



Mrs Clive Jones.

Book
#

Presented to her by
her Brother Amasa.

Coburn

H Y M N S
OF THE
MILLENNIAL HARP;

ORIGINAL AND SELECTED.

ARRANGED

FOR THE USE OF THE ADVENTISTS.

BY J. V. HIMES.

ADVENTIST

HERITAGE CENTER

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PREFACE.

THE design of this book is to furnish the hymns contained in the improved edition of the *Millennial Harp*, for the accommodation of those who find the larger book, which contains the hymns and *music*, inconvenient for carrying in the pocket.

Some complaint has been occasionally heard of the number and variety of our hymn books, and we are aware that there has been some ground for it; though the difficulty must be seen at once to be unavoidable. When we first began to proclaim the truth upon the coming of the Lord, we could find no suitable collection of hymns in use, although there were many choice hymns in almost all collections; but for our convenience and edification, these must be collected and put into a book by themselves. This has been done, while original hymns have also been added as opportunity permitted and circumstances required;—first, in a form of the most humble character, afterwards somewhat enlarged; and still later, in the form of the *Millennial Harp* with its Part I., II., III., and Supplement.

This book contains the whole, with a few additions. They have lost none of their truth or sweetness by their use, or the different dress in which they have appeared; and a  shall need them the more as time is prolonged and trials multiply, so may we continue to use them "with the spirit and the understanding also," till they shall be exchanged for the songs of the redeemed before the throne of God and of the Lamb.

EXPLANATION AND DIRECTIONS.

It will be remembered that this book is not intended to take the place of the *Harp*, now so generally in use among us, but to be used with it. This contains the hymns *without* the music.

The new book is supplied with two indexes ; the first to the *subject* of the hymn found on the page indicated ; the second to the hymn itself, by giving the first line as usual. The index to subjects will be of service to the minister, or whoever may officiate in the devotions of social or public worship, by enabling him to adapt the hymn to the occasion. And in order that our new book may be used in the same congregation with the *Harp*, without any inconvenience, we have arranged the index to the hymns so that the place in each book, where the hymn to be used occurs, may be stated when the hymn is given out. The first column of figures against the first line of the hymn indicates the page in the new book on which the hymn is found, the second column indicates the part and page where the same hymn is found in the *Harp*.

HYMN 1. 6, 4.

Longing for Rest.

- 1 "How long, O Lord, how long?"
It was in heaven,
That prayerful voice was heard,
From souls forgiven.
- 2 Was heaven not enough?
Happy, secure,
Robed in eternal bliss,
Would they have more?
- 3 Jesus! they would have more;
Even in bliss,
The souls expectant wait
More happiness.
- 4 They wait, even in heaven,
Impatiently,
To see this troubled world
At peace with thee.
- 5 They would behold their King,
Once crucified,
Mistrusted still, disowned,
And still denied,—
- 6 Jesus! they would behold
Thy work complete,
And misery and sin
Beneath thy feet.

7 And may not we, too, join
 In heaven's song ?
 Should we alone not ask,
 "How long, how long?"

HYMN 2. C. M.

The New Jerusalem.

- 1 Lo, what a glorious sight appears,
 To our believing eyes ;
 The earth and seas are passed away,
 And the old rolling skies !
- 2 From the third heaven, where God resides,
 That holy, happy place ;
 The new Jerusalem comes down,
 Adorned with shining grace.
- 3 Attending angels shout for joy,
 And the bright armies sing,
 "Mortals, behold the sacred seat
 Of your descending King !
- 4 "The God of glory down to men
 Removes his blest abode ?
 Men are the objects of his love,
 And he their gracious God.
- 5 "His own soft hand shall wipe the tears
 From every weeping eye ;
 And pains, and ~~g~~ans, and griefs, and fears,
 And death itself, shall die."
- 6 How bright the vision ! O, how long
 Shall this glad hour delay ?
 Fly swifter round, ye wheels of time,
 And bring the welcome day !

HYMN 3. 7, 6.*Prayer of the Church.*

- 1 How long, O Lord our Saviour,
Wilt thou remain away?
Our hearts are growing weary
Of thy so long delay.
O when shall come the moment
When, brighter far than morn,
The sunshine of thy glory
Shall on thy people dawn?
- 2 How long, O gracious Master,
Wilt thou thy household leave?
So long hast thou now tarried,
Few thy return believe.
Immersed in sloth and folly,
Thy servants, Lord, we see;
And few of us stand ready
With joy to welcome thee.
- 3 How long, O heavenly Bridegroom,
How long wilt thou delay?
And yet how few are grieving
That thou dost absent stay!
Thy very Bride her portion
And calling hath forgot,
And seeks for ease and glory
Where thou, her Lord, art not.
- 4 O wake thy slumbering virgins;
Send forth the solemn cry,
Let all thy saints repeat it,
"The Bridegroom draweth nigh!"

May all our lamps be burning,
 Our loins well girded be,
 Each longing heart preparing
 With joy thy face to see.

HYMN 4. 7, 6.

The final Consummation.

2 Peter iii. 10—14.

- 1 THE clouds at length are breaking ;
 The dawn will soon appear,
 And "signs" there's no mistaking,
 Proclaim Messiah NEAR.
 Awake, awake from sleeping,
 Attend the "midnight cry,"
 Ye saints, refrain from weeping,
 YOUR GREAT DELIVERER'S NIGH.
- 2 The morning light is beaming ;
 The "day-star" shines on high ;
 Christ's heralds are proclaiming
 His coming in the sky ;
 And earth's eventful story
 A few short months will tell ;
 The righteous rise to glory,
 The wicked sink to hell.
- 3 If earth and all her treasure
 Are doomed to fire and flame ;
 Her royal pomp, and pleasure
 Are but an *empty name* !
 Her kings—her crowns—her glory —
 Her armies—fleets—and pride,
 May bubble forth her story,
 While floating down the tide.

- 4 The ocean, Oh! the ocean,
To which *her* grandeurs tend,
Now foams in dreadful motion,
Her boast and pomp to end.
See, see, the flames ascending,
The seas themselves explode ;
The clouds,—the skies are rending,
With cries of—“ God,”—“ Oh! God!”
- 5 Oh! hear the sad petition,
“ Rocks, crush us into dust ;
Oh! pity our condition—
Or be *darned* we surely must !
We thought that we were wiser
Than ‘ *pastors* ’—‘ *saints,* ’ and all ;
Yet sinner—sceptic—miser—
Must suffer once for all.”
- 6 Ye mortals take the warning,
Ten thousand calls invite ;
Should you neglect **THE MORNING,**
Then comes the *doleful night.*
Now mercy’s hand extended,
The vilest wretch would save ;
But, oh! if *this* be ended,
You’re lost beyond the grave.
- 7 Great Author of compassion,
Redeemer—Saviour—friend—
Oh! send to every nation
The knowledge of its end ;
Fly! fly on ‘ wings of morning,’
Ye who the **TRUTH** can tell,
And sound the awful warning,
To rescue souls from *hell.*

HYMN 5. 8, 6, 8, 8, 6.

Heavenly Rest.

- 1 THERE is an hour of peaceful rest,
To mourning wand'ers given ;
There is a joy for souls distressed,
A balm for every wounded breast—
'T is found alone in heaven.
- 2 There is a soft, a downy bed,
As fair as breath of even ;
A couch for weary mortals spread,
Where they may rest the aching head,
And find repose in heaven.
- 3 There is a home for weary souls,
By sin and sorrow driven ;
When tossed on life's tempestuous shoals,
Where storms arise and ocean rolls,
And all is drear—but heaven.
- 4 There faith lifts up the tearless eye,
To brighter prospects given ;
It views the tempest passing by,
Sees evening shadows quickly fly,
And all serene—in heaven.
- 5 There fragrant flowers immortal bloom,
And joys supreme are given ;
There rays divine disperse the gloom :—
Beyond the dark, the narrow tomb
Appears the dawn of heaven.

HYMN 6. 8, 6, 8, 8, 6.*This world, a transitory state.*

- 1 **THIS** world is all a fleeting show,
For man's probation given ;
The smiles of joy, the tears of woe,
Deceitful shine, deceitful flow ;
There's nothing true as heaven.
- 2 Poor wanderers of a stormy day,
From wave to wave we're driven ;
And fancy's flash, and reason's ray,
Serve but to light us on the way ;
There's nothing bright as heaven.
- 3 **And** where's the hand held out to cheer
The heart-with anguish riven ?
For sorrow's sigh, and trouble's tear,
Have never found a refuge here ;
There's nothing kind as heaven.
- 4 In vain do mortals sigh for bliss,
Without their sins forgiven ;
True pleasure, everlasting peace,
Are only found in God's free grace ;
There's nothing good as heaven.
- 5 From those who walk in wisdom's way,
Corroding fears are driven ;
They're washed in Christ's atoning blood,
Enjoy communion with their God,
And find their way to heaven.

HYMN 7. 12, 11.*The Joys of Eden.*

- 1 How sweet to reflect on those joys that await
me
In yon blissful region, the haven of rest,
Where glorified spirits with welcome shall
greet me,
And lead me to mansions prepared for the
blest!
Encircled in light, and with glory enshrouded,
My happiness perfect, my mind's sky un-
clouded,
I'll bathe in the ocean of pleasure unbounded,
And range with delight through the Eden
of Love.
- 2 While angelic legions, with harps tuned ce-
lestial,
Harmoniously join in the concert of praise,
The saints, as they flock from the regions ter-
restrial,
In loud hallelujahs their voices will raise :
Then songs to the Lamb shall reach through
heaven,
My soul will respond, to Immanuel be given
All glory, all honor, all might and dominion,
Who brought us through grace to the Eden
of Love.
- 3 Then hail, blessed state ! hail, ye songsters of
glory !
Ye harpers of bliss, soon I'll meet you above,

And join your full choir in rehearsing the story,
 "Salvation from sorrow, through Jesus' love:"
 Though 'prisoned in earth, yet by anticipation,
 Already my soul feels a sweet prelibation
 Of joys that await me, when freed from proba-
 tion ;
 My heart 's now in heaven, the Eden of Love.

HYMN 8. 7, 6.

Desire for Heaven.

- 1 From every earthly pleasure,
 From every transient joy,
 From every mortal treasure,
 That soon will fade and die ;
 No longer these desiring,
 Upwards our wishes tend,
 To nobler bliss aspiring,
 And joys that never end.
- 2 From every piercing sorrow,
 That leaves our breast to-day,
 Or threatens us to-morrow,
 Hope turns our eyes away :
 On wings of faith ascending,
 We see the land of light,
 And feel our sorrows ending
 In infinite delight.
- 3 'T is true, we are but strangers,
 We sojourn here below ;
 And countless snares and dangers
 Surround the path we go ;

Though painful and distressing,
 Yet there 's a rest above ;
 And onward still we 're pressing,
 To reach that land of love.

HYMN 9. 7, 6.

Jesus, the Great Physician.

- 1 How lost was my condition,
 Till Jesus made me whole ;
 There is but one Physician
 Can cure a sin-sick soul ;
 Next door to death he found me,
 And snatched me from the grave,
 To tell to all around me
 His wondrous power to save.
- 2 The worst of all diseases
 Is light, compared with sin ;
 On every part it seizes,
 But rages most within ;
 'T is palsy, plague, and fever,
 And madness all combined ;
 And none but a believer,
 The least relief can find.
- 3 From men great skill professing,
 I sought a cure to gain ;
 But this proved more distressing,
 And added to my pain.
 Some said that nothing ail'd me,
 Some gave me up for lost ;
 Thus every refuge failed me,
 And all my hopes were cross'd.

- 4 At length this great Physician,—
 How matchless is his grace!—
 Accepted my petition,
 And undertook my case ;
 First gave me sight to view him,—
 For sin mine eyes had sealed,—
 Then bade me look unto him ;
 I looked—and I was healed.

HYMN 10. 7.

The Christian Soldier.

- 1 BRETHREN, while we sojourn here,
 Fight we must, but should not fear ;
 Foes we have, but we've a Friend,
 One that loves us to the end :
 Forward, then, with courage go,
 Long we shall not dwell below ;
 Soon the joyful news will come,
 "Child, your Father calls, Come home."
- 2 In the way, a thousand snares
 Lie to take us unawares ;
 Satan, with malicious art,
 Watches each unguarded heart :
 But from Satan's malice free,
 Saints shall soon in glory be ;
 Soon the joyful news will come,
 "Child, your Father calls, Come home."
- 3 But of all the foes we meet,
 None so oft mislead our feet,
 None betray us into sin,
 Like the foes that dwell within ;

Yet let nothing spoil your peace,
 Christ shall also conquer these ;
Then the joyful news will come,
 " Child, your Father calls, Come home."

HYMN 11. 7.

The Joyful Traveller.

- 1 CHILDREN of the heavenly King,
 As ye journey, sweetly sing ;
 Sing your Saviour's worthy praise,
 Glorious in his works and ways.
 We are travelling home to God,
 In the way the fathers trod ;
 They are happy now, and we
 Soon their happiness shall see.
- 2 Shout ye little flock, and blest,
 You near Jesus' throne shall rest ;
 There your seats are now prepared,
 There your kingdom and reward.
 Fear not, brethren, joyful stand
 On the borders of your land ;
 Jesus Christ, your Father's Son,
 Bids you, undismayed, go on.

HYMN 12. C. M.

The Penitent Thief forgiven.

- 1 As on the cross the Saviour hung,
 And wept, and bled, and died,
 He poured salvation on a wretch,
 That languished at his side.

- 2 His crimes, with inward grief and shame,
The penitent confessed ;
Then turned his dying eyes to Christ,
And thus his prayer addressed :
- 3 " Jesus, thou Son and Heir of heaven,
Thou spotless Lamb of God,
I see thee bathed in sweat and tears,
And weltering in thy blood.
- 4 " Yet quickly from these scenes of wo,
In triumph thou shalt rise,
Burst through the gloomy shades of death,
And shine above the skies.
- 5 " Amid the glories of that world,
Dear Saviour, think on me ;
And in the vict'ries of thy death,
May I a sharer be."
- 6 His prayer the dying Jesus heard,
And instantly replied,
" To-day thy parting soul shall be
With me in paradise."

HYMN 13. C. M.

Godly Sorrow—the Sufferings of Christ.

- 1 ALAS! and did my Saviour bleed?
And did my Jesus die?
Would he devote that sacred head
For such a worm as I?
- 2 Thy body slain, sweet Jesus, thine,
And bath'd in its own blood;
While, all exposed to wrath of men,
The glorious suff'rer stood!

- 3 Was it for crimes that I had done,
 He groaned upon the tree?
 Amazing pity! grace unknown!
 And love beyond degree!
- 4 Well might the sun in darkness hide,
 And shut his glories in,
 When Christ the glorious Saviour died,
 For man, the creature's sin.
- 5 Thus might I hide my blushing face,
 While his dear cross appears,
 Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,
 And melt mine eyes in tears.
- 6 But drops of grief can ne'er repay
 The debt of love I owe;
 Here, Lord, I give myself away,
 'T is all that I can do.

HYMN 14. 5, 7.

The Voice of Free Grace.

- 1 THE voice of free grace
 Cries, escape to the mountain,
 For Adam's lost race
 Christ has opened a fountain;
 For sin and transgression
 And every pollution,
 The blood it flows freely
 In streams of salvation.

Chorus. Hallelujah to the Lamb,
 Who hath purchased our pardon,
 We will praise him again
 When we pass over Jordan.

2 This fountain so clear,
In which all may find pardon,
From Jesus' side flows
In plenteous redemption :
Though your sins they were raised
As high as a mountain,
The blood it flows freely
From Jesus, the fountain.

Chorus. Hallelujah, &c.

3 O Jesus! ride on,
Thy kingdom is glorious ;
Over sin, death, and hell
Thou wilt make us victorious ;
Thy name shall be praised
In the great congregation,
And saints shall delight,
Ascribing salvation.

Chorus. Hallelujah, &c.

4 When on Zion we stand,
Having gained the blest shore,
With our harps in our hands
We will praise him evermore ;
We will range the blest fields
On the banks of the river,
And sing hallelujahs
Forever and ever.

Chorus. Hallelujah, &c.

HYMN 15. 8.*The Pilgrim's Farewell.*

1 FAREWELL, dear friends, I must be gone,
 I have no home or stay with you ;
 I'll take my staff and travel on,
 Till I a better world do view.

Chorus. I'll march to Canaan's land,
 I'll land on Canaan's shore,
 Where pleasures never end,
 Where troubles come no more.
 Farewell, my loving friends, farewell.

2 Farewell, my friends, time rolls along,
 Nor waits for mortals' care or bliss ;
 I leave you here, and travel on,
 Till I arrive where Jesus is.

Chorus. I'll march, &c.

3 Farewell, my brethren in the Lord ;
 To you I'm bound in cords of love ;
 Yet we believe his gracious word,
 That soon we all shall meet above.

Chorus. I'll march, &c.

4 Farewell, old soldiers of the cross ;
 You've struggled long and hard for heaven ;
 You've counted all things here but dross ;
 Fight on, the crown will soon be given.

Chorus. I'll march, &c.
 Fight on, &c.

- 5 Farewell, poor careless sinners, too ;
 It grieves my heart to leave you here ;
 Eternal vengeance waits for you ;
 O turn, and find salvation near.

Chorus. I'll march, &c.
 O turn, &c.

HYMN 16. 11.

Expostulation with the Sinner.

- 1 O TURN ye, O turn ye, for why will ye die,
 When God in great mercy is coming so nigh ?
 Now Jesus invites you, the Spirit says, Come,
 And angels are waiting to welcome you home.
- 2 How vain the delusion, that while you delay,
 Your hearts may grow better by staying away ;
 Come wretched, come starving, come just as
 you be,
 While streams of salvation are flowing so free.
- 3 And now Christ is ready your souls to receive ;
 O how can you question, if you will believe ?
 If sin is your burden, why will you not come ?
 'T is you he bids welcome ; he bids you come
 home.
- 4 In riches, in pleasures, what can you obtain,
 To soothe your affliction, or banish your pain ?
 To bear up your spirit when summoned to die,
 Or waft you to mansions of glory on high ?
- 5 Why will you be starving and feeding on air ?
 There's mercy in Jesus, enough and to spare ;

If still you are doubting, make trial and see,
And prove that his mercy is boundless and
free.

- 6 Come, give us your hand, and the Saviour your
heart,
And trusting in heaven, we never shall part ;
O how can we leave you ? why will you not
come ?
We'll journey together, and soon be at home.

HYMN 17. C. M.

Prospect of the Heavenly Land.

- 1 ON Jordan's stormy banks I stand,
And cast a wishful eye
To Canaan's fair and happy land,
Where my possessions lie.
O, the transporting, rapturous scene,
That rises to my sight !
Sweet fields arrayed in living green,
And rivers of delight.
- 2 There generous fruits, that never fail,
On trees immortal grow ;
There rocks, and hills, and brooks, and vale,
With milk and honey flow.
All o'er those wide extended plains
Shines one eternal day ;
There God the Son forever reigns,
And scatters night away.
- 3 No chilling winds, or poisonous breath
Can reach that healthful shore ;

- Sickness and sorrow, pain and death,
 Are felt and feared no more.
 When shall I reach that happy place,
 And be forever blest ?
 When shall I see my Father's face,
 And in his bosom rest ?
- 4 Filled with delight, my raptured soul
 Would here no longer stay ;
 Though Jordan's waves around me roll,
 Fearless I'd launch away.
 There on those high and flowery plains,
 Our spirits ne'er shall tire ;
 But in perpetual, joyful strains,
 Redeeming love admire.

HYMN 18. 8, 8, 6.

The Jubilee Trumpet.

- 1 WHAT sound is this salutes my ear ?
 'T is Gabriel's trump methinks I hear ;
 The expected day has come.
 Behold, the heavens, the earth, the sea,
 Proclaim the year of Jubilee ;
 Return, ye exiles, home.
- 2 Behold the fair Jerusalem,
 Illuminated by the Lamb,
 In glory doth appear ;
 Fair Zion rising from the tombs,
 To meet the Bridegroom,—lo! he comes,
 And hails the festive year.

- 3 My soul is striving to be there ;
 I long to rise and wing the air,
 And trace the sacred road.
 Adieu, adieu, all earthly things ;
 O that I had an angel's wings !
 I'd quickly see my God.
- 4 Fly, lingering moments, fly, O fly !
 I thirst, I pant, I long to try,
 Angelic joys to prove !
 Soon shall I quit this house of clay,
 Clap my glad wings and soar away,
 And shout redeeming love.

HYMN 19. 7, 8.

Sons of Zion waiting for Deliverance.

- 1 COME all ye sons of Zion,
 Who are waiting for salvation,
 Have your lamps trim'd and burning,
 For, behold the proclamation :
 Saying, " All things now are ready
 For the poor and for the needy ;
 All my fatlings now are killed,
 And prepared on the table."
- 2 O what a happy meeting,
 When salvation is completed,
 And tribulation's ended,
 And the spotless robe prepared,
 For the Bride to be adorned,
 In the jasper wall be crowned,
 Saying, " Worthy is the Lamb,"
 In the new Jerusalem !

- 3 O sinners, don't be doubting,
 While the sons of God are shouting ;
 Come and join the happy army,
 And there 's nothing that will harm you.
 If you follow Christ the Saviour,
 And break off your bad behavior,
 And repent and be converted,
 You may sing his praises too.

HYMN 20. 12, 13.

The Glorious Advent. Dan. vii. 9, 10.

- 1 THE chariot! the chariot! its wheels roll in
 fire,
 As the Lord cometh down in the pomp of his
 ire ;
 Lo, self-moving, it drives on its pathway of
 cloud,
 And the heavens with the burden of Godhead
 are bowed.
- 2 The glory! the glory! around him are poured
 Mighty hosts of the angels that wait on the
 Lord ;
 And the glorified saints and the martyrs are
 there,
 And there all who the palm-wreaths of victory
 wear,
- 3 The trumpet! the trumpet! the dead have all
 heard ;
 Lo, the depths of the stone-covered charnel are
 stirred,

From the sea, from the earth, from the south,
from the north,
All the vast generations of men are come
forth.

4 The judgment! the judgment! the thrones are
all set,
Where the Lamb and the white-vested elders
are met,
There all flesh is at once in the sight of the
Lord,
And the doom of eternity hangs on his word.

5 O mercy! O mercy! look down from above,
Great Creator, on us, thy sad children, with
love;
When beneath to their darkness the wicked
are driven,
May our justified souls find a ransom in hea-
ven.

HYMN 21. 8, 4.

The Gospel Trumpet.

1 HARK, how the gospel trumpet sounds,
Through all the world the echo bounds,
And Jesus, with redeeming blood,
Is bringing sinners home to God,
And guides them safely by his word
To endless day.

2 Hail, all victorious conquering Lord,
By all the heavenly hosts adored;

Who undertook for fallen man,
 And brought salvation through thy name,
 That we with thee might live and reign
 In endless day.

3 Fight on, ye conquering saints, fight on,
 And when the conquest you have won,
 Then palms of victory you shall bear,
 And in his kingdom have a share,
 And crowns of glory you shall wear,
 In endless day

4 Thy blood, dear Jesus, once was spilt,
 To save our souls from sin and guilt ;
 And sinners now may come to God,
 And find salvation through his word,
 And sail by faith upon that flood,
 To endless day.

5 There we shall in sweet chorus join,
 And saints and angels all combine,
 To sing of his redeeming love,
 When rolling years shall cease to move ;
 And that shall be the theme above,
 In endless day.

HYMN 22. . P. M.

The Judgment Day.

1 O THERE will be mourning, mourning, mourn-
 ing, mourning,
 O there will be mourning at the judgment seat
 of Christ.
 Parents and children there will part,
 Will part to meet no more.

- 2 O there will be mourning, mourning, &c.
Wives and husbands there will part, &c.
- 3 O there will be mourning, mourning, &c.
Brothers and sisters there will part, &c.
- 4 O there will be mourning, mourning, &c.
Friends and neighbors there will part, &c.
- 5 O there will be mourning, mourning, &c.
Pastors and people there will part, &c.
- 6 O there will be shouting, shouting, &c.
Saints and angels there will meet,
Will meet to part no more.

HYMN 23. P. M.

The Resolve.

- 1 I 'LL try to prove faithful,
Till we all shall meet above.
- 2 O, let us prove faithful,
Till we all shall meet above.
- 3 We mean to be faithful,
Till we all shall meet above.
- 4 There 'll be no more sinning,
When we all shall meet above.
- 5 There 'll be no more sorrow,
When we all shall meet above.
- 6 Then we shall see Jesus,
When we all shall meet above.
- 7 There we shall sing praises,
When we all shall meet above.

HYMN 24. 11.

I would not live alway.

- 1 I would not live alway : I ask not to stay,
Where storm after storm rises o'er the dark
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 : no—welcome the
tomb,
Since Jesus has 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.
- 3 Who, who would live alway away from his
God,
Away from yon heaven, that blissful abode,
Where rivers of pleasure flow o'er the bright
plains,
And the noon-tide of glory eternally reigns ?
- 4 Where saints of all ages eternally meet,
Their Saviour and brethren, transported to
greet ;
Where anthems of rapture unceasingly roll,
And the smile of the Lord is the feast of the
soul ?

HYMN 25. L. M.*The Harvest Home.*

1 **THOUGH** in the outward church below,
 The wheat and tares together grow ;
 Jesus ere long will weed the crop,
 And pluck the tares in anger up.

Chorus. For soon the reaping time will come,
 And angels shout the harvest home.

2 Will it relieve their horrors there,
 To recollect their stations here ;
 How much they heard, how much they knew,
 How much among the wheat they grew ?

Chorus. For soon the reaping time will, &c.

3 No ! this will aggravate their case,
 They perished under means of grace ;
 To them the word of life and faith,
 Became an instrument of death.

Chorus. For soon the reaping time will, &c.

4 We seem alike when thus we meet,
 Strangers might think we all were wheat,
 But to the Lord's all-searching eyes,
 Each heart appears without disguise.

Chorus. For soon the reaping time will, &c.

5 The tares are spared for various ends,
 Some for the sake of praying friends ;
 Others the Lord, against their will,
 Employs his counsels to fulfil.

Chorus. For soon the reaping time will, &c.

6 But though they grow so tall and strong,
 His plan will not require them long ;
 In harvest, when he saves his own,
 The tares shall into hell be thrown.

Chorus. For soon the reaping time will, &c.

7 Oh! awful thought, and is it so?
 Must all mankind the harvest know?
 Is every man a wheat or tare?
 Me, for that harvest, Lord, prepare.

Chorus. For soon the reaping time will, &c.

HYMN 26. 11.

Saint's Sweet Home.

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 feel in the presence of Jesus at home.

Chorus. Home, home, sweet, sweet home,
 Prepare me, dear Saviour, for glory, my home.

2 Sweet bonds that unite all the children of
 peace!
 And thrice precious Jesus whose love cannot
 cease,
 Though oft from thy presence in sadness
 roam
 I long to behold thee, in glory at home.

Chorus. Home, home, sweet, sweet home, &c.

2 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
 home.

Chorus. Home, home, sweet, sweet home, &c.

3 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. Home, home, sweet, sweet home, &c.

4 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. Home, home, sweet, sweet home, &c.

5 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. Home, home, sweet, sweet home,
 Receive me, dear Saviour, in glory, my
 home.

HYMN 27. L. M.

Star of Bethlehem.

- 1 WHEN, marshalled on the nightly plain,
 The glittering host bestud the sky ;
 One star alone, of all the train,
 Can fix the sinner's wandering eye :
 Hark ! hark ! to God the chorus breaks,
 From every host, from every gem ;
 But one alone the Saviour speaks,
 It is the star of Bethlehem.
- 2 Once on the raging seas I rode,
 The storm was loud, the night was dark,
 The ocean yawned, and rudely blowed
 The wind that tossed my foundering bark.
 Deep horror then my vitals froze,
 Death-struck—I ceased the tide to stem :
 When suddenly a star arose,—
 It was the Star of Bethlehem.
- 3 It was my guide, my light, my all,
 It bade my dark foreboding cease ;
 And through the storm and danger's thrall,
 It led me to the port of peace.
 Now safely moored—my perils o'er,
 I'll sing first in night's diadem ;
 Forever and forevermore,
 The Star—the Star of Bethlehem.

HYMN 28. L. M.*The Christian and the Cross.*

- 1 I'm not ashamed to own my Lord,
Who lives by angels now adored ;
That Jesus who once died for me,
Who bore my sins in agony.
- 2 I'm not ashamed to own his laws,
Nor to defend his noble cause,
The way he's gone is lined with blood ;
O may I tread the steps he trod.
- 3 I'm not ashamed his name to bear,
With those who his disciples were ;
Christian, sweet name ! its worth I view ;
O may I wear the nature too.
- 4 I'm not ashamed to bear my cross,
For which I count all things but dross ;
Whate'er I'm bid to do or say,
When Christ commands, I will obey.
- 5 I'm not ashamed to be despised
By those who ne'er religion prized ;
Nor will I prove to Christ untrue,
For all that men can say or do.
- 6 This world's vain honors will I shun,
The narrow way to life I'll run ;
That this at last my boast may be,
My Saviour's not ashamed of me.

HYMN 29. C. M

Remember Me.

- 1 **JESUS!** thou art the sinner's Friend ;
As such I look to thee ;
Now in the bowels of thy love,
Oh, Lord ! remember me.
- 2 Remember thy pure word of grace,
Remember Calvary ;
Remember all thy dying groans,
And then remember me.
- 3 Thou wondrous Advocate with God !
I yield myself to thee ;
While thou art sitting on thy throne,
Oh, Lord ! remember me.
- 4 I own I 'm guilty, own I 'm vile,
Yet thy salvation 's free :
Then, in thy all-abounding grace,
Oh, Lord ! remember me.
- 5 Howe'er forsaken or distressed,
Howe'er oppressed I be,
Howe'er afflicted here on earth,
Do thou remember me.
- 6 And when I close my eyes in death,
And creature helps all flee,
Then, oh, my great Redeemer, God !
I pray, remember me.

HYMN 30. S. M.*The Warning to Escape.*

- 1 SEE Sodom wrapt in fire!
And hark, what piercing shrieks!
Those daring rebels now expire,
For God in justice speaks.
- 2 O sinner, mark thy fate!
Soon will the Judge appear;
And then thy cries will come too late;
Too late for God to hear.
- 3 Thy day of mercy gone,
The Spirit grieved away,
Thy cup, long filling, now o'erflown,
Demands the vengeful day.
- 4 Thy God, insulted, seems
To draw his glittering sword;
And o'er thy guilty head it gleams,
To vindicate his word.
- 5 One only hope I see;
Oh, sinner, seize it now,—
The blood that Jesus shed for thee!
No other hope hast thou.

HYMN 31. C. M.*The Parting of Friends.*

- 1 WHY do we mourn departing friends,
Or shake at death's alarms?
'T is but the voice that Jesus sends,
To call them to his arms.

- 2 Are we not tending upward too,
As fast as time can move ?
Nor should we wish the hours more slow,
To keep us from our love.
- 3 Why should we tremble to convey
Their bodies to the tomb ?
There the dear flesh of Jesus lay,
And left a long perfume.
- 4 The graves of all his saints he blest,
And softened every bed ;
Where should the dying members rest,
But with their dying Head ?
- 5 Thence he arose, ascending high,
And showed our feet the way ;
Up to the Lord our flesh shall fly,
At the great rising day.
- 6 Then let the last trumpet sound,
And bid our kindred rise ;
Awake, ye nations under ground ;
Ye saints, ascend the skies.

HYMN. 32. 11.*Our Shepherd and Guide.*

- 1 THE Lord is our Shepherd, our guardian and
guide ;
Whatever we want, he will kindly provide :
To the sheep of his pasture his mercies abound,
His care and protection his flock will surround.
- 2 The Lord is our Shepherd : what then shall
we fear ?
What danger can frighten us while he is near ?

Not when the time calls us to walk through
the vale
Of the shadow of death, shall our hearts ever
fail.

- 3 Though afraid of ourselves to pursue the dark
way,
Thy rod and thy staff be our comfort and
stay ;
For we know by thy guidance, when once it
is past,
To a fountain of life it will bring us at last.
- 4 The Lord is become our salvation and song,
His blessings have followed us all our life
long ;
His name will we praise while we have any
breath,
Be cheerful in life and be happy in death.

HYMN 33. P. M.

- 1 My brother, I wish you well,
My brother, I wish you well,
When my Lord calls I trust I shall
Be mentioned in the promised land.

Chorus. Be mentioned in the promised, &c.

- 2 My sister, I wish you well, &c.
3 My father, I wish you well, &c.
4 My mother, I wish you well, &c.
5 My neighbors, I wish you well, &c.

- 6 My pastor, I wish you well, &c.
 7 Young converts, I wish you well, &c.
 8 Poor sinner, I wish you well, &c.

HYMN 34. 8, 7.

The Judgment.

- 1 GREAT God! what do I see and hear?
 The end of things created!
 The Judge of man I see appear,
 On clouds of glory seated!
 The trumpet sounds; the graves restore
 The dead which they contained before:
 Prepare, my soul, to meet him.
- 2 The dead in Christ shall first arise,
 At the last trumpet's sounding,
 Caught up to meet him in the skies,
 With joy their Lord surrounding.
 No gloomy fears their souls dismay,
 His presence sheds eternal day
 On those prepared to meet him.
- 3 But sinners, filled with guilty fears,
 Behold his wrath prevailing,
 For they shall rise, and find their tears
 And sighs are unavailing:
 The day of grace is past and gone;
 Trembling they stand before the throne,
 All unprepared to meet him.
- 4 Great God! what do I see and hear?
 The end of things created!

The Judge of man I see appear,
 On clouds of glory seated :
 Beneath his cross I view the day,
 When heaven and earth shall pass away,
 And thus prepare to meet him.

HYMN 35. 8, 7.

Encouragement to Pilgrims.

- 1 WANDERING pilgrims, mourning Christians,
 Weak and tempted lambs of Christ,
 Who endure great tribulation,
 And with sin are sore distressed,
 Christ hath sent me to invite you
 To a rich and costly feast ;
 Let not shame or pride prevent you ;
 Come, the rich provision taste.
- 2 If you have a heart lamenting,
 And bemoan your wretched case,
 Come to Jesus Christ, repenting,
 He will give you gospel grace :
 If you want a heart to fear him,
 Love and serve him here below ;
 With your troubles now draw near him,
 He the blessing will bestow.
- 3 If, like poor Bartimeus blinded,
 You bewail the want of sight,
 Cry to Jesus, Son of David ;
 He will give you gospel light :
 If no one appear to help you,
 All their efforts prove but talk,

Jesus ready waits to heal you,
He will bid you rise and walk.

- 4 If, like Peter, you are sinking
In the sea of unbelief;
Wait, with patient, constant praying,
Christ will grant you sweet relief.
Are you weary, heavy laden?
He will give you sweet repose;
Bear his light and easy burden,—
He shall conquer all your foes.
- 5 He will give you grace and glory,
All your wants shall be supplied:
Canaan, Canaan, lies before you,
Rise, and cross the swelling tide.
Death shall not destroy your comfort,
Christ shall guide you through the gloom,
Down he'll send an heavenly convoy,
To convey you to his home.

HYMN 36. 8, 7, 4.

The Signs and Joys of the Advent.

- 1 LIFT your heads, ye friends of Jesus,
Partners in his patience here;
Christ, to all believers precious,
Lord of lords, shall soon appear:
Mark the tokens
Of his heavenly kingdom near.
- 2 Hear all nature's groans proclaiming
Nature's swift approaching doom!

- War, and pestilence, and famine,
Signify the wrath to come ;
Cleaves the centre,
Nations rush into the tomb.
- 3 Close behind the tribulation
Of the last tremendous days,
See the flaming Revelation !
See the universal blaze !
Earth and heaven
Melt before the Judge's face.
- 4 Sun and moon are both confounded,
Darkened into endless night,
When with angel-hosts surrounded,
In his Father's glory bright,
Beams the Saviour,
Shines the everlasting light.
- 5 See the stars from heaven falling !
Hark ! on earth the doleful cry !
Men on rocks and mountains calling,
While the frowning Judge draws nigh ;
Hide us, hide us,
Rocks and mountains, from his eye !
- 6 With what different exclamation
Shall the saints his banner see !
By the monuments of his passion,
By the marks received for *me* !
All discern him,
All with shouts cry out—" 'T is He ! "
- 7 " Lo ! 't is He ! our heart's desire,
Come for his espoused below ;

Come to join us with the choir,
 Come to make our joys o'erflow :
 Palms of victory,
 Crowns of glory to bestow."

- 8 Yes, the prize shall sure be given ;
 We his open face shall see :
 Love, the earnest of our heaven,
 Love our full reward shall be ;
 Love shall crown us
 Kings through all eternity.

HYMN 37. 8, 7, 4.

Triumph of Christ, and Doom of the Wicked.

- 1 SEE the eternal Judge descending,
 Seated on his Father's throne ;
 Now, poor sinner, Christ shall show thee
 He is the eternal Son.
 Trumpets call thee,
 Come to hear thy awful doom.
- 2 Hear the sinner thus lamenting,
 At the thoughts of future pain ;
 Cries and tears he now is venting,
 But he cries and weeps in vain :
 Greatly mourning
 That he ne'er was born again.
- 3 "Yonder stands the glorious Saviour,
 With the marks of dying love ;
 Oh, that I had sought his favor,
 When I felt his Spirit move !
 Doomed justly,
 For I have against him strove.

- 4 " All his warnings I have slighted,
 While he daily sought my soul ;
 If some vows to him I plighted,
 Yet for sin I broke the whole :
 Golden moments,
 How neglected did they roll ?
- 5 " Yonder stand my godly neighbors,
 Who were once despised by me ;
 They are clad in dazzling splendor,
 Waiting my sad fate to see—
 Farewell, neighbors ;
 Dismal gulf ! I'm bound for thee ! "
- 6 Now, despisers, look and wonder,
 Hope and sinners here must part ;
 Louder than a peal of thunder,
 Hear the dreadful sound, " Depart ! "
 Lost forever !
 How it quails the sinner's heart !

HYMN 38. P. M.

Bound for the Land of Canaan.

- 1 TOGETHER let us sweetly live : I am bound for
 the land of Canaan.
 Together let us sweetly die : I am bound for
 the land of Canaan.
- O Canaan, bright Canaan, I am bound for the
 land of Canaan ;
 O Canaan, it is my happy home, I am bound
 for the land of Canaan.

- 2 If you get there before I do : I am bound, &c.
 Look out for me, I'm coming too : I am
 bound, &c.
 O Canaan, bright Canaan, &c.
- 3 I have some friends before me gone : I am
 bound, &c.
 And I'm resolved to travel on : I am bound,
 &c.
 O Canaan, bright Canaan, &c.
- 4 Our songs of praise shall fill the skies : I am
 bound, &c.
 While higher still our joys they rise : I am
 bound, &c.
 O Canaan, bright Canaan, &c.
- 5 Then come with me, beloved friend : I am
 bound, &c.
 The joys of heaven shall never end : I am
 bound, &c.
 O Canaan, bright Canaan, &c,

HYMN 39. P. M.

The Pilgrim's Lot.

- 1 How happy is the pilgrim's lot!
 I am bound for the land of Canaan.
 How free from every anxious thought!
 I am bound for the land of Canaan.
 O Canaan! bright Canaan!
 I am bound for the land of Canaan.
 O Canaan, it is my happy home,
 I am bound for the land of Canaan.

- 2 Nothing on earth I call my own ;
 I am bound for the land of Canaan,
 A stranger to the world unknown,
 I am bound for the land of Canaan.
 O Canaan, &c.
- 3 I trample on the whole delight,
 I am bound for the land of Canaan,
 And seek a city out of sight,
 I am bound for the land of Canaan.
 O Canaan, &c.
- 4 There is my house and portion fair,
 I am bound for the land of Canaan,
 My treasure and my heart are there,
 I am bound for the land of Canaan.
 O Canaan, &c.
- 5 For me my elder brethren stay,
 I am bound for the land of Canaan,
 And angels beckon me away,
 I am bound for the land of Canaan.
 O Canaan, &c.

HYMN 40. P. M.

The Invitation.

- 1 WE'RE travelling home to heaven above,
 Will you go ?
 To sing the Saviour's dying love,
 Will you go ?
 Millions have reached this blest abode,
 Anointed kings and priests to God,
 And millions now are on the road,
 Will you go ?

- 2 **We are going to see the bleeding Lamb,**
 Will you go ?
In rapturous strains to praise his name,
 Will you go ?
The crown of life we there shall wear,
The conqueror's palms our hands shall bear,
And all the joys of heaven we 'll share,
 Will you go ?
- 3 **We 're going to join the heavenly choir,**
 Will you go ?
To raise our voice and tune the lyre,
 Will you go ?
There saints and angels gladly sing,
Hosanna to their God and King,
And make the heavenly arches ring.
 Will you go ?
- 4 **Ye weary, heavy laden, come,**
 Will you go ?
In the blest house there still is room,
 Will you go ?
The Lord is waiting to receive,
If thou wilt on him now believe,
He 'll give thy troubled conscience ease.
 Come believe !
- 5 **The way to heaven is free for all,**
 Will you go ?
For Jew and Gentile—great and small,
 Will you go ?
Make up your mind, give God your heart,
With every sin and idol part,
And now for glory make a start.
 Come away !

- 6 The way to heaven is straight and plain,
 Will you go?
 Repent, believe, be born again,
 Will you go?
 The Saviour cries aloud to thee,
 "Take up thy cross and follow me,
 And thou shalt my salvation see.
 Come to me?"
- 7 O, could I hear some sinner say,
 I will go!
 I'll start this moment, clear the way,
 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! Fare you well!

HYMN 41. 4, 6.

Come to Jesus.

COME to Jesus, just now.
 He is willing, just now.
 He is able : just now.
 He is pleading : just now.
 God is waiting : just now.
 Come, poor sinner : just now.
 He is knocking : just now.
 Will you linger : just now ?
 Can you hate him : just now ?
 Time is flying : just now.
 Christ may leave you : just now.
 Love the Saviour : just now.
 Do not slight him : just now.

Come ye wounded : just now.
 Pray on brethren : just now.
 Pray on sisters : just now.
 Heaven rejoices : just now.
 Come, my neighbors : just now
 You 'll repent it : so soon.
 O, the judgment : so soon.
 Hell or heaven : so soon.
 All is over : so soon.

HYMN 42. 8, 7.

Sanctification.

- 1 YE who know your sins forgiven,
 And are happy in the Lord ;
 Have you read that gracious promise,
 Which is left upon record :
 I will sprinkle you with water,
 I will cleanse you from all sin :
 Sanctify and make you holy,
 I will dwell and reign within.
- 2 Though you have much peace and comfort,
 Greater things you yet may find,
 Freedom from unholy tempers,
 Freedom from the carnal mind.
 To procure your perfect freedom,
 Jesus suffered, groaned, and died,
 On the cross the healing fountain,
 Gushed from his wounded side.
- 3 If you have obtained this treasure,
 Search and you shall surely find,
 All the Christian marks and graces,
 Planted, growing, in your mind.

Perfect faith, and perfect patience,
Perfect lowliness, and then
Perfect hope, and perfect meekness,
Perfect love for God and man.

- 4 But be sure to gain the witness,
Which abides both day and night :
This your God has plainly promised,
This is like a stream of light.
While you keep the blessed witness,
All is clear and calm within :
God himself assures you by it,
That your heart is cleansed from sin.
- 5 Be as holy and as happy,
And as useful here below,
As it is your Father's pleasure,
Jesus, only Jesus know.
Spread, O spread, the holy fire,
Tell, O tell what God has done,
Till the nations are conformed
To the image of his Son.
- 6 Witnesses might be produced,
Of this glorious work of love,
Paul, and James, and John, and Peter,
Long before they went above.
Hundreds, thousands, tens of thousands
Have, and do, and will appear :
Let me ask the solemn question,
Has the Lord a witness here.
- 7 Wake up, brother, wake up, sister,
Seek, O seek this holy state ;
None but holy ones can enter
Through the pure celestial gate.

Can you bear the thought of losing
 All the joys that are above ?
 No, my brother, no, my sister,
 God will perfect you in love.

HYMN 43. C. M.

The Crown.

- 1 Jesus, my all, to heaven is gone—
 I want to wear the crown ;
 He whom I fix my hopes upon—
 I want to wear the crown.

Chorus. Oh my heart says, Praise the Lord,
 My heart says, Praise the Lord,
 My heart says, Praise the Lord,
 I want to wear the crown.

- 2 The way the holy prophets went—
 I want to wear the crown ;
 The road that leads from banishment—
 I want to wear the crown.
 Oh my heart says, &c.

- 3 His track I see, and I'll pursue—
 I want to wear the crown ;
 The narrow way, till him I view—
 I want to wear the crown.
 Oh my heart says, &c.

- 4 The King's highway of holiness—
 I want to wear the crown ;
 I'll go, for all his paths are peace—
 I want to wear the crown.
 Oh my heart says, &c.

- 5 Lo! glad I come, and thou, blest Lamb—
 I want to wear the crown ;
 Shalt take me to thee whose I am—
 I want to wear the crown ;
 Oh my heart says, &c.
- 6 Nothing but sin have I to give—
 I want to wear the crown ;
 Nothing but love shall I receive—
 I want to wear the crown.
 Oh my heart says, &c.
- 7 Then will I tell to sinners round—
 I want to wear the crown ;
 What a dear Saviour I have found—
 I want to wear the crown.
 Oh my heart says, &c.
- 8 I'll point to thy redeeming blood—
 I want to wear the crown ;
 And say, "Behold the way to God!"—
 I want to wear the crown.
 Oh my heart says, &c.

HYMN 44. 8, 7.

The Morning Star.

- 1 THE night is wearing fast away,
 A streak of light is dawning,
 Sweet harbinger of that bright day,
 The fair Millennial morning.
 Gloomy and dark the night has been,
 And long the way, and dreary ;
 And sad the weeping saints are seen,
 And faint, and worn, and weary.

- 2 Ye mourning pilgrims, cease your tears,
 And hush each sigh of sorrow :
 The light of that bright morn appears,—
 The long sabbatic morrow.
 Lift up your heads—behold from far,
 A flood of splendor streaming!
 It is the bright and Morning-Star,
 In living lustre beaming ;
- 3 And see that star-like host around
 Of angel bands attending ;
 Hark ! hark ! the trumpet's glad'ning sound,
 'Mid shouts triumphant blending.
 He comes, the Bridegroom promised long—
 Go forth with joy to meet him ;
 And raise the new and nuptial song,
 In cheerful strains to greet him.
- 4 Adorn thyself, the feast prepare,
 While bridal strains are swelling ;
 He comes, with thee all joys to share,
 And make this earth his dwelling.
 Lift up your heads—behold from far
 A flood of splendor streaming !
 It is the bright and Morning-Star,
 In living lustre beaming !

HYMN 45. 8, 7.

Duties of the Times.

- 1 WE are living, we are dwelling,
 In a grand and awful time ;
 In an age on ages telling,
 To be living is sublime.

- Hark! the waking up of nations,
 Gog and Magog to the fray;
 Hark! what soundeth, is creation
 Groaning for its latter day?
- 2 Will ye play, then, will ye dally
 With your music and your wine?
 Up! it is Jehovah's rally!
 God's own arm hath need of thine.
 Hark! the onset! will ye fold your
 Faith-clad arms in lazy lock?
 Up, O up, thou drowsy soldier;
 Worlds are charging to the shock.
- 3 Worlds are charging—heaven beholding;
 Thou hast but an hour to fight;
 Now the blazoned cross unfolding,
 On—right onward, for the right.
 On! let all the soul within you,
 For the truth's sake go abroad!
 Strike! let every nerve and sinew
 Tell on ages—tell for God!

HYMN 46. C. M.

The Christian Sighing for Home.

- 1 O LAND of rest, for thee I sigh!
 When will the moment come,
 When I shall lay my armor by,
 And dwell with Christ at home?
- 2 No tranquil joys on earth I know,
 No peaceful sheltering dome;
 This world's a wilderness of wo,
 This world is not my home.

- 3 To Jesus Christ I sought for rest ;
 He bade me cease to roam ;
 And fly for succor to his breast,
 And he 'd conduct me home.
- 4 I would at once have quit this place,
 Where foes in fury roam,
 But ah ! my passport was not sealed,
 I could not yet go home.
- 5 When by afflictions sharply tried,
 I view the gaping tomb ;
 Although I dread death's chilling flood,
 Yet still I sigh for home.
- 6 Weary of wandering round and round,
 This vale of sin and gloom ;
 I long to leave the unhallowed ground,
 And dwell with Christ at home.

HYMN 47. 8, 7, 4.

Judgment Day.

- 1 DAY of judgment, day of wonders !
 Hark the trumpet's awful sound,
 Louder than a thousand thunders,
 Shakes the vast creation round !
 How the summons
 Will the sinner's heart confound !
- 2 See the Judge, our nature wearing,
 Clothed in majesty divine !
 You who long for his appearing,
 Then shall say, " This God is mine !"
 Gracious Saviour,
 Own me in that day for thine !

- 3 At his call the dead awaken,
 Rise to life from earth and sea ;
 All the powers of nature shaken,
 By his looks prepare to flee.
 Careless sinner,
 What will then become of thee ?
- 4 But to those who have confessed,
 Loved and served the Lord below,
 He will say, "Come near, ye blessed,
 See the kingdom I bestow ;
 You forever,
 Shall my love and glory know."

HYMN 48. 7.

Redemption at Hand.

- 1 HARK ! that shout of rapturous joy,
 Bursting forth from yonder cloud !
 Jesus comes ! and through the sky,
 Angels tell their joy aloud.
- 2 Hark ! the trumpet's awful voice,
 Sounds abroad through sea and land ;
 Let his people now rejoice,
 Their redemption is at hand.
- 3 See the Lord appears in view ;
 Heaven and earth before him fly ;
 Rise, ye saints, he comes for you,—
 Rise to meet him in the sky.

HYMN 49. 5, 6.*The Last Lovely Morning.*

- 1 **THE** last lovely morning,
All blooming and fair,
Is fast onward fleeting,
And soon will appear ;
O let us be ready
To hail the glad day,
While the mighty mighty mighty trump
Sounds "Come, come away!"
- 2 And when that bright morning
In splendor shall dawn,
Our tears will be ended,
Our sorrows all gone ;
While the mighty, &c.
- 3 The bridegroom from glory
To earth shall descend ;
Ten thousand bright angels
Around him attend.
While the mighty, &c.
- 4 The graves will be opened,
The dead will arise,
And with the Redeemer
Mount up to the skies.
While the mighty, &c.
- 5 The saints then immortal,
In glory shall reign !
The Bride with the Bridegroom
Forever remain.
While the mighty, &c.

HYMN 50. 8, 7.*The Last Advent.*

- 1 Don't you see my Jesus coming,
Don't you see in yonder cloud?
With ten thousand angels round him,
See how they my Jesus crowd.
- 2 Don't you see the saints ascending,
Hear them shouting through the air?
Jesus smiling, trumpets sounding,
Now his glory they shall share.
- 3 Don't you see the heavens open,
And the saints in glory there?
Shouts of triumph bursting round you,
Glory, glory, glory, here!
- 4 Come backsliders, though you 've pierced him,
And have caused his church to mourn;
You may yet regain free pardon,
If you will to him return.
- 5 Now behold each loving spirit
Shout the praise of his dear name,
View the smiles of their dear Jesus,
While his presence feeds the flame.
- 6 There we 'll range the fields of pleasure,
By our dear Redeemer's side,
Shouting, glory, glory, glory!
While eternal ages glide.

HYMN 51. 7.

The Pilgrim's Song.

1 My Bible leads to glory,
My Bible leads to glory,
My Bible leads to glory,
Ye followers of the Lamb.

Chorus. Sing on, pray on,
Ye followers of Immanuel,
Sing on, pray on,
Ye followers of the Lamb.

2 Religion makes me happy,
Religion makes me happy,
Religion makes me happy,
Ye followers of the Lamb, &c.

3 I'm on my way to glory,
I'm on my way to glory,
I'm on my way to glory,
Ye followers of the Lamb, &c.

4 I'm fighting for a kingdom,
I'm fighting for a kingdom,
I'm fighting for a kingdom,
Ye followers of the Lamb, &c.

5 King Jesus is my captain,
King Jesus is my captain,
King Jesus is my captain,
Ye followers of the Lamb, &c.

6 We'll have a shout in glory,
We'll have a shout in glory,
We'll have a shout in glory,
Ye followers of the Lamb, &c.

7 There we shall live forever,
 There we shall live forever,
 There we shall live forever,
 Ye followers of the Lamb, &c.

HYMN 52. C. M.

The Lamp of Life.

- 1 How precious is the book divine,
 By inspiration given !
 Bright as a lamp its doctrines shine,
 To guide our souls to heaven.
- 2 It sweetly cheers our drooping hearts,
 In this dark vale of tears ;
 Life, light, and joy, it still imparts,
 And quells our rising fears.
- 3 This lamp through all the tedious night
 Of life shall guide our way,
 Till we behold the clearer light
 Of an eternal day.

HYMN 53. 8.

The happy Pilgrim.

- 1 I NEVER shall forget the day,
 When Jesus washed my sins away.
 Now my soul is very happy—
 Will you go along with me ?
 Now my soul is very happy—
 Go sound the jubilee.

- 2 I am happy in this house of clay,
 But what is this to perfect day?
 There's a better day a coming—
 Will you go along with me?
- 3 Though sinners persecute me here,
 Through Jesus Christ I'll persevere;
 Christ will ruin Satan's kingdom—
 Will you go along with me?
- 4 A little longer here below,
 Then home to glory we shall go :—
 I'm on my way to glory—
 Will you go along with me?
- 5 Come on, come on, my brethren dear,
 We soon shall meet together there;
 When we'll join the saints in glory,—
 Will you go along with me?

HYMN 54. 6, 8.

Watchfulness.

- 1 My soul be on thy guard,
 Ten thousand foes arise,
 The hosts of sin are pressing hard,
 To draw thee from the skies.
- 2 Oh watch, and fight, and pray,
 The battle ne'er give o'er;
 Renew it boldly every day,
 And help divine implore.

- 3 Ne'er think the victory won,
 Nor lay thine armor down ;
 Thy arduous work will not be done,
 Till thou obtain the crown.

HYMN 55. 8, 7.

Tokens of the Advent nigh.

- 1 **RIGHTeous** God ! whose vengeful vials
 All our fears and thoughts exceed ;
 Big with woes and fiery trials,
 Hanging, bursting o'er our head !
 While thou visitest the nations,
 Thy selected people spare ;
 Arm our cautioned souls with patience,
 Fill our humbled hearts with prayer.
- 2 If thy dreadful controversy
 With all flesh is now begun,
 In thy wrath remember mercy ;
 Mercy first and last be shown.
 Plead thy cause with sword and fire,
 Shake us till the curse remove ;
 Till the Lord, the saints' desire,
 Crowns them with his sovereign love.
- 3 Every fresh alarming token
 More confirms the faithful word ;
 Nature, for its Lord hath spoken,
 Must be suddenly restored.
 From this national confusion,
 From this ruined earth and skies,
 See the times of restitution,
 See the new creation rise !

- 4 Vanish, then, this world of shadows !
 Pass the former things away ;
 Lord, appear ! appear to glad us
 With the dawn of endless day !
 O conclude this mortal story !
 Throw this universe aside !
 Come, eternal King of glory,
 Now descend and take thy bride !

HYMN 56. C. M.

Rejoicing in Hope.

- 1 My soul is happy when I hear,
 The Saviour is so nigh,
 And longs to see his sign appear
 Upon the opening sky.
- 2 I love to wait, and watch, and pray,
 And trust his living Word,
 And feel the coming of that day
 No longer is deferred.
- 3 I do rejoice that life was given
 In these last days to me,
 That deathless I may rise to heaven,
 And my Redeemer see.
- 4 Then, waiting brethren, let us sing,
 He will not tarry long,
 And fill with love the hours that bring
 The glory of our song.
- 5 Yes, he will come, no longer fear,
 Though earth and hell assail :
 His Word attests the moment near,
 And that can never fail.

HYMN 57. S. M.*Invitation to Sinners.*

- 1 THE Spirit in our hearts,
Is whispering, Sinner, come ;
The bride, the church of Christ, proclaims,
To all her children, Come
- 2 Let him that heareth say
To all about him, Come !
Let him that thirsts for righteousness,
To Christ the fountain come.
- 3 Yes, whosoever will,
O let him freely come,
And freely drink the stream of life ;
'T is Jesus bids him come.
- 4 Lo ! Jesus who invites,
Declares, " I quickly come ;"
Lord, even so we wait thy hour ;
O ! blest Redeemer, Come.

HYMN 58. 7.*Angels hovering round.*

THERE are angels hovering round,
To carry tidings home,
To the new Jerusalem !
Poor sinners are coming home,
And Jesus bids them come ;
Let him that heareth come,
Let 'him that thirsteth come.

We are on our journey home,
 Where Christ our Lord has gone ;
 We will meet around his throne,
 When he makes his people one,
 We shall reign forevermore
 In the New Jerusalem.

HYMN 59. 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,
 'T is found beneath the mercy-seat.
- 2 There is a place where Jesus sheds
 The oil of gladness on our heads ;
 A place than all beside 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 should we flee for aid,
 When tempted, desolate, dismayed ?
 Or how the hosts of hell defeat,
 Had suffering saints no mercy-seat.
- 5 There, there, on angel's wings we soar,
 And sin and sense seem all no more ;
 The Lord 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 60. 8, 5.

The Old Church Yard.

- 1 You will see your Lord a coming,
 You will see your Lord a coming,
 You will see your Lord a coming,
 While the old church yards
 Hear the band of music,
 Hear the band of music,
 Hear the band of music,
 Which is sounding through the air.
- 2 Gabriel sounds his mighty trumpet, &c.
 Through the old church yards,
 While the band of music, &c.
 Shall be sounding through the air.
- 3 He'll awake all the nations, &c.
 From the old church yards,
 While the band of music, &c.
 Shall be sounding through the air.
- 4 There will be a mighty wailing, &c.
 At the old church yards,
 While the band of music, &c.
 Shall be sounding through the air.

- 5 O sinner, you will tremble, &c.
 At the old church yards ;
 While the band of music, &c.
 Shall be sounding through the air.
- 6 You will flee to rocks and mountains, &c.
 From the old church yards,
 While the band of music, &c.
 Shall be sounding through the air.
- 7 You will see the saints arising, &c.
 From the old church yards,
 While the band of music, &c.
 Shall be sounding through the air.
- 8 Angels bear them to the Saviour, &c.
 From the old church yards,
 While the band of music, &c.
 Shall be sounding through the air.
- 9 Then we'll shout, our sufferings over, &c.
 From the old church yards,
 While the band of music, &c.
 Shall be sounding through the air.

HYMN 61. 8.

Longing for Heaven.

- 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 ;
 My soul for joy she claps her wings,
 And loud her lovely sonnet sings :

Vain world adieu, vain world adieu.
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, &c.
- 3 When nearer still she draws to land,
More eager all her powers expand,
With steady helm and free bent sail,
Her anchor drops within the veil.
Again for joy she claps her wings,
And her celestial sonnet sings,
On Canaan's shore, &c.

HYMN 62. 9, 10.

The Entreaty.

- 1 SEE the Judge descending, descending,
See the judge descending in that great day ;
So come, poor sinner, you can't stand his ire,
Before that hour, haste thee away.
- 2 Christians are rejoicing, rejoicing,
Christians are rejoicing in this our day ;
They know their Saviour, to Eden's bower,
In this glad hour, calls them away.
- 3 Angels are a shouting, a shouting,
Angels are a shouting in this our day,
To hear the sinner for Christ inquire,
With true desire to learn the way.

- 4 Converts are a praising, a praising,
 Converts are a praising in this our day,
 That blessed Saviour, who in this hour,
 From Satan's power draws them away.
- 5 The bride she is a calling, a calling,
 The bride she is a calling in this our day ;
 She calls you, sinner, with all her power,
 In this blest hour, O come away.
- 6 The Saviour is a coming, a coming,
 The Saviour is a coming in this our day ;
 Oh come in glory, we 'll fall before thee,
 We 'll all adore thee through endless day.

HYMN 63. 6, 6, 6, 8, 8.

The Day of Judgment.

- 1 On the amazing pomp
 Of that tremendous day,
 When the archangel's trump
 Shall summon us away ;
 When Christ to judgment shall descend,
 And every knee before him bend.
- 2 On a refulgent cloud,
 Jesus, the Judge appears ;
 The saints rejoice aloud,
 The-guilty sinner fears.
 On the white throne he takes his seat,
 And views the myriads at his feet.
- 3 'Midst the vast multitude,
 His eye omniscient sees,

The purchase of his blood
 And dying agonies :
 Then calls them forth and bids them stand
 With glory crowned at his right hand.

- 4 “Come, souls forever blest,”
 He says, “My people, come
 Possess the promised rest,
 Enter your heavenly home ;
 No more shall aught your peace annoy,
 Inherit everlasting joy.”
- 5 But in what awful sounds
 The wicked are addressed !
 Heaven with their groans resounds,
 As on his left they ’re placed.
 “Depart ye cursed,” the Judge exclaims,
 “To be destroyed in burning flames !”
- 6 Oh ! thou eternal God,
 Ere this tremendous day,
 Cleanse me in Jesus’ blood,
 Wash all my guilt away.
 Then may I join the happy throng,
 To praise thee in eternal song.

HYMN 64. 8, 10.

The Christian Band.

- 1 **HERE** is a band of brethren dear—
 I will be in this band ;
 Hallelujah :
 Their leader tells them not to fear—
 I will be in this band ;

Hallelujah.
 I will be in this band,
 Hallelujah ;
 In the second Advent band,
 Hallelujah.

- 2 As I was mourning sad one day,
 I will &c.
 And thinking about this good old way,
 I will &c.
- 3 There was a voice which reached my soul,
 Fear not, I make the wounded whole.
- 4 My dungeon shoök, my chains fell off,
 My soul unfettered went aloft.
- 5 I little thought he was so nigh,
 He spoke and made me smile and cry.
- 6 Now bless the Lord, your songs I'll swell,
 For Jesus has done all things well.
- 7 O shout on, children, shout, you're free,
 For Christ has bought your liberty.
- 8 O bless the Lord, we need not fear,
 For Daniel says, He will soon appear.
- 9 Both prophets and apostles too,
 Their writings show this doctrine true.

HYMN 65. 7, 6, 8, 6.

The Happy Man.

- 1 How happy is the man,
 Who has chosen wisdom's ways,
 And measured out his span,
 To his God in prayer and praise.

His God and his Bible
Are all that he desires ;
To holiness of heart and life
He constantly aspires ;
In poverty he 's happy,
For he knows he has a friend,
Who never will forsake him,
And on whom he can depend.

2 He rises in the morning,
With the lark he tunes his lays,
And offers up a tribute
To his God in prayer and praise ;
And then unto his labor
He cheerfully repairs,
In confidence believing
His God will hear his prayers.
Whatever he engages in,
At home or far abroad,
His object is to honor
And to glorify his God.

3 In sickness, pain, and sorrow,
He never will repine,
While he is drawing nourishment
From Christ the living vine.
When trouble presses heavily,
He leans on Jesus' breast,
And in his precious promises
He finds a quiet rest.
The yoke of Christ is easy,
The burden always light ;
They never make him weary
While Canaan is in sight.

- 4 'T is thus you have his history
 Through life from day to day ;
 Religion is no mystery,
 It is a beaten way ;
 And when upon his pillow,
 He lays him down to die,
 His soul in hope rejoices,
 For he knows his God is nigh.
 And when life's lamp is flickering,
 His soul, on wings of love,
 Flies away to realms of glory,
 To dwell with Christ above.
- 5 Then he 'll be forever happy,
 For he 's joined the holy band,
 He 's received the crown of glory
 And a palm is in his hand ;
 With saints, and priests, and prophets,
 He 'll strike the golden lyre,
 And shout loud hallelujahs
 With all the heavenly choir.
 He 's happy now eternally,
 His joys are all complete,
 With the angels he is bowing
 Around the Saviour's feet.

HYMN 66. S. M.

Let us not sleep as do others.

- 1 AND will the Judge descend ?
 And must the dead arise ?
 And not a single soul escape
 His all-discerning eyes ?

- 2 How will my heart endure
The terrors of that day,
When earth and heaven before his face,
Astonished, shrink away ?
- 3 But ere the trumpet shakes
The mansions of the dead,
Hark ! from the gospel's cheering sound
What joyful tidings spread !
- 4 Ye sinners, see his grace,
Whose wrath ye cannot bear ;
Flee to the shelter of his cross,
And find salvation there.

HYMN 67. S. M.

Triumph of Christ and his Saints.

- 1 In expectation sweet,
We'll wait, and sing, and pray,
Till Christ's triumphal car we meet,
And see an endless day.
- 2 He comes ! the Conqueror comes !
Death falls beneath his sword ;
The joyful prisoners burst the tombs
And rise to meet their Lord.
- 3 The trumpet sounds, " Awake !
Ye dead to judgment come !"
The pillars of creation shake,
While man receives his doom.

- 4 Thrice happy morn for those
 Who love the ways of peace ;
 No night of sorrow e'er shall close,
 Or shade their perfect bliss.

HYMN 68. P. M.

Expostulation with Sinners.

- 1 You 'd better come to Jesus, to Jesus,
 You 'd better come to Jesus in this our day
 So come, poor sinner,
 You can't stand his ire,
 You can't stand his ire,
 In that great day.
- 2 You need a hope of mercy, &c.
 3 You 'd better be a praying, &c.
 4 You 'd better get religiog, &c.
 5 Come try a bleeding Saviour, &c.
 6 He offers you salvation, &c.
 7 Come, give your hearts to Jesus, &c.
 8 You 'll see the Judge descending, &c.
 9 You 'll hear the trumpet sounding, &c.
 10 You 'll see the dead arising, &c.
 11 You 'll hear the thunders roaring, &c.
 12 You 'll see the world a burning, &c.
 13 You 'll hear the sinners crying, &c.
 14 You 'll hear the saints a shouting, &c.
 15 The saints will shine in glory, &c.

HYMN 69. P. M.*Mariner's Hymn.*

- 1 HAIL you ! and where did you come from ?
Hallelujah !
Hail you ! and where did you come from ?
Hallelujah !
Oh, I 'm come from the land of Egypt !
Hallelujah !
Oh, I 'm come from the land of Egypt !
Hallelujah !
- 2 Hail you ! and where are you bound for ? &c
Oh, I 'm bound for the land of Canaan, &c.
- 3 Hail you ! and what is your compass ? &c.
Oh, the Bible is my compass, &c.
- 4 Hail you ! and who is your pilot ? &c.
Oh ! God's Spirit is my pilot, &c.
- 5 Hail you ! and who is your captain ? &c.
Oh, King Jesus is my captain, &c.
- 6 Hail you ! and where is your harbor ? &c.
Oh, God's kingdom is my harbor, &c.

HYMN 70. P. M.*The Last Trumpet.*

- 1 O GET your hearts in order, order, order ;
O get your hearts in order for the end of time ,

For Gabriel's going to blow, by-and-by, by-
and-by,
For Gabriel's going to blow by-and-by.

- 2 He'll encompass land and ocean, &c.
- 3 You will see the graves a bursting, &c.
- 4 You will see this world on fire, &c.
- 5 There will be an awful shaking, &c.
- 6 How will you stand it, sinner, &c.
- 7 You will wish you were forgiven, &c.
- 8 But saints will not be frightened, &c.
- 9 They'll rise and meet their Jesus, &c.
- 10 He will lead them to his kingdom, &c.
- 11 Then the warfare will be ended, &c.
- 12 We will shout above the fire, &c.

HYMN 71. P. M.

Confidence in God.

- 1 **STAND** the omnipotent decree !
Jehovah's will be done !
Nature's end we wait to see,
And hear her final groan.

Let this earth dissolve, and blend
In death the wicked and the just ;
Let those ponderous orbs descend,
And grind us into dust.

2 Rests secure the righteous man,
At his Redeemer's beck,
Sure t' emerge and rise again,
And mount above the wreck.
Lo ! the heavenly Spirit towers,
Like flames o'er nature's funeral pyre,
Triumphs in immortal powers,
And claps his wings of fire !

3 Nothing hath the just to lose,
By worlds on worlds destroyed ;
Far beneath his feet he views,
With smiles, the flaming void ;
Sees this universe renewed,
The grand millennial reign begun ;
Shouts with all the sons of God,
Around the eternal throne.

4 Resting in this glorious hope,
To be at last restored,
Yield we now our bodies up,
To earthquake, plague, or sword.
Listening for the call divine,
The latest trumpet of the seven,
Soon our soul and dust shall join,
And both fly up to heaven.

HYMN 72. 8, 7.

Christ coming to the Judgment.

- 1 Lo! he comes, with clouds descending,
Once for favored sinners slain!
Thousand, thousand saints attending,
Swell the triumph of his train;
Hallelujah!
Jesus comes, and comes to reign.
- 2 Every eye shall now behold him,
Robed in dreadful majesty!
Those who set at nought and sold him,
Pierced, and nailed him to the tree,
Deeply wailing,
Shall the true Messiah see!
- 3 When the solemn trump has sounded,
Heaven and earth shall flee away:
All who hate him must, confounded,
Hear the summons of that day—
“Come to judgment!
Come to judgment! come away!”
- 4 Yea, amen! let all adore thee,
High on thine eternal throne!
Saviour, take the power and glory,
Make the righteous sentence known,
O come quickly—
Claim the kingdom for thine own!

HYMN 73. C. M.*Jerusalem, the Saint's Home.*

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

Chorus.

We're marching through Immanuel's ground,
 We soon shall hear the trumpet sound,
 And then we shall our Jesus meet,
 And never, never part again.

What, never part again?

No, never part again;

But there we shall our Jesus meet,

And never, never part again.

- 2 Thy walls are all of precious stone,
 Most glorious to behold;
 Thy gates are richly set with pearl,
 Thy streets are paved with gold.
- 3 Thy garden and thy pleasant walks,
 My study long have been;
 Such dazzling views by human sight
 Have never yet been seen.
- 4 If heaven be thus glorious, Lord,
 Why should I stay from thence?
 What folly's this that I should dread
 To die and go from hence.
- 5 Reach down, O Lord, thine arm of grace,
 And cause me to ascend,
 Where congregations ne'er break up,
 And Sabbaths never end.

- 6 When we 've been there ten thousand years,
 Bright shining as the sun,
 We've no less days to sing God's praise
 Than when we first begun.

HYMN 74. L. M.

The Awakening Cry.

- 1 My heart was cold—lukewarm was I,
 When lo! I heard the midnight cry;
 It aroused me up—I looked within,
 Beheld corruption, error, sin.
- 2 My soul was sad, mine eyes did weep,
 I had no rest, I could not sleep.
 And is it true the Master's nigh?
 Have mercy, Lord, was all my cry.
- 3 I sought the Lord with all my might,
 He heard my prayer and gave me light,
 Filled me with joy—I love to hear
 The solemn cry, the Bridegroom's near.
- 4 I love to tell to all around,
 What peace and comfort I have found.
 I love to echo still the cry,
 Behold the heavenly Bridegroom's nigh.
- 5 My soul is filled with love divine,
 I feel I'm his, that he is mine;
 My Saviour and my gracious Lord,
 And he will come, so says his word.
- 6 Yes, he will come, he's nigh at hand,
 I soon shall join the blood-washed band,
 To sing his praise, his glory see,
 And reign with him eternally.

HYMN 75. P. M.

The Cross and Crown.

- 1 **MUST** Simon bear his cross alone, and all the world go free?
 No! there's a cross for every one, and there's a cross for me.
Yes, there's a cross on Calvary, through which by faith the crown I see:
 To me 't is pardon bringing.
- O that's the cross for me, O that's the cross for me,
 O that's the cross for me.
- 2 **How** happy are the saints above, who once went mourning here;
 But now they taste unmingled love, and joy without a tear.
Yes, perfect love will dry the tear, and cast out all tormenting fear,
 Which round my heart is clinging.
- O that's the love for me, &c.
- 3 **We**'ll bear the consecrated cross, till from the cross we're free:
 And then go home to wear the crown, for there's a crown for me.
Yes, there's a crown in heaven above, the purchase of my Saviour's love,
 For me at his appearing.
- O that's the crown for me, &c.

- 4 The church has heard the midnight cry ; the
 Lord will soon appear ;
 Ye virgins, rise with burning lamps, go meet
 him in the air.
 Yes, there's a home in heaven prepared, a
 house no wicked man has shared,
 Where Christ is interceding.
 O that's the home for me, &c.

HYMN 76. P. M

Advent Triumph.

- 1 We shall see a light appear,
 By-and-by when he comes,
 We shall see a light appear
 When he comes.
 Ride on, Jesus, O, ride on !
 We are on our journey home.
- 2 We shall see him as he is
 By-and-by when he comes ;
 We shall see him as he is,
 When he comes.
 Ride on, Jesus, &c.
- 3 We shall have a mighty shout,
 By-and-by when he comes ;
 We shall have a mighty shout,
 When he comes.
 Ride on, Jesus, &c.

4 We shall all with Christ appear,
By-and-by when he comes ;
We shall all with Christ appear,
When he comes.

Ride on, Jesus, &c.

5 Then the earth will all be cleansed,
By-and-by when he comes ;
Then the earth will all be cleansed,
When he comes.

Ride on, Jesus, &c.

6 We shall shout above the fire,
By-and-by when he comes :
We shall shout above the fire,
When he comes.

Ride on, Jesus, &c.

HYMN 77. 6, 6, 8, 6, 8.

Be ye also ready.

1 YE virgin souls, arise !
With all the dead awake ;
Unto salvation wise,
Oil in your vessels take ;
Upstarting at the midnight cry,
Behold your heavenly bridegroom nigh.

2 He comes, he comes, to call
The nations to his bar,
And take to glory all
Who meet for glory are ;
Make ready for your free reward ;
Go forth with joy to meet your Lord.

- 3 Go, meet him in the sky,
Your everlasting Friend ;
Your head to glorify,
With all his saints ascend ;
Ye pure in heart, obtain the grace
To see, without a veil, his face.
- 4 Ye that have here received
The unction from above,
And in his Spirit lived,
And thirsted for his love ;
Jesus shall claim you for his bride ;
Rejoice with all the sanctified.
- 5 Rejoice in glorious hope
Of that great-day unknown,
When you shall be caught up
To stand before his throne ;
Called to partake the marriage feast,
And lean on our Immanuel's breast.
- 6 The everlasting doors
Shall soon the saints receive,
Above with angel powers
In glorious joy to live ;
Far from a world of grief and sin,
With God eternally shut in.
- 7 Then let us wait to hear,
The trumpet's welcome sound ;
To see our Lord appear,
May we be watching found ;
Enrobed in righteousness divine,
In which the bride shall ever shine.

HYMN 78. P. M.*Welcome Home.*

- 1 SEE, brethren, see, how the day rolls on ;
Quickly will the Saviour come ;
Hark ! hear the sound, he will appear,
Sweetly falls upon the ear.

Chorus.

Then haste, let us work till the daylight is o'er,
Our hearts filled with love as we row to the shore ;
Our earthly labor being done,
How sweet the Christian's welcome home,
Home, home, home, the Christian's welcome
home ;
Sweet, oh ! sweet the Christian's welcome home.

- 2 Lift up your hearts, and rejoice in God ;
Shout his praises all abroad ;
Soon shall we hear the voice, 't is done,
Child, your Father calls, come home.
- 3 Come, sinners, come, let us all awake !
And the Spirit's truths partake ;
Soon will appear, and oh ! how bright,
Prayer to praise and faith to sight.
- 4 Hark, brethren, hark ! hear the sound so clear,
Jesus' coming draweth near ;
Soon will commence as all may see,
The ever glorious jubilee.

- 5 Hail, brethren, hail! it's the new-born year;
 Gabriel's trump we soon shall hear,
 Then will the saints and angels sing,
 Glory be to heaven's King.

HYMN 79. P. M.

Preparation for the Marriage Feast.

- 1 HASTE, my dull soul, arise,
 Shake off thy care;
 Press to thy native skies,
 Mighty in prayer.
 Christ, he has gone before,
 Count all thy sufferings o'er;
 He all thy burdens bore;
 Jesus is there.
- 2 Souls for the marriage feast,
 Robed and prepared;
 Holy must be such guests:
 Jesus is there!
 Saints, wear your victory palms,
 Chant your celestial psalms:
 Bride of the Lamb, thy charms,
 Oh! let me wear.
- 3 Heaven's bliss is perfect, pure—
 Jesus is there!
 Heaven's bliss is ever sure—
 Thou art its heir.
 What makes its joys complete—
 What makes its hymns so sweet;
 There we our friends will greet—
 Jesus is there.

HYMN 80. L. M.*Desire to Reign with Christ.*

- 1 **WHEN** strangers stand and hear me tell,
What beauties in my Saviour dwell;
Where he is gone they fain would know,
That they may seek and love him too.
- 2 O may my spirit daily rise
On wings of faith above the skies,
Till I shall make my last remove,
To dwell forever with my love.
- 3 In paradise, within thy gates,
An higher entertainment waits;
Fruits new and old, laid up in store,
There we shall feed—but want no more.
- 4 Religion bears our spirits up,
While we expect that blessed hope,
The bright appearance of the Lord,
And faith stands leaning on his word.
- 5 Come, my beloved, haste away,
Cut short the hours of thy delay;
Fly, like a youthful hart or roe,
Over the hills where spices grow.

HYMN 81. P. M.*Rejoicing in Prospect of Millennial Glory.*

- 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 or 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 for 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 may with the leopard play,
 For nought 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 plough the earth ;
 For 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.

HYMN 82. C. M.

Jesus our Refuge in the Judgment.

- 1 By faith we find the place above,
 The rock that rent in twain,
 Beneath the shade of dying love,
 And in the cleft remain.
 Jesus, to thy dear wounds we flee,
 We sink into thy side ;
 Assured that all who trust in thee,
 Shall evermore abide.

- 2 Then let the thundering trumpet sound,
 The latest lightnings glare ;
 The mountains melt, the solid ground
 Dissolve as liquid air ;
 The huge celestial bodies roll
 Amidst the general fire,
 And shrivel as a parchment scroll,
 And all in smoke expire !

- 3 Yet still the Lord, the Saviour, reigns,
 When nature is destroyed,
 And no created thing remains
 Throughout the flaming void.
 Sublime upon his azure throne,
 He speaks the Almighty word ;
 His fiat is obeyed ; 't is done,
 And paradise restored.

- 4 So be it ! let this system end,
 This ruinous earth and skies !
 The New Jerusalem descend,
 The new creation rise !
 Thy power omnipotent assume !
 Thy brightest majesty !
 And when thou dost in glory come,
 My Lord, remember me !

HYMN 83. 83.

No continuing city here.

- 1 AWAY with our sorrow and fear !
 We soon shall recover our home ;
 The city of saints shall appear ;
 The day of eternity come.
 From earth we shall quickly remove,
 And mount to our native abode ;
 The house of our Father above,
 The palace of angels and God.
- 2 Our mourning is all at an end,
 When raised by the life-giving Word,
 We see the new city descend,
 Adorned as a bride for her Lord ;
 The city so holy and clean,
 No sorrow can breathe in the air ;
 No gloom of affliction or sin,
 No shadow of evil is there.
- 3 By faith we already behold
 That lovely Jerusalem here ;
 Her walls are of jasper and gold,
 As crystal her buildings are clear ;

Immovably founded in grace,
 She stands, as she ever hath stood,
 And brightly her Builder displays,
 And flames with the glory of God.

- 4 No need of the sun in that day
 Which never is followed by night,
 Where Jesus' beauties display
 A pure and a permanent light :
 The Lamb is their light and their sun,
 And lo ! by reflection they shine ;
 With Jesus ineffably one,
 And bright in effulgence divine !
- 5 The saints in his presence receive
 Their great and eternal reward ;
 In Jesus, in heaven they live,
 They reign in the smile of their Lord !
 The flame of angelical love
 Is kindled at Jesus' face ;
 And all the enjoyment above
 Consists in the rapturous gaze.

HYMN 84. C. M.

The Way to Zion.

- 1 SING, ye redeemed of the Lord,
 Your great Deliverer sing ;
 Pilgrims for Zion's city bound,
 Be joyful in your King.
- 2 See the fair way his hand hath raised,
 How holy, and how plain !
 Nor shall the simplest travellers err,
 Nor ask the track in vain.

- 3 No ravening lion shall destroy,
No lurking serpent wound ;
Pleasure and safety, peace and praise,
Through all the path are found.
- 4 A hand divine shall lead you on,
Through all the blissful road,
Till to the sacred mount you rise,
And see your smiling God

HYMN 85. C. M.

The Summons to Judgment.

- 1 THE Lord, the Judge, before his throne
Bids the whole earth draw nigh ;
The nations near the rising sun,
And near the western sky.
- 2 No more shall bold blasphemers say,
Judgment will ne'er begin ;
No more abuse his long delay,
To impudence and sin.
- 3 Throned on a cloud our God shall come,
Bright flames prepare his way ;
Thunder and darkness, fire and storm,
Lead on the dreadful day.
- 4 Heaven from above his call shall hear,
Attending angels come ;
And earth and hell shall know and fear
His justice and their doom.

HYMN 86. L. M.*Welcome the final Judge.*

- 1 **HE** comes, he comes, the Judge severe,
The seventh trumpet speaks him near ;
His lightnings flash, his thunders roll,
He 's welcome to the faithful soul.
Welcome, welcome, welcome, welcome,
Welcome to the faithful soul.
- 2 Descending on his azure throne,
He claims the kingdoms as his own ;
The kingdoms all obey his word,
And hail him their triumphant Lord.
Welcome, &c.
- 3 Shout, all ye angels of the sky,
And all the saints of the Most High ;
Our God, who now his right obtains,
Forever and forever reigns !
Welcome, &c.
- 4 The Father praise, the Son adore,
The Spirit bless forevermore ;
Salvation's glorious work is done ;
We welcome thee, great Holy One !
Welcome, &c.

HYMN 87. L. M.*The Sound of the Seventh Trumpet.*

- 1 **LET** the seventh angel sound on high,
Let shouts be heard through all the sky ;
Kings of the earth, with glad accord,
Give up your kingdoms to the Lord.

- 2 Almighty God, thy power assume,
 Who wast, and art, and art to come ;
 Jesus the Lamb, who once was slain,
 Forever live, forever reign.
- 3 Now must the rising dead appear,
 Now the decisive sentence hear ;
 Now the dear martyrs of the Lord
 Receive an infinite reward.

HYMN 88. L. M.

Peace by the Cross.

- 1 HARK ! from the cross a voice of peace
 Bids Sinai's awful thunder cease !
 Sinner ! that voice of love obey,
 From Christ, the true, the living way.
- 2 How else his presence wilt thou bear,
 When he in judgment shall appear :
 When slighted love to wrath shall turn,
 And all the earth like Sinai burn ?
- 3 Now from the cross a voice of peace
 Bids Sinai's awful thunder cease—
 O sinner, while 't is called to day,
 That voice of saving love obey.

HYMN 89. L. P. M.

The Great Battle.

- 1 HOSANNA ! hark the melody
 Strikes sweetly on my ravished ear !
 The constellations make reply
 In echoes from each distant sphere,

Till all the wide expansion rings
With "Live forever, King of kings!"

- 2 He comes! he comes! the heavens rend!
Floods, clap your hands! ye mountains, joy!
Forests, in glad obeisance bend!
Earth, raise your hallelujahs high!
Let Zion wake the lofty strain—
"Live, King of kings! forever reign!"
- 3 Ripe is the vintage of the earth;
Its clustering grapes are round and full;
And vengeance, vengeance, bursts to birth,
Sudden and irresistible!
Messiah comes, to tread amain
The wine-press of the battle-plain!
- 4 The cry is up, the strife begun,
The struggle of the mighty ones;
And Armageddon's day comes on,
The carnival of Slaughter's sons;
War lifts his helmet to his brow:
O God! protect thy people now!

PART SECOND.

- 5 THE graves are cleaved! the *saints* arise!
The resurrection of the just!
And now, unto their kindred skies,
Up leap the tenants of the dust!
They rise to meet their Lord in air,
And tune their hallelujahs there.
- 6 Wake, Zion, wake! put on thy strength!
Don thy rich garb, Jerusalem!

Rise, shine ! thy light is come at length,
 And thou the wicked shalt condemn.
 But hark ! the war-whoop nearer sounds !
 From land to land destruction bounds !

- 7 Assemble quickly, fowls of air !
 Come to the supper of the Lord ;
 The great ones of the earth prepare
 To reap the harvest of the sword ;
 And captains' flesh shall be your food,
 And ye shall drink of heroes' blood.
- 8 The cry is up, the strife begun ;
 Destruction spreads from field to field ;
 And soon shall Slaughter's work be done,—
 Soon shall Abaddon's legions yield ;
 Unnumbered thousands shall be slain,
 Ere day break on Megiddo's plain.

PART THIRD.

- 9 Down, Babylon ! down, Mahomet !
 Impostor and Apostate, down !
 Your day is past, your sun is set ;
 Now reap the whirlwind ye have sown ;
 Drink—yea, drink deep—the wine's poured
 forth,
 The red wine of Jehovah's wrath.
- 10 They drink ! they drink ! they fall ! they fall !
 With all their sorceries and charms ;
 And Desolation grasps them all
 Within his vast and withering arms ;
 The "strong one" has them in his toil :
 When, lo ! a Stronger shares the spoil !

- 11 Yea, come, O king! and take the spoil;
 With thy confederates share the prey:
 Ha! ha! Death "grins a ghastly smile;"
 The morning dawns—and where are they?
 The flames, the flames, great autocrat,
 Spread o'er thee in Jehoshaphat!

HYMN 90. C. M.

Waiting for the Advent.

- 1 **ANOTHER** weary day is past,
 I'm waiting still for thee;
 O, keep me, Saviour, till the last,
 And set my spirit free.
 I long to know thee as thou art,
 And reign with thee in life;
 O, let this longing, fainting heart
 Now end the mortal strife.
- 2 With thine immortal image seal
 This feeble creature thine;
 And all thy glory then reveal,
 And let me in it shine.
 I would be where thou art: O come!
 No longer now delay;
 But take thy weeping children home,
 From sin and grief away.
- 3 **Jesus**, our hope, our life, our heaven,
 The lingering times have flown;
 To thee the kingdom now is given;
 Return and claim thine own.
 And, as we wait, along the skies
 Unearthly glory steals,

And our glad spirits seem to rise,
To haste thy chariot wheels.

- 4 Although they seem to linger, still
Thy retinue on high
Is marshalled, and awaits the will
That bids their myriads fly.
Then we will wait, nor deem too long
The closing hours of grace,
But trim our lamps with cheerful song,
Till we shall see thy face.

HYMN 91. 8, 7.

The City of Zion.

- 1 GLORIOUS things of thee are spoken,
Zion, city of our God!
He whose word cannot be broken,
Formed thee for his own abode.
On the Rock of Ages founded,
What can shake thy sure repose?
With salvation's walls surrounded,
Thou mayst smile at all thy foes.
- 2 See! the streams of living waters,
Springing from eternal love,
Well supply thy sons and daughters,
And all fear of want remove.
Who can faint, while such a river
Ever flows their thirst 't assuage?
Grace, which like the Lord, the giver,
Never fails from age to age?
- 3 Blest inhabitants of Zion,
Washed in the Redeemer's blood!

Jesus, whom their souls rely on,
 Makes them kings and priests to God :
 'T is his love his people raises
 Over self to reign as kings ;
 And as priests, his solemn praises,
 Each for a thank-offering brings.

- 4 Saviour, if of Zion's city
 I, through grace, a member am,
 Let the world deride or pity,
 I will glory in thy name.
 Fading is the worldling's pleasure,
 All his boasted pomp and show ;
 Solid joys and lasting treasure
 None but Zion's children know.

HYMN 92. C. M.

The Advent and Resurrection.

- 1 **ARISE** and shine, O Zion fair,
 Behold thy light is come ;
 Thy glorious conquering King is near,
 To take his exiles home ;
 The trumpet 's sounding through the sky,
 To set poor sinners free ;
 The day of wonders now is nigh,
 The year of jubilee.
- 2 Arise, ye nations under ground,
 Before the Judge appear ;
 All tongues, all languages, shall come,
 Their final doom to hear.
King Jesus on his azure throne,
Ten thousand angels round ;

While Gabriel, with his silver trump,
Echoes the dreadful sound.

- 3 The glorious news of gospel grace,
With sinners now is o'er;
The trump in Zion now is still,
And to be blown no more;
The watchmen all have left their walls,
And with their flocks above,
On Canaan's happy shore they sing,
And shout redeeming love.

HYMN 93. 8s.

Strangers and Pilgrims.

- 1 LEADER of faithful souls, and guide
Of all that travel to the sky,
Come, and with us, e'en 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 the vale of wo,
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.

SECOND PART.

- 4 Patient th' appointed race to run,
 This weary world we cast behind ;
 From strength to strength we travel on,
 The New Jerusalem to find ;
 Our labor this, our only aim,
 To find the New Jerusalem.
- 5 Through thee, who all our sins hast borne,
 Freely and graciously forgiven,
 With songs to Zion we return,
 Contending for our native heaven ;
 That palace of our glorious King,
 We find it nearer while we sing.
- 6 Raised by the breath of love divine,
 We urge our way with strength renewed,
 The church of the first-born to join ;
 We travel to the mount of God ;
 With joy upon our heads arise,
 And meet our Saviour in the skies.

HYMN 94. 8s.*Desire to see Jesus.*

- 1 I LONG to behold him arrayed
 With glory and light from above ;
 The King in his beauty displayed,
 His beauty of holiest love :
 I languish and sigh to be there,
 Where Jesus hath fixed his abode ;
 O, when shall we meet in the air,
 And fly to the mountain of God ?

- 2 With him I on Sion shall stand,—
 For Jesus has spoken the word,—
 The breadth of Immanuel's land
 Survey by the light of my Lord.
 But when, on thy bosom reclined,
 Thy face I am strengthened to see,
 My fulness of rapture I find,
 My heaven of heavens, in thee.
- 3 How happy the people that dwell
 Secure in the city above!
 No pain the inhabitants feel,
 No sickness or sorrow shall prove;
 Physician of souls, unto me
 Forgiveness and holiness give;
 And then from the body set free,
 And then to the city receive.

HYMN-95. P. M.

Desire to dwell with Christ.

- 1 BURST, ye emerald gates, and bring
 To my raptur'd vision
 All the ecstatic joys that spring
 Round the bright Elysian!
 Lo! we lift our longing eyes:
 Break, ye intervening skies!
 Sons of righteousness, arise!
 Ope the gates of paradise!

Chorus.

O, how good it is to be blest,
 And dwell where loving Jesus is!

2 Floods of everlasting light
 Freely flash before him ;
 Myriads, with supreme delight,
 Instantly adore him ;
 Angels' trumps resound his fame ;
 Lutes of lucid gold proclaim
 All the music of his name,
 Heaven echoing the theme.

O, how good it is to be blest,
 And dwell where loving Jesus is !

3 Four and twenty elders rise
 From their princely station ;
 Shout his glorious victories,
 Sing his great salvation ;
 Cast their crowns before his throne ;
 Cry, in reverential tone,
 Glory be to God alone,
 Holy, holy, holy One !

O, how good it is to be blest,
 And dwell where loving Jesus is !

4 Hark ! the thrilling symphonies
 Seem, methinks, to seize us ;
 Join we to the holy lays—
 Jesus ! Jesus ! Jesus !
 Sweetest sound in seraphs' song ;
 Sweetest note on mortals' tongue ;
 Sweetest carol ever sung :
 Jesus ! Jesus ! flow along.

O, how good it is to be blest,
 And dwell where loving Jesus is !

HYMN 96. C. M.

Restoration of Israel.

- 1 JERUSALEM! Jerusalem!
 Zion shall yet arise,
 In all the beauty of the Lord,
 Beneath thy own fair skies,
 When thou shalt come bowed down and low,
 Repentant and in tears,
 With offerings of broken hearts,
 And faith of holy seers.
- 2 Jerusalem! Jerusalem!
 Messiah he is King;
 Lift up thy voice from every hill,
 Let every valley sing;
 Lengthen thy cords, strengthen thy stakes,
 Break out on every hand,
 Thou blessed of the Lord of hosts,
 And glory of the land!

HYMN 97. P. M.

Advent of the King of kings.

- 1 WHEN the King of kings comes,
 When the Lord of lords comes;
 We shall have a joyful day,
 When the King of kings comes:
 Great Babylon is broken down,
 And kingdoms once of great renown,
 And saints now suffering wear the crown,
 When the King of kings comes.

- 2 When the trump of God calls,
When the last of foes falls ;
We shall have a joyful day,
 When the King of kings comes :
O, then the saints raised from the dead,
Are with the living gathered,
And all made like their glorious Head,
 When the King of kings comes.
- 3 When the foe's distress comes,
Then the church's " rest " comes ;
We shall have a joyful day,
 When the King of kings comes :
And then the New Jerusalem,
Surpassing all report and fame,
Shines worthy of its Maker's name,
 When the King of kings comes.
- 4 When the world its course has run,
When the judgment is begun ;
We shall have a joyful day,
 When the King of kings comes :
To see the sons of God well known,
All spotless to their Father shown,
And Jesus all his brethren own,
 • When the King of kings comes.
- 5 When the Conqueror's hour comes,
When he with great power comes ;
We shall have a joyful day,
 When the King of kings comes :
To see all things by him restored,
And God himself alone adored
By all the saints, with one accord,
 When the King of kings comes.

HYMN 98. 8s.

The Glorious City.

- 1 A city appears to our view,
Where pilgrims will ever reside ;
If faithful they prove, and are true,
Will dwell with the Lamb as his bride.
From heaven this city descends,
Above the ethereal blue ;
The saints will inhabit it, when
To earth they have all bade adieu.

- 2 No sun shall illumine that land,
Nor stars in its galaxy shine ;
But order and harmony grand
Will be in each portion sublime.
No darkness shall ever prevail,
But light inexpressible reign ;
No demon our rights shall assail,
To mar in that heavenly plain.

- 3 The walls of this city are high,
Her light 's like a jasper most clear ;
When she falls from the azure blue sky,
She will dwell with the holy who fear.
Its streets are pellucid, fine gold ;
No temple, but God and the Lamb,
Our eyes shall there ever behold,
For they are the light of that land.

HYMN 99. 5, 6.*True Joys.*

- 1 O TELL me no more
Of this world's vain store,
The time for such trifles
With me now is o'er.
- 2 A city I've found
Where true joys abound;
To dwell I'm determined
On this happy ground.
- 3 My soul, don't delay,
He calls thee away;
Rise, follow thy Saviour,
And bless the glad day.

HYMN 100. L. M.*The Kingdom of God.*

- 1 THY kingdom come! thus, day by day,
We lift our hands to God and pray;
But who has ever duly weighed
The meaning of the words he said?
- 2 Thy kingdom come! O day of joy,
When praise shall every tongue employ;
When hatred, strife and battles cease,
And man with man shall be at peace.
- 3 Then bears and wolves, no longer wild,
Obey the leading of a child;
The lions with the oxen eat,
And dust shall be the serpent's meat.

- 4 Then all shall know and serve the Lord,
And walk according to his word ;
His glory spread around shall be,
As waters cover o'er the sea.
- 5 God's holy will shall then be done
By all who live beneath the sun ;
And every evil will remove,
For God will reign, and "God is love."

HYMN 101. L. M.*God's Universal Dominion.*

- 1 GREAT GOD, whose universal sway
All heaven reveres, all world's obey ;
Now make the Saviour's glory known,
Extend his power, exalt his throne.
- 2 Thy sceptre well becomes his hands,
Angels submit to his commands ;
His justice shall protect the poor,
And pride and rage prevail no more.
- 3 With power he vindicates the just,
And ireads th' oppressor in the dust ;
His righteous government shall last
Till days, and years, and time be past.

HYMN 102. L. M.*Universal Reign of Christ.*

- 1 JESUS shall reign where'er the sun
Does his successive journeys run ;
His kingdom stretch from shore to shore,
Till moons shall wax and wane no more.

- 2 To him shall endless prayer be made,
And praises throng to crown his head :
His name, like sweet perfume, shall rise
With every daily sacrifice.
- 3 Blessings abound where'er he reigns ,
The prisoner leaps to loose his chains ;
The weary find eternal rest,
And all the sons of want are blessed.
- 4 Where he displays his healing power
The sting of death is known no more :
In him the sons of Adam boast
More blessings than their father lost.

HYMN 103. 7, 6.

The triumph of Christ.

- 1 HAIL to the Lord's anointed !
Great David's greater Son ;
Hail, in the time appointed,
His reign on earth begun !
He comes to break oppression
To set the captive free ;
To take away transgression,
And rule in equity.
- 2 He comes with succor speedy,
To those who suffer wrong ;
To help the poor and needy,
And bid the weak be strong ;
To give them songs for sighing,
Their darkness turn to light,
Whose souls, condemned and dying
Were precious in his sight.

- 3 He shall come down like showers
 Upon the fruitful earth,
 And love and joy, like flowers,
 Spring in his path to birth ;
 Before him, on the mountains,
 Shall peace, the herald, go,
 And righteousness in fountains
 From hill to valley flow.
- 4 For him shall prayer unceasing
 And daily vows ascend ;
 His kingdom still increasing,
 A kingdom without end ;
 The tide of time shall never
 His covenant remove ;
 His name shall stand forever ;
 That name to us is—Love.

HYMN 104. 10s.

The First and Second Advent.

- 1 THE Saviour comes, by ancient bards fore-
 told ;
 Hear him, ye deaf, and all ye blind, behold !
 'Tis he the obstructed paths of sound shall
 clear,
 And bid new music charm th' unfolding ear.
- 2 No more shall nation against nation rise,
 Nor ardent warriors meet with hateful eyes,
 No fields with gleaming steel be covered o'er,
 The brazen trumpets kindle rage no more.

- 3 The lambs with wolves shall graze the verdant mead,
 And boys in flowery bands the tiger lead ;
 The steer and lion at one crib shall meet,
 And harmless serpents lick the pilgrim's feet.
- 4 Rise, crowned with light, imperial Salem,
 rise !
 Exalt thy towering head, and lift thy eyes !
 See barbarous nations at thy gates attend,
 Walk in thy light, and in thy temple bend.
- 5 The seas shall waste, the skies in smoke decay,
 Rocks fall to dust, and mountains melt away ;
 But fixed his word, his saving power remains ;
 Thy realm forever lasts—Messiah reigns.

HYMN 105. 7, 6.

Missionary Hymn.

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

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

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

4 Waft, waft, ye winds, his story ;
 And you, ye waters, roll,
 Till, like a sea of glory,
 It spreads from pole to pole ;
 Till o'er our ransomed nature,
 The Lamb for sinners slain,
 Redeemer, King, Creator,
 Returns in bliss to reign.

HYMN 106. S. M.

The Lord is King.

- 1 REJOICE ! the Lord is King !
 Your Lord and King adore ;
 Ye ransomed saints, give thanks and sing,
 And triumph evermore !
- 2 The mighty Saviour reigns,
 The God of truth and love ;
 When he himself had purged our stains,
 He took his seat above.

- 3 His kingdom cannot fail ;
 He rules o'er earth and heaven ;
 The sovereign keys of death and hell
 Into his hands are given.
- 4 He sits at God's right hand,
 Till all his foes submit,
 And humbly bow to his command,
 And fall beneath his feet.
- 5 Rejoice in glorious hope !
 Jesus, the Judge, shall come,
 And take his waiting servants up
 To their eternal home.

HYMN 107. 7, 6.

The last Trumpet.

- 1 AND when the last loud trumpet
 Shall rend the vaulted skies,
 And bid the entombed millions
 From their cold beds arise ;
 Our ransomed dust, revived,
 Bright beauties shall put on,
 And soar to the blest mansions
 Where our Redeemer's gone.
- 2 Our eyes shall then, with rapture,
 The Saviour's face behold !
 Our feet, no more diverted,
 Shall walk the streets of gold !
 Our ears shall hear with transport
 The hosts celestial sing !
 Our tongues shall chant the glory
 Of our immortal King.

HYMN 108. P. M.

The Fall of Babylon

- 1 Now let us sing the coming fate
Of mystic Babylon the Great,—
Her doom is drawing near ;
Jesus now comes on earth to reign,
His cause and people to maintain,
For them he 'll soon appear.
- 2 Before him flows a fiery stream,
The heavens above with lightnings gleam,
A thousand thunders roar ;
A heavenly host with him descends,
His voice to all the earth extends,
His saints now grieve no more.
- 3 Eclipsed by glory so divine,
Sun, moon, and stars refuse to shine,
The heavens a burning scroll :
The day is broke that has no night ;
Earth, struck with horror at the sight,
Now quakes from pole to pole.
- 4 Angels of light, at his command,
Ten thousand times ten thousand stand,
Waiting his voice to hear ;
The fiery cherubs spread their wings,
The air with loud hosannas rings,
While all his saints draw near.
- 5 The day of recompense has come,
His people all are gathering home,
With joy they hear his voice ;

The promised curse, the threatened woes,
 Combined, now fall upon his foes.
 The martyrs all rejoice.

6 She, who the twelve apostles grieved,
 And by her sorceries deceived
 All nations of the world,
 Now looks with anguish at their bliss,
 Then sinks into the vast abyss,
 To endless ruin hurled.

7 The living saints and all the dead,
 Now gather round their glorious Head,
 And reign with him below
 A thousand years of perfect peace,
 Of love, and joy, and righteousness,
 Exempt from every woe.

8 Then let us keep the end in view,
 And ever on our way pursue ;
 The crown is yet before ;
 A few short days, the conflict 's done,
 The battle 's fought, the prize is won,
 And we shall toil no more.

HYMN 109. 11s.

The Heavenly Home.

1 THE pleasures of earth I have seen fade away,
 They bloom for a season, but soon they decay ;
 But pleasures more lasting in Jesus are given,
 Salvation on earth, and a mansion in heaven.
 Home, home, sweet, sweet home,
 The saints in those mansions are ever at
 home.

- 2 Allure me no longer, ye false glowing charms !
The Saviour invites me, I'll go to his arms ;
At the banquet of mercy I hear there is room,
O, there may I feast with his children at home !
Home, home, sweet, sweet home—
O Jesus, conduct me to heaven, my home.
- 3 Farewell, vain amusements, my follies adieu,
While Jesus, and heaven, and glory I view ;
I feast on the pleasures that flow from his
throne,
The foretaste of heaven, sweet heaven, my
home.
Home, home, sweet, sweet home,
O when shall I share the fruition of home !
- 4 The days of my exile are passing away,
The time is approaching when Jesus will say,
“ Well done, faithful servant, sit down on my
throne,
And dwell in my presence, forever at home.”
Home, home, sweet, sweet home,
O there I shall rest with the Saviour at
home.
- 5 Affliction and sorrow and death shall be o'er,
The saints shall unite, to be parted no more ;
Their loud hallelujahs fill heaven's high dome,
They dwell with the Saviour, forever at home.
Home, home, sweet, sweet home,
They dwell with the Saviour, forever at
home.

HYMN 110. 8, 8, 6.*The Heavenly Land.*

- 1 O GLORIOUS hope of heavenly love!
It lifts me up to things above ;
It bears on eagles' wings ;
It gives my ravished soul a taste,
And makes me for some moments feast
With Jesus' priests and kings.
- 2 Rejoicing now in earnest hope,
I stand, and from the mountain-top
See all the land below ;
Rivers of milk and honey rise,
And all the fruits of paradise
In endless plenty grow.
- 3 A land of corn, and wine, and oil,
Favored with God's peculiar smile,
With every blessing blest ;
There dwells the Lord our Righteousness.
And keeps his own in perfect peace,
And everlasting rest.
- 4 O that I might at once go up !
No more on this side Jordan stop,
But now the land possess !
This moment end my legal years,
Sorrows, and sins, and doubts, and fears,
A howling wilderness.
- 5 Now, O my Joshua, bring me in !
Cast out thy foes : the inbred sin,
The carnal mind, remove ;

The purchase of thy death divide ;
And, O ! with all the sanctified,
Give me a lot of love.

HYMN 111. L. M.

The Saviour's Promise implored.

- 1 O SAVIOUR, is thy promise fled ?
Nor longer might thy grace endure,
To heal the sick and raise the dead,
And preach thy gospel to the poor ?
- 2 Come, Jesus, come ! return again ;
With brighter beam thy servants bless,
Who long to feel thy perfect reign,
And share thy kingdom's happiness.
- 3 A feeble race, by passion driven,
In darkness and in doubt we roam,
And lift our anxious eyes to heaven,
Our hope, our harbor, and our home.
- 4 Yet, mid the wild and wintry gale,
When death rides darkly o'er the sea,
And strength and earthly daring fail,
Our prayers, Redeemer, rest on thee !
- 5 Come, Jesus, come ! and as, of yore,
The prophet went to clear thy way,
A harbinger thy feet before,
A dawning to thy brighter day,—
- 6 So now may grace with heavenly shower,
Our stony hearts for truth prepare ;
Sow in our souls the seed of power,
Then come and reap thy harvest there.

HYMN 112. C. M.*The blessed hope.*

- 1** How happy every child of grace,
Who knows his sins forgiven !
This earth, he cries, is not my place,
I seek my place in heaven :
A country far from mortal sight,
Yet, O, by faith I see
The land of rest, the saints' delight,
The heaven prepared for me.
- 2** O, what a blessed hope is ours !
While here on earth we stay,
We more than taste the heavenly powers,
And antedate that day ;
We feel the resurrection near,
Our life in Christ concealed,
And with his glorious presence here
Our earthen vessels filled. ●
- 3** O, would he all of heaven bestow !
Then like our Lord we'll rise ;
Our bodies, fully ransomed, go
To take the glorious prize.
On him with rapture then I'll gaze,
Who bought the bliss for me,
And shout and wonder at his grace
Through all eternity.

HYMN 113. C. M.

Our Redeemer liveth.

- 1 I KNOW that my Redeemer lives,
And ever prays for me ;
A token of his love he gives,
A pledge of liberty.
- 2 Jesus, I hang upon thy word :
I steadfastly believe
Thou wilt return, and claim me, Lord,
And to thyself receive.
- 3 Joyful in hope, my spirit soars
To meet thee from above ;
Thy goodness thankfully adores,
And sure I taste thy love.
- 4 Thy love I soon expect to find,
In all its depth and height ;
To comprehend th' Eternal Mind,
And grasp the Infinite.
- 5 When God is mine, and I am his,
Of paradise possessed,
I taste unutterable bliss,
And everlasting rest.
- 6 The bliss of those that fully dwell,
Fully in thee believe,
'T is more than angel tongues can tell,
Or angel minds conceive.
- 7 Thou only know'st who didst obtain,
And die to make it known ;
The great salvation now explain,
And perfect us in one.

HYMN 114. 7, 6.

Desire to reign with Christ.

- 1 O WHEN shall I see Jesus,
And reign with him above,
And from that flowing fountain
Drink everlasting love ?
When shall I be delivered
From this vain world of sin,
And, with my blessed Jesus,
Drink endless pleasures in ?
- 2 But now I am a soldier ;
My captain 's gone before ;
He 's given me my orders,
And bade me not give o'er.
If I continue faithful,
A righteous crown 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, O my friends, be faithful,
And on your way pursue.

HYMN 115. 8, 8, 6.

Desire to stand in the Judgment.

- 1 **WHEN** thou, my righteous Judge, shall come
To call thy ransomed people home,
Shall I among them stand?
Shall such a worthless worm as I,
Who sometimes am afraid to die,
Be found at thy right hand?
- 2 I love to meet among them now,
Before thy gracious throne to bow,
Though weakest of them all;
But can I bear the piercing thought,
To have my worthless name left out,
When thou for them shalt call?
- 3 Prevent, prevent it, by thy grace!
Be thou, dear Lord, my hiding-place,
In that expected day.
Thy pard'ning voice O let me hear,
To still each unbelieving fear,
Nor let me fall, I pray.
- 4 Let me among thy saints be found
Whene'er th' archangel's trump shall sound,
To see thy smiling face;
Then loud through all the crowd I'll sing,
While heaven's resounding mansions ring
With shouts of endless grace.

HYMN 116. L. M.*The long expected Day.*

- 1 WE long to see that happy time,
That long-expected, blissful day,
When men of every name and clime
The glorious Saviour shall obey.
- 2 The word of God shall firm abide,
Though earth and hell should dare oppose ;
The stone cut from the mountain's side
The powers of earth and hell o'erthrows
- 3 From east to west, from south to north,
Immanuel's kingdom shall extend,
And man, wherever he goes forth,
Shall find *all* brethren, *each* a friend.
- 4 Afric's emancipated sons
Shall shout to Asia's rapturous song :
Europe, with her unnumbered tongues,
And western climes, the strain prolong.

HYMN 117. L. M.*The Transfiguration.*

- 1 ON Tabor's top the Saviour stands ;
His altered face resplendent shines,
And while he elevates his hands,
Lo, glory marks its gentle lines !
- 2 Two heavenly forms descend to wait
Upon their suffering Prince below :
But while they worship at his feet,
They talk of fast approaching woe.

- 3 Amid the lustre of the scene,
To Calvary he turns his eyes,
And, with submission all serene,
He marks the future tempest rise.
- 4 Then let us climb the mount of prayer,
Where all his beaming glories shine
And, gazing on his brightness there,
Our woes forget in joys divine.
- 5 O that on yonder heavenly hills,
Where now the risen Saviour stands,
And peace, like softest dew, distils,
I, too, may elevate my hands.

HYMN 118. 5, 6.

The Lord will Provide.

- 1 THOUGH troubles assail,
And dangers affright,
Though friends should all fail,
And foes all unite ;
Yet one thing secures us,
Whatever betide :
The scripture assures us
The Lord will provide.
- 2 His call we obey
Like Abra'am of old,
Not knowing the way ;
But faith makes us bold :
For, though we are strangers,
We have a sure guide,
And trust, in all dangers,
The Lord will provide.

- 3 When Satan appears
To stop up our path,
And fill us with fears,
We triumph by faith ;
He cannot take from us,
Though oft he has tried,
This heart-cheering promise—
The Lord will provide.
- 4 He tells us we're weak,
Our hope is in vain,
The good that we seek
We ne'er shall obtain ;
But when such suggestions
Our graces have tried,
This answers all questions—
The Lord will provide.
- 5 No strength of our own,
Or goodness, we claim ;
Yet, since we have known
The Saviour's great name,
In this our strong tower
For safety we hide—
The Lord is our power,
The Lord will provide.
- 6 When life sinks apace
And death is in view,
This word of his grace
Shall comfort us through ;
No fearing or doubting,
With Christ on our side,
We hope to fly shouting—
The Lord will provide.

HYMN 119. C. M.

Waiting for Christ's Appearing.

- 1 O, WHAT hath Jesus bought for me!
Before my ravished eyes
Rivers of life divine I see,
And trees of paradise.
I see a world of spirits bright,
Who taste the pleasures there ;
They all are robed in spotless white,
And conquering palms they bear.
- 2 In hope of that immortal crown,
I now the cross sustain ;
And gladly wander up and down,
And smile at toil and pain :
I suffer on my threescore years,
Till my Deliverer come,
And wipe away his servant's tears,
And take his exile home.
- 3 O, what are all my sufferings here,
If, Lord, thou count me meet
With that enraptured host t' appear,
And worship at thy feet ?
Give joy or grief, give ease or pain,
Take life or friends away ;
But let me find them all again
In that eternal day !

HYMN 120. 7s.

“ Watchman, what of the night ? ”

- 1 **WATCHMAN!** tell us of the night,
 What its signs of promise are.
TRAV'LLER! o'er yon mountain's height
 See that glory-beaming star!
WATCHMAN! does its beauteous ray
 Aught of hope or joy foretell?
TRAV'LLER! yes; it brings the day,
 Promised day of Israel!
- 2 **WATCHMAN!** tell us of the night;
 Higher yet that star ascends.
TRAV'LLER! blessedness and light,
 Peace and truth, its course portends.
WATCHMAN! will its beams alone
 Gild the spot that gave them birth?
TRAV'LLER! ages are its own;
 See! it bursts o'er all the earth!
- 3 **WATCHMAN!** tell us of the night,
 For the morning seems to dawn.
TRAV'LLER! darkness takes its flight,
 Doubt and terror are withdrawn!
WATCHMAN! let thy wandering cease,
 Hie thee to thy quiet home.
TRAV'LLER! lo, the Prince of Peace,
 Lo, the Son of God is come!

HYMN 121. L. M.

The Conflict.

1. HARK! 't is the warlike clarion :
 On, to the battle, heroes, on!
 To arms! to arms! resounds on high,
 The voice of war and victory.
2. Haste to the battle! See! the Lord
 Waves to the clouds his conquering sword.
 To arms! to arms! I hear the cry,
 On, on, to bloodless victory!
3. The fierce embattled hosts of hell
 Before the dreadful onset fell.
 To arms! to arms! was once the cry,
 But now the trump sounds victory!
4. Lo! the white war-horse treads them down,
 I know the rider by his crown.
 All hail! all hail! his legions cry;
 Jesus, be thine the victory!

HYMN 122. 10, 5, 11.

Incentives to Perseverance.

1. COME, let us anew our journey pursue,
 Roll round with the year,
 And never stand still till the Master appear!
 His adorable will let us gladly fulfil,
 And our talents improve,
 By the patience of hope and the labor of love.

- 2 Our life as a dream, our time as a stream,
 Glides swiftly away,
 And the fugitive moment refuses to stay.
 The arrow is flown, the moment is gone ;
 The millennial year
 Rushes on to our view, and eternity 's here.
- 3 O that each in the day of his coming may say,
 " I have fought my way through ;
 I have finished the work thou didst give me
 to do ! "
- O that each from his Lord may receive the
 glad word,
 " Well and faithfully done !
 Enter into my joy, and sit down on my
 throne. "

HYMN 123. C. M.

The Christian Soldier.

- 1 **Am** I a soldier of the cross,
 A follower of the Lamb ?
 And shall I fear to own his cause,
 Or blush to speak his name ?
- 2 **Must** I be carried to the skies
 On flowery beds of ease,
 Whilst others fought to win the prize,
 And sailed through bloody seas ?
- 3 **Are** there no foes for me to face ?
 Must I not stem the flood ?
 Is this vile world a friend to grace,
 To help me on to God ?

- 4 Sure I must fight if I would reign :
 Increase my courage, Lord ;
 I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
 Supported by thy word.
- 5 Thy saints in all this glorious war
 Shall conquer, though they die ;
 They see the triumph from afar,
 And seize it with their eye.
- 6 When that illustrious day shall rise,
 And all thy armies shine
 In robes of victory through the skies,
 The glory shall be thine.

4. **HYMN 124.** 8, 8, 6.

Self-examination.

- 1 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.
- 2 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 ?
- 3 Be this my one great business here,
 With serious industry and fear
 Eternal bliss t' insure ;

Thine utmost counsel to fulfil;
 And suffer all thy righteous will,
 And to the end endure.

- 4 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.

HYMN 125. 11.

Zion's Warfare Accomplished.

- 1 DAUGHTER of Zion! awake from thy sadness,
 Awake, for thy foes shall oppress thee no
 more;
 Bright o'er thy hills dawns the day-star of glad-
 ness;
 Arise, for the night of thy sorrows is o'er.
- 2 Strong were thy foes, but the arm that sub-
 dued them,
 And scattered their legions, was mightier
 far;
 They fled like the chaff from the scourge that
 pursued them;
 How vain were their steeds and their char-
 iots of war!
- 3 Daughter of Zion! the power that hath saved
 thee,
 Extolled with the harp and the timbrel shall
 be;

Shout! for the foe is destroyed that enslaved
thee,
The oppressor is vanquished, and Zion is
free.

HYMN 126. 7.*The Love of Christ.*

- 1 HARK, my soul, it is the Lord,
'T is thy Saviour, hear his word;
Jesus speaks, and speaks to thee,
"Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou me?"
- 2 "I delivered thee when bound,
And when wounded, healed thy wound;
Sought thee wandering, set thee right,
Turned 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 ;
O for grace to love thee more !

HYMN 127. S. M.

Song of Moses and the Lamb.

- 1 AWAKE, and sing the song
Of Moses and the Lamb ;
Wake, every heart and every tongue,
To praise the Saviour's name.
- 2 Sing of his dying love,
Sing of his rising power ;
Sing how he intercedes above,
For those whose sins he bore.
- 3 Sing on your heavenly way,
Ye ransomed sinners, sing ;
Sing on, rejoicing every day
In Christ the eternal King.
- 4 Soon shall we hear him say,
"Ye blessed children, come ;"
Soon will he call us hence away,
And take his wanderers home.
- 5 Soon shall our raptured tongue
His endless praise proclaim,
And sweeter voices tune the song
Of Moses and the Lamb.

HYMN 128. S. M.

Christian Vigilance.

- 1 A CHARGE to keep I have,
A God to glorify ;
A never-dying soul to save,
And fit it for the sky.
- 2 To serve the present age,
My calling to fulfil ;
O may it all my powers engage,
To do my Master's will.
- 3 Arm me with jealous care,
As in thy sight to live ;
And O, thy servant, Lord, prepare,
A strict account to give.
- 4 Help me to watch and pray,
And on thyself rely,
Assured, if I my trust betray,
I shall forever die.

HYMN 129. 7, 6.

Victory through Christ.

- 1 COME, brethren dear, and sisters,
Although a little band,
The victory I'll assure you,
Stand fast with sword in hand ;
Then wield your sword with pleasure,
The battle goes aright ;
When Israel gained the victory,
He fought with faith and might.

- 2 How beautiful the garments
 The bride of Christ doth wear ;
 He offers her rich presents,
 And crowns her as his heir.
 He decks her with rich jewels,
 And crowns her with his love,
 And by his mighty power
 Will carry her above.
- 3 I'll bid farewell to sorrow,
 To sickness, care, and pain,
 And mount aloft to Jesus;
 Forever there to reign.
 I'll join to sing his praises
 Above the ethereal blue ;
 And then, poor careless sinner,
 What will become of you ?

HYMN 130. 7, 6.

Day of Christ at hand.

- 1 THE glorious day is coming,
 The hour is rolling on,
 Its radiant light is beaming,
 Resplendent as the sun ;
 In yon bright clouds of heaven
 The Saviour will appear,
 And gather all his chosen,
 To meet him in the air.
- 2 Then fire, from God descending,
 Shall sweep this wide earth o'er,
 And nations, loud lamenting,
 Shall sink to rise no more.

Though tears with groans are blended,
 Yet still in vain they cry ;
 The day of hope is ended,
 The sinner now must die.

- 3 But saints shall be victorious,
 • And joy to meet the Lord ;
 An earth more bright and glorious,
 Is promised in his word.
 Our God himself there reigning,
 Shall wipe all tears away ;
 No clouds or night remaining,
 But one eternal day.

- 4 O, Christian ! wake from sleeping,
 And let your works abound ;
 Be watching, praying, weeping,
 For soon the trump will sound.
 O, sinner ! hear the warning,
TO JESUS QUICKLY FLY !
 Then you on that blest morning,
 May meet him in the sky

HYMN 131. 7, 6.

Encouragement to Duty.

- 1 **SPEAK** often to each other,
 To cheer the fainting mind ;
 And often be your voices
 In pure devotion joined.
 Though trials may await you,
 The crown before you lies ;
 Take courage, brother pilgrims,
 And soon you 'll win the prize.

- 2 Ye shall be mine, says Jesus,
 In that auspicious day
 When I make up my jewels,
 Released from cumbrous clay.
 He'll polish and refine you,
 From worthless dross and tin,
 And to his heavenly kingdom
 Will bid you enter in.
- 3 On that important morning,
 When bursting thunders sound,
 And nimble lightnings waving,
 Shall wing the gloom profound;
 Lift up your heads rejoicing,
 And clap your joyful hands;
 Lo! you're redeemed forever
 From death's corrupted bands!

HYMN 132. L. M.

Praise to the Creator.

- 1 BEFORE Jehovah's awful throne,
 Ye nations, bow with sacred joy;
 Know that the Lord is God alone,
 He can create and he destroy.
- 2 His sovereign power, without our aid,
 Made us of clay, and formed us men;
 And when, like wandering sheep, we strayed,
 He brought us to his fold again.
- 3 We'll crowd thy gates with thankful songs,
 High as the heavens our voices raise;
 And earth, with her ten thousand tongues,
 Shall fill thy courts with sounding praise.

- 4 Wide as the world is thy command ;
 Vast as eternity thy love ;
 Firm as a rock thy truth must stand,
 When rolling years shall cease to move.

HYMN 133. L. M.

Delight in Divine Worship.

- 1 SWEET is the work, my God, my King,
 To praise thy name, give thanks, and sing !
 To show thy love by morning light,
 And talk of all thy truth by night.
- 2 Sweet is the day of sacred rest ;
 No mortal care shall seize my breast ;
 O may my harp in tune be found,
 Like David's harp of solemn sound !
- 3 When grace has purified my heart,
 Then I shall share a glorious part ;
 And fresh supplies of joy are shed,
 Like holy oil, to cheer my head.
- 4 Then shall I see, and hear, and know,
 All I desired or wished below ;
 And every hour find sweet employ,
 In that eternal world of joy.

HYMN 134. C. M.

The True Sacrifice.

- 1 MAY I, throughout this day of thine,
 Be in thy spirit, Lord ;
 Spirit of humble fear divine,
 That trembles at thy word.

- 2 Spirit of faith, my heart to raise,
 And fix on things above ;
 Spirit of sacrifice and praise,
 Of holiness and love.

HYMN 135. S. M.

Day of Rest.

- 1 WELCOME, sweet day of rest,
 That saw the Lord arise !
 Welcome to this reviving breast,
 And these rejoicing eyes !
- 2 The King himself comes near,
 And feasts his saints to-day ;
 Here we may sit and see him here,
 And love, and praise, and pray.
- 3 One day in such a place,
 Where, thou, my God, art seen,
 Is sweeter than ten thousand days
 Of pleasurable sin.
- 4 My willing soul would stay
 In such a frame as this,
 And sit and sing herself away
 To everlasting bliss.

HYMN 136. L. M.

The Sabbath Day.

- 1 RETURN, my soul, enjoy thy rest,
 Improve the day thy God has blest ;
 Another six days' work is done,
 Another Sabbath is begun.

- 2 Come, bless the Lord, whose love assigns
 So sweet a rest to wearied minds ;
 Provides a blest foretaste of heaven,
 On this day more than all the seven.
- 3 O that our thoughts and thanks may rise
 As grateful incense to the skies ;
 And draw from Christ that sweet repose,
 Which none but he that feels it knows.
- 4 This heavenly calm within the breast,
 Is the blest pledge of glorious rest,
 Which for the church of God remains,
 The end of cares, the end of pains.

HYMN 137. S. M.

Gospel Messengers.

- 1 How beauteous are their feet,
 Who stand on Zion's hill ;
 They bring salvation on their tongues,
 And words of peace reveal !
- 2 How charming is their voice,
 So sweet the tidings are ;
 "Zion, behold thy Saviour, King ;
 He reigns and triumphs here !"
- 3 How happy are our ears,
 That hear the joyful sound,
 Which kings and prophets waited for,
 And sought, but never found.
- 4 How blessed are our eyes,
 That see this heavenly light ;
 Prophets and kings desired it long,
 But died without the sight.

- 5 The watchmen join their voice,
And tuneful notes employ ;
Jerusalem breaks forth in songs,
And deserts learn the joy.
- 6 The Lord makes bare his arm,
Through all the earth abroad ;
Let every nation now behold
Their Saviour and their God.

HYMN 138. L. M.

Resurrection and Ascension.

- 1 COME, tune, ye saints, your noblest strains,
Your dying, rising Lord to sing ;
And echo, to the heavenly plains,
The triumphs of your Saviour King.
- 2 In songs of grateful rapture tell,
How he subdued your potent foes,
Subdued the powers of death and hell,
And, dying, finished all your woes.
- 3 Then to his glorious throne on high
Returned, while hymning angels round,
Through the bright arches of the sky,
The Lord, the conquering Lord resound.
- 4 Almighty love ! victorious power !
Not angel tongues can e'er display
The wonders of that dreadful hour—
The joys of that illustrious day.

- 5 Dear Saviour, let thy wondrous grace,
 Fill every heart, and every tongue ;
 Till the full glories of thy face,
 Inspire a sweeter, nobler song.

HYMN 139. C. M.

Security of God's People.

- 1 ZION, the city of our God,
 How glorious is the place!
 The Saviour there has his abode,
 And sinners see his face.
- 2 Firm against every adverse shock,
 Its mighty bulwarks prove ;
 'T is built upon the living Rock,
 And walled around with love.
- 3 There all the fruits of glory grow,
 And joys that never die ;
 And streams of grace and knowledge flow,
 The soul to satisfy.
- 4 Come, set your faces Zionward,
 The sacred road inquire ;
 And let a union to the Lord
 Be henceforth your desire.
- 5 The gospel shines to give you light,
 No longer, then, delay ;
 The Spirit waits to guide you right,
 And Jesus is the way.
- 6 O Lord, regard thy people's prayer,
 Thy promise now fulfil ;
 And young and old, by grace prepare
 To dwell on Zion's bill.

HYMN 140. L. M.

Triumph of Zion

- 1 TRIUMPHANT Zion ! lift thy head
From dust, from darkness, and the dead !
Though humbled long—awake at length,
And gird thee with thy Saviour's strength !
- 2 Put all thy beauteous garments on,
And let thy excellence be known ;
Decked in the robes of righteousness,
Thy glories shall the world confess.
- 3 No more shall foes unclean invade,
And fill thy hallowed walls with dread ;
No more shall hell's insulting host,
Their victory and thy sorrows boast.
- 4 God, from on high, has heard thy prayer,
His hand thy ruin shall repair ;
Nor will thy watchful monarch cease
To guard thee in eternal peace.

HYMN 141. L. M.

Ministers to comfort God's people.

- 1 COMFORT, ye ministers of grace,
Comfort the people of your Lord ;
O lift ye up the fallen race,
And cheer them by the gospel word.
- 2 Go into every nation, go,
Speak to their trembling hearts, and cry,
Glad tidings unto all we show ;
Jerusalem, thy God is nigh.

- 3 Hark ♪ in the wilderness a cry,
 A voice that loudly calls, Prepare!
 Prepare your hearts, for God is nigh,
 And means to make his entrance there!
- 4 The Lord your God shall quickly come;
 Sinners, repent! the call obey:
 Open your hearts to make him room;
 Ye desert souls, prepare his way.
- 5 The Lord shall clear' his way through all;
 Whate'er obstructs, obstructs in vain;
 The vale shall rise, the mountain fall,
 Crooked be straight, and rugged plain.
- 6 The glory of the Lord displayed,
 Shall all mankind together view,
 And what his mouth in truth hath said,
 His own almighty hand shall do.

HYMN 142. C. M.

Jesus crowned Lord of all.

- 1 ALL hail the power of Jesus' name,
 Let angels prostrate fall;
 Bring forth the royal diadem,
 To crown him Lord of all.
- 2 Let high-born seraphs tune the lyre,
 And, as they tune it, fall
 Before his face who tunes their choir,
 And crown him Lord of all.
- 3 Crown him, ye morning stars of light,
 He fixed this floating ball;
 Now hail the strength of Israel's might,
 And crown him Lord of all.

4. Crown him, ye martyrs of your God,
 Who from his altar call ;
 Extol the stem of Jesse's rod,
 And crown him Lord of all.

HYMN 143. C. M.

The Offices of the Holy Spirit.

- 1 COME, Holy Ghost, our hearts inspire,
 Let us thine influence prove ;
 Source of the old prophetic fire,
 Fountain of life and love.
- 2 Come, Holy Ghost, for, moved by thee,
 The prophets wrote and spoke ;
 Unlock the truth, thyself the key,
 Unseal the sacred book.
- 3 Expand thy wings, celestial Dove,
 Brood o'er our nature's night ;
 On our disordered spirits move,
 And let there now be light.
- 4 God, through himself, we then shall know
 If thou within us shine ;
 And sound with all thy saints below,
 The depths of love divine.

HYMN 144. C. M.

Prayer for light on the Word.

- 1 FATHER of all, in whom alone,
 We live, and move, and breathe ;
 One bright, celestial ray dart down,
 And cheer thy sons beneath.

- 2 **While** in thy word we search for thee,
 (We search with trembling awe!)
 Open our eyes, and let us see
 The wonders of thy law.
- 3 Now let our darkness comprehend
 The light that shines so clear ;
 Now the revealing Spirit send,
 And give us ears to hear.

HYMN 145. L. M.

Praise for God's Faithfulness.

- 1 **SING** to the Lord, who loud proclaims
 His various and his saving names ;
 O may they not be heard alone,
 But by our sure experience known.
- 2 Through every age his gracious ear
 Is open to his servants' prayer ;
 Nor can one humble soul complain,
 That he has sought his God in vain.
- 3 What unbelieving heart shall dare,
 In whispers to suggest a fear ?
 While still he owns his ancient name,
 The same his power—his love the same.
- 4 **To** thee our souls in faith arise ;
 To thee we lift expecting eyes ;
 We boldly through the desert tread,
 For God will guard where he shall lead.

HYMN 146. L. M.*Song of General Praise.*

- 1 FROM all that dwell below the skies,
 Let the Creator's praise arise ;
 Let the Redeemer's name be sung,
 Through every land, by every tongue.
- 2 Eternal are thy mercies, Lord ;
 Eternal truth attends thy word :
 Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,
 Till suns shall rise to set no more.

HYMN 147. 11.*Exhortation to Activity.*

- 1 WHY sleep ye, my brethren? come, let us
 arise ;
 O, why should we slumber in sight of the
 prize?
 Salvation is nearer, our day is far spent,
 O, let us be active; awake, and repent!
- 2 O, how can we slumber? the Master will
 come,
 He's calling on sinners to seek them a home ;
 The Spirit and Bride now in concert unite,
 The weary they welcome, the careless invite.
- 3 O, how can we slumber? the judgment is
 near,
 And sinners are crowding to endless despair ;
 Now prayer may avail, they may gain the
 high prize,
 Before they in torment shall lift up their eyes.

- 4 O, how can ye slumber? ye sinners, look
 round,
 Before the last trumpet your heart shall con-
 found ;
 O, fly to the Saviour! he calls you to-day ;
 While mercy is waiting, O, make no delay !

HYMN 148. 7, 5.

Call to Duty.

- 1 SOLDIERS of the cross, arise !
 Lo ! your Leader from the skies,
 Waves before you glory's prize,
 The prize of victory !
 Seize your armor, gird it on !
 Now the battle will be won !
 See ! the strife will soon be done ;
 Then struggle manfully.
- 2 Jesus conquered when he fell,
 Met and vanquished earth and hell ;
 Now he leads you on, to swell
 The triumphs of his cross.
 Though all earth and hell appear,
 Who will doubt, or who can fear ?
 "God, our strength and shield," is near ;
 We cannot lose our cause.
- 3 Onward, then, ye hosts of God !
 Jesus points the victor's rod ;
 Follow where your leader trod ;
 You soon shall see his face.

Soon, your enemies all slain,
 Crowns of glory you shall gain;
 Rise to join that glorious train,
 Who shout their Saviour's praise.

HYMN 149. L. M.

Sublimity of the Advent.

- 1 **THE** Lord will come! the earth shall quake,
 The hills their fixed seats forsake,
 And, withering from the vault of night,
 The stars withdraw their feeble light.
- 2 The Lord will come! but not the same
 As once in lowly form he came,—
 A silent Lamb to slaughter led,
 The bruised, the suffering, and the dead.
- 3 The Lord will come! a dreadful form,
 With wreath of flame and robe of storm,
 On cherub wings, and wings of wind,
 Anointed Judge of human kind.
- 4 Can this be he who wont to stray
 A pilgrim on the world's highway,
 By power oppressed, and mocked by pride?
 Oh God! is this the crucified?
- 5 Go, tyrants! to the rocks complain!
 Go, seek the mountain cleft in vain!
 But Faith, victorious o'er the tomb,
 Shall sing for joy—the Lord is come!

HYMN 150. C. M.

Confidence of Saints at the Advent.

1. **WHEN** wild confusion wrecks the air,
And tempests rend the skies ;
Whilst blended ruin, clouds and fire,
In harsh disorder rise ;
- 2 Safe in my Saviour's love I'll stand,
And strike a tuneful song ;
My harp all trembling in my hand,
And all inspired my tongue.
- 3 I'll shout aloud, "Ye thunders roll,
And shake the sullen sky !
Your sounding voice, from pole to pole,
In angry murmurs try.
- 4 " Let the earth tetter on her base,
And clouds the heavens deform ;
Blow, all ye winds, from every place,
And rush the final storm.
- 5 " Come quickly, blessed Lord ! appear,
Bid thy swift chariot fly ;
Let angels tell thy coming near,
And snatch me to the sky.
- 6 " Around thy wheels in the glad throng
I'd bear a joyful part ;
All hallelujah on my tongue,
All rapture in my heart."

HYMN 151. C. M.

Jesus Christ, ours.

- 1 SWEET are the gifts which gracious Heaven
On true believers pours ;
But the best gift is grace to know
That Jesus Christ is *ours*.
- 2 *Our* Jesus ! what rich drops of bliss
Descend in copious showers,
When ruined sinners, such as we,
By faith can call him *ours* !
- 3 Differ we may in age and state,
Learning and mental powers,
But *all* the saints may join and shout,
Dear Jesus, thou art *ours* !
- 4 Let those who know our Jesus not,
Delight in earth's gay flowers ;
We, glorying in our better lot,
Rejoice that HE is *ours*.
- 5 When hope, with elevated flight,
Towards heaven in rapture towers, .
'T is this supports our venturous wing,
We know that Christ is *ours*.
- 6 Though Providence, with darkening sky,
On things terrestrial lowers,
We rise superior to the gloom,
When singing, Christ is *ours*.

- 7 Time, which this world, with all its joys,
 With eager haste devours,
 May take inferior things away,
 But Jesus still is *ours*.
- 8 Haste, then, dull time, and terminate
 Thy slow-revolving hours ;
 We wish, we pray, we long, we pant,
 In heaven to call him *ours* !

HYMN 152. C. M.

Watchfulness in view of the Judgment.

- 1 AND must I be to judgment brought,
 And answer, in that day,
 For every vain and idle thought,
 And every word I say ?
- 2 Yes, every secret of my heart
 Shall shortly be made known,
 And I receive my just desert
 For all that I have done.
- 3 How careful, then, ought I to live !
 With what religious fear,
 Who such a strict account must give
 For my behaviour here !
- 4 Thou awful Judge of quick and dead
 The watchful power bestow ;
 So shall I to my ways take heed,
 To all I speak or do.
- 5 If now thou standest at the door,
 O, let me feel thee near,
 And make my peace with God, before
 I at thy bar appear.

HYMN 153. C. M.

Desire for Christ's Appearing.

- 1 SWEET rivers of redeeming love
 I see before me lie ;
 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 bold Jordan's stormy main,
 And leave the world behind.
- 2 A few more days, or months, at most,
 My troubles will be o'er ;
 I hope to join the heavenly host
 On Canaan's happy shore.
 My rapturous soul shall drink and feast
 In love's unbounded sea ;
 The glorious hope of endless rest
 Is ravishing to me.
- 3 O, come, my Saviour, come away,
 And bear me through the sky ;
 Nor let thy chariot-wheels delay ;
 Make haste and bring it nigh.
 I long to see thy glorious face,
 And in thine image shine ;
 To triumph in victorious grace,
 And be forever thine.
- 4 Then will I tune my harp of gold
 To my eternal King ;
 In ages that can ne'er be told
 I'll make his praises ring.

All hail, eternal Son of God!
 Who died on Calvary,
 And saved me with thy precious blood
 To ever dwell with thee.

- 5 Ten thousand thousand all agree,
 To praise the eternal One;
 Prostrate in deep humility
 Before the blazing throne.
 They rise and tune their harps of gold,
 And sweep th' immortal lyre;
 And ages that can ne'er be told
 Shall raise thy praises higher.

HYMN 154. L. M.

The Lord our Righteousness.

- 1 Jesus, thy blood and righteousness
 My beauty are, my glorious dress;
 'Mid flaming worlds, in these arrayed,
 With joy shall I lift up my head.
- 2 Bold shall I stand in thy great day;
 For who aught to my charge shall lay?
 Fully absolved, through these, I am,
 From sin and fear, from guilt and shame.
- 3 This spotless robe the same appears,
 When ruined nature sinks in years;
 No age can change its glorious hue,
 The robe of Christ is ever new.
- 4 Lord, I believe, were sinners more
 Than sands upon the ocean shore,
 Thou hast for ALL a ransom paid,
 For ALL a full atonement made.

- 5 O, let the dead now hear thy voice ;
 Now bid thy banished ones rejoice ;
 Their beauty this, their glorious dress,
 " JESUS, THE LORD, OUR RIGHTEOUSNESS."

HYMN 155. 11s.

Christ's Agony in the Garden.

- 1 WHILE nature was sinking in silence to rest,
 And the last beams of daylight were dim in
 the west,
 I strayed in the twilight unconscious away,
 In deep meditation, where'er my path lay.
- 2 I passed near a garden : there fell on my ear
 A voice of deep anguish from one that was
 there ;
 The tones of his agony melted my heart,
 While earnestly pleading the lost sinner's
 part.
- 3 In offering to heaven his strong, matchless
 prayer,
 He spake of the torments the sinner must
 bear ;
 His life as a ransom he offered to give,
 That sinners redeemed in glory might live.
- 4 So deep was his sorrow, so fervent his prayers,
 That down o'er his bosom rolled sweat, blood,
 and tears !
 I wept to behold him, and asked his name ;
 He answered, "'T is Jesus, from heaven I
 came.

- 5 "I am thy Redeemer, for thee I must die,
The cup is most painful, but cannot pass by;
Thy sins like a mountain are laid upon me,
And all this deep anguish I suffer for thee!"
- 6 I heard with attention the tale of his woe,
While tears like a fountain of waters did
flow;
The cause of his sorrow to hear him repeat,
Affected my heart, and I fell at his feet.
- 7 I trembled with horror, and loudly did cry,
"Lord, save, or I perish! O save, or I die!"
He smiled when he saw me, and said to me,
"Live!
Thy sins, which are many, I freely forgive."
- 8 How sweet was that language! it made me
rejoice!
His smiles, O, how pleasant! how cheering
his voice!
I ran from the garden to spread it abroad,
I shouted, "Salvation! O, glory to God!"
- 9 I'm now on my journey to mansions above,
My soul full of glory, of peace, light, and
love!
I think of the garden, the prayer, and the
tears,
And that loving stranger who banished my
fears.
- 10 The day of bright glory is rolling around,
When Gabriel, descending, the trumpet shall
sound;

My soul then in raptures of glory will rise,
 To gaze on that Stranger with unclouded
 eyes.

HYMN 156. L. M.

Resurrection and End of the Age.

- 1 THE great archangel's trump shall sound,
 (While twice ten thousand thunders roar,)
 Tear up the graves, and cleave the ground
 And make the greedy sea restore.
- 2 The greedy sea shall yield her dead,
 The earth no more her slain conceal;
 Sinners shall lift their guilty head,
 And shrink to see a yawning hell.
- 3 But we who now our Lord confess,
 And faithful to the end endure,
 Shall stand in Jesus' righteousness,
 Stand as the Rock of Ages sure.
- 4 We, while the stars from heaven shall fall,
 And mountains are on mountains hurled,
 Shall stand unmoved amidst them all,
 And smile to see a burning world.
- 5 The earth, and all the works therein,
 Dissolve, by raging flames destroyed;
 While we survey the awful scene,
 And mount above the fiery void.
- 6 By faith we now transcend the skies,
 And on that ruined world look down;
 By love above all height we rise,
 And share the everlasting throne.

HYMN 157. S. M.

Judgment a motive to holy living.

- 1 THOU Judge of quick and dead,
Before whose bar severe,
With holy joy or guilty dread,
We all shall soon appear ;
Our cautioned souls prepare
For that tremendous day,
And fill us now with watchful care,
And stir us up to pray.
- 2 To pray and wait the hour,
That awful hour unknown,
When, robed in majesty and power,
Thou shalt from heaven come down,
Th' immortal Son of man,
To judge the human race,
With all thy Father's dazzling train,
With all thy glorious grace.
- 3 To damp our earthly joys,
T' increase our gracious fears,
Forever let the archangel's voice
Be sounding in our ears
The solemn midnight cry,
"Ye dead, the Judge is come !
Arise, and meet him in the sky,
And meet your instant doom !"
- 4 O may we thus be found
Obedient to thy word,
Attentive to the trumpet's sound,
And looking for our Lord.

O may we all insure
 A lot among the blest,
And watch a moment to secure
 An everlasting rest.

HYMN 158. P. M.

The Exile longing for his Home.

- 1 **WHEN** shall I see the day
 That ends my woes ;
When shall I victory gain
 O'er all my foes ;
When will the trumpet sound
 That calls the exile home—
The grand, sabbatic year,
 When will it come ?
- 2 A crown of glory bright,
 By faith I see,
 In yonder realms of light,
 Prepared for me.
 O, may I faithful prove,
 And keep the prize in view ;
And through the storms of life
 My way pursue.
- 3 Jesus, be thou my guide,
 My steps attend ;
 O keep me near thy side,
 Be thou my friend ;
 Be thou my shield and sun,
 My Saviour and my guard ;
And, when my work is done,
 My great reward.

4 O, how I long to see
 That happy day
 When sorrow, sin and pain
 Shall flee away ;
 When all the heavenly tribes
 Shall find their long sought home ;
 The Jubilee of Heaven,
 When will it come ?

HYMN 159. P. M.

Animating Prospect of Heaven.

- 1 CHRISTIAN, the morn breaks sweetly o'er thee
 And all the midnight shadows flee,
 Tinged are the distant skies with glory,
 A beacon light hangs out for thee.
 Arise, arise, the light breaks o'er thee,
 Thy name is graven on the throne ;
 Thy home is in that world of glory
 Where thy Redeemer reigns alone.
- 2 Tossed on time's rude, relentless surges,
 Calmly composed and dauntless stand,
 For lo! beyond those scenes emerges
 The heights that bound the promised land.
 Christian, behold the land is nearing,
 Where the wild sea-storm's rage is o'er ;
 Hark, how the heavenly hosts are cheering,
 See in what throngs they range the shore.
- 4 Cheer up, cheer up, the day breaks o'er thee
 Bright as the summer's noontide ray,
 The star-gemm'd crowns and realms of glory
 Invite thy happy soul away.

Away, away, leave all for glory,
Thy name is graven on the throne,
Thy home is in that world of glory
Where thy Redeemer reigns alone.

HYMN 160. S. M.

Solemn Scenes of the Judgment.

- 1 **BEHOLD!** with awful pomp
The Judge prepares to come ;
The archangel sounds the dreadful trump,
And wakes the general doom.
- 2 Nature, in wild amaze,
Her dissolution mourns ;
Blushes of blood the moon deface ;
The sun to darkness turns.
- 3 The living look with dread ;
The frighted dead arise,
Start from the monumental bed,
And lift their ghastly eyes.
- 4 Horrors all hearts appall,
They quake ! they shriek ! they cry !
Bid rocks and mountains on them fall,
But rocks and mountains fly.
- 5 Ye wilful, wanton fools,
Let dangers make you wise ;
Carnal professors, careless souls,
Unclose your sleeping eyes.

- 6 'Tis time we all awake ;
The dreadful day draws near ;
Sinners, your proud presumption check,
And stop your wild career.
- 7 Now is th' accepted time,
To Christ for mercy fly ;
O turn, repent, and trust in him,
And you shall never die.
- 8 Great God, in whom we live,
Prepare us for that day ;
Help us in Jesus to believe,
To watch, and wait, and pray.

HYMN 161. 48, 26.*The happy Flock.*

- 1 How happy are the little flock,
Who, safe beneath their guardian Rock,
In all commotions rest ;
When war's and tumult's waves run high,
Unmoved above the storm they lie,
And lodge in Jesus' breast.
- 2 Such happiness, O Lord, have we,
By mercy gathered into thee,
Before the floods descend ;
And while the bursting cloud comes down,
We mark the vengeful day begun,
And calmly wait the end.
- 3 The plague, and dearth, and din of war,
Our Saviour's swift approach declare,
And bid our hearts arise ;

Earth's basis shook, confirms our hope ;
 Its cities' fall but lifts us up,
 To meet thee in the skies.

4 Thy tokens we with joy confess ;
 The war proclaims thee Prince of peace ;
 The earthquake speaks thy power ;
 The famine all thy fulness brings ;
 The plague presents thy healing wings
 And nature's final hour.

5 Whatever ill the world befall,
 A pledge of endless good we call,
 A sign of Jesus near.
 His chariot will not long delay ;
 We hear the rumbling wheels, and pray,
 "Triumphant Lord, appear !"

6 Appear with clouds on Sion's hill,
 Thy word and mystery to fulfil,
 Thy confessors t' approve ;
 Thy members on thy throne to place,
 And stamp thy name on every face,
 In glorious, heavenly love.

HYMN, 162. 7, 2 6.

Advent and Resurrection.

1 **HEAR** the trumpet's awful sound !
 Through the skies, the world around,
 Loud its echoes do rebound,—
 The Judgment day is come.

See the angel takes his stand
On the sea and on the land,
With solemn oath, at God's command,
Declares that time is done.

2 Now the Saviour comes in fire,
Angels, dressed in heaven's attire,
Wait around him with desire
To do his holy will ;
Now the sleeping dead arise,
Ghastly pale, with dread surprise,
All in hell now ope their eyes,
And burn in anger still.

3 Gathered round the throne they stand,
Waiting there on either hand ;
Final is the dread command,
Depart—or blessed be ;
Friends and neighbors, you 'll be there,
In the judgment you must share,
Will you for it now prepare,
And to the Saviour flee ?

4 Come, then, now submit to him,
He will cleanse you from all sin,
To his courts now enter in,
And be forever blessed ;
Then you 'll hail the solemn day
When the earth shall flee away ;
When arrives the Judgment day
You 'll enter into rest.

HYMN 163. 8s.*Desire to dwell with Christ.*

- 1 To Jesus, the crown of my hope,
 My soul is in haste to be gone ;
 O bear me, ye cherubim, up,
 And waft me away to his throne.
 My Saviour, whom absent, I love ;
 Whom, not having seen, I adore ;
 Whose name is exalted above
 All glory, dominion, and power :
- 2 Dissolve from these bands that detain
 My soul from her portion in thee,
 Ah! strike off this adamant chain,
 And make me eternally free.
 When that happy era begins,
 When arrayed in thy glories I shine,
 Nor grieve any more, by my sins,
 The bosom on which I recline ;
- 3 O then, shall the veil be removed, .
 And round me thy brightness be poured ;
 I shall meet him, whom absent, I lov'd,
 I shall see, whom unseen I adored.
 And then, never more shall the fears,
 The trials, temptations, and woes,
 Which darken this valley of tears,
 Intrude on my blissful repose.

HYMN 164. S. M.*Warning to Repentance.*

- 1 How will my heart endure
The terrors of that day,
When earth and heaven, before the Judge,
Astonished, shrink away!
- 2 But ere that trumpet shakes
The mansions of the dead,
Hark! from the gospel's cheering sound,
What joyful tidings spread!
- 3 Ye sinners, seek his grace,
Whose wrath ye cannot bear;
Fly to the shelter of the cross,
And find salvation there.
- 4 So shall that curse remove,
By which the Saviour bled;
And the last awful day shall pour
His blessings on your head.

HYMN 165. C. M.*Certainty of the Judgment.*

- 1 **THAT** awful day will surely come,
The approaching hour makes haste,
When I must stand before my Judge,
And pass the solemn test

- 2 Jesus, thou source of all my joys,
 Thou ruler of my heart,
 How could I bear to hear thy voice
 Pronounce the sound, "Depart!"
- 3 The thunder of that awful word
 Would so torment my ear,
 'T would tear my soul asunder, Lord,
 With most tormenting fear.
- 4 What, to be banished from my Lord,
 And yet forbid to die!
 To linger in eternal pain,
 And death forever fly!
- 5 O wretched state of deep despair,
 To see my God remove,
 And fix my doleful station where
 I must not taste his love!

HYMN 166. P. M.

Awfulness of the Judgment.

- 1 DARK brood the heavens o'er thee!
 Black clouds are gathering fast!
 In awful power thy God has come,
 Thy days of mirth are past.
- 2 Dark brood the heavens o'er thee!
 Red flames are bursting round;
 Bright lightnings flash, loud thunders roar,
 How shakes the trembling ground!

- 3 Dark brood the heavens o'er thee !
Behold, the Judge appears ;
Unnumbered millions throng around,
Raised from the dust of years.
- 4 Dark brood the heavens o'er thee !
Sinner, behold thy doom ;
Destruction opens wide for thee
Thy chosen, final home.
- 5 Yet stay—the vision lingers ;
Why, sinner, wilt thou die ?
Dark brood the heav'ns, but mercy waits,—
This hour to Jesus fly.

HYMN 167. C. M.

The Gospel Jubilee.

- 1 WHAT heavenly music do I hear,—
Salvation sounding free !
Ye souls in bondage, lend an ear ;
This is the Jubilee.
- 2 How sweetly do the tidings roll
All round from sea to sea,
From land to land, from pole to pole ;
This is the Jubilee.
- 3 Good news, good news to Adam's race ;
Let Christians all agree,
To sing redeeming love and grace ;
This is the Jubilee.

HYMNS OF THE

- 4 The gospel sounds a sweet release
To all in misery,
And bids them welcome home to peace ;
This is the Jubilee.
- 5 Jesus is on the mercy-seat,
Before him bend the knee ;
Let heaven and earth his praise repeat ;
This is the Jubilee.
- 6 Sinners, be wise, return, and come
Unto the Saviour flee ;
The Spirit bids you welcome home ;
This is the Jubilee.
- 7 Come, ye redeemed, your tribute bring
With songs of harmony ;
While on the road to Canaan sing,
This is the Jubilee.

HYMN 168. L. M.

The great Sabbatic Year.

- 1 How many years has man been driven
Far off from happiness and heaven !
When wilt thou, gracious Lord, restore
Thy wandering church, to roam no more ?
- 2 Six thousand years are nearly past
Since Adam from thy sight was cast,
And ever since his fallen race
From age to age are void of grace.

- 3 When will the happy trump proclaim,
The judgment of the martyred lamb?
When shall the captive troops be free,
And keep the eternal jubilee?
- 4 Hasten it, Lord, in every land,
Send thou thine angels, and command,
"Go, sound deliverance, loudly blow—
Salvation to the saints below."
- 5 We want to have the *Day* appear,
The promised great Sabbath year,
When, far from grief, and *sin,* and *hell,*
Israel in ceaseless peace shall dwell.
- 6 Till then we will not let thee rest,
Thou still shalt hear our strong request:
And this our daily prayer shall be,
Lord, sound the trump of jubilee.

HYMN 169. 7.

Glorious Jubilee.

- 1 HARK! the song of jubilee,
Loud as mighty thunders roar,
Or the fulness of the sea,
When it breaks upon the shore.
- 2 See Jehovah's banner furled!
Sheathed his sword; he speaks—'t is done!
Now the kingdoms of this world
Are the kingdom of his Son.

3 He shall reign from pole to pole,
 With supreme unbounded sway ;
 He shall reign, when, like a scroll,
 Yonder heavens have passed away !

4 Hallelujah ! for the Lord
 God omnipotent shall reign !
 Hallelujah ! let the word
 Echo round the earth and main.

HYMN 170. 4 6, 2 8.

Trump of Jubilee.

- 1 Blow ye the trumpet, blow
 The gladly solemn sound ;
 Let all the nations know,
 To earth's remotest bound,
 The year of jubilee is come ;
 Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.
- 2 Ye slaves of sin and hell,
 Your liberty receive,
 And safe in Jesus dwell,
 And blest in Jesus live,
 The year of jubilee is come ;
 Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.
- 3 Ye who have sold for naught
 Your heritage above,
 Shall have it back unbought,
 The gift of Jesus' love.
 The year of jubilee is come ;
 Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

- 4 The gospel trumpet hear,
The news of heavenly grace ;
And, saved from earth, appear
Before your Saviour's face.
The year of jubilee is come :
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

HYMN 171. 7.

Song of Jubilee.

- 1 WAKE the song of jubilee,
Let it echo o'er the sea !
Now is come the promised hour,
Jesus reigns with sovereign power.
- 2 All ye nations, join and sing,
" Christ of lords and kings is King !"
Let it sound from shore to shore,
Jesus reigns for evermore !
- 3 Now the desert lands rejoice,
And the islands join their voice ;
Yea, the whole creation sings,
" Jesus is the King of kings ! "

HYMN 172. 6, 8.

Prayer for Light on Scriptures.

- 1 INSPIRER of the ancient seers,
Who wrote from thee the sacred page,
The same through all succeeding years ;
To us, in our degenerate age,
The spirit of thy word impart,
And breathe the life into our heart.

- 2 While now thine oracles we read,
 With earnest prayer and strong desire,
 O let thy Spirit from thee proceed,
 Our souls t' awaken and inspire ;
 Our weakness help, our darkness chase,
 And guide us by the light of grace.
- 3 Whene'er in error's paths we rove,
 The living God through sin forsake,
 Our conscience by thy word reprove,
 Convince and bring the wand'ers back ;
 Deep wounded by thy Spirit's sword,
 And then by Gilead's balm restored.
- 4 The sacred lessons of thy grace,
 Transmitted through thy word, repeat,
 And train us up in all thy ways,
 To make us in thy will complete ;
 Fulfil thy love's redeeming plan,
 And bring us to a perfect man.
- 5 Furnished out of thy treasury,
 O may we always ready stand,
 To help the souls redeemed by thee,
 In what their various states demand ;
 To teach, convince, correct, reprove,
 And build them up in holiest love.

HYMN 173. C. M.

The Bible our Guide.

- 1 THE counsels of redeeming grace,
 The sacred leaves unfold ;
 And here the Saviour's lovely face
 Our raptur'd eyes behold.

- 2 Here light, descending from above,
Directs our doubtful feet ;
Here promises of heavenly love
Our ardent wishes meet.
- 3 Our numerous gifts are here redrest,
And all our wants supplied ;
Nought we can ask to make us blest,
Is in this book denied.
- 4 For these inestimable gains,
That so enrich the mind,
O may we search with eager pains,
Assured that we shall find.

HYMN 174. C. M.*The vast Resources of the Word of God.*

- 1 FATHER of mercies, in thy word,
What endless glory shines !
Forever be thy name adored
For these celestial lines.
- 2 Here may the wretched sons of want,
Exhaustless riches find,
Riches above what earth can grant,
And lasting as the mind.
- 3 Here the fair tree of knowledge grows,
And yields a free repast ;
Sublimers sweets than nature knows,
Invite the longing taste.

- 4 Here the Redeemer's welcome voice
Spreads heavenly peace around ;
And life, and everlasting joys
Attend the blissful sound.
- 5 O may these heavenly pages be
My ever dear delight ;
And still new beauties may I see,
And still increasing light !
- 6 Divine Instructor, gracious Lord,
Be thou forever near ;
Teach me to love thy sacred word,
And view my Saviour near.

HYMN 175. 7.

The Bible, a Precious Treasure.

- 1 HOLY Bible ! book divine !
Precious treasure, thou art mine !
Mine, to tell me whence I came ;
Mine, to teach me what I am.
- 2 Mine, to chide me when I rove ;
Mine, to show a Saviour's love ;
Mine, art thou, to guide my feet ;
Mine to judge, condemn, acquit.
- 3 Mine, to comfort in distress,
If the Holy Spirit bless ;
Mine, to show, by living faith,
Man can triumph over death.

- 4 Mine, to tell of joys to come,
And the rebel sinner's doom ;
O, thou precious book divine !
Precious treasure, thou art mine.

HYMN 176. C. M.

The Bible imparts True Wisdom.

- 1 Jesus, my Saviour, and my Lord,
To thee, I lift mine eyes ;
Teach and instruct me by thy word,
And make me truly wise.
- 2 Make me to know and understand
Thy whole revealed will ;
Fain would I learn to comprehend
Thy love more clearly still.
- 3 Help me to read the Bible o'er,
With ever new delight ;
Help me to love its Author more ;
To seek thee day and night.
- 4 O let it purify my heart,
And guide me all my days ;
Its wonders, Lord, to me impart,
And thou shalt have the praise.

HYMN 177. C. M.

The Bible dispels Darkness.

- 1 HAIL, sacred truth ! whose piercing rays
Dispel the shades of night ;
Diffusing o'er the mental world
The healing beams of light.

- 2 Jesus, thy word, with friendly aid,
Restores our wandering feet ;
Converts the sorrows of the mind
To joys divinely sweet.
- 3 O send thy light and truth abroad,
In all their radiant blaze,
And bid the admiring world adore
The glories of thy grace.

HYMN 178. L. M.

The Bible given by Inspiration.

- 1 'T WAS by an order from the Lord,
The ancient prophets spoke his word ;
His Spirit did their tongues inspire,
And warm their hearts with heavenly fire.
- 2 Great God! mine eyes with pleasure look
On the dear volume of thy book :
There my Redeemer's face I see,
And read his name who died for me.
- 3 Let the false raptures of the mind
Be lost and vanish in the wind ;
Here I can fix my hope secure ;
This is thy word—and must endure.

HYMN 179. C. M.

The Bible the true Source of Light.

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

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

HYMN 180. P. M.*The Bible invaluable.*

- 1 TELL me no more of earthly toys,
Of sinful mirth and carnal joys,
The things I loved before ;
Let me but view my Saviour's face,
And feel his animating grace,
And I desire no more.
- 2 Tell me no more of fame and wealth,
Of careless ease and blooming health,
For they have all their snares ;
Let me but know my sins forgiven,
And see my name enrolled in heaven,
And I am free from cares.

- 3 Give me a Bible in my hand,
 A heart to read and understand
 That sure, unerring word—
 I'd urge no company to stay,
 But sit alone from day to day,
 And converse with the Lord.

HYMN 181. L. M.

Resurrection of Christ.

- 1 OUR Lord is risen from the dead ;
 Our Jesus is gone up on high !
 The powers of hell are captive led,
 Dragged to the portals of the sky.
 There his triumphal chariot waits,
 And angels chant the solemn lay ;
 Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates ;
 Ye everlasting doors, give way.
- 2 Loose all your bars of massy light,
 And wide unfold th' ethereal scene ;
 He claims these mansions as his right,
 Receive the King of Glory in.
 Who is the King of Glory ? Who ?
 The Lord, that all our foes o'ercame ;
 The world, sin, death, and hell o'erthrew ;—
 And Jesus is the conqueror's name.
- 3 Lo ! his triumphal chariot waits,
 And angels chant the solemn lay ;
 Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates ;
 Ye everlasting doors give way.

Who is the King of Glory ? Who ?
 The Lord, of glorious power possessed ;
 The King of saints and angels too,
 God over all, forever blest.

HYMN 182. 7, 6.

'The Lord himself shall descend from heaven.'

- 1 **J**ESUS, faithful to his word,
 Shall with a shout descend ;
 All heaven's host their glorious Lord
 Shall joyfully attend.
 Christ shall come with dreadful noise,
 Lightnings swift and thunders loud ;
 With the great archangel's voice,
 And with the trump of God.
- 2 **F**irst the dead in Christ shall rise :
 Then we that yet remain
 Shall be caught up to the skies,
 And see our Lord again.
 We shall meet him in the air ;
 All wrapt up to heaven shall be ;
 Find, and love, and praise him there,
 To all eternity.
- 3 **W**ho can tell the happiness
 This glorious hope affords ?
 Joy unuttered we possess
 In these reviving words ;
 Happy while on earth we live ;
 Higher bliss ordained to know ;
 When our King to his shall give
 The kingdom here below.

HYMN 183. L. M.*The Death-bed.*

- 1 WHY should we start and fear to die?
What timorous worms we mortals are!
Death is the gate of endless joy,
And yet we dread to enter there.
- 2 The pains, the groans, and dying strife,
Fright our approaching souls away;
Still shrink we back again to life,
Fond of our prison and our clay.
- 3 O, if my Lord would come and meet,
My soul should stretch her wings in haste,
Fly fearless through death's iron gate,
Nor feel the terrors as she passed.
- 4 Jesus can make a dying bed
Feel soft as downy pillows are,
While on his breast I lean my head,
And breathe my life out sweetly there.

HYMN 184. L. M.*Resurrection of the Body.*

- 1 THE morning flowers display their sweets,
And gay their silken leaves unfold,
As careless of the noontide heats,
As fearless of the evening cold.
- 2 Nipt by the winds' untimely blast,
Parched by the sun's directer ray,
The momentary glories waste,
The short-lived beauties die away.

- 3 So blooms the human face divine,
When youth its pride of beauty shows ;
Fairer than spring the colors shine,
And sweeter than the virgin rose.
- 4 Or worn by slowly rolling years,
Or broke by sickness in a day,
The fading glory disappears,
The short-lived beauties die away.
- 5 Yet these, new rising from the tomb,
With lustre brighter far shall shine,
Revive with ever-during bloom,
Safe from diseases and decline.
- 6 Let sickness blast, let death devour,
If heaven must recompense our pains ;
Perish the grass and fade the flower,
If firm the word of God remains.

HYMN 185. 7s.

Christ risen from the dead.

- 1 ANGELS, roll the rock away !
Death, yield up the mighty prey !
See, the Saviour quits the tomb,
Glowing with immortal bloom.
- 2 Shout, ye seraphs ; Gabriel raise
Fame's eternal trump of praise ;
Let the earth's remotest bound
Echo to the blissful sound.

- 3 Now, ye saints, lift up your eyes ;
See the Conqueror mount the skies ;
Troops of angels on the road
Hail and sing the incarnate God.
- 4 Heaven unfolds her portals wide,
Glorious Hero, through them ride !
King of glory, mount thy throne !
Boundless empire is thy own.
- 5 Praise him, ye celestial choirs,
Raise and sweep your golden lyres ;
Praise him in the noblest songs,
From ten thousand, thousand tongues.

HYMN 186. C. M.*The unspeakable Glories of Heaven.*

- 1 Nor eye hath seen, nor ear hath heard,
Nor sense nor reason known,
What joys the Father has prepared
For those that love his Son.
- 2 But the good Spirit of the Lord
Reveals a heaven to come ;
The beams of glory in his word
Allure and guide us home.
- 3 Pure are the joys above the sky,
And all the region peace ;
No wanton lips nor envious eye
Can see or taste the bliss.

- 4 Those holy gates forever bar
Pollution, sin and shame ;
None shall obtain admittance there
But followers of the Lamb.

HYMN 187. C. M.

Death and the Tomb.

- 1 YE living men, the tomb survey,
Where you must shortly dwell,
Hark! how the awful summons sounds,
In every funeral knell!
- 2 Once you must die, and once for all,
The solemn purport weigh ;
For know that heaven or hell is hung
On that important day !
- 3 Those eyes, so long in darkness veiled,
Must wake the Judge to see ;
And every word, and every thought,
Must pass his scrutiny.
- 4 O may I in the Judge behold
My Saviour and my friend ;
And, far beyond the reach of death,
With all his saints ascend.

HYMN 188. C. M.*Frailty of Man.*

- 1 LIFE is a span, a fleeting hour,
How soon the vapor flies !
Man is a tender, transient flower,
That e'en in blooming—dies.
- 2 The once loved form, now cold and dead,
Each mournful thought employs ;
And nature weeps her comforts fled,
And withered all her joys.
- 3 Hope looks beyond the bounds of time,
When what we now deplore
Shall rise in full, immortal prime,
And bloom to fade no more.
- 4 Cease, then, fond nature, cease thy tears—
Thy Saviour dwells on high ;
There everlasting spring appears—
There joys shall never die.

HYMN 189. C. M.*Rest of the Pious Dead.*

- 1 HEAR what the voice from heaven proclaims
For all the pious dead ;
Sweet is the savor of their names,
And soft their sleeping bed.

- 2 They die in Jesus and are blest ;
How kind their slumbers are !
From sufferings and from sins released,
And freed from every snare.
- 3 Far from this world of toil and strife,
They're present with the Lord !
The labors of their mortal life
End in a large reward.

HYMN 190. C. M.

Hope of the Resurrection.

- 1 AND let our feeble bodies fail,
And let them faint and die ;
We soon shall quit the mournful vale,
And soar to worlds on high ;
- 2 Shall join the glorified saints,
And find our long-sought rest,
That only bliss for which we pant,
In the Redeemer's breast.
- 3 In hope of that immortal crown,
We now the cross sustain ;
And gladly wander up and down,
And smile at toil and pain.
- 4 We suffer on our threescore years,
Till our Deliv'rer come,
And wipe away his servants' tears,
And take his exiles home.

HYMN 191. C. M.*The Advent nigh.*

- 1 **AWAKE**, ye saints, and raise your eyes,
And raise your voices high ;
Awake, and praise that sovereign love
That shows salvation nigh.
- 2 On all the wings of time it flies ;
Each moment brings it near ;
Then welcome each declining day,
Welcome each closing year !
- 3 Not many years their round shall run,
Not many mornings rise,
Ere all its glories stand revealed
To our admiring eyes.

HYMN 192. C. M.*Longing for Christ's Appearing.*

- 1 How long shall death the tyrant reign,
And triumph o'er the just ;
While the rich blood of martyrs slain
Lies mingled with the dust !
- 2 When shall the tedious night be gone ?
When will our Lord appear ?
Our fond desires would pray him down,
Our love embrace him here.
- 3 Let faith arise and climb the hills,
And from afar descry
How distant are his chariot wheels,
And tell how fast they fly.

- 4 We hear the voice, "Ye dead, arise!"
And, lo, the graves obey;
And waking saints, with joyful eyes,
Salute the expected day.
- 5 O may our humble spirits stand
Among them, clothed in white!
The meanest place at his right hand
Is infinite delight.
- 6 How shall our joy and wonder rise,
When our returning King
Shall bear us homeward through the skies,
On love's triumphant wing.

HYMN 193. C. M.*Christ our Shield and Portion.*

- 1 THE Lord has promised good to me,
His word my hope secures;
He will my shield and portion be,
As long as life endures.
- 2 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.
- 3 The earth shall soon dissolve like snow,
The sun forbear to shine;
But God, who owns us here below,
Will be forever mine.

HYMN 194. C. M.*The Last Harvest.*

- 1 THE angel comes ; he comes to reap
 The harvest of the Lord !
 O'er all the earth, with fatal sweep,
 Wide waves his flaming sword.
- 2 And who are they, in sheaves, to bide
 The fire of vengeance, bound ?
 The tares, whose rank, luxuriant pride
 Chokes the fair crop around.
- 3 And who are they, reserved in store
 God's treasure-house to fill ?
 The wheat, a hundred-fold that bore
 Amid surrounding ill.
- 4 O King of mercy ! grant us power
 Thy fiery wrath to flee !
 In thy destroying angel's hour,
 O gather us to thee !

HYMN 195. P. M.*The Saints' Final Triumph.*

- 1 Now Jesus, our King, reigns triumphantly
 glorious ;
 O'er sin, death and hell, he has made us vic-
 torious ;
 With shouting proclaim it—O trust in his
 passion,
 He saved us most freely—O precious salva-
 tion !

- 2 Our Jesus his name now proclaims all victorious,
He reigns over all, and his kingdom is glorious;
To Jesus we'll join with the great congregation,
And triumph, ascribing to him our salvation.
- 3 With joy shall we stand, when escaped to the shore;
With harps in our hands, we'll praise him evermore;
We'll range the sweet plains on the bank of the river,
And sing of salvation forever and ever.

HYMN 196. C. M.

Worthy the Lamb that died.

- 1 COME, let us join our cheerful songs
With angels round the throne;
Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,
But all their joys are one.
- 2 "Worthy the Lamb that died," they cry,
"To be exalted thus!"
"Worthy the Lamb," our lips reply,
"For he was slain for us."
- 3 Jesus is worthy to receive
Honor and power divine;
And blessings more than we can give,
Be, Lord, forever thine.

4 Let all that dwell above the sky,
 And air, and earth, and seas,
 Conspire to lift thy glories high,
 And speak thine endless praise.

5 The whole creation join in one
 To bless the sacred name
 Of him who sits upon the throne,
 And to adore the Lamb.

HYMN 197. C. M.

Praise to the Lamb that was slain.

- 1 Now to the Lamb that once was slain,
 Be endless blessings paid ;
 Salvation, glory, joy, remain
 Forever on thy head.
- 2 Thou hast redeemed us by thy blood,
 And set the prisoners free ;
 Hast made us kings and priests to God,
 And we shall reign with thee.

HYMN 198. C. M.

The Glorification of the Saints.

"THESE glorious minds ! how bright they shine
 Whence all their white array ?
 How came they to the happy seats
 Of everlasting day ?"

- 2 From torturing pains to endless joy
 On fiery wheels they rode,
 And strangely washed their raiment white
 In Jesus' dying blood.
- 3 Now they approach th' eternal God,
 And bow before his throne ;
 Their warbling harps and sacred songs
 Adore the Holy One.
- 4 The unveiled glories of his face
 Among his saints reside,
 While the rich treasure of his grace
 Sees all their wants supplied.
- 5 Tormenting thirst shall leave their souls,
 And hunger flee as fast ;
 The fruit of life's immortal tree
 Shall be their sweet repast.
- 6 The Lamb shall lead his heavenly flock,
 Where living fountains rise ;
 And love divine shall wipe away,
 The sorrows of their eyes.

HYMN 199. L. M.

Death, Burial, and Resurrection of Christ.

- 1 He dies, the friend of sinners dies !
 Lo ! Salem's daughters weep around ;
 A solemn darkness veils the skies,
 A sudden trembling shakes the ground.

- 2 Here's love and grief beyond degree,—
The Lord of glory dies for men!
But lo! what sudden joys we see!
Jesus, the dead, revives again!
- 3 The rising Lord forsakes the tomb!
(The tomb in vain forbids his rise!)
Cherubic legions guard him home,
And shout him welcome to the skies!
- 4 Break off your tears, you saints, and tell
How high our great Deliverer reigns;
Sing how he spoiled the hosts of hell,
And led the monster Death in chains!
- 5 Say, live forever, wondrous King!
Born to redeem, and strong to save!
Then ask the monster, Where's thy sting?
And where's thy victory, boasting grave?

HYMN 200. 8, 7.

"Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord."

- 1 HARK! a voice divides the sky;
Happy are the faithful dead,
In the Lord who sweetly die;
They from all their toils are freed.
Them the Spirit hath declared
Blest, unutterably blest;
Jesus is their great reward,
Jesus is their endless rest.

- 2 Followed by their works, they go
 Where their Head is gone before ;
 Reconciled by grace below,
 Grace hath opened mercy's door.
 Justified through faith alone,
 Here they knew their sins forgiven ;
 Here they laid their burden down,
 Hallowed and made meet for heaven.

HYMN 201. S. M.

The Latest Call of Grace.

- 1 SINNERS, the call obey,
 The latest call of grace ;
 The day is come, the vengeful day,
 Of a devoted race.
- 2 Devils and men combine
 To plague the faithless seed ;
 And vials full of wrath divine
 Are bursting on your head.
- 3 Enter into the rock,
 Ye trembling slaves of sin,
 The Rock of your salvation, struck,
 And cleft to take you in.
- 4 To shelter the distressed,
 He did the cross endure ;
 Enter into the clefts, and rest
 In Jesus' wounds secure.
- 5 Jesus, to thee we fly
 From the devouring sword ;
 Our city of defence is nigh,
 Our help is in the Lord.

- 6 Or if the scourge o'erflow,
 And laugh at innocence,
 Thine everlasting arms, we know,
 Shall be our souls' defence.

HYMN 202. C. M.

A. Blessing implored upon the Word.

- 1 LIGHT of the world, shine on our souls,
 Thy grace to us afford ;
 And while we meet to learn thy truth,
 Be thou our teacher, Lord.
- 2 As once thou didst thy word expound
 To those that walked with thee,
 So teach us, Lord, to understand,
 And its blest fulness see.
- 3 Its richness, sweetness, power, and depth,
 Its holiness discern ;
 Its joyful news of saving grace
 By blest experience learn.
- 4 Help us each other to assist ;
 Thy Spirit now impart ;
 Keep humble, but with love inflame
 To thee and thine, each heart.
- 5 Thus may thy word be dearer still,
 And studied more each day ;
 And as it richly dwells within,
 Thyself in it display.

HYMN 203. C. M.*Invitation to the Sinner.*

- 1 **COME**, humble sinner, in whose breast
 A thousand thoughts revolve,
 Come, with your guilt and fear oppressed
 And make this last resolve.
- 2 "I'll go to Jesus, though my sin
 Hath like a mountain rose ;
 I know his courts, I'll enter in,
 Whatever may oppose.
- 3 "Prostrate I'll lie before his throne,
 And there my guilt confess ;
 I'll tell him I'm a wretch undone,
 Without his sovereign grace.
- 4 "But should the Lord reject my plea,
 And disregard my prayer,
 Yet still, like Esther, I will stay,
 And perish only there.
- 5 "I can but perish if I go—
 I am resolved to try ;
 For if I stay away, I know
 I must forever die."

HYMN 204. 8, 6.*Confidence in God.*

- 1 **THE** Lord of hosts is on my side,
 In him—him only, I confide,
 Nor shall confide in vain ;

Amidst ten thousand foes and snares,
 Amidst ten thousand anxious cares,
 He can my soul sustain.

2 I will not yield to servile fear,
 Though all the fiends of hell draw near,
 To fight, and rage, and rave ;
 My gracious God is also nigh,
 And will their hostile rage defy ;
 He is at hand to save.

3 Let us our hope in God express,
 Our hope is in his mighty grace,
 And still in him confide ;
 With dauntless courage let us rise,
 Press on and win the gracious prize,
 For God is on our side.

HYMN 205. 6, 8.

Blessedness of Christian Unity.

1 How pleasant 't is to see
 Kindred and friends agree—
 Each in his proper station move,
 And each fulfil his part,
 With sympathizing heart,
 In all the cares of life and love.

2 'T is like the ointment shed
 On Aaron's sacred head—
 Divinely rich, divinely sweet ;
 The oil through all the room
 Diffused a rich perfume,
 Ran through his robes, and blest his feet.

3 Like fruitful showers of rain,
 That water all the plain,
 Descending from the neighboring hills ;
 Such streams of pleasure roll
 Through every friendly soul,
 Where love, like heavenly dew, distils.

HYMN 206. L. M.

Boldness in declaring the Truth.

- 1 SHALL I, for fear of feeble man,
 The Spirit's course in me restrain ?
 Or, undismayed, in deed and word,
 Be a true witness of my Lord ?
- 2 Awed by a mortal's frown, shall I
 Conceal the word of God most high ?
 How then before thee shall I dare
 To stand, or how thine anger bear ?
- 3 Shall I, to soothe th' unholy throng,
 Soften thy truth, or smooth my tongue
 To gain earth's gilded toys, or flee
 The cross endured, my Lord, by thee ?
- 4 What then is he whose scorn I dread,
 Whose wrath or hate makes me afraid ?
 A man ! an heir of death ! a slave
 To sin ! a bubble on the wave !
- 5 Yea, let men rage ; since thou wilt spread
 Thy shadowing wings around my head ;
 Since in all pain thy tender love
 Will still my sure refreshment prove.

HYMN 207. P. M.*The World forsaken for Christ.*

- 1 **VAIN**, delusive world, adieu,
 With all your creature good ;
Only Jesus we pursue,
 Who bought us with his blood !
 All thy pleasures we forego,
 We trample on thy wealth and pride ;
Only Jesus will we know,
 And Jesus crucified !
- 2 Here will we set up our rest ;
 Each fluctuating heart
 From the haven of his breast
 Shall never more depart.
 Whither should a sinner go ?
 His wounds for me stand open wide ;
Only Jesus will we know,
 And Jesus crucified !
- 3 **O** that we could all invite,
 This saving truth to prove ;
Show the length, the breadth, the height,
 And depth of Jesus' love !
 Fain we would to sinners show,
 The blood by faith alone applied ;
Only Jesus will we know
 And Jesus crucified !

HYMN 208. 10, 11.

The Harvest.

- 1 THE fields are all white, the harvest is near ;
The reapers all with their sharp sickles
appear,
To reap down the fields and gather in barns ;
While the wild plants of nature are left for to
burn.
- 2 Come then, O my soul, and think on that day,
When all things in nature shall cease and
decay,
The trumpet shall sound, the angels appear,
To reap down the earth, both the wheat and
the tares.
- 3 But hear the sad cry, ascending the sky,
Of those in distress who have nowhere to fly ;
They call for the rocks and mountains to fall
Upon their poor souls, to hide them from
thrall.
- 4 'T will all be in vain ; the mountains must
flee,
The rocks fly like hailstones, and must no
more be ;
The earth it shall shake, the sea shall retire,
And this solid world shall then be all on fire.
- 5 Then, O wretched mortals, look up and espy
The glorious Redeemer descending the sky,
On chariots of fire ; to earth he is bound,
With guards of bright angels attending him
down.

6 But hear the kind Judge, that great day
alarms,
"First gather my children all into my arms,
That seven last plagues be poured out on
those
Who've blasphemed my name and my saints
have opposed."

HYMN 209. 10, 11.

The Shepherd's Presence sought.

1 O, TELL me, thou life and delight of my soul,
Where the flock of thy pasture are feeding
I seek thy protection, I need thy control;
I would go where my Shepherd is leading;
O, tell me the place where thy flock are at
rest,
Where the noontide will find them repos-
ing;
The tempest now rages, my soul is distressed,
And the darkness around me is closing.

2 O, why must I dwell with the hosts of thy
foes,
'Mid the desert where now they are roving,
Where hunger and thirst, where afflictions
and woes,
And lies now their ruin are proving?
O, when shall my exile and wanderings cease,
And the troubles that fill me with weeping?
Thou Shepherd of Israel! give me that peace
Thou hast promised the flock of thy keep-
ing.

HYMN 210. P. M.

The Watchmen at the Posts.

- 1 **WATCHMEN!** onward to your stations!
Blow the trumpet long and loud!
Preach the gospel to the nations,
Speak to every gathering crowd!
See! the day is breaking!
See the saints awaking,
No more in sadness bowed!

- 2 **Watchmen!** hail the rising glory
Of the great Messiah's reign!
Tell the coming Saviour's story,
Tell it to the listening train:
See his wrath revealing;
See the Spirit sealing;
'T is life amid the slain!

- 3 **Watchmen!** as the clouds are flying,
As the doves in haste return,
Thousands, from amid the dying,
Flee to Christ, his love to learn;
All their sighs and sadness
Turn to joy and gladness
When they this truth discern.

HYMN 211. 11.

“Remember Lot’s Wife.”

- 1 How prone are professors to rest on their lees,
To study their pleasure, their profit and ease ;
Though God says arise, and escape for thy
life,
And look not behind you ; “remember Lot’s
wife.”
- 2 Awake from thy slumbers, the warning be-
lieve ;
'T is Jesus that calls you, the message receive ;
While dangers are pending, escape for thy
life,
And look not behind you ; “remember Lot’s
wife!”
- 3 The first bold apostate will tempt you to stay,
And tell you that lions are found in the way ;
He means to deceive you, escape for thy life,
And look not behind you ; “remember Lot’s
wife!”
- 4 How many poor souls has the tempter be-
guiled !
With specious temptations how many defiled !
O, be not deluded, escape for thy life,
And look not behind you ; “remember Lot’s
wife!”

- 5 The ways of religion true pleasure afford ;
 No pleasures can equal the joys of the Lord ;
 Forsake then the world and escape for thy
 life,
 And look not behind you ; “remember Lot’s
 wife !”
- 6 But if you determine the call to refuse,
 And venture the way of destruction to choose,
 For hell, you will part with the blessings of
 life,
 And then, if not now, you ’ll “remember Lot’s
 wife !”

HYMN 212. P. M.

Old Ship of Zion.

- 1 WHAT ship is this you ’ve entered ?
 I think I want to go ;
 What ship is this you ’ve entered ?
 I know I want to go.
 It’s the old ship of Zion,
 And don’t you want to go ?
 It’s the old ship of Zion,
 I’m sure you want to go.
 You’ve been a long time wandering,
 And now you want to go
 To the meeting in the New Jerusalem.
- 2 How does she ship her seamen ?
 I know I’d like to go.
 How does she ship her seamen ?
 I’m sure I’d like to go.

- By faith in the Redeemer ;
 Then don't you want to go ?
 By faith in the Redeemer ;
 You can but want to go.
 You 've been a long time wandering,
 And now you want to go, &c.
- 3 Where will this ship discharge us ?
 I know I want to go ?
 Where will this ship discharge us ?
 I 'm sure I 'd like to go.
 On the Continent of glory !
 I know you want to go.
 You 've been a long time wandering,
 And now you want to go, &c.
- Who governs this bold vessel ?
 For others want to go ;
 Who governs this bold vessel ?
 Yes, thousands want to go.
 Our Father 's at the helm—
 We all may safely go.
 You 've been a long time wandering,
 And I 'm glad you want to go, &c.
- 5 If the crew are all well treated,
 I 'm sure I 'd like to go ;
 If the crew are all well treated,
 I know I 'd like to go.
 Why, he gives us Gospel measure—
 I know you want to go ;
 Pressed down and running over—
 Who would not want to go ?
 We 've been a long time wandering,
 And now we 're bound to go, &c.

HYMN 213. 9, 11, 10.*"A pilgrim and a stranger."*

- 1 I'm a pilgrim and I'm a stranger ;
I can tarry, I can tarry, but a night ;
Do not detain me, for I am going
To where the fountains are ever flowing.
I'm a pilgrim and I'm a stranger, &c.
- 2 There the glory is ever shining !
O, my longing heart, my longing heart is
there ;
Here in this country so dark and dreary,
I long have wandered forlorn and weary.
I'm a pilgrim, and I'm a stranger &c.
- 3 There's the city to which I journey ;
My Redeemer, my Redeemer is its light !
There is no sorrow, nor any sighing,
Nor any tears there, nor any dying !
I'm a pilgrim, and I'm a stranger, &c.
- 4 Farewell, neighbors, with tears I've warned
you,
I must leave you, I must leave you and be
gone !
With this your portion, your hearts' desire—
Why will you perish in raging fire ?
I'm a pilgrim, and I'm a stranger, &c.
- 5 Father, mother and sister, brother !
If you will not journey with me I must go !
Now, since your vain hopes you will thus
cherish,
Should I too linger and with you perish ?
I'm a pilgrim, and I'm a stranger, &c.

- 6 Farewell, dreary earth, by sin so blighted,
 In immortal beauty soon you 'll be arrayed!
 He who has formed thee, will soon restore
 thee!
 And then thy dread curse shall never more
 be:
 I'm a pilgrim, and I'm a stranger
 Till thy rest shall end the weary pilgrim's
 night.

HYMN 214. P. M.

The God of Abraham.

- 1 THE God of Abraham praise,
 Who reigns enthroned above;
 Ancient of everlasting days,
 And God of love;
 Jehovah, Great I am!
 By earth and heav'n confess'd;
 I bow and bless the sacred name,
 Forever bless'd.
- 2 The God of Abraham praise,
 At whose supreme command
 From earth I rise—and seek the joys
 At his right hand:
 I all on earth forsake,
 Its wisdom, fame, and power,
 And him my only portion make,
 My shield and tower.

- 3 The God of Abraham praise,
Whose all-sufficient grace
Shall guide me all my happy days,
In all his ways :
He calls a worm his friend,
He calls himself my God !
And he shall save me to the end,
Through Jesus' blood.
- 4 He by Himself hath sworn—
I on his oath depend—
I shall, on eagles' wings upborne,
To Heaven ascend :
I shall behold his face,
I shall his power adore,
And sing the wonders of his grace
Forevermore.

SECOND PART.

- 5 Though nature's strength decay,
And earth and hell withstand,
To Canaan's bounds I urge my way,
At his command :
The watery deep I pass,
With Jesus in my view ;
And through the howling wilderness
My way pursue.
- 6 The goodly land I see,
With peace and plenty bless'd ;
A land of sacred liberty
And endless rest ;

There milk and honey flow,
And oil and wine abound ;
And trees of life forever grow,
With mercy crowned.

7 There dwells the Lord our King,
The Lord our righteousness ;
Triumphant o'er the world and sin,
The Prince of Peace,
On Sion's sacred height
His kingdom still maintains ;
And glorious, with his saints in light,
Forever reigns.

8 He keeps his own secure,
He guards them by his side,
Arrays in garments white and pure
His spotless bride ;
With streams of sacred bliss,
With groves of living joys,
With all the fruits of paradise,
He still supplies.

9 Before the Holy One
They all exulting stand,
And tell the wonders he hath done,
Through all their land.
The listening spheres attend,
And swell the growing fame,
And sing in songs which never end
The wondrous Name.

HYMN 215. P. M.

Here is no Rest.

- 1 **HERE** o'er the earth as a stranger I roam,
Here is no rest, is no rest ;
Here as a pilgrim I wander alone,
Yet I am blest, I am blest ;
For I look forward to that glorious day,
When sin and sorrow will vanish away ;
My heart doth leap while I hear Jesus say,
There, there is rest, there is rest.

- 2 **Here** fierce temptations beset me around ;
Here is no rest—is no rest ;
Here I am grieved while my foes me surround ;
Yet I am blest—I am blest.
Let them revile me and scoff at my name,
Laugh at my weeping—endeavor to shame ;
I will go forward, for this is my theme—
There, there is rest—there is rest.

- 3 **Here** are afflictions and trials severe ;
Here is no rest—is no rest ;
Here I must part with the friends I hold dear ;
Yet I am blest—I am blest.
Sweet is the promise I read in his word,
Blessed are they who have died in the Lord ;
They will be called to receive their reward ;
Then there is rest—there is rest.

- 4 **This** world of cares is a wilderness state,
Here is no rest—is no rest ;

Here I must bear from the world all its hate,
 Yet I am blest—I am blest.
 Soon shall I be from the wicked released,
 Soon shall the weary forever be blest,
 Soon shall I lean upon Jesus' breast—
 Then there is rest—there is rest.

HYMN 216. 6, 4.

To-day the Saviour calls.

- 1 To-day the Saviour calls!
 Ye wanderers come;
 O, ye benighted souls,
 Why longer roam.
- 2 To-day the Saviour calls!
 Oh, listen now;
 Within these sacred walls
 To Jesus bow.
- 3 To-day the Saviour calls!
 For refuge fly;
 The storm of vengeance falls;
 Ruin is nigh.
- 4 The Spirit calls to-day!
 Yield to his power;
 Oh, grieve him not away;
 'T is mercy's hour.

HYMN 217. 12, 8.

"The harvest is past, the summer is ended, and we are not saved."—Jer. vii. 20.

- 1 **WHEN** the harvest is past, and the summer is gone,
 And warnings and prayers shall be o'er ;
 When the beams cease to break of the sweet Sabbath morn,
 And Jesus invites thee no more ;
 When the rich gales of mercy no longer shall blow,
 The gospel no message declare ;
 Sinner, how canst thou bear the deep wailings of woe ;
 How suffer the night of despair ?
- 2 **When** the holy have gone to the regions of peace,
 Those heavenly mansions to prove ;
 When their harmony wakes in the fulness of bliss,
 Their song to the Saviour they love ;
 Say, O sinner, that livest at rest and secure,
 Who fearest no trouble to come,
 Can thy spirit the swellings of sorrow endure,
 Or bear the impenitent's doom ?

HYMN 218. 10.

Hail to the brightness.

- 1 **HAIL** to the brightness of Zion's glad morning !
 Joy to the lands that in darkness have lain ;

Hushed be the accents of sorrow and mourn-
ing,
Zion in triumph begins her mild reign.

2 Hail to the brightness of Zion's glad morning,
Long by the prophets of Israel foretold;
Hail to the millions from bondage returning,
Gentiles and Jews the blest vision behold.

3 Lo, in the desert rich flowers are springing,
Streams ever copious are gliding along;
Loud from the mountain-tops echoes are ring-
ing,
Wastes rise in verdure, and mingle in song.

4 See, the dead risen from land and from ocean,
Praise to Jehovah ascending on high;
Fallen are the engines of war and commotion,
Shouts of salvation are rending the sky.

HYMN 219. 7, 5.

When shall the voice of singing.

1 WHEN shall the voice of singing
Flow joyfully along;
When hill and valley ringing,
With one triumphant song,
Proclaim the contest ended,
And Him who once was slain,
Again to earth descended,
In righteousness to reign?

2 Then from the lofty mountains
The sacred shout shall fly;

And shady vales and fountains
 Shall echo the reply ; ...
 High tower and lofty dwelling,
 Shall send the chorus round,
 All hallelujah swelling,
 In one eternal sound.

HYMN 220. P. M.

Awake ye, awake!

- 1 Awake ye, awake!
 For the midnight cry is sounding;
 Awake ye, awake!
 For behold the Bridegroom cometh!
 Awake ye, awake!
 Let your lamps be trimmed and burning!
 Awake ye, awake!
 Awake, awake!
- 2 Rejoice ye, rejoice!
 For the night is now departing;
 Rejoice ye, rejoice!
 For behold the Bridegroom cometh;
 Rejoice ye, rejoice!
 For redemption draweth nigh;
 Rejoice ye, rejoice!
 Rejoice, for joy!

HYMN 221. P. M.

Have you faith?

"Nevertheless, when the Son of man cometh, shall he find
faith on the earth?"

- 1 Jesus our Saviour says—I will appear!
 Have you faith?

- My trumpet is sounding majestic and clear ;
 Have you faith ?
 The faithful alone I come to see,
 And they shall reign and live with me ;
 Only have faith ! only have faith ! only have
 faith !
- 2 Prophets have spoken, their words are fulfilled ;
 Have you faith ?
 My word is established, your anguish is stilled ;
 Have you faith ?
 The plan of salvation the faith's eye will see,
 And live forever and reign with me ;
 Only have faith ! only have faith ! only have
 faith !
- 3 Though I should tarry be not dismayed ;
 Have you faith ?
 The judgment is coming o'er all I've said ;
 Have you faith ?
 The *doubt* to the bondage, the *faith* to the free,
 To live forever and reign with me,
 Only have faith ! only have faith ! only have
 faith !

HYMN 222. L. M.

Star of our Hope.

- 1 STAR of our hope ! he'll soon appear,
 The last loud trumpet speaks him near ;
 Hail him all saints, from pole to pole,
 How welcome to the faithful soul !

- 2 From heaven angelic voices sound,
Behold the Lord of glory crowned,
Arrayed in majesty divine,
And in his highest glories shine. .
- 3 The grave yields up its precious trust,
Which long has slumbered in the dust ;
Resplendent forms ascending fair,
To meet the Saviour in the air.
- 4 Descending with his azure throne,
He claims the kingdom for his own ;
The saints rejoice, they shout, they sing,
And hail him their triumphant King.
- 5 O joyful day, when he appears
With all his saints, to end their fears ;
Our Lord will then his right obtain,
And in his kingdom ever reign.

HYMN 223. 7, 4.*The Weary Traveller.*

- 1 I 'm a lonely traveller here,
Weary, opprest ;
But my journey's end is near—
Soon I shall rest.
Dark and dreary is the way,
Toiling I 've come—
Ask me not with you to stay—
Yonder 's my home.

- 2 I'm a weary traveller here,
I must go on,
For my journey's end is near—
I must be gone.
Brighter joys than earth can give,
Win me away :
Pleasures that forever live—
I cannot stay.
- 3 I'm a traveller to a land
Where all is fair ;
Where is seen no broken band—
All, all are there.
Where no tear shall ever fall,
Nor heart be sad ;
Where the glory is for all,
And all are glad.
- 4 I'm a traveller, and I go
Where all is fair ;
Farewell all I've loved below—
I must be there.
Worldly honors, hopes and gain,
All I resign ;
Welcome sorrow, grief, and pain,
If heaven be mine.
- 5 I'm a traveller—call me not—
Upward's my way ;
Yonder is my rest and lot,
I cannot stay.
Farewell earthly pleasures all,
Pilgrim I'll roam ;
Hail me not—in vain you call—
Yonder's my home.

HYMN 224. 11.

The Rock that is higher than I.

- 1 O, SAVIOUR of sinners, when faint and depressed,
With manifold trials and sorrows oppressed,
I'll bow at thy feet, and with confidence cry,
"Lead me to the rock that is higher than I."
- 2 When tempted by Satan the Spirit to grieve—
The service of Christ, my Redeemer to leave,
I'll claim my relation to Jesus on high,
The rock of salvation that's higher than I.
- 3 When judgments, O Lord, are abroad in the
land,
And merited vengeance descends from thy
hand;
O'erwhelmed with the sight, for protection I'll
fly,
And hide in the Rock, that is higher than I.
- 4 When summoned away before God to appear,
By free-grace supported I'll yield without fear!
Most gladly I'll venture with Jesus on high,
To enter the Rock that is higher than I!
- 5 'Tis there, with the chosen of Jesus, I long
To dwell, and eternally join in the song,
Of praising and blessing with angels on high,
Christ Jesus, the Rock that is higher than I.

- 6 The faithful, sure promise the fathers believed,
 Shall then be fulfilled and the glory received ;
 The hand that was pierced for me wipe my
 tears dry,
 For to reign with the One that is higher than I.

HYMN 225. 7.

Christ's Return.

- 1 SON of God, thy people's shield,
 Must we still thine absence mourn ?
 Let thy promise be fulfilled,—
 Thou hast said, "I will return."
 Gracious Master, soon appear ;
 Quickly bring the morning's light ;
 Then will cease the constant tear,
 Hope be turned to joyful sight.
- 2 As a woman counts the days
 Till her absent 'lord she sees,—
 Longs and watches, weeps and prays,—
 So the church must long for thee.
 Come, that we may see thee nigh ;
 Then the sheep shall feed in peace ;
 Hushed forever trouble's sigh,
 Sin and sorrow's triumph cease.

HYMN 226. 8, 7.

Hasten thine appearing.

- 1 SAVIOUR, haste ! our souls are waiting,
 For the long expected day,
 When, new heavens and earth creating,
 Thou shalt banish grief away ;
 All the sorrow,
 Caused by sin and Satan's sway.

- 2 **Haste, O hasten thine appearing,**
Take thy mourning people home ;
'T is this hope our spirits cheering,
While we in the desert roam,
Makes thy people
Strangers here, till thou dost come.
- 3 **Lord, how long shall the creation**
Groan and travail sore in pain ;
Waiting for its sure salvation,
When thou shalt in glory reign,
And like Eden,
This sad earth shall bloom again ?
- 4 **Reign, O reign, Almighty Saviour !**
Heaven and earth in one unite ;
Make it known, that in thy favor,
There alone is life and light ;
When we see thee,
We shall have unmixed delight.

HYMN 227. 7.

Christ will come again.

- 1 **CHRIST, the Lord, will come again,**
None shall wait for him in vain ;
I shall then his glory see,
Christ will come and call for me.
- 2 **Then, when the archangel's voice**
Shakes the earth and rends the skies,
Rising millions shall proclaim,
Blessings on the Saviour's name.

- 3 "This is our redeeming God!"
 Ransomed hosts will shout aloud:
 "Praise, eternal praise be given,
 To the Lord of earth and heaven!"

HYMN 228. 7.

Prayer for the Advent.

- 1 ANGELS come, O come away;
 Waiting spirits do not stay;
 Bear, O bear us, to our home,
 For the harvest time has come.
- 2 Clouds of glory lingering,
 Haste! our blessed Jesus bring;
 Gleam no longer from afar,
 Like a dim uncertain star.
- 3 Speed thy coming, blessed One!
 We are fainting sad and lone;
 Why doth yet the star of day
 Its bright rising thus delay?
- 4 Whirlwinds struggling still afar,
 With the mighty conqueror's car,
 Speed along like tempests driven,
 From the bursting gates of heaven.
- 5 Meek and humble trusting ones,
 Zion's suffering trodden sons,
 "Day and night," prevail in prayer,
 Till the kingdom ye shall share.

- 6 Let Creation's prayer arise,
 Filling all the vaulted skies,
 Rise as incense to his hand,
 Who doth by the altar stand.
- 7 Voice of God! awake the dead!
 Now descend with earthquake tread!
 Trump of judgment sound the tone,
 That shall end Creation's groan!

HYMN 229. 7, 6.

The Glad Tidings.

- 1 HARK! hark! hear the blest tidings;
 Soon, soon, Jesus will come,
 Robed, robed, in honor and glory,
 To gather his ransomed ones home.
- Chorus.* Yes, yes, oh yes,
 To gather his ransomed ones home.
- 2 Joy, joy, sound it more loudly,
 Sing, sing glory to God;
 Soon, soon Jesus is coming—
 Publish the tidings abroad.
- 3 Bright, bright, seraphs attending,
 Shouts, shouts, filling the air;
 Down, down, swiftly from heaven,
 Jesus our Lord will appear.
- 4 Now, now, through a glass darkly,
 Shine, shine, visions to come;
 Soon, soon, we shall behold them,
 Cloudless and bright in our home.

5 Long, long, we have been waiting,
 Who, who, love his blest name ;
 Now, now, we are delighting,
 Jesus is near to proclaim.

6 Still, still, rest on the promise,
 Cling, cling, fast to his word ;
 Wait, wait, if he should tarry,
 We'll patiently wait for the Lord.

Chorus. Yes, yes, oh yes,
 We'll patiently wait for the Lord.

HYMN 230. 7, 9.

Cry of the Church.

1 **HEAR**, hear, God of the faithful !
 Lone, lone, captives we cry :
 Lo, lo, the scorner reproacheth,
 And mocketh our every sigh !
Hear, hear, oh hear,
 He mocketh our every sigh !

2 Plead, plead, God of the faithful !
 Plead, plead, now for thy name ;
 Grant, grant, now for thy glory,
 The trumpet may judgment proclaim.
 Grant, grant, oh grant,
 The trumpet may judgment proclaim.

3 Come, come, now in thy glory,
 Dust, dust, doth cover the slain ;
 Yet, yet, in the "Valley of Vision,"
 Thy dead men shall yet live again !
 Live, live, yes live,
 Thy dead men shall yet live again.

- 4 Voice, voice, awaking the sleeping,
 Sound, sound, through the dread vale;
 Rise, rise, ye that are "groaning,"
 None of the faithful shall fail.
 Rise, rise, oh rise,
 None of the faithful shall fail.
- 5 Breathe, breathe, breezes of heaven,
 Breathe, breathe, now on the slain;
 Sure, sure, still is the promise,
 The faithful shall yet live again.
 Live, live, yes live,
 The faithful shall yet live again.
- 6 Now, now, from thy long keeping,
 Grave! grave! deliver the dead!
 Wake, wake, ye that are sleeping,
 Awake at the archangel's tread!
 Wake, wake, oh wake,
 Wake at the archangel's tread.

HYMN 231. 7, 6.

*The Church and the Lord.**Church.*

- 1 "LORD, Lord, why dost thou tarry?
 Why, why, linger so long?
 Harps, harps, hang on the willows,
 And silent is every song!
 Hushed, hushed, yes hushed,
 And silent is every song.

Lord.

- 2 "Peace, peace, beloved and sad one,
 Rise, rise, and do not delay ;
 Forth, forth, I 'm coming to meet thee,
 And call thee my chosen away :
 Peace, peace, yes peace,
 I 'll call thee, my chosen away."

Church.

- 3 "Say, say, thou whom my soul lovest,
 Where thou restest at noon ?
 Why, why, should I not find thee ?
 Guide me unto thee right soon.
 Guide, guide, oh guide,
 Guide me unto thee right soon."

Lord.

- 4 "Lo, lo, the winter is over,—
 Soft, soft breezes awake,
 Spring, spring is calling her flowers,
 Beloved, thy slumber forsake.
 • Rise, rise, oh rise,
 Beloved, thy slumber forsake."

Church.

- 5 "Hail ! hail ! thou whom my soul lovest
 Glad, glad I hear thy sweet voice :
 Hide, hide me in thy pavilion,
 So shall I ever rejoice.
 Praise, praise, yes praise,
 Praise thee and ever rejoice."

Lord.

- 6 "Wait, wait, until the fruit ripen,
 The husbandman waiteth so long;
 Then, then, the vintage I'll gather,
 And joy in the harvest's glad song:
 Wait, wait, oh wait,
 And joy in the harvest's glad song."

HYMN 232. 8.

The Church weary.

- 1 THE church in her militant state
 Is weary and cannot forbear;
 The saints in an agony wait
 To see him again in the air;
 The Spirit invites, in the Bride,
 Her heavenly Lord to descend,
 And place her enthron'd at his side,
 In glory that never shall end.
- 2 The news of his coming I hear,
 And join in the catholic cry:
 O Jesus in triumph appear;
 Appear in the clouds of the sky!
 Whom only I languish to love,
 In fulness of majesty come;
 And give me a mansion above;
 And take to my heavenly home.

HYMN 233. 8, 7.

The Expostulation.

- 1 O SINNER, come without delay,
 And seek a home in glory ;
 The Lord is calling you to-day—
 He pleads for you in glory.
- Chorus*—O glory ! O glory !
 There 's power in Jesus' dying love,
 To bring you home to glory.
- 2 O, turn and live ! to you he cries,
 And you shall share my glory ;
 But, if my mercy you despise,
 You cannot see my glory.
 O glory, &c.
- 3 Repent, and give him now your heart,
 He is the Lord of Glory,
 Confess his name, secure a part
 When he shall come in glory.
 O glory, &c.
- 4 Now is your time—no more delay,
 For soon he 'll come in glory ;
 When shut without, in vain you 'll pray—
 You 've lost all hope of glory.
 O glory, &c.
- 5 O do not madly slight his grace,
 And lose the crown of glory ;
 But now, before you leave this place,
 Begin the race for glory.
 O glory, &c.

6 Awake! awake! the Judge is near,
 Prepare, prepare for glory;
 If sleeping when he shall appear,
 You cannot bear his glory.
 O glory! O glory!
 There 's power in Jesus' dying love
 To bring you home to glory.

HYMN 234. P. M.

Earth and Heaven.

1 EARTH is groaning, Earth is groaning,
 For her Lord and King is longing, longing,
 longing, longing,
 Earth is groaning; Lord, deliverance bring;
 Remove the curse, in triumph reign.
 How long wilt thou remain away?
 How long wilt thou remain away?
 Why doth thy ling'ring chariot stay?
 How long wilt thou remain away?
 Come, come,
 To Israel bring the promis'd day.
 Jesus is coming, Jesus is coming;
 Lo, the day-star bright, is rising, rising,
 rising, rising;
 Jesus is coming with the blazing crowns
 For those who walk with him in white.
 Oh there is glory, glory now,
 Oh there is glory, glory now,
 For lo! the heavens seem to bow;
 Oh there is glory, glory now.
 Lo, lo,
 The shaking heavens begin to bow.

- 3 Oh the glory, oh the glory,
 Of the King of armies coming, coming,
 coming, coming;
 Oh the glory of the King of kings
 In triumph coming down to reign.
 Seraphic legions marshalled now,
 Seraphic legions marshalled now,
 Behold the shaking heavens bow;
 Seraphic legions marshalled now.
 Lo, lo,
 The brilliant glory of his train.
- 4 Hear the voices—hear the voices—
 That proclaim the Saviour coming, coming,
 coming, coming.
 Hear the voices,—sweet angelic strains,
 In Heaven th' echo loud resounds;
 Angelic harpings now in heaven,
 Angelic harpings now in heaven,
 In sweeping melody are driven.
 Angelic harpings now in heaven,
 Sound, sound,
 "Behold the King of glory comes!"
- 5 Heaven rejoices—Heaven rejoices,
 For the King of kings is coming, coming;
 coming, coming,
 Heaven rejoices, for the King of kings
 In radiant glory comes to reign!
 Oh Earth be glad, rejoice and sing!
 Oh Earth be glad, rejoice and sing!
 He comes to reign, thy rightful King!
 Oh Earth be glad, rejoice and sing!
 Shout, shout,
 Glad tidings all the angels bring.

HYMN 235. 11.

The Importunate Widow.

- 1** ALAS! for the daughter of Zion doth mean,
She sitteth a "widow," bereft and alone:
Oh listen! for sad is the voice of her cry—
She pours forth her soul in her deep agony:
To Him that doth ride on in triumph and
 might,
'Tis thus that she pleads in her sorrowing
 night:
"Oh thou for whose coming I ceaselessly long,
When wilt thou become my salvation and
 song?"
- 2** "I sought for the watchmen; 'oh what of the
 night?
Hast seen my beloved in whom I delight?
Him whom my soul loveth, hast seen him, I
 pray?"
- 'T was then that the watchmen, they thrust
 me away;
They scoffingly stoned me, and wounded me
 sore,
And now, those false shepherds, I'll seek
 them no more;
But Jesus I'll seek, I will yet watch and pray,
For whom my soul loveth, will not turn away.

- 3 I'll mourn on in sadness; how can I rejoice,
 Until I behold thee, and hear thy sweet voice?
 Would now that my eyes gush'd like fountains
 of rain;
 For thus would I weep for the "daughters"—
 the slain;
 Would now that I had in the wilderness lone,
 A wild desert dwelling to utter my moan!
 Oh! there would I plead for the fallen and
 slain,
 That they may come forth with the living
 again.
- 4 Alas! still all desolate, still I will moan,
 The "bones" of the faithful, are dried and
 strown;
 Behold, in Death's Valley, they're scattered
 and dry—
 "Oh God, may they live!" we will constantly
 cry.
 Awake, oh thou north-wind, come forth in thy
 power;
 Blow softly, thou south-wind, for this is thy
 hour;
 Rush onward, ye breezes, breathe now on the
 dead,
 That the dust-covered army may rise from
 their bed.
- 5 For lo! the Lord cometh with whirlwind and
 storm,
 And beauty transcendent encircles his form;
 Already the depths of the charnel are stirred,
 The cry of the "Widow" that prayeth is
 heard.

Thou wilt not, then, daughter of Zion, refrain,
 Faint not, for thy loved-one he cometh again ;
 The voice of thy weeping hath entered his ear,
 And he to avenge thee, will quickly appear.

HYMN 236. 6, 6, 8.

Landing of the Pilgrims.

- 1 THE brow of night hung dark,
 The stormy billows o'er ;
 And swelling surges urged a barque,
 Against a rockbound shore.
 Right gallantly she rides,
 O'er angry waters' foam :
 As the tempest's fury strong abides,
 She nears the haven *Home*.
- 2 The "heavens" thundering,
 Now silence all the fray—
 And gleamings from the throne of God,
 Light well the pilgrims' way !
 Strong-hearted they endure—
 The ever-constant crew ;
 For the Father at the helm is sure,
 And to his promise true.
- 3 The seas would gulf the ship,
 All eager to devour—
 They 're by the God of oceans bound,
 And must obey his power.
 The faithful conquerors come,
 They breast the heaving sea ;
 For a loftier roll than the stirring drum,
 Calls them to victory !

- 4 They, like the flying come,
But not with coward's fear ;
They shake the depths of the dim night's
gloom
With hymns of lofty cheer !
Amidst the storm they sing,
The earth hears, and the sea ;
So that all the joyful echoes ring,
With th' anthem of the free !
- 5 The mighty " eagle " soars
High o'er his craggy home ;
The " roaring lion " louder roars,
As on the pilgrims come !
The men of hoary hair
Are in our faithful band ;
For the patriarchs will surely share,
Bright Canaan's promised land.
- 6 And martyred saints of old,
That died for love of truth,
Aye, all the host of the ransomed ones,
The aged and the youth.
The night hangs not so dark
Now, stormy waters o'er,
And the weary exiles moor their barque,
On Eden's heavenly shore.

HYMN 237. 8, 7.

The Weary Pilgrim.

- 1 **WEARY** pilgrim, why this sadness?
 Why 'mid sorrow's scenes decline?
The "trial strange" brings joy and gladness,
 For all things shall yet be thine:
 Oh, yes, all things shall yet be thine!
- 2 **Earth** anew, with robe of glory,
 Shall rejoice in hill and vale;
And sweetest harpings tell the story
 Of the love that could not fail:
 Oh, yes, the love that could not fail!
- 3 **Thou** shalt range the fields of pleasure,
 Where joy's gushing songs arise;
Thou shalt have all thy well-stored treasure,
 In the New Earth, Paradise:
 Yes, in the New Earth, Paradise!
- 4 **Weary** pilgrim, leave thy sadness,
 To Mount Zion thou art come!
Now swell thy songs of joy and gladness,
 And rejoice in thy blest home:
 Thine own, and Jesus' heavenly home!

HYMN 238. C. M.

Fair Eden's Bowers.

- 1 **BRIGHT** flowing fountains now I see,
 From Beulah's peaceful land:
Were I a wandering dove I'd flee,
 And by those waters stand.

- 2 Oh, angel-pinions, come to me,
 And bear me soon away,
 For I would dwell by Life's fair tree,
 Whence I shall never stray!
- 3 Fair Eden bowers glad I too see—
 There sweetly I would rest ;
 I'm longing, longing there to be
 With all the white-robed, blest!
- 4 My Saviour's love I would explore,
 That overflowing sea!
 Oh, I would dwell forevermore,
 Fast by Life's verdant tree!

HYMN 239. P. M.

The Restitution.

- 1 Oh! spare thy people, Lord!
 And bring them full salvation ;
 Fulfil thy faithful word,
 Rescue the sleeping nation!
 Spare now the "remnant," Lord :
 The foe doth yet pursue them ;
 Oh, for thy blessed word,
 Do thou with strength endue them!
 Thou voice of God, shout from on high!
 The signal give for reaping!
 Come thou and reap the harvest dry,
 Oh! gather all the sleeping!

2 Oh may thy kingdom come !
 All power and dominion :
 Bring now the faithful home
 On bright seraphic pinion—
 We 're " tried," oh, come and take us home,
 And give us crowns of glory—
 We feel, like those who weary roam
 About some ruin hoary.
 Oh, may thy will be done,
 On earth, as 't is in heaven ;
 May now the glorious Sun
 Of Righteousness be given !

3 Oh ! may the " city " come
 Down from the opening heaven—
 The New Jerusalem,
 Oh, may it now be given !
 Its gates of pearl, its streets of gold,
 Blaze with thy brightest glory ;
 The holy seers have raptured told
 The New Creation's story '
 Oh, may it now descend,
 The city of foundations ;
 In triumph ne'er to end,
 Rule thou the " angry nations !"

HYMN 240. S. M.

Sleeping Martyrs.

1 Soon 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.

- 2 Then will the sleeping saints come forth,
 Who lie entomb'd in sea and earth,
 And, robed in immortality,
 Their Jesus "face to face" will see.
- 3 The living saints, they too will be
 Remember'd in the Jubilee—
 "Caught up together in the air,"
 Their Saviour's triumph they will share.
- 4 For soon the trump of God will sound,
 And earth shall quake to farthest bound.
 As swears the angel, time shall be
 Consign'd to past eternity!

HYMN 241. S. M.

Mourning Saints.

- 1 YOUR harps, ye mourning saints,
 Down from the willows take;
 Loud to the coming King of kings,
 "Bid ev'ry string awake!"
- 2 Awake, the day-star bright,
 Hath risen, and 't is dawn!
 The herald of the King of light
 Hath come, awake, 't is morn!
- 3 Swell loud the tuneful song,
 He cometh! angels sing;
 He will not tarry very long,
 Tune then each silent string!

- 4 Bid every heart awake !
 'T is surely death to sleep !
 Oh, from the willows take the harp,
 And faithful vigil keep.
- 5 Sing Jesus' dying love,
 Sing that he rose again—
 Sing now he comes to burst the tombs,
 And with his saints to reign !

HYMN 242. 7, 5.

The last call of mercy.

- 1 'T is the last call of mercy,
 That lingers for thee ;
 Oh ! sinnèr receive it—
 To Jesus now flee !
 He often has call'd thee,
 But thou hast refus'd ;
 His offered salvation
 And love is abused.
- 2 If thou slightest this warning
 Now offered at last,
 Thine will be the sad mourning—
 " The harvest is past,"
 Salvation I've slighted,
 The summer is o'er,
 And now there is pardon,
 Sweet pardon, no more.
- 3 'T is the last call of merey,
 Oh, turn not away,
 For now swiftly hasteth
 The dread vengeance day !

The Spirit invites you,
 And pleads with you, **come!**
Oh, come to Life's waters,
 Nor thirstingly roam!

'T is the last call of mercy,
 Oh, steel not thy heart,
 For now she is rising,
 From earth to depart!
 The Bride is now calling—
 "Ye thirsty souls, **come!**"
Oh, come with the ransom'd,
 In heaven ~~there~~'s room!

5 'T is the last call of mercy,
 That lingers for thee,
 Break away from thy bondage,
 Oh, sinner, be free!
 Be not a sad mourner—
 "The harvest is past,
 The summer is ended"—
 And perish at last!

HYMN 243. P. M.

Exiled Paradise.

1 **Oh, exiled Paradise,**
 Oh, how we long for thee!
 When wilt thou robe the earth?
 When plant Life's "healing" tree?
Oh, for thy smiling hills,
 With gush of clear cascade!
Forever flowing rills,
 By living waters made!

Thou hast fresh blooming vales
 Where glist'ring fountains play,
 And sweet sequestered dales,
 Hid in thy groves away!

2 Oh, for thy fragrant flowers
 That bloom through all the year;
 Oh, for thy rosy bowers,
 The "wilderness" to cheer!
 To thee we shall "return,
 And to Mount Zion come;"
 With songs sing joyfully,
 "And shout the harvest home!"
 Awake the harp and lute,
 In praises to the King
 Who reigns on David's throne;
 To Him Hosannas bring.

3 Jesus shall ever reign:
 When His bright kingdom comes,
 The sun shall be ashamed
 Before his dazzling thrones:
 The moon, confounded then,
 Shall hide her silver ray,
 And saints of every age,
 Rejoice in glorious day.
 Oh, exiled Paradise,
 Oh, how we long for thee!
 Robe thou anew the earth,
 Bring back Life's healing tree.

HYMN 244. 8, 6.

Babel's Streams.

- 1 Oh, no, we cannot sing our songs,
Our glad and cheerful lays ;
Our sorrowing harps refuse their strings,
To Zion's joyful strains.
They bid us be in mirthful mood,
And dry these tears so sad ;
But Judah's hearths are desolate,
And how can we be glad ?
- 2 Our silent harps o'er Babel's streams
Are hung on willows lone,
We 'll mourn until our absent Lord
Returns to claim his own.
When 'neath the curse the groaning earth
Moans forth her plaintive prayer,
How can we sing with joy and mirth ?
Oh, no, her grief we 'll share.
- 3 How can we sing when martyrs mourn—
" How long, O Lord, how long ?"
How can our souls gush forth in joy,
And swell with raptured song ?
Then bid us not refrain from grief,
For we must still be sad ;
Until the " morning star " arise,
We will no more be glad.
- 4 Thou Coming One, our wants relieve,
In this our evil day ;
To all thy tempted followers give
The power to watch and pray.

Long as our fiery trials last,—
 Long as the cross we bear,
 Oh, let our souls on thee be cast,
 In all-prevailing prayer.

5 The power of interceding grace,
 Give us in faith to claim ;
 To wrestle till we see thy face,
 And know thy hidden name.
 Till then, thy perfect love impart,
 Till thou appear below,
 Be this the cry of every heart—
 "I will not let thee go."

6 "I will not let thee go," unless
 Thou tell thy name to me ;
 With all thy great salvation bless,
 And make me all like thee ;
 Then let me on the mountain top,
 Behold thy open face ;
 Where faith in sight is swallowed up,
 And prayer in joyful praise !

HYMN 245. P. M.

Rest Remaining.

1 QUIET home of "rest remaining,"
 Hope of weary mariner ;
 Hail thou placid shelt'ring haven,
 Signals sure of land appear.
 Peaceful home, thy light is beaming ;
 On we come, we cannot fear !
 Hail, all hail, thou "rest remaining,"
 To "God's people" thou art dear !

Toss'd upon the stormy billow,
 Watching night, and sleepless pillow,
 Long we've look'd, and sought for thee,
 Now thy heights we joy to see!

- 2 Jesus now hath well prepared thee—
 Cleansed thee from the curse of sin,
 In the New Earth's garb hath robed thee—
 Said to pilgrims, "enter in!"
 Sheltering covert,—Eden bower,
 Thee we seek in time's last hour;
 For thy pastures may be seen,
 Stilly waters—meadows green—
 Garland^s fair the angels bearing—
 Palms of victory saints have won!
 Seraph harps the triumph sharing,
 Sound the conquests of the Son!

- 3 Priceless treasure, he hath purchased
 Crowns of glory for his own;
 All that follow Him in meekness,
 Share his everlasting throne.
 "I will feed the flock of slaughter,
 Each poor suffering son and daughter;
 I will robe them all anew,
 If to me they're faithful, true;
 Coming from "great tribulation,"
 All my saints shall walk in white;
 Precious is my faithful nation,
 Clad in righteous robes of light."

- 4 Earth arrayed in heavenly beauty,
 By the Highest fashioned fair—
 Fragrant zephyrs, incense breathing,
 Waft his praises everywhere;

Glory, glory, Jesus' glory,
 Be the swelling chorus' story !
 Holy mountain of the Lord,
 Gush with fountain song of love !
 Long-sought home of rest remaining,
 Joy of weary mariner,
 Hail, thou placid shelt'ring haven,
 Signals sure of land appear !

HYMN 246. 7, 7, 7, 5.

Morning Watch.

- 1 Ye who rose to meet the Lord—
 Ventured on his faithful word,
 Faint not now, for your reward
 Will be quickly given.
 Faint not ! "always watch and pray,"
 Jesus will no more delay,
 Even now 't is dawn of day—
 Day-star beams from heaven.
- 2 Would ye to the end endure ?
 Keep the wedding garment pure—
 Claim ye still the promise sure—
 Faithful is the Lord !
 Let your lamps be burning bright,
 In God's word is beaming light,
 Live by faith and not by sight—
 Crowns are your reward.
- 3 'Mid the darts of angry foe,
 Onward, fearless, onward go,
 The good soldier's courage show,
 On, to victory !

"Let thine eyes be turned to me,"
 Jesus says, "I'll rescue thee,
 Overcome, and faithful be,
 Thou shalt glory see."

4 Tones of thunder, through the sky—
 Angel voices, sounding high,
 Echo still the mighty cry,
 Jesus, quickly come ;
 Quickly he'll return again,
 With his saints will come to reign,
 While all Heaven will shout "Amen !"
 Welcome to thy throne !"

5 Marriage supper now prepared,
 By the guests will then be shared,
 In fair righteous robes arrayed,
 Like the Bridegroom King.
 Glory to Jehovah's name !
 Sound aloud the glad acclaim ;
 To the Lamb that once was slain,
 Alleluias bring.

HYMN 247. 8, 8, 6.

Baptism.

1 SALEM's bright King, Jesus by name,
 In ancient time to Jordan came,
 All righteousness to fill ;
 'T was there the ancient Baptist stood,
 Whose name was John, a man of God,
 To do his Master's will.

- 2 Down in old Jordan's rolling stream,
The Baptist led the holy Lamb,
And there did him baptize ;
Jehovah saw his darling Son,
And was well pleased in what he'd done,
And owned him from the skies.
- 3 This is my Son, Jehovah cries,
On him to rest the Spirit flies,
O children, hear ye him ;
Hark ! 't is his voice, behold he cries,
Repent, believe, and be baptized,
And wash away your sin.
- 4 Come, children, come, his voice obey,
Salem's bright King has marked the way,
And has a crown prepared ;
O then arise and give consent,
Walk in the way that Jesus went,
And have the great reward.
- 5 Believing children, gather round,
And let your joyful songs abound,
With cheerful hearts arise ;
See, here is water, here is room,
A loving Saviour, calling, come,
O children, be baptized.
- 6 Behold his servant waiting stands,
With willing heart and ready hands,
To wait upon the bride ;
Ye candidates, your hearts prepare,
And let us join in solemn prayer,
Down by the water side.

HYMN 248. 8, 7.*Design of Baptism.*

- 1 **HUMBLE** souls, who seek salvation,
Through the Lamb's redeeming blood,
Hear the voice of Revelation,
Tread the path that Jesus trod.
Flee to him, your only Saviour ;
In his mighty name confide ;
In the whole of your behavior,
Own him as your sovereign Guide.
- 2 Hear the blessed Redeemer call you,
Listen to his gracious voice ;
Dread no ills that can befall you,
While you make his ways your choice.
Jesus says, Let each believer
Be baptized in my name :
He himself in Jordan's river
Was immersed beneath the stream.
- 3 Plainly here his footsteps tracing
Follow him without delay ;
Gladly his command embracing,
Lo ! your Captain leads the way :
View the rite with understanding,
Jesus' grave before you lies ;
Be interred at his commanding,
After his example rise.

HYMN 249. S. M.*Object of the Lord's Supper.*

- 1 Jesus invites his saints
To meet around his board—
And sup in mem'ry of the death
And sufferings of their Lord.
- 2 We take the bread and wine,
As emblems of thy death ;
Lord, raise our souls above the sign,
To feast on thee by faith.
- 3 Faith eats the bread of life,
And drinks the living wine,
It looks beyond this scene of strife—
Unites us to "the Vine."
- 4 Soon shall the night be gone,
Our Lord will come again—
The Marriage Supper of the Lamb
Will usher in his reign.

HYMN 250. 7s.*The Supper and the Advent.*

- 1 COMING Saviour, now in faith,
We remember still thy death,
Thou wast broken—thou hast died,
For us thou wast crucified.

- 2 While in faith we drink the wine,
Of thy blood we see the sign ;
Wash us pure from every stain,
Thou that comest soon to reign.
- 3 Lord, we thus remember thee ;
But we long thy face to see—
Long to reach our heav'nly home,
"Come, Lord Jesus, quickly come!"
- 4 Quickly, thou thyself wilt come,
Thou wilt raise us to thy throne,
And thy glories here display
Through the never ending day.

HYMN 251. 8, 8, 6.

The Agony of Gethsemane.

- 1 BEYOND where Cedron's waters flow,
Behold the suffering Saviour go,
To sad Gethsemane :
His countenance is all divine,
Yet grief appears in every line.
- 2 He bows beneath the sins of men—
He cries to God, and cries again,
In sad Gethsemane ;
He lifts his mournful eyes above—
"My Father, can this cup remove?"
- 3 With gentle resignation still,
He yielded to his Father's will,
In sad Gethsemane ;
"Behold me here, thine only Son,
And, Father, let thy will be done."

- 4 The Father heard—and angels there
Sustained the Son of God in prayer,
 In sad Gethsemane ;
For us he drank the cup of pain,
Then rose to life and joy again.
- 5 Now in the Holiest he stands,
With golden censer in his hands,
 Far from Gethsemane—
And he is coming now to reign,
With glory, glory in his train.

HYMN 252. L. M.

Song of Praise.

- 1 LET all that wait the Coming King,
Now to his name sweet praises bring ;
He cometh quickly. sound it high,
Till echoes meet the vocal sky.
- 2 Earth shall depart, and like a scroll,
The passing heavens together roll,
For Jesus' faithful words shall be
Enduring as eternity.
- 3 Now let thy kingdom come, O Lord,
As thou hast promised in thy word—
Fill earth with glory like a sea—
Oh, speak the word, and it shall be.

HYMN 253.*Prospects of Zion.*

- 1 **ON** the mountain's top appearing,
Lo, the sacred herald stands ;
Welcome news to Zion bearing,
Zion long in hostile lands :
Mourning captive,
God himself will loose thy bands.
- 2 **Has** thy night been long and mournful,
All thy friends unfaithful proved ?
Have thy foes been proud and scornful,
By thy sighs and tears unmoved ?
Cease thy mourning,
Zion still is well beloved.
- 3 **God, thy God, will now restore thee !**
He himself appears thy friend ;
All thy foes shall flee before thee
Here their boasts and triumphs end.
Great deliverance
Zion's King vouchsafes to send.
- 4 **Peace and joy shall now attend thee,**
All thy warfare now is past,
God, thy Saviour, shall defend thee,
Peace and joy are come at last ;
All thy conflicts
End in everlasting rest.

HYMN 254.

Lord Jesus, come.

- 1 **Lord Jesus, come ! for here**
Our path through wilds is laid.
We watch as for the day-spring near
Mid breaking shade.
Lord Jesus, come ! for still
Vice shouts with maniac mirth :
And famished thousands crave their fill,
In vain, of earth.
- 2 **Lord Jesus, come ! for hosts**
Meet on the battle plain—
The orphan mourns ; the tyrant boasts,
Oh come and reign !
Hark ! herald voices near
Proclaim that glorious day,
Come, Lord, and our hosannas hear !
We strew thy way !
- 3 **Come reign on David's throne,**
Nor vacant let it be ;
Oh claim the kingdom for thine own
In Jubilee !
Leave not thy poor flock lone
Here in the wilderness ;
Oh claim the kingdom for thine own
In righteousness !

HYMN 255. 8. 7.

"This do in remembrance of me."

- 1 **BREAKING** bread in love together,
As our Master bid us do,
We have joy and profit, whether
Men approve the deed or no ;
Sweet the seasons,
When our Saviour meets us so.
- 2 **Love** is cherish'd and augmented,
While we keep our Saviour's laws ;
And his people are contented
To forego the world's applause :
Should they suffer,
Pain is sweet in such a cause.
- 3 **Saviour**, hear thy people praying,
Hear us from Thy throne of grace ;
O be here, Thy love displaying,
Let thy people see Thy face ;
'T is Thy presence
Renders sacred every place.
- 4 **Let us** here have sweet communion
With each other and with Thee ;
Truth the sacred bond of union,
Truth that makes thy people free ;
Heav'n in prospect,
Heav'n where saints Thy glory see.

HYMN 256. 8, 6.*Union in and with Christ.*

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

HYMN 257.*The First Advent.*

- 1 HAIL ! thou blest morn when the great Media-
 tor
 Down from the mansion of heaven did de-
 scend :
- Shepherds, go worship the babe in a manger,
 Lo ! for his guard the bright angels attend.

*Brightest and best of the sons of the morning,
Dawn 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 were shining,
Low lay his head with the beasts of the stall,
Angels adore him, in slumbers reclining,
Maker, and Monarch, and Saviour and all.
- 3 Say, shall we yield him a costly devotion,
Odors of Eden, and offerings divine ;
Gems from the mountain, or pearls from the ocean,
Myrrh from the forest, or gold from the mine ?
- 4 Vainly we offer each ample oblation,
Vainly with gifts would his favor secure ;
Richer by far is the heart's adoration,
Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.
- 5 Low at his feet, we in humble prostration,
Lose all our sorrow, and trouble, and strife ;
There we receive his divine consolation ;
Flowing afresh from the fountain of life.
- 6 He is our friend in the midst of temptation,
Faithful supporter whose love cannot fail,
Rock of our refuge and hope of salvation,
Light to direct us thro' death's gloomy vale.
- 7 Star of the morning, thy brightness declining,
Shortly must fade when the sun doth arise,
Beaming refulgent, his glory eternal,
Shines on the children of love in the skies.

HYMN 258.

Joy at the birth of Christ.

- 1 O how charming, O how charming
 Is the radiant band
 Of music, music, music, music ;
 O how charming is the radiant band
 Of music playing through the air,
 Angelic armies tune their harps,
 Angelic armies tune their harps,
 And raptur'd cherubs play their parts,
 Angelic armies tune their harps,
 Shout, shout,
 The great Redeemer is come to earth.
- 2 Gabriel descending, Gabriel descending,
 Brings the joyful news ;
 O joyful, joyful, joyful, joyful,
 Brings the joyful news of our Redeemer's birth,
 The great Messiah is come to earth ;
 Good will to men I now proclaim,
 Good will to men I now proclaim,
 The Saviour's born in Bethlehem ;
 Good will to men I now proclaim,
 Shout, shout,
 The great Messiah's born to-day.
- 3 See his star arising, see his star arising,
 In the eastern sky ;
 Now rising, rising, rising, rising,
 See his star arising in the eastern sky,
 The day-spring opening from on high ;

The types and shadows flee away,
 The types and shadows flee away,
 And now begins the gospel day,
 The types and shadows flee away,
 Shout, shout,
 The great Redeemer is born to-day.

4 Shepherds adore him, wise men have found
 him,
 Glory be to God ;
 O glory, glory, glory, glory,
 Wise men have found him by the rising star,
 And come to worship from afar ;
 Their golden gifts they now present,
 Their golden gifts they now present,
 And spices of the sweetest scent !
 Their golden gifts they now present,
 Shout, shout,
 The King of Glory is born to-day.

5 Jews and Gentiles join in concert,
 To praise your infant King,
 O praise him, praise him, praise him, praise
 him,
 Jew and Gentile praise your infant King,
 And loud hosannas sweetly sing,
 With Gabriel and the shining host,
 With Gabriel and the shining host,
 Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
 With Gabriel and the shining host.
 Shout, shout,
 The great Messiah is come to earth.

HYMN 259. L. M.

The Advent nigh.

- 1 THE Saviour comes, his advent 's nigh ;
He soon will rend the azure sky,
Descending swift to earth again,
When God shall dwell indeed with men.
Oh happy day when wars shall cease,
And ransomed earth be filled with peace ;
When sin and death no more shall reign,
And Eden bloom on earth again !
- 2 Saints, lift your heads, that day is near,
When your Redeemer shall appear,
To take the kingdom and the crown,
And make his ransomed bride his own.
Shall not his people sing for joy ?
Shall not the church their songs employ ?
Sing, ye who will—sing while ye may,
And shout for joy th' approaching day.

HYMN 260. C. M.

Faith in the Providence of God.

- 1 God moves in a mysterious way,
His wonders to perform :
He plants his footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.
- 2 Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never-failing skill,

He treasures up his bright designs,
And works his sovereign will.

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

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

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

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

HYMN 261. P. M.

Faith in the resurrection of the body.

1 I CALL the world's Redeemer mine ;
He lives who died for me, I know ;
Who bought my soul with love divine,
Jesus shall re-appear below,
Stand in that dreadful day unknown,
And fix on earth his heavenly throne.

2 Then the last judgment day shall come ;
And though the worms this skin devour,

The Judge shall call me from the tomb,
 Shall bid the greedy grave restore,
 And raise this individual me,
 God in the flesh, my God, to see.

- 3 In this identic body I,
 With eyes of flesh refined, restored,
 Shall see that self-same Saviour nigh,
 See for myself my smiling Lord,
 See with ineffable delight :
 Nor faint to bear the glorious sight.
- 4 Then let the worms demand their prey,
 The greedy grave my reins consume ;
 With joy I drop my mouldering clay,
 And rest till my Redeemer come ;
 On Christ, my life, in death rely,
 Secure that I can never die.

HYMN 262. C. M.

Christ our life.

- 1 COME, Saviour, let thy tokens prove,
 Fitted by heavenly art,
 As channels to convey thy love
 To every faithful heart.
- 2 The living bread, sent down from heaven,
 In us vouchsafe to be ;
 Thy flesh for all the world is given,
 And all may live by thee.
- 3 Now, Lord, on us thy flesh bestow,
 And let us drink thy blood,
 Till all our souls are fill'd below
 With all the life of God.

- 4 Determined nothing else to know
 But Jesus crucified,
 I will not from my Jesus go,
 Or leave his wounded side.

HYMN 263.

Jesus coming.

- 1 Don't you see my Jesus coming?
 See him come in yonder cloud?
 With ten thousand angels round him,
 How they do my Jesus crowd.
 I am bound for the kingdom,
 Will you go to glory with me?
 Hallelujah, O praise ye the Lord.

HYMN 264. P. M.

Creation waiting.

- 1 THE groaning creation doth wait,
 Together they *travail in pain*;
 The Watchmen, who stand in the gate,
 Are longing the morning to gain.
 O! when will "the Bridegroom" appear,
 His long-waiting "Bride" to receive?
 We *feel* that his coming is near;
 He will not his people deceive.
- 2 He waits for his bride to appear
 In righteousness fully arrayed;
 While lacking he cannot draw near—
 "Make ready," and be not afraid.
 The scoffers, who mock at his word,
 Must also stand "fully revealed,"
 Ere they can "receive their reward,"
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* This hymn is retained in both parts of the Harp, on account of the difference of the tune and chorus.

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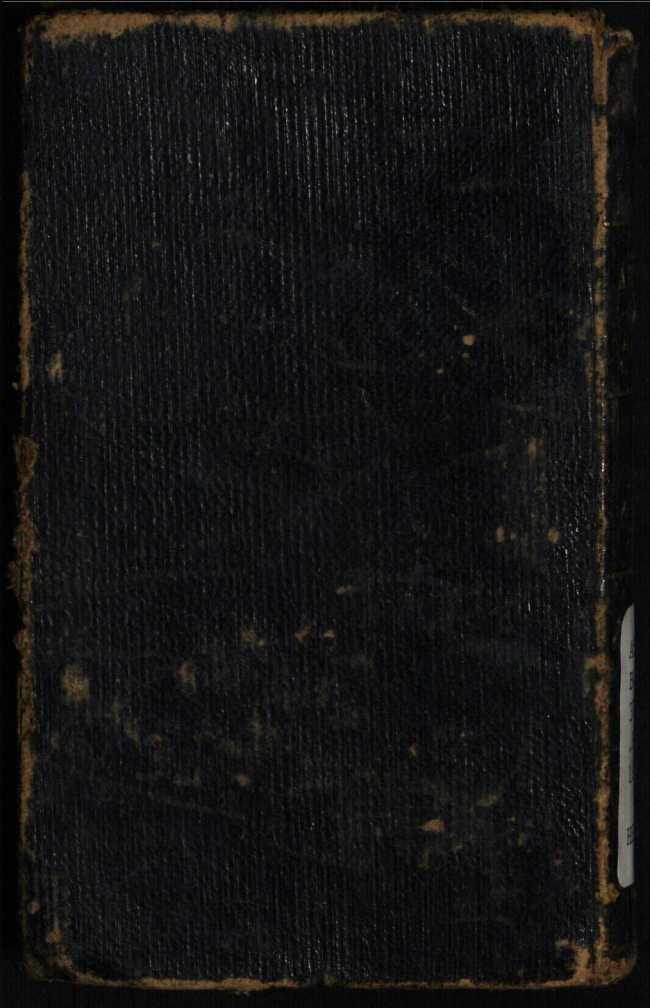
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