
 In crystal purity ;
 While earth with verdure teeming,
 Gives rapture to the eye.
 Let rivers of salvation
 In larger currents flow,
 Till every tribe and nation
 Their healing virtues know.

HYMN 131. C. M.

SABBATH EVENING.

AIR—"Ortonville,"

- 1 We thank thee, Father, for the day,
That, robed in twilight sweet,
Doth linger ere it pass away,
And lead us to thy feet.
- 2 We thank thee for its healing rest
To weary toil and care;
Its praise, within thy temple blest—
Its holy balm of prayer.
- 3 We thank thee for its Hving bread,
That did our hunger stay;
The manna, by thine angels shed
Around our desert-way
- 4 Forgive us if our thoughts were slow
To claim a heavenly birth;
If feelings that should upward glow,
Did gravitate to earth.
- 5 Forgive us, if these precepts pure,
That should our sins control,
And aid us meekly to endure,
Grew languid in the soul.
- 6 Forgive us, if with spirits cold,
We breathed the murmurer's moan;

Or failed to grasp the chain of gold,
That links us to thy throne.

7 O grant, that when this span of life
In evening shade shall close,
And all its vanity and strife
Tend to their long repose ;

8 We, for the sake of Him who died,
Our Advocate and Friend,
May share that Sabbath at thy side
Which never more shall end:

HYMN 132.

L. M.

MARRIAGE HYMN.

AIR—"Widndham."

1 Oh, kindly, from thy mercy seat,
Jehovah, condescend to bless
These young and trusting hearts, which beat
In glad fruition's happiness.

2 Be this their union blest of thee—
Not for this fleeting life alone ;
Hearts, wedded for eternity,
Oh, seal them, Saviour ! as thine own.

3 And may they keep their plighted faith
Inviolatè, through coming years ;
Loving unchangeably till death,
The same amid earth's hopes and fears.

- 4 Be thou their God, their Guardian, thou ;
 As through life's wilderness they roam !
 Even as thou hast blest them now,
 Still bless them in the years to come !
- 5 And let thy smile, in wo, in weal,
 Be like a sunbeam in their hearts ;
 So shall it still be theirs to feel
 The joy which holy love imparts.
- 6 And when, at last, life's sun grows dim,
 And dearest earthly ties are riven,
 In death be theirs the victor-hymn !
 And theirs the deathless joys of heaven !

HYMN 133.

P. M.

THE OLD FAMILY BIBLE.

AIR—"Woodman, spare that tree."

- 1 Sceptic ! spare this Book,
 Touch not a single leaf,
 Nor on its pages look
 With eye of unbelief :
 'Twas my forefather's stay,
 In hours of agony,
 Sceptic, go thy way,
 And let this old Book be !
- 2 This good old Book of life,
 For centuries has stood,
 Unharmed amid the strife,
 When earth was drunk with blood,

And would'st thou harm it now,
 And have its truths forgot?
 Sceptic, forbear thy blow,
 Thy hand shall harm it not.

3 Its very name recalls
 The happy hours of youth,
 When in my grandsire's halls
 I heard its tales of truth:
 I've seen his white hairs flow
 O'er this volume as he read:
 But this was long ago,
 And the good old man is dead.

4 My dear grandmother, too,
 When I was but a boy,
 I've seen her eye of blue,
 Weep o'er it tears of joy,
 Their traces linger still,
 And dear they are to me!
 Sceptic, forego thy will,
 Go! let this old book be.

HYMN 134.

L. M.

1 When morning pours its golden rays,
 O'er hill and vale, o'er earth and sea;
 My heart unbidden swells in praise,
 Father of light and life, to thee!

2 When night from heaven steals darkly down
 And throws its head o'er lawn and lea,

My saddened spirit seeks thy throne,
And bows in worship still to thee!

3 If tempests sweep the angry sky,
Or sunbeams smile on flower and tree,
If joys and sorrows dim the eye—
Father in heaven, I turn to thee!

HYMN 135. P. M.

JESUS IN THE GARDEN.

1 While nature was sinking in stillness to rest,
The last beam of daylight shone dim in the west,
In deep meditation I wandered my feet,
O'er fields by pale moonlight in lonely retreat.

2 While passing a garden I paused to hear
A voice, faint and plaintive, from one that was
there,

The voice of the sufferer affected my heart,
While pleading in anguish the poor sinner's part.

3 I listened a moment, then turned me to see
What man of compassion the stranger might be!
I saw him low kneeling upon the cold ground,
And felt that his anguish of soul was profound.

4 So deep were his sorrows, so fervent his
prayers,
That down o'er his bosom rolled sweat, blood
and tears!

I wept to behold him! —I asked his name:
He answer'd, "'Tis Jesus! from heaven I came.

5 I am thy Redeemer, for thee I must die;
 The cup is most bitter, but cannot pass by:
 Thy sins like a mountain are laid upon me,
 And all this deep anguish I suffer for thee."

6 How sweet was that moment he bade me re-
~~ceive,~~
 His smile, Oh how pleasant, how cheering his
 voice!
 I flew from the garden to spread it abroad,
 I shouted salvation, and glory to God!

7 I am now on my journey to mansions above,
 My soul's full of glory, of light, peace and love,
 I think of the garden, the prayers and the tears,
 Of that loving stranger, who banish'd my fears.

8 The day of bright glory is rolling around,
 When Gabriel, descending, the trumpet shall
 sound;
 My soul then in glory and rapture shall rise,
 To gaze on this stranger with unclouded eyes.

HYMN 136. P. M.

O HAD I THE WINGS OF A DOVE.

1 Oh! had I the wings of a dove I would fly
 Away from this world of care;
 My soul would mount to the realms on high,
 And seek for a refuge there.
 But is there no haven here on earth?
 No hope for the wounded breast?

No favored spot where content has birth,
In which I may find a rest ?

2 Oh ! is it not written, " Believe and live ? "
The heart by bright hope allured
Shall find the comfort these words can give,
And be by its faith assured.
Then why should we fear the cold world's frown,
When truth to the heart has giv'n
The light of religion to guide us on
In joy to the paths of heaven ?

3 There is, there is, in thy holy word--
Thy word which can ne'er depart--
There is a promise of mercy stored,
For the lowly and meek of heart,
" My yoke is easy, my burden light
Then come unto me for rest ! "
These, these are the words of promise stored,
For the wounded and wearied breast.

HYMN 137.

'I WILL ARISE AND GO TO MY FATHER.'

AIR—" Lischer."

1 When burdened is my breast,
When friendless seems my lot,
When earth affords no rest,
And refuge I have not,
Father ! if thou wilt suffer me,
I will arise and come to thee.

2 When conscience thunders loud,
 When sins in dread array,
 Upon my memory crowd,
 And fill me with dismay ;
 E'en then there yet is hope for me,
 Father ! I'll rise and come to thee.

3 When I have wandered far
 Along the downward road,
 And mountains seem to bar
 My turning back to God ;
 Yea, glancing once on Calvary,
 Father ! I'll rise and come to thee.

4 With broken heart, and sad,
 I will retrace my way,
 And though my ease is bad,
 Thy mercy is my stay :
 With Jesus' blood my only plea,
 Father ! I'll rise and come to thee.

5 And when my cheek turns pale,
 And when I sink in death,
 Though heart and flesh may fail,
 With my expiring breath
 I'll whisper, Jesus died for me ;
 Father ! I rise and come to thee.

HYMN 138.

10s.

THE CHRISTIAN'S WALK.

1 Christian, walk carefully, danger is near,
 Work out thy journey with trembling and fear ;

Snares from without, and temptations within,
Seek to entice thee again into sin.

2 Christian! walk humbly—exult not in pride,
If that thou hast is by Jesus supplied;
He holdeth thee up, He directeth thy ways,
To Him be the glory---to Him the praise.

3 Christian! walk cheerfully---though the dark
storm

Fill the bright sky with the clouds of alarm;
Soon will the clouds and the tempest be past,
And thou shall dwell safely with Jesus at last.

4 Christian! walk steadfastly---while it is light,
Swift are approaching the shades of the night;
All that thy Master hath bidden thee do,
Haste to perform, for thy moments are few.

5 Christian! walk peacefully: oft wilt thou fall,
If thou forget on thy Savior to call;
Safe shalt thou walk through each trial and call,
If thou art clad in the armor of prayer.

6 Christian! walk joyfully---trouble and pain
Cease when the haven of rest thou dost gain,
This thy bright glory, and this thy reward,
“Enter thou into the joy of thy Lord!”

HYMN 139.

P.M.

THE ROCK THAT IS HIGHER THAN I.

1 In seasons of grief, to my God I'll repair,
When my heart is o'erwhelmed with sorrow and
care ;

From the ends of the earth unto Thee will I cry
Lead me to the Rock that is higher than I.

2 When Satan, the tempter, comes in like a flood
To drive my poor soul from the fountain of good
I'll pray to the Savior who kindly did die,
Lead me to the Rock that is higher than I.

3 And when I have ended my pilgrimage here,
Clad in Jesus' pure righteousness let me appear,
In the swellings of Jordan on Thee I'll rely,
And look to the Rock that is higher than I.

4 And when the last trumpet shall sound
through the skies,
When the dead from the dust of the earth shall
arise,
With bright millions I'll join, far above yonder
sky,
To praise the dear Rock that is higher than I.

HYMN 140.

L. M.

*THE PURE IN HEART SHALL MEET
AGAIN.*

1 OH, tell me not in that bright land,
Where spirits reign in boundless bliss,
We shall not meet the social band
With which we mingled while in this!
It is not so. On Canaan's shore,
Where love and joy eternal reign,

Where friend from friend shall part no more,
The pure in heart shall meet again.

2 The loved and lost who long have gone,
And left our spirits desolate,
To tread afflicted and alone,
The path of life disconsolate,
In Heaven, arrayed in fadeless youth,
And freed from every mortal stain,
We shall behold, and prove that truth:
The pure in heart shall meet again.

3 Hast thou a parent in the skies?
Is thy sweet sister gone before?
Has thy loved brother closed his eyes,
And winged him to that happy shore?
Live thou in hope! the blessed day
Of thy deliverance is at hand,
When God shall call thy soul away,
To meet them in a better land!

HYMN 141.

C. M.

HOW SOFTLY ON THE BRUISED HEART.

1 How softly on the bruised heart,
A word of kindness falls,
And to the dry and parched soul,
The moistening tear-drop calls.

2 O, if they knew, who walked the Earth,
'Mid sorrow, grief and pain,

The power a word of kindness hath,
 'Twere Paradise again.

3 The weakest and the poorest, may
 This simple pittance give,
 And bid delight to wither'd hearts,
 Return again and live.

4 O, what is life, if love be lost?
 If man's unkind to man---
 Or what the heaven that waits beyond
 This brief and mortal span ?

5 As stars upon the tranquil sea
 In mimic glory shine,
 So words of kindness in the heart
 Reflect their source divine.

6 O, then, be kind, who'er thou art
 That breathest mortal breath,
 And it shall brighten all thy life,
 And sweeten even death.

HYMN 142.

L. M.

SLEEPING IN JESUS.

1 ASLEEP in Jesus! blessed sleep!
 From which none ever wakes to weep;
 A calm and undisturbed repose,
 Unbroken by the last of foes.

2 Asleep in Jesus! O how sweet
 To be for such a slumber meet!

With holy confidence to sing
That death has lost its cruel sting.

3 Asleep in Jesus! peaceful rest!
Whose waking is supremely blest;
No fear, no wo shall dim that hour
That manifests the Savior's power.

4 Asleep in Jesus! O for me
May such a blissful refuge be;
Secnrely shall my ashes lie,
Waiting the summons from on high.

5 Asleep in Jesus! far from thee
Thy kindred and their graves may be;
But there is still a blessed sleep
From which none ever wakes to weep.

HYMN 143. S. M.

SOWING THE SEED.

1 Sow in the morn thy seed,
At eve hold not thy hand;
To doubt and fear give thou no heed,
Broadcast it round the land.

2 Beside all waters sow,
The highway furrows stock,
Drop it where thorns and thistles grow,
Scatter it on the rock.

3 The good, the fruitful ground,
Expect not here nor there,

O'er hill and dale by spots 'tis found ;
Go forth, then, everywhere.

4 Thou knowest not which may thrive,
The late or early sown ;
Grace keeps the precious germ alive ;
When and wherever strown.

5 And duly shall appear,
Cold, heat, and moist, and dry,
Shall foster and mature the grain,
For garnerers in the sky.

7 Then when the glorious end,
The day of God, is come,
The angel reapers shall descend,
And heaven sing "Harvest home!"

HYMN 144.

P. M.

THE CONTRAST.

1 I HAVE wandered in mazes dark,
Of doubt and distress ;
I have had not a kindling spark
My spirit to bless ;
Cheerless unbelief
Fill'd my laboring soul with grief,
What shall give relief ?
What shall give peace ?

2 I then turned to thy gospel, Lord,
From folly away,

I then trusted thy holy word,
 That taught me to pray,
 Here I found release :
 Here my weary soul found rest,
 Hope of endless bliss,
 Eternal day.

3 I will praise now my heavenly King,
 I'll praise and adore;
 I'll the heart's richest tribute bring
 To Thee, God of power ;
 And in heaven above,
 Sav'd by thy redeeming love,
 Loud the strains shall move
 For evermore.

HYMN 145.

C. M.

THE NEW JERUSALEM.

1 JERUSALEM! my happy home!
 Name ever dear to me!
 When shall my labor have an end,
 In joy, and peace, and thee ?

2 O when, thou city of my God,
 Shall I thy courts ascend ;
 Where congregations ne'er break up,
 And Sabbaths have no end ?

3 There happier bowers than Eden's bloom,
 Nor sin, nor sorrow know :

Blest seats ! thro' rude and stormy scenes,
I onward press to you.

4 Why shrink at pain and wo,
Or feel at death dismay ?
I've Canaan's goodly land in view
And realms of endless day.

5 Apostles, martyrs, prophets, there
Around my-Savior stand ;
And soon my friends in Christ below,
Will join the glorious band.

6 Jerusalem ! my happy home !
My soul still pants for thee ;
Then shall my labors have an end,
When I thy joys shall see.

HYMN 146.

P. M.

COME YE DISCONSOLATE.

1 Come ye disconsolate, where'er you languish,
Come, at the mercy seat fervently kneel,
There bring your wounded hearts, here tell
your anguish,
Earth has no sorrows 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 God's name
saying,
Earth has no sorrows that heaven cannot cure

3 Here see the bread of life, see waters flowing
Forth from the throne of God, pure from
above.

Come to the feast of love, come ever knowing,
Earth has no sorrows but Heaven can remove.

4 Let not your unbelief keep back the blessing,
But in the cause of God fully engage,
Bow at the throne of grace, ever confessing,
Earth has no sorrows but Heaven can assuage.

5 Lo! from his shining throne, Jesus the Savior
Looks with complacency, bids you receive,
Joy, peace, and pleasure sweet, pardon and favor,
Earth has no sorrows but Heaven can relieve.

HYMN 147.

FEAR NOT.

AIR—"Afton."

"Fear not; I will help thee."—ISAIAH xii. 13.

1 WHEN in sorrow's dark vale you may com-
fortless stray,

And night spread its pall o'er your desolate way,
O mourner, look up, thro' the dimness of tears,
Thy Savior will help thee, and lighten thy cares,

2 Do darkness and doubt settle thick round thy
path,

With storm clouds above thee, and thunders of
wrath †

Look up, for thy Savior their fury can quell;
Fear not, gentle Mercy the clouds shall dispel.

3 Is thy tempest-tossed bark on the wild bil-
lows driven,

While angry winds mingle the ocean with
heaven ?

With no compass to guide thee, no beacon light
near,

Thy soul growing sick with the chill of despair.

4 Look upward, for Bethlehem's Star is thy
guide ;

See, brightly it beams o'er the dark rolling tide,

Fear not, for thy Savior the tumult has stilled ;

The clouds that hang o'er thee with mercy are
filled.

5 Bold Reformer, all harnessed and girt for the
field,

God's truth for thy weapon, and faith for thy
shield,

Fear not, for the strength of the Lord is thy
might,

Press onward, God speed thee, thou friend of
the right.

6 Poor, penitent soul, with thy sins sorely
press'd,

Does conscience torment thee, guilt "murder
thy rest" ?

O, look to thy Savior ! he'll freely forgive ;
Fear not, he has died that thy spirit might live.

7 Humble Christian, oft scorned for thy lowli-
ness. here,

The child of affliction, and penury's heir,
Fear not, for thou canst not in sorrow repine,
While Heaven is thy treasure, and Jesus is thine.

8 Fear not, dying Christian, thy race is now
run,

Thou hast borne well the conflict, and victory
won ;

To the home of the blest thy freed spirit shall go,
And glory eternal encircle thy brow.

HYMN 148.

P. M.

A VIEW OF CANAAN.

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

2 With cheerful hopes 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 claps her wings,

And loud her lovely sonnet sings,
Vain world, adieu.

- 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;
Again for joy she claps her wings,
And her celestial sonnet sings,
Glory to God.

HYMN 149. L. M.

THE ANCHOR IN THE VAIL.

- 1 THE Christian sailor fears no ill;
Though calms befall, or storms assail;
His deathless hope is grounded still
In Christ—the Anchor in the vail.
- 2 When seas are smooth, and skies serene,
And prosperous breezes fill his sail,
He trusts not the deceitful scene;
But casts his hope within the vail.
- 3 And when disastrous clouds arise,
And earthly prospects sink, or fail,
He plants his treasure in the skies,
And hugs the Anchor of the vail.
- 4 And when the gulf-stream heaves in view
And strikes the guilty sinner pale,

He boldly shoots the current through,
To reach his moorings in the veil.

5 When nature heaves her final blast,
The pilgrim's courage will not fail;
He'll hold the sov'reign promise fast,
Of Christ—the Anchor in the veil.

6 For well the Christian sailor knows
That hell can never spring a gale,
Which could, with his united foes,
Remove the Anchor of the veil.

HYMN 150. L. M.

THE CHRISTIAN MARINER.

1 HAPPY is he who early steers,
Like a trim vessel, straight for heaven;
Who Christian colors bravely rears,
And keeps the course that God has given.

2 Life is the ocean; years the tide
That floats ten thousand barks along,
Sins are the rocks on every side
Where passion drives a current strong.

3 Pleasure that looks so bright and fair,
Is like the shallows set with sands;
And many a wreck, forlorn and bare,
Lies high and dry upon those strands.

4 Faith is the compass, firm and true,
Whose needle points to Christ the pole,

That morning star shall guide us through,
 Though winds may howl and waves may
 roll.

HYMN 151. C. M.

THE JOYFUL MEETING.

- 1 How pleasant thus to dwell below,
 In fellowship of love;
 And though we part, 'tis bliss to know,
 The good shall meet above.

CHORUS.

O! that will be joyful, joyful, joyful,
 O! that will be joyful,
 To meet to part no more,
 To meet to part no more,
 On Canaan's peaceful shore,
 And sing the everlasting song,
 With those who've gone before.

- 2 Yes, happy thought! when we are free
 From earthly grief and pain,
 In heaven we shall each other see,
 And never part again.

Chorus.

- 3 What sorrows may our steps attend,
 We never can foretell;
 But if the Lord will be our friend,
 We know that all is well,

Chorus,

- 4 Then let us each, in strength divine,
 Still walk in wisdom's ways;
 That we, with those we love, may join
 In never ending praise.

Chords.

HYMN 152. P. M.

THE BIBLE.

- 1 A fountain ever springing,
 Where the wearied may repair,
 The heavy burden bringing,
 Of sin and of despair.
- 2 A hive of honeyed treasure,
 Distill'd from Eden's bowers;
 Where heaven-born hope with pleasure,
 May feed in wintry hours.
- 3 Drink for the soul that's thirsting,
 Comfort to those that fear—
 Balm for the heart when bursting
 May all be gathered here.
- 4 What added boon is wanting?
 The blessing God must give,
 The gift of faith, by granting,
 To read, believe, and live.

HYMN 153.

P. M.

BE KIND TO EACH OTHER.

- 1 Be kind to each other,
The night's coming on,
When friend and when brother
Perchance may be gone !

Then 'midst our dejection,
How sweet to have earned
The blest recollection,
Of kindness—returned !

- 2 When day hath departed,
And memory keeps
Her watch, broken-hearted,
Where all she loved sleeps !

Let falsehood assail not,
Nor envy disprove—
Let trifles prevail not
Against those ye love !

- 3 Nor change with to-morrow,
Should fortune take wing,
But the deeper the sorrow,
The closer still cling !

Oh ! be kind to each other !
The night's coming on,
When friend and when brother
Perchance may be gone.

HYMN 154. P. M.
PARTING HYMN.

- 1 BRETHREN beloved, we must part,
And to our callings go ;
But let us all keep one in heart,
Whilst we remain below.

CHORUS.

We're marching through Immanuel's ground,
We soon shall hear the trumpet sound,
And then with Jesus we shall meet,
And never, never part again.
What ! never part again ?
No ; never part again !
Yes ! there we shall each other greet,
And never, never part again.

- 2 We may but meet a few times more,
'Till we shall meet above,
Where pain and parting will be o'er,
In that bright world of love.

Chorus.

- 3 We shall with Christ in Paradise,
To endless ages dwell.
Then let us pray, both night and day,
So now, dear friends, farewell.

Chorus.

- 4 And when we meet in heaven above,
Where saints and angels dwell,

We'll sing of his redeeming love,
And never say, farewell.

Chorus.

HYMN 155.

WAIT!

Air—"Watcher."

- 1 Wait! for the day is breaking,
Though the dull night be long;
Wait! God is not forsaking
Thy heart. Be strong! be strong!
- 2 Wait! and the clouds of sorrow
Shall melt in gentle showers,
And hues from heaven shall borrow,
As they fall amidst the flowers.
- 3 Wait! 'tis the key to pleasure,
And to the plan of God;
Oh, tarry thou his leisure—
Thy soul shall bear no load!
- 4 Wait! for the time is hasting
When life shall be made clear,
And all who know heart-wasting,
Shall feel that God is dear.

HYMN 156.

S. M.

FOREVER WITH THE LORD.

- 1 "Forever with the Lord!"
Amen. So let it be;

Life for the dead is in that word,
 'Tis immortality.
 Here in the body pent,
 Absent from him I roam ;
 Yet nightly pitch my moving tent
 A day's march nearer home.

2 My Father's house on high,
 Home of my soul, how near,
 At times, to faith's aspiring eye,
 Thy golden gates appear !
 Ah, then my spirit faints,
 To reach the land I love ;
 The bright inheritance of saints,
 Jerusalem above.

3 Yet doubts still intervene,
 And all my comfort flies ;
 Like Noah's dove, I flit between
 Rough seas and stormy skies.
 Anon the clouds depart,
 The winds and waters cease,
 While sweetly o'er my gladdened heart,
 Expands the bow of peace.

HYMN 157.

P. M.

DEPARTING FRIENDS.

1 FRIEND after friend departs—
 Who has not lost a friend ?

No union here of hearts,
 That finds not here an end.
 Were this frail world our final rest,
 Living or dying, none were blest.

2 Beyond the flight of time,
 Beyond the reign of death,
 There's sure some blessed clime,
 Where life is not a breath ;
 Nor life's affections, transient fire,
 Whose sparks fly upward and expire.

3 There is a world above,
 Where parting is unknown ;
 A land of light and love,
 Made for the good alone.
 And faith beholds the dying here,
 Translated to that glorious sphere.

4 Thus, star by star declines,
 'Till all are passed away,
 As morning brighter shines,
 To pure and perfect day ;
 Nor sink those stars in empty night,
 But hide themselves in heaven's own light.

HYMN 158.

C. M.

THE HOPE OF MEETING IN HEAVEN

1 HAIL, sweetest, dearest tie that binds
 Our glowing hearts in one !

Hail, sacred Hope ! that tunes our minds
To harmony divine.

CHORUS.

It is the hope, the blissful hope,
Which Jesus' grace has given,
The hope, when days and years are past,
We all shall meet in heaven,
We all shall meet in heaven at last,
We all shall meet in heaven ;
The hope when days and years are past,
We all shall meet in heaven.

2 What though the northern wintry blast
May howl around my cot ; -
What though beneath an eastern sun,
Be cast our distant lot.

Chorus.

3 From Burmah's shore, from Afric's strand,
From India's burning plain,
From Europe, from Columbia's land,
We hope to meet again.

Chorus.

4 No lingering look, no parting sigh,
Our future meeting knows ;
There vernal bloom shall never die,
There life's pure river flows.

Chorus—how sweet the hope, etc.

HYMN 159.

THE PILGRIM'S SONG.

AIR—"Afton."

"There remaineth a rest for the people of God."—PAUL.

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

Be hush'd my dark spirit, the worst that can
come;

But shortens my journey and hastens me home.

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

3 The thorn and the thistle around me may
grow

I would not lie down upon roses below ;

I ask not my portion, I seek not a rest,

'Till I find them forever in Jesus' breast.

4 Afflictions may damp me, they cannot de-
stroy,

One glimpse of his love turns them all into joy ;

And the bitterest tears, if he smiles upon them,

Like dew in the sunshine, grow diamonds and
gems.

5 Let doubt, then, and danger my progress op-
pose,

They only make heaven more sweet to the close,
 Come joy or come sorrow, what'er may befall;
 One hour with my God will make up for it all.

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

I'll march on in haste through Immanuel's laud:
 The road may be rough, but it cannot be long,
 And I'll smooth it with hope and cheer with a
 song.

HYMN 160

P. M.

*MEETING AND PARTING FOREVER AT
 THE JUDGMENT SEAT OF CHRIST.*

1 Oh, there will be mourning,
 Mourning, mourning, mourning,
 Oh, there will be mourning,

At the judgment seat of Christ!

Wives and husbands there will part,

Wives and husbands there will part,

Wives and husbands there will part,

Will part to meet no more!

2 Oh, there will be mourning, etc.

Parents and children there will part, etc.

3 Oh, there will be mourning, etc.

Brothers and sisters there will part, etc.

4 Oh, there will be mourning, etc.

Pastors and people there will part, etc.

5 Oh, there will be mourning, etc.
Saints and sinners there will part, etc.

6 Oh, there will be mourning, etc.
Saints and devils there will part, etc.

7 Oh, there will be shouting, etc.
Saints and angels there will meet, etc.

SUPPLEMENT.

HYMN 1. 6 lines 7a.

1 Rock of Ages! cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee;
Let the water and the blood,
From thy wounded side which flowed,
Be of sin the double cure,
Save from wrath, and make me pure.

2 Could my tears forever flow,
Could my zeal no language know,
These for sin could not atone;
Thou must save, and thou alone:
In my hand no price I bring,
Simply to thy cross I cling.

3 While I draw this fleeting breath
When my eyes shall close in death,
When I rise to worlds unknown,
And behold thee on thy throne;
Rock of Ages! cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee.

C. WESLEY.

HYMN 2. 4 lines 7s.

- 1 DEPTH of mercy! can there be
 Mercy still reserv'd for me?
 Can my God his wrath forbear?
 Me, the chief of sinners spare?
- 2 I have long withstood his grace,
 Long provok'd him to his face;
 Would not hearken to his calls,
 Griev'd him by a thousand falls.
- 3 Kindled his relentings are,
 Me he now delights to spare:
 Cries, "How shall I give thee up?"
 Lets the lifted thunder drop.
- 4 There for me the Savior stands,
 Shows his wounds, and spreads his hands:
 God's love! I know, I feel;
 Jesus weeps and loves me still.
- 2 Jesus answer from above,
 Is not all thy nature love?
 Wilt thou not the wrong forget?
 Suffer me to kiss thy feet?
- 6 Now incline me to repent!
 Let me now my fall lament!
 Now my foul revolt deplore!
 Weep, believe, and sin no more,
 C. WESLEY.

HYMN 3. 6 lines 8's.

- 1 O WONDROUS power of faithful prayer!
What tongue can tell th' Almighty grace
God's hands, or bound, or open are,
As Moses, or Elijah prays:
Let Moses in the spirit groan,
And God cries out, ' Let me alone!'
- 2 ' Let me alone, that all my wrath
May rise, the wicked to consume!
While Justice hears thy praying faith;
It cannot seal the sinner's doom:
' My Son is in my servant's prayer—
And Jesus forces me to spare.'
- 3 O blessed word of gospel-grace,
Which now we for our Israel plead!
A faithless and backsliding race,
Whom thou hast out of Egypt freed!
O do not then in wrath chastise,
Nor let thy whole displeasure rise.
- 4 Father, regard thy pleading Son;
Accept his all-availing prayer;
And send a peaceful answer down,
In honour of our Spokesman there;
Whose blood proclaims our sins forgiven,
And speaks thy rebels up to heaven.

C. WESLEY.

HYMN 4.

P. M.

- 1 LET earth and heaven agree,
Angels and men be join'd,
To celebrate with me,
The Saviour of mankind;
T' adore the all-atoning Lamb,
And bless the sound of Jesus' name.
- 2 JESUS, transporting sound !
The joy of earth and heaven:
No other help is found,
No other name is given,
By which we can salvation have;
But, Jesus came, the world to save.
- 3 JESUS, harmonious name !
It charms the hosts above:
They evermore proclaim,
And wonder at his love:
'Tis all their happiness to gaze,
'Tis heaven to see our Jesus' face.
- 4 His name the sinner hears,
And is from sin set free:
'Tis music in his ears,
'Tis life and victory:
New songs do now his lips employ,
And dances his glad heart for joy.
- 5 Stung by the scorpion, sin,
My poor expiring soul

The balmy sound drinks in,
 And is at once made whole:
 See there, my Lord upon the tree!
 I hear, I feel, he died for me!

6 O unexampled love!
 O all-redeeming grace!
 How swiftly didst thou move,
 To save a fallen race!
 What shall I do to make it known,
 What thou for all mankind hast done?

7 O for a trumpet-voice,
 On all the world to call!
 To bid their hearts rejoice
 In him who died for all!
 For all, my Lord was crucified,
 For all, for all, my Saviour died!

C. WESLEY.

HYMN 5. 4 lines 7s.

1 NAY, I cannot let thee go,
 'Till a blessing thou bestow;
 Do not turn away thy face,
 Mine's an urgent, pressing case.

2 Dost thou ask me who I am!
 Ah! my Lord, thou know'st my name;
 Yet the question gives a plea
 To support my suit with thee.

- 3 Thou didst once a wretch behold,
In rebellion blindly bold,
Scorn thy grace, thy power defy;
That poor rebel, Lord, was I.
- 4 Once a sinner near despair,
Sought thy mercy seat by prayer;
Mercy heard and set him free;
Lord, that mercy came to me.
- 5 Many years have pass'd since then,
Many changes I have seen,
Yet have been upheld till now;
Who could hold me up but thou?
- 6 Thou hast help'd in every need,
This emboldens me to plead;
After so much mercy past,
Canst thou let me sink at last?
- 7 No—I must maintain my hold,
'Tis thy goodness makes me bold;
I can no denial take,
When I plead for Jesus' sake.

HYMN 6.

P. H.

- 1 LET thy kingdom, blessed Saviour,
Come, and bid our jarrings cease;
Come, oh come! and reign for ever,
God of love, and Prince of peace;

Visit now poor bleeding Zien,
Here the people mourn and weep;
Day and night thy lambs are crying,
Come, good Shepherd, feed thy sheep.

2 Some for Paul, some for Apollos,
Some for Cephas—none agree;
Jesus, let us hear thee call us;
Help us, Lord, to follow thee;
Then we'll rush throught what encumbers.
Over every hind'rance leap;
Not upheld by force or numbers,
Come, good Shepherd, feed my sheep.

3 Lord, in us there is no merit,
We've been sinners from our youth;
Guide us, Lord, by thy good Spirit,
Which shall teach us all the truth,
On thy gospel word we'll venture,
Till in death's cold arms we sleep,
Love our Lord, and Christ our Saviour,
Oh! good Shepherd, feed my sheep.

4 Come, good Lord, with courage arm us,
Persecution rages here—
Nothing, Lord, we know can harm us,
While our Shepherd is so near.
Glory, glory, be to Jesus,
At his name our hearts do leap;
He both comforts us and frees us,
The good Shepherd feeds his sheep.

5 Hear the Prince of our salvation,
 Saying, 'Fear not, little flock;
 I, myself, am your Foundation,
 You are built upon this Rock.
 Shun the paths of vice and folly,
 Scale the mount, although it's steep;
 Look to me, and be ye holy;
 I delight to feed my sheep.

6 Christ alone, whose merit saves us,
 Taught by him, we'll own his name;
 Sweetest of all names is Jesus!
 How it doth our souls inflame!
 Glory, glory, glory, glory,
 Give him glory, he will keep,
 He will clear our way before us,
 The good shepherd feeds his sheep.

HYMN 7. 2 12s & 2 9s.

1 COME away to the skies, My beloved aries,
 And rejoice in the day thou wast born:
 On this festival day, Come exulting away,
 And with singing to Sion return.

2 We have laid up our love, And our treasure
 above,
 Though our bodies continue below:
 The redeem'd of our Lord, We remember his
 word,
 And with singing to Paradise go.

- 3 With singing we praise, The original grace,
By our heavenly Father bestow'd ;
Our being receive from his bounty and live
To the honour and glory of God.
- 4 For thy glory we are, created to share
Both the nature and kingdom divine:
Created again, That our souls may remain
In time and eternity thine.
- 5 With thanks we approve the design of thy love
Which hath join'd us in Jesus' name;
So united in heart, That we never can part,
Till we meet at the feast of the Lamb,
- 6 There, there at his feet, we shall suddenly
meet,
And be parted in body no more !
We shall sing to our lyres, with the heavenly
choirs,
And our Saviour in glory adore.
- 7 Hallelujah we sing, To our Father and King,
And his rapturous praises repeat:
To the Lamb that was slain, Hallelujah again,
Sing all heaven, and fall at his feet !
- 8 In assurance of hope, we to Jesus look up,
Till his banner's unfurl'd in the air,
From our graves we shall see, and cry out, 'It
is he!'
And fly up to acknowledge him there.

HYMN 8. P. M.

1 HAPPY soul, thy days are ended,
 All thy mourning days below:
 Go, by angel hosts attended,
 To the sight of Jesus, go!
 Waiting to receive thy spirit,
 Lo, the Saviour stands above;
 Shows the purchase of his merit;
 Reaches out the crown of love.

2 Struggle through thy latest passion,
 To thy great Redeemer's breast;
 To his great, his full salvation;
 To his everlasting rest.
 For the joy he sets before thee,
 Bear a momentary pain;
 Die, to live the life of glory;
 Suffer, with thy Lord to reign.

C. WESLEY.

HYMN 9. 4 lines 8's and 2 6's.

1 THOU God of glorious majesty,
 To thee, against myself, to thee,
 A worm of earth, I cry,
 A half-awaken'd child of man;
 An heir of endless bliss or pain;
 A sinner, born to die.

2 Lo, on a narrow neck of land,
 'Twixt two unbounded seas, I stand,

Secure, insensible;
A point of time, a moment's space,
Removes me to that heavenly place,
Or shuts me up in hell !

3 O God, mine inmost soul convert,
And deeply on my thoughtful heart
Eternal things impress !
Give me to feel their solemn weight,
And tremble on the brink of fate,
And wake to righteousness !

4 Before me place in dread array
The pomp of that tremendous day,
When thou with clouds shalt come,
To judge the nations at thy bar;
And tell me, Lord, shall I be there,
To meet a joyful doom ?

5 Be this my one great business here,
With serious industry and fear,
Eternal bliss t'ensure;
Thine utmost counsel to fulfil,
And suffer all thy righteous will,
And to the end endure.

6 Then, Saviour, then my soul receive,
Transported from this vale, to live
And reign with thee above;
Where faith is sweetly lost in sight,

And hope in full, supreme delight,
And everlasting love.

C. WESLEY.

HYMN 10. 6 lines 8s.

- 1 LEADER of faithful souls, and Guide
Of all that travel to the sky;
Come, and with us, ev'n us abide,
Who would on thee alone rely;
On thee alone our spirits stay,
While held in life's uneven way.
- 2 Strangers and pilgrims here below,
This earth, we know, is not our place;
But hasten through this vale of woe,
And restless to behold thy face;
Swift to our heavenly country move,
Our everlasting home above.
- 3 We have no 'biding city here;
But seek a city out of sight;
Thither our steady course we steer,
Aspiring to the plains of light;
Jerusalem, the saints' abode,
Whose founder is the living God.

C. WESLEY.

HYMN 11. C. M.

- 1 HARK! listen to the trumpeters!
They sound for volunteers!

On Zion's bright and flow'ry mount
 Behold the officers—
 Their horses white, their garments bright,
 With crown and bow they stand,
 Enlisting soldiers for their King,
 To march for Canaan's land.

2. It sets my heart all in a flame;
 A soldier I will be;
 I will enlist, gird on my arms,
 And fight for liberty.
 They want no cowards in their band,
 (They will their colours fly,)
 But call for valiant-hearted men,
 Who 're not afraid to die.

3 The armies now are in parade,
 How martial they appear!
 All arm'd and dress'd in uniform,
 They look like men of war;
 They follow their great General,
 The great Eternal Lamb,
 His garments stain'd with his own blood,—
 King Jesus is his name.

4 The trumpet sounds: the armies shout,
 And drive the hosts of hell;
 How dreadful is our God in arms!
 The great Immanuel!—

Sinners, enlist with Jesus Christ
 Th' eternal Son of God,
 And march with us to Canaan's land,
 Beyond the swelling flood.

5 There is a green and flow'ry field,
 Where fruits immortal grow ;
 There, clothed in white, the angels bright,
 Our great Redeemer know.
 We'll shout and sing for evermore
 In that eternal world;
 But Satan and his armies too,
 Shall down to hell be hurl'd,

6 Hold up your heads, ye soldiers bold,
 Redemption's drawing nigh,
 We soon shall hear the trumpet sound,
 'T will shake both earth and sky;
 In firey chariots then we'll fly,
 And leave the world on fire,
 And meet around the starry throne,
 To tune th' immortal lyre.

HYMN 12. 4 lines 7s:

- 1 HARK, my soul, it is the Lord,
 'Tis thy Saviour, hear his word;
 Jesus speaks, and speaks to thee;
 "Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou me?"
- 2 I deliver'd thee when bound,
 And when wounded, heal'd thy wound,

Sought thee wand'ring, set thee right,
Turn'd thy darkness into light.

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

4 Mine is a redeeming love,
Higher than the heights above,
Deeper than the depths beneath;
Free, and faithful, strong as death.

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

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

HYMN 13.

P. M.

1 OH wondrous love of Jesus !
From doubts and fears it frees us;
With pity now he sees us
A toiling here below;
Through tribulation driven,
We'll make our way towards heaven

By consolation given,
Rejoicing on we'll go.

2 Companions now distressed,
By Satan sore oppressed,
Bear up; you'll be released;
Your Captain is at hand;
In ev'ry trying hour
He'll shield you by his power,
And guide you safely home
On Canaan's happy land.

3 See, yonder is the glory,
It is but just before you,
And there we'll tell the story
Of Christ's redeeming love;
And there we shall for ever
Drink of the flowing river,
For ever; and for ever
Surround the throne above.

4 There in the blooming garden
Of Eden gain'd by pardon,
There on the banks of Jordan
We'll praise the living Lamb;
And sing the song of Moses,
While Jesus sweet composes
A song that never closes,
Of praises to his name.

HYMM 14.

C. M.

- 1 I know that my Redeemer livēs,
What comfort this sweet sentence gives;
He lives, he lives, who once was dead,
He lives, my ever living Head.
- 2 He lives triumphant o'er the grave,
He lives eternally to save,
He lives all glorious in the sky,
He lives exalted up on high.
- 3 He lives to bless me with his love,
He lives to plead my cause above,
He lives my hungry soul to feed,
He lives to help in time of need.
- 4 He lives to give me full supplies,
He lives to guide me with his eyes,
He lives to comfort me when faint,
He lives to hear my soul's complaint.
- 5 He lives to crush the fiends of hell,
He lives, and doth within me dwell,
He lives to heal, and keep me whole.
He lives to guard my feeble soul.
- 6 He lives to banish all my fears,
He lives to wipe away my tears,
He lives to calm my troubled heart,
He lives all blessings to impart.

7 He lives my kind and gracious friend,
 He lives and loves me to the end;
 He lives my Prophet, Priest, and King,
 He lives, and while he lives I'll sing.

8 He lives, all glory to his name,
 He lives my Jesus still the same,
 Oh the sweet joy this sentence gives!
 "I know that my Redeemer lives."

HYMN 15.

C. M.

1 AMAZING 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 'Twas 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;
 'Tis 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 call'd me here below
 Will be for ever mine.

HYMN 16. 8 lines 7s.

- 1 BURST ye em'rald gates, and bring
 To my raptured vision,
 All the ecstatic joys that spring
 Round the bright elysian;
 Lo! we lift our longing eyes,
 Break, ye intervening skies;
 Sun of righteousness aries,
 Ope the gates of paradise.
- 2 Floods of everlasting light
 Freely flash before him;
 Myriads, with supreme delight,
 Instantly adore him;
 Angelic trumps resound his fame,
 Lutes of lucid gold proclaim,
 All the music of his name,
 Heaven echoing the them.
- 3 Four and twenty elders rise,
 From their princely station,

Shout his glorious victories,
 Sing the great salvation;
 Cast their crowns before his throne,
 Cry in reverential tone,
 "Glory be to God alone,
 Holy, hely, holy, One."

4 Hark the thrilling symphonies,
 Seem, methinks, to seize us—
 Join we too the holy lays—
 Jesus—Jesus—Jesus!
 Sweetest sound in seraph's song!
 Sweetest note on mortal's tongue!
 Sweetest carol ever sung!
 Jesus—Jesus flow along.

HYMN 17.

P. M.

- 1 THE Lord into his garden's come,
 The spices yeild a rich perfume,
 • The lilies grow and thrive;
 Refreshing showers of grace divine
 From Jesus flow to every vine,
 And make the dead revive.
- 2 Oh that this dry and barren ground
 In springs of water may abound,
 And fruitful soil become!
 The desert blossom as the rose,
 Till Jesus conquers all his foes,
 And makes his people one!

- 3 The glorious time is coming on,
The gracious work is now begun,
My soul a witness is;
I taste and see the pardon free
For all mankind as well as me;
Who comes to Christ shall live.
- 4 The worst of sinners here may find
A Saviour merciful and kind,
Who will them all receive.
None are too vile that will repent;
Out of one sinner legions went,—
Jesus did him relieve.
- 5 If sinners only knew the Lord,
And would but taste his precious word.
His sweet forgiving love;
They'd rush through storms of every kind,
And leave all earthly cares behind,
To gain a crown above.
- 6 Come, brethren, you that love the Lord,
Who taste the sweetness of his word
In Jesus' ways go on;
Our troubles and our trials here
Will only make us richer there,
When we arrive at home.
- 7 We feel that heaven is now begin,
It issues from the sparkling throne,

From Jesus' throne on high.
 It comes in floods we can't contain,
 We drink, and drink, and drink again,
 And yet we're ever dry.

8 But when we come to dwell above,
 And all surround the throne of love,
 We'll drink a full supply;
 Jesus will lead his armies through,
 To where the living fountains flow
 That never will run dry.

9 There we shall reign, and shout, and sing,
 And make the upper regions ring,
 When all the saints get home.
 Come on, come on, my brethren dear,
 Soon we shall meet together there,
 For Jesus bids us come.

10 Amen, amen! my soul replies,
 I'm bound to meet him in the skies,
 And claim my mansion there;
 Now here's my heart, and here's my hand,
 To meet you in that heavenly land,
 Where we shall part no more.

HYMN 18.

L. M.

1 HAIL! sov'reign love, that first began
 The scheme to rescue fallen man;
 Hail! matchless, free, eternal grace,
 That gave my soul a hiding place.

- 2 Against the God that rules the sky
I fought, with hands uplifted high;
Despise the offers of his grace,
Too proud too seek a hiding place.
- 3 But lo! the eternal counsel ran
"Almighty love arrest the man!"
I felt the arrows of distress,
And found I had no hiding place.
- 4 Vindictive justice stood in view,
To Sinai's fiery mount I flew;
Stern justice cried with frowning face,
This mountain is no hiding place.
- 5 But lo! a heavenly voice I heard,
And mercy for my soul appear'd;
She led me on a pleasant pace,
To Jesus Christ, my hiding place.
- 6 Should sevenfold storms of thunder roll,
And shake the globe from pole to pole,
No thunderbolt shall daunt my face,
For Jesus is my hiding place.
- 7 A few more rolling seas at most,
Will land me safe on Zion's coast;
There I shall sing a song of grace,
Safe in my glorious hiding place.

HYMN 19.

P. M.

- 1 THE voice of free grace,
 Cries escape to the mountain,
 For Adam's lost race,
 Christ hath open'd a fountain.
 For sin and transgression,
 And every pollution,
 His blood flows most freely
 In streams of ablution.

CHORUS.

Hallelujah to the Lamb,
 Who has purchased our pardon,
 We will praise him again
 When we pass over Jordan.

- 2 That fountain so clear,
 In which all may find pardon,
 From Jesu's side
 Flows plenteous redemption;
 Though your sins were increased
 As high as a mountain,
 His blood it flows freely;
 Oh come to this fountain.

- 3 Blest Jesus, ride on,
 Thy kingdom is glorious,
 O'er sin, death, and hell,
 Thou wilt make us victorious.
 Thy name shall be praised
 In the great congregation,

And saints shall delight
In ascribing salvation.

4 When on Zion we stand,
Having gain'd the blest shore,
With our harps in our hand,
We will praise him evermore;
We'll range the blest fields,
On the banks of the River,
And sing hallelujahs
For ever and ever.

HYMN 20. P. M.

1 HAIL! the blest morn when the great
Mediator
Down from the regions of glory descends!
Shepherds, go visit the babe in a manger;
Lo! for his guard the bright angels attend.

CHORUS.

Brightest and best of the sons of the morning,
Down on our darkness, and lend us thine aid:
Star in the east, the horizon adorning,
Guide where our infant redeemer was laid.

2 Cold on his cradle the dew drops are shir-
ing;
Low lies his head with the beasts of the stall;
Angels adore him—in slumbers reclining,
Maker, and Monarch, and Saviour of all.

3 Say, shall we yield him in costly devotion,
Odours of Eden and off'rings divine?

Gems from the mountain, and pearls from
 the ocean, [mine ?
 Myrrh from the forest, and gold from the

4 Vainly we offer each ample oblation ;
 All these his favour can never secure ;
 Richer by far is the heart's adoration,
 Dearest to God are the prayers of the poor.

HYMN. 21. L. M.

I HEAR the royal proclamation,
 The glad tidings of salvation,
 Publishing to every creature,
 To the ruined sons of nature,

CHORUS

Jesus reigns. he reigns victorious ;
 Over heaven and earth most glorious
 Jesus reigns.

2 See the royal banner flying,
 Hear the heralds loudly crying,
 "Rebel sinners. royal favour
 Now is offered by the Saviour."

3 Hear, ye sons of wrath and ruin,
 Who have wrought your own undoing,
 Here is life and free salvation,
 Offer'd to the whole creation,

4 Turn unto the Lord most holy,
 Shun the paths of vice and folly;

Turn, or you are lost forever;
Oh now turn to God the Saviour.

5 'Twas for you that Jesus died,
For you he was crucified;
Conquer'd death, and rose to heaven,
Life eternal's through him given.

6 Here is life, and milk, and honey,
Come and purchase without money;
Mercy flowing like a fountain,
Streaming from the holy mountain.

7 For this love let rocks and mountains,
Purling streams and crystal fountains,
Roaring thunders, lightning' blazes,
Shout the great Messiah's praises.

8 Now our hearts have caught new fire,
Brethren raise your voices higher,
Shout with joyful acclamation
To the King of our salvation.

9 Shout, ye tongues of every nation,
To the bounds of the creation;
Shout the praise of Judah's Lion
The Almighty Prince of Zion.

10 Shout, ye saints, make joyful mention,
Christ hath purchased our redemption,
Angels shout the pleasing story,
Through the brighter worlds of glory.

HYMN 22. P. M.

- 1 RISE, my soul, and stretch thy wings,
 Thy better portion trace;
 Rise from transitory things,
 Towards heaven, thy native place.
 Time shall soon this earth remove;
 Rise, my soul, and haste away,
 To seats prepared above.
- 2 Rivers to the ocean run,
 Nor stay in all their course;
 Fire ascending, seeks the sun,
 Both speed them to their source.
 Thus a soul that's born of God,
 Pants to view his glorious face;
 Upward tends to his abode,
 To rest in his embrace.
- 3 Cease, ye pilgrims, cease to mourn,
 Press onward to the prize;
 Soon the Saviour will return,
 Triumphant in the skies.
 Yet a season, and you know,
 Happy entrance will be given;
 All your sorrows left below,
 And earth exchanged for heaven.

HYMN 23. C. M.

- 1 SWEET rivers of redeeming love
 Lie just before mine eye;
 Had I the pinions of a dove,
 I'd to those rivers fly;

- I'd rise superior to my pain,
With joy outstrip the wind;
I'd cross o'er Jordan's stormy waves,
And leave the world behind.
- 2 A few more days, or years at most,
My troubles will be o'er;
I hope to join the heavenly host
On Canaan's happy shore.
My raptur'd soul shall drink and feast
In love's unbounded sea:
The glorious hope of endless rest
Is ravishing to me.
- 3 Then will I tune my harp of gold
To my eternal King,
Through ages that can ne'er be told
I'll make thy praises ring.
All hail, eternal Son of God,
Who died on Calvary!
Who bought me with his precious blood,
From endless misery.
- 4 Ten thousand thousand join in one
To praise the eternal three,
Prostrate before the blazing throne,
In deep humility;
They rise and tune their harps of gold,
And join the immortal choir,
Through ages that can ne'er be told
Shall raise his praises higher.

HYMN 24. P. M.

- 1 HARK ! the song of jubilee,
 Loud as mighty thunders roar,
 Or the fullness of the sea,
 When it breaks upon the shore :
 Hallelujah ! for the Lord
 God omnipotent shall reign ;
 Hallelujah ! let the word
 Echo round the earth and main.
- 2 Hallelujah ! hark ! the sound,
 From the centre to the skies,
 Wake above, beneath, around,
 All creation's harmonies :
 See Jehovah's banners furl'd ;
 Sheathed the sword :—he speaks ; 'tis done ;
 And the kingdoms of this world
 Are the kingdoms of his Son,
- 3 He shall reign from pole to pole
 With illimitable sway ;
 He shall reign, when like a scroll
 Youder heavens have pass'd away :
 Then the end ; beneath his rod
 Man's last enemy shall fall ;
 Hallelujah ! Christ in God,
 God in Christ is all in all.

HYMN 25. P. M.

- 1 YE sons of Mars, I pray draw near,
 And 'list as generous volunteers ;

Become our royal brothers here,
I mean as valiant soldiers :
You'll enter into present pay,
And feasting live from day to day:—
T' the right about and march away,
And Jesus will support you.

2 Ye careless sons of Adam's race,
That long have trod in folly's ways,
Oh turn about to Zion face,
And meet Apollyon's forces :
Gird on your sword and glitt'ring shield,
And with your helmet take the field;
'Then fight your way, and never yield,
And Jesus will support you.

3 You long have been the slaves of sin,
With dire corruptions deep within ;
Christian warfare now begin,
And face Appollyon's army :
The breastplate take of righteousness,
Your feet be shod with gospel peace,
Be daily at the throne of grace,
And Jesus will support you.

4 Desert the cause of heaven's foe,
Before you're plunged in endless wo;
Now courage take, to Jesus go,
And he will soon receive you :
From sin and Satan you'll get free,
And happy seasons you shall see,

And gain the Christian's liberty,
And Jesus will support you.

HYMN 26.

L. M.

- 1 There is a heaven above the skies,
A heaven where pleasure never dies,
A heaven I sometimes hope to see,
Yet often fear 'tis not for me.

CHORUS.

But Jesus, Jesus is my friend,
Hallelujah, Jesus, Jesus is my friend.

- 2 The way is difficult and strait,
And narrow is the gospel gate,
Ten thousand dangers are therein,
Ten thousand snares to take me in.
- 3 I travel through a world of foes,
Through conflicts sore my spirit goes,
The tempter cries, I ne'er shall stand,
Nor reach fair Canaan's happy land.
- 4 Through glim'ring hopes and gloomy fears
Dimly the heavenly way appears;
But in this way methinks I see
The track of him who died for me.
- 5 I trace the footsteps of my God,
Who on the cross sustained my load;
'Twas on that dark and doleful day
In streaming blood he pass'd this way.

- 6 Come life, come death, come then what will
 His footsteps I will follow still,
 Through dangers thick and hell's alarms,
 I shall be safe in his dear arms.

HYMN 27.

P. M.

- 1 Come all ye weary travellers,
 Come let us join and sing
 The everlasting praises
 Of Jesus Christ, our King.
 We've had a tedious journey,
 And tiresome, it is true;
 But see how many dangers
 The Lord has brought us through.
- 2 At first when Jesus found us
 He called us unto him,
 And pointed out the danger
 Of falling into sin:
 The world, the flesh and Satan,
 Will prove a fatal snare
 Unless we do reject them
 By faith and humble prayer.
- 3 But by our disobedience,
 With sorrow, we confess,
 We've had too long to wander
 In a dark wilderness;
 Where we might soon have fainted,
 In that enchanted ground,
 But now and then a cluster
 Of pleasant grapes we found.

- 4 The pleasant fruit of Canaan,
 Give life and joy and peace,
 Revive our drooping spirits,
 And faith and love increase.
 Confess your Lord and Master
 And run at his command,
 And hasten on your journey
 Unto the promis'd land.

HYMN 28.

P. M.

- 1 Dark and thorny is the desert
 Through which pilgrims make their way;
 Yet beyond this vale of sorrow
 Lie the fields of endless day:
 Fiends loud howling through the desert,
 Make them tremble as they go,
 And the firey darts of Satan
 Often bring their courage low.
- 2 Oh young soldiers, are you weary
 Of the roughness of the way?
 Does your strength begin to fail you
 And your vigor to decay?
 Jesus, Jesus, will go with you;
 He will lead you to his throne,
 He who dyed his garments for you
 And the wine-press trod alone.
- 3 He whose thunder shakes creation,
 He who bids the planets roll;
 He who rides upon the tempest,
 And whose septre sways the whole;

Round him are ten thousand angels,
 Ready to obey command;
 They are always hov'ring round you,
 Till you reach the heavenly land.

- 4 There, on flowry hills of pleasure,
 Lie the fields of endless rest,
 Love and joy, and peace forever,
 Reign and triumph in your breast.
 Who can paint the scenes of glory,
 Where the ransomed dwell on high;
 They on golden harps forever
 Sound redemption through the sky.

HYMN 29.

P. M.

- 1 Through tribulation deep
 The way to glory is;
 This stormy course I keep
 On these tempestuous seas.
 By waves and winds I'm toss'd and driven,
 Freight'd with grace and bound for heaven.
- 2 Sometimes temptations blow,
 A dreadful hurricane;
 And high the waters flow
 And o'er my sides break in.
 But still my little ship ont braves
 The blust'ring winds and surging waves.
- 3 When I in my distress
 My anchor, hope, can cast

Within the promises,

It holds my vessel fast:

Safely she then at anchor rides,

'Midst stormy winds and swelling tides.

4 If a dead calm ensues,

And heaven no breezes give,

The oar of prayer I use,

I tug, and toil, and strive:

Through storms and calms for many a day,

I make but very little way.

5 But when a heavenly breeze

Springs up and fills my sail,

My vessel goes with ease

Before the pleasant gale,

And runs as much an hour or more,

As in a month or two before.

6 As at the time of noon

My quadrant, faith, I take,

To view my Christ, my sun,

If he the clouds should break:

I'm happy when his face I see,

I know then whereabouts I be.

7 The bible is my chart;

By it the seas I know;

I cannot with it part,

It rocks and sands doth show;

It is a chart and compass too,

Whose needle points forever true.

HYMN 30.

P. M.

1 The sacred ties of friendship
Unite all loving christians;
In glory, in glory they shall live;
No time or place shall change them,
And death shall ne'er dissolve them,
United, united are they that believe!
When Gabriel's trump is sounding
And conquer'd death's resigning,
The scattered dust uniting,
The soul and body joining,
All join the grand procession
And glory realising,
Then happy, happy, we shall be.

2 The bliss exquisite flowing,
The friends of Jesus shouting,
(Such raptures, raptures flow from his word!)
The angels join in concert;
While Jesus stands inviting;
Come on, come on, ye blessed of the Lord;
Behold the crowns of glory,
And saints and angels meeting,
And living streams of purest joy
Forever are increasing;
In azure fields forever range,
And view a smiling Jesus,
Then happy, happy we shall be.

3 The sinner's now lamenting,
He sees the grand procession

Now marching, marching to the dazzling
 throne,
 His frightened soul alarmed,
 He cries with looks amazed,
 Farewell, farewell, I am forever gone!
 Behold a godly father,
 And there a godly mother,
 Who once did pray together,
 They drink the streams of pleasure,
 But I am lost forever,
 On waves of endless sorrow,
 Then torment, torment is forever mine.

HYMM 31.

C. M.

- 1 What poor, despised company
 Of travellers are these
 That walk in yonder narrow way
 Along the rugged maze?
- Ah, these are of a royal line,
 All children of a King;
 Heirs of immortal crowns divine
 And lo! for joy they sing,
- 3 Why then do they appear so mean,
 And why so much despised?
 Because of their rich robes unseen
 The world is not apprised.
- 4 But some of them seem poor, distressed,
 And lacking daily bread,

Ah, they're of boundless wealth possessed,
With hidden manna fed.

- 5 But why keep they that narrow road.
That rugged, thorny maze ?
Why that's the way their leader trod,
They love and keep his ways.

Why do they shun the pleasing path
That worldlings love so well ?
Because that is the road to death—
The open road to hell.

- 7 What, is there then no other road
To Salem's happy ground ?
Christ is the only way to God ;
No other can be found.

HYMN 32. P. M.

- 1 HARK, brethren, don't you hear the sound ?
The martial trumpets now are blowing ;
Men in orders lis'ning round,
And soldiers to the standards flowing.
Bounty offer'd joy and peace--
To every soldier this is given ;
When from toils of war they cease,
A mansion bright prepared in heaven.
- 2 Those who long in debt have laid,
And felt the hand of dire oppression,
All their debts are freely paid,
And they endow'd with large possessions

Those who're sick or blind or lame,
 Their maladies are also heal'd:
 Outlaw'd rebels when they come,
 Receive a pardon freely seal'd.

3 The battle is not to the strong,
 The burden's on our Captain's shoulder;
 None so aged or so young,
 But he may list and be a soldier.
 Those who cannot fight or fly,
 Beneath his banner find protection;
 None who on his name rely,
 Shall be reduc'd to base subjection.

4 You need not fear, the cause is good;
 Come, who will to the crown aspire!
 In this cause the martyrs bled,
 Or shouted vict'ry in the fire
 In this cause let's follow on,
 And soon will tell the pleasing story,
 How by faith we gain'd the crown
 And fought our way to life and glory.

5 The battle, brethren, is begun;
 Behold the army now in motion!
 Some by faith behold the crown,
 And almost grasp their future portion
 Hark! the victors singing loud,
 Emanuel's chariot wheels are rumbling,
 Mourners weeping through the crowd,
 And Satan's kingdom down is tumbling.

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